

motive



Jan 1960

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FRONT COVER ART: APOCALYPSE III, a two-color woodblock print by ROBERT FREIMARK, artist in residence at des moines art center, iowa, represents the four horsemen of the apocalypse. mr. freimark has exhibited in most of the major museums in this country, and his works are in the permanent collections of at least thirteen museums and universities, and in several wesley foundations. a feature story on his printmaking appeared in the november, 1958, **motive**.

motive: POST OFFICE BOX 871 / NASHVILLE 2, TENNESSEE

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motive is the magazine of the Methodist Student Movement, an agency affiliated with the World Student Christian Federation through the United Student Christian Council, published monthly, October through May, by the Division of Educational Institutions of the Board of Education of The Methodist Church; John O. Gross, general secretary. Copyright, 1960, by the Board of Education of The Methodist Church.

Subscription rates: Single subscription, eight issues, \$2. Group subscriptions of fifteen or more to one address, \$1 each. Foreign subscriptions, \$2.50. Single copy, 30 cents.

Address all communications to **motive**, P. O. Box 871, Nashville 2, Tennessee. Please accompany articles, stories, poems and art work submitted with return postage.

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Nashville, Tennessee, under act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1102, act of October 3, 1917, and authorized on July 5, 1918.

LIMITED PRINTS AVAILABLE: APOCALYPSE III, without the magazine title and date. this original woodcut is hand printed on rice paper, numbered and signed by the artist (\$10). write to mr. freimark, des moines art center, greenwood park, des moines, iowa.



WHEN God reveals himself to man, then a characteristic disturbance is set up in the human soul and in the life of our human society, and that disturbance is what we mean by religion. It is a disturbance of which we have all had some experience. Not one of us has been left alone by God. Not one of us has been allowed to live a purely human life with complete peace of mind. It is, indeed, our common sin and shame that we do our best to ignore God's gracious approach, shutting ourselves up within our human finitude, living unto ourselves alone, as if God were not there at all.

—OUR KNOWLEDGE OF GOD by John Baillie

Charles Scribner's Sons, N. Y., 1939, page 3.

THE

A NY discussion of the Beat Generation first requires a definition of the term itself. In an issue of *Esquire*, Clellon Holmes defines "Beat" as being "at the bottom of your personality, looking up."

If this is true, most of us have at one time or another seen life from this unenviable horizontal position. But we might not qualify as possible Beatniks by another definition found in *Look*, "A Beatnik is a scrambled egghead." However, judging from either standard, we probably would not agree to the premise that the predominant attitude of most of the people we know or, for that matter, the majority of citizens in the United States are Beat.

Nevertheless, there is a growing interest in a group of writers in our country who peddle the Beat philosophy and in their cousins of England, known as The Angry Young Men who are also gaining in influence on both sides of the Atlantic.

These people, the Beatniks, are not the traditional Bowery Bums. They are, for the most part, young intellectuals, who are extremely sensitive to the chaos that they experience in a world whose inhabitants have discovered the secret of obliteration and annihilation, and who must learn to breathe, eat, and make love while harboring this dark secret. They sit on a powder keg, knowing that any nation having lost its rationality momentarily may start a brush fire that would finally cremate the entire human race.

In this mood they watch time fade into itself; the past loses much of its glow of relevance and the future greys into a shadowed element out of their control. So they embrace the present,

believing that only in experiencing its reality can they find any sense of meaning in their existence. They throw off all their masks, revel in the nakedness of the truth about themselves and eye with suspicion their contemporaries who live in split-level houses, look out of picture windows onto a landscape of tombstones of their ancestors while they enshroud themselves in soft grey flannel.

In a sense, the father of the Beat Generation is Jack Kerouac, who first used the phrase to describe himself and a group of his friends who gathered around him after he left Columbia University and dipped into a strange orgy of experiences among New York's restless youth. His book, *The Town and the City*, put his philosophy before the world. By the time

CHURCH

he had published *On the Road*, and then *The Dharma Bums*, the movement had gathered disciples all over the country and some of its voices had become literary artists.

THEN there is the group of poets led by Allen Ginsberg of Patterson, New Jersey, who wandered out to San Francisco where the City Lights Pocket Bookshop published his book of poetry called *Howl*. The first poem was entitled "Howl for Carl Solomon" (Carl Solomon being another poet with whom he had been "through hell"). This is really a howl of defeat, a defeat so repulsive and nauseating that on its publication it was seized by U.S. Customs and San Francisco police. But after a favorable court action, it is out from under this early shadow and in its fourth printing can be bought in almost any bookshop.

Reputable literary personalities defended the poem as a significant portrayal of a segment of human experi-

ence. Judge Clayton W. Horn declared:

"Life is not encased in one formula whereby everyone acts the same or conforms to a particular pattern. We are all made from the same mold, but in different patterns. Would there be any freedom of press or speech if one must reduce his vocabulary to rapid innocuous euphemism? An author should be real in treating his subject

AND

and be allowed to express his thoughts and ideas in his own words."

Something of the poem's strange power can be experienced in lines like these:

*who barreled down the highways of
the past journeying to each other's
hotrod-Golgotha jail-solitude
watch or Birmingham jazz incarnation,
who drove crosscountry seventytwo
hours to find out if I had a vision
or you had a vision or he had a
vision to find out Eternity,
who journeyed to Denver, who died
in Denver, who came back to
Denver & waited in vain, who
watched over Denver & brooded
& loned in Denver and finally
went away to find out the Time,
& now Denver is lonesome for her
heroes,
who fell on their knees in hopeless
cathedrals praying for each
other's salvation and light and
breasts, until the soul illuminated
its hair for a second. . . .¹*

The fact is that groups on college campuses, in private apartments, and in lecture halls all over the country gather to listen with ecstasy to Ginsberg's poems and selections from other

¹ Excerpt from "Howl for Carl Solomon" page 14—*Howl* and other poems by Allen Ginsberg (Pocket Poets Series: Number Four—The City Lights Pocket Bookshop, San Francisco).

the passing parade of modern citizens dressed also in splendid nakedness.

THEIR accusing fingers point up the first clue that we the people of the church must be quick to catch. It is simply to admit the truth about ourselves. This is difficult. Albert Camus, the French philosopher and novelist, put these words in the mouth of the character of his book *The Fall*, "Truth like light blinds. Falsehood, on the contrary, is a beautiful twilight that enhances every object."

Are we guilty of preferring twilight about our own selves and the world in which we live? Do we wrap our pharisaical robes around our perfumed bodies on our way to our shining modern temples and thank God that we are not like the Beatniks? It took the psychologist Carl Jung to warn us that:

"All the evils of primitive man are still crouching, alive and ugly as ever, in the dark recesses of our modern hearts; that it is only Christianity that is holding them in check; and that if

THE

voices of the Beatniks—Anatole Broyand, R. V. Cassill, George Mandel, Clellon Holmes, Chandler Brossad, "William Lee" (a pseudonym used by a wealthy lad who became a junkie), and of course, Jack Kerouac.

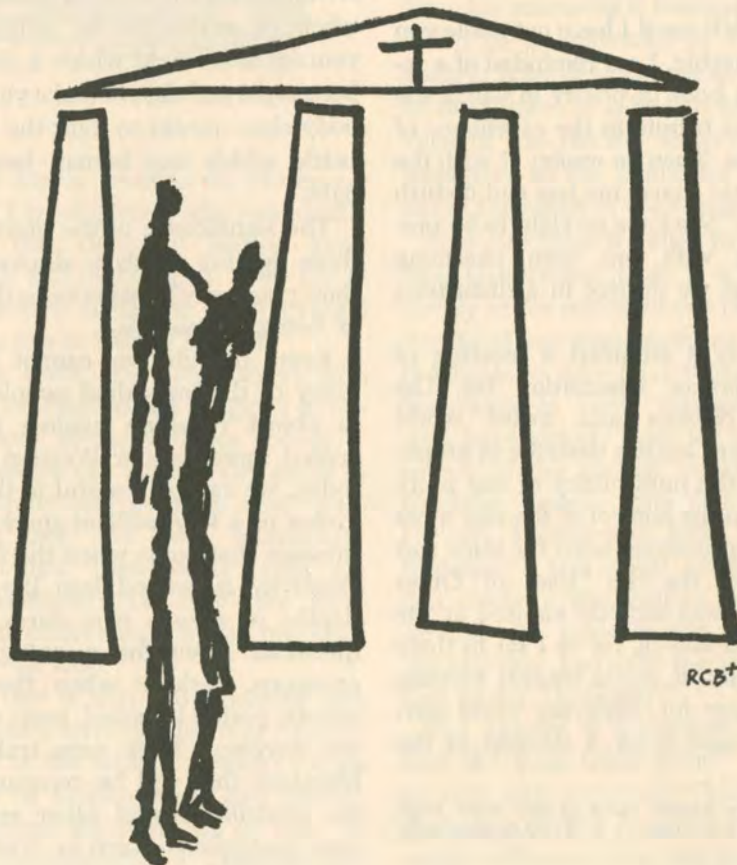
One may be repulsed by sloppy dress, filthy beards, irresponsible ways, or blasphemy of the Christian faith, but one can't fail to face the undeniable fact that Beatniks must be reckoned with as a growing vital force among the young intellectuals. Jack Kerouac has admitted that the basic impulse of the Beat Generation is a religious one. In commenting on this, Gene Feldman and Max Gartenberg in their significant book, *The Beat Generation and The Angry Young Men*, describe their search in this manner:

"To find oneself is to find God. And if it must finally be acknowledged that God is too weak to show his face and that the Beat Generation is a generation of orphans, cut off from the past and its earthly fathers, severed from the future and the kingdom of God, then the predatory heart of man himself, Satan, will be enshrined the Father. In the wilderness which is life without God, without meaning, God becomes manifest even in his antithesis, who also provides a center, a source, sliver of certitude."

Their work is the anguished cry of desperate men who have dared to break the law of conformity, the current Eleventh Commandment. They stand naked and sullen, reminding us of the discerning child in the familiar fable of the Emperor's New Clothes, as they point their accusing fingers at

beat

BY HILDA LEE DAIL



it beneglected or forgotten, all the barriers it alone keeps in being against them will go down, and the old horrors sweep in roaring flood across a dumbfounded world."²

Just what does the church have to say to those who have lost hope in the dark abyss of themselves? Do we really know or care how they feel? The eminent theologian Paul Tillich says, "We can speak to people only if we participate in their concern." Are we afraid of losing our faith if we face up to the questions of our own existence? Do we recall that Jesus did not speak about dying for his *faith*, but of laying down his life for his *flock*? Are we interested in this kind of concern? Can we afford to risk our own necks in a face-to-face encounter with the disciples of despair?

Charles W. Ranson, director of the Theological Education Fund of the International Missionary Council, once said, "It is better to struggle with big questions even if they throw us or lame us than to busy ourselves only with tidy housekeeping of manageable affairs."

FORGIVE me if I have not made you comfortable. I am reminded of a review of a book of poetry in which the critic paid tribute to the excellence of the poems. Then he wrote: "I wish the poet would charm me less and disturb me more." We have no right to be preoccupied with our own charming selves, for we do live in a disturbing time.

Recently I attended a meeting of the American Association for The United Nations and heard world government leaders describe in graphic terms the multiplicity of our problems from the control of the tiny atom to the approaching need for some sort of control for the "Uses of Outer Space." I was secretly amused at the dilemma I was in, for as I sat in these high circles of world leaders plotting the strategy for achieving world government and order, I thought of the

mass of Beat Generation literature I had spread out on the desk in my hotel room. I was not only confronted with the necessity of an organized world community, but also had to share the bewilderment of solitary, puny men, who finding themselves facing possible extinction, dare to perform the creative act-to-write, to express their deepest longings, to communicate with other solitary, puny men waiting to hear the voice of a friend.

So I left the conference, knowing that I must return at last to the solitude of the self, where in the time of blackness the only source of hope for an exhausted world can be discovered in the beating, real existent heart. The question of the church and the Beat Generation must first be faced by each one of us on this deep level.

THE Beatnik, like all the rest of mankind, is seeking to discover the true self. In a day when society is so complex, and the pressures toward conformity and dullness of spirit so great, his struggle takes weird and distorted forms. E. E. Cummings expressed something of this fighting credo in his advice to a young poet when he said: "To be nobody-but-yourself in a world which is doing its best, night and day, to make you somebody else—means to fight the hardest battle which any human being can fight."

The significance of the literature of these fighting artists is discovered in their pugnacity to experience the thrill of being themselves.

Even though we cannot admire many of the individual people living in abject rebellion against the accepted mores of our Western society today, we can be grateful to them for giving us a few brilliant sparks of expression that come when the flame of creativity is fanned into life in the depths of a man who dares to ask questions about the meaning of his existence. Perhaps when the initial chaotic period is passed, some of them will develop a fresh, new, truly great literature that will be comparable to the contributions of other rebels of past generations—such as Walt Whit-

man, Scott Fitzgerald and Thomas Wolfe.

Gardner Murphy in discussing creativeness in the "Menninger Quarterly" wrote: "A certain willingness to allow for chaos and irrelevance, a certain freedom from every type of regimentation is required."

Someone has said that the chaos of the chicken is the egg. So if these Beatniks are scrambled eggheads, we hope that when the chicken is fully hatched, it might possibly be the kind of bird we can accept into our own chicken coops.

Then let us not try to beat the Beat Generation by destroying the eggs or ignoring their presence because of their chaotic form, but let us beat them by accepting them, warming them with the same love that possessed our Master when he said, "I would gather you as a hen gathers her brood." The church exists today as a result of this kind of brooding love. If we lose this, we have indeed lost all, and we in reality become the Beat.

What then is the *real* business of the church in the twentieth century? Is it to cloister together in sturdy structures groups of nice, successful people busy at worshiping God in the quietness and seclusion of their sanctuaries, while the multitudes outside turn away and look elsewhere for the answer of hope?

If we really believe that a satisfactory answer for the meaning of existence in this explosive nuclear age is embodied in Christianity, have we evidenced this with any degree of clarity and relevance to our contemporaries? It is a sad indictment on the church that we often chant the *words* of our faith after the *reality* has long departed from these words. When this happens, the multitudes refuse to listen.

THE disturbing fact is that the Western world is a little weary with the chants of a sterile, detached Christianity. Many of our own neighbors are beginning to listen not only to the wails of the Beatniks, but to discern in their voices a faint beckoning from other world religions to fill the void of their depleted selves. This was heard

² In *The Secret Place of the Most High* by Arthur John Gossip, p. 17; Allenson Publishing Co.



in Jack Kerouac's *The Dharma Bums*, in which he describes his experiences of Zen Buddhism.

Walking one evening along Riverside Drive in New York City only a short distance from Union Seminary, I suddenly came upon a lovely little fenced-in garden, around an impressive statue of Buddha. I read the sign informing me that in the building was a center for the study of Buddhism. (There are 165,000 Buddhists in continental United States.) One church leader recently asserted that the most fertile soil today for Buddhism is in the West. In Hawaii they have built more temples and shrines than have all Protestant churches combined.

Islam also is luring many Westerners. Philadelphia and Washington have beautiful Moslem Mosques. (Eighty thousand people in the

United States worship in Mosques.)

And I have friends who confidently testify that they are finding inner strength and meaning for their life in the practice of Hindu Yoga (10,000 Hindus live in United States).

Then there are many others who seek a synthesis of all religions in the philosophy of the Vedanta Society.

No longer can Christianity claim to be the only religion with a universal appeal, nor the sole missionary-minded one. These other faiths are now confident that they also have spiritual sustenance for the universal hunger for God.

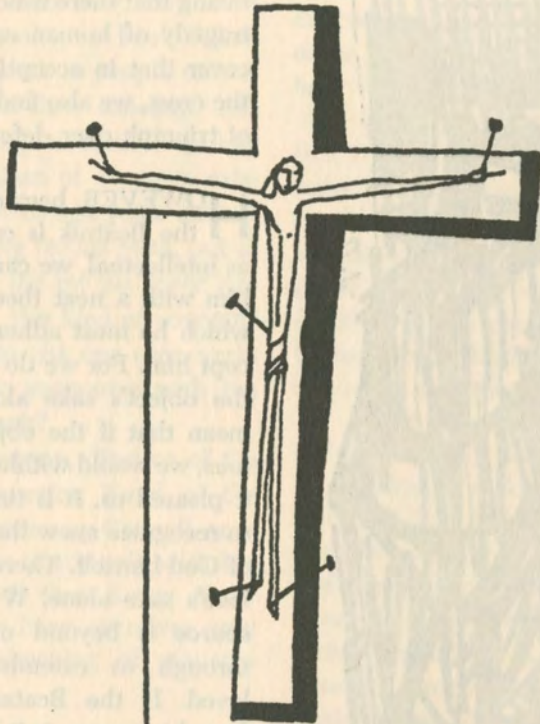
The fact is that the Christian and the Beatnik have one point of obvious contact in the mutual demand for an end to all human pride and pretension. Before any of us can go very far in the development of Christian dis-

cipliship, we have to admit that we are beat. The discovery of God on this existential level is necessary, for the Christian faith must always meet humanity where it is at any given moment in history. With the scandalous cross its symbol of ignominy, the church embraces defeat. But in recognizing that there is no escape from the tragedy of human existence, we discover that in accepting the defeat of the cross, we also find in it the symbol of triumph over defeat.

HOWEVER, because the climate of the Beatnik is emotional as well as intellectual, we cannot hope to win him with a neat theological thesis to which he must adhere before we accept him. For we do not love him for the object's sake alone. This would mean that if the object were obnoxious, we would withhold our love until it pleased us. It is time for Christians to recognize anew that love is the gift of God himself. Therefore we love for love's sake alone. We know that the source is beyond us, and coursing through us extends to the object loved. If the Beatnik feels cut off from his source, is it because we have failed to be channels of this lively reality? If he does not see any promise in the future, is it due to his observance of the shallow devotion Christians give to the search for the eternal in the midst of the temporal?

