

Lookie, lookie, lookie!

It's the chance of a lifetime!

"LIFE TODAY IS LIKE AN AMUSEMENT PARK." It was an old preacher talking. Yet the aptness of the comparison struck me—an amusement park, with mobs of people screaming and laughing as they are catapulted down roller coasters—an amusement park with people's frenzied actions as if this were the last day before judgment, as if they had to crowd into a time all the insane excitement of the loop the loops, the caterpillars, the dodgems, the crazy houses and the houses of mirrors. A carnival of living with games of chance, with bingo, and with ring-throwing for which garish dolls and painted plaster of Paris pigs lure people on to gamble. Yes, sir, this is the biggest amusement park ever! Get the thrill of your life, ride the death-defying gyro, fall one hundred feet in the air, gamble, throw hoops, hit the bull's-eye, bang the hammer, get stuck up with cotton candy, drink pink lemonade, don't worry about the future, get your palm read, distort yourself in a mirror and laugh! Laugh because you don't dare think about the world or you might cry! Come one, come all, this is the life! Beautiful women, freaks from faraway lands, snakes, fire eaters, sword swallows, magicians! Have a good time. It will cost you only twenty-five cents, a quarter of a dollar, and you'll say you had the best time in your life. . . . Lookie, lookie, lookie! Here it is! Here it is! Uncle Sam's park, the biggest, finest, costliest playground in the world!

(Just outside the park fence there are shrunken faces of the kids who can't get in. The crack-peekers with dark skins whom the military, augmented to take care of the big push in the park, keep threatening with the butts of their guns just to show them how strong they really are. The kids who can't get in because they can't pay the tariff to get in on the fun!)

Life like an amusement park! On the campus, too! The same hectic rush, the gaudy social life of fantastic parties with competition among the groups to see which can throw the wildest debauch. Breathless living that begins with a dash for an eight o'clock, the boys zipping as they go, the girls pushing up the damaged left overs of a hair-do ruined the night before; a class period spent with minds in a nether land between sleep and waking; quiet desperation through a morning of endless talking from platforms from which black shadows drone lectures, the pain of staying awake until mid-morning when a coke is gulped. Then lunch eaten in breathless haste, but mostly uneaten, dawdled over. A silly and meaningless committee meeting, classes, labs again, until the afternoon has spread itself out to lengthened shadows near the field house. Then a half-hearted game of tennis or handball followed by showers that tone up and stimulate the feeling of sensuous well-being and the pride in a maturing body . . . dinner eaten in twenty minutes, talk on the way to the library, idle chat over the last puffs of a cigarette, two hours of sitting over a book, or an hour and a half at a meeting which was remembered at the last minute, then home to a bull session over girls or boys—the same old stuff but always new and fresh applied to each new date—then poker, some coffee to keep awake, and finally a fitful last-hour look at math. To bed. . . .

The week ends these days lay no regulatory calm on frustrated college life. Football games which sap even the energy of the toughest, frenzied

pep sessions in which the antics of the cheer leaders resemble dementia praecox fits, and dragged out dances that pickup in spurts, wear out the student for Sunday that usually gets under way about noon and crawls to a stop at a nap in the afternoon.

It's an amusement park existence even to the games of chance, pin ball machines and raucous music. The managers—the administration, registrars and weary house mothers—are backed up by a faculty that has been driven to tricks and cuteness to cover up their inferiority in not being the big show. For their show does not equal the big top off campus, they are really the side show, and the students pay to get in to see the exhibits from foreign lands, the freaks and wonders from America, and the jugglers who manage miraculously to keep everything in the air and hold attention. True, you have to go through the side show to get into the big show, so you might as well settle for that, putting in as little time as possible to get by, and bribing, if necessary, to get out.

So they're coming by thousands to the biggest and best amusement park in the world. An amusement park with an alumni that keeps up the status quo along with the big games. After all, what's a college for? It's even worth the amusement tax the old folks pay. And it'll turn out some smart guys. They'll know how to dress, how to shake hands, how to eat, how to get along, and not the least, how to get by in the finest American fashion. And brother, don't crab about the good time. We know where we're heading, and we're going there fast. There's not much anyone can do to stop us either. So eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow. . . . And not even the sour pussers and the preachers, no, not even the church and religion can stop us. . . .

What's that, religion? the church? But where is religion? Certainly not in the amusement park proper, not in the big tent or in the side show. It's not in the science lab, that's certain, that's the domain of fact, not faith, and it's not in the art department—no brother! And no one would expect it to be in the drama department. After all, drama left the church several hundred years ago, and it has never come back except for a few troupers who have put a show on in the church.

Yet religion is around! Around, you say? Sure, on the edges, the periphery, at the corner down from the campus on Friday nights, Sunday mornings and Sunday evenings. It's not in the park either, nor in the big tent. It's in one of the smallest side shows. You're right, it's cheaper than most, and it's not difficult to find with the neon sign in the shape of a cross welcoming you. Sometimes it puts on a pretty good show in the way of dances, folk games, and discussions. But it's not big-time stuff, and it doesn't count in the big push. It's for those who haven't made the big show, at least that's what one sorority president confided to her sister during a university Christian mission luncheon. "Sure, I think these church student organizations have a place. I feel sorry for the girls who aren't organized!"

Yet like every carnival, every circus, every amusement park, there are people, people, people, and they have feelings, emotions, joys, and sorrows. They come to the show to escape life because they can't face it squarely and meet themselves or their problems. So they lose their breath on the roller coaster, gamble just to bolster up their ego, and get a lot of pride in inconsequential skills of aiming rings and hitting bull's-eyes. They lose their inhibitions here, talk big talk, and get release from pent up emotions by acting just plain silly.

Life's always been that way. It was like that in the first century with the circuses and taxes. It was like that in the sixteenth century. And history is simply repeating itself again today. The gladiatorial games, the athletic contests of the first century with the Christians in the arena. . . . Yes, Christians! Inconsequential people, the emperors thought, good eating for the lions, the followers of a man who was born into a turbulent world of bread and circuses. This man, so simple, meek, and yet secure—he had poise. He walked right up to Herod, faced a crowd, trudged up to Calvary with a crown of thorns on his head, hung between two thieves and then asked God to forgive the ones who hung him there. This man—he had something! He knew that all the "rides" in the world would only bring you right back to where you started from. He knew that circuses and side shows were both escapes from life too quickly over. He knew these things because he lived an inside life, because he knew that heaven and hell were actually inside a man. He had security even though he never owned a thing. He had what men call character because inside of him he met his God and inward-outwardly he made the knowing of this God the realest relationship that man has ever known. And he had power!

What's more, he knew that where two or three are gathered together, there the spirit might be present. He knew that where love is, God is. And so he loved, all people, yes, even his enemies, and they called him a crackbrained idealist and a visionary. They said this business of returning good for evil was nonsense, that it wouldn't get you anywhere, that going a second mile was walking just that much too far. And so they thought they'd get rid of him, and they succeeded in the flesh! But in the spirit?

The funny part was that a few people, just a few, believed in him and what he called "his Father." And so when he was killed, these people got together. It may have been in a cell, because they were often in prison for maintaining that God was over all and greater than any government. They thought that men could all be one in their master under the God of all men. They stuck together, searched their minds, meditated, and prayed. And they were strong in spite of all their smallness. They knew that insignificance was a matter of this inside-outside they called character, and so they stood up to men and found true significance in living out their depth beliefs.

Their little groups maintained the faith, and the word was spread. Bigness came to their movement and with it compromise with the secular world. In a brilliant flash of the creative spirit of man, which later was called the Renaissance, a few men again saw that the true light was an inward one and that the way to peace and security was through a life of understanding and communication with the light within. They found that the voice of God was the still small voice, yet not so still and not so small. It has been heard for centuries, and it has called millions who have heard it into the service of their fellows.

Twenty centuries after the man who was so sure that God was inward, a gentle Hindu poet sang, "I am praying to be lighted from within, and not simply to hold a light in my hand." His voice, like the voices of men and women from Jesus to the present, is being heard in this amusement park existence. It is being heard on the campus. Not in big programs and side show activities. But in students and faculty, singly and in groups. These listening ones have learned that to live intelligently on the campus means that you must have resources to give you strength and courage to carry out your convictions. They know that loneliness is the atmosphere of life for people who live seriously. They know, too, that the resources to overcome loneliness and to give strength come from within, that they are the reserves that come from the inner treasury that is added to by daily communion with the source of all power and the fellowship of a few souls who help to keep it cleaned out and refreshed. Taking stock of the inner resources, they know, is the privilege of the small group, it is an intimate business. They have the power. And where they are, there is no "show"—there is life lived in its finest and most satisfying way. This is the remnant, the shining remnant on the campus, in the church and in the world.

What's that? The music's stopped? A bomb has dropped on the power plant and the park's all dark? Well, there is still light, and this number of *motive* is attempting to tell where it can be found. Thomas Kelly found it. We must find it, too; he tells us how.

"The light for which the world longs is already shining. It is shining into the darkness, but the darkness does not apprehend it. It is shining into the darkness but the darkness is not overcoming it. It is shining in many a soul, and already the new order has begun within the kingdom of the heart. It is shining in many a small group and creating a heavenly earthly fellowship of children of the light. It will always shine and lead many into the world of need, that they may bear it up into the heart of God. With trembling awe at the wonder which is ever wrought within us, we must humbly bear the message of the light. Many see it from afar and long for it with all their being. Amidst all the darkness of this time the day star can arise in astounding power and overcome the darkness within and without. It is given to us to be message-bearers of the day that can dawn in apostolic power if we be wholly committed to the light. Radiant in that radiance we may confidently expect the kindling of the light in all men until all men's footsteps are lighted by that light, which is within them. Our fellowship groups are small, but they can be glorious colonies of heaven, cities set on a hill. It is a great message which is given to us—good news indeed—that the light overcomes the darkness. But to give the message we must also be the message!"

12:01

It is as though the mighty mainspring of time
Has been wound back upon itself
Until its molecular muscles of steel strain
Against the moment of their mad release
Or measured cadenced expression, depending on
The reliance of the trip-guage Conscience.

Behind the metronomic count of fleeting seconds
Is the pent-up power of the spring
That moves and the turnstile Conscience
That guides the gears' meticulous movements as
They grind the α -nominal and unknown future
Through the meshing teeth of the present
Into the irretrievable essence which men
Photograph upon the fallible plates
Of mortal memory and call "the past."

As in the measurement of time so also
In the measurement of deeds that are
Projections of the heart and mind upon
The future. The stored-up strength, the genius of man,
Is pressed back beyond the trip-guage of Conscience
Past which it must return translated into action:

Action measured into meaning, pulsing
Logically in the living now—
Publishing its past and prophesying
Our future in the instant present;

Or,

Action, the delicate trip-guage suddenly snapped,
Mad and furious, headlong, heedless,
Like dammed-up floodwaters, dark, engulfing,
Transformed from ordered calm to callous chaos,
Pouring with tempestuous passion past
The fouled and fallen floodgates, dealing
Death and destruction with fanatic frenzy.

Periodically in the life
Of Man and man and group and nation, impounded
Power presses against the pivotal pin
Of the Conscience and strains against its strength
To try the lasting temper of its truth.

So, pacing back and forth before
The guarded gates of Caiaphas, the question
Leaning for its answer, Peter paused
Before the falsely friendly fire of comfort
And warmed his feet,

and faltered,
and surrendered

"No!"

—Alphonse Anthony Medved

Morality Is No Collateral

*Because our honest desires are often stubborn, perverse, and reckless,
we feel safe and pious when we think we have harnessed them,
but for the Christian, there are no rules.*

ROBERT HOFFMAN HAMILL

HUCK FINN WANTED to know, "What's the use of doing what's right when it's so easy to do what's wrong?" And Alexander Woollcott confessed, "Everything I really want is either illegal, immoral, or fattening." These two casual remarks probe to the center of the moral dilemma.

Woollcott knew that our honest desires are stubborn, perverse, wild, and reckless. Thus Christian morals often are defined as a set of harnessing rules—rules against having a good time. About a century ago, a Methodist girls' school decreed that students must be in their rooms by sundown, skirts must not display the ankles, the Sabbath must be spent in scripture reading and quiet conversation, and "no female may leave the campus without a chaperon, unless escorted by a minister or returned missionary." No danger of those girls tearing up the town. A half century later, the moral code consisted of prohibitions against swearing, card playing, and theater. Nowadays the unholy trinity is drinking, gambling, and too much sex. Sad to say, many people still think that Christian morality consists of specified things you cannot do, and, as C. S. Lewis suggests, they think that God snoops around to see if anyone is having a good time, and if so, he puts a stop to it.

Outward conformity often camouflages an inner deception. Pure and strict obedience to the rules frequently accompanies an acid temper, a jealous spirit, or a pride of mind. Other people, by giving generously to overseas relief, and by holding loudly to orthodox beliefs, relieve themselves of the more ruthless demands of the troublesome Christ. Some very "good" students allow themselves to take liberties with the other sex, or to "borrow temporarily" from the club treasury, because "My record is good and I can be trusted," they say. Rules are often futile and their obedience deceptive.

BE clear about one thing. Christian morality is not a lifetime examination which, if you pass, you get into heaven, and if you fail, it's hot as blazes. Christianity junks that whole idea.

To begin with you can't keep the commandments. You can't even live up to the Ten Commandments. Do you never break the Sabbath? Do you never covet anything—a classmate's speed of mind, his father's income, that fellow's drag, or that girl's hair-do? How then do you expect to "keep" the severer demands of the Sermon on the Mount? Do you always turn the other cheek to those who turn a cold shoulder, always go the second mile with those who wouldn't dance a step with you? Do you never lust, even with the eyes, or with the mind, as Jesus warned?

If you depend upon *passing* this lifetime exam, you are sure to burn. If you get what you deserve, it will be hot as hell—and that is not profanity. I have noticed, by the way, that those who believe in a red-hot hell always want it for the convenience of others! I have never known a person to feel that he himself would burn. As a boy I estimated that 25 per cent of the people would get into heaven; I thought I could make the upper quarter of my class, but no more.

Lincoln Steffens tells the story of a drunken bum who went into the office of the mayor who had been elected on a reform, cleanup platform. "What do you stand for?" he asked bluntly. The mayor said he stood for justice. "Oh, no, not justice. I voted for you, and I wouldn't 'a voted for you if I thought you stood for justice. Why, say, if I got justice I'd get hung by the neck, and I don't believe you would like it if you got justice either." The mayor was amused. "What do you think I stand for?" The bum replied, "I've always had a kind of stinkin' notion that you stood for mercy." Christianity votes with the bum. Justice would throw us all into hell. No one keeps the rules. Everyone deserves the fire. That is why Christianity knocks the whole idea of rules into a cocked hat. It isn't that way at all.

MORALITY is like courting. It's like falling in love. When a fellow gets his first hit from Dan Cupid, he begins to shine his shoes and slick down his hair

—things his mother was never able to persuade him to do, or his father able to threaten him into doing. But now! he puts an army polish on his boots and a Beau Brummell touch on the upper story. He wants to do that because he is in love with a gal who likes polished shoes. Then, as the months roll by, and if he is a sensible and sensitive man, he discovers that he isn't worthy of her; she is the finest creature under the skies, and he isn't good enough to deserve her favor. That's true, too; he doesn't deserve it by any claim upon her. But, knowing that, and out of his love for her, he tries to please her, and what's more, he tries to improve himself. He tries to become the man he ought to be, for that is the only fitting way he can express his intoxicating joy.

Now Christianity is something like that. You fall in love with God because you find him to be a great and providing source of all of life and a giver of your talents. And lo! you find the shoeshining chores a daily delight: honesty, temperance, honor, truth-speaking, generosity; these become the daily habits, because you are in love with the one who likes honest and generous people. Again, if you are sensitive, you discover that you do not deserve God's favor; you are not good enough to lay claim upon his kindness. The harder you try, the more alert you become to your failures; as Lewis puts it, "no man knows how bad he is until he tries very hard to be good." Then you learn that you live by faith, by the grace (the undeserved kindness) of God—not by works, not, that is, by deserving it, by being morally good. You strive hard to do good works because that is the only way you can express your glad thanksgiving to God. Your serious moral effort is the only thing that brings you to recognize that you cannot make the grade on moral effort alone; but thereafter you do good deeds not in order to obey rules, nor to get into heaven or stay out of hell, but to say thanks to God.

This means that there are no rules for Christian morality: no precise commands, no specific orders that must be obeyed. Morality is not a matter of obedience. It is an affection which shapes the will into

a consuming desire to be a finer person. What God wants is not obedience, not specific performance, but he wants a new person, with a hearty, self-starting desire and an inner discipline.

Take honesty, for example. There is no Christian rule against cheating on exams; and there is no Christian command that "thou must look strictly to thine own paper," for, there is a vast difference between writing an honest exam paper and being an honest person. I am not a good golfer just because I sank a seven-iron shot from fifty yards out, and then dropped a forty-foot putt on the next hole. No, no! A good golfer is one who has trained his muscles and nerves so he comes close consistently. He is a good golfer even when he is not playing golf; *be*, not his strokes, is the good golfer.

So with an honest man. It is not an honest exam paper which makes him honest, but the persistent training of mind and heart so that he is invariably and habitually honest. God wants an honest man, not just an uncheated exam. Furthermore, it must be an honest honesty: being honest in an exam because of fear of being caught if you cheat is worse than cheating, for you are not only dishonest at heart, but afraid. We have to *be* honest, as well as *behave* honestly. God wants people of a certain quality, not simply obedient to rules.

Rules, then, are no good. It follows, as the night the day, that every Christian must make his own rules. That is a frightening responsibility. The average person is not strong enough to stand up to that freedom. He wants a black and white statement of right and wrong. He wants some clear authority to decide exactly the good and evil in every case. He wants it sensible, but he wants authority. But alas! he cannot get it from Christianity: not the kind of authority which decides precisely in every detail. Dostoevski stated this predicament in *The Brothers Karamazov*. The Inquisitor speaks to Jesus, and accuses him of putting too heavy a burden upon mankind when he gave men freedom from rules:

Instead of taking men's freedom from them, Thou didst make it greater than ever! Didst Thou forget that man prefers peace, and even death, to freedom of choice in the knowledge of good and evil? Nothing is more seductive for man than his freedom of conscience, but nothing is a greater cause of suffering. . . . Thou didst desire man's free love, that he should follow Thee freely, enticed and taken captive by Thee alone. In place of the rigid ancient law, man must hereafter with free heart decide for himself what is good and what is evil, having only Thine image before him as his guide.

No man can escape this terrible responsibility. He is responsible not merely for following his guide, but responsible also for choosing the best guide. (The lover, in a like way, is responsible for loving his beloved with a pure heart, but responsible also for the earlier choice of the best sweetheart.)

The Christian makes one, and only one, fundamental moral choice: he decides to fall in love with God, with the God known to us and living in Jesus Christ. Once having made that decision, he discovers his morals day by day in every situation through his loyalty to what he learns from Christ. Is there no specific "content" to Christian morals? Nothing definite you can say, like "This definitely is Christian, that clearly is forbidden"? I'm afraid not. No rules. However, there is content; it is pointed to in the single command: "Have this mind in you which was in Christ Jesus." That is the great commandment, the only commandment. Be like Christ. That is Christian morals. The harder a person works at that job, the more diligently he searches the New Testament for light, the more honestly he follows what light he gets, then the more specific his guidance becomes. But to the very end of life, he is always responsible both for deciding what is right, and for doing it.

NOW Huck Finn speaks up again with that plaguing question, "What's the use of doing what's right when it's so easy to do what's wrong?" That's it, Why be good anyhow?

Some people answer: we need good people. Indeed we do. The Chinese built their Great Wall as defense against external enemies; yet within a few years, it was breached three times—not by scaling it; it was too high; not by crashing through it; it was too solid; but by bribing the gatekeeper! No public defense against evil is any stronger than the private morals of those who man the defenses. You cannot build a good world out of bad men. That's obvious. We need good people. That is one reason for being good.

Another reason is this: it makes a difference in the practical affairs of the world. Compare Falstaff with some American soldiers. Falstaff, paunchy and proud, stood on the battlefield arguing with himself:

Honor pricks me on. Yea, but how if honor pricks me off when I come on? Can honor set a leg? no: or an arm? no: or take away the grief of a wound? no. Honor hath no skill in surgery, then? no. What is honor? a word. What is that honor? Air. A trim reckoning! Therefore I'll none of it. Honor is a mere scutcheon: and so ends my catechism.

For Falstaff, honor was nothing more substantial than that forgery my economics professor at Northwestern University made us sign on the end of our exam papers: "I have neither received nor given help in this examination." No more honor than a fellow feels at the moment; one more falsehood at the end would never stop a plagiarist.

Yet here is a true story about honor. Back in the early days of this country, Lewis and Clark set out with fifteen soldiers to cut a trail across the Rockies. Their French guide took along his Indian wife, and at night, around the campfire, he would take one soldier aside and offer to let him have the girl, for a price. The first soldier refused. Next night, the Frenchman repeated his offer to another soldier, and he refused. Night after night every one of those soldiers, respecting their wives back home, refused the girl. The party pushed up the rivers and streams, and at last dragged bottom. They could not reach the Continental Divide without horses to carry their luggage and boats. They sent to a nearby Indian chief and asked for help. "No help white man. White man cheat," the big redskin growled. They pled with him. "White man lie," he insisted. Then this Indian girl stepped out from the party and spoke to the chief. "These white men are different. They keep promises to squaws back home," she said, and told him the story of the nights around the campfire. Upon this testimony, that Indian chief lent horses and men to lift Lewis and Clark across the peak, and set their boats down in the headwaters of the Columbia River, whence they sailed to the Pacific and claimed the whole Northwest for the Federal government. Fifteen soldiers were faithful, and the United States spread out across a continent.

So it's been said, it pays to have virtue: high morals make for public improvement. But not always for personal comfort, as anyone knows who thinks clearly and tries to answer Huck Finn. Honor took Socrates to the hemlock, St. Joan to the stake, Jesus to the cross. "What's the use of doing what's right . . . ?" The reason is simply that God created you with high potential. You cannot be your true self until you grow into the likeness of Christ. Jesus showed us not only what God is like, but what men are capable of becoming. You cannot be what you are meant to be, until you develop the mind that was in him. The big reason for being good is this: your fundamental nature intends for you to be so. You are God's investment of himself. His major concern appears to be simply this: that you, on your own free and happy choice, choose to become like Christ. He intends it for you, but you have to intend it most of all.



There was a man in the land of Uz whose name was Job; and that man was perfect and upright and one that feared God and eschewed evil. And there were born unto him seven sons and three daughters.

On Blake

William Blake was a legend even during his lifetime. Charles Lamb replied to an inquisitive friend: "Blake is a real name, I assure you, and a most extraordinary man if he be still living. . . . He paints in water colors marvelous strange pictures, visions of his brain . . . and his poems have been sold hitherto only in manuscript. I never read them . . . but there is one to a tiger [burning bright] which I have heard recited, which is glorious. But alas! I have not the book; for the man is flown, whither I know not—to Hades or to a mad house."

William Blake was incomprehensible to practically all of his contemporaries. He was unknown in his time and misunderstood and mistreated by many of those who did know his work. Mystic, poet, and artist, Blake's works and world are tremendous. He lived for nearly seventy years in the latter part of the eighteenth century and the first of the nineteenth, and he worked unceasingly for more than fifty years.

This man, whom Swinburne called all mist and fire, was both saint and loving husband, dreamer and painstaking craftsman. In spite of the genius of this artist and poet his works didn't find a publisher for forty years or a public for nearly a hundred. Unable to find a publisher, he published some of his work himself. His engravings, water colors, and woodcuts were in a style completely unlike that of any of his contemporaries. Some of his experiments in engraving foreshadowed the modern processes of engraving. And the woodcut, as an art medium, took on a new importance as a result of his revolutionary handling and experimentation.

William Blake's *Illustrations of the Book of Job*, almost half of which appears in this number of *motive*, have been called his finest engravings and the greatest of his creative works. The struggles of Job were the struggles of Blake as they are really the inner drama of life itself.

That Was No Sin---

that was my environment! chirps the college joe.

The sad, sad trouble is he may be guilty but just can't feel it, because he's so completely adjusted to the wrong thing!

ROBERT MONTGOMERY

SO YOU MORBID GUYS want to know why it was that Sally threw her pin back at me? It's a long story but here it goes. Sit down and take a load off your feet. What's the good of a bum room if you can't relax. I'll take the easy chair. You know how hard on me it is to talk. Sam, you just hung your pin, so take warning from what happened to me. And I ought to get some sympathy from you, Joe, seeing as how yours came back last week.

