



THE REBEL

FALL '66

EAST CAROLINA
COLLEGE

GREENVILLE, N. C.



THE REBEL

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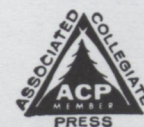


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EDITORIAL.....

RESPONSIBILITY FOR ALL

The forthcoming session of the North Carolina General Assembly will decide the immediate future of East Carolina. For nearly a year East Carolina has been campaigning for independent university status. Although opposition has been heavy, particularly from the Piedmont and from the Consolidated University proponents, support has been strong from the Coastal Plains section of the state. And the outcome may also depend upon such diverse subjects as liquor-by-the-drink and reapportionment.

East Carolina has been fortunate to have a unified approach to independent university status. The students, faculty, administration, and board of trustees have all been in relative agreement as to our goals. One wonders, however, if all of the above are aware of the responsibility involved in being a university.

The administration seems to be the best prepared to accept university status. Despite the traditional cries of "inefficiency," "ultra-conservative," and "biased against students," they are probably one of the best prepared administrations in the country for the transition from college to university. Their main weakness is the lack of instituting certain academic programs in certain areas. East Carolina is in definite need of a full seminar program, a reading week, and a hard-core honors program. These programs can come only from the administration. Hence, it is the responsibility of the administration to institute them if the need exists.

Our faculty may be a more serious problem. To some persons a tendency exists to accept less than college standards. Some students believe that many faculty members take a legalistic, or too rigid approach in the humanities. Others feel that

entirely too many objective tests, such as true-false, multiple-choice, and fill-in-the-blank are being used, but it must be said that this problem is universal. And still others feel that essay or subjective tests are being graded too easily. Whether or not any or all of these complaints are justified, the faculty must continuously evaluate itself and be aware of the possibility that these complaints may be true. If academic excellence is a reality at East Carolina College, it is the faculty that must maintain and require it from the student.

Easily the least prepared, however, for university status is the student. Many students at East Carolina do nothing more than just barely get by. We have no interest in academic communities. We do not take advantage of the cultural and academic affairs that are present. We seem afraid to enter into a faculty-student relationship. In short, we are in an apathetic daze of non-entity—afraid to see and afraid to be seen. While the reputation of a school may depend on its faculty, its worth depends on its students. If we are to become a real university and not one in name only, the students must accept the ultimate responsibility.

We seek to become a university, and well we should. The time will never be better than the present. Many of the above faults are being eliminated while many others will take time to correct. The process of becoming a university is neither easy nor fast. But, the Consolidated University and the Piedmont newspapers notwithstanding, we are ready. Being ready is only the beginning, however. If we are to be the great institution that we seek to be, we must be ever-improving, ever-changing, and ever-progressing. And that we must be always.

EDITOR

THE FIEND

First Place Fiction

by

Nancie Allen

Cast: Paige, a college student/ Kelly, Paige's roommate/ Angela, Paige's friend/ College Boys: Van, Frank, Cory, Ted/ Ladies' Club: Eleanor, Mamie, Grey, Lettice, Dana/ Jock, an artist/ Helena, Jock's wife/ Carwana, Paige's aunt/ Janitor.

Time: The present, in the evening.

Place: The lobby of an art museum, shortly before closing time.

KELLY: (Looking bored) Hey, Paige, how much longer are we going to have to sit here?

PAIGE: Till Aunt Carwana comes.

ANGELA: Why?

PAIGE: Because she said to wait here in the parlor until she finishes her trustee meeting.

KELLY: You're not going to leave your painting up for her to see, are you?

ANGELA: She has to leave it up until the exhibition's over.

PAIGE: Yes.

KELLY: Gee, Paige. You heard your aunt. She told you not to exhibit. She told you to enroll in Physics 101.

PAIGE: (Returns to sofa) I know.

KELLY: I've got an idea. (Rises, goes toward picture as soon as the exhibit is over) I'll grab the painting and fly with it to our room, Paige.

ANGELA: But there's no need to, Kelly. It isn't signed. Paige, your aunt wouldn't know it in a million years. (Moves to other pictures.)

PAIGE: Believe me—she'd know. Carwana has a sixth sense.

KELLY: (Returning to her chair) Gravy. Suppose the trustee meeting beats the exhibition to the finish?

ANGELA: Kelly, you're a worry wart. It'll take her aunt hours to put that speaker ban through.

KELLY: I understand. Win or no hundred-thousand dollar gift to the college.

PAIGE: No, no. It's not that at all. It's not Carwana's money. It's her. It's her force and persuasiveness that moves people.

ANGELA: But when it's irresistible force against immovable objects—

PAIGE: Carwana's generous. Why, just last month she donated a new wing to Lefentante General Hospital.

KELLY: O.K., O.K. (Angela walks to the door and looks out.)

ANGELA: (Moving to center stage) I don't see anybody. Sure is quiet.

KELLY: Hey, let's go, Paige.

PAIGE: No, I've got to wait for her. But you and Angela can leave. I know you've got things to do.

(Angela and Kelly exchange glances. Angela returns to the chair.)

ANGELA: We'll wait. But the exhibition is bound to be over by now. We haven't seen any viewers for an hour. (Begins rummaging in her purse for a half-eaten apple.)

KELLY: This is like sitting up with a corpse.

PAIGE: Is it that bad?

KELLY: (Apologetic) I'm sorry, Paige, I didn't mean it the way it sounded. I'm keeping my fingers crossed that it will win. (Angela rises, walks over to the painting at center, stands staring at it.)



ANGELA: (after a pause) What do you see, Kelly?

KELLY: "The Fiend." (Bends over to read inscription) "The Fiend."

ANGELA: But it's so much more.

KELLY: Why is it called "The Fiend?"

PAIGE: You know why, Kelly.

KELLY: Well, I know your Aunt Carwana calls abstract art fiendish. But—

ANGELA: There's a chained spirit, struggling to be free—

KELLY: What's his fright?

ANGELA: Himself, maybe. (Exchanges glances with Paige, slowly walking to front stage center) It's all the proud tyrants. It's the brightest angel. And despite the false pride which seems forever to chain man to the cloak of darkness, there is always the stirrings toward light—toward the morning star.

PAIGE: Angela.

ANGELA: Yes, Paige, I see all that in "The Fiend." And what I see is beautiful. (Paige and Angela exchange glances and both smile.)

ANGELA: (Looking at watch abruptly) I do have to go. Good-bye, Kelly. (Leaves without purse)

KELLY: Bye.

ANGELA: (Returning to get purse) Oh, Paige, I'm proud of you. Good-bye. (Angela leaves. Paige smiles.)

KELLY: (Rising and going to sit beside Paige on sofa) Paige, I do want you to win. When the judges' decision is made, I hope it will be: "The Fiend," unsigned, winner of the tuition grant. Why, then you'd be free—free of your aunt and you could paint your abstracts in spite of her ban.

PAIGE: (Rising to front stage center) Well, whatever happens, I know I have to create. (Wistfully) At night I dream, and in the morning my hands move over the canvas, putting my dreams there! You do see, don't you? (Moves across stage to back of chair)

KELLY: Have you ever stopped to think that maybe your aunt wouldn't be so opposed to your taking art if you painted scenes from nature—trees and birds and stuff like that—art that says something?

PAIGE: I paint as I feel—I have to, Kelly. There's so much beyond the canvas.

KELLY: (Warningly) Sh! Guess the exhibition isn't over. Here come three guys.

PAIGE: Come over here to sit down. Let's pretend we're just viewers.

KELLY: (Nodding, she moves quickly to the other chair. Four college boys enter. One remains

silent throughout the scene, they are typically campus types. They go to Paige's painting and stare at it.)

VAN: Hey, Man! This is what I call gone. It's the wildest.

FRANK: It's a scarecrow if you ask me.

VAN: No, Man. It's my Uncle Lamas. Exactly his expression when I ask him for more cash.

CORY: Ah, fellows, you just don't appreciate art. (The other two boys groan.)

FRANK: Well, pal, I appreciate art that looks like art. This thing must be a joke.

VAN: A poor joke, Man.

CORY: I see a struggle.

FRANK: Yeah, yeah. (Reads title) It says "The Fiend." (Steps back.) Some fiend, isn't it, Van?

VAN: Oh man! A fiend! How terribly horrid. (Putting on an act) I'm so frightened.

FRANK: My gal knows it isn't safe to be around a fiend.

CORY: O. K., you clowns.

VAN: Oh! Frank, he's going to sic the fiend on us! Let's fly.

FRANK: Yeah. (Van, Frank, Ted leave)

CORY: Come on, you goons. A lot of people may be in this painting, the same as me. I hope this painting wins.

VAN: Man, old Cory is nuts—nuts! (The boys leave)

KELLY: Ah, wise guys. (She moves slowly to stand before "The Fiend," looking searchingly at it.)

PAIGE: (Follows Kelly, observes her concentration) What now?

KELLY: I'm looking for myself.

PAIGE: Oh?

KELLY: The one called Cory saw himself.

PAIGE: He did, didn't he?

KELLY: (Returning to face Paige) Paige, how much does your art really mean to you?

PAIGE: It's my life. Oh, if you just knew what it's like to create colors and lines and form, to make them speak for you—

KELLY: Your aunt says you've got to be a doctor. And she's paying the bills.

PAIGE: Art is my life.

KELLY: If it comes to a showdown, what about tuition?

PAIGE: Tuition?

KELLY: Would you wash dishes for art, wait on tables?

PAIGE: Well, there are grants.

KELLY: (Warningly) Here come some women. More viewers. (Paige motions for Kelly to again be seated. Four or five women, mostly middle-

aged, enter chattering.)

ELEANOR: Wonder if we're the only club—
(Spies girls, calls out to them.) Girls, have any
other clubs attended the exhibition?

KELLY: Haven't any idea. (The girls withdraw
among the paintings.)

GREY: (Pointing to "The Fiend") This one,
Lettice! (Thumbing through her notes) Abstract
—abstract. (Finds it) Ah, yes. Abstraction, as
you know, can be defined as the abstract qualities
that exist in every form of art. (Consults notes)
Contemporary abstract painting is devoted to
these values. Objects and form are broken up in
this art form.

MAMIE: Grey knows so much about abstract
art.

ELEANOR: What is it called?

GREY: "The Fiend."

LERRICE: It's cute.

MAMIE: Isn't it darling! I just love abstract
art.

ELEANOR: I do too. Look at those colors.

LETTICE: So symbolic of a friend.

GREY: It's "The Fiend", Lettice. Not friend.
(Lettice shrugs and returns to realistic paintings,
takes a look at the title.)

MAMIE: This gets my vote. 'Course, I'm not a
judge.

ELEANOR: Mine, too. It's the only abstract I
see. I'm for abstract art!

MAMIE: Oh, I am too. (Mild pause) I want
some coffee. (Dana enters)

DANA: So here you are, girls. I'm late, I know.
But I've had some thinking to do, and I decided to
take a quiet stroll around the campus.

MAMIE: Eleanor and I are going on for coffee.

GREY: All right.

(Two women leave. Grey continues) Now, don't
tell me, Dana. You're still undecided about your
vote.

DANA: Yes, Grey. I never rush into anything.

GREY: You've had plenty of time. It's not that
much to it. We are only voting on whether to put
pansies or peonies around Benjethy Cartwell's
statue.

DANA: Every issue is important, and this one
is especially so.

LETTICE: Now, that's nice, Dana. I'm always
rushing into everything. I just don't think too
much.

(Dana looks at the paintings and spies "The
Fiend.")

DANA: (Aloud) Hey—(There is a note of rec-
ognition in her voice.)

LETTICE: What?

(Dana walks closer to the painting and smiles.)

DANA: Now *that's* unusual!

GREY: You mean that abstract thing?

LETTICE: I think it's cute.

DANA: Revealing.

GREY: It reveals what?

DANA: Can't you see it?

LETTICE: Well, I don't see anything.

DANA: I see a prisoner trying to escape.

GREY: I see colors . . .

LETTICE: Oh, dear—It's time to vote. Come
girls. Anyway, I don't understand your talk—
something escaped indeed.

DANA: Although you two don't see it, it does
make sense to me. (Three women leave.)

PAIGE: (Looking at her painting, then to Kelly)
I'm looking for something.

KELLY: Yes?

PAIGE: For myself.

KELLY: Oh. (Seeing two viewers entering at
front, Paige goes to back of sofa.)

(Jock, a young man in his late twenties, enters
with Helena, his wife, a woman impeccably groom-
ed and richly dressed. Jock is the conventional
garret-type artist, a pose he cultivates according
to Helena's specifications. Jock breaks away from
her and moves quickly to "The Fiend," and is ab-
sorbed by it.)

JOCK: (After much thought, breathing out ec-
static approval) This is—This is—

HELENA: It's monstrous. It's the worst thing
I've ever been subjected to. And you've dragged
me around to see some pretty bad art.

JOCK: Will I never be able to show you, Helena.
Things you need to know are spread right here
on this canvas. I've got to buy this painting.

HELENA: You'll do nothing of the kind.

JOCK: But I've got to have it.

HELENA: And where would you get the money
to pay for this terror?

JOCK: I'd get it.

HELENA: I wouldn't give you five cents to buy
the likes of this.

JOCK: (Musingly) If I had looked at this often
enough—these chains—Why I might have broken
away from my lesser self.

HELENA: Come on, Jock. (She pulls him with
her.) You're under contract to Father, you know.
The azaleas for my solarium, and then—

JOCK: (Looking back) But that's how I want
to paint—in symbols.

HELENA: Not with my money! If you want
money for this painting, go dig a ditch! (Exits)

JOCK: (Sighing, shrugging) Back to the aza-
leas. (Exits)

KELLY: Can you beat that—he's not even straining against the leash!

