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W.S.C.F.'s call to
the day of prayer

Rejoice always, pray constantly, give thanks in all circumstances; for this is the will of God in Christ Jesus for you. I Thess. 5:16-18.

With these words, the World Student Christian Federation once again calls the Church everywhere to make intercession for the universities of the world.

There is no doubt that the New Testament **commands** us to pray. The imperatives are hard, even sharper than we think at first glance. "Rejoice **always**," at all times. "Pray **constantly**," without ceasing. "Give thanks in all **circumstances**." And what is more, we are commanded to do this "for all men" (I Tim. 2:1). The New Testament does not show much interest in whether we want to pray or not. Our will is not decisive here. Another will wants these things, and that will is the commanding one. "This is the will of God!"

Can we agree? Can we allow this will to take place in us, if not always and constantly, at least here and

now, in this place? Are we willing here and now to be given the gift of joy, of a thankful heart, of valid prayer? While we weigh this possibility, the New Testament speaks once again: that which God wills has already taken place "in Christ Jesus." You do not decide whether God's determination to have a joyful, praying, grateful creature will happen or not. God's will has happened in the Man of Nazareth! In him the Creator hears the grateful "let it be so!" of his Creature. In the Man of Nazareth, the life of faith in all these forms—joy, prayer, gratitude—is a reality, not just a possibility.

And this Man of Nazareth has to do with us here, today. This Lordly Man believes, rejoices, prays, gives thanks "for you." In him your Day of Prayer has al-

ready begun. In this Man of Nazareth, God is glad about you, his own creature! In this Man of Nazareth, God himself **prays** for you, his friend! In this Man of Nazareth, God in his own inconceivable way, **gives thanks** for you, his own beloved child! Your hard will and deadness of heart he wants for himself. His free will and living heart he wants you to have for yourself. His command to rejoice, to pray, to give thanks is an invitation to let his life be your own. God **wants** this life for you.

"For you"—"for all men." What God wants for you, he has already begun "in Christ Jesus" for all men. Can we rejoice and pray and give thanks for that in the universities where we study and learn and teach? "All men" is not an abstraction in the New Testament. It means "each man": each man and woman in the universities of the world, especially those we know and see every day, and most particularly those we might prefer to leave alone. Professors—the interesting and the dull ones! Fellow students—the clever and the foolish ones, the rich and the poor, the courageous and the cowardly, the trustworthy and the

untrustworthy, the Christian and the non-Christian, the religious and the skeptic and the indifferent, the good and the evil—all men are included in the **for you** which we celebrate today.

And those also who help us to study: families—the understanding and the misunderstanding ones, the encouraging and the depressing; officials—the helpful and the hindering ones, the just and the unjust; and the merchants from whom we buy, and the poor of every kind among whom we study and live. For all these we are invited to **rejoice** with the Heavenly Father, who "in Christ Jesus" sees not only the heart of each man, but the destiny of all men. For all these we are invited to **pray** with the Lord who holds them lovingly and without ceasing before the heavenly throne. For all these we are invited to **give thanks** in all circumstances—not pharisaic thanks for things unworthy of thanks, but the thanks of those who know that their own sins have been forgiven, and those of all men.

Rejoice always, pray constantly, give thanks in all circumstances; for this the will of God in Christ Jesus for you. Amen.

AN ORDER OF WORSHIP

for the universal day of prayer

february 16, 1958

This service is offered as a suggestion for use by student Christian groups meeting together in response to the Call of Prayer issued by the officers of the W.S.C.F. It is only a suggestion, and groups are free to use it any way they wish, to alter it, or even to make use of a different service altogether. Some, however, may wish to follow this order in the knowledge that other Christian students in different parts of the world will be praying the same prayers. Appropriate hymns are to be chosen by each group.

This service includes portions with responses. The parts to be said by the congregation are given in capital letters.



THE READING OF THE "CALL TO PRAYER"

INVOCATION

Blessed is the Kingdom of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost
Now and forever, World without end. AMEN.

HYMN

ADORATION

Almighty God, most blessed and most holy, before the brightness of whose presence the angels veil their faces, with lowly reverence and adoring love, we acknowledge thine infinite glory and worship thee, Father, Son and Holy Spirit, eternal Trinity.

Blessing and honour and glory and power to be unto our God for ever and ever. AMEN.

CONFESSION OF SIN

O God, our Father, by whose power we are sustained, and by whose mercy we are spared, look down upon us with compassion. We have not loved thee with all our heart; we have not loved our neighbours as ourselves, we have done amiss and dealt wickedly. We beseech thee to forgive us and to cleanse us from our sins and to lead us in the path of righteousness.

WE CONFESS TO GOD ALMIGHTY, THE FATHER, THE SON AND THE HOLY SPIRIT THAT WE HAVE SINNED IN THOUGHT, WORD AND DEED, THROUGH OUR GRIEVOUS FAULT.

THEREFORE WE PRAY GOD TO HAVE MERCY UPON US.

Lord, have mercy upon us

CHRIST, HAVE MERCY UPON US.

May the almighty and merciful Lord grant unto us pardon and remission of all our sins, time for amendment of life, and the grace and comfort of the Holy Spirit.

AMEN.

PRAYER OF THANKSGIVING

We give thanks to thee, O Lord God, Father almighty, together with thy Son, our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and the Holy Spirit.

We thank thee for all the blessings which in the riches of thy great

mercy thou hast bountifully poured down upon us and all men.

Let us not live but to praise and magnify thy glorious name. O Lord, we especially thank thee for giving us the privilege of serving thee in and through (the SCM and) the World Student Christian Federation. We offer thee our humble thanks for all thou hast been pleased to do through the Federation (and the SCMs) in every part of the world. We praise thee for all those whom thou hast raised up as witnesses in our midst and through whose lives and words we have been enlightened. We beseech thee that we, being encouraged by their example and strengthened by their fellowship, may not fail thee in the day of opportunity.

Through Jesus Christ our Lord
AMEN.

HYMN

READING

(St. Luke 10:17-24 or I Thessalonians 5:14-25)

SERMON

OFFERING

PRAYER OF INTERCESSION

These prayers of intercession should be made as specific as possible, perhaps by direct reference to other movements with which your movement has had a special concern in the past year. Short periods of silence may be observed after each item. Reports about other movements are published in the Federation News.

Let us bring before God the needs of the students of the world.

God our Father, who hast promised that thou wilt grant the requests of those who are gathered together in thy name, we bring before thee the needs of our fellow students in every country. We pray for those who have lost the sense of their significance as students and those whose existence as students is threatened by injustice in society.

WE BESEECH THEE TO HEAR US.

—For those whose anxieties do not leave their minds free to think

WE BESEECH THEE TO HEAR US.

—For those tormented by difficulty of choosing a career and those who face unemployment

WE BESEECH THEE TO HEAR US.

—For those who study in foreign lands, those who are homeless, lonely or hopeless

WE BESEECH THEE TO HEAR US.

—For those who yet have had no opportunity to hear thy call to follow thee and those who have heard thy call and not yet obeyed

WE BESEECH THEE TO HEAR US.

Let us bring before God the Student Christian Movements throughout the world and the World Student Christian Federation.

(Following subjects are suggested for intercession)

For all Movements in our world fellowship; for the Movements in Asia, Australia and New Zealand; for the Movements in Africa and Latin America; for the Movements in North America and Europe (specific needs of each Movement may be mentioned here).

For groups of students in countries where there are no SCMs. For the various activities of the SCMs, for each of our members, in whatever situation he is; for the senior friends of the SCM; for those who spend their whole time in Christian work among students; for the work of the national Movement, its officers and staff, for the work of the World Student Christian Federation, its officers and staff.

Our Father, who hast given thy son to reconcile the world unto thyself and to abolish the walls of partition between classes, races and nations, may our ministry in the World Student Christian Federation be a ministry of reconciliation. In times of strife and tension, of wars and rumours of war, may our unity in thee remain unbroken, our faith in thee unshaken.

Through Jesus Christ our Lord.

AMEN.

**A PRAYER FOR INSTITUTIONS
OF HIGHER LEARNING**

Almighty God, we beseech thee with thy gracious favour to behold all institutions of higher learning, especially the (mention the institution or institutions in that place), that knowledge may be increased among us, and all good learning flourish and abound. Bless all who teach and all who learn; and grant that in humility of heart they may ever look unto thee, who art the fountain of all wisdom; through Jesus Christ our Lord.

AMEN.

A GENERAL PRAYER

O God, creator and preserver of all mankind, we humbly beseech thee for all sorts and conditions of men; that thou wouldst be pleased to make thy ways known unto them, thy saving health unto all nations. Especially, Father, we pray for countries, for the peace of the whole world, and for thy holy catholic Church so that she may be guided and governed by thy good spirit. Through Jesus Christ thy son, our Lord, who liveth and reigneth with thee and the Holy Ghost, ever one God, world without end.

AMEN.

LORD'S PRAYER

HYMN

PRAYER OF DEDICATION

O God, our heavenly Father, we commit ourselves into thy hand, make us to love what thou lovest, to will what thou willest, and to desire what thou desirest; to serve where thou sendest and to be ready when thou callest; through Jesus Christ our Lord.

AMEN.

BENEDICTION

Grace, mercy and peace from God the Father, Son and Holy Spirit be with us hence and for ever more.

AMEN.





R. C. Brown

TWO-WAY TRAFFIC

*across
university avenue*

BY ROBERT H. HAMILL

Here Robert Hamill speaks to the dichotomy between the church and university at the University of Wisconsin. The implications, however, are widely applicable.

January 1958

ACCORDING to the book of Acts the Athenians spent their time on the Areopagus hearing or telling something new. St. Paul and the philosophers argued there among people characterized by tolerance, curiosity and mental astuteness. In the modern setting all this is equivalent to the church and the university standing side by side on University Avenue, where the crowds traffic back and forth and argue daily about all new things. It is elementary, my dear Watson, that your life is being shaped by church and university.

You may try to separate them into compartments. Some say that church and university, like religion and politics, oil and water, cannot mix. "East is east, west is west . . ." which is like saying, Men are men, women are women, and never the two shall meet, for church and university have much in common. They are costly, to begin with; it is hard to raise money for them, and however much you raise, it is never enough. They are both prospering; education and religions are big business, and booming in popularity. They are nevertheless the outcasts of society. For instance, that sobering book *The Power Elite* (by C. Wright Mills) declares that religion, education and the family are but poor cousins to government, business and the military, where real power and real wealth are concentrated.

Yet religion and education are alike also in this, that they carry the seeds of regeneration, the capacity for self-criticism, the power of growth. Consider the statement of Dr. Charles Malik, ambassador from Lebanon to the U. S., and head of the Lebanese delegation to the United Nations. He analyzes the West, which he deeply respects. He speaks of the many phases of Western life which are repulsively materialistic, the general weakening of moral fibre, the eclipse of quality in favor of quantity and size, the failure of leadership, the bankruptcy of fundamental ideas. It is a devastating critique. Then he concludes,

Whatever be the weakness and decadence of the West, it still has one saving glory: the University is free, the Church is free. It is a great thing to preserve unbroken the tradition of free inquiry started by Plato and Aristotle, and the tradition of love started by God. Truth can still be sought and God can still be loved and proclaimed in joy and freedom. And this fact alone is going to save us. It will not be by pacts, nor by atomic bombs, nor by economic arrangements, nor by the United Nations, that peace will be established, but by the freedom of the Church and the University each to be itself.

The church and the university therefore have relations of mutual respect and criticism, across University Avenue. Traffic flows in two directions, not just south. How arrogant it would be for us in church to feel that we come here to gain purpose for an otherwise purposeless study; to build moral power to face a wicked Babylon, as though we and we only were faithful to the Lord. Nonsense, and pride. We don't come across University Avenue empty-handed, empty-headed. We come with work to do, service to render here.

THE UNIVERSITY THE INTELLECTUAL CONSCIENCE OF THE CHURCH

You bring first of all an intellectual judgment against religion. You bring the sharp mind and the tools of honest

thought. The university stands as a relentless rebuke to all shabby religion. It shouts anathema against all superstition, all uncritical faith, all anemic belief. Consequently, some students lose their faith; they deserve to lose whatever cannot stand the scrutiny of hard thought. The university turns the X ray of scholarship upon the Scriptures, for instance, and studies them as it studies any other documents. Thereby we learn that Genesis contains two accounts of creation, neither of them accurate science, neither of them intended to be. We learn that Moses was not the author of the first five books, especially not of the passage which records his own death and burial. The Gospels were not written by eye-witnesses who knew Jesus personally, but by second- and third-generation disciples; they are composite books, reflecting the faith of the early church, books of faith and not newspaper reporting. The Bible contains contradictions and records of bad morals. Scholarship looks at this book honestly, as it looks at the evidences in geology, history or any literary documents.

Here on this modern Areopagus the philosophers will question Paul not only about Scriptures, but about the religious experience itself. For instance, Reinhold Niebuhr recently wrote a popular article about Billy Graham. He treated him gently because he knows that Graham is sincere, genuine, honest, although he feels that his message is irrelevant to the mature modern man who is aware of the tragic dimensions of life. The only letter which Niebuhr received criticizing him for his gentleness came from a college freshman.

You say Graham is sincere. I suppose he is; but can a man really be sincere when he constantly repeats in his calls for decision, "You may never be as close to the Kingdom of God as you are this moment." Isn't that reducing the mystery of the divine to petty proportions and isn't it egoistic to make yourself the master of mystery?

Niebuhr comments, "That is rather astute for a college freshman—or for anyone else." This is exactly the business of those who traffic from university to church. Criticism is ultimately a protection of true religion. Good criticism is the best defense, it saves the genuine article. This is the purifying work of the intellect. Nels Ferré makes it clear.

*The church needs the university to check its claims, to steer its search for truth, and to test the consistency of its faith, both for self-consistency and with all known facts. The university should be the intellectual conscience of the Church.**

* *Christian Faith and Higher Education*, p. 244.

When you come across University Avenue you bring critical judgment.

THE CHURCH PUTS QUESTIONS TO THE UNIVERSITY

In turn you go back to the university with a similar kind of critical respect. Just as the church cannot live on faith without reason, so the university cannot live on reason without some prior faith. It has faith already. The scientist believes. He believes in the regularity of natural phenomenon, and takes it for

granted. He believes that litmus paper and the spectroscope give reliable information about the structure of atoms, which no man has ever seen. He believes that his own senses are trustworthy; he trusts his power of observation. He believes that all natural events will ultimately yield to understanding. He believes many things which cannot be proven.

The university believes that knowledge is worth striving for. It does not entertain the notion that knowledge is a waste of time. If you believe that, you get expelled, for the university is intolerant. The university has presuppositions, axioms which it takes for granted and seldom examines. According to one critic these axioms include "a belief in progress, a confidence in the goodness of man, a naïve view of objectivity, an unbounded faith in science and education, an uncritical worship of reason, and a bourgeois evaluation of success." (John Coleman) All this is faith, and the church serves the university by asking, Do you recognize that you have this faith? Is this faith adequate?

The church presses upon the university another problem also: Does the university recognize the temptations which are peculiar to the academic life, the particular sins of the mind? Why is it, for instance, that knowledge was the forbidden fruit in the Garden of Eden myth? If men are created but a little lower than the angels, does this mean that men can think all God's thoughts after him, or can think none of them accurately? What does it mean when Paul says that the foolishness of God is wiser than the wisdom of men? Here on the modern Areopagus the church serves the university by pressing these questions. Students, professors and administrators carry these matters across University Avenue.

TWO BROKEN COMMUNITIES

Both church and university are communities, companies of people committed to common tasks. Both, alas, are badly shattered.

The university asks, By what right do you in the church claim to be united? You are broken into severe separations, Protestant, Catholic and Orthodox. Within, you are divided into hundreds of denominations. Even your local congregation is divided into two "sittings" like movie showings. How can you be the One Body of Christ when you cannot worship together, or eat together, even meet face to face? When you come south across the Avenue, never relent in pressing this question!

IN turn, the university itself is fragmented. Last June we invited here to discuss the A-bomb fallout two distinguished professors, one a notable chemist who is advisor to the Atomic Energy Commission, the other a famous historian and author; these men have both been on this campus since 1947, yet when they walked in the church door I introduced them to each other. How can a university understand itself and its work, when its great men do not even know one another? I was hunting a certain engineering professor's office, and wandered by mistake into the mining and metallurgy building. When I asked a student where I might find Professor So-and-so, he replied, "Gee, Mister, how would I know? He's in M.E. I am in M. & M.E." Those same days a young coed received a check for \$25 from the university with no

motive



explanation in the letter. She felt it was a mistake; it must be a bill! No one seemed able to explain it; the dean's office, the counselor, had no answers. After two hours of telephoning all over campus, a secretary learned that this was an award given to the freshman girl who ranked first in English. Imagine a great university giving out scholarships without knowing why. These are the marks of a broken community.

