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# MOTIVE

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FRONT COVER: WOOD ENGRAVING (1962) By HANS ORLOWSKI, BERLIN.



WOOD BLOCK PRINT BY JUAN MANUEL SANCHEZ, ARGENTINA

## THE NOOSE

*With no intention of making it  
easy*

*The winter itself alone  
has beaten  
a path to my door*

*I have made neither  
mousetraps  
nor murders*

*Hangman, hangman  
your services  
beseech*

*For I have started  
neither a fire  
nor the cry of fire*

—JUDSON CREWS





LINO CUT: R. O. HODGELL

A friend gave me recently a copy of the October *motive*. I have read it carefully and wish to congratulate you on the job you are doing. As a Presbyterian elder—in the Southern Church—and a member of Christian Action and Christian Relations committees, I am deeply impressed. It's a far cry from the kind of insipid stuff fed students in my student days. The Methodist Church is to be congratulated that it has students who can read *motive*.

JAMES McBRIDE DABBS  
rip raps plantation  
mayesville, south carolina

I never write fan letters, but I am prompted to write something approaching one after just reading in *Together* about the awards presented to *motive* by the Educational Press Association. If I had any awards to give I would present you with one, too. I have become reacquainted with *motive* (after an eight-year estrangement) since my husband was thoughtful enough to acquire a job in a college town a couple of years ago. Right now I have worked out a deal with the director of the Wesley Foundation—he keeps me supplied with *motive* and I give him my copies of *Concern*.

But I don't intend to be without *motive* again . . . even if I have to pay for it myself. The *Together* column calls you a "college student magazine," but I know a good many people a good many years removed from their college days who feel as I do: that it is not only the best Methodist publication, but also the best church-related magazine (if not the best magazine) available. I particularly enjoy your articles about

and interviews with artists . . . as well as the art work of Margaret Rigg.

DONNA MYHRE  
state college, mississippi

The October *motive* is admirably calculated to focus intelligent, if spirited, discussion of the issues involved in the presidential election. That is what this college generation needs: stimulation and guidance for active, intelligent participation as Christian individuals in the major issues of our day.

Perhaps the issue is considered "controversial"—as if the gospel has not always been so! Indeed, I disagree with points made by several of the authors. However, the issue strikes me as being very useful.

As a Methodist layman, I am proud to be a member of a denomination which encourages and defends the freedom of its pulpits and of its publications to proclaim and explain the Word as the Holy Spirit moves among us and directs us. I have always been particularly proud that Methodism conceived and nurtures *motive*, a magazine which has attracted world-wide recognition and respect in both Christian and secular circles.

MORTON KING, JR.  
southern methodist university

As Mr. Lens said in his article, "The Endless Prosecution of Jimmy Hoffa" (Nov.), there is "some question about whether this was a legal crime." Obviously, if the government *did* wiretap it was illegal; however, among the lengthy list of "Kennedy's wrongdoings" I fail to find another example of government illegality. "Morally, there can be no doubt that" certain government officials and employees overstepped their traditionally accepted bounds; but, as Mr. Lens implied, the question is not primarily one of morality, but of legality. It is for individuals to speculate over whether the government overstepped its *moral* bounds; it is for the courts to decide whether it overstepped its *legal* bounds, Mr. Lens evidently to the contrary.

For example, is it *illegal* for the government to "leak" a story to the press (if the government did), or to hold committee hearings before trials? (Evidently Congress and the courts seem to have thought the McClellan hearings were part of the due process of law, even though Mr. Lens did not.) And I find it hard to believe that FBI agents searched private individuals and businesses without legal search warrants, something that Mr. Lens implied but did not explicitly state.

In such statements as "It stretches the imagination to the breaking point to believe . . ." Mr. Lens betrays his whole attitude. He is accusing the government of something he is guilty of himself—prejudicial conviction without proper legal or concrete facts. As Mr. Lens realizes, I'm sure, it is hard to indict Mr. Hoffa or the government when one knows the guilt *morally*, but when *illegal* actions, if any, are quite well hidden.

RUSSELL DENISON  
texas technological college



I thought we were well past the day when *motive* would dignify with its valuable ink such specious, didactic criticism as that offered by Paul Schlueter in his essay on Mary McCarthy. His critique is so exasperating that my first impression was simply that the man cannot read books: among a host of other factual errors, it is simply not true that Miss McCarthy's preoccupation with the foolishness of liberals demonstrates conservatism on her part (she writes for the *Partisan*, not the *National Review*); that she has never created a sympathetic character (though she has never created one wholly good or evil); that she prefers "poets of the masses" (she actually prefers Shakespeare); that *The Group* is primarily about Kay (Kay appears with relative infrequency, and at many of those times serves a literary function which is coldly symbolic); or that she always treats of sex with "cynicism and detachment" (she's not D. H. Lawrence, but her lyricism is perhaps more effective for its mutedness).

But beneath such plain mistakes (and, perhaps, reflected by them) is a basic confusion on Schlueter's part of the relationship of morality to literature. He wants to find corruption "inherent in certain relationships," not made manifest by the author through her characters' specific actions and reactions *within* a relationship. Mr. Schlueter, it just ain't so: every time you smile (and I sincerely hope you do) you clearly deny that relationships can exist in the abstract, immutably corrupt or pristine.

Miss McCarthy knows (and has often expressed) at least as well as anyone now writing that the morality of a work of art inheres in the *style*, not in the subject matter, for it is *there* that the writer's own vision is imposed. It is her great gift that in spite of the destructive capabilities she sees rampant among men she can make her particular style satire, balancing a savagely clear moral judgment with sympathetic self-identification.

Mr. Schlueter, on the other hand, is simply confused about the nature of the novel—and he's not alone in that! But any

helpful critical approach must begin with the work which has been done, with the *given*—not with the wish that some *Paradisio* of universal moral order had been created instead. If you find a writer convinced that she is living among pigs, you don't ask to her to record all those grunts as angelic canticles or demonic shrieks—you just ask why she thinks there are pigs, and what sort of pigs they are! And by the same token, you don't begin to criticize a novel about contemporary men and women by bemoaning the novel's lack of prissiness about contraception! If Schlueter persists in wanting to find morality expressed by artifacts rather than people, then I strongly suggest he give up literary criticism and turn his hand to archaeology.

There are a multitude of things in Mary McCarthy's work which could be excitingly and helpfully weighed by a morally- and theologically-imaginative critic (for example: try reading *The Group* as a novel of failed community). I would have hoped that *motive*, of all places, would have presented such an imagination at work, but in this unfortunate case we have been given only misinformed arrogance, literary fascism, and the stale crumbs of genius.

GRACE CHRISTOPHERSON  
university of chicago

More than anything, I believe *motive* has newness; it's dynamic; and its articles are timely. It points a finger at current problems, it appeals to the aesthetic sense, and it does a good job of analyzing current "sicknesses" of our society. I want to read every article.

On the other hand, *motive* gives the feeling of "so this is the way things are," and I don't seem to find much challenge to do or to be something in relation to "the way things are."

For a good many young churchmen and women *motive* could also serve to help make the transition (at college) from their own local church to their new ideas and beliefs. I believe this is an important, although perhaps difficult to meet, need.

I get the message from all your art forms except verse, but perhaps I am at fault there. . . . in Methodist (and most other) Christian education, where the form and techniques (including the newest ones) appear to be dead or dying, suh, yo *not* daid.

LORN L. HOWARD  
department of electrical engineering  
southern methodist university

Congratulations on your Hoffa trial article (Nov., '64). There is little doubt in my mind that most people are glad to see Hoffa "finally nailed." We must be thoughtful . . . long enough to realize that what the U.S. Government can do to James Hoffa, it can also—should it for any reason decide to—do to any one of us.

ROB SCHAIBLY  
east lansing, michigan

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# THE NEW SOVIET MAN an amendment

BY RONALD L. WILLIAMS

AUGUST in Moscow. Volodya and I stood on the diminutive "balcony" of his family's flat and peered together through the darkness at what he gleefully called the newest part of the city's oldest district. There were thousands of similar perches, all with the same view: a virtual sea of multi-level housing units in varying stages of construction, literally beyond count and leaping from every direction. I remembered other suburbs. And I remembered William H. Whyte: "To anyone who has ever worried over the contemporary collectivization of society, there is nothing quite so unnerving as a drive past one of the great new suburban villages rising outside our biggest cities."<sup>1</sup> Moscow seemed not far from Houston.

I traveled to the Soviet Union *quaerens hominem sovieticum*, to escape for a time the pages of theory and the harangues of ideology, to meet the New Soviet Man in the flesh—walking, talking, thinking, and working. The political science student should visit the USSR for an educational experience. But as a student of theological science, I had to go there. It was apparent as long as four years ago that neither my studies nor my ministry in the church in America could proceed with any semblance of confidence until I had sought first-hand clues to certain questions.

What happens when a society pulls out all the stops in an effort to calculate and seize the "objective processes of history," and, with the tools of human rationality and technological *savoir-faire*, attempts to construct a new history? What kind of man is being born in the Soviet "coming of age"? Does social and personal secularization under Communist auspices

differ in substance from secularization in the Western capitalist cultures—or merely in candor and articulation? In the new order, can sainthood assume a new meaning? Must it don a new clothing?

These are not questions with answers—they are "open" questions. There are no experts, only individuals with observations. My opportunity came with the Eastern European Travel-Study Seminar,\* a nine-week journey through the USSR and six Eastern European countries (East Germany, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Yugoslavia, Bulgaria, and Rumania) involving meetings and personal contacts with students, political officials, religious leaders, journalists, artists, and men of letters.

One drawback of my advance preparation was that I spent too much time studying communism. The frequent and universal invocation of the term "Marxism-Leninism," serving to obscure the merging of classic ideology with all modifications and abandonments thereof, cannot belie the most glaring and most significant cultural phenomenon of the socialist world: the Soviet Union is a post-Marxist society. We can view it as a society "twice secularized," or alternatively, we can argue that Marxist doctrine itself represented merely the last futile throb of the Eastern wing of the *Corpus Christianum* struggling against the onslaught of industrialization, technological alienation, and social compartmentalization. The two interpretations are not mutually exclusive.

On October 31, 1961 the Twenty-second Congress of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union adopted its Program, a hybrid of a party platform and a national liturgy of bootstrap inspiration. The Program devoted an entire section to describing the characteristics of the New Soviet Man, and included the following statement: "In the period of transition to communism, there are greater opportunities of educating a new man, who will harmoniously combine spiritual wealth, moral purity, and a perfect physique." An attractive plank—and hardly a new one for the Soviets. One is reminded, in fact, of the template for the ideal Tsarist subject of sixty years ago: hard-working, practical, competent, enterprising, heroic, disciplined, loyal to the State above all other criteria for action.

The Soviet citizens I encountered do not fit the bill. The New Men I remember and with whom I now correspond have taken on a character of their own, perhaps as the fruition of Marxist practice but certainly not as the fulfillment of Marxist ideals. They are not educated in any extended sense—yet, they are

\*Sponsors of the project were the Methodist Board of Education, the Methodist Student Movement, the Methodist Board of Missions, the Board of Christian Education of the Presbyterian Church, U.S., and the School of International Service of American University.





PHOTO: EUGENE WYATT, NASHVILLE



splendidly trained. Their vocational tasks, whether manual or mental, are highly specialized. Their clothes are notably similar, even if they happen not to be made of flannel. Their income is modest at the maximum, but their living is comfortable at the minimum—if they show up for work at the appointed hour. Their motivation for plugging onward can hardly be called a “revolutionary consciousness.” (It is becoming increasingly difficult to locate students with the desire or the capacity to argue the nuances of Marxist-Leninist ideology.) It is rather the hope and the taste of *la dolce vita*. They are not even anti-religious or atheistic in the fine tradition of the Founding Fathers—perhaps “extra-religious,” indifferent to the issues which used to spark the flame of Marxist/Christian debate, would get closer to it.

The imperatives of modern industrialization and the methods of modern socialization have indeed spawned a New Soviet Man, but the wrong one. He is too “secularized” to suit the tastes of the old Party cadres. The Revolution has arrived at middle-age, and the society is approaching urbanization without urbanity. The Marxist-Leninist world-view enjoys a definitive cultural and political “establishment.” But, following Paul Goodman’s commentary on post-Christian America, we can describe the sub-surface Soviet phenomenon as the falling apart of the complex of Marxist notions, so that they no longer balance, limit, and inspire one another.

I do not suggest that the crumbling of Marxist ideology is comparable to the dismantling of some once-solid, once-cohesive entity. This would be akin to analyzing the slow death of Establishment in America without acknowledging the warm debate among historians and theologians of the West over whether there ever really existed, even in the fifteenth century, such a thing as a “Christian civilization.” We must guard against employing our descriptions of any religious establishments, theistic or otherwise, as if they were more than minimal images for limited understanding.

**E**STABLISHMENTS always color the veneer of societies, and, through the lifting up of litanies, frequently determine limited trends. But they seldom possess the wherewithal to alter or impede the underlying currents of real conditions. To talk about “secularization” or to allude to a post-Anything society is to point to the capacity of these real conditions—economic, political, ecological—to outdistance all theories and ideological formulae which attempt to contain them. The contemporary Soviet instance of this process is particularly evident on four fronts: the dispensing

of public political policy; the smoldering revolution of “cyberculture” in the economy; patterns of family life and relationships between the sexes; and recent developments in the creative arts.

No one who carefully observes the domestic and international policies of the Soviet State unfolding today can seriously believe that the members of the Central Committee and its subsidiaries arrive at decisions by thumbing through the tomes of Marx and Lenin for “right” answers.

The October “retirement” of former Party Chairman Khrushchev may or may not portend changes of emphasis in State policy. But it cannot erase either the spirit or the effects of the central dictum on which his administration was constructed: Communism can develop only from abundance—it means nothing to share equally in poverty! The complex problems involved in this transition from an agrarian society to the “industrial and technological base for communism” mean that ideological orthodoxy has come to be more and more molded by practical necessity, not the converse. How else are we to understand the current Soviet dialogue about “rationalizing” the economy: decentralization of planning, personal incentives for workers, the Liberman proposal to employ “profitability” criteria in reinvestment, the increasing attention paid by Gosplan officials to market forces of supply and demand? How else are we to explain the proliferation of new theories in Soviet academic circles demonstrating the necessity of arms and trade agreements with “imperialists,” when the very possibility of such agreements is denied in pure Leninism? How else are we to interpret the real but misnomered “ideological rift” between the Soviets and the Chinese, both professing a common doctrine? The reciprocal epithets of this exchange—“revisionists” and “dogmatists”—are revealing to the student of post-Marxist secularization.

On June 11, 1962 the Yale University commencement address was delivered by John F. Kennedy, who used the occasion to comment on the post-ideological nature of modern American politics:

Today . . . the central domestic problems of our time are more subtle and less simple. They do not relate to basic clashes of philosophy and ideology, but to ways and means of reaching common goals—to research for sophisticated solutions to complex and obstinate issues.

What is at stake in our economic decisions today is not some grand warfare of rival ideologies which will sweep the country with passion but the practical management of a modern economy. What we need are not labels and clichés but more basic discussion of the sophisticated and technical questions involved in keeping a great economic machinery moving ahead.



This is an incredibly candid (almost "un-American") statement for a man in the White House to make. The late President chose a most non-political point in his term to make it. We cannot expect such public honesty to come from the Kremlin. But I suspect we could hear the same opinion from a member of the growing Soviet class of professional planners, were we to catch him in an especially unguarded moment.

THE new field of cybernetics (literally, the "science of control") is concerned "with the nature of relationships in a system expressed in mathematical, but not necessarily numerical, terms."<sup>2</sup> Is not the world, after all, composed of a number of "systems"—some "open," some "closed"—containing elements which can be charted, calculated, predicted, and controlled by mathematical-technological means? Dr. Norbert Wiener thought so, and proceeded to formulate the principles which undergird the coming order of automation. The September issue of *USSR* magazine shows that the Soviets have not been slow to pick up the cue. We are given a ten-page report on a conference held recently at the Novosti Press Agency building in Moscow. The theme: "Cybernetics, Economic Planning, and the Social System." The main point at issue seems to be the problem described by Dr. Bonifati Kedrov, Director of the Institute of the History of the Natural Sciences and Technology, and Corresponding Member of the USSR Academy of Science:

We cannot apply mathematical methods rationally and effectively by merely applying the new technology mechanically to the old methods and concepts. It is here that we are faced most acutely with the methodological problem of creating a new system of concepts. Without that we cannot hope to channel our planning technology into the mighty stream of present-day cybernetic methods.

"Creating a new system of concepts" means, for one thing, chucking the Labor Theory of Value out the window, since it is manifestly incompatible with the new world of machines and computers, automation and semi-automation. This is not to suggest that most Soviet citizens do not have to work quite hard, or will not have to continue to work hard far into the foreseeable future. It does indicate that most are working much harder than a disciplined, trained, privileged minority of "engineers"—and it does imply that some quarter of Soviet society must in the next decade produce a viable Leisure Theory of Value. As Vladimir put it to me one evening in the Sputnik International Youth Camp at Sochi: "This new world—I mean once we achieve it, what are people going to do with all the time? What will people become?" The Party is not yet

giving out the answer. And it will not be found in the romantic notions of Marxism-Leninism.

ONE July night I sat in the main hall of the Leningrad Palace of Weddings overlooking the Neva River and witnessed the nuptial rites of two couples. The Palace (the pre-Revolutionary home of Prince Andrei Romanov, cousin of the Tsar) offers all the cultural trappings for a wedding: flowers, "piped-in" music, reception room, employed photographer, even a shop for the purchase of rings and gifts. It means a lot to a Soviet couple to be married here—not only as a substitute for religious services, but also as an improvement over the more "traditional" Soviet marriage registration at the ZAGS office (where the ceremony is quick, simple, and drab).

The Wedding Palaces (there are now two in Leningrad and a sprinkling in other major cities) can be taken to symbolize a series of changes in the Soviet attitude, official and private, toward the family. The ideologues of the Revolution had sought to introduce a new concept of marriage, based on love and mutual comradeship, entered into freely and spontaneously, and sustained totally by internal cohesion rather than by external pressure. This has fallen by the way as so much idealism. The State now exercises an elaborate and conscious policy (e.g., wedding rituals, difficult divorces, awards for motherhood, tacit discouragement of contraception) designed to preserve the family against a multitude of disruptive forces. The battle is a losing one, particularly in the large urban centers. In eighty percent of the families, both parents are employed. Young people, whether in secondary school, the polytechnic institute, or the university, are engaged in intense educational endeavors which cannot be discussed with parents. Living space is scant—no one stays home unless necessary. The sexes are near equals as a consequence of the young woman's wide range of activities outside the home. Some of these trends have been hastened by the Marxist Establishment; others are occurring in spite of it. The social, familial, sexual, and personal moorings of Soviet youth are necessarily less secure than they once were.

A society's art molds and reflects the patterns and conditions which prevail in that society. That is, artistic creation should be viewed as both innovation and indication. The true artist is the one who is able to balance these two functions of art without consciously planning to do so.

Such artists are growing in number and influence in the Soviet Union. Probably the name which occurs most immediately to American students in relation to



current Soviet literature is Evgeny Evtushenko. This is understandable, since his verses are now as internationally celebrated as the Geneva disarmament negotiations. It is also regrettable. Writers such as Evtushenko and Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn (*One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich*), even Pasternak, have achieved notoriety because their works deal skillfully with themes that are political in nature or implication. Evtushenko's poetry is consciously political: "Let us be extremely outspoken, and tell the truth concerning ourselves." A far more significant event in the Soviet arts is the emergence of problems which are neither immediately expressible nor finally solvable in social, political, economic, or ideological terms. This is more than progress in procedural freedom for the artist as a professional; it represents the birth of truly post-Marxist modes of art.