Can the church hope to beat the Beat Generation? Only in a fresh discovery of the reality of our faith in the depths of our own existence. Some of the Beatniks who have turned to Zen Buddhism to know mystical experience have already been led into a discovery of the ancient mystics of the Christian church. (See *The Christian Century*, February 25, 1959, "Beat and Buddhist.") But where are the Christian saints of the nuclear age? Have we lost our souls in test tubes and laboratories, and left the search for God to the "outsiders"?

The answer to the query "Can we beat the Beat Generation?" is up to us who call ourselves Christians. A possessing of the dogma without the reality will never beat *any* generation.



**TOWARD
A
RESTORATION
OF THE
CHRISTIAN
MEANING OF VOCATION**

BY ARTHUR BRANDENBURG

rcb†

TWO profound corruptions of the idea of vocation and one dramatic consequence of this corruption appear over and over again.

The first and most heretical corruption in our time is the notion among many students and in the church at large that there is something holier about "going into the ministry" (or as it is often called, "full-time Christian service"). The second is the idea that a profession is somehow more fit and proper than common labor. One gets the idea that Protestants take quite literally the curse on Adam and suppose that the real way to break this curse is to have one's children enter a profession.

The dramatic consequence of these corrupt and false understandings of what it means to be "called," to have a "vocation," is what I call "vocational anxiety." I do not need to elaborate the crippling effects of the disease. Here and there Christians are beginning to experience a reawakening. We are in the first years of a great new ecumenical reformation. Part of the content of this reformation is and will be a recovery of the true meaning of vocation in the context of authentic Christian faith.

This gigantic task begins, as it began for Luther, with a recovery of the doctrine of justification by faith—or more correctly, justification by grace through faith.

Professor John Whale uses the figure of two kinds of houses. He reminds us that as a child he lived in a five-storied house of seventy-two stairs. Built for the middle-class gentility of a century ago, it was a monument to domestic life at two distinct levels. Below stairs were servants' quarters: basement, kitchen regions and deeper still, a dark cellar fearsome to a child's imagination. Upstairs were a pleasant dining room and a library; and, still higher was a spacious drawing room lit by three great windows.

He goes on to remind us that now most people live in bungalows or ranch-houses. In these one-storied dwellings all activities take place at one common level—there is no upstairs. Dr. Whale suggests that this contrast gives us a kind of analogy of

the difference between the medieval and the reformed conceptions of the religious life. One might further add: between the contemporary popular concept of the religious life and the classical and authentic Christian view.

THE rediscovery of the doctrine of justification always involves the rediscovery of the absolute otherness of God, the completely prevenient quality of his grace granted in Christ, and the totality of man's separation from God (with all the moral consequences of that estrangement). That is to say, the Holy God finds us in the cellar of a great and terrifying house and at the personal expense of living in that dreadful cellar himself, treats us as though we actually dwell with him in a pleasant one-storied bungalow. By the ingression of the Divine love life takes on, in actuality, some of the joyful qualities of life with God: relief from guilt, freedom from fear and anxiety, and restoration of meaning and purpose. All this, according to the doctrine of justification, because God chooses, of his own will, to act in human history, in Jesus Christ, for us men and for our salvation!

The beginnings of our contemporary reformation also reflect a rediscovery of the biblical understanding of history. What is currently being called "realized eschatology" is one powerful expression of this rediscovery. We are beginning to understand anew the tension between what has been established within history in principle and the ultimate fulfillment of God's plan which lies beyond history and is represented apocalyptically in the scriptures as "a vision" and as "hope." It is certainly the view of Luther that we are called by the saving act of God in Jesus Christ to participate in his kingdom here and now but that our complete, unambiguous citizenship in his kingdom is something hoped for—and not in vain but with the clear promise of our Lord himself. Paul's figure of the colony and the homeland is helpful in understanding the relationship between history and the kingdom of God. Suffice it to say that in New Testament eschatology there is a pro-

found tension between time and eternity, narrowness and breadth, the duty of the now and ultimate citizenship in the kingdom.

IT follows from all that has been said so far that the new reformation (as in Luther's time) must move now to a rediscovery of the nature of the church. Already there are signs on the horizon of such a movement within theology. One has only to be involved in the life and mission study emphasis of the World Student Christian Federation to realize how much we are moving in this direction. One cannot say what the form of the rediscovery will be. Luther began with the assumption that Christ through his Spirit is ever present in the world to bring men into his kingdom. His two main assertions about the church, based on this assumption were (1) that the church is invisible (an assertion which is commended vigorously to us by the state of contemporary Protestantism), and (2) that ecclesi-

astical institutions do not have the divine character which is usually claimed for them (i.e., they are finite). Rejecting all ecclesiastical hierarchies he asserted a doctrine of the priesthood of all believers. (This phrase from Luther is falsely understood by most people who quote it today as meaning that each believer is his own priest.) By the phrase, Luther actually meant that each believer is the priest for his brother. John Whale paraphrases Luther as follows:

I cannot stand alone. Satan tempts me. I need my brother's voice as the human instrument by which God assures me of his Grace. God appoints my neighbor to be his representative. Through the voice of the brother, the preaching man, the power of the keys is exercised on my behalf, and I am assured of absolution and forgiveness.

Even so, for Luther, the church is of ultimate, absolute importance. "Outside the Christian Church," he says, "is no truth, no Christ, no blessedness." What the individual receives from God through Christ is fully realized only in the church as the "priesthood" of all believers. There is not space here to elaborate the difficulties Luther encountered later (by 1539 there had begun a definite turn). The purpose of this discussion of Luther

is only to point out the early emphasis of the sixteenth-century Lutheran reformation by way of saying that what is happening now is very similar.

AM told that particularly on the Continent and to a less degree in Britain and Greece, the rediscovery of the nature of the church is taking the form of lay movements which undercut in practice rather than in articulate doctrine the hierarchical understanding of vocation and the church. It is precisely at this point that a new understanding of vocation may emerge, based both on the doctrine of justification and New Testament eschatology.

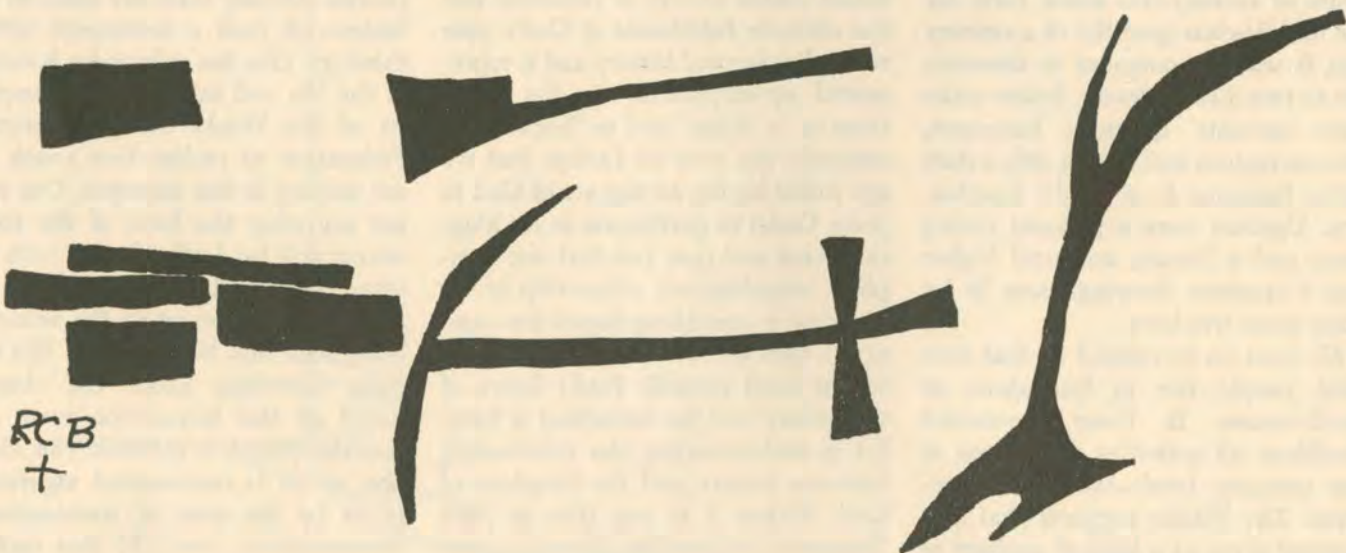
To use a phrase that is almost trite, "the ground is level at the foot of the cross." The bungalow of new life in Christ is not even a split-level house, much less a multistoried structure. All work is done on the same plane. The calling is identical: to meet the neighbor in love wherever one meets him in one's work and play. It is in this sense that all or any work, for the saved man (the man who lives in the awareness of justification) is the means for fulfilling his vocation, which is to be a priest (or as Luther put it "a Christ") to his neighbor.

The rediscovery of the biblical view of history becomes relevant at this point. The calling from God is a calling to participation in the demands of

the moment with their moral ambiguities but also it is a calling to participate ultimately in the kingdom where there is forgiveness and the resolution of these ambiguities. Either one without the other would be absurd. The call to the duty of the moment without forgiveness would drive one deeper into guilt. The call to forgiveness without the demands of the moment (cheap grace) would lead to a life of complete moral relativity. The call to duty of the moment would entangle one in hopeless anxiety about the rightness or wrongness of his acts. While the call to forgiveness without the call to the duty of the moment would lead to presumptuous lack of concern for the Divine imperative.

This is a hope-filled doctrine in that it makes us utterly responsible, but not ultimately responsible, for the faithfulness of what we do as we live and work in the world. It puts one's life and work in the perspective of God's plan of redemption, and enables us to hold in tension the otherwise impossible conflict between law and grace. Brunner rightly asserts that this idea of vocation or calling makes short work of fanaticism about what one does, and hopeless acquiescence about what one can do. He says:

Here what matters most is not the improvement of one particular place in the world, of conditions and





circumstances—although such procedure has its own secondary place—nor the search “for the right place for me,” but the thankful acceptance of the place, at which I am now set, from the hands of providence, as the sphere of my life, as the place in which, and according to the possibilities of which, I am to meet my neighbor in love. The idea of the Calling makes us free from all feverish haste, from bitterness, and from the—finally inevitable—resignation of the reformer; at the same time it keeps the door open for me to undertake such reforming work when it is the duty appointed to me in the exercise of my particular “office.” (Divine Imperative, p. 203.)

FINALLY, I should like to anticipate three questions which must be answered on the basis of the broad and general doctrine of vocation to which I have pointed.

First, “what is the place within this doctrine for a professionalized, specially ordained ministry?” We are moving into a period when, in recruitment of the best young men and women for these church jobs, it will definitely not be enough to talk in vague, sentimental terms about “full-time Christian service.”

It must be asserted with boldness that there is no difference between the ordained and the nonordained. That is, no difference in terms of na-

ture or grace. We must help our people understand that the minister is set apart in a special, pastoral way as one of them, to devote our full time to helping them prepare for the ministry of Christ in the world of factory, field, office, and classroom (by study, teaching, preaching and leading in the sacramental offices in the church). I would agree in large part with Luther that the true apostolic succession is where one disciple of Christ, apprehended by grace, declares to another the word of reconciliation. Acknowledging the right of the visible church to maintain orders for assuring historical continuity, clericalism must be rejected and the whole church must move toward a rediscovery of the meaning of the laity.

Secondly, “How do I decide what work I’m supposed to do?” This is still a legitimate question since it is clearly evident that some people are better equipped for some jobs than others. To begin with, two ways of answering the question are eliminated by the doctrine of vocation. (1) The Christian cannot withdraw from the world. That is to say, not even in the name of purity can he retreat from work that involves him in the moral ambiguities of his culture. (2) Neither can the Christian compromise with the moral ambiguities of his culture to the extent that he works within ambiguous situations as though they were unambiguous and without recognizing the demand for righteousness within these

sinful structures. One may begin to answer this question in this way: granted my abilities, what work will afford me the greatest opportunity for meeting my neighbor in love.

Thirdly, there is the question, “May I answer the Calling in any job?” To be sure all work, all means of fulfilling the Christian vocation must be tested by the demand for love and justice and it may be that one will renounce the hidden things of dishonesty by rejecting some jobs altogether. Generally speaking, however, all love encounter with the neighbor is considered in the Protestant tradition as of equal value and potential holiness as a means for fulfilling the Christian calling.

IT seems to me that many of the most serious Christian students make the grave mistake of always thinking of vocation as something that lies ahead. The doctrine of vocation to which I have tried to point, eternally rejects all attempts to project fulfillment of vocation into the future. It reminds us that the calling is to the royal priesthood in the demands of the NOW.

I believe one reason we have so few really good students is that there is so little understanding of what one *does* as a student, being the means whereby one serves God. A recovery of the Christian understanding of vocation would mark a great leap toward the restoration of meaning and a sense of purpose on the campus.



Courtesy, Catholic Worker, 39 Spring St., New York 12, N. Y.

DI FIORE

brothers in christ

THE STORY OF THE COMMUNITY OF TAIZE, FRANCE

BY BETTY THOMPSON

ON a quiet hill in Burgundy the once static rural village of Taize has been transformed into the center of a vital new movement in ecumenical witness.

The Brotherhood of Taize, composed largely of young laymen from the Reformed and Lutheran traditions and a smaller number of ordained pastors, has its permanent home here. Thirty young men have brought a twentieth-century Protestant approach to contemplation and action.

In the port city of Marseilles it would be difficult in some ways to distinguish the three Taize brothers from their fellow laborers. Brother Pierre has been working in the building trades for two years and has been active in presenting the grievances of his fellow workers to management. Brother Jose is a carpenter there. Brother Axel is a specialist in the repair of sewing machines.

"There is nothing visibly different about us," Brother Pierre says of the Taize men employed in industry. "It is our presence that counts. We do not want to be too aggressive. We wait for an occasion for conversation. We

are conscious that this is an important ministry as far as the church is concerned."

To make concrete the idea of the open-mindedness of the church to all people in all conditions is one of the goals of Taize. The brothers who work in Marseilles in the tough atmosphere of factory and waterfront seek to give witness by their way of life.

Taize brothers working in Marseilles and elsewhere do not have a program of industry chaplaincy or anything in the way of formal approach outside their Taize aims. They hope for the spontaneous confidence of their working companions and for judgment by their deeds. The flexibility of the brotherhood allows the three brothers in Marseilles who share living quarters and liturgical life to work out their own approaches to their jobs. For example, only one of them has found that activity as a trade-union spokesman suits the particular needs of his calling.

The brothers are encouraged by their reception in the local Protestant parish with which they are allied. They have conducted services in the

church there in the white robes which brothers wear when engaged in liturgical services.

Because of the energy and success with which they work at their tasks in the world, the Taize brothers have been able to overcome much of the distrust sometimes evident in Protestant circles toward the broad aims of their brotherhood.

STARTED in 1939 by Roger Schutz, then a young theologian active in the Swiss Student Christian Movement, the concept of the brotherhood of common ownership, celibacy and obedience has been slowly worked out along the Reformed principles. He wished to start a brotherhood where Protestants who desire to give themselves body and soul to God could come together and share in life, work, and worship. Prior Roger wished to avoid the concept of the monastery, the cloister separated from the world. From the beginning the brothers of Taize have found their work in the world, making real the concept of ecumenical witness.

Anyone wishing to make a case



against the Taize brothers because they are too "otherworldly" would have a difficult time in the face of their record of social concern growing out of the devout pledges they make in accepting membership in the order. Farming, medicine, ceramics, psychology, law are among the professions represented among them. There is no attempt to force individual brothers into paths which they are not equipped by talent, training, and inclination to follow.

The Prior first came to Taize during the war years. For two years (1940-1942) he lived there alone in a part of France which was close to the demarcation line between occupied and unoccupied France. It was his hope that after the war a community should be started there. Those years were spent in preparation, in prayer, and study for the accomplish-

ment of his vision. He harbored refugees, including Jews, until the German occupation of France forced him to return to Geneva. There he prepared the actual "rule" of the community.

During the war years (1942-1944) two others joined him. The three brothers were busy in Geneva with student conferences such as that on "Communism, Christianity and Social Realism" in 1943. They were in touch with students and trade-union leaders and working people. In those years they were in contact with and helped political refugees.

It was in 1943 that the three first brothers began living with a rule and conducting daily liturgical services in Geneva's Cathedral of St. Pierre, the church of Calvin.

With the liberation of France, four brothers, the Prior, Roger Schutz, Max Thurian, Pierre Souvairan, and

Daniel de Montmollin returned to Taize despite warnings from friends that it was too early to start such an experiment. A hostel for children who had been made homeless by the war was begun. The Prior's sister, Genevieve Schutz, is responsible for this part of the work.

DR. Robert Gissard came to Taize at Easter in 1948 to engage in a spiritual retreat. He had read of Taize in French Protestant papers and knew generally about its work. A medical student finishing his work in Paris, he did not come with the intention of joining the brotherhood. Ten days later when he left Taize, he recalls, he returned to Paris to finish his thesis convinced "that all my past life had prepared me for this."

Brother Robert, the community's first resident doctor, has a small clinic in one of the yellow-stone buildings of Taize. He treats hundreds of villagers and nearby farmers and their families. In his office is some surprisingly modern equipment.

But the doctor is reluctant to discuss his own work. Like other brothers he is eager to describe the accomplishments of Brother Alain, who happens to be his brother by birth as well as in the Taize community. A modern dairying cooperative for the region has been organized by the young farmer who convinced the local farmers in a formerly cattle-raising region that their best opportunity was in dairying. His ability to deal with the local milk trust which sought to oppose the new venture has achieved impressive results in a relatively short time.

Taize has none of the test tube sterility of the "model farm" community. The Burgundian farmers would probably distrust it if it did. But in the big barn 48 cows and bulls, some of them prize winners at the regional

show in Macon, are the center of a new way of agricultural life. More than eighty communities belong to the milk cooperative organized under the guidance of Brother Alain. Modern electrical milking equipment is used at Taize and local farmers have been instructed in the care of their animals as well as the marketing of their products.