The church asks therefore, what is it that holds this university together, and makes it cohere? What is the *uni* in the university? To this question the University of Wisconsin has two answers.

First, the "Wisconsin Idea." Dr. Leroy Luberg recently described the Wisconsin Idea as the concept of service to the state, the plan which weds the labors of the scholar and scientist in the university with the practical concerns of farmer, industrialist, politician; the ideal of service to democracy rather than the individual advancement alone; it concerns the increasing dignity of man. Here, obviously, is a great concept.

Secondly, the university proclaims freedom, freedom to think and to teach what you are convinced is the truth. Have you ever stood down on campus, looking up the hill toward Bascom Hall? You have the Capitol building behind you, and the broad expanse of lawn rising up ahead. On the sides you scan the buildings surrounding you like riches of learning: law, music, education and the sciences, then farther up, the social sciences, and you walk up toward Lincoln's brooding statue, and read the immortal words, then you pass on up onto the porch of Bascom, and read the plaque which was replaced and rededicated again last spring. The words come from the Board of Regents of 1894,

Whatever may be the limitations which trammel free inquiry elsewhere, we believe that the great State University of Wisconsin should ever encourage that continual and fearless sifting and winnowing by which alone the truth can be found.

There is an eloquent statement of the second idea. These two marks set forth a great tradition of service to society, and freedom. They are the external and internal dimensions of a great university.

Now in respectful friendship, the church asks the university, Are these two marks adequate? Have you not left some large questions still unanswered: what is the purpose of education here? and what is the unity in your curriculum?

THE WHY AND THE WHAT OF UNIVERSITY EDUCATION

What purpose for education do you instill in students? What is the modern equivalent of that purpose which founded Yale College in 1701, and other great American universities? "For the educating and instructing of youth in good literature, arts and sciences (Yale was founded): that so by the blessing of Almighty God they may be the better fitted for public employment both in Church and in Civil State." Is it still the purpose of higher education, as it was in former days, "to escort the soul to the frontiers of knowledge," or is it to escort the student to the employment office of a big corporation?

If the university is to have any unity it must instill at the heart of its curriculum some matters, some values, some content which make things cohere. The modern

university offers many courses beyond the 3 R's and their refinements. You can learn how to build a bridge, cure rabies, fill cavities, make dresses. You can find courses in basic jazz, bridge-playing, radio gag-writing, baseball umpiring, mountain climbing. The university has become a multiversity. Intellectual life lacks direction. There is no common faith, no body of principles to shape the university's purpose. Almost the only common requirement upon all students is attendance; everyone should be educated, but there is hardly any one thing that everyone should know. Consequently a student can graduate from the university without any consistency in his thought. He can be an evolutionist in science, a materialist in history, a New Republican in economics, a state's righter in politics, a Puritan in morals and pantheist in religion—all at once. No wonder the divided mind makes for tangled personality.

IN reality the university exists to find and proclaim the unity of the universe. Whatever unity there is in the universe, that is the only valid source of final unity in the university, and that of course raises the religious question. There is no way for a university to avoid the religious problem. All learning—pure or applied—is simply an effort to explore this most comprehensive and essential question: what is the nature of Final Reality, what makes it function as it does, what makes it work together? The unity of the universe should be used to create unity in the curriculum. The modern university has been likened to a city that is all suburbs: many specialties spread across the intellectual map in formless clusters, with only trickles of communication, and no heart, no unifying center. (Ferré, 237-8.) If the university intends to educate the whole man with a true and whole education, it must search for some cohesion in its own curriculum, and it will have to confront the final religious questions.

It is the saving glory of the West that a free church and free university will thus address each other in mutual respect and mutual criticism. You will traffic across University Avenue, coming south with intellectual tools that purify the church, going north with a concern about the purpose of the university.

RESPONSIBLE ACTIVITIES

The university is not an intellectual agency only; it is a living company of people with diverse activities, as a church is not creeds only, but picnics and committee meetings. As such these two can learn and benefit from each other.

For one thing, let the church always remind us that activities can be a folly and delusion. Some people hide from themselves in a panic of activities. Others plunge into campus life just to accumulate Brownie points, or credits for initiation. My wife's sorority at Northwestern University allowed four points for attending a football game, and one for attending church; one hundred required for initiation. Likewise in church, it is

(Continued on page 38)



the search for intimacy:

A fresh look at marriage and family life has been taken by Chicagoan Gibson Winter in his soon-to-be-published volume *Love and Conflict: New Patterns in Family Life*. Doubleday and Company will publish the full work and we are grateful to them for making possible this portion.

THE most virulent poison created by industrial society is excessive loneliness. Our way of life uproots people, carrying them upward or downward in the struggle for success. Human bonds are pulverized. Those who cling to family ties are soon left behind in the economic struggle. Those who press forward find themselves cut off from friends and associates. We are the uprooted. We are the producers of things and the servants of machines. We live with things, ideas and prices. We rarely have time to live with people.

EVEN though the basic loneliness of our lives cannot be eliminated, we can share intimate contacts with others which make our loneliness creative rather than destructive. Our society has narrowed the sphere of intimacy almost exclusively to the immediate family of parents and children. The family is now the only antidote to the poisons of excessive loneliness.

The principal question about the American family is whether it alone can be a sufficient antidote to the poison of isolation. Can one intimate group meet all our needs for intimacy? Can the family meet such excessive demands for intimacy?

The strains in family life today can be attributed primarily to the narrowing of intimacy to the home. Two kinds of tension seem to be paramount in the modern home. The family is torn between its need for intimacy and its need for authority to guide its life. The family is also caught in a difficult struggle to provide children with a sense of belonging that does not tie them too closely to their parents. Both of these dilemmas have arisen as the family has become the exclusive sphere of intimacy on the American scene.

The more intense the loneliness of

husband and wife, the more difficult it is to develop a center of authority in the home. Personal intimacy and authority are contraries which always exist in tension. The stronger the personal need for intimacy, the more disturbing is the subordination to authority. Since people today are suffering from intense needs for intimacy, we can assume that few families can tolerate much formal authority in the home. If the male authority is to be recovered in the modern family, it can only be done very slowly. The central job of the family is to provide a sphere of intimacy in which excessive loneliness can be overcome. This is its primary task. All other concerns must be subordinated to the accomplishment of this task. If we accept this fact, we can handle the problem of authority without undue haste and without doctrinaire claims that it must be such and such. A proper division of authority can only arise as a fruit of personal intimacy.

THE conflict between authority and intimacy is clear from the nature of intimacy. An intimate relationship is a bond of mutual concern and support between equals. Two people stand together as equals in their concern for each other. No distinctions of ability, mental aptitude, riches or office can be allowed to dominate an intimate relationship. These barriers may exist in other settings, but they cannot be allowed to operate in friendship or marriage. Barriers of inequality are excluded from consideration in intimate relationships. Persons bound together by mutual love and concern exist for each other. Each will help the other and support the other. They counsel each other in difficulty and rescue each other in danger. These

are the qualities of an intimate relationship. The intimate relationship assumes an equality as persons. However unequal the persons may be in ability, they are simply persons in their intimacy.

Authority, on the other hand, introduces inequality. Authority can only be exercised when one person subordinates himself to another on a particular matter. Let us picture the situation on the Titanic at the time of the tragic sinking. Husband and wife are on deck. The wife wants to stay with her husband. They have children at home. They resist the idea of being separated in this catastrophe. The husband insists that the wife enter the lifeboat and return to the children. In this crisis, the husband exercises an authority to which the wife subordinates herself. In this decision, they are not equal. So long as husband and wife agree, there is no issue of subordination and matters can be settled by consensus. When they disagree on critical issues, authority introduces a problem of subordination and inequality.

It seems desirable that wives encourage their husbands to take a more authoritative role in the home. Their husbands have been forced out of the home situation by the circumstances of modern life. Such a recovery of male authority is bound to upset the equality of intimacy. It need not threaten the intimacy, if husband and wife feel assured of the mutual concern in their relationship. This suggests that the real issue to be worked through is the personal intimacy of the relationship. If the personal bond is soundly established, allowing room for privacy and a sense of support, then the division of authority may follow. On the other hand, many couples cannot deal with their personal intimacy because the power

THE FAMILY

BY GIBSON WINTER



HENRY MOORE

FAMILY GROUP

struggle has frustrated both of them. The modern family will undoubtedly lean toward equality and intimacy no matter how chaotic the home becomes. It is the nature of loneliness to demand its due at any cost. Nonetheless, full intimacy cannot develop in a chaotic home that is ruled by children. At the risk of disturbing equality and arousing conflict, the problem of authority will have to be faced for the long-range good of the family. There is no great danger of undue inequality if the biblical injunction is kept in mind and put into practice, "be subject one to another." This is the ground of equality on which inti-

January 1958

macy rests. Husband and wife will differ in their abilities, interests and responsibilities. Despite these differences, they are joined as equals in the covenant of intimacy. Every inequality in marriage is subordinate to this fundamental equality. The two have become one flesh.

THE need for intimacy also creates tensions between parents and children. Such strains reflect additional problems of equality and inequality in intimate relationships. A fully intimate relationship is a person-to-person response between those who stand

together in their personal life. At moments of deep intimacy, the persons shed the inequalities and differences. We occasionally experience such moments of intimacy across the barriers of inequality. A foreman and a worker may experience such personal encounter. These are moments when the responsibilities of our particular jobs are set aside and the fullness of our equality as persons takes the foreground. Then the work of life continues and we don our inequalities once again.

Parents treasure moments of full personal intimacy with their children. They cannot, however, fulfill their responsibilities to the children if they expect intimacy to be the normal state of affairs. Children are not equal to parents in the order of family life. If they were, the parents could not protect and guide them as they mature to full personal responsibility. Our deep needs for personal intimacy tempt us to transgress the inequality between parent and child. We want to draw children into more intimacy than is proper. We treat them as equals, when they need the protection of an unequal, parent-child relationship. Our own need for intimacy seduces us into excessive intimacy with children. The children cannot meet these excessive demands, so we reject the children.

Inequalities separate us in life, but they also protect us from unfair competition. No one expects a student to compete with his teacher on an examination. A child is exposed to emotional demands which he cannot meet when he is drawn into intimacy as an equal. A child is also forced to fulfill obligations as an adult, when he is treated as an equal. The transgression of the inequality of the parent-child relationship leads to excessive intimacy with children and makes them overly dependent. Ultimately it destroys their confidence in themselves. It also destroys their confidence in a protective and competent parent who can assure the stability of the world into which they are growing.

THE need for intimacy in our time makes it difficult for parents to walk

this narrow line between personal intimacy with children and protective authority over them. It takes great skill to be a parent in our day, since the modern home carries the full burden of personal intimacy for our society. The capacity of parents to maintain this tension between personal intimacy and realistic discipline is the most important parental skill in modern family life. The remarkable fact about the modern home is the success with which so many parents are executing this difficult job.

Personal intimacy has always had a place in family life. Human beings always married for companionship and mutual support. Intimacy is not peculiar to the modern family. However, intimacy was formerly a secondary aspect of family life. If the family did not provide satisfying intimacies, there were always other relationships in which persons could find satisfaction. This middle ground between family and commercial life has been narrowed and impoverished. There are few intimacies which can provide alternatives to an unhappy family situation. The alternative spheres of intimacy are too transitory in a rapidly changing social scene. Even friendship has become a rare experience. Personal intimacy is no longer one aspect of a family's business. It is now *the* business of family life.

There is no crystal ball in which we can discern the prospects for this intimate family of our time. There is an unquestionable growth of interest in the family and concern for the home. There has been a steady rise in home owning for some years. Men and women are marrying at an earlier age. The birth rate has achieved a steady and vigorous level. Home owning and bearing children are both votes of confidence in family life. Divorce figures, by contrast, are rather frightening on the surface. They are not, however, quite so devastating as they look.

THE much discussed rise in the rate of divorce over fifty years has largely come from the tendency to legalize most if not all marital arrangements. These figures are also augmented by

the freedom for women to escape impossible marital situations. The family today is not much less stable than the family of a few generations ago. In view of the strains in the intimate home, this suggests that more effort may be going into making a stable home than was necessary in earlier periods. Moreover, men are giving more time to their homes than was customary in earlier American or European life. Battle fatigue is suffered by so many women in the intimate home, but very few turn voluntarily from the intimacy of marriage to the business world. Children seem more rebellious today, although it is difficult to gain an adequate picture of child-rearing in earlier times. Delinquency rates certainly indicate an intensifying of rebellion among the young.

On the other hand, children are dependent on their parents until a much later age because of the increasing pressure for education. Such prolonged dependence is bound to generate strains. On the whole, the balance sheet for the intimate family

looks reasonably good. The pressures of loneliness in our society have driven men and women to exert more time and effort on the intimacy of family life.

We seem to be entering an era of family living such as our society has not experienced. Family life is gaining rather than losing importance. This is, perhaps, an optimistic assessment of the situation but most of the evidence points in this direction. Life-long intimacy in marriage is one of the chief concerns of most young people. In "The Lonely Crowd," to use David Riesman's phrase, men and women want time for intimacy.

There is little danger of casual marriages today, although most people seem concerned that young people enter marriage without serious thought. Of course, casual marriages do occur and are regrettable. Actually, however, our danger is that young people are trying too hard to succeed in marriage. They want so much to have an "ideal" marriage. Unfortunately, there is no such animal.

(Continued on page 37)

the diary

I can still see, Nan,
Your diary. Dragons of roses
On every page, you pasted there, and then
Went walking, light as air, filling each day
With polyglots of poetry and praise.
I can still see
Where the grey kitten pinched one leaf
With teeth as thin as teak through the candle
You had drawn to light your lover, Anson,
To the war.
During the war
Your diary was filled with varsouvianas,
Mazurkas, polkas, and you had a topaz velvet
Toque and muff of seal, and all Columbus,
Georgia, danced in the Confederate cotillion, night and day.

Anson died and the plaintive blacks were freed.
The carpetbaggers had the mortgage and the deed,
To your acres in the cabbage roses of their fists.

The paint flaked slowly, like cracking leaves;
The arbitrarily dead
Peeled the gold-leaf plaster from your mind
And all the days were shabby, shabby.

Great, great-great Aunt Nan, whose grief,
Whose life is in this book, who died mad,
Hair springing like a frowzy silver crown,
I find in your diary, days
Numbered the same as mine, weeks
Full of the saturnine, old grace
That is not mine, and months
Reaching into the venerated years
That make your old house glimmer in the dark.
All wars default old diaries
That defy tears.

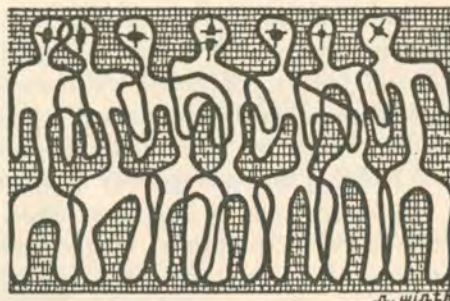
—RAMONA MAHER MARTINEZ



a short story

all for one

BY MYRON SCHOLNICK



HE came from the basement of the apartment house by the lot and he was black as the coal they stored in the basement to satisfy the furnace, and he smelled of burning coal and of the soot. He walked into our scrimmage, tall and strangely thin in his bulky leather jacket, and we stopped tossing the football around to watch him.

He spat a mouthful of brown ten feet ahead onto the crisp December ground.

"He even spits colored," mumbled Johnny Stern in amazement.

"It's chewin' tobacco," said the black boy thickly. We drew back at his queer way of speech.

"You a foreigner?" I asked.

"Come from th' South," he said. "Atlanta."

I whistled and my breath was smoke in the cold steel air. "Why that's in Georgia. It must be a thousand miles."

"Ah know," the black boy said. We could see he was proud that he had come so far.

"What's your name?" Bart Kreuger asked. He was the oldest among us, already in the fifth grade, and he liked to think himself our leader and spokesman.

"Jefferson," said the black boy. "Jefferson Lincoln Jones."

I whistled again.

"That don't sound like a name a fellow could have," said Bart Kreuger. "Those are two Presidents."

"Ah was named fo' two Presidents," said Jefferson Lincoln Jones. "Jefferson Davis an' Abraham Lincoln. The two greatest Presidents we ever done had."

We all shifted a bit uneasily at this, because, while we had heard of Abraham Lincoln and a Jefferson named Thomas, we had never heard of one called Davis before.

"What are you doing here, Jefferson? And why haven't we seen you in school?" It was Larry Bogan speaking. He was one of the brighter students in our class and was always buttering up Miss Atkins, our teacher.

"Ah'm with ma old man who's workin' in this apartment," said Jefferson, "an' Ah don't aim to go to school." He reached out, ruffling Larry's blond curls. "School is fo' smart kids like you," he added, and there was no mistaking the twinkle in his eye.

We smiled and liked him at once. But we didn't get to know him for most of that winter.