In poetry, the new mood is represented by the works of Andrei Voznesenky, Bella Akhmadulina, Naum Korzhavin, and Evgeny Vinokurov—all relatively young, and all directly concerned with very human questions in an increasingly dehumanized culture. A novelist of the same spirit is Fyodor Abramov, editor of the Leningrad literary monthly *Neva*, whose *The New Life, A Day on a Collective Farm* (January, 1963) picks up the theme of secularization in the pastoral setting. Paralleling these developments are the trends toward atonal experimentation in musical composition and the undeniable popularity among the younger set of expressionism, impressionism, and a smattering of surrealism in the graphic arts. A growing number of Soviet artists are agreeing with Voznesenky, who maintains that his readers are mostly members of the technical intelligentsia:

... there are millions of them in Russia now. Many of them work on enormously complicated machines—and they want poetry to be complicated, too. They have no use for rhymed editorials. . . . We're overstuffed with rhymes; all fifth-form pupils make up wonderful rhymes. Our poetry's future lies in association, metaphors reflecting the interdependence of phenomena, their mutual transformation.<sup>9</sup>

Naturally, "socialist realism" is not being abandoned. The heretic never claims to be turning his back on the Faith. Ask the mentors of Soviet art (as we did with a dozen of them in Moscow at a meeting arranged for us by the Society for Soviet-American Friendship), and the reply comes straight from the shoulder: "We believe that socialist realism should not prescribe what or how an artist can create—it is a broad framework

that can include a great diversity of individual means of expression." Translation: "We are finding it necessary to drop the formula altogether, but watch with what skill and grace we can do it!"

Obviously, none of the foregoing should be construed as equally applicable to all locales and all citizens of the USSR, composed as it is of fifteen Republics and 110 distinct nationalities. The processes described will assume different forms, for instance, in the Central Asian Republic of Uzbekistan which still exists in a quasi-colonial relationship with metropolitan Russia. The Soviet Union is still a predominantly agrarian country, a "selectively backward" economy. The processes are a little younger, and the contrasts are much sharper—these are the main differences between the Soviet and American versions of modernization.

To "oppose secularization" is only to bemoan the lag between changing conditions, on the one hand, and religious nostalgia for Establishment, on the other. The Christian who will not attempt to live as the active Body of Christ within the context and on the terms demanded by cyberculture is generically related to the old-guard Stalinist ideologue who futilely struggles to pump up old dogmas. So is the university "intellectual" who simply cannot work in and through the institutional Church when it falls short of the ideological mark. The second half of the twentieth century is characterized by the primacy of power and the sovereignty of sophisticated technique. The structures are given as well as made. Changes are rolling over us, and it is not the business of the Christian to outguess history—in this too many faiths have failed.

The chief task of the Saint in a secular world come of age is to work very hard at achieving a peculiar brand of humility heretofore not required of the faithful of the Church. The *humilitas* of the past has held forth primarily in the tight sphere of individual religious piety; when spilling into the social arena, it has represented a largely negative posture toward the feelings, attitudes, and activities of other persons. The *humilitas* of the present and the future must be positively oriented toward all the new forms of the secular culture. The aspiring Saint, armed with the treasures of tradition, must continually heed the voice of his Lord coming, as always, through present history: Do not lament the demise of a neighborly world, but witness and proclaim in the pace and language of the world that is with you! Do not seek to pour my precious wine into your old wineskins, but give yourselves to my work of redeeming existing persons within existing



structures! Do not throw up your hands at technology and retreat to the Chapel of Rosy Doctrines, but understand and embrace the cyberculture, so that you may support its successes and proclaim its limitations! Do not shun the explosion of rationality, but work to infuse it with Reason!

I have a hope, drawn from experiences and conversations, that the Russian Orthodox Church will possess sufficient human and other powers to maintain its integrity until that time when Soviet society turns to it with those special questions about life and death which can be resolved only in Jesus Christ. Perhaps partly because of my vested interest in the Church, I have the same hope for the Christian community in America. But I have not the courage to tell God that He is wrong in changing the world.

Ours is a time in which certainty about the future and about our own correctness are luxuries which Christians, above all people, cannot afford. Can we

understand this? Andrei Voznesenky understands it very well:

*And only yesterday  
he told me, a great lecturer:  
"What, anti-worlds?  
Such nonsense, my dear boy . . ."*

*In sleep I turn and toss  
at night, in the great beehives of the city  
—my cat lies there, his eye is green:  
it is receiving messages  
from everywhere.<sup>4</sup>*

NOTES

1. William H. Whyte, Jr., "Individualism in Suburbia." In *The Dilemma of Organizational Society*, Hendrik M. Ruitenbeek, ed.
2. Alice Mary Hilton, "Cyberculture in the Transition from a War to a Peacetime Economy." *Fellowship*, May, 1964.
3. Quoted in Anselm Hollo's introduction to his translation *Selected Poems of Andrei Voznesensky*.
4. "Anti-Worlds," from Voznesensky's *The Three-cornered Pear* (included in the *Selected Poems*).



PHOTO: EUGENE WYATT, NASHVILLE



# CHRISTIANS IN A NEW SITUATION

## — the Church in Eastern Europe

BY JOSEPH DUFFEY

SOMETIMES Western churchmen seem to assume that Christian life and witness is impossible in a state which is openly hostile to religious teaching and avowedly atheistic. There are also Christians in such nations who take this same position. The latter I encountered in Czechoslovakia, Hungary and Poland this past summer; it was expressed by both Protestants and Catholics. These Christians refuse to work in any constructive way for the success of the Communist State. They choose only to wait for some liberation. But churchmen in these countries who take this position are in a diminishing minority.

Many of the Christians with whom I talked reject sharply the implications of this position. They maintain that God's sovereignty and power are not dependent upon some particular form of government or economic system and thereby canceled out by other forms of society. They say that the God of the Bible can, and indeed they testify he does, work even in the midst of a society which denies all faith. They point to nothing less than the Old Testament as a witness to this claim. The men and women who take this position are quite candid about the difficulty and the cost of Christian existence in such a situation. But they offer testimony that God is not dead nor has Christian faith vanished behind the "Iron Curtain."

There are today in every Marxist land Christians who continue to worship, to study the Bible and to work for the betterment of their society. My conversations with some of them have produced these observations about how they understand their situation.

*First, these Christians regard the overt atheism of communist thought as an historical development for which Christians must bear some responsibility. Many younger churchmen in these lands admit to a long history of reactionary conservatism and social repression within their societies. The churches, either by active participation or silent acquiescence, have shared in such developments. This resistance to change and clinging to superstition and fear have blinded Christians in the past to the surge of human demands for justice and opportunity which finally exploded in the contorted anger and resentment of violence and revolution.*

For these reasons some Christians in communist lands today are regarding the atheism of their society as the Church's challenge rather than the communist's problem. One churchman in Budapest said to me,

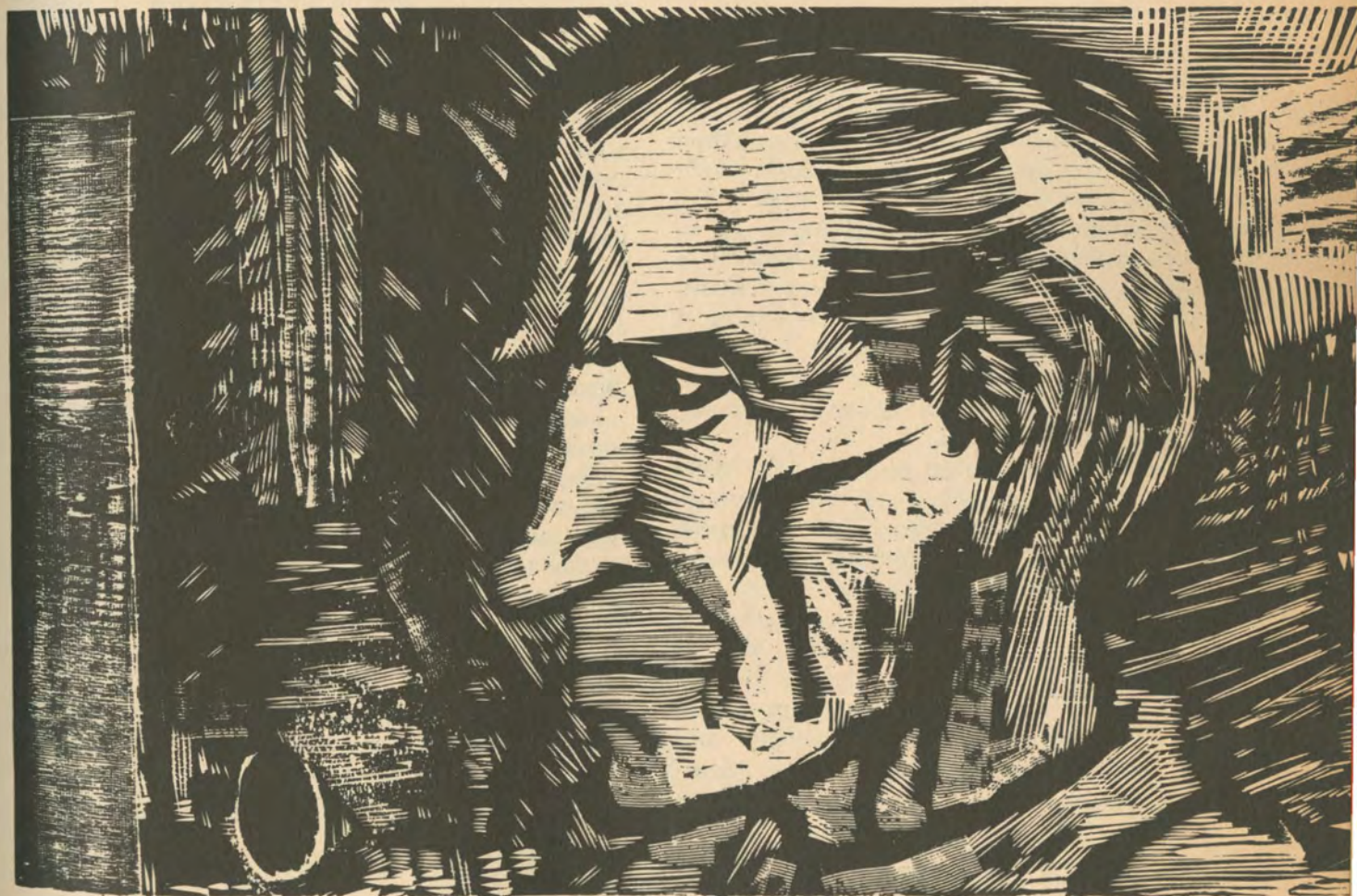
The burden is on us Christians now; we must show the Marxists that Christianity need not necessarily be socially reactionary but can serve the human betterment of life for our people. This will be difficult and slow. It will have to be declared by life and example before it can be declared with words and preaching. But we still have the opportunity to demonstrate in our society the power of the Gospel and the love of God by the quality of our life and our willingness to serve all men, meeting the Marxist's hostility with unexpected good will and concern.

My impression is that the future of the Church in communist lands belongs to the Christians who share this spirit.

*In the second place, these Christians are not looking at the changes which have taken place in their societies as something temporary, a passing phase, but as a new thing, a permanent change which is painful and full of anguish but which can be met with faith, courage and hope rather than nostalgia and regret. They look to the future and not to the past as they seek to work out a pattern of Christian response in their society. They understand faith to be an affirmative attitude toward history and social change. This does not mean they gloss over the repression which continues to exist in the social system under which they live. It does not mean that they are naïvely optimistic about the future. But their faith gives them cause to be open to the future and to speak of a profound hope because of two convictions which have religious—indeed Christian—roots.*

The first of these is the conviction that faith means assuming responsibility for one's life and for those with whom one lives. These Christians are ready to do this. A young theologian in Prague has recently written:





"A MAN TELLING HIS STORY" WOOD BLOCK PRINT

R. F. MCGOVERN



The real difference between communists and Christians, on the level of practice, is that we should feel more responsible for everything that is going on in our country. We are responsible for everything. The future development also depends upon us. If at times the communist people, the statesmen, economists, teachers, directors of factories, etc. are failing, that is primarily our failure. They probably suffer because of our lack of responsibility, solidarity, prayers and that self-identification which Jesus asks of us. It is a sin to refuse this calling.

While such an understanding of faith may seem strange to many of us in the West it is not strange to much of the New Testament! There Paul seemed to be instructing Christians to assume the burdens of others in Christ's name and this is what some churchmen in Eastern Europe believe is their calling in the new society which has grown up around them.

The second conviction which keeps these Christians open to the future is the trust that God does finally have a purpose in human history which man's cruelty and disobedience will not thwart. They live with the hope that history is not out of control but is under God's rule. This deep hope affects their participation in the everyday life of society and their determination to contribute to its betterment.

Christians in these countries continue to worship and practice their faith without any encouragement from the state. They share the hard, sometimes stark, conditions of life in a society without the affluence which marks much of the West. But they feel that loyalty to their homeland and to their fellow countrymen is a virtue and they are proud of many accomplishments of their states. Time and again those most critical of the economic blundering or the restriction of freedom of their governments told me with pride of the elimination of extreme poverty and the concern for the old, weak and poor in their nation.

The Westerner is nevertheless prone to ask, "What hope can there be for the future of societies whose regimes have so plainly demonstrated their totalitarian and repressive potential?" The Christians with whom I talked were not ignoring these tendencies in their societies. They have suffered much and still meet every day the limits of political and social freedom. For the three nations which I visited, however, there is some evidence of a new phase in communist society. Christians and non-Christians alike speak, howbeit cautiously, of the end of the Stalinist era and of a "thaw" or a "spring." And surely there is objective evidence of

such development. There is a freer, more open atmosphere in these societies now than at any time during the past decade. There is a new surge of nationalistic feeling which is asserting independence of Soviet control. One finds speech and the expression of ideas more open now, though the limits of this freedom are still manifest in the lack of genuine political alternatives and of the possibility of criticism of the state except in certain narrow, prescribed spheres. But there are signs of an evolution within these states, of more contact with the West, of a more pragmatic approach to economic planning, of fewer dogmatic ideological demands being made upon the citizens.

To some extent the Christians of these lands have already begun to make visible a style of faithfulness which meets the challenge of their new situation with a positive contribution to the building of a newer and better society than has existed in the past. And I believe it can be said that these Christians are gaining the respect of the communist authorities for their toughminded but persistent determination to witness to their conviction even when the cost is great and their faith is being publicly derided. This is evidenced by the revision some Marxists have made of their estimate of the capacity of Christian faith to survive the predicted extinction which early theorists predicted.

In Prague this past June one of the largest religious meetings ever held in a communist country, The Christian Peace Conference, brought together nearly one thousand churchmen from East and West. Marxist scholars openly came as interested observers and several party theorists have taken the trouble to comment in books and articles on recent trends in Christian theology.

Some Christians in communist lands are beginning to believe that faith in the God who called on Abraham to leave the securities of a familiar situation and venture into the future with trust is a summons to Christians today to look to the future and engage their destiny with hope rather than cling to the past. They are trying to find their place in a new situation and to determine where God is at work even in a Marxist society. Bereft of any preferred position in the society, of all special favors or concessions, they continue to believe in the power of Jesus Christ and the love of God and have concluded that a more just social order than that of the past may be built even in the harsh limits of the present totalitarian system. They have



chosen, for this reason, to work with communists who seek that goal rather than oppose them.

Another lesson which has been brought home to these churchmen in communist lands is *the awareness that the life and mission of the church is now more than ever before in the hands of the whole congregation and not just the ordained clergy.* And this not as the laymen act as assistants to the clergy but as they assume the main burden of witness in the society. A Catholic layman and member of parliament in Poland explained it to me in this way:

The clergy have lost the prominent place they held for so long in the ceremonial and political aspects of our public life. They are no longer acknowledged as authorities in the nonreligious areas of life. We laymen, on the other hand, are the ones trained for dealing with the kind of technical and social issues around which the most important decisions of our national life are being made. We are the ones who face the communists and work beside them daily. We have had to assume the mission of the church. Indeed, we must now lead the clergy into an understanding of this society we are living in and help them find new and constructive roles for their ministry.

This was the consciousness I found among Christian laymen in every country I visited who are editing newspapers, teaching, working in factories and shops.

The intellectual and practical encounter between Christian faith and Marxist worldview is in the hands of these Christians who live and work in the main stream of the life of their nations. Many of them seem to be seeking for a position of critical loyalty to their nation rather than one of totally defiant opposition. They are not asking for special recognition for their churches. They do seek a state which will be neutral toward all religious commitments and which will not seek to impose a prescribed ideology on its citizens. They seek to meet and enter into dialogue with communists and others—not on the basis of abstract doctrines about God but on the basis of practical attitudes toward man. They are attempting to translate their faith in God and the good news of the Gospel into its implications for the way one understands his life and views his neighbors. They are not trying to meet communist propaganda with Christian propaganda but with "fruits of the spirit." They witness to their faith by the hope they display in their attitudes and actions.

I found many of these men and women cautiously hopeful that a dialogue between Marxism and Christianity might be possible. They are saying that the subject of that dialogue, if it is to occur, will be the issues emerging in a society which seeks to reconstruct hu-



"CRUCIFIXION" WOOD BLOCK PRINT

R. F. McGOVERN



man relationships as well as economics: what is man? what is his nature and destiny? Their theology will be thoroughly challenged in this exchange, and every affirmation Christians have made will be subject to the stringent test of its real meaning for human life now. The process can be salutary and bracing even though demanding and dangerous. Some Christians at least are saying, "If we cannot hold our own on these terms and prove our faith's validity and contribution perhaps we have no right to expect a future for Christianity."

I have here attempted to offer an admittedly sympathetic description of the conviction and rationale by which some Christians in communist lands seek to work out their life and witness. Their choice of positive response rather than resistance or indifference to the changes occurring in their societies is one fraught with peril and temptation. The greatest danger is that the Church and the Gospel may be taken over as a tool of political manipulation or propaganda. This is a danger always confronting Christians, whatever their nationality. I do not think the churches in Eastern Europe will escape this possibility and some of these churches seem already to have succumbed to it in a variety of degrees. Nevertheless, on the whole, my impression is that these dangers are kept in mind and their snares are being resisted strenuously by many churchmen there.

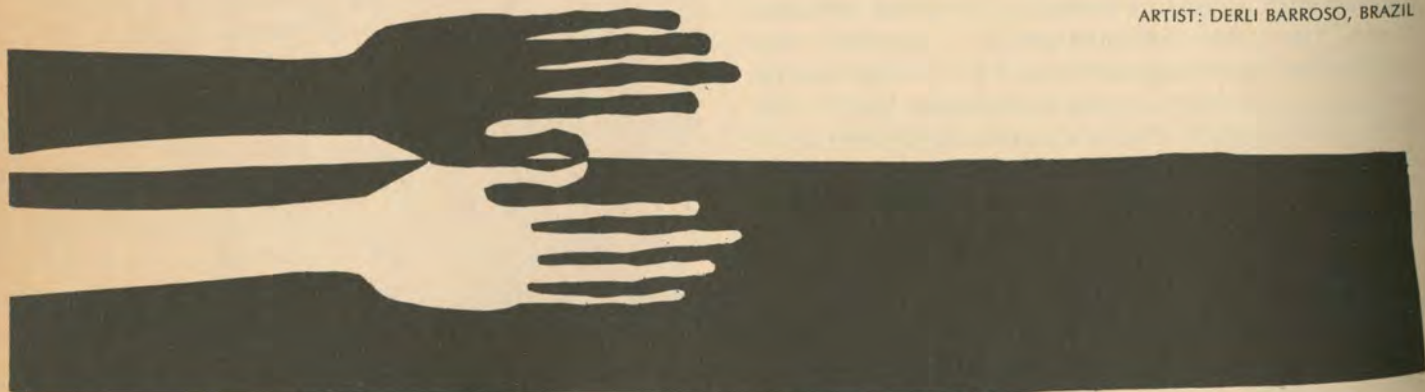
For us in the United States a better understanding of the way these Christians in Eastern Europe are grappling with the implications of their faith raises questions about our own situation. Certainly there are many contrasts between the situation of the church in the U.S. and its status in communist nations. The practical materialism which shapes our secular society presents a different set of circumstances in which the

Church has to find its mission than the theoretical materialism of Marxist societies. Repression of religious expression is no great problem for us. Neither do we confront an atheistic philosophical attack. However we must deal with a popular religious ideology which may be as great an enemy of Christian faith with its attachment to the false gods of nation or race or class. *Our* situation as Christians then seems less perilous but in its own way it is perhaps as challenging. The comfort and respectability of our life as Christians in the West may be indeed a more subtle danger than outright hostility.

