

TRY TO THINK BACK, if you can, to the time when you were in the eighth grade. Can you remember the drawing in your nature study book of a tree with its roots exposed to show the strength and intricacy of the foundation of a giant oak? Can you remember what the drawing was supposed to teach—that the bottom of a tree has a lot to do with its top, and vice versa, and that a tree can adapt to change, in fact, upheaval, if roots get half a chance to begin working in soil and if branches are given half a chance to absorb the sunshine?

The human being, of all nature's creation, is often most perverse. At times it would seem that this species contraries and frustrates nature. Some men pull themselves up by the roots, others cut themselves off at the roots, and still others, who lack bravado muscle, masquerade all roots that show above the surface. And then, nowadays we must admit, it seems as if some men just don't have any roots. Homo sapien looks somewhat sick today, as if he has what our medical student friend calls "autopsy pallor." We diagnose this the result of pulling up, cutting off, and masquerading.

Suppose a man gets interested in roots, how does he identify them? In order to be scientific, let's ask what makes a root a root. The horticulturalist, it is to be expected, would peel a root down until he discovers the meristem of the growing point. He would have something, but we wouldn't. That point is very hard to see, so let us investigate further by asking a more obvious question. What is the *function* of a root? A root delves into the earth for water and nourishment. It is a reservoir of sustenance. Also, it gives support. It is not inert, it is always on the move—stretching, driving, pushing, reaching—always going deeper in order that it may with more certainty uphold, support, undergird, endure, and succor.

Nature works by obeying an orderly and a rather rigid set of laws. One of the laws seems to be the coordination of what is above the surface with that which is below the surface. Man, too, must get what he has on the surface in harmony with what he has beneath the surface. If these two fight each other he must order them to stop and must bring peace between them. The way man does this is to discover the function of his organism. It is not so obvious as that of the tree, but it is orderly nevertheless. His function, he will find, is to bring his life into line so that it serves some kind of a worth-while purpose. It will be the concentration of this purpose element which will make for the "at-oneness" in his inner and outer selves with the order and law of the universe. This will be worked out by his living the will of the Creator. This singleness of purpose will restore order from disorder, harmony from disharmony, adjustment from maladjustment, integration from frustration, and happiness from unhappiness.

Let us suppose that man has brought this "at-oneness" into his being—what difference does it make? It will show in many ways. He will seem to be fixed deeply in the earth, so permanently rooted, so solidly grounded, that no matter how ferocious the storm, it won't budge him. He will seem to possess an at-homeness wherever he is. He will know what he should do, what he shouldn't do, and he will be able to identify himself with all the people in his neighborhood. He will be capable of chatting with them, understanding them, and enjoying them. His at-homeness will of course be portable. No matter where he is, or who wishes to come to see him, he will be an ever-present source of comfort and refuge.

Bigger than all this is something else which is the secret of good rootage. The Hebrews had a word, *nabhi*, which meant "spokesman of God." All of our great prophets were and are spokesmen of God. This spokesmen business, however, is not a matter of standing on the top step and telling people off. No, it isn't like that at all. Instead, it is being a "creating man of Creation." It makes for *the doing*, the bringing into existence this new creation of order, harmony, happiness, "at-oneness," and at-homeness. The *nabhi*, because they are rooted in permanence, because their talk, actions, pleasures, and responsibilities are in agreement with their roots, are the healthy students today. There is none of "I'll think of that tomorrow," "Just this once, after all, we'll never be young again," "Rome wasn't built in a day, come on!" Such casuistry is discarded. Instead, what is done is done because the roots make any other action unthinkable. Roots make it possible to be indomitable even though one is standing alone. They make for "at-oneness" with goodness in the world. They make for a reservoir of imagination, resourcefulness, and strength in getting through difficult times. Lastly, they make a spokesman, not through words, but through creating in *people* and *society* the will of the Creator.

Belonging Creature

To belong is not merely to make a superficial connection.

It must be a connection of relationship, of intent, of duration, of value.

It means investing yourself, giving yourself completely to what you believe.

TELL ME WHAT a man belongs to, and I'll tell you what he's worth. For what a man puts himself into—and that's the meaning of belonging—is a good indication of his values. Sometimes in our complex society man seems to be the "belongingest" creature in creation. Perhaps the dog is the prize belonger; however, he usually belongs to one master and remains true to him, while man scatters his loyalties and his relationships until the whole sense of belonging loses its significance. Belonging means loyalties, the bigness of which also betrays the quality of a man's character. Most of us are the victims of minor loyalties, little relationships, and trivial concerns. Growing up is a process of choosing loyalties and attaining a belonging sense. True adulthood is the time of life when man chooses the ground into which he puts his roots. The religious quality of his belonging depends on his attitude toward the thing to which he belongs. The genuinely religious man belongs because he contributes; he is related because he invests himself in that to which he belongs.

The greatest tragedy in life is not to find belonging. That was the destiny of Eugene O'Neill's pathetic character, Yank, in his play *The Hairy Ape*. Here was a man who wandered the world over trying to find a place to plant his roots. The play is tragic—not because Yank dies at the end, since O'Neill suggests that in death, Yank may find release and, as a result, real belonging when he is set free from his hairy-ape body and his tortured mind—because in his lifetime Yank never finds a belonging relationship, never puts down roots and grows in soil fertilized by his own energy. Yank stands facing a hairy ape at a zoo at the end of the play. He feels a kinship just in name to the huge animal. But when the gorilla scrambles out of his cage and crushes Yank in a murderous hug, Yank dies, saying, "Even him didn't think I belonged." This is the tragedy of an "unbelonging" man. The business of education is to make man have a belonging sense, to make him feel at home in his universe, not to take it as it is, but to live in it with the growth process that makes belonging have sense and importance. It is unfortunate that so little education gets to its true function. Not to find a rootage is to become a physical and spiritual vagabond. *To be genuinely happy man must belong.*

An adequate home gives a child a sense of belonging because it furnishes food and shelter and protection by adults. The infant is a parasite, living off of its parents. Growing up consists of changing one's status as a belonging person, so that one becomes a contributing member of the household and not merely a receiving creature. Belonging for the child is involuntary as the child does

not choose its home. Growth brings choices, and education, again, gives the adequate basis for the choices in terms of sensible judgments. When one grows religiously, one grows in respect to ultimates. Belonging is not merely a connection—it becomes a voluntary choice rooted in the thrust of effort to contribute to the relationship which has been established.

FOR most young people, going away to college is the first radical step in breaking from the home ties, or more accurately, in extending the ties so that they can reach to the wider field of action. The old sense of the intimate relationship to family goes. Before this time, as we have said, belonging was not a result of voluntary choice. The public school to which we went, the scout troop, the church, and even the high school, for the most part, were not deliberate choices. Customs, social patterns, parents, and home conditions were the causes for the loyalties we had and for the relationships which we established. Up to this time, in the majority of cases, parents were instrumental in making the choices.

But with postadolescence and the entrance into college, a different situation presents itself. The choice of a school is the first evidence that a new factor in living has entered. The reason for the choice of a certain school may be the indication of growth. When the nearest school, the cheapest, or the most popular, is chosen without consideration of the ultimate meaning of the choice, then there is little likelihood of belonging taking on the significance that it should for a college education. A school should be chosen to which we can give as complete consent to belonging as possible. Our choice should be conditioned by what the school stands for and by what it practices in carrying out the purposes for which it exists. Only in making such a choice will we be able to give ourselves freely. For what we "get out" of school is proportionate to what we put in. We must go to school to belong—not for its name, its prestige or its social standing; in belonging to those we take on the less desirable and less religiously worth-while aspects of living. We can invest our belonging, but when we believe in the honesty and integrity of the administration and faculty there is then a common purpose and common cause in the school family. All the other aspects of a school are secondary as far as belonging is concerned. Our coming to adulthood in college is most marked in the growth of our choices. If we choose a school with a good foundation in values and knowledge, we should find that rootage is firm, the belonging sense more justified, and the contribution we make all the more important. A good school, because it promotes a community of good people,

demands a higher quality in the contribution made by the individual members.

College should be a time, likewise, of *deliberate* choices. We are *on our own*. The test of our growth will be the purpose of the choices we make. In college, too, we notice a change in the sense of the reason for belonging. If we grow up, we grow away from the dependence on belonging for security and protection. This is characteristic of the child. We begin to understand what it means to belong for mutual benefit, for the value of social intercourse, for relationship, and for mutual aid. The greatest belonging sense comes when one believes sufficiently in what one gives his loyalty to so that one loses oneself in what he belongs to. This complete giving or losing oneself, gives the greatest joy and satisfaction. It has been the experience of all great human beings who have helped mankind move forward in any way.

The religious significance to belonging arises in the analysis of the concerns, interests, compulsions, and needs to which a man gives himself. The only purpose of organization is to further these. The value, therefore, of an organization obviously depends upon the purposes and goals to which it asks its members to give themselves. On this basis the value of any organization can be estimated. If its purposes are largely for the selfish gains of its members, to secure benefits for them, give them "standing" socially, or to create for them pressure blocs to gain still greater benefits, then its purpose cannot be called religious, and the belonging sense of the member can have no real religious value. All organizations must be judged by these standards.

MAN as a belonging creature chooses a way of life. This may be the way of service and of giving or the way of selfishness and acquisition. Depending on this way of life is also his choice of work. If he works to further the better life for everyone, his vocation may be a constructive force to a finer social order. He will be compelled to seek achievement in perfecting his techniques and skills so that his happiness will be increased by the joy he has in his work, as well as in the knowledge that his work counts for constructive purpose in life. A man can belong to life and to a job when he feels this is true. Then work itself will be his joy, and both his work and his play will complement and supplement each other.

What we belong to in life must be motivated by what we believe in. This conditions our choice, as we said, of the college to which we go. It conditions also the place where we live—the dorm, fraternity house, or private home. The belonging sense in a living place represents what we are. If it is a place kept neat and clean, it means that the belonging sense has values of cleanliness and order. Where one lives should be designated as where one belongs. One can belong to dirt and ugliness or cleanliness and beauty. If we don't contribute to the living, we don't belong. If we don't live for the best possible decent living of the group, we don't belong. Sometimes we may be cast out or forced out. Too often, we remain to drag others to our tawdry living and to the dissatisfaction that is characteristic of so much of American living, both on and off the campus.

Another area of our belonging is our class. How real

our belonging is conditions the kind of a class we have, how much it is riddled by politics, how much it represents something to which we shall look with pride or remember with satisfaction. We are members of a class, but when we belong, we give the quality of our values to the organization.

ONE of the largest areas of belonging on the campus is found in the interest groups to which we give allegiance. These should be permanent groups that stand for concerns which are worth the time and energy necessary to keep them alive. When a group really has a concern, its members will give themselves unselfishly. The students at Northwestern, for instance, felt such a concern for world government that they gave up everything, even their college living, to further this project which they thought absolutely necessary to peace. What college does not have groups in writing, journalism, drama, or scientific study that call forth loyalties and a belonging sense which demonstrate the meaning of belonging by eliciting a real contribution to the campus! These are probably the healthiest organizations on the campus for this reason.

All students are looking for individual and social development. Because the campus is often the place where living patterns are most abnormal and unhealthy, the rise of groups to provide a home and a social sense of security has been inevitable. If campus living had followed a house plan so that a normal family sense of belonging could have been experienced, the position of sororities and fraternities on a campus would have been different. The fault with these organizations at the present time is not the basic soundness of their demand for living conditions in which there can be more intelligent belonging, but in their degeneration into exclusive, undemocratic, and selfish institutions designed to give to the members certain benefits denied to the other students on the campus. The conditions for giving these benefits are too often superficial: good looks, a good car, athletic ability, a Dale Carnegie kind of personality. The tragedy of many fraternal groups is that their concerns are purely selfish; they exist only for the benefit of the members. More often than not, such groups develop selfish loyalties which surmount the needed loyalties for worth-while goals and purposes in life, to the community of the school itself, and to the genuine interest groups that bring people together because of a common concern. It may be possible to be genuinely religious and still belong to a fraternity, but to achieve a real belonging sense, in this way, would mean that the system as it exists now on the campus must change. When the fraternity becomes concerned with the quality of life of all the campus, with the furthering of worth-while goals in life, and organizes itself into a true brotherhood to further these, then it will have achieved a purpose that can have significance. But its present antidemocratic social and racial features make it an institution that is irreligious and fundamentally wrong.

TO achieve a life genuinely consecrated to high and noble ideals is a task that requires the stimulation, the balance, and the evaluation of a group. To find a

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So . . . I Joined Up!

Four college students give their reasons and, as much as possible, their motives for belonging to certain college organizations. What should our loyalties be? Fraternity? The annual or newspaper? A drag? The Young Socialists, or what?

IN THE EARLY YEARS of our country, students attended college to study and study only. Just as our society has changed and become highly complex with organizations for every type of work, hobby, and interest, so have our colleges followed this pattern. The average campus today has organizations and groups in almost every field of interest—one for each language taught, one for each type of sport, one for each profession, and numerous purely social clubs. Every student is regularly confronted with the problem of choosing which of the many he will join.

This question of which and how many organizations one should join is a vital one. No student has time for all the organizations he would like to join. He has to choose. He may decide to fritter away his time in fairly inconsequential organizations, which exist only for the purpose of "bigger and better dances and parties for the dear old alma mater." Or he may join the minority organizations that maintain objectives that are far-reaching and progressive in their attempt to work for a better world. Obviously, every student needs some social and recreational life. Obviously, every student ought to participate in some organizations interested in the betterment of his surroundings, if there is to be any progress. The thing that concerns and disturbs me greatly is the fact that our campuses are snubbing and even stifling progressive clubs and their causes. The sad fact is that most of the nominal Christian students are either blind or indifferent to this critical trend in American college life. It seems that the job of the college Christian associations during the next few years ought to be a big one. Campaigns and polls on what the values of certain organizations and projects are can help to get the American college student to evaluate campus activities.

I found the following questions very helpful in contemplating membership in organizations at my college.

1. What contribution will membership in this organization make in preparing me for my life work?

2. What contribution can I make to the group?

3. Will membership in this group be more valuable to me than the yields of the same amount of time spent studying or in some other activity which might have to be by-passed?

4. Will membership help me to mature, or will it limit my contacts with people and sources of knowledge?

5. Does the organization function in accordance with Christian principles?

6. Will membership in this organization help or harm the quality of my membership in the Student Christian Association?

College offers a great opportunity to broaden one's experience and become as well-rounded a person as possible. I joined the French Club at my school, hoping to increase my understanding of the present world situation with its barriers of languages and cultures. In general, I think, it is a good idea for a person to have one hobby or special interest. Having attempted for several years to play the organ and piano, I became a member of the Music Club. With teaching in mind as a life work, I became affiliated with Kappa Delta Epsilon, the national educational sorority. In the way of recreation, I have enjoyed basketball, badminton, and tennis. Activities in all these different areas can contribute to making a student a more vibrant, interesting person. But none of these has real meaning until it becomes integrated in a philosophy which relates each of these to a whole life with purposeful and guiding objectives. A student may be outstanding in academic realms, talented in drama or sports, but these accomplishments seem to lose their importance if a person does not have an inner calm and poise which comes from knowing God and his part in our everyday life. Students need to be aware of the ways in which a belief in such a philosophy as Christianity can express itself in art, music, politics, economics, world affairs, and social functions not only on the campus but in the world as a whole. The Student Christian Association seeks to do this. As to how many organizations one

should join, I feel that the member of the Student Christian Association should join several organizations of different purposes so that he may become a well-informed, well-rounded intelligent Christian influence in various areas of college life.

Nowadays we need more people with convictions that show. If a student is in sympathy with the ideas and objectives of an unpopular organization, by all means he should join it and help make it stronger. If all the students who inwardly admire the Student Christian Movement were to forget about secular campus autocracy, we'd have a strikingly different college situation in America. On so many campuses, it just isn't the right thing to get excited about relief for European students because "the school hasn't had a name band for years, and that's where our money's going this year." It's the small unpopular groups on campuses that are trying to get students to read the newspapers, to become aware of the critical implications of universal military training, to understand the present set-up of the United Nations. These unpopular groups are the ones that can bring real progress. I'm all for joining them.

—Virginia May Claxton

CERTAINLY ON MOST campuses and particularly at state universities, an off-campus organization has a real function. If I may assume that the University of Washington in Seattle is a typical swollen-campus situation, I would certainly say that some type of club affiliation is needed in a balanced college life. To return to the old question of "why we go to college" might indicate to us that there is more in Christian living than knowing about Charlemagne, schizophrenia, or British thermal units. In fact there is much more in our college expectations than could possibly come from our classroom and study hours.

In my case, the answer lies in our Wesley Foundation. Wesley Club is not only located conveniently across the street

from the campus, but it has a full daily program. Most of us seem to actually live at the club; yet technically speaking, only thirty-five of our members are residents of the building. With a program built around daily noon luncheons, Thursday noon chapels, Sunday evening firesides, and many week-end socials, we find our schedules full, but certainly full of rich fellowship and fine leadership experience.

For those college students who eat and sleep in dormitories, or stay in rooming houses, social contacts in Christian fellowship are certainly important. In fact for all of us, no matter if we are living at home or away from home, there are still spiritual, moral, and social needs in our lives. Although on smaller campuses the fellowship needs are not as great, on larger campuses it is very possible for a newcomer to go to school in the morning and come home in the afternoon without talking to anyone. Even the informality of class discussion is minimized in these days of overgrown classes.

The fraternities and sororities certainly have their place as well. Their place is of great value in areas of fellowship and social activities—something needed by all college young people. And yet these organizations cannot possibly fill all the needs of a student—particularly those of spiritual and moral tone. Many Christian young people, however, find the answer to this problem when joining fraternities and sororities by keeping close contact with their churches and with other Christian student activities. The influence these people have in their respective organizations cannot be overlooked; its importance should never be underestimated.

Many lasting effects are produced from these wonderful off-campus experiences. By talking to older alumni, we would certainly find that long after textbook material has reached its minimum value, the experiences in personality growth, social adjustment, and leadership training are constantly growing in significance in our lives. Most of these factors of growth come from organization affiliations and from the responsibilities we share in these groups. Personality and character building are of real importance to all of us. But only as we find ourselves in the situations where these are used will we find a growth taking place.

Thus far, I have refrained from mentioning the spiritual needs in our lives as students. In this world of disorder, we should be trying to prepare ourselves to take hold somewhere—to preach the gospel of love in a world that needs it badly. Certainly in our daily lives, it is important that we take time to build strong lives and real Christian fellowship with those around us.

A Christian college student certainly

has a responsibility to the many organizations about him. He should think not only in terms of what organization can be of most value to his personal growth, but in terms of where he might be the most effective force.

—Bob Kraft

1. *What factors, circumstances, or decisions guided or influenced your choice in selecting the organizations or groups to which you belong?*

I joined the Student Christian Fellowship because of my intention to prepare for the ministry, and because I hoped to get as much experience in program building as I could acquire during my college years. I knew nothing of what the organization had done in the past but I felt rather certain that from no other source could come any influence which would bring to light emphasis on Christian values. I have seen the S.C.F. accomplish the introduction of grace before the evening meal in the dining hall as a continuing tradition. It has conducted two never-before-equalled campaigns for World Student Relief, and it has recently inaugurated daily morning devotions and midday meditations three times a week. I expected that the S.C.F. could accomplish these much needed features in the college program. Whether my role was large or small, my voice was always heard, and I can truly feel that the group is living up to my concept of its purpose.

I joined the local chapter of the American Veterans Committee solely for the purpose of "belonging" to an organization which I feel more truly represents the needs and attitudes of World War II veterans than those of any other veterans' organizations. I do not participate beyond the payment of dues, but I am proud to



have my name on its rolls, and I can enthusiastically endorse its program.

I assumed the editorship of the college newspaper because it was demonstrated to me that no student with journalistic background or enough inclination was available for the job.

I joined the fraternity which demonstrated to me that throughout its history it had led the others in academic achievement and contribution of leadership to campus activities. Its accent seemed to me to be on the most desirable values in the total educational scene. It still exceeds, leads, and instills those high qualities in its members and pledges.

2. *How in general do you feel about "belonging" and "joining" organizations and groups on a campus—do you believe in joining a good number in order to get a balance of participation, none, one, or a few?*

Bitter experience has taught me that overparticipation in student activities produces neither a significant contribution to the activities, nor a type of experience which demonstrates in any way our really possessing leadership ability.

The hogging of positions of responsibility in student affairs only serves to add sand to the gears of good student government.

It's all right for freshmen and sophomores to join several organizations while trying to find their niche, but by their junior and senior years they ought, certainly, to have selected an area of concentration in activities as well as in academics.

3. *What do you think about belonging to unpopular organizations—that is, to a group that may be small or unknown and is concerned about working for ideas, progressive causes, or objectives in life which are by-passed by the majority of students?*

I have yet to see a campus organization champion a really worthy ideal or progressive cause and not grow by leaps and bounds. I believe that college students are looking for causes to champion and that their failure to find them lies in the inadequate presentation of the causes which are in need of champions.

On this campus the only organizations with a cause have mushroomed. They are the Student Christian Fellowship, the International Relations Club, the American Veterans Committee, and the Future Teachers of America. Causes and ideas which slowly die probably are too far off balance (I don't like the word "left") to reveal the truth which may be contained beneath their expressions.

4. *In terms of "belonging for life"—that is, giving your time to purposes and*

motive

causes, institutions, and organizations—what campus groups do you feel will have the longest and most durable meanings?

The fraternity alone, of all campus organizations, remains true to the same principles and ideals through all the years. It is fraternity alumni who meet regularly to plan what contribution they can make to their own chapter and what contribution through it they can make to the upbuilding of their alma mater. Unless his chapter house burns to the ground, as mine did last week, he can return to see the work of his own hands mellowed by the years and the loving care of his younger brothers who preserve it.

Fraternities are the only organizations which keep complete and accurate records of the whereabouts and achievements of all their alumni, and keep them informed of the program of the chapter. The frequent personal invitations to return to campus actually draw the brothers back again and again. When college homecomings are in season, it is invariably the fraternal alumni who come back to spend the day or the week end. Without that tie, one ceases to belong to a college whose faculty retires and whose new buildings alter the entire atmosphere of the place one loved.

—Kenneth Jones

As I think back over my experiences in the selection of organizations, I see that there were diverse reasons for my choices. Perhaps the primary motive was interest in the purposes of the organization and a desire to participate in its activity. I also chose groups in which I would be able to meet stimulating people and persons with whom I would have ideas and interests in common. Opportunity for personal development was also considered, whether it be leadership training, gaining facts and understanding, or the development of skill in sports or arts. In the selection of groups to join, I believe that it is valuable to choose those which will broaden one's circle of friends, provide media for the development of new interests, present new ideas, give opportunity for positive action, stimulate thinking, sharpen critical powers, and develop creative ability. We should take advantage, as much as possible, of all organizations which will increase our skill in or appreciation of the arts. I believe that one should never join an organization just for the sake of belonging—with the exception of scholastic honorary fraternities.

On our campuses today there are too many organizations which are mere activity. Because of them a lot of energy is expended for the attainment of shallow,

inconsequential goals. Even if it means that we belong to no organizations, I believe that a student should avoid all of those which will contribute little or nothing to his development. There are many ways in which he can spend his time more profitably.

I think that a student should join a great number of worth-while organizations. My difficulty was to keep the number small enough, so that I could maintain an active interest and participation in each. There is much to be gained outside the classroom, and I have consciously chosen more extracurricular activities at the expense of the academic record which I might have otherwise maintained; at the same time I have been careful not to neglect valuable information. I am in college in order to obtain knowledge to be used now, to enrich everyday living, and to aid in the search for solutions to some of the problems of today and tomorrow. We must have facts on which to base critical objective and creative thinking. I believe, regardless of opinions to the contrary, that the worth of a good academic training and record cannot be minimized.

There is one organization on our campus which I joined for reasons quite different from my reasons for joining any other group. When I arrived at college "Greek" was the proper name for sororities as far as I was concerned. I had heard both criticism and praise, but I really knew nothing about them. As I had never belonged to a clique or special group, I felt no need for such in the form of a sorority. My strongest impelling motive for joining one was my desire to learn whether or not the criticisms which I had heard were justified. I felt that unless I knew what they were really like I would have no sound basis on which to judge them. Therefore, after much thought, I decided to join a sorority. After becoming a member, I discovered that the major fault was not the effect of the sorority

on the girls who did join, but the effect upon those girls who wished to join but could not for some reason. Since I have changed campuses several times during my college training, I have been both an "in" and an "out." Either status makes no difference to me, but I have seen the bitter effect that being an "out" has had on many girls. I was happy about the sorority which I joined because it was made up of a well-rounded group of girls. However, all was not so bright. I was to be disappointed when I discovered that the ideals of our group were not to be found in most sororities.

I have been on campuses where I think that sororities and fraternities are good and on others where I think that they are detrimental. I often wonder if the benefits gained from their existence are worth all the harm that they do. Personally, I have difficulty in justifying their continuance.

It has been my experience that I have gained the most lasting and worth-while benefits from small organizations which were unknown to, or did not interest, the majority of the students. These groups are working for ideas, progressive causes, or other objectives, which are valuable not only to the student in college but throughout life. Belonging to and taking an active part in an unpopular organization develops strength and character to a far greater extent than most popular organizations. Many such organizations impel the development of a sound philosophy of life—which so many students lack.

On the college campuses where I have been, it has been disappointing that there are so few organizations, and apparently so few persons who are interested in anything beyond their own selfish desires and momentary gratification or pleasures. So few students seem to be concerned with such things as their personal development into useful citizens, the welfare of society, or the state of the world. At a time when we have an opportunity to obtain the tools with which to tackle momentous problems, we ignore this thrilling challenge and spend our energy and enthusiasm on such activity as shallow organizations, dancing, football, etc. We may enjoy these things, of course, but we should also seek out organizations and people with whom we can experience the thrill of working for a great idea or cause.