PAIGE: But starvation is very real, Kelly. It does take money.

KELLY: He could dig ditches, couldn't he?

(A judge walks in and pins a blue ribbon on "Flowers", then exits)

KELLY: You lost, Paige. I'm sorry. "Flowers" by Harley Devaris.

PAIGE: Did I? Did I lose?

KELLY: You saw the judge.

VOICE: (Outside) Paige! Paige Reed!

PAIGE: That's Aunt Carwana.

KELLY: (Rushing over to picture "The Fiend", starts to take it down.) I'll take it up to our room before she sees it.

PAIGE: (Quickly) No, leave it.

KELLY: But her ban—

PAIGE: Leave it.

KELLY: O. K. (She starts for the door) I'll be back.

(After Kelly's exit, Aunt Carwana strides in. She is an impressive woman, well-dressed, the tailored type. She heads at once for the sofa.)

CARWANA: So here you are, Paige. Ohhhh! I'm tired. (She sits.) Paige, what a taxing day!

PAIGE: You must have read the announcement, Aunt Carwana. I exhibited.

CARWANA: What? You didn't!

PAIGE: Yes, I exhibited "The Fiend." I lost. "Flowers" won.

CARWANA: Well, never mind. I'm going to overlook it. I know what I'll do. I'll take you and your roommate out to Carte Inn. How does that sound?

PAIGE: I'm sorry, Aunt Carwana, but Kelly and I will be busy during the dinner hour.

CARWANA: Oh, I'll attend to that. You'll be glad to know I won. The speaker ban was finally passed, a *victory* for the forces of right.

PAIGE: I'm not glad, Aunt Carwana.

CARWANA: I fought so hard for this ban, and *you* are against me?

PAIGE: I am not against *you*, Aunt Carwana. But I am *for* free speech.

CARWANA: I never heard you talk like this before.

PAIGE: I haven't been saying what I think. Now I must. Because of "The Fiend."

CARWANA: What? (Paige rises, moves over to the painting.)

PAIGE: (Pleading) Aunt Carwana, look at my picture. And tell me what you see. (Carwana sits undecided an instant, then rises and walks over to the painting.)

PAIGE: Do you see me in it? Or—or yourself?

CARWANA: Heaven forbid!

PAIGE: But you do see there's a chained spirit, struggling to be free?

CARWANA: (Turning back to her chair) How absurd! I do know that I'm ashamed that it bears the name of Reed. Now will you give up this folly, this fiendish art, and follow the sensible plan for your life?

PAIGE: No.

CARWANA: (Rising and thinking) Then I will have to withdraw all support.

PAIGE: I do appreciate the help you have given me.

CARWANA: (Sternly) It's over. I'm through with you. Do you realize what that means?

PAIGE: Yes.

CARWANA: (Changing to a softer tone) What will you do? Starve?

PAIGE: I'll wash dishes, wait on tables—(They look at each other. Neither flinches.)

CARWANA: (After a pause) Where is your pride? (Pause) What of my pride. I was going to make you the best doctor Reed Hospital ever had! Change your mind and come with me now.

PAIGE: No.

CARWANA: (Long Pause) Please! (Paige nods her refusal. Carwana squares her shoulders.) Goodbye, Paige.

PAIGE: Goodbye, Aunt Carwana. (Carwana walks toward sofa, begins crying.)

(A Janitor comes on stage and sweeps floor, moving quickly across floor. He notices Paige, continues to sweep and then stops and curiously stares as Paige rises.)

PAIGE: Fiend, they say we lost today. But we won, too, and Tomorrow— (She is suddenly startled as she sees tears in the Fiend's eyes.) Why, Fiend, you are crying. There are tears in your eyes, as though they're reflecting light. Don't weep. You're breaking the chains. You're emerging.

(As Paige stands gazing in wonder at her painting, Kelly quietly re-enters and stands near her friend.)

KELLY: I'm here Paige. Can I help?

PAIGE: (Without looking at Kelly) Kelly, look. The dark pride dissolving in tears . . . the eyes turning toward the light . . . Don't you see the tears in those eyes?

KELLY: (Very gently) Yes.

(Kelly takes Kleexex and wipes the tears out of Paige's eyes as all lights fade out except one dim spot on the janitor, who stands puzzled for a moment, shrugs shoulders, and then sweeps on off stage.)

Ode to Baie de Tourane

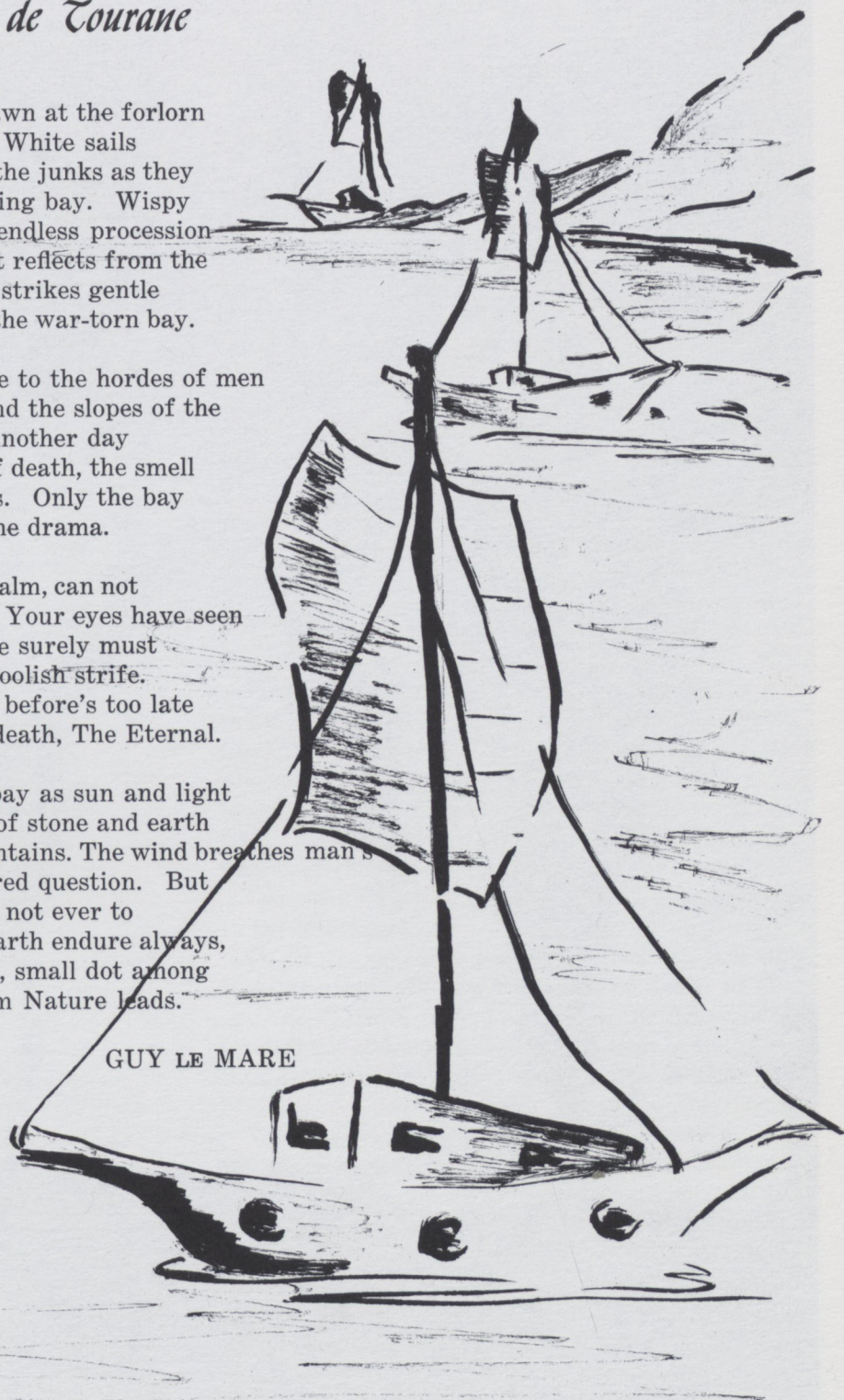
The time has come for dawn at the forlorn
Entombment of civility. White sails
Announce the coming of the junks as they
Scurry across the glistening bay. Wispy
Clouds start to move in endless procession
To the waiting sea. Light reflects from the
Shrouded mountains and strikes gentle
Ripples as they traverse the war-torn bay.

The dawn brings new life to the hordes of men
That are encamped around the slopes of the
Encircling mountains. Another day
Awakes anew the cries of death, the smell
Of guns, the sense of loss. Only the bay
Remains impervious to the drama.

Oh, bay of such exuding calm, can not
You tell us your secret? Your eyes have seen
The depths of Man; there surely must
Exist a way to end this foolish strife.
Tell us what we must do before's too late
To hope for naught but death, The Eternal.

Dusk closes around the bay as sun and light
Retreat beyond the ring of stone and earth
That man has called mountains. The wind breathes man's
Still answer to his tortured question. But
Man sleeps in ignorance, not ever to
Know that the bay and earth endure always,
While man is but a brief, small dot among
The infinite life spectrum Nature leads.

GUY LE MARE





JS

GOD

DEAD...?

One of the chief topics of discussion among both clergy and laymen alike is the current theology which proclaims the death of God. In seminaries, in churches, and in the colleges throughout the country, deep discussion and debate rages over the subject. Is God dead or is He alive? The Rebel interviewed two of the leading men in each of these fields: Dr. Thomas J. J. Altizer of Emory University, Atlanta, Georgia, who is a "God-is-dead" theologian, and Dr. John C. Bennett, President, Union Theological Seminary, New York City, a "God-is-alive" theologian. Their observations and remarks in this contrasting interview reveal very clearly two positions of current theology. (The boldface type indicates a member of the Rebel staff speaking.)

The first question we have for you is exactly what do you mean by the "Death of God"?

Most fundamentally, I believe that the God who is manifest and revealed in the Bible and in the Christian faith as the transcendent Lord and the sovereign creator has died, and that God is no longer actual and real. In this faith today, we can know his death as a full manifestation and incarnation of the sum of Christ.

Does the Death of God Movement have a future in Christianity?

Of course, because as I understand it, it is only the Christian who truly knows the death of God, and the death of God is a full manifestation of the Christian faith itself, and that it is only the Christian who can truly live and rejoice in the death of God.

Who, or what might be a better question, takes the place of God in the new theology?

As a whole, as I see it, I would say, what is happening here decisively is that Christ is becoming the full and only center of things and that this is a form that understands Christ as being totally present now, present in such a way as to appear as a consequence of the Death of the Transcendent Lord.

Dr. Altizer, when did God die?

Well, as I understand it, God died most fundamentally, most primarily by becoming incarnate and by dying on the cross and that the original death of God on the cross occurred in the individual Jesus Christ, in the original form of Christ, and has since then slowly, but very decisively, become natural, manifest, and real in history, in consciousness, in experience, so that now, that original death of God is manifest and real to every man who lives in our history and in the contemporary movement of our history.

Does this mean that God did this voluntarily or was it a necessary act on His part, or just what exactly was the motivation behind it?

Of course I couldn't, and don't really think any theologian could give a motivation of God. But I think that we can say that this act of self-dissolution and self-negation occurred to actualize the total form of redemption and of life.

I have heard one word and seen one word constantly in articles referring to the Death of God theology. The key word is responsibility. As I understand it, man becomes responsible for many, many of his actions, he takes the plain and full responsibility for what he does. If this is true, is man capable of accepting this responsibility?

That is a very good question: is man capable of it? But on the other hand, I think that man must be capable of it. There is no hope unless he can accept this responsibility. But any form of human dependence upon an outsider, or transcendent, or distant other in our time is either becoming impossible or repressive or self-negating. I should say that it is only in so far as man can assume in some sense a genuine and full and total responsibility that he can truly be alive and live in our generation.

Dr. Altizer, do you believe in an after-life according to the orthodox Christian view?

No, and by the way, I don't believe that many theologians do; that is to say that the Christian and common idea of personal immortality never was a true component of Christian faith; it is in origin and in nature fundamentally pagan and non-Christian. I believe on the contrary that it is only in so far as we pass through an actualized death ourselves that we can undergo a union with Christ. Now this doesn't mean, however, that there is no hope for the future. I think that the hope for the future is in the triumph of the body, the total body, the total reality of Christ in which every form of life and energy, we trust and hope, will appear to be real, even if it is transfigured and non-individual and non-ego.

Dr. Altizer, can the Death of God theology have a positive effect on Christianity as we know it, or does the church fundamentally need to change its organization, structure, and outlook?

Again, I think that the church is already fundamentally changing its structure, faith, and outlook. This process is rather well-advanced, and must, of course, continue, move ever forward in a more comprehensive and radical direction. We can see this in the Vatican II and the changes that are sweeping the Roman Catholic Church. Also, I think in many of the frontiers of Protestantism and in everything we have traditionally known as the Church, as worship, as witness, and as Christian life, most pass through a radical change, a radical reformation.

Dr. Altizer, do you foresee the possibility of yourself being called a conservative?

Yes. As a matter of fact, I already am called a conservative by some, and, I can imagine as time goes on, I will increasingly be so identified unless I go further to the left than I already have.

In our talk with Dr. John C. Bennett, President of Union Theological Seminary, he seemed to think that the Death of God Movement, although having very positive effects on the church and Christianity today, is just another passing phase of theology that has no substantial hope for any real grounds in the future. How do you view this?