It was like this, see. I was waiting for Sally in the hall and nothing was around to read. You know how slow women are with their "She'll be right down's." And you know how that hall is with nothing around but devotional literature. So you won't believe me, but I was leafing through a prayer book. Man, I was desperate, wasn't I! Then I runs across a funny prayer. Right away it went down on a piece of paper, me thinking to myself that I was all set up for religion class.

Next day I opens up on the professor. You know, he gives you credit for questions in class, and I hadn't been cracking the book much lately.

"Professor," I says, "how about this stuff about how filthy a worm I am, and there is no health in me? I mean, doesn't it take a beating by psychology? Psychology says that a feeling of guilt is just sickish reasoning. If you're well adjusted you don't feel guilty like that, not even if you really are. Don't you think, Professor, that psychology does a lot for us nowadays?"

"Well, Sherman, I agree with you in part." Now don't you guys say I'm not quoting him in exact words. I don't have to. You know how he talks.

"How's that?" I contributes, trying to stretch this matter into a five-minute discussion. If I had only known what would happen!

"You take that last notion that psychology has done a lot for us. Sure, I'm all for that. If our modern civilization is driving us out of our minds, the least we can do is discover how we can handle our mental difficulties. We will never get enough psychology. But now about your other points. You don't like that worm's-eye-view of yourself?"

"Naw," I says, "I don't get those kinds

of prayers. What's the sense of running yourself down even in a prayer? Where does it get you?"

"H'mmm." You know how he gets out his watch chain and begins swinging it in circles. "Decent people have very little to regret. That's what you think, eh, Sherman?"

"Sure. You take a fellow that's decent; you know, he doesn't run around with other men's wives, and his word is good, and all that. I don't see that he has anything to cry about. Isn't that what you think, too, Professor?"

"Not precisely, my lad," he says, "but let's see about the matter. Let's take yourself. Do you mind talking about so embarrassing a subject before the class?"

"Well, of course, if you're looking for interesting sins," I said for the laugh, "why don't you talk to Deacon over there. You'd get quite a charge out of him. After all he was in the Air Corps. Them heroes got the best of everything, and a dog face like me was never let in on anything." Say, Al, would you mind closing that door. The Brain will be in here screeching about how we're breaking quiet hours.

"You'll do, Sherman," he says. "Do you remember that high school teacher you knew so well? The one four or five of you used to talk with late in the afternoon? Tell the class what you told me one day."

"No, Prof," I says, acting coy, "I can't talk about her here." If I had remembered you bums on blanket parties, I never would have told about this teacher.

"Go ahead," the prof says, "I'd like for the class to hear."

"What I told you was that there was a young teacher who a bunch of us fellows used to go in and see after school. We used to chew the fat in her room until 4:30 in the afternoon. She had a big influence over us. She's the one who got me to see that society needs lawyers, and you don't need to be crooked like the ones my dad knows."

"Yes, that's what I mean," he says. "Now you remember the time when you were discussing friendship, don't you? You were saying that every person carries hidden areas which even his best friend doesn't know."

"Yeah, that takes me back. We were talking about that. And she was such a

real person, I said on impulse, 'If you really knew me, you wouldn't like me.'"

"Thanks, that's what I wanted. You know to my ears, 'If you really knew me, you wouldn't like me,' sounds curiously like the miserable worm business, as you would call it. How about it? Don't you think our fathers meant, 'I'm not so hot,' when they said, 'There is no health in me.'"

"Maybe so," I comes back, "but you missed a point, Prof. I said those words *once*. I don't go repeating them every week, like it says to in the prayer book."

"Well," he says, and you guys know how he would put this, "my judgment is that an occasional feeling of your own moral inferiority before an ideal person is not being honest enough."

"I don't know about that, Prof," I says. "There's nothing much wrong with most of us at least most of the time."

"We'll see about that," he says. "You take yourself, Sherman. When you say there is nothing much wrong, are you discussing what you *do* or what you *wish* to do?"

"Well, natch, Prof," I comes back thinking that this was an easy question. "You hafta judge on the basis of what a fellow does. You can't pick me up and judge me just because of what I *want* to do. Anybody knows that, or the cooler would be the biggest building in the city. I have you on that one."

"I don't think you have, Sherman." Now he sits on top of the desk, and you could tell he was starting to work hard. "We aren't concerned about human arrangements for the well ordering of society. What we are talking about is the true picture of yourself."

"What do you mean?" Boy, was I in a generous mood, for the class time was half over.

"Suppose you saw a driver, a stranger to you, trying to make a getaway after he smashed up your new convertible parked at the curb. What would be your reaction?"

"Prof, I love that car. I'd be mad enough to kill the guy."

"Suppose you had a gun. Would you shoot him?"

"Don't get me wrong, Prof," I says, "I'd be mad enough to kill him, but

[Continued on page 24]

Brawn on the Inside

*The right sort of prayer is the realest and the most practical thing possible.
It is the very opposite of a retreat into aloneness and isolation;
instead, it is a going-forward to the heart of religion.*

WALTER G. MUELDER

ONE OF THE MOST SOCIALLY minded things a person can learn to do is to pray well. Praying is practical in the deepest sense, for it is the practice of that which is most real. Many people make a sharp differentiation between the life of prayer and everyday life. Some of the people who are responsible for this false separation seem to pray a great deal. Others who are responsible for this break between subjective depth and outward activity have never tried praying. In reality, when properly understood, prayer is a communitarian exercise. It is the growing attitude of man's awareness of the continuity of life with life and of life with God. Prayer is profoundly interior, but it is not a retreat into moral aloneness and spiritual isolation. On the contrary it is conscious entrance into the realm of unity with God and of community with one's fellowmen. All the great realms of thought, feeling, adoration, beauty, commitment, and action meet as in a focal point when the purposes of man are united in attitudes of prayer with the purpose of God.

How awkward most people are when they pray! Some of the awkwardness comes from making prayer peculiar and unnatural; it becomes stilted, stereotyped, and self-conscious; it is walled off from the rest of the mind by preconceived notions as to its nature. It becomes a special exercise and not a whole response. When we realize that prayer involves the total attitude of a person toward God and all that he has created, and not merely a special exercise engaged in on special occasions we may get some help in improving our praying and in improving both our spiritual life and our conduct. The greatest and most effective prayers considered as special acts arise from personalities whose stable attitudes towards life, other people, and God are mature and growing. I wish to emphasize the "praying without ceasing" which characterizes a person whose persistent habits of inquiry, appreciation, service, and community inclusiveness may be called prayer. Prayer is not words. Prayer is *adjustment* we make; for God is responsive to our attitudes, even when we are not forming sentences with him as the focus of our attention. It is our deepest attitude which counts most. If our at-

titudes are truly *communitarian*, our prayers will express the growing edge of our fellowship with his indwelling spirit. On the other hand, if our deepest loyalties and our scale of values run counter to the eternal purposes of God, it is difficult in times of crisis to sense his presence, and it is almost impossible to get the help we need. The habits of the will may make or break the self which is in deep trouble. The words we speak often do not convey the attitudes we take.

ONE of the greatest of the mystical writers of the late Middle Ages was the author of the *Theologia Germanica*. This writing was a favorite of Martin Luther's. One of the main emphases of this book is: "Only self-love burns in hell." The writer was not discussing any literal hell-fire, but he was describing the person living in egocentric isolation. Self-centered living separates and alienates people and God. The quest of every great religion is to help man overcome self-love and egocentricity. Every step which a person can take in conquering his self-love is a step in the direction of effective prayer and radiant spirituality. It is a step toward communion with God who is creative source, redeeming power, and abiding presence.

It is an aid to spirituality, therefore, to examine those areas of life in which one is not truly communitarian, but only impersonal and anonymous or self-centered in his relations to others. We treat many persons each day as if they were animated robots. When they have served us, we are through with them. We have shared nothing, communicated nothing significant, experienced no common suffering or aspiration and have not promoted the common good. The more sensitive we become about the areas in our lives in which our relations to other persons are impersonal, the more we will seek to overcome anonymity by community. Cities and the complex division of labor in modern industry make us treat persons like things: the butcher, the salesman, the clerk, the boss, the principal, the service man, the cashier, the renter, the real estate prospect. Through the division of labor mankind is often reduced to a subpersonal entity—a mere animated function at the disposal of our

whims, fancies, and market-place desires. Human needs are subordinated to consumption, consumption to production, and production to speculative profit. When our self-love is the highest, our community awareness is the lowest. On the other hand, those attitudes which transform self-love into social justice and fellowship are doing the work of prayer, at least in a preparatory way. God is at work in the transformation of the self through new attitudes. The level of self-hood to which prayer wishes to lead us is, as the New Testament says, that we may be all-including in our love as God is all-including in his love.

IF one has not found community in prayer, he has not found God either. Real religion is not pseudo idealism. By pseudo idealism I mean the emotional response to lofty ideals cut off from personal responsibility. God is the most responsible being in the universe; therefore, he whose religious feeling does not lead to inclusive responsibility has not found God. Unfortunately, prayer, is associated in some persons' minds with deep feeling dissociated from action. William James warned against short-circuiting experience at the feeling or sentimental level. When men indulge their feelings on worthy causes without adequate thoughts and programs of action, they do positive damage to themselves. The greatest causes in the world are presented in churches, but the spiritual energy generated in our emotional response must be channeled into action: famine in Europe, refugees in Palestine, racial equality, rationing, good housing. Attachment to high ideals is of itself not real religion. Indeed, *the repeated arousal of great emotion separated from specific service is dangerous*. We may leave church, as we leave the theater, without any definite program of responsibility about what we have seen or heard. The law of consequences operates here reflexively upon the indulgent soul and finally renders it incapable of a genuine Christian life. No great prayer life can be built on foundations of irresponsibility and sentimentality.

There are many everyday disciplines which contribute to effective meditation and prayer. We shall mention only

five very briefly: the spirit of scientific and philosophical inquiry; the practice of an active consciousness; appreciation and thanksgiving; concentrating on non-sensuous realities; and practicing problem-solving.

1. Science is often considered the opposite of religion. Some science is certainly opposed to some expressions of religion. Moreover, science seems to concentrate on analysis, while religion emphasizes synthesis; that is, science seems to take things apart, while religion is trying to put things together in a supremely meaningful way. But what I wish to point out is the importance for religious living of the scientific and philosophic spirit—its truth loving, its impartiality, its rationality, its respect for facts, its willingness to revise past ideas in the presence of new facts. The scientific way of meeting life and most of its problems is a way of modesty, of letting reality have the last word, of overcoming prejudice, of nonviolence, of mutual criticism, and world-wide cooperation in facing problems. Science, like religion, is international in its community relations. The person who would learn how to pray needs to cultivate these habits of mind. Religion is much richer than science, but the person who can develop the daily discipline of facing problems in a scientific mood, gives God an opportunity which he does not otherwise have.

2. A second discipline which contributes to effective prayer is the art of creative alertness. One must practice active consciousness. So many of man's egocentric problems arise from his habits of lazy passivity. The passive self is not outgoing; it is frequently out of balance. The passive self is open to temptation—to domination by forces beyond itself, to mere defensive reaction. Man is made in the image of God, and God is creative will—good will. The active consciousness seeks out God's purposes in life, shares in the divine life, and seeks to solve problems from that objective viewpoint. Man is most deeply himself when he abandons the role of a mere spectator

and becomes a participant; he becomes less defensive and more spontaneous. Leading a life of active consciousness does not always imply being an extrovert activist, doing busywork. The most creative consciousness may not be found in foot work. But the man who has a faith in God can make to some significant degree a creative solution out of a frustrating one.

3. The active consciousness is sensitive to values in persons and events. This should become a third discipline. Appreciation and gratitude go together. If we learn the arts of appreciation, we become skilled in the priorities among values. The religious community should develop a fellowship of appreciation. When we learn to sense the good points in others, their spiritual gifts and achievements, their contributions to our lives and to the lives of others, we become aware of our dependence on others. Gratitude has been called the mother of all the virtues, for it instills the sense of what we owe others. The proper sense of our dependence on God is the root of humility. A French cynic defined gratitude as "a lovely sense of favors yet to come." Such an attitude is, of course, the "self-love which burns in hell." Real thankfulness reveals the common interdependence of mankind. God has not created us to be self-sufficient. He who has insight into our great dependence on one another cannot be an *individualist*. We are created to live in mutual cooperation. He who is seeking to find ever-new qualities to appreciate in others and who gives himself to aid others in achieving the good things of life, is preparing his spirit for genuine growth in the life of prayer. For him thanksgiving is as natural as song.

4. Let us look at the discipline of perceiving the reality of the nonsensuous world. Many persons fail in their praying because they sense reality only in material or physical things. Our culture has been called a sensate culture. This means that our lives are filled with experiences which appeal to our sensations: goods, cars, meat, butter, refrigerators, boundary lines, conspicuous display, and showman-

ship. The feeling of reality may be cultivated entirely around what we see, hear, touch, smell, taste, and feel in our tissues. But the things which finally count cannot be perceived through the senses. These are justice, friendliness, truth, integrity, loyalty, reverence, and love. The quest for sensate goods makes enemies of the competitors; the quest for the non-sensate makes for community. Because we are bombarded daily by the distracting appeals of physical facts and gadgets, it is imperative that we concentrate in quietness on the values which make individuals become real persons. The *invisible* God is a presence more easily sensed by a person who has already learned to sense the moral law, the power of selfless love, and loyalty to truth. The acquisition of material things by a few makes the world poorer; the acquisition of spiritual goods like justice and tolerance makes the world richer. 5. There are many disciplines in the spiritual life, but the last which I wish to present is prayerful problem-solving. Most people can solve many problems without getting upset. It is when they are in extremity—*anxious or panicky*—that they try to solve their problems through prayer. It is almost impossible to pray properly in a panic. The wise procedure is to start bringing the lesser problems daily into the presence of God—in the attitude of active creativity, of openness to reality, of positive appreciation, of a quest for purity of motives, of community mindedness one faces his problem, of willingness to act on whatever guidance is granted. This habit of living fortifies the self against anxiety and makes prayer a natural and normal part of daily living.

That prayer and community go together is attested by the great spiritual leaders of Christianity. In Christ's prayers there is reflected a unity of awareness of God and awareness of brotherhood. The God who is found in Christian prayer is a God at whose altar our complaints of our brothers must be reconciled. Prayer is the heart of religion.

AFTER

Only one thing of all you have
Goes forth with you to your last home.
It is the thing you have become.

And you become the thing you love;
Fire of mind or mud of lust,
Grow toward God or go to dust.

You take home what you become
Who become what you love well:
Your own heaven; your own hell.

—Dorothy Lee Richardson



Now there was a day when the sons of God came to present themselves before the Lord, and Satan came also among them. And the Lord said unto Satan, Hast thou considered my servant Job, that there is none like him in the earth, a perfect and an upright man, one that fearest God, and escheweth evil? Then Satan answered the Lord and said, Doth Job fear God for nought? Hath not thou made an hedge about him, and about his house, and about all that he hath on every side? Thou hast blessed the work of his hands, and his substance is increased in the land. But put forth thine hand now, and touch all that he hath, and he will curse thee to thy face. And the Lord said unto Satan, *Behold, all that he hath is in thy power; only upon himself put not forth thine hand.*

Life's Lost Dimension

*While we are absorbed with secondary tasks
the most important part of our lives on the campus goes un-lived.
In a moment of reflection we stand in awe of our strange behavior.*

HARLAND E. HOGUE

ONE OF THE FORCEFUL facts of life, when we come to see the bitter truth of it, is that so many people on the campus live frustrated and imprisoned lives. We are not thinking at the moment of Lord Byron, cut down by death just when his song began to have altitude; or a social tragedy like *Native Son*, cursed by his generation into committing a terrible crime; nor even a Judas in his awakened conscience, taking his own life.

We are thinking rather of those who, for a variety of reasons, suppress their best desires as well as their worst. Many

there are, in high places and in low, who think more honestly than they speak; who have higher standards of public and private integrity than they would admit; but who are intimidated by prevailing patterns of fraternity conduct, and live in dread of being thought a hypocrite. *How many are the lives we never live!*

Moses appears somewhat abruptly in the Old Testament, at a moment when the Egyptian king had a venomous hatred for a religious group, the Hebrews. As a student, given the privilege, no doubt, of historical and cultural study, he under-

stood, more than most of his contemporaries the pathos of class pride, and that monstrous evil of his and our own society: religious prejudice. He killed an Egyptian foreman who had attacked one of his own faith, and became a fugitive from all that life had so generously promised him.

One day as he took his flocks to the back side of the desert, under the shadow of Mt. Horeb, a bush was aflame, and Moses, having a normal scientific curiosity, stopped to look. When the bush was not consumed, God spoke: "Moses, Moses. . . Draw not nigh hither: put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground." Good man that he was, the lost dimension of his life was that dimension which transcended his creatureliness. The presence of God, probably always intellectually acknowledged, was now a profound and searching fact. "Put off thy shoes from off thy feet. . . ." Here was new humility. "For the place whereon thou standest is holy ground." Here was the recovery of reverence. And in that recovery, Moses went out to one of the most momentous places of leadership of which we know. Here was a life—almost never fully lived—which was from then on lived magnificently.

WHEN we look at this notable incident, we are struck with the fact that the first thing of which God reminded Moses was his spiritual heritage. Reverence begins with great recollections! "Put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground. . . . I am the God of thy father, the God of Abraham, the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob." Nothing so characterizes certain sections of our culture more than a distaste for all that which happened yesterday. The pathological pace to acquire all the new gadgets for our houses; the pressure on education for "short-cut" courses that will prepare us immediately for a well-paying position; the wide selling of the "how" books, whether in psychology, religion, or business; the pressure upon the church to speed up her program, and



And the Lord said unto Satan, Behold, he is in thine hand; but save his life. So went Satan forth from the presence of the Lord. . . .

have more groups and more meetings to satisfy more community needs—all these have their place and value. Yet this “coercion by the contemporary” has been singularly illustrated by Dean Inge, when he proposed a new last line for a verse of a familiar hymn to describe many twentieth-century Christians:

They climbed the steep ascent of heaven
Through peril, toil and pain;
God, to us may grace be given
To travel by the train.

But there is something wistful yet tragic in the frantic, feverish hunt today by countless people in college life, who—never having really studied with any degree of seriousness the spiritual heritage of their faith in the Bible, or never having taken the trouble to read with earnestness a noble classic of Christendom such as Augustine’s *Confessions* or Thomas à Kempis’ *Imitation of Christ* or some of Samuel Johnson’s prayers—are seeking by well-meaning but superficial means to acquire a quick faith. “You will not yawn yourself into heaven with an idle wish,” said Richard Cecil. One does not want to be unfair to new religious groups. Every sincere and reverent insight should be welcomed. But the place at which most of the so-called cults fall down is in their utter lack of knowledge of, or concern with, the whole of the Hebrew-Christian heritage, as one sees the spirit of God guiding and redeeming men through suffering, defeat, and triumph.

SOMETIMES such a period of sensitivity does come to a man, as it did to Moses. Sometimes, it comes to an entire nation. When Abraham Lincoln lay dead at the hand of an assassin, Henry Ward Beecher, with fine restraint, tried to describe the feelings of a people in sorrow:

The blow brought not a sharp pang. It was so terrible that at first it stunned sensibility. Citizens were like men awoken at midnight by an earthquake and bewildered to find everything that they were accustomed to trust wavering and falling. The very earth was no longer solid. . . . Every virtuous household in the land felt as if its first-born were gone. Men were bereaved and walked for days as if a corpse lay unburied in their dwellings. . . . Pleasure forgot to smile. The city for nearly a week ceased to roar. . . . Every avarice stood still, and greed was strangely moved to generous sympathy and universal sorrow.

Not only do such hours of national crisis produce reflectiveness, when for at least a brief spell we are willing to share our finer thoughts, and speak un-



And there was a day . . . when a messenger came unto Job, and said, Thy sons and thy daughters were eating and drinking wine in their eldest brother’s house: And behold there came a great wind, and smote the four corners of the house, and it fell upon the young men, and they are dead.

ashamedly with a tear on our cheek, but personal moments also come when bushes flame about us with the presence of God. A couple stands before the altar of a church taking sacred vows, like their parents and their grandparents, the whole moment made holy by the traditions of generations of lovely homes. In the midst of noisy city streets, a church door stands open inviting us to pray. A university student sits at a desk poring over William Blake’s *Job* with an expression upon his face seldom seen on land or sea. On the steps of the New York Public Library sits a disheveled girl, her hands grimy from hard, physical labor, but in them a volume of Dr. Fosdick sermons, and one wonders at the depths of yearning and of response. We stand in the cemetery beside a grave as wide as our dreams and as deep as life, and some old words, so easily and flippantly said when we were children come back with infinite meaning:

God is our refuge and strength
A very present help in trouble.

Sometimes in moments of reflection, we are in awe of our strange behavior. Here we are on a campus, all of us with part of our real lives never lived. The years are running out on us. Every tomorrow is precarious. Yet how easily we forget the noble tradition of our Christian faith: belief in one who is the same yesterday, today, and forever. How insensitive we can be, when not only flaming bushes, but the cross of Jesus Christ is constantly reminding us of a love that will not let us go. In a world which is a theater of tensions, how easily we close our ears to the cries of urgency from the Egypts of our day: China, Korea, England, Greece—yes, Germany and Japan.

One marvels at the patience of God. While we busy ourselves with the secondary tasks of Midian, God waits. How long shall we keep him waiting?

Retreat Into Reality

*marks the true beginning of our Christian advance into the world—
as well as into ourselves.*

GEORGE HARPER

TWO YEARS AGO a group of young people got together, and some of them thought they had a new idea. It was perhaps a good one, but it was not a very new one. Instead of being new, the idea is very, very old. Jesus had it. His disciples had it, and the first generation of Christians made strong use of it. The idea is simply this: a group of persons get together to pray for God's guidance of their lives and work. In prayer and in the sharing of experiences, they look at themselves and their world in the light of God's nature and spirit as they see it in Jesus. Knowing that what gets their attention finally gets them, they strive to give their attention to Jesus in an attempt to know his spirit and to see what part they can play in the bringing of his Kingdom to earth.

A group of the National Council of Methodist Youth asked Albert E. Day and James Chubb if they would meet with some young people who were interested in such a retreat. So the first *Spiritual Life Retreat* was held in Palos Park, Illinois, in March, 1946. Sixty students from thirty states attended, each knowing that the entire worth of the meeting depended upon one thing only: the earnestness with which each person of that group came. This was the beginning of a movement of Christian youth.

Once the retreat idea was introduced, those who returned home from Palos Park went back amazed that their own groups did not follow such a time-tested, genuinely sound procedure for building Christian fellowship and for making personal discoveries.

What happens in a Spiritual Life Retreat? There is no set agenda or program since a genuine search cannot be programized. It is entered with the willingness to follow conclusions to wherever they lead. Therefore, the "program" is a developing one, how far and in what direction depending naturally upon the group. The goal of a Spiritual Life Retreat is not just another meeting or an institute. It has one goal: that the young people and adult workers may find closer fellowship with God and incentive for doing his will more zealously in a needy world. Usually the search centers around two things. The group attempts to get an accurate picture of the society in which

we live today, and how it moulds our own thinking and action. We have to know where we are before we can find a way out. At the same time the attempt is made to discover what God's plan and purpose for us as individuals and for the world are. We have to know where we are going. Then we can plan how to get from where we are to where we are going.

The persons who come to a Retreat should be those who have interest in deepening their spiritual lives. This is not a place for misfits who use piety as an escape; it is not a place for the emotionally unstable. Rather, the keenest minds and hardest spirits are the ones to come—the real leaders of the church of tomorrow.

AS a general rule our church groups spend most of their time in the area of techniques, learning how to do. We have many leadership training conferences and institutes, etc. Yet because we lose sight of our present situation, and of the goal we work toward, even our emphasis on techniques is divorced from real situations and practical achievements. Discussion and study groups turn out to be a pooling of our ignorance as the persons involved must talk from theory-to-theory only. Spiritual Life Retreats are not the only approach to our problems, and many other means must be employed.

It is one thing to discuss a view of life and another thing to experience that kind of life. Obviously, there are some aspects of living that cannot be experienced in a single session of a class or worship service. A group experience of true Christian fellowship must grow as the group lives and shares together. When real fellowship comes—it does seem to be a gift of God's spirit—the power of the group experience is far greater than the sum of individual experiences could have been.

