



LOGOS

*the journal of CAPSR,
the Community Association of Pacific School of Religion*

April 2008

We Are The Griot: In Praise of Creative Writing

by Tai Amri Spann-Wilson

SPECIAL FOCUS! ON THE ARTS AT GTU AND BEYOND: PAGES 7-16!

Letter from
Cynthia Winton-Henry,
Co-founder of Interplay and
PSR Teacher

There is a strange division between creative writing and non-fiction. This division reflects an obvious hierarchy and an extremely exclusive canon. No doubt most of us recognize this hierarchy and question it, but still I find myself amazed at how often I hear almost a sense of

prideful glee when people talk about how rarely they read a novel. I must admit right off the social context that affects my bias, the first of which is the fact that I am a 27 -year-old African American, the second is that I have a B.A. in Writing & Poetics. I have been writing stories since I was seven years old,

(continues on page 7)



Dear CAPSR friends, CARE and faculty at PSR,

I want to thank you for such a long opportunity to teach as an adjunct faculty at PSR. I began seminary in 1979, formed the GTU Community Dancers in 1981, and began teaching one to three classes a year for these last, dare I say, twenty-seven years. I owe much thanks to Doug Adams who kept me in the loop and asked me for

course descriptions each year. With his illness and death in 2007 my course for 2009 did not make it into the course catalog. Doug's center, CARE (The Center for Art, Religion, and Education) paid

(continues on page 12)

ALTARED BODIES: Honoring the Body as Sacred Space

by Reena Burton, on behalf
of the Altared Bodies artists

The Altared Bodies exhibit took place on Friday, April 4th, at Interplay in Oakland, as a part of the Oakland Art Murmur. It was sponsored by CAPSR and made possible by Interplay.

The exhibit was a tribute to our bodies and the spirit residing in them. The majority of the world's population has suffered abuse, rape, mutilation, objectification, disease, surgery, malnutrition, starvation, or other forms of destruction against our bodies. In our culture, it is common to become disconnected from our bodies and the trauma they have experienced—in essence, to

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Please Note: LOGOS is a publication by and for the Community Association of Pacific School of Religion (CAPSR). The views and opinions expressed herein do not necessarily reflect the views of Pacific School of Religion, CAPSR, or CAPSR Council. This newsletter exists to encourage and continue the dialogues happening elsewhere on campus, and so we invite submissions from all community members.

Logos Submission Guidelines

Who can submit

All members of the Pacific School of Religion community are invited to submit to Logos: students, faculty, staff, alumni, trustees, family members, and supporters of PSR.

What to submit

Original work of interest to the PSR community:

- Opinion pieces, news, feature stories
- Reviews: books, movies, concerts, albums, lectures
- Poetry, Prayers
- Event and group announcements
- Drawings, Sketches
- Photography: artistic, news-related, social events

How to submit

Email: capsr@psr.edu

When to submit

Upcoming Priority Deadline: **May 4**

More guidelines

- Please limit submissions to 1,000 words.
- Publication is subject to the needs of the newsletter and the discretion of the Editor-in-Chief and Logos Editorial Board. The Editor-in Chief and Editorial Board reserve the right to edit submissions for publication.
- If you have any questions about submissions, feel free to talk with the Editor-in-Chief.

Thanks. We look forward to hearing from you.

A new LOGOS Editor?.... it could be you!

Are you interested in being the new LOGOS Editor-in-Chief? Contact CAPSR Council Moderator Jeanette Brodersen for details about the position and application materials. (Reach Jeanette by email at jeanette.brodersen@gmail.com or by phone at 605.691.8986) Feel free to talk to current editor Audrey deCoursey with questions about the job.

In brief: The LOGOS Editor spends approximately 30 hours per month soliciting, editing and formatting submissions and publishing the completed newsletter, both online and in paper. The Editor is also responsible for facilitating meetings with the LOGOS Editorial Board and reporting to CAPSR Council and Community Life. Experience with Adobe Indesign or Pagemaker is of special benefit in the technical aspects of producing LOGOS.

The new editor would start working on the May issue, the last issue of this spring semester. The position would run through the 2008-9 school year.



Oscar Romero Commemoration

Opening Ceremony: Monday, April 7th 6:00-9:30 PM, FST Chapel

Film & Discussion

"Romero": Wednesday, April 9th 6:30-9:00, PM PSR 6

Romero Panel: Thursday, April 17th 12:00-2:00 PM, Bade Museum

Romero Service and Celebration: Thursday, April 17th 4:30-7:00 PM, FST Chapel and Roof

El Paso/Juarez Border Im-

mersion Presentation: Thursday, April 24th 12:45-2:00 PM, Holbrook Conference Room

Salsa Dance Fiesta El Salvadoran Fundraiser: Friday, April 25th 7:00-11:30 PM, MUDD 100

Film & Discussion

"Bordertown": Tuesday, April 29th 6:30-9:00 PM, MUDD 100

Bishop Romero lives in the hearts of the people. And so as we live we dedicate ourselves to the journey towards a just and loving society. Whether or not you believe that this society is possible, the community within the Graduate Theological Union would like to open a space for us all to join in the commemoration of those who have placed stones in the walls of justice and those who continue to build. Come build along with us.