The barn and the little building where the doctor works are places where those who have long lived in and near Taize can see what the community is trying to do in the practical realm. On the narrow road that is the main thoroughfare of the village are the pottery shop and the kiln where Brother Daniel, working with an apprentice who is one of the local boys, turns out the handsome modern pottery of Taize.

All this is happening in a village which was once falling into ruins. The main building of the community is a graceful seventeenth-century mansion. Here at Easter, people come from near and far to breakfast with the brothers after the dawn worship. At Easter the brothers who are scattered from North Africa to Germany return to share in the Holy Days, to renew the ties of brotherhood.

The Prior, Roger Schutz, in looking back on the dozen years since the brotherhood got actually underway,

says that more than ever he is convinced of the necessity for Christians to see problems from a world perspective. The Church must, he believes, live not in national structures but on a world-wide scale. The desire for fraternal work in the spirit of the universal Church is what motivates the Taize brothers.

The Taize brothers are interested in conversation and witness with Catholics as well as fellow Protestants. They believe that "dialogue" or conversation between people of different religions and different political belief is necessary.

Their relationships with the local community and residents have been strengthened through the community work of the doctor and the dairy cooperative. As brothers have gone out to other countries the ideas of the Taize community have spread and visitors have come from many countries to see for themselves the source of the work.

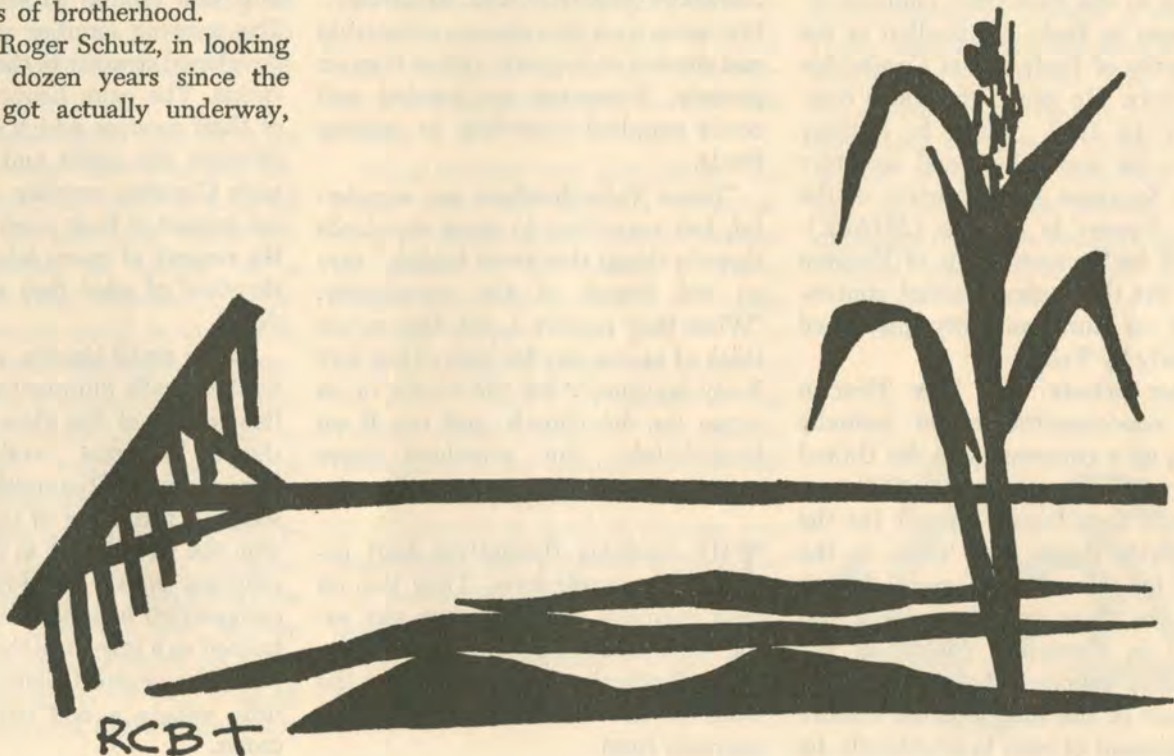
A VISIT to the United States by Roger Schutz and Max Thurian in 1955 created interest in the Taize aims in that country. They visited many different places and people and

came back filled with hope and plans for a series of contact missions with all sorts of youth groups in America.

"When we left Europe for America, we were full of prejudice and doubtful of the results of our trip," Prior Roger confesses. "But we were tremendously impressed with what we found and the great possibilities of developing the Taize basis in America."

Last October 13, two Taize brothers, Frere Laurent von Bommel and Frere Gerald Jacques Albert Huni, arrived in the United States to begin work at Packard Manse, the experimental center in Stoughton, Massachusetts, dedicated to the renewal of the Church (*motive*, May, 1959). Packard Manse has quietly launched a Catholic-Protestant study project, "to seek by every means to discover the meaning of the Christian gospel for our time."

Joining the staff of Packard Manse for six months to engage in this study project are the two Taize brothers.





Frere Laurent, who will head the project, is from the Netherlands where he studied and practiced law from 1947 to 1952. Since then he has worked for CIMADE, the French Protestant refugee and relief organization and as assistant to the Lutheran chaplain at the University of Bonn. He worked in North Africa and served stints as a fellow in the Ecumenical Program at Advanced Studies at Union Theological Seminary and with the Department on the Laity of the World Council.

Frere Gerard, his colleague and brother in the Protestant community, was born in Paris. He studied at the University of Paris and at Cambridge University. He joined the Taize community in 1953. While in military service, he was a bilingual secretary at the Supreme Headquarters of the Allied Powers in Europe (SHAPE). In 1957 he became editor of *Verbum Caro*, the theological journal concentrating on Christian unity, published quarterly by Taize.

Roger Schutz and Max Thurian were noncommittal about actually setting up a community in the United States at the time of their 1955 trip, although they found support for the idea. Prior Roger sees Taize as the center for some time to come, though there are plans underway for a fraternity in Germany. Aware of the difficulties involved both in the acceptance of the idea and the mature development of such brotherhoods, he

wants to go slow in plans for expansion.

The Taize brothers do, however, feel pushed by the idea of visible unity of Christians living together.

Possibly the most difficult thing for the ordinary Protestant to grasp is the necessity for acceptance of something in the nature of vows in the Brotherhood. But the pledges or "engagements" they make are not negative. They are more in the nature of acceptance than of renunciation. The Taize rule is not merely to adopt existing monastic vows. They shy away from the words "monastic" and "monastery." Emphasis is on the common ownership and sharing of property rather than on poverty. Resources are pooled and needs supplied according to existing funds.

"These Taize brothers are wonderful, but according to some standards they do things that seem foolish," says an old friend of the community. "When they receive a gift, they never think of saving any for later. They buy X-ray equipment for the doctor or an organ for the church, and use it up immediately. But somehow more money always seems to come."

THE brothers themselves lead extremely simple lives. They live on their earnings and turn over any extra, aside from their basic necessities, to the Brotherhood. Proceeds from the work of the brothers all go into the common fund.

Although the brothers agree to remain single, they stress that they feel no superiority of celibacy over marriage for everyone. A book on the subject of celibacy and marriage by Max Thurian outlines the theological and historical reasons for such individual choices and sacrifices in furthering the total witness of the church.

The brothers accept obedience to the Prior but there is no specific authoritarianism involved. Rather than the exercise of authoritarian principles as such, the rule of obedience is an acceptance of the responsibility of the pastor to keep the flock together. The visitor to Taize is struck by the relaxed informality and fellowship of the brothers.

Simplicity is evident everywhere in the Taize community—in dress, in the "transparency" they practice in discussing with each other their shortcomings, in the attempt at freedom from selfish ambition and possession of worldly goods. Joy, simplicity, mercy are sought through the exhortation to fraternal life, "fill yourself with the spirit of the Beatitudes." Inner silence, prayer, worship, and action are all essential to the Taize way of life.

Daring and imagination have gone into this unique Protestant venture. The growing number of brothers has developed steadily in their sense of vocation. The calm beauty and dignity of their services which attempt to rediscover the spirit and substance of early Christian worship, and the spiritual impact of their work have merited the respect of many who were at first skeptical of what they were trying to do.

In the small church, with its white-washed walls illuminated by the brilliant colors of the glass windows designed by artist Brother Eric, the strong voices of the brothers repeat the songs. A recording of the service here won the Grand Prix in the section for religious music in France's annual competition in 1955. Brother Laurent, trained as a lawyer in the Netherlands, plays the organ. Outside in the quiet little village a dog barks or a cock crows.

one religion in four

BY EDMUND PERRY

CHRISTIANITY is only one among several religions and many Christians accept this to be entirely normal. Some regard it to be normal because in their thinking there is no radical difference between faith in Jesus Christ and faith as expressed in other *high* religions. Others regard it to be normal because, as they view the matter, each religion is structured to meet the preferences of the culture in which it prevails.

Both of these attitudes have been challenged of late by non-Christians. Hindus, Buddhists and Muslims see a vast difference between their faith and the faith that has a distinctive Christian element, and spokesmen for these other faiths are no longer willing for their religions to be thought of as belonging to a particular nation or culture.

Each of these three non-Christian religions is being offered to the farthest reaches of the earth as a world religion for the emerging world culture. Christianity no longer has a monopoly on the missionary enterprise. The whole world is the parish of four, not one, missionary religions.

It is therefore exceedingly ambiguous, especially in the United States, to use the word "religion" and expect one's auditors to think solely of Christianity. Other religions are represented among us not only by the presence of governmental representatives from Hindu, Buddhist and Muslim countries, but by spokesmen for these religions. The effect of the work of these spokesmen is both a leavening

influence, eradicating the strangeness and remoteness associated by so many Christians with these faiths, and a significant number of conversions from Christianity to one or another of these new alternatives.

Our heritage of freedom of and deference to religion in the United States works happily with the missionary aims and tactics of these non-Christian religions. It seems the part of good citizenship to accord them every encouragement possible.

So, already in the large cities of our country, the Hindu, Buddhist and Islamic houses of worship have begun to take their tax-exempt place alongside tax-exempt Catholic and Protestant churches, and frequently there is greater mutual acceptance of each other than has been the case of Protestants and Catholics even in American history.

It has become very popular for the youth, men and women's organizations in Christian churches to feature as speaker of the month a Hindu swami, a Buddhist priest or a Muslim spiritual leader. There still is very little exchange of priest and pastor in our midst. When the President of the United States attended the official dedication of the Islamic mosque and center of information in Washington, D. C., hardly a word of dissent was heard from any religious segment of our population. Had he attended the dedication of a Roman Catholic church, all Protestantism would have yelled for separation of church and state.

PERHAPS because we "think big" we do not regard these missionaries to be real competitors. But it is worth pondering that in the past quarter century, there have been 7,000 converts from one or another form of Christianity to Islam, the religion heralded by the Arabian Prophet Muhammad. These converts plus the first and second generation of Islamic immigrants give us a community of nearly 80,000 Muslims in the United States.

The recent granting of statehood to Hawaii calls attention to a significant Buddhist element in our population. According to some statistics, Hawaii's population was at one time 95 per cent Christian. Today the largest single religious group in Hawaii is the Buddhists, with 160,000 devotees in a total population of 640,000. This gain for the Buddhists is due not to immigration alone but also to a vigorous missionary activity by Buddhist priests and teachers in the islands. On the mainland of North America there are already more than 100 Buddhist



priests of the liberal (Mahayanist) sects. We are told that the stricter denomination, the Theravadists, is in process of training missionaries for all English-speaking countries.

It is more difficult to assess the numerical strength of the Hindus in our country because they are more interested in creating a climate of opinion than in membership rolls. The Hindu swami does not want to decimate the rolls of the Christian churches but to alter the traditional Christian attitude that in Christ alone men find present and eternal salvation. If he can succeed in getting the Christian to acknowledge that God has numerous ways by which he leads men to himself and to recognize the values of all religions, the swami has indeed succeeded and cares not one whit about the label one uses.

Both Hindus and Buddhists in the United States have adapted their mode of worship to the pattern of Western Christianity, holding worship services on Sunday morning. One meets at the services of either of these groups people holding membership in some Christian or Unitarian church or Jewish synagogue and others who have no organizational affiliation with any faith group.

Intense personal interest in these religions is manifested on the college and university campuses where students can enroll in courses in oriental philosophy and religion. It is not infrequent that a professor in some discipline other than philosophy or religion has found meaning for his life in one of these oriental philosophies and carries on disciplined discussions with inquiring students and other professors.

THE world of religions to which Christ sent his disciples has come to the "world" of Christianity, so that we can no longer accurately speak of a Christian nation or domain. The whole world is the world of several religions.

The message of these other religions is in large measure a word of judgment upon the disparity between the Christian proclamation and the Christians' performance. This word of judgment

is to many Christians also a word of wooing away from traditional Christianity to another faith. Loyal American patriots, who themselves fought in wars for their country, find it difficult to understand how readily the churches can muster support for military concerns during a war but rarely act significantly for the causes of peace beyond a casual, sentimental reference to the Prince of Peace. Others ponder such ironies as a large metropolitan church boasting its corps of missionaries in Africa but refusing membership and even fellowship inside its walls to Negroes living in the same block of the street with the church.

Both at home and abroad ears are deafened to the Christian proclama-

we could not worship with him in the very church that pays him to come out here and preach. We might become Christians but we would be *black Christians!*"

Other hitherto Christians recoil from the widespread contentment of Christians in the West with knowledge of things occidental. While preaching Christ to be the Light of the world they do not care to see what he illuminates in the cultures of Asia and Africa. The farthest thing from their imagination is the thought that Christ might possibly have some contribution to make to his Church from the art, music and literature of non-Western peoples. Ignorance of and lack of appreciation for all of this world hardly inspire confidence in our knowledge of and claims for matters eternal.

The lack of zeal for peace, the unpracticed ideals of Christian brotherhood and haughty contentment with limited knowledge turn many a nominal Christian to another faith and to another gospel, hoping for some good news in deed and not in word only. It is precisely to these defects in everyday Christianity that the message of the militant non-Christian religions is addressed.

THE challenge of these other faiths has put Christians in a missionary situation whether they like it or not and is compelling us to inquire afresh what is that distinctively Christian factor in our faith and whether that factor involves us in a missionary witness to the world both near and far away. To this extent, the earnest Christian can be genuinely thankful for the missionary outreach of the revitalized religions of the world. In recent years the Christian laity has been given all too little motivation to inquire into the centralities of the Christian faith, and this generalized ignorance of Christianity has contributed no little to the generous reception which the other faiths have received from us.

Missionaries of these other religions report that they have little occasion to construct convincing arguments against



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tion of brotherhood in Christ by the churches' practice of race segregation. One Christian missionary tells of being challenged in Africa by a Muslim who interrupted the Christian's sermon to say to the audience, "Why do we listen to this man? If we were to join his church and go to his country,

motive

Christianity for the full conversion of their inquirers. This is not to say that all converts from Christianity are uninformed. One of the strongest arguments against embracing the Christian faith is the very nature of the Christian gospel itself. It does indeed repel the natural generosity and stagger cultivated imagination to be told that our present and eternal salvation consists in faith in Jesus Christ alone. But unfortunately it is just this repulsive fact with all its implications which has been conspicuously absent from so much Protestant preaching and instruction. In the language of the campus, Christian preaching and teaching have confused "pepping up" and "wising up" for "shaking up."

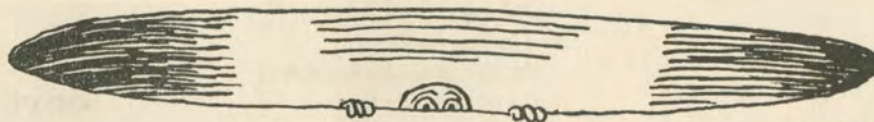
In the presence of the appeals of Hinduism, Buddhism and Islam and in the acknowledged condition of impoverishment, we Christians are made to ask, Is there salvation in Jesus

Christ and is there salvation elsewhere? If there is salvation in Jesus Christ and in him alone, to assess another religion and state its relation to Christianity, we need only to ask, Does this religion have Jesus Christ? We need no longer quibble whether there is among devotees of non-Christian faiths a religious experience as rich and satisfying as Christian experience, for it is not religious experience that saves, but Jesus Christ.


If we take the Bible as our norm, a corollary to the affirmation that Jesus alone saves is acceptance of the responsibility imposed by his having committed unto us the ministry of his salvation. The world for which he died and which is therefore now already his, is the world to which we are sent with the ministry of good news and good services. That world presently exists where his name is acknowledged in faith, where his name is re-



jected, and where his name has not been heard—which is to say, whether we go or stay, we are in a missionary situation with a missionary responsibility. Thanks be to God for the coming to our shores of people of other faiths, for now the greatest and the least, the eldest and the youngest, the foremost and the remotest Christian is confronted with an opportunity to call from the peoples of the earth some representatives into the family of Christ.



