



Bertba Scharfer Gallery

DE PROFUNDIS I

BEN-ZION

HYSTERIA CAN BE AN ESCAPE from reality or a vicious device to create a mood to secure action. The United States at the present time is seeing this form of mental chaos used for both purposes. Hysterical people are obviously not dependable, nor can they buckle down to the hard job of putting through an intelligent program. They are "up in the air" when they should be down on the ground working hard. Nothing short of hard work will see us through this crisis. The person who allows himself to become hysterical is a subversive enemy in every way. He is keeping rational procedures from maturing, and he is the enemy within.

But even more insidious than the pathetic, childish hysteria that causes paralysis of rational action, is the hysteria that is induced by propaganda to achieve certain ends. This is the mental blocking, lack of insight and clear thinking, that has seized the newspapers throughout the United States. It is not too much oversimplification to point out that the newspapers are largely responsible for the propaganda that has created war hysteria. Sharing the blame with the press must be placed the radio with its news commentators

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who thrive on frightening listeners and on exposing "inside dope" that has been secured through channels that no one else has access to.

Most of the name-calling is a thoroughly un-American device. Certainly the intimidating method of calling everyone communist who does not agree that war is inevitable is a low, mean excuse for honorable argument. Nor should we be confused by those who maintain that the present situation is like that before the last war, and that America is again being betrayed by those who do not want a total military state. The situation is obviously different in that if America goes to war now, she will be fighting an aggressive war overseas.

Some things should be kept clear. Communism as an economic-social system is not a political system as such. Its basic antithesis is capitalism, not democracy. As it is applied by the Soviet Union it is one thing; as it is seen in India and China it is another. Furthermore distinction must be made between an ideology and a fascist government that gives it birth. Democracy is one thing, but its evidence in America may be another. Whatever one thinks about communism, fascism for the believer in democracy must be condemned no matter where it appears. Nowhere should it be more in disrepute than in America which has set out to rid the world of it. Yet sadly enough in America it is seen in the cohesive pressure of so-called patriotic organizations that are actually fostering un-American processes. Organizations, likewise, that attempt to intimidate in matters of race, religion, or political or economic theory, are subversive in the truest sense. These are the destructive elements in American democracy.

The sixty-four dollar question in Washington is how to stop Russia. Unless one has an answer to that question, talking is useless. Yet before the question can be answered, one must ask what is meant by "stopping." Does this mean the government of the Soviet Union, or does it mean communism as an expression of an ideology? If it means stopping the government, then we must admit that as diplomats we have failed, that to resort to force which means war, is the admission of defeat. Surely we are unwilling as a people to say that we have no men or women able to meet the government of the Soviet Union. Have we not a right to ask if the method of conference and consultation has failed? Have we not a right as a democratic nation to know the policy of our government? Or shall we face the fact that the government has decided to use force while it has the superior position to dissipate the fascism of Russia? Did we kill fascism in Germany or Italy? Is it rearing its ugly head in other places of the world? Can fascism be killed by bombing it? Can a military occupational government establish democracy? This is the question of the hour both in Germany and Japan.

If by stopping Russia, we mean stopping communism, then the problem is much greater. Anyone who has been in India or China knows that communism is not confined to the Soviet Union, nor is it always Russian in origin. That is the myth of American capitalism. The plain fact is that communism cannot be stopped by war. As an ideology it will take root in all social systems and governments that permit injustices and inequalities. The only way to stop communism is to present an alternative. This calls for clear thinking and decisive action. It calls for an immediacy that is not often characteristic of organized religion. But the alternative, nevertheless, must be an activated Christianity as a lived religion. It will be found in the persons who have genuine Christian characters and who create the kind of society in which that character has the maximum chance to grow.

In this crisis of our lives the Christian is called to a new and more solemn destiny. He must bring to bear the relevance of his religion to the contemporary scene. He must be the man of good will, the practitioner of intelligent love for all mankind. He should find action imperative as it grows out of decisions of character. In the last analysis he must be penitent for his shallow living, for his having listened to the pipings of the pagans, the selfish lords of materialism. He must hear a new music and heed another voice—the still, sad music of humanity, and the inner voice of conscience and conviction. He must be able to recognize the voice of God when he hears it. But to hear the music and to heed the voice, he must be a finely tuned and integrated person. The man-of-the-hour must be man-alive, calm, courageous, and composed. To understand the qualities of such a man and to consider this achievement some of the pages of *motive* this month are devoted. There is nothing more important to know, nothing greater to live for, if our crisis is not to be our catastrophe.

Cataclysmic Metamorphosis

of our sense of timing, scale of values, of what we accept as normal," is the order for today.

A college president, a pastor, a professor, and an ex-student pool their ideas about the most ideal and intelligent life possible in the mode of 1948.

OF THE TEN QUALITIES and characteristics I would list for the man who faces the crisis of 1948—recognizing that the list is not exhaustive—I think of four qualities which are essentially balances or proportions between diverse and conflicting attitudes and pressures; three qualities which come as evidence of personal faith and commitment; and three which are the result of man's effort to reach outside and beyond himself.

The qualities of balance or proportion:

1. A balance between a healthy respect for, coupled with a vivid understanding of, the best of mankind's past, and a hearty faith in the possibility of mankind's still greater future.
2. A critical appraising faith in what man can accomplish—especially an awareness that areas of advance and conquest do lie ahead for man's achievement, weighed against an acute recognition of the inertias, the selfishness and greed, the mighty inner urges which will work against that advance.
3. An ability to hold in proper proportion a concerned preoccupation with today, its needs, its problems, its opportunities, with no naive blindness to the tragedy which may lie ahead, and a child-like capacity for play and abandon and one's own perpetual re-creation.
4. An acceptance of man's responsibility for his own welfare to be held against the background of an irresistible assurance that hands stronger than his own, a mind far wiser than his own, a heart more compassionate than his own, are holding his world in continuing concern, willing to bring all the forces of reconciliation to avail if man will cooperate, and yet allowing man the right to the self-destruction which he appears determined to seek.