This event is sponsored by: The SHARE Foundation: Building a New El Salvador Today, CAPSR, GTU Seminiristas, The FST Oscar Romero Planning Committee, The GTU Oscar Romero Commemoration Committee, Seminarians to End War, and The Beatitudes Society.

A drag show on the campus of a religious school? Are you nuts?

Evidently we are. (Of course, we are also the progressive Christian campus that produced an absolutely spectacular version of *The Vagina Monologues* in February of this year!) The Renter's Organizing Committee (ROC/PSR) is proud to announce its upcoming drag show, entitled "DRAG SHOW AND OTHER TIDBITS OF TALENT," to be held on Friday, April 18, at the Chapel of the Great Commission. The show will be a benefit by donation, with all proceeds going to PSR's Emergency Utility Fund. There is no charge for admission.

Hosted by PSR's own Brian Hutchinson, the show will feature performers in drag as well as other performers who may or may not be dressed in drag and may or may not be performing their own characters, music, and poetry readings. The show has two objectives: to raise money for the Emergency Utility Fund and to provide an evening of quality entertainment for all those who attend.

The Emergency Utility Fund was created in December 2007 to help pay for charges students in PSR housing will incur because of spiraling energy costs this spring. Students who budgeted very closely in order to keep their financial aid debt load down as much as possible are having trouble finding a way to pay this unexpected charge.

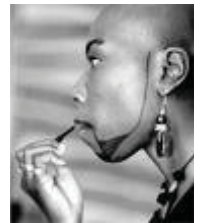
If you'd like to perform or be part of the crew, please contact Robyn Hamilton at Robynh916@comcast.net or at (510) 666-1240.

A Benefit for the PSR Student Housing Emergency Utility Fund DRAG PERFORMANCES & OTHER TIDBITS OF TALENT

Friday April 18th, 7:30pm
Chapel of the Great Commission



<\$175-\$275 per student depending on housing unit is due May 1st, 2008>
Admission is by donation for non-PSR students.



Please do your part to fundraise:

a) volunteer your talent:

drag performances, singing, instruments, dancing, poetry, visual art, etc
(To be in the show, sign-up in Holbrook Foyer.)

and/or

b) invite everyone outside of the PSR community that you know.

Announcing the next DASU Contextual Education Session, on May 3

CLERGY, SEXUAL ABUSE AND MANDATED REPORTING will be the subject of the Spring Contextual Education event offered by the DisAbleD Student Union, for all interested PSR students on Saturday, May 3, 2008, from 10:00 a.m. until 3:00 p.m. in Mudd 100. * Please note the date change! *

Workshop presenter **Mary K. Strube** is a licensed Marriage & Family Counselor, an attorney who serves as a Special Master for the California State Bar, and well-known authority on domestic partnership law. Since all clergy people are mandated reporters under California Law (if you don't know what a mandated reporter is yet, this workshop will tell you!), this contextual education event is designed to educate and equip emerging pastors for their own legal protection as they minister to their congregations.

The DisAbleD Student Union (DASU) endeavors to present at least one contextual education event each semester to PSR students, to engage with subjects that are pertinent to pastors but not covered at the curricular level. All students are welcome to join the DisAbleD Student Union. Meetings are the first Wednesday of the month from 12:00 – 1:00 p.m. in the small dining room at D'Autremont Hall. For more information, contact Campus Moderator Robyn Hamilton at (510) 666-1240 or Internet Moderator John Lowell at (415) 533-7857.

EMILY'S INTERVIEW: DR. MAHMOUD AYOUB

Hey you! Yeah, you! Get to know your fellow PSR community members a little bit better. Below is an interview I, Emily Joye McGaughy, conducted with visiting scholar Dr. Mahmoud Ayoub. There will be more to come, with other PSR students, staff and faculty in the future. Readers enjoy!

EJ: Dr. Ayoub will you tell me what brought you to PSR?

MA: Actually it was Bill McKinney. He became president of PSR and we kept in touch over the years. We talked a long time ago about me coming here for a semester and it hasn't worked out until now. It is good because my sojourn here has worked as a point of transition between full time employment and retirement. The only negative aspect is that I like it here so much that I want to stay, but there is no opening or way that would allow me to stay. But who knows; He who worked out this visit may arrange something else.

EJ: Tell me what you like so much about this place.

MA: I like the Spirit of the place the most: the ambiance, the liberal spirit, the openness, the humanity of the place. I of course like the weather better than any place on the East Coast—it's like paradise. It has a semblance of seasons without unbearable cold or unbearable heat.

EJ: I am a student in your Islamic Spirituality course. You begin each session by wishing your students peace. Will you tell me why you begin this way?

MA: It is a Semitic religious and cultural tradition to always greet each other with peace. This greeting sees peace as a halo, crown, or garment, meant to cover or bring together the person offering the greeting of peace and

those she/he greets. When Jesus walked into the locked room where his disciples were huddled together (in fear) to make sense of his crucifixion, he did not say "peace be to you," he said "peace be upon you." This is also the Islamic greeting "as-salamu alaykum." The Koran says when anyone greets you with a salutation of peace, you must return it or return it with one that is better than it. So if you say to me "as-salamu alaykum" I will say back to you "peace be upon you—God's mercy and His blessings."