IS IT WORTH THE EFFORT?



progress please

*They're clearing the land, chopping the mountain, moving it around,
I understand they're going to set the sun on top
And move the moon to a relocation center,
Stars will blink on and off, spelling out Paradise Mansions.*

*They're going to move the Alhambra and a room from the Louvre
Across the street, intact, beside the pony ride and swimming pool,
The super-shopping center opens lit by a torch exactly like the one
Carried by Pheidippides on his dash to Mount Molympo.*

*The walls will be made of television and you can switch stations by thinking.
Nothing could be easier than taking roast red Pekin duck out of the freezer:
It will be served in seconds by imitation lackeys from Buckingham Palace.*

*You will be able to slide the State University into your dining room
By pushing the button of any professor with a Ph.D., and saying
"Progress Please." And on every corner an IBM slot machine will provide
Answers to all religious questions in twenty-five words or less.
The whole world will be compatible in color.*

two poems by pierre henri delattre

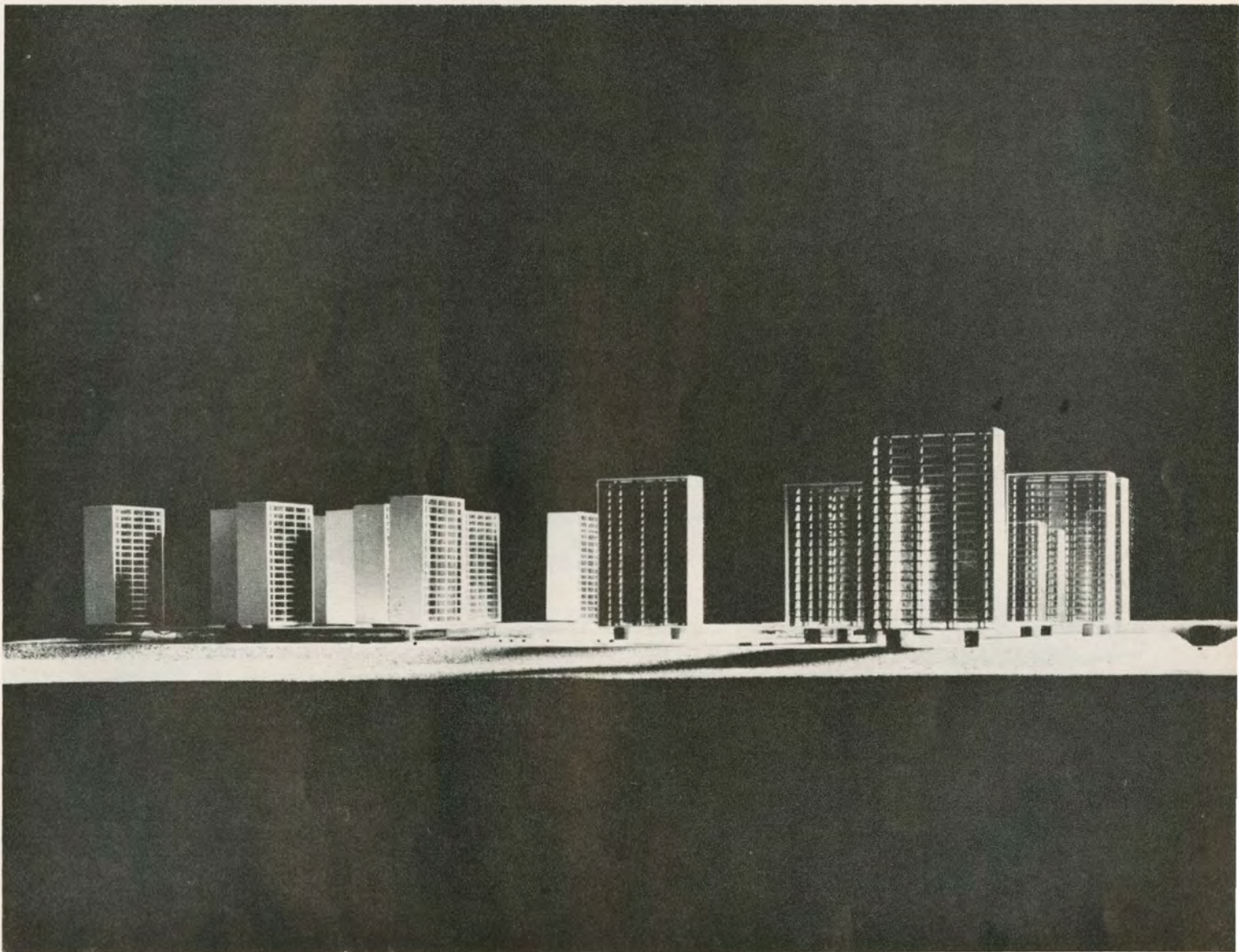
*The feet of the priest
Parsing the earth
Turn toward the feast
Of lovers, born
And giving birth.
He, too, must be nourished
In the dark of the tree
Who afterwards serves
Grace from anonymity;
While they, partaking
Of that holy food
Will daily preserve
The intimate proximity
Of God and world*

ceremonial

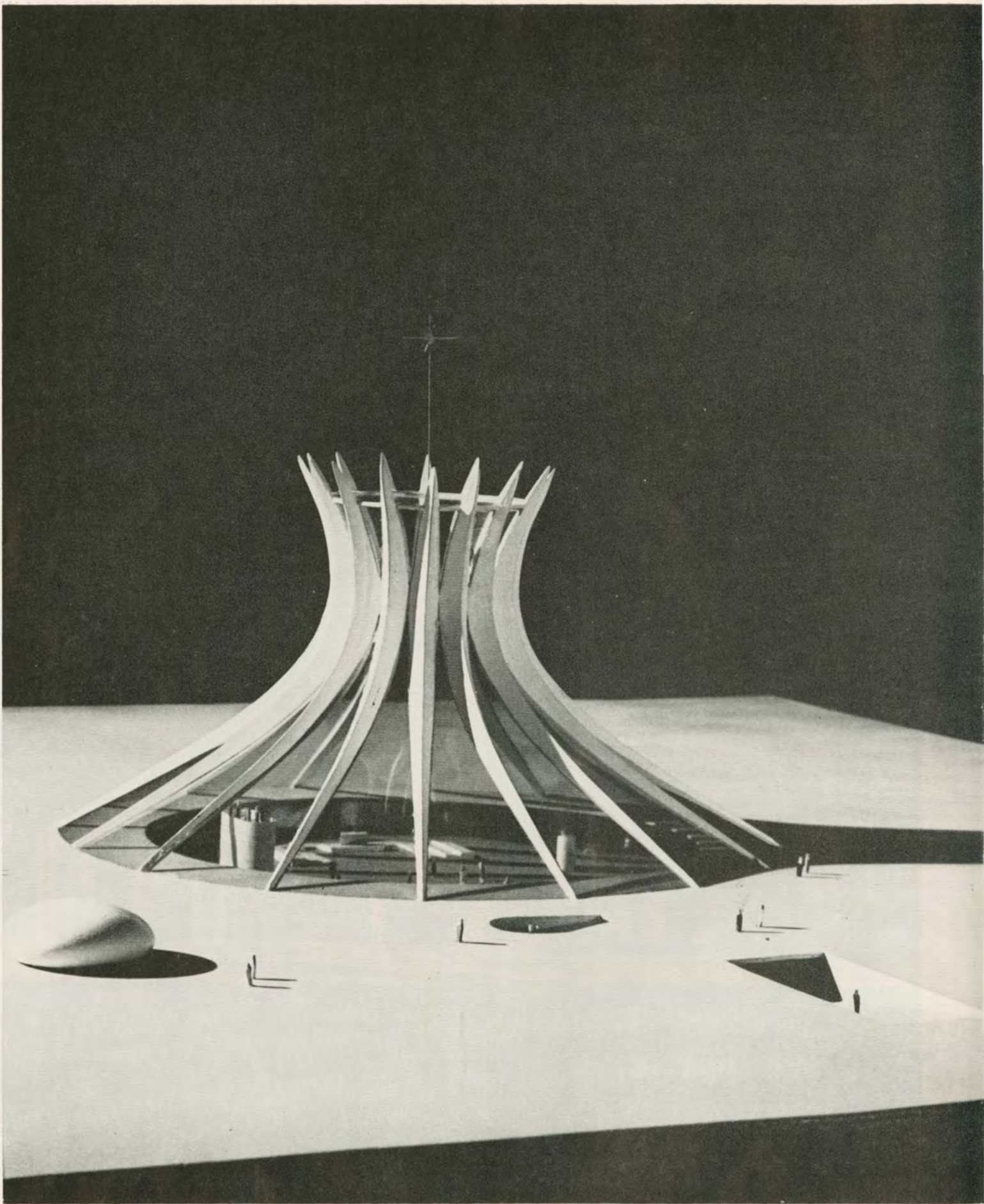
an
adventure
in
architecture:

brasilia

BY BETTY WILSON ROBINSON



THE BANK AREA SHOWING "INTERNATIONAL STYLE" OFFICES.



CATHEDRAL OF BRASILIA. MUSHROOM DOME TO LEFT IS THE BAPTISTRY. ENTRANCE TO RIGHT.

ARCHITECT NIEMEYER USES MATERIALS
SYMBOLICALLY: CIRCLE SIGNIFIES PURITY
AND ETERNAL TRUTH; BOWED COLUMNS
RISE IN THE FORM OF SUPPLICATION
TO GOD AND PRAISE; THE 21 COLUMNS ARE
THE MULTIPLICATION OF THE NUMBER
3 FOR THE TRINITY, 7 FOR SACRAMENTS;
GLASS WALLS REPRESENT THE CHURCH
LOOKING OUT ON THE WORLD, ALWAYS AWARE
OF ITS RESPONSIBILITY

ROME was not built in a day; indeed, during its first couple of hundred years it was nothing but a cluster of hamlets. Athens was boasting of its antiquity centuries before it had much else to boast of. Washington did not become even a muddy village till eight years after ground was broken for the White House in 1792, and it remained one well into the nineteen-hundreds. But the Brazilians fully intend to have their new capital ready to move into on April 21, 1960—three years or so from the laying of the first stone.

Or rather, perhaps, from the pouring of the first concrete. For Brazil is nearly as famous for its contemporary architecture as for its coffee, and no references to anything so old-fashioned as stone-laying can convey an idea of the kind of city Brasília is to be. Its architectural supervisor is the iconoclastic Oscar Niemeyer, and its airplane-shaped urban plan is the work of the equally revolutionary Lúcio Costa, who was mainly responsible for the Ministry of Education building in Rio de Janeiro. Costa prefers to call his plan cross-shaped, "the primary gesture of one who marks or takes possession of a place"—an appropriate piece of symbolism, since the site of Brasília is an empty plateau six hundred miles northwest of Rio in the hitherto neglected hinterland of Goiás State. But the plane makes just as good a symbol of this futuristic city that was started by airlift because there were no roads through the surrounding wilderness.

Times have changed since then. The roads are open now, including an asphalted stretch to Anápolis, eighty miles away, which establishes a link with the rest of the country. On the blood-red earth the outline of Costa's plan is becoming discernible: a five-mile long, 820-foot wide Monumental Axis crossed at right angles by a curved six-lane Residential Axis seven and a half-

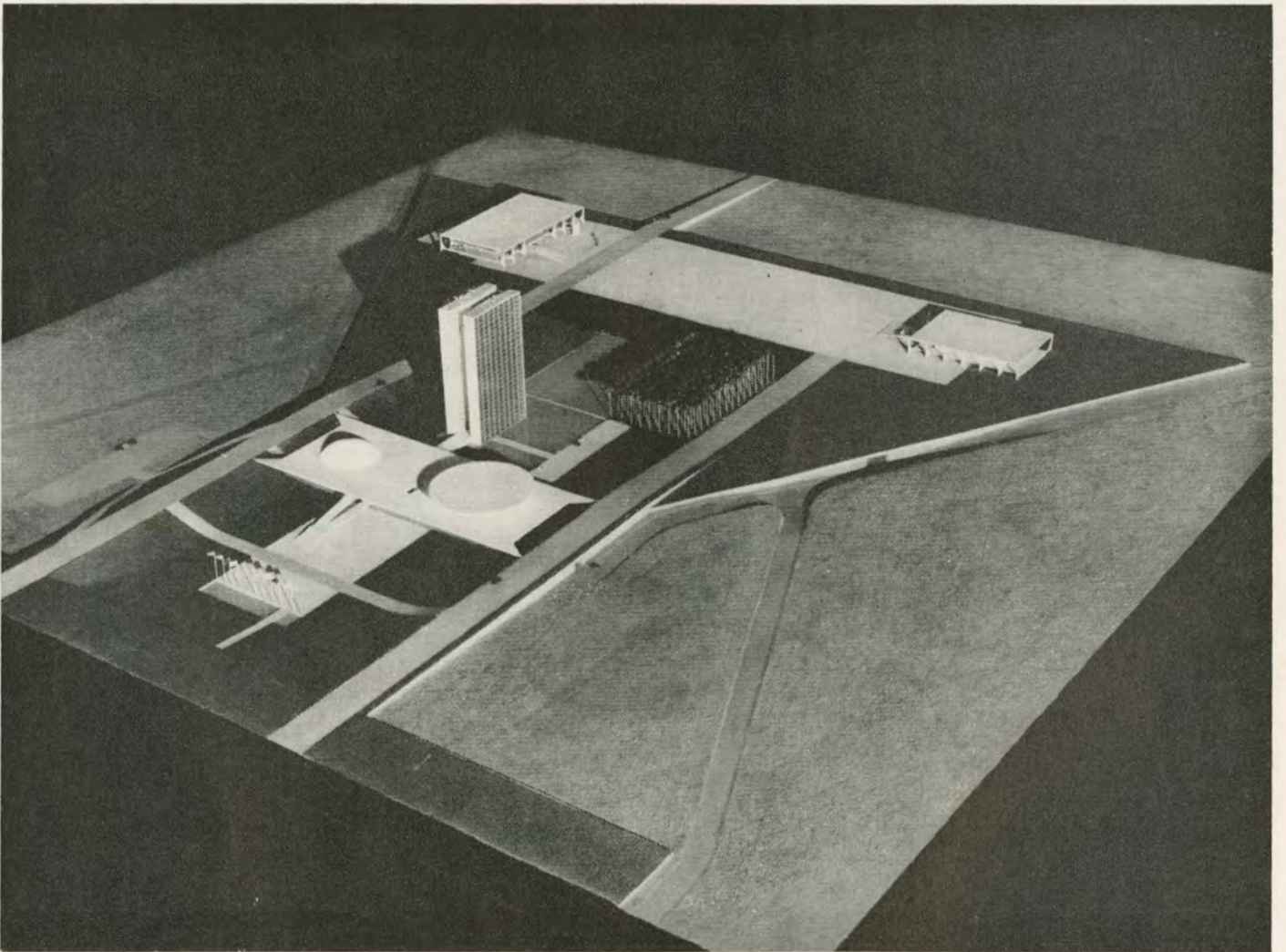
miles long and giving access to a series of superblocs that will be enclosed within belts of trees. Within the outline some of Niemeyer's white buildings are taking shape. Two were officially inaugurated on June 30. These are the presidential residence, which will also serve temporarily as administrative headquarters, and the four-story Hotel de Turismo, with accommodations for 350. As part of the proceedings, President Juscelino Kubitschek received the credentials of the new Portuguese ambassador, who thought it historically appropriate that he should be "first," in the *Palacio da Alvorada* (Dawn Palace), as the residence is officially known. Because of the swooping columns that are its most prominent feature, this long, low structure is more informally known as "Oscar's cardiogram."

ACTUALLY, the process of building Brasília is as dramatic as anything in Costa's and Niemeyer's conception. Between fifteen and twenty thousand people consider themselves directly engaged in it—whether as technicians, construction workers, shopkeepers, schoolteachers or wives and children of the foregoing—and moreover regard Brasília as already a city. To one side of the roughed-in Monumental Axis, on the site of the future zoo, is the community in which they live: a pine-board frontier town complete with schools, hotels, a hospital, a newspaper, a movie theater, and over three hundred flourishing businesses. Some of its buildings are so dashing in design that it seems rather a pity they are all to be torn down in three years. Supplied by trucks roaring in day and night from outside, these people have made some notable dents in the landscape.

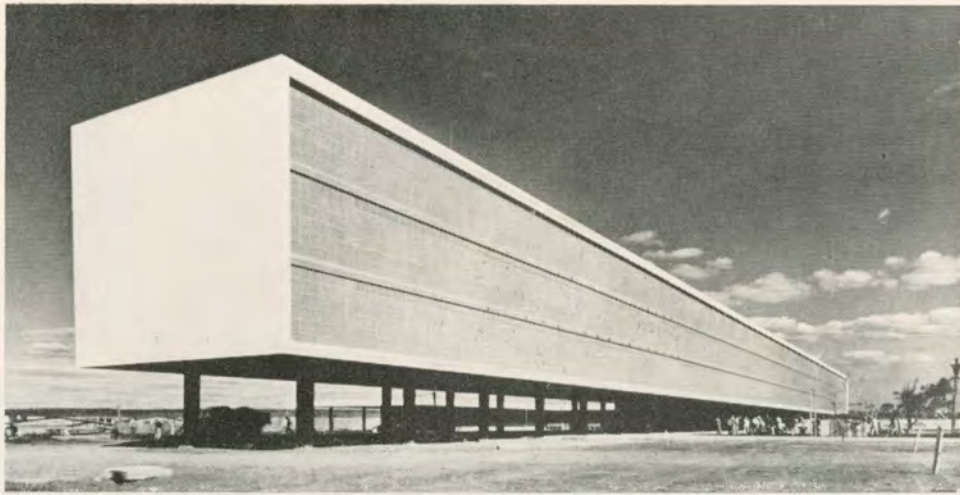
They have finished the airport, down at the end of
(Continued on page 26)

"Every Brazilian talks about Brasilia. . . . It is a fantastic undertaking, like the building of the Pyramids, some tell you, made possible by an airlift. Others say that it's a gigantic mirage, the passionate hallucination of Juscelino Kubitschek, Brazil's president, who is hypnotized by his minister of finance. They say it's all a folly, that only a fool would try to build a city in the middle of the jungle, a thousand kilometers inland, without roads or rails leading there, and fly in every brick, beam of steel and bag of cement. . . ."

—Ludwig Bemelmans, *Brazil's Fantastic New Capital*, HOLIDAY, March, 1959

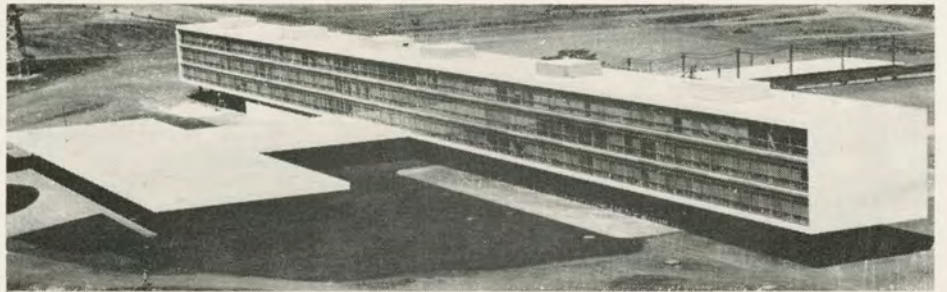


MODEL OF CONGRESS COMPLEX, DESIGNED BY OSCAR NIEMEYER. THE SENATE (LEFT) IS ROUND DOME, AND CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES (INVERTED DOME). BEHIND IS TWENTY-FIVE-STORY SECRETARIAT, TALLEST BUILDING IN BRASILIA.