A minimum of three and a half days should be given to a retreat, and a maximum of forty or fifty persons should participate. Though there will be leadership, the professor-student idea must be discarded. The group is all one. But even though the group is set up very democratically, the fellowship will still lack depth if all the talking is done between persons. There must be adequate time for prayer and meditation. Matters of discussion are so important that they ought to be taken

into meditation and prayer, but not after they have been worn threadbare with much talk. Many groups have voluntarily observed a modified Benedictine silence between the last session at night and the first in the morning in order to give the members a real chance at depth discovery.

Time should be provided for reading, too. A select library in the fields of prayer, social action, Bible, etc., should be provided. Recreation and singing take a natural place and are important to the group life. And through it all will run the dominant theme of the retreat, the reason for the retreat, the effort of each person and the group to get life into harmony with universal law in order to discover how to live the way God intended man to live. To attempt to live otherwise is to prove ourselves foolish and ignorant. The way has been made clear to us in Jesus, and as we center our attention and devotion in him we find our way. Then God's way has meaning for us; there comes the dawning of a purpose, the unfolding of a plan. We begin to discover the Kingdom of God within us. The retreat into spiritual reality marks the true beginning of our Christian advance in the world.

Don't *think* of holding a Spiritual Life Retreat unless the following conditions may be met:

1. Some young people and adult-workers-with-youth are dead serious about really adventuring spiritually.
2. You discover a truly quiet and undisturbed place to meet.
3. You keep the group small enough for members to have a cohesive fellowship.
4. You are able to keep the plans and program for the group nonrigid enough so that God may get through.
5. You are ready for danger and upheaval.
6. You follow through all the way.

The best "follow-through" of a Retreat is one's personal witness in his everyday relationships, his home, among his friends, and in his organizations. The object is not to "programize" the country with retreats, but rather to start, wherever possible, a "leaven" through individuals pledged to live the Christian life. The influence will be felt. God works through people who will take the time to find his way.



So went Satan forth . . . and smote Job with sore boils from the sole of his foot unto his crown.

Spiritual Warmth

"It is a fearful thing to have discovered the secrets of God without knowing the spirit of God."

CLARICE BOWMAN

FEW WOULD ARGUE that the heart of America is becoming strangely warmed. On the contrary, a psychic thermometer put down almost anywhere would reveal a chilling fear—like another glacial age creeping, this time not over the terrain but into the subconscious of peoples—fear of each other, fear of self, fear of silence, fear of loving, fear of the physical universe, fear of something out yonder. In the present atom-awe, do we see a stylized but ages-old animism?

Among youth, however, some at least are beginning to shiver, which is the inevitable first indication of a sincere seeking for sources of spiritual warmth. Listen in on a bull session somewhere. Don't pay too much attention to those who like to play icicle in any group; they seem to gain a pseudo warmth from parading their unbeliefs. Listen, rather, to those who seem to *want* to know—who God is; why he set these multiplex forces in motion and for what ends; where do human beings fit into the scheme; is there such a miracle as two-way communication between God and a person in prayer; does consciousness persist after death?

In the libraries, books on the lives of men like St. Francis, or the writings of à Kempis, Fenelon, and Thomas Kelly

are beginning to show fingermarks, as if the pages might have been turned by somebody. Mind you, not *all* students. Not half. Not a fourth. Probably only a meager remnant. But an important remnant nevertheless.

One wonders if a loving-hearted God, having watched his children eat of the dangerous secrets of the tree of knowledge, does not brood closer than ever over the human scene; if from out the somewhere do not come the questions:

Youth, Oh youth, can I reach you?
Can I speak and make you hear,
Can I open your eyes to see Me,
Can my spirit draw you near?

*Is there a prophet among you,
One with a heart to know?*¹

Yet consistently God is a democratic God, and no marionette-manipulator. With infinite patience, even in our extremity, he waits—"If with all your hearts ye truly *seek* me"—and with what extravagant readiness he meets!

And some few youth are taking, or attempting to take, that step. Again

¹ Quoted in *Singing Pathways*. Mary Stevens Dickie. Powell and White. Cincinnati, Ohio.

today, as in the creative moments of the world's past history, the questing spirit of youth has struck its tents and is on the march. A spiritual vitamin-hunger stalks abroad. Although sometimes admitted, it is more often like the hidden hungers that gnaw unaware. Expressed in sundry outlets (some of them ridiculous) is this persistent "restless-until-I-find-my-rest . . ." In what? Many wish they knew. Some, as if waking and stretching from a long sleep, are beginning to query, ". . . in thee?" And some will actually admit with Gamaliel Bradford, that

. . . my one unchanged obsession, where-so'er my feet have trod,
Is this keen, enormous haunting, never-sated thirst for God.

Granted, then, the need of young people. To what resources would youth naturally turn for the answers, for guidance? Surely to the church. That's the church's province, staked out long ago.

Youth come, asking bread—

COULD the church be failing youth at any points, in youth's hour of need? We are reporting here, not criticiz-



Now when Job's three friends heard of all his evil that was come upon him, they came every one from his own place . . . they sat down with him upon the ground seven days and seven nights, and none spake a word unto him: for they saw that his grief was very great. After this . . . Job spake, and said, Let the day perish wherein I was born. . . .

ing. The questions raised below have come from youth's own voices, in conferences, Spiritual Life Retreats, and letters. Many ministers and church leaders will wish to spring quickly to the defense of the church, or more particularly of *their* churches. But some may see, moving through these questioning souls, the dim but determined shadow of a young Luther again nailing some theses to the door of the church. . . .

1. *Congregational worship services—“but what for?”* “What,” youth ask, “is supposed to *happen* within us when we go?” The answer is not clear. In some services, smooth in showmanship, there is the sense of elation that comes from witnessing high art and craftsmanship. In others, preacher and congregation alike exude (volubly, especially during the prelude) folksiness and fellowship. This is not to decry the dedication of the highest in art to the worship of the Highest; nor to underrate the warm sense of belonging that is felt in a friendly church. But to questing youth, aesthetic enjoyment and human fellowship are not enough. Just what *is* the function of the worship service? What *might* they expect to happen?

Take X church—and you will find it in almost any town. Architecturally, the church building is a gingerbreaded enigma; lacking the bulletin board in the front, it might be taken for a public library, or office building, or courthouse. Its wandering horizontal lines seem to

symbolize labyrinths of human perplexity; they fail to lift eyes or heart upward in aspiration.

Follow the “pilgrim’s progress” of a youth as he wanders inside X church around 11 o’clock on a Sunday morning. Eager he is, and openhearted. Does a worshipping hush over the congregation help still his own inner turmoil and betoken a Presence nigh? Or does a babel greet his ears and cloud his thoughts? As the “order of service” progresses, is he caught up in a moving step-by-step approach to the throne of grace, or does he go through motions in a haphazard throwing together of items with all preceding the sermon rushed through as “preliminaries,” and with the sermon catchily titled and peppily illustrated to drum up interest?

And the sermon, does it stop *just short* of that ultimate soul-awakening, God-driven challenge? The one little apologetic undertone, the one little moment of hesitation, the one false note of compromise (Mr. So-and-so is in the congregation and he is such a generous giver, you know), and one hears faintly the echo of the old hymn, “Almost persuaded . . . almost, but lost.”

The fault is not all with the preacher. Who of the congregation that morning came *expecting* to meet with . . . the most high God? Was there a breathless waiting in someone’s heart, in faith believing that a Presence would be there? Was there a glad fervor of affirmation in the singing of the hymns and in the say-

ing of the creed? Was there honest confession made in the prayer? Was the Lord’s Prayer—that prayer that, if taken seriously even by a few over the world, could revolutionize life on this planet—really *prayed*, or comfortably and almost unconsciously repeated?

Whence has gone that “burning urgency” the early Christians must have felt for this precious privilege of gathering together, this deepening of fellowship with each other and with God, this infilling with resources adequate for facing life, for spreading love, for going out into evil and suffering to make a difference, yes even for daring death? *Some even in our own day have given their lives for this privilege of worshipping God together.*

2. *Youth “devotionals” that train individuals in “leadership”—but what else?* Whether it be Sunday school “opening,” youth fellowship meeting, or groups on campus, the pattern is much the same. Youth “get up a program”; different ones “participate.” So *what?* Maybe Joe gains poise and stage presence from giving a “talk.” Maybe Mary gets in a little practice on hymn-playing before the group. With new books coming off the market assembly line with ready-made services (complete with hymn selections, prefabricated prayers, already-thought-out talks) the biscuit-mix of the programs is guaranteed not to fail.

But where did God get left out in the process? To be sure, his name is used. So very casually and all that. Was Dave who read the talk thinking “God,” or “I’m-Dave-and-putting-on-a-pretty-good-performance, don’t-you-think”? Was Sue who “led” the prayer *praying* . . . really, deep down, now . . . to God, or to the group’s ears? Most of us are getting to be past masters at “participation.” . . .

3. *Community service and social action—but why?* “Go out and serve”; “projects of action”; “work camps”; “breaking down barriers”; “investigating sources of economic tension”; “reconciliation tours”; “better race relations.” High-voltage youth energies are being linked to *causes*. Youth will gladly run off from their campuses in “teams” to evangelize churches; they will gladly volunteer to go to the ends of the earth for “reconstruction.” They will roll up their sleeves and begin shoveling mountains, if that’s a project of their community service commission. Youth *can* accomplish wonders.

But there’s just one little question that keeps bothering us. What’s the motive? To make a good report? To have people to whom service is done look up and feel grateful? To get a warm dutiful glow inside? To have the fun of fellowship-in-action with other youth?

Yes, Christianity *is* a religion of action.

But, if you can lean on your shovel just a second, we'd like to ask when you last said your prayers. And whether God, as far as you're concerned, has anything to do with what you're doing and why. For activism (as distinguished from sincere, humble, God-directed Christian action) can fool you. Watch lest it become an escape from that Herculean grappling with truth that must first take place within you, and that selfless effort to make his will your wish. And to do the job his way.

4. *Bible study—but how?* The best seller and the most talked-about book in the world is one of the least read. Youth delegations always come back from world conferences, and now from Oslo, with a new patent medicine advertisement. "Bible study"—that's the answer for everything, some will say.

But haven't these same youth attended Sunday school all their lives since nursery? Yes! But a squeezed twenty minutes of class time on Sunday morning amidst a hubbub of other groups is scarcely the setting for coming to grips with a Bible meaning. But dressed-up pretty periodicals do not give youth the virile red-corpuscle kind of Bible "knowledge" that moves them to bow in awe before the great Jehovah; that shows them the awful judgment of the Lord come down; that causes them to wrestle, as did Jacob, in the nightmare of the soul. The Ten Commandments are more than tablets of stone; their truth is seared as if by fire into the fabric of social organization. Youth may have met the beautiful shepherd stained-glass-window Jesus. They need to meet the terrible, courageous Jesus who drove money-changers from the Temple. "Choose ye this day!" "Are ye able?" It's dangerous business to study the living Word. . . .

5. "Plans must always be based on the needs and interests of youth." A generation of teachers and counselors of youth has been coached in a "back seat" method. "Let the youth do the planning." "Down with adult domination." "Use interest-finders." "Build plans around youth's needs." And a generation of youth has been fed à la carte.

The cafeteria philosophy of education, by which the youth of the world (into whose hands atomic energy is to be deposited) are allowed to choose their own interpretations unguided and undirected, is certain to produce disastrous results, some of which are already beginning to appear. We have never been so spiritually illiterate as a nation as we are just at this moment.²

² Address by Dr. Roy L. Smith to Quadrennial Convention of the International Council of Religious Education, Des Moines, Iowa, July, 1947.

TO begin to eliminate this spiritual illiteracy, an experiment is now being tried. The idea of a Spiritual Life Retreat is both new and old. Youth and a few trusted counselors go apart to a quiet camp for a few days with no program or agenda whatever except their questions and yearnings. What they seek to do is to "retreat" from the artificiality, the tension, the hurry that attend their everyday: to "retreat to reality." Usually the discussion has two foci: (1) finding God; (2) serving others. As simple as that. How many? Oh, around twenty to forty. More seem to make it harder to achieve fellowship, human or divine. Periods of silence help, too.

Youth are "taking to" the idea of little prayer cell groups—a regular epidemic of them. There is scarcely a church or a campus without its early morning meetings, or fellowship-of-prayer groups. The quality of sincerity, and the high loyalty in attendance at these meetings are nothing short of amazing. Here is something hauntingly reminiscent of the way Jesus worked with people.

Big meetings are another effort to answer, at the other extreme of the picture. In an era of mass communications, it is argued, youth must have from religion the stupendous, the colossal, the latest in technological and promotional techniques. Religion must hop the bandwagon, and "out-de Mille de Mille." Hucksters of the gospel appear in almost every city. And—let's look objectively at this as at the other emergent panaceas—it must be admitted that something about a big meeting *does* lift one out of one's self and

one's preoccupations, and if even for a little while, fills and thrills with fervor the vacant spots in one's heart.

"If with all your heart ye seek me," whether in little prayer cells in church or campus, or retreat, or big meeting, or grappling alone with sin, or discovering some new fringe of truth in a laboratory . . . "Ye shall ever truly find me." And, in the service of worship in the church, and in summer camps, and in the student group, and out working against the liquor or race problem in a community, or anywhere . . . and in myriads of ways as yet unexplored.

But *seeking* must not be confused with techniques. There are those sensing vaguely a vacuum (leaders of youth we are talking to now), who rush "lo here," "lo there," after newer and better techniques. Camp commitment services, wooden crosses, fagots, candles, Galilean programs—youth hunger for God and their leaders hunt techniques. There is the worship center wing, but we won't go into that.

Wherever youth have practiced attending a so-called "worship" service without seeking God through it, wherever they have learned to go through motions courteously with no focussing of spirit upward, wherever they merely "repeat" the Lord's Prayer, *to that extent they are becoming vaccinated against the real thing's happening to them!* The doses are just large enough to be harmless; until, cumulatively, antitoxins are built up. They no longer *expect* God to meet with them, or they with him!

Is it not time to think soberly, to call



And Job said, Hold your peace, let me alone, that I may speak, and let come on me what will. . . . Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him. And the just, upright man was laughed to scorn.

a halt to program-making, even at the price of jolting a few of the habit-bound? To declare a new day? Jesus said something about "whited sepulchres."

WHETHER in the traditional services of the church, or newer (but maybe-not-so-new-after-all) forms, the *a priori* question is: *Is your concern to find fellowship with God and his son Jesus Christ? And are you willing to face squarely what worship and prayer may require of you: soul-searing confession, the giving up of pet sins or weaknesses, the letting go of self that God's purposes might be more fully made known, the willingness to change even cherished plans or dare difficult tasks if in that direction seems his will?* Such are some questions an individual might ask himself.

What can be done? Here, at least, are some suggestions.

1. *Unhurriedness.* The big thing about Spiritual Life Retreats has been the freedom from regimentation-by-the-clock. In a small group, with plans emerging hour by hour, the spirit is not bound. If a deep concern is felt over some social issue, the group can stick with it until some conclusions emerge if dinner *does* have to wait (as it often has). Worship is not scheduled for the opening ten minutes of a day and then no more. It permeates the whole day. To pause in the midst of discussion for silence or prayer is not at all unnatural. "Let's give God

a say on this problem," one girl suggested reverently.

2. *Small numbers.* Even in a day of mass communications, would Jesus be content to spend so much time with so few? Just twelve. He must have had faith in the kind of thing that can happen in a small, cohesive, creative group fellowship. Has the church had that faith? Is it willing to? What does it do to an individual youth to be invited, "to increase attendance"? To be considered a mere statistic?

3. *Simplicity.* In retreats or prayer cells, very little programizing is done. No lining up of special speakers, or musical numbers. No. Just a group effort to find God and think together how better to live his way. There are chinks of time when persons can reach up in their hearts, and listen.

4. *Steps in the movement of the soul to God.* Where a group "service of worship" is planned, in a church or campus group, the effort should be to do more than bring together materials centering on a chosen theme. Rather, the planners should ask—materials or no materials—"How can this group be helped best to move Godward?" Surely there needs to be some moment at the beginning for focussing wayward thoughts, for seeking a consciousness of him. And from there, maybe confession if thus led by him, or an awakening to new challenge, and the opportunity of making dedication, and

the seeking of resources for following through in action. The steps in young Isaiah's experience can, if followed sincerely, bring a group into new adventures of fellowship with God. And help them *expect* to worship.

Participation takes on new color. Those who have any part whatever in helping a group find God should regard themselves, not as performers before an audience, but as *servants* of God and of the group. Kierkegaard suggests our error in thinking of the minister or worship leader as chief actor, the people as audience, and God off somewhere in the wings prompting. Rather, he suggests, the worshipers are the chief actors, the ministers and musicians the prompters from the wings; and God himself is the audience! What a difference in our planning for group worship such a concept might make!

5. *Disciplines.* Not to the weak belong the mountain tops but to the hardy-souled. With buoyant joy the athlete knows what his record will be because he has kept training to the letter. Similar stalwartness of spiritual muscle and stamina is needed for the Alpine jobs facing youth today.

6. *Coming to grips with all of life.* What harm has been done by the compartmentalization of worship apart from all the rest of life's experiences! "Now that devotions are over, you may go to your classes." Presumably, what you would discuss in class—about life problems or the Bible—would have nothing to do with the God you have just (presumably) worshiped. "I've said my prayers," one girl announced with relief. One more thing checked off the list for the day.

Rather, true worship comes to grips with all of life; stabs awake; searches out the dark corners for hidden sins; nerves one for more heroic endeavor or suffering; bids one leave one's comfortable fireside for the cold winds of service action. The person of prayer and worship should be to the body-social as a navigator is to the plane. Some would even say that there is a place in an over-activist society such as ours for the "vocation" of contemplation or sainthood—not as an end in itself but as eyes to the larger body.

7. *Life-changing and world-changing.* Too many have too often thought of worship as emotional fervor. It is also a matter of *will*. "Lord, what a change within us one short hour spent in thy presence can avail to make." And when one person is changed, others will feel the radioactive impact. Worshiping Christians are not complacent, not "conformed to this world." They glimpse a city of God to be made a reality among the cities of men.



Then the Lord answered Job out of the whirlwind, and said . . . Gird up now thy loins like a man; for I will demand of thee, and declare thou unto me. . . . Then Job answered the Lord, and said, I know that thou canst do everything, and that no thought can be withholden from thee . . . I have heard thee by the hearing of the ear: but now mine eye seeth thee. Wherefore I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes.



Thou hast fulfilled the judgment of the wicked.

This Way Lies Hope

Now is a time when we must look to the saving grace of the cell group.

FRANKLIN H. LITTELL

ACCORDING TO THE religious press, the Ecumenical Methodist Conference reached a high point in evangelistic emphasis in calling for an addition of two million members to the Methodist Church. A memorial is to be carried to General Conference to start the promotional wheels turning, and a special training program in lay evangelism is to be launched. Having added 1,050,899 new members during the Crusade for Christ, Methodists shall sweep forward to newer and grander statistical conquests! *In the judgment of this writer, the present concern for quantity rather than quality of membership constitutes one of the most grave threats to Chris-*

tianity today. It's a threat to be faced.

What does God want of us today? The answer to such a question must be sought in his eternal word, and it must also be sought in terms of the unique problems of 1947. It is true that there are eternal principles implicit in the gospel; it is also true, as truly as history has meaning, that 1947 and 1948 have problems which are unique. God speaks to those who will hear in terms of very real situations. And what is the situation of American Christianity in 1947 and 1948? The situation is simply this: In the last century and a half church membership has grown from 5 per cent of the nation's population to 68 per cent of the nation's

population, but *in scoring this tremendous growth the theological and ethical significance of membership in the church has been watered down almost to the vanishing point.* Denominations other than the Methodists have paid the price in less of quality of commitment and discipline, but no church has been more guilty of emphasizing the superficial attachment of large numbers to the depreciation of premembership training and membership standards.

Before mentioning theological and ethical tests, what evidence do we find on such neutral but significant indices as attendance at worship and support of Christian work? According to a report

of Opinion Research at the University of Denver, the following percentages of each faith attend church once a week: Roman Catholics 69 per cent, Protestants 36 per cent, and Jews 9 per cent. The following percentages attend church once a month: Roman Catholics 81 per cent, Protestants 62 per cent, and Jews 24 per cent.

All organizations are agreed that attendance is a fundamental loyalty test, and certainly gathering in the congregation for worship is a biblical commandment. Or take the basic test of financial support: the National Stewardship Institute recently reported that when the twenty-five year period, 1920-45, is divided in half we find that American Christians gave one billion dollars more to charity and religious work in the first half than the second half of the period. Important to note is this, however: during the period 1926-43-44 church membership increased by 32.8 per cent [December 15, 1945, *Information Service* of the Federal Council of Churches]. Bluntly, while there was a tremendous growth in the number of nominal Christians, the quality and discipline of the membership declined markedly. The weakness of American Christianity is not a statistical weakness: there are, in 1947 and 1948, millions of first and second generation Christians who have made initial profession of faith. The weakness is in the quality of thinking and acting which new Christians have to date displayed.

To take a Methodist example: Some weeks ago a meeting at the Methodist Church of Mendenhall, Mississippi, adopted a resolution which plainly perverted biblical teaching:

We recognize the sovereign will of God in bringing to pass the various races of the world . . . that he lifts and casts down the races that he blesses and curses; that he sets bounds that they cannot pass; that he has forbidden (sic) as unwise the mingling of the races.

It took the editor of the leading newspaper to condemn their heresy, for that is what it was: a nasty American version of Hitlerism. But where was the bishop, the chief pastor, who was once set aside with the covenant "to hold fast the form of sound words, according to the established doctrines of the gospel"? Or to pursue the matter further. One week in the summer of 1945 two contrasting items took the headlines. In one, the international officers of the UAW-CIO removed the West Coast officers for refusing to admit Negroes to full membership in the union. The constitution of the UAW-CIO guarantees equality to all Americans, regardless of race, creed, or

color. In the other item, a man who boasted that he was "a good Methodist" indulged on the floor of the United States Senate in a violent and obscene assault on "the kikes," "niggers," "dagoes," etc. This moved the former President of the National Council of Methodist Youth to write in the July 18, 1945, *Christian Century*:

The recent "extended explanation" which Senators Bilbo and Eastland of Mississippi offered in opposition to FEPC prompts me to offer a suggestion. The church ought to have sufficient sensitiveness and power to reprimand or to remove from membership persons whose ideas and actions are totally contrary to Christian standards. In some congregations people who drink, commit adultery, or are divorced suffer some penalties for their conduct. A more significant Christian ethic would be to somehow penalize men like Bilbo and Eastland and disavow the ideas which they expressed on the floor of the Senate on June 27, 28, and 29.

The practical problem is, of course, that having a senator as member of our church has prestige value; hardy would be the minister who dared to take counsel in terms of Matthew 18:15ff!

Nevertheless, the most imperative problem for American Protestantism is the recovery of theological and ethical discipline. The problem is *not* to get people into the churches; the problem is to develop the educational program which will lead them into the fullness of life in Christ. At this point, the cell group assumes its significant role. The cell is a technique for achieving, through democratic means, the quality of Christian thinking and acting which is presently lacking.

A HISTORICAL survey would show that the cell is as old in Christian history as the conviction of Christians in earnest that the quality of Christian life must be higher than that of the world and Christendom. Whenever, in the history of the faith, concerned Christians have become convinced that a nominal affirmation was insufficient, cells have emerged. The Waldenses studied the Bible in cells, and their literacy confounded the learned persecutors. When seven students gathered in the chapel at the University of Paris, in 1534, to launch the Society of Jesus, there was a cell. The prayer groups and schools of piety begun by Philip Spener, whose enlivening power spread throughout western Europe in the eighteenth century, were Pietist cells. The famous Holy

Club at Oxford was a cell. The more recent accent upon intensifying and improving the quality of Christian devotion in the British Student Christian Movement, the Forward Movement of the Young People's Union of the United Church of Canada, the United Christian Youth Movement in this country, has found a logical expression in cells.

Cells in this sense of the word are intentionally small groups of Christians who meet regularly to learn from each other concerning the things of the Christian life. The areas of discipline which a mature group will enter are, for convenience, summarized as follows:

1. Worship, both individual and corporate.
2. Study, both of Christian history and Christian theology.
3. Action, both in support of the world mission of the faith and in terms of community problems.
4. Stewardship, of time and money and energy.