Well, it is very difficult to predict the future. I think that I would agree that it is certainly a passing phase in theology. However, I believe that all theological expressions are passing phases in theology. There is no such thing as a form of theology that can perpetuate itself indefinitely. To the extent that it does, it is a sickness in theology or in the phase of it. However, it is my belief that the Death of God theology is the expression of a movement that is going to transform theological thinking. Even though it may be a minor expression, I think it is a genuine expression, certainly in terms of theological options at hand which are very, very few. One of the problems in the theology of the last generation is that it has been so dead. There has been almost nothing happening of any substance in the theological world for a whole generation. I mean that all the major theological work was done in the twentieth century by men who are either dead or in their seventies. We have been living in a theological void for the past generation, and we are now beginning to move out of it.

Dr. Altizer, are there many theologians or philosophers who have influenced your theology?

Oh, a great many. It seems to me that I have tried to give witness to the major ones in my works. Do you mean contemporary theologians, or what do you mean?

Yes, contemporary theologians.

Yes. Well, I have certainly been influenced by Paul Tillich, although I don't know whether you should call him contemporary since he is dead. I have also been influenced by Rudolf Bultmann and, for that matter, by Karl Barth, Heidegger, Sartre, and by a great number of literary critics and others.

Many theologians I have talked to feel that Bonhoeffer very possibly was the one who, you might say, started this theological direction. Is this true, and as such, has he had any influence on you, or has it just been a passing influence?

Well, I think it is true that he does belong at the fountainhead of this movement. It just so happens that I, myself, was not decisively affected by him simply because I had, in effect, reached my position before I had read the late papers of Bonhoeffer. But, nonetheless, I certainly would place him at the forefront of this movement, meaning more particularly, his late papers and not his earlier theological work.

Dr. Altizer, usually when we hear of the Death of God theology, it is in relation to you and William Hamilton. Is this a growing movement now in this country and are more theologians joining with you in this approach to theology?

I think that it definitely is a growing movement and that more theologians are publicly associating themselves with the movement. I think that theologians have been doing this kind of work for themselves and in many cases, or in some cases, for many years. There are a number of theologians that one can now say are publicly identified with the Death of God movement. However, one of the problems today is that we don't have much communication. There is no such thing as a national theological society in this country. There is no way by which we can meet under normal circumstances. Communications are not good. We are trying to correct this to some extent. However, in terms of this Death of God Movement, there is something for the public that is a recent event, and I think that it is going to take a little while before we can have any objective knowledge of how broad a movement it is in American theology. But I do think that there are a significant number of theologians who, by one means or another, are practicing the Death of God theology, the radical theology, or are thinking in these terms and working in these terms.

Dr. Altizer, does the phrase "totality of man" have any significance in the new theology?

Well, it certainly could have, depending on what one means, of course. I would interpret it in some sense as meaning a particular totality of man released in this era, in our time and that man has opened himself to total existence of the flesh and the here and now of immediate existence. There is a new kind of total humanity. There have been other kinds before, of course, but I mean the classic paradise of a totality of humanity; the mystical one when man exists totally in and as a pre-mordial, external being. Now I think that we are seeing the opposite of that. We are seeing a new paradise of a totality of humanity which is existing here and now time and flesh and in the immediacy of God's great existence.

You have mentioned that you have been influenced in the field of literature quite a bit. Who are some of the figures in literature who have influenced you and why?

You mean writers primarily?

Yes sir.

Well, a great many. One is William Blake, but I have been decisively affected, and I think most theologians have, by Dostoevsky. Among modern writers I would include Proust (Hrothgar), Joyce, and even to some extent by Eliot and Yeats. Also, I have been very much affected by literary critics. I suppose the most recent literary critic who has decisively influenced me is Northrop Frye.

One last question, Dr. Altizer. Henry, you have an analogy. Would you mind mentioning that analogy and checking its validity?

The analogy was that given the situation where two parents have a child and, for some reason, this child is threatened and the parents choose to give their lives voluntarily for this child. This puts the child in the position where the only influence the parents have over him is memory of his teachings, what they have taught him in the past. They have no direct, present influence, realistically speaking. Would you say that this is analogous to what the Death of God theology is talking about?

In part, but only in part. I would also want to say that, if you are willing to stretch it biologically, if we are to stick to the analogy, in some sense through the death, the predetermined death of the parents, their life is present in the child in a new form. It is not in just the teachings or even the love which is a model for the child, but in a very real sense, their life and energy are now present and real inside, within, at the center of the child.

...OR ALIVE?

Doctor Bennett, although this question has been asked many, many times, usually on the other side of the fence, what does the Death of God Movement mean to you?

Well, I think that it means that a great many people are disillusioned about Christian faith as a reality as they have understood it, that the symbols about God, the images of God, are no longer convincing, and also that there is a very great sense of the absence of God in the real world, a tragic world in which there is so much evil, that it is hard to point to the actual activity of God in this world. Now one of the characteristics of the Death of God movement, the most important, is that it is a movement within the church, within the Christian circle, quite honestly so. These people believe that there can be a different statement of what Christianity means, in the sense of a God who transcends the world. And they do this by emphasizing, very much, Jesus Christ. This means that they seek to be a Christian group or Christian individuals, and to a very large extent Christ seems to take the place of God.

Well, the word "God" is, of course, tossed about rather freely and quite often. Attempting to define the undefinable, could you give a limited concept of God?

Well, I think the concept of God that represents the main tradition is that God is the creator, He is independent of the world, the world depends upon him, and God is present as an active redeemer as well as a creative force in the world. God, from the Christian standpoint, is never just humanity seen in a different light, but God transcends humanity, judges humanity and also seeks to transform humanity. Now it seems to me that what the Death of God people do is to locate God, or locate what is to them the supreme object of the faith and obedience in Christ as a man in the first century. I think this is so very largely so in the case of Hamilton. With Altizer I think it is rather different. There is some sense of the living Christ

and the Holy Spirit becoming a reality in the world which is the equivalent or does duty to a considerable extent to what some people use the word "God" to describe or to designate.

Dr. Bennett, do you believe that the death of God can have constructive results on the modern Christian Church?

Well, I think so. I think anything that shocks people so that they look at their thinking, look at the things they have taken for granted, and find new ways of expressing what they mean is to the good. Why, there will undoubtedly be a lot of people who will be hurt in the sense that their faith will be shaken by it within the church and they may give up any relationship to the Christian faith. Actually, the Death of God theologians, because of their very great emphasis on Jesus, are not likely to leave the Christian faith. But many people influenced by them only get the negative side of this and they won't get the positive Christian side at all. There will be some loss at that point but I think that by and large the churches are better for being shaken up by this kind of movement from time to time.

Is there any future for the Death of God Movement? Will it last any longer than a couple of years?

I think it is very unstable and likely to fall apart myself. After all, everything changes anyway. No theological movement stays put very long. I have outlived several myself that were deemed to have been very solid. And this is itself quite unstable, particularly because of the combination of the denial of the reality of God the Father, and the great stress upon Jesus without God the Father. It seems to me the whole context of Jesus' life is denied.

Dr. Bennett, you have mentioned the effect of the Death of God Movement upon the Christian faith. What effect do you think there will be on people who are not in the Christian faith?

I have no idea. Many of them will say "I told you so, long ago." And you have that reaction. I think others will say, "Here there is something new going on in the church, let's look at it."

Do you think it will stimulate thinking?

Oh, yes. I think it will. It will depend on whom they read. I think that if they are led into Bonhoeffer, for example, they would necessarily be led into something that would open up all kinds of new horizons to them.

Dr. Bennett, it seems to me that one of the keystones of the Death of God Movement is its belief that (1) Man is completely free—has com-

plete freedom of action—and (2) that he has complete responsibilities for his actions in the world. Do you agree with this and how does this compare with the more traditional forms of theology?

Well, I don't agree with it, nor do I agree that traditional forms of theology tend to oppress man or leave man overwhelmed by divine power and divine initiative. It seems to me that the carefully stated traditional forms of theology have usually, in all cases, have usually made a very important place for human freedom, for the capacity for this weak, finite, creature to resist the creator. This is something which is taken into account in theology. There are some extreme forms of Calvinism, to be sure, that don't really allow for this except with some degree of inconsistency perhaps. On the other hand, I think that to say that it is possible for any finite person whose life is within the social web and who is conditioned by his own past as we all are conditioned by our pasts, any such person is absolutely free. I think the number of alternatives may be enlarged; the freer man has more alternatives to choose between, but they will be limited. And the moment you take count of man's social responsibilities, then alternatives become very much limited, limited because of the past. Anyone who is talking about absolute freedom is talking about himself as an individual in a vacuum.

One of the key words to me in the Death of God Movement is the word responsibility. I would like to ask you to take the other side of the fence for a moment. One of the things that really bothers me about the theology is the fact that in the concept as it is developed now, there is no after-life. To put it on finite terms, there is no reward, there is no punishment. It seems to me that this in a sense takes away a lot of the incentive of man. Why should he accept such responsibility? It would seem to me that some people I know of could be completely evil in the traditional sense of the word and be completely free with no bothering about what they are doing, no fear, and to them there is much more incentive to be evil than to accept responsibility for their acts.

Here are you saying that people do accept responsibilities because of fear of future punishment? Of course, this is basic.

Along these general lines, yes.

Well, I would think that it may well be that a certain amount of social discipline has been maintained by that, and the absence of that will remove the discipline to a certain extent. And this may be a loss. On the other hand, on the terms of personal character, people who are responsible will

choose a better rather than a worse course. Because of the fear of future punishment, some are doing the right things for the wrong reason. Now in order to keep some kind of a tolerable situation in the world it may be that a certain amount of this is all right. But it is not a way in which Christian character is developed. And I am wondering myself if this is not now present among many citizens no matter with what their conscious theology is concerned. There have been periods when the fear of Hell was a very vivid experience. This was something too limited; it undoubtedly would bring this kind of discipline. But today, is that very common? That vivid fear of hell as though it were something we could imagine as a great threat? Is that operated with the Death of God theology or with fundamentalists? I don't know.

I guess what I am saying is that I believe that man is basically selfish, not necessarily in the normal connotation of the word. But that all of his drives, wants, his actions are basically motivated by a selfish outlook. And if you take away any incentive, to act justifiably to his fellowman, it seems like this could increase to a tragic degree.

What is your concept of the after-life?

Well, I don't have any concept of the after-life that I could describe. I think the Christian teachings about the after-life, or about the resurrection, immortality, are ways in which it affirmed that God is not defeated by death, by our death, and that somehow there is meaning in our life in spite of death. The faith, a positive faith in the face of death is, I think, what Christianity must always stand up for, and this comes more from faith in God than from faith in survival.

One last question. Is there room, particularly on the staff of the main conservative seminaries for the so-called left-wing or radical theologians—do they have a place in the seminary?

It all depends on what you mean by "conservative." I think the answer is "Yes." I don't think that you would go out and find different Death of God theologians to occupy your major chairs of theology, but I think it is good to have such a person on the faculty. What they did at Colgate-Rochester where Professor Hamilton, who is Professor of Theology and taught the major course in theology, was to keep him on the faculty, and he now teaches the Philosophy of Religion, the Religion of Literature, and probably the Hamiltonian Theology. No, I believe that in many groups of theological seminaries, the more conservative that they are, the more they need somebody to shake them up.

First Place Poetry

Rue 21

I am so longing . . .
I am so long in longing . . .
I am so long in longing to belong . . .
You follow? Must I explain again . . .
All right, Sport,
I'm leaving, this minute,
Keys in throbbing fist,
Crumpled *Harper's* in shoulder bag,
Damp tissue in waste can
With all the rest of my dowdy,
Watered-down dreams.
And if anyone is the wiser—
I think I'm the wiser, Sport.
Not wiser than you;
I didn't mean that:
You lie there listening to the 7:55 news
While I go out to face
The glass-eye morality of the world,
The world steeped so far in the memory
Of lost words and empty poems
That it can't remember
Its own little red pulsating body;
The world too good to leave:
The green park strewn with
Do Not Walk On The Grass Signs
So easily made into sailboats . . .
Can't you see, Sport, there has to be red!
Violent, searing, plunging red
Makes the world go round
And the world is my oyster, Sport,
I shall not want—
Oh, isn't that a scream,
I shall *die* I shall positively—
You shattered a lot more than my glass eye, Sport.
Mr. Vacanteyes, Mr. Softmouth.
But I've had all the red I want
And I'm leaving
Just as soon as you unlock the door.
Unlock the door.
The door was locked?

PAM HONAKER

REBEL GIRLS



BRENDA....



The proverbial beauty which is found in the eye of the beholder finds its most noticeable form in beautiful women; probably no other single object has given more satisfaction to man or been so greatly expounded in art and literature than has feminine beauty. With this idea in mind, *The Rebel* presents a photographic essay on feminine beauty . . . collegiate style, since in its collegiate aspects the appealing qualities of womanhood are no less the subject of ponderance, artistic expression, and a great many admiring glances. The following pictures, some candid, some posed, attempt to display such beauty in its variety, in its scope, and in its appeal.

ABOVE LEFT: Brenda Mizell displays a disquieting effect as she waits for a friend at the Roaring Twenties in Greenville. UPPER RIGHT: Sweet, often fearful, always demure, Brenda represents the classic example of womanhood. LOWER RIGHT: Anticipation and a touch of joy glow in Brenda's eyes as she sights something that pleases her.

CONNIE....



LEFT: A night of wine and music are in the offing as Connie House waits by the organ at the Candlewick Inn for her lucky date. ABOVE: Candlelight sets the mood for an enchanting evening . . . and an enchanting look.

RIGHT: Connie and her friend Joanna seem to be planning how they can best use their feminine wiles on their unsuspecting escorts.