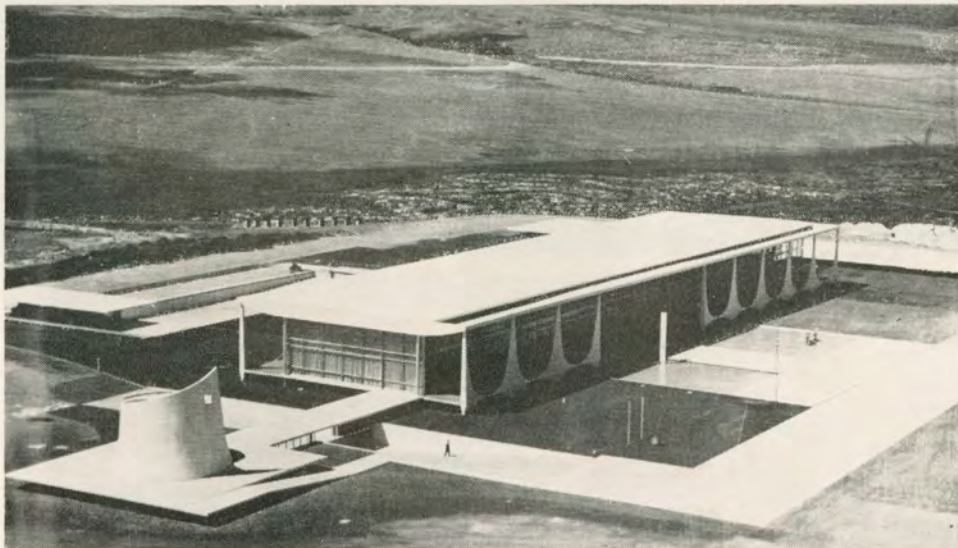


REAR VIEW OF BRASILIA PALACE HOTEL.
ENTIRE FACADE IS MADE UP OF GLASS BOTTLE ENDS.

FRONT VIEW OF BRASILIA PALACE HOTEL.

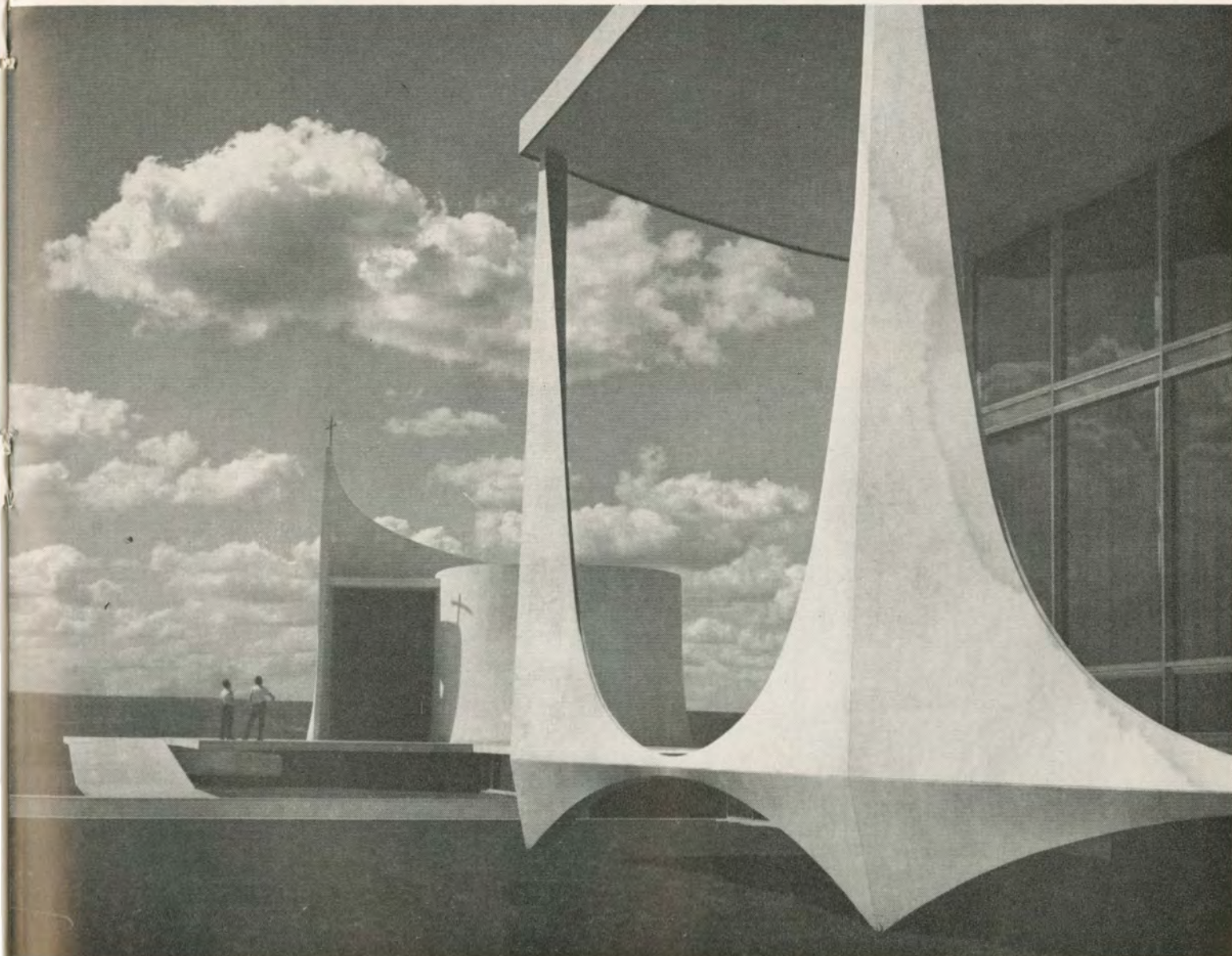


PRESIDENT'S PALACE BY NIEMEYER, SHOWING (FRONT LEFT) THE PRESIDENT'S PRIVATE CHAPEL. THE DARING COLUMNS ARE INTENDED TO "CONFER LIGHTNESS AND ELEGANCE" ON THE STRUCTURE, MAKING IT SEEM TO BE SIMPLY RESTING ON THE GROUND.

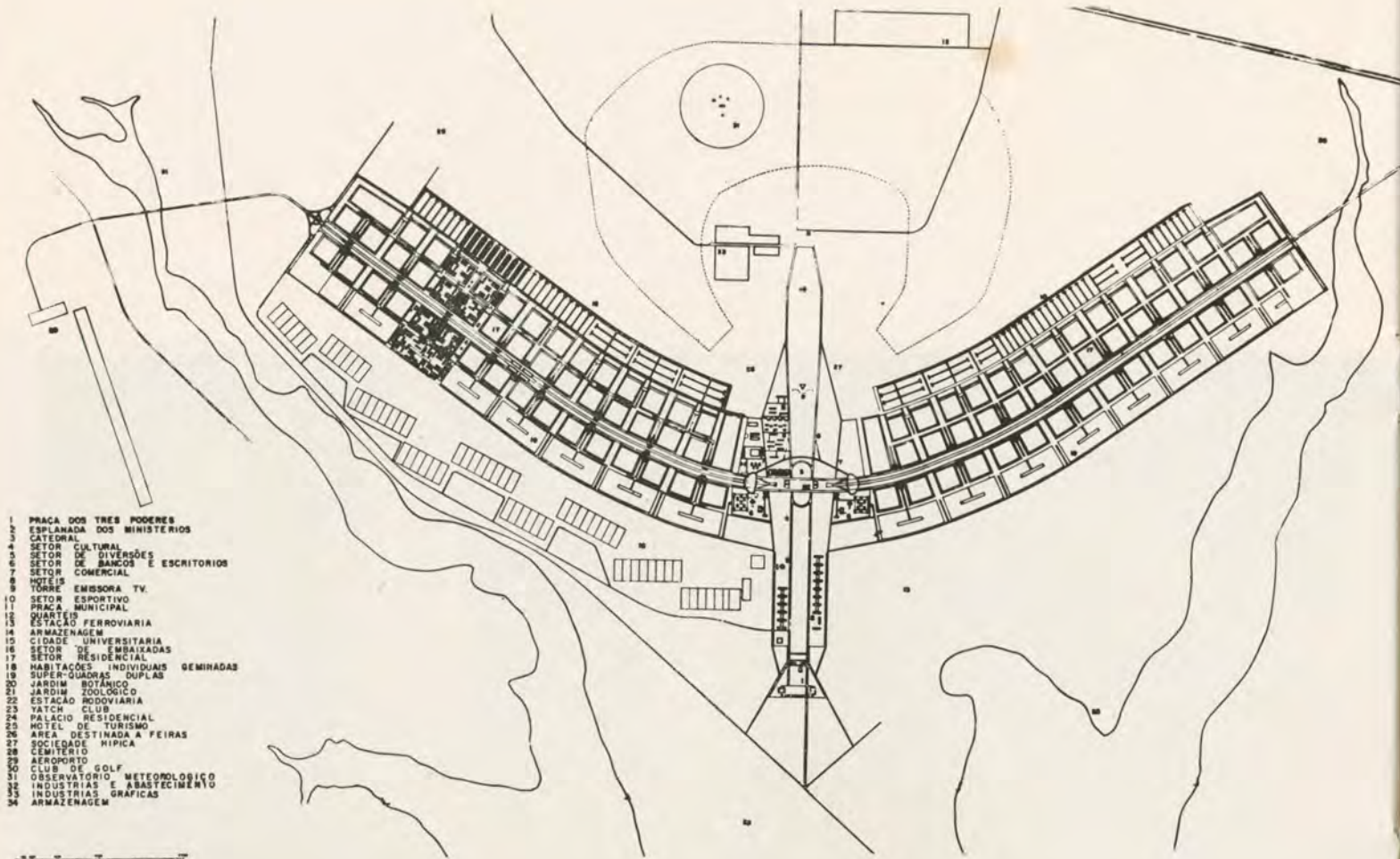




CLOSE-UP OF PRESIDENT'S PALACE SHOWING POOL AND SCULPTURE.



CLOSE-UP OF PRESIDENT'S PALACE WITH CHAPEL IN BACKGROUND SHOWING ITS ENTRANCE AND SPIRAL-SHAPED DESIGN LEADING WORSHIPER INWARD. COLUMNS' STRUCTURE IS OF Poured CONCRETE.



CITY PLAN LAYOUT FOR BRASILIA'S CENTRAL DOWNTOWN AREA. RESIDENTIAL AREAS WILL CLUSTER OVER SURROUNDING UNDEVELOPED AREAS.

the Residential Axis, except for a permanent passenger terminal (a stylish Niemeyer "tempo" is filling in). The biggest in the country, it has a ten-thousand-foot paved runway that will accommodate any kind of plane now in use and is already receiving the scheduled flights of half a dozen air lines. A hundred and fifty miles of street and road have been paved. The first twenty-five miles of the highway to Belo Horizonte have been built; the remaining three hundred are scheduled to be completed within two years. Two stretches of railroad, forty-five and fifty miles long, are pointing toward Belo Horizonte and Sao Paulo. A dam on the River Torto is near completion, together with reservoirs, a water-intake system, a pump house, mains, and sewerage. Eventually three rivers in all will be dammed to form a crescent-shaped artificial lake larger than Guanabara Bay, which will supply the city with water—130 gallons a day per inhabitant—and with a recreation area. Excavation has begun on the 25,000-kilowatt Paranoá hydroelectric plant for the capital itself, and a 400,000-kilowatt plant at the Dou- rada falls, which will furnish power for satellite industrial towns, is well under way.

One thing is not being built: any further additions

to the temporary community. They are not needed, for five hundred permanent one-family houses have been finished and several thousand more dwelling units—apartments and private houses in superblocks that have their own shopping centers—are nearly ready for occupancy. It begins to look as though President Kubitschek were right in taking it for granted that he will finish out his term in Brasília.

It is still handy, however, to have a copy of Lúcio Costa's sketch for ready reference. The shorter Monumental Axis is Brasília's main stem—the (to return to the airplane simile) body of the plane. The Residential Axis, which overpasses it, is the swept-back wings. The juncture of these arteries, typical of Brasília in that there are to be no level crossings in the principal parts of the city, is to be capped by a huge traffic-free concrete platform set aside for theaters and restaurants and flanked by the business district. The "cockpit" of the Monumental Axis will be a vast triangular embankment, the Plaza of the Three Powers, with the Government Palace, the Supreme Court, and the Congress buildings at its corners; behind this are the ministries and cathedral; at the "tail" is the railroad station. Parks, gardens, a university, a diplomatic quarter, and

various cultural and sports facilities are all neatly fitted in, but no industry; the business of Brasília's half million people will be government.

The adaptable Brazilians have accustomed themselves to the notion of a new capital with remarkable speed, considering that generations of them had regarded it, with amiable cynicism, as too visionary even to take the trouble of laughing at. As recently as five years ago, no one really expected to live long enough to see it carried out. Yet what is happening on the plateau is the realization of a dream that dates back to the first stirrings of the independence movement. In 1789, a short-lived revolutionary party called the **Inconfidência** proposed a transfer of the capital to the Minas Gerais town of Sao Joao del Rey, contending with patriotic fervor that seaboard Rio de Janeiro turned its back on its own land and looked across the water to hated Europe. (The date selected for the inauguration of Brasília, April 21, is a national holiday commemorating the execution of the conspiracy's leader, Tiradentes.)

AMONG others advocating a move at various times was one Veloso de Oliveira, in 1810, who believed that the deliberations of government should be "free



MAP OF BRAZIL SHOWING THE LOCATION OF BRASÍLIA AND ITS DISTANCE FROM OTHER MAJOR CITIES.

from the continuous bustle of indiscriminately accumulated people." José Bonifácio, the "Patriarch" who consolidated Brazilian independence, wrote a memorandum in 1822 recommending that a new capital be built in Goiás at a latitude of about 15 degrees and called "Brasília." (The site eventually chosen by the latest scientific methods is only one degree south of Bonifácio's, and his name won out after a brief skirmish with "Vera Cruz," which is what Brazil was first called by its discoverers.) Every constitution from 1823 to 1946 made obeisance to the idea, and in 1892 an official expedition known as the Cruls Mission got as far as delimiting a nineteen-thousand-square-mile oblong tract and submitting a report that nothing was done about.

Meanwhile, the passing years added color to the original arguments and contributed some new ones. The **Inconfidentes'** idealistic motive acquired a practical application. Whatever the direction in which modern Brazil faces, it is certainly not inland. Over 92 per cent of a population of sixty-two million are crowded into a coastal strip averaging about three hundred miles wide, and the wealth is concentrated even more closely in the southern part of the strip; there are few modern descendants of the seventeenth-century **bandeirantes**—the gold-seekers whose westward treks won for the country almost half the territory of South America—to exploit the resources and opportunities that unquestionably exist in the interior, though perhaps not in the fabulous abundance promised by legend. As for Oliveira, he could not have imagined how distracting Rio might become. Furthermore, it is short of water and power and hideously congested, having grown upward because its mountains kept it from spreading outward.

Still, when the Brasília scheme emerged from the realm of fantasy, it did not meet with unanimous approval. One objection, its impracticability, is silenced by the fact that the city is actually going up at a great rate. There is also the usual carping at specific projects or how they are being handled. The most serious protest is that a new capital, particularly one built in such haste, is a luxury Brazil cannot afford at present, with its lopsided economy and skidding currency. But for that very reason the government believes that Brazil cannot afford **not** to build Brasília now. Its philosophy is rather like that of a man who knows himself well enough to put the alarm clock across the room from his bed. If it waits for a soundly based prosperity before making the move, that time will never come, for the coast alone cannot provide it; development of the interior can, and the only way to bring it about seems to be by bodily transporting the nation's axis there. And, considering the long history of statements-in-favor, this must be accomplished in one burst of enthusiasm or it will not get done at all.

In charge of seeing that it does get done is an autonomous government corporation whose official name, Urbanizing Company of the New Capital of Brazil, is universally shortened to Novacap. Having decided to abide by the tract originally marked off in 1892 by Luiz Cruls and his colleagues, the government engaged the U. S. firm of Donald J. Belcher and Associates to single out within it five alternative sites for a Federal Dis-

trict, only a small portion of which would be occupied by the city. The final choice was made by an official committee. The area thus selected was turned over to Novacap in September, 1956. At Oscar Niemeyer's suggestion, the design for the city was not left to himself or put into the hands of a committee but thrown open to competition among the country's best architects and planners. From among twenty-six entries, Lúcio Costa's was chosen in March, 1957 by an international jury.

Novacap is far from monolithic. It is responsible for constructing the government facilities, streets, and utilities, but the rest will be left to private initiative or—as in the case of much of the housing—the various social-security institutes. Similarly, though Niemeyer designed the public buildings and some others and is in over-all command, most of the city's architecture will be the work of others. (The land that is being sold is restricted by covenant, however, to prevent the more regrettable blots on the landscape.) All the same, Novacap's share of the cost will be about \$137,000,000, according to Israel Pinheiro, its president. Stock in the corporation is being sold to the public, and a bond issue has been floated, paying 8 per cent interest and entitling the bond-holders to a 10 per cent discount on the price of lots in Brasília. A credit of ten million dollars has been granted by the Export-Import Bank for the purchase of materials and equipment in the United States. Separate funds have been appropriated for railroads and highways.