Many students today have a frustrated empty feeling which I believe is due to a large extent to the nature and content of their extracurricular activities. They do not have the faith, philosophy, or purpose so necessary in order to live a full life. For this stimulating and inspiring influence, I am thankful to a small cell group, the Wesley Foundation, the International Club, the Intercollegiate Fellowship, and a very few other groups.

—Mary Shadow



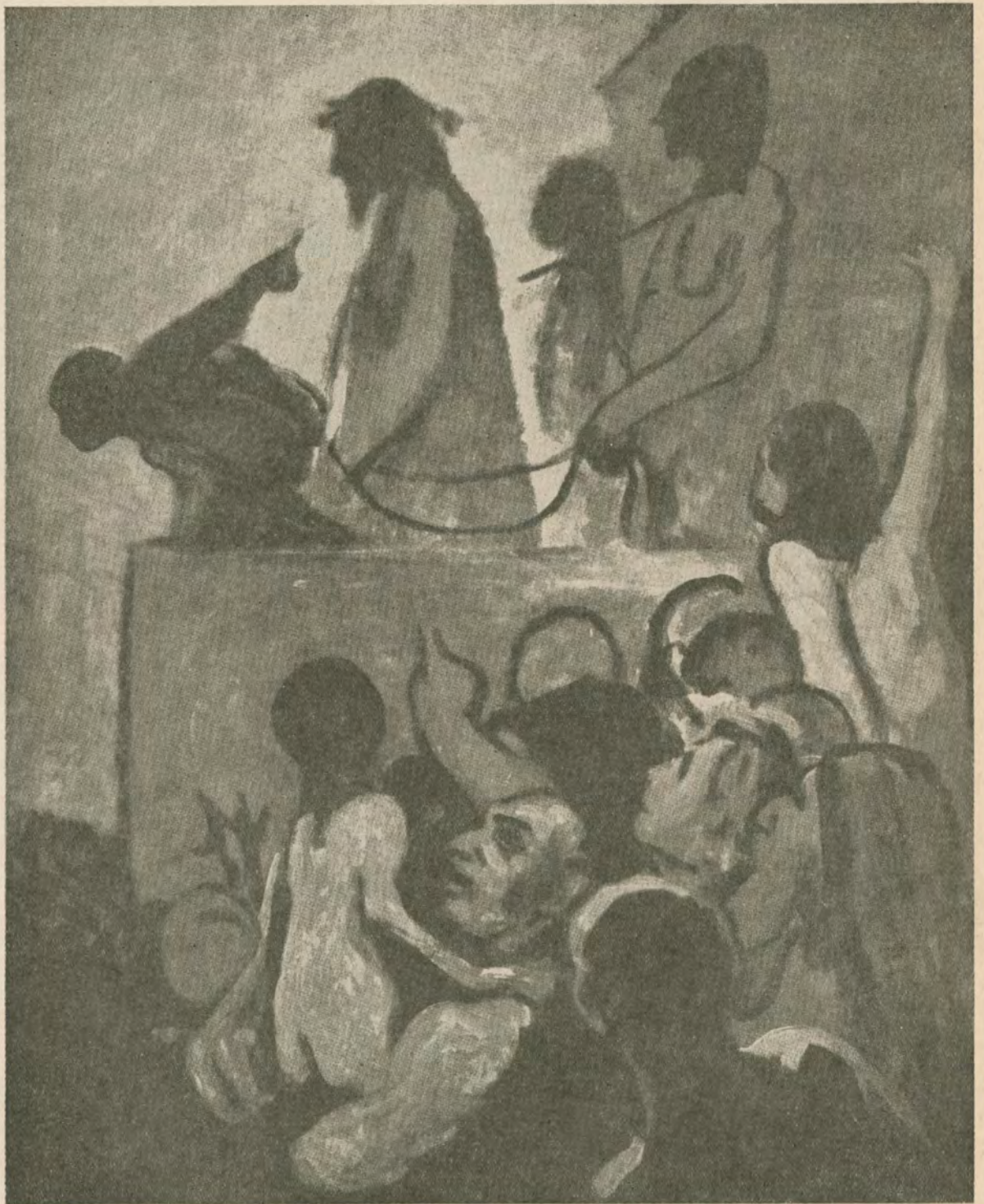
Daumier

THE UNIVERSALITY of Daumier's paintings is such that his works seem to stand above time, and the truths of mankind—its faults, failings, and glories—are reproduced with such intuitive insight that Daumier seems as much alive today as ever. For about sixty years critics and writers have been trying to show the importance of one who as a painter was completely ignored during his lifetime, and who, since his death, as his scarcely-seen and scattered works are being shown, is becoming increasingly significant.

Honoré Daumier was born in Marseilles in 1808. The family moved to Paris when he was seven. Daumier's affection for that great city continued to the end of his life. His work first appeared in Paris in contemporary journals. Through his own inclinations, as well as his acquaintances, he was drawn into the political strife of his time; because of this he developed into a master political caricaturist. Though his characterizations were harsh, they were never really vicious. His confident eye and intuition seized upon the failings of his fellow citizens. Against men whose experience could not give them insight into the problems of the working men, against politicians whose concern was only for themselves, against men who limited their humanitarianism, Daumier thrust his irony and unwavering breadth of vision.

Daumier's biting political satire caused him to be put into prison for six months. However, this master of satire continued to be a painter, with more subtlety and maturity, of Parisian life and manners. For half a century his thousands of lithographs provided Paris and all of France with a commentary of daily existence. Behind all of it was the man who understood Paris, its people and the life they lived, better than any man has to this day. There is a basis of honesty and good nature in all of his work. His profession was to make people laugh and think . . . and here his moral success made up for lack of a material one.

From about 1860 on, he began to devote more and more time to painting, which, unlike his lithographs, was almost completely ignored. The figures in his painted works abandon the anecdotic and have a generic value. The expression of true universality was beneath a mask of the temporal and was to be found in the unique expression of his immediate surroundings. Daumier had the power to invest his own time and the men of his time with an epic quality which is that of great and real life. His work is a message to all people of any age, and although he was associated with small groups of artists and political factions, actually there is little real bias in his message. Again and again it repeats the need for mutual understanding and the desire for indestructible freedom.



WE WANT BARABBAS!



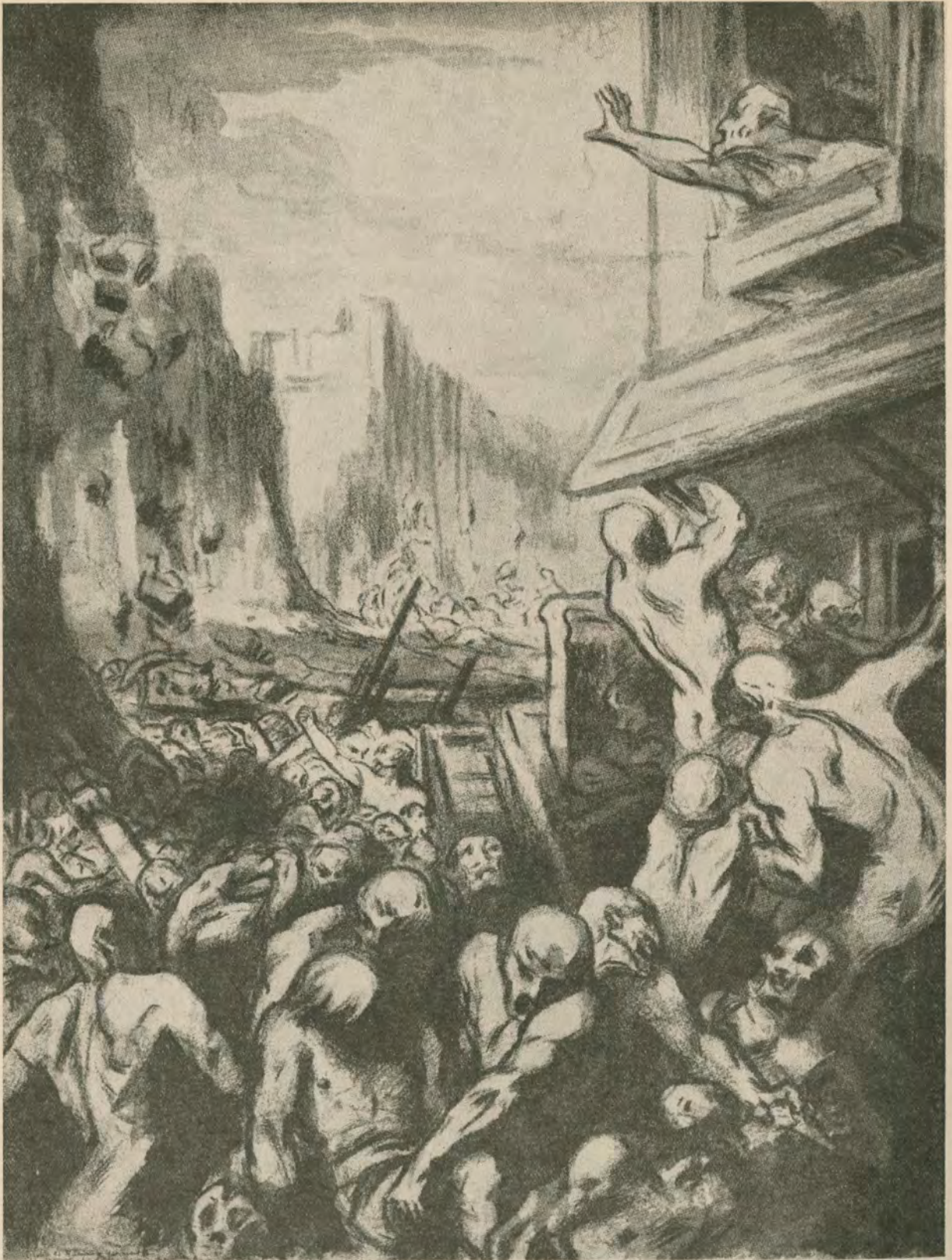
THE THIRD CLASS CARRIAGE





THE LEGISLATIVE BELLY





THE UPRISING

End Product

*Education should be a knowledge of sciences, cosmopolitan sympathy,
and practical equipment with which to face life.
But just try to get it if you refuse to cultivate your mind and character!*

MOSES JUNG

WHY DO MOST OF US respond to the lure of a university education? What spiritual or material interests of modern man do universities directly promote to account for our faith in them? What is it that we hope to get out of a university education over and above our professional skills?

In the first instance, I believe that the university teaches us to cultivate an intelligent mind. Now, the intelligent mind refuses to take anything for granted that is open to investigation and inspection. In the name of intellectual honesty it refuses to approach anything in life, be it large or small, from one angle only. It is haunted by a healthy suspicion that perhaps there is another side to the question. It is willing to take a great deal of time and trouble to see all sides of a question. You all may remember the dour figure of Cato, the Roman senator who, during the Punic Wars, stubbornly insisted that there was only one side to every public problem. There was only the Roman side, there was no other one—certainly no Carthaginian. And whenever Cato arose in the Roman Senate to speak, he wound up his oration with the famous sentence, "Above all, I think Carthage must be destroyed." Here is admirable determination combined, unfortunately, with the inability to see things in a large relationship, and this one-sided excellence led to disaster. In our new determination to be many-sided, our slogan is not to destroy, but to build through understanding.

The truth lies neither with the uncritical socialist nor with the uncritical capitalist, but somewhere in between. It does not pay to look upon the world through the rose-colored eyeglasses of an unmitigated optimist; there are too many trials and disappointments about us. Nor is it fair to look upon life through the somber spectacles of a disillusioned cynic. There still remain abiding values which we can reach. There is another side to every question. And for this other side the well-trained mind will search persistently. For until the other side is heard, we have only half truth. College can give us an intelligent mind which will ferret out the whole truth.

THE habit to reserve judgment until the other side is heard is a precious asset of the intelligent mind, since it implies thoroughness and mastery involving hard work and mental discipline.

There is a second aspect that I would discuss, that is the control of our emotions by reason. Now, it is well known that the main springs of our conduct lie, not in mere accumulation of knowledge, but rather in the great centers of feelings and convictions, sympathies, and emotions. Often we are hardly able to check them by reason. They run away with us; they are like a strong flow of water sweeping everything before it. Yet, just as the water can be harnessed to release its energy when needed, so, within certain limits, our emotions can be trained to serve rather than to rule us. Once we have made up our mind that the attainment of a certain goal is desirable, we ought to hitch our emotions to it so that they lead and do not deflect. There is something magnificent in the emotion of an inspired leader, in the ecstasy of a poet, in the deathless faith of a prophet, in the self-effacing search for truth of the scientist.

Even those among us ordinary mortals, who are neither scientists nor poets nor prophets, may feel the thrill of freedom that results from the subordination of our emotions to purposeful living. We need to restrain our modern horror of having too many inhibitions and regain a wholesome (though perhaps unfashionable) respect for self-discipline—what the psychologists call "the conditioned reflex."

To some, the possibility of the university's lending a hand in this training of the emotions will seem unjustifiably optimistic. They will not admit that at the present stage of our knowledge we are able to suggest ways and means for the control of the emotions by intellect. They may suggest that if we could impart a new philosophy of life to our undergraduates, a kind of stoicism, as the ancient Greeks had it, we could succeed. They will probably point out that the utmost the university can do today is to lay bare, by means of investigation, the various factors that make up the psychic pattern: the home, the school,

the world at large. That there is a controlling force in this psychic pattern they admit, but they will hint that there is scant hope that the present generation will be able to do more than investigate its exceedingly complex character. They will concede, however, that ultimately the university will be able so to prepare a generation of students for their role as fathers and mothers, that their children will better be able to harness their emotions and live a more balanced life than most of us do today.

But the very limitations which this school of thought implies can become the glory of the generation of university students who work and study under its regime. What more thrilling prospect than that of building the foundation upon which will arise a freer generation? What more glorious role than that of being the parents, through whose indispensable efforts the children will be better able to harness their emotions and live a more balanced life than most of us do today? And the beauty of it is that you, the pioneers for this happier generation, will, through honest devotion to a cause, yourselves become liberated and happy.

THE habit of reserving one's judgment and of controlling one's emotion by reason is indispensable to progress. But there is the third aim which embodies the first two and much more, that is, training for character.

Character is more than personality. Personality so frequently passes for character because both may reside in the same person. The two are distinguishable. Personality with all the brilliance of its attributes cannot always hide the absence of solid worth. Probably the ancient Greeks offered as many examples as any nation of charming personalities and unstable characters. The classic example is Alcibiades, handsome in person, brilliant in intellect, talented in many skills, but dissolute and unstable to the end. Personality he had, but character he had not. His accidental participation in a banquet with the hopelessly unprepossessing but thoroughly noble Socrates, described in Plato's *Symposium*, furnishes

one of the most dramatic contrasts between character and personality in all literature. A similar ancient, but perhaps unfamiliar, view of the same contrast is found in the Bible: Esau, the brilliant sportsman and altogether charming fellow, nevertheless lacks a sense of values, a feeling of social responsibility; on the other hand, Jacob, who has his faults to be sure, being human, is eager to assume heavy and lasting responsibilities and can be depended upon. Personality may be superficial; character must have depth.

What we mean when we say that a person has character is not only that he is good and truthful but that he is consistently and regularly truthful, honest, and sympathetic, so that one can foretell his future actions by the regularity of his past actions under similar conditions. It is this predictability, this stability of which Horace sings, that he who is upright in his life and unstained by guilt is thereby so armed that even the wild beasts fear him.

How can a university education assist a student in deepening his character? Can morals be taught? We know that technical skill can be imparted, that languages, science, philosophy, and mathematics can be taught, that a student can be instructed in their content, and their laws. But morality is not a formula to be learned; it is a life to be lived and is therefore not a mere branch of instruction. There is still a great searching of the wise as to how schools may develop the qualities of character. I can only mention one or two things that seem to be imperative. Since thoroughness and mastery, involving hard work and discipline, are the conditions of all successful living, there should be great insistence on these things. The student is more interested in personalities than in anything else and gets his inspiration largely by contagion, the contagion of the noble example. Very little can be accomplished by precept; nothing unless the precept is tied up to the actual experience of the student. The intelligent student rightly resents moralizing. The object of a college education is to make the student at home in the world in which he lives and to help him to live in a world of ever-increasing dimensions—at home in the world as science reveals it and as it is interpreted in history, philosophy, literature, and art and religion. That is enough. One does not need to point a moral. The spiritual value shines by its own light and develops its own heat. For it is after all the distinctive trait of human nature to appreciate and to be responsive to spiritual values, to sincerity, truth, beauty, justice, and righteousness.

The intelligent mind, the controlled personality, the fine character, they

ought to be employed to the best possible advantage. Now the ideal training ground for character development is still the family. In a family there are still the most varied situations and most diverse personalities; there is selfishness and egotism, scheming and frankness. There are all kinds of adjustments to be made between parents and children and between brothers and sisters. And there is, above all, the family code, things that are done and not done, the habits that are tolerated and those that are tabooed, the interests that are cultivated and those that are put into the background.

Archimedes, the famous Greek scientist, boasted: "Give me a place to stand on and I will move the earth." The modern educator could say: "Give me the family for a training ground and I will rebuild society." A boy or girl who is fortunate enough to come from a home in which parents are conscious of their obligations has an excellent start over others.

Why, then, if the home has done its part, is it incumbent upon the university also to concern itself with character as well as with learning? It is this. Wherever there is life, there is continual motion. In every department of the life of the individual there is either progress or retrogression. One cannot, in the development of any aspect of one's personality, stand still. The character that was developed at home must go on growing and broadening, or it will deteriorate. It cannot possibly stop growing without beginning at once to shrink. That is life.

IT is in the world of the larger human family in which the services of a high character are particularly needed. Due to the rapid industrial expansion in this country and to the untold opportunities in business life, most of the best minds go into commerce or business. The important sphere of municipal, of state, and of federal government receives only scant attention by university-trained men. As a result, the very term politician, which literally means one versed or experienced in the science of government and is still so defined in England, has come to mean in this country "one who is an expert in intrigue." There was a time when it was otherwise. Once it was the ambition of young college graduates to bear a hand in building up the nation. Jefferson, a graduate of William and Mary College, was in political life at the age of twenty-six. He was only thirty-three when he wrote the Declaration of Independence. Madison, a Princeton man, was only twenty-five when he was elected a delegate to the Revolutionary Convention of Virginia in 1776. In the next decade, he and Hamilton, a Columbia man, six

years his junior, were writing the Federalist papers and laying the political and economic foundations of the new republic. Washington, at the age of twenty-three, was placed in command of the military forces of Virginia, and so on. Our government was then a young man's business.

Students today have immense advantages over former generations. Modern universities now provide studies in political science, economics, sociology, government, public law, and the political, social, and economic history of the United States and other countries. It is a wide sweep of knowledge, which embraces, beyond these traditional academic subjects, the natural and physical sciences and the new psychology developed within the present century, all of which have important bearings on the problems of government.

In addition, students today are more vitally interested in both domestic and international issues. Perhaps they realize the interdependence of internal and international problems more keenly because of the irrefutable evidence that has been furnished in the last fifteen years all over the world. One of the most urgent needs of this country is the training of such "career" men, who would attempt to translate their convictions into action, in spite of vested interests and the pressure of political parties, and do their best to infuse new character qualities into the conduct of public affairs.

Such opportunities for pioneering are open, not only in the political field, but also in cosmopolitan cultural affairs. In our days the terrestrial globe is shrinking mightily in its proportions and more than ever it has become necessary to cultivate an attitude of intellectual sympathy towards other ethnic, cultural, and racial groups. We have come to realize that the Darwinian "struggle for existence" presented only one side of human evolution. There is also another side, the fact of "mutual aid," as Kropotkin has shown, which is far more important for the progressive evolution of the species than the law of mutual contest. "We must try not to judge our fellowmen until we have come into their place."

A little incident might illustrate my point: Some time ago a high Chinese official who visited Columbia University spoke to a class of students on the religion of Confucius. During the discussion that followed a student asked him: "Is it true that the Chinese are in the habit of honoring the memory of their ancestors by placing savory dishes before their ancestors' tombs? Can the dead smell the food?" The Chinese scholar, not at all embarrassed by the implied criticism, answered: "In China we often see foreign

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What This Country Needs . . .

Because they are getting guilt feelings about the courses they have been offering some colleges are changing them around and putting them under more complicated titles.

This must stop and students are the ones to yell whoa!

HAROLD TAYLOR

AMERICAN SOCIETY, along with every other social order in the world today, is in a state of continuous tension, conflict, and controversy. In our case this conflict and controversy have not gone as far as they have in other countries, although the conflicts and the problems are fundamentally the same. In some countries, in order to adjust the conflicts, it is necessary to fight a civil war. Here they can be solved in other manners not so severe. In America our personal freedoms have been preserved during the war and during this present period. We haven't had to give the Nazi salute to an occupying power or to a political police.

The conflicts are over practical matters like race relations, who shall hold the economic power, who shall say when labor should strike, how can we lower the cost of living, how can we house our people. Along with those conflicts, we have our corresponding anxieties. We are worried about our schools and our children. We cannot house our people. Our national income is spent largely on trivial things where more significant things are needed. But the trouble does not end there. The society for which we are educating our youngsters has a basic conflict in its philosophy, between those who want a planned economy and those who don't; those who want compulsory military training and those who don't; those who want higher pay for teachers and those who don't; those who wish to segregate Negroes and those who don't; and those who want to fight Russia and those who don't. On the whole our philosophy in all these matters as a country has become much more stiff and conservative; it has become a nervous sort of philosophy. For the most part it is either quiveringly uncertain or dogmatic. Our leaders take steps and wish they hadn't, or don't take steps and wish they had. The political situation is such that nobody with any ambitions for political leadership wants to say or do anything for fear somebody might not like it. Every thought and proposal is first tested by public opinion to see if it is permissible to have it. To deal with this kind of society we have two major

forces, American good luck and energy and American education. All the rest of the forces are working for some kind of self-interest and are automatically committed to one side or the other and cannot remain outside of that commitment.

The schools and universities are the only places where knowledge and the people who can teach and learn exist side by side, and where there are people whose professional occupation is to get at the facts and carry on independent inquiry. Even here the possibilities are limited due to the advantages to the teacher who finds his greatest success in conformity. Added to this there is an enormous overcrowding of our schools and the notorious underpayment of teachers. If all these things are true about our present society in America, and I suppose they are since they keep turning up in the newspapers, then we have a rough summary of the problems we face, and we have a rough summary of the society for which we are preparing our children.

It is a society which needs a high degree of personal quality in terms of intelligence and integrity, so that each of us can be educated in a modern world to achieve material and spiritual satisfactions. The questions are: What is American education doing about that society, how is it preparing its students to live in it, and how will they be prepared during the next ten years?

THE philosophy which seems to me most appropriate for developing in our students the means for meeting current problems is one in which the emphasis is put on the development of personal freedom. We want the kind of person coming from our colleges and schools who is liberated, free in spirit, and unafraid to talk. The philosophy which we should hold is one which is dedicated to producing these personal qualities, and the kind of knowledge which goes with them.

The reforms now being made in American education have very little to do with such quality in human beings. We all know that American education is being reformed daily. In every university and

college in the country there are curriculum committees who have been meeting for three to four years and who have been obsessed with rearranging old courses in new clusters. Professors have developed guilt feelings about the courses they have been giving, harmlessly enough for years, and are shaking them up and changing them around and putting them under new and more complicated titles. The major problem which these reforms face, however, is the problem of mass education which has been thrust upon us with the increase in enrollment. We simply have a problem which we have never thought about in terms of what it means for the students who are being educated.

In some universities there are classes of more than a thousand students. No one could know if the back row played the radio or poker. The people in the class never do meet the teacher, and the only sign of any human hand in this situation is a series of little checks when the objective examinations are returned to the students. That kind of education is going on in America today because of a mass problem of increased numbers and the scarcity of teaching talent. The dilemma is whether or not to refuse higher education to more people who have the talent for it, or to get on with the job of mass education as best we can. My objection is that we have solved the problem of mass education in the same way that we used to solve the problem before it became a mass problem. We have simply put five hundred more people into each class, the same professor gives the same lectures under a different title, and as a result, the student has practically disappeared. No one has asked the student in America what he wants in his education.

Quite recently I read the results of a survey about what the veterans thought about higher education in America. It should be frightening to the college presidents and deans to read the resentment which our colleges have managed to produce in some veterans about the content of their education. In a report written by Professor Vinneccour of the University of Nevada is this comment:

"If the veterans were trustees of the majority of American colleges and universities, they would start a house cleaning that would extend from university policy and curricula down to antediluvian buildings and equipment. They would include the authorized teaching method and pre-historic attitude of their instructors."

An additional item in the survey is important since it shows that in an informal account of those who are teaching one typical American college, 50 per cent were students who had done all their work more than thirty years ago. Twenty-six were students before the First World War, only nine had been students in the past ten years, and five had studied as undergraduates from 1897 to 1907. That kind of professor tends to put into the new college course the things which he studied when he was young, or on the other hand the things he thinks now he should have studied when he was a boy. The good curriculum can't be made up in that way. It has to be made according to an educational philosophy.

THAT brings us then to the question of how we put together a college program for the contemporary student to meet the needs of his society. There are two main solutions which have been given, first, the one which is called the "core curriculum," or some other form of that term, and the one called the "great book," or the classical tradition. The first suggests that each student must have a knowledge of the four main areas of human thought; the second, that each student must know the classical literature through the study of our great thinkers. In both cases the assumption is that by obtaining a certain kind of knowledge, the key to understanding and to solving the problems of contemporary society will be given to our students.

I think that is a natural assumption and is one that has been assumed throughout the history of education. The question I wish to raise about both of those solutions, however, is whether or not the mere conveyance of this knowledge by the methods now in use—through the microphone, through the mimeographed sheet, through the standard text books, through the diluted forms of education now being carried on—is really education in any meaningful sense, when we consider the need to develop creative intelligence and a sense of personal values.