EJ: Why is it that all of the world religions seem to place such emphasis on keeping peace and yet, in the global community, religion often displaces what is peaceful?

MA: I think that peace is the hope and the purpose of people's lives. It is again interesting to observe in this regard that one of the 99 names of God is "As-salam" literally: the peace. Sometimes we translate it "Lord of peace" but it literally means "God is the peace." Because all religions in one way or another have an eschatology, where the final resolution of the fall/restoration of the world would result in ideal existence or utopian existence of peace, human beings express their longing for peace in their rituals and so on.

This is only one aspect however. For it is fairly clear that religions also make demands sometimes where they themselves become sources of conflict and outright evil. How many thousands of people were killed in the Islamic wars, the Christian Inquisition, let alone the religious wars that happened in Europe? Even in Hinduism where supposedly there is a philosophy of peace, one of the most popular sacred texts, the Bhagavad-Gita, is a book about war. So religions, then, can be sources of peace and harmony through dialogue, but they can be and often are sources of conflict as well.

EJ: Many of the students at the GTU are training to become leaders in modern religious movements. As you talk about the irreducible potential of religion to work for good and for evil, I am struck with the responsibilities such conclusions place in the hands and hearts of religious leaders to reflect and act for peace/good. Can you tell me what spiritual disciplines and or texts might be helpful for us in this vocation?

MA: This is a long history. I can say with confidence that we have made great progress on some levels towards using our religious traditions as guides to a more peaceful and harmonious life. Dialogue, among the faith communities/traditions, is quite old. Modern dialogue is much more fruitful and aimed toward creating relations of appreciation and respect among the different religious traditions and faith communities.

Now I am often a bit reluctant to depend on scriptures—whatever they are—for our dialogue. Scriptures are subject to varieties of interpretations to the extent that they are reflections of human failings and human relations in general. They can be used for anything you like: for good relations and for conflicted relations. So we have to be, when we use our scriptures, first of all able to read them in their historical context, and also we should select those passages of our scriptures that actually help us in achieving peaceful relations among each other rather than those that take us into war and conflict. I'll give an example. There is a verse in the Koran (Surah 9): "Oh you have faith: fight the unbelievers wherever you find them." Now, this verse (if we read it in context) refers to the Meccan polytheists who actually fought the Muslims and drove them out of Mecca. But people have and still read it to refer to anyone who is not "us"—that is to say, anyone who is not a Muslim.

Christ says in the Gospel "Do not think that I have come to bring peace, but the sword." And then he continues "I have come to divide the father against the son, mother against the daughter" and so on. You can read this any way you like, but what Jesus probably meant when he said this is that his teachings could probably cause division because of their insistence on peace and love under all circumstances as embodied in the principle of turning the other cheek. It is not easy to love your enemies and we see clearly that the Church, very early, found ways to play down or even contradict this commandment in the Just War theories.

EJ: Is there anything else you would like to say to the PSR/GTU community?

MA: Yes. In a way I believe that in the long run, the greatest influences are not of the politicians, because they come and go, but of the teachers, pastors, imams, and educators in general who work for the good of society. PSR has a wonderful objective: namely, to encourage dialogue and respect, greater understanding and appreciation of the Other—whoever this Other may be. This was expressed by the president of PSR when he said in the Earl Lectures of this year "We want to reclaim Jesus back from the fundamentalists." I think this is a very profound statement because we must recognize that unless we claim the word of God, whether it be Jesus or the Koran, and make it speak to all of us the language of peace and healing, then the word of God is being silenced. I wish PSR/GTU and the Bay Area community the best and God's guidance in continuing to live this message of peace and harmony among different religious communities and ethnic communities. Thank you.

EJ: Thank you, Dr. Ayoub.

Ponderings of a Partner/Spouse

by Kathleen Ellis

Here it is - the second semester of our first year on campus. The excitement of the move to a new city has started to fade. Things that once were new and exciting have now become commonplace. Oh, the seasons of seminary.

We came here as a newly-married couple, but not new in our relationship. We had many heartfelt conversations before the move to Berkeley about how we were going to set the intention of staying connected through this experience and what that might look like. Being intentional in how we were going to do relationship with each other and new friends.



We came home from our "visit" with a sense of a new beginning, a new path for us as a couple and each of us as individuals. Mark was excited to be embarking on a long-held dream to attend PSR. I was coming to be supportive, yet not really knowing what to expect. I was feeling confident in my skills and abilities and ready to meet the challenges that lie ahead. I like people, feel comfortable in new situations, and generally can get along just about anywhere: little did I know how things would change.