As the group meets and decides policy by "going around the circle," each member contributes his insight and agrees to abide by the judgment of the group. The cell has a *binding* quality: questions of thought and action are not treated frivolously—as so often in larger assemblies—with each left in the end to his own devices; rather, after democratic discussion and decision, the cell learns to act in concert.

Cells number from four to twelve persons, and subdivide when natural growth makes them unwieldy. New members are invited not by advertising, but by the personally spoken word. No officers are elected nor votes taken; policy is set and necessary personnel for program selected by "the sense of the meeting." A discipline of silence is maintained outside the group, since people will not speak frankly of their most intimate problems and decisions if gossip runs rampant outside. Meetings should begin on time and end on time; generally an hour and a half is the saturation point.

In 1940 a Conference on Disciplined Life and Service was founded by a group of leaders with local experience, and a mimeographed news letter has since been circulated reporting on the groups and listing articles and books of use to those using this approach to lay training. The headquarters is now Lane Hall at the University of Michigan; some reprints are available of articles, and books can be had on loan. (Bibliography listed on p. 27 of this issue of *motive*.) The author of this article is acting secretary, and will be glad to correspond with individuals and groups seeking further information.

Islands of TWWCC

Married or single, we face the same dilemma about living in our world.

*Here are eight characteristics of a new plan
that would let us live as effectively as possible.*

CARFON FOLTZ

HISTORIANS, PHILOSOPHERS, theologians, and preachers are all telling us that Western civilization is in its death throes—that most of the world is in a new dark age which may continue for several centuries and that our part of the world is headed for this deeper darkness; that a new culture is struggling to be born, a culture which might truly be called a Christian culture.

Truly these are days in which to have done with trivial things. Many of us may not be here a few years from now. Having found that there is no lasting satisfaction in wine, women, and song—in eating, drinking, and being merry—we are anxious to strike the most telling blows we can, that this new culture may be born and grow. We even hope that we may be among the ones who will survive and contribute to the new society. If we must leave this world, we wish to be numbered with those who were on the Lord's side—so numbered because of being like Abou Ben Adhem, who loved his fellowmen.

I have been asked to orient my thinking and write for the benefit of married students on campuses. I am happy for this chance because of my conviction that the most effective work for a Christian culture can be done by a movement composed in a large measure of small groups of husbands and wives. The period of life on campus offers an excellent opportunity to establish personal and group disciplines which can enrich all of life. Marriage counselors tell us that the best guarantee of happy and lasting marriage is for the couple during the earliest days of their marriage to become devoted together to a cause outside themselves which is greater than themselves and which has world-saving significance for them. What I have in mind offers the greatest insurance which I know about, that children as well as parents will fare well in the rough days which are ahead of us.

What about this movement of which I speak? The "Tens for Christ" have intrigued me ever since I first heard of them. In this article, I am for the first time proposing an extension of the name of these groups. How would it be to call them "Tens for the World-Wide

Christian Community," or the TWWCC? The TWWCC of course is not co-extensive with the churches; it embraces a part of the church and areas outside the church. TWWCC may and should often extend across denominational, national, and racial lines, even Roman Catholic, Protestant, Jewish, and other religious faith lines. The personal and social disciplines and goals are not to be compromised in doing this. They must be as high as those set by Jesus of Nazareth if the highest results are to be obtained.

I should like to outline eight essential characteristics of cell groups. These may be called the group disciplines as contrasted to the individual disciplines which should also be set up and faithfully followed by the members. I have followed the practice of using capitals to distinguish the Christian concept of the cell from the concepts of other movements. To me, CELL means Christians Engaged in Loving Labor.

The eight *sine qua non* characteristics of a CELL are as follows:

I. A CELL is a "face to face" group, that is, it is approximately the size of Jesus' band of disciples. From three to eight married couples may be a CELL, fewer if some single persons and older children are included. The name "Tens for Christ" means that the membership fluctuates around that number of persons. This is the size of a group that can sit around the living room of an average home, and in which everyone can have his say and part and security. Little babies may be put to sleep in the bedroom, and small children may play in the kitchen. This is one activity which justifies making an exception of the early to bed routine of children if the adults will discipline themselves to accomplish their aims from 7:30 to 9:30.

II. A CELL has urgent concerns. One example might be to extract the roots of war and to sow the seeds and to cultivate the growth of peace. To successfully start a group, call together at first only those who already have such concerns. Individuals and couples who have an undeveloped capacity for such concerns may be recruited and assimilated after

the original group is firmly established.

III. A CELL unites worship and significant social acting and serving. Some groups enter the meeting place in silence and spend a half hour of seeking to open their hearts to God, to feel closeness and kinship to him and to one another, to listen to God's promptings, to speak or to remain silent. This is a form of worship in which people of all faiths can participate. Periods for reporting, planning, and action follow the more formal worship time. Just serving tea for exam-weary students is not going far enough in social action. With half of the world burned out, and the rest on fire, there is little time for pettiness.

IV. A CELL is a voluntaristic, sense-of-the-meeting group with every member accepting heavy responsibilities. No one tells you what to do in a Christian cell. No one has the authority. Members take turns guiding the meetings through the twelve queries as chairmen, while the secretary makes a record of plans of action volunteered and of the reports of the volunteers, asking them for their reports whenever they fail to give them. The sense of the meeting determines the action to be undertaken. A sense of urgency motivates members to volunteer to take heavy responsibilities in projects which have been agreed upon.

V. A CELL is a healthy part of the world-wide Christian community. The members plan to use their influence and to hold strategic offices in many constructive secular and Christian organizations. In local communities they have the responsibility for putting the church or churches on their feet. Let us beware of feeling too superior to be active in the churches, but rather let us learn some lessons in infiltration from our totalitarian rivals.

VI. A CELL reproduces itself within a reasonable period of time depending upon the circumstances. A CELL is just the opposite of a clique. It is vigilant in swelling the ranks of the TWWCC by finding recruits and training them for CELL membership. In a CELL's elementary stages, new members may be taken in and learn through association in meetings and action. More mature CELLS have

to regard certain meetings as open and others as closed and consequently to provide a period of outside probationary training for some candidates.

When a group grows so large as to impair its face-to-face relationship, it divides itself and lo, there are two CELLS where there was only one before. Ten tens make a hundred and ten hundreds make a thousand. . . . The church of God could move like a mighty army if it were composed of dynamic CELLS or tens of active disciple bands.

VII. A CELL *cares for the whole life of each of its members.* Each roll call provides an opportunity for members to ask for a place on the agenda for a discussion of a personal or family problem, for example whether they should buy a house. The size of the group makes it possible to watch over one another in love. Each roll call considers and provides for the welfare of absentees.

Once a CELL is firmly established, it provides the maximum security this world can offer against the ravishes of a dark age. No member need have an inordinate fear of death for he will know that if he is a casualty for the TWWCC, his CELL will see that his wife and children are cared for.

VIII. A CELL (or ten) *meets frequently to respond to twelve queries.*

A. Worship period (including group silence)

1. Worshiping—As I quietly seek to let the inner radiance of God's living presence come in, is there something he would have me share with the others present during this time of worship?

B. Roll call period

1. Reporting—

- a) What have I done?
- b) What of utmost importance do I see for our ten to do?
- c) Do I wish an opportunity to present a personal problem?

(The secretary records what was done on the members' record cards and suggestions for action and requests for counsel in the minutes.)

2. Caring—Does any absent member need help, and who should see to it?
3. Recruiting—Who should be seen by whom about joining our TWWCC?

C. Discussion period

1. Evaluation—What are the merits and failings of what has been done?
2. Selecting—What would God have us do during the coming week?

(The secretary reads the minute of suggestions and requests, and an agenda is prepared by a sense of the meeting procedure.)

3. Planning—How shall we go about doing the tasks we have chosen?

(For example, cooperative child-care so mothers can be free once in a while, and so husbands and wives can go out together without a child or children along.)

4. Volunteering—For which parts of what we have just planned shall I volunteer?
5. Training—What attention needs to be given to the training of our recruits?
6. Recording—Has the secretary written our plans in the minutes, and the action reported for the preceding week and the action volunteered for the following week on the members' record cards?

(At the next meeting the secretary is responsible for seeing that each one reports on his commitments. This discipline causes members either to drop out or to be worthy of belonging. The record cards should provide a column for what is volunteered and a parallel column for the report.)

D. Action period

1. Learning—Is there study, investigation, or practicing we can do here and now to implement our action?

(In addition to seeking facts and skills needed immediately, periods in the regular meetings will be scheduled for lessons, depending on the maturity of the group. These may range from learning the techniques of prayer to studying the culture of Russia.)

2. Acting—In what action can we engage while we are here together?

(This may range from making telephone calls, to drawing up a petition, to writing letters to congressmen. Most of the action takes place, of course, during the week between meetings in accord with the plans which have been formulated in the meetings. However, the morale of the CELL will be heightened if the members discipline themselves in moving from saying something to doing something about the world's most urgent needs at every meeting.)

If the new culture being born in the twentieth century is to be the long-yearned-for Christian culture, there must be a "saving remnant" at work, little islands of brotherhood of health and healing, in the vast ocean of fear and desperation. Truly, such groups may be the salvation of our world.

Every great movement needs a good name. I propose that we adopt "Tens for the world-wide Christian community" for the name of the movement and the singular designation for the groups which are springing up everywhere.

THAT'S NO SIN—

[Continued from page 10]

society don't allow us to shoot people."

"Well, look here, Sherman. We have several accidental elements. Whether you can catch the fellow; whether you saw the fellow smash the car; the fact is that your upbringing tells you not to kill, and so forth. Now I don't think that you individually would have much to do with your *deed*. It's what you *wished* to do that you controlled. If you had been brought up in another environment, you might shoot. Let's put it another way. The deed is governed by many forces. The wish is more nearly yours, Sherman."

"Maybe that's so, Prof," I says. Say, have one of you fellows got a cigarette? "But there's a weak spot in your argument. You take this wanting to kill the fellow that smashed my convertible. I couldn't help that. That feeling's *instinctive*."

"Whatever that means, Sherman. I'll go with you part way, for I feel that some part of our wishes is conditioned by our total environment. But there's so much calculation in our wishes that I believe that part of that wish would be yours."

"What do you mean, calculation?" I says. Say, cheap skates, how about a match? Think I can light this on my radiant personality?

"Suppose it was a truck you had to chase, and you found two gorillas in it. You're all alone and they have lead pipes. They say, 'What's eatin' you, Bud?' Go on from there, Sherman."

"Well to be honest, Prof, I'd probably say: 'Sorry, fellows, there must be some mistake.' Then I'd beat it for the police and my insurance agent."

"Or suppose that the driver of the guilty car turned out to be," I think he said "an attractive lady," but I was thinking of a ravishing blond.

"Professor, be careful," I says, "I have a very dear friend in this class. But I can tell you what Deacon would say. He would say, 'Pardon me, Miss, but I will have to have your telephone number, and we ought to have a number of consultations about this unfortunate accident.'"

"Anyway, Sherman, I wonder if my point is made that there really is a great deal of calculation in what you call an instinctive response. Apparently you *can* control this feeling that you would like to kill someone."

"Prof," I says, "I've gotten lost in this argument. What does it add up to?" And he comes back with this. "Sherman, you thought that it was the act that was important, and now it turns out that often the act is much less significant than the wish. Can we take it for granted, Sherman"—I think he had a leer on his face now—"that men's wishes are not

motive

very pretty? Doesn't this sound again like the words: 'I'm not so hot.' Can a man who knows himself and is honest ever do much of a job of convincing himself that he's always on the up and up?"

Now listen you guys, I'm coming to the end pretty soon. You let me tell the story the way I want to. Maybe you ignorant frosh can discover how a senior can ruin an hour with a two-minute question.

"Well, Prof," I said, "I think you have me so far. But if your picture is the correct layout, I would just as soon not think about it. Where does it get you, I want to know."

"Do you remember last Thursday in scrimmage—that freshman halfback took the ball from you? Later I saw that you were in an argument. He didn't like it when you told him that he was running too high and too stiff, did he?"

"No, the silly dope said that he didn't need anybody's help. He'll get himself hurt, you mark my words."

"Or do you remember in the shower rooms after the last game, the coach was about the only one who would speak to the chap who lost the game by fooling around with that kickoff?"

"Yeah."

"Why do you suppose he sympathized with the fellow?"

"Aw, that's the coach's job."

"Well, I can tell you that he did the same trick himself once. It was a rainy day, and he, too, tried to catch the ball on the bounce."

"Say, that's a new one. I never knew that about the coach."

"Here's the point of all this. The chap who knocks himself out patting himself on the back never learns anything. And the fellow who never remembers his own mistakes never understands the mistakes of his fellowmen." Of course the prof didn't say it quite like that, but that's the nearest I can remember it.

"You mean you take a fellow that takes it for granted that the picture of what he really wants to do is not pretty, and he will try to better himself? Well, that's really a new angle, Prof."

"Don't forget the other one. If a man remembers this honest picture of himself, he's not so likely to sit in judgment on others. And he can afford to forgive and to be compassionate. The world needs people who do something besides think of their own virtues. That's what the Christian religion has tried to say many times."

"Can you have this attitude without being morbid, Prof?"

"Well, from my way of thinking, Sherman, I would conclude that anyone who gets morbid is indulging in a kind of negative pride. The fellow figures that he is worse than anybody else. That's

bragging, for most of us are pretty unimaginative and mediocre in our mistakes. Very few new sins have appeared lately."

"I still got one more point, Prof," I says. And, man, here was what led to all the trouble. I sure wish I had closed my trap on this one. All right, frosh, cut out the wise cracks. We know how to take care of young ones like you around here. I asked him, "Is a man really responsible for anything?"

"Well, you see, Sherman . . ." You know, about that time the prof got involved in a long-winded argument. I was thinking about whether man is responsible, and I was writing my girl's name, kind of doodling. Then the initials for her name—Sally Irene Nichols—struck me all of a sudden. So I figured that I had worked out a beaut of a joke. How was I to know Sally had heard it before! I passed it around and Deacon spoiled the whole show. I guess he was peeved by all the cracks I was taking at him. Anyway, he waves his paw at the

prof and says, "Listen to this joke of Sherman's. First guy: Who was that S.I.N. I seen you with last night? Second ditto: That was no sin; that was my environment."

"Well, Sherman," the prof says, "I see that you didn't follow my argument, but let me hear how you get out of this one. Something tells me that you are going to have a tough time convincing an interested person that it was environment and not your ingenuity that phrased that joke."

"Professor," I yells, "you got that all wrong."

But it was too late. He had done the damage. Sally slammed back my pin that night and she won't listen to reason. I says to her that it was all a joke, and why can't she be a sport. How did she expect me to know that her initials had always been rubbed into her. I didn't mean to light on them in public. You tell me how to handle the women. I give up.



And my servant Job shall pray for you: for him will I accept. And so the Lord blessed the latter end of Job more than his beginning.

Cells That Don't Go Dead

*Here are stories of the actual workings of three cell groups—
three case histories of cells that have been effective for sometime—
trying to establish a center and a base which will support altitudinal living.*

IN THE UNITED STATES

OUR MEDITATION GROUP began as a voluntary gathering of adults and students who because of their social concern, personal need, religious interest and personal magnetism met Sunday evenings for discussions and reading concerning the life of the spirit. In the background of our minds there was the earnest desire to discover a way of life that might prove to be an answer to the atomic bomb. It seemed to us that whereas the transmutation of U-235 produced unlimited power, it might be possible to enable personalities to fission and thereby release a similar unlimited power in terms of love and good will. We realized that this was a tremendous and even terrifying undertaking, which would require the reformation of the entire personality. Certainly it called for a discipline beyond that experienced by any paratrooper. In the final analysis it meant a rediscovery of Jesus and a persistent effort to live by the principles and practices enunciated in the Sermon on the Mount.

In the early stages, the discussion revolved around the nature of God, the possibility of living in such a way that God's power, intelligence, and love might be released into a world sadly in need of them. It seemed to us that the Beatitudes formed a ladder, the top rung of which should be the pure in heart. It also appeared that a climb up such a ladder would result in the production of peacemakers who would inevitably be persecuted by their contemporaries. But if the pure in heart see God, then the discussion had to center around an attempt to determine what was involved in achieving pureness of heart. The conclusion of the group seemed to be that if the heart were the center of desire, pureness of heart could mean but one thing: a desire for God, and nothing but that desire. The commitment of the group, therefore, became that of "seeking first the Kingdom of God and his righteousness."

The next step in our discussion was to explore the validity of the threefold technique contained in the first part of the sixth chapter of Matthew. Righteous acts, prayer, and fasting, done in secret, with the assurance that "your Father who seeth in secret will reward you openly."

Here was a direct attack upon any form of egocentricity requiring not only "a thirst for anonymity," but also the establishment of brotherhood, the acknowledgment of sonship, and the conviction that man himself is spirit, his body being but a vehicle.

From all this, a program began to emerge that would require the multiple efforts of making God the center of life; that would break all attachments to everything that was not God; that would unify our distracted lives; and that would necessitate the reconditioning of our entire physical, mental, and emotional being.

While it is difficult to evaluate the experience of a year with this group the results might be summarized as follows:

1. There was a noticeable increase in serenity as each individual succeeded in re-collecting the fragments of his life in an attempt to achieve a larger degree of unity.
2. The group developed a large measure of cohesion, because of the interest that bound them together, the new life that was budding, and their recognition of criticism from people outside the group.
3. A very real impatience with the college curriculum as such became noticeable. A very common remark was made repeatedly, "What's the use of studying all that junk?" It was necessary to help them develop a degree of panoramic insight thus enabling them to see each part of the cosmic process as a manifestation of the creative life of God.
4. Evidence of strain and consequent disintegration were realized whenever the ideal clashed with a personal habit pattern or with some deeply buried complex. As the program of meditation increased in scope and intensity, it began to illuminate the whole personality so that the need for renovation became apparent. We all became conscious of the fact that while we wanted to soar aloft, like a balloon at a country fair, we were staked to the earth. Nonattachment became a necessity.
5. The ego became very active in causing a holier-than-thou attitude to emerge.

This of course made social relations outside the group somewhat difficult and awakened the members of the group to the fact that anonymity was an absolute requirement.

The group became convinced that to rise too rapidly on the vertical would cause disaster. A horizontal alignment is extremely important; the base and altitude must be proportional. To love the Lord thy God with all thy heart makes it imperative that one love his neighbor as himself. Development in the life of the spirit requires a broad participation in the community as well as an intense upward reach for God.

—Malcolm Boyd Dana

IN INDIA

WHEN MEN FIND themselves up against overwhelming forces such as sickness, physical danger, or unnatural phenomenon, they are likely to turn to some power greater than themselves for help. Man's extremity is truly God's opportunity. Likewise, a minority group thrown against a majority is also likely to seek solace and help in a superior power. A remnant, also, may look to God for the sustaining spirit which will enable it to carry on. Underground groups have always known this.

Oftentimes the motivation for this turning from man to God is the excellent need for greater discipline and more adequate living. Man in extremity, too, looks for companionship, for the relationship which will give him the sense of seeking together for the truth and the light that will enable him with his fellows to carry on.

The cell or group relationship for soul searching, study, prayer, meditation, and action has been used all over the world. It has peculiar values and significance when a Christian finds himself a lonely minority in a non-Christian country. The Christian is looked upon as the exemplification of his religious beliefs. He needs to be disciplined in his habits, to be exemplary in his living, because Christianity is known as a religion of the spirit which is practiced in the daily living process. Furthermore, the Christian in the missionary land usually takes his religion more seriously. His zeal to be a

motive

good Christian leads him to seek every source of strength possible.

How interesting it is, therefore, to find the students of Union Christian College in Alway, in the extreme south of India, forming a prayer fellowship. They have put their statement of purpose, the methods they follow, and what they call a "morning watch," and "evening review," together with prayer and meditation into a little booklet. Their use of the group or cell method was apparent the moment one came on the campus. Here were sincerely earnest seekers. They brought out their little book as the immediate explanation of their project. What does it say?

It states that God has spoken to men in Jesus Christ, that the final truth about ourselves and God is found in him. To make effective the total rule of Christ and to pass this experience on to others, four indispensable gifts are offered to all those who unite with him. They are: *forgiveness* for all past sin; *victory* over all besetting sin and release from self-centeredness; *power* and resources to turn every circumstance of life into an opportunity for experiencing and expressing the Father's love and to cooperate with his purposes; and *love*, an "evergiving love that longs to share with our loved ones and neighbors the experience of Christ's love expressed in intercession and unselfish service."

"Shall we earnestly endeavor every day to appropriate these four indispensable gifts?" the students ask. "The Prayer Fellowship is meant to be a voluntary

association of such groups of two or three bound together in Christ's name."

Throughout the college the members of this group pass little devotional guides, usually just one sheet on which meditations for the week are written. During the week I happened to be on the campus the thought for the week consisted of quotations from a Gujarati hymn, from Garibaldi, Jesus, Albert Schweitzer, and Isaac Watts. Other weeks I found quotations from Tagore, the Hindu Scriptures, Ruskin, St. Augustine, and Jesus.

These students are sincere in their searching and bold in their living. They are willing to ask what the Christian way is, and as they find the answer, they try to live it. Some of the leaders met a short time back and in a letter reporting the meeting, one of them said, "We have decided to stand together for effecting a revival in the church and to help the evangelization of India. Our present rules of life are: (1) intercession for one another every day; (2) fasting once a week; (3) holy communion once a month; (4) corresponding with one another at least once in two months." These are the statements of men who will change their churches because they are leading lives that are changing.

The Student Christian Movement of the Madras-Vellore Area in India has issued a morning watch card that has been enormously popular in the colleges and universities of that area. It suggests a mental concentration, not words, to raise your soul to God. It insists that the only

preparation is simply the serious endeavor to lead a Christian life to the best of one's ability. It proposes Bible reading at night and a fifteen-minute to thirty-minute period every morning for your "appointment with God."

India, like the rest of the world, needs men and women of character. To achieve character which reflects the effectiveness and stalwartness of Jesus is probably man's most difficult task. Yet one cannot despair about Christians in a tragic situation like that found in India, and especially in Travancore, so long as there are individuals and groups who are seeking and finding the only true source of power.

—Harold Ebremsperger

IN LATIN AMERICA

WHERE ARE THEY NOW? those six young people who met with us five years ago in our small apartment in the city of Bogotá, Colombia, to talk about the possibility of forming a group of Tens for Christ like the one organized by Franklin Littell in the Central Methodist Church in Detroit? The once flourishing high school young people's society of the First Presbyterian Church of Bogotá was about dead. Its members had graduated from high school and had gone to work or to study in other parts of the country. No new members from the younger group had been added. Something had to be done. It was this crisis in the youth work of the church that led to the calling of this meeting to discuss the work

HERE IS SOME OF THE VERY BEST SOURCE MATERIAL ON CELL GROUPS

BOOKS

- Brunner, Emil, *The Church and the Oxford Group* (Hodder & Stoughton, 1937), London.
- Lindsay, A. D., *The Essentials of Democracy* (University of Pennsylvania, 1929), Philadelphia.
- MacLeod, George, *We Shall Re-build* (Kirkbridge, 1945). 808 Witherspoon Building, Philadelphia.
- Spencer, Malcolm, and Hewish, H. S., *Fellowship Principles and Practice* (Geo. Allen & Unwin, 1930), London.
- Towards the Conversion of England* (Church Assembly, 1945), 2 Great Peter, London, S. W. 1, one shilling.
- Trueblood, D. Elton, *The Predicament of Modern Man* (Harper, 1944), New York.

PAMPHLETS

- Spiritual Power Through Fellowship Cells*, price 20c, from the United Christian Youth Movement, 203 N. Wabash Ave., Chicago. This is the most readily accessible popular treatment, and was

edited by Mildred Randall and Harvey Seifert from a commission report of the 1942 Conference on Disciplined Life and Service.

Cells for Peace, price 10c, from Fellowship, 2929 Broadway, New York 25, N. Y. This is Douglas Steere's new revision of "The Peace Team."

Training for the Life of the Spirit, Nos. 1 and 2, price 25c each. Harper. These are the well-known pamphlets written by Gerald Heard.

The Practice of the Presence of God, price 25c, from Fellowship, 2929 Broadway, New York 25, N. Y. This is the immortal classic of the conversations and letters of Brother Lawrence.

ARTICLES

- A splendid article by M. Richard Shaull, "Toward the Conversion of the Church," was published in January, 1947, *Theology Today*, and is available in reprint quantity from F. H. Littell, Lane Hall, University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, Mich.
- "First Steps in a Fellowship Group"; a

series of four articles in *motive* (October, November, December, 1941; January, 1942). *motive*, 810 Broadway, Nashville 2, Tenn.