ABOVE: Their planning done, Joanna and Connie return to their dates, stopping for a last minute survey of the situation. RIGHT: Joanna, a woman of beauty, charm, and grace. Joanna, a woman of depth and appeal. Joanna, a woman to boost the morale of all men. And above all, Joanna, a woman of true sophistication.

JOANNA....

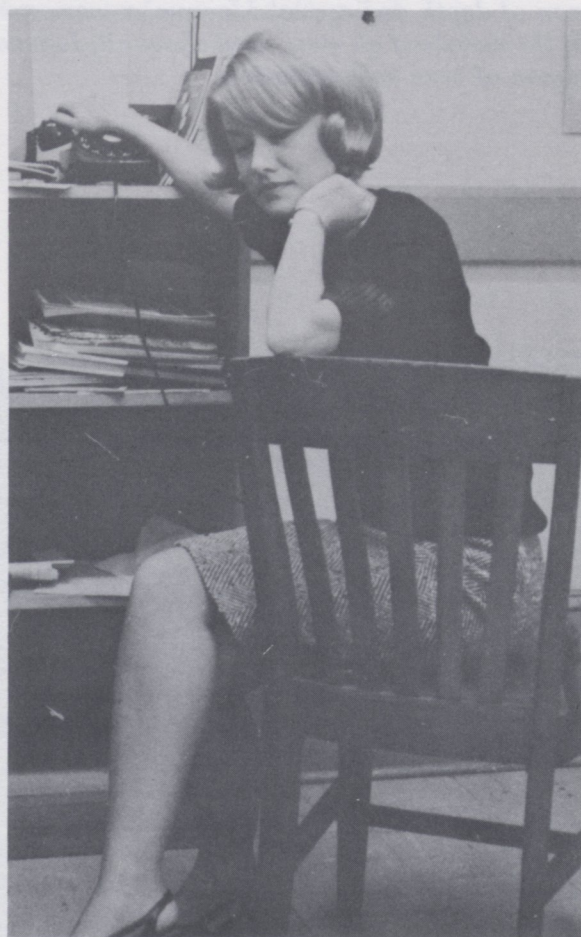


LEFT: An open hearth, a fireplace, and who needs a fire with the warmth of Connie's smile to kindle the flame in any heart. But nights of beauty and enchantment must end, and a slight look of nostalgia crosses her face as an evening of evenings comes to a close.

MARGO....



Although work on THE REBEL is often hectic and hard, life for the staff also has its moments of joy, as Margo Teu, copy editor, illustrates. ABOVE: "Who, me?" asks Margo delightedly when the phone rings. ABOVE RIGHT: Indeed, Margo seems a bit out of focus as that important someone asks for a dinner date. RIGHT: Margo ponders for a moment the evening ahead as she slowly replaces the telephone receiver.



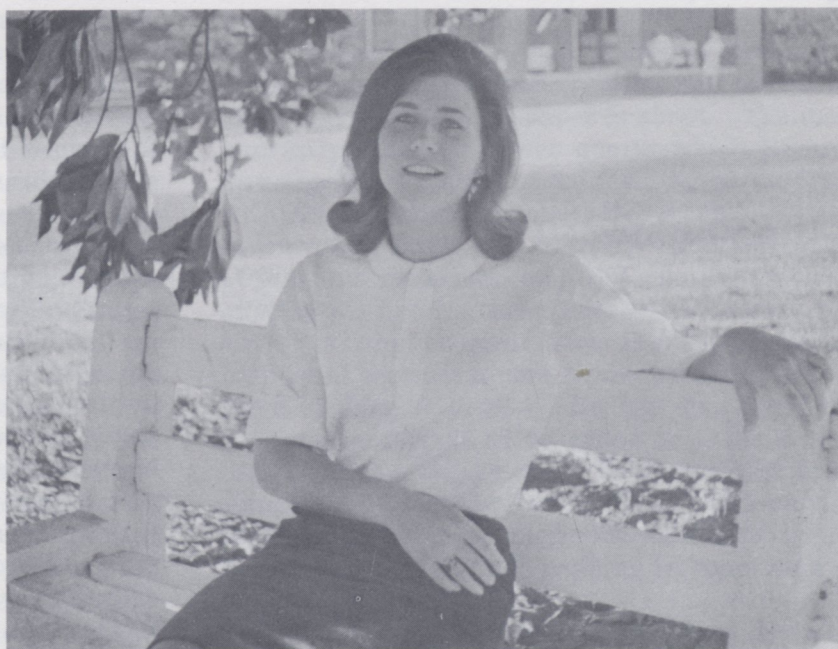
ANNE....



ABOVE: Anne seems to contemplate some course of action as she stops for a moment by one of the many campus trees.

ABOVE: Beauty in its purest form radiates from Anne Young as she reclines on a deserted outdoor table.

RIGHT: Anne pauses to admire the beauty of nature but she herself has a beauty which man cannot hope to equal.



The Functions Of Religious Language

FIRST PLACE ESSAY

by

HOUSTON CRAIGHEAD, JR.

The purpose of religious language as the writer conceives it is two-fold. The first purpose is really not to *say* anything at all. That is, it is not to describe to us any matter of fact. It tells a person nothing about the world of science. It tells him nothing about any "metaphysical beings." It doesn't *say* or *tell* him anything whatever. Its function is to *show* him something. In Wittgenstein's phrase, the "mystical" cannot be *said*, it can only be shown. Religious language is, in this sense, attempting to "show" something. It is attempting to produce within the listener an "insight," a "seeing into something." It is not giving the listener any information. It is somewhat analogous to contemporary art in this sense. That is, just as contemporary art is not attempting to paint accurate pictures of houses, trees, and horses, religious language is not attempting to give a description of the world of fact. Contemporary art breaks up its subject matter and spreads it about the canvas. A human figure may be broken into many pieces, with a hand here, a leg here, a face there, etc. This is not a picture of an actual

contemporary

religion

insight

existence

christianity

god

illuminate

images

theologian

empirical

myths

mystical

man as he looks to the scientific observer. This is an attempt to portray a feeling about man. It is an attempt to create within the observer an "insight" as to just how the artist himself may feel and as to how the artist feels about contemporary man. Religious language is attempting something similar to this. It is trying to produce within the listener an "insight" into how the speaker feels about the world. It is trying to get the listener to experience within his own being the same feeling.

The second function of religious language is "interpretative" in nature. That is, it provides a person with a particular way to interpret or look at his life. It suggests categories within which it calls him to frame his approach to existence. It takes the humming, buzzing complex of experience and imposes upon it a certain interpretation. It claims that if he will look at all of his experiences in terms of these particular categories, then his experiences will take on meaning and significance.

This paper will now attempt to explicate in greater fullness what it means by these two functions of religious language.

First of all one might say a word of justification on behalf of the theologian's use of language. If the theologian is unusually vague and overly symbolic, mythological, and even paradoxical and poetic in his use of language, one ought not to be surprised. For he has stated beforehand that that toward which he is pointing is a mystery. In attempting to bring the listener to a situation in which he will have an "insight," the theologian is dealing with something unlike any other type of experience. Indeed, it is the belief of the theologian that what is "prehended" (to use Whitehead's term) by the listener in such an insight is God Himself, mysterious, ineffable, and wholly other. As Hepburn has said: "Whatever our final judgment, the theologian certainly deserves the utmost logical tolerance in trying to make his case."

If the theologian is speaking of something supernatural, how could he possibly say anything literal about it with natural language? And clearly, the only language he has is natural language.

In attempting to *show* something with theological language, one will find himself using different types of language in many different ways. He may even assert direct contradictories. Ferre makes a point by saying that even in his everyday experience with the natural world, one sometimes asserts contradictories in attempting to describe the phenomena which confronts him. On a particularly humid day one may say, "It's raining and it's not raining." "Perhaps the English language

is not yet equipped to indicate the more-than-drizzling but less-than-sprinkling condition of the atmosphere." So one may, at times, speak of God. One cannot pin down exactly what he means, what he points toward. One may want to say that God loves us but that he does not love us. He means that God loves us in a strange way which is not like human love but is something like it. One immediately asserts the contradictory in order to point toward the ineffable which he is attempting to get the listener to "*see*."

The Bible does this. In scripture one finds the combination of gross anthropomorphism and repudiation of anthropomorphism. He finds images and rejection of imagery. Contemporary theology has the task of presenting its myths in a way that these myths are meaningful when not taken in a literal sense. One must hold the tension. He must affirm but immediately negate nearly every point.

Ian Crombie, in his article "The Possibility of Religious Assertions," points out that in one's attempt to *show* something, he uses language to "fix the reference range" of his theological discourse. He specifies the general limits of what we are talking about. This is done by the elimination of all improper objects of reference (like finite things or empirical events). He also suggests areas to which theological language is akin, areas such as ethics, the philosophy of history, etc. By so doing, one points beyond his ordinary world. He negates those "matter of fact" ways of being and continues to negate them, thus fixing the reference range of his language as being outside these realms. Outside these realms he cannot *say* anything (that is, give factual statements) but can point toward something.

Ian Ramsey, in his book *Religious Language*, gives several illustrations which are somewhat analogous to what this paper is about. The most impressive example is the one in which Ramsey describes the situation of daily riding on the train with a particular man and after a while coming to know him fairly well in terms of his needs, his actions, his responses, etc. But one day he says offering his hand: "Look here—I'm Charles Miller." "At that moment there is a disclosure, an individual becomes a person, the ice does not continue to melt, it *breaks*. He has discovered not just one more fact to be added to those he has been collecting day by day. There has been some significant 'encounters,' which is not just a moving of palm on palm, no mere correlation of mouth noises, not just another nodding in some kind of mutual harmony."

A very interesting comparison can be made be-

tween what he is trying to say here and what Wittgenstein said in his *Tractatus*. McPherson even compares Wittgenstein's notion in that book to Rudolf Otto's *Ideas of the Holy*. In the *Tractatus* the only questions about the world that can be raised and answered are those about *how* the world is. These sorts of questions fall within the domain of the sciences. However, the theologian is asking a different kind of question. As Wittgenstein says: "Not *how* the world is, is the mystical, but *that* it is." (And strangely enough, Wittgenstein sounds a great deal like Heidegger at this point.) Wittgenstein goes on to say that whereof one cannot speak, one must be silent. However, this writer would disagree with him here and say that whereof one cannot say anything literal thereof, one must not try to say anything literal. But that does not mean that one cannot use words to "point toward" the "mystical." He may not *say* anything but he has the possibility of *showing* something. That is, one's language may be non-sense, but it is extremely important non-sense.

There must, certainly, be some kind of criteria for one to use in determining just what symbols he shall use in attempting to "point toward" the "mystical." One criterion which he might propose is that the symbols should come out of his own time. That is he would be erring if he attempted to point with a symbol which had no relation whatsoever to the contemporary man with whom he is speaking. Some examples of this may be seen in certain schools of Christian theology. Many theologians continue to use, for instance, the symbol of the slain lamb and its blood in connection with some kind of interpretation of the crucifixion of the Christ. This symbol bore deep meaning for the early Jews who were well acquainted with the full existential meaning of the slaying of a lamb in sacrifice to the God whom they feared. Contemporary man has little, if any, comprehension whatsoever of this. One is at a loss as to how we could possibly use the symbol of the "Lamb of God shedding his blood for our sins" in any kind of meaningful way at all in our time. This is not to say that there is no *possibility* for such a symbol to call forth an "insight," but the likelihood of its doing so is very small.

Perhaps a much better symbol in connection with this particular event would be to speak of it in terms of a Word spoken into one's existence from the "mystical" which lies both within and beyond one's existence. Granted that this symbol says nothing literal whatsoever. Neither does the one of the lamb. But one has more chance of grasping an inclination of what is being shown

when he speaks in terms of a Word because he lives in a world of great communication in which one speaks to another in all types of conversation, whether it be face to face or by long-distance telephone. However, in the midst of all his frenzied talking, he seems to communicate very little that is deeply meaningful. To say to one of the 20th century, who knows something of the inner feeling of aloneness and darkness, that there has been a Word spoken to him into his darkness, which proclaims to him that there is the possibility for him to live in this world is much more significant than to say to him that the Lamb of God shed his blood for his sins.

Another criterion which one might propose is that the symbols used should be coherent with one another. That is, to attempt to use symbols which admit of no correlation whatever between one another is a practice that will get one into great difficulty. For instance, it seems to be a mistake if one attempts to unite the symbols of the philosophy of history of the Eastern religions and those of the Western religions. The Western religions (Christianity and Judaism) conceive of history as a straight line, purposive, with a beginning and an end. The Eastern religions conceive of history as a cycle with no beginning and no end, much less any purpose. To attempt to use both these symbols in pointing toward the "mystical" in history would confuse more than illuminate the listener.

Of course, a final criterion might be whether or not the symbol actually does its job. That is, does it work? Are persons listening to discourse carried on in terms of a particular set of symbols really coming to "see" what it is the symbols are pointing toward?

This paper comes now to the second use of religious language: the interpretative.

Religious language "makes sense out of life." That is, in light of the "insight" which the religious persons claims to have been part of, and, what is more, claims to, in some sense, continue being a part of, life now takes on a new "light," a new perspective. Crombie points out that one may learn much from the writings of Kafka and Huxley, not in a literal way, but in a way which makes us see life differently. ". . . what we learn from Kafka or Huxley is not that the real world is like the world they create; rather, having travelled in imagination to a very different world, when we come back to the real world we see it a little differently and the difference seems to be gain. The unlikelike element in the fictional world is a device which makes us see things which are present but overlooked, in ordinary experience."