If we are really serious about the problem of educating people for contemporary living, which certainly is our essential problem today, we would not seek to do it by lumping everyone together in anonymous classes, providing each with a number and a seat, and ex-

posing the student to talks which he could better understand if he simply stayed home and read the remarks. I think we would do something quite different—we would think again of the individual student as he comes from high school to college. Within the next ten years, if the current system of ignoring the student goes on, we will have a standardized program of higher education which has the same defects as our present situation multiplied many times, and the whole business of going to college will result not in a deepening of understanding of contemporary society but in the scorn of the intellect by those who are given that sort of treatment in the name of education.

If we have to think about what is happening to the individual student and what it is he is looking for, we have to make sure that in his first year or two in college he has his interests, his needs, and his personal attitudes involved in the college program. We can do this by giving him more chance to talk with his teachers. We could save a lot of time and energy by asking professors to lecture less and to organize classes in smaller groups where intimate talk would be possible, perhaps even to the extent of one hour a week. The professor can bring in his friends, the graduate students, give them responsibility for twenty-five to thirty students each, and leave the graduate students and the freshmen students alone together for a semester; then give the graduate student academic credit for having learned a great deal about his subject through having been compelled to teach it. The doctorate degree can be given on the basis of how well he managed to function in his work with other students. The way one can develop the quality of mind and attitude of a graduate student who is teaching is to ask the student to learn with him. If we bring the student back into the center of American education, reform for the next ten years can go in a way which will reduce our mass education once more to a concern with the individual. At the moment, it seems to me, the student is still coming to college in order to indulge in the general atmosphere of the collegiate life, and he is willing to put up with some tiresome academic work in order to indulge in those benefits.

I THINK, too, that if we are serious about developing creative intelligence, we shall certainly have to stop measuring students by their ability to pass examinations and their ability to pile up credits. The administration of credits, objective examinations, and constant testing serve largely to inhibit learning and seem almost to become the main purpose of education itself—that is, to

provide test data from the colleges. Under our present credit system, the ideal man is an abstraction holding about a hundred and thirty credits with a grade of three to four, depending on the grading ratio. We have an arithmetical approach to education which increases competitiveness and values simple accuracy and information above imagination. This is the educational equivalent of commerce and banking in which we put credits away which are hard to earn. These are put into an educational bank account until we have enough points to set up business for ourselves. That kind of attitude gives us a compulsion towards collecting irrelevant information. This trend in American education today, if followed much further, will take us to a standard curriculum which will be the same for every student in every college at every time.

This leads us to turn to other ways of examining our students. During the next ten years there are numbers of ways in which experimental psychology and a knowledge of how human beings work and how they best reveal their abilities can be used to find new ways of discovering what our students are like. We can turn to clinical methods as a means of evaluating students in new ways. Perhaps some of the ways could be similar to those used in nursery schools, where at least, just now, an individual is safe from objective testing, and where the observation of spontaneous and voluntary behavior is one basic mode of evaluation.

It seems to me, too, that American education, in taking the student from the center of contemporary life, has refused to develop a philosophy in which it believes, in which the student can learn what the values are which will be the most useful for him to have when he faces a confused and tense society.

One reads the Harvard Report and other curriculum surveys in vain to find the philosophy which can be said to unify the whole curriculum for modern education. The proposal of the Harvard Report, a proposal made by others who used that method of solving our educational problem, is that no philosophy in America would be appropriate, since in the democratic system we must present all philosophies and not talk too much about any one, leaving to the student the question of choosing among the beliefs and values which he wishes to share. In our present social climate it is no longer possible to say we have no philosophy which we particularly recommend.

In the earlier part of this century we assumed that society, if left to itself, would continue to develop with a kind of unavoidable progress. In that social climate it was possible to say we need not have a philosophy by which to live.

[Continued on page 30]

There's a Great Day Coming ---and Soon!

LENA HORNE

"We ain't got nothin', we ain't doin' nothin', and we ain't goin' nowhere . . ." says Richard Wright through the mouth of a twenty-year-old boy in *Native Son*. The boy is a Negro, and it's generally understood by the reader that the statement is true, not only of Bigger Thomas and his friends, but of all Negroes in the United States—a country which ceased to be half slave and half free in Lincoln's time, and yet has never become wholly slaveless or entirely free. To white artists of all nations, the United States is looked upon as the land of the free. To the American Negro it has often been the place that circumscribed his pathways and smothered his talents as well as his freedom.

The fact that a Negro boy could feel this way is a terrible testimony that a nation may be responsible for an almost unforgivable evil. It is an indictment hurling the accusation of guilt upon all of us—no matter who we are—white, brown, or black. If this situation is true, we have been guilty of oppression of the defenseless and damnation of the innocent. And most of all, we have damaged ourselves.

Bigger Thomas was not entirely correct in his sweeping despair for his race. Today in a number of the arts there is unquestionable evidence that some Negroes of Bigger's age *have* done something, are continuing to do something, and are going some place. But in spite of the fact that some of us are rather amazed at the scope and rapidity of this "progress," it is just a sample of what is to be accomplished. We have not really seen, and have not really believed, and we have tragically passed on our unbelief to our children just as our fathers passed theirs on to us.

We have been forced into accepting the pattern that the Negro is eminently capable of music of all kinds, of the dance, and of the drama. But for some reason, popular thought seems to indicate that the Negro is incapable of the artistic genius necessary for fine arts such as painting and sculpture. This is unreason-



LORETTA

By Roszi Tezan

George Binet Gallery

February 1948

able and untrue and perhaps it will be in this direction that the Negro may make his next stride.

Beginning with the craftsmen who designed, built, and adorned the beautiful mansions of the South, the Negro in America has in reality established a long and honorable tradition of fine artistry throughout the years. Paintings by Pareja, only competent echo of the beauty of soul that was Velasquez, are treasures the world over. Gomez is still the most prized artist of all Seville. Johnson bought his freedom painting portraits of the great men of his day. These and others like them had established the tradition of their people before 1800. Ducanson's landscapes and Edmonia Lewis' sculpture kept the light of fine arts for the Negro

burning during the nineteenth century, culminating in the spectacular success of Tanner in 1900.

In 1930 the Negro artist came into new prominence. Federal art projects gave many the needed chance. Because of the large numbers of Negro artists working on the racial theme at this time, it attained the proportion of a school of contemporary art to be seriously reckoned with; it has had far-reaching consequences.

Some feared that, with this painstakingly thorough documentation of Negro life, Negro artists would slip into a backwater of racism never to emerge. But, even though the vision into Negro life was deep and penetrating, the insight into the world was not less acute, and the

themes of art in its universal sense were absorbed to enlarge the perspective of the Negro artist.

Now the Negro artist is on the brink of a new day. These times are of great promise to a once enslaved and only partially freed people. But the freedom that art needs is impossible without public knowledge, recognition, and support. I say knowledge and recognition, for without them support is unwarranted and impossible. Knowledge is the most important, the most pressing need, for I am certain that knowledge will be followed inevitably by recognition, and recognition by support.

Even an artistic world, specialized though it may be, cannot exist half slave and half free.

Old Devil Custom

won't be changed because of Race Relations Sunday, but a journey of two thousand miles . . .

EDWIN MAYNARD

DID YOU EVER MURDER a man for taking your girl away from you? Did you ever steal from your employer? Or for that matter, do you even start a fight when provoked? Probably not. Those things, you say, are wrong. You are so sure that they hardly occur to you as possibilities.

It's the same thing with doing a good deed to your neighbor, or perhaps participating in a campus social-action project. They seem to be the right thing, so you do them.

If we ask why the guy pays the bill at the Sugar Bowl, or why the girls don't wear slacks to church, we get a different answer. These things aren't right or wrong. The girls could pay the bills and go ahead wearing slacks to church and nobody would have any pangs of conscience. It would just make a good day for the gossips.

There is a difference between the things we do or refrain from doing because they seem to be right or wrong and the things we do or don't do simply because it gives us an uncomfortable feeling to go against the group. Sociologists trace both kinds of behavior patterns back to the historic collective judgment of the group and frequently the distinction between them becomes blurred. It is blurred today.

Whether or not we like the word "morals" (nobody likes to be called a moralist—not even the author), the fact that morals exist is inescapable. Many of the decisions which individuals must make from day to day have little consequence beyond the immediate situation; they do not involve the rights of other persons.

These decisions can be made on the basis of social custom. Everybody knows what to do—or can find out by looking on the right page of Emily Post.

But no amount of circumlocution can take away the fact that for most of our actions we must assume responsibility—moral responsibility. That is why there are laws against stealing and rape, though not against failing to tip the waiter. That is why our Christian faith is of such critical importance in some areas of conduct.

At many points the principle of moral responsibility is well established. There is no serious questioning of society's taboos against murder, rape, and theft. Simple honesty is admitted to be "right" (though some who admit do not practice). But there are some areas in which moral values ought to prevail where social custom has usurped their place.

Contemporary American customs concerning sexual relations, business practices, and race relations are among those which are crowding out moral principles. The customs vary from one locality to another and among individuals, but their pressure always is strong. Witness the number of persons who drink to follow the crowd without considering the consequences.

Perhaps it is in the field of race relations that the conflict of moral-religious principles and social custom is most marked. Here we see the issue raised on the floor of the Senate in the FEPC bill. Here the pricking consciences of some have brought into being the emancipation proclamation, the fourteenth amendment and state and local nondiscrimination

laws, while the defendants of custom have passed poll taxes and required that, "Colored will please seat from rear to front."

Unfortunately, the law has more often been a salve for conscience than a rule for action. Spotty as the legal record is, it looks much better than the record of action. The fourteenth amendment did not get Mary Bethune into a Georgia hospital, nor did Chicago's nondiscrimination law get Negroes into the white city roller-skating rink. There are no laws on the books forbidding Caucasians, Negroes, and Japanese to worship together, but do they do it?

"Church people" join the crowds following social custom and there is more brotherhood on the street car than in the pew. We smugly discuss how to solve the race problem while giving a cool welcome to a colored person who wants to join the group. We observe the taboo against marrying across the color line and we reward with ostracization the brave few who fail to regard this custom. At least we could be more tolerant of those less bound by moral customs than we.

The situation is ironically reminiscent of the day when one could become a Christian hero by saying, "We ought to obey God rather than men." Today the one who makes that choice is likely to become a martyr.

The answer is not blind disregard of society's customs. A living Christian must be a discriminating person. He must be able to decide where the laws of men are to be followed, and where they are countermanded by the laws of God.

Etiquette—Unauthorized Edition

*She treated her just as her mother had taught her to,
but there was something strange, cold, and hurt about Catherine.*

Maybe she was going to college, but you'd never know it from her manners, Beth thought.

GLORIA GRANT

BETH STRETCHED HER PLUMP arms high above her head, yawned, and looked dreamily out of the window into the crowded streets of the Southern town. Another dreadful day! Another day of telephone calls, of whining, complaining voices all begging for the doctor. Being a secretary to one of the best eye specialists in town certainly wasn't her idea of an easy job. Sometimes she thought everybody in the whole town must be having eye trouble, what with the way the phone rang and people jammed into the office yelling for Dr. Rhodes. She knew she shouldn't be kicking, though. After all, if Dr. Rhodes wasn't a success, she couldn't get her check. And \$200 a month wasn't bad at all! None of her friends made that much. Oh well, today was Monday and sometimes it wasn't such a bad day. And maybe she could read the *True Story* she had picked up at the newsstand.

It was so peaceful, just sitting there, relaxing vacant-mindedly. But she knew she wouldn't be sitting there for much longer. Already it was 8:15 and patients would soon start trailing in. The first patient came at 8:30. A Miss Moore, tall, with deep-set dark eyes, and very high cheek bones. A brown coat was swung across her mannish shoulders, and beneath it she wore a smartly tailored brown suit. Beth knew her type, strictly the business woman, strictly the kind that says, "I live alone and like it," but who means "I live alone because men don't like me." When Miss Moore came up to the desk, Beth gave her one of her pleasant smiles. And Beth's smile wasn't just an ordinary secretary's smile; it had all the appearances of being warm and real, so necessary for the success of a professional secretary.

"Good morning, Miss Moore" (over-emphasizing the morning). "How's that eye coming along?"

It was obvious the woman didn't share Beth's pleasantry. "Good morning," she replied. "It's a little better, I think."

Beth went on. "Oh, I'm sure it's going to heal just fine. In a few days the bandage will come off and you'll see as well as ever."

"Yes, I'm sure it will," she answered.

"Self-sufficient women! I hate 'em," Beth thought. "You know they're as

scared as anybody else when their eyes are all messed up, but will they admit it? Not on your life, they're so busy spending their time trying to convince the public of their self-sufficiency. Oh, the heck with her, there'll be plenty of patients who will appreciate me."

In less than a half-hour, three more patients came in. They included the wealthy Mrs. Williams, Miss Ackiss, a college student, and Miss Ashley, who sold cosmetics at the five and ten cent store. Beth thought that from all the collection of people who came there, one would think it was Grand Central Station instead of a doctor's office. One thing this job had taught her about people—they'd see about their eyes regardless of the cost; rich or middle class, they wanted the best.

Beth greeted them all with equal good-naturedness and tried to make them feel at ease, then she started her typing. She had just begun when she heard footsteps in the hall. Seeking the door, her eyes refused to believe what they saw. Beth looked and looked again to be sure. Entering the room was the most stylish colored girl she had ever seen! A young girl, dressed in a black Persian lamb coat and wearing black accessories. Beth was speechless. It wasn't that she hadn't seen good-looking colored girls before, she'd seen them all right. But she hadn't seen them dressed so attractively, so expensively. Where did she get such clothes? Where did a *colored girl* get enough money to buy clothes like that? Who was she? Where was she from?

Beth could not take her eyes from her, she wasn't missing a single detail. The brown-complexioned girl had jet black hair that reached down to her shoulders, large, smiling eyes, sensual lips and a well-shaped mouth, and skin with the glow and freshness of the cosmetic advertisements. She held her head high, stood quite erect, was poised and self-assured.

Beth tried to say something but no words came. It was the girl who began the conversation. "Good morning, I'd like to see Dr. Rhodes if I may."

Beth noticed that she had a well-modulated voice and that she had good diction.

"I'm sorry but he's busy right now," Beth replied. "You'll have to wait. If you'll just come with me."

Beth led her into a small side room which was used as a waiting room for colored patients. It was the doctor's old office. Since he had taken over the adjoining room and had moved his equipment there, the old office solved what had been a waiting-room problem. The room was drab and dirty looking. Its only furniture was two unsteady wooden chairs, an old cabinet, and an old-fashioned eye chart hanging on the wall. Dr. Rhodes didn't have many colored patients because most of them went to the Negro eye specialist. Beth had heard that he would be out of town for the next month, and so she supposed their colored trade would increase.

"Please sit here," Beth said, addressing the girl.

For a second the girl seemed stunned, and then, hesitatingly, she sat on the edge of one of the small chairs.

Their eyes met. Beth knew something had happened, something had happened to the girl's eyes, they were no longer smiling—they were hard and cold, almost brutal, as they glared unflinchingly.

It surprised Beth. What was the matter with this girl? What had she done to her? She got her patients' cards and began asking the necessary questions.

"Your name, please," she said.

"Miss Webster," the girl replied.

"I mean your first name," Beth came back, almost scolding. The girl hesitated. Then she replied slowly and deliberately, "Miss Catherine Webster."

"Your address?"

"1005 Second Avenue, South."

"Is this your first time in seeing Dr. Rhodes?"

"Yes, Dr. Mansfield is my regular eye specialist."

Beth finished writing the information. "Make yourself at home, Catherine," she said, trying to be very pleasant. "The doctor will see you in about twenty minutes." Beth waited, expecting the girl to say something, perhaps "thank you," but she didn't. Her brown body seemed to have stiffened, and she just sat there staring at the wall. Beth was annoyed. What was the matter with the

girl? If she was going to act like a mummy why didn't she stay at home? What had she done to make her act so high and mighty? Hadn't she had plenty of experience in dealing with people? Pay them a compliment, and they'd lick your fingers, or wouldn't it work on the Negro girl?

"That perfume you're wearing surely smells good; I won't mind going by this room any more. What kind is it?"

The girl continued to stare at the wall. For a moment she said nothing. Then slowly her toneless voice filled the small room. "Thank you. The perfume is called Reflections."

Beth recognized the name. She had never used the perfume herself, but had seen it advertised in some of the better magazines.

She began again, determined to flatter the girl, to make her loosen up. "That's sure expensive perfume. It's made by Ciro's, isn't it?"

But the girl didn't loosen up; instead her voice remained as cold and as toneless as ever, as she spoke the solitary word, "Yes."

Beth was stopped. The girl's words were icicle spears. She couldn't figure her out, and she was annoyed with her. She resented her fine clothes and her impudence, but yet . . . who was she? Where did she get her money? She was young, not more than twenty. Maybe one of the students from the university for colored people across the town. People said they dressed pretty well out there, but Beth had never been there to see.

She knew she was likely needed in the large waiting room, but something compelled her to ask, "Do you go to school, Catherine?"

"Yes," was the curt reply. Beth swallowed. She felt hot blood running through her body. She was getting angry. A nigger girl who kept saying "Yes." She wanted

to slap her, but she also wanted to find out more about her, and besides, she knew how Dr. Rhodes hated scenes.

"Do you go to that nice colored school across town?"

Again the answer, "Yes."

Beth went on. "I bet you're awfully smart too. That red-headed girl in the waiting room, Miss Ackiss, she goes to college too."

No answer. Beth started to ask her some other things, but hesitated. The girl seemed belligerent, and those stony, unwinking eyes of hers acted like a barrier toward any attempts at intimacy.

She was about to ask her what her father did for a living when she heard someone come into the waiting room so she decided to go see who it was. Another Negro! This time it was an old patient, Mary Brown. She was a brown-skinned, good-natured, robust woman, about fifty, with large eyes usually filled with humor and a laugh that seemed boundless. But today her eyes weren't sparkling and her whole face seemed tired and worn. Beth was genuinely fond of the woman and, seeing her in such a condition, was a bit troubled.

"Why, if it isn't Mary Brown," Beth greeted, rushing up to the woman. "Why, I haven't seen you in ages. Where've you been keeping yourself?"

The woman was quick to answer. She smiled a little and one could see that she was overly pleased that a white woman should take such an interest in her.

"Well, I ain't been feeling so well lately, Miss Beth. My eyes are giving me more trouble."

"Oh, that's a shame, Mary. I'm really sorry about that. When did they start hurting?"

"Oh, about three weeks ago, I reckon."

"Well, don't worry about it. I'm sure the doctor can tell you exactly what's wrong. Come on in the back with me."

Beth led the woman into the same small room in which Catherine was sitting. Though the other chair was much too small for the woman, she made herself as comfortable as possible.

"Well, tell me about yourself, Mary,"

Beth urged, "What have you been doing since I saw you last?"

"Well, really I ain't been doin' much of anythin'. My eyes have been givin' me so much trouble that I haven't been able to do none of Miss Margaret's sewing at all."

"Oh, that's a shame. We'll really have to see about that. Isn't that right?" Beth said, addressing the young girl.

The girl looked back at Beth, but her lips never parted. She just stared grimly. Beth felt a little embarrassed, but more angry than anything else. She could slap that girl, put her in her place, if it weren't for something in her cold, blazing eyes that almost frightened her. She tried to ignore the stare and keep on talking.

"The doctor will see you in a little while, Mary. Catherine was here first," she said and then left the room.

Beth went back to her desk, unable to stop thinking about the girl. What could be eating at her, she wanted to know. She hadn't said anything wrong. The girl was just not civil, that's all. She didn't even have the manners of Mary, who had never even set a foot inside a school. Hadn't she always said niggers had no business going to school? They didn't learn anything that was good for them. A girl in college and didn't even have manners! No etiquette whatsoever. "Oh well, got more things to think about than that," Beth thought to herself.

Mrs. Williams was coming out of the office. Beth turned to the college student, Miss Ackiss, and said, "The doctor will see you now."

BY THE SCHOOL AT RECESS

These questions are the ones I asked
About the children as I passed.
What fate will mold their destiny,
What faith, what hope, what charity?
What cause will challenge all their strength,
What chance, what task, what road of length?
What joyous hours will they possess,
What fun, what thrills, what happiness?
What thoughts will occupy the mind?
What deeds of service will they find?
What life is here for them to seize?
What god will bring them to their knees?
The answers come from you and me,
With power to build their destiny.

—Dwight Kinter

In the Orbit of the Great Khan

*Here is the story of crowded days in Baluchistan
where the independence of India, nonviolence, and concern for the poor
are the ruling passions of men.*

MURIEL LESTER

"BALUCHISTAN" WAS ONLY a rather wild-sounding name to me, and Quetta, its chief city, reminded me only of thoroughly unpleasant things—an almost totally devastating earthquake, concentrated military strength, and arid miles of homesickness endured by British boys who, because they were unemployed, had volunteered for the army between the wars.

But the last fifteen years have brought something new into Baluchistan. Literally translated its name is "the association of the country." It was founded by the Moslem, Abdus Sammat Khan; he was just the right sort of leader for a Pathan Province—tall, strong-bodied, gentle-voiced, with bright all-observant eyes, and a passion for three things: the independence of India, nonviolence, and the poor. Through energetic social service, the founding of many schools, clubs, and welfare centers this association has awakened the masses. Abdus Sammat Khan was warned in 1931 by a high official that work such as his, however useful and excellent, could not be tolerated in this area, but he ignored this well intended advice and continued to be active. He was in and out of prison a good many times, but this only increased the loyalty of his followers.

Today these people have a great confidence in the future. Moslem, Hindu and Sikh, Malaunas, congressmen and communists were continually going in and out of the house where we were staying for they all moved in the orbit of the great Khan. Our host was a strict Hindu and a contractor. His house, like most others in this so recently destroyed city, abutted into the street, and its low mud wall gave no promise of the comfort and charm within. We were given a suite of four rooms all opening onto a courtyard where flowers greeted us with gay color and fragrance.

Our crowded schedule was constantly being increased. It began with a visit to the girl's school—an epoch-marking institution in any Moslem area. Abdus Sammat Khan has somewhat of a horror of what Western women have made of their freedom. He judges them, I think, by films, their manners, their sometimes

arrogance, and most of all by their final decline from the purposes of God into the uniformed service of Mars.

During my visit to Baluchistan, we were driven out of the city and through a settlement of homeless folk who had patched up bits of canvas and fastened together sheets of flattened out petrol tins to protect them from sand, sun, and wind. After visiting another desolate-looking village, we speeded up the arid valley with rugged, sterile, and grandly molded mountains closing in upon us with every mile. Soon a chain barred the road. It was lowered for the Khan, and we passed the entrances of fourteen deep tunnels which were carefully sealed and guarded; they served as an extensive arsenal hollowed out of the mountains.

Fifteen miles past the arsenal we came to one of the famed orchards. Under the shade of peach, pear, and apple trees cheerful-looking men were skillfully dealing with an enormous mound of apples. Accustomed to our dearth of fruit, I was silly enough to feel quite worried for fear they would fail to get them marketed while still in their prime. The men had their beds under the trees; their supper was being prepared in the orchard; there were still hours of daylight; and if some fruit did perish there were tons more! Apples and grapes galore, better and far more beautiful than those which were costing six dollars a pound in London, cost twenty cents a pound here. The packers worked leisurely, and as they worked, and as others chose armfuls of their best produce to put into our car as a present, they inquired about my friend and me: Had we really been to Kabul? And in the common omnibus? And without the protection of a man? The Khan explained that we had faith in God and in the human race, and they nodded their heads approvingly.

We got back to Quetta in time for a Hindu wedding. The bridegroom and his family had come from Calcutta the day before, and now he was being driven through the main streets of the town in a closed car with three square little silver plates fastened around his head with colored muslin. His mother walked beside the car. We walked just behind

with a friend of the family, highly honored because of the tireless energy he showed in rescuing people during the earthquake when twenty-one members of his family circle had been killed. As the bridal party reached their house we were spirited away to be refreshed with tea and biscuits before the next appointment, but I was recalled later to give a blessing to the young couple. The wedding service had begun, but the Brahmin who was conducting the ceremony lowered his prayer book and gave me a welcoming smile. The bride, crouching on the edge of the divan with veiled face according to tradition, bowed her head a little lower still. It was a great privilege to pronounce that blessing.

The light was fading as we drove out to a country house where carnations and roses sweetened the night air. A crimson silk mattress and a green silk back rest were awaiting me on the verandah. Beyond the garden wall the mountains kept changing their jewel-like colors, green, pink, mauve. One star appeared after another as in the quietness of dusk men of all parties appeared and squatted in a semicircle to talk and listen and question.

I did the best I could in a brief introductory speech to give some idea of the state of continental Europe, as I had seen it seven months previously, and of Germany as I knew it to be. I said that what they call nonviolence was the only hope for the world, and I told them about the same movement outside of India which is called Christian pacifism. Always Indians are amazed to hear that about 50,000 men of military age in Britain and an equal number in the United States had refused to kill or to learn to kill.

"But your movement has no civil disobedience and is therefore negligible," said one. I was glad that this old lie appeared so early in the proceedings and was about to contradict it when one of the company did the job for me; he explained most satisfactorily the sort of resistance we put up to evil, both in war and in peace. The meeting lasted a long while. Questions poured in from every direction. I could feel the lucidity and power in Abdus Sammat Khan's

translation of my answers. On the way home I said to him, "You are a brilliant translator, I think." He answered, "Not really, only when nonviolence is the subject." There had been no women at the meeting, but the host had asked me to wait till all had gone home that I might meet his wife and child.

We reached the city rather late, but after supper we found the ladies of the family and some others from the city were in an inside room waiting for us.

Then sleep came easily. At seven-fifteen in the morning guests began to appear. I was especially impressed by two Malaunas who had come into the city for a conference and had already heard of the previous night's meeting. They

wanted to discuss a doubtful point. Did I not think that the causes of war were deep down in the sinful hearts of all of us just as surely as in the grasping greed of the profiteer and financier? With great respect and humility they wished to put this question to me. Their sincerity was written in their anxious faces. I was thankful to be able to say that I wholly shared their view and had definitely stated it the previous night and that on another occasion I would be more careful to put it even more in the foreground. I was grateful for their coming.