"The Christian Cell Group"; a series of three articles in *The Social Questions Bulletin* of the Methodist Federation for Social Service (February, March and April, 1945). The first of these is reprinted as "A Group of Ten" and is available in quantity from F. H. Littell, Lane Hall, University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, Mich.

A few of the following mimeographed manuscripts are available on request. "Members Manual for a Cell in Disciplined Life and Living"; prepared by E. R. Balsley of the Wesley Foundation at Purdue University.

"Fellowship Cells for Christian Living"; prepared by Ruth Isabel Seabury for the Pilgrim Fellowship, 14 Beacon St., Boston 8.

"A Preliminary Handbook on Disciplined Life and Service"; prepared by Harvey Seifert for the National Council of Methodist Youth.

being done by Franklin Littell, and to decide whether or not a group of Tens for Christ might be our solution.

That night those six Colombian students with their two missionary counselors organized the first group of *Los Diez por Cristo* to be formed in Latin America. The newly formed cell met one evening a week in the apartment of the counselors. First, they had a light supper of rice, beans, hamburger, and bananas. Then came study and prayer followed by plans for action. The remnant of a society which met mostly for discussion and recreation, was now a small but consecrated cell group whose members were no longer content to talk about Christianity and do nothing. Real needs were now being faced, and plans were under way to do something about them.

A Christian recreation center for young people was desperately needed, so *Los Diez por Cristo* helped the missionaries to locate a big, old house. After one was found and a missionary couple moved in, the members of *Los Diez* helped make furniture for the club rooms. Then they organized a Saturday night program for the university students which brought many older young people into contact with Christ and the church as well as providing Christian fellowship and good recreation. On other days in the week the center was open for other age groups which gave other missionary leaders a chance to bring boys and girls to the center and helped in the formation of organizations for other age groups.

THERE was great need for a small monthly paper which would challenge young people to follow the way of Jesus, so *Los Diez* named one of its members to edit the new paper, and each member pledged a generous amount to pay for the printing. This humble effort—for it was a very humble little paper in size though not in message—resulted in the publication of a larger paper by the Federation of Evangelical Young People of Colombia.

A night school was needed in another section of the city, so *Los Diez* organized one. There were classes three evenings a week with members of *Los Diez* as teachers.

When Dr. Frank Laubach visited Bogotá, *Los Diez* invited him to tell them all about his famous method for teaching adults to read. Members of *Los Diez* were very much impressed by the spiritual consecration of Dr. Laubach and by his method for doing away with illiteracy. So one member of *Los Diez* set about to find the words needed for using the method in the idiomatic Spanish of Colombia, while another member made the drawings to go with the words. The Presbyterian Mission paid for printing

several thousand copies which were used all over the country.

Other university students became interested in *Los Diez*, and a second group was formed. The director of the Presbyterian High School also became interested and he and his wife organized a group of high school students into a fellowship-action cell which met at their home each week. This new cell group directed a very successful Saturday evening religious and recreational program in the church for their classmates, and this brought a large number of high school young people into contact with the church and the gospel of Jesus Christ.

Space does not permit the recounting of all that the members of *Los Diez* have done in Colombia, but a few other of their activities were the organization of summer camps and conferences, the printing and distribution of leaflets inviting young people to become followers of Jesus, the directing of a fine choir of young people, and many other things.

NOW for an answer to that question, "Where are they now, those six young people who were charter members of *Los Diez*?" Well, we like to think that they are where they are because they were members of *Los Diez*, a cell group in which they were trained spiritually and in other ways were prepared for the work which they have done and are doing.

Pablo Andrade and Cecilia Alameda were married and came to the United States. Pablo worked his way through Purdue University and was graduated as an aeronautical engineer. They are back in Colombia and he is working with the Avianca Airways.

Pablo Sanchez is working his way as he studies aeronautical engineering in California.

Gloria Saavedra was brought to the States by the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions to study in a biblical seminary. She is there now and will return to teach Bible in a Presbyterian high school.

Henrique Mayorga finished his studies in the medical school of the National University in Bogotá, and is now an interne in a hospital in New Jersey. He was brought to the States by the Presbyterian Board to complete his medical work.

And Hector Valencia was graduated in 1946 from Grove City College, Pennsylvania, where he worked to supplement the help given to him by the college and the Presbyterian Board. After graduation he was sent to Geneva, Switzerland, to represent the Evangelical Youth of Latin America on the planning committee for the Oslo Conference. Now he is back in Colombia and is helping to direct the Presbyterian High School in Bogotá. He hopes to return to the States to take a

Master's Degree in education before becoming director of a Presbyterian school in Colombia.

All six have studied in the United States. All are fine Christian leaders. All have a future that promises much good work. And we are sure that their being members of the fellowship action cell group, *Los Diez por Cristo*, had a vital part in preparing them for the positions of leadership which they now occupy, or will be called upon to fill.

NOW for a word about what we have learned through these years of experience with cell groups in Latin America. This experience has convinced us that:

1. For really vital fellowship and dynamic action no form of organization can equal the cell group.

2. Membership should be limited to those who are consecrated disciples of Jesus Christ and who are ready to seek God's will for their lives, and follow it, working in fellowship with other members of the group.

3. The group should meet once a week. There should be a light meal, if possible, followed by unhurried study, prayer, and planning for action.

4. The group should develop a series of clear-cut disciplines (such as daily devotions, stewardship of time and money, etc.), and each member should be expected to put forth a real effort. Those who do not sincerely attempt to comply with the standards should be automatically dropped from the group.

5. Like all other organized human endeavor, the success of the cell group will depend upon consecrated, dynamic leadership of one or more members. The form of organization should be democratic, with all taking part. But even so, the group must have real spiritual leadership if it is to be successful.

6. The cell group should not take the place of other types of meetings and organizations of the church. It may be the heart of such organizations—in the spiritual sense—but the cell group can never have the open meetings which are always needed in the program of the church. The cell is for the consecrated few, not for the many.

7. The cell group should never get into the position of being considered just another organization in the church. Nor should it be the service club of the church. It should be a small, inner circle for fellowship, study, prayer, and action in the form of specialized projects which originate in the hearts of members of the group. These projects may be carried through by the group or may be worked out through organizations in which members of the group are also active.

—W. W. Thomas
motive

Every Time We Feel the Spirit

Here are more sketches of the kind of living which reconciles.

"And so in quiet joy

the German Jewish doctor started looking after the murderers' children..."

MURIEL LESTER

PRISONERS RETURNING from their day's hard labor discovered that a thick wire barricade had been erected to divide the prison yard in two. Two big sheds had also been put up—evidently they were to be a new dormitory and dining room. Who were these new prisoners who had to be so carefully segregated, they wondered. Obviously they were important, and evidently they were to be protected against the newcomers' influence.

The following evening the old-time campers, peering through chinks in the thick fence, saw some three hundred mild-eyed men come out from their meal. Nothing very dangerous or intimidating about this batch of prisoners surely! They kept an air of serene confidence while the gestapo officials shouted at them and pushed them about. And they even cooperated with their guards. "Ah! Just wait a day or two," said the knowing ones. "When they taste a little real pain, scientifically applied, they'll show themselves like the rest of us."

Soon it transpired that special punishments were in store for the new three hundred, as well as extra hard labor. Also they were not allowed to buy food at the canteen. That meant starvation, because the meals supplied in the camp could not sustain life. The old-timers became more and more curious.

Finally, since there was no segregation in the camp hospital, news of their treatment got out through some of the patients. It became known that any one of them could walk out of the camp at any moment if he cared to. He had only to sign a paper that was kept pinned up in the dining shed in a noticeable position. It was a formal apology to Hitler for having refused to raise the hand in salute or do army drill or kill. Write his name on the dotted line and any one of these three hundred could go home and stay there, unmolested, if only he would keep quiet.

Their numbers were soon steadily reduced by hunger, but none would sign. "Do think of your families," urged their

fellow prisoners in the hospital. The men merely smiled and explained that was precisely what they were doing. Their wives and children would be ashamed if they gave way to bribes or torture and disobeyed their Lord Jesus.

As the weeks passed away, so did many of the men. Soon, only a few dozen of them were left. The tranquillity of those left never failed; pale, thin, weak, and sick though they were, they still kept free of bitterness. A Jewish prisoner, who subsequently was set free, described it to me in his unpracticed English: "I used to watch them through barbed wire morning and evening. They would set out each day to their hard labor, pale and very thin, but marching in full order, sunshine on their faces."

IN CZECHOSLOVAKIA, a German doctor and his wife, both of them Jews, were sent by Hitler's orders from one concentration camp to another. Eventually they came to one in which a thousand Jews were sent to the gas chamber every day. One morning the doctor's wife was included in the daily batch.

A long future stretched out before him. Human beings can be poisoned by hate. The passion for revenge may burn one up. Despair may take possession of a man, a creeping numbness that gradually becomes total. But he chose the other alternative—to let God work the miracle

of forgiveness in him. It is painful, of course, to get rid of bitterness—when it has gone really deep, to drag its roots out of one's heart is actual agony. It feels as though one's heart must be dragged out too. But he effected the transaction.

As soon as the war ended, he was asked to take the post of medical superintendent in a hastily improvised home for children whose parents had been victims of Hitler. He gladly accepted the responsibility. This home consisted of three big castles on the banks of the river that runs through Prague. A band of internationally minded Christians had, at the moment of liberation, applied for the use of these castles as soon as they should be vacated by the German military. The new Czech government gave them the needed license. After weeks of scrubbing and cleaning, scores of sad-eyed and tragically neglected children were installed. Here they soon picked up health and the spirit to live. They found friends and real joy. Wherever the doctor went, children ran to him. They found him a good person to be near. After a year's care they were ready to be reunited to their parents, whose health and well-being were now also restored.

The little group in charge of the castle had been thinking hard about what sort of children they should next bring to the home. They came to a very unpopular conclusion which would probably mean that the generous public support they had enjoyed hitherto would be cut off, but their decision was irrevocable. The concentration camps in Czechoslovakia were by now filled with gestapo officials, torturers, and other Nazis. What was happening to their children? Surely these needed the home now. They were brought in.

And so in quiet joy the German Jewish doctor started looking after the children of his wife's murderers.

God has not left himself without witness on this planet. His visible power, the spiritual energy he evokes from man, is more reliable, more lasting, than the energy released from the atom.



Shouts

Note on military preparedness. The War Department has lined up another group of civilian undertakers who are ready for action in the event of World War III.

We read that the retiring president of the American Legion Auxiliary urged the women of the United States "to hen-peck" Congress into convening in special session to enact universal military training. This barnyard method carried into Congressional circles makes us sure that its advocates ought to "up" themselves in the evolutionary process. After all, the method of settling disputes that they favor belongs in the sphere of higher animals.

The height of absurdity seems to us to have been reached in the introduction into Congress of a "Christian Amendment Resolution" which provides for a constitutional "recognition" of Jesus Christ by our Congress and the people of the United States. This is called an "America for Christ" movement. We suspect that there is more to it than this, and we would not blame our Jewish friends if they thought so too. Furthermore our Quaker friends remind us that "recognition" means nothing. "Not every one that says to me, 'Lord, Lord,' shall enter the Kingdom of Heaven, but *he who does the will of my Father who is in heaven.*" We just never thought of Congress as the will of God.

We are sober to the point of puckering up over what is happening in the U.N. We are obviously adopting a "tough" policy both in the Council of Foreign Ministers and in the U.N. We think General McNarney hit the nail on the head when he said, "We cannot short of war force member nations to do what many of us think is the right thing. Even if we could, we would gain little, because agreements made under duress are not dependable." The State Department, according to David Lawrence, has failed to come to a diplomatic agreement with Russia on the major questions of the day, and has decided instead to try to mobilize world opinion behind the American position.

Note and remember. Mrs. Vijaya Lakshmi Pandit, sister of Pandit Nehru, has been appointed Ambassador for India in the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics.

India's leading woman thus goes to the Russians—and the implications are obvious.

From the educational secretary of the Methodist Board of Hospitals and Homes, E. E. Babbitt, we learn that two church-related hospitals in Gary, Indiana, have lifted the restriction against Negro doctors. Ten Negro physicians and surgeons will be able to practice in both the Methodist and Roman Catholic hospitals in Gary. This seems to us good news, and we congratulate Gary doctors!

Because of our job, we have been reading many of the reports of speeches made by college presidents to incoming students. Many have been intelligently sane and educationally enlightening, but we must confess that we can't get an encouraging picture of the future of civilization if we rely only on the disunifying concepts that are offered to students in these speeches. Fortunately the "world will little note nor long remember what we say here," but we can hope that some students will make the world note what they do here.

and Murmurs

We have been reading about the United Mine Workers, that terrible union which has been consistently attacked as long as we can remember. We read (and we want to record it) that this union has just signed the best contract in its history. Apparently the mine owners are getting used to the effectiveness of J. L.'s boys.

To set the record straight: This summer, Religious News Service reported that the young people of the Church of the Brethren Middle Indiana Peace Camp at Huntington, Indiana, were in favor of compulsory military training. The Hearst Press and the *Christian Century* carried the story. We wrote to Julian Griggs of the General Brotherhood Board of the Church of the Brethren. He states that the young people of the camp interviewed Huntington non-Brethren residents. "Among the questions asked over sixty-four townspeople were these:

1. Do you favor the appointment of military men in state positions? Yes, if they have the qualifications 33. No 21.

2. Would you favor a program of peace education in the Huntington high schools? Yes 28. No 1.

3. Would you actively oppose the residence of a Negro family or Japanese-American family in Huntington? Yes 11. No 12. Undecided 3.

4. Do you favor the proposed program of military training? Yes 46. No 17.

These four questions were asked people at their places of business and on the streets. Another group of seventy-three townspeople were interviewed in a door-to-door canvass. Here are their replies to two questions:

1. Each state has its own flag, and each nation has its flag—should there be a world flag for the United Nations to symbolize a unity among nations? Yes 49. No 6. Undecided 18.

2. Do you think the United Nations should be strengthened to have sufficient court and police powers to require peaceful settlements of disputes between nations? Yes 48. No 5. Undecided 20. The group took absolutely no vote among themselves on universal military training."

We think there is no more intelligent statement available than that made by Henry L. Stimson in *Foreign Affairs*. We want to quote it: "In dealing with the Russians, both uncritical trust and unmitigated belligerence are impossible. There is a middle course. We do not yet know surely in what proportion unreasonable fears and twisted hopes are at the root of the perverted policy now followed by the Kremlin. Assuming both to be involved, we must disarm the fears and disappoint the hopes. We must no longer let the tide of Soviet expansion cheaply roll into the empty places left by the war, and yet we must make it perfectly clear that we are not ourselves expansionists. Our task is to help threatened peoples to help themselves.

"But our main answer to the Russians is not negative, nor is it in any sense anti-Russian. Our central task in dealing with the Kremlin is to demonstrate beyond the possibility of misunderstanding that freedom and prosperity, hand in hand, can be stably sustained in the western democratic world. This would be our greatest task even if no Soviet problem existed, and to the Soviet threat it is our best response.

"Whatever the ideological bases of Soviet policy, it seems clear that some, at least, of the leaders of Russia are men who have a marked respect for facts. We must make it wholly evident that a non-aggressive Russia will have nothing to fear from us. We must make it clear, too, that the western noncommunist world is going to survive in growing economic and political stability. If we can do this, then slowly—but perhaps less slowly than we now believe—the Russian leaders may either change their minds or lose their jobs."

by the Editor

motive

Painting

OF all the imaginative works of man, the most appealing, it seems to me, is great painting. Nothing in the other arts offers itself so directly to the mind, or opens up, in such small compass, so many avenues of interest. For painting reveals itself as a whole, not as a succession of parts; it stands before us in all its glory, apprehensible and undisguised, a complete statement of the infinite surmises and adventures of the human spirit. It weds the past to the present and conceives the future; it deals with experiences as old as time, and always, when it is living and useful, in the terms of some special civilization; always casting its materials in the predominant pattern of the period, but tracing into that pattern the individual variations of genius which make the behavior of the race endlessly dramatic and fascinating throughout the ages.

—Thomas Craven

BOOTH TARKINGTON ONCE SAID, "The art-talker who knows immediately what he *likes* and what he doesn't, knows only something about himself, and when he praises his likes, and mocks and slights his dislikes, he sets up himself to be a critic, but a critic who is unimportant, except perhaps to his mother." This is merely reiteration of another statement, "You don't judge the painting, the painting judges you."

If we wish to know a painter, we must meet him as a friend. We must want to give our time to him because it is only through the giving of time that real communication can take place. Good friends might have been lost if we had followed our first impulse to reject them on sight. Through repeated association, the chance to learn something of a person's needs, hungers, ideals, experiences, and weaknesses makes understanding come into being which in turn gives birth to friendship. This is precisely the process through which we must go if we come to know a painter and his work.

Almost as important as time in the construction of a friendship is patience. If there is depth to a person (or a painting), one may have to go back time and time again, persevere with questions and all kinds of digging into the present and the past in order to get the real truth—the inner truth. It may take patience to find out why certain attitudes or mental habits are important to a friend. So it is with the symbols in a painting; it may take patience before the whole of a painting is perceived, before the door to the inner secrets of a painter is left completely ajar.

One never gets to be a friend merely by being a talker. Listening is an attribute of every growing friendship. Furthermore, until one is able to listen to what is behind even the words a friend speaks, he does not know the heart of a friend. Likewise one must hear and feel the painter behind his textures, form, order, etc., if he is to know the artist intimately. The would-be friend not only has to listen but he may also have to understand the language. Is it one of anger, satire, patronage, agony? In friendship a part of the important listening is to what is said, how it's said, as well as to listening to what is not said. One has approached friendship with a painter and his works when he can follow through an inner search, one which may make no discoveries for the moment, but one which may be rewarding because the search is real and sincere.

Perhaps one of the most severe tests of a friendship is found in one's willingness to let a friend be himself rather than to attempt to mold him into one's conception of proper etiquette or "new" psychology, or pat mannerism. The most satisfactory friendships are created by enjoying them for what they are, not by trying to remake them into an intended pattern. More animosities are corralled for painters because of this faulty approach than for any other reason. The most difficult thing for an observer of a painting to realize is that the painter he is trying to understand, to know and like, does not have the function of performing, copying, or duplicating what has been liked or known in the past. Rather the artist has taken the tools of his language—color, form, line, texture—and is shaping new words and sentences—he is giving plastic expression to his body of ideas. He is striving to translate something that may be essentially intangible into something tangible, he may be striving to express the heretofore unexpressed, give birth to what has been unborn. Time, patience, concern, openness of mind, listening, and the willingness to let a thing be itself—all of these demand response from the would-be friend of a deep, searching, and truly creative artist.

The person who has known real friendships does not decide in those relationships between better and best, or determine to label and categorize his friends. He gives them values as they come. He finds worth in each one. He tries to understand them in the light of their homes, needs, deprivations, opportunities. This same procedure must be applied to paintings. It is profane to order their "greatness" as good, better, best—first place, second, third, etc. Rather one should come to know them, appreciate them, and enjoy them with the idea of seeing what they are, what they stand for, what area of our consciousness they seem to embrace. Great painters each have something distinctive to give, some new insight, some new perspective on the horizon of the creative artist's mind. So there is no ironclad standard or standards for judging a painting. Modern painting is not "better" than painting of the High Renaissance. Picasso is not better than Gauguin.

To understand and enjoy a friend depends upon the quality of the relationship. Religion, too, is concerned with relationships. When a friendship is deep and real, the quality of relationship has genuine religious significance because it is always dependent on the giving of one's best and the continual pull in the relationship to the highest and finest kind of life. The enjoyment of painting, likewise, has the same quality of relationship between observer and artist. When the observer can see an inner truth, get a new vision of suffering, of pathos, of human understanding, the painting has true religious significance. To get beyond the surface impression to the inner meaning is to get religious insight. Even a feeling of harmony with universal truth and power may come.

"Art," Rabindranath Tagore has observed, "represents the inexhaustible magnificence of creative spirit. It is generous in its acceptance and generous in its bestowal. It is unique in its manner and universal in its appeal. Its vision is new, though its view may be old." To appreciate this inexhaustible magnificence of the creative spirit is one of man's greatest privileges. Great art which is synonymous with religious art is "generous in its acceptance and generous in its bestowal." Its generosity blesses him who creates and him who enjoys.

Perceptions

They may be painful questions, but we asked them: "What is a religious painting?" "What ten paintings do you feel have religious quality and value?" And here are the answers of fourteen of our leading contemporary painters.

SIRS:

Am terribly sorry about the delay, but this sort of thing always takes considerably more than the few minutes you suggest. Hope it helps and is not too late.

The religious work of art seeks to translate the fine emotion of our spiritual aspirations, and tries to express the faith that an artist has, as a conviction, that all men should be bound together by a common human sympathy—and that we are all one with God.

In a religious work of art the artist tries to associate us with his own prayer, inspired as he is, with that transcendent feeling from out of the depths of his own soul. He tries to suggest to us the combination of the Divine with the human feeling—where sympathy and love and devotion form together man's moral victory.

The qualities and power which move us in a religious work of art are directly related to the artist's sincerity, his simplicity of attitude, his humility, his faith, his very personal and individual sensibilities, his experience in life, and his creative imagination and talent.

The artist of the religious work of art must know that the truth in a work of art demands that the means used must be consistent with and conform to the end sought.

Abraham Rattner was born in Poughkeepsie, New York, and has studied at George Washington University, Corcoran Art School, and Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts. He was awarded a travel and study scholarship by the Pennsylvania Academy which enabled him to study in Paris at the Ecole des Beaux-Arts and with Bourdelle, Maurice Denis, and Serusier. Rattner has exhibited at the leading galleries in Paris and Brussels as well as other cities on the Continent. In New York City he has exhibited at the Museum of Modern Art, Pierre Matisse Gallery, Paul Rosenberg & Company, Whitney Museum of American Art, and others. His work has been exhibited in all of the large cities and leading museums of the United States.

St. Francis' Dream (fresco in the Church of St. Francis in Assisi) by Giotto
Peter and John Healing the Sick by Masaccio
Pieta d'Avignon at the Louvre in Paris by an unknown French artist
The Nativity by Piero della Francesca
Last Supper by Leonardo da Vinci
Last Judgment by Michelangelo
The Three Ages of Life by Giorgione
Resurrection by El Greco
Burial of Count Orgaz by El Greco
The Crucifixion by Mathias Grunewald
The Temptation of St. Anthony by Hieronymus Bosch
Crucifixion by Georges Rouault

ABRAHAM RATTNER

SIRS:

Thank you for your kind letter. In answer to your first question I feel that a religious painting inspires in the beholder emotions of reverence and awe. It quickens the awareness of spiritual realities, always ennobling, never debasing mankind.

The second question is a more difficult one to answer as I can think of at least fifty paintings which are religious to me, perhaps more. In any case, here are ten:

Charles Rain, a Southerner by birth, born in Knoxville, Tennessee, and a Westerner by adoption, now lives and works in New York City. Study at the Art Institute of Chicago and in Germany completes the geographical moving around of this artist. In New York City, Rain has exhibited at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, Whitney Museum of American Art, M. Knoedler & Company, and he has had a one-man exhibit at the Julien Levy Gallery. He has also exhibited in Chicago at the Art Institute, in Pittsburgh, Southampton, Lincoln, Washington, Boston, as well as other cities.

The Annunciation by Fra Angelico
The Nativity by Sandro Botticelli
Entombment of Christ by Titian
The Martyrdom of St. Sebastian by Hans Memling
The Descent of the Holy Ghost by El Greco
Christ on the Mount of Olives by El Greco
St. Francis Receiving the Stigmata by Jan van Eyck
The Crucifixion by Mathias Grunewald
Garden of Earthly Pleasures by Hieronymus Bosch
Dante and Virgin in Hell by Eugene Delacroix

CHARLES RAIN

"As a cartoonist," said Time, "Bill Gropper has been busy as a beaver for twenty years trying to gnaw down the capitalist system." Gropper will not deny that charge. He is definitely sympathetic toward the needs and causes of labor. However, Ralph Pearson says: "But the most weighty reasons for Gropper's importance are that he does not forget art when he becomes avenger or prophet. His propaganda, in other words, is always, art; his art is sometimes propaganda. He does not limit his pictorial javelins to the fields of economics and politics; he has attacked tyranny, greed, sham, wherever he found them, with cutting satire." Awards which Gropper has received are: the MacDonalld prize, Collier prize, Harmon prize, Young Israel prize, and in 1937, the Guggenheim Memorial fellowship. His works are exhibited in cities all over the United States; in New York City his work may be seen at the Museum of Modern Art, Whitney Museum of American Art, and the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

Alexander Dorner said of George Grosz, "A whole intellectual generation in Central Europe after the World War [First World War] had learned to look with this artist's eyes through the hypocritical mask of the greedy, through the glittering uniforms to the butchers' hearts behind them. Grosz had uncovered the stupid cruelty of racial pride, the brutality of justice tamed, the dangerous stupidity of the humdrum." George Grosz blared his feelings through his art and became the most eminent artist of modern Germany. Because of the violence of his attacks and his bitter satire, he was exiled by Hitler in 1932. On the invitation of The Arts Students' League of New York City, he came to this country; he has since become a citizen of the United States.