Religious language gives a person "categories" or a "stance" or "posture" from which to live his life. Frederick Ferre, speaking of the great religious symbols, says: "They reflect a pattern or organization of these depth experiences and if responded to affirmatively can mould one's total response to his world: implicitly embodying a scale of values, an emphasis of outlook, a dominance of drive which provides a distinctive 'stance' or 'posture' toward the normal flow as well as the great crises of life. Such great symbols may be called 'organising images.'"

This is the side of religious language which one can interpret literally. That is, a person may use religious language in this way and actually show to another the object of which he is speaking in his existence. One will always want to add that "this is not *all* I mean" but, within his existence he can point to something actual, literal. Take the statement "God is holy," for instance. First, within one literal existence, what does he point to with the term "G-o-d"? God is, supposedly, that which is always present, never changing, eternally real, forever dependable. What is there within one's existence which is this? Within some person's existence everything which he touches is transitory, passing on, changing. Whether it be persons, things, societies, or what have you, they are all changing and passing on. One's life itself is passing away and he will someday die. Within all this, what is there that is always present? Nothing, except that everything is continually passing on and is transitory. In other words, "God" is the linguistic symbol for the fact that life is, more than anything else, in constant flux, change, transitoriness, passing-away-ness. God is this fact! What does one mean when he says that God is holy? For something to be holy means that one stands in awe and humbleness before it. There is an element of fear that the full realization that existence is completely transitory and in no way stable creates within one a sense of awe, fear and *angst*. One has the sense of being able to cling to nothing whatever. The only thing he has left to cling to is the fact that this is the way things are. Thus, interpreted into his existence literally, this is what the statement "God is holy" means. Some would want to say that the statement means more, but the "more" can only be shown, not said.

Or take the statement "God loves." Interpreted literally into existence one might say that when faced with the deepest crises of life, when standing in what Karl Jaspers calls the "border situations" of existence, when one has realized that

"God" (as defined above) has utterly crushed him and will always continue to do so (the Bible provides an excellent parable in the Book of Job), when he sees that there is no hope left at all, the Christian claims to have felt within his own being a strange power which tells him that *nevertheless* there is the possibility to live. To say that "God loves," thus interpreted into existence, means that when completely crushed by the force of existence, one has yet found that there is the possibility for him to live with gladness, with meaning, and with hope. That is not all. Some mean more by the statement "God loves" but what that "more" is cannot be said, only shown. The New Testament states this mythologically by saying that Jesus, when crushed by the Force of his Existence in terms of a horrifying crucifixion, still found that, even though crucifixion was the most real thing in his existence, there was still the resurrection through faith in God. In fact, Jesus called this God "Father." However, in so doing, Jesus was not *saying* anything at all. He was conveying no information. He was attempting to *show* something, namely a particular way in which one might approach his existence—i.e., with the stance that the crushing force of one's existence is actually analogous to one's loving father. But to realize the full impact of this, one must know the meaning of an "insight." This "insight" can only be shown, not said.

These religious statements can become translated not only into a way in which to view one's existence but also into a way of action. How should one act toward his neighbor?—God is love. What shall one do with his enemy?—"God was in Christ reconciling the world. . . ." As Ferre says: "Here is meaning, volumes of the deepest meaning, waiting to be translated into the fabric of specific act and concrete life-pattern. It is because we are here dealing with the most important sort of meaning which any language can carry that talk about God is incomparably vital, despite its non-literal significance."

Thus, one has seen the two uses of religious language which this paper proposes. The first one is to "show" one something, to point him toward the "mystical," call him to an "insight." The second function, which is only really meaningful after one has been part of the full meaning of the first function, is to interpret the everyday goings-on of his life. One uses his myths about miraculous births, resurrections, creations, and so on, in order to bring about an "insight." Then one interprets these myths into concrete realities which confront him in his actual existence.

POET'S CORNER

Asha Yeats

I can remember that girl.
I can remember the day she died:
A long hot day in the Georgian summer,
And one that few people noticed
Save those of us who knew its significance.
A grave day, with petulant clouds suspended
In a low-slung, dusty-looking sky,
Green-hued in the west, and softly glowing
As before a storm. And there was a storm,
But not one that most of the people knew about.
I know about it, but I was closer to Asha Yeats
Than most people.
She was my mother.

She had a slack long body with thin strong arms
That could sweep you from the ground into the air
And whirl you around until you laughed and
laughed.

We had fun together, Asha and I.
She was young and vibrant and bold
(I myself was nine years old)
With thin-boned hands, and graceful and fine
The year I was nine.
And a wide mouth that laughed often.
The girl with the yearbook smile, Asha Yeats.
My mother.

We did the housework together, Asha and I,
Whistling and winking like sooty-faced chars.
But I remember the day she put down her dustcloth
And untied her tired hair
To help a little colored girl who lay
With her feet in the gutter,
Bitten by a mad dog.
Asha Yeats on her knees in the gutter
(While the neighbors watched from their win-
dows)

Picked up the little nigger child and
Took her to the county hospital.
That's not done, said the neighbors.
In the deep South, that's not done.

And then things happened to us.
Dead things appeared in the front yard:
Mice, birds with torn wings, a rabid kitten,
And then one morning, a little curly-haired dog
With a torn throat.
Asha Yeats covered my eyes with her firm hands
And closed the blinds.
And we never told.
There were bad smells and a broken window,
And we never told. And a fire in the toolshed
That Asha put out with a blanket
Because the hose was missing and the spigot clog-
ged.

But we never told.
And Asha Yeats grew lonely and old.
Her pale eyes deeply set in her quaint head
Blinked in open defiance like a sullen-faced char
Until blinking was a drudge and breathing a chore
And she took sick and didn't work anymore.

She dragged herself to my bedroom
And there she died, her weak cries
Splintering my brain and staying there,
Crumpled grotesquely on the white sheet,
My hands on her eyes,
My handkerchief over her mouth.
I was there, but she died alone,
As she did everything.
And here is where she lies, alone
Nestled in the roots of a pine tree
With so much to be proud of.

Pam Honaker

I Became a Leaf

I became a leaf.
I sprang from the fingertip of a tree.
I greened and grew.
I covered a bird, nourished an insect.
I dripped of rain.
I slept on the wind.
I became vibrant with red, warm with golden.
I became tired.
I aged brown, grew weak, let go.
I dripped down and laid beside a moss, beneath a
 rabbit.
I became moist and fed the earth.

Teod

I see and feel the warmth and touch
Of eyes that pierce my depth until
I can no longer face the source
Of their disquieting power.
My mind rebels against the thought
Of alien control and though
Such alien control is all
Too inevitable, I must
Remember that obedience,
When blind, only leads me
Down to insensibility.
Were I to pause, however, and
Relax in the absorbing gaze
Of those circles of deep power,
Realizing that they seek not
Control, I would see their beauty.

GUY LE MARE

CMF Because

Two fingers following the curve of the chair-arm
Were her only proof that he was there
As the walls of the room surrounding them
Came and went with the shades of twilight.
The words were right for some purpose,
But not theirs, falling as they did on distracted
 ears
Like a dream neither could remember,
Until he became more cross with himself than her
And tenderly took leave.
From the window she watched him
Cross the street, unwilling to grope for words
Worthy of being called across the distance—
This before she saw the coat, folded sleeves to-
 gether
On the winey new-covered chair.
"Your coat is still here!"
She cried, her outstretched hand expressing all
That she could not, she
The no longer cherished.

PAM HONAKER

Second Place Fiction

Wintertime And Not One Posy

by

Worth Kitson

It wasn't fair to be so cold and still not snowing. If it's going to just be cold, well okay . . . but when it's *that* cold, and it looks like it's going to snow, and the weatherman and your father and even the old janitor at school *all* say it *will*, and then it *doesn't*—that's a pretty sneaky trick for the sky to pull.

Miriam hated—really *hated*—her black wool skirt. That skirt, with its knife-edged pleats swinging so jauntily in the wind, had no right to act so smart when she, who had been nice enough to wear it out once in a while so it could see something besides the inside of a closet, was feeling plain rotten.

A yellow paper slid out of her notebook and fluttered to rest on top of a puddle which could have been lovely slush if the day hadn't decided not to snow. The paper floated in a lazy circle for a minute, so Miriam stopped walking long enough to step on it. It sank and she got her shoe wet. The new black suedes, there they went . . .

"Someday they'll stop putting corny messages about citizenship and scholarship and rot in our report cards," she said aloud. "Then I'll stop dropping them in mud puddles." She turned angrily at the corner and walked on. "Rats!"

As Miriam stopped for a light, Mrs. Keil drove by, then pulled over to the tired gray curb. "Want

a ride, Mimi honey?" she called in her purry PTA president voice.

Miriam smiled sweetly and shook her head. "No, it's such a great day I think I'll walk," she called back and waved gaily as she crossed the street. "Thank you, though."

"Don't honey me, sweetie," Miriam said venomously as she walked on down the sidewalk. "And if my name was Mimi, I'd ask you to call me Mimi. My name is Miriam. I'd rather have everybody call me Harry than have you call me Mimi. Call me that again, sister, and you'll never see *my* mother at another one of your meetings."

A little boy on a red tricycle turned in his seat and stared curiously after Miriam as she walked by him, "Buy Christmas seals or your teeth will rot for sure!" Then she walked regally on. The child sniffed reflectively and squashed a worm carefully with the front wheel of his trike, leaving an anonymous brown and green smudge on the pavement. "Poor Posie," he said quietly to the spot, then sighed a tired little sigh and rode slowly on down the block.

Miriam had started to cry. It was bad enough to be crying at all while you were walking down some street, without your nose getting all red like a three-year-old's. She couldn't decide whether to pull out her lace handkerchief from Brussels or



use the pale green Kleenex she had found in the home-ec room that day, so she let the tears stay cold on her cheeks.

"So I *got* a D in math. Everybody gets a D sometimes. Just because my brother was so hot-shot in math that doesn't mean *I'm* supposed! Abraham Lincoln probably got a D in something one time. And did *he* get into trouble for it?" she demanded of the stop sign on the corner. It stood in the cold wind looking impassively out at Miriam from its blank red face. "Never mind," she said gently and turned down her street.

When she reached her front door, Miriam took the Kleenex out of her pocketbook and wiped her face. She rang the doorbell, listening to the faint chime somewhere deep within the house. A minute later a flood of warm yellow light came to the door as Estelle opened it.

The small black woman sighed impatiently. "Mimi, why'd you make me come all the way out

the kitchen to let you in your own house when the door ain't even locked?"

Miriam pushed past her and cried, "DON'T SAY AIN'T! And never call me Mimi again!" She ran up the stairs: her Latin book fell to the carpet with a dull thud and lay incongruously on the deep green until Estelle retrieved it a minute later and started slowly upstairs.

In her room Miriam unzipped the hated black skirt and flung it behind the door where it sank into a strange sort of pile of pleats. She jerked her window open and snapped off the light. The silver-blue evening blew in across her bed in soft gusts: she lay in the cold and shivered, feeling Estelle standing at the top of the stairs outside her room. She wiped her face on the bedspread, a pale unknown color in the odd, cold light of the room, and listened silently to Estelle's knock.

The door opened wide. Estelle put the Latin book gently on Miriam's desk and walked slowly to the open window. She looked at the girl on the bed, and then back out the window; taking a bottle of spray cologne from the dresser, she sprayed the curtains billowing in the icy wind. She looked at the dainty gold bottle for a long time, then set it carefully back where it had been. She turned once more to the open window and said, "It's snowing, baby Miriam . . . it's snowing the very first golden snow I ever did see." Then Estelle walked from the room, closing the door quietly behind her.

Miriam got up slowly and moved to the window. The film of sweet-smelling curtains blew across her face as she gazed out into the silver night and said softly, "Please call me Mimi," and she loved Estelle, the silent snow, and her strange unsettled word with all her heart.

SECOND

PLACE

POETRY

Protest No. 1

The quiet world within calls gently
And I,
Slipping from silence to sunlight
Lean against a burnished tree.
And I,
Turning from knells to tambourines
Sing with a copper leaf.
Half the world is sunlight
Losing the rest to shadows
And I,
Weaving their whispered whimsies
Am aware.

Brenda

Hines

Protest No. 2

I wear you softly—
With gentle folds on my dark hair;
Naturally—some color you
But I have looked up and seen a tinted trail
Left by laughing stars;
Limp—some hold you
But I have seen a floating cloud
In the early morning's warmth;
Loosely—some press you with routine
But I know a river can flow
Freely and swell out of its banks;
Meekly—some taunt you
But I have seen a silent wisp of joy
Blowing lightly in the wind
And I recall the dreamer
Who taught me to wear you softly.