IT was a good New England winter, the kind a boy can call his own, with the thermometer line plunging earth-

ward day by day and the ponds parading their coat of skating ice; with the wind that stomped through attics and across front porches every night, and the glory of the snow, special gift of winter's heaven, that tumbled to the world of men and boys and became vast carpets to track with crunching boots, snowball battles to wage, coasting down angel hills, and the morning shoveling of steps and walks and garage entrances.

Yet Jefferson rarely seemed to enter this hearty world. He remained in the basement of the apartment house all day as far as any of us knew, restrained by forces we could not fathom, appearing only late in the afternoon when the sky contracted in dusk and just prior to the time we'd have to leave for dinner and homework.

Jefferson was never seen near school, so we took it for granted that he didn't have to attend. He never joined us in football or other activities, though asked repeatedly, and when I once invited him home for dinner he uttered such a violent refusal that we came to think him somewhat of a snob.

But, without at all understanding why, we enjoyed his company. He would saunter out of the coal basement each afternoon as we played on the lot, just at dusk and shortly before we would head for home, and he would stand around with that mysterious air of his, spitting tobacco juice at the ground and passing a few slim words.

We asked our parents about him but they expressed only ignorance and a lack of interest.

"What black boy?" queried my father at dinner one evening, after references to Jefferson had been made for weeks. "There aren't any Negroes in town."

"There is one," said Mother. She placed steaming bowls of chicken broth on our plates and smoothed her apron. "A new janitor for the old apartment building down by the food store. He was hired last month."

"Strange I didn't hear anything about it," said Father. "You'd expect that someone would have mentioned it to me before this."

"Well, it doesn't matter," said Mother. "He didn't bring any children with him. This boy Mike refers to must be visiting."

"But he lives there, Mom!" I protested. "He's been there since the first of last month. We see him nearly every day."

"Eat your soup, Mike, and don't talk so much at meal-time," said Mother. And that concluded that.

It was the same with all my friends. None of their parents were willing to admit the possibility of Jefferson Lincoln Jones's continuing existence in our town, and none seemed interested enough to explore the matter further. When we told this to Jefferson he just laughed and said that that was the way he wanted it.

We didn't mind it that way either. We knew that if Jefferson were discovered by the merciless adult world he would have to start school, and this was too painful to imagine. We recognized, by beardless instinct, the futility of subjecting Jefferson to disciplined education—the education that would force him from his basement to the classroom, make him don shirt and tie, and take away his chewin' tobacco.

Besides, if Jefferson went to school we would have to share his acquaintance with dozens of people who could never appreciate him as we did. We had discovered him and could accept him and he was ours alone. Ours to look for on days at the lot, to watch and listen to when he appeared, to attempt, in every way we could, to make him a part of us.

Although it was never openly mentioned, we all had the same desire in wanting Jefferson to lower his veil of aloofness, depart from his policy of minimum contact, and become more of a friend, at least in so far as football participation was concerned. But no matter how we tried, Jefferson avoided a closer relationship as though it might contaminate him, detract from his stature. We had all but given up hope there would be any change when one afternoon, with February to begin the following week and a thin covering of snow on the lot making us slide at each other so that we could barely grasp the football, Jefferson, in one calculated stroke, became not only a part of our group but its undisputed leader as well.

It was a day we would all remember because it was the first time we had been admitted into a secret society.

We were just about ready to go home this particular afternoon, and were tossing some of the snow around rather than the ball, when Jefferson stepped from his basement and came toward us.

He carried a can of beer in one hand.

Now all of us had seen beer before, some of our folks even drank it, but it had been denied us completely. And we had never cared to try it either, since Gene Harper's drinking some of the previous summer had put him to bed for three days. (Or at least that's what Gene said.)

With Jefferson, however, it was different. We weren't surprised or even concerned at his having beer, only curious, as one might be curious at an unexpected knock on the door or an unexpected ring of the phone.

"How can you drink that?" asked Gene Harper, incredulously. "It's awful stuff."

"Ah likes beer," smiled Jefferson Lincoln Jones.

"You'd better be careful," warned Bart Kreuger, thrusting his hands into the pockets of his Mackinaw, "you might get drunk."

"Only gals an' sissies get drunk," said Jefferson. He shoved the can in my direction. I could see the two holes on top and the sprinkling of moisture. "Here, Mike, have some."

I drew back, smiling weakly. "No thanks. I don't care for it. I've tried it and don't care for it at all."

I knew they didn't believe me, but none dared challenge my assertion for fear he would be offered a drink.

Jefferson looked pleased with our discomfort. He kicked at a rock half covered by snow. "If you was members in th' society, you wouldn't be afraid to drink or nothin' else neither. You'd be brave an' men."

"What do you mean?" asked Bart Kreuger. His suspicions, aroused when he first beheld Jefferson, were now blossoming into maturity. Bart was finally beginning to sense the threat to his leadership emanating from Jefferson's poise and inscrutable ways.

"Ah mean if you was 'nitiated into th' society. . . ."

"What do you mean, society? What are you talking about?" Bart was flailing the air with his hands, the mittens dim streaks of red in the growing dusk.

"Ah mean th' secret society," said Jefferson calmly. "It's a club where you has to pass a 'nitiation to see if you're brave."

Bart had had enough. "You're crazy, Jefferson, just plain crazy!" he shouted. "Every afternoon acting like you own this lot and as though we only come here to see you. Now talking about some secret society that only you know anything about. I'm tired of it and of you, and I'm not going to stand here any longer and let you make fools of us. I'm going home." He jerked his head. "Let's go."

None of us moved.

"Well, good-by," said Bart, and he tramped heavily to the edge of the lot. He turned around and looked back once, but when he saw we were watching him in silence and making no motion to follow he spun on his heel and left.

"Any mo' a' you scared an' want to go?" asked Jefferson, taking what seemed to be an immense swallow of beer.

We murmured "no" in quivering unison.

"Then follow me," he said, and started for the apartment house basement.

We glanced quickly at one another—Johnny Stern, Larry Bogan, Gene Harper, Al Sawyer, and myself—then nervously followed.

WE almost lost him in entering the basement. It was the darkest place that any of us had ever seen, we all admitted later, and it was heavy with the smell of dust and coal and the heat of the furnace, a one-eyed giant of searing iron before us. The furnace made a devouring noise and the eye belched smoke and flame.

"Here," said Jefferson, appearing in front of us as a magician from a cloud of white, "this way."

We followed him to a corner of the basement where he switched on an overhead light.

"You all want to do this, don't you?" he asked.

We nodded.

"Just what is a secret society like this?" demanded Larry Bogan. We had all desired to ask such a question, but only Larry had possessed the courage.

Jefferson patted Larry's curls, as was his wont. "Th' society," he began, "is our way a' gettin' together with each other an' becomin' close friends." He smiled. "An' we won't keep things from each other an' we'll trust each other. An' when one a' us is in a fight the rest will fight on his side. An' when he needs help we'll help. An' we'll be like brothers in a family are."

"If you really want to be our friend," interrupted Johnny Stern, "why don't you play football with us? We asked you to."

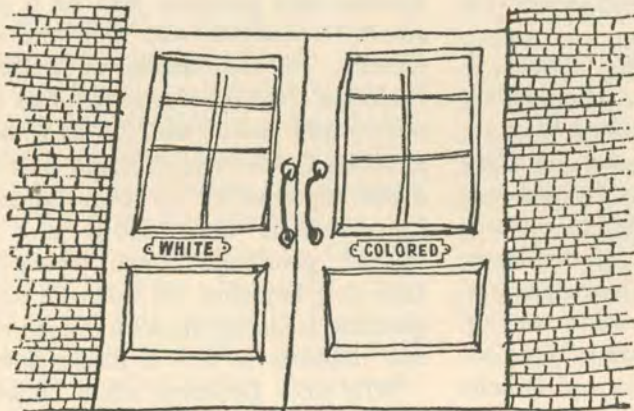
"Well, from now on Ah will," smiled Jefferson Lincoln Jones.

"Hey, I bet it's pretty late," said Al Sawyer. He was always worrying about the time. "I have to get home."

"Don't you want to be 'nitiated and in the society?" asked Gene.

Al rubbed his watch. "Yeah. Sure. But it better not take long."

"It won't take long," said Jefferson.



He motioned for the five of us to crowd around, and we watched wide-eyed as he drew a sewing needle from his pocket.

"What's that for?" I gasped.

"This is to bind us by blood," said Jefferson.

"What?" shrilled Al. His voice trailed off into the depths of the smoldering basement. We were all feeling the heat now and it added to our fear of what was going to be proposed.

Jefferson had lit a match and was holding the needle over it. We could see the metal blacken.

"What are you going to do?" asked Larry. His chubby features were covered with sweat. I ran an ungloved hand across my own brow and it came away drenched.

"Look," said Jefferson, and one by one, before our horrified gaze, he swiftly punctured all the fingers of his right hand. Five little drops of blood appeared, growing larger when he pinched each finger. Jefferson laughed softly.

January 1958

"All you has to do is stick one finger," he said.

"I got to go home," said Al quickly, "it's getting late."

"Are you afraid?" I sneered. I wanted to show Jefferson that I was the bravest. And besides, I thought fiercely, what's a needle stuck in a finger? It had happened accidentally numerous times before, and at the doctor's on purpose.

"I'm not afraid," said Al. "I'm just as brave as you. Who's scared of a needle anyway?"

"Good," said Jefferson, "let's start."

TENSELY, and with pounding hearts, we passed the needle around the circle that had been formed beneath the naked bulb in the stifling basement. We punctured a finger almost by reflex, hardly looking, except to pinch a trifle and see the speck of blood ooze forth.

Then Jefferson raised his hand and each of us touched his cut finger to one of Jefferson's, and Jefferson said we were bound by blood.

Then we held our handkerchiefs tight on our fingers—Larry didn't have one, so Jefferson gave him his, forgetting altogether about the holes in his own hand—and we each took a drink from the can of beer. It tasted awful.

"Now," said Jefferson, "we have to yell our motto."

"What is it?" sighed Johnny, exhausted.

"Ah'll tell each a' you seperately, an' then when Ah say so we'll yell it together."

"Hurry," said Al. "It's late." He held his punctured finger in the fist of his other hand as though he would never let go.

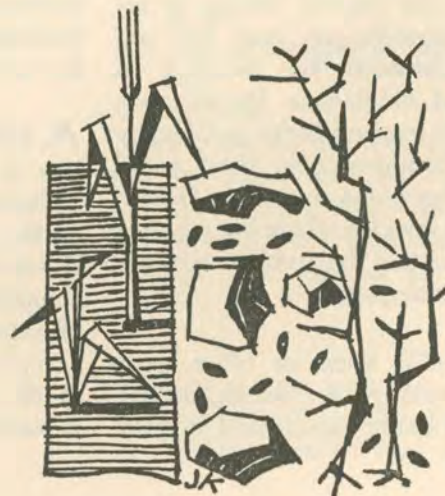
Jefferson bent toward each of us in turn, whispering into our ears.

We clasped hands and closed the circle. Jefferson stood in the center, his black face awash with sweat, but the eyes clear and vital and piercing in the quiet light.

He motioned to us and for a second we looked at him in silence, Jefferson Lincoln Jones our leader, then in unison chanted the motto: "All for one! And one for all!"

We were very young.

From: *The American University Writer*.



the terrible sickness in shakespeare's

OTHELLO

BY NORMAN PENLINGTON

MEANINGLESSNESS is a terrible illness. The meaningless person suffers deeply because his life lacks direction toward a mark that takes account of natural and moral reality. Lacking such a mark the victim tries to manufacture one. But the pursuit of a manufactured mark may still further divorce him from reality and magnify his misery.

That is why history demonstrates man's need for a system of values. To be effective values must live and be evoked within man's deepest being. To remain alive they must be enshrined within the rituals of an institution. In times like our own in which all values are challenged or appear irrelevant, the power of rituals often diminishes and fails; and without the nourishment of living values man's life becomes meaningless and "dead."

But man is so constituted that he cannot tolerate it to think of himself as a cypher; and that man in whom meaning is waning will do his utmost to deny its decay. He usually does so in three ways. First, he may reaffirm the desiccated meaning, as for example, in the current "return to religion." Secondly, he may find apparent substitutes for meaning in power and indulgence, for example. Thirdly, he may evade the problem by denying its importance. Many social scientists have endeavored to demonstrate that man is nothing but a higher animal, and that the problem of meaning is "meaningless."

WHETHER these or other ways are used to disguise meaninglessness, they are usually rationalized in turn.

In the course of time, however, the impact of natural and moral conditions may so strain the structure of rationalization as to bring about its collapse. Then the meaninglessness of man's life may be laid bare in all its nakedness. In despair he may sense the possibility of discovering a meaning based on reality, and set out on a lonely, painful, and lengthy odyssey. Alternatively he may reason that his life is worthy only of destruction.

Shakespeare's tragedy, *Othello*, illustrates this problem. The leading men fearing and concealing their essential meaninglessness are unwilling to face their empty selves. Instead each one plays a role: Roderigo pictures himself as a worthy but rejected lover; Cassio, as a loyal but disgraced companion; Othello, as a noble warrior; and Iago, as a superman. The first three—Roderigo, Cassio, and Othello—judge others by appearances in order to be similarly judged; the last plays deliberate roles to exploit his insight into human nature. By contrast the leading women—Emilia and Desdemona—do not need to consider themselves in relation to others; they confront themselves as they are and life as it is.

A STUDY, therefore, of the problem of meaning in the lives of the six leading characters, and its bearing on the plot, may go far to illuminate *Othello*. This may be most easily accomplished through an examination of character and plot in relation to Iago; for the chief impetus to action in the play comes from his lust to demonstrate his own superiority.

Iago completely dominates Roderigo. The audience first sees Roderigo firm in the belief that he has bought his way into Iago's friendship and that he is disappointed in the failure of his suit for Desdemona's hand. Feeling that his heart is broken though only his vanity is hurt, he falls in with Iago's plan to accompany him to Cyprus, where his companion promises to buy Roderigo's way into Desdemona's presence. For, he is assured Desdemona will soon tire of Othello. In the course of gulling Roderigo, Iago also swindles him of money and jewels, uses him as a tool to strike Cassio, and murders him to avoid exposure of his own infamy. Later editors have called him a "gulled gentleman," yet whenever Iago first broaches his fantastic suggestions, Roderigo shows a skepticism that indicates no lack of discernment.

Why does Roderigo allow himself to be so easily overpersuaded? He is a spoiled and lonely person, and apparently only Iago takes notice of him. He is flattered to have as an acquaintance the knowing man-about-town and the prominent soldier, even though the price of this friendship is not merely money, but also abuse and contempt. In his loneliness, however, abusive notice is better than no notice. Hence, once having put himself in the false position of accompanying Iago to Cyprus and giving him money to bestow on Desdemona, he has no practical alternative but to continue being led along the same path.

Iago is utterly contemptuous and chameleon-like he plays whatever role is necessary to control Roderigo;

motive

now he acts the bullying owner of a dog: "Come hither," he commands his obsequious companion; now he pours into his ear a torrent of learned language monotonously interspersed with the drum-like command: "Put money in thy purse." When the promises to Roderigo remain unfulfilled, Iago cynically acts the priest soothing a disappointed penitent: "How poor are they that have not patience!" After Roderigo's patience is all but gone, Iago skilfully bides his time until the former's anger is exhausted, and then suggests their joining together in "removing" Cassio. Having so far degenerated under Iago's pliant influence, Roderigo is ready to engage even in murder; but his failure to kill Cassio endangers Iago, who, fearing his own exposure, stabs the "young quat." Iago's fear is well grounded; for letters implicating him are discovered on Roderigo's person.

LESS weak than Roderigo is the affable and easy-going Cassio. Except for his loyalty to Othello, Cassio is largely the creature of circumstance. Othello appoints him as second-in-command, Iago causes his disgrace, and the Venetian Government appoints him as successor to Othello. Without Lodovico's injunction at the end of the play calling on Cassio to punish Iago, the audience might well wonder whether he has the strength of character to do so alone. Cassio is also inclined to take the tone of the group he is in. In the presence of Othello and Desdemona his good-natured amiability seems nobility, at a carousal he is easily made drunk, and alone he drifts into the arms of a prostitute. Yet he is loyal to Othello, and ignores Iago's hint that he become inveigled with Desdemona.

Contrary to Othello's command to stay sober, Iago has little difficulty in indulging Cassio with drink. Indeed Cassio virtually asks to indulge his weakness and, falling a victim of Roderigo's attack, becomes the object of Othello's disgrace. As a result of being cashiered, he wallows in abasing self-recrimination. Iago, playing the role of worldly-wise companion, at once seeks to transform

Cassio's recrimination to his own advantage, and skilfully inquires: "I think you think I love you." Upon receiving hearty reassurance, Cassio is instructed how to escape disgrace. He guilelessly listens to the plan that he should induce Desdemona to plead his cause before Othello. His subsequent meetings with her and her concern for his fate appear to confirm Othello's suspicion, sown by Iago, that his wife and chief lieutenant are unfaithful.