It has been six months since making the big move, animals settling in, Mark settling into his new routine. I, on the other hand, have been going through a wilderness experience. Had I known, I might have been better prepared. I haven't

found the "perfect" job yet and I don't feel as prepared as I could have been for what to expect. I don't have the support system that I was used to. I'm developing one here, but that is something that can take time, no matter how well one can "generally get along". Possibly it's easier to navigate the needs as a 20- or 30-something-year-old rather than a 40- or 50-something-year-old. Age is to bring wisdom and confidence right? Yet I find certain situations take me right back to that fresh out of high school feeling, of asking, 'Now what?'

I remember sitting in orientation and hearing Barbara Essex and Donnel Miller-Mutia say, "If you want it, all you need to do is do it." I thought to myself, 'Sounds simple enough,' yet I see needs around every corner - from making holiday connections, utilization of resources, and support for people that don't have family. Maybe I expect too much. Makes sense to me, though, if we are part of a "community" here, we bring these

needs and support to the community. I've gone through a host of feelings about some of the things I see missing in our community. Most of this has been in regard to student needs, and then I think about the spouses and partners - where is their support? In asking that question I realize that it begins with me. I guess you could say that in writing this piece I am asking if other couples have experienced something similar. Were you prepared? Do you want support? How could it look different and be beneficial for the spouse or partner during orientation?

To get involved with the new spouse and partner support group....

..... **share your ideas with Kathleen and PSR Community Life staff**

..... **take the survey online at www.capsr.org**

..... **reach out to other partners and spouses**

..... **stay tuned for more details**

I would like this article to generate some conversation and feedback. You also may have seen the request for participation in a survey, publicized by email in the Weekly Calendar and also the PSR Announcements. The link is also available at the CAPSR website (www.capsr.org) for you to access the survey. The more input I receive the more comprehensive the help can be. Thank you for your time and interest in participating. Also, if you see me around on campus, don't hesitate to let me know your thoughts or suggestions as well.

(We Are the Griot, continued from page 1)

and from my perspective, storytelling is one of the most ancient forms of communication.

Regardless of our social location, all of our ancestors practiced an oral tradition. But perhaps my praise of it comes from the fact that much of Black culture still is an oral tradition. Of course, if you want to learn about Black culture, there are a number of books you can read by sociologists, and some of them will be written by People of Color. But for the most part, if you want to know about the experiences of marginalized Black peoples, you must listen to hip hop and rap music. Books are not the only containers, or even the most relevant containers of the truth. This is an understanding that I have grown up with. The truth is not contained at all. And when it comes to truth and fiction in the world of hip-hop, dominant divisions hold much less power. That's why many of us People of Color don't really get fazed by statistics. Because we hold an understanding that within every fact is fiction and within every fiction is fact.

But I was also raised in the dominant culture. I've learned a lot from books and from the privilege that I am afforded by their existence and my ability to understand their significance. Not only is reading and writing itself a privilege, but for many in the world, what is permissible reading is so limited as to make that which may be read and published in this country a gift worth weeping for. In some prisons throughout the world it is forbidden to draw a flower, so to read or write anything that might stimulate the spirit or engage the imagination is strictly forbidden.

But you don't have to look outside of the U.S. to find examples of the restrictions of the creative spirit. At my Assemblies of God high school we weren't allowed to read anything "ungodly." We couldn't even read the Songs of Solomon or Greek mythology! The wildest reading we had was Jane Austen, and oh how I soaked her up. I was the guy on the boys' basketball team sitting in the back corner of the bus writing poems. The spirit yearns for freedom when so much of the world around us restricts it.

I believe that there is a root to our fear of creativity. The science fiction and fantasy writer, Ursula Le Guin, in her essay on "Why We Fear Dragons," deconstructs our primordial fear of the archetypal dragon. Over the years in my contemplations on creative writing, I have come to realize that this fear is not based off the dragon's consumption of flesh, but rather the dragon's hoarding of our material possessions. Matthew 6:21 tells us, "wherever your treasure is, there will your heart be too." When our treasure lies in material goods, we are easily controlled and manipulated, but when our treasure lies in the intangible, we are unstoppable. Peoples that fear the dragon will always have a strong identification with their material goods, but people who embrace the dragon praise the mystery of all life in word and in action. Long after books die, the word lives on. Selah.

SPECIAL FOCUS
ON THE ARTS
AT GTU AND BEYOND



"She," by Patricia Wood

The Seed Pod
Refugee camp
West Bank, Israel
January 2008

Such a simple thing -
a seed pod from the Temple Mount in Jerusalem -
it cost me nothing
as I walked the sacred site
where, they say,
Mohammed the prophet rose to heaven.

I simply bent and tucked it in
my pocket,
a souvenir for my altar at
home.
My prophets wandered this
land too.
their stories recorded in my
holy texts.
I can walk among them all,
picking and choosing my holy
sites,
cavalierly crossing
political and religious divides
with the assurance of an
American tourist,
with easily replenished funds
tucked safely behind my pass-
port.

Yet this one night out of all
the others
a Muslim family in a refugee
camp
in this "Holy Land"
opened up their hearts and humble homes to us.
A stone's throw from Jerusalem,
they might as well have been 10,000 miles away
for all the good it did them.

These would-be pilgrims,
prisoners of ancestral feuds
and modern wars,
the occupying forces,
in the name of "peace,"
prohibiting entry,
trapped by unlawful edicts
and the fast-rising Wall.