Still the experience of Christians in Eastern Europe may be instructive to us in America in several ways. The very earnestness with which these men and women have confronted their new situation and seek a faithful existence in it calls us to reflection on our own mission in the culture of the West. We too must strive for a theology of social change in the face of the upheavals which are taking place in this society. We too have to ask what we will affirm and work for amidst the changes which are occurring here. In an increasingly secularized culture and a nation where men and women of many faiths and no faith must work together what will we take as the theme of our conversation with those who have differing convictions? How much responsibility as Christians will we take for the forming of this society?

These questions must be faced; maybe we will be tutored in the faith by the Christians of Eastern Europe. Rather than having reverted to a primitive situation it may perhaps be that they are doing advance work for the future of all Christians in a modern world where a minority status is becoming the clear condition of the church's life.

ARTIST: DERLI BARROSO, BRAZIL





# natural selection

two poems  
by richard purdum

## PARAPHRASIS

The logic emanates from the idea,  
penumbra, corollary. Time shares the  
eternal, premise and demonstrandum, moon  
and shade both inferences from the sun.  
Each petal on the ground fell from the bloom;  
this grass is fragrant with petals. Failure to  
understand doesn't refute the thought.

He taught them in such guise of metaphor,  
perianth; but involution is  
the flower. Spores fly sterile in a wind.  
That cryptic marriage was all rationale,  
our gay seduction, sight, auroral sheen  
that showed the law night seeded on the soil.  
They saw, said not, sought proof, and drew a blind.  
(They soak mute pillows with these straws they weep.  
Their tears are cast in darkness where they lie.)

CLEAR SKY. WARM SUN. SHAPES OF MELTING SNOW.

"For God so loved the world . . ."

In this conceiving it appears  
less transient, less a making of  
mere percept or desire to be  
shunned, to be shamed, which must be  
undone—blue trees or black despair—

to care that hope so vanishes in  
deceivings, fear a stain behind  
the lids, squint hate that hues all snow,  
more an idea of the sun  
to be fleshed, shared, shown in such thaw.



# CONGO PROFILE

BY NEWELL SNOW BOOTH

**W**ITH four lines you can draw the profile of the Church in the Congo. The words are persistence, participation, payment, unity.

The profile stands out against the background of the events in the Congo. It really is not the battle of the Congo that is being fought there. True, there are excessive political divergencies; there are hot regional rivalries; there are compulsive personal ambitions. But the rivalries of the cold war, the concerns of the East-West struggle, even the conflict within the Soviet bloc, and the divergencies of policy among the Western nations: these complicate the picture.

The common problems of the world that can never be solved alone should be faced together: adequate education for all, matching the population explosion with proper measures of control, the creative use of resources for the enrichment of all, the facilities of productive communication. Congo puts its own slant on these: filling the vacuum of secondary school opportunity, building a network of useable roads, raising the level of living of the subsistence farmers, multiplying contacts across tribal lines.

Against this background and the exploding rebellions and deteriorating economy the profile of the Church stands. The essential report about the Congo is that the Church persists. In the midst of divisions, rebellions, tribal disturbances the work continues. Worship is not stopped. Education goes on. In 1961, when for ten months it was necessary for all our Methodist missionaries to be evacuated from the Central Congo we had no contact. Finally when it was possible for me and one other American to return—not daring to hope as to what we might find—we found that not a single one of the nearly one thousand congregations had failed to maintain regular services of worship. Every school was functioning. New projects even had been

started. By a miracle of the use of learned skills even medical service was maintained.

What I said a dozen years ago is still true. If all the appointed leaders, ministers, supplies, local preachers should fail to show up for the worship services not a congregation would go home without holding services. Some member of the congregation would lead them in song and prayer and in a personal interpretation of scripture. The pastoral ministry would be re-created from the laity. It has grown out of it and would grow again.

My wife has recently experienced the removal of cataracts from her eyes. In the process she had a lens for one eye and only a frosted glass for the other. She has sight, but no perspective. She sees things—but exactly where are they? When she gets the other lens she will learn again to see in focus. Sight but no perspective: this is the situation with so many throughout the Congo. The real Congo was not in the score of people who held the guns when Dr. Carlson was shot in Stanleyville—but in the thousand who sang through their tears at his funeral as they claimed his body “as one of ours.”

Of course there has been disruption. And people have been kept from church by other demands. Pastors have had to become refugees. Leaders have been subverted. But the church has persisted. There is a resilience of the Africans' spirit. They spring back after being beaten down.

The second line in the profile is *participation*. There is no doubt but that attention to the place of the laity is the outstanding characteristic in the experience of the Church these days everywhere in the world. And in Congo, too, there is a continuing understanding of what is meant by the *laos*, the people of God. Perhaps three vignettes can tell the story better than declarations. Three who were among the delegates to the Africa Central Conference stand out. Samuel Tsopotsa was a member of the General Conference in Pittsburgh. He is principal of an important educational institution in his country and has a decided influence in the social and civic order. He acted as general secretary of the Central Conference. He is enrolled now at London University studying for his Master's in Education. (He came from there recently to Chicago to represent Africa at the Convocation on the Quadrennial Program.)

Gaston Mwenda—another General Conference member—combines remarkable talents. At the Central Conference he was translator *par excellence*—in En-





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FEBRUARY 1965



glish, French and Swahili. (And he could have done the same in at least four other languages!) But constantly he finds time from his task as educational director to be Scout commissioner, conference publicity man, local preacher, commission chairman, and director of Methodist Men.

And Banza Claudette! This Congolese girl is as modern as the best—in hair-do, clothes, high heels, even in French slang. She was the youngest member of the Central Conference—with all the appeal and vivacity of youth—and the concern for the Church she represents. Back from studies in Switzerland she teaches at Springer Institute at Mulungwishi.

Let these speak for the thousands and millions of Christian people going on and about their work in the midst of all that is happening in the Congo. There is tragedy there. It is not only theirs; it is the tragedy of our world whether it is rebellion in Kindu or riot in Rochester, atrocity in Stanleyville or murder of civil rights workers in Mississippi. And yet most of the population go on with their participation in life. This is true in the United States and it is true in the Congo.

Of course money is not a very good measure of sincerity and commitment but it certainly is a symbol of concern. And the people of Congo have continued their payment to the church. There has been economic deterioration these four years; communications and transport have broken down; it has been impossible to reach markets; jobs have disappeared; the circulation of money has been difficult. Yet at a recent meeting it was reported that there has not been a year in the last four in which there has been failure to increase the giving to the Church. The salary scale for the pastors was increased and, at least up to this most recent disruption, was being paid. The apportionments for the things that are done together outside the local parish were included in the payment.

They need and ask for help in scholarships, in literature, in institutional services, in increased missionary personnel, in relief, in transport and communications. But when it came to these other aspects of the internal life and support of the church and its ministers, that finance committee said, "This we can do ourselves."

(In partial response to the desire of the Africans for more missionaries, we have an excellent group of six-

teen young men studying French in Belgium to go out as A-3's—short term missionaries to Africa for three years. They will go as a flexible corps of workers in education and social service. Their orientation and study is with two who have been A-3's and are now going back as full-time missionaries.)

The most important aspect of the Church in Congo is its effect on unity. The Church is a builder of community. What other agency could call together delegates from every corner of the Congo to meet in the Katanga in early 1964? The Congo Protestant Council did—and discussed ways in which they could implement the unity which they knew they had. There was more than knowledge. There was a conviction that they belonged together.

The action of the Africa Central Conference was a demonstration of the oneness that the Church generates in the midst of divisiveness. For the last four years I would have been a "split personality" if it had not been for the Church. I went back and forth from the Katanga to the Central Congo. When I went to the Central Congo I heard even the school children singing songs cursing Tshombe whom they had been taught to consider a traitor to their country. Yet they knew me as the friend of Tshombe and his teacher—and accepted me. When I returned to the Katanga they knew that I had come from the land of Lumumba, whom they heard described as the betrayer of their land. They knew I had preached in Lumumba's village, that one of my fellow workers was born in that village. And yet they accepted me.

Then Central Conference met to elect my successor as bishop. To these passions were linked tribal, social, linguistic, geographic divisions. And yet in the unity of the Church—and primarily with the votes of the Katanga delegates a man of Lumumba's village was elected bishop over both the Central Congo and the Katanga. The multiplication of the acceptance across tribal lines is the real hope of the Congo. Just when there is given the impression that the Congo is falling apart we have a demonstration of the vitality of the life of the church, and of the unifying spirit it can bring (both through and in spite of political disorder).



## ILLUSTRATED LESSON

*To further his cause a saint  
fainted for forty days in a desert,  
forty days until the closing of  
school for the long vacation.*

*The act and ideal were drawn  
on a blackboard in white, limned  
clear for susceptible minds,  
coaxed into the wits with  
Walt Disney exaggerations.*

*I remember. I sat beside my sister  
and could not chew my yearnings;  
this was too great and graphic for  
all its worth the teacher explained  
in more than cruel English and I  
touched my skin and brows to sympathize.*

*I can still recall a ceremonious man  
drooping like a toad for forty days  
and forty nights in an alkali-white  
desert into the beginning of  
a vacation crashing off on roller-  
skates and scratching significance  
on a duration of sunny indifference.*



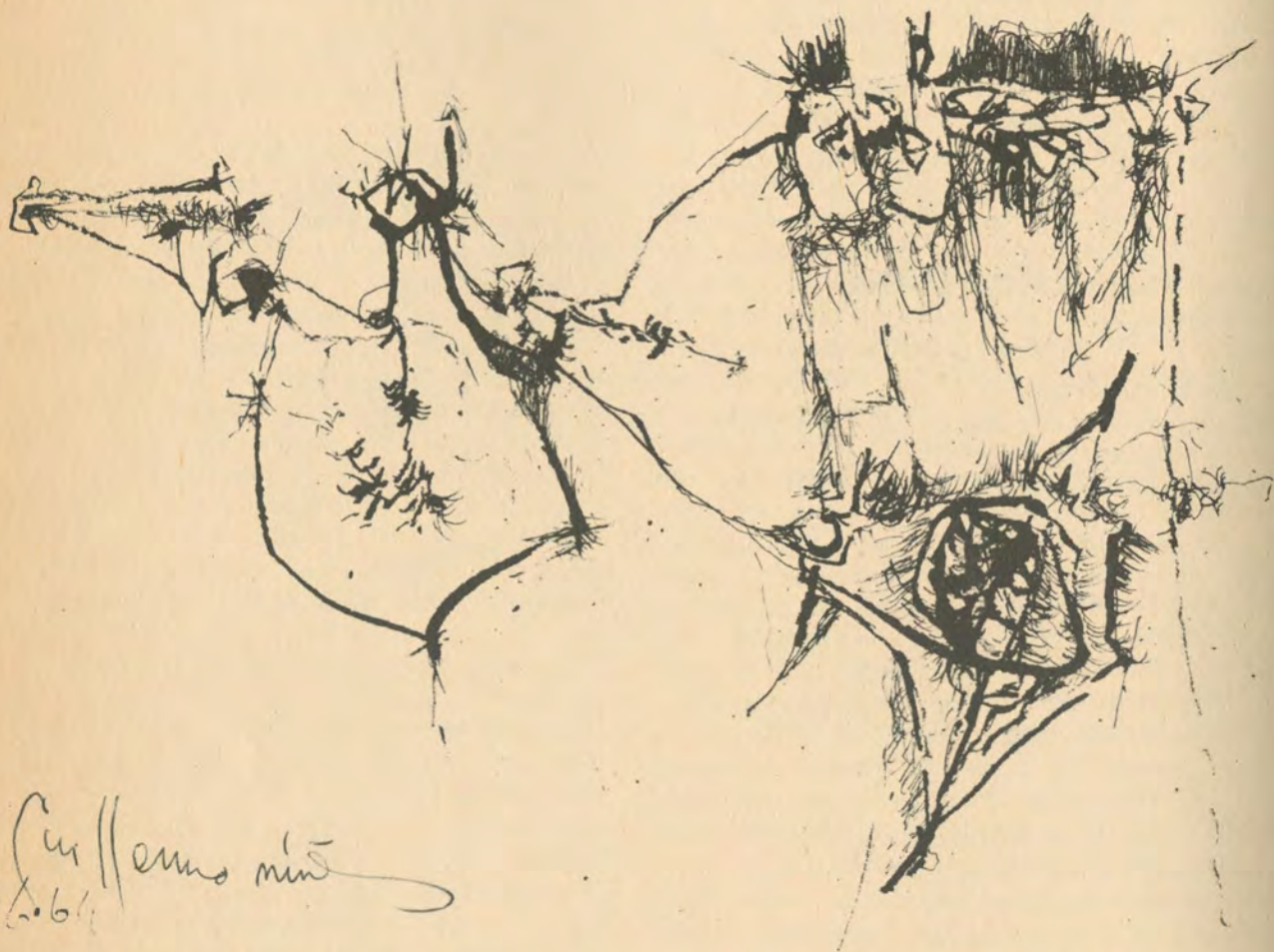
INK DRAWING BY IVAN SERPA, BRAZIL

—DAVID CORNEL DeJONG



# POETRY & POLITICS IN CHILE

BY MILLER WILLIAMS



INK DRAWING BY GUILLERMO NUNEZ, CHILE

**C**HILE is a land alive with politics and poetry. From Peru to Tierra del Fuego, from campesino to president, there is a sense of urgency in the discussion of either one, a feeling that something of fundamental importance is being talked about.

Not that these go always together, or that nothing else is important to the Chileno. Romance is always a serious thing. And *futbol*, of course. Religion—though the Catholic church appears more and more to be a formalistic remnant of whatever it might once have been—is still a thing of great meaning for some, and moves like a disturbing memory in the consciousness of many. And for a large percentage of the people,

more important than the pursuit of politics or poetry is the search for food, another meal, a few pesos for an *empanada*. But whatever else the need of the hour may be, whatever the personal preoccupation, politics and poetry are always there.

There is hardly anyone who doesn't know the names of the important poets of the past and present, and who doesn't get deeply involved, actively involved in the red hot political contests. Walls are covered with political slogans and a postage stamp bears the image of Chile's Nobel prize winning poet, Gabriela Mistral, whom the Chileans call *La Divina Gabriela*.

Because of this, much of the character of Chile de-



pends on the character of her poetry and her politics. So a new direction in politics, a new direction in poetry, is no small thing. This is the big thing in Chile now.

On November fourth Eduardo Frei took office as President of the Republic. Victor in a race which itself was a sign of the new way—there was, incredibly, no serious right wing contender—Frei is the leader of the Third Force in Chile, the *ni ruso, ni yanqui* democratic left. For twenty years the fight for men's minds in Latin America has been waged on the middle ground where the extreme right—the old oligarchy, supported by foreign, mostly North American investments—grappled with the communist left, making anything close to such a middle ground uninhabitable and forcing everyone to choose one extreme position or the other. For a people born and sometimes educated in the shadow of the United States' economic domination, any direction away from dependence on the States can look like a road to freedom, and any enemy of the States can look like a friend. And the States aside, the doctrine of socialism can come as a holy revelation to those who have lived in the brain-rotting poverty that the great majority of Latin American people are born into. In the cry for Uncle Sam to get out is the more bitter, deeper cry for Latin America's indigenous royalty to go also—maybe to the States, where their spiritual leaders are fancied to be, or to Switzerland, into whose banks they are pumping a steady and staggering flow of their country's money.

Only recently—in the last five or six years—has it occurred to large numbers of Latin Americans that there is a third choice, and only now have enough decided that that choice is the sensible one to name its champion as chief of state. So Eduardo Frei begins his six-year term, a six-year experiment, new in Latin America, noble anywhere, and possible in few countries besides Chile. De Gaulle, of course, is in great part the inspiration for this movement. So is England, in a more general way. And Tito. So is anything that indicates—demonstrates—the possibility of life without Big Brother, however beneficent he might be, and whether he speaks Russian, English, or Cantonese. The State Department is not happy with the position Frei represents, foreign investors are not happy with it, the shaky oligarchy is not happy with it at all—but the right as a political force is dead in Chile, and the choice now is between the left and the far left. Those who are to lose something in this new state of affairs see the Third Force as the lesser of evils. The communists see it as the worst of evils, because they can fight the right much more effectively than they can fight the democratic left, which steals its thunder. It may be, in fact,

that in the Third Force, and the quiet nationalism it preaches, Chile, Latin America, and much of Asia and Africa will find the only strait there is between the right and left shores they seem unable to land on. Or don't want to land on.

Now that we've got a Stalin or a Mao or whatever he is in our own hemisphere, in Fidel Castro, perhaps it's just as well—or inevitable, anyway—that we also have our own de Gaulle: Eduardo Frei, our own tall man with a big nose, president for six last-chance years of the long, skinny country. Keep your eye on the Third Force—the United States and Russia, not in any act of love, have given birth to it, a child neither is very happy about, that may grow up to save them both.

**I**N poetry the change is as intriguing and almost as radical as the change in politics, but in poetry there have been no battles, no sides to choose. And there has been no foreign intrusion. In Chilean poetry it has always been clear who the master was, and the master came always from within. Nitrates and copper are not the only things Chile has never had to import. Some of the greatest poets of the Spanish language have been her own—Agusto D'Halmar, Samuel A. Lillo, Angel Cruchaga Santa Maria, Mistral, Vicente Huidobro, and Pablo Neruda. They are all giants. And for years Neruda, perhaps the greatest of them all, has towered over the world of Spanish poetry as the Andes tower over Chile.

This is the heritage Chile's new poets are born to, and they cherish it. It has enriched them, and they look to the masters who have gone before them with gratitude and reverence. But a heritage can weigh heavily on a man, if he feels constrained to live and work strictly within it. A Spanish writer especially, because of the powerful and conservative influence of the Spanish Academy, finds it difficult to break with the past to the degree that writers in English and French can and, for better or worse, do.

Some, Huidobro and Neruda especially, freed themselves to a great extent from the bonds (and the blessings) of the Academy. This was their genius—and their gift to those who came after them. Huidobro left poems so free-wheeling that our beats could find a father in the shape of them. Neruda made every idea and object a subject for poetry, taught the gerund tricks it had never known in Spanish, and even slimmed down the punctuation of his poems. Because of such writers as these, Chile's young writers now are almost free of formal restrictions, but this gift came wrapped in a new challenge. If Neruda and other olympians have broken old bonds, they have woven new ones, more subtle and less brittle than the old ones, a bond



of style—a bond that for years has run through both the best and the worst of the new poetry.

For a long time no one fought it. In fact, almost everyone took pains to imitate Neruda as we imitated Eliot and then Auden. When we recall our efforts to escape finally the styles of these poets, and realize that Neruda's influence has probably been as imposing as Whitman's, Eliot's and Auden's combined, we can understand something of the challenge which the poet in Latin America, and especially in Chile, is facing.

It's clear that the challenge has been accepted. Each writer in his way is finding his language, his own voice. The best of them are writing poems clearly theirs. Even in translation the different voices come through, and the experience of the poem as a personal thing, out of the mind of the poet, is real enough to become ours.

Let me say, though, that where there are failures here, it should be taken for granted they are mine. Translation is always a filter; there's a lot that doesn't come through.



**E**VEN the most naturalistic of Chile's poets are held to some degree by a fascination with surrealism.

This is not new to Chile's literature, and in fact, is one of the threads that runs through the best work of the last fifty years. In some works there is only a surrealistic touch here and there, but in the writing of a poet like Miquel Arteche, whose work is also of the supernatural, the real world—that is, the world we have come to call real, with fairly constant dimensions and classical logic giving us sleep at night—disappears.

Arteche is 38, a devout Roman Catholic—a relative rarity among Chile's intellectuals—and his poetry is clearly devoted to his faith. He has been called the most original religious poet since Hopkins.