Ralph M. Pearson in his *Experiencing American Pictures* says: "Because Stuart Davis has spent his entire professional career in this field of abstract painting, and because his work is highly original and imbued with deep conviction, he probably stands at the head of the abstract painters of this country." Davis was born in Philadelphia and was the student of Robert Henri. His recent one-man show at the Museum of Modern Art climaxed his other exhibitions at the Los Angeles Museum, Whitney Museum of American Art, Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, Phillips Memorial Gallery, Newark Museum, Minneapolis Institute of Art, and the World's Fair. His work may be seen permanently in New York City at the Radio City Music Hall and the Municipal Broadcasting Company of New York, Communications Building.

SIRS:

It is very difficult for me to give you a brief definition of "What is a religious painting;" however, I feel that great works of art have been created under the sponsorship of the church. Today, a religious painting seems to me to be an expression that may extend beyond the accepted confines of a faith to a church. It may convey a conscientious devotion to a principle or ideal or an affection for humanity.

Here are some paintings that come to my mind offhand:

St. Francis Supporting the Lateran by Giotto
Peter and John Distributing Alms by Masaccio
Adoration of the Magi by Fra Angelico
Last Supper by Leonardo da Vinci
A Funeral at Ornans by Gustave Courbet
Christ Despoiled of His Garments by El Greco
The Execution—May 3, 1808 by Goya
Don Quixote by Daumier
The Return of the Prodigal Son by Rembrandt
The Harvesters by Pieter Brueghel, the Elder

It seems that I, as a modern, still admire the old masters.

WILLIAM GROPPER

SIRS:

Thank you for your letter. I hasten to answer your question. The following is a list of paintings I remember but it is by no means complete. There are, of course, many more paintings to be mentioned. The ones here are my favorite ones:

The Crucifixion by Mathias Grunewald
Last Supper by Leonardo da Vinci
Last Judgment by Hieronymus Bosch
 Many of the religious drawings by William Blake
David Playing the Harp Before Saul by Rembrandt
Belshazzar's Feast by John Martin
Resurrection by Orcagna
The Madonna of the Chair by Raphael
Saint Luke Paints the Virgin by Derik Baegert
Christ With Gas Mask by George Grosz

GEORGE GROSZ

SIRS:

My answer to your questions follows:

1. Since the quality of authentic art in painting can never be described in terms of its subject, I do not distinguish between religious and nonreligious paintings. Art is a method for realizing and giving value to innate spiritual potentials. Through art, the subject matter of life is experienced in consulting those potentials. What is expressed in art is the experience of that synthesis. It is communicated directly by the painting and is experienced by the spectator as spiritual elation. This reaction is independent of any specific category of subject matter. I would say that art is congruous with religion but not identical with it. They are two modes of faith in inner truth. That being so, I have arbitrarily selected ten examples of what I regard as authentic art, and hence works which directly communicate spiritual values, without necessarily having a religious mood.

2. **The City** by Fernand Leger
Swing Landscape (done in 1938 at Indiana University) by Stuart Davis
The Dream by Henri Rousseau
Sunday on the Grande Jatte by Georges Seurat
The Card Players by Paul Cezanne
The Yellow Christ by Paul Gauguin
Night Cafe by Vincent van Gogh
Broadway Boogie Woogie by Piet Mondrian
Goldfish by Henri Matisse
Les Femmes d'Alger by Pablo Picasso

STUART DAVIS

SIRS:

Thank you for your letter asking me to contribute my ideas about religious painting. I hope you will not mind that I have chosen ten artists instead of paintings. I feel that it is more sincere to evaluate the work of a creative artist as a whole instead of an individual painting.

1. A religious painter is, to me, a creative artist who expresses powerfully the intense emotional suffering of man and the injustices committed against him.

2. Beckmann
Bosch
Daumier
Giotto
Goya
George Grosz
Abraham Rattner
Rembrandt
Umberto Romano
Rouault

UMBERTO ROMANO

SIRS:

Thank you for your letter. Please find within my short reply to your inquiry.

High art is made of forms, colors, and textures highly integrated and solidarized by men craving for perfection. Religion proposes highest order. Therefore, there is no basic contradiction between religion and art.

Works of art, which are not highly organized, are not religious: chaos and anarchy are not religious, being the antithesis of high order of organization.

A landscape, masterpiece of Cezanne, a circus by Seurat as well as a biblical Rembrandt are religious, because the works of these three artists are made at a high degree of organization. Many religious scenes, religious only by the subject, are not efficient works of art, because they do not manifest a high order of organization: therefore, they are not very religious.

Even a 10c vase of clay or a glass cup can provoke in us something of religious nature if, when we look at its curves and proportions and texture and color, we feel there is high order. Where there is high order, there is something religious, because the need for beauty is shaped in us, and beauty satisfies those pre-established basic needs that I call, Preforms.

(I shall explain this word in the new edition of my **Foundations of Modern Art**).

OZENFANT

SIRS:

I was very pleased to receive your letter, and I think your approach to the "painting-religion relationship" is a most interesting one.

The questions you pose are well taken, but at best I could give only partially satisfactory answers. However, I do feel a great religious painting is not necessarily illustrative in the conventional sense. Witness the crude but entirely sincere paintings of the Christian catacomb artists as opposed to the skillful but in some instances insincere paintings of the High Renaissance. Certainly great religious paintings have been engendered during many periods and in many lands.

I am sure you can look forward to many stimulating replies to your inquiry.

BOYER GONZALES, JR.

SIRS:

Below are answers to the questions in your letter.

1. A religious painting is one that teaches Christ-love for humanity. A great religious painting is by a man whom God has given wisdom and a will to work mightily.

2. I am without art books here at my summer home in Massachusetts, so I will not name ten specific pictures, but ten artists who have painted religious pictures of quality and value: Giotto, Rembrandt, El Greco, Da Vinci, Raphael, Titian, Dürer, Bellini, Rouault, and Nagler.

FRED NAGLER

The work of Umberto Romano first appeared in American exhibitions in 1928. Since that time he has been known in this country as one of the foremost modernists in figure painting. Grace Pagano says of his work, "Romano has achieved a highly personal art expression. He expresses with great emotional impact the intensities of life. In this way his work belongs to the tradition of the great humanists, such as Rembrandt, Goya, Daumier, and Rouault." Romano was born in Braccigliano, Italy, and came to the United States in 1914. He has studied both here and abroad. In 1933, he established the Romano School of Art in Gloucester, Massachusetts. He has been the recipient of many awards and honors, and his works hang in many galleries and in private collections.

Amedee Ozenfant studied at L'Ecole Quentin de la Tour in Saint-Quentin as did Henri Matisse. Later he studied at the "Palette" in Paris. His paintings are divided among many museums and important collections. This artist whose work, according to the Dictionary of Contemporary Artists, "ranks with the most important of the day," is also known, fought, and extolled as a theorist, philosopher, and moralist. Ozenfant has published over twelve books on art, has founded his own school, where he now teaches, and has also taught at distinguished art schools in Paris and London and in this country at the University of Washington, New School for Social Research, University of Michigan, Yale, and Harvard.

Boyer Gonzales, Jr., was born in Galveston, Texas, and is now teaching art at the University of Texas at Austin. He studied at the Art Students' League in New York City and in 1939 won the B.S. Benjamin prize. He has exhibited at the Golden Jubilee, Dallas Museum, Southern States Art League, Montgomery, Alabama, Corcoran Gallery in Washington, D. C., and at the Golden Gate Exposition.

Fred Nagler was born in West Springfield, Massachusetts. He studied in New York City at the Art Students' League and the National Academy of Design. He exhibited at the World's Fair and the Golden Gate Exposition in 1939. He is represented by etchings in the New York Public Library, De Young Memorial Museum, San Francisco, California, Fifty Prints of the Year, 1932, and in America Today (published by American Artists Congress), and Art in America.

SIRS:

Sorry I had to delay. Here you will find a rambling answer to your two questions and some liberties taken with the strict definition. I couldn't limit myself to ten examples, or even to specific paintings.

A religious painting must be the artist's expression of his love for, and attempt to understand, his fellowman; of harmony and unity in living; and of man's dream of the life of imagination and the spirit.

From this definition, and adding other arts to painting, I would lump together great primitive arts, such as the cave paintings of Spain and North Africa and our continent, which are surely stirring memorials for that early man; intaglio stone carvings on Monte Alban; Maya sculpture; African, North-West Indian, South-Pacific cultures expressive of great creative convictions carved around the lives of these people; the exquisite poetry and spiritual peace in Chinese painting and Japanese prints; magnificent decorative mosaics in Constantinople; crude, honest carvings for the householder's faith and for church altars in New Mexico, and the strong, colorful design in their painted **retablos** [altarpieces and series of historical pictures]; Rivera's early frescoes of folk-art simplicity and his impressive song of earth and growth at Chiapingo; the tremendous spiritual expression and human passions painted by Orozco; Broadman Robinson's mural panels of prophets and judges in Washington; El Greco, Goya, Daumier, and their modern heirs; the ecstasy of a monumental still life by Georges Braque; satisfaction in the universal appeal and humanity of a political cartoon by Fitzpatrick; the eternal truth in sculpture by Maillol; John Flanagan and pieces by Henry Moore; a fine Marin watercolor; a strong symphony of Marsden Hartley; then the moving force of portraits from the Flemish and Italian primitives to Rembrandt to Eakins for the expressed dignity of man.

The painting and sculpture of a religious character, popularly accepted, will of course stand in its age-old eminence. The spontaneous flashes above are those that occur happily and freely when one considers the starting definition.

HOWARD COOK

SIRS:

Your two questions are too difficult for me to answer briefly. A religious painting might be any kind of painting into which "religious" feelings enter. A definition would thus call for an analysis of religious feeling. This is something I would not lightly undertake.

As for ten examples, this is also too much. There are so many, hundreds in fact, which have come out of the various faiths, or the cultures surrounding these faiths, that appeal to me, and strike me as religious, that I would hardly know how to pick them.

Nearly all art is a sort of affirmation of the value of existence. It thereby parallels religion, or is akin to it. I am glad to see the revival of interest in art among Protestant peoples and welcome your effort.

THOMAS HART BENTON

SIRS:

The following are my answers to your two questions:

1. Every fervently conceived painting is religious, independent of the theme. Therefore a still life by Van Gogh, for example, is imbued with more sincere religious feeling than a formal academic painting with a biblical theme. The origin of art is religion.

2. To stress my point, I will mention only modern artists who are not considered religious, but whose entire work, I feel, is charged with religious fervor. To single out:

Italian Landscape by Corot
Dante's Bark by Delacroix
The Washerwoman by Daumier
Madame Cezanne in the Conservatory by Cezanne
Harvest by Pissarro
Sleeping Gypsy by Rousseau
L'Arlesienne by Van Gogh
Reclining Nude by Modigliani
Dead Bird by Ryder
Self Portrait by John Kane

BEN-ZION

motive

The excellency of Howard Cook's woodcuts, etchings, and lithographs has established him as one of America's leading graphic artists. His prints appear in collections in Berlin, Paris, London, and in many cities in the United States. Cook was born in Massachusetts and began his art study at the Art Students' League of New York City. Since 1929, his prints have gotten numerous awards and recognitions. One of his recent awards was the Noyes memorial prize for his print entitled Exodus. In addition to his being a graphic artist, Cook is also a painter. His murals appear in several public buildings in the United States.

The eminent Thomas Craven says of Thomas Hart Benton: "In the variety and range of his attack; in his ability to seize upon and communicate the healthy strength, the telling details, and the large, characteristic modes of action, Benton stands today as the foremost exponent of the multifarious operations of American life." Thomas Benton has done murals for the New School of Social Research and the Whitney Museum of American Art. His work is also exhibited at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, the Wanamaker Gallery Collection, Museum of Modern Art, Brooklyn Museum, as well as in many other museums throughout the nation.

De Profundis, a dirge in memory of the millions of Jews who were massacred during the war, was one of the reasons for the praise given to Ben-Zion by New York City art critics during one of his recent exhibitions. His work was heralded as being moving and passionate and filled with intensity of convictions. Fervor for strong paintings, vigor in design, skill in handling color, depth of feeling for human beings caught in misery are always to be found in his works. Ben-Zion, a painter and teacher, is a member of the American Artists Congress and has exhibited in many of the galleries in New York City and Philadelphia.

SIRS:

1. A religious painting is one that expresses a deep faith with passion and feeling in a creative and satisfying plastic language. For painting is a language of communication, not on the level of literary ideas, but on that deeper plane of understanding that is intuitive. There are great religious paintings of every period of man's life on this planet—speaking of every faith he has held dear. The caveman painted religious pictures when he depicted on the walls of his cave the animals he feared and worshipped. The Italian of the Renaissance produced religious paintings when he depicted saints and martyrs. A Chinese made a religious painting when he portrayed his ancestors in worshipful attitude. Religious painting, like all good painting, comes from the heart, the viscera, not the mind, and it is strong and convincing, not sentimental and soft.

2. NOTE: As there are so many paintings that one could list, and as the selection has to be so arbitrary, I have taken ten paintings from widely scattered civilizations and ages. I want to indicate that religious painting exists everywhere. I hope I will be forgiven for my selection. To answer such a question is difficult. It is like answering the question: "What do you like better or apple pie?"

Cave paintings in the Cave of Castillo in Spain and Salon Noir of Niaux in France (Cro-Magnon)

The Bamboos by Chao Chin, Yuan dynasty of China

The Gothic altarpiece for the priory at Isenheim by Mathias Grunewald

Sistine Chapel frescoes by Michelangelo

St. Francis of Assisi frescoes by Giotto

Death on a Pale Horse by Ryder

Guadalajara frescoes by Orozco

The Assumption of the Virgin by El Greco

Temple of the Jaguar at Chichen Itza

Chent altarpiece by the Van Eyck brothers

RICHARD A. FLORSHEIM

This past spring Richard A. Florsheim was praised for his one-man show at the Joseph Luyber Galleries in New York City. He has also had one-man shows at the New School of Social Research, New York City, the Quest Gallery, Chicago, and the Milwaukee Little Gallery, Milwaukee. In spite of his youth and his years in the navy, Florsheim has achieved considerable recognition. He was born in Chicago, studied with Kenneth Shopen, Aaron Bohrod, was a student at the University of Chicago, and then studied in Europe and the Near East. His work is exhibited by the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, Los Angeles Museum, San Francisco Museum of Art, Art Institute of Chicago, Toledo Museum of Art, Phillips Memorial Gallery, and the Philadelphia Print Club.

SIRS:

Here are my very brief answers to your two questions:

1. A religious painting is one which reflects reverence for its subject.
2. Most of the enduring masterworks of art are the embodiment of reverence for life and are accordingly religious. It would be easier to name the exceptions. Raphael, for instance, was a great and deeply religious painter except, it seems, when he painted the Madonna and Child.

ROCKWELL KENT

Rockwell Kent was born in Tarrytown Heights, New York. A few of the many museums in which his work is exhibited are the Metropolitan Museum of Art, Brooklyn Museum, Whitney Museum of American Art, Art Institute of Chicago, and Cleveland Museum. A few of the books he has illustrated are: Candide, Moby Dick, Canterbury Tales, Venus and Adonis, Leaves of Grass, and Shakespeare.

And then we asked ten young and student artists: "What is a good work of art?" and here are their answers.

SIRS:

What is a good work of art, particularly a painting? Suppose we begin this way: There are really only three things to look for. (1) Is the painting—let us say—an honest expression and reorganization of an experience in living? Is the artist sincere? (2) Is the artist able to put down what he conceives? Does he know how to manage his medium? This is not a matter of style; it concerns **control**—craftsmanship. (3) How **big** is his vision? Is his statement important—and don't suppose this has anything to do with subject matter in a pictorial sense. Ash cans may be important—also pure line and color.

If we want to understand our times, we must make a personal effort to understand our art. The key is there—in our dams and factories and parkways as much as in our paintings and sculpture. These are all ordered and meaningful expressions shaped out of the formless flux of human living. In the best of these, in the best art, is a religious search for rightness of living for man in the companionship of his fellows.

Our best wishes to your work of art.

MARTHA NEW

Martha New is an industrial designer who has recently been associated with Russell Wright. She is a designer of toys, and her works have been sold by Abercrombie and Fitch and Woolworth's. More recently she has been making toys especially designed to help make disturbed children in psychiatric clinics well again. She studied at the school of Lazzlo Maholy-Nagy.

New York, New York

December 1947

William Stone could divide his time between drawing and poetry and ask for no more in life. His major is in art at Antioch College, but in just a few weeks more of his poems will come from the press. Even though he had a delay of two and a half years because of his service in the marine air corps, Stone returned to college to start on a career as an artist. motive had the privilege of presenting some of his work as the cover for the February, 1947, issue.

Albert Lanier says he's primarily an architect, but he paints, draws, and tries practically everything that has to do with art. He is a student at Black Mountain College and has promised a motive cover for this coming year. Lanier is a native Georgian and began his college career at Georgia Tech. His sketches of Negroes appeared in the October number of motive.

At the present time, Joe Ward is studying illustration at the Philadelphia Museum School of Industrial Art. He took his A.B. degree, with a major in art, from the University of Kentucky. His art work was interrupted by his service with the army engineer corps. He has also studied at the American Academy of Art in Chicago and has had one of his paintings exhibited in the "Young America Paints" exhibit of 1940 in Washington, D. C.

Howard J. Bascom's work appeared as a motive cover as recently as October. This was the third cover he has done for the magazine. Bascom is now a fourth-year student in the fine arts department of Ohio State University. He spent two years in service but has now returned to his paints and brushes for, what he hopes is, life. He insists (and his covers prove his statement) that he is not interested in pretty or beautiful pictures; instead he prefers to grapple with content and give it significant and effective design.

SIRS:

As a basis for discussing what a work of art is, I would say that art itself is, to me, the framed translation of a moment in eternity.

The translation is a fabrication and realistically cannot be labeled otherwise. It is a tenuous thing. As Coleridge remarked, "It is this that suspends disbelief."

The varying success at suspending disbelief is a criterion for judging the greatness in art. Where there has been this vague element, there has usually been lasting art.

Great art, too, might have as an element the "all things to all men" theme. It seems to me that great artists have taken their impressions and selected them so as to give a convincing, yet not always realistic, effect.

These two elements, the power of suspending disbelief and the universality of appeal will, to my mind, allow us to include vast areas of the so-called "mixed art." Usefulness in art does not impair its greatness; it possibly affects its durability (paintings and other "pure art forms" are notoriously well protected). Depth and dramatic qualities are just as convincing (or more so) in a fine-glass etched piece as in "pure art" forms. A finely printed book can project a mood by its very typography as subtly as painting. Let us draw these wide boundaries then. Let us call art great, when it lasts, no matter what its form, because of its intrinsic appeal and its ability to suspend disbelief—the greatest being man's most skillful frauds.

BILL STONE

Antioch College
Yellow Springs, Ohio

SIRS:

Good works of art answer needs—first their creator's need and then the changing needs of others. They are sincere attempts to say something we may come to know or feel depending upon the degree to which we live. The good work of art will always be honest. It will have a sensitivity and a vitality that make it placeless and timeless.

ALBERT LANIER

Black Mountain College
Black Mountain, N. C.

SIRS:

As I see it, an artist does many works, let's say pictures. Out of all that pile of paper—canvas, litho stones, and copper plates—there will be a few whose order—order of color, of line, of light and dark, of mass and space—transcends the others. This unity within the picture itself, this working in concert of all the elements of the picture to say what was in the artist's mind in the first place, makes it a work of art. Naturally, its art has nothing to do with what it is about. They're two different matters.

JOE WARD

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

SIRS:

A good work of art is a tendency. It is, in reality, no tangible or material thing. For I have found that, far from being a **thing** in which we reach a destination and an understanding, it is a **time** in which we begin the new search. A time of the new book and its opening—not the time at which the finished book is closed. And I know that forever, at the end of that search, inevitable at the end, we shall find no destination. We would want none. We shall find there its natural articulation—a beginning of the new searches.

Thus the good art accepts the mystery and quiet wonder of our lives, but still does not say: "Here, in this place, in wonder and mystery," but instead swings wide the door and we pass on to new rooms, to new wonder, and new mystery, thereby enhancing the significance of that which we have passed.

How or in what form this art shall come, no person can say. Its forms are limitless, its methods legion. It will not be contained—with an open mind and an open heart let us follow.

HOWARD J. BASCOM

University of Ohio
Columbus, Ohio

SIRS:

I presume that all will tell you that every great work of art is religious, no matter what the medium. I must beg the question by saying that art is great if it can move great souls. Only a sensitive soul can recognize greatness. However, great art is not necessarily closed to the masses, who, at their own depth, may or may not find inspiration in it. Great art is a law unto itself and abides by no external definition. It can be experienced only by a lover, by one who can give himself, for art is a work of love.

I hope you do not object to some extra personal criticism, given for free. I would diagnose **motive's** view of art as highly emotional symbolism—pretty obvious symbolism. (That goes for my cover last year, too.) There is little room for social message and no room for evangelism in art. I am thinking of a starving child on a long-ago cover by Lanier, and of the **Cristo** from New Mexico, and the Howard Baer, the William Gropper, and the Ben Shahn that you reproduced last year. Spiritual truth expressed in religious subject matter is only coincidentally the same stuff of which beauty is made. **motive** appears to try to get something across in the paintings it reproduces, something which **motive** usually says better in words. Sometimes, in spite of its appeal to conscience, **motive's** art is also subtle and beautiful.

Printing religious subjects portrayed by the masters is a pretty safe way of assuring **motive** of good art on its pages. Art untested by centuries should be tested by at least several hundred attempts to understand. The voice of art is like the voice of God (perhaps it is the voice of God); it depends upon great patience and an open heart and mind in the humble student.

I am sorry that I am not able to answer your question. I'm a pretty confused student who paraphrases textbooks in lieu of his own opinion, I'm afraid. But it's fun and **fun** is an essential characteristic of the aesthetic experience, after all, by golly.

BOB HANSEN

University of Nebraska
Lincoln, Nebraska

SIRS:

Consider a good work of art one that has movement, composition, and expression. The artist must make the world see through his eyes. He may express himself by color like Van Gogh or by decorative pattern like Matisse; the subject matter is generally unimportant. Art is not merely a combination of subject and skill, but the all-important intermediary is the individual personality of the artist and the method in which he chooses to express himself.

JOAN PATTERSON

Baylor University '47
Waco, Texas

SIRS:

A good work of art is a creation rather than an illustration, which is done in the spirit of the times; it may be either an emotional response on the part of the artist, or a simple statement of that which he believes is reality.

BOB MARTIN

University of Iowa
Iowa City, Iowa

SIRS:

A good work of art is a presentation of the essential truth of a thing. It is stripped of superficiality and the popular facile flourishes of the surface. It is a communication of the thing as the artist has experienced it, and presenting it as he knows it to be. It contains a spirit that cannot be put into it by mere competence, but a spirit that comes from focusing of ideals and philosophies on these essential moral, ethical, physical, and spiritual truths. When an artist presents a creative work, and has done it in such a way as to compel anyone who sees it to feel an intangible spiritual uplift, he has produced a good work of art which is pleasing to behold, timeless in its appeal, and fulfilling its only purpose for being.

ROGER CROSSGROVE

University of Nebraska
Lincoln, Nebraska

December 1947

Robert Hansen is a senior in the art department of the University of Nebraska. Because he is a competent and imaginative artist, it is regrettable that his work has appeared only once in motive. An attempt has been made recently to remedy that. Hansen was born and brought up in Osceola, Nebraska. For three years his serious work in art was shelved because of his service in the army. He enjoys painting, sculpture, advertising art, and illustration, and he plans to avoid specialization.