Superficially Othello seems an honorable soldier brought to destruction as a result of *ignorance*. The audience sees him held in high regard and silencing in a few words a drunken brawl instigated by Iago. It also sees him provoked in that brawl by evasive and uninformative explanations. He warns the brawlers that he is a man of passion whose "blood begins my safer guides to rule. . . ." By admitting an emotional response to the situation Othello can hide from himself not only his emotional responses to most situations, but also his craving for such responses. Thus action is not loved for its own sake, rather it is loved because of the emotional thrill it produces in him. Emotion, too, plays a large part in his sense of honor—a sense that has grown out of his military deeds:

*the big wars
That make ambition virtue!*

NOR is honor loved for its own sake, but as a virtue excited to satisfy the need to give meaning to his life. Othello thus keeps reminding himself of his honor and imputes honor to his

associates and his wife. He is so carried away with relating his deeds of honor to the avid Desdemona that he scarcely realizes their effect upon her. Indeed, he is virtually proposed to.

He does not really love Desdemona; he loves himself as he appears in his deeds, but disguised as Desdemona admiring those deeds:

*She loved me for the dangers I had
passed,
And I loved her that she did pity
them.*

He justifies his wife's suggestion of accompanying him to Cyprus on the ground of a Platonic view of love: he is not taking her, he tells the Venetian Senate,

*To please the palate of my
appetite, . . .*

*But to be free and bounteous to her
mind.*

If Othello does not yet love Desdemona, he soon becomes aware of his need for her. After the hazardous voyages to Cyprus, he is not moved by the safe arrival of a beloved wife, but by the need to be in her presence. Mere proximity to her brings such a calm to his soul that

*If it were now to die,
'Twere now to be most happy;*
otherwise, he dreads there may succeed an "unknown fate." Thus for Othello, action, honor, and love, emotionally masked, are essentially devices to escape from a lonely self.

His presumption of superiority irritates Iago. He has discerned that Othello's character, built on the sands of loneliness, may founder and that Othello

*thinks men honest that but seem to
be so,*

*And will as tenderly be led by th'
nose*

As asses are.

Helped, too, by his own position as aide to Othello and by his reputation for honesty, Iago divines that the means for the destruction of his superior is to dishonor his sense of honor.

WE have seen how Iago has first moved indirectly against Othello in
(Continued on page 30)



RELIGIOUS SIGNIFICANCE IN THE GRAPHIC ART OF

Rolf Nesch

BY BARBARA LEE BACHMURA

PHOTOGRAPHS, COURTESY MELTZER GALLERY, NEW YORK
AND FROM BARBARA LEE BACHMURA

It was a torrential rain. In fact as we were driving upward on that narrow, winding road in the mountainous Hallingdal area the rains came down as if propelled by forces beyond human comprehension. Lightning and thunder; the rocks themselves seemed to shake. Getting out of the cab I walked down the long muddy pathway to be greeted there by Rolf Nesch coming out of his home-studio. We exchanged few words as my Norwegian was poor. "Could I cook soup?" "Well, I could make a good stew." We both liked strong coffee. We would get along fine.

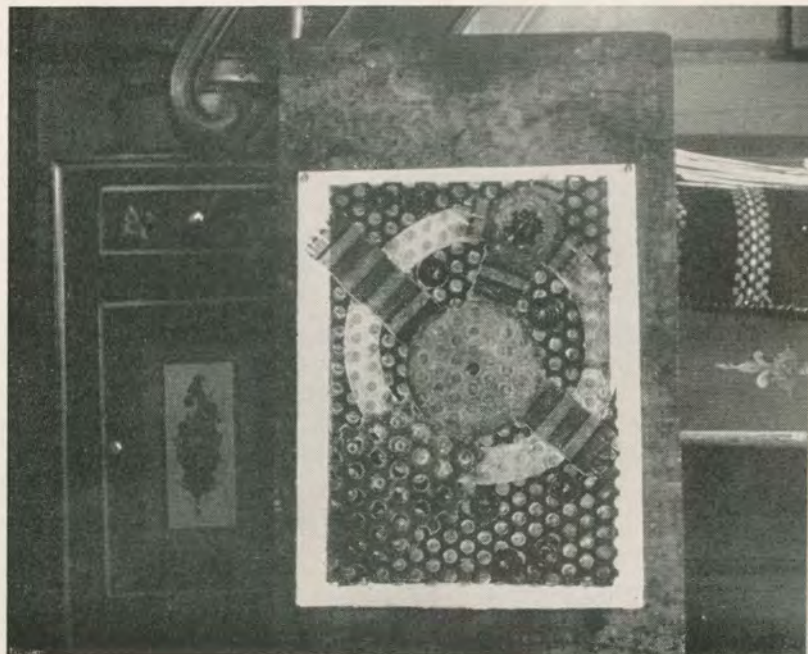


ROLF NESCH is a German artist who came to Norway to leave behind the militarism of his own country. He is now a Norwegian citizen with a Norwegian wife. Although they do have an apartment in Oslo this artist is more at home in the community of Aal away from the disruptive big city elements. Here close to nature he can find time to think. His day is divided into periods of work and relaxation.

A small garden gives him both pleasure and food. Home-grown chive adds delicious flavor to an original Nesch omelet. The artist gathers milk and eggs from neighboring farmers, some of whom still wear peasant dress and appear a little bit bewildered when talking about a son or daughter who has left the farm for city opportunity. Sometimes when the postman, delivering both groceries and letters, brings an exciting, colorfully stamped message from foreign parts he too joins the artist in a chat over afternoon coffee.

Rolf Nesch seeks and finds true reality in direct contact and observation of people, animals, earth, and sky. He portrays this reality in a most interesting graphic form of his own invention which he calls the "metallgrafikk." By placing textured, dimensional pieces freshly painted on a plain or engraved metal sheet, and then laying dampened paper on top, and running all this through the hand press he is able to achieve unending variety in pattern, color, and textural effects. There is also a resulting embossed dimension to add to depth illusion.

However, real depth comes through religious communion between artist and subject matter. The artist is able to sense the innate reality of the subject and to portray it in bold, almost expressionist masses of color shape and color. Although direct reference to religious subject matter is to be found in such examples as "God the Father," "Saint Olav," "Saint Sebastian," and in "Saint," "Lazarus," and "The Three Kings" (the last three pictures a part of the permanent collection of the Hamburger Kunsthalle in Hamburg, Germany, the museum in which the majority of Nesch





COME IN

works are housed), such titles make up a comparatively small portion of Nesch subjects. Nevertheless, no matter what the subject matter, "one senses in the work of Rolf Nesch a strong feeling of pantheism. A distillation of this philosophy is revealed in all of his images, indicating a spiritual struggle manifested sometimes in a certain awkwardness which, in itself, is the quality and charm of natural growth." *

NESCH himself has written, "You ask me to explain my frequent use of religious motifs in graphic art. That is not easy. When I began with "St. Sebastian" I felt that he stood for something universal. An upstanding human being who loves his fellow man is bound to suffer like St. Sebastian, even a thousand years hence. My next big work "God the Father" shows God with a burning globe in his hand soaring through infinity. Evolution and the laws of nature are in themselves so rigid that the pattern of all development on earth was laid down at the time of creation itself.

* From a statement to the writer by the Meltzer Gallery, the U. S. A. dealer for Rolf Nesch in New York city.

A change from that which we have come to expect in our way of life—like abolishment of war—may require a major change in our solar system through the displacement of the earth's axis, or through atomic explosions. What do I know? Anyway, Angels and Bishops can tell us as much as "Pukk" or "Pan" or "St. Sebastian." This view may not be that of the theologian. However, is it not always peoples' experiences which make them religious? It is faith which influences us. Some become Catholics, some Protestants, and some Sectarians—and why not? Blessed are those who believe with all their heart and become happy." **

He used to spread fifteen or twenty of his most recent prints on the floor and we would drink coffee and look at them and talk about them, comparing notes. Yes, indeed it was the best-tasting coffee. Nesch would grind it himself and brew it in a pressurized percolator.

The delightful "Angel," who swings around in an orbit of moving circles, is appealing with its naive, childlike charms; "Daughter-in-law," poised, almost severed head with flickering red eye; "Bishop," serene, with upraised hand, but with double face, a caricaturelike portrayal. "Nesch is aware of the opposites in existence: good and evil, tragic and comic, sublime and grotesque. These concepts are expressed in forms which have their origin in nature, but become abstract through understanding the universal essence of things." *

NOW as an older man and consummate artist Nesch is most content at work in the idyllic Hallingdal countryside. There all his artistic impressions—from memories, from

** Aid in the translation of the letter from the original Norwegian was given by Johan Wetlesen of Murfreesboro, Tennessee.





PUCK—SECOND STATE



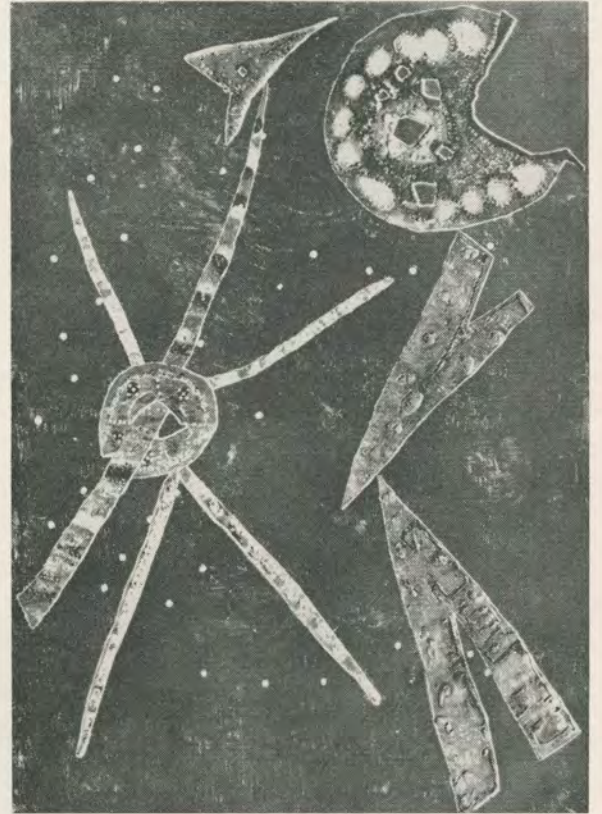
NESCH IN HIS HOME WITH PRINTS AND COFFEE MAKER

experiences, from present-day observations—can find concrete art form through the perpetual experimentation with materials: a corrugated piece of metal may take the shape of a guard officer's head with a helmet, cardboard discs become bird bodies. So it is: castoffs of a machine age are transmuted to nature's basic living forms by an artist who himself has lived through a life of military automatism but who now chooses an environment more conducive to constructive contemplation.

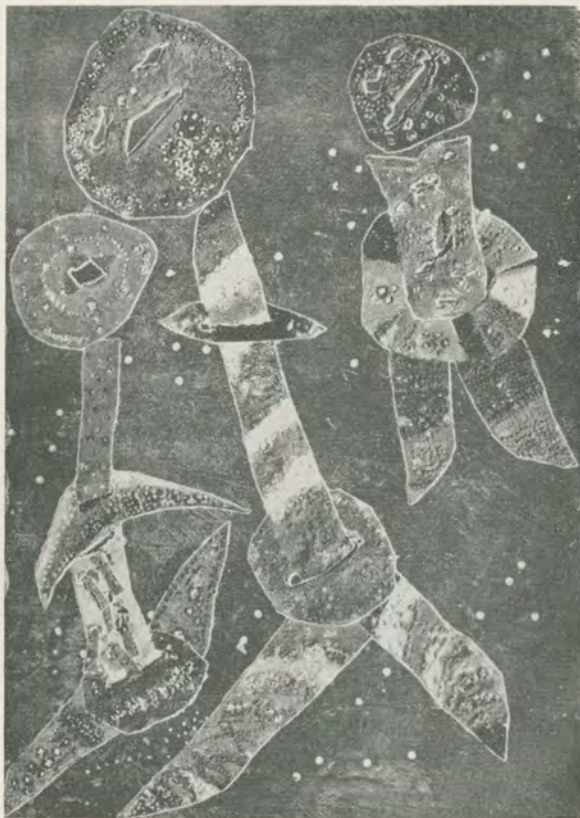
Rolf Nesch's professional success is evidenced not only in Germany but in cities like Bern, Paris, Milan, Sao Paulo, New York, Oslo. Nesch is pleased but not impressed by these demonstrations of his success. He does not allow his eyes to become blurred by surface unessentials. "The originality of his creation and the almost rugged energy of line and color reveal him as a highly intuitive artist who has never lost contact with primitive creative force. Yet there emanates from his work the sensitive, lyrical quality and inner calm of a deeply religious man." **



ST. JOHN 1943



TRYPTICH





MASK 1953

Courtesy Meltzer Gallery, New York



PREACHER



PALE SUN

Courtesy Meltzer Gallery, New York



FLOWER WITH THORNS

two stories by

ERICH KAESTNER
TRANSLATED BY RAINER F. MEYEROWITZ

SUPPOSITIONS which plainly lead to an obvious conclusion are called premises; every high-school boy, active or retired, knows this. The following true story has two such premises. One: Art and Reality are capable of producing the strangest effects. Two: The Tirolese are a playful lot. To enlarge on the subject of the second premise would be a cinch; but the present case, which was disclosed to me by a well-known actress, deals simply with the Tirolese. One should not dilute true stories with phantasy (no ten drops to one pint of facts); what I recount here comes straight from the bottle.

NOT too long ago—in the year 1948—a film was being made in Tirol. Everyone was making “contemporary” films; this one was no exception. Because it was “contemporary,” that is to say because it took place in Hitler’s Third Reich, a number of SS-men were needed. Because genuine SS-men are no longer available and because there were not enough genuine actors to go round, the director picked out the eight most handsome, magnificent and athletic, the biggest, healthiest and manliest specimens from among the local village beaus. He had the costume-maker cut them splendid black uniforms and used both, the beaus as well as the uniforms, for his shooting. He was well pleased with the whole works. The natives of the Alps have a natural bent for, shall we say, play. The mid-summer revels, the Jesuit baroque-theater, the peasant theatricals—the delight and power in make-believe, it’s born in them.

DURING a break in the filming (maybe there were too many or too few clouds) the eight imitation SS-men strode to the local inn. Tirolese wine is all there. So are movie salaries. The eight saw distinct possibilities. As they were striding along what should meet them but the bus which keeps traffic and civilization going in the mountains. And because Tirolese are so playful, our SS-men blocked the road. The bus stopped. One of the eight tore the door open and bellowed: “Everybody out!” Another, mustering the trembling passengers as they got out, said in his best

Tirolese, *Da samma wieda!* Which, in plain English, means: “Here we are again!” namely, the SS and the Third Reich.

YOU cannot beat the born desire to pass for something else and the talent that goes along with the desire. The passengers trembled with such reality that one could literally hear them shake. The eight began to ask brusque questions, look through wallets and examine passports (Tirol belongs to Austria, and in Austria passports were already available again). While these eight were going through their dramatics, the director happened along, saw the mischief, called his film-SS to order, and sent them into the inn where they wanted to go anyway.

He apologized a thousand times to the pale-faced passengers who were

standing about, nervous and with chattering teeth. To one passenger the director had to apologize inside the bus. He was an old, sickly gentleman, this last passenger. He had been too scared to be able to get out. A native of these parts, he had been what is called “an opponent of the Third Reich.”

He had made that clear in his time on occasion and had, therefore, made acquaintance with the SS. And now he sat in the corner, white as death, incapable of movement, speechless and terrified—the personification of misery. “But my dear sir,” said the film director, “please calm down. We are making a film, a contemporary one, you know. For that I need SS-men. What you’ve just seen has nothing to do with the film or reality. It was sheer deviltry, nothing more. Boys will be boys. Don’t take it so to heart; they are harmless, jolly ski instructors and shepherds from the village!”

THE old, grey-haired gentleman shook his head softly and said quietly: “I got to know the SS in this region more than once, Mr. director. You chose well. They are . . . the same!”



* These pieces come from “Der Taegliche Kram” by Erich Kaestner, Atrium Verlag, Zuerich. All rights reserved. Translation by Rainer F. Meyerowitz.

SATIRISTS can't keep quiet because they are schoolmasters and schoolmasters must follow their trade. In the remotest corner of their hearts grows the crazy, ridiculous hope that, despite all the mischief in the world, the human race possibly might mend its ways just the littlest bit if one scolds it, begs it, insults it, and laughs at it often enough.

Satirists are idealists.

Thus wrote Erich Kaestner, eleven years ago. In 1948 the following fairy tale of reason was published in the *Neue Zeitung*.