#### EPITHALAMION

*We win in the hour of the flesh  
but we lose, later, the battle,  
when fighting alone in the feathers  
of the night we turn our heads.  
The sea surrounded the funeral sheet  
of Venus, without foam:  
and rowing we fly the planets away  
from that dawn that rose  
twin in your trembling breasts.  
We lose in the centuries of the flesh:  
but we win, later, the defeat  
when fighting blind in the haze  
of love we let go our embrace.*

#### THE IDIOT CHILD

*The idiot child rides on the crowded bus.  
His mother doesn't look at him.  
Doesn't see the saliva that runs  
and hangs lost.  
But the child asks: "What's wrong with me?"  
"Shut up, kid."*

*The idiot child has been left alone  
with a rat for company.  
And the rat has climbed up the bridge  
of saliva,  
and little by little, inch by inch,  
gnaws the hand.  
But the child asks, "What's wrong with me?"  
"Let me eat, boy."*

*The idiot child has seen that from the sky  
falls the cancer of ashes,  
and his eye leaps out of its orbit,  
and the idiot child looks  
at that blind planet that in his hand  
spins and spins.  
And there is no one who can answer him,  
no one to tell him  
why his eye has suddenly burst  
and why it's covered with spit.*

*Who answers him? Let's see: Who answers  
the idiot child,  
the child?*

#### SPINNING

*And now in space, in the dark space  
of the stars, in a habitation I don't know:  
in space  
without field,  
without rain,  
without hands  
and without cities. Now: in space,  
where no one is, where the darkness is a sad cry  
with no answer. Alone, with a chair, and naked,  
I sing:  
But I have no voice, but I have no hands.  
My naked habitation spins and blazes in space.  
I sing  
to see if there is an answer from below.*

*And I see how the walls are broken,  
and I see the light, and I shout  
with words that don't break through. And the splendor comes  
closer spinning.  
But it is not your light, my God, and space  
leaps in the everlasting night. And I turn  
to sing,  
to see if there is an answer from below.*



**J**ORGE Teillier, 32, is probably the most frankly romantic of the poets writing now in Chile. A sense of nostalgia runs through his work; the images are almost always of a hard kind of beauty, and the movement is in a minor key.

#### WHEN EVERYONE GOES

*When everyone goes to other planets  
I will stay in the abandoned city  
drinking a last glass of beer,  
and later go back to the town I always go back to  
like the drunk to the tavern  
and the child to mount the horse  
on the broken whipple-tree.  
And in the town I will have nothing to do,  
except to put fireflies into sacks  
or walk the rusted rails  
or sit on the gnawed counters of stores  
to talk with old classmates.*

*Like the spider that runs along  
the same thread of its web  
I will walk unhurried through the streets  
invaded by underbrush  
looking at the flocks of pigeons  
coming down,  
until I reach my house  
where I will shut myself up  
to listen to records of 1930 songs  
never caring to look  
at the infinite roads  
traced by rockets in space.*

#### A TREE WAKES ME UP

*A tree wakes me up  
and says to me: It's better to wake up.  
Dreams are apropos of nothing.  
Look at the geese opening  
their big white wings,  
look how the chickens have built nests  
under the abandoned car.*



**A**RMANDO Uribe Arce is a lawyer and critic as well as a poet. His verses have about them something of the oriental, the Rubaiyat maybe and Japanese haiku.

#### IT'S LIKE A SICKNESS

*It's like a sickness  
like a long and empty sickness  
walking through the streets with nothing to do  
except to walk the streets.*

*At noon, at six in the evening, in the morning.  
Moving like a sleepwalker, slowly nowhere  
occupied with looking occupied  
like a businessman with no business and bankrupt.*

#### I LOVE YOU AND THE ROSEBUSH

*I love you and the rosebush  
gives roses. I give feet,  
I give hands and eyes,*

*And the rosebush gives roses.*



**R**OLANDO Cardenas, 27, is a young poet from the far South of Chile. His verses are usually about the geography of his people in that cold and hard tip of the continent—the Strait of Magellan, Tierra del Fuego, the white end of the Andes.

#### THE ROADS STRETCH OUT

*Silently the roads extend themselves  
like a muffled river on a landscape,  
water that will never reflect the dusty Summer.*

*The city wants to escape  
to immovable villages.  
The enchanted key  
we have always dreamed of having  
to find where they were lost.*

*The roads remain.  
They only wait for the seasons  
that cross like herds of ponies  
or like those ghosts of shepherds  
buried in the snow  
ghosts that run about with imagined teeth.*

*The roads stretch out.  
The secret desire to leave stays with us.  
All lead toward the night.  
They fork like dreams  
beyond the south and the dimension of its skies,  
where the land forgets and falls to pieces  
and only the air is still intact and hard.*



**E**NRRIQUE Lihn, 36, is known throughout Latin America both as a poet and a short story writer. He writes in an idiom more difficult to translate than that of probably any other poet in Chile, except Neruda.

#### GRAVEYARD AT PUNTA ARENAS

*Not even death could turn these men to equals  
who give their names on separate tablets of stone  
or scream them into the wind that erases them:  
a little more dust for another gust of air.  
Here rules, together with the sea that levels the marble  
between this double row of obsequious cypresses  
peace, but a peace that strains to shatter itself,  
to break into a thousand pieces the dark diploma  
to show the face of an old arrogance  
and laugh at the dust.*

*This city was being built  
when its first-born sons built another deserted city  
and deeply, one by one, they took their place  
as if there were those who might not let them stay.  
Each one within his own forever, waiting,  
the table spread, for his sons and grandsons.*



**E**FRAIN Barquero writes a quiet, lyrical line, sometimes almost Byzantine in its logic, and always leading the poem to a strangely satisfying end.

#### DREAMS RUN IN YOUR EYES

*Dreams run in your eyes and small dogs in your legs  
and you can't rest: water calls you,  
and I call you to tell you things,  
the tear in my shirt calls you crying,  
my heart calls you adding to the cry,  
but your china smile does not fall.*

*You have time for everything, and for me your life.  
You have grain for the birds, and for me your body.  
You have flowers for the house, and for me your magic.  
You have thread for dreams, and for me your sons.*

*No one is left hungry: not the animals:  
nor my heart: nor my guests.  
Each carries away an hour of yours  
and I carry each time your life.*

*I ask myself: What would Death carry away  
if he came now to get you?  
Something, maybe, but not everything.*



ENGRAVING DETAIL BY ROSER BRU, CHILE

#### RUN, RUN NAKED

*Run, run naked along the shore  
like a white trembling sail  
and call me from far away. It will be  
as if the errant birds remember my name,  
as if the words I have said to you  
come back with the same trembling.*

*The flocks of birds cross like interminable memories  
and I return to see you as then, as a wounded heron,  
and I return to see you as then, as a white ship,  
as the last dream of my infancy.*

*But the years pass, the world is so fat,  
and today we have come again to our town.  
You are not the smoke of the boats nor the wounded heron.  
You are not the distant song or the buried chest.  
But you are more beautiful, as if the waves of time  
never stopped turning up new treasures,  
as if the birds took always a new course,  
as if standing on the beach I could never reach you.*

*And today we have returned,  
and you run naked along the shore  
like a sail I have often seen  
but now with a new light on its face.*

*And when from a distance you have called me,  
I have not known  
if it is your voice or the travelling birds,  
or my old words that love you  
and jerk again now in a new quake.*



**N**ICANOR Parra, the best known in the United States—again, except for Neruda—of Chile's writers, grew up in a family of circus performers. He is now Professor of Higher Mathematics at the University of Chile. His Poems and Anti-poems, published in 1954, fell on the world of Chilean letters the way Whitman's Leaves of Grass fell on ours a hundred years ago. His work is iconoclastic, satirical, heretical and funny, and built line by line with broken rules. It is the kind of poetry every literature needs at least once in a generation.

#### SAN ANTONIO

*In a corner of the chapel  
the hermit finds delight  
in the back's pain  
the martyrdom of the flesh.*

*At his feet made ragged by the rain  
fall material apples  
and the serpent of doubt  
hisses behind the glass.*

*Its lips red with the wine  
of earthly pleasures  
turn out from his mouth  
like bloodclots.  
This is not all, his cheeks  
in the black light of the evening  
show the deep scar  
from genital thorns  
and on the wrinkles of his brow  
wrestling in the emptiness  
are engraved in competition  
the seven deadly sins.*

#### POETRY ENDS WITH ME

*I don't say put an end to anything  
I don't have any illusions about that  
I wanted to keep on making poems  
but the inspiration stopped.  
Poetry has acquitted itself well  
I have conducted myself horribly.*

*What do I gain by saying  
I have acquitted myself well  
Poetry has conducted itself poorly  
when everyone knows I'm to blame.*

*It's best that I be recognized as an imbecile!*

*Poetry has acquitted itself well  
I have conducted myself horribly  
Poetry ends with me.*

#### QUESTIONS AT TEATIME

*This gaunt man looks  
like a figure from a wax museum;  
he peers in through the torn curtains.  
Which is worth more, gold or beauty?  
the stream moving  
or the gramma-grass fixed on the bank?  
In the distance a bell is heard  
opening a wound  
or closing it:  
Is the girl looking into the fountain  
more real than the water?  
No one knows, people spend their time  
building castles in the sand.  
Is the clear glass  
superior to the hand of the man who made it?  
We breathe a worn out atmosphere  
of ashes, smoke and sadness:  
What was seen once does not come back  
the same, say the dry leaves.  
Teatime, toast and margarine  
in a kind of mist.*

#### I MOVE THE MEETING BE ADJOURNED

*Ladies and gentlemen:  
I have only one question:  
Are we children of the sun or of the earth?  
Because if we are only earth  
I don't see why  
we continue to film the picture:  
I move the meeting be adjourned.*



#### POEM SOURCES:

"Graveyard at Punta Arenas," by Enrique Lihn, from *La Pieza Oscura* (Editorial Universitaria, 1963).

The poems of Miguel Arteche from *Destierros y Tinieblas* (Empresa Editoria Zig-Zag, 1963).

The poems of Armando Uribe Arce from *El Enganoso Laud* (Ediciones del Joven Laurel, 1956).

The poems of Jorge Teillier from *El Arbol de la Memoria* (Arancibia Hnos, 1960).

"The Roads Stretch Out" by Rolando Cardenas from *En El Invierno de la Provincia* (Editorial Universitaria, 1963).

The poems of Efrain Barquero from *La Companera* (Nascimento, 1956).

"I Move the Meeting Be Adjourned" and "Poetry Ends With Me" by Nicanor Parra from *Versos de Salon* (Nascimento, 1962); "San Antonio" and "Questions at Teatime" by Nicanor Parra from *Poemas y Antipoemas* (Nascimento, 1956).







# BREAD AND PUPPET THEATER

Peter Schumann presents the Bread and Puppet Theater production of the *The Puppet Christ*, with puppets, masks and music, to celebrate the Feast of Pentecost, the season of the Holy Spirit (Whitsuntide) in the Christian year:

"We give you a piece of bread along with the puppet show because our bread and theater belong together. For a long time the arts have been separated from the stomach. Theater was entertainment. Entertainment was meant for the skin. Bread was meant for the stomach. The old rites of baking, and eating, and offering bread were forgotten. The bread decayed and became mush. We would like you to take your shoes off when you come to our puppet show or we would like to bless you with the fiddle bow. The bread shall remind you of the sacrament of eating. We want you to understand that theater is not yet an established form, not the place of commerce that you think it is, where you pay and get something. Theater is different. It is more like bread, more like a necessity. Theater is a form of religion. It is fun. It preaches sermons and it builds up a self-sufficient ritual where the actors try to raise their lives to the purity and ecstasy of the actions in which they participate. Puppet theater is the theater of all means. Puppets and masks should be played in the street. They are louder than the traffic. They don't teach problems, but they scream and dance and hit each other on the head and display life in its clearest terms. Puppet theater is an extension of sculpture. Imagine a cathedral, not as a decorated religious place, but as a theater with Christ and the saints and gargoyles being set into motion by puppeteers, talking to the worshippers, participating in the ritual of music and words. Puppet theater is of action rather than of dialogue. The action is reduced to the simplest dance-like and specialized gestures. Our ten-foot rod puppets were invented as dancers, each puppet with a different construction for its movement. A puppet may be a hand only, or it may be a complicated body of many heads, hands, rods and fabric. Our puppeteers double as musicians, dancers, actors and technicians."





## BREAD AND PUPPETS: A WAY OF LIFE

BY PETER SCHUMANN

PUPPET THEATER IS AN EXTENSION OF SCULPTURE

The single puppet as well as the composition of many puppets is sculpture. However good Punch, Kasper and Guignol may have been, they realized only a tiny fraction of the potential puppet theater. Imagine a cathedral not as a decorated religious place, but as a theater with the Madonna and the Child and the saints and the gargoyles being set into motion by hidden puppeteers, talking to the worshippers, praying and participating in the ritual of music and words.

Imagine sculpture as puppet theater. Sculpture was not invented as a decoration or as a concentrated point of interest in an architectural frame. It was more than painting. It affected the eye more directly and immediately, and you could walk around it and touch it as well. And sculpture was painted anyway, color being one of its strongest means of expression. It lacked only a living sound and a movable body to be everything that could be caught in art and could speak out of a piece of art.

For thousands of years, artists have been developing the brain of the arts, sacrificing themselves for the most specialized areas, in order to control art, to know how it works in itself, and how it affects its audience. In the healthiest moments of history it looks as if art is an almost natural by-product of human behavior, an

almost useful thing. In the sick periods of history, art<sup>\*</sup> is self-sufficient, has loose and superfluous connections to society, is scientific and extremely conscious of its self-imposed limitations. Art is by no means the essentially unchangeable expression of human likeness throughout the centuries that it is believed to be today. Art is not an up and down of abstractions, a going and coming of perfection, depending on individual capacities. Art is longing for its self-fulfillment and its salvation as much as humans are longing for it and actually art is the most dynamic example of the human longing. Its longing for the simple result which puts the countless chaotic streams of feelings and expressions together—and does not leave a single one out—could not be fulfilled if it were not completely one with the human course toward heaven or hell.

What is the end and the salvation of art? Certainly not as a mere object of art in any surroundings. It must be an object or event primarily of *social importance*. It makes little sense to talk about both a development in art or an aim of art if this is not admitted. And still we shall understand art as an inner potency, as a most powerful struggle toward our end, whatever this end is: our death, our belief, or the final good life. Art is a way of life (The Way Of Life), the awareness of the conscience as well as the awareness of the flesh and all the cells of the flesh of the whole world.

<sup>\*</sup> I am using "art" in the sense of the German word, *Kunst* which means literature and music as well as painting, etc.





Puppet theater is a true consequence of sculpture. And sculpture is an object of the theater in every regard. Even in the museum, sculpture is, in a modest sense, theater (just notice the show that a stillpiece of sculpture is putting on in an art film). In the *Bread and Puppet Theater* any object, any picture, any sculpture can be an actor, can be pointed at, and even if not moved, will be something more than an object or a piece of sculpture. Naturally, most of our sculptures are puppets and do have a life of movement. Every puppet is constructed with its specific kind of movement. Little hand puppets achieve individuality through a few movements of the puppeteer's hand only. Life size rod puppets are built for one-man operation, using an arm, or two hands, or a head as the main carrier of motion. Much different are the big eight-, ten- and twelve-foot rod puppets. They are conceived in groups either sewn or nailed together, or linked together by the similarity of sculptural appearance, their color and characteristic movements. All this makes these puppets dancers. They are not invented merely as sculpture. Their *movement* is so important that the sculpture derives its main features from it.

#### PUPPET THEATER AS AN EXTENSION OF DANCE

The physical limitations of the human body are supposed to be the limitations of dance. The human body is supposed to be the instrument of dance. But the whole world dances; bodies, leaves in the wind, water,

light, objects. And dance seems to be a quality of any movement which is separated from its purpose. In the theater, dance is the most powerful means of communication, whether an actor moves, whether a chair is moved, whatever our eyes perceive in the theater belongs to the field of dance and should be treated and made use of as *dance*. The modern theater works with the human being as a unit, as a moving and talking and acting being. But theater becomes powerful only by the strict organization of its primary means. The dance of a scene has to be taken out of its context and has to be studied by itself, as well as the language of a scene which is studied by itself. Puppets educate the theater to the use of dance. They are not alive as actors. They talk with their bodies, and their bodies are constructed for this purpose.

Puppets, being similar to humans, both exaggerate and purify the movements of the human body. The movements of a puppet hand suggest all the positions of hands that we know from Chinese or Romanesque or Baroque painting, the simplification, the elongation, the brutality and tenderness of gesture, which the human hand with its physical limitations can never create. The puppet, playing only the hand, or the puppet, playing only the head, dramatizes hand and head movement to the utmost degree. It is as if the functions of *one* body are distributed among *many* bodies, enlarging every single function and giving it a meaningful life of its own.





THE CHRIST FIGURE FROM "THE PUPPET CHRIST." THESE ARE ROD PUPPETS 14 FEET HIGH.





PETER SCHUMANN, WEARING ONE OF HIS MASKS, PLAYS THE VIOLIN FOR A YOUNG FRIEND. MR. SCHUMANN USES MUSIC AND SOUND IN HIS THEATER.



IN THE BACKGROUND ARE TWO HAND PUPPETS.



FIGURE FROM THE FIRST VERSION OF DEATH DANCE IN GERMANY, 1959.





A PAPIER-MACHE PUPPET HEAD.





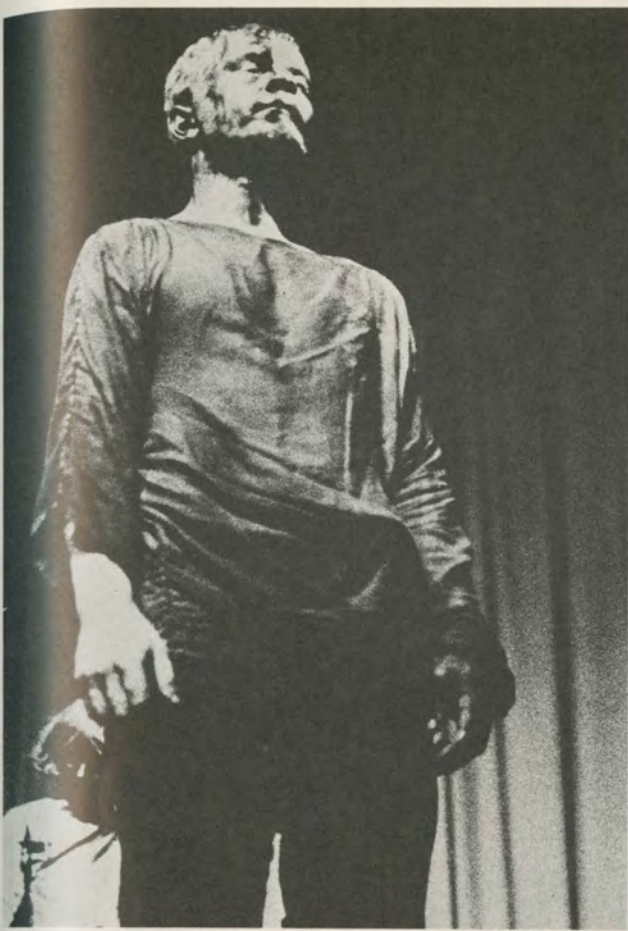
*Photos: Milton D. Eisenberg*





DRAWINGS FOR MASKS BY PETER SCHUMANN.









PETER SCHUMANN AND PUPPETEER FRIENDS AT THE STUDIO: 148 DELANCY ST., N.Y., N.Y.

Photo: Marvin Luchner



# SOME NOTES ON PETER SCHUMANN'S PUPPET THEATER

BY MARGARET RIGG

Theater for Peter Schumann is something revolutionary, yet as primary and as old as the kind of drama and ritual that functioned for primitive man out of his tribal necessities.

Rather than being a place for unfolding plot structures, delivering lessons, morals or propaganda, theater for Schumann is the place where all—the participants, players, puppets and audience—are *involved in a process* of being. There is no secondary goal of edification, intellectualization or even catharsis. Instead he wants to make environment, experience—direct and primary.

This is the new, *essential theater*. It concerns itself with the essentials of form, color, size (of shapes, puppets, stage, masks), movement, sound. Mr. Schumann has reduced theater to its essence and then given full range to this essence. There is no teacher, no academic tradition for this kind of theater—no preconceptions. Without traditional story line or interpretation or poetry (as with Brecht and Ionesco) Peter Schumann begins from the basis of the theater experience (form, color, size, movement, sound). He allows these elements to function experimentally and imaginatively, playing with forms: letting expressive, round, sculptural forms play against flat mask or hood forms. He uses silence and sound contrapuntally; movement against stillness; color against black or white; small against large.

His puppet theater develops as essentially as theater experience, as folk art does. The old, popular Punch and Judy puppet shows grew out of similar concepts of what a direct dramatic situation could be; of what drama involvement meant for an audience. Puppets understood as sculpture with form, with ability to move, speak, dance, wove an environmental spell over the audience. Punch and Judy had power to delight and attract people of all ages. Yet as folk art the Punch and Judy puppet makers were not *conscious* sculptors or dramatists. Peter Schumann and his friends believe that their puppet theater should be like that too: rough rather than slick, fun to experience, strong and simple, direct action in place of words, using space and color and sound.