Other deputations arrived. I was presented with a pair of Baluchistan sandals, handmade, of gold thread. We were taken to the fruit market and to the Holland

Hospital, a great missionary institution, and finally to another country house where we were regaled with peaches from the garden before starting out for the eleven-forty-five train. At the station a crowd gathered around our compartment. A communist came up with two pairs of gaily embroidered sandals for everyday wear and after much superficial talk, which often marks station platform conversation, some person suggested I should use the last fifteen minutes by giving an address. Other passengers strolled up, glad to enliven their already long journey, and I held forth—I can't remember about what—until the train whistled, and we became private citizens once more.

The Careless Loan

Pathetically hampered, yes! but this man experienced the genius of American life.

HELEN KROMER

STANDING LATE ONE evening at 42nd Street, waiting for the subway to take me uptown, I noticed a blind man pounding with his cane and making guttural sounds in his throat. I walked over and put my hand through his arm. Immediately he pulled a card from his pocket. The card read, "180th Street Bronx Park."

I said, "I'll put you on that train, but what stop do you want?"

There was no indication that he had heard. I patted his arm to reassure him; he tried to talk, but inarticulate, formless sounds emerged. He was not only blind, he was also deaf and dumb.

Finally, I reached for the card, and then he seemed to understand, and turned it over. One edge had been clipped off. When the clipped part was in the top right-hand corner, then the card read, "180th Street Bronx Park." When it was in the bottom right-hand corner, it read, "546 Prospect Avenue."

Suddenly, in amazement, I began to understand. This man made this trip often, for the card was well worn. In a city like New York, from a station like Times Square, where every kind of person gathers, he trusted that someone would put him on the right train, that still another individual would put him off at the right stop, that still another would guide him home.

His only contacts were in his sense of touch and in his psychic ability to "feel" other people, yet he had learned that he could throw himself into the stream of life, and it would catch him up and pass him along with a careless loan of eyes and ears and tongue.

"Why this thing is possible in America," I thought; "a man can have faith in a fundamental human decency!"

I had been working for an overseas relief organization, and had just come from an executive committee meeting which had lasted overlong. Disgust at the tedious methods of democratic procedure in the face of world need had almost driven me to despair. The limitless tragedy overwhelmed me with a sense of futility and inadequacy. As I had moved with the crowd down the 42nd Street subway steps, past the flower rack, the orange-juice counter, the showcase piled with warm, sticky balls of caramel corn, I had been overcome with weariness.

What had I to do with the twisted bodies and the glazed eyes in the news pictures that crossed my desk? What had I to do with the letters from starving strangers begging for food? What had I to do with the trained technicians who sent the careful facts—375,000 children orphaned in Greece; 40,000,000 in India diseased with malaria; 75 per cent of Europe's population pretubercular? What had I to do with any of it? The world had gone on in ignorance, agony, and hunger for thousands of years. It would be suffering long after I had gone.

And then this blind man, with his simple act of faith, had moved out of his darkened world to bring the wisdom of real "sight" into mine.

The 180th Street Bronx car rattled in, and I helped him grope his way to the one remaining seat. The train shuddered away from the circle of light back into its cocoon of darkness. I stood over him and watched his nervous movements

as he smoothed his coat along his knee.

This man, who could not speak, or see, or hear, yet had more than the child in England who jerks spasmodically whenever a sharp noise is heard; who is still unable to control reactions produced by the unpredictable terror which poured for months from the sky.

This man had more than the nineteen-year-old boy in Czechoslovakia who still suffers from nightmares and nervous convulsions because he was a prisoner at Dachau and was assigned to the job of putting the bodies of gassed victims into the huge ovens to be cremated.

This man had more than the Macedonian girl described by Lilika Nakos in *The Children's Inferno*, who had her hands amputated by Bulgarians.

This man had more than the millions who lived in the arbitrary world of occupation watching the breakdown of justice, of law, of order, as their basic beliefs and principles were mercilessly attacked.

This man felt himself to be a part of the human family. He felt at home here.

In that instant I knew that this was what America had to give; that this was what I, being an American, must give.

It was not the millions which counted. It was the one boy in Czechoslovakia who needs to have his faith restored; the one child in England who needs to feel secure even on clear nights; the one girl in Greece who needs to know that there is such a thing as civilization, something more than the "beast raging in human form."

This was what it meant to be a part of life in the United States!

False Alarm

*Escape mechanisms by the dozens are still rampant,
and vacuums are still vacuums,
but the "arrived" salvationists on the campus are losing face.*

RALPH BEANE

A RESURGENCE of fundamentalism has come with the launching of the Youth for Christ Movement, and with that resurgence has come a return to the dissemination of the gospel based upon the salvation of the individual soul. Narrowing their concept of the message of Christianity, the leaders of this movement place emphasis upon the redemption of the individual from his sin-enveloped life but exclude from their preachments the gospel of political, economic, and social salvation. Whether this exclusion is conscious and deliberate should not concern us; however, the implications of the message resulting from the preaching of a fractional part of the Christian gospel, which has been flagrantly perverted, cannot be overlooked and, therefore, should elicit from us a penetrating examination.

Before thousands of young people, the speakers at the Youth for Christ rallies describe the glorious celestial abode which awaits those who accept salvation. Applying strenuous pressure they urge young people to come to the front to acknowledge Christ as their personal saviour. Openly and by deft indirection the speakers tell their audiences emphatically that the Kingdom of God is not of this world but is in heaven, and that in view of this fact, youth should not endeavor to build that Kingdom here upon earth. Listening to statements accompanying these assertions, young people many times conclude that the responsibilities of a Christian do not extend beyond such practices as the avoidance of intoxicating beverages and the mitigation of the wild activity usually associated with Saturday night. Youth are exhorted to hop on the bandwagon bound for heaven and to forget the world and its problems.

One need not possess a keen analytical mind to grasp the broad implications of this type of message. Those who are its disseminators would have us believe that Christ came into the world to guarantee to all who would be "good boys and girls" a safe passage to heaven, and that he did not come to redeem the individual

so that in turn he might strive for the redemption of our political, economic, and social structures. The truth is that Christ did come into the world to save sinners, but this salvation was to be followed by sincere striving on the part of the redeemed person for the redemption of all phases of life about him.

The isolationist salvation as preached by the leaders of Youth for Christ and men of their ilk would keep the individual aloof from the world and its troubles; it would encourage him to be good at the expense of doing good; would discourage him from making the effort and sacrifice needed to build a Christian world order. This is wrong. To allow this defeatist school of thought to flourish unchecked is criminal.

When the scientists stated that forty million people could be killed in one night of atomic warfare, conscientious Christians prayed to God for guidance in meeting the challenge thrust before them by the releasing of the greatest of all lethal devices. It was their prayer that this new device for killing not be an obstacle to the establishment of the Kingdom of God upon earth. One prominent leader in

fundamentalist groups rushed to plead with American youth to "give yourselves to Christ before the atomic bomb kills you." His prayer was that young people be safely conveyed to their heavenly home in the event of an atomic holocaust. He did not pray for divine assistance for youth in the tremendous task that was theirs of removing the threat of atomic warfare through the creation of a one-world society which will demand the implementation of the social gospel of Jesus.

THE Youth for Christ Movement is fading away, but the thought which it has stimulated continues to grow. This growth, if not courageously met, will seriously undermine our efforts for world peace. Indifference to the deplorable conditions in our world today is the greatest enemy of international harmony and good will. Could one find a more indifferent individual than one who feels that his salvation does not require him to help remedy the world's ills, that Christ by his crucifixion removed a burden from our shoulders without placing there the burden of the responsibility for the welfare of his fellowmen?

Salvation is not an escape mechanism through which the insecure, the fearful, and the indifferent can pass to a haven of refuge. This is one world. We are all in it together. Individually we must seek to know God's will for our lives and strive for its fulfillment; collectively we must ascertain God's will for our world and implement that will. Let us work out our salvation as we work for the elimination of preparation for future war and as we strengthen the universal fellowship of all men.

As the militarists threaten to sell our youth down the river by forcing them into a program of universal military conscription, as the minds of men devise new ways of killing, as the world drifts steadily into a chaotic armament race, as the world makes for war, let us resolve that we will not flee from our duties and obligations lest Christ and man be forced to climb stark Calvary again.

LIFE IN HOLLYWOOD DEPARTMENT

(SPONSORSHIP DIVISION)

[Adv. in the San Fernando (Calif.)
Valley Times]

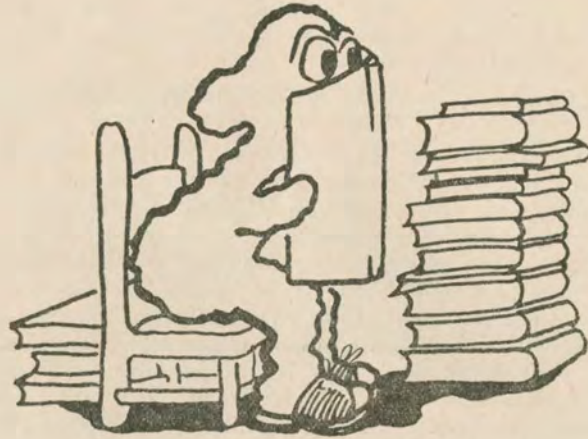
YOUTH FOR
CHRIST RALLY

HOLLYWOOD BOWL
SATURDAY
OCT. 6TH, 7:30 P.M.

SPECTACULAR LIGHTING
MARVELOUS MUSIC
125 PIECE BAND
2 PIANOS, 2 ORGANS
RADIO ARTISTS
YOUTH TALENT

ALL SEATS FREE

DIRECTED BY PORTER BARRINGTON
SPONSORED BY CHRIST FOR GREATER
LOS ANGELES AND CHRISTIAN
BUSINESS MEN'S
COMMITTEES



EXIT I

Don't Fence Me In might be the theme song of the frustrated college ike that dithers up his life with escapes—or, to placate the fire chief, we'll call them—exits. For instance, take the drudge. Work . . . work . . . work. A,A,A; A,A,A; A,A,B—whoops! AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAandonintotheneight. Won't talk. Won't mix. And if he ever had a date he'd quote Einstein—with gestures.



EXIT IV

Here's the boy . . . at least mother thought so, and even said so at the drop of a pin. Can't talk . . . let alone listen! Can't read . . . let alone think! Only hope is a down-the-hatch washout of inhibitions. Sober: a drip who really drips. A few beers and such: he rolls them in the aisles . . . the personality kid. Only his dates always walk out on him, he learns the next day. Doesn't bother him for long though, because everything's all wrong with the world anyway.



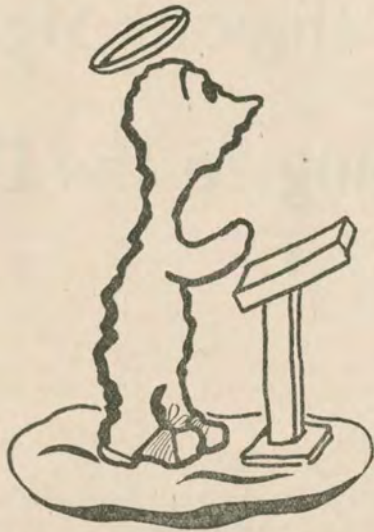
EXIT

and take the shot. . . . Ni
time accumulates points
cent? Sending news release
Knows about everything a
knows nothin' about n
nothing. Everybody's hi
Exhibits college days in a sl
afterwards—let alone heard
knows is ego, the one word



EXIT

good-time Sue . . . life is w
ful . . . what with getting pi
there, everywhere getting pi
three or four teeny orchids,
here!" The country club used
went away . . . so college. Sh
lege widow because on the
"Why stop with burning up
water to dry up below?"



EXIT III

the deacon himself . . . beyond all doubt—the oddest and the zealiest of all the odds and zealots. But stays on one track, never you mind: enlistment committee, chapel committee, dorm-visitation committee, all the praying committees, and Friar's Club. Can be counted on to be against many, many things. Present campaign is for grace thrice daily in the cafeteria, and come thou, do likewise unto me: church four times on Sunday!



EXIT VI

she's the gal that pushes buttons at the sorority—quite the big dog there, even though she's pint-sized everywhere else. Sorority's in her Grape Nuts, soup, and meat. She eats it, sleeps it, breathes it. Her friends? She has a circle of friends all right—the size of a milk cap. Her studies? She says she can buy the books and take them home with her. But leave us be gentle—she's hot for religious organizations—that is, for the unorganized.

-GREGOR-



The Religious Significance of Going to the Dogs

CURTIS ZAHN

I DON'T SUPPOSE that many if any of the clergy have seriously assayed *canis familiaris*, the dog, as a working example of basic Christianity. I grant that the oversight, superficially heard, seems slight. Yet, no more winning personality is to be easily found than the hounding, bounding, eager believer sometimes attached to the backyard fence. Consider that man's best friend is not the horse or the cow, or even man himself; observe that. Like those legitimate Christian soldiers of the past, *canis* marches into battle armed with no more than a damning forgiveness; his sword mounted squarely upon his posterior and wagging violently. Like the Master, he kills only with kindness, undermines the foe with embarrassing humility, and always wins the last battle. He is, quite possibly, the only thing we have between ourselves and the atomic bomb.

I concede that at first the manifesto seems facetious. To those hopelessly outnumbered Christians and atheists who stay up nights trying to devise a stragem which will save civilization from a fate no worse than death, my submittal can be aught more than another box of tacks spread upon the highway before the vehicle of a doctor racing to the scene. Yet, there are dogs who rush out where angels fear to tread—in the path of the average U. S. motorist, that is to say—and it is for these residents that I speak; I am not at all certain that it would be better to spare man's best friend than the man himself.

Who, for instance, could you save and gain greater loyalty? Where is he who treats with equal ardor, Negro and nisei, except that four-limbed nonpartisan,

friend *canis*? Nor is the dog dogmatic; he, on the contrary, is the most adaptable of earthly creatures. Change your mind and he changes too. Be unhappy and he mirrors your sorrow like an emotional caricature, like, indeed, a physician who hasn't done too well and has resorted to bedside mannerisms. Never was there a blue-blooded Boston bull who hated free enterprise while loving communists, nor an Airedale who shared a fundamentalist's misgivings about the late Mrs. McPherson. All this, permit me to submit, without sticking that large tongue in the cheek.

Consider, too, that the compelling canine is one of the greatest moving forces ever unleashed by man. He holds no office but, like Mr. G. B. Shaw, like the late Will Rogers, is perennially there; forever foremost by remaining in the background. That the dog dominates

conversations—is the springboard for U. S. truisms and clichés—cannot be denied, however lightly dismissed. You have the hang-dog expression. Idealists advise that the world is speedily going to the *canes*. You are dog tired; the bark is worse than the bite; adults join Tail-Waggers' Clubs, and there exists that adjective which modifies the female of the species and which seldom is printed except in the more modern novels. Who hasn't been doggoned? What hero hasn't clung doggedly to a twig after the villain had pushed him over the edge? There is doggerel, a kind of mediocre verse penned by people given to sentimental journalistic journeys. Top dogs and under-dogs. The bill collector does much *bound-ing*; there are spaniel-eyed actresses who seldom, it is hinted, read dog-eared books. Puppy love takes us back to a day when the world was green, ourselves likewise,



and we can laugh at it only because we dare not cry.

I list these things only to show to what extent the slavish, four-legged vertebrate has infiltrated our thinking, indoctrinated our lives, however inadvertently; as though he, she, or it, had become a kind of St. Bernard to which we look for guidance. Now, why?

The rationalists in the back rooms of any psychology laboratory will come, panting hard, with graphs and charts. Of course! *Canis familiaris* is just your alter ego; poultice for wounded nerves; scapegoat who won't talk back. The dog fills that crevice in society vacated by slaves and court jesters. But did they say just an alter ego? Just a successful medium for the response so hollowly sought by virtually everybody and (not) his dog? Beware! The good book warns, "a little child shall lead them." What, then, is happening to the thousands of persons attached by leash to the canny beasts? Observe, please, that this humblest citizen now sits in the chair formerly reserved for the visiting minister.

A good many of his biographers have discovered in so many words the Christianity of the canine. They realize dimly, like a calf realizes its mother, that *canis* overcomes evil with good. Unable to nurse a grudge, incapable of sensing self-righteousness, unwilling to return eye for an eye, unmindful of pride, face-saving, revenge, or justice, a mere mastiff could derail a deacon with his New Testament nomenclature. Again, and with Christlike impartiality, a dog of most abundant heritage would be as loyal to a questionable lady as he would be to a New England cod fisherman; would share the caviar of a duke as open-mindedly as he would accept hot beef sandwiches from a truck driver.

CRITICS have told me that not all dogs are eligible for this criterion, that there exist man-like beasts which bark and bite any hand except that which feeds them; who, like any nationalist, would guard the home, and devil-may-care when it comes to sociological implications regarding other mutts in the neighborhood; are servile to the state while lording it over visiting Fuller Brush men. Isolationists, to be dogmatic.

Observe, though, that this cunning is not the product of any complex on the part of *canis*. That citizen, indeed, did no worse than any loyal soldier commanded to attack any real or imagined enemy. Then, you ask, is not this blind homage—this consecrated service to the state—a distinct disqualification from immortalization? Point granted! It is the Achilles' heel that seems to dog every man, every cause. Yet, I cannot travel far with those cynics who'd call your dog a slavey. He does obey the spoken

command. But what sleepless nights he affords those unfortunate enough to have used the power drunkenly. Examine by all means the numbers of peoples enslaved by the beast's cheery good will; the potential enemies slain by his saliva—the countless consecrated servants who, trapped by *canis*' disarming candor, lavish attentions and gifts on the giver!

Before *canis* you are always right and can do no wrong. Forget to feed him one night and you still do not inherit the righteous wrath generously admonished by your husband or my wife. Pin his ears back; call him the son of that which he is; chain him to the dog house; forget his water; crush him with a collar; indeed, humiliate *canis* by commanding him to perform tricks that resemble the human—always the friendly forgiveness, the abundant laugh at the drop of a glance. Ever, indeed, the violently wagging tail. Here is the office boy who someday will be President.

I have listened to horror accounts from those backyard Buchenwalds—the vivisection laboratories on American college campuses. Correspondents who have been there assure me that in all canine concentration camps, the inmates undergo a thousand mercy tortures at the hands of genial pre-med students who (like those ardent humanists, the Nazis) want to see what makes the animal tick, and thereby aid society. The resultant barks and wails would render less intestinal listeners insane within hours. Yet, release a retriever from a month of this and his barometer reads fair and warmer. In an hour he is ready to romp with any-

body that will listen. His appetite is the same as ever—ravenous, that is. Consider now that our own sociologists work the presumption that society, ignoring the underdog, finally hurts itself. Indeed, a Dillinger, a Hitler is erected through the medium of underprivilege. Yet, incomparable *canis* can wander homeless through the streets or be released from prison with one square meal and the past is forgiven and forgotten. He escapes untouched, washes the stigma of sin from your own hand with that ever present, all purpose tongue. Like Gandhi—the incredible cloth-clad human who asserts that the *pin* is mightier than the sword—your own Dachshund victimizes the international conscience with soft, pliant answers.

Remember, seekers, man's best friend is not some other man. Start your clubs, groups, organizations; present your plan and suggest your systems—but bear in mind that the beast down the street saves face by forever losing it. Examine also that he is nonpartisan about everything except his own reflection of the Golden Rule; that, at the drop of an angered adjective, he rushes forth to kill hate with kindness. Here, I insist, is your missionary; your terrible conqueror. Here, be assured, is the only mechanical bloc yet erected against nuclear energy. Besides, it works. To those who remark, "It shouldn't happen to a dog," I remind you that it never does. *Canis* was eating better than two-thirds of the planet's other residents when last observed and, if civilization is going to the dogs, I for one, pray that the journey be swift.



troops assemble to honor the memory of their comrades who fell during the wars. On such occasions they are in the habit of placing flowers on the tombs of their heroes. Can the heroes smell the flowers?"

Such attitudes will result in enlarging our social-mindedness and our world view. They will eliminate such childish notions as "My country right or wrong," which are occasionally sponsored by narrow superpatriots, who appreciate only the vast political and economic leadership of this country, not its role as a leader of liberty and fundamental human rights. University education should make all of us conscious of the responsibility of our country, which has been called "man's second opportunity" in the Western world to make good.

And yet, something more is necessary to make the picture complete, a *sense of proportion*. A university education should help you to develop your sense of proportion, to decide whether a fleeting sensation of joy is preferable to enduring happiness, whether easily gained popularity is more than an excel-

lence due to persistent training, be it in sport or in scholarship, in social behavior or in artistic appreciation.

It should help you to see life, not as a number of isolated experiences, but as a coherent unit. It is the ability to choose those values that are abiding, that stay with us after we leave school to the end of our days.

It is the attainment of a philosophy of life that shines through attitudes and habits and makes one at home in this world, that will make of you a cultured man or woman.

Your years on the campus should mold you into men and women well informed in all the vital sciences of today, possessing a cosmopolitan sympathy of the aspirations of the human race and a practical equipment to face life courageously and, pardon the word, efficiently.

Such a sense of values, religion at its best would supply—religion which is different from dogma and conventional behavior; religion which is a way of life, which challenges you to put yourself on the side of the heroes of human history,

to continue the battle for human righteousness, which looks upon our lives as contributing links in the long chain of cultural tradition, which makes you recognize and accept the responsibility and duties that go with it, which stresses the abiding values of justice and mercy and love and helps you to integrate them into your personality.

You might consider the objectives too high, the ideal too remote for attainment. Remember the higher your ideals, the more eagerly will you try to attain them, the more will you exert yourself. "Ah, but a man's reach should exceed his grasp, or what's a heaven for." As one of the students at a recent conference said: "Don't set your hurdles low. You might think that you could easily make them, and not train for the race. Put your hurdles high and do your best to mount them."

To have striven is better than to have attained! As an ancient Jewish master said: "It is not thy duty to complete the work, but neither art thou free to desist from it. . . ."

WHAT THIS COUNTRY NEEDS . . . [Continued from page 18]

Even some of the words like "progressive," in describing a new kind of education, made the assumption that if personalities were liberated, progress would be made, an assumption which has not been verified. I think the happy philosophy of the nineteenth century has been refuted by events. Stephen Spender, in commenting on the current situation, has said the truth when he remarks that "What the Germans destroyed once and for all is the modern middle-class idea that man as a social being does not have to choose between good and evil. The world is now aghast with the realization that society has got to choose not just to be free but to be good."

I think that education must decide not only to make free men but to make good men. On this point American education has had nothing to say. It has done one of two things, it has made discreet remarks about the impossibility of accepting or teaching a modern philosophy, since to do so would be illiberal and a form of indoctrination, or it has recommended traditional values on this basis of their respectability. To sustain it in a period of social tension we need a modern philosophy in American education which can be accepted as intellectually respectable as well as socially valuable. The new task for educators in the next ten years is to assert their intellectual and moral leadership by providing a philosophy in which we state what we believe and then set about to teach it.

Our college curriculum must be created around the controversies and the issues of contemporary life. That is not to say that all conflicts are social, some of them are aesthetic, psychological, political, scientific. Each student must enter his own reality at the place where his need for knowledge is most urgent, but he must be led from that beginning into the meaning of such knowledge for his place in contemporary life. A new philosophy must be bold and positive; it must not reject new ideas as being something alien to American society from which we can learn nothing. Our philosophy, therefore, must be positive not negative; it must assert a positive faith in creative intelligence, and it must devise means in the schools in the next few years to teach that faith in creative intelligence. That is a matter of living together and discussing things intelligently with our students. That means, too, that we must let the students talk, that the instructors must listen to students; otherwise, students will have no faith in their own intelligence to solve even the problems of the college.

The new philosophy must assert the belief that human nature is not static and that human life is what we make it. It must deny the superstition that man is sinful and affirm the fact that the causes of his fall from grace are in some sense discoverable and in some degree correctable. It must lay bare the facts that social science gives us, even though these may

be annoying to the government, to labor, to industry, and to the independent observer. It must use those facts of social science to show us the path we must take to make a good society. It must be a philosophy which accepts and welcomes change and sets us to the task of participating in those changes. It must recognize the realities of a collective industrial society and the intimate connection between the individual modern man and the social links which give him his relation to the modern world. It will recognize the value of each person, each culture, each race, each nation, and will call for protection and support of those who have not the power to protect and support themselves. It will, I suppose, be called a liberal philosophy, taking as its goal the development of free men in our social order.

We must begin first in our own institutions, therefore, by seeking out the talented wherever they may be found—from groups which are *not* white, gentile, and wealthy. We must develop a diversity which can enrich our own lives both in terms of our faculty and in terms of our students. I think that within the next ten years, if we take this philosophy of education, build it into our institutions, give it meaning by making our curriculum fit that philosophy, rather than by making a curriculum produce whatever philosophy it wants to, we can unify American education, and bring back the individual student to the center of his own life in contemporary society.

Drama

DIONYSUS came down from the wild mountains of Thrace into Hellas, already worshipped as a god of the groves and the fields and of fertility, and with the very special power of lifting mortals to a share in divine ecstasy. The people of Greece took him for their own, the common people. They were filled with his spirit and honored him—and themselves—in joyous festival and ritual and wild revels; until he was so celebrated that he could be excluded no longer from the company of true Olympians. And so, with elements of the earth and of wildness clinging to him, and trailing an uncommon sympathy with humankind, he became the youngest of the gods.