ONCE upon a time there was a nice old gentleman who had the bad habit of thinking up sensible ideas from time to time. It was a bad habit because he didn't keep his ideas to himself but regularly expounded them to the experts. As he was rich and therefore respected—despite his plausible ideas—they had to listen to him patiently, if most unwillingly. There is, undoubtedly, no worse torture for an expert than to have to listen to a reasonable proposition with a smiling face; because reason, as everyone knows, simplifies difficult things in a manner which gives experts the willies. They look upon such suggestions (quite correctly) as an attack upon their hard-won legal rights. One feels inclined to sympathize with them: what would the poor creatures do if they had to relinquish the reins to reason? I ask you.

ONE day the most important statesmen of the world were assembled to banish, or so it was reported, the squabbles and woes of our planet to other regions, when the nice old gentleman was announced outside. "Heaven help us!" they thought. "What can he want now with his confounded common sense?" But they had him brought in. He came, bowed to them old-fashionedly, and sat down. He smiled. They smiled.



"My dear heads-of-state and heads-of-heads-of-state," he began, "I have what I believe is a useful idea. Its practical application has already been tested; I would like to recommend it to you. Please listen carefully. You owe it not to me, but to reason." They nodded with their stately heads, smiling sickly. "You are attempting," he continued, "to guarantee your countries peace and plenty. That can only mean, firstly and reasonably, no matter what your economic beliefs are, that you are interested in the welfare of all people—or am I mistaken?"

"Goodness, no!" they cried. "By no means! Dear nice old gentleman, you shouldn't even ask that!"

"Wonderful!" he replied, "then your problem is solved. I congratulate you and your nations. Go home and take from your budgets proportionate to the means and in keeping with the constitutions of your countries until a sum total is reached which I shall name at the end of my proposal. This sum will provide the following: each family in each of your countries with a pretty little six-room house, a garden, and a garage as well as a car for extra good measure. That still won't use up the sum in question; so you can, and that too is calculated carefully, build a new school and a modern hospital in every town on earth which has more than 5,000 inhabitants. I envy you; for while I do not believe that material things embody the highest values, I realize that peace between nations depends in the first instance on the superficial contentment of human beings. Actually I don't envy you; I am relieved and happy." He reached into his vest pocket and lit a small cigar.

HIS audience sat bewildered. Finally the head of the heads-of-state pulled himself together and asked with a hoarse voice: "How high is this sum

which you require for your purposes?" "For my purposes?!" retorted the nice old gentleman, and a slight note of estrangement crept into his tone. "Out with it!" cried the second highest head of the heads-of-state impatiently; "how much money would be needed for this little joke?"

"One trillion dollars. A billion has a thousand millions, and a trillion has a thousand billions. I am talking about a 1 with 12 zeros." Then he puffed away at his cigar again.

"You must be completely nuts!" someone yelled. Also a head-of-state.

THE nice old gentleman sat up straight and looked at the yeller in surprise. "What makes you think that?" he asked. "Of course that's a lot of money—but the last war, as the statistics prove, cost exactly the same amount!"

Whereupon the heads-of-state and the heads-of-the-heads-of-state broke into howling laughter. They fairly hollered. They slapped themselves and their fellow heads-of-state on the legs; they gurgled hysterically and wiped the streaming tears from their eyes.

The nice old gentleman viewed the whole spectacle helplessly. "I can't understand your amusement," he said when the hubbub had died down a little; "would you be kind enough to explain to me what all this merriment is about? If a long war cost a trillion dollars, why shouldn't a long peace be worth the same? What in the world is funny about that?"

THIS resulted in renewed orgies of laughter. A thousand devils in hell couldn't have made a bigger racket. One head-of-state could not contain himself any longer. He jumped up, held his aching sides, and called out with his last ounce of energy: "You old block-head! A war—a war is an entirely different matter!"

• • • •

The heads-of-state, the nice old gentleman, and their merry discourse are all fictitious. But that the war cost a trillion dollars and what could have been done with the same money is no fiction. American statistics have shown that these figures manifest the simple irrefutable truth.

motive

A Methodist preacher writes, "My ordination . . . is not apostolic, and it ought not to be." You read these words on page eighty-seven of Dr. Edmund Perry's *Confessing the Gospel Mark Preached*. In this statement he raises one of the most critical of present ecumenical problems, the problem of the ministry.

NULLUS EPISCOPUS, *nulla ecclesia* BY J. HAMBY BARTON, JR.

THE fact that churches disagree on the definition of the ministry is dramatized by the multiplicity of the One Lord's Table at ecumenical gatherings. On the basis of their theory of Apostolic succession episcopal churches refuse intercommunion with other Christians, and, in Dr. Perry's terms, can justify such action because any other church "is not Christ's Church according to the scriptures."

Apparently Dr. Perry has expressed himself in hope of stabbing awake our awareness to the banalities of Methodism and goading us on toward ecumenicity. But to accept as normative one view of Church and ministry is not a movement toward ecumenicity so much as toward the very type of narrowness which causes our present divisions. Has Dr. Perry accepted a narrow Anglo-Catholic view of Church and ministry? I do not like to believe that he has, but the section of his book with which we are dealing (section "2" beginning on page 86) is in agreement with their manifesto, *The Apostolic Ministry*.¹

WHAT does this view of the Church mean? It asserts that Christ gave his disciples a deposit of Grace and authority which was to be substantially transferred to their successors in office; that therefore the Twelve and their successors, ordained by a fixed ritual, are necessary vessels to contain this Grace. The continuation in history of this transmissible Grace is the essence of the Church. Furthermore, the "succession" is limited to the bishops; other Christians may receive the benefit of this Grace, but only the Bishops can distribute or transmit the essence of the Church. Thus, *nullus episcopus, nulla ecclesia*: no bishop, no church.

This restricts the action of the Holy Spirit to the hands (*sic*) of certain men, "successors to the Apostles." So Dr. Perry goes back to the authority of the Apostles to support his attack on The Methodist Church. He says, "The Church of Christ is first and foremost Christ's Apostolic Community, founded once for all with the Twelve. . . . Unless our Church originated in and continues in history from Christ and this Apostolic community, it is not Christ's Church according to the Scriptures." St. Paul, lacking any ordination by the Twelve is an embarrassment to this view (Gal. 1:1 f). A further embarrassment is that Dr. Perry's authority, Vincent Taylor, fails to support him, even in the essay quoted. Dr. Taylor says, "Of hierarchial powers possessed by the Twelve and of a commission which they can impart to others there is no

authentic sign in the Gospels." Again, "the evidence is far indeed from sustaining the idea of an unbroken succession from the original Apostles."²

Dr. Perry states that churches which have the succession are "scripturally right." What are the facts of Scripture?

Let us examine the term *Apostle*. It is a Greek word, *apostolos*, translated, *one who is sent*. It is not a typical Gospel word; its usage in Luke is probably an anachronism, and Mark does not use it as a title at all. Those who are later termed *Apostles* are in the Gospels called disciples or, *the Twelve*.

The Twelve were chosen by Jesus. They were with him throughout his ministry. The Gospels record two commissions for them, first, for the Galilean mission (Mk. 6:7 f), which was to cast out demons and to preach; second, for a world mission (Matt. 28:19 f), which was to "make disciples," baptize, and teach. Dr. Perry suggests that they were plenipotentiaries of Christ. This would be, in accord with Jewish custom, agents or attorneys, called *sheluhim*. But such authority was absolutely not transmissible.

YET there was a uniqueness in the Apostolic company, they are the founding Fathers of the Church. But this Apostolic function is unique, it cannot be transmitted or repeated. Other ministries may build on this foundation, other men may be "sent" by God, as that "Apostolic Man," Francis Asbury, was sent into the wilderness of our land, as Apostolic men like Schweitzer labor yet. But only at the beginning can there be "The Apostles"; other ministries stand in their shadow.

Those who adhere to a doctrine of episcopal succession are at pains to trace a physical linkage between the Apostles and today's "Apostolic Men." I have chosen above two examples who cannot be so "linked" unless one is willing to accept the validity of Reformed and Methodist ordinations. Nor do even these "orders" constitute their "Apostleship." Paul-like, they were sent by Christ. Any doctrine of "Apostolic succession" which unchurches these men must be opposed to its face, it stands condemned (Gal 2:11).

Hints of the organization of the Church in the New Testament tantalize us but do little to inform us, as though one picked up a small handful of pieces from a 5,000-piece jig-saw puzzle. Ephesians 4, lists apostles, prophets, evangelists, pastors and teachers. We see the

¹ Ed. K. E. Kirk, London, Hodder & Stoughton, 1946.

² Vincent Taylor, *The Gospel According to St. Mark*, London, Macmillan, 1952, pp. 623, 627.

elders of Ephesus admonished by Paul to be good bishops! (See also Titus 1:5-7.) One cannot deduce from these scattered pieces any pattern, even the words which later become so important are only commonplace words of the Greek language: *servant, messenger, agent, overseer, old man*. The New Testament Church was not disorganized, but its organization was functionally suited to the needs of its various divisions. Three hundred years ago Bishop Stillingfleet came to conclusions which still hold good; "Neither can we have that certainty of apostolic practice which is necessary to constitute a divine right; nor secondly, is it probable that the apostles did tie themselves up to any one fixed course in modelling churches." ³

SO succession fails in finding support in Scripture. The next step is to appeal to the Fathers. And this appeal is able to prove that there were bishops in the Church within its first century of development. And by the third century the *Apostolic Constitutions* can say of a bishop, "he is, next after God, your earthly god." But the honest scholarship of Jerome knew no such divine right of bishops. Jerome reports of the development of bishops, "The apostle clearly teaches that elders are the same as bishops. . . . When subsequently one elder was chosen to preside over the rest, this was done to remedy schism." Again he says, "Let bishops be aware that they are superior to presbyters more owing to custom than to any actual ordinance of the Lord."

Episcopal systems of church government hold that a bishop has a higher *grace* (spiritual rank) than ordinary ministers (called elders). This *grace* gives him the exclusive authority to appoint (ordain) elders. John Wesley considered this problem as he studied the Bible and the Church Fathers, and he became convinced that a bishop was only a regular elder who exercised oversight over others. This was Jerome's view, and the regular practice of the Church at Alexandria down to mid-third century. On this basis John Wesley could write to his brother Charles, saying, "I believe that I am a scriptural *episcopus* [bishop] as much as any man in England, or in Europe."

WESLEY'S adherence to the Church of England was based on his belief in the authority of an established state church rather than on the divine appointment of bishops by episcopal succession. Consequently, when the newly independent United States "disestablished" the English Church, and the Methodists of America cried to Wesley for ordained ministers, he knew it was his duty to supply them. His ordinations of Whatcoat and Vasey as elders and of Coke as "superintendent" (or bishop) were done with the concurrence of other elders. There is no "bishop" in Methodism, our "bishops" are regular "elders" who have been given the superintendency of the church.

Now we are ready to move toward the root of our

³ Edward Stillingfleet, *Irenicum*, III, vii, 15.

problem. Dr. Perry states, "The Church of Christ is not a congregation or fellowship of believers first of all." With this we agree if he is trying to emphasize the fact that the People of God, the Body of Christ, cannot be segmented into isolated groups. He continues, "It is first and foremost Christ's Apostolic Community." He then goes on to identify this community exclusively with those churches which depend on episcopal succession. This is to make the Church dependent on a privileged cast which holds the essence of the Church, the ministry, the sacraments, as its exclusive possession. The Christian ministry is a function of the body of Christ. By virtue of the fact that Christians are "a chosen race, a royal priesthood" (I Pet. 2:9), any group of Christian people who may become isolated by the accidents of history have not only the right, but the duty to raise up a ministry suited to the needs of the Church which is his body. The Apostolic character of the Church is its Apostolic faith and witness, tested by Scripture. Apostolic succession is the continuity of faith, not a history of "ordinations."

THIS problem, not merely one of church organization, is of fundamental concern for salvation. Does the saving Grace of God come to men *through the Church*, as Catholics affirm, or *through faith alone*, as Protestants hold? This is the division, so if we seek one Church this issue might be met. But it must be met in an atmosphere of Charity. "Let all these smaller points stand aside. . . . If thou lovest God and all mankind, I ask no more: 'give me thine hands.'" (Wesley)



motive decided recently to ask its editorial board three questions: (1. Why aren't students seemingly excited about any particular cause or intellectual endeavor, (2. What do you think will move them in the next year or so, (3. If you believe they'll stay unexcited, why do you think so?

THE CONSENSUS: WE'VE HAD IT



STUDENTS aren't excited about anything and there is little hope that they will be in the near future. This is the general consensus of *motive's* editorial board. There were only a few hopeful remarks that students might shake their apathy, get interested again in social issues or be inspired to plead a cause.

Miriam Taylor of Syracuse remarked: "There is such a trend to conformity and to group ideals. If they (students) go 'all out' for their religion or a particular cause, they are, in effect, oddities, completely different from the majority. So most are afraid to stand up for their convictions against the social pressures and cries

to conform." Most of the board members agreed and added that only another world war would have a profound effect on students at present.

Only a few thought that religion would make much impression on the student in the next few years. Carl Hartman of Dickinson College said: "Religion has become too common, too secularized. The 'American' religion of mediocrity, joy, prosperity and a good slap on the back has taken its place. . . . Students reject this bosh. They have an idea that Christianity is not to be found on the bulletin boards." Shirley Saunders of Longwood College seemed to feel that all that is left are the institutions. "And the institutions are remote from everyday living with little involvement in causes," she said.

Charles Lerrigo of the University of Alabama, who polled 50 students, said they felt, for the most part, that students nowadays were driving hard after one thing: security. Most of them agreed, he said, that there is little to be excited about. He did mention, however, that the racial question would no doubt be a major "excitement" at his school in the next few years.

There were a few scattered hints that students might shake their apathy. But just what will be capable of doing it, no one knew. It was suggested that perhaps international affairs, a new literary binge, the racial problem, or the great change in education that must come with the new influx of students, might have some effect. But these suggestions, which were actually half-hopes, were completely overshadowed by the consensus that "We've had it."

"Conformity" was a word that appeared again and again in the students' reports. Jane Miller of Hendrix College was typical of those who used

it over and over as she remarked: "The term 'careful young men' . . . seems to be a highly appropriate term in explaining why today's college generation is seemingly unexcited about causes. It doesn't pay to become too enthusiastic or excited . . . you might get branded a 'nonconformist.'" Eva Smith of Boston University seemed to agree. "Only something that threatens their security will excite students," she said.

MORE than one remarked that schools and teachers do little to direct students into any avenue of enthusiasm. Paul Bodurtha of West Virginia Wesleyan felt that students must necessarily be stimulated through the processes of their education. "But education," he said, "is mostly slow, dry and unexciting." C. Edward Roy of Brevard College said: "Many college teachers do not have excitement and enthusiasm for their work and therefore are unable to communicate the stimulus much needed on the part of the student."

Also reflected in the editorial board poll was the feeling, on the part of students, that there is really no need to get excited about anything. Paul Bodurtha, who also polled 50 students, said, "If some crisis does develop, they feel they can cope with it; until then—relax." Noel McInnis of Northwestern University also made a report consistent with this. Students feel that they are in control of their environment nowadays, he said. But at the same time that they have these optimistic attitudes, he said, they also reveal a shocking ignorance of world affairs and the general intellectual climate.

THUS, it's the consensus that present-day students will not raise their eyes, let alone their thoughts.

PENNINGTON/OTHELLO

the disgrace of Cassio. Othello's irritation with his lieutenant makes him receptive to Iago's insinuations about Cassio. Thus Iago can hint at the beginning of the "Temptation Scene" that Cassio was acting reprehensibly in avoiding his commanding officer. He further whets Othello's suspicions by warning him against knowing Iago's inmost thoughts, and that this concealment is to protect Othello's noble soul from jealousy. Othello, piqued that his ensign does not at once confide freely in his friend, replies in effect: "How preposterous!" When Othello apparently forces the seemingly reluctant Iago to disclose his suspicions, the contrast between the anticipation and the revelation utterly casts Othello down. Iago reminds Othello three times that he is much "moved" by the revelation, but each of Othello's denials only moves him the more. Thus Othello cannot rationalize away the full import of the suspicion that Desdemona and Cassio are unfaithful—" 'tis the plague of great ones" to be abused, as he later laments.

His mood of dejection soon changes to one of confusion. Now he is supplied with apparent proof—the alleged discovery in Cassio's room of the handkerchief Othello had given Desdemona. To besmirch Desdemona's and Cassio's honor is to besmirch Othello's honor, for Othello sees himself mirrored in them. Preservation of his own honor requires the destruction of Desdemona and Cassio. Emotionally overwrought, therefore, by Iago's accusations, Othello prays for "black vengeance" and cries for "blood." To translate Othello's jealous desires from the world of emotion to the world of reality, Iago cynically accompanies him in prayer, and transforms his cry for "blood" into "bloody business." Othello's descent to murder is temporarily checked by a short absence from Iago's direct sway, by a faint inkling that he loves a real person, and by the paradoxical release of a genuine sense of honor that recoils from the logic of his emotional commitment.