Thus the "story" can be conceived from the sound of it. Like opera, the story is "carried" with music, Schumann's puppet plays are often "carried" with their sound structure or movement structure. He draws movement diagrams, like a choreographer, and builds his puppet play around these essential movements. The movement *is* the meaning.

But, for this kind of theater, the puppeteer has to "know everything." He has to know about dance, light, sound, silence, sculpture, space, color. He must experiment with these as meaningful in themselves. He has to find out what happens (what is produced) in their endless variety of relationships. Like a kaleidoscope the range of visual design is endless, always new, yet always basic. But the puppeteer in Peter Schumann's new kind of theater has to keep the sense of wholeness using all the elements. He cannot deal with just one element or the spell, the environment, is broken.

Beyond the vital sense of fun and play that is certainly an important ingredient in this kind of theater, there is a deeper joyousness. It is the serious joyousness of an artist dealing with design elements which have laws and integrity in themselves: light as structure, sound as meaning, of puppet as presence.

In the years since coming to the United States Peter Schumann and his wife and friends have delighted many audiences with their new theater. In 1961 the Schumanns came to Vermont from Germany. Peter tried teaching dance, but it was the sort of dance that American audiences found too gloomy for them to endure. As a people we did not want to contemplate or attend performances of the *Totentanz* (Death Dance, page 31). So Mr. Schumann turned to puppets as a more acceptable medium for exploring and celebrating the depths of man's condition. His concept has deepened to present the whole range of human nature as theater-environments where the human drama is played out in a way that frees our emotions and brings them alive again.

Watching his plays I have felt a remarkable communication between myself and this art form. I felt my total being addressed as a participant in a gripping drama which had no slickness of dialogue or neat story line or smoothness of poetry. It is like the ritual of our own existence played before us in colors moving closer yet farther away, in the ponderous forms coming and going, the starkness of the masks and the sober placidity of the larger puppets; the sound meeting our ears and receding into a silence that corresponds to our own silent depths; or the flashing, half-comic form hurtling across the stage space through the maze of lights, intense and nervous, revealing the dimensions of our humanity. But all this is accomplished in relationship; the mystery as well as all the richness and surprise, the fun, sadness, exaltation, innocence and wisdom . . . all are preserved.



# MISSISSIPPI'S CHILD

BY GAYLE GRAHAM YATES

TODAY I visited an exhibit of the papers of Martin Luther King at the central library of my university. And I was deeply moved. Yesterday I read an editorial in the newspaper from my hometown about Martin Luther "Hot Heels" King. Then too was I moved. There is pathos in moving from Mississippi to Boston.

People see things differently in these two places. In Boston there were ceremonies honoring Dr. King for the honor he bestowed on one of her universities by contributing several crates of his personal papers to the new library of the university where he earned his Ph.D. degree. All the Boston newspapers carried front page stories. Even the staid *Christian Science Monitor*, which does not usually pay much attention to local ceremonies, had pictures and a long feature on page two. But I remember Martin Luther King in Mississippi.

When Martin Luther King came there no teas were given at the universities but he made headlines even so. My hometown newspaper reported that "Hot Heels" was in Greenwood to stir up trouble but that none of the local Negroes were paying any attention to him. It went on to editorialize advice that King had best stay in Atlanta or, better yet, go back up North to that university that gave him the "honorary" degree by which he thought he could stick "Dr." before his name.

I have seen in the library exhibit the approved copy of Martin Luther King's doctoral dissertation. It was written under the direction of Dr. L. Harold DeWolf of the Graduate School of Boston University, and it was on "A Comparison of the Conceptions of God in the Thinking of Paul Tillich and Henry Nelson Wieman." I should write a letter to the editor of my hometown newspaper about this matter of his error, but I do not write letters to editors nowadays, especially on matters such as this. The last time I wrote an official letter to the editor of my hometown newspaper was when they put my wedding announcement picture on what I considered the wrong page. This was a safe Southern-white-woman-topic to write him about, and



"CRIED FOR THOSE LIKE LEE WHO DIED . . ."  
WOOD BLOCK PRINT

MARK SUCKLE



my wedding was a big event in that town, but I dare not write him about this matter. I have plenty of guilt but no guts. I do not anticipate his reading this magazine. And I want to go home again.

It is not so black and white as one might think to write a letter to the editor of a newspaper in a small Mississippi town. Oh, it would be easy enough if you had always lived in Marion, Ohio. Or if you were a segregationist. But when one was once a darling of the town that newspaper serves and when one's parents still live in that town and when one loves that town, it is not so easy.

A kind of social schizophrenia is produced by being a white liberal from Mississippi. It is especially interesting when one is *in* Mississippi, but not much less so when one is beyond the aroma of the magnolia blossoms.

In the North there is a stereotype of the white Mississippian, naïvely drawn but widely prevalent. This stereotype, as may have been suspected, I do not fit. My accent usually starts the conversation toward my origins; the reply, "Mississippi," evokes shock, then disapproval, then puzzlement. Many Northerners can theorize extensively about Mississippians if they choose, but to be face to face with one of them is an existential encounter they would not have thought possible. It would be too much to ask to have them accept me.

To those outside Mississippi, life there is a great mystery, a matter of speculation and generally only one kind of fact, unless one happens to have read James Silver's accurately penetrating and frightening book, *Mississippi: the Closed Society*. "Outsiders" inevitably ask, "Is it as bad as all that?" They ask this, that is, after I mention having read Silver's book. I answer that it is both as bad and not nearly as bad. What would you say if it were your home they were asking about?

My Northern friends and other people I meet "up here" are as skeptical of me as they are of the sword swallower at the circus side show. The only liberals from Mississippi they have ever met before are Negroes. How did I get that way? Was it because of my husband? Was it because of the liberating influence of the North? Usually the questions are more amusing than the subject. It would be easier for my Northern friends to understand if it were the North that had involved me in the civil rights movement, if it were my husband (a Yankee by virtue of living fourteen miles north of the Mason-Dixon line) who had first influenced me to be liberal, but the impetus was in Mississippi, not Boston.

It is Mississippi, not Boston, that is my home. I am a transient harbored in Boston, but Mississippi is my home port. Her people are my people, and her woes are mine. Not everyone will agree with me on that little acknowledgment, however.

This summer when I took my baby daughter to visit a college classmate of mine who lives in that same hometown in Mississippi we had a long "remember when" conversation. Finally my friend politely brought up The Topic. What did I think of the "nigra problem?" When I replied that I have been involved in the civil rights movement for a long time, she said with finality, "Of course, you are a Northerner now."

Having lived outside Mississippi for three of my twenty-four years, I am now an "alien." This same logic declares that James Silver, who has taught at Ole Miss for more than a quarter of a century, is not a Mississippian because he was born in the North.

The split personality of social life is most evident when I am in Mississippi. My continuing friendships at home exist on both sides of the civil rights struggle. My friends and family are opposing each other in a highly publicized manner. I would be more content to be on only one side of the fence.

The impression is inaccurate if it is implied that I love my segregationist friends in Mississippi because they are my friends and I love my home because it is my home, but I am devoted to the civil rights movement because it is right. This is noble enough, I suppose, but some of the very ambiguities of the situation cause me to relate back constantly to Mississippi with genuine concern for its feelings about civil rights on both sides.

This summer when I was home I was sitting in a bus station in that little town, waiting for a bus to Jackson. It was two days after the three civil rights workers disappeared in Neshoba County. The lady who keeps the bus station is a dear white-haired white lady who has lived there for many years. Recognizing me as my father's daughter, she made conversation, "Did you hear about those sorry white folks disappeared up 'bout Meridian? Hear they showed up in a black car somewheres over in Alabama. They just trying to fool us—sittin' off somewheres up North laughin' at us. 'Course, if they got the other (murder), they got what was comin' to 'em—messin' aroun' down here like that."

At that time a poorly dressed, weary looking Negro woman came into the bus station to buy a ticket to Soso, Mississippi. "Hi you, Mis' Jones," she said.

My companion turned away from me to her new



customer, smiled brightly and greeted her, "Hello, Mandy. See you're goin' home. How's the family?"

"Not doin' too good, Mis' Jones. They miss her pretty bad."

There followed a poignantly empathetic conversation between the two women, who obviously knew each other well, regarding the death of the Negro woman's mother and the death that week of a friend of the white woman. The white woman obviously felt real warmth toward the Negro; yet, the same white woman had moments before condemned to death two young men working for Negro civil rights, not even deeming worth mentioning their Negro companion.

The enigma of my Mississippi is a part of her fascination. The claim that Mississippians "get along well" together between the races is true. The counterclaim that there are demonic lines that separate Mississippians is also true. Mrs. Jones always called Mandy by her first name; the Negro woman always addressed the white one in the polite form.

Another conversation with a fellow Mississippian about the "race situation" in our state was at a summer meeting of the National Conference of the Methodist Student Movement. This fellow Mississippian was a Negro, and I was putting forth my best efforts to show him how liberal I was by criticizing everything I could think of in our state. The boy had been a houseboy for the then lieutenant governor of our state, and it seemed to me that he would feel intensely bitter about his position in life, particularly with such a close relationship to the entrenched political power. In the midst of my tirade, the boy stopped me, saying, "But we can't repudiate our state. It's the only state we got."


That must be why I feel this way about Mississippi—it is the only state we got, given the circumstances of birth and rearing.

Under those circumstances, an experience no less than a religious conversion occurred when I was an impressionable adolescent, still in high school in Mississippi. A personable young man (white Mississippian) invited me to what my school friends would have called a "nigger meetin'" if they had known about it. The meeting, held at a Negro church, was a very small *ad hoc* committee of a selected group of Negro and white Methodist Youth Fellowship members to explore possibilities of some joint conferences between youth of the two racial groups. I would never have gone had I not been invited by that very special young man, but that day was the turning point in my realization of the simple fact that Negroes are persons, nothing less. The "resource person" for the meeting was a quite articulate, very polished, very intelligent Negro minister. As this man began to talk, the revolutionary thought occurred to me that this man was a man—more articulate, better educated, more intelligent than most of my family's friends. Yet, he would never be invited into our house for a meal.

From that day I have been a liberal. I moved toward involvement in the civil rights movement. Men like Martin Luther King rather than Ross Barnett became my heroes. It was from that day that my friends have been on both sides of the fence.

My Mississippi cannot be redeemed by hate or rejection just as the civil rights struggle cannot be won by militance. I am forced to live in the guilt and freedom-producing tension of loyalty to white Mississippi, which is my origin, the only one I've got, and total commitment to a civil rights victory, which is white Mississippi's future. Voluntary expatriation makes the burden heavier, but there is no easier way.





# IMPRESSIONS OF THE PROTESTANT CHURCHES IN CUBA

BY VALDO GALLAND

AT the invitation of the Cuban Council of Protestant Churches, I went to Cuba to lead Bible study at its annual Assembly, and had the privilege of spending ten days there from November 6-15, 1964. I shall try to share some of my impressions of the present situation of the Protestant community in the only socialist country of the American continents. I shall refer only to the Protestants, since, unfortunately, lack of time prevented my getting in touch with members of the Roman Catholic Church, which still represents the majority of the Christian community in Cuba.

According to the opinion of Protestant friends, at least two generalizations can be made about the Roman Church: first, by and large, its relationship with the government has improved slightly as a result of its extremely cautious attitude (its members are very careful not to make any statement, either positive or negative); second, there is a tendency, especially among laymen, to seek closer relationships with Protestants (for example, a Roman Catholic university student might approach a Protestant student well-known for his firm convictions and whisper in his ear, "I am a Catholic.").

If we want to understand something of the present situation of the Protestant churches in Cuba we must first consider the general situation of the country itself, because—and this is my outstanding impression—the difficulties being experienced by the Protestant churches are primarily inherent in the difficulties of the country. The main problems facing Cuba are of two kinds—economic and political. The country is certainly in a weak economic position. Almost all food is rationed, though it would be untrue to say that there is malnutrition (it is probably correct to say that the

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majority of the working class is better nourished now than in the pre-Castro days—thanks to the rationing system—by which food is more fairly distributed. Those who complain most are the bourgeoisie). In addition, prices are going up (even a modest meal costs at least seven dollars), though it is quite likely that this is a deliberate policy of the government in order to decrease the surplus of money in circulation and thus to consolidate the national currency (they seem to be succeeding, since I was told that in the “black market” the value of the dollar has gone down from ten to seven Cuban pesos). Even in expensive restaurants and first-class hotels the choice of food is limited (in the Habana Libre Hotel—formerly the Havana Hilton—the cafeteria served only cocoa at breakfast, while the kitchen preparing breakfasts to be served in the rooms could offer only coffee). It is becoming increasingly difficult to maintain a car (although as a matter of fact, after what I had seen in East Berlin, Moscow, and Prague, I was surprised to see so many private cars, and to find that petrol is not rationed at all); a car in need of repairs must often wait at the work shop for some time, and even then you cannot be sure that it will receive attention; repairs are often possible only if parts can be obtained from abroad (some pastors, as soon as they know of someone who is coming to Cuba, send cables requesting certain spare parts).

It would be easy to describe many other material difficulties, but these examples are sufficient illustration. It is indeed *more important to understand the causes* of this difficult economic situation. There seem to be three main reasons. First, the blockade imposed by the United States government. Even if this has not achieved all that the State Department had hoped, Christians in the USA should perhaps consider seriously the significance of a policy which, with the purpose of removing a régime, actually amounts to an attempt to strangle the people of a nation. Does the end justify the means? Second, the terrible devastation inflicted by the hurricane Flora, in 1963: the hurricane destroyed basic crop plantations and buildings throughout a large part of the island, and Cuba has not yet recovered from this setback. Third, the government's mistake in deciding to emphasize industrialization: this is now admitted. For example, I was told that pencils made in Cuba are more expensive than those imported from Czechoslovakia or China. It may be right to return to intensified and mechanized sugar cane cultivation, which has now been done thanks to Russian machinery, but meanwhile money, time, and energy have been wasted dur-

ing the years of alternate experimentation with industrialization. The price which the government is paying for the economic difficulties is a growing dissatisfaction among the people.

I was told that at the moment less than 50%—perhaps around 40%—of the population is still firmly behind the present régime. Though this proportion is quite sufficient for the government to control the situation and make plans which in a few years will improve the economic conditions, many people are complaining in the meantime. It is very difficult for those living day after day with such problems as limited food and clothing and poor transportation to consider objectively the real causes of these problems. The natural reaction is simply to blame the régime. This rather superficial criticism is very common, not only within but also outside the Protestant community. The occasional visitor might be impressed by it, but he can also hear more profound remarks, such as: “The achievements of the present government in the extension of literacy and public education and the improvement in housing, sanitation, and public morality are truly amazing. We are witnessing an exciting transformation; in spite of many difficulties and even disagreements concerning the philosophical assumption behind the government's actions, we are glad to be present in this moment of our country's history. One thing is clear: we don't want to go back to the previous régime; in case of invasion we would feel it our duty to defend this revolution. You don't know what you are missing by living up there in Geneva!”

But the economic problems, which make things so difficult for the people and for the government, and which put the judgment of Christians to the test, are not the only ones. There are also political difficulties. It seemed to me that I could detect at least three. One is due to an international political fact, namely the division of the “communist bloc.” The dispute between the Soviet Union and China is really embarrassing for the Cubans, as is evident from the fact that the government has carefully avoided taking a stand. It might be that ideologically they would feel more on the side of China (I met someone who was not only pro-Chinese but violently anti-Russian), but for them the certainty of receiving Russian support is indispensable. For a country which is geographically isolated from the rest of the socialist family, a division within it cannot but create a feeling of insecurity. Second, there is a constant danger of a counter-revolutionary movement fostered by Cuban exiles in Miami, Guatemala, Costa Rica,



puerto Rico, and other places in the Caribbean area, and supported by people still living in Cuba. A few weeks before my visit, two pastors had been arrested, accused of participating in counter-revolutionary activities; one of them admitted the fact, while the other kept protesting his innocence (a pastor who knew him well told me that he might have been used by anti-government elements but that he was definitely not a counter-revolutionary). This example illustrates very well the government's constant need to be alert, to devote time, money, men, and attention to preventing sabotage and insurrection, and to be ready to repel any invasion from outside.

All this does not help in the least the building of a new society, and contributes to the tenseness of the atmosphere. Surely all this accounts for some of the difficulties presently experienced by the Protestant churches. Since everything is controlled, they have to ask permission to hold their national and regional meetings. Sometimes permission is refused. This may be for some valid state reason, which is not revealed, but it may also be because of abuse of power on the part of some civil servant. More often no answer is given, or permission is granted when it is already too late; if it is not because of ill-intentioned government employees, it is more probably because of the unfortunate bureaucracy, which perhaps is even more important than in the previous régime. One thing is obvious for the Protestant churches: they have to learn a new *modus vivendi*; events must be planned well in advance to allow time to deal with government red tape, and many more leaders—pastors or laymen—must learn how to deal with state authorities. The third political difficulty lies in the very party which is in power. These are inner tensions. Unity seems to be maintained thanks to the personality of Fidel Castro and the popularity he enjoys among his supporters. But I saw signs that the "old Marxists" (those who, when Castro started the liberating movement, were in fact collaborating with the Batista government!) are dissatisfied with the present development of the revolution, which does not seem to follow what they hold to be orthodox Marxism. I was told that they do not want a second Cuban revolution in Latin America. Their dogmatic hopes have not been fulfilled by the events in Cuba. It is perhaps too early to ponder all the significance of this fact, but we should at least recognize that for the time being socialism in Cuba is not trying to conform to a rigid philosophical system but is attempting to solve social problems with a "Cuban" socialism. Maybe it would



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be a good thing for the two American continents, particularly for the Latin American countries which will never solve their social problems without radical transformation of their basic structures, to support the present Cuban experiment which in fact is keeping the old (Stalinist?) Marxists under control. In any case, it seems obvious that the present inner tensions within the party in power account for some of the difficulties of the churches. Let me say why I believe this. I had the privilege of talking for more than one hour with the Director of Religious Affairs of the Cuban government. In the course of a very friendly conversation, mention was made of the necessity for the government to enact legislation concerning religious communities and their activities. The leaders of the Protestant churches are very keen that the government should define its attitude. The reason given for the govern-



ment's hesitation to enact such legislation was as follows: "We wouldn't like to give the world the impression that our government is oppressing the churches. As soon as such legislation was announced, many would immediately say, 'You see! They are now trying to suppress the Christian churches!' It is therefore preferable to keep dealing pragmatically with all the issues involved." This answer was already a big concession, but I suspect that it was only a small part of the truth. What he could not say to me was that discussion about the content of such legislation would only cause the inner tensions of the party to flare up. Thus the churches must continue to live without ever knowing exactly what are their duties and their rights.

In the midst of all the difficulties inherent in the present problems of the country, how are the Protestant churches responding to such a new situation? It would not be true to say that the majority of the pastors and laymen are fully behind the government. In fact all kinds of attitudes are found. There may be a few who are taking part in counter-revolutionary activities. There are those who would like to see the end of the present government, but who would not take the risk of participating in the counter-revolution. These are those who are against the régime, but who do not know what should replace it. There are those who are convinced that it would be disastrous to go back to a previous régime and who are seeking a way of being genuinely Christian in the present situation. It is possible to cooperate, though not uncritically, with the present government (I am thinking of a young Protestant in the army, who by accident came across a remark written about him by one of his superiors: "He alleges that he is not a Marxist because he is a Christian; but he is a revolutionary."). There are those, but only a few, who are blindly and unreservedly in favor of everything done and said by the authorities. But there are probably none who are indifferent to the political question.

The blessing of the present difficulties is that the churches cannot escape important questions raised by the world which force them into self-examination and renewal. During the Assembly of the Cuban Council of Churches, I saw several signs of this effort for renewed Christian obedience. Here are some of them: more time was being given to Bible study (the whole morning) and worship (the whole evening) than to mere business (part of the afternoon). It is indeed surprising and admirable that this is possible in an Assembly of a National Council of Churches. To all intents and pur-

poses it indicates a willingness to go back to the sources of the Christian faith to know once more who is the One we serve and how we can serve him in a completely new situation.