A PLANNED city of this sort is not unique. Washington is probably the best known. Then there is Canberra, Australia, designed by Walter Burley Griffin of Chicago. Brazil itself has two notable examples: Belo Horizonte, founded in 1895 to replace the remote and dying town of Ouro Preto as capital of Minas Gerais; and, only seventy-five miles away from Brasília, the thriving Goiania, state capital of Goiás, begun in 1933. But they are sufficiently rare. At the moment, the only other comparable project is the controversial Chandigarh, a Le Corbusier fantasy that is becoming reality in the Punjab. Brasília is therefore of considerable interest to all town planners, and a session was devoted to it when the American Society of Planning Officials met in Washington in May. Both Donald Belcher and Lúcio Costa appeared on the program, held at the Pan American Union.

Before describing how the exact location of the new Federal District was ultimately fixed on, Belcher pointed out what his group had tried to avoid, with reference to a few horrible examples. Amsterdam and Mexico City are troubled by ground-settling; Rio is both hemmed in and tropical; the climate of Washington is notorious; a mountainous site poses sanitation problems. Belcher's firm, contracted in 1954, was given a year and a half to find a site both beautiful and practical and preferably hilly. With the time so short and the Cruls rectangle so big, much of the work was done by aerial photography. The accuracy of this method was attested to by field examinations made whenever anything significant turned up in the pictures.

Marking the tract off in squares, the team mapped it

again and again on the basis of various factors: climate, topography, scenery, water, agricultural soil, present land use, and so on. When these maps were superimposed, every bit of information needed for evaluating each square was at hand. By "land use," Belcher explained parenthetically, he meant that the more deserted the spot the better, in the interest of keeping down the cost of acquisition; it was amazing how precious an acre of marginal farmland might suddenly become once its owner realized the government wanted it. For the same reason, to avoid any possible leak that might lead to speculation, the sites submitted for judging were identified only by a color code and the true location was not revealed till after the government committee had arrived at its decision.

The winning site, Chestnut, received 867 points on the weighted scale used by the committee, as compared to 800 for the second choice. An area of 2,260 square miles with blue hills, cedar trees, and rushing streams, it is three thousand feet above sea level. Its average temperature is 66 degrees in the winter and 72 in the summer, with low humidity. There is plenty of water, but careful planning will be needed because the city is on a plateau. About forty miles northeast is fertile agricultural land. After all these characteristics had been noted and the choice made, everyone was charmed to observe that the fifty-eight-square-mile section reserved for the city was a rough triangle almost identical to the shape of Brazil.

Costa's explanation of the principles on which he based his plan had previously been set forth in the report he submitted with his entry. A mild-looking man except for his fierce bandit's mustache, Costa was nevertheless one of the leaders of the artistic revolution of the thirties. Dismissed as dean of the National School of Fine Arts for trying to change its Beaux Arts curriculum, he saw his ideas adopted after the student body boycotted classes for half a year. At first he was disqualified in the Ministry of Education competition, but the new architecture won its victory in 1936, when the Ministry threw out the conventional design that had been decided on and asked Costa to submit a new one.

A capital, said Costa, should be monumental—not in the sense of ostentation but of dignity and nobility. It must be efficient, but must also have vitality and charm. It must stimulate accomplishment, but also reverie. A good example of what he did not want is Washington, judging by his remarks to the press. Handsome as he considers it, he thinks its famous buildings are "too spread out," so that the proper scale is destroyed: "You don't get monumental unity."

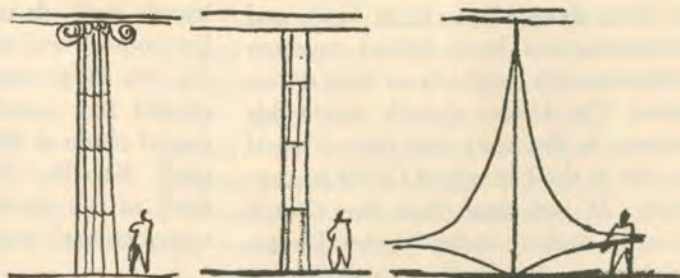
It was this insistence on creating not merely a fine city but a capital that particularly impressed Sir William Holford, who was one of the jurors along with Niemeyer, Paulo Antunes Ribeiro of the Brazilian Institute of Architects, Luiz Hildebrando Horta Barbosa of the Society of Engineers, Stamo Papadaki of Brooklyn College, and André Sive of France. Writing in the English *Architectural Review*, Sir William gives an interesting account of the jury's activities. Its decision was not unanimous. The entries varied as widely in elaborateness as in merit, and Costa's consisted of five medium-sized cards, which also included his report.

With no mechanical drawing, models, land-use schedules, or population charts, it "went some way to justifying [Ribeiro's] criticism that it was hardly worth consideration by a serious jury." Sir William himself spent some time admiring one extremely detailed scheme, calling for a separate federal-government center and a series of neighborhoods each grouped around a ministry, and then decided that it had every good quality except a fundamental idea. For all its sketchiness, he thought, Costa's plan had this idea, and he has since called it "the greatest contribution to urbanism in our century."

THE confirmed city-dweller may not agree—the man who finds the pace and variety and color of New York or Buenos Aires a stimulus that he does not mind paying a certain price for in gasoline fumes and pneumatic drills. But there will still be Rio or Sao Paulo for that. Another criticism that has been heard is that the plan is too rigid; one planner who attended the Washington meeting goes so far as to call it "undemocratic." Everything is thought of in advance, everything disposed of; there is no room for alternatives or surprise. People being what they are, however, Brasília will probably not retain the glacial perfection of the pilot plan for long. In the end, it must develop eccentricities, even eyesores, that will give it warmth and individuality.

What will become of Rio? The same thing, more or less, that became of New York, Melbourne, Istanbul, and Calcutta when they were superseded by new capitals. It will remain the country's most important port, an industrial center, a cultural cosmopolis, and one of the most beguiling resorts in the world. It will have fewer headaches, and so will the government employees who have left it. In any case, once the actual title has been transferred, the government's departure from Rio will not be a mad scramble. About ten thousand workers will be stationed in Brasília by the end of 1960, and forty-five thousand or so by 1980.

A certain opposition senator has a bet on with one of the architects—the stake is a necktie—that Brasília will not be ready in time. He seems bound to lose.



NIEMEYER SKETCH COMPARES HIS FLOWING COLUMN (RIGHT) WITH CLASSICAL DESIGNS.

ARE MISSIONARIES NEEDED IN

India?

BY LUCILE COLONY

IN India, the question often raised by missionaries is whether the time has come for them to withdraw. American Christians who support missionaries in India also ask this question, somewhat anxiously, from time to time.

When this question is asked of responsible Indian leaders, the reply is that missionaries are needed now and they will always be welcome in the Indian church. Christians in the villages are disappointed at the withdrawal of a missionary on whom they have counted for friendly helpfulness.

It seems completely clear that there is a place for missionaries in the Indian church, but that place will be different from what it was in earlier days when there were few who could assume leadership.

There has been an ecumenical spirit in Christian work from the beginning in India. People from many lands and denominations have served together without much emphasis on their differences. The Indian church wants this witness to the unity and the universal reality of the Church of Christ to continue. At the same time the church must be Indian, under its own leadership, expressing itself in a natural, Indian way.

Outside resources at this time are necessary. There should be no em-

barrassment in accepting them. Much outside help is needed and enlisted by the nation for its development. In a world fellowship, existing only within the church, it seems only right that one part of that fellowship should share with another.

There is a place today in India for the short-term missionary specialist, invited by the Indian church for a specific task and a definite period of time. A doctor from Holland spent three years at the Ellen Cowen Memorial Hospital, Kolar, introducing maternity methods used so effectively in her country and easily adapted to India. An older, experienced American dentist has spent two years in the dental clinic at the Clara Swain Hospital, Bareilly. He has carried the work of the clinic at a time when a commissioned missionary dentist was

not available. His wife has opened a department of occupational therapy.

These highly qualified persons have made a contribution far beyond an appreciation that can be given in a few sentences. Vellore Christian Medical College appealed to its supporting mission bodies for a heart specialist to be sent for a period of three months to introduce his method of operation to students there. Boards were asked also to make available the instruments required for such operations. To such requests there is always a ready response.

These exceptional missionaries are few in number; they are not commissioned by the church. It is the commissioned missionary, going out young, learning the language, and making himself at home in the culture of a new land, who is most needed.

THERE is somewhat less general opposition to the presence and work of missionaries on the part of antagonists now than some months ago. Restrictions in securing visas, however, continue. A missionary, to qualify, must be highly prepared in his particular field of service; he must not replace an Indian if one is available with equal qualifications. There must be assurance through local govern-

motive



ment authorities to the India Central Government that the new missionary is required for the work to which he has been invited.

Christianity is an expression of the creative power and goodness of God working through his believers. Wherever committed Christians serve, a new way of life becomes evident. We see examples of this all over India. A center, such as Nur Manzil Psychiatric Center in Lucknow for those with mental problems, wayside clinics, public health work, rural hospitals and dispensaries, professional training—these are a few examples of this expression of Christ's love working through his followers.

Modern missionaries will find other ways of pioneering. On the list of missionaries asked for by church leaders in India are the following: young women with preparation for rural work, including the ability to supervise elementary schools; nurses with college degrees and administrative experience; doctors and surgeons of many specialties; laboratory technicians; an occupational therapist; English professor; a college librarian; a bio-chemist interested in nutrition and research; a psychiatrist; home economics teachers, and others.

Those who are called by Christ to serve him in India should not hesitate to go.



A PROFILE OF ANDREW W. CORDIER

THE man at the blond, functional desk thirty-eight floors above the ground spoke in down-to-earth terms. "Everyone wants peace," he said, "but wishes are not enough. Practical steps and a strong will to peace and justice are needed."

The man, Andrew Cordier, spoke from the summit of the United Nations building as it pushed through the fog of East River. An adjoining, squatlike building backed up against the dramatic skyline of Manhattan to the west. Within these architectural restraints, a spirit of open communication has been designed and constructed by practical peacemakers. Cordier is one of them, executive assistant to the secretary general of the

United Nations since its founding fifteen years ago.

Like the building, Andrew Cordier's friendliness is as clear as glass, his firmness as tough as steel. Speak his name in French and the cadences flow mellow and soft. Speak his name in the Yankee dialect of his Ohio home and the consonants rumble with the throaty roar of a tractor when the plow is put in the spring furrow.

His peacemaking has the same mixture. A wide-eyed dream of peace inherited from his religious ancestors comes to focus in the challenge, both historic and prophetic, that war is neither inevitable nor is it the will of God. "The United Nations is no guarantee of peace," says Cordier. "But

DOWN-TO-EARTH

PEACEMAKER

BY INEZ LONG

here peace has a fighting chance."

This fighting chance runs through the miles of uncluttered areas of communication from the third basement to the thirty-eighth floor of the United Nations building. Into this fighting arena, sized for all humanity, one million visitors come every year to share the indomitable spirit of the United Nations, personalized in statesmen such as Andrew W. Cordier.

His stature is as solid as his convictions. His stocky build, blocked out on a sturdy frame, is one and the same piece with his weight as a man. His natural gifts would make a lesser man proud, and Cordier has the physical bearing for pride. Yet, self-effacing, he is unawed by rank. He sees prime ministers, chiefs of staff, and men in the work crew as having an equally vital function never apart from the whole.

"Each is important," advises Cordier. "The balance of all is related to the function of each." He attends the annual Christmas party for the manual workers in the third basement with the same conviviality which makes him friend to eighty-two mem-

ber delegations and a staff of sixty-five hundred workers from seventy countries.

"Heard you worked late last night," the doorman and the elevator girl say by way of greeting him in the morning after the light has been on in his office all night. This same *esprit de corps*, with a rousing boost for the fellow who is in there slugging away at the job, made him a popular announcer for football games at the midwest college where he was professor.

THIS sense of personal responsibility and fair play came from the preaching he heard in the plain meeting house where he attended church as a boy near Hartville, Ohio. His family were Brethren, a pietist sect with a strict moral code which defined the rights and responsibilities of the good life. One right they conceded to no one: disrespect for the rights of others.

With a stiff backbone for human rights, Andrew developed very early a soft heart for those whose rights were threatened. "The spirit of the United Nations is at once stern, as in

the Suez crisis, and at the same time tender, as in UNICEF," says Cordier. He grew up in both attitudes.

The Brethren taught Andrew to hold the line against evil, peacefully, yet not without disturbance if necessary. They taught him to resist evil aggressively lest he, himself, be overcome by evil. The fighting orders of the Brethren, one of the three historic peace churches, is "to overcome evil with good." From his religious background, Cordier developed the invincible de-



Courtesy, Catholic Worker, N. Y.

termination to work to attain high moral goals.

As a farm boy on a northeastern Ohio farm, Andrew knew firsthand the elemental forces at work to keep back the encroachments on the good life. He saw, dramatized in daily existence, the thin line between life and death. Living close to the soil, he developed a champion's delight in the vitality of all living things to maintain themselves against insufferable odds. The right to produce, to reproduce, to possess and to grow are sacred rights to him. "The farm is a good place to grow up," he declares. "Work and struggle are accepted as a necessary part of life."

While the farm gave him lessons in struggle, his nonconformist parents gave him examples in individualization. His mother wore the plain black bonnet of Brethren women. Andrew's deacon father with the farmer-preachers admonished the church members to be a peculiar people unto the Lord.

If the church gave him his identity as a person, the country school gave him an image of his lifework which was to thrust him beyond the world of Hartville. "I never had to decide what I wanted to be," he recalls. "When I was eight years old, in the fourth grade, A. J. Brumbaugh was my teacher, a very inspiring one. From that time on, I knew I wanted to be a teacher."

A. J. Brumbaugh, later to become dean of the University of Chicago, laid the roadbed for Andrew's education and the boy contributed his part by walking two and a half miles to high school. He went every Sunday to church, every Sunday night to youth meeting of which he was president.

Others helped. One summer day, the Rev. Mr. Shoemaker met him at the end of a corn row with a book in his hand. "Andrew," he said, "I was wondering if you would like to join a group to study this book," and he held up a copy of *The Making of A Teacher* by M. G. Brumbaugh, the first Brethren in public life to ease the church's suspicion about education.

"Within a generation some fifteen young men left the Hartville church



Art Department
Saint Mary's College, Notre Dame, Indiana

community and earned doctor's degrees," states Cordier. "The factors responsible for this high percentage would make a valuable study."

D. W. Kurtz was the first member of the local church to receive a doctorate and to become a nationally known preacher. He pioneered the interest of the young people in higher education. Otho Winger, vigorous young president of a burgeoning church college at North Manchester, Indiana, visited Andrew's father when the boy was in high school.

"Education will make a better man of your son," he said, emphatically. "And a church college will give him Christian character along with his education." It was a convincing argument. He and Kurtz tipped the balance against the prevailing idea among the prosperous Brethren farmers that "only a soft man gets an education. The real men stay home, work, and have something to show for it in the end."

WITH the pace of a man who knew what he wanted, Andrew graduated from Manchester College, took a bride from its community, set

up graduate study at the University of Chicago under a triumvirate of notable historians and returned to his Indiana alma mater as professor.

For two decades, across the brash twenties, the foreboding thirties and the erupting forties, his office at the center of a quiet campus, on the second floor of an even quieter library, was the hub for central Indiana's growing interest in responsible internationalism.

To Cordier's students, Europe's events were as near as their professor's next lecture. In his correspondence, answered by way of the only Dictaphone on the campus, he referred to distant events as one personally involved. From stacks of books and magazines, he marshaled his offensive against American isolationism.

His reputation as a lecturer, fortified by travel abroad each summer, gave him a wide lecturing circuit. In one year he received fourteen hundred requests for lectures. Service clubs, religious groups, social clubs, institutes, farm groups, universities and colleges, meeting in churches, auditoriums, barns, homes, hotels, classrooms, parlors and basements, were asking the

same vital question, "What can be done to assure a better world?"

His lectures poured out facts from a dynamo of conviction. He recited the doom of the League of Nations foreshadowed by Hitler's rise to power. He saw Sudetenland's fate. He witnessed the crisis at Danzig. He stated boldly that America could not shun these problems.

After one ninety-minute lecture, one farmer said, "I don't know what he's gettin' at, an' if'n I did, I'm not sure I'd believe it. But he does. He sure does!"

HIS FAITH in the peaceful and just settlement of international conflicts is a steady, almost stubborn faith. To say that his faith is mere idealism, with fruitless promises for human betterment, is to sell him short. Cordier is first of all a historian, conversant with man's puny schemes.

His faith is rooted in the conviction that God, by his very nature has not allowed a human condition so grim that human beings, under divine pardon and power, cannot change.

"War, as an instrument for settling international conflict," says Cordier, "is grim and inhuman. Especially in an atomic age. It threatens to destroy everything civilization has achieved."

Cordier considers no person or plight beyond redemption. Always there are unexplored areas, he believes, in which creative solutions can be found.

"Compromise is not the word," he reasons aloud, in a tone reminiscent of the classroom. "Creative communication is better. Solutions may be brought to light which were unknown before by the several parties involved."

He will admit to no one's being impossible. Neither will he accept the unacceptable tactics of others as counterdefense. "What is the point," he asks, "in becoming like the people we are fighting? Nothing is gained that way." He believes that people of good will must demonstrate the very qualities which they believe to be the conditions for peace.

Straight from his religious forebears is this idea that standards of righteousness must not only be preached but

lived. Every situation demands understanding, decision and action. History is a determinative force but people and nations have the right and the power to shape the nature of that determination.

"This is man's holy freedom," states Cordier.

HE is an unquiet historian, given to contemplation only to gear him into action on concrete problems. He believes that past solutions cannot be applied to present problems but he issues a warning: "History indicates that there are limits to humanity's tolerance of violence, perversity and immorality."

To such, he believes, humanity carries built-in correctives. To blueprint correctives to war, he was called to Washington by the State Department during World War II.

He was present at San Francisco when the delegates adopted the famous preamble, "We, the peoples of the United Nations, determined to save succeeding generations from the scourge of war. . . ."

He watched men such as Senator Vandenburg wrestle through the death throes of American isolationism until today, men in public life may have isolationist tendencies but they most certainly do not want to be branded with them.