As was the way in those times, the guardians of orthodox religion made a myth to account for his coming. The all-father Zeus had loved the beautiful princess Semele, daughter of Cadmus. Miled by the jealous Juno, this mortal asked that her heavenly lover appear before her once in all his glory. In the flaming splendor of his presence, Semele was utterly and ecstatically consumed. But her child Dionysus, delivered before his time, was saved from the flames by the great god, his father, who sewed up the babe in his own flesh. Hidden thus from the prying eyes of Juno, Dionysus came to maturity, and in a second birth was miraculously delivered into the world, a true god, son of Zeus, mystic wanderer.

But to the people he remained first of all the god of nature and of wild things, and of all human-divine impulses. It was seen that earlier deities of the earth and the field, of the groves and the vineyards, had simply awaited his coming, and he was known now as Dionysus and Bacchus, as Bromius and Nysaeus.

At once god of the joy-giving vine and of mystical inspiration, he brought to his celebrants a spiritual intoxication. He entered into their beings, they became gods in his name: Bacchantes and Bacchantes. Theirs was the Dionysian experience. He exacted neither adoration nor worship from them; rather he accorded them a share in his ecstasy, they celebrated, god-like, joyed in "doing," danced, marched, sang.

Drama grew directly out of the Dionysian celebrations, out of the rites, the dances, the songs that were sung, the parades with cymbals and torches and masks, in honor of Dionysus; and the consecrated place of the revels was called a "theater." Some of the celebrants became priests, and these later were called "actors"; and others, who had led in the singing, who could even invent new songs, became poets, and by a final extension of grace, dramatists; and still others became the audience, those who asked no more than participation in the spirit, the emotional exaltation of Dionysian celebration.

And what has been finest in the theater, down through the ages, is the Dionysian intoxication, the exaltation out of emotional-spiritual participation, the transcending dramatic experience. No other god has so discovered divinity to the god-in-man; no other art has so contacted the mystic creativeness of its artists with the receptiveness in the spectator's soul, has so immersed its audiences in the glow of the spirit.

Dionysus has lived twenty-five hundred years. Today a world that had almost learned to scorn him turns back, with the old hunger of the soul, the old impulse toward divine living, with not a little of the old wildness. For we later mortals, as we view about us the decay of moralistic religions, the chaos of conquest-mad civilizations and the spiritual bankruptcy of the prosperous scientific life, we seek again the roads to emotional-spiritual inundation, to ecstasy, to the experience of God.

We turn confidently back. For Dionysus is immortal and the theater lives always.

—Sheldon Cheney

America will find its drama when it finds its religion.
—St. John Tucker

A great drama is a clearly focused picture of human conditions.
—Albert H. Brown

Wherever there is a playhouse the world will go not amiss.
—William Hazlitt

I do not like plays to contain pathetic overtones; they must be convincing like court pleas. The main thing is to teach the spectator to reach a verdict.
—Bertolt Brecht

There is only one theater, the world; only one play, morality; only one player, man. There is only one beginning, birth; only one end, death; only one scene, the earth and the world; only one act, growth.
—William Saroyan

I will remember only that drama is spirit speaking to spirit.
—Sheldon Cheney

I believe that the drama of things is the truth of things. I think that to the extent that one perceives the drama of a thing one perceives the truth of it. To write truthwardly, then, is to write dramatically.
—Louis Adamic

The drama is the offspring of immortal mind. It is impressive in the teaching . . . for it speaks at once to the ear, the eye, the heart, and the understanding, with most persuasive and convincing art.

—Edwin Forrest after his farewell performance of King Lear

Greek tragedy is the tragedy of necessity; that is, the feeling aroused in the spectator is "what a pity it had to be this way"; Christian tragedy is the tragedy of possibility, "What a pity it was this way when it might have been otherwise."
—W. H. Auden

Unless drama is touched with a sense of eternity, wrapped round with the splendor of heroism, and imbedded in what is primary and of everlasting import, the mere reproduction on the stage of the commonplace details of everyday life must always be barren, worthless, and evanescent.

—Henry Arthur Jones

Technique itself is not enough. With no form in our lives, we cannot hope to find form in our work. We must learn to despise pretension, vulgarity, and snobbishness, and seek uncompromisingly for the truth. We must believe not only in the theater but in each other and in ourselves.
—Robert Lewis

It is significant that in the ancient world the theater was a religious institution. I am not sure that the link between religion and theater has been broken forever. Now, some of the most earnest of our young poets are obviously being attracted toward it. Perhaps we may have a new serious theater that will be the servant of a religion that has not yet taken shape.
—J. B. Priestley

Life on earth, at this hour we hang on, is in peril. Theater, the art of action, can inspire us to live, not die—to be equal to our fate, not fall away from it. Open these circles, O artists of earth—and quickly! Break into these cages of consciousness and take our souls by storm—soon, it can't be too soon!—or we perish from this planet, and leave a dead globe to be blown about the sky.

—Velona Pilcher in Theatre Arts



By permission Associated American Artists

CYRANO

WALLACE SMITH

Sir, it is on my soul I wear my graces. I'm not bedizened like a silly lad. I go, less gaily, but more nobly clad. I walk not forth in garments carelessly cleaned of affronts or stains. There walks with me no conscience bleary-eyed, blinking at the day, no honor frayed, no scruples in decay. When I go forth all sparkles in the light. I am beplumed with freedom and my right.

. . . the theater is a religious institution devoted entirely to the exaltation of the spirit of man. It is an attempt to justify, not the ways of God to man, but the ways of man to himself. It is an attempt to prove that man has a dignity and destiny, that his life is worth living, that he is not purely animal and without purpose. There is no doubt in my mind that our theater, instead of being, as the evangelical ministers used to believe, the gateway to hell, is as much a worship as the theater of the Greeks and has exactly the same meaning in our lives.

—Maxwell Anderson

Quintessence of Drama

Playwrights, actors, teachers, and critics answer the question,
"What are ten great plays of religious consequence, effect, and value?"
Here are some greats of yesterday, today, and perhaps tomorrow.

I AM NOT SURE of the meaning of the words, religion, truth, or beauty. And I am totally unsure of my objective judgment, but I can name a few plays which in my feelings are distinguished for goodness, beauty, poetry, and human experience on a very high level. These plays are: *Hamlet* and *King Lear*; Ibsen's *The Master Builder*; Tchekhoff's *Three Sisters* and *Cherry Orchard*; and *The Lower Depths* by Maxim Gorky. I think, too, that I would include one Sean O'Casey play among these others, but just now I can't think of which one. G. B. Shaw interests me, too, as a playwright, but not as a poet, and I don't see a religious sense without poetry. And yet, poetry or no, I should have to include Shaw for his human morality since it is coupled with so much unique and original talent.

I wish that you had asked me about painting, for my saints are sure and certain there, from Giotto and Fra Angelico, to Rembrandt and Goya, through Daumier to Rouault. Of course, they are not the only great painters in history, but they are certainly almost all of the great ones with a special spiritual insight which moves me most "religiously."

Religion is an abused word in the twentieth century, and yet we all seem to have an impulse toward it. In its essence, I suppose, it is the impulse of connection with all men and the world around us. No one need be ashamed to have that. Indeed, one is scarcely human without it. Human sympathy within the context of personal integrity, that seems to be religion to me.

—CLIFFORD ODETS

P.S. Among the painters I've forgotten are Cezanne and Van Gogh.

Abe Lincoln in Illinois by Robert E. Sherwood
Antigone by Sophocles
Murder in the Cathedral by T. S. Eliot
Saint Joan by George Bernard Shaw
The Green Pastures by Marc Connelly
The Flies by Jean-Paul Sartre
The Skin of Our Teeth by Thornton Wilder
Winterset by Maxwell Anderson
Within the Gates by Sean O'Casey
Yellow Jack by Sidney Howard

The plays above were chosen with an arbitrary eye. There are ten more and ten more.

—OWEN DODSON

I find it very difficult to answer your letter because I am not used to thinking about plays in terms of religion. And I am also somewhat confused by your identification of religion with honesty, sincerity, goodness, and beauty. These terms seem to me more related to ethics or morals than they do to religion. From my personal observation, and from my very inadequate study of history, I should say that religion—at any rate in its organized form—has been rather identified with hypocrisy, bigotry, intolerance, and persecution. Therefore, you will see why it is hard for me to comply with your request for a list of plays of religious consequence.

February 1948

However, if your list is comprehensive enough to include plays that emphasize human dignity, human aspiration, human wisdom, and human goodness, the following are a few that occur to me:

The Trojan Women by Euripides
The Tempest by Shakespeare
An Enemy of the People by Ibsen
The Pigeon by John Galsworthy
Riders to the Sea by Synge
The Showing-Up of Blanco Posnet by George Bernard Shaw
Saint Joan by George Bernard Shaw
Abe Lincoln in Illinois by Robert E. Sherwood

—ELMER RICE

Brand by Ibsen, because it challenges us to individual religious exertions but concludes with a warning against a fanatical disregard of tolerance and love.

Prometheus Bound by Aeschylus, which challenges primitive conceptions of God and moral law.

Androcles and the Lion by George Bernard Shaw, which illuminates the various ways in which religion expresses itself through human nature.

Saint Joan by George Bernard Shaw, the greatest drama of Protestantism.

Bacchae by Euripides, which dramatizes the conflict between rationalism and the religious impulse.

The Power of Darkness by Tolstoy, which expresses the struggle between blind passion and the morality of religion.

To Damascus by Strindberg, a trilogy that traces the soul's confused search for salvation.

Hannele by Hauptmann, which dramatizes the religion of childhood.

Nathan the Wise by Lessing, the noblest plea for religious tolerance and the expression of humanitarian idealism in religion.

Faust by Goethe, the drama of man's search for self-realization.

The greatest religious play, however, is *The Book of Job*, if you grant that it is a play in structure and form.

—JOHN GASSNER

The Blue Bird by Maeterlinck

Our Town by Thornton Wilder

The Skin of Our Teeth by Thornton Wilder

Everyman

Family Portrait by Lenore Coffee and William Cowen

The Servant in the House by C. Rann Kennedy

The Passing of the Third Floor Back by Jerome K. Jerome

The Green Pastures by Marc Connelly

Shadow and Substance by Paul Vincent Carroll

The Pilgrimage Play, staged annually in the Pilgrimage Bowl of Hollywood.

—B. CUMMING KENNEDY

Prometheus Unbound by Aeschylus (Whether God changes or not, there is constant revolution in our conception of God, which gives the effect of God's superseding gods.)
Polyeucte by Corneille (On the believer's confident commitment to his religious illuminatia.)
Antigone by Sophocles (There is a divine law behind all human law.)
Athalie by Racine (Glorious poetry and drama in serenely accepted religious ethos.)
El Condenado for Desconfiado by Tirso de Molina (I don't like it, but must acknowledge the force of its statement of a dogmatic position.)
Saint Joan by George Bernard Shaw (It fumbles its religious implication, but it is what it is.)
 Calderón: Any one of a dozen *autos sacramentales*, emotion and subtle intellect combined in glorification of the Mass.
Everyman, Anonymous
L'Annonce faite à Marie by Paul Claudel
Murder in the Cathedral by T. S. Eliot

In drawing up this list I have had in mind "religious" in the very widest sense—man's sense as to whether the total universe is or is not in relation to him; whether or not examples for his guidance and laws for his behavior are present, issued by an intelligence greater than mere human custom and experience. By this qualification, therefore, plays expressing an atheistical point of view are also religious plays and are "great" in proportion as they are greatly honest in thought and powerfully stated as theater. No such plays have yet been written which approach the level we have called "great." (Though I have often felt that "between the lines" Shakespeare's *Measure for Measure* is almost of that sort.) Had Voltaire's *Candide*, Dostoevski's novels, and Kafka's *The Trial* been cast in dramatic form, they would have figured in the above list.

—THORNTON WILDER

Antigone by Sophocles
The Second Shepherd's Play
Faust I and II by Goethe (translated by Priest)
Doctor Faustus by Marlowe
Everyman by Hofmannsthal
The Great World Theatre by Calderón
Little Plays of St. Francis by Housman
The Rock by T. S. Eliot
Days Without End by Eugene O'Neill
Lazarus Laughed by Eugene O'Neill
The Tidings Brought to Mary by Paul Claudel
 The Book of Job (arranged as a drama)

—DEPARTMENT OF THEATER
 SMITH COLLEGE

Antigone by Sophocles
Sakuntala by Kalidasa
The Valorous Prince by Calderon
The Tempest by Shakespeare
Doctor Faustus by Marlowe
The Cid by Corneille
Nathan the Wise by Lessing
Faust by Goethe
The Light Shineth in the Darkness by Tolstoy
The First Legion by Emmet Lavery
Everyman
Iphigenie by Racine
Saint Joan by George Bernard Shaw
Brand by Ibsen
Easter by Strindberg
Paul and the Jews by Werfel

—ERWIN PISCATOR

The only religious play with which I am familiar is *Family Portrait*, which is a very fine play. Although I have never had the good fortune to see the Passion play, I am sure that is undoubtedly the greatest play of religious consequence, effect, and value.

I am indeed sorry to be of no more help to you, but trust the above will be of some value.

—JUDITH ANDERSON

Antigone by Sophocles
Everyman, Anonymous
Faust by Goethe
Brand by Ibsen
Beyond Our Power by Bjornson
Androcles and the Lion by George Bernard Shaw
Saint Joan by George Bernard Shaw
Sister Beatrice by Maeterlinck
The Tidings Brought to Mary by Paul Claudel
The Green Pastures by Marc Connelly

This list is my present choice. A week or a month from now I might wish to alter it. But I believe that each play on it is worthy, admirable, and powerful in a spiritual way.

—GLENN HUGHES

Ten years ago I would have tried to answer your question. Twenty years ago I would have done so with very little modesty or uncertainty. Thirty years ago I would have spoken with the authority of Aristotle. Today? I shan't try. What is a play of religious consequence? I leave that to those who can weigh "consequence" and "religious." I can only say that a play of consequence has nothing to do with religion—except accidentally.

—BARRETT CLARK

Oresteia by Aeschylus (George Thomson's translation)
Everyman
Measure for Measure by Shakespeare
Athalie by Racine (no good translation)
Faust by Goethe (Alice Raphael's translation)
Tartuffe by Moliere (Everyman's Library translation)
Peer Gynt by Ibsen (R. Ellis Robert's translation)
Saint Joan by George Bernard Shaw
Murder in the Cathedral by T. S. Eliot
A Full Moon in March by W. B. Yeats
Samson Agonistes by Milton

I'd like also to recommend three plays of the current New York season:

Family Reunion by T. S. Eliot (Cherry Lane Theatre)
Galileo by Bertolt Brecht (Experimental Theatre)
All the King's Men by Robert Penn Warren (Piscator's Dramatic Workshop)

—ERIC BENTLEY

WHAT ARE TEN COMMENDABLE MODERN PLAYS OF RELIGIOUS CONSEQUENCE, EFFECT, AND VALUE?

Saint Joan by George Bernard Shaw
False Gods by Brieux
Family Portrait by Lenore Coffee and William Cowen
Magic by G. K. Chesterton
Beyond Human Power by Björnson
Brand by Ibsen
The Tidings Brought to Mary by Paul Claudel
Herod by Stephen Phillips
The White Steed by Paul Vincent Carroll
Shadow and Substance by Paul Vincent Carroll

Not in the order named, the above seem to me to be deserving plays in the specified catalogue. There are, of course, others.

—GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

These Are My Favorites

A play, a play, my kingdom for a play!

Here are lists of plays which have been successfully produced
by experienced directors of church and school drama.

Here is the list of dramatic material I like to do in the church. The list is limited to material that appeals to college audiences and can be managed by college groups.

The first group is labelled "liturgical" that is, material with dramatic form the subject matter of which is discussed by the church. The first two are dramatizations in Christian history. *Everyman* and *Book of Job* are quite properly drama.

Please let me explain why I think these plays are "religious"—why I think they are aesthetically satisfying, and why I could not include many plays that are aesthetically "great" but are not religious. In other words, I now set upon the head-racking and sense-searching job of making a specific definition of religious drama. It is a job which has engaged me almost constantly for several years, and it will undoubtedly plague me for many more; it will take more than a sentence.

The plays on my list are aesthetically satisfying because they are beautiful, honest, describe order and perfection in life, feel deeply about all of life, and have the courage to grapple with conflict and evil. To my taste all of the plays on the list are beautiful, though they are not pretty. All the plays are honest, though some are not realistic. All have deep feeling about life but none is sentimental. All are the product of the disciplined imagination, though none is just fancy. All, it seems to me, describe perfection of the "island within" the individual and the person's relation to society.

The criteria by which the foregoing judgments are made are the criteria of all art—painting, music, the dance. If these criteria are the only ones by which to judge a play "religious" then I should be forced to include many more plays in my list beginning with Euripides' *Alcestis*. But these criteria are those of aesthetic judgment, and though they should be applied to plays for the church, they are not enough.

Subject matter is not the definitive element of religious drama, either. The plays designated as religious in this list include traditional religious figures—the Mary's at the tomb in the *Quem Quaeritis*, and patients in a modern hospital. Nor is a "plug" for religion an identifying char-

acteristic. There's not a plug in the lot. Mr. Aristotle's idea that drama changes people's concepts of behavior only if it gives pleasure is still supportable. His idea of pleasure included the sense of fear on the part of the looker-on. That is, the cycles of cause and effect described by the playwright are so true, so comparable with the observer's experiences that he "fears" the consequences of the character's behavior may fall upon his own behavior. He is convinced, in other words, if Christian insights upon life are true then that truth will reveal itself in specific situations. No sort of plug can bolster untruth. No honest religious person wishes to try to bolster it. The sooner untruths are discovered the better.

THE following definitions of terms must be made at this point:

The aesthetic experience is the moment in which beauty—a sunset, a poem, a symphony—reveals itself to the expectant apostle of beauty.

The intellectual experience is the moment in which truth stands revealed to the disciplined thinker.

The ultimate religious experience is the moment in which the Creator reveals himself to the creature.

These experiences congeal the final and irreducible values of human life. A million mundane moments must be suffered for each one of these moments that "burns with a pure and gem-like flame." To experience any of these moments is to be cleansed, revitalized, and empowered. The value perceived in these moments may easily be mistaken for another of these values for they wear the same features. Truth is beautiful. Beauty is true. To know either is to understand more about the Creator.

But God is more than beauty and truth. The fuzzy curves of moisture that collect around a small particle as it is released into the vacuum above a bottle of purple liquid in a Wilson cloud chamber is exquisite beauty. Its width and length are determined by the nature of the released particle. No eye can see the particle. The finest microscope shows only the trail of beauty it makes. But the presence, weight, and power of the particle can be measured by its manifestation in moisture. Beauty

is not God; beauty is one of his manifestations—a fuzzy curve by which his presence and power can be verified.

The prophet is the man who perceives the nature and power of God with more precision than the rest of us. He computes God's presence and power more accurately because he sees more clearly the manifestations of God's movements. The most complete description of God is in the life of Jesus—not just in the philosophy he spoke, but in his behavior, his actions, and his choices.

The stuff of pure religion, then, is moral judgment (goodness) perceived in the presence of God, and conceived in the behavior, the actions of a man's life.

I hope I have made my case that aesthetic and religious values are not co-extensive. Each has its life outside the other. There are large areas in which each appears to be the other, because their interpenetration is elaborate.

A drama is great in proportion as its form and language are beautiful, as its intent is to search out the most profound meanings and relationships in human life, and as its characters behave in patterns of cause and effect which are convincingly sequential. A drama is religious in proportion as its search for final value is revealed through sequences of cause and effect which have been submitted to the insights of true religion, the insights which come to a person in the ultimate religious experience of baring his whole being to the nature and will of cosmic intelligence, and as the search drives the play to resolutions-in-action that express these insights in human behavior. In the language of the churchman: A drama is religious in proportion as its search is for religious living as revealed to the individual through his own experiences of worship and resolved in action that is consistent with Jesus' concepts of behavior.

Behavior that squares with Christian concepts of behavior definitely does not mean that a sweet, Pollyanish ending will result. It never will. There's nothing very "sweet" about the way Yank spits out his condemnation of Lochie's selfishness in the *Hasty Heart*. And Lochie goes on and dies, too. But both Yank and Lochie behave according to the ultimate insights of Christianity about truth: that love is a

method of overcoming fear and loneliness, that love is not just a nice warm glow but a disciplining force. The choices they make—a lot of little ones and a few big ones—are not easy to make. They are wrung out in a “sort of bloody sweat.” But notice, too, that though Lochie dies, there is no tragedy in the Greek sense—a noble man stripped by the gods with no chance to salvage anything. Like Gillean and Everyman, Lochie is an honest searcher after truth and beauty. Something within him triumphs over the experiences which might have made him a tragic figure. Job is the perfect figure of triumph. The fact that his possessions were given back to him does not matter at all.

Religious drama, then, is essentially comedy, not tragedy; because Christian living is triumphant living. That is not to say it is easy. But it is to say that nothing which happens to a religious man—not disappointment or fatigue, not sorrow or persecution, not illness or even death—is greater than his power to appreciate beauty, to perceive truth, and to act with moral judgment. Nothing so clearly projects the resolution-in-action demanded by Christian behavior as “religious drama.” Nothing requires more of aesthetic and religious discipline than to write or to produce it. Nothing is so thrilling as to try.

LITURGICAL DRAMA FOR THE CHANCEL OR OUT-OF-DOORS

Quem Quaeritis

York Nativity

Everyman

Book of Job, arranged by Amy Loomis.

FOR THE ROUND, INTIMATE THEATER

The Bishop's Candlesticks by Norman McKinnel

Parting at Imsdorf by Richard Nussbaum

The Best There Is by Marion Wefer

Dust of the Road by Kenneth Sawyer Goodman

FOR THE PROSCENIUM, FOR READING, OR A COMBINATION OF THE TWO

The Captains and the Kings by Channing Pollock

Gillean by B. Cumming Kennedy

The Hasty Heart by John Patrick

Letters to Lucerne by Fritz Potter and Allen Vincent

Servant in the House by Charles Rann Kennedy

Loyalties, Strife, Justice, Escape by John Galsworthy

Days Without End by Eugene O'Neill

FOR THE SPEAKING CHOIR

World Without End by Albert Johnson

Murder in the Cathedral by T. S. Eliot

Note: For a real understanding of both

drama and religion there is nothing like trying to forge from your own group's experience a convincing statement of important conflicts and resolve them according to Christian concepts of behavior.

—RUTH WINFIELD LOVE

Abraham and Isaac, traditional, short, medieval drama. (In *Old Time Church Dramas, Adapted*. Osgood.)

An American Saint of Democracy by Fred Eastman. Race drama, eighteenth century background.

Aria Da Capo by Edna St. Vincent Millay. Fantasy, peace drama. Poetic.

At the Well of Bethlehem by Mona Swann. Three one acts on Bible stories. Language of King James Version.

The Builders by Frances Dyer Eckardt. Rural church play. Stewardship material (*motive*, October, 1942.)

A Child Is Born by Stephen Vincent Benet. Poetic Christmas drama.

Coming of the Light by Marcus Bach. Incident from life of Coverdale. Drama. (In *Treasury of Religious Plays*. Brown.)

Everyman, traditional. The “great” church drama. (In *Old Time Church Dramas, Adapted*. Osgood.)

The Holy Night by Gregorio Sierra. Social drama. Spanish Roman Catholic setting. Christmas.

The Hour Glass by William Butler Yeats. Irish medieval setting. Prose version. Theme, personal faith.

The Lord's Prayer by Guthrie. Collection of one acts. Can be presented as unit.

The Neighbors by Zona Gale. Folk comedy. Good community emphasis.

Old Lady Shows Her Medals by Sir James Barrie. Peace play.

Quem Quaeritis, traditional. Medieval Easter drama. (In *Old Time Church Dramas, Adapted*. Osgood.)

Voices by Flexner. Peace play for two women. (In *Representative One Act Plays by American Authors*. Mayorga.)

OTHER POSSIBILITIES:

Joint Owners in Spain by Alice Brown.

Where Love Is, God Is by B. Iden Payne.

Based on a short story by Tolstoy.

Here's my selection of “favorites.” I have produced all but two of them at some time or other in a long church-drama career. And I'm planning to use the two at Green Lake, Wisconsin, during 1948.

I observe the emphasis in my list upon the poetic and picturesque. That's probably because I've had to think so often of good plays for women. Perhaps, too, it's because I just can't resist yard goods!

While very few of my titles are new, they are still among the best in the field.

Graveyard Day by Sinclair. Folk comedy. Religious emphasis.

Room for a Flower by Wilcox. Japanese missions drama.

Fragments of God by Gatke. Modern morality.

—AMY G. LOOMIS

Everyman adapted by Esther Willard Bates. Every college and church that has a thoughtful director will want this morality play in its repertoire, at least every few years.

Haym Solomon by Marcus Bach. In these times when the relationship between people of different backgrounds is important, it is good to produce a play that shows what the Jewish people have contributed to America's freedom.

A Child Is Born by Stephen Vincent Benet. In *United We Stand*. Poetic drama originally written for radio but can be done most effectively for Christmas vesper.

The Resurrection by Rosamond Kimball. The story of the resurrection told in most effective tableaux with Bach music.

Vesper Dramas by Marcus Bach. These twenty minute sketches are very valuable for student meetings where the play will be followed by discussion. The themes are social issues.

The Little Miracle by Zoe Akins. Occasionally a play is written beautifully, as is this one. We have given it in college and in a typical church situation; both times it was effective worship.

Early American by Marion Wefer. Today when we see “red” so easily and are prone to call everything leftist, communistic, this is a good play to produce. It tells of the militant stand for peace of son against father.

Radio Drama in Action by Erik Barnouw. Available in public libraries. I have been tremendously impressed with the effectiveness of these scripts: Robson's *Open Letter on Race Hatred*, Hughes' *B. T. Washington*, and Oboler's *The House I Live In*.

Little Plays of St. Francis by Laurence Housman. Occasionally Protestants would do well to appreciate the simple living of St. Francis and his followers. High-brow? No! I have produced these plays in church camps and have seen them beautifully done in colleges.