Art Portfolio



Boy Named Michael

First Place Art (Woodcut)

By JULIA COBLE

FALL, 1966



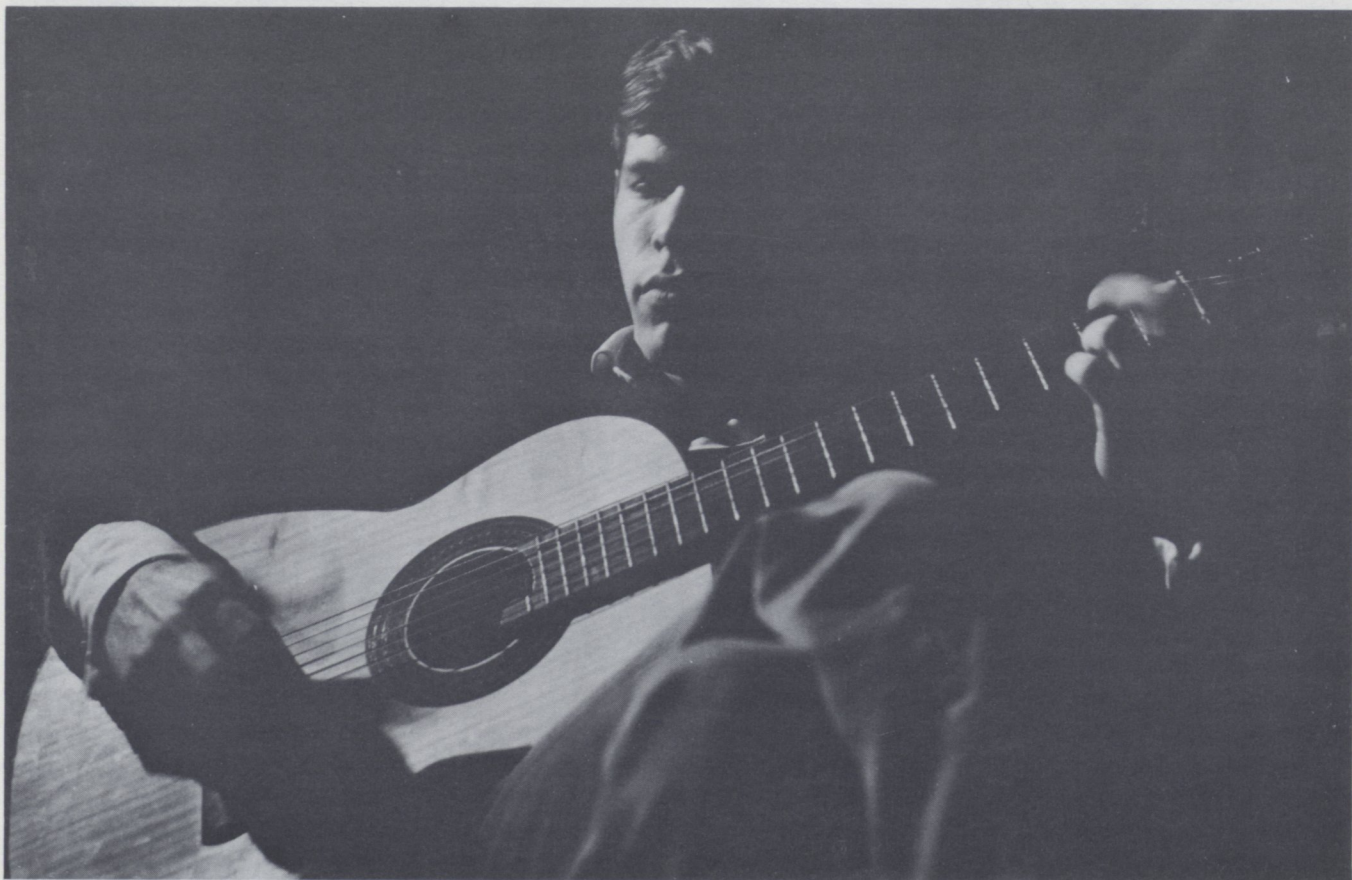
Breakfast in Taiwan

Second Place Art (Oil)

By DOT HARMON

GRAHAM ROUSE









THE GIFT

Ronald Watson

The road was as timeless as Spain herself. In the dim, distant days before men saw fit to record their thought and deeds, it had served as highway for the fair-skinned natives of the region, curling along beside the sea, rising and falling with every nod of the hills that rolled down from the mountain. Legions of soldiers, caravans of gypsies, throngs of poor fishermen, and beggars had traveled there. In the spring it wound through gauntlets of heather, and farther south, groves of oranges; but in winter, as now, the road was buried beneath shadowy drifts of snow and was blended with the land as it flowed down to the sea. It was little used now; there was a new highway for motorists driving between Barcelona and Valencia. Now the road was left for pedestrian wanderers who made their tedious way from the Prat de L'ò bregat, through Castelldefels, to Stiges, and back again.

He was an old man, living in a time when men of his kind died young in behalf of glorious dreams, and he carried himself with the broken resignation of having missed his one opportunity for salvation, for greatness, for eternity. There had been a time, perhaps, when his eyes shone with the light of what he must do; but they were cast over now, sad, pensive, regretful that they had not seen that which they were meant to see. They were buried, forgotten in a face which was drawn with hunger, forested by gray stubble. The old man carried his head low, chin held tight

against his breast, for the relentlessly torturous, snow-swept afternoon screamed about him and bit at every patch of unprotected flesh. His lips were blue, his face crimson with the cold, and bits of moisture had frozen on his brows and in his beard. The ragged gray overcoat, which had served the old man for many winters, was pulled tight about his body, and his hands were plunged deep in the warmth of its pockets. It was hard for him to see, for the snow fell in windy blankets and blurred the harsh, bleak grayness of the day; and so he stumbled on, stopping at intervals, with his back to the wind, to take the four small potatoes from his pockets and turn them slowly in his hands as though committing to memory their contours.

Clouds dwelt like smoky shrouds just above the earth, blotting the mountains from view, and the sea was covered with a fine, dull film of mist, and the black water glistened with an invisible light. The high wind, swirling, carried the falling snow and then laid it in pockets of the ground, piling it higher about the naked trees and shrubs, covering everything with a frozen whiteness that was the color of bones. Somewhere the sun was shining, but here there was no warmth; only the coldness of hunger and fear of death.

The desolation of the day spoke in eloquent monotones of the tragedy that was being played out in the very land through which the old man plodded. There was a war. A horrible, hateful, personal war, carried on with a furious, deliberate languor that was more terrible than the iron and dirt and blood. Men killed and were killed blindly, indiscriminately, never knowing why, aware only that they all suffered a great injustice and must account for it. Brother turned on brother, father on son, and all across the country, men lay dead with tears in their eyes, their lives over before life's meaning had come clear. Nearly a million men. And, more painful still than that was the suffering of the families, the hungry families of old men who found it necessary to travel by foot over many miles, through the unbearable winter, in search of food.

"Soon, viejo," the old man mumbled to himself. "Soon you will be home."

Home. What was it? A drafty cellar, without light or heat, hidden in the dark, upset stomach of Barrio Chino, the Old Town, a dwelling place that had been used by families such as his for seven hundred years. The old man thought of the calle which ran outside the windows of the cellar; a wide gutter, transport for the filth of Barcelona, its cobblestones slimy with the residue of rainfall and rotted garbage, its dismal walls

oozing and sweating dank moisture. Narrow though the calle itself might have been, a child might, with a minimum of effort, extend his arms and flatten his palm against the truculent bricks, the buildings which enclosed it, none more than sixty feet in height; they fairly brushed one another at their rooftops, thus excluding the light of day and holding the alley in a perpetual state of somnambulistic darkness. And this was where his children played—in the same alley, playing the same games, perhaps, as had the children who suffered through kinder winters in the time of El Cid. And yet, despite this gloom, there was life, a suspended kind of life, without hope, with no future save the relief of death, nothing more than an intake of sooty breath and the physical processes that sustain existence. He knew they would be waiting for him to return with the food that would mean another minute or another day of numb, empty existence. His wife had given way to the strain and the years and the war, and now she sat alone in a grimy corner, staring out at the rest of their little world with unseeing eyes, never speaking, never hearing, never caring to live or die. The children, four of them, were huddled together about the fire, keeping it alive, kindling it with whatever could be found, waiting for a spring that had never come, not counting the hours or the days or the weeks or the years, just waiting. "What fine men and women they might be, if only I were able to free them."

The old man felt the tears freezing on his cheeks and his hands sought refuge with the potatoes in his overcoat pockets, squeezing them as if to extract their special magic. Such simple things as small potatoes. Elsewhere in the world they were fed to swine and discarded in surplus. They were a universe, a tiny wrinkled universe through which revolved the planets of the old man's existence. Yet, they were still potatoes. But the old man did not see this; he could not comprehend that it was only food that he was carrying. He plodded on as he dreamed his dream.

"Somewhere beyond the mountains, some day when there is no war, there will be a cottage, a neat white cottage, floating on an ocean of luxurious grass that ripples in the breeze from spring to spring, grass that never dies, grass that is always green. My wife will sit by the door of the cottage and watch the children as they run across the meadows and play among the trees, and the sun will shed its warmth over everything." Such dreams came to him frequently: when he sat beside his wife in the cellar, holding her hands to his to warm them; walking the streets of the City in

search of firewood; traveling alone through the icy barrenness of a coastal winter. But they were only dreams. There was nothing real now but the emptiness in his heart and in his stomach, nothing real but the four potatoes that he carried in his pockets.

They had not come easily to him. They had meant long hours of walking through the merciless snow, stumbling in drifts along the road, stopping without shelter to rest, standing with the crowd at the docks at Stiges, watching the horizon for the ship from Grottes du Drach, on the far side of Mallorca.

"What fine men those sailors were, to risk their lives to bring food to the hungry men and women on the mainland. How many there had been waiting!

"Literally hundreds: tired and cold and hungry, thinking of a family at home; and surely there had been those with no family at all.

"Perhaps," thought the old man, "it is a thing to be thankful for, having a family. Or perhaps it is a thing to regret. We stood there throughout the day, restless, impatiently, hopefully. It seemed as though the ship would not come. But at last it came, and when it docked everyone fell silent, intent, knowing that of all those waiting, there must be those who would go away empty-handed; each determined not to be among the unfortunates. Then came a great pushing and swelling toward the sacks which were opened on the boards of the wharf. A portion of the wharf gave way beneath the weight, and some of the people plunged into the icy water. Loud frantic voices cursed anonymously, arms flailed in the air, feet kicked at whatever stood in their way. The crowd had fallen upon the potatoes like demons, a great surging wave of humanity that was inhumanity, enveloping, devouring . . ." The old man had found an alien strength to struggle, but still he was an old man and he had grown weary, his face bleeding, limbs aching, and he had gone away from the crowd to sit by himself, and he had cried for his failure. There had been four small potatoes, lying beside a piling, ignored by the throng, and the old man had fallen upon them and carried them away as quickly as he could, fearful that someone might notice and take the prize from him. He was bruised, and his body ached from his effort, but now, as he neared the City, he felt little pain.

"Soon, children. Soon you will eat."

As the old man came around a bend in the road, cut off by a high drift of snow, he saw them: four of them, standing outside the shack,

smoking cigarettes and talking.

"These are the Italians," thought the old man. Dressed in the drab green of the Italian army, they were members of a regiment of mercenaries, paid murderers, descendants of the condottieri of Borgia and the Medicis. They had come in a boat from Mallorca where they had joined their comrades at Valencia, and together they had cut a swathe up the coast, burning and pillaging, driving civilians from their homes, killing all that resisted their way. They were paid rebels, hired to oppose the will of the people, and it was a hard thing for the old man to see them standing on Spanish soil, where they had no right to be.

"Possibly they do not understand what they are doing," thought the old man. "Maybe I should not hate them. They are men like me. Perhaps they need pity instead of hatred."

His eyes were passive as he approached. The shack, from which a spiral of gray smoke circled upward out of a tin chimney and blended with the haze, stood at the bridge which led across the Llobregat, the river that ran down from the North and sliced the road just before it forked into Barcelona. "What right," thought the old man, drawing near to them; "what right have they to come with their guns and stand on land of Spaniards?" He was depressed at the sight of them, but his expression did not change.

There was a great urge within him to speak out against the foreigners, to scream his protest in their faces, to defy them and defy their guns, but something checked that urge. Perhaps it was the thought of his family, cold and hungry, waiting for him, depending on him, that cautioned him against anything foolish; perhaps it was that, telling him to take care and not to fail them, no matter what he felt. Always it had been so; always there had been some hesitancy within him, some reluctance to strike out, and always he had told himself that it was wise to remain silent. He was becoming unsure of that.

The Italian who must have been in charge stepped into the road and blocked the old man's way. "Stop where you are, old man." He was a giant, made more imposing by the bulk of his garments, and there was an austere fire in his eyes. In his hand he held an automatic pistol as though it were a toy, and he pointed it at the old man's belly. The other three guards dropped their cigarettes in the snow and circled around.

"Where are you from, old man?"

"Barcelona." His eyes were closed. "Today I come from Stiges."

The huge Italian scratched the back of his neck

with the barrel of the pistol. "Your business?"

"I am a traveler. Nothing more."

"You would not be bearing food or weapons, would you?"

"It is forbidden." The old man now knew that he would be searched, and he clutched the potatoes in his pockets with increased intensity, drawing from them what strength he could. The pity in his heart began to turn to hatred as the Italian came forward. Through the tips of his fingers he felt a voice speak to him: "Fight, old man. Do not let them take from you what you have earned. Think of the children. Fight."

"So it is. Take your hands from your pockets that you may be searched."

"God, Italiano—four small potatoes for a family of five that waits, starving, in a cellar in the City." The old man fell to his knees in the snow and extended his hands before him, grasping there the potatoes, potatoes so small that two of them did not take up the space of his hands.

"It is forbidden, old man!" A heavy foot fell and kicked two of the potatoes into the snow.

"How easy it would be, Italiano, to say you found me with nothing. How easy to let me pass, and forget."

"Forbidden. Do not ask. You are a conquered people."

"Conquered! Never! Never by you Italiano! The swine that grovel in the mire have more right to the land than you!" The old man tried to stand, clutching the soldier's coat for support, but the pistol fell on his head. Sprawling in the snow, the whiteness of it maderizing with his blood, he saw the haze grow grayer still and felt the heaviness close about him. The inhumanity lost its dimension and became a smell, a physical sensation, and the old man spoke to a tormentor he could not see. "How little decency there must be with you. Have you no concern for the children of the world, who know nothing of this war but its horror? Have you no respect for their right to grow and make their peace among themselves? What of the children, the cold and hungry children who wait forever . . ."