To complete his purpose Iago accordingly adopts a more direct line of attack. He no longer hints at sinful relations: he makes direct accusations. When he reports that Cassio has lain with Desdemona, Othello faints. Upon recovery, Othello is cynically mocked "to be a man" for

*There's millions now alive
That nightly lie in those unproper
beds . . .*

But for Othello to be a man in Iago's eyes, is to accept the fact of evil, even in his wife and his friend; but to do so is to deny his cherished view of good, which he imputes to them, and in turn identifies with himself. When Othello, in effect, protests his pity for Desdemona, Iago crushes the sentiment by reminding him of his own moral scruples. Iago's deadly scorn and a frightened admiration for his wisdom reduces Othello to despair. Othello is helpless to protect his falsely based ideals or to escape the abyss into which Iago has thrust him. Intolerable conflicts break out in his soul. Only annihilation of the apparent threats can bring peace. The conflicts have already produced a headache and a fainting spell; and ready to believe the worst, Othello strikes Desdemona and finally smothers her.

Alone, the "heavy hour" of despair comes over him. In the presence of others, he turns for support to his honor. He justifies himself against Emilia's accusations of ignorance with the evidence supplied by her husband. Iago's admissions and his action in stabbing his wife expose the falsity of this justification. As Othello gazes down upon the lifeless Desdemona, the enormity of his crime for a moment strikes him:

*When we shall meet at compt,
This look of thine will hurl my soul
from heaven
And fiends will snatch at it.*

His eyes are partly opened to himself as he is and was.

HE now tries to vindicate not his character but his motives: he calls himself an "honorable murderer." He is forced to retract this vindication, reminded of his consent to the proposed murder of Cassio. Trapped, he pathetically inquires why that "demi-devil" Iago has "ensnared" him. With his character gone and his motives exposed death remains at the state's hands or his own. Still unwilling to face the evil of his murderous deed, he clutches desperately to the honor of him "that was Othello," pleads *raison d'état*, for he has done the "state some service" and killed one of its traducers; excuses himself as one "perplexed" who has loved "too well"; and dies palliating his crime: "I kissed thee ere I killed thee."

By taking advantage of the weaknesses of his associates Iago enjoys the thrill of domination. He towers above them in energy, intellectual acumen, and knowledge of human nature. He is a consummate actor who can manipulate most situations in his own favor. In general he poses as the blunt, honest soldier, but his apparent honesty disguises a frightening frankness that ferrets out or insinuates evil. By confusing his frankness with honesty, his associates unknowingly become his victims. They are attracted, too, by his amusing and ribald descriptions of the world. These appear to proclaim a man who has wandered about the gutters of humanity; they sneer at humanity's pretensions to good. For Iago, to know people, is to know evil about people; the evil to be used, if necessary, for their destruction. Yet in spite of his initial mastery, Iago fails to commit the "perfect crime," as some of this writer's students have put it.

HIS final failure comes because he commits too many crimes, and is crushed by the widening entanglements of his own plots. Although he is quite confident of his ability to continue manipulating people, he cannot foresee that his wife Emilia, ennobled by the sweetness and innocence of Desdemona, will denounce him. Nor can he stop scheming, for he seems like a man possessed exhilarated by his own successes and driven on to self-destruction.

How is this infatuation to be explained? Early in the play Iago gives a clue to his ultimate failure. When he deliberately twists Jehovah's declaration, "I am that I am" into "I am not what I am," he pretends to be more than a "Divinity of hell." His brash confidence confirms that he regards himself as a superman. A superman is a person, who, dissatisfied with his limited lot, believes that he can transcend the physical and moral limitations of the universe. In some ways, Iago typifies Renaissance supermen, but only a few Renaissance figures, however, were outright Machiavellians deliberately embracing evil. Iago could never have so openly embraced evil before the play began because of his reputation for honesty. Is the audience to assume, therefore, that Iago's spite and hatred for Othello appear for the first time when he fails to receive promotion? Shakespeare provides the audience with no direct evidence for the prime source of Iago's malignity; and such turns in the life of

individuals are often unfathomable mysteries.

Yet there is historical and psychological logic to Renaissance Machiavellianism. Many men turned from Medieval to Renaissance beliefs because there appeared meaningless and irrelevant. Having lost faith in God, what was more natural than to turn to faith in self? Since the rejection of Medieval beliefs implied the substitution of human for divine powers, worldly for cosmic values, pride for humility, what was more natural than to embrace power and evil?

BUT Iago is not a Renaissance superman, however close the resemblance; he is not incredible, but a real human being with human limitations. In his own eyes he does not really seek power; he seeks reassuring demonstrations of superiority. This need, his incessant scheming, and his observation that he dare "dull not device by coldness and delay," show him to be a man in the grip of uncontrollable power. He cannot stop to question his actions, for to do so would be to doubt his superiority. Thus he is not, as he thinks, the captain of his soul—"our wills are gardeners," as he tells Roderigo—he has become the instrument of a need to demonstrate his own superiority.

The real importance of the demonstrations lies not in superiority, but in justification of evil means. For Iago thinks that moral considerations are one of life's

irrelevancies: "Virtue! a fig!" he exclaims to Roderigo. In fact the evil is as compulsive as the demonstrations. He justifies his evil plans by a variety of motives. He does not really weigh the motives carefully, for to do so would be to introduce *standards outside himself* which one of his goals is to deny. His only apparent standard is success—a sort of perpetual pragmatism. His successes thrill him, though he does not admit they serve the purpose of justifying to himself the superiority of evil. The practice of evil is essentially an attempt to deny the importance of good, and in denying good Iago becomes a victim of his own villainy, otherwise unrepressed good inhibits the victim's trust in evil.

Iago is not a superman of sin; for he does not quite succeed in crushing his own sense of good. Why, for example, should he complain of Cassio's "daily beauty" and call his wife a "villainous whore!" when she proclaims the truth of his villainy? Unfortunately for Iago, good is not a mere custom subject to time and place, it is an objective reality, whether called God, the Good, or that part of a man's psychic nature, which a psychoanalyst can assist, if the patient wills, to bring back to wholeness.

IN their compulsive attitudes to good and evil, Othello and Iago strikingly resemble and contrast with each other. Othello must kill, apparently bad people, to pre-

serve his own virtue; Iago must kill to demonstrate the superiority of evil. For Iago, good must not triumph or his own trust in evil will be shaken. Because Othello cannot deny he is a murderer he destroys himself, but he does so justifying his evil deed to the end. Apparently more deliberate, Iago refuses to destroy himself. Self-destruction appears to him the action of a coward and a denial of the validity of his way of life. Rather than admit that he erred in choosing to demonstrate evil superiority, that is rather than impugn his own merits, Iago prefers certain torture and death.

In spite of his villainy Iago extracts a grudging sympathy from the audience. Othello's emotional outbursts contrast with Iago's stoical bravery. No cry of mercy passes Iago's lips. When Othello pathetically requests that someone demand from

that demi-devil

Why he hath thus ensnared my soul and body?

Iago contemptuously retorts

Demand me nothing. What you know, you know.

True to his evil goal, Iago will never more open his lips—not even as Lodovico inquires, "to pray?"

WHATEVER roles the leading men play, the two women have no need to play roles; Emilia and Desdemona are mature persons confronting the world as it is. Emilia is content with her lot as wife of a soldier, and professes devoted love for Iago. An undercurrent of friction, however, exists between her and her husband, in part presumably prompted by Iago's biting tongue. On arrival in Cyprus, Emilia after being silenced by one of his derisive remarks, can only make a sulky retort. Iago soon jollies her out of her sulk, for hitherto he has apparently easily dominated her. Though apprehensive of her husband's intentions, Emilia willingly gives him Desdemona's handkerchief, which Desdemona has dropped and Iago urged his wife to steal. She is also prepared to cuckold her husband if it will advance his position.

But her sins, contrasted to her husband's, are venial in the extreme. Although she possesses a worldly wisdom, a latent good within her awaits but opportunity for expression. In contrast to Roderigo who degenerates under Iago's



"I'VE GOT STRENGTH OF CHARACTER TO WITHSTAND ADVERSITY, IT'S THIS GOOD LIFE THAT'S KILLIN' ME."

yoke, Desdemona redeems Emilia; for Emilia has come to love her mistress. Emilia is enraged at the "insinuating rogue" who is poisoning Othello with suspicions of Desdemona. Whereas Desdemona prays that "heaven pardon" such a rogue, Emilia shrieks out "A halter pardon him!" for sudden emotions burst forth from her.

AFTER Desdemona's murder, she is utterly bewildered at Othello's explanation that *her* husband provided the evidence for the deed. She is torn between the abounding goodness of her mistress and the love for a husband who is incomprehensibly unmasked as a fiend of hell. When her husband appears her "heart is full," for she will not believe her husband abetted murder. After Iago admitted telling Othello his suspicions, Emilia is so beside herself at a villainy beyond her grasp that Iago thinks her mad and orders her home. Worse strikes the broken Emilia, for in giving Desdemona's handkerchief to Iago, she discovers too late that she has become an unwitting accomplice to the murder. Her revelation of the handkerchief episode so enrages her husband that he stabs her. "So come my soul to bliss as I speak true," she cries as she dies consoled at being a witness to Desdemona's true love, even for a cruel fool—Othello.

Desdemona, too, is mature, content with her lot and true to her best self. Although brought up under the watchful eyes of an irascible father, she is a woman of spirit, initiative, and some knowledge of the world. She it is who virtually proposes to Othello, withstands her father before the Venetian Senate, and suggests accompanying her husband to Cyprus. To win Othello, to keep him, and to be with him, Desdemona takes the initiative. But initiative is succeeded by passivity, the outcome of which is death. When Othello demands the return of the handkerchief, accuses her of infidelity, strikes her, and finally smothers her, she is half-hearted, if not passive, in her defence. How is this paradox of initiative and passivity in her character to be explained?

At the beginning of the play she scarcely marries a man; she marries rather a noble military reputation. She informs her father and the Venetian Senate that

*I saw Othello's visage in his mind,
And to his honors and his valiant parts
Did I my soul and fortunes consecrate.*

Inevitably she misunderstands much of

her husband's character. Instead of appealing to Othello's honor, as Iago does, to gain her way, Desdemona tries to "nag" Othello into accepting Cassio once more into his good graces. Few worse methods of convincing a lifelong soldier could be conceived. When Othello demands the return of the handkerchief, she is left confused and at a loss: "I ne'er saw this before. . . . My lord is not my lord. . . ." She has some inkling, however, that to Othello the handkerchief betokens a treasured symbol, even as to Desdemona it symbolizes more than something "to kiss and talk to." She has begun to have insight into her error, when she declares that "we must think men are not gods." She does not reproach her husband but herself: for his unjust accusations serve not to weaken but to deepen her love. She "ever will . . . love him dearly. . . ."

FOR now she loves not merely a reputation but a human being for whom forgiveness and mercy are due. To Emilia's lament, "I would you had never seen him!" she at once retorts:

*So would not I. My love doth so approve
him
That even his stubbornness, his checks,
his frowns—
. . . have grace and favor in them.*

Yet Desdemona is neither a Platonic archetype, nor a monster of goodness, nor the mere upholder of the less-exciting domestic virtues. She is a living woman with temptations, doubts, and fears. When at the last she calls for her "wedding sheets," weary and uncertain, she intends using her feminine charms to regain her husband's love. She fancies the possibility of a happier married life with another: Lodovico, the good-looking official from Venice, crosses her mind. "O, these men, these men!" she rues; and even inquires whether Emilia would cuckold her husband. After Emilia makes an eloquent defence of feminine rights in the matter Desdemona, true to her own nature, thrusts such advice aside:

*God me such usage send
Not to pick bad from bad, but by bad
mend!*

For Desdemona, love and kindness are intrinsic qualities of character which she showers on all about her. Her response to Othello's unjust accusations is a test and a proof of her love. Truth and love are objective realities, and Desdemona

is one of their instruments. For Othello, on the contrary, virtues are subjective means to give significance to his life. Therefore as means he uses them to justify even murder itself. Othello kills for honor and love; Desdemona dies for the truth of hers. The highest virtues are enshrined in Desdemona's life and death. Emilia's redeeming cry: "O, she was heavenly true!" becomes a cosmic standard to measure the fall of Othello and the villainy of Iago.

Thus tragedy in Shakespeare's *Othello* arises primarily from a meaninglessness that ignores the natural and moral universe.



"YOU'LL GET AHEAD FASTER IF YOU DON'T QUESTION THE SYSTEM."

contributors

ROBERT H. HAMILL was for many years the writer of *motive's* "Skeptic's Corner." About 1950 he decided that students were no longer interested in skeptics and it was discontinued. But Bob's own interest in university life has continued, and now as pastor-director at the University of Wisconsin Wesley Foundation he is involved for sure in the university problem. GIBSON WINTER is a member of the faculty of the University of Chicago Department of Social Sciences and the Federated Theological Faculty. The book from which the article is drawn is to be published in March. RAMONA MAHER MARTINEZ, now on the staff of the *New Mexico Quarterly*, was during her undergraduate days at Texas Christian University an outstanding creative writer. MYRON SCHOLNICK is a student at American University, Washington, D. C. NORMAN PENLINGTON is a member of the Department of the Humanities of Michigan State University which has been widely renowned for its experi-

ments in general education. BARBARA LEE BACHMURA, formerly art instructor at Denison University, spent her sabbatical year on a Fulbright scholarship studying with Rolf Nesch in Norway. Currently her home is in Nashville where she keeps up a home for her professor husband and little boy and continues as a brilliant producing artist. LOUIS MILES's poetry is already familiar to *motive* readers. After graduation from the Boston University School of Theology, he has taken a position as the director of the Wesley Foundation at Ashland, Oregon. JOHN E. JORDAN was elected to the National Methodist Student Commission while a student at Illinois Wesleyan. As his letter reveals, he is now studying at Oxford University, having been recently honored by receiving a Rhodes Scholarship. MARGO HOFF is a professional artist (painter) who makes her home in Chicago, Illinois.

LETTERS . . .

I want to acknowledge my indebtedness to . . . McLean and Rigg for their great work, and express my appreciation for your excellent journal, the modern parables and everything. You may be interested to know that I came across motive in the offices of the National Council of Churches of Indonesia in Djakarta, about twelve months ago. I was at an ecumenical work camp in Java at that time.

—o. m. olds
dunedin, new zealand

Thanks again for motive! It breaks into the rapid and the vapid which are all about us. Incidentally, could it be that Elwood Ellwood is Ortmayer in disguise? I think I detect a gospel shining through. I have artist Friemark's "Meditation" on my office wall now and it is wonderful. (You can't light it from behind.)

—bob hawthorne
palo alto, california

My main reason for writing is to express my gratitude to all you people who work

so long and hard to give the Methodist college student the most inspiring publication for this age group, motive. When you told me that you were the managing editor of motive, I was still in high school, and you might as well said you were the chief operator of a three-speed ditch digger and I would have been just as impressed with the title! I am being facetious, of course, but I never realized at the time how much motive meant to the life of a college student.

I am a sophomore here at Tech and I have taken motive all during my college career of two years. I read it from each interesting and fascinating cover to cover.

—Mary Lynn Carroll
cookeville, tennessee

I have recently received a copy of the magazine, motive, from the Wesley Church here at the University of Illinois. It impressed me very much. Ordinarily, I do not take time to read during the

school session except the assignments and related material. However, when I read "The Careful Young Men" and other articles (October issue), I wanted to continue reading.

—Mada Beauchamp
champaign, illinois

I am a freshman attending Hope College here in Michigan. This month was my first experience with motive. It is great! It's designed for the college student. The art, which I noticed was not praised too highly by the readers in October, is extremely modern. And why shouldn't it be? I enjoyed the article on Heri Bert Bartscht by Mrs. Thomas especially.

—jon a. bolthouse
holland, michigan

Some magazine! Let's face it: most of the articles were over my head, I suppose. The only one I could really understand was Ellwood's "Return From Miltown" and I disagreed with him.

—john doss
new york, new york



MUSIC

By L. P. Pherigo

IT'S THE oldest conductors who are making the news now. Leopold Stokowski (born 1882) has produced a phenomenal version of *The Planets* by Gustav Holst (Capitol P 8398; \$3.98). Neither the music nor the Los Angeles Philharmonic has ever sounded like this on records before. This certainly puts aside the need for another version of this music for a long time to come. It is Stokowski's first recording of this music, and a superb recording technically.