Joan Patterson is now working at Dreyfuss & Son, Dallas, Texas, as an artist. She distinguished herself by her art work at Baylor and likes anything that has to do with design; part of her designing is extremely useful because she has a knack for turning out smart fashions and ingenious jewelry.

motive readers will remember Robert D. Martin's striking cover, presented in red and white, of last January, dramatizing the meaning of the advent of atomic energy. Martin is a third-year student at Iowa University. He plans to be a professional artist.

After forty-two months in the army, Roger L. Crossgrove has now returned to his art studies at the University of Nebraska. In submitting his statement concerning the nature of a good work of art he says: "I am one of those college-age persons who is still in the absorbing, changing, and somewhat bewildered and confused state, and it seems often that whatever I write or say is so broad and general that it could cover almost anything partially and nothing in particular." We want just to commend Crossgrove for his humbleness and frankness and suggest that these qualities may have considerable to do with the makings of an artist.

SIRS:

"What is a good work of art?" is basically the same question as "What is a good steak?" Some like 'em rare, some medium, and some well done. But that's only a matter of taste. The quality of the meat is what really counts. If it's rotten, it stinks no matter how it's cooked or served.

I will not argue the relative merits of modern, conservative, abstract, representational, baroque, romantic, or any of the other "ics" or "isms" into which the visual arts might be divided. Each is important for what it is and what it attempts to accomplish, and can be judged only in relation to those ends. Actually there are no strict divisions in art. We should consider the social, political, economic, military, and religious conditions peculiar to each historical period, the temperament of each individual artist, and perhaps the particular working philosophy to which he may have adhered for any particular painting. Without these qualifying factors, it's unfair to compare periods, schools, or individuals. Even when we recognize certain differences that lend themselves to grouping, there is no one standard by which we can judge one group against another, whether it be good or bad. Each work must stand by itself, just as we believe that we must stand judgment as individuals rather than by our religious faiths, races, or nationalities.

Limiting ourselves to individual works of art (and letting the art historians howl), there are, I believe, definite principles by which we may evaluate.

1. The sincerity of the artist. A joke is a joke and a lie may pass as truth, but if an artist seems sincere in his methods and ends, his work merits further study regardless of how crazy it may seem. Every artist, if sincere, attempts to say something through his work, or to accomplish a given end. He expresses something, if only that he likes to paint. Some speak openly and deliberately, some cruelly, some pleasantly; some are more subtle, or may have a sense of humor; some express urges and desires that are beyond words, that are as universal as humanity itself. The message may be trivial or tremendous, but it's there for those who would find it, even in the most abstract work. If a work doesn't speak in terms we can understand, it might be well to recall that Christ never spoke a word of English, which doesn't mean he had nothing to say to an Englishman. If the message is not obvious, it is a challenge and a tribute to the intellect of the critic. The sweet, simple things are for sweet, simple minds. I have little patience with the "practical" person who "can't understand it so it's terrible," or with the equally unintelligent "intellectual" who butters up all the latest stuff with "aesthetic" hokey and serves it hot. The sincerity of the artist is the key to the understandability of a work. It must stand on its own merits if it is a work of art.

2. The completeness of the work in itself—the requiring of no information beyond itself to complete its meaning. An illustration can be a work of art, but a work of art must be more than an illustration. In other words, it must do more than amplify the story or subject matter; the story or subject must exist completely within it. It is here that the technical ability of the artist and the success or failure of his work are determined. By his mastery of line, color, form, motion, and space, an artist may achieve that completeness, that order and organization that leaves nothing required or desired, without a subject or story being necessary. It is here that the bulk of the so-called "religious art," that has ridden into popular fancy on the train of regal religion, falls short. It is a parasite sucking its life from its protector, incapable of an independent existence.

What, then, is good religious art? It is art that stands alone and helps support that which inspired it. It is an overflow from an inner spiritual fullness, one that goes beyond and advances our religious, social and cultural heritage, rather than one that leans in its shade. There is a place for decorative and illustrative art in the church, just as there is a place for the ornamental Christian that decorates a pew on Sunday. But if we ever have another great era of religious art, it must lead the church—not just decorate it. The crimes that have already been committed in the name of "religious art" and have been covered by popular emotionalism have set Christianity back more in weak, insipid, and false concepts of the Christian faith than all the heretics in church history combined.

BOB HODGELL

University of Wisconsin
Madison, Wisconsin

Robert Hodgell is a student and instructor at the University of Wisconsin. Whether it is to his credit or not, he has had more of his work (covers, cartoons, satiric drawings and sketches) appear in motive than that of any other artist. motive first presented his Portrait of Christ which has since been widely heralded and has brought him recognition among student groups in this country. Hodgell studied and worked with the late Curry and has been using his studio and finishing some of his work.

Painting Faith

MARION JUNKIN

THE OTHER MORNING my little daughter Patsy returned from Sunday school with her lesson folder as she had on many other Sunday mornings in the past. But this being Rally Day the accompanying picture was unusually vivid—I should say even lurid. As I looked at this seemingly innocent religious picture, I was saddened to think how little of either religion or art was present in this anemic, pasty version of our faith. This same feeling of irritation has been felt upon seeing the sentimental and sweet versions of Jesus of Nazareth which adorn our church offices and assembly rooms. Why should we use such pathetic art in our church?

I am afraid the answer to this lies simply in the fact that very few of our ministers, church workers, and teachers have any idea of what art is, and what art is religious and what is not religious. *Art is simply the activity—painting, writing, sculpturing, etc.—through which man expresses his feelings.* The object created reflects this feeling to the observer and gives satisfaction through the contemplation of the work. The artist's feelings are inherent in the *forms* of the medium used.

Now that we have taken a definition let us apply this to the seemingly innocent Sunday school picture. In the first place it is not enough to have the artist portray figures of bearded men in the costume of ancient Palestine. It is necessary that the artist be himself religious and have the ability to express this faith through the very forms of the painting itself. This is why it can be said that Rouault has more religion in his paintings of clowns than most artists express in their religious subjects. It is a very bad thing which we do when we order a year's supply of religious illustrations from a commercial firm in Bridgeport or the Bronx because they are able to supply them cheaper. These pictures are daubed out by hacks with no interest in religion, otherwise their works would not be so stupidly dull. This is not religious art at all except in so far as it indicates how low Protestant churches have fallen in their literal, code-of-ethics interpretation of a wonderful and mystic faith.

"What difference does it make—the children won't know the difference. Isn't this a lot of fuss over nothing? After all

they show sweetness and light to the little tots." To answer this it is necessary to think of what we are failing to do. Children do know the difference and grow up to respond to what they have been in contact with. No wonder that if they have seen nothing but such trash all their lives they know no better when they become deacons or bishops. We do have a responsibility to educate our youth to have fine taste in art, music, and literature, and give them something to satisfy their leisure time other than a mad and endless seeking of entertainment. As a nation what we do with our spare time may be the answer to our future, and certainly to have a capacity to enjoy art and music of the great masters would be a thing to enrich our lives.

We have this heritage of great art. Rembrandt, Durer, Blake, Michelangelo, El Greco—the list is long and glorious, and it would cost no more to reproduce these great masterpieces than it does the silly things we use. These men have had great souls and have, by their mighty efforts, shown us how high man can aspire. There is no easy escapism clothed in a marshmallow froth. Hubert and Jan Van Eyck in their *Adoration of the Lamb* have created more than a picture, they have brought us close to a realization of the purity of the holy spirit. No person could contemplate this magnificent work, even in reproduction, and not be affected by it.



OUR failure to use this Christian art can be blamed largely on our break with the church of Rome in Luther's day. In our anxiety to avoid having anything to do with the Catholic Church, we cut ourselves off from much of the art that was truly religious—not just Roman Catholic. We have as much right to the use of this art as they do. Let us remember that there is religious art, Christian art, Roman Catholic art, and pagan art. We certainly have a right to the first two of these. The neglect of art by the Protestant churches can partly be explained by the fact that they are, for the most part, dominated by Anglo-Saxon stock. We are inclined to be practical, logical, and unemotional. We put a golden rule ahead of a feeling of reverence or mystery. When cold logic is applied to painting or music the result is uninspiring. The musician or painter uses his mind but he uses it to help him to better express his feelings, for the real artist works from the heart and soul. Most people are *form* blind. So long as the subject is recognizable, they do not object to a painting, but they fail to feel the joy, sorrow, anger, pathos, or reverence in the artist's use of color, shape, line, or tone. This is what we mean by expression through form. In listening to Bach's music we listen and feel the rhythm and tone, and through this we feel a spiritual uplift. The words do not always contribute very much. It is so in painting; until we can feel the music of color and the impact of the *forms*, we are like a person singing in a monopitch.

The ways in which Protestant churches can use art are many and varied, and it would be indeed wonderful if the church would also use the artists who are living *now* to paint and design for their buildings and publications. It may be that painters could be found who would, like Fra Angelico, pray before taking up the brush to paint. There are painters, now living, who have a gift for religious expression and the church should not neglect to give them patronage. Great religious art ceased to be created when the church ceased to be a patron. The important thing is to use art that is religious in form not just religious in surface, whether it comes from the past or the present.



"In his **Crucifixion** Rouault reveals himself a master of 'finish' in the unconventional sense of the word; he deliberately left this painting in an unfinished state, knowing that its values could be carried no further without sacrificing vigor for polish. The emotional force of this work proclaims his art as essentially one of inner vision and feeling."

THE FIGURE OF Georges Rouault stands to contradict the pseudo sophisticates who would negate the significance of religion to painting. He stands as a protest against the sentimentalists and surface-impression artists who would seem to substitute for the Associated Press photographer who failed to be on the job when momentous events were taking place in Palestine. Rouault's canvases lash out against the superficiality and the soul-sickness of our times and of our modern culture from an inner compulsion and a depth vision. In an era in which artists have reflected an anti-religious feeling, his art has been an ex-

pression of his increasing religious convictions and his impassioned protests and affirmations of religious truths. His religion has been the deepening of his inner vision, the searching spirit applied to himself and to life, and the plastic expression of it is seen in his work.

Rouault was born in Paris on May 27, 1871, amid the fury of a bombardment when the insurrectionary government took possession of Paris. In his childhood he was guided in his tastes by his grandfather, who was an admirer of Callot, Rembrandt, Courbet, Manet, and Daumier. While a boy, he worked as an apprentice to a stained-glass maker. Al-

Devout and Tragic Truth

GREGOR THOMPSON

though some argue that this apprenticeship influenced him little, there is more to support the theory that it influenced him a great deal. After a period of groping, these experiences and influences of his childhood, either consciously or unconsciously, were manifested in his works.

While he was still working with Hirsch, the stained-glass maker, he attended the evening classes at the *École Nationale des Arts Decoratifs*. Later he was to become the favorite pupil of Gustav Moreau, whose influence upon him was a lasting one. Moreau was very definite in his opposition to superficiality in art, and his philosophy of art provided much of the basis for Rouault's mature art. After Moreau's death, Rouault went through a period in which he was bitterly unhappy and was separated from his family. It was in this period, and after a serious illness, that he began to find a burning inspiration in the works of the two great French Roman Catholic writers of the late nineteenth century, Ernest Hello and Leon Bloy.

As Rouault became acquainted with Bloy, his own art took on the character of an ever-widening channel through

motive



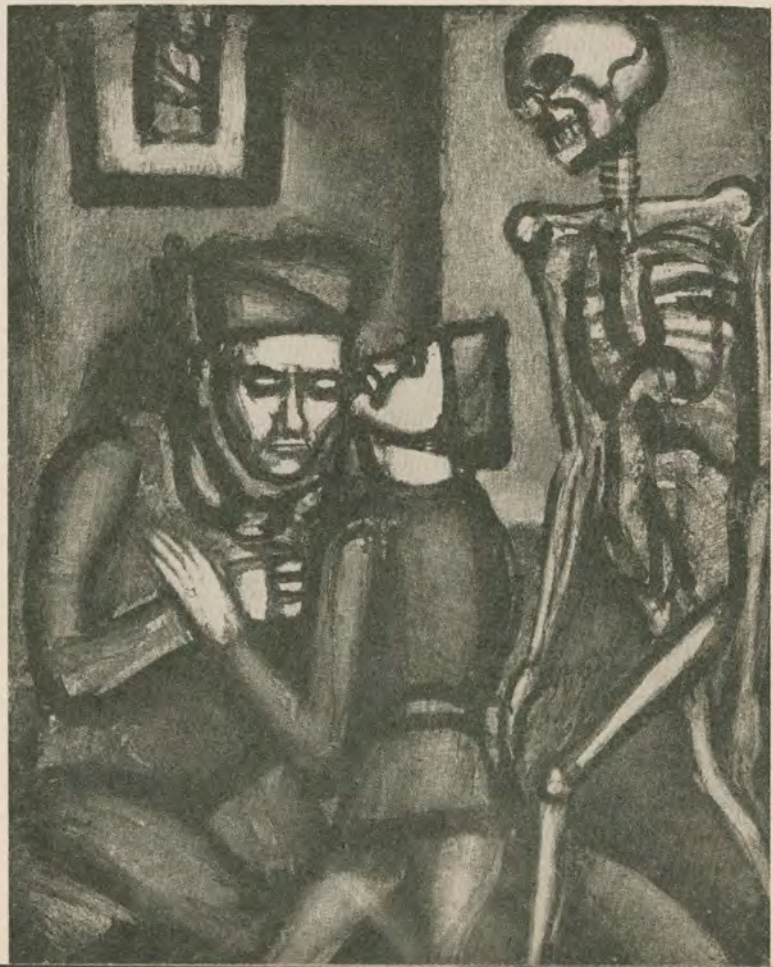
"His **Three Clowns** looks down upon the people who are trying to grasp only the shadow of happiness and weeps for them."

ings are a prophetic interpretation of the degradation of our times. He has captured the tone of our age in his paintings as he uses the prostitutes and weary clowns to cry out to people in spiritual poverty—to people who are so absorbed in materialism that all art which mirrors their true reality is rejected. His insight and sensitivity could find expression in no other kind of painting if he were to remain true to himself, if he were to truly paint life as he felt it. When the public was clamoring for the "beautiful," Rouault was giving beauty of a different sort. He was giving a graphic expression of the soul of our age, and if it was not "pretty," then he could not just declare it so and paint it without destroying his own convictions and integrity. James Soby, in his book on Rouault, declares, "His clowns often weep for humanity."

Moreau foretold that Rouault's career would be one of solitude and neglect, but there have been a steady few who have understood his greatness. He has remained an Expressionist throughout his

which his religious convictions flowed in an impassioned stream. Though Bloy's writings influenced Rouault to the extent that he was called the "Leon Bloy of painting," though they both expressed the same devout and tragic truths, there was a misunderstanding of Rouault's painting. Bloy often thought the prostitutes and clowns which Rouault painted so feverishly were distasteful. Bloy is said to have remarked to him: "You are interested in the ugly; you have a vertigo of hideousness."

Rouault, perhaps unconsciously, did not want to fall into the conventional religious subject matter. Much of the subject matter upon which he unleashed his emotional force is symbolic of earthly degradation. His art is essentially an art of inner vision and feeling, and his paint-



"The prints for **Misere et Guerre** are perhaps his greatest accomplishments in the graphic arts. The figure of Christ dominates the series with his wartime antagonist being Death, implacably waiting in **This Will be the last, Little Father.**"

early, middle, and late periods. Moreau's words could easily have been Rouault's words: "I do not believe either in what I touch or what I see. I believe only in what I cannot see and what I sense." The deep-seated, inner turbulence, coming from such a religious spirit, finds itself expressed on canvas in brilliant contrasts of color—molten blues, reds, and heavy black contours. He has painted landscapes, the theater, the circus, prostitutes, and traditionally religious subjects. His savage caricatures are reminiscent of Daumier's satires. Like Daumier, he has attacked the bourgeoisie corruption and the vanity and cruelty of the middle class. The heavy black lines of his paintings will remind one of stained glass. He piles on the pigment—the luminous blood reds, molten blues, ripe yellows. His forms, very simplified, are condemnably ugly and make much of his work evoke anything but a peaceful sensation. He expressed his inner fury in paintings. They were not ugly for the sake of ugliness. In describing his feelings he says, "I underwent a moral crisis of the most violent sort. I experienced things which cannot be expressed by words. And I began to paint with an outrageous lyricism which disconcerted everybody." It would be difficult to treat fully the attitudes and technical qualities of the periods of Rouault's paintings, but critics have observed that the rage of his early period has abated almost entirely, and the melancholy of his middle years lifted so that the impact of the subjects he paints depends more upon traditional aesthetic qualities.

In addition to Rouault's paintings are his prints which have established him as a master of the graphic arts. The prints for *Miserere et Guerre* have been called his greatest work in the graphic arts. This project called for one hundred huge etchings to illustrate the text for *Miserere et Guerre*, which was written by a close friend of his. Although this book was never published, fifty-seven of the prints have been issued officially.

Rouault is now living in a small village near Paris with his family. During the war his studio was taken over by the occupation troops, but his work was not touched. He is still painting traditional religious figures, but his work is hardly as fierce. In place of the prostitutes, his paintings are sad-eyed women. The prophetic painter is said to have recently made this statement: "I have spent my life painting twilights. I ought to have the right to paint dawn." He remains one of the few great religious painters of today—a man who in his inner being has felt the tragedy that underlies our age with its self-seeking materialism, its wars, its desolation, and its degradation.



These two co-eds are taking advantage of the unique painting rental service of Lawrence College, Appleton, Wisconsin. Rental service may be an overstatement because the rent on a painting amounts to 25¢ per semester. The library collection (the library checks paintings in and out just as most libraries do books) numbers 500 paintings and some sculpture and wood carvings. The bulk of the collection consists of contemporary American paintings; a few medieval, renaissance, and French impressionistic works are included, and the collection contains drawings, oils, etchings, and water colors. More than a fifth of the collection are originals, the most famous one being a Rembrandt etching, "The Angel Appearing to the Shepherds." It is interesting that the library officials report a renewal of interest in Japanese prints, particularly on the part of veterans who spent time in the Pacific area. During the war the prints circulated very little. The librarians have observed that the modern paintings circulate much more frequently than the renaissance or any of the older groups. The art department of Lawrence is responsible for the purchasing of the paintings, and the collection is added to each year. The painting service is now almost twenty years old. It was begun by the late Mrs. Henry M. Wriston during her husband's administration as president of the college. The enriching influence of this service to art appreciation is immeasurable on the Lawrence College campus.

theater

The theatrical season may now be said to be in full swing. What with five openings in the early weeks of October, it is swinging right merrily. The themes of at least four of the new plays defy the theory that the theater exists alone for amusement. *Dear Judas* deals with religion, *Our Lan'* with race, *Command Decision* with army brass, and *How I Wonder* with the implications of the atom. Could you ask for anything more hotly controversial?

Before we congratulate ourselves too heartily on these dramatic demonstrations of the right to free speech here at home, let us weigh the words of Brooks Atkinson anent the refusal of the Civil Affairs Division of the American military government to license performances of *All My Sons* in the occupied areas abroad. This denial constitutes censorship in the same suave sense that makes the refusal of permission to live add up to sentence of death. "It is," says Mr. Atkinson, "censorship of ideas, to which I am unalterably opposed on principle in any circumstance and in any part of the world." Aren't we all?

Or are we? Mr. Atkinson is impelled to warn us of "the effect on our own political and moral institutions of drifting into a half-resolved situation of discreet censorship—attempting to condition public opinion by deciding what people shall be permitted to see in the theater. Nothing can weaken American freedom more effectively than the tendency to take over from totalitarian governments their points of view toward human beings."

All My Sons, the critics' prize play for 1947, has been a subject for hot dispute ever since it was presented. The American public is divided in its opinion of it, but no one can deny the play's moments of bitter truth, although it is somewhat weakened by overloaded plotting. But not to dare to show it abroad puts us in a sanctimonious light and nobody is kidded. As Mr. Atkinson advises, "... To show it as one of a group of representative American plays would be a sign of strength and proof that we believe in our own principles. . . . As the group loyalty of Americans proved in the war, Americans

would rather go down with the principles in which they believe than survive in a world that is afraid."

The establishment of a national theater was the subject of a conference to be held at the University of Delaware during October. Dr. C. Robert Kase, director of dramatics of the University, expects several hundreds of representatives from college and community theaters in New Jersey, Maryland, Pennsylvania, Virginia, West Virginia, and the District of Columbia. They will meet with officials of the American National Theater and Academy, and it is ardently hoped that something tangible may come of the meeting.

Rutgers University, where students have been producing plays in their own way almost since its founding in 1766, will formally enter the field of dramatic education with the addition of a course in "theater practice." The course will be offered for the first time under the direction of George C. Hutchinson, assistant professor of dramatic art.

The first production of the season by the Yale department of drama will be *First In Heart*, by Betty Smith. She is a former student of the department of drama, and at present a faculty member of the Carolina Playmakers at the University of North Carolina, and author of the well-known *A Tree Grows in Brooklyn*.

The Fordham University Theater is presenting the American premiere of *The Devil to Pay*, the third play of the Canterbury trilogy by Dorothy L. Sayers. It is curiously sandwiched between *Aaron Slick of Punkin Crick* and the *Two Shepherds* by Martinez Sierra.

Tulane University and the Tulane University Theater will be affiliated with *Le Petit Theatre du Vieux Carre* for a season of ten plays. The three directors and two technical directors of the famous New Orleans theater will also teach in the Tulane theater department. The facilities of both organizations will be united for the benefit of an audience drawn from the community and campus.

The title of the new play with a campus scene by John van Druten has been changed from *Professor White to The Druid Circle*. It is pure speculation why the Professor got popped in the baptismal font again, because the new title is as enigmatic as *The Voice of the*

Turtle. Few people move in druid circles, and it will be perplexing to those who waited hopefully for the turtle to amble on stage and speak up.

—Marion Wefer

records

If your favorite record store is like my favorite record store, they hide the "singles," both pop and classical, behind the counter where you can get at them only by asking for a particular number. It seems they run on the theory that records have a strong gregarious instinct and prefer to walk out of the store in nice fat albums of from four to seven or more of their species, clinging to their family loyalties as members of the Brahms' *First Piano Concerto* clan, godfathered by good old Johannes himself, and mothered by the loving genius of Toscanini. Hence, one finds all kinds of expensive albums to browse through prominently displayed, but doggonit, you never get a chance to browse through some single records at leisure.

It is the contention of this corner that some of the best music out is on both ten and twelve inch single platters, and while they don't bring such a nice big profit to your friendly dealer, they can bring plenty of real pleasure to you. Soo-oo-o, we dug around, dodged the salesgirl, and came up with some singles that fit the pocketbook quite congenially and hit the ear drums right on beam.

The Joe Mooney quartet, symptomatic of the trend toward smaller musical groupings in the downtown nighteries, comes up with a new Decca release that beats a couple of their recent good ones. *Stars in My Eyes* is the name of the new one, and if you like that one, try out *Just a Gigolo*, and *Warm Kiss and Cold Heart*. They record for Decca, have a wonderful bass slapper, give their music a lot of bounce and syncopation, plus some unique vocals. After listening to Mooney's vocal style, run through one of Nellie Lutcher's new releases and see if Joe doesn't do the same thing, slightly less so, to a vocal that she does. Or maybe she does the same thing he does? Anyhow, they ought to try a duet. See if you don't agree. That *Warm Kiss and Cold Heart* is but def a natch.

Here is a list of extremely good classical singles, most of them new releases. Victor 11-9652: Boston "Pops" doing Liszt's *Hungarian Rhapsody No. 9*. This one ought to make the best seller list for classical singles. Victor 11-9653: a Stokowski arrangement for orchestra of Bach's *Tocatta and Fugue in D Minor*. Fairly true to Bach and with Stokowski's best dramatic flair. The dynamics are terrific. Victor 10-1326: Rubenstein playing the "Ritual Fire Dance" and "Dance of Terror" from De Falla's *El Amor Brujo*. Despite the difficulties of recording solo piano without an orchestral backdrop, this is worth while. Columbia 72231: Boilldieu "Caliph of Baghdad" overture, well done and thoroughly enjoyable.

Some new albums have come out that can't be ignored. One of the best of them is a mere two records, so it shouldn't dent the pocketbook too deeply. Mozart wrote four horn concertos; a new recording of the *Concerto in E Flat*, one of the four, has just been released by Columbia (X283). The virtuosity of Dennis Brain is astounding. The horn cadenza at the end of the first movement should thrill anyone with the slightest awareness of the technical limitations of the horn. It was the first time I have ever heard a horn trill, and the tone and timbre leave nothing to be desired. In short, a unique listening experience.