The snow fell and swirled soundlessly above the earth, and the long day became dark. The soldiers walked away, back to the shack, and they smoked again and did not look back to where the old man lay in the snow, still clutching one of the potatoes. His hands and his face were turning blue with the cold, and heavy lids closed over eyes that had never seen till now; eyes that looked upon endless fields of green beneath a warm, full sky of cotton clouds and blue. . . .

Eel Grass

There it is, the sea just as I remember it,
Sounding the leaden echo of my younger self,
A sea-elf with eyes as big and colorless as anemones,
Brown hair that spread and floated of its own accord
 in the brown-green water,
Brown spider-crab legs that carried me down the beach
 to find conch shells which housed the sea.

I remember the sea seen through younger eyes than mine now.
I remember the arrogant odor of putrid sea-life,
 of blanched eel grass and heated sand.
I remember tales full of the fears of childhood,
 told by an old colored woman rotting by the sea,
 rotting under the rich, life-giving sun.

I left when youth manacled itself to youth
 and I was borne, screaming, away.
I left in bitterness which dreaded recall,
 yet here I am again, to shriek in delight
 as the sea tries to carry off bits and pieces
 of my salt-washed toes.
What is there about unfulfillment that commands a return
 to childhood and childish haunts—
 gentle, melancholy childhood?
I know! One last run down the conch-strewn beach;
A breathless plunge into the chill-streaked water;
And the prickly caress of a horse's tail.

But I left. And now the ocean is as far removed from me
 as youth from age. Even the memories are mist-
 enshrouded phantoms that desert me for their
 Mother Sea.

And in the mist I see a child who jealously eyed
 the horizon and asked,
 Mommy, what's over there?
 England.
 Why can't I see it?
 You're not big enough.
 Can you see it?
 Oh, yes.
 Then lift me up,
 You're—too—big. . .

Defeat is something a child learns quickly.

Now the wind skitters along the sand wielding an odd pen—
 a tumbleweed—which leaves the incomprehensible scrawl
 of a soulless scrivener.
I can't understand its foreign strain, where
Once, I would have understood.

Now all I hear is the roar of six brown leaves
 falling on a grave. Whose grave?
 The old crone's whose black, wrinkled face
 with its peculiar twitches and discolored pits
 held me, damp and quivering, in a spell
 while she incanted witch-tales and stories
 of sea horrors?
 Whose filmy, redstreaked eyes followed my every move,
 in her hut or in my own bed?
 Whose harsh cackle chased and caught me in the privacy
 of my own nightmares?
 Yes, and so she gets not primroses, not even eel grass,
 but six noisy brown leaves,
 Echoed by the bellow of a sea that charges and falls
 like an animal under rein.
 The poor sea, in a bit too small and saddle too heavy
 that makes it pitch and thrash, hurtful and hard,
 bitter and then exhausted.
 If only my hair fell to my waist instead of my shoulders,
 If only to the sand instead of my waist, and
 I would leave strange tracks on the sand,
 an animal from the sea who lost her way
 going from the Strait of Messina to Neptune's castle;
 Daughter of Scylla, whose hair burns the meek sand
 on which it trails.

And even that is unfulfilled.
 Once, I didn't know it couldn't be, for childhood is
 as real as sunburn, as lucid as jellyfish tentacles
 when their meek owner is out of water
 (I used to drape them on driftwood twigs for scrutiny
 before flinging them on the sand to roast);
 While adulthood is stark and unlovely, a vicious sea-
 parasite that eats away at childhood until nothing
 remains but a barnacle-encrusted bone fragment—
 adulthood itself,
 Yet to a child as intriguing as the half-buried wreck
 of a scow,
 Or more like a half-buried starfish that, when you run
 to pick it up, you see what appeared to be
 buried is broken off anyway.
 That seven-eighths of the iceberg you hear about
 isn't really there at all.

It has never been this cold here before.
 I am being sent away.
 I will leave again, with my memories—
 I have filled them in as best I could—
 the sand in my clothes, the salt in my hair,
 And—to press in a dictionary which will breathe
 a vague sea-odor—a few blades of limp eel grass.

Pam Honaker

POEMS

—misgiving sits
upon my thoughts
as a

silent

k

(such as the
angry young

k

in knock
which would be
much more
knocking
if the

k

were but pronounced)

and

who

knows

why

but

i

?

From far above

my head

up

where the air moves green

From up there

down

to deep below my feet where

roots are growing, silent and unseen:

I love you all those places,

the empty spaces full

of this love

And me full too

of knowledge of air

and green roots

of wonder of you—

Me, in between,

A small thing and simple,

But of a sudden seen

With a hundred different faces for the smiling of it.

Little gold-eyed child named Charlie:

Fingers tiny enough to pat a bug—

Heart so huge and full of music that he does.

w o r t h

k i t s o

n

&

lol a

johnson

"

it's been a drop-and-still-night
since i've been waiting
for your call

first a tray of ice cubes
polycromed cold
and then a glass
of dark liquid

now holding a red and tiled floor

"

a checked blanket
and a wall
to the south of me
keep my thoughts
surrounded and my
moves ambushed

days are separate
from night
by means of
the sun—
brightness
and a dark that is
so black

i can only think of you
in a race for time
to invade a second long enough
for
one silver breath

watching moon
see it yet

encircled by soft-fluff
much like dandelion-stuff

inside my sleep

colours here are new
with just being born
and sounds are shy to
touch the ground

modulated echos

(in the pale light
of keeping you)

are synchronized to
your sleep's breath

,

kiss me between
a space no
wider than
a slip of
paper between
the barks of a tree
listen
can you hear
day come to fetch us
back
it's light enough
now
I can find my way
back to my room

(

winds-day
wednesday
i repeat your name
and hold you
as a thread—
water, pale, thread to ground

)

winds-day

REBEL REVIEW



Crisis in Christianity

Radical Theology and The Death of God. By Thomas J. J. Altizer and William Hamilton. New York: The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Inc. 1966. 202 pp. \$1.85.

The most explosive crisis that Christianity is facing today is a radical theology known as the "Death of God" movement. "... God has died in our time, in our history, in our existence," declares Thomas J. J. Altizer, and the Church has reacted as though it were a man confronted by an alien monster for the first time. Actually, the "Death of God" movement may be said to have started with Nietzsche's proclamation that God was dead. But theologians chose to regard the words of Nietzsche as the babblings of an insane and sick man. Therefore, when the news media started publicizing the movement in late 1965, the Church was caught totally off guard.

The two men most responsible for the movement, Thomas J. J. Altizer and William Hamilton, started their work in the early 1960's. Their book,

Radical Theology and The Death of God, is a collection of essays that have been written by each since 1963. It must be said from the outset that this book is not intended for the casual reader. Each essay abounds in references to philosophers and other theologians, each essay is in technical language, and each essay is aimed at a limited audience. But despite these shortcomings (shortcomings only when viewed by the lay, or non-theological reader) Altizer and Hamilton have written a book that should open the eyes of all men concerned about their destiny and the future of Christianity. Their book is also one which should remove many of the misinterpretations and misunderstandings about the Death-of-God theology. For instance, many people believe that the radical theologians are denying the existence not only of God, but also of Jesus Christ. This fallacy is exploded by Altizer and Hamilton when they say "Although the death of God may not have been

historically actualized or realized until the nineteenth century, the radical theologian can not disassociate this event from Jesus and his original proclamation." The radical theologians believe strongly in Christ; indeed, He is the foundation for their theology.

To dismiss *Radical Theology and the Death of God* as sensationalism or as the babblings of extreme left-wing theologians would not only be unfair, but also idiotic. Altizer and Hamilton have presented a book that bears deep thinking and analysis, one which requires an open mind and a sincere, thorough evaluation of individual beliefs. No individual with any reasoning ability can afford to shut the door on the thoughts, the insights, and the provocations that are presented in this book. And if it does nothing else, it will have served a great purpose by causing the traditional, conservative Church to re-evaluate its position in both theology and in the world.

—STAFF

A Case For Conservatives

The Triumph of Conservatism: A Reinterpretation of American History, 1900-1916. By Gabriel Kolko. New York: The Free Press of Glencoe, 1963, \$7.50, 344 pp. Notes and index.

Bernard Kolko fashions a provocative study of the motive elements that shaped the Progressive Period of American history. Claiming a startling reinterpretation of the era between 1900 and 1916, the author furnishes evidence which he holds strikes down the "traditional view" of the age. "Business leaders and *not* the reformers" provided the primary solutions "to the emerging problems of an industrial society." To accomplish this result, business groups dominated the political process sufficiently to guarantee that "the basic social and economic relations essential to a capitalistic society" were maintained. The eventual product was "political capitalism" and the underlying spirit of the epoch was conservative. As these years were the water shed of the twentieth century, these conservative interests determined the shape and attitude of governmental institution that would guarantee the triumph of conservatism.

Kolko harms his case in attempting to unravel the gordian knot of historical causation, with one swift stroke of an all-embracing theory. By criticizing the results of the Progressive business regulating laws as being conservative, he falls victim to the same error as did contemporary critics in

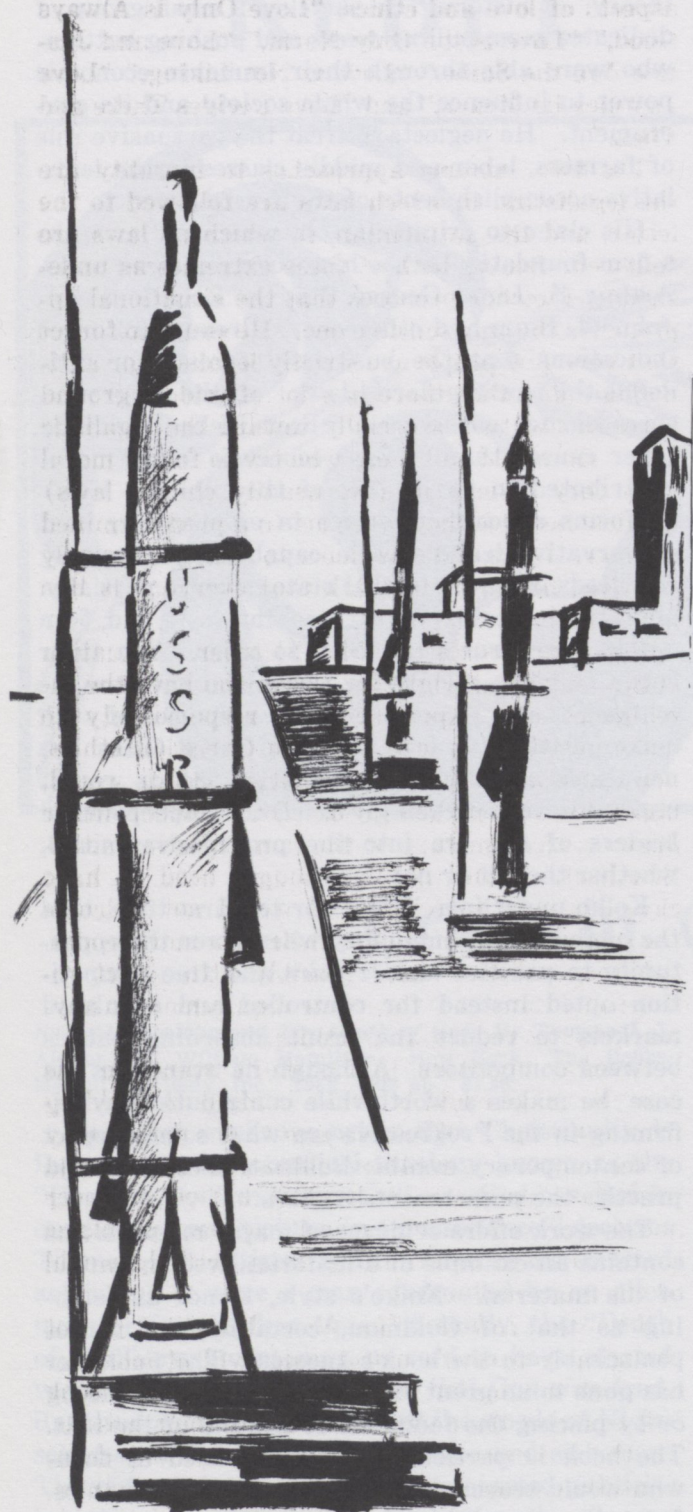
ascribing commanding power and influence to big business. Kolko paints a dark picture of the progression impulse by emphasizing the "conspiracy theory" of history. He sketches a small group of dedicated men, pulling wires and pushing buttons, who were able through their immense economic power to influence the whole society and its government. He neglects to treat the persuasive role of farmers, labor and middle classes in the legislative accomplishments of the period.

His claim to originality of interpretation lacks a firm foundation in the historiography of the period. Arthur S. Link, George Murry, Robert Wiebe, John W. Blum and others have already presented indications that the business interest helped to define the new regulatory laws. At the same time, these earlier authors have been inclined to offer other causes than strictly economic factors that contributed to the events of the period. Kolko performs a positive service in emphasizing that conservative leaders were capable of answering the needs of an industrial state, even if partially. He also indicates that these interests did join hands with true reformers to accomplish their separate ends. As in the tracing of the passage of the Federal Reserve Act, the activities of such fundamental conservatives as Carter Glass are delineated. This emphasis is needed as recent studies have increasingly tried to shape political leaders of the era into the progressive mould, whether they fit or not.

Kolko underlines, if not for the first time, that the big business community when given the opportunity to practice *lassiez faire* and free competition opted instead for controlled and regulated markets to reduce the profit absorbing battles between competitors. Although he overstates his case he makes a worthwhile contribution by affirming in the Progressive era what some suspect of contemporary events: Business doesn't always practice the preachments it gives.