Pierre Monteux (born 1875) has scored also. I can recommend without reservation his new version of *Petrouchka* and *The Firebird Suite*, with the Paris Conservatoire Orchestra (RCA Victor LM-2112; \$3.98). Monteux gave the world premier of *Petrouchka* in Paris in 1911, while he was conductor of the Diaghilev Russian Ballet. He also premiered *Le Sacre du Printemps* (in 1913), and has long been associated with the works of Stravinsky as one of his foremost interpreters. I would rank the performances on this record before all the others, without saying that Monteux's displaces all the others. Those by the composer, Stokowski, and Ansermet remain permanently important documents.

Karl Böhm is a veteran German conductor whose appearances on records (until very recently) have been largely confined to that of leading the orchestral support for the distinguished soloist in a concerto. Three new Decca records now give us a much better chance to appreciate his musicianship. First to appear was R. Strauss' *Ein Heldenleben*, with the Saxon State Orchestra in Dresden (DL 9927; \$3.98). Then came a Brahms *Symphony No. 2* (DL 9933; \$3.98), and a record containing both the Beethoven *Symphony No. 5* and the Mozart *Eine kleine Nachtmusik* (DL 9942; \$3.98), all with the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra.

These performances of Böhm all aroused my genuine respect. He is undoubtedly a master conductor. Nevertheless, his *Heldenleben* is no match for Mengelberg's (on Camden CAL 337; \$1.98), even though Mengelberg's version was recorded thirty years ago. If

you insist on a modern one, Böhm's is as good as any.

The other Böhm performances are more important. They tend to be deliberate, powerful, and full of surprising subtleties. His version of *Eine kleine Nachtmusik* is one of the slowest on records, yet it does not bog down at any point, and I have moods when it sounds best this way. The first three movements of the Brahms symphony are very serious and deliberate; the finale is vigorous and lively. The over-all impact is quite effective, but some will prefer a lighter, more lyrical version of this music. The Beethoven Fifth ranks among the best half-dozen on records; the last three movements are especially well done. But music with Böhm is a very serious business: if you like the light touch, he's not your man.

OF special interest to fans of contemporary music is a fine performance of Werner Egk's *French Suite after Rameau*, and K. A. Hartmann's *Symphony No. 6*, by Ferenc Fricsay and the RIAS Symphony Orchestra (Decca DL 9861; \$3.98). Both compositions are worth serious investigation.

THREE excellent orchestral program records come from Capitol. Six orchestral excerpts from four of Wagner's operas are performed with great justice by Schmidt-Isserstedt and the N.W.D.R. Orchestra (P 18047; \$3.98). Felix Slatkin leads the Hollywood Bowl Symphony Orchestra in very competent performances of four overtures (the *1812*, *William Tell*, *Light Cavalry*, and *Poet and Peasant*) (P 8380; \$3.98). More historically important is a Stokowski record called "Landmarks of a Distinguished Career" (P 8399; \$3.98). With an unidentified orchestra that plays very well, the famous conductor records again some of the most popular of his old 78s, including Bach's *Tocatta and Fugue in D Minor*, Debussy's *Clair de Lune* and *Prelude to the Afternoon of a Fawn*, Sibelius' *Swan of Tuonela* and *Finlandia*, and J. Strauss, Jr.'s *Blue Danube Waltz*. None of the old touch is gone; if you like Stokowski you'll like this. If you haven't listened to him enough to understand the controversy around him, then this record will inform you well. Every collector should have this record, for historical purposes, at least.

THE release of the new Artur Rubin-

stein album of all five of the Beethoven piano concertos (RCA Victor LM-6702; \$15.95) is an event of major importance. His performances carry a special dash, or verve, that are not quite matched in any of the rival versions. There is an outward, compelling kind of enthusiasm here, a robust excitement that is irresistible. Rubinstein does not have the feeling for the classical line, or the capacity or inner subtlety that marked the old Schnabel set (also on Victor), or the deliberate expressiveness of the more recent Kempff set (Decca; on three records, and hence the cheapest of the three sets), but his performances are great in their own way and in their own right. Krips and the Symphony of the Air (Toscanini's old NBC Orchestra) give excellent support.

TWO new violin concerto records are important. Heifetz has done the Tchaikovsky concerto again (ho hum!), this time with Fritz Reiner and the Chicago Symphony Orchestra (RCA Victor LM-2129; \$3.98). It definitely supersedes his earlier one, and many will acclaim it the best version available. Its superb precision is, however, accompanied by a cool, nonchalant offhandedness, and I therefore prefer to stick with the equally precise, but warmer, controlled romanticism of the Oistrakh-Konwitschny performance (on Decca).

The other new concerto record is by Nathan Milstein, with Steinberg and the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra (Capitol P 8382; \$3.98). Unless I miss my guess, it too will be very highly praised in some circles for its undoubted musical virtues. I'm not won over, however. Milstein plays the Dvorak and Glazounov concertos expertly (especially the latter), but not with the grace, smoothness, and phrasing ability of Oistrakh (who offers the same concertos on a Vanguard record; avoid the inferior Colosseum copy). Oistrakh is much more poetic, and matches at every point Milstein's virtuosity. The slight superiority of Milstein's sound and orchestral support are not sufficient compensation for his rougher tone and more awkward phrasing of the melodic units.

FOR something different try the new Capitol recording of Smetana's four *Czech Polkas* and ten *Czech Dances* (P 8372; \$3.98). Rudolf Firkušny (himself a Czech) gives us a brilliant complete recording of this collection.

FRANCOISE SAGAN: BONJOUR OR ADIEU?

ONE of the more remarkable commentaries on the American campus at the present time is that there are no student literary idols. And there have been none for some time. Just what this means is not easily determined. One of the better guesses is that there are no significant young writers capable of catching the student fancy. And it may be that students would remain quite aloof even if another Goethe was in their midst.

In France, however, the students do have an idol. She is Françoise Sagan, who, at 22, has now completed her third novel. The first Sagan novel, *Bonjour Tristesse*, was a world-wide best seller. Written when she was only 17, it dealt with the amoral, meaningless, frightened world of a young girl on the threshold of love. Of it, the authoress remarked: "It's impossible to explain. Such enormous printings! It's a sociological phenomenon. None of it makes sense to me, either, and I don't find it amusing."

Critics had a field day with the first two Sagan novels. They were crude and repetitious, they said. But in her recent novel, *Those Without Shadows*, many critics have altered their opinions a little. So when one of her critics said recently, in a pleased way, "She's finished," Nobel Prize winner François Mauriac replied: "She's beginning."

Last April Françoise Sagan was in an automobile accident that almost took her life. She narrowly missed death when her sports car overturned. Along with a fractured skull, broken ribs, a broken collar bone and other physical injuries something happened, says French editor Françoise Giroud, that couldn't be diagnosed so precisely: the young girl suffered excruciatingly. She became a recluse, leaving the Paris back streets to convalesce at a rented villa. She lived on drugs. She drank quantities of whiskey. And once, in her bed, she groaned the words of the eighteenth-century moralist Chamfort: "God deliver me from my physical sufferings. I'll take care of the moral ones."

While popular among the students, she is generally regarded as a flash in the pan. The French are no more tolerant of success than anyone else, says M. Giroud, especially where someone well-off and so young is concerned.

Certainly, she is well-off. As a 17-year-old college girl from a substantial bourgeois family, she wrote her first novel between examinations and mailed it to a publisher who turned her into a literary

phenomenon. Her royalties have been fabulous. She lives high and fast, supporting numerous friends and acquaintances, most of them freeloaders, struggling young actors and actresses, students, writers, but mostly freeloaders.

PERSONALLY, says M. Giroud, she is anything but the star, the *gamine*. She is the picture of the well-raised French girl of a good family; well-mannered, reticent, modest. She wears simple clothes. She speaks with a slight stammer.

But to young France, she is already something of a symbol. In a sense, she is what James Dean was to American youth at the time of his death. But her appeal is much more intellectual, much broader. And whereas Dean's appeal was primarily to the teen set, Françoise Sagan's appeal is to a somewhat older and more mature group. She writes some almost every day and reads constantly. She is one of the more intelligent young existentialists of France. And so her fame is of a somewhat different kind.

Love is the principal subject of her

books. Her frankly amoral point of view has often branded her as a person of little virtue. But she puts no great store in what people think of her. She is interested, she says, in questions of morality and religion. But she insists she must deal with these things in her own way. "I have two ambitions," she says, "to live a great love and write a great book." So far, she has had many attempts at both.

IT seems to be the personal struggle, the fight that she constantly has with herself, that is most appealing to French youth. Other people's opinions of her she does not mind. She can ignore the critics and the moralists. But she cannot ignore herself. "Life is like music," she once said. "It should be possible to hear it twice." So she feels that life is slipping away, a feeling strongly reflected in her work.

This feeling of disassociation, of loss, of a kind of meaninglessness has made her the symbol that she now is. For many French students, standing and waiting in the pall of present affairs, no doubt feel this too.

elegy for a young man

He left with a song in September,
And the red road-dust powdered up
Behind relentless wheels that bore him off.

A sharpshooter, a sniper in the war,
He played an old game that had lost its sport.

It was a cruel game, with death,
And there was fear.
Some cried.
He cried tears that striped face griming dust,
And a buddy held his head, cradled on an arm,
While he held another head, older than his own.

But still they fought;
Afraid to fight, they fought.

They all expected death, and they all died,
Blown to bits by concentrated mortar fire,
Their entrails falling where they could not find a resting place before.

Flag-draped coffin, holding only bones;
And words from clergy books . . .

Weeping mother beside a coffined grave
Now dug in rusted earth,
And wretching father holding hat in hand
Curse death that came too soon for them.
Touch earth now, and watch grass that grows upon his chest;
Hear rain fall, and listen for crows that dung his face.

There are no ashes, and heaven knows no dust.

—LOUIS MILES

campus roundup from oxford, england

HISTORY and traditional practices greatly influence religion at Oxford. The University, founded in the twelfth century, was originally centered almost entirely in the Church of St. Mary's, where theology, the main emphasis of university learning at that time, was taught and where the students and faculty met for corporate worship. Though the ancient building of St. Mary's still stands at the center of the University, its importance for the academic community is mostly a formal recognition of this past tradition—a high-church Anglican service each Sunday morning attended by the vice-chancellor and other officers of the University and consisting mainly of a scholarly sermon preached by some theologian, dean, professor, or chaplain, and usually a man from the University itself.

The main center of corporate worship by the academic community is found in each college chapel (most of these are Anglican colleges and served by Church of England clergy, but open to all). Morning and evening daily prayers, communion services, special services and discussions are organized and led by the chaplain, who also lives in college to serve in a counseling capacity. Though I often crave more freedom of worship than these services allow, I am finding a deep sense of worship and spiritual growth as I become more familiar with the ritual and liturgy. Because these services bind one closer to his college community, operating on a deeper level of experience than merely living, eating, and studying as a close-knit group of about 170, in my case, one begins to feel a new sense of purpose and coherence in the work one does.

Corporate worship and religion become a normal part of one's daily life. This is one of the unique aspects of Oxford—the closeness of corporate worship and the academic process, the spiritual life and the intellectual life (at least this is offered to those who avail themselves of such an opportunity). This does not mean there are no militant atheists or agnostics—we have them on the faculty and among the undergraduates—nor does it mean that other colleges and universities have no common search for and expression of religion, but at Oxford we find a rather different, inclusive, and traditionally ancient oneness of religion and learning that

offers great opportunity to the Christian student seeking to apply his faith to all of life.

MANY students attend Sunday morning worship in churches within the city of Oxford, for no college chapel seeks to compete with the function of local parishes. I have attended the Wesley Memorial Church, a fairly large congregation which has the main responsibility of ministry to the university for the Methodist Church. The church was founded in the 1870's from funds raised in a national campaign as a memorial to John Wesley and his work here at Oxford.

Some of the features about the worship service are different. The psalms, or "canticles," are all sung rather than read responsively. There are no bulletins, and all announcements (there seems to be a great similarity in the great number of items on the schedule) are read aloud at some point during the service. Though I know a few of the hymns they sing, I know almost none of the tunes they use. When some familiar ones, such as "For All the Saints" or "O God, Our Help in Ages Past," come in the service, I fear I sing with undue fervor to help clear the frustration from the unfamiliar hymns. One item is especially noteworthy, I think. Each person, as soon as he takes his seat, bows his head for a few moments of silent prayer and meditation, even though the service may have started and the congregation is standing or singing. This creates an atmosphere of genuine worship.

Some have told me that church life in England is not very alive or important at the present time—quite the opposite, supposedly, of the popular trend in the United States—but Oxford is certainly the exception. The church is packed, and some churches urge undergraduates to arrive fifteen minutes early so that each may find a seat, even if it is on the window ledge. Also, the quality of preachers is quite high—many important clergy and laymen are invited to preach at the various churches at this ancient center of learning.

PERHAPS of even greater interest to you would be the kind of religious student organizations and activities one finds outside the formal worship services. The

John Wesley Society is a local organization (there is no real national Methodist student organization) of considerable importance. It has a membership of 200-300 and has several specific types of programs. About every two weeks there is a general meeting, the program being a speaker and subsequent discussion.

One meeting was entitled "Some Ecumenical Fallacies," and the speaker was Dr. C. W. Ranson, general secretary of the International Missionary Council. He said that the first fallacy is that "unity" can be separated from all the other elements of the life and work of the church. Developing this same pattern, he went on to state a second fallacy as the concept that "the missionary era has ended and the ecumenical era has taken over"—he acknowledged that certain missionary procedures are outdated, but that the concern for unity finds its origin and urgency in the Mission and missions of the church.

The other fallacy he mentioned was an overemphasis on world denominationalism—a "Methodists of the World, unite!" kind of attitude. This led him to examine the nature of the church—it is not a fellowship of like-minded or culturally associated people, he said, but rather a "fellowship of the forgiven in Christ." Unity, he added, cannot be expressed through the meeting of national structures when local unity is not found—and in the world encounter, we must transcend "Western" Christianity, for "ecumenical" means the whole inhabited earth. Discussion followed, raising such issues as the relationship of the ecumenical movement and the Roman Catholics. The entire meeting was an excellent experience.

The other main, and perhaps most significant, aspect of the J. W. Society's program is a series of over twenty small study and discussion groups, consisting of about eight or ten persons each, and meeting each Sunday afternoon for two or three hours. My group is studying I Peter, following a guide that gives background and some interpretation. With and after our tea, cookies, etc., we get into very interesting and enlightening discussions of pacifism, capital punishment, the H-bomb and many other issues. I not only feel quite at home in the group, but the quality of the discussion is stimulating, and it reveals the British student's Christian concern. The



John Wesley Society also has a Preachers' Fellowship and has occasional prayer meetings.

THE two important Christian societies which have national and international affiliation are the Student Christian Movement and the Oxford Intercollegiate Christian Union (affiliated with Intersarsity Christian Fellowship). The SCM has a rather fine program with many and varied opportunities in which to participate. A series of general meetings is dealing with the theme "Your Faith and Your Faculty," seeking to relate the Christian faith to such academic disciplines as science, philosophy, and history. "A Christian View of Sex and Marriage" is the topic of a series of luncheon meetings addressed by one of the college chaplains, the series to be concluded by separate meetings for men and women addressed by doctors. An occasional social is sponsored by the SCM. Also, a number of separate weekly study groups working on such issues as church unity, religion and politics, religious drama, and the like, add another dimension to the program.

One other main function should be noted—the prayer services of the SCM. These prayer sessions not only focus attention and concern on aspects and groups of the University and of the whole world, but bring together many Christians—people from each college, from many denominations, and also the Catholics (who meet with the SCM once each week for special prayers for unity). The O.I.C.C.U. also has a rather extensive program, and is conducting a special "Mission to the University" this week—similar in technique and emphasis to our

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Religious Emphasis Week, except that it is sponsored by this one group.

I attended the opening sermon and was impressed with the approach. The speaker laid open for inspection the Christian claim that Christ was truly God in human form. He noted many theories, showing how some have not the slightest basis, and putting forth a fine intellectual challenge in the points of the claims of Christ, the consistency of his moral and spiritual life, and the evidence of the Resurrection in making certain the deity of Christ. His reference to the Bible as a book of history and record of experiences that gives us the basis and understanding (but not necessarily the literal formulation) of our faith as seen in the lives and words of Jesus and his contemporaries was an excellent and most stimulating presentation to the somewhat cautious, reserved, and critical intellectualism he was facing. There are men living in each college during this week

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WINTER/FAMILY

Marriage is a give and take of love and conflict that never ends in an ideal state of harmony. Young people want successful marriages so much that the slightest difficulty becomes a major tragedy. Minor failures seem like total failure. Personal differences become a source of anxiety, whereas personal differences actually enrich an intimate relationship. Differences are not erased by intimacy. Our modern search for intimacy leads us to identify sameness with intimacy. Thus, community becomes conformity and intimacy becomes intolerable.

THERE is no question that the intimate family can gain by extending its life through intimacies outside the home. No group can mature to its full stature in isolation. Such groups become ingrown and obsessed with their limited concerns. This is particularly true of a family which is training its members for life in a society. Nevertheless, the family is coping successfully with much of the loneliness that threatens to poison our common life. We may be expecting too much in

to meet the students at tea, in Hall, and in a generally informal encounter.