A second hopeful sign is the decision to set up a commission with the task of studying the ecumenical vocation of the churches linked through the Council. This commission was created precisely because there was a danger of considering the Council as a place of refuge in times of difficulty; for the Cuban Christians, being together must not mean a kind of defensive act, but a response to the Lord who calls and unites. It was also good to see the unanimous decision to appoint for the first time an executive secretary who will devote all his time to this work. The importance of this resolution lies above all in the fact that the person chosen is one of the best Cuban theologians; the Council and its churches showed quite clearly that they did not want mere administrative leadership but serious intellectual work. Finally, three new churches were accepted as members of the Council, two of them Pentecostal. This is very important if we remember that the main Protestant denominations already in the Council (Baptist, Episcopal, Methodist, Presbyterian, etc.) are by and large representative of the more privileged bourgeois or semi-bourgeois sectors of the pre-revolutionary society. This explains why it is not so easy for the traditional Protestants to find their way in the new situation. The Pentecostal churches, mainly made up of workers and people of very humble social extraction, are the people for whom the revolution has meant a very basic and positive change: enough food, work, education, housing, medical care. No wonder, therefore, that a leader of one of these Pentecostal churches could declare in the committee considering their application, "We do not have a single problem with the country's authorities." Their presence in the Council can help many to worry less about privileges which they have lost and more about the basic human needs and interests of the masses.

One of the most hopeful signs in the Protestant community of Cuba is in the Student Christian Movement. I was privileged to attend its annual assembly, which they had organized in Santiago prior to the meeting of the Council of Churches. I had attended a similar meeting of the Cuban SCM three years before, and could therefore make some comparisons. The most noticeable feature was the greater maturity of the new generation of students. Obviously none of them were concerned with discussing merely academic questions.





They were all thoroughly conscious of their existential situation, and were wrestling to discover the ways of being Christian in a university dominated by non-Christians and atheists. They were quite aware of the immense task, fraught with so many uncertainties, which confronts them, but they were not daunted. All their questions might be reduced to these: *How can we be present?* (Incidentally; the statement produced by the General Committee of the World Student Christian Federation on "The Christian Community in the Academic World," which stressed the concept of "Christian presence," is extremely meaningful to our Cuban brethren.) *How can we be active in student life? How should we behave in the classes on Marxism, where the professor often makes fun of those who believe in God?* (One aspect of this problem is that in fact many of these professors know very little about Marxist theories, as they have been trained very hurriedly because of the lack of teachers.) *Should we take part in the voluntary service (manual work in the country on Sundays)? How far can we go in our participation in the life of the country? Should we abandon the word "Movement" in our title, since to some it seems to indicate aggressiveness?* Not many answers were given to these and the many other questions, but what was important was that they were raising them with the conviction that the answers would appear in the process of experimentation. I could not avoid the impression that the Cuban SCM was really an *avant-garde* of the

churches. No doubt for this very reason the SCM has often been criticized by many people in the churches. That is why the SCM assembly decided to propose to the Council of Churches the setting up of an *ad hoc* committee with the task of studying the problem of how the SCM could manifest its unity with the whole Christian community through some kind of relationship with the Council. The proposal was accepted by the Council Assembly, and this mutual willingness to seek together the new ways of obedience in a socialist country is a further sign of hope.

These are some of my impressions of the Protestant community in Cuba today. I will not try to draw conclusions, but I would like to close by mentioning three things:

1. When we pray for the Cuban Christians let us not be sad, but rather let us rejoice. There is faithfulness to Jesus Christ, and through these people God is showing us that he is working in socialist Cuba.
2. Everything must be done to keep in touch with the Christian community in Cuba and to keep abreast of developments in that country without being confused by propaganda. Let us do all that is in our power to maintain and increase contacts with Cuban Christians and especially with the SCM.
3. The life and problems of the churches in Cuba may pose important questions to us, especially in the Americas. Let us face them honestly.



# Jim Bellwether in Action

BY JOHN PAUKER

NOW the remote (from Phnom Penh, Kuala Lumpur, Kabul, Srinagar, Mogador, Mogadiscio) island where my story unfolds is a solid rock, on which the superstitious indigenes in due course raised a bizarre pantheon of components that an archeologist great-granddaughter of mine will have some difficulty in identifying, by dint of reconstruction combined with deduction, as automats, filling stations, banks, theaters, supermarkets, sweatshops—"their stadia for football and summer concerts, their bathroomed homes and their bathetic hopes." In the monograph which my descendant Comrade Sophronisba will after painstaking years of excavation undoubtedly write she is likely to speak of the city's putative name as "derived from the Latin, meaning a new dwelling for a new outlook. Like all cities of the period it was originally built for man-to-man commerce between natives who were practical, ambitious, enterprising, jealous of what they took to be their personal rights, technologically inventive." Lean of lineament, a sharp-nosed vegetarian with hair dressed fore and aft in the form of a Danish pastry, she will be suspected of retrogradism because, like me, a creature of sentiment, I try to catch the Danish-pastry flavor of her yeasty prose: "It is indeed possible that at an earlier or pre-decadent point in metropolitan history one once sat next to the shoemaker while attending church, or met the mayor while out for a Sunday stroll. But millions of men eventually flocked to the city, thronged, shoved, knocked each other down in their haste until the city became a swollen organism, bulging both at its geographical limits and the limits of its pastoral ideal. Man dealt with man no longer; he began to live on top of his fellow, in light-robbing, traffic-compressing, space-squeezing multiple dwellings where height was an index of success, sunshine was paid for by the square inch, windows of the less fortunate were draped in mourning black with soot, and neighbors were strangers to each other. The streets of the city were evidently laid out in rigid patterns, unlike any other in the world, for the convenience of slave-machines which menaced the life of every fleeting, gasping, pushing, pale pedestrian who competed for the chance to live on top of someone else, to escape from the patterned streets, to soar on the wings of" (again) "success onto the pinnacle of one of the towering stone skyscrapers that were, in themselves, the symbols both of pattern and of" (again!) "success."

Retrogradism being the most swiftly punishable deviation in the books of the Vegetarian Era, we now hear Sophronisba pay dismal and, odds are, belated lip service to the *lingua franca* of the régime: "To soar: there were those who did

soar, but most were content to try to work their way up by climbing on their erstwhile neighbors' backs. In what were fatuously known as the humanistic days of a new outlook, work was indeed sacred but its objective was happiness. Whose happiness? Why, the happiness of those on top—said the disgruntled, who dwelt in cellars and read either laughably primitive inflammatory broadsheets or the *Adventures of Supermouse*, or both. Men there were who ritually defended this pattern with their lives, and some of the survivors lived in the Marine Hospital on an adjacent atoll, dreaming of rowing machines, prefabricated houses and family helicopters . . ."

Thus Sophronisba, vainly attempting to curry favor. Close textual analysis discloses in her too a conformity to pattern, that hatred of success with all the sharp-fanged fervor of the era, and by this logic her illuminations will surely land the fading lady in a communal clink for corrective cleansing. To her clumsy epitomes—if one may footnote the future with asterisks from the past—I should add, in extenuation of my own heyday, that contrasts were not so sharply drawn and doctrinally clean-cut as Sophronisba's imaginings. Let the record show at least that, in an age of agonizedly organized religion, it was still impossible to tell from the face of a man descending the steps of St. Thomas Church whether he had offered up a prayer or pilfered the poorbox.

In that city built on solid rock Jim Bellwether was often called a solid rock too, and there the comparison would end except that numerous associates also claimed he had a heart of stone, a claim which had little basis in fact, for among the men who inhabited the terrace apartments of the city there was none more tactful, more considerate and complaisant in human relations than Jim.

Jim was direct with people because he loved dealing with them; he was direct at his work because he loved his work. If the warm earth-brown eyes behind his inch-thick spectacles took on a colder, sterner hue during his infrequent descents to the downtown Bellwether Building it was because he justifiably respected his own professional competence and knew what the job required of him, which is not the same as saying he had a heart of stone.

At the time of his first encounter with Isabel Witt the hub of Bellwether's freewheeling (as my father was to explain on Tuesday, June 22—could I ever forget the day? it was Organic Act Day in the Virgin Islands—in the course of a businesslike preamble to his statement that "Jim wants to see you. It's the chance of a lifetime," adding "so don't spit on the floor." When I told Trafalgar of the forthcoming



interview with Bellwether, my reclusive friend asked with suspicious distaste or perhaps distasteful suspicion, "And who, pray, is Bellwether?" On the basis of information received from my father I replied, "He is the satrap of Bellwether Publications." "That," said Trafalgar, "is the very worst kind of trap to be") was a corporate entity: Bellpub: a magazine group assembled of periodicals which he had individually snatched from failure and refinanced and refurbished, all of them devoted to fashions in living, taste and thought as well as fashions in outer- and undergarments, and all of them successful under his direction. They were successful under his direction because Jim successfully ignored everything that had to do with the content of his magazines, maintaining a proper remove from mere subject-matter. He hired experts, he trained experts, he supervised experts, he restrained experts, he advised and chided and inspired and fired the men and women who worked for him, without ever actually seeing a copy of any of the magazines they produced.

Chief among his magazines was *Chi-Chi*, a miracle of arrogance and a dictatorial guide to *ton*, the only American magazine which continued to appear on better newsstands and kiosks in capitals held by the enemy during wartime, enjoying this signal distinction primarily because *Chi-Chi* appealed to people of every allegiance for the very fact that it made no appeal but dictated instead. Jim Bellwether took no credit for this feature of *Chi-Chi*, though he paid munificent bonuses to the specialists who made it unique. Jim never read it.

There was also *He-She*, the Magazine for Young Marrieds; and *He-He*, the Magazine for Men; and *Tee-Hee*, a humorous weekly so effete that no metropolitan dentist's office or suburban rumpus room could afford to be without it. Be it said in Jim's favor that his face involuntarily took on a slightly pained expression whenever these names were spoken in his presence, or at least more than one of them at a time. Even more in his favor was the shrewd realization that ribaldry based on the nomenclature of his products only enhanced their sale. Jim never read these magazines either.

Bellwether saw only circulation charts, estimates of production costs, reports of advertising income, surveys of reader response and programmatic memoranda on plans for expansion. Principally he saw bankers, brokers, business lawyers. But he dealt just as happily with the executives, sales managers, jobbers, printers, publicity men and even the most insignificant shipping clerk under his extensive jurisdiction—anyone who speeded the product to the consumer—and his enterprises prospered. At the same time, as a responsible member of the community, he was active in the management of organizations which provided homes for the aged and indigent, rehabilitation for the handicapped and incompetent, guidance for the wayward and criminal. Jim was a true citizen of his town and an ardent patriot besides, which is why he took leave of absence from adminis-

trative and executive duties during the war to go abroad on a Government assignment connected with the distribution of propaganda publications, a post for which he was obviously well suited. The appointment was arranged by a publicist cousin of his, a stalwart of the party in power who had earned his desk in a back room of Party headquarters by originating, though few people knew it, such phrases as "the Forgotten Man" (tastefully adapted from William Graham Sumner), "the Good Neighbor Policy" (which had served Thoreau so well), "a Rendezvous with Destiny" (certainly an improvement on Alan Seeger), "Economic Royalists" (a pert Veblenism), "the Four Freedoms" and the like. Even apart from party affiliation the cousin felt thoroughly secure in his career, and with reason; not only possessed of a facile pen but blessed with clairvoyance, he was the one who, at a judicious moment in June of the current year, secretly presented the political opposition with a slogan—"Had Enough?"—the excellence and effect of which provided its author with incontrovertible proof of his contention that a mind endowed by nature with both nobility and mobility was duty bound to rise above merely mundane allegiances. This was the cousin who recruited Bellwether for an overseas mission. It was typical of the latter's enthusiasm for people and immediacies that not only his own but anyone's national anthem could bring tears to his eyes and when he disembarked from a Liberty Ship in Oran at the end of a stormy twenty-eight day crossing, shortly after the last German had been expelled from North Africa, he saluted the first Senegalese guard he saw and called out: "James Bellwether, U.S.A., reporting for duty!"

Jim could be ruthless, if reluctantly, when his position required it. Once one of the stock boys at Bellpub, who secretly hated Bellwether as an embodiment of corporate greed and industrial tyranny, became active in the union local and emerged as a troublemaker, an agitator and a nuisance in the labor-management equilibrium which Jim had established. To restore the balance of power which this young man so brashly threatened, Jim found it necessary to arrange that the stock boy be ousted from the firm by his foreman on a trumped-up but unassailable charge of negligence. The youth was at first completely shocked and bewildered by the patent injustice of his dismissal, but on further reflection he gradually came to reverse his former employer—whom he had never seen—for the evident ease with which he wielded great power, and he finally adopted Jim as his ideal, resigned from the union and resolved to rise in the world exactly as he fancied Bellwether the magazine magnate had done, ruthlessly, and so it is possible that Jim's air of professional stony-heartedness had more beneficial results than he knew.

Bellwether relaxed a standing rule when at the urging of *Chi-Chi's* distraught editorial staff he went to see Isabel. When he saw Isabel he knew he had met his match but not his mistress and could not rest until he had her for his own. The depth of his feeling was evidenced by the fact that he



subsequently took the time to read Isabel's articles, and admired them, and admired her, and admired her attitude toward the articles for all that he wondered at it. He did not pretend to understand Isabel, but he was comforted by the realization that the several friends they had in common evidently knew her no better than he did. The friends were perforce content to admire and wonder from afar. Jim was irresistibly impelled to draw closer. He was attracted by her unflagging and self-assured composure and stood in awe of what those mutual friends called her hidden resources. He coveted Isabel for her air of self-sufficiency, for her nonchalant competence with intangibles and for the exclusive and slightly disdainful perspective which Isabel maintained toward all such faculties, even in herself. Jim had many excellences, and Isabel accepted them all complacently and without comment; this made his heart leap like an exuberant puppydog. He was acutely appreciative of the tacit acceptance which bordered on approval, and returned the compliment by refraining from the slightest suggestion of interference in the splendor of her ways. From the very first encounter there was no further reference to her resumption of work for *Chi-Chi*. Jim wanted her for himself. Admittedly her attraction was enhanced by Jim's discovery, from those same friends, that one element of Isabel's hidden resources was her ability to buy and sell him five times over without ever dipping into anything beyond petty cash. We are all (do you hear me, you distant readers in Srinagar?) only human.

By the time Linda returned from Europe, Jim's acquaintance with Isabel had become hot pursuit. It was inevitable for Linda to meet him, since he rarely permitted Isabel out of his sight in those days of determined courtship. The two of them, Isabel and Jim, drew Linda into the fun they were having together, which included such innocent pastimes as the sequestration of the roller-coaster at Palisades Park for one entire afternoon of curvilinear amusement with a small group of friends, followed by the rental of a Staten Island ferryboat for a water-borne costume ball at which a considerably larger party danced all night to the bittersweet twittertweet of gypsy music interspersed with specialty acts performed on an authentic barge alongside, bearing synthetic gypsies from Zimmerman's. Jim could be extremely charming, and he made every charming effort to enlist Linda's support of his cause, but she refused to commit herself, thinking she did not really know what Isabel wanted. In this opinion she was at least less positive than the more vociferous and belligerent partisans on both sides who considered either Jim or Isabel impossible for the other: among these were executive aides and editors, attorneys, trustees, family retainers, deaf aunts, society columnists. Most intransigent of all the deaf aunts was Amabel Witt, who resided on the island of Majorca and belied her name by living in close association with a perpetual sneer and two white mice known as Pomp and Circumstance. Because of the position Isabel had inherited from her father, there was

a greater number of people interested in her prospects and the majority of them, for selfish or social reasons, disapproved of Jim. They told her so. Nothing could have done his candidacy more good. To the astonishment and consternation of her constituents, Isabel shortly thereafter gave in to Jim's importunities. They were married.

Among the throng at the ceremony were several pious-featured process servers whose raincoated reverent presence at the edge of the dripping canopy that stretched from the church entrance to the waiting limousine was a tribute to Bellwether's unshakable principle of operating without cash of his own. Thus, for example, when his marriage was in the making Jimbo hastened completion of the peerless penthouse entirely on a scaffolding of promissory notes; and why not, this was the architecture of his larger creative career. Undeterred by that initial lack of capital which gives lesser men pause, Jim had advanced by parley and parlay of his keen sense for the distress sale, as when he merged a motley of individually failing magazines into the larger profitable whole of Bellpub; his open secret was to discern the losing proposition and irresistibly sweet-talk selected investors into its salvage, they contributing cash and he lending plausibility to a slippery-surfaced pyramid of subsidiary corporations at the precarious pinnacle of which Bellwether confidently cavorted with the rigadon broken-field-running agility that elicited breathless cheers of acknowledgment from process servers even as he gave them the slip; Bellpub like its predecessors Bellball and Bellbud stood merely as a point of leverage or fulcrum for his imaginative trampoline leaps into totally unrelated business ventures; to catalyze a Cartwright was but one passing application, and the Chinese capitalization another, of Bellwether's own quantum theory that demonstrably, by the interjection of himself as a formidable integer, made two and two equal five. His theory was no more infallible than any other, the customary commercial risks took their toll and left many a tax-bracketed investor with a welcome loss to write off, but Bellwether's enviable ability to set reverses aside and push on regardless combined with his abiding faith in the law of probability to buttress his assurance that, in drawing upon Isabel for operating funds, he was being boundlessly considerate. Jim adored his wife. He was filled with boundless regard for her high style and never more solicitous than in the intimacy of touching her for a loan, or putting the bite on her as the saying goes. It was in the exercise of husbanding the family resources, and out of his sincere desire to let her in on all the good things which came his way, that Jim had thrice borrowed substantially from Isabel since their wedding in St. Thomas Church.

By that time of course Jimbo was firmly the master of Bellpub, successor to Bellbud and Bellball. The ball-point pen! Who now recalls the furor generated throughout our literate world when that ball-bearing boon to civilization was first unveiled? What if devotees of the goose quill and other diehard eccentrics vainly argued that the new instrument



deprived penmanship of every subtlety and shading? Having just survived a war that drew to conclusion with a round resounding atomic period, the world was weary of splitting infinities and ready to split infinitives again, but people wanted something new. The ball-point pen was new. Children cried for it, the click of metal clips manipulated by novelty-tensed fingers echoed like a chorus of crickets throughout the land, statesmen left peace treaties unsigned while sprinting to the nearest stationery store for a gross of the new-fangled thing, banks summoned former board chairmen from retirement to sit on commissions inquiring into the legality of its use on cheques, psychiatrists consulted together and defined the craze as an international manifestation of penis envy. Even now my hand trembles as (with a ball-point pen) I trace on the map of cursive comfort the new horizons of writing ease disclosed at that stirring time. Retractable! Manufacturers of the oldfangled conventional fountain pen collapsed from sudden shock or withdrew into brooding seclusion, and the stock-market price of every liquid ink dipped to half mast in sympathy. The originator of the new device went pioneering around the globe in a private plane, his flight evoking earth-girdling publicity, to promote his discovery; during which period of absence, shrewdly taking advantage of precisely that publicity, James Bellwether hastily assembled backers for the mass production of a similarly ball-pointed but rather more shoddy pen; a successful venture because, while inferior to the original, Bellball benefited from the large-scale advertising campaign that had won acceptance of what its designers called in unwittingly philosophical terms the "ball-point principle"—and therefore, with a minimal investment in additional advertising, Bellball could be sold for considerably less than its predecessor and still show a (also retractable, as we shall see) profit.

Just such commercial exploits were what occupied Hannibal and Jim as they promenaded before the umbrella-pied pavilion at the zoo in Central Park. Bellball had involved the subornation of a dissatisfied ink chemist who was privy to all the secrets of the original ball-point principle. This followed an earlier undertaking, Bellwether's first major enterprise, to which chemistry was only incidental—which indeed depended almost entirely upon advertising for its ultimate success. One of Bellwether's college classmates, a fledgling chemical engineer, concocted a squashy resilient plastic substance which proved adaptable to no practical purpose whatever, merely producing gummy bubbles when blown into, adhering to fingers and clothes and otherwise behaving like a tacky incorrigible nuisance. Its inventor despaired of finding any industrial application for his sticky stuff and was relieved to sign over the formula to Bellwether who, still an undergraduate, promptly interested several of his father's business associates in financing the manufacture of what was to become known as bubble gum. Bubble gum! Parse it this way: Kant's categorical imperative requires us so to conduct ourselves that any single act of will can be

taken as a universal volition, an idealistic axiom which existentialists translate into the thought that the world we live on is a bubble blown by God's idiot son (the one we never talk about) and may at any moment splatter us over his great splay face. Bellpub: the formula was soon duplicated and competitors avidly entered the market, whereupon Jimbo simply proceeded to outstrip all competitors by widely advertising his commodity as the Jumbo size in its ineffable field, and this turned the trick although the cost of advertising actually necessitated a slight reduction in the net weight of the package he purveyed for the same penny. Bubble gum, ball-point pens, non-returnable bottles or rather the raw material thereof (formula contributed by the same incidental engineer of chemistry who happily had only the vaguest notion of contract law), laminated covers for paper-bound books, sponsorship of a spontaneous revolution in Cuba, self-focusing contact lenses, magazines, theatrical and motion-picture productions: each of these had engrossed Bellwether at one time or another, and sometimes several at once, which now led him in my father's company to put forward some well-considered maxims about commercial diversification. Hannibal gave voice to the dissenting opinion that "the most succinct maxim of all, my dearest, was coined by Maxim. Goes without saying and speaks for itself."