World Without End by Albert Johnson. Protestants should review their heritage more often. In colleges where choral speaking has become a part of worship, this is an inspiring piece of literature. It traces the influence of Christ through the Reformation to the present.

Two or three choral scripts that I should like to mention are “And No One Asked,” *American Unity* magazine, November 1947; and “See America First,” April, 1947.

—MILDRED HAHN

motive

To Open the Doors of Perception

is the function of all religious art.

A British playwright tells how drama may perform and serve this function.

R. H. WARD

"I WOULD, SANCHE," said Don Quixote, "that thou wert favorably disposed towards the drama and, as a necessary consequence, towards those who represent and produce it, for they are all instruments of great good to the state, placing before us at every step a mirror in which we may see vividly displayed what goes on in human life; nor is there any similitude that shows us in more life-like fashion what we are and what we must come to, than the play and the players."

Two main factors are concerned in dramatic representations: the stage and all engaged upon it and the auditorium and every individual in it. Of these two, the latter is often given too little consideration. But a dramatic performance is a relationship between stage and auditorium, or it is nothing; if a play is not to be seen and heard, judged, appreciated, and in the fullest sense contributed to, by its audience, it may as well be played with the curtain lowered; the art of the drama is not practiced for art's sake, but for the sake of those on both sides of the footlights who take part in it.

I want later to make this matter of the relation between the stage and the auditorium very clear indeed, for it is one of supreme importance where religious drama is concerned. But first we shall be under the necessity of coming to some understanding of a number of related matters, and initially of this rather difficult and arbitrary phrase, religious drama. There are many people, and I am one of them, who fail to see that there is any essential difference between religious drama and other sorts of drama. Provided that we exclude from the field of drama the lightest kind of entertainment, such as vaudeville, musical comedy, and bedroom farces, all drama, and indeed all art, is essentially religious. I believe we shall better understand religious drama, and better serve it, if we first grasp this fact. Religious drama has suffered from being pigeonholed, from being regarded as a special subject having little or no connection with the drama as a whole and with art as a whole; from being left in the hands of men and women who, however sincerely religious, can in no sense be truly regarded as people of the theater or as artists. Religious drama, let us be frank, is not at

present in good case; it fails too often to appeal to the majority of folk; it attains no standards, literary or dramatic, whether amateur or professional. And the reason for these things lies in the divorce which has been decreed, and popularly accepted, between religion and the arts.

I have found that a great many intelligent people are astonished by the suggestion that all art is essentially religious and that all drama is therefore essentially religious. Yet the historical evidence for my contention is alone overwhelming, while the psychological evidence is hardly less strong. I am no anthropologist, and this is not the place in which to try to relate primitive religion with the later religious expressions of the creative impulse, and rock-painting with its later artistic expressions. We can pass at once to more modern, yet still very distant, times and remind ourselves that the Greek drama—and here we are at once in the artistic field under discussion—grew out of religious ritual and the desire to vivify religious truths by means of the action, the "doing" which is drama.

That it is no more than a confusion some examination of the psychological evidence for the essential unity of religion and the arts may help us to understand. Consider the kind of mind which has always been the artist's, and the attitude of mind which artists have always brought to their work. "There is," says Miss Sackville-West in *The Eagle and the Dove*, "a greater resemblance than between any other brands of human beings . . . the pursuit of beauty runs a parallel path to the pursuit of God." Certain examples are obvious here: men such as St. John of the Cross and William Blake were both mystics and poets, and in them the creative impulse seems to tend equally towards religion and art, in them these things become one and indivisible. But it is in fact unnecessary to make very profound examination of the nature of any considerable artist in order to discover that the impulse which drives him to write, paint, or compose music is the same impulse which leads some men to the practice of the greatest art of all, that of living a life in the imitation of Christ; a few names suffice: Shakespeare, Keats, Wordsworth, Michelangelo, El Greco, Con-

stable, Bach, Beethoven, Wagner. There is a certain spiritual content in the works of these men which is the spiritual content or religion. There shines very clearly through the work of all of them a direct contact with the wells of the spirit, a certain sense of indwelling mystery, a certain perception of spiritual and natural laws hidden from most of us, a steady reference, whatever the outward terms of expression, to a single inward reality which is the basis of art and of religion. And here we might cite a wise word of the greatest of modern psychologists, himself an artist and mystic as well as a scientist, Carl Jung: "Who . . ." he says, "speaks in primordial images, speaks as with a thousand tongues; he grips and overpowers and at the same time he elevates that which he treats out of the individual and transitory into the sphere of the eternal, he exalts the personal lot to the lot of man and therewith he releases in us, too, all those helpful forces that have ever enabled humanity to rescue itself from whatever distress and to live through even the longest night. . . . That is the secret of the artist's effect." We shall return to this quotation later, but for the moment the important thing to notice is that the "artist speaks in primordial images" and that it is in these images—such for instance, as that of the eternal death and resurrection of the godhead—that religion also speaks.

Then, the attitude of the artist to his work is of considerable significance to our subject, for in it we see that, for the artist, his work is his religion, in no superficial but in an utterly real sense. Artists are the servants, whatever the cost to themselves, of a divine imperative, and all artists, like all men of religion, are engaged upon the same purpose the mediation of the truth to mankind; the divine imperative drives them to speak the truth for the salvation of the world.

PERHAPS this phrase, for the salvation of the world, will make clear my purpose in speaking at some length of the relation of art and religion and the reason why I can but regard that relation as an important element of religious drama. Religious drama is essentially no different from other kinds of drama and other kinds of art; it demands the same vision of divine law, the

same expression of "primordial images," the same passionate devotion, as all artists and all men of God, in one way or another, have felt to be at the core of their lives. But here we come to an important point: art and religion are matters of purity and integrity, and purity and integrity, in any profound sense of those words, have not notoriously characterized religious drama. Let me, by putting the negative aspect of the question first, try to explain what I mean. I have in my time watched and read a great many religious plays. Few of them have been of a kind to move the deeper centers of my being, few of them have given me any incentive to live a better life, many of them have disgusted me as an artist, bored me as a human being, and have given me the impression of belittling, rather than glorifying, the beauty and grandeur of the personality and life of Jesus, of the truths inherent in the Christian religion, and of the nature and history of the church. In a word, far from being of service to religion and to men, they have done both man and religion a disservice. This is a deplorable condition of affairs. I have often asked myself why religious drama so often tends to bring about precisely those effects—those of boredom, belittlement, and total lack of inspiration—which are *not* required. The answer lies, I think, in its mediocrity.

The statement that a great part of religious drama, as we know it, is lacking in purity and integrity logically follows. One of the qualities of a great work of art is its newness; while another is its oldness. There is something old, indeed eternal, in a work of art because, essentially speaking, there is nothing new under the sun; because the truth, at a certain profound level, is extraordinarily simple; there is nothing new in the way of a theme—as opposed to a plot, a story—for artist or priest to invent; all the cardinal themes were invented by God, and probably long before he invented us.

On the other hand, there is something new about a work of art because there is no end to the ways of saying the old truths; the more superficial layers of the human psyche hold an infinite diversity of possible expressions, of possible approaches to the truth, of possible manifestations of it in word and action. Art and religion which do not grasp these two facts—that of the oneness of profound truth and that of the diversity of its possible expressions on the surface—will lack purity and integrity. The truth, the primordial image, belongs to all of us. Jung would say that it dwells in a "collective unconscious" in which we all share and of which we can all be made at least dimly aware, but we shall not be

made interested in that truth, and in our part in it and its significance for ourselves and for our own lives, unless the way in which it is conveyed to us is in itself interesting—unless the statement of it is a new one that takes our attention and sets us to work to descend with the preacher or the dramatist to that level of the psyche on which the truth lies. Much religious drama falls into mediocrity because it fails in this way; it has not envisaged clearly the truth to be mediated to its audience, and it has not sought conscientiously for new and arresting, but not necessarily sensational or elaborate, means of mediating it. Such drama is neither good religion nor good art, for it lacks purity of impulse and integrity of expression.



I SUGGEST that it is better to present no religious drama at all than to present so-called religious drama which is both inartistic and irreligious, because it has not sprung clean from the sources of all art and religion and been passed through the highly disciplined mind of a sincere and devoted artist. Now, it will be thought that I am making a plea for "high-brow" plays, that I should think any play good which was odd and new-fangled and a masterpiece which was unintelligible. Simplicity, economy, a child-like quality, are true attributes of art, and they have nothing to do with the "high-brow." I doubt very much whether the "high-brow"—which, if I understand the word at all, means to me something clever for cleverness' sake, but in reality entirely superficial and barren of true meaning—ever had anything to do with art or religion. Innovation is one thing, but obscurantism is another; the one is often that very newness which is needed, the other we can dispense with, for in all probability it merely indicates an

absence of truth. Nor am I saying that all religious plays must be written by great artists or even of necessity by practiced hands—though religious drama deserves the practiced hand and will profit by it. But I am saying that they must be written—and played, too—by men and women of integrity, devotion, and sincerity, whose attitude to art is religious and whose attitude to religion is artistic.

For these two things are very difficult and responsible matters; and nothing less than what is called "putting our whole souls into it," and our best technique, is good enough. There are men practiced in writing of a somewhat superficial kind who appear to regard themselves as equipped to turn their hands to religious themes. But plays by such men are as unsatisfactory as those written by priests who have much understanding of religion, but no ability to express themselves as artists. For it will not do to think that, because one knows the story of Christ's nativity inside-out as a story, and even understands its true significance, one is capable of dramatizing it. It will not do either to think that a chorus of angels—with real wings—a few "Eastern" costumes, and characters addressing each other as thou and thee, with an occasional "Verily, verily," or "Woe is me," thrown in, make a religious play. They do not; they make for religiosity, "quaintness," and pretty-prettiness, perhaps, but I venture to doubt whether they are pleasing to God, and I know they are not pleasing to man. And it is certain that such confections, which are generally the result in fact of a superficial amateurism and sentimentality of soul, do nothing to serve the real purpose of religious drama, which is to justify the ways of God to man on the one hand and to place before us on the other, in Don Quixote's words "a mirror in which we may see vividly displayed what goes on in human life."

It may appear that I am straying far from my two main factors in the drama, the stage and the auditorium, and the relation between these two. But it will be evident that this matter of the choice of a play bears upon the question; for the play is that which is presented on the stage and received in the auditorium. Much wise advice on the choice of play by a religious drama group will be found in a pamphlet on the subject by Mrs. Helen Lamb, published by the Religious Drama Society, R.D.S., S.P.C.K. House, Northumberland Ave., W.C. 2. London.

ONE point which it seems to me important to realize is that the religious play is not so selected and special a matter as many suppose. It will be inferred from my argument that all art, properly grounded and properly ap-

motive

proached, is religious—that many plays which may not appear at first glance to be “religious” plays may in fact be legitimately so described. I have cited *Measure for Measure*; and not merely because part of its theme is chastity, while one of its characters seeks to enter a convent. It seems to me that a re-examination of the field of religious plays should be undertaken by those who interest themselves in them, and that a little more enterprise could be exercised in the choices dramatic groups make. It is not my business here to attempt to give lists of plays which seem to me suitable, but I am certain that religious drama, if it is to grasp the enormous opportunity which is undoubtedly offered to it as the present time, must widen its horizon where its plays are concerned. It must cease to be parochial in the pejorative sense of that word; it must cease to think that only plays which are specifically Passion plays or nativity plays, or more or less direct dramatizations of the Bible, are religious plays; what is needed are plays which carry religion into ordinary contemporary life and affairs, plays which hold the mirror up to contemporary human nature and speak directly to men and women of today about the things that directly and urgently concern them. Too often religious plays seem to an audience to be about events and persons belonging to a past age having no connection with our own; what is needed is a specifically contemporary approach to the unchanging truth embodied in the Christian stories and the testaments themselves. What application, if the right angle of vision is adopted, has the sacrifice of Isaac to us whose sons have been sacrificed in battle, what application to a world of homeless mothers and children, refugees from every sort of physical and mental torment, has the rejection of the holy family at the inn or its flight into Egypt? But these applications must be made plain, and stated in human terms which all can understand, whether or not they are already familiar with the Bible and with Christian teachings. Plays which merely reiterate the Christian teachings, in the terms which, magnificent though they are, the churches have used for centuries, will preach only to the converted, and it is the unconverted, those whose minds are still darkened to the essential truths which underlie human existence, who are in need of what Jung calls “rescue from whatever distress” and of being shown how “to live through even the longest night.”

Let me not be misunderstood. I am not advocating propaganda plays, and I am not suggesting that it is the duty of religious drama specifically to make converts to the churches by offering to the public the churches’ dogmas as the only

possible expression of the truth; for a church must have no dictatorship in religion; its first duty in this matter is to strengthen free will in the audiences who watch religious plays, and to let them choose to adhere to a church only if, once their minds have been opened to the truth, a particular church seems to them to offer the best expression of it and the best opportunity for living according to it. Christians would sometimes do well, after all, to remember that for many millions of people, Buddhism (for instance)—based upon the same essential truths as all religions in all times, from the earliest cults and mysteries to Christianity, which is still among the youngest—offers the most acceptable expression of the truth and opportunity of practicing it—and this not merely because these



unfortunate heathen have had no chance of embracing the Christian faith. There is a right way for all of us, and there is one ultimate God to whom they all lead. It is those unfortunate, bewildered and lost humans, who have found no way, and therefore see no God at the end of it, whom it is the first concern of religious drama to enlighten and guide. If it ultimately guides them to the Christian church, well and good, but if it guides them elsewhere, yet always towards a deeper understanding of themselves and their world and of the divine laws which uphold it, surely there will still be rejoicing heaven.

ONE thing is certain, that the law of inverse effort comes into operation proportionately as propaganda does. Example is another thing; *tell* me to become a Christian and I am unmoved, but *behave* to me like one and I shall feel compelled to emulate you. Art offers examples of the truth. Propaganda is al-

ways biased and is therefore always a form of lying. “And if the arts and religion conspire in lying,” says Charles Rann Kennedy, “how is the world ever going to be saved?” The function of art is to ask questions; that of propaganda is to answer them. The function of art is to open the mind to speculations as to the truth; that of propaganda is to close the mind to such speculation. Art asks, What is truth? Propaganda says, This is—and lies in doing so. Man, particularly today, when his world and his beliefs are crashing about his ears, feels the need to ask questions, and—what is more important—feels the nascent ability to answer them for himself. It is this nascent ability that religious drama must foster, for in doing so it will foster the strong, independent, self-reliant mind which both church and state desperately need. A totalitarian government, and a complacent church enslaved to it, will make the uses which we already know of minds which are not independent and have no strength to distinguish truth from falsehood, humanity from beastliness, or a divine imperative from propaganda. We find that all works of art—and it will be seen that it is into the realms of art, because of the untold service that art always offers to mankind, that I am striving to broaden and elevate religious drama—we find that all works of art ask a question or perhaps many questions. How many, and how pertinent, questions does a great play like Ibsen’s *An Enemy of the People* not ask?—or *Macbeth* or *Oedipus Rex* or *Saint Joan*? The answers to these questions are left to the spectator; answer them for him in the theater, deny him the use of the mind with which as a human being he has been blessed, and he goes away with a powerful sense of frustration—if he is not simply bored. Set him examples which imply the questions: Isn’t this perhaps the truth? Isn’t this a better way to live than our way? and he leaves the theater in the state of mind which has brought many before now to conversion. It is in this way that the arts have, throughout the ages, been a force leading men to the good life; in this way, as Shelley said, the poets are the unacknowledged legislators of the world. But what incentive to think for oneself, to grow and change within oneself, is propaganda, which takes away free will and substitutes a set of rules and dogmas?

Yet it seems that this is a difficult point, this profound difference between art and propaganda, for religious drama to grasp. Those who write, produce, act, and generally promote religious plays are, in the nature of things, very certain that their opinions are the only right and tenable ones. What, they say, is the use of religious drama as such, if it is

not to make others hold these opinions too? Yet that is eventually its use and purpose—provided that we are not mistaken in our opinions and that they are indeed the only right and tenable ones. The point is that conversion will not be brought about by bludgeoning the mind, or even by the most persuasive speeches; the law of inverse effort will see to that. The conversion of other minds, if it is to be a real and lasting conversion—and we all know that propaganda can achieve something as a short-term policy and will have a superficial effect—is a matter of indirect approach, of suggestion, of offering choices and asking questions which are deliberately left unanswered. This is always part of the business of art and it seems to me that it should be part of the business of religious drama. If the opinions held by its practitioners are in fact true ones, time and the mercy of heaven will see to it that it is to the holding of such opinions that the recipient of the questions will be brought by the answers with which he will be forced to furnish himself. We must have faith in our fellowmen and their capacity to see the truth for themselves; faith in our own opinions has led the world into untold misery.

BUT it is not only the play which these remarks concern; it is also the way the play is done, the spirit and accomplishment of its performance. We must suppose that a play of some intrinsic value has been chosen, one which speaks an old truth in a new way; it remains to perform it in a way which will enhance its truth rather than obscure it. But just as I am not suggesting that all plays presented by religious drama groups must be great plays in a literary or stage-traditional sense, so I am not suggesting here that the acting and presentation of religious plays must be highly "professional" or fully experienced. In a word, I am saying that the job of the actors and the producer is to serve the play to the top of their ability. Essentially speaking, nothing more need be asked, for nothing more is required for the achievement of the heart of the matter: a sincere performance. It is, you see, the spirit of the thing of which I am speaking; get the spirit on your side, as it were, and the rest, the material business of acting, setting, costuming, and lighting, will be added. Too often, even among groups which have an avowedly high and selfless purpose, there is a tendency to the service of self. Again, the artist's sense of being driven beyond himself and by a force greater than himself is necessary. The approach to the production of a religious play—indeed, of any play—must be one of a certain self-abnegation. The play is the sole

purpose of a group's working together; a hint, in the heart of only one actor, that he is taking part for his own sake, in order to display himself or his gifts to the public, and something is lost to the production as a whole and to its effect upon its audience.

It is from this lurking and all too human self-regard that all the blemishes of self-consciousness arise: that extravagant and in fact meaningless use of the body, that "stage-voice" (affected more particularly in the speaking of verse), that prettiness of posture and exaggeration of grimace, to which young women especially are prone on the stage. We cannot go into details of technique, but it may be said at least that stage work is not an elaboration of ordinary life, but a simplification of it which makes it more real than actuality. Such work embodies economy not multiplication, of movement and gesture; it demands clarity of speech and a naturalness which is more than natural—but nothing "stagey," nothing "theatrical." (And here let me put in a word on behalf of plays in verse. Poetry on the stage is speech made a little more real than actuality; it heightens emotion without appearing to do so, and arrests the attention of the intellect. Poetry is, in fact, the natural tongue of the stage; you will see that all good plays, even if they are in prose, are written in a kind of poetry.) What has to be learned for the purpose of the drama is how to do naturally what is in fact unnatural; unnatural by the very nature of the theater, as you will see if you try to transpose upon the stage, detail by detail and word by word, an actual scene from human life: no one would watch it and listen to it for five minutes. Beyond that, however, we may not discuss technique. But the word need not frighten us unduly, at least if we are amateurs, for, up to a point, all human beings are actors, and this natural aptitude is what in most cases religious drama groups will need to use; just to what immense effect it can be used, almost any performance of a play by children or unsophisticated persons will indicate.

THIS brings me to a quality upon which I wish for a moment to dwell; that of simplicity. Simplicity, like the sincerity with which it is of course closely allied, is a key-quality, particularly in the presentation of religious plays. How often one has seen a performance marred irrevocably because this key has never been found and used; marred by the over-elaboration of scenery and properties and lighting, the "grandification," in every sense, of an essentially simple situation. Once more, it is the truth we are trying to expose, and once more, the truth, when you get near

enough to it, is simple. Elaboration of production obscures rather than exposes this truth; and "the nature of God," said the late Charles Williams, "is to have everything clear." The need which so many producers of religious plays appear to feel for elaboration of setting and costume seems to indicate either the choice of a play which has not in fact a central core of truth to be exposed and so needs to be "made interesting," or a lack of faith in both play and audience. It is tempting to suspect that an audience will not understand what is happening if there is only a minimum of scenery, costumes, and properties to help them. But audiences are endowed, even the stupidest of them, with imagination, and they are there to use it. Give them, therefore, the opportunity of doing so. Keep their minds interested and alive. Avoid plays with many scenes (they are almost certainly ill constructed and could have been written in fewer); avoid cumbersome and expensive and perhaps in the end only confusing scenic decoration. Allow suggestion to do its work in conjunction with the audience's imagination; tell them that their stage at present represents the audience chamber in Pilate's house and, with the help of a little lighting and a little acting, they will believe it and themselves enter into that which is passing in the audience chamber. Shakespeare had almost no need of scenery; when we dress up his plays in too much of it nowadays, they mysteriously lose a great deal of their quality; the scenery is distracting our attention from the words, which give us all we need to know of locality, story, and characterization. And it is in the words of a good play, also, that the truth which it is our whole aim and object to expose is to be found. Very well, then, let us expose it, clear from it all superfluous materialism, not cover it up with flummery decorations which are essentially meaningless. Let us enunciate clearly and unaffectedly the words, and perform precisely and deliberately the actions in which the meaning is enshrined. Lope de Vega described the performances of the strolling theater of his day as "four trestles, four boards, two actors, and a passion." It is a good starting point.

THESE qualities of simplicity and sincerity will take us, more quickly than by any other road, to another essential: unity. And unity is an imaginative quality, and one which is very quickly felt on the audience's side of the footlights. It comes, I think, from a sense, possessed by all the members of a play's cast, of being essential parts of a whole greater than themselves. "Simplicity," said the great founder of the Moscow Art Theater, Stanislavsky, "is

motive

either the result of a very poor imagination or a very rich one," and it is not the simplicity of barrenness, but that of richness of imagination towards which we must strive. A rich imagination brought by producer and actors to a simple production will endow it with a corporate life—that is, a unity—which is a very real thing indeed; it is the same unity which is the making of a painting, a symphony, any work of art, and, without it, a play will be, not a meaningful whole, but a meaningless series of disjointed parts, of actors severally parading upon a stage and having no real relation to one another or, far worse, to the story they are supposed to be telling.

In such unity there is, inevitably, great strength—strength of sincerity, of truth, of conviction—which, equally inevitably, the audience must feel; and by so much as they feel it will the play and what it has to say enter into their hearts and minds, and they in turn enter into the play—a necessity to which I shall return in a moment. Again, De Vega has a wise word: "The company of Valleo is like some faces—not a perfect feature in it, but because of the harmony with which they are united, the face is beautiful." It is a comfort, at those times when we are forced to realize that we are bad actors, of inadequate technique and experience, who cannot possibly do the play justice, to realize also that, if we can, by our simplicity and sincerity and our devotion to that play, achieve the harmony of unity, we shall still achieve something beautiful. Indeed I have seen productions, shockingly bad in some ways and from the critical and professional point of view, which were exceedingly moving and, spiritually speaking, eminently successful, because they had this mysterious quality of unity. Man's adversity, to alter the phrase a little, is art's opportunity. Men and women, hitherto unassailably enclosed within limits of their own humdrum and unimaginative lives, have been suddenly thrown by the events of the past few years into experiences which they never dreamed would be theirs—the loss of their possessions; the loss of their nearest and dearest; the break-up of their working lives, their marriages, their homes, their very bodies. And all these things, bitter and intolerable as they seem, are opportunities for the human spirit to grow, for consciousness and understanding to increase, for truth, beauty and goodness to enter, illumine and inspire minds and hearts hitherto dead and now reborn into a new and bewildering but infinitely promising world.

Now the arts know a great deal about this matter of consciousness and its enlargement; it has been their business, the business of artists and their fellow

mystics, from time immemorial, and the drama—and religious drama with it—has at present not only the obvious golden opportunity, but also a responsibility of the gravest and most glorious kind. It is no exaggeration to say that the future state of the world will depend, in a degree which would perhaps be surprising could we compute it, upon the way in which the arts discharge this responsibility; in their hand lies at least a part of the salvation of mankind from the darkness and decadence which have brought him to the murderous pass in which these years have found him. Indeed, Walter Pater went so far, in his *Renaissance*, as to claim that art is the end of life, for this very reason that it gives "a quickened, multiplied consciousness;" and in so far as we recognize the greatest art of all as the art of living, and consciousness as the ability to understand and live by divine laws, so that "every man's life of any worth," in the words of Keats, "is a perpetual allegory," as the life of Jesus was, we shall no doubt be able to share in Pater's belief.

EVERY materialistic era, such as that out of which we are just passing, brings into being a complementary spiritual problem; the last few decades have brought to birth the science of psychology to deal with the nature and health of the human psyche—for we have long been dimly aware that man cannot live by bread alone, that a knowledge of matter and a command of material resources would not be an adequate substitute for the spirit and would lead us in time to the catastrophe in which we now find ourselves. The spiritual problem is now urgent; psychology will no doubt play its part in the solution of it, for psychology, too, in its finer and more responsible aspects, is at work upon the necessary increase of consciousness, the necessary spiritualization of human creatures. But the art's particular part in that spiritual problem's solution remains an opportunity and a responsibility. I hope that it now becomes apparent why I have taken so seriously the questions of the intrinsic worth of the plays to be presented, of the sincerity and devotion of those who present them: the other half of the presentation is the audience, a few dozen, a few hundred, of our fellowmen, any one of whom may be in a condition of spirit to receive from the stage suggestions which may deeply influence his life. For a play is not, if it is worth anything, merely a spectacle in front of which a man sits uncaring. It is an experience, and experience, especially of profound emotion, opens the aperture of consciousness. It is an experience, furthermore, in which the audience actually joins; there is a mysterious and very

powerful link of a psychological kind between audience and stage, a unity which it is the business of that unity on the stage—of which we have spoken—to strengthen and make significant. Any actor will tell you of the curious and profound awareness of his audience which he experiences upon the stage; he knows exactly what his audience feels; when it is, or is not, "held" by the play; indeed he can, if he chooses, play upon an audience in a way which can become very dangerous. This audience, its imaginative faculty brought into play by what passes before it, becomes an intrinsic part of the performance and opens up to the actor regions of its psyche which may be very deep, those regions where are to be found, reciprocating those which the artist who wrote the play discovered in himself, the "primordial images" of which Jung speaks, the essential truths of which we have spoken here as being at the basis of all art and all religion. Each member of the audience identifies himself with the persons of the story, sees in the persons of the story, as in a mirror, his own nature and his own soul exposed, sees what he is and what he must be.