Their matriarch,
lying in a back room,
a hip still mending from a fall,
invited us in to give us her greetings,
us foreigners
with a different name for God.

Her smile lit up the simple room
as she stretched her hand toward us,
offering all she had to make us feel at home.



"Hope," by Reena Burton

What could I offer back to her,
who had somehow managed to
survive,
spirit unbroken,
for over 40 years
as a refugee in her own land?

Putting hand in pocket,
I pulled out the seed pod
from an evergreen
whose name escapes me,
a tree outside the storied
mosque
in the "Forbidden City" -
forbidden to her, a native
Muslim,
but not to me,
a Christian tourist from a dis-
tant land,
whose tax dollars support
the occupying forces.

When her granddaughter
translated my story
of this little seed pod,
her face lit up.
She touched it to her forehead
in reverential prayer,
then brought it to her lips to kiss.

A little seed pod,
may it grow to be a tree
whose branches shelter all
in this now
not-so-holy land.

- Mary Heron Dyer

backslider

i tell my bible instructor, i was a twisted fire tongued preacher, in a past life. so pay for it in this one, i am now forbidden to preach to the choir. and so am i. and so i am. he hates my royal blood, he thinks it's filthy, like all human, sin-stained blood, he says through lips that are a wisp. i swear i am divine, i plead. just like everyone else. he says, you just made the holy spirit leave this room. who told you this? he demands. i'm confused. i look for a way out, i smell a trap. god of course i reply. god? he echoes incredulous. i hear the disbelief in his voice. his hand raises a ruler above his head to strike. does he call my god a liar? y-yes I stammer in a weakened voice. my god, she told me... and the ruler falls to the ground, my instructor begins to gasp, and he falls to one knee clutching his chest. my dry eyed classmates are still asleep. it's o.k. i tell him. she told me you would not hear her. she said you were listening in the wrong direction. here, let me speak to you from the gospel written after me. in the year of tai amri, the world was overbloody and reliving its second childhood as a decrepit old man who could no longer stand. when this old-man tired of crying he rubbed his hands in the soil and swore

it smelled of the menstrual cycle of the moon mixed with the blood of the crucifixion of christ. but how could he be sure which christ, when thorns still marked his brow, the spear of sundiata still pierced his throat, his lips were still stained with the wine of Dionysus and a white buffalo was at his rear. he knew then that he must burn forever as a true false prophet. amen. but he no longer hears me, his face slumped to the floor, eye lifeless. so i turned him over to the sky, and held his spirit in my hand so it could fly.

- Tai Amri Spann-Wilson

knowsis

silent for a spell
be ye not deceived
jesus was a handmaiden
-binding sickness
in roots and hairs-
when first formed
again our greatest feat:
to love all equally
and may the knife not slip my teeth
for no man
will circumcise
my masculine womanhood
be thou Friend
foes flip due to science
the creator is not standing still
long enough for a portrait
just long enough to feign
a split in reality
so that you might conceive
that
time is without essence
and mind is worthy of spirit
without transformation
there is no change
praise be

- Tai Amri Spann-Wilson

(*Altared Bodies*, continued from page 1)

bury it. To cover it up with clothing, treadmills, fast food, and body types that fit into a specific measurement of acceptable.

The act of creating artistic altars from our bodies was a way of reclaiming what has been taken from us, or what we have never owned to begin with. It was a celebration of the ins and outs, curves and hair, wrinkles and birthmarks, cellulite and bones. The parts we love and the parts we want to hate. The imperfections. All of which are, in fact, PERFECT.



The bodies were designed according to liturgical seasons, traditions, and celebrations, which were interpreted by the imaginations of the artists involved: Reena Burton, Abigail King Kaiser, Amy Shoemaker, and Kelly Williams. The themes were chosen out of artistic inspiration and personal significance for each artist.

Special thanks are offered to all those who allowed us to 'altar' their bodies for the show:

Saunia as Easter; Sonsiris as Palm Sunday; Corey as Pentecost; Anna as Baptism; Julie as Lent; Brad as Ordinary Time; Brian as Advent; and Erin as Epiphany.

It wouldn't have happened without you, and your patience and flexibility is greatly appreciated. We worshipped you on Friday and we worship you now.



New Eyes on Old Art: A Re-review of Hitchcock's Films

by Jon Harvey

In February, some friends urged me to join them in attending the festival of Alfred Hitchcock films showing over a period of two months at the Stanford theatre. This group would go every week and go out for late dinner afterwards. They knew I was knowledgeable about film history and wanted my presence. I attended about half the films, often going to just one of a double bill.

I had seen all these films in my college days. Upon seeing these brilliant films 30 years later, I was struck by the films' level of misogyny and homophobia, which had simply passed me by in the 1970s. It is admittedly true that in Hitchcock's era you could not depict homosexuality at all unless it was depicted in a negative way, but two of Hitchcock's films depict a homosexual couple as committers of murder, and a third film depicts two men who are subliminally attracted to each other. This stereotype was no doubt reinforced by the public's long memory of the murder committed by Leopold and Loeb in 1924.