"Hannibal, have you ever met Norman Wrinkle?"

"The Albert Schweitzer of the middle-income bracket—"

"Then you know him?"

"—whose clichés are so cliché that they are no longer cliché."

"Then you know him."

"Norman Wrinkle is not only a horse's ass," my father said admiringly, "he is a Trojan horse's ass."

"And so of course he has done very well in the realm of Ideas. Isabel rather fancies Ideas—"

"Assuredly she knows one when she sees one."

"—none of my magazines deals in Ideas. Now Norman has brought his Friday Forecast along quite nicely—"

There had been, Hannibal granted, noticeable changes made. Since becoming its editor and owner Norman had laudably broadened the intellectual scope of the Forecast to include travel, theater, science, business, recordings, athletics—

"—he has a nose for Ideas, Hannibal; smells them out where no one ever thought they were and deodorizes them as with chlorophyll; and offers a little sex appeal for everybody. There's just one thing, though."

"Ah?"

"Wrinkle is a one-magazine man. Do you see the Forecast going anywhere? If you're standing still you're slipping. The point is, the Forecast needs me."

"Ah."

"Well, if you put it that way, I need the Forecast."

"To make Bellpub complete."

"Yes."

After a moment of cogitation my father said:



"What you have in mind might take some doing. Would you retain Wrinkle?"

"I doubt he would be compatible with my approach."

"Norman loves his magazine."

"He's right to love it. Some day he'll thank me for—"

"And he has a sharp bite."

"Oh, I've got Wrinkle's number."

"Well, God bless you, young fellow, and good luck to you." My father glanced at his wristwatch with the petit-point strap. Hannibal still could not see where he fitted into Bellwether's design.

"Wait," Jim said with a glint of Cecil Rhodes behind his spectacles. "Suppose I think aloud for a moment. Bellpub, however complete, is a domestic corporation. The taxes kill me."

"As the Bible says, my dearest, no man makes a profit in his own country."

"It's a real problem, virtually a form of censorship I told Senator Crumb. I've been wondering. We have a tremendous sale abroad, which we supply from here. So when I've rounded out Bellpub—"

"International editions!" Hannibal was beginning to recognize landmarks as Bellwether gently led him to familiar ground.

"You see the picture."

"With everything incorporated overseas."

"We'll call it Bellettres!"

"Sheer genius," concluded my father, with his affinity for genius. "I've always said it takes genius to see the obvious."

"The inevitable."

"Whichever."

"Our American establishment becomes almost a branch office, Hannibal, earning dollars for the parent body—"

"—buying from and selling to the parent—"

"—at rates set by, and favorable to, the outside entity—"

"—lending to it, borrowing from it—"

"Naturally that is part of the picture."

"Of course the corporations abroad, I assume you contemplate several, also serve as vehicles for other transactions . . ."

"Question is, where is the tax structure most attractive? I've thought of Lichtenstein—"

"Lichtenstein only for certain purposes," my father, now quite at home, promptly said. "Curaçao far better than Lichtenstein in some respects. In Curaçao, no tax on capital gains. Two-point-four per cent tax on dividends and interest—"

"That's the ticket."

"—Liberia better than Curaçao for primary incorporation. In Liberia, no tax at all on outside income earned by companies with majority control abroad—"

"Precisely what we need."

"—does not require nonresident firms to file returns—"

"Excellent."

"—for secondary incorporation Panama perhaps the best

of all. Permits meetings to be held abroad. Stock may be in bearer form—"

"Good, that."

"—does not object if all corporate officers are aliens."

"You have the requisite experience in the foreign field, Hannibal. You already know where the bear traps are."

My father, who intensely dislikes organizational activity of any sort (because it means sharing) and long ago resigned himself to the limitations attendant upon being as lone a wolf as you can find on Wall Street, started with some apprehension of Bellwether's imperial urge to say slowly:

"I have no stomach for corporate activity—"

"You don't have to play an active part. You advise me. Surely you can use such an interlocking arrangement as I have in mind, something you neither would nor could maintain on your own—"

"Yes . . ."

"You yourself spoke of vehicles for other transactions—"

"It could be very advantageous . . ."

"We would need a master corporation—"

"—with operating subsidiaries—"

"—for specific projects."

(That indeed was how he customarily went about it, as my father had explained to me. Investors held stock in the parent corporation, with Bellwether somewhere in the minority for his contribution of the productive Idea; then Bellwether incorporated an operating subsidiary and sold his own services to it, in effect hiring himself, as executive director; the operating corporation served as management, kept the books, determined the level of payments to the parent, it was all eminently sound in terms of taxation and thus profits became retractable because the subsidiary was sole judge of what constituted profits; and this was good but not good enough, for it left Bellwether still a minority member of the larger whole. You name your own salary and hold a controlling interest in the subsidiary corporation which however remains subject not only to the taxes levied on subsidiaries but the sustained suspicious scrutiny of your principal investors who think you are no better than you should be. My father, with his supersonic sense for such vibrations, could almost hear the six principal stockholders of Bellpub beginning to breathe heavily, so enthusiastic was Jim about his plan to move the magazines out of their reach.)

"—printing and labor costs lower abroad too, those are governing considerations to a board of directors, and with American exporters advertising in the international editions—"

"Bellettres. Certainly something to think about."

"You'll have to lend a helping hand in the matter of Wrinkle—"

"We must talk some more."

"I leave for Europe next Friday."

With the grand design now firmly fixed in mind and his appreciation of Bellwether's aplomb mounting by the minute, Hannibal again glanced at his watch:

"—time to go to church."



# A RUN THROUGH THE LOBBIES

FILM REVIEWS BY ROBERT STEELE

The headlines from *Backstage* November 20, 1964, which reports weekly to the trade what's going on in cinema and theater in the United States, cooed: "Film Future Fine," "Picture Industry's Financial Prospects Looking Brighter," "N. Y. Feature Filmmers Hopeful About '65," "Film Outlook Vivid," "Pix Companies Expect Bigger Profits in '64." There seems to be no doubt about it, movies in the U.S.A. are still a money-making business. And unfortunately, it is still unusual for a fine film to bring in the big money. The film industry is financially more successful now than it has been in many years; it has not been killed by television.

U.S.A. box office grosses reached about \$1.7 billion in 1964—a 6 per cent rise from 1963. Increasing grosses are thought to be in the till for 1965. Weekly attendance at the movies is estimated at 43 million, which is also an increase over 1963 but substantially shy of the eighty million weekly plateau of the Twenties. Walt Disney's highest grossing film in his studio's history is *Mary Poppins*—such negative impressions about this film came from persons I trust that I have not seen it. M.G.M. is bailing out the huge loss resulting from their disaster, *Mutiny on the Bounty*, with *The Unsinkable Molly Brown*, *Ben Hur*, and *How the West Was Won*. Of these, I saw only *Ben Hur*; the judgments and impressions of respected friends and critics kept me from the others.

Paramount Pictures' new policy of financing and distributing films made by independent producers has made them financially stable. So we got *The Carpetbaggers* by way of Joe E. Levine. It seemed to me to be going on forever, but I was told it ended only ten minutes after I walked out. It was the biggest bundle of television I ever saw Carol Baker in; after all that free publicity about her nude scenes, they were cut before the film was released. Joe Levine's achievement to date has been publicity triumphs. He is a master not only at that, but also a master at not offending anyone but me and my confreres.

Recently, Columbia Pictures has had a string of unprofitable pictures to its credit. The re-release of *The Bridge on the River Kwai* (labeled a chocolate box by Lindsay Anderson, director of *This Sporting Life*) has put the company on stable footing. *My Fair Lady* is expected to become the highest grossing film in the history of Warner Brothers. I have seen the play upon which it is based (probably now forgotten by many as *Pygmalion*), the Gabriel Pascal movie starring the unforgettable Wendy Hiller and Leslie Howard, and *My Fair Lady* on the stage. I just can't take the same stuff refurbished. . . .

Twentieth-Century Fox could (and perhaps should) have

been wiped out with the \$44 million sunk in *Cleopatra*. I hoped it would all go to the bottom of the Nile and a life-saving lesson would be sought. Sixty million have to be realized before profit can be dredged up, but the trade news says it will make some profit. This proves that the critics have no Midas touch. All reputable critics denounced the film as a mess and a bore, except for a *New York Times* man. (Discriminating New Yorkers depend on a film's being bad when he says it is good and good when he says it is bad, so this made the criticism unanimous.) Maybe the private life of Taylor and Burton had something to do with packing them in.

The Beatles' *A Hard Day's Night* and the James Bond series have put United Artists in the gunmetal. I attended the Beatle film, because I read and was told that the film is enjoyable. I expected to like it, but except for the shots of the responsive audience, it seemed gauche, old hat, excessively obvious and forced, dreary and draggy. Despite the frantic vulgarities, *From Russia With Love*, with Sean Connery again as James Bond, the film was routinely tame. Despite its color, I found it colorless. Ian Fleming's novel was handled contemptuously, and the ludicrous excesses reduce it to being more boring than foppish.

*Mad* (to the fourth degree) *World* and *Irma la Douce* grossed money for United Artists. I don't know of anyone with taste and judgment who has not thought they were overdone and therefore left undone. *The Greatest Story Ever Told* is expected to bring back the studio's \$20 million "in a very short time." But who are the people and where are they who are hungering for another biblical spectacle? Will it, like the others, tell a great story as if it were a packet of post cards for the imbecile tourist? Who is not sated with this genre of show business? I wonder. Maybe the Swedish actor—Max von Sydow—walking slowly in the robes supposed to have been worn by Jesus, will redeem it. I suppose I will go, if for no other reason than to find out what George Stevens, the director, does about the formidable problem of armpit hair that gets exposed during the crucifixion scene. He can't have the affrontry of Jeff Hunter (the Christ of *Ben Hur*, *Spartacus*, or *Barrabas*, or *Mutiny on the Bounty*) and do a shave job.

O.K., movies are making money again. Additional cinemas are being built. Film companies are cranking out television productions. Admission prices have climbed to \$2.50 in swank houses. And as *Backstage* says, ". . . the prospects for the future do look brighter than they've been in recent years."

This outlook happens to be a fact but not because of the



trade journal reasons. Some excellent films are around these days. Also we have a lot that are not perfect but keep one awake and make him glad he went to the cinema. *The Luck of Ginger Coffey* is bright because it is so truthful. A commercial film going the rounds of ordinary cinemas, it got unanimously favorable reviews when it opened in New York City. It uses professional actors, actual locations, and is made by Hollywood technicians, but its director explains its being special. He is Irvin Kershner, who studied and then taught film at the University of Southern California Cinema Department. He has made documentary and instructional films in Greece, Turkey, and Iran under the auspices of the Department of State and also has done a lot of television work. His features, *Stakeout on Dope Street* and *Hoodlum Priest* indicated he was a director of promise; they were semi-failures in his estimation because his producer mutilated them to insure their being box office bonanza. He vowed to be his own producer in the future or to work only with a congenial producer. He has done the latter with Leon Roth. The film seems unflawed. The cinematography and smoothness of handling action and movement are astonishingly skillful. Montreal—real Montreal—and snow that is nonpretty and to be battled against by cars, ploughs, galoshes, coats, hats, and gloves are meaningful reinforcements of the agony that confronts an immigrant couple from Ireland whose marriage breaks down under the stress of poverty, unemployment, and fantasy-making. Mary Ure and Robert Shaw give performances that make their acting invisible. They are an ordinary couple who have something to show us about honesty and growing up which are necessary to survival.

From beginning titles to end titles, *The Americanization of Emily* is involving. The film sparkles with audacity and why the Navy isn't picketing it I don't understand. I doubt if anyone can sit through the film and ever again follow orders given by an admiral or general when those orders seem demented. Conventional war-minded, hero-worshipping viewers may be offended by the film. I liked it better on a second viewing, but it is obvious enough to get it from one screening. My second viewing satisfied me that it has integrity of style which is a *coup* when it handles the Normandy invasion. The film makes *Dr. Strangelove* look even worse. It changed styles as often as it changed actors. *The Emilization of America*, a more apt title, is slick, theatrical, and box office fodder, but it has a fresh idea and is pulled off adroitly. The film makes me wonder if maybe we are at peace; I doubt if it would ever be swallowed, let alone paid for, if we were in a bigger shooting, flying, and sailing war. It is not ahead of its time, but as usual artists who made the film are aware of the reality of the present and have not kowtowed to a public that invariably is behind the times. Paddy Chayefsky, who did the screenplay of William Bradford Huie's novel by the same name, has not been defeated in swapping a novel for a film. Emily, a British war widow,

played by Julie Andrews, who no doubt thinks Winston Churchill is a man who loves peace and who sheds tears annually when Queen Elizabeth mouths Christmas platitudes, is somewhat the loser in a conflict between war heroics and the heroism needed to stay alive.

This anti-war comedy ought not to be mistaken for a pro-peace or pacifist film. Its scope is anti-war. A switch is tacked on at the end by the line, "The *virtue* in war is the fraud—not war itself." Thus, there is nothing objectionable about war as long as it is not made a virtue. This is in keeping with the smart but excessive dialogue and tongue-in-cheek mood. The viewer becomes a rider in the undershaft limousine as it heads, at the end of Bernard Shaw's *Major Barbara*, for the munitions factory which practices the gospel of love. Charlie Madison, played by James Garner, the hero of the film who is not interested in being a war hero, mocks war heroism. He deflates and betrays his argument at the end of the film when he lets Emily have the final word. The question posed by the film is so well handled that it might get audiences to think more than is their custom.

*Woman in the Dunes* has more volatile eroticism than *Lorna* or the nudies. (On pretty good authority, I learned that Lorna got that way because a surgeon equipped her with built-in, everlasting foam rubber.) Director Hiroshi Teshigahara's success lies in his selective camera artistry which leaves space for a viewer's imagination to soar. I have a hunch that its sexiness, bizarre subject matter, and artistry explain more of its New York Film Festival and box office success than what it has to say about the existentialist situation of man today. I was glad to have a chance to question the director to find out to what extent he made the film to be a visualization of the thought of Kafka, Camus, and Sartre. He had not read these men but said they may be in his unconscious. Since my talk with him I have found out that the author of the novel, Kobo Abe, upon which the film was based, knows his continental philosophers. The story deepens when an insect-searching professor gets dropped into a sandpit where there is a house and a lone woman inhabitant. Soon he realizes he is held prisoner by her and the village and his job is to assist her in shovelling sand which always threatens to bury them. They do a lot of shovelling and—in time—loving together. The conflict seems contrived and the situation is full of holes. Just where do they put all that sand they shovel? The implausibility of the whole setup doesn't matter too much, because the film nails the viewer to his seat and he staggers out of the cinema knowing he felt—and sometimes thought—something exciting.

*The Face of War* also leaves one dazed. Thus far, it has had only two screenings in this country. Its subject and soberness may mean that Cy Harvey (Janus Films, Brattle Theater, Cambridge 38, Mass.) may never make a dime on his admirable import from Sweden. I hope it may be extensively used by colleges, churches, film societies, and for benefits for peaceminded organizations. Tore Sjoberg, direc-



tor, who also made *Mein Kampf* (another valuable film), has collected much never-seen-before war footage from Moscow and Tokyo beginning with World War I and ending with World War II. The wars of the era—and there were more of them than I realized—are revealed for their horror and absurdity. The point of view of the film is clear: war is no damn good, and never again should we let ourselves be hoodwinked into thinking it can solve anything. Seeing the horror of war seems like an oversimplification and has been done to death, but the power of this film is such that one comes away feeling he needed to see it. Persons who see the film certainly will not see war ever again as an event of bands and parades. Its message is still relevant. It makes one see war as individual and mass murder, and it stops at the moment there is a refusal to kill. This refusal is an inevitable prologue for getting at the real conflicts. Publicity about the film carried the statement: "The film is not designed to entertain, but to remind, awaken, and instruct men into positive action to outlaw once and for all the mass destruction of modern warfare." The word, "diversion," should have been substituted for, "entertain." Like Greek and Albee drama, it *does* entertain. It does not divert

a la Peter Sellers. The whole audience was gripped from beginning to end, and we moved out of the theater, I felt, having experienced deep emotions and having entertained an artistic work for ninety-two minutes. The editing and music deserve praise as well as the taste and style of the total production.

Despite the disparaging statements made by Vittorio De Sica about his *Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow*, it's not too bad at all. It is no *Shoeshine* or *Bicycle Thief* but those films, he says, lost money for his producers, and he wanted to make money in this film. It is frothy and funny and leaves no doubts about Marcello Mastroiani's virtuoso acting ability. Sophia Loren has a tailor-made vehicle for her charms and vitality. The film is made from three short stories which take place in Naples, Rome, and Milan. In case someone has yet to see the film, I'll refrain from telling anything other than to state the unifying theme—*coitus interruptus*. The film proves that a great director who has lost lots of money in the past can be turned-on at the box office when he puts his mind to it without losing character revelation, heart, and substance.

## BOOKS

Everett Lee Hunt, *The Revolt of the College Intellectual*.  
Aldine (1964), 172 pp., \$5.

I read this book shortly after its first publication (as a Human Relations Aid research paper) in 1963, but did not at that time study it in any detail. This first reading troubled me at three points: (1) the extensive quotations from interviews with and papers by students, which I took to be the bending, if not the breaking, of confidences; (2) the obviously sentimental cast of the book; and (3) the rambling and discursive style. A more careful reading has not relieved me of my apprehensiveness, but it has stimulated me to think along divergent lines and to determine to explore some of them further.

Though this book will not take its place alongside works such as those of Jacob and the longer volume edited by Nevitt Sanford, it could invoke some dialogue if the participants in the dialogue will wade through the slush.

Hunt, who was for many years Dean of Men at Swarthmore College, takes Swarthmore as the context for describing his impressions of the student revolt. The burden of his argument is that the intellectual climate at Swarthmore has attracted students of high intellectual abilities, and that these students in turn have brought vital and needed changes to the institution. Students of high intellectual purpose and character have reacted vigorously against imposed conformity. As Dr. Hunt implies, this is possibly a renewal of historic Quaker interests in quality and personal freedom. These students have led the fights against racial and

religious discrimination and have taken up arms in the skirmishes with social and academic conformity. In these battles they have been variously allied with and set against the administration of the college, and frequently they have struggled against the prevailing student ethos. Their efforts have in some cases led the way toward the elevation of academic and personal standards.

One need hardly write a book to point out these facts. However, there is implied in this work an unfinished task, increasingly troublesome to those of us who are parts of this revolution, whether as participants or (hopefully, moving) targets. Dean Hunt points out that in virtually all societies there are initiation rituals as the young move from adolescence to adulthood. Earlier (still, in some cases) these rituals on the campus assumed definite and sociologically recognizable forms, often disturbing to personnel deans and to the more austere among the constituency of the colleges. The new breed of college intellectual, if indeed there is such a group, has rather effectively demolished loyalty and conformity to the old ritual patterns; but there seem to be no apparently satisfying rites to take their places. In *Campus U.S.A.* David Boroff indicates that, in his estimation, American colleges fall into two categories: (1) those which are effectively adolescent reservations fenced off from all serious adult concerns, (2) those which represent serious attempts at transition from adolescence to adulthood (what Hunt calls "colleges of intellect"). Most of us want to place ourselves in this second category (though probably not with the candor of the good dean from Swarthmore). There have not yet appeared any adequate or lasting rituals for initiation of the college student into this community of intellect. Beards, folk-dancing, dirty sneakers, undisciplined poetry, and the like have expressed the rebellion, but they have not satisfied as rites of initiation. Here is a crucial point at which students, faculty, and administration might come to grips with a vital issue. Are such rites needed? If so, is it



possible for them to avoid the sacerdotal stagnation of most ritual patterns?