The other good recording is done by the ever reliable Boston Symphony under Serge Koussevitzky. It is the Prokofieff *Romeo and Juliet Ballet, Suite 2*. This recording contains only four of the seven numbers of the Suite No. 2, but they are Prokofieff at his best with the possible exception of the *Classical Symphony*. The ballet music was first played in Russia in 1937, and the ballet first performed in 1938, so this is a very recent composition, highlighted by the orchestral lament of the seventh movement, *Romeo by Juliet's Grave*. As the program notes say, this orchestral lament "brings consolation by ending in an ethereal coda concluded on a major key." They aren't far wrong either.

If there are any Beecham fans in the crowd they will flock forward to hear the Victor album entitled *Beecham Favorites*. It features Berlioz' *Trojan March, Royal Hunt and Storm* plus Borodin's *Overture to Prince Igor*. Both have orchestrations that permit Beecham to

draw out the full richness of quality that typifies this British master's relationship with his performers.

Beethoven's only violin concerto has been recorded for the umpteenth time, this performance having Joseph Szigeti playing the violin and Bruno Walter conducting the New York Philharmonic. Szigeti isn't Heifitz, but the total effect of this recording in vibrancy and sincerity is a good equal of the older Heifitz recording of the same number. Also, it is done in the concert hall which provides acoustical depth not provided by the recording studio. The very well-known third movement, *Rondo*, is particularly good.

Only one real disappointment this month, and we mention it just in case you might be tempted to buy it without a thorough listening. Victor has a ten inch album called *An Igor Gorin Program* in which Gorin sings a number of light opera, concert encore selections. It takes him six sides to get warmed up to a convincing job on "Song of the Open Road." With twice as good a voice as Nelson Eddy, he sings the other selections in this album, all good Eddy numbers, with half the warmth and enthusiasm. "Play Gypsies, Dance Gypsies" lilts along so mechanically that you can almost hear the metronome ticking in the background. Gorin needs either a shot of B-1 or more amenable circumstances in which to record.

Well kiddies, Christmas is here, almost, and before signing off this month, one word to the wise. If you know someone who loves records, or if you want some good cheer disseminated from your own record player, be sure to get, before they're all sold out, Decca 350, Fred Waring's *'Twas the Night Before Christmas*. Li'l brother or sister will love it, you'll knock ten years off your own age, and the carols that are included in this same album will put peace on earth right into your heart.

Merry Christmas all, and to all a good night.

—Keith Irwin

books

The only thing I like better than a book you can't lay down is a book you can hardly pick up. *Inside U.S.A.* by John Gunther (Harper, \$5) is fortunately a member of both

these categories. Mr. Gunther is author of other well-known "insides" such as: Europe, Asia, and Latin America, and if his plans work out he will use what material he has left over from *U.S.A.* to make still another "inside," dealing with Washington, D. C.

Even as I write this my fingers are weary and my breath is short: I have just traveled the broad and beautiful expanse that is California, romped through the dizzy career of Henry Kaiser, fought in the struggle of the Missouri Valley Authority, fought the battles of two metals (copper and silver), and wormed my way through Mormonism and politics in Utah—and it's still only chapter 16. There are fifty-two in the book, plus thirteen pages of double column fine print names of important people met by Mr. Gunther on his trip, and twelve more pages of the same kind of print telling the sources used by the author.

This is just the book for a Christmas gift, if you can get someone to give it to you.

The First Freedom by Morris Ernst, Macmillan, \$3. This is a well-documented revelation of what's happening to free public opinion in this country through the uncontrolled monopolies in newspaper publishing, radio, and motion pictures. Because of the concentration of power in the hands of a few, the dissenting opinions of a democratic society are fast disappearing, giving way to a line of thinking familiar in dictator countries. Mr. Ernst calls for a reversal of the trend toward this "dictatorship of the mind," and does it with specific suggestions for all three media. Worth your reading.

Doctor Johnson's Prayers, edited with an introduction by Elton Trueblood, Harper, \$1.50. The famed Doctor's devotional life reflected in these prayers gives one a splendid example of his personal communion with God. A number of the pieces deal with the death of his wife, and are most intimate glimpses into a sorrowing and courageous heart. The introduction is good reading, too, but I find Dr. Johnson's views on "original sin" slightly different from mine, a fact which may be all in his favor.

Primer for Protestants by James Hastings Nichols, Association Press, \$1. Get it, and read it. Another of those valuable Haddam House Books, this one dealing with present-day Protestantism, its back-

motive

ground in the stream of Christian tradition, its basic principles—all told in neat, concise writing.

And Your Neighbor by Edwin Leavitt Clarke, Association Press, \$5.00. A paper-covered bargain if you want to teach a good church school class in "The Social Principles of Jesus and Life Problems." Written for young people, this series is composed of a section of scripture (American Translation), brief comment and excellent discussion questions. Might be good enough for a college-age class, if its members want to see Jesus' teachings related to concrete modern social problems, and don't mind thinking.

Christ in the Drama by Fred Eastman, Macmillan, \$2.50. Here's fascinating reading by one of the foremost religious dramatists in the country. Himself the author of plays which have met high standards, Eastman now applies certain standards to drama of America and England to find its relationship to Christ and his teachings. The three tests of drama used are these: What influence can be seen in the principal characters? What spiritual insight of the author is revealed? What is the total audience effect of the play? Almost everyone would like to read this book, and then, we hope, read some of the plays mentioned in the study.

Want to know about the Quakers? Get *Contributions of the Quakers* by Elizabeth Gray, Pendle Hill, \$5.00. It tells the vital part this group has played in the struggle for democracy and peace.

CHRISTMAS BOOK MEDITATION. Good writing may be a gift; good reading is also a gift. Some people are smart enough to buy and read good books all year 'round; others use Christmas as an excuse to buy a book. It's one good reason for keeping Christmas on the calendars. For the sake of your mental health take five bucks this vacation and go browsing. The books you buy usually get read.

radio

"More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of" is the formula of a fairly new show called *Family Theater*. This half-hour program is regularly introduced by a well-known Hollywood star—we just heard Henry Fonda; other nights, luminaries like Bob

Hope, Dick Haymes, and Jimmy Durante have served as "hosts." One can't help his feeling completely miserable over this pathetic failure. The intentions of the sponsor of the show may be of the best; even though the scripting has declined in quality, it is not as bad as you've heard on some dreary afternoon airers. The music is composed especially for the program; while it is supposed to suggest everything from the flutter of angels' wings to the shooting of an Indian in California in the last quarter of the eighteenth century (with funereal overtones), you have heard worse. And the acting, because we have an abundance of socko radio actors today, is passable (considering the impossibility of the dialogue and characterizations). Directing is routine and as deft as you could expect in view of the format and scripts.

The last airing we caught ran something like this: Plug for prayer. Plug for homes (nothing was said about what makes homes *homes* except for the statement which is repeated two or three times on each broadcast, "A family that prays together stays together"). Then came the drama. The story seemed to have to do with the establishing of missions in California. The first surprise of the drama portion of the program was when the padre recognized a man whom he hadn't seen since he baptized him as a baby. To explain this unusual feat, the padre said: "When you have tried to bring somebody to God you cannot forget him." (The padre speaks in a monotonous, rotund voice with little suggestion of emotion; he not only gives you the impression of his ability to hear all, see all, and speak all, he gives you the feeling he is prepared for all and expects the worst. Also he calls everybody "My son.")

As nearly as we could make it out, the conflict of the drama wasn't over getting missions set up in California, or whether the missionaries or the Indians had the truer insight into the nature of God and the more abundant life, but it had to do with one man's saying five or six times that he was a "practical man," and the padre's suggesting that being practical is somehow against prayer. The following bits were set up and then knocked down to show the winner of this conflict: Through some talk between a couple of men (as you may have guessed, in reality the play is a discussion), we learn that the padre was once bit on the

leg by a snake. Then we hear that this night his leg is hurting him. The only thing that seems handy to put on the padre's leg is some mule salve (sorry, nobody said what that is, or where *it* came from). Well, they put the salve on, and by morning, combined with prayer, the mule salve not only knocks out the pain but the padre doesn't have his limp any more. But the neater trick of the week is when one of the padre's men has a knife raised to kill an Indian (it's the practical man that's about to commit the murder); the padre is praying outside somewhere; just as the knife is about to be thrust, the practical man's arm is arrested in mid-air, and the Indian is spared from being murdered. This occurrence is explained when the practical man goes to confess his near murder to the padre, and the padre tells him of his prayer which prevented the murder.

Now enters the "villain" of the piece (somehow rather late according to good dramaturgy, but then who's concerned about dramaturgy?). It is the Monsignor who threatens to bring an end to the padre's mission to California, to put a stop to the padre's tentative "rosary of missions in California to get the message of Christianity to these pagans, the Indians," in short, to take the padre back where he came from. The padre and his men do seem to be in a bad way, not, as you might think, convincing the Indians that they need to be "converted," but in having enough food to supply themselves. A ship is expected to bring supplies, and the padre succeeds in persuading the Monsignor to give him until some saint's day—just nine days off. Then, real fast, the days start flying by—one had no trouble visioning the pages of a calendar being swept away by a windstorm: one day—no ship; two days—no ship; three days—no ship; four days—no ship (prayer gets considerably more insistent with the passing of each day); five days—no ship; six days—no ship (now, about here, the padre tells God, "We must not desert these pagan Indians." At this point the padre sounds more like a human being and has more emotion in his voice than he has heretofore shown); eight days—no ship; nine days—almost no ship until the padre really lets go and says: "The ship! Send it! Hear me, God!" The next thing we hear is one of the men saying: "The ship is coming, hooray." Then the padre says: "Look!

out there on the horizon, the ship! God is good! We have the victory. We have won the land!" This final feat brings the practical man around; the padre tells him again that there is nothing more powerful than prayer, and asks the man to kneel beside him. Then the drama was over.

Home was plugged again, somewhat vaguely, in a voice that sounded like Henry Fonda's. Something was said about homes being fundamental to God, prayer being fundamental to God, and raising a family being fundamental to God, and that what we need is to get back to fundamentals. D. H. Johnson was announced as writer and David Young as director. The announcer then said John Lund would be host on the next program, and that the program was made possible by the thousands who want it, a sponsor, and the Mutual Broadcasting System. A hitchhike announcement was made on behalf of the New York City Foundling Hospital, but we can't remember what we were asked to do about it.

This comic-strip prayer book is another discouraging and distressing chapter in the failure of network religious radio—it is a complete failure except for the speech, sermon, forum-type program, and the occasional dramatic broadcast which accidentally happens to have religious value. But all of the drama shows we can think of—*The Greatest Story Ever Told*, *The Light of the World*—which intend and strive to be religious are fiascos and insults to the intelligent listener. When will radio people, along with many others, learn that there is a whale of a difference between *talking* about religious subjects, traditional religious characters and theological jargon and *depicting* lives (believable lives) which are lived reverently, courageously, beautifully! Fortunately the failure of *Family Theater*, because it is so obvious, distorted, and gauche results in being funny (tragically so), instead of being harmful like some "religious" radio plays. (Of course, it is impossible to be certain that *Family Theater* does no harm; the words spoken may be passed off, but the effects of the dramatic action may be insidious; take for example the night that the audience couldn't help but be sympathetic with a murderer. He was the lead character and had a kind voice and a likeable manner. The man whom he murdered had a raucous voice

which was intended to make us dislike him. Also our sympathies couldn't help but be against this loud and bawdy character because he trifled with the lead character's wife, broke up his home, and held street corner meetings beating the drum for atheism. All was supposedly fixed when the leading character broke down a minute before his execution, and in spite of *his* earlier boasts, said that *he* believed in God and asked for the chaplain. We'll wager that most listeners, instead of remembering the verdict about belief in God (which was unmotivated and had little to do with the really interesting part of the drama) flipped the dial to the next program saying to themselves they'd bump off any guy, too, who trifled with their wives and broke up their homes.)

A radio program which is religious in its effect should bring the listener into a closer, sounder, and deeper relationship with God. It should make him determine to order his life according to the will of God. It should show him how these changes in his life are the intelligent and wise way of living. It should persuade him to try living in a religious way in order that he might discover how good, exciting, adventurous, and beautiful life can be. It should alert him to the shallow, materialistic, base, and secular in life, and persuade him to reject it. It should reveal Stone Age religion for what it is—it should blast our secularism and our religious illiteracy—it should make black and white the difference between a concept of God which harbors superstition, magic, trickery, despotism, and capriciousness, and a God of law, order, truth, beauty, goodness, and the *agape* kind of love. It should let us see the evolution which has taken place in our religious search—the progress which has been made since the time of primitive man in ferreting out the nature of God and the way men should live together. It should show us how desirable, practicable, and sane honest-to-goodness religious living is—the kind of living that the Jesus of Nazareth of the Sermon on the Mount, as well as other prophets and great men, taught and lived.

What a tragedy it is that radio, the communication phenomenon of the twentieth century, has been so devoid of concern, intelligence, and responsibility for the religion or irreligion which it broadcasts. Perhaps this newest lesson in the abys-

mal failure of network religious broadcasting will prove to us that we mustn't count too heavily on the worth-while achievements of network radio in this country. It takes courage to risk unpopularity. Popularity is the cornerstone of our radio. Radio networks prefer to never offend a single listener. If religious thinking and living is depicted over the radio, in our secular times, when religious illiteracy is rampant, while it is not intended, someone's sensibilities are bound to be offended. Some unpopularity would be inevitable. Until the time comes when radio feels a responsibility for giving an unpopular truth instead of a popular falsehood, until it feels a concern for giving whole truths instead of half truths, separating the good from the evil, the religious from the profane, the truths of our great religious faiths from the wagers, bargainings, and self-preservation shenanigans carried on with "God," we will have to depend upon person-to-person relationships, and a few local and educational broadcasting stations for communicating religion.

—Oliver Johnson

movies

Two recent films, *Carnegie Hall* and *The Unfinished Dance*, have revived the old argument as to what really is a movie. Both lay their chief emphases on something other than plots: the first, on music; the second, on ballet. In *Carnegie Hall* you are presented with practically an entire season's concert series for the price of one movie. The recordings are excellent, and the compositions presented are much less fragmentary than is usually the case in "music" films. You have a number of famous conductors at work; you have performances by Piatigorsky, Rubenstein, Heifitz, Pons, Peerce, Stevens, Pinza. The plot is at times almost maudlin, but the fact remains that the film has value as a means of providing close-ups of great artists at work, and the opportunity of observing techniques will be appreciated by students who have heretofore had no chance to attend concerts in which the musicians appear. *The Unfinished*

Dance does not offer the same excellencies in performance, but it does present some ballet sequences that are a pleasure. Technicolor and glamour tend to smother the heart of the film, which was adapted from a much more simple and convincing French production called *Ballerina*. The conclusion of all this is perhaps there is a place for movies which are not movies!

SOME NOTES ON CURRENT FILMS: *The Adventuress*, a British importation, has some moments that remind you of the great in British melodrama of the past: casual onlookers, speeding trains, eerie walks down everyday streets, lonely, brooding moors that conceal dire events. Not up to those predecessors, but definitely not bad. . . . *Carnival in Costa Rica* is a pleasant surprise. It is a simply done, unheralded film that has a conventional plot but is so engagingly handled, with dancing interludes, and so realistically set against actual Costa Rican backgrounds that no one will feel he has wasted his money if he goes to see it. . . .

Kiss of Death is something of a surprise, too, considering its name and the sensational advertising which accompanies it. Photographed (as were *Boomerang* and *The Lost Weekend*) against actual backgrounds—here, the alleys, tenements, police courts, prisons, buildings of New York—it has the ring of authenticity, an impression strengthened by some unpretentious but pat performances, particularly that of Victor Mature as the hero and of Richard Widmark as an unbelievably evil crook. The film is a surprise, too, in that the hero, a petty gangster, turns stool pigeon when he sees the error of his ways, and informs on his cut-throat partners. Heretofore, films have perpetuated the underworld fallacy that only cowards “turn in” their pals.

Pleasant diversion is to be found in two simple little films, *Welcome Stranger* (Bing Crosby and Barry Fitzgerald doing for the medical profession what they did for the priesthood in *Going My Way*) and *Mother Wore Tights*, a backstage musical that for once abjures love triangles and petty jealousies for a simple series of family crises. Nothing extraordinary, but nice, both of them.

Disappointing is the word for *Down to Earth* (billed as a successor to the excellent *Here Comes*

Mr. Jordan) and *Northwest Outpost* (with Nelson Eddy and Ilona Massey the film should at least have *moved*). Terrible is the word for *Desert Fury* (a senseless, unmoral story set against beautiful scenery) and for *Cry Wolf* (a detective sort of film that should have been suspenseful but turned out just dull). Expected, perhaps, is the best word for the latest Deanna Durbin fiasco, *Something in the Wind*, as stilted and silly as that star's films have mostly been to date.

You'll enjoy *Children of Paradise*, a French film billed as another *Gone with the Wind*, if you like the picaresque in literature. Considerably cut down for its U.S. showing, it is set in a street called the “boulevard of crime,” on which were located the sideshows, the theaters, and the hangouts of the underworld in Paris of 1850. The story is of the period, too—sudden violent love, mostly illicit, fights, queer street characters, and so on. Featured is the contrast between the pantomime style of acting, beloved by the masses, and the romantic, just coming into the favor of the better-heeled.

The March of Time has, as usual, had some good releases lately: *Turkey's 100,000* and *Germany—Handle with Care* being particularly timely, and *Is Everybody Listening* which is a good presentation on American radio.

If you have time for some serious reading in the field of movies, perhaps you should look at *From Caligari to Hitler*, by Siegfried Kra-cauer (Princeton University Press), in which the German-born author seeks to discover in the German films since 1824 the answer to the question: Does a nation subconsciously reveal itself through the movies it turns out? You may not agree with his answer that it does, but you will find the analysis of German films interesting and informative, and perhaps even filled with suggestions on trends in our own movies.

In the New York area four schools this year are offering courses in the motion picture: New York University, which in 1936 pioneered in the inauguration of motion picture studies; the New School for Social Research, which announces that as practical work students will produce a three-reel documentary on operations of the school; the City College, which has set up an institute of film tech-

niques offering eleven courses; and the New Institute for Film, Radio, and Stage in Brooklyn. New York University offers a four-year curriculum leading to an A.B. degree in motion pictures; it is the only school other than the University of Southern California which does so. Robert Gassner, who has headed the New School's motion picture department for several years, is working on a comprehensive textbook to be used in courses in the subject.

For two films on religious subjects now being produced in Hollywood, technical advisers have been imported. Mrs. Elsie Oakes Barber, wife of a Universalist minister, is helping with the screen adaptation of her novel, *The Wall Between*, which is being prepared for release through United Artists. The novel, it is reported, tells the story of a Protestant minister's wife who finds activities in a city parish distasteful until she recognizes her share in her husband's responsibilities. At MGM, Fr. Paul Doncoeur, editor of the French Jesuit weekly, *Etude*, has arrived to serve as consultant to Director Victor Fleming on the film biography of Joan of Arc which Ingrid Bergman, Walter Wanger, Maxwell Anderson and Fleming are producing. Hollywood reports indicate that there will be some trouble over showing clergymen as villains in this film. But Fr. Doncoeur explained to reporters that the first part of the picture will show the clergy as believing in Joan's piety and Christianity. However, he made this statement: “I am here as an historical adviser, and historically there is no doubt about the bishops and other clerics who condemned St. Joan. They were deeply in error.” As usual, the treading is uneasy when religion is to be treated on the screen.

For the re-education program of the German Youth Activities Program sponsored by the allied military government, the following U.S. films have been approved as suitable for showing: *100 Men and a Girl*, *Dr. Ehrlich's Magic Bullet*, *Young Tom Edison*, *Madame Curie*, *Seven Sweethearts*, *Gold Rush*, *Dangerous Journey*, *All That Money Can Buy*, *Abe Lincoln in Illinois*, *Magic in Music*, *Going My Way*, *Adventures of Mark Twain*, *Story of Louis Pasteur* and *Union Pacific*. Not a bad list.

—Margaret Frakes

CONTRIBUTORS

Alphonse Anthony Medved is assistant director of the department of schools, colleges, and seminaries of the Board of Education and Publications of the Northern Baptist Convention.

Robert Hoffman Hamill has been known to *motive* readers from the beginning of the magazine. He conducted Skeptic's Corner for seven years in an attempt to stir up thinking on religious questions. He is now pastor of Grace Methodist Church, Burlington, Iowa. In addition to his work for *motive* he has written for various religious periodicals and has been in constant demand at institutes and conferences.

Robert Montgomery is a man to whom *motive* is deeply indebted. We thank him not only for his numerous articles contributed to *motive* but for his ability to say what needs to be said in a completely logical and understandable way (even for the editors!). Dr. Montgomery has just left the philosophy and religion department at Cornell College to go to DePauw University.

Walter G. Muelder is dean of the School of Theology of Boston University. He came to that position a few years ago from the school of religion of the University of Southern California. He, too, is a man who is well-known to *motive* readers and to students throughout the country for his lucid and accurate thinking on contemporary problems.

Harland Hogue, associate professor of religion at Scripps College, Claremont, California, is a man whose work we have been wanting to carry in the magazine for quite some time. He has done some of the very best Bible teaching we know about. He is taking a year off from teaching to study in Union Theological Seminary in New York.

George Harper is secretary of the National Conference of Methodist Youth and editor of *Concern and Power*. We are particularly pleased to have Mr. Harper's article in this number of *motive* because of his significant leadership in Spiritual Life Retreats.

Clarice Bowman is co-author with George Harper of the new book, *Power Through Prayer*, and a staff member of the youth department of The Methodist Church. She is well-known over the country for her writing, her teaching, and her leadership in worship.

Franklin H. Littell is a director of Lane Hall, the University of Michigan Student Religious Association. He is also the leading spirit of the Conference on Disciplined Life and Service. Mr. Littell is another *motive* author who has written for us since the beginning of the magazine. He is a recognized authority on cells, having originated Tens for Christ in Detroit.

Carlton Foltz is minister of the Friends Meeting at Dublin, Indiana. He is also a counselor in religious education, working with Elton Trueblood, at Earlham College, Richmond, Indiana.

Malcolm Boyd Dana is president of Olivet College, Olivet, Michigan. He was formerly president of Piedmont College. A graduate of Carleton College and Hartford Theological Seminary, he spent twelve years in experimental work in character education in Maine.

Winston Thomas initiated "Los Diez por Cristo" in Colombia, South America, while he was a missionary in that country.

Marion Junkin had his first one-man show at the Joseph Luyber Galleries in New York City last spring. He is associate professor of fine arts at Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tennessee. He studied for seven years at the Art Students' League in New York City. He believes that "Art branches into every phase of life, even into such seemingly diverse fields as community planning, religion, the business world. It is the artist's job to help people see that." Mr. Junkin's work has been accepted for national exhibitions such as the Corcoran Biannual in Washington, D. C., the Chicago Art Institute's Annual and International Show, the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts and Water Color show, the New York World's Fair, the Virginia Biannual, the Carnegie Institute's "Directions in American Painting," the Whitney Museum of American Art, Buller Art Institute, Youngstown, Ohio, the Pepsi-Cola Show, and others.

Gregor Thompson is the staff artist for *motive* and a member of the art department of the Baptist Sunday School Board.

COVER ARTIST



There are religious artists and there are illustrators of traditionally "religious subjects." Tragically, they are confused by most of us. A charlatan can drive a Cadillac and have a permanently reserved table at the 21 Club because of the tidy sums he is able to collect from gullible church groups, while a religious artist, as has been true myriads of times down through the ages, may practically starve to death. Gregor Thompson, cover artist of the month, has a great concern for religious art, and it is that sincere concern which has prompted her taking work at Scarritt College. It was in her class on the Gospel of John that she got her inspiration for a Christmas cover inspired by Jesus rather than Santa Claus: "And the Word became flesh and dwelt among us, full of grace and truth; we have beheld his glory. . . ." Perhaps looking at the cover you will read other things into it. Gregor Thompson is from Monroe, Louisiana; she was graduated from Louisiana State University in June.

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LETTERS

SIRS:

I was interested in the article about foreign students which appears on page 26 of your October number. Unfortunately *motive* didn't have space (I suppose) to mention Burmese students.

SIMON ONKIN

Central Methodist Church
Phoenix, Arizona

Sorry, our failure to include Burmese students was due to lack of space. In 1946-47, according to The Committee on Friendly Relations Among Foreign Students, there were five men and one woman from Burma studying in the United States.