The Leopold and Loeb case is the direct inspiration for Hitchcock's *Rope*. The Hays office had reservations about this film regarding homosexuality being depicted at all. It takes a great leap of cultural imagination to realize that the creators of these works were not themselves rabid homophobes. The screenwriter for *Rope* was gay, as was one of the two actors playing the murderous couple. The play from which it is adapted is more overtly homo-erotic, and the playwright Patrick Hamilton was a political progressive who flirted with Marxism. (One of the characters plays on the piano a piece by French composer Poulenc, also gay.) In Berkeley in 2008, it is difficult to understand why a gay screenwriter, a gay actor, and a liberal playwright would collaborate on a work about a gay couple who are cold-blooded murderers. Is it gay self-hatred, or a bizarre cry for help that is operative here?

Hitchcock's *Rebecca* features a sinister and menacing maid, Mrs. Danvers, who is heavily implied to be lesbian. Hitchcock was himself a practicing Roman Catholic who probably believed homosexuality was morally wrong. But the novel was written by Daphne DuMaurier who is now acknowledged to have been a bisexual woman in a straight marriage and who was heavily conflicted about her own sexuality. Does she believe that homophobia drives homosexuals to anti-social desperation?

The image of the homicidal homosexual continued on

Memorializing Saints and Prophets

by Kelly Williams

into the early '70s in the James Bond thriller *Diamonds are Forever* and even the early '80s in the murder-comedy *Death-trap* starring Michael Caine and Christopher Reeve. Public reaction to the latter was mainly a matter of shock that Superman was playing a gay man. (In the theatre where I saw it one person quipped, "So that's why he never married Lois Lane," and Newsweek reported an audience member crying out, "Not Superman!")

Hitchcock's most famous murderer, Norman Bates of *Psycho*, is thoroughly heterosexual. Bates' problem is a thoroughly unhealthy attitude towards sexuality. Mature people sublimate their sexuality and integrate it with the rest of their emotions. Norman Bates is the product of completely failed efforts at complete repression and an inability to achieve the slightest semblance of what is now called 'psychosexual maturity'. It's a step up from the stereotyping of *Rope*, I suppose.

Response to this article from PSR students and staff is encouraged. Please respond to Jon Harvey at FisherKing@watchersdiary.com, and include either "LOGOS" or "Hitchcock" in your subject-line.



What does it mean to create Liberation Art? What is Liberation Art? What makes art liberating? These are just some of the questions being asked in the *Liberation Art: Saints and Prophets* course taught by Sally Hindman through Starr King and CARE.

This class of four (two San Francisco Theological Seminary students, and Abby King Kaiser and Kelly Williams from PSR) has progressed from theoretical discussion to action. A requirement of our course is to participate in a social action and involve art. We identified the students of Berkeley Tech as a group of people we would like to work with, and so we are joining with them to see if we can be Liberation Artists. These youth have been collecting and decoratively painting chairs as part of their courses and extra-curricular programs. Some of their chairs are on display and for sale at Sweet Adeline Bakery on Shattuck.

Through dialogue, we heard the youth say that they do not have a voice and there would be no difference made through their (or our) involvement in a social action. It was obvious that one of the biggest issues they face is violence and they feel helpless against it. Thus, we were back at the drawing board. Sitting around our table on Holy Hill, we wondered if there was another perspective we were missing.

We went back to the students proposing a memorial event. We will work with the students over the next month to design and paint more chairs, this time to represent their friends and family who have fallen victim to acts of violence. The students request that they paint the chairs in honor of their community, though they welcome our help, especially in prep work. We hope they will agree to let us design chairs to represent other saints and prophets, such as Martin Luther King, Jr. and Gandhi, in order to present the youth of Berkeley as a part of a universal community of saints of all victims of acts of violence.

PSR has also donated several old wooden desks to support our project. We would love to have you join our memorial the week before Mother's Day (details to come). If you are interested in helping in the prep and painting of desks and chairs, let us know.

P.S. This class, among many other CARE courses, faces an uncertain future. Please continue to support CARE through your prayers, participation in courses, and appeals to the administration about the importance of Art to the life of PSR.



(Letter from Cynthia, continued from page 1)

for these courses.

Doug's spirit traveled far. As a junior in a high school modern dance class, my public school teacher handed me a copy of his spiral bound book, *Congregational Dancing in Christian Worship*. She was a Methodist who saw "Dougness" in me. Later in college my Methodist campus minister, Mike Fink, handed me a brochure for a workshop on dance and religion at PSR and gave me money to fly up and take a workshop organized by Doug. It didn't occur to me that he was still at the beginning of his career. I guess I owe the Methodists some thanks too.

Doug taught me the power of leaving a legacy. Stick with something long enough and change happens. This is a challenging concept in a transient world. I must have learned it. I co-founded InterPlay in 1989 with Phil Porter, an active creative approach to unlocking the wisdom of the body. As it spread to fifty cities and five continents, it has been a fantastic practice for action research and inquiry in my teaching at PSR, other seminaries, and graduate schools. My work has revolved around doing theology in our bodies. Classes like "Dance as Social Action," "Theokinetics," "Multicultural InterPlay," "Dancing the Beloved Community," and "Dance and Spiritual Direction" have inspired countless moments of wisdom and powerful truth-telling as students address the mind, body, spirit splits that are handed down in theological form and content.