Perhaps the sentimentality of the book is excusable in light of the author's long and meaningful participation in an institution of highly intellectual climate. His wit and his humane concerns give evidence of a uniquely sensitive spirit. He does take a few digs at faculty members, who generally, in his thought, are not properly sensitive to student problems. In the section on religious disturbances he makes a flank attack on some "young professors of philosophy, with a morally earnest desire to rid the world of the incubus of God" (p. 141). Does his comma imply more than his words state?

I still do not like the breaking of confidences in the extensive quotations from students. I cite one additional passage from the chapter "Some Disturbed Personalities." "In the cases here presented some pains have been taken to conceal the identity of the persons involved, without making such changes as would destroy an understanding of the problems. The observations date back far enough so that there are now no campus memories of them." Question: Does this excuse the revealing of information gained through personal counseling? Question: If there are now no memories of this, what then is the current significance in light of the rapidly changing situation?

This book could well provide some stimulating discussion between students, faculty, and administration. The ritual question mentioned above is one area of possibility. A paragraph on fraternities on page 76 is another. Another is an account of decisions on compulsory attendance at public gatherings on page 36. Interested readers will find other points. Dialogue stemming from a work such as this could lead to mutuality of understanding and frankness sadly lacking in most communities of scholars and learners.

—FRANCIS CHRISTIE

Howard Zinn, *SNCC: The New Abolitionists*, Beacon Press (1964), \$4.95.

The name Howard Zinn on any magazine or book will get my attention immediately. Almost from the beginning of the non-violent movement in the South, he has been one of the most competent and yet deeply involved observers, open to the obvious meaning of direct action and ready to give it hearty support. In fact, he is one of the faculty casualties of the movement. The administration at Spellman College was unable to cultivate a more creative role in the "new day," consequently Zinn and his excellent influence with students had to be stopped.

We are in his debt for this exciting book. No one should be able to read it without the profound sense of being exposed to a real glimpse of a social-religious movement which already has had a terrific impact both on the campus and on the nation and which will remain one of the shaping forces on the American scene. The thesis of the book is a simple one: namely, that SNCC, by entering the no man's regions of the Deep South and confronting the worst forms of inhumanity and tyranny in America, has become the "front line of the Negro assault on the moral conduct of white America." SNCC is the banner under which the "new abolitionists" perform in a manner which must place them alongside the abolitionists of a hundred years ago. (Caution: the 19th century abolitionists agitated, but disbanded before completing the task of freeing the Negro.)

This thesis is supported by a description of the growth and work of SNCC from its inception. Zinn does not try to be a historian in the sense of dates or facts; rather he describes people and

events. And his point is easily proved. We see a small beginning in Mississippi become a challenge which literally changed the temperament of the Democratic Party. We see a small group of staff persons increase to thousands in the summer of 1964.

Nowhere is courage defined. But everywhere courage is described . . . raw, inner guts which remain firmly chained to justice and freedom despite psychotic brutality and criminal assault waged both by the forces of law and order and by the faceless men. Courage which remains courage in the face of the abject fear of both Negroes and whites. Courage which remembers the neighbor and is concerned even for the enemy. Courage which sings for joy even while under fire. Courage of compassion for the broken victims of our society.

Such courage speaks an invisible language to human beings, so that the small group of beginners slowly attracts other students and young adults from around the country. The courage, at first thought foolish, captures the almost lost dream of Negroes in Mississippi, so that today in haven, town, county and city, we have the only authentic state-wide movement in America. The courage pushes through so many rationalizations and becomes the moral base of that movement. It confronts the young with a moral choice. It revives in the old a morality long since forgotten under the ravages of cruelty.

And here is the chief paradox of SNCC. On the one hand, confronting the organized, brutal anarchy of Mississippi challenges the entire nonviolent approach (which it ought to be said is for most SNCC people primarily a tactic and not a moral or political philosophy). But on the other hand, the power of SNCC in Mississippi represents an overwhelming testimony to the power of nonviolence. The courage of persons like Bob Moses, the compassion of an Annelle Pander, the persecution of persons like Aaron Henry have been the seeds for the inner liberation of Negroes, recruiting them for the struggle, giving them courage and building a movement. The fact that the movement can now freely begin to confront tyranny—effectively and actually—with a moral choice witnesses to the actual (not some vacuous moral) power of nonviolence.

One final word: Howard Zinn does fall into the trap of idealizing the students and their role in creating SNCC. Most of the major staff people for SNCC should be considered young adults. That fact is going to mean fundamental changes in the SNCC mood. In the early days, certain adults played key roles. For example, some students came to the Raleigh conference ready to organize a student group which would be affiliated to SCLC. I, as coordinator of the conference and in consultation with Ella Baker and Martin Luther King, gave the counsel and direction for the SNCC development, including the name (a compromise) and the statement of purpose which the conference asked me to write on the spot. In other words, three adults provided the view acceptable to most of the delegates.

The fundamental reason that the Nashville movement was so creative was the presence of Kelly Miller Smith, J. Metz Rollins, C. T. Vivian, myself and others. Student energy and passion conjoined with adult experience and nonviolent approach. Thus our demonstrations had from the beginning a basic nonviolent structure. Our student and adult leaders first tested the approach in November and December. The first major demonstration took place on February 13th. We worked as a community through a number of campaigns including the freedom rides. The point I make is that the movement has had the greatest strength and creativity not as a student effort (without diminishing the unique importance of students) but when adults (increasingly the young adults of SNCC) and the young merge into community.

—JAMES LAWSON





CRAYON DRAWING BY ROBERT OSBORN.

## *That great artist!*

Charles Chaplin, *My Autobiography*, Simon and Schuster (1964), 512 pp., \$6.95.

Vittorio De Sica has divided film directors into three categories: first, the cold and intellectual; second, the acrobatic and those interested in novelty for its own sake; and third, those who love humanity, who care only for human problems, who know sorrow but who also know happiness very well and are not embarrassed by this fact. "And," he adds, "there is a fourth kind, a class in itself. Charles Chaplin."

Chaplin was missing from the British Film Institute's 1962 international critics poll to determine "the ten best films in cinema history." But, as the poll's editors said, Chaplin "is remembered for the whole body of his work," thus "votes are split among a number of titles." It is easy to pick *Citizen Kane*, top film in the poll, as Orson Welles' masterpiece, but hard to choose from *City Lights*, *The Gold Rush*, *Monsieur Verdoux* and *Limelight*, to name the four which made the runners-up list in the poll, for Chaplin's.

He himself calls *Monsieur Verdoux* "the cleverest and most brilliant film I have yet made" in his long-awaited and now best-selling autobiography.

It seems as hard to be rational about Chaplin as Senator Barry Goldwater. Stanley Kaufmann has called Chaplin "the greatest artist that the film has produced," a considerable estimate, Griffith and Eisenstein aside. The late James Agee once wrote that Chaplin "could probably pantomime Bryce's *The American Commonwealth* without ever blurring a syllable and make it paralyzingly funny into the bargain."

Confronted by such breathless adoration, it is easy to understand why some persons seeing Chaplin's films for the first time today feel let down. After being subjected to perhaps the most extensive and prolonged public relations job in history, viewers are stubbornly prone to look for flaws and ignore the brilliance, even in retrospect.

Chaplin's autobiography won't do much to further a rational

approach, but it does afford an understanding unavailable elsewhere of the man's psychology. For one of such international notoriety, he is a disarmingly self-conscious writer. As one reviewer put it, within the multi-millionaire recluse hides an impoverished boy of the London slums agog amid the dignitaries he has known. If Chaplin drops names, he does so innocently, after the fashion of his Tramp.

This is the story of one of the world's last individualists; irresponsible to social pressure, Chaplin has pursued his own course. He is a true eccentric, one to be studied and admired.

Chaplin's recounting of his life is of high value. But it supplements—not replaces—the definitive biography by the late Theodore Huff published in 1951 and now out of print.

One ready complaint to the present volume is the author's constant skimping of details. Although two stills from his last film—*The King in New York*, made in London in 1957—are included among the book's photographs, no mention is made of it in the text.

Chaplin's criticism of America is unequivocal and oddly admirable. "Friends have asked me if I miss the United States—New York," he writes. "In candor I do not. America has changed; so has New York. The gigantic scale of industrial institutions, of press, television and commercial advertising has completely divorced me from the American way of life. I want the other side of the coin, a simpler personal sense of living—not the ostentatious avenues and towering buildings which are an ever-present reminder of big business and its ponderous achievements."

Much of the book deals, in a literary style that is splendidly like Dickens, with Chaplin's slum childhood and his greatest love, his mother, a former soubrette turned slatternly housewife. Here we see the real Charlie; his lowly start spawned an appreciation of luxury throughout his later life. "The saddest thing I can imagine is to get used to luxury," he writes.

—DAN BATES



**RONALD L. WILLIAMS** is a senior philosophy student at Rice University, having spent two summers in Europe travelling and studying.

**JOSEPH DUFFEY** is a teaching fellow in social ethics at Hartford Seminary, where he is also assistant director of the Institute of Church and Community.

**NEWELL S. BOOTH** recently completed thirty-four years of service with the Methodist church in Africa, twenty of which were spent as bishop of the Elisabethville area (which prior to 1956 included Mozambique, Angola, and Southern Rhodesia). He currently is resident bishop of the Harrisburg, Pennsylvania area.

**MILLER WILLIAMS** was the Lowell Travelling Fellow for 1963-64, which enabled him to be Visiting Professor of American Literature at the University of Chile (Santiago). He was also a US delegate to the first Pan-American Conference of University Artists and Writers. A zoologist turned poet, his new collection of poems *A Circle of Stone* is one of the most important books of the year—go out and buy it! **GAYLE GRAHAM YATES** is a lecturer in English at Boston University, and former president of the National Conference of the Methodist Student Movement.

**VALDO GALLAND** is the general secretary of the World Student Christian Federation. He is a native of Uruguay, and a member of the Waldensian church.

**JOHN PAUKER** lives and works in Washington, D.C. His story is a section of a longer fiction tentatively titled *The Book*. (Other portions of the novel have appeared in *Furioso*, *Carleton Miscellany*, *The Noble Savage*, *Story*, *San Francisco Review*, and other major journals. Also a poet, playwright, and translator, these lines from his Christmas card-poem provide a fitting comment on his method: "Dear God, I try to keep You honest. But/I look to You to do the same for me."

**ROBERT STEELE** is spending his sabbatical leave from Boston University writing a book on films.

**JOHN D. KEEFAUVER** is a freelance writer in the colony at Carmel, California. He is currently on a special writing assignment in Tahiti, and his second novel will appear later this year.

**REVIEWERS** include **FRANCIS CHRISTIE**, dean of Mount Union College; **DAN BATES**, movie critic for the *Fort*

*Worth Star-Telegram* (evening edition); and **JAMES M. LAWSON, JR.**, pastor of Centenary Methodist Church in Memphis and active leader in civil rights movements.

In spite of the seven outstanding Chilean poets translated for this issue, we still managed to find three more or less American **POETS** for February: **DAVID CORNEL DeJONG** lives and writes in Providence, Rhode Island. His poetry and short fiction have appeared widely, and he has written ten (at last count) novels. In his "spare time" he translates works from the Dutch and Flemish.

**JUDSON CREWS'** poetry, though formally open and meteoric, breathes heavily, carrying all the powers of the flesh. If there is a poetry magazine where his work hasn't appeared, we don't know of it. He runs the *Este Es* Press in Taos, New Mexico.

**RICHARD PURDUM** teaches at Ohio University in Athens. The taut drama in his exciting work grows implicitly from its language, as drama always must. He writes modestly that he is not a prolific poet; but the rare combination of natural joy with a searching intelligence is worth the necessary wait between poems.

#### ARTISTS IN THIS ISSUE:

**JUAN MANUEL SANCHEZ** lives in Buenos Aires. Working in a group with three fellow artists, he is concerned with reawakening the Argentine social conscience—a posture similar to that adopted by Mexican artists of the twenties and thirties.

**EUGENE WYATT**, photographer, is Sunday editor of *The Nashville Tennessean*. He has been a frequent traveler to the Soviet Union.

**ROBERT McGOVERN** lives in Philadelphia and is a graphic artist, born, as he reports, on Fool's Day, 1933. He goes on to say: "... we (artists) may all have been born on a fool's day—for we humanize and serve man and God, even when we don't know it. What a simple, naive joy—the good news—yes, but a complex way of spending one's earthly existence."

**IVAN SERPA:** a well-known painter who lives in Rio de Janeiro. Years ago he painted very calm and beautiful works; but as conditions in Brazil worsened for the greater part of the population, and the socioeconomic structures proved inadequate to the crisis, his art became more passionate and sensitive. He says: "My work is meant to identify with those who are suffering and to wake up the rich and

powerful who are to blame for this suffering."

**SUZANNE WANGER** lives in Nigeria where she has studied the Nigerian indigenous art forms. She is responsible for preserving and stimulating the art forms native to that part of Africa, and has helped in publishing the contemporary art and poetry of Nigeria through the Mbari Press in Ibadan.

**GUILLERMO NUNEZ** is one of Chile's outstanding young artists, making a distinctive contribution in contemporary Latin American art. His painting and drawing is personal, with authentic national and Latin dimensions; it also belongs in the mainstream of art today with its universal visual language and style.

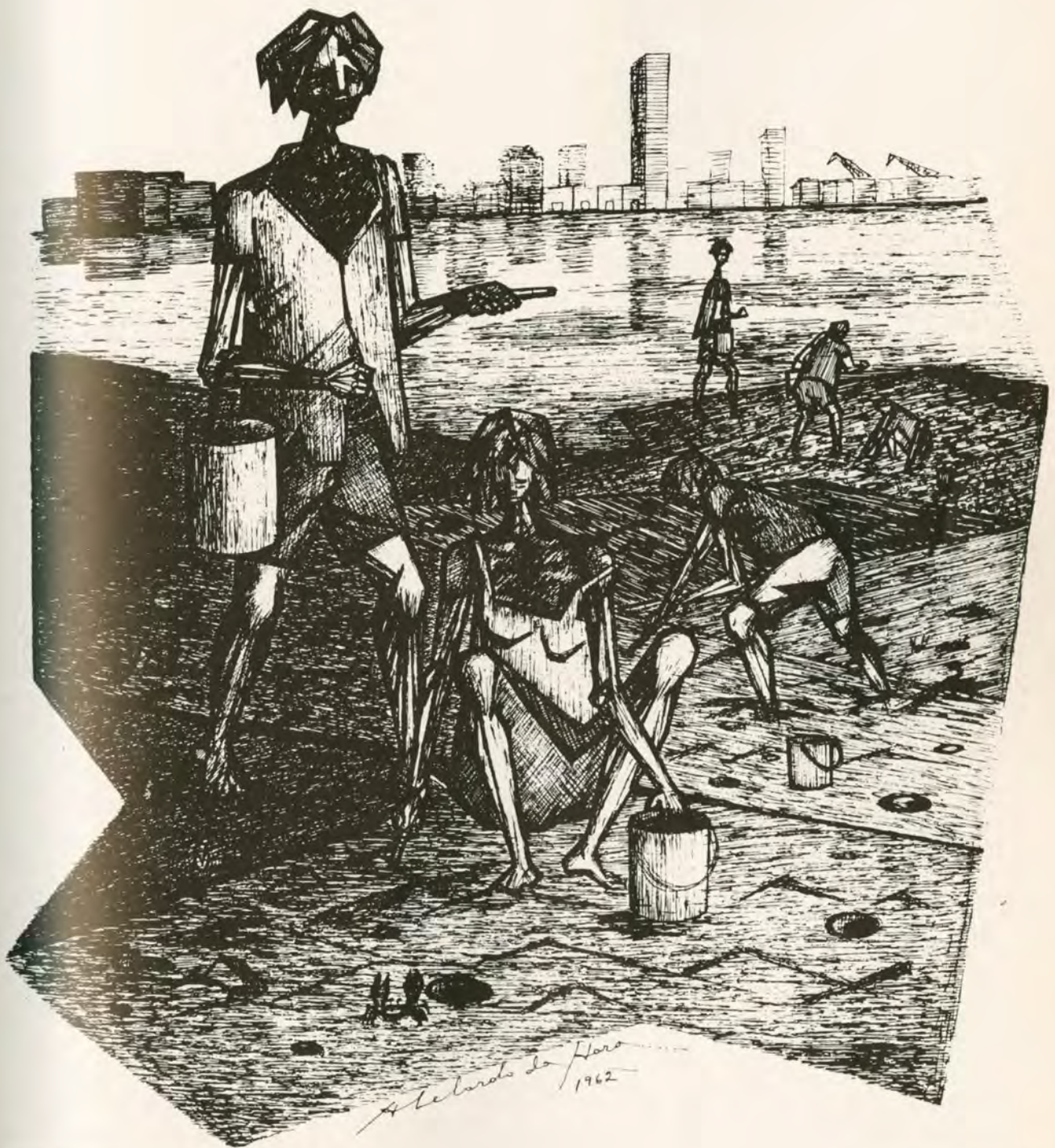
**ROSER BRU**, born in Spain, emigrated to Chile at 16 and is one of Chile's outstanding artists. She lives in Santiago. A monograph on her work by Armando Uribe Arce, *The Humanity of Roser Bru*, was printed in 1963. Her themes are of the family, of man and woman, of sleeping children, children at play, man searching his own being, and the whole range of man in his familial and social ties.

**MARK SUCKLE**, graphic artist, 22 years old, works in the communication section of the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee in Atlanta. He is managing editor of *The Student Voice* and the SNCC weekly newsletter. He still finds time to make woodblock prints on weekends.

**DERLI BARROSO**, art editor of *Cruz de Malta*, the Brazilian Methodist Student Movement magazine, lives in Sao Paulo. His work has been steadily developing as he has experimented with materials and techniques. Because he is from the north of Brazil he understands the life and critical problems of the fisherman, the canecutters, the peasants and the unemployed. These figures populate his work and the strength of his vision grows out of his understanding of the human struggle for dignity, justice and hope.

**ROBERT OSBORN** is well known for his illustrations appearing in *The New Republic*, *New Yorker*, and *Harper's* as well as for his own books, such as *Leisure*. He has a way of making us see our folly as well as laugh at it, helping us gain a new balance and restoring our lost humanity. It is very fitting that he should supply a drawing on the little fellow himself, Charlie Chaplin: they share the same sympathy for man in his confusing world.





CRAB DIGGING: RECIFE, BRAZIL INK

ABELARDO DA HORA



## the integrating mirror

ONCE upon a time there was a Negro who invented a mirror that made him appear white. Very white. Ivory-soap white. Happily he hung it in his house and spent four days admiring himself. The fifth day, hardly able to control his excitement, he invited a white friend to his home for dinner. As soon as the white man arrived, the Negro led him to the magic glass. "Look into the mirror," the Negro said as he stepped in front of it. The white man did and was quite startled to see that his Negro friend now appeared white. Very white. Ivory-soap white.

The white man seemed very pleased with the transformation. He told his white Negro friend that there were now great things ahead for him. The white man even said he'd now seriously consider taking the Negro into his business, which, incidentally, wasn't making mirrors. Secretly, however, the white man was extremely concerned. Here was a Negro who was not only white; he was

whiter than a white. That was certainly something to think about. Frankly, the white man didn't like it one damn bit. If the truth were known, he was scared stiff; he didn't admit this to himself, however. Being a nice, respectable white businessman, though, (not to mention being a friend), he kept mumbling nice, respectable, friendly, white businessman words to the Negro. "Yes siree," he said, "you'll go far now, boy."

Then, quite by accident, the white man walked in front of the mirror. He almost fell over when he saw his face. It was black. Very black. Dirty-grease black. The white-man-turned-black was horrified. So was the Negro. The white man, who had indeed a good reason to be openly angry now, ran out of the house yelling that he would never come back again, no siree. And he never did. The Negro, if the truth be again known, was quite relieved that he didn't. If it was one thing the Negro couldn't stand, it was a white man who, not only turning black, turned blacker than a black.

Moral: You can't have your mirror and eat it, too.

—JOHN D. KEEFAUVER