The work offers evidence of major research and contains an example of a historian well in control of his material. Kolko's style, if not as fetching as that of Goldman, certainly contributes pleasurably to the book's success. The publisher has gone to no great expense in either the binding or by placing the footnotes at the end of the text. The book is particularly recommended to those who would search for historical evidence that refutes the contention that present governmental agencies are regulating bureaus and are the result of infiltration by the agents of international Communism.

DR. HENRY C. FERRELL



The Return

of Jennings

Randolph Hearst

Strike from Space, Scheffy and Ward, Alton, Ill., Pere Marquette Press. 1965. 216 p.p. \$.75.

There existed in this country a time when sensationalism in writing was considered "the thing." Regardless of the consequences to individuals, corporations, or even the country, the object of sensationalism was to get readers for newspapers, periodicals, and books. It mattered not how you enticed readers just so long as you did entice them. One must say, in all fairness, that this time in our history justified much of the sensational journalism that was present. Many people were shocked into action to alleviate many of the abuses of society that journalism had uncovered. But in many instances, the harm resulting exceeded the positive accomplishments. This was the age of Jennings Randolph Hearst.

The reading public gradually became tired and disgusted by journalistic sensationalism. The United States became a more sophisticated nation, its reading tastes became refined, and the age of Hearst disappeared. Unfortunately, after reading *Strike from Space* one may easily feel that the age of Hearst has not departed, but has been lying in ambush waiting for the right moment to reappear. And Communism, the "bogey-man" escape for all ills, has provided that moment.

Strike from Space was written by political scientist Phyllis Schlafly and Rear Admiral Chester Ward, USN (Ret.) and deals with international affairs directly related to the United States and the world Communist movement. Its analysis is extremely conservative, its style is sensational, and its conclusions are unsupported. It relies on emotionalism and the manipulation of facts. Its point of view is steeped in the belief that the Communists, through the liberals, will get us if we don't get them first. In short, it presents an argument that, while very plausible in many places, turns one against what the book is arguing for.

This is not to say that *Strike from Space* does not present some excellent analysis and observations. Why was Krushchev ousted? Why has he

been seen moving freely around the Kremlin? The State Department answers are entirely too pat at this point. But Schlafly and Ward ruin their analysis here (they feel that Krushchev inadvertently revealed parts of a gigantic Russian plan for world domination and then voluntarily stepped down as an example of party discipline) by resorting to the use of fear. They attempt to make one so afraid of the consequences that will ensue if one doesn't adhere to their course of action that he will immediately demand the removal of his Senator and the impeachment of the President. They categorically deny the possibility of any other interpretation of the facts. They don't seem to realize that the world of international power politics presents many "answers" to a question, none of them the "only" answer.

Despite the interesting, and sometimes shrewd, analyses, the impact of the problem that concerns all Americans and despite a clear, concise use of words, *Strike from Space*, because of its sensationalism and appeal to emotionalism, should do the position of the authors more harm than good among clear-thinking persons.

RONALD WATSON

Act Responsibly In Love

Situation Ethics, The New Morality by Joseph Fletcher. Philadelphia: The Westminster Press. 1966. 168 pp. \$1.95.

The New Morality, author Joseph Fletcher acknowledges, is not really new; situations ethics is simply a new name to describe an old practice of letting the circumstances determine the response. In modern times the words "situation ethics" often have the connotations of free or relaxed moral standards, but this is not the approach that the author takes.

Dr. Fletcher, a professor of Social Ethics at Episcopal Theology School, Cambridge, Massachusetts, sees the situational approach as the only logical response an intelligent person can make. But he is careful to point out that his "New Morality" is definitely a system or series of laws that can be written down and amplified in every suitable case. Situation ethics is not a system that works every time; rather it is a method which helps the responsible person make decisions.

The basis for these decisions is love. Love is everything to the situationalist. Realizing the many different meanings often given to the word love, Fletcher uses the term *agape*, the Greek name for the higher term of love which is unselfish and

concerned for others. Using scriptural background and also statements by leading theologians, Fletcher writes in six of his chapters about various aspects of love and ethics, "Love Only is Always Good," "Love is the Only Norm," "Love and Justice Are the Same," "Love is Not Liking," "Love Justifies Its Means," and "Love Decides There and Then."

The two extreme approaches to morality are the legalistics, in which laws are followed to the letter, and the antinomian, in which no laws are followed. Seeing both of these extremes as undesirable, Fletcher proposes that the situational approach is the only sensible one. He seems to forget that very few people are strictly legalistic or antinomian, and that there is a lot of middle ground between the two, especially toward the legalistic side. He would call those who try to follow moral laws they believe in (i.e. usually church laws) illogical because they often act in a predetermined manner. Laws and conscience to Fletcher are only relative; he seems to think that everyone is like himself.

But everyone is not like Fletcher. Situation ethics may be all right for those who have the intelligence and experience and responsibility to make decisions in love (This is Christian ethics, non-Christians following situation ethics would, hopefully, act in love also. Dr. Fletcher never draws a clear picture of the non-Christian situationalist). Many people, though, need to have clear-cut laws to follow and would not welcome the thought of living under their own moral codes. Self-responsibility (and possibly little strict religious training?) is the prime requirement to anyone living under situation ethics.

Another objection to Fletcher's stand on the New Morality could be "who is right in deciding what is loving?" What is *agape* to one person may be the opposite to another. Situation ethics would work for a particular individual, but were it ever adopted as a kind of "moral" system, problems would arise in determining what actually would be the more loving way.

Situation Ethics: The New Morality, if not changing a person's moral code, will at least accomplish one major purpose: readers of the book will examine their own reasons for their actions. All the interesting examples and excellent documentation make a good case for situation ethics. Leaders who continue to follow the legalistic side of morality are challenged to know their reasons for following this course. Whatever else he does, Fletcher will at least cause his readers to think.

PAT WILSON

CONTRIBUTORS' NOTES

This is Mr. Houston Craighead, Jr.'s first year of teaching at E.C.C. and his first appearance in the *Rebel*. He is from San Antonio, Texas, and was educated at San Antonio Junior College, the University of Texas, and Baylor University, where he received his B.A. and M.A.

Pamela Joyce Honaker won the first prize of the *Rebel's* poetry contest. She is a freshman English major from Portsmouth, Virginia.

Brenda Carroll Hines, another freshman English major from Smithfield, N. C. won the second place in the poetry division.

A junior English major from Williamston, N. C., Nancie Allen, won first place in the fiction division with her excellent play.

Pat Wilson, a book review contributor, is a sophomore English and Political Science major from Durham, N. C.

Guy le Mare, a Gardner, Montana, English major is a junior. He is better known as "Smoky the Bear".

Dr. Ferrell is one of the more outstanding members of the History Department. This is his first contribution to the *Rebel*.

Hank Townsend, a Political Science major from Arlington, Virginia, is the staff photographer and a senior.

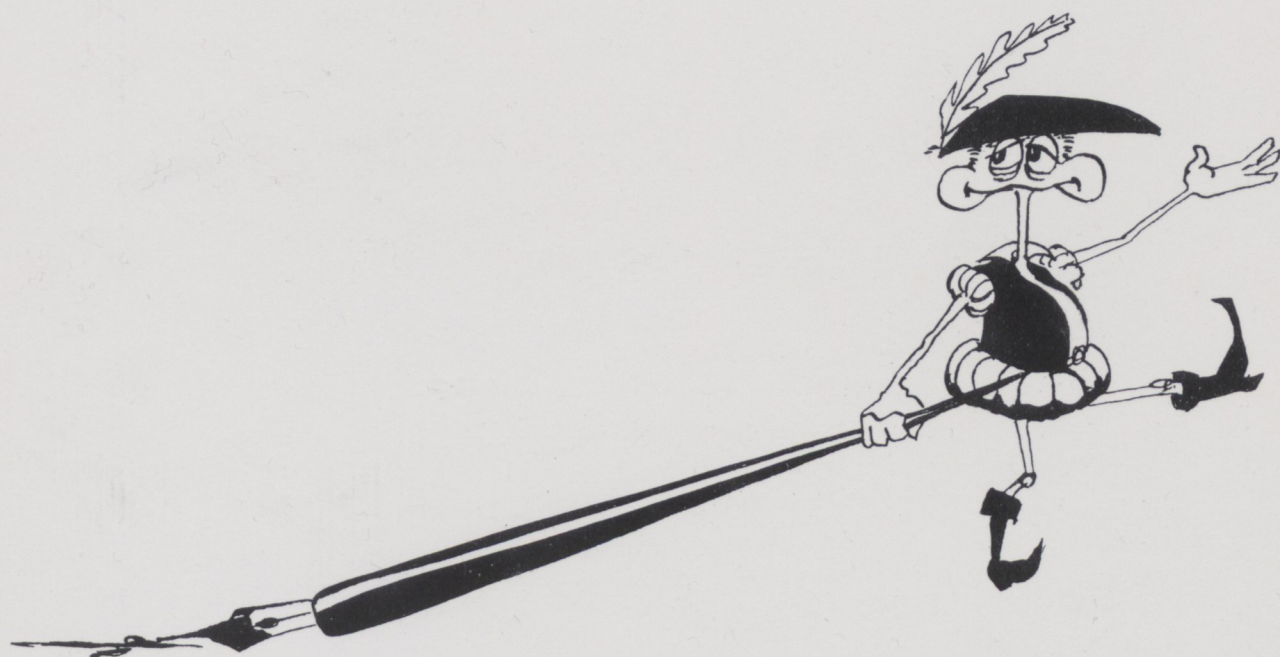
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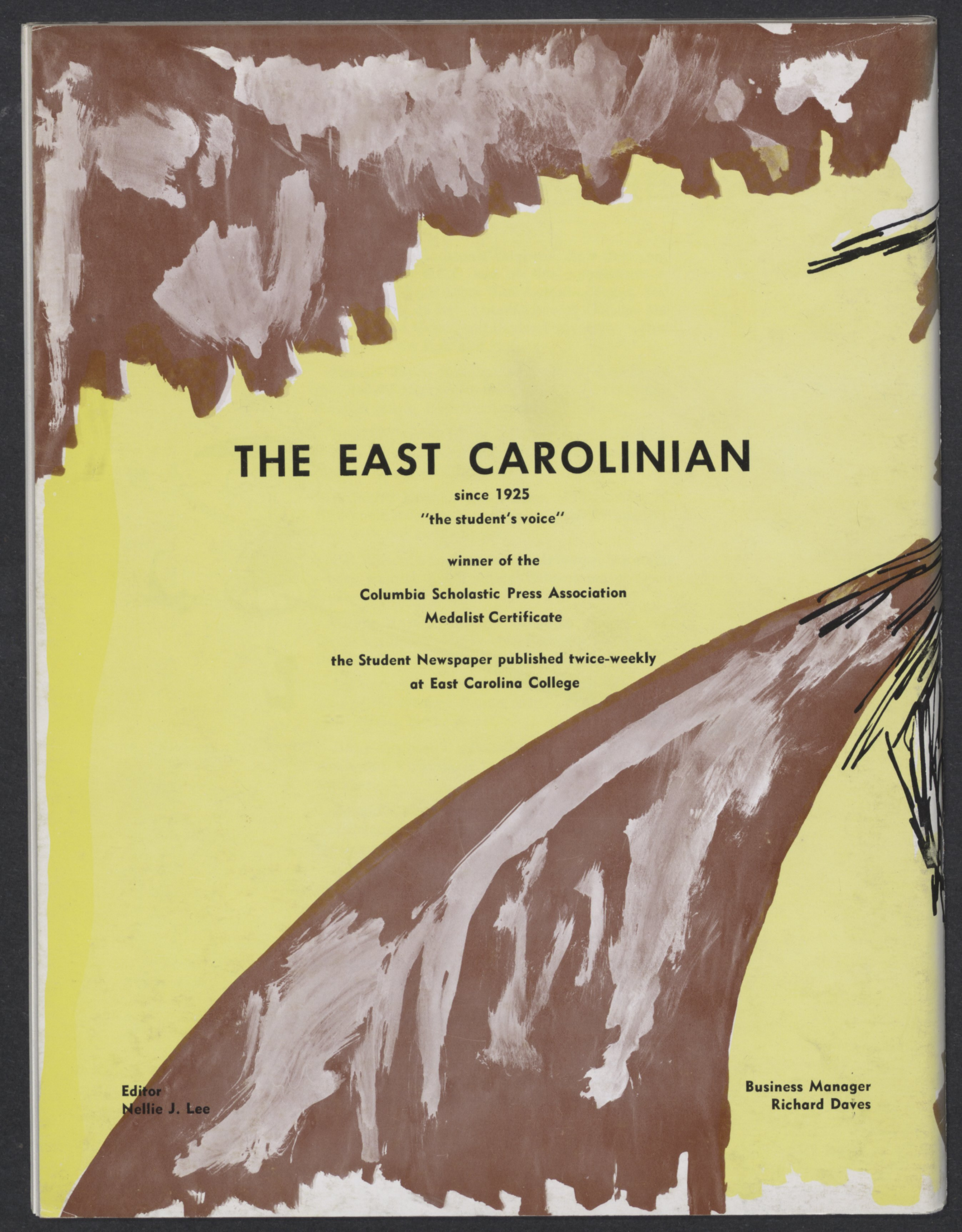
Worth Kitson is an ECC extension student from Kinston.

Julia Coble, first prize winner in the art division, is a junior art major from Fayetteville.

Graham Rouse of Havelock, who photographed the inside front cover, is now a senior psychology major at ECC. Rouse is a transfer student from N. C. State School of Design.

All of the above, with the exception of the editor, are first contributors to the *Rebel*. The staff sincerely hopes that they, and others, will continue to contribute such outstanding work to the magazine.





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