He saw the United States accept her role in a responsible internationalism. He believes that we have already passed into a new era, in which man's supreme folly would be to use the weapons at his disposal to destroy himself.

Cordier helped his church plan correctives to hate and terror by organizing emergency relief work for war victims. At the head of the mahogany table at the church headquarters at Elgin, Illinois, he sat as the first chairman of the Brethren Service Committee. There he helped the Brethren interpret their religion as one in which man is inextricably bound to others, in down-to-earth ways, whom he ignores at his own peril.

Rules for material aid to friend and foe alike were laid down. First, the person to receive gifts must be a per-

son in need. Second, this person must share the benefits received from the gifts. Third, each gift must carry a single statement about the donor: Given in the name of Jesus Christ.

Clothing, food, medicine, eyeglasses, heifers, goats, chickens, seeds, tools and blankets crossing the seas after the war under the Brethren Service insignia were later joined by larger quantities under Church World Service in which the Protestant churches, generally, came to recognize that material aid is an implementation of the gospel of their Lord.

BUT it was not at the mahogany table of Brethren Service, nor at the blond table on the thirty-eighth floor of United Nations, that Andrew Cordier received his first lessons in peacemaking.

"Utter sincerity, utter fairness and utter integrity are basic to communication," states Cordier, "and I first learned them as prior conditions to coming to the Love Feast tables. At these tables, after applying the rules of Matthew 18, the Brethren dramatize the idea of brotherhood under God."

Twice a year, the unobtrusive Brethren, numbering only 200,000, gather around the Love Feast tables in a literal, altogether menial interpretation of New Testament commands. They eat a simple meal together. They kneel down and wash each other's feet. In these two acts they confess to each other their common need for food and service. In the communion service which follows, they confess their dependency upon a



righteous God through whom they come to know their interdependency as brothers. They confess that through the grace of God alone can they receive strength to be gracious to their fellow men.

There at the long white Love Feast tables, with the aroma of warm beef soup everywhere throughout the meeting house, with everyone singing the great hymns of the faith in a singsong rhythm that leans on human voices without aid of an instrument, with men and women, great and small, kneeling in service to each other out of obedience to a common Heavenly Father, young Andrew received a strong ethical religious faith.

This faith, about which the Breth-

ren speak so little because it moves them so much, cannot be ignored. For the Brethren believe that they are under condemnation if they rise from the Love Feast tables and do not put the commands of brotherhood into action.

"I saw these concepts acted out before my eyes, by people I loved and trusted, from the time I could remember," Cordier affirms. "The ideas stayed with me. I received my first world view here."

But it is not a world view which impels Cordier and his fellow Brethren to the Love Feast tables. They come because they believe it is the will of God that they come. They come through obedience to God.

Through God, and God alone, they believe, will they learn who man is and who he is meant to be as a child of God. Through him they receive a common concern for all mankind which takes precedence over the narrow interests of any one person or group.

"Such concepts of brotherhood at the conference tables of United Nations give peace a fighting chance," repeats Cordier. "Here mankind has a right to hear the evidence and to shape the future."

"And the shape of that future," he states with an inherited zeal for direct speech documented by action, "resides in man's rightful use of his holy freedom, given by God to all people."



IT IS A HELL OF A WORLD
BUT IT'S ALL WE'VE GOT!

Crane

two poems

by m. shumway

*We, the offspring of Daedalus,
Come from the sea, return to the labyrinth
To contemplate our feathers*

*Move in this vast world of ineluctable descent
Among you, cautioning against the use of wax
In matters pertaining to the sun,*

*And to say: nor are you yet absolved. But
It is too soon to say the flight cannot be made;
We are searching for our father*

*Last heard in anguish crying over that Icarian sea.
Why do you tremble? We are of Daedalus,
And come from that eternal flight and fall.*

*But we would see him: the wandering Io
Lately from Caucasus tells of much to come,
Of some design, and from this sea*

A marvelous sun has risen.

that old grace of judgment

*What blunt judgment against impending death,
the cataclysmic joke on that quiescent seed,
has brought upon the world some craft and will
beyond intent; what need brought chaos out of chaos;
the gross and old kinetic thrust, that primal leap
through chasmic space to violate the catatonic cell—
and old the phobic faith in cosmic accident. . . .
Yet and by what chance we will, we tend the ancient
crafts with ancient faith, resuscitating time
with that old grace of judgment, and with new need
forget the violence of birth.*

WHO CREATED WHOM ?

BY JAMES B. ASHBROOK

THERE are certain questions which continually haunt us: why am I here? where am I going? what really matters? And so the questions come. In the midst of the social whirl, the academic pressures or the distractions of the day they may escape our consciousness. Yet in the stillness of the night or in the uncomfortableness of a crisis they come back—again and again. They will not let us go. They demand answers.

Among these haunting questions is this one: who created whom? Did God really create man or did man merely create God? The book of Genesis reads: "Then God said, 'Let us make man in our image, after our likeness' . . . So God created man in his own image, in the image of God he created him. . . ." The entire Bible bears witness to that affirmation: God created man!

In contrast, Meyer Levin, in his account of the Loeb-Leopold murder, has Judd declare, "If God exists, it is because we created him in our minds. And if man can conceive of God, then God is less than man—he is merely a conception in man's consciousness." There are a good many people who respond to that affirmation with a loud "Amen": man created God!

In our time the conviction that man made God in his own image has been strengthened by the prestige and prevalence of depth psychology. More than any other one person, Sigmund Freud has been the chief advocate or at least the most famous advocate of this position.

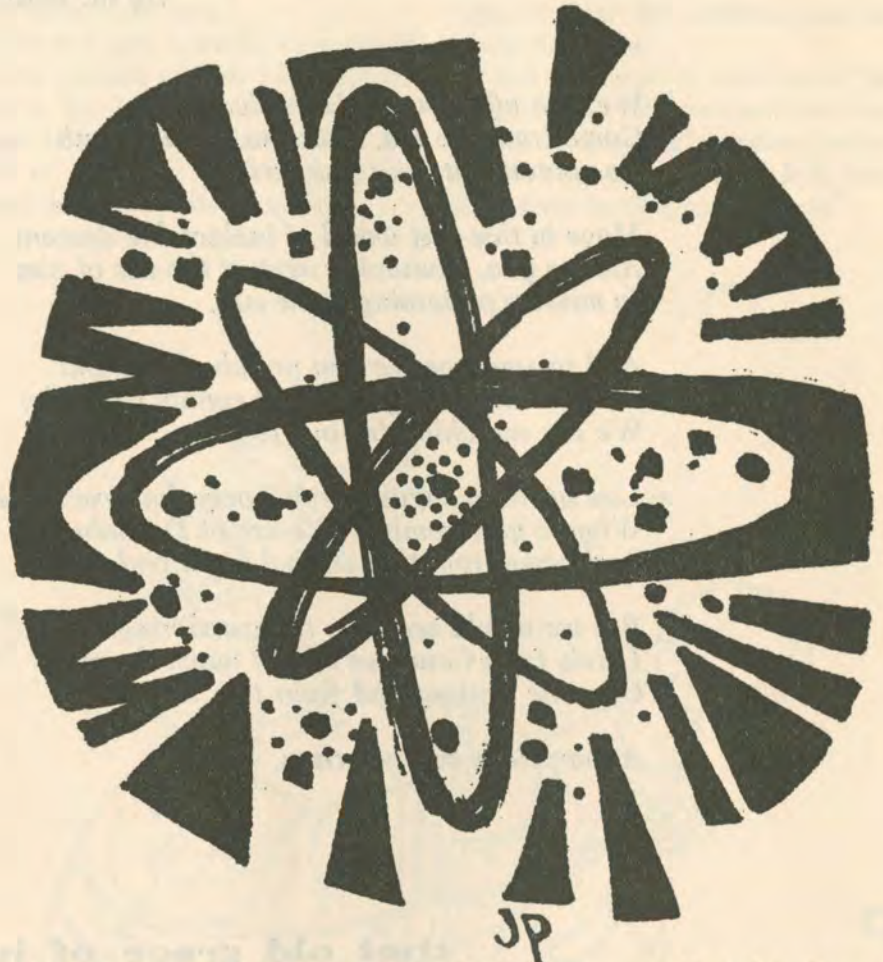
Religion is an illusion. God is a glorified father-figure. When we are infants we experience the fright of being helpless. So we come to look for

and depend upon a kindly benevolent father. When we are grown we are still helpless. The vast universe is frightening. The cruelty and sufferings of life are hard. So we long for the kindly protective father of our childhood. Not finding one on earth, we seek one in heaven. We project into the universe a Father-God to take the place of father-man. In short, we create God in our own image, made after the likeness of mortal man, especially mortal father.

Belief, therefore, is based on wishful thinking—something that disregards a real relation to reality.

LET me say at this point—I agree! We do find the world—or reality—hard. We do try to make a world—or reality—that is more in accord with our wishes. Not wanting to be responsible we try to perpetuate an infantile relationship. We make God into a kindly, benevolent, protective, grandmotherly father. Not wanting to be disturbed, we try to reject the cruel world. We look for eternal bliss in the sweet bye and bye.

A cartoon showed a pathetic gentleman at the optometrist's. He came to be fitted for glasses and said, "I'd like to see things a little less clearly,



please." Interestingly enough, that cartoon has twice been rejected by publishers. The issue is not that it isn't funny, for it is quite funny. The issue is that it is pessimistic.

The publishers apparently do not want to be reminded, nor do they want to remind their readers that all is not well with the world. So, in rejecting the cartoon, irony of ironies, they themselves are doing the very thing the artist is portraying. They want to see life a little less clearly.

And that is precisely what we find in religion. Instead of clarifying life religion serves to cloud life. One investigator analyzed the dominant psychological mood in Christian hymns. He discovered that 58 per cent dealt with either the wish for a return to a more infantile stage or else looked forward to a future state of passive bliss. Instead of helping men to deal constructively with this world, religion causes men to live contentedly. All that matters is not the here, but the hereafter. Not wanting to face the real tragedy and heartache and suffering and responsibility of existence we create a God who helps us hide. Religion keeps us from seeing life clearly.

Religion also is a way of pampering our own prejudices. God is *our* God and therefore he supports us in *our* desires. Our wishes become God's will.

The God we create becomes our ally. He marshals the powers of life against those who are against us. So the ancient Hebrew in the midst of the Babylonian captivity finds God blessing him if he does to the Babylonians what the Babylonians did to him. "Happy shall he be who takes your little ones (oh, Babylonians) and dashes them against the rock!" So we modern Americans believe God to be casting his rainbow of blessing over our way of life. The terrible Russian communists are the atheists. We are the champions of God. They are the destroyers of God. So a Hindu student when asked what impressions he had received during a visit in America, replied, "I take it from what I heard

that God is a Caucasian, an American, a Baptist, and a Republican."

Ancient man, modern man, you, me—we all project our prejudices into the heavens. And we find that the God of our making supports the wishes of our hearts.

Freud knew what he was talking about—man does make God! But his scientific evidence has a limitation. He was familiar only with the primitive, the pathological, and the infantile in religion. He is simply saying what all the sensitive spirits through the centuries have said. His protest against wishful thinking religion is the protest of all the great prophets.

Second Isaiah describes it. The idol-maker takes a piece of wood. He measures it, cuts it, fashions it into the form he wants. After he has made the god according to his desires he falls down and worships that which his hands have made.

John Calvin describes it. "Man's conceptions of God are formed," he said, "not according to the representations he gives of himself, but by the inventions of their own presumptuous imaginations. . . . They worship, not God, but a figment of their own brains in his stead."

Man does create God according to his wishes. Of this there can be no doubt. But to move from this to the conclusion that God is nothing more than a figment of our imagination is unwarranted. As the philosopher Alfred North Whitehead has indicated, "The only really important question before us today is this: what do we mean by God?"

You see, the issue is not God or no God. The issue is which God: a God of our own making or the God who made us?

ONE of the major tasks of the church, if not the major task, is showing up the falseness of man-made God. What I find again and again and again in talking with those who reject the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ is that I agree with most everything they say. If God were what they

say he is, then I, too, would reject him. But, like Sigmund Freud, what they are condemning is a man-made God. They are showing up that which is basically illusion and fantasy and projection. And for that we can be grateful.

When we realize how easy it is to try to make God as we want him to be, then we are in a position to go more deeply and see more clearly. While man makes gods, man is not the maker of God. God is the maker of man. And since we are created in the image of God we have the ability to think and to imagine and to decide. We can get outside of ourselves—look back upon our involvement, ask questions, obtain evidence, weigh alternatives, anticipate consequences, break a strict stimulus-response reaction by consideration of ultimate values. The yardstick by which life is measured is within us, yet it is not confined to us. The ground of Being, the Lord of life, the God of creation is always apart from what we think of him. He is always more than our idea of him.

Two results follow from our knowing this God who created us as opposed to the God we create. And these results are decisive in living a full and creative and rewarding life.

The first result is our gaining the ability to criticize constructively both ourselves and our culture. If God is nothing more than the projection of our own wishes, then we are caught in the quicksands of our own subjectivity. There would be no way of breaking out of self-centeredness. There would be no way of breaking out of cultural conformity. If the only basic reality is one of our own creation, then it would be impossible to see anything other than what we wished to see. God's will would be nothing more than our whims.

But God is something more than what we want him to be. He is not simply a mirror reflecting our own image. While worship is an inward experience, it is in the first instance "objective." As Waldo Beach has put it, "It is not an act where the ego sucks

its thumb in introspection." God forces us to see more than we want to see!

The Lord God is the ruler of life. Therefore there is a law that is higher than the United States or the Christian church or General Motors or you or me. Because God is Truth—regardless of what we think—our distortions and projections are eventually shown up. Falseness cannot be consistently elaborated nor maintained. It breaks down—whether in the faulty foundation of a building or the faulty foundation of a segregated society. There is a judgment, an accounting, a reckoning—however you want to say it—that is inescapable. We may live under illusion for years. It is not hard to fool ourselves into believing that God is the way we want him to be. The wheels of God grind exceedingly slowly, but they do grind, and they grind exceedingly fine. The God we make is at last shown up as a distortion of the God who makes us.

So the promised comforts of a man-projected deity crash to the earth. The Christian faith is more disturbing than comforting, for at its very center is a cross of concern and not a cushion of comfort. The demands outweigh the rewards. "If it be possible, let this cup of suffering pass from me." Thus Jesus prayed and so we all pray—"help us,

O God, to avoid suffering"—"nevertheless, not our will but thine be done." "Narrow is the gate and straitened the way that leadeth unto life, and few are they that find it." As the Danish philosopher Søren Kierkegaard says of this passage, "That was bad news! The comfortable—precisely the thing in which our age excels—absolutely cannot be applied with respect to an eternal blessedness."

The God we create has no power to help us criticize our lives and our culture constructively. The falseness and illusion make for increasing breakdown and disintegration. The God who creates us has the power to help us criticize ourselves and our culture constructively. The trueness and the reality make for increasing strength and integration. Without this capacity for criticism we would not merely create little worlds of our own, we would continue to live in them to the loss of full life in the real world.

If we stop with this first result of real religion, all we would know would be continual discouragement. We know how utterly devastating continual criticism—even from ourselves—can be. If criticism were the final note of acknowledging the God who creates us, we would cling more than ever to a God of our own creation. I think part of the reason we see God as we want him to be rather than the way he is, is for precisely that reason. To be seen and known for what we are is a shaking experience. We don't like what we see. Not liking it, we refuse to look.

SO, the final result of knowing the God who creates us is our knowing unqualified love. We have been made for life. Our power to criticize is not to make us feel worse but to lead us to live better. In nontheological language we can say: fuses blow when something is wrong in the light circuit. They blow in order to protect us from fire, to lead us to find the defect, to encourage us to correct the problem and prevent its recurrence. In theological language we say: God's judgment is not for condemnation but for salvation.

So when criticism threatens us with



despair we discover that the God who creates us does not share our despair. "While we were yet unworthy, God showed his love for us in that Christ died that we might live." Lillian Roth expresses this in the title of her second autobiographical work, *More Than My Worth*. The love we find in the God who creates us is a love that is more than we are worthy of receiving.

Genuine love and acceptance—real forgiveness—these are not easy. There can be no illusion about our failing to be what we were meant to be. In our honest moments we can be very hard on ourselves. We say we want to accept ourselves, and yet how very difficult it is to accept ourselves. And we find it even more difficult to accept the acceptance of someone who knows us through and through. The sentimentality of man-made God is totally inadequate at this deepest level of life. Illusion is of absolutely no help. Only the stark reality of our knowing a love more than our worth can make the difference between a dead end and a new beginning.

Karl Stern tells of an unmarried woman of twenty-eight, a member of the Communist Party. She had been raised in a middle-class Presbyterian family. In adolescence she had identified herself increasingly with the underprivileged and the poor. The brutalities of life and the sufferings of children haunted her. How could such things be and God be all-loving and all-knowing.

"Even if there were a God," she said, "a God who permits such things



I FEEL OUT OF PLACE IN THIS WORLD—

to happen—I'd rather have nothing to do with him. No thanks. I'd just as well get along without."

The night after she threw out these taunts she had a dream. "It is night. I am walking along a dreary country road, quite alone. A drizzle mixed of rain and snow is coming down. It is cold and dark. Suddenly a sleigh comes up behind me. It stops. On the coach seat is an old man. Inside the sleigh is a young man. They offer me a lift. I decline by saying I would rather walk alone. The sleigh moves on."

In thinking about her dream it reminded her of her statements about

God. "Here I am," she said, "alone in a dark and cold world. God stops to offer me a lift. But I decline and prefer to walk alone." And with that she began crying. Stern comments that one doesn't need to know much to see "man walking alone on a dreary cold road in the darkness—and spitefully refusing the offered lift!"