It stands to reason that the responsibility laid upon those who practice religious drama on behalf of these gullible, malleable and trustfully questioning humans, many of them at present bewildered and uprooted and afraid, almost all of them in a speculative mood, is by no means a light one. Is the superficial, the perfunctory, the tawdry, whether in writing, acting or presentation generally, good enough to offer our fellowmen? Is propaganda, the advancement of sectarian opinion or facile dogma good enough? I think the answer must be in the negative, and that we shall do no harm to repeat to ourselves Kennedy's words, "If religion and art conspire in lying, how is the world ever going to be saved?" No, we must search our own souls, inquire of our great artists and mystics, indeed go on our knees to the source of all truth, until we have satisfied ourselves that whatever we are offering to a humanity pitifully eager to understand—in Blake's phrase, "to cleanse the doors of perception"—and to find a set of references by which to live the new life into which they are finding themselves born after the experiences of these days, is indeed worthy of them. The first commandment is the same for all artists and all men of religion, but the second is like unto it and its inevitable corollary: our audiences are our neighbors, and it is for this reason that the relation between stage and auditorium is of so much importance. A divine imperative has been put upon religious drama: "In as much as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

These Are the Excellent!

Pioneers who have given stature to drama in the church

DRAMA AND RELIGION! For the contemporary theater person this is an obnoxious combination, because it suggests the confusing and narrow influence of religion. For the person concerned with religious living, it is distasteful too, because drama is so often mistaken for theater. Both are mistaken. Theater is both an institution and a technique. The "dramatic" is a quality that may be applied to many aspects of living. When it is used in terms of theater, it brings to the theater its greatest, noblest, and sincerest quality. When it is applied to religion it means that religion takes on effectiveness that is born of innate value and is expressed in impressive ways. A prayer may be dramatic which would mean that it springs from root sources, from the light within, and is expressed sincerely. The theatrical is likely to connote externals, the paint and powder, the scenery and lights, the wig and costume. When these theatrical trappings are dramatic, they are expressive of a deeper meaning and their use is justified. When they are extravagant and showy, they may be the sign of the institution that can bring happiness as an escape or as an excursion into the land of illusion.

Religion is never expressed through the theatrical. But religious living should be dramatic. It is living for some purpose, against any and all odds. It is heroic living with meaning and values. When this living is expressed by characters through dialogue and action at crisis moments it takes the form of drama. This and this alone makes drama have religious values. It has nothing to do with propaganda or preaching, nor is it related necessarily to traditional biblical material. All great drama has religious value because it shows the conflict of characters who are seeking to achieve their destiny as human beings. To speak, therefore, of the religious value of a play is merely to point out its truest meaning.

Religious drama is not some peculiar form as most people in the theater think it is. It is an aspect of drama that may lift it to great heights. It is a characteristic of drama rather than a type. Because good drama can have religious value, because its method of presenting truth is effective, it belongs in the church. The long separation and antagonism that have existed in the minds of both church and drama leaders seem a stupid attitude. With the coming of the contemporary

renaissance of the drama, and with the contribution of Ibsen whose plays are essentially religious, a definite effort was started to use the dramatic in the specifically religious program of the church.

One of the pioneers of this movement, for like all things in America, it has become a movement, was the Drama League of America, an organization to further good drama in the professional theater, in schools, and communities that flourished during the first quarter of the twentieth century. Its effective leader was Mrs. A. Starr Best, who was destined to be one of the first directors of drama in a local church. Her Pilgrim Players, at the First Congregational Church in Evanston, Illinois, were responsible for the first production of a good many plays and were also the incentive for the printing of some of the early examples of what unfortunately came to be known as "religious plays." The Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America was also an early movement to bring drama into the church, and the Committee on Religious Drama of the Educational Committee of the Council, headed by Professor Fred Eastman, and containing such members as Helen Willcox and Elizabeth Baker, promoted the use of drama and published at least two collections of plays.

England, no less than America, has taken a lively interest in drama that has real religious value. The British Drama League had a genuine concern. E. Martin Browne, whose production of *Everyman* and *Murder in the Cathedral* has made theater history, is still the leading spirit in the revival of religious drama in England. In 1946, the Religious Drama Society began the publication of a quarterly called *Christian Drama*. Four issues have now been printed; they contain good articles on drama, suggestions about plays and schools of drama, and reports of productions. It is an admirable publication.

The contributions of Phillips Osgood at Trinity Church in Boston and of Esther Willard Bates at Boston University have been notable. The university offered courses under Miss Bates for a good many years. Fred Eastman's basic work at Chicago Theological Seminary has been the most consistent attempt to encourage the writing of plays and their production in the church. His long interest has

produced many plays from his own pen as well as the textbook that has been the classic in the field. His list of plays is indispensable and his surveys of the field which have appeared in *The Christian Century* have been the only ones of their kind. Other colleges and seminaries have also included drama courses with this emphasis. Edna M. Baxter at the School of Religious Education, Hartford Seminary Foundation, has been concerned primarily from the religious-education standpoint. After a distinguished career in religious education in New York City, Hulda Niebuhr has moved to McCormick Theological Seminary in Chicago where, in cooperation with Mrs. R. G. Petersen, of the Fourth Presbyterian Church, she is giving work in drama in the church. Garrett Biblical Institute in Evanston, Illinois, founded a department of religious drama in 1928 with the author of this article as its head, and has kept the subject in its courses of study. Ruth Winfield Love has long been associated with the work in drama of the National Society of Wesley Players, and has edited *The Footlight*, the only magazine in America devoted to this special subject. Her work has won for her the unique position she holds at Scarritt College in Nashville, Tennessee, where she gives courses in drama and worship. On the West Coast, Alfred Stury is carrying on work that he began in the central west.

The New York Council of Churches has had a drama committee for many years. The guiding spirit has been Mrs. Robert Searles who has maintained a high standard and stimulated interest that have had far-reaching effects. The Connecticut Council of Churches has made a contribution in radio.

Of the people working in local churches, none has contributed more, or done a more consistently good job than Amy Loomis at the Fountain Street Baptist Church in Grand Rapids, Michigan. Her new work, heading up drama for the Board of Education of the Northern Baptist Convention, will bring her still wider contacts and greater usefulness. For several years, Nelle Wiley carried on an ambitious program at the First Congregational Church in Los Angeles. Paul Nagy, Jr., has developed his drama work as a pastor, and he has written widely. This superficial survey would not be complete without some mention of the use of drama at Riverside Church in New York City. The record should also include mention of the work at the Hennipen Avenue Church in Minneapolis.

Mildred Hahn's part in this field has been unique. Her advanced degrees have resulted from research in drama and religion. As a teacher, she has been related to drama in her community, and for her

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denomination, she has served as drama consultant in summer conferences and as writer of some of the major dramatic presentations. Her new list of plays, *Best Plays for the Church*, published by the Christian Education Press, is one of the most complete lists obtainable.

THIS little survey has not attempted to say anything about the writers of plays as such. But the name, Elliot Field, is known even for more than the plays he has written. His long-time interest, and his convictions about drama, have made the contemporary revival richer. He has been the editor of the drama page in the *Presbyterian Tribune*, and he is also making the page on drama in the church for the *Players Magazine* one of the best features in that useful magazine. The Baltimore Council of Churches had the enthusiastic leadership of Martha Bayly Shannon, who has devoted most of her energies to the writing of plays. Marion Wefer, the editor of the theater department in *motive*, has written many plays. Her most recent achievement has been *Ladies With Lamps*. Few people have a better understanding of what makes a

play have religious values, and few have built into their work a higher standard of achievement. The dean of all writers of plays for the church is Dorothy Clarke Wilson. Her plays are known wherever churches have produced dramas. Although she is now writing principally in the novel form, she took time out to write the pageant for the Methodist Youth Conference, held in Cleveland, Ohio.

The Federal Council of Churches has again revived its drama committee under the enthusiastic direction of Dean Earl E. Harper of the School of Fine Arts of the University of Iowa. This is a step in the right direction. What is needed is a central clearing house to deal with problems arising in the use of drama in the priestly and educational functions of the church. Publication should be done, too, under these auspices. Drama can find a unique place in the church. And the interest the concerned or religiously motivated people can bring to the theater is the kind of cooperation that will give backing to its best efforts and help it achieve its destiny as the temple of great art in showing character in action at moments of crisis.

might be made the core of a superior school program. It would include playmaking and play performing, music making and the interpretive dance, and its studies and research, driven by powerful creative urges, could be directed profitably to every subject of school learning. There is much to substantiate this view. He who creates learns as no other person learns and, in addition, he is transformed into a personality of power.

Winifred Ward's *Playmaking With Children* gives page after page of proof that dramatic experiences, as playmaker and performer, are food of the spirit as essential to the growth of character, intelligence, and social adjustment as vitamins are to the bodily organs. On every page, too, expression wins over suppression. Hers is a grand story of expanding life, moving on its own power to higher and higher ground, stirred into triumphant action by the releasing of natural forces and warmed continuously by the friendly encourager.

Education in the arts, as this book indubitably is, has always challenged the writer who attempts to translate action and feeling into printed words. Art is an experience not a knowledge. Winifred Ward succeeds, nevertheless, in putting experience into language that conveys to any earnest learner the way to achievement. Illustrations abound, each one vibrant and clear, and each one a moving picture with the guide's encouraging voice pointing out meanings and directions.

If one has been stirred to undertake work in the playmaking field, *Playmaking With Children* is a book to have at one's side, for it makes recognition easy for the common variety of situations and it stimulates ideas to meet the unusual and the unpredictable. Besides, it opens up the delights of the creative life to anyone of ordinary sensitivity who craves further personal enlargement in this field. An admirable bibliography and a source list of stories worthy of dramatization for all ages make the book an object of practical equipment for any willing learner.

—Hughes Mearns

Drama Book Reviews

These are new books worth knowing and owning.

Playmaking With Children. By Winifred Ward. 312 pp. New York: Appleton-Century, 1947.

WINIFRED WARD is one of a small group of artist-teachers, scattered all over this country, who discovered one another long ago and have kept in touch with each other for mutual encouragement. I use artist-teacher in a wide sense to include all the arts—literary, dramatic, and graphic, and those teachers only who know their arts as *experience* and not through learning merely. They spoke a common language, quite different from teachers generally, because their values were different; they knew how natural and general was the art impulse and how simple were the steps that led to the discovery and the strengthening of art appreciation and art expression. Any child could prove the universality of the equipment which has been lost, unfortunately, for reasons well known to these initiated ones; these artist-teachers have made it their life work to guide into the region of delights all of the children who came their way.

Very early in my own work I would hear from Winifred Ward; it would be a gay letter of understanding; it would be a word of exultation for something I had written; it would be a bit of creative excellence from one of her students which

she knew I would hold dear because of what it meant as education in sensitivity. Then her students began to come to my classes in New York University bringing messages in their eager eyes and in their confident bearing. The name Winifred Ward would be the magic password. We would shake hands and chat together like fraternity or sorority brothers and sisters, and we always had laughter to exchange, a mystery often to the solemn classmates who looked on.

When Winifred Ward's Children's Theater moved on to other cities and won its amazing honors, I would hear of it from dozens of our fraternity-sorority group. They knew how thoroughly I would share their joy.

Winifred's Ward's students are always transformed personalities. She gives them insight into art experience; she endows them with a self-faith; she makes them confident performers, independent persons, sure of their way in matters of fineness and taste.

Because of her vast experience, her teaching triumphs, and her definitive explanations into children's theater, the arrival of *Playmaking With Children* is an occasion to be heralded.

Familiar with the value of creative self-expression as a powerful stimulation of the highest personality growth, many educators have suggested that the theater

Treasury of Religious Plays. Selected by Thelma Sherman Brown. New York: Association Press, 1947. Twenty Plays. 341 pp. \$3.00.

THE CRY FOR "better writing" which is so frequently heard among those concerned for the future of church drama can subside a little in the presence of Thelma Brown's new anthology of religious plays. Like most anthologies, the collection is somewhat uneven; but unlike

some other collections, it offers plenty of really good material to drama groups of a very wide range of age, interest, and ability.

Here is some of Stephen Vincent Benet's finest lyric writing in his popular Christmas drama, *A Child Is Born*. But here, too, is *The Builders*, a simple and touching play for the rural church group, written by Frances Dyer Eckardt. These two plays reach a very high level of religious-dramatic writing. But they are suitable for production by groups as widely different in resources as the National Broadcasting Company, starring Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne, and the little community church at the village crossroads, employing strictly local talent and starring nobody at all. While any religious drama profits tremendously by an artistic presentation, there are several plays in this volume that can be presented without special scenery and with a minimum of professional direction.

Of the twenty plays in the collection, this reviewer was familiar with only seven, and of the thirteen which remain, six seem to be well above the average in content and craftsmanship. One may deplore the too frequent insistence upon the miraculous as a dramatic device. And it is evident, even in such a good collection as this, that biblical language alone does not make a play "religious." In general, the biblical plays are less convincing than those with a contemporary background. But when one accepts the problem of assembling a volume of religious plays which will be useful and stimulating to nine as different groups as those mentioned in the preface, one must salute the judgment and success of the collector.

The preface itself defines the reasons for each selection, and the proportion of old and new material seems well-balanced in terms of these reasons. An introduction by Harold Ehrensperger states lucidly and stirringly the traditional purposes of religious drama. That such an anthology as this is possible in 1947 is a tribute to his leadership, and that of half a dozen other men and women, in this highly specialized field. The level of dramatic writing for the church has reached an encouraging "high" during the past twenty years.

Two indices, one based on subject matter, and one on a classification by the number of characters and the length of playing-time, are practical guides for the play-reading committee and the director. It is greatly encouraging to realize that there is a place in the total church program of 1947 for the use of such excellent dramas, and a market for such collection.

—Amy Goodhue Loomis

The Negro in the American Theatre, by Edith J. R. Isaacs. New York: Theatre Arts, Inc. 1947. \$3.50.

THE CONTRIBUTION of the Negro to the American theater from 1821 to 1947 is told in a very stimulating and realistic manner by Edith J. R. Isaacs in her book, *The Negro in the American Theatre*. The reader is first impressed with the size of the book (8½ x 11"), its numerous beautiful illustrations, and its large print which makes it very easy to read and digest. This book is written for the general reader and the student. The specialist will also find its pages informational and rich in the saga of American culture and tradition. The author has purposely allowed historical tendencies and broad cultural trends to enter into her story because the theater is so close to human history. There is also a philosophical undertone which motivates the story and gives it perspective, meaning, and universality. It is this quality which lifts it above other books on this subject, and makes it destined to assume a permanent place in the annals of the American theater.

It is impressive, too, in the scope of its background, its wealth of personality sketches of famous Negro actors, playwrights, and musicians. The author gives the Negro a rich dramatic heritage by commencing her compilation a hundred and twenty-five years ago with James Hewlett and his African Company of Negro actors who performed in an improvised playhouse at the corner of Bleeker and Mercer streets or, according to the record, "in the rear of the One Mile Stone, Broadway," presenting *Othello* and *Richard III*. Continuing her chronological pattern through seven other chapters including the periods between 1890 and 1947, the author relates the Negro's early efforts to participate in theatrical activity, and traces the evolution of the minstrel show and the inclusion of Negroes in it. An authoritative review is presented of the Negro's contribution in such plays as *The Emperor Jones*, *In Abraham's Bosom*, *All God's Chillin Got Wings*, *Porgy*, *The Green Pastures*, *Native Son*, *Deep Are the Roots*, *Anna Lucasta*, *Othello*, *Bloomer Girl*, *Beggar's Holiday*, *Finian's Rainbow*, and *Our Lan'*. Personality sketches include such noted actors as Bert Williams, Jim Europe, Florence Mills, Rose McClendon, Charles Gilpin, Frank Wilson, Richard B. Harrison, Paul Robeson, Canada Lee, Hilda Sims, and Ethel Waters. The development of Negro musical forms in the theater and the dance form as evolved by Bill Robinson, Katherine Dunham, and Pearl Primus are also treated.

It is significant to note that despite

prejudice, misunderstandings, and at times, negative audience reactions toward the position of the Negro in the theater, a spirit of cooperation has often prevailed between Negro and white participants. On the other hand, lack of opportunity for professional training in the crafts of the theater has limited the Negro's creative contribution to the theater. This is especially true when Mrs. Isaacs mentions that "The first important native opera on a Negro theme, with music in the Negro idiom, should be written by white men. So far, all the best plays of Negro life, except perhaps Hall Johnson's *Run Little Chillin*, had been written by white men." There is a ray of hope when we note that in recent years such plays as *Mulatto* by Langston Hughes and *Native Son* by Richard Wright, both Negro authors, have been given an opportunity for presentation on Broadway with the cooperation of white producers. Mrs. Isaacs mentions in a very hopeful manner that, "Democratic consciousness, in America, has developed in the last half century to a point where both the finest players and their audiences are mature enough to wrestle with the same problems that make our major political, economic, and racial conflicts. But a play cannot always find its audience as quickly as present Broadway economics demands. Success is still too often an accident of news value or of brilliant acting; failure is too often due to a poor start, to theater inexperience, to wordiness or too much scene-shifting, or to trying to do more than the play-form can profitably hold."

The drama scholars, specialists, or critics who must read a number of books for specific research problems, will not find such time-saving devices as indices of actors, plays, theaters, playwrights, producers. It is necessary to read the entire story or know in advance periods and plays in order to find the necessary information. The contents page arranged in chronological order tends to compensate for this method of presentation.

Mrs. Isaacs has confined her story of the Negro to the professional theater, with comments on several representative Negro tributary theaters. The scattered efforts of other Negro educational theaters and community theaters and personalities are to be found in the speech and drama files of Cornell, Yale, Fisk, Ohio State, University of Michigan, University of Chicago, University of Illinois, Western Reserve, and Tennessee A. and I. State College.

For many years Mrs. Isaacs has been a leading force in the American theater. Her rich experience is reflected in this remarkable book.

—Thomas E. Poag
motive

One-Act Plays of Spiritual Power. Selected by Fred Eastman. Boston: Walter Baker Company, 1948.

THIS NEW COLLECTION contains the following plays: *Pilot Lights of the Apocalypse*, by Louis N. Ridenour; *The Flight Into Egypt*, by Thornton Wilder; *He Came Seeing*, by Mary Hamlin; *A Cloud of Witnesses*, by Esther Willard Bates; *What Never Dies*, by Percival Wilde; *Ba Thane*, by Edna Baldwin; *The Thief and the Hangman* (a radio script), by Morton Wishengrad; *Easter Wings*, by Dorothy Clarke Wilson; *Sergeant Smith Returns*, by Dorothy Clarke Wilson; *American Saint of Democracy*, by

the selector of the volume, Fred Eastman. In commenting on his book, Dr. Eastman says: "I have borne in mind that we live in the Atomic Age, which has brought with it new and horrible fears of mass destruction unless humanity quickly finds a way to international peace. That is why I lead off the collection with Ridenour's *Pilot Lights of the Apocalypse*. All the plays that follow deal with those characteristics of individual and social life that have survival value. They point the way to the reconciliation of mankind and to the building of a world of brotherhood and peace. I hope, too, that they give no little inspiration for the journey."

It's in the Books

Survey of drama books published this last year

READING A BOOK never gives one the sense of the theater, or the feel of it, that makes all the difference in the world in directing, acting, technical planning, or in seeing the play from the point of view of an audience. Nor will the books make one understand drama as will the actual reading of plays. Yet the postwar crop of books on theater and drama has been so astonishingly good that mention ought to be made of them and three huzzas given for the publishers.

How fine, for instance, it really is to have the revised and augmented edition of Barrett Clark's *European Theories of the Drama* (Crown Publishers, 1947. \$3.75), that gold mine of critical comment from Aristotle to the present. If any book can give one the meaning and purpose of the drama, this one can. Barrett Clark has also been busy with George Freedley compiling a history of the modern drama covering every country of Europe as well as America from the rise of Ibsen to the present day—*A History of Modern Drama* (D. Appleton-Century, New York, 1947. \$7.00). The essays on the various countries have been done by experts in their fields.

No book on modern drama has said with more stimulating interest what needs to be said in a critical way than Eric Bentley's *The Playwright as Thinker* (Reynal and Hitchcock, 1946. \$3.00). Here is a book that considers the writer as an intelligent being and as a social force. The book actually amounts to a re-evaluation of criticism. Another basic book to make its appearance is Edith Isaacs' *The Negro in the American Theatre* (Theatre Arts, New York, 1947. \$3.50). It is the first complete, authentic story of the contribution made by this racial group. The book shows comprehensive

understanding of drama by its author who was for a long time editor of *Theatre Arts*; it is without the patronizing and condescension that might mar a book on this subject. It will prove a valuable source book for any study of the contribution made by the Negro to American life. Edmond Gagey's *Revolution in American Drama* (Columbia University Press, New York, 1947. \$3.75) is a cavalcade of the modern American theater which describes every important dramatic work from 1917 through the 1945-46 theater season. A critical evaluation needs to be made to find out how many of these plays have anything to them of more than passing interest.

American dramatic criticism has been improving greatly. Two of the best critics have compiled some of their writings. Brooks Atkinson, of the *New York Times* in *Broadway Scrapbook* (Theatre Arts, New York, 1947. \$3.00) has made a selection from his Sunday columns of the last twenty years to build a theater panorama of what has been worth while in the theater. John Mason Brown, the drama critic of the *Saturday Review of Literature*, has likewise put some of his urbane and charming essays into a book called *Seeing Things* (Whittlesey House, New York, 1947. \$3.00). One of America's leading playwrights has also brought together some of his writings on the theater; Maxwell Anderson's *Off Broadway* (William Sloane Associates, New York, 1947. \$2.50) is a stimulating and thoughtful book that holds up a high conception of the place of the theater in the world. This may not be an age characterized by poetry, yet Ronald Peacock has written about *The Poet in the Theatre* (Harcourt, New York, 1946. \$2.50) to show how the poetic integrity of the

dramatist has stood up in spite of "outside and inside influences," as well as the commercialism of the theater.

Contemporary drama usually calls its beginning the work of the Norwegian dramatist, Ibsen. The year's books include one by Brian W. Downs (Macmillan, Cambridge, England, 1947. \$3.25), on the intellectual background, the historical, social, and philosophical concepts that went into the making of one of the world's greatest dramatists. Eric Bentley has added to the literature of the drama with a little book on another pioneer, *Bernard Shaw* (New Directions, 500 Fifth Avenue, New York, 1947. \$2.00).

Perhaps the year's best harvest in books is to be found in the revised editions of two classics in the technical field. Lee Simonson's *The Stage Is Set* (Dover, 1780 Broadway, New York, 1947. \$3.75) is now published at a reduced price which means that it will be all the more available to students of scene design. Stanley McCandless has revised and enlarged his excellent book, *A Method of Lighting the Stage* (Theatre Arts, New York, 1946. \$2.25). These two books are of the best books in their fields. Among the new books on the techniques of the theater, Toby Cole's *Acting* (Lear Publishers, 24 E. 11th Street, New York 3, N. Y., 1947. \$3.00) sounds intriguing. It is a handbook of the method used by Stanislavski, founder and first director of the Moscow Art Theater. The chapters are written by men who have worked with the Russian master. Another book that will have immediate value for the backstage enthusiast is *A Stage Crew Handbook* (Harper and Brothers, New York, 1947. \$3.00) by Sol Cornberg and Emanuel Gebauer. It is a complete reference book for the stage technician.

The year's output in books is also unique in the specialized aspects that are covered. Marjorie Batchelder's *The Puppet Theatre Handbook* (Harper & Brothers, New York, 1947. \$3.75) is a complete handbook and guide for the puppeteer. Winifred Ward's book, *Playmaking With Children* (D. Appleton-Century, New York, 1947. \$2.50) is reviewed in this issue. It is the authoritative book on the creative dramatics method.

Two years ago Fred Eastman gave a lecture series at Northwestern University which has been brought out in book form under the title, *Christ in the Drama* (Macmillan, New York, 1947. \$2.50). Now we can read these lectures and see the influences of Christlike ideas in the drama of the Christian world. The editor of this magazine is the author of *Conscience on Stage* (Abingdon-Cokesbury, Nashville, 1947. \$2.00); it is an attempt to interpret drama and its relevance to religion.

On the Purpose of Theater

PHILIP CLARK

THERE ARE TWO schools of thought about the theater, or perhaps it would be better to say that there is a school of thinking and a school of not-thinking. The not-thinkers have a very simple and plausible position to defend. They contend the purpose of the theater is to entertain, that audiences wish only to be entertained, and that any theatrical enterprise which attempts to go beyond pure, unaffected entertainment for its own sake immediately becomes "propaganda" or "preaching" or any other dull, dreary, and dreadful thing that could be imagined.

This position is based firmly in a half-truth. A theater which fails to amuse and hold the interest and affection of its patrons is very quickly going to cease to be a theater at all. That is the first half of the truth. The second half is that a theater which seeks only to entertain its audience is going to perish just as inevitably as the theater which does not entertain at all, but much more slowly, and for much less obvious reasons. So much more lingeringly, in fact, that the theater which seeks only to amuse can be quite dead on its feet for years before the need for interment becomes inescapably apparent.