Witnessing my students and having been an ordained minister myself, as a body intellectual I worry about academia's ability to adequately prepare people for embodied ministries. Pastoring, teaching, chaplaincy, and spiritual leadership demand more than "good thinking." How do we equip the heart of the leader?

How do we prepare a leader to live into loving leadership for the long haul? Why do many pastors quit in their first years? What does a minister's bodyspirit tell their people? While my students complain of being "stuck in their heads," feeling fatigued and overworked, I wonder how well our theological training models Christian life in the twenty first century. On a body level, what we practice is what we become.

I also wonder about how we engage diversity? Today's institutions need to be mindful that language both locates and separates us. Recent travels to Malawi, India, and Australia with InterPlay remind me of the social glue that exists in more embodied cultures. We need to know how to interplay with each other if we want to build cultures of peace. As a recovering serious and shy person, I hope to make it easier to interact across boundaries and borders in meaningful ways.

I thank the people who took class with me over the years. You are why I repeatedly taught "one more year." If my class or InterPlay is a reason you chose PSR I welcome you to the free or low priced events at InterPlayce, 2273 Telegraph Ave in Oakland. InterPlayce is dedicated to creating a space for people to listen to the wisdom of your body, uplifting the power of community for personal and world transformation, reconnecting our inherent creativity and resourcefulness, multiculturalism, building bridges of interdependence across boundaries and borders, and..... fun. Check out the website. InterPlay is on a roll. It's an exciting time to be both in seminary and beyond.

Cynthia Winton-Henry
InterPlay.org
510-465-2797

Final Steps

The trees dance here at the PSR
Roots sunk deep into the ground
Twisted branches
Works of art against the sunset sky
The tops weaving and waving
In a non-existent breeze.
Is it you, Doug, who dances playfully in
the trees?
You who taught us to Bunny Hop to the

hymn of life,
To place our bodies on the ground
By the rain soaked sculpture
Embodying white plaster memories of the
holocaust.
Broken winged angels and chairs of stone
Gave us eyes to see wholeness.
A cross emerges ghost-like from the black
painted canvas

Laughing In the Face of Death by Larry Jones

It was a dead tree, a bit of a blight at the front of the former home of University Christian Church. Yes, right across the street from PSR. It didn't need to be there. Not only had it lost its life, it had become a burden on the phone line that wove through its branches.

But upon closer inspection, it birthed a eureka moment. There, concealed within it, hid a twisted, embracing cross of a trunk! Was this what sculptors mean when they say the sculpture must be found within the stone?

So it was revealed, first to passers-by, who had to stand just so and tilt their heads to see. Then the branches



were carefully shaped

away to show Tortured Grace in all her living glory, surrounded by dead wood. Doug Adams would have smiled at that. It became a memorial to Doug Adams.

In addition to all that Doug did for the arts, he was a revealer of the extensive humor in the Bible. He would have appreciated that so many had walked by something so inherently beautiful.

Doug cleared away all the solemnification of scripture and exposed the sly, playful, riotous humor found throughout the Bible with his book, *The Prostitute In the Family Tree*. His class on humor in the Bible prepared many ministers to go out and reveal what has been lost in translation. God, after all, "made a covenant with laughter."

So, if you stand just so and tilt your head, you can see Doug's life trimmed away to reveal the living, loving, laughing nature of the Bible. It is not just a cross, but something transformed by death and leading to a smile of recognition.



Red wine and chocolate serve as holy communion.

Giggling theologian of sacred humor
Celebrant of the sacraments of feast and fellowship

You danced us through your death as you sang your Impossible Dream

And now you play in the tops of the trees
As the sun sinks behind the Golden Gate.

The trees are dancing here at the PSR
And my sorrow with them

As I try once more
To follow your steps.

- Diana Trotter

God wears Camouflage

by Reena Burton

Georgia O'Keeffe is my favorite artist. Her paintings have always felt like the food my stomach had been waiting for all my life until I found her artwork. I am so, so glad when my Art and Religion class lands in front of her painting, "The Black Place," although it is not one I'm familiar with. In O'Keeffe's paintings, the ones I am usually the most drawn to are filled with greens, yellows, blues, reds, and pinks, all flushed softly by full strokes and light hues. This painting does not have any of those colors. In fact, it only has two: black and white.

I can't help but think of seminary when I look at this painting: how before I started classes at PSR I never wore the color black. It made me feel dark and depressed and cynical whenever I put it on, and I felt like I should go to a funeral in mourning for the loss of color. However, since I have delved into the rabbit hole of seminary, I can't get enough black. Its warmth and sanctuary offers me a place to lay all the confusion and deconstruction I have begun digging through in my academic and spiritual studies. I look at the painting, squinting to find color but simply can't find any. My mind is still repeating the quote from Martin Luther King Jr. that I read inside his memorial a few moments earlier: "I believe the day will come when all God's children, from bass black to treble white, will be significant on God's keyboard." From black to white, they are all here on this canvas.