That need not be. True, the world is grim and cold! True, there is darkness! True, no one can live our lives for us! But, we can accept the offer. There can be companionship on the way. We need not walk alone! The God who creates us is with us always, even unto the end of the world!



the twenty-third psalm for the smug

THE Lord is my Disturbing Presence,
I find myself ever conscious of pressing need;
He makes me toss, night-times, with the thought of that need;
He leads me to see that even rest demands something vital of my soul,
He restores my waning sense of my own inconsistencies,
Yea, though I walk in self-sufficiency and become most smug
I feel the jolt of His Disturbing Presence;
His keen understanding arouses me,
He prepares an awakening for me in the midst of my comfort,
My cup, which I had thought to enjoy, I find woefully empty;
No peace of mind follows me, day or night;
Surely I shall have to come into a true and abiding humility,
I kneel, penitent, before my Lord and my God,
There, and there only, can I find
Forgiveness

—MARY DICKERSON BANGHAM

BOOKS

THEOLOGY OF CULTURE, by Paul Tillich. Oxford University Press, 213 pages, \$4.

In the "Foreword" to his *Theology of Culture*, Tillich says, "In spite of the fact that during most of my adult life I have been a teacher of Systematic Theology, the problem of religion and culture has always been in the center of my interest" (p. v). Now, by way of the editorial labors of Robert Kimball, we have easy access to many of the more important essays that Tillich has written in the past forty years about this, his first love.

The thesis of this little volume is that religion is the dimension of depth in culture, and culture is the form of religion. This is to say that man's spiritual life can only be expressed through cultural media such as language, art and music. Conversely, every cultural expression is also an expression of man's spirit, of man's ultimate concern.

In this book Tillich treats such varied topics as existentialism, art, psychoanalysis, science, morality, education, European and American theology, religion in Russia and America, and the contributions of Martin Buber to contemporary Protestantism. No easy summary of this kaleidoscopic study of culture is possible. Hence, we shall let our interest fall where it will.

For Tillich, there are two types of philosophy of religion, two approaches to God: "In the first way man discovers *himself* when he discovers God; he discovers something that is identical with himself although it transcends him infinitely, something from which he is estranged, but from which he never has been and never can be separated. In the second way man meets a *stranger* when he meets God. The meeting is accidental. Essentially they do not belong to each other. They may become friends on a tentative and conjectural basis. But there is no certainty about the stranger man has met. He may disappear, and only *probable* statements can be made about his nature" (p. 10).

In the section entitled "Ontological Certainty and the Risk of Faith," Tillich's ultimate affinity for mysticism and classical ontology is most evident. For Tillich, whose mysticism is qualified by existential insights, faith "contains a contingent

element and demands a risk" (p. 27). Yet this risk is supported by an "ontological certainty of the Unconditioned" (p. 28). It is "*man*, not his cognitive function alone," which is aware of this Unconditioned (p. 24). The conclusion of this view is that the risk of faith "is based on a foundation which is not risk" (p. 28). Hence, even "the profoundest doubt could not undermine the presuppositions of doubt, the awareness of something unconditioned" (p. 29).

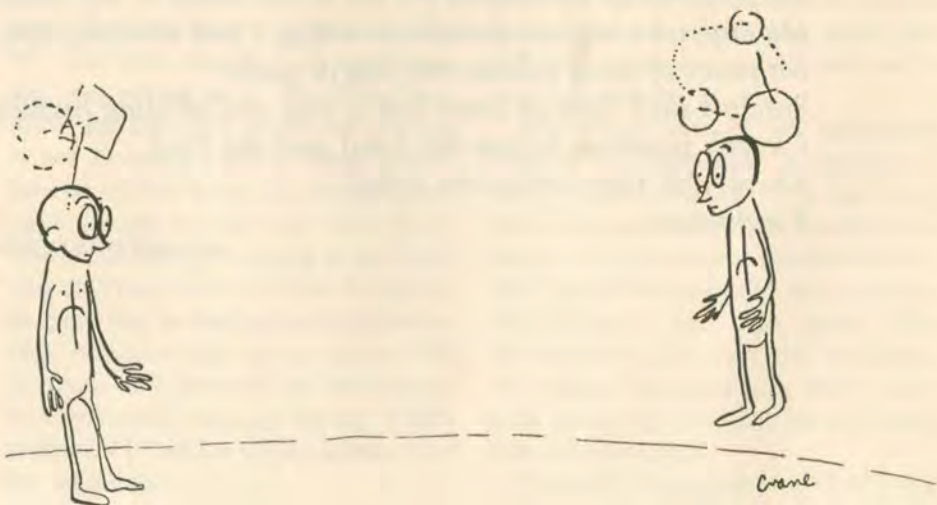
The chapter entitled "Existential Philosophy: Its Historical Meaning" is perhaps the best of this small volume and contains one of the clearest statements of the existentialist "theory of knowledge" which this writer has seen. Beginning with a short history of existentialist writings, this chapter proceeds to analyze the distinctions which are made by the existentialists between finite and infinite, subject and object, essence and existence, thought and being, potentiality and actuality, process and the pregnant moment. Tillich also speaks of an existential mysticism which, he says, "does not indicate a mystical union with the transcendent Absolute; it signifies rather a venture of faith toward union with the depths of life. . . . Historically speaking, Existential philosophy attempts to return to a pre-Cartesian attitude, to an attitude in which the sharp gulf between the subjective and the objective 'realms' has not yet been created, and the essence of objectivity could be found in the depth of subjectivity" (p. 107). Criticizing the finite structure of existential thinking, Tillich concludes, "The way to finitude is itself finite and cannot claim finality: such is the limit set upon the Existential thinker" (p. 98).

Now for the critique. One trembles at the thought of criticizing the work of so profound a mind as Tillich's. Yet

if one cannot "leap" to the task bolstered by Tillich's ontological certainty, he must nevertheless do so with the courage of Kierkegaard's existential uncertainty.

Tillich's philosophy of religion is a dividing of the sheep from the goats, the mystical and rational monists from the Existentialists and Neo-Orthodox dualists. For him, there is no third alternative. Tillich takes his place with the mystic and the classical ontologist for whom, to use Hegel's words, the Truth is the Whole! True, Tillich is profoundly influenced by existentialist insights and the political events of our century. But man's estrangement from God or the Ground of Being is seen by Tillich as a disruption within and not a division between the "levels of Being." Man is temporarily separated from the Being (God) that he is. In the New Being, this disruption is overcome, and man (along with God) becomes what he essentially is—"Godmanhood." In short, Tillich's Christ is ultimately of secondary importance, and, as the New Being, he exists only to patch a preconceived, rent ontology.

Perhaps there is a third approach to the philosophy of religion which is open to the Christian. If the theologian takes seriously the paradox of the Christian revelation, the paradox of the God-Man, making it central to his interpretation rather than secondary, the philosophical problems of being and knowledge can no longer be treated in terms of the either/or of mystical monism or Manichaean dualism. Jesus Christ must be affirmed as the key to Ultimate Reality. Otherwise, he is finally irrelevant to the quest for Ultimate Reality. Hence, if, for us, he is a paradox, then, for us, Ultimate Reality is a Paradox and can be spoken of only with a paradoxical language which affirms the truth of both the infinite (Creator) and the



AND . . . WHO ARE YOU?

motive

finite (creature). Man is neither identical with God nor utterly separated from him. He knows himself as created *non de deo, sed ex nihilo* (Augustine), yet in the image of God. He is estranged from God, yet able to hear God's Word and receive his revelation. (For the "Christian Existentialist," Christ is finally incognito, unknown. An existentialist ontology forces one into a position of agnosticism with regard to the Christian revelation.) If the God-Man paradox is the key to Reality, then, the finite world is neither included within (monism) nor excluded from (dualism) the infinite. The finite is finite and the infinite infinite, and the "two" are *related* but *not identical*. A discussion of the terms of this relation lies beyond the scope of this review. But it is profoundly important for us to see that a Christocentric point of departure demands a complete rethinking of the philosophy of religion, including the remarkable structure created by Dr. Tillich. In undertaking this task, it soon becomes clear that metaphysics can continue to be a legitimate discipline only if it is brought under the judgment of the God-Man and, incidentally, only if it arises from genuine, existential concerns.

Finally, the implications of Tillich's mysticism are disastrous for a Protestant understanding of faith. Thomas Wolfe once said, "the essence of belief is doubt." And Kierkegaard held fast to the Socratic ignorance as the indispensable presupposition of faith. This is not an appeal from ignorance (as much modern theology has been) but from finitude, from creatureliness. Where creatureliness is ultimately denied, faith ceases to be *faith* and becomes immediate and certain *knowledge* or "awareness" (Tillich's word) by a being whose God is "something identical with himself." Tillich's existentialism notwithstanding, this *immediate* apprehension of God or Being-itself is the real implication of his comments about "ontological certainty." We must conclude, however, that while the mystic and the rationalist may desire divine knowledge, they deceive themselves if they think that they have it here and now. And, as creatures, one may question that it shall ever be theirs. Certainly, one held fast in the grip of doubt and despair is hardly consoled by Tillich's assurance that his doubt is merely "psychological" and not ultimately real!

—Finley Eversole

ON CATHOLICISM

From our perspective, Jaroslav Pelikan has published the most significant book in decades on the subject of the Roman Catholic Church. His interpretation of Catholicism is concise, honest, kind in spirit, and more important—his questions about the future are the right

questions, both for Catholics and Protestants.

The new book is **THE RIDDLE OF ROMAN CATHOLICISM** (Abingdon Press, \$4), A six-man board of judges thought enough of the manuscript to give it the \$12,500 Abingdon Award.

Pelikan is the happy combination, as his earlier books have shown, of sound scholarship and great skill in readable writing. He is a Lutheran minister, and among the most hopeful of America's young theologians. Now is professor of historical theology of the Federated Faculty, University of Chicago.

The book begins with a historical survey, with excellent coverage of the development of organization, doctrine and liturgy in the Christian movement. It presents basic beliefs of the Roman church and gives a Protestant critique of each. Both Protestants and Catholics, and even the nonchurch reader, should face the book's final section, examining the problem of a divided Christendom and looking into the possibilities for unity in the years to come.

Pelikan has done a real service for us all.

LAYMEN'S COMMENTARY

Last October, John Knox Press released the first of what will be a 25-volume series to help the average layman study and understand the Bible. The en-

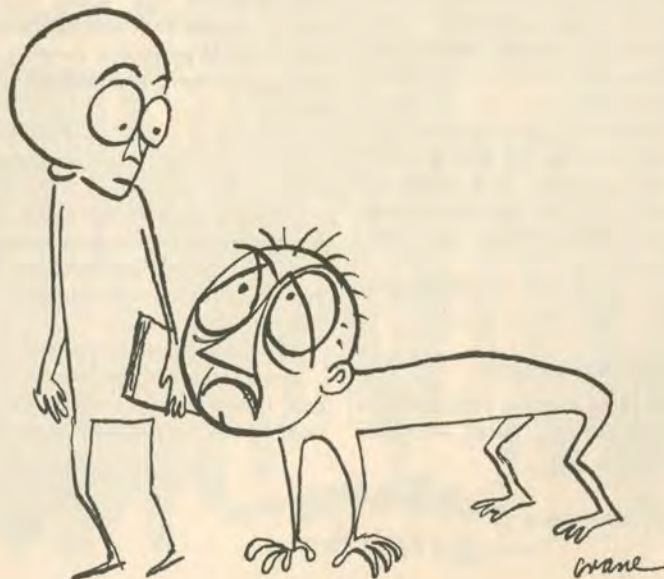
tire series will be published by 1964, entitled **THE LAYMAN'S BIBLE COMMENTARY**.

Three things look most promising about the series. One is price—only \$1.75 per volume if you buy four or more at a time, \$2 singly. Second is size, in that each volume is small enough to hold, and yet, like the compact cars, large enough to do most jobs. The Bible itself is not reprinted, assuming that all readers will have one of their own. Third, the writers are well chosen. Several countries, six Protestant denominations, and a sound scholarly base are provided. John Wick Bowman, Suzanne deDietrich, Floyd Filson, Archibald Hunter, Julian Price Love, Paul Minear, Davie Napier, and G. Ernest Wright are a few of them.

Happily, the writers left out the kind of "snappy sermon outlines" that have crept into other commentaries from time to time. Also, the two volumes we have seen seem enough above the heads of the "average" laymen we know to make the books be quite useful.

An introductory volume discusses revelation, basic biblical theology, biblical history, and means of Bible study. Four other volumes are available now: Genesis; Hosea, Joel, Amos, Obadiah and Jonah; Luke; Galatians, Ephesians, Philippians and Colossians.

—Jameson Jones



YOU AND YOUR HIGH-BLOWN PRETENSES.

contributors

JOHN BAILLIE, born in Scotland, is the author of the much-used *Diary of Private Prayer*. Both in his important writings and in his work as a professor he has strengthened and clarified twentieth-century Christian theology. We hope this excerpt from his book will motivate study groups to read and discuss further, our knowledge of God.

HILDA LEE DAIL is the wife of a Methodist minister in White Plains, N. Y., and since 1954 has been a secretary for the Woman's Division of Christian Service of The Methodist Church. Her interest in Beatnik literature grew out of a creative writing course at Columbia University.

ARTHUR BRANDENBURG, a Floridian, is now Methodist chaplain at Duke University, Durham, N. C. He has "uncovered" some of *motive's* best writers of recent days, and leads a prophetic and pioneering program of student religious work on a university campus.

BETTY THOMPSON has done several pieces for *motive*, including a two-part series on little magazines five years ago. Since 1955 she has been with the World Council of Churches, both in Geneva and New York, as secretary for public relations.

EDMUND PERRY teaches at Northwestern University, speaks widely and well on cam-

pus and at intercollegiate conferences, and has written two provocative books, *Confessing the Gospel* and *The Gospel in Dispute*.

PIERRE HENRI deLATTRE is a poet of rare skill, who has appeared in many of the "little magazines" such as *Experiment*, *Kaleidograph*, *Colorado Quarterly* and *Recurrence*. We welcome his return to our pages.

BETTY WILSON ROBINSON is associate editor of *Americas*, magazine of the Pan American Union.

LUCILE COLONY did educational missionary work in Jubbulpore, India, and then became executive secretary for southern Asia of the Woman's Division of Christian Service of The Methodist Church, a post she now holds.

INEZ LONG was youth editor at the Church of the Brethren offices at Elgin, Illinois, prior to her marriage to a Brethren minister. She graduated from Manchester College with a major in art. She is a writer for religious publications and the mother of two children.

M. SHUMWAY is a graduate of the University of Chicago, who has been published in the *Journal of Religion*, the *Chicago Review*, and the National Poetry Association. Practical experience includes social case work in California.

JAMES B. ASHBROOK is minister of the First Baptist Church in Granville, Ohio. He has studied at Denison, Colgate-Rochester,

Union in New York, and the William Alanson White Institute of Psychiatry.

MARY DICKERSON BANGHAM lives in Summit Station, Ohio, and is numbered among *motive's* friends of long standing. As a free-lance writer, she does many excellent articles, plays, and short pieces, including her outstanding series of interpretations of the Lord's Prayer, which *motive* printed in the 1955-56 volume.

artists in this issue:

DANI DUMUK-AGUILA, cover 3; **RICHARD BONENO**, page 33; **ROBERT CHARLES BROWN**, pages 3-6-12-13; **JIM CRANE**, pages 36-42-43; **MALCOLM HANCOCK**, page 17; **ROBIN JENSEN**, page 40; **JACK MORSE**, page 41; **JEAN PENLAND**, pages 5-9-14-15-17-38; **MARGARET RIGG**, pages 1-29-30-40; **ART VERMILLION**, page 35.

Dani Dumuk-Aguila, Richard Boneno and Robin Jensen are new to the pages of *motive*, and we welcome them and expect to see more of their work in the coming issues. Dani is Filipino, a free-lance artist and a Presbyterian, living in San Francisco. Richard teaches high school English and art, has his B.A. and M.A. in art education and lives in Louisiana. Robin remains rather mysterious, having only sent a batch of cartoons and a return address and postage, but he lives in Dayton, Ohio, and his cartoons will speak for their creator!

LETTERS...

I was so impressed with your recent article (October) on Joachim Probst, that I had to drop you this note to compliment you on the recognition that you gave to Probst, as I, too, consider him a truly great artist.

We first discovered Probst about four years ago, and the initial impact he had on us has never worn off.

I thought you might be interested in seeing three of the paintings by Probst which we have in our collection, and which we value very highly, so I am enclosing snapshots as follows: KING SAUL, SELF-PORTRAIT, KING LEAR.

—POLLY BERGEN
new york city

LETTER TO JOACHIM PROBST

I was overjoyed to see the reproductions of your work in *motive*. Wail on, Jack

Probst! You can never know how much your art has meant to me. It is one of the most important inspirations of my life. I would never part with your paintings in this life. It crowns my joy and bears me up in my sorrow. Even to hear about you warms my heart. You are truly one of the greatest spirits in the West and I consider it a unique privilege to have encountered you and your work.

—TOBIAS TATE
washington, d. c.

I have a word to say about *motive* in respect to its noninspiring art works.

I hope you can put some joy or happiness into the art and other aspects of your magazine.

Put some spirit in your artists.

Every week end I go home to Eugene, Oregon. I receive more from God in looking as I drive by on the highway at all the mountain

lakes, such as Odell, Dexter, Crater, Diamond, Klamath, seeing the sun go down behind the snow-capped mountains of Theilson, Scott, Shasta, Jefferson, Three Sisters, etc.

—MERRITT ANDERSON
oregon tech college
klamath falls

I am still interested in obtaining the copy of *motive* which carries Jim Crane's cartoon about "the battered world." It appeared on a television show in November, 1958. Because I believe that a cartoon can at times carry a message better than a sermon, I am enclosing two dollars for a subscription to *motive*. Please include whatever issue it is that carries that cartoon.

—MRS. ALLIE STEHR
naperville, ill.

Here it is, thank you, page 36.

FOR GOD SO LOVED THE WORLD + TH
AT HE GAVE HIS ONLY BEGOTTEN S
ON + THAT WHOSOEVER
BELIEVE TH IN HIM
SHOULD NOT P
PERISH BUT H
AVE E VERA
LIFE +



Dani Dumuk-Aguila
AGUILA