The reason for this is that a theater is a living organism, with all the advantages and liabilities that life entails. You could say a theater in the whole—the acting company and the audience together—is a living body with heart, liver, lungs, and lights, and the plays which the acting company produces and the audience enjoys are the air the body breathes. Dramatic atmosphere, like real air itself, is no simple substance. It is a compound of elements, and if, in either case, the elements fail to maintain a certain proportion, the compound will cease to support those pleasant but infinitely complex responses known as living. Thought, in the dramatist's atmosphere, is a lot like the oxygen in the real article. You cannot live indefinitely on pure oxygen, but neither can you live without any at all. Dramatists who try to feed us pure thought and no entertainment surely will stifle us, and so will those who try to give us pure entertainment and no thought.

Vital, truly sentient theatrical life inevitably lies between the two extremes. It lies in giving the audience all they expect and have a right to expect in the

way of entertainment, amusement, and stimulation, and it lies also in giving them something they could not expect because it is something new—a sudden illumination of life, a proportion never before noticed, a meaning not hitherto perceived.

ALL of us know the feeling of deep, sharp satisfaction that comes when we finish reading a really fine poem or novel, or watch the curtain come down on a really fine play. In its essence that feeling is the joy of perception, the realization that we understand something we did not understand before. It is one of the drama's great glories that it can give us this feeling of realization without beating us over the head with arguments and exhortations. The great dramatists are those who feel truly and deeply about life, and then, through their art, make us feel as they do. The art is what we enjoy, the feeling, the illumination, is the pure gift that remains even after the enjoyment is forgotten.

I said it is a gift the audience does not expect, but that is not quite entirely true. The fact is they do expect it, although they do not demand it as immediately or as insistently as they quite rightly demand to be entertained. But take the gift away—try to nourish your audience on an unadulterated diet of what you think they like, because it is what they have liked before—and malnutrition will inevitably set in. It may not be quite as quick as the lightning apoplexy that comes from over-stuffed philosophizing, but it will be just as fatal in the end.

All of which brings us to the playwrights. They are the lads who sit by the valves and make the all-important mixture. It takes a genius to get the synthesis just exactly right, and geniuses are notoriously hard to find. Fortunately, we do not need a diet of pure genius either. There are a lot of fine views from the lower slopes of Olympus, and the chance for a lot of good talk on the way. We do not get a Shakespeare or a Moliere or a Euripides every generation, but the theater does not perish between times, either. But we do have to find playwrights who at least want to climb. For better or worse, they are the lead-men on the rope, and if they give up and go back down, we have to go down with them.

BELONGING CREATURE

[Continued from page 6]

way of life in harmony with universal order, to discover the patterns of life for the fullest and richest living, is the purpose of all high-minded men. In an acquisitive society, where values are likely to be materialistic, the seeker for higher values needs company. Here a belonging sense is necessary as it is in no other group allegiance. For some, this belonging will be with little groups where members will study and search together for truth and reality that sees beyond the common vulgar measure of contemporary life. In group thinking, meditation and study, a man can get perspective on himself and on understanding his neighbor. Happy is the man who knows the fellowship of such a group and who belongs!

Happy, too, is the man who belongs to love that requires everything in its loving and yet releases him to the fullest and freest loving of mankind. Happy is the man who belongs to creative love that gives the world new people to live for mankind. In this belonging the human race continues. It stands against the consuming selfishness of possessive love and the creation of children for the purpose of security. In achieving this unselfish complete belonging in love, man reaches his highest stature. Then, indeed, religious living is exemplified in the nobility and wonder of life.

To belong in a religious sense means to give oneself. Choose well to what you give yourself. Choose lasting fellowship and permanent organizations. Choose those that perpetuate the best in life, that stand for ideals to which one can honestly give oneself.

Choose a way of life that means the complete giving of yourself. Choose a philosophy of life that roots itself in a perfection and nobility of character which draws life toward it like the tide is drawn toward the moon. Choose a love that binds the lover with the closest bonds and sets him free to love all men as he has been loved. Choose a way of life that requires and conditions work—work that means giving all in the completest surrender possible of all talents, abilities, and skills. Choose a pattern for a life that shines far ahead and challenges in its perfection. Choose companions in the search for truth, in the joy of cooperative work, in the common urgency of emergency living, in whom one has trust and belief. Choose a fellowship that is concerned with the quality of all life and exists to make the most of all work that is given toward this high end. Choose, and in the choice, one's growth, one's education, and one's religion will be seen. Choose, and belong! For in belonging is the fullness and happiness of life.

movies

The Burning Cross is an unassuming film, neither expert nor compelling, but it paints a timely, straightforward picture of forces only too ready to rise to the surface these days—here, the Ku Klux Klan. The situation shown is that of a young veteran who, disillusioned and unhappy on his return home, is an easy prey to the “hate group.” Finally, sickened with what he has to do, he repents and helps authorities disband the group. A+ for intention.

The Exile gives you an athletic Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., as Prince Charlie in an episode presented as occurring during that future monarch's sojourn in Holland. It is unreliable as history, entertaining as fiction.

The Long Night is a moody sort of thing adapted from the French *Daybreak*, but less artistic, more conscious of its actors as stars. Henry Fonda here is a simple laborer who has killed a wretch threatening the happiness of his beloved; the long night is the time he spends barricaded in his tenement room while the police try to smoke him out, his friends to persuade him to surrender. Interesting, but not too convincing.

Lost Moment starts out to be a filming of a Henry James novel, *The Aspen Papers*, during which time it is effectively spooky, intriguing. Then it goes Hollywood with a vengeance. . . . *The Gangster* is needlessly brutal. . . . *Golden Earrings*, more than a little silly. . . . *I Love Trouble*, detective fare, confusing, confused.

Now, some British films:

Black Narcissus has been roundly criticized by church groups, particularly the Roman Catholic, because it paints religion as futile, unable to solve personal problems. Specifically, it shows a group of Anglican nuns giving up their school and hospital in a remote Himalayan pass because they cannot complete successfully with the weird atmosphere, the winds, native antagonisms, their own inadequacies. It is depressing philosophical, but it is worth seeing for the sake of argument—and, if you don't want food for argument, for the magnificent photography, the impressive scenic backgrounds.

The Captive Heart is simply the

quiet story of a group of British prisoners in a German camp during the long years of the war. But in its insight into human nature, its simple understanding, it is worth a hundred blood and thunder productions. . . . *The Upturned Glass* gives you James Mason as a paranoiac who almost but not quite performs the perfect crime. Impressively done, but unpleasant. . . . *So Well Remembered* is a good honest job of filming a James Hilton novel—again, as in other films from his novels with overtones of labor strife, the results slum dwelling, idealism, and sacrifice.

—Margaret Frakes

books

You don't ordinarily think of the publisher's thumb on the scales when you buy a book, but books by the pound are a real problem today. In the prewar days when you bought a book it was something you could hang on to—big and bulky, with lots of white space around the printing. Then, during the paper shortage—acute stage—books selling at the regular prices were put up in smaller, neater packages. You were told in explanation that these thinner volumes were really just as much a book as the big ones—that the word count ran about the same.

Apparently the idea was good; a number of people who could and did read sent letters of joy, saying that now you could build a library without building a house to put it in, that now you could lift a book, even hold it on your chest, while reading in bed without caving in.

Today, however, book prices are on the way up. Sales are down, and some of the venturesome people in the trade are saying that the public won't buy a four- and five-dollar book unless it is thick and heavy. Drew Pearson has exclusive rights to predictions, but we'd guess you can look for “bulking” on an increased scale soon.

With this inspiring opening, we turn now to a few “lighter” numbers. *The Pearl* by John Steinbeck, Viking, \$2, is a wonderfully written story of a family whose happiness turned to hell when they found the biggest pearl in the world. It's a little story, but told with pathos and possibly a moral.

Therefore Choose Life by Edith Lovejoy Pierce, Harpers, \$1.75, is for people who like verse well writ-

ten on big ideas. Another “little” book.

Dr. Grabow is the name of pre-smoked pipes for those who don't wish the job of “breaking in.” *A Man Can Live* by Bernard Iddings Bell, Harpers, \$1.50, is the third of our small buys of the month—and its contents had been heard by sixteen thousand adults before publication. But still the words of Dr. Bell are not completely broken in, and will burn the mind of the beginner and old-timer alike. These chapters deal with an ethical life in a century famed for its unethical conduct. Sample sentence from a footnote: “. . . no one can be an intelligent Christian unless first he has been, and remains, an agnostic.” If this interests you, read also Dr. Bell's *Beyond Agnosticism*, same publisher.

Henry Sloane Coffin, famed world Christian, has gathered his lectures made in various “hot spots” of the world, written a fascinating introduction, and published them as *God Confronts Man in History*. Scribners, \$2.50. Five chapters deal with basic convictions concerning Christianity.

Youth After Conflict by Goodwin Watson, Association Press, \$4, is an engrossing book with two general points of value: (1) it surveys what happened to young people after World War I by quoting from all kinds of sources—billboards, high school yearbooks, movie titles, college humor magazines—and (2) on the basis of past performance, it predicts what might be expected to happen to youth between now and the 1950's. These guesses are rather “enlightened” in that they are based on replies by educators, scientists, writers, etc., to questions regarding youth of the future. The first part of the book dealing with the twenties gives an embarrassingly clear picture in many respects of the late forties. Properly this is a book of sociology, but it reads like a novel, not because of flippancy of the author, but because of the subject matter—young people.

The LaFollettes and the Wisconsin Idea by Edward Doan, Rinehart, \$4, is a double-barrelled biography of two public figures who have represented the “progressive government” in America, Robert M. LaFollette and his son, Robert, Jr. It is an excellent study of two men, their idea of democracy, and the effect of these upon the world.

A book whose opening chapter begins like this: “A doctor four times over—in philosophy, in the-

ology, in music, and in medicine—he was earning three of these distinctions while in his twenties . . .” is a book worth looking into. You’ve guessed of course that it’s about Albert Schweitzer, a whole Christian movement in himself. George Seaver has written *Albert Schweitzer, The Man and His Mind*, Harpers, \$3.75, which appears to be the biography of a much-written-about servant of God. One section deals with his life, the other with his thought, both of which are monuments in human endeavor.

“Incidental Intelligence Dept.” Consumers Union reports that “clubs” are doing tremendous business. There are now about forty book clubs, twelve fruit clubs, nine other food clubs, four record clubs, two tie clubs, and the Toy-of-the-Month Club, Rose-of-the-Month Club, and the Children’s Letter Club (formerly the I Keep My Plate Clean Club).

—Don A. Bundy

radio

Can you remember a day before radio loud speakers blared their almost insolent dominance through the typical American home? I can. I went through grammar school on a diet of crystal sets and stood in awe before that modern marvel, the battery set. And with this memory I am dated with the older generation as surely as by a receding hairline or a birth certificate. Among my earliest memories are week-end evenings with my aunt and grandfather. A battery set provided one of his greatest pleasures, and he had an extra set of adjustable headphones for me.

In those days we were still able to wonder at our one-world age. The prospect of hearing Big Ben strike midnight in London justified a later bedtime—with no school the next day of course. When radio fans got together they exchanged notes on the latest stations pulled in from the ether—strange places like Fort Worth or Denver or a new station in Buffalo or New York City. Clear cold winter evenings found thousands of eager listeners probing the airways hoping to decipher from squeals and static, new and different call letters. A new station was recorded as proudly as any philatelist hinged a special de luxe triangle.

Little by little I learned to hear and love one of my grandfather’s

favorite programs. Maybe you’ve heard the name: Amos ‘n’ Andy. Do you remember Herbert Hoover in the White House and the first inauguration of F. D. R.? No? Then you can’t appreciate as I can the radio dominance of Amos ‘n’ Andy. Night after night through the early years of the last great depression millions of Americans tuned radio dials for a fifteen-minute visit at the Harlem headquarters of the Fresh Air Taxicab Company of America, Incorporated.

Eastern parents protested that children wouldn’t go to bed until Amos ‘n’ Andy had finished. NBC shifted them from eleven to seven o’clock in the evening. Then Western listeners rose in arms, so Amos ‘n’ Andy began the vogue of twice-daily broadcasts—at seven for the Eastern listeners and at eleven-thirty for those west of the Mississippi. Six months after they moved from Chicago to NBC in New York City, the *Literary Digest* (April 19, 1930) reported from the New York Telephone Company a distinct drop in calls during this quarter hour. Theaters and restaurants lured patrons by promising Amos ‘n’ Andy broadcasts. American tongues across the nation learned “I’se regusted,” “Sho, sho!” and “Check and double check.” Amos ‘n’ Andy candy bars appeared on store counters as well as taxicabs in toy departments. Records preserved their words in wax, and Hollywood lured them into a movie.

Two successive volumes (VIII, IX) of the *Reader’s Guide* give Amos ‘n’ Andy separate listing. In the *American Magazine*, for April, 1930, James R. Crowell persuaded Amos ‘n’ Andy to “tell their own story in their own way.” Four full pages carried autobiographical narrative in dialect, with pictures both straight and in character. The *Literary Digest*, April 19, 1930, headlined them as “The Air’s First Comic Strip.”

In Harper’s, April, 1931, Philip Curtiss speculated on “Amos ‘n’ Andy ‘n’ Art,” expressing the “awful feeling” that “Amos ‘n’ Andy are about to be recognized as ‘great art.’” Personally, Curtiss would rather sit back and hear Amos say his familiar “Just plain oh” than listen to Hamlet’s soliloquy. But were they art? Beautiful friendships, he feared, might break over this definition. *Good Housekeeping*, in January, 1933, introduced “The Lady Friends of Amos ‘n’ Andy” complete with dialect and drawings.

In the summer of 1934, when Amos ‘n’ Andy took their first vacation in eight years, *Newsweek*, July 14th, thought the event worth a whole column. By that time Amos ‘n’ Andy had personally written 1,892 scripts containing 3,500,000 words which were all carefully preserved in bound volumes. Seventy-five characters had been created, only two broadcasts had been missed, and income had been boosted to \$100,000 a (depression) year. Amos ‘n’ Andy had become, in the words of *Newsweek*, a “national institution.”

Amos ‘n’ Andy were radio’s own. Born in Virginia in 1899, Freeman F. Gosden (Amos) served a stretch in the navy and then knocked about in show business. Charles Correll (Andy) was born in Peoria, Illinois, in 1890, and had done vaudeville stunts and played the piano in a theater. Gosden and Correll met while coaching local talent plays for a Chicago company, formed a team, and sold themselves as “Sam ‘n’ Henry” to WGN. Shifting to WMAQ they adopted their Amos ‘n’ Andy name and created Madam Queen, the Kingfish, and a host of secondary characters. Sam ‘n’ Henry’s horse-drawn hack became an ancient taxi. All moved to NBC in the fall of 1929.

I venture to say that Amos ‘n’ Andy captured our American heart as has no radio program before or since. Why? Some day our social historians will find that their success reveals our American psychology in the early days of the depression. Maybe we found mirrored in their story our little successes and failures, our joys and sorrows.

Humor? Some, of course. But Charles Correll himself called attention to the “decided touch of pathos,” insisting, “It isn’t a wisecracking program. People don’t listen because of the jokes that are told.” *New Yorker* credited the program with suspense: “The radio never has had a more amusing feature nor one that has created so much havoc. For Amos ‘n’ Andy . . . have finally mastered the trick of creating suspense.” Charles E. Tracewell in the *Washington Star* agreed that the narrative carried drawing power because “every American loves a continued story.”

But if you were able to visit an Amos ‘n’ Andy fan of 1932 and press him to explain his devotion, he would reduce it to a single sentence: “They are so human.” They were. As humans they had their faults

together with lovable characteristics. Through the years they blundered in and out of one scrape after another. Comedy and pathos were blended into a human story pointed up by Negro dialect and characterization.

Say it again! I heard you. Just last Tuesday evening you tuned in Amos 'n' Andy, NBC, between *A Date With Judy* and *Fibber McGee and Molly*. Of course, you add, they've changed from fifteen minutes across the board to a half-hour on Tuesdays, but . . . you only *think* you know Amos 'n' Andy. You don't. You can't. You know a gag show, a caricature of the Amos 'n' Andy that used to be. Human? Character? Pathos? Continued story?

One fact will illustrate the difference. In the old days no studio audience ever watched Amos 'n' Andy broadcast. For, reported *Newsweek*, they "feel an audience would surely laugh and spoil the show." The king is dead; long live the king!

Maybe I'm wrong. I haven't studied my latest bible—oops, I mean my Hooperating chart. The boys must be drawing listeners or they wouldn't stay on the air. I hope they are making good with their new show. But me? I've changed my allegiance. I'm a Lum and Abner man now.

—Gregg Phifer

theater

"The legitimate stage is growing stronger every year, and the audience for live theater in the United States is much larger than it ever was before." This is Ethel Barrymore freeing her mind, and when a Barrymore speaks on the theater, let no dogs bark!

The role of the colleges and universities in contributing to this renewed vitality is significant. For example, a new play by Paul Vincent Carroll, titled *The Wise Have Not Spoken*, will have its first American performance at Western Reserve University's Elrod Theater. The work of Catholic University in stimulating playwriting has been cited before. The University of Wisconsin, under the leadership of Robert E. Gard is cooperating with the state's centennial committee in dramatizing Wisconsin's story for and by its own people. It intends to encourage the writing of

regional plays and all the resources of the Wisconsin Idea Theater staff will be offered to Wisconsin playwrights. There is a centennial drama competition offering cash prizes for the best in full-length plays, one acts and radio scripts. An outstanding full-length play is expected to have a state-wide tour while one acts will be available to local groups for production. Professor Gard and his staff have other plans beyond the centennial which include a theater-arts center at the university to serve as a model for community auditoriums, the organization of a permanent traveling theater, the formation of a state children's theater, and ventures in educational, industrial, and—mark this, *religious drama*.

The Gilpin Players of Cleveland, Ohio, who claim to be the oldest Negro dramatic group in the United States have secured sufficient funds to build a new theater next spring. As the result of raising \$260,000 by their own efforts they become eligible to a grant from the Rockefeller Foundation. Anyone who wishes to know the story of the Negro's part in American theater activity from the earliest efforts up to *Finian's Rainbow* should read *The Negro in the American Theatre* by Edith J. R. Isaacs.

Meanwhile on Broadway there is rage over the rump press list for first nights, and the New York Theatrical Press Agents Chapter has protested to the League of New York Theaters, and words have passed between them anent the curtailment of free tickets to reviewers and critics. We shall see what we shall see. Personally I don't see why the public should be so slavish about the critics' verdicts. Why park one's independent mind? On the other hand, tickets, costing what they do, it is reasonable to ask guidance of the nominal experts. But what to do when the critics do not agree? See here is a new play about Emily Dickinson, *Eastward In Eden*. "A lovely and delicate play," says one, comparing it with *The Barretts of Wimpole Street* to the disadvantage of the latter. "Heat lightning," says another, "a flamboyant description of unrequited love between a minister and a poetess in the frock-coat and hoop-skirt era." The logical thing is to see the play for yourself and so your columnist ardently hoped to, but the fragile thing folded before she got there.

We had mixed dramatic fare in Philadelphia lately. *I Remember*

Mamma, called—and rightly—"a sweet and happy hit," and the opening of *A Streetcar Named Desire* by Tennessee Williams. This last is neither sweet nor happy, but it is undoubtedly a hit. It is beautiful, brutal, and tremendously moving. It hurts your ears at times, but you can't take your ears hardly anywhere today without having them bent. A woman goes to bits before your eyes and you follow her pitifully fluttering away from reality, her dainty, desperate subterfuges, the wrenching away of the last straws to which she clutches as she goes down, and you come away filled with pity and self-searching. "But for the grace of God, there go I" on the streetcar named desire. Mr. Williams explains his choice of the baffling title by telling us that during his life in New Orleans, where the play takes place, two streetcars rattled by his window daily. One was named Desire and the other Cemetery. The suggestive symbolism appealed to the playwright who reveals a good share of the poet in his play.

There could be no greater contrast to *Streetcar* than *I Remember Mamma*, a hit of three seasons ago. You may understand it better if you have read the book, *Mamma's Bank Account*, from which it was adapted to the stage by John van Druten. I keep wondering how he ever did it considering the sophistication of *The Voice of the Turtle* and the venom in *The Druid Circle*. But do it he did, linking the episodes of family life in a home, serenely guided by Mamma and a quiet Papa capable of much wordless tact. He uses a narrator device employing the daughter, "the dramatic one," who is discovered to have the gift of words to tell the tale. Mamma and her meat balls helped to confirm this gift when its possessor despaired of it. Quiet family life, the united struggle to make ends meet, an operation, a high school graduation, a spirited cat that refuses to succumb to inexpert chloroforming, Uncle Chris, the problem relative, a boarder whose reading aloud opens gates of enchantment but whose check bounces. It all sounds mild enough, yet its appeal is human, warm, and irresistible. As irresistible as absolute integrity. Integrity, gentle but indomitable, that was the keynote of Mamma and Mamma's children who remembered her to call her blessed. "Iss good!" said Mamma.

—Marion Wefer

CONTRIBUTORS

Virginia Claxton, a member of *motive* student editorial board, is a senior at Allegheny College at Meadville, Pennsylvania, where she takes a leading part in S.C.M. and M.S.M. activities.

Bob Kraft is a student at the University of Washington at Seattle. He is a member of the National Council of the M. Y. F. and was a delegate to Oslo last summer. Bob was a bomber pilot during the war and plans to return to Europe to do reconstruction work.

Kenneth Jones is the editor of *The Eagle*, student newspaper of American University, Washington, D. C. He has done reporting for the *Baltimore Sun*, and in the army he worked as a public-relations officer.

Mary Shadow was graduated from the University of Tennessee last June. This year she is a fellowship student in the Southern Regional Training Program in Public Administration attending the Universities of Alabama, Tennessee, and Kentucky. She is running for election to the Tennessee Legislature in 1948.

Moses Jung was formerly associated with New York University and the University of Iowa. He is now teaching at Columbia University.

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Lena Horne needs no introduction to *motive* readers. The article we publish was given as an address at a Negro art exhibit sponsored by the University Religious Conference of the University of California at Los Angeles.

Edwin Maynard has been a friend of *motive* since his Cornell College days way back when! He is now editorial assistant on *The Christian Advocate* in Chicago.

Gloria Grant is a fourth-generation Fisk University graduate. She is now studying for her master's degree in sociology at Howard University.

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Muriel Lester is now on an extensive speaking tour of this country and Canada for the International Fellowship of Reconciliation.

Helen Kromer is a graduate of Ohio State University and is now working for a master's degree in playwriting at Columbia. She has studied at the American Academy of Dramatic Art and has written numerous plays and pageants.

Ralph Beane was a member of the chapel committee at Syracuse University when he wrote the article we publish. He has now added a student charge to his jobs at the university.

Curtis Zahn returns to *motive's* pages as chairman of writing in the board of directors of the Allied Artists' Council of San Diego, California.

Sheldon Cheney, founder and first editor of *Theatre Arts*, is perhaps best known for his history, *The Theatre, Three Thousand Years of Drama, Acting and Stagecraft*, and for his books on art, particularly his *World History of Art*.

Clifford Odets began his career as an actor and turned to writing such plays as *Awake and Sing*, *Waiting for Lefty*, and *Golden Boy*. He has spent much of his time lately in Hollywood.

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B. Cumming Kennedy whose play, *Gillean*, is mentioned as one of the best religious plays, is responsible for the speech and voice work at the Pasadena Community Playhouse.

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Barrett Clark is one of our major contemporary writers on drama. His work includes books of criticism, collections of plays, and bibliographies.

Eric Bentley the author of *The Playwright as Thinker* and a new book on Bernard Shaw, which we mention on page 45, teaches at the University of Minnesota.

George Jean Nathan, dean of dramatic critics in America, has been a critic for the *American Mercury*, *Saturday Review of Literature*, *Newsweek*, *Liberty*, and *Esquire*. His *Theatre Book of the Year* has been published since 1943.

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Amy G. Loomis came from the professional theater to head up the work in drama at the Fountain Street Baptist Church in Grand Rapids. She is now drama consultant for the Board of Education and Publication of the Northern Baptist Convention. She is also the editor of a new book of missionary plays published by her denomination.

Mildred Hahn has the unique distinction of earning her advanced degrees in the field of religious drama. She is the editor of the newest and most complete listing of *Best Plays for the Church*, published by the Christian Education Press of Philadelphia.

R. H. Ward, British playwright, producer, and actor, is the author of *The Prodigal Son* and *The Figure on the Cross*. He has worked extensively with the Adelphi Players of England. His article was first given as a lecture, and was later printed in *Christian Drama*, the new magazine of religious drama in Britain.

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Gregg Phifer is assistant professor of speech and journalism at Baldwin-Wallace College. He is also faculty advisor to the student newspaper, *The Exponent*. Professor Phifer did his undergraduate work at the College of the Pacific and his graduate work at the University of Iowa. At the present time he is completing work on his dissertation for his doctor's degree in speech which he will receive from the University of Iowa.

Jimmy McLean, a sophomore at Southwestern Louisiana Institute, did the drawings on pages 8 and 9. His major is painting, and it is to be hoped that he will do a cover for *motive*. The two drawings carried in this issue of the magazine are sections of a larger drawing called "For Him a Crumbling World."

COVER ARTIST



Robert Hodgell's work has appeared regularly in *motive* for the last six years. His design of an insignia for the Methodist Student Movement on the back of the September, 1942, issue of the magazine introduced him to our readers. In October of that year we featured him as our "Man of the Month" because of his art achievements and his having won the Big Ten high-jump championship. His first cover appeared on the February, 1943, issue. Since that time, in and out of service (the navy), he has been a consistent, cooperative artist. When the editor of *motive* visited him last fall at the University of Wisconsin, where he is finishing his undergraduate work and piling up some graduate credits as well, he was still occupying the studio of the late John Stewart Curry with whom he worked during the time he was at the university. Bob's record so far is that he has had four one-man shows, that his work is now in the permanent collections of Wisconsin, Dartmouth, and the Joslyn Memorial Art Museum of Omaha. His paintings and drawings have been shown in many parts of the country including the Library of Congress and the Carnegie galleries. In his last note to us he reminded us that he is happily married "to a swell gal," and that they are living in a one-room apartment three miles from school.

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