My eyes roll down the hills stretched across the canvas, in and out of each curve and crevice,



up and around each elbow or knee or belly. I look at these abstract forms squished together and I see bodies, black, white, and all the grey areas in between. In these forms I see birth, life, turmoil, struggle, celebration, death, and rebirth. It's just like seminary. These bodies in front of me look as though they are cloaked in some kind of blanket, something to cushion the hard, scary place of spiritual growth - the place where we get so close to each other's souls there are no longer boundary lines between our bodies. In this painting, I cannot distinguish where one body ends and another begins. They are writhing with one another, keeping each other company and holding the hand of the person next to them.

Georgia O'Keeffe, American

"Black Place I," 1944, painting | oil on canvas

Collection SFMOMA, © The Georgia O'Keeffe Foundation / Artists Rights Society (ARS), New York

The longer I look at "The Dark Place," the more comforted I am by the lack of color. At first I didn't want to enter into the world of black and white and unfamiliar forms. At first I didn't want to go to seminary either. I dug in my heels,

just like my mother says I came out of the womb with these heels stuck in the ground already. But something pulled me in anyway, just as Georgia's dark place did today.

It pulled me away from the colors and lights that make life seem like it might be easy, like maybe we can get through it on our own. We are pulled deeper until we stumble into a hole, into a rabbit hole

and a wonderland where we are shrinking and growing, everything is unfamiliar. Deeper into the creaks and cracks and between the mountains, the spaces in between the bodies. And then we are lying together examining the darkness. This is where it no longer matters what we look like or what car we drive because we are all in the darkness together, cloaked in the blankets of mystery and questions. We're here working it out with the company of each other. A hand to hold, a body to lie next to or to warm the seat in the pew next to you. No, we don't want to go. No, no we don't... But here we are, together.

As Martin Luther King Jr. told me on the speckled cement wall a few minutes ago, "The ultimate measure of man is not where he stands in moments of comfort and convenience, but where he stands at times of challenge and controversy." In the Martin Luther King, Jr. Memorial there are twelve panels with different quotes by Martin Luther King, Jr. on each one. Each quote is in twelve different languages for the twelve sister cities of San Francisco.

It is no accident that the memorial to Martin Luther King, Jr. was set in the public landmark of the Yerba Buena Gardens. It is a place where people from all over the city meet in unacknowledged communion with one another. It is a place where young and old can come, and it doesn't matter how much money you have because here you won't have to pay. It is here because this park is in the center of San Francisco. It is here, open and waiting for people who are rich or poor, black or white, young or old, dirty or clean, educated or uneducated, spiritual or atheist. It is here, tucked under the wall, behind a rushing fountain, whether you see or not, it's here. It's the transparency of God.

In *Art, Creativity and the Sacred*, Mircea Eliade talks about the sacred and the modern artist: "This is not to say that the 'sacred' has completely disappeared in modern art. But it has become unrecognizable; it is camouflaged in forms, purposes, and meanings which are apparently 'profane'. The sacred is not obvious, as it was for example in the art of the Middle Ages. One does not recognize it immediately and easily, because it is no longer expressed in a conventional religious language." (Eliade, 180)

In this secular public place, a sacred memorial has been placed. A communal remembrance, whether acknowledged or unnoticed, has been assembled here, proving that art and the sacred needn't be explicit to be present. In Georgia's painting the colors of friendship, faith and love aren't visible as I normally see them, but if I look closer to the form and relationship, I see the transparent colors of God. Because God isn't black and God isn't white; God wears camouflage.

Stigmata

God!

I pray never to lose the hurting heart
Never to be calloused
Never to be cured
Never to forget

Pierced,

I grieve with girls who lay in terror on the edges of wakefulness.
I bleed with women who scream NO while yes is plunged into them.

Wounded,

I ache with families who splinter in the war on whatever.
I lament with peoples who cry out under the flash of gunfire.

Resurrected,

I live among the broken.
I hope and love among the broken.

- P. Wood

Spirit In Action: Strange Fruit

*spirit in action
spirit in action
spirit in action
inaction
inaction
spirit inaction
i came to this book
it's black blood
scribbling on the pure
white page
but as i began to reach
for the truth therein
i found the message mingled beneath
written only in white
one side of the page
revealed the divine oneness of being
the other made plain
the restrictions
of human's innate truths
the restriction was clear
yet unavoidable
in this world
as we inhale poisons
in their various faces
our death is prevalent
and imminent*

*one eye
seeks divine culmination
in rectification
licking, loving
and swallowing death
like its lover
and its nectar
drips off this tree
called you
on that tree
is both death
and life
in no particular order
though we believe the opposite*

*one eye chooses life
and in that life
is our extreme desire
of suffering
not only in samsara
but in our own personal crucifixion
the fruit screams your divine name
through blood
and tears
begging you for release
forgiveness
and a kiss
eat it*

-Tai Amri Spann-Wilson



“Prayer,” by Patricia Wood