I HAVE never been more fully aware of the universal and transcendent nature of the Church than during these first few weeks at Oxford. In worship, and in religious discussion and activity, I felt an immediate fellowship with my new associates here in Oxford. No other group offered such immediate welcome and sense of belonging as did the Christian societies, organizations, and congregations. Secondly, I felt a closeness to all my Christian friends in America which was especially apparent in worship. And most of all, I felt a much greater need for God and a *satisfaction* of that need through the strength, direction, and fellowship that comes from him. My greater experience and understanding of the "more than human fellowship" will, I sincerely pray, enable me to more fully live and proclaim the Christian faith in the days and years that are ahead.

—JOHN E. JORDAN

imagining that the family can carry the full burden of intimacy for a whole society. This would suggest that the middle ground between family and commercial life needs to be strengthened. We need time for intimacy in friendship, neighborhood and church. We need some time for intimacy in every sphere of modern life. Whether such a transformation comes or not, we are now looking almost exclusively to the family for the satisfaction of our deepest human needs.



HAMILL/TRAFFIC

easy to confuse meetings with the Kingdom of God. Beware of activities.

Yet some "activity" does contribute to the good life in church and campus. You cross University Avenue in this direction in order to worship, to study the Scriptures, to engage in the lively company of fellow Christians who work together. Here we undertake to teach, to surround every man with incitements to do good, and chances to lay his hands and heart to tasks for human betterment. You come here to work at the Christian life.

THEN you return to campus, and there too you can be a responsible citizen. In WSA, where real power lies and real decisions are made, are you making any Christian impact? Substantial issues arise in the houses, and SLIC, where the dignity of students is at stake; do you exert any influence there? The Daily Cardinal is raising significant questions about discrimination, compulsory ROTC, enrolment policies; do you make your conscience felt on these matters, pro or con? Do you engage in the United Nations conference, the Players, the creative organizations which try to make the campus a modern Areopagus of exciting thought? Are you making any Christian impact upon campus life? Some people are afraid that the church would thereby become another pressure group. I fear that the church becomes a no-pressure group, a marginal institution sitting here off the side of campus, across the avenue. On-campus activity by committed Christians who engage there on the real issues—this is the means of Christian witness.

Still one more matter we can learn from one another. Fraternities, for instance, and sororities, can give examples to church. A fraternity (and labor union) nowadays calls its members "brother," the word which Christians once used. They really are brothers. When a member goes broke, they find him a job; when he gets behind in his studies, they tutor him; when he is lonely, they find him a date. They really love one another. The Greeks can teach the Methodists something here.

Church people in turn go onto the campus with a lively concern for those who have neglected, or been alienated by the church. You can be concerned about the Greeks, to begin with, who are tempted to substitute sociability in place of substance and depth in life. Concerned about the Big Wheels, who are tempted to substitute power and prestige for responsible leadership. Concerned for Joe College and Betty Coed who are tempted to hurry through college like a product on the assembly line, being shaped and polished but feeling irresponsible. Concerned for professors and administrators who are tempted to substitute age and position for real maturity; they often are lonely and troubled people. All these people need the surrounding fellowship of Christians who care about them, but they will forgive you your caring about them only if you demonstrate that you have something to share; some victory over evil in your own life, some honest, genuine experience of the company of God, some convictions about right and wrong, some principles you hold to humbly but positively. Your concern about them and their souls—this is the outcome of your own Christian experience if it is at all genuine. St. Paul wasn't arguing with the Stoic and Epicurean philosophers just for the fun of debate; his heart was alive with a real experience, and he had something to share, for their good.

HEARING AND TELLING SOMETHING NEW

Here, too, where University Avenue is the Areopagus, we have traffic of mutual respect, mutual criticism, mutual contribution. It is the great glory of our time that the church and the university, each of them free and responsible, may save us from further disaster. It is a great experience for us to traffic between these two, learning and speaking all things new. The newest thing, the best news, came to the Greeks that day from Paul who told about Jesus, about the wonder of his life and his power to make and remake men. Athens was never the same again. Likewise on University Avenue, when that Man lives and speaks through his modern disciples, He makes an impression which church and campus can never forget, and never avoid.

But there are some books of which you can safely say, "I need them. I want them. And they will be with me for a long time."

Take *The Oxford Dictionary of the Christian Church*, edited by F. L. Cross (*The Oxford University Press*, \$17.50). It is one of the latest in the excellent Oxford series of reference books. It maintains the usual vigorous scholastic and research standards expected of the Oxford reference volumes. A perfectly amazing attempt has been made to bring into one volume some concise comment on most of the important personages, movements and events in Christendom. Most of the brief articles have a bibliographical listing for those who want more information.

It is, however, strictly a piece of Brit-

ish scholarship. The editor admits that the selection and emphases may seem to be a bit parochial. They are. For instance, Mary Baker Eddy is not even listed and while she may have been a heretic, the movement she let loose has certainly made an impact upon Christendom. And reading the article on Methodism would lead one to imagine that American Methodism is of slight consequence when discussed along with that in the motherland. (Could it be that the editors are right?) And just why our British brethren should completely omit any discussion of the World Student Christian Federation, so influential in the whole development of the ecumenical movement, quite escapes me.

But it is impossible to put everything in. No matter what my own and private



THE KIND THAT STAY ON YOUR SHELVES

When a fellow (or a gal) has only a limited bit of money (which it is safe to say is the condition of most *motive* readers) he hesitates to put that bit of change and folding money into a book that may be forgotten next year. Purchasing the current choices is risky for the classic is usually hidden from its contemporaries.

choices might have been, it is useless to second guess the editors. This is a competent work and a valuable addition to the student's library.

About a year ago *motive* published one of its "specials" that got an unusual amount of critical commendation. It was an issue that tried to explore some of the implications of the word "communication."

In establishing the community of understanding, which is communication between human beings, nothing has yet been invented to take the place of those lively and changing symbols we call words. When we speak or write it is with the desire to communicate, to be understood. Usually, that is, for there is some private discourse going on, but we usually term it to be a sickness.

Nothing is more certain about words as symbols than that they are loaded with mutations. (Now just why has it been allowed to happen that the volume I now want to discuss pays no attention to the word "mutate" in this age of nuclear fission? I just wanted some help on whether or not I could use "mutable.") These words change all the time—there are no fixed and static rules for words in English and the sixth grader who is uneasy when he must diagram sentences probably has a better intuitive sense concerning language than the teacher who made the assignment.

But, of course, if he does not take his word study seriously then he becomes one of that great horde of persons who freeze up if they have to write or speak in a manner that will be criticized carefully. He is afraid because he does not know what is correct.

A Dictionary of Contemporary American Usage by Bergen Evans and Cornelia Evans (*Random House*, \$5.95) is a marvelously interesting reference book for this day which delights in informal English usage. While the compilers insist that their bias is for correct literary forms, they are sufficiently imaginative and resilient to locate the current and report on it fairly. They have also maintained a healthy skepticism. Note what they have to say, for instance, on the word "cuspidor" (perhaps a sitting duck, as nobody any longer uses cuspidors except third-rate hotels and taverns hunting for phony atmosphere):

cuspidor. The substitution of the Portuguese *cuspidor* for the already fairly ornate American *spittoon* must mark a height of vulgar elegance exceeded

only by the derivative *cuspidorian* bestowed upon its caretaker.

This is not a dictionary in the ordinary sense—only extraordinarily is it a dictionary. The authors have correctly assumed that our sixth-grade grammar lessons, reinforced by noncredit freshman refresher in grammar, have been sufficient to drive all interest in its intricacies forever from our lives. So what they have done is to give as much information on the changing lives of words as possible.

Lots of fun, and (this is pure clover) informative too.

FILM ART

We have had a hard time making up our minds as to whether movies ought to be dignified by the name of art. The formalists have gagged a bit at such identification. Art for them is beauty and beauty is one of the absolutes. Therefore the cinema mishmash of farce and sentimentality, realism and stupidity, could only have the most tenuous connections with ART.

But approaching art as the Bergens have studied words, then the film is certainly art, and a nimble art too: *The Liveliest Art* by Arthur Knight (*The Macmillan Company*, \$7.50).

Arthur Knight is about the best person I could imagine to write the story of movies. He has a mind as lively as his subject and love and prejudices to match.

Because Knight is clear about art being something more than a theory of aesthetics, his analyses of film art are not the kind that bend the discussion to fit a theory. He does not expect from Griffith the kind of camera work of Rossellini. And, as the name of Rossellini reminds me, he sees the relationship of morality to art and has many delightful asides regarding the pernicious influence of moralism on film art. The formal moralists are just as difficult as those demanding a formal aesthetic. Each is disruptive of good art.

One of the best aspects of this book is the study of the relationships and emphases of films from different lands and cultures, influencing and reacting to one another. Some of those directors whom we thought to have been innovators are discovered to be derivative. The sources of some of cinema's most fascinating moments are located and the story told of how they have been brought into life of movies. Also there are the sad commentaries, the pathos and unrealized hopes of what started with promise and was com-

promised, bribed or bullied and ended up all hollow.

The appendix is excellent: an annotated list of "100 Best Books on Film," a list of 16mm film sources, an index to film titles and a general index. On the art of the film, this book is current and choice.

International Film Annual No. I, edited by Campbell Dixon (*Doubleday*, \$6) is a pretty good record of the current life of the liveliest art. It is something of a hodgepodge, what with Deborah Kerr writing a brief but emotive introduction, Peter Ustinov chatting about how they do it in France as compared to Italy (and too briefly), and Orson Welles sounding his Cassandra note on scenarios. Some of the commentary is tripe, some is wondrously seasoned and thoughtful. O.K. . . . but it is loaded with reproductions of scenes from both the good and the mediocre. How delightful to leaf through this annual and recall Wallach feeding Baker in "Baby Doll," the bullfight in "The Sun Also Rises," bringing on the roast fowl in "Gervaise."

A record of an art as visual as films should have lots to look at as well as read. This annual has just this—some of it in full color too; Yul Brynner three times, but there is also the inevitable (in 1957) Mansfield and Monroe. But the color is all right for window dressing—you can skip it.





The International Film Annual is satisfactory for the first year of publication. Let's hope it is continued, and that editing it will become more rigorous and the criticism more vigorous.

ON THE SUBJECT OF CHURCH BULLETINS

Every time the subject of the Christian churches and art comes up it is almost inevitable that scornful words be said about the art of illustrations on the Sunday bulletins. The demerits are justified. It is hard to image anything more trite, sentimental, silly and altogether lacking in quality than bulletin art.

The Seabury Press (281 Fourth Avenue, NYC) has persuaded Gregor Thompson Goethals (she once was *motive's* art editor) to design a series which is for sale in The Seabury Bookstores. The designs are for Ash Wednesday, Good Friday, Palm Sunday, Easter (2), Whitsunday and Trinity Sunday. For bulletin art they are fresh, modern and different. A couple of them, Whitsunday and Palm Sunday, are fine. I wish the others were up to them in design but even so they are so far above the tawdry

to which we are accustomed as to invite no comparison. I hope the publishers will persist in their good works and a complete selection in modern dress will be available for those in need of bulletins.

SPECIALS IN THE PAPERBACKS

ANCHOR—DOUBLEDAY

Perry Miller, *The American Transcendentalists: Their Prose and Poetry*—\$1.25

Richard Chase, *The American Novel and Its Tradition*—\$1.10

Jessie L. Weston, *From Ritual to Romance*—95 cents

Denis de Rougemont, *Love in the Western World*—\$1.25

John Rickman, ed., *A General Selection from the Works of Sigmund Freud*—\$1.25

LIVING AGE—MERIDIAN BOOKS

Marvin Halverson, ed., *Religious Drama*—\$1.45

Auden, "For the Time Being"

Fry, "The Firstborn"

D. H. Lawrence, "David"

Sayers, "The Zeal of Thy House"

Schevill, "The Bloody Tenet"

Rudolph Otto, *Mysticism East and West*—\$1.45

Reinhold Niebuhr, *Leaves From the Notebooks Of A Tamed Cynic*—\$1.45

H. H. Rowley, *The Unity of The Bible*—\$1.45

PHOENIX BOOKS—UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS

Kenneth P. Oakley, *Man The Tool-Maker*—\$1.25

Paul Tillich, *The Protestant Era* (abridged)—\$1.50

REFLECTION—ASSOCIATION PRESS

Bernhard W. Anderson, *The Unfolding Drama Of The Bible*—50 cents

Robert L. Calhoun, *God And The Day's Work*—50 cents

Seward Hiltner, *Sex And The Christian Life*—50 cents

Wayne H. Cowan, Ed., *What The Christian Hopes For In Society* (Christianity & Crisis)

Albert N. Williams, *What Archeology Says About the Bible*—50 cents

John L. Casteel, *The Promise Of Prayer*—50 cents





PRAYER IS MORE THAN AN ORDER OF WORDS

MARGO HOFF

THE ORIGINAL ESTATE

TWO shaggy dogs, named Hep and Shep, became concerned about their plight. "Why is it," complained Hep to his pal, "that being shaggy dogs we always come off so unpredictably?"

"It is in our nature, I guess."

"Why? . . . Now just why is it that a St. Bernard always rescues the freezing traveler and even if he becomes a bit tipsy on his own stimulant, he is dear and endearing? And the poodle is silly, but silly like a clown so he is understandable; but a shaggy dog, oh, the shaggy dog! What, my friend, can I do to be saved from being a shaggy dog?"

Shep had no answer to make to Hep except to resort to the observation that one should be satisfied with his place in life, make the best of it, and then things would turn out for the best.

Hep was not satisfied. He insisted that if he remained a shaggy dog there was no best to be made of it. Shaggy dogs do not have a best.

By now Shep was himself disturbed, so they decided together to go on a quest to search out how they might be saved.

In due course they met an angel, and they inquired from him as to how they might be saved from being themselves. The angel did not know, but he had an intimate acquaintance who was an archangel. He was pretty bright, even for an archangel, and the angel felt that he would have an answer to their quest.

He gave them directions to the abode of the archangel and a note for introduction.

When Hep asked the archangel what he could do to be saved from being a shaggy dog, the archangel inquired as to just how earnest he might be in his desire. Hep said he would do anything to be saved. Shep said he would also.

Would they like to try the existence of a duck?

It was not what they would have chosen, but they would give it a try, es-

pecially if they could have a go at something else if that did not work out. The archangel agreed.

THEY became ducks. It did not take them long to be unhappy as ducks and they clamored for a change. The chance at something else was not long delayed; even an archangel wants to do something about it when ducks make a determined racket.

"What's the matter with being ducks?" he inquired of Hep and Shep.

"Ducks have no imagination," Shep replied. "They go North and they go South, they paddle and they fly, but mostly what they do is quack. Quacking gets tiresome."

"What would you like to be?"

"We have talked it over, and believe that what we want more than anything else is to be saved from being shaggy dogs by becoming human beings."

"Become men!" The archangel was currently irritated with men, having had to find quieter quarters since sputniks, muttniks and their various successors kept beeping through his boudoir. "You mean that becoming human would save you from existing as shaggy dogs?"

"Humans are the lords of our world. They have about everything we desire, including plenty of soup bones and a logical plan of salvation."

"Oh, well, if you insist. But it is really against my better judgment."

SO Hep and Shep became human beings, slightly postadolescent in age, and matriculated in a university. They went to the university because it soon became plain that humans put what knowledge they have had about getting saved into their centers of learning, mostly on the graduate level.

They studied economics but it took only eight graduate hours to discover that Marx was in error, Adam Smith

was ancient mythology and that the treasury of the richest nation in the world had long since deserted the gold standard, and had just inscribed its new paper money with the legend: "In God We Trust."

While they were coming to think there was some connection between God and getting saved, they did feel that putting his name on the greenbacks after dropping the gold standard was something of the kind of solution a shaggy dog would have made.

So they turned to sociology.

They took a number of surveys and made some generalizations on the basis of their findings which proved indubitably that human beings are human beings. Hep and Shep could not quite accept this as scientific fact, for while they had become human beings and reacted as *Homo sapiens* they felt this was decidedly a shaggy-dog conclusion.

They therefore turned to the Bible—the holy book of that community of human beings known as Christians. They discovered that the Bible had lots to say about being saved. It was summed up in a story of a cultured young man of the best of families who inquired of the Master how he might be saved. He had obeyed all the commandments and lived a good life. But he went away sorrowful when he was told ". . . go, sell what you have, and give to the poor, and you will have treasure in heaven; and come, follow me."

HEP and Shep looked at each other. "Give away all you have . . . and you will have treasure?"

Somewhat bitterly they petitioned the archangel to return to their original estate. What a trick to have played on them . . . to have such high hopes for salvation and find that it was summed up in a shaggy-dog story.

ORTMAYER