The qualities of personal faith and commitment:

5. A willingness to play minor roles in the world drama without the opportunity of seeing the final act; a capacity to live day by day with uncertainty of outcomes, while one struggles in the direction of such light as he possesses.
6. A determined resistance to and a daily self-fortifying against laziness of mind

and heart and hand—a capacity for large and continuing effort; an appreciation for the significant at a time when so many lives are composed of a busyness with the insignificant.

7. A frank and unabashed acceptance of a double standard of living which calls for higher demands on oneself than on others; and the holding of one's days to loftier standards and severer testings than the days of one's fellows.

The qualities of reaching beyond and outside oneself:

8. A willingness to give oneself in adventures of confidence toward other men, even when strong logic for such confidence may not be present, in the hope that if the gamble succeeds there will be achieved a basis for understanding and cooperation which otherwise would be impossible.

9. A sensitiveness to the loneliness in life—a loneliness which knows no limits of age or worldly goods or the awards of fame, and a compassion compounded of wise understanding and purging pity and love toward the lonely heart and the lonely world.

10. A commitment to the highest in life, as one discovers that highest, to the wisest solutions of personal and social problems, as one is able to appraise that wisdom, to the willingness consistently to make decisions on the basis of present

understandings, knowing that when further light comes, the decisions may change.

—KENNETH IRVING BROWN
President, Denison University
Granville, Ohio

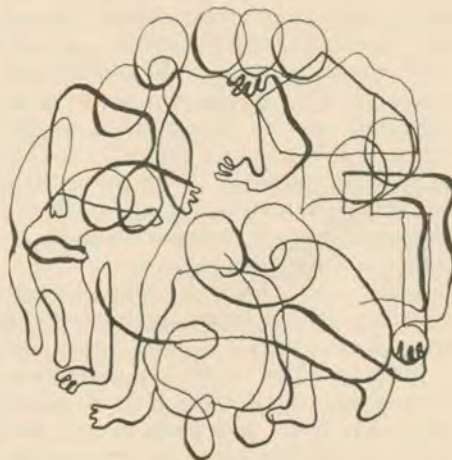
FRITZ KUNKEL in the past has described certain types which are the opposite of what I want in an ideal man. He speaks first of all of the star—he is the individual who worships his own ego, who is the center of his own world. I vote against him. Second, he describes the clinging vine, the person who leans on other people. I vote against him. Then he describes the bully, the person who imposes his will upon another person, who pushes other people around. I vote against him.

Then he describes the turtle type of person, the individual who is recessive to the point of being in his shell. I vote against him.

Then Mr. Kunkel describes the "we-type" of personality. This is something of the person I vote for. He is the person who does not center in himself; he centers in God, in the will of God, and in other people. He is the person who seeks first the Kingdom of God in its righteousness, knowing that all other things are added unto him.

And this "we-type" of person, this ideal man, is an individual who has become free. That is, the real person created in the image of God has been set free. Somehow or other every force that would imprison that person is overcome. Every block that would keep him from unfolding and growing has been eliminated, so the real self unfolds and grows. And insofar as this happens, he centers in others and God, in the universal mind, in the very mind and nature of Christ.

And insofar as this happens, then he does not, as it were, give himself, he becomes himself—he becomes the real self, and insofar as he does, then he is loving, then he is gentle, then he is understanding, then he is obedient to the moral law, the moral design, then he op-



poses the wrong and stands resolutely by the right.

He has a sense of humor because he sees himself in his true light. He is interested more in what he can give than what he can get. He is alive. He is radiant. He is devoted to truth.

And to know such a person is to discover that he is free from himself, from his own selfish will because he gives God a hearing, and he gives a "love hearing" to all people in love.

And furthermore he is free from every person and every group because he gives a hearing to universal truth. And finally he is free from fear because he centers in faith and basically in love.

This is my thought of manhood at its best.

—ROY BURKHART

Pastor, First Community Church
Columbus, Ohio

AN IDEAL PERSON is much easier to describe than to be. His most outstanding characteristic would be his capacity to *live*, not only to *think*, as if we are at the end of an age. Let me give you an illustration: What disturbs me most about all of us is that if we are "right wing" then we still seem to believe that free enterprise after World War II is a live option for Western Europe, whereas, in reality, a return to free enterprise in Europe is historically speaking no more possible than was a return to feudalism after the wars of religion. Those of us who are "left wing" recognize this fact for we perceive that Western civilization after Calvin and Luther was the product of men who realized that feudalism was no longer a real possibility. But—and this is my real difficulty with the left wing student who usually follows the Wallace line—he thinks that you can be "left wing" in the sense of progressive and yet support uncritically the point of view of the Soviet Union; whereas, in fact, the Soviet line with its repeated insistence on national sovereignty is, in the year 1948, adopting, in reality, a reactionary point of view.

The kind of person wanted today will be able to transcend the current "liberal-reactionary" distinction for he will see that the mistake of capitalist culture was that in giving up feudalism it surrendered the organic sense of belonging to a community that feudalism (with all its faults) at its best always stood for. Similarly, he will see that the important truth to recognize in our day is that while a planned economy for the world is as inevitable as was the emergence of capitalism, yet the real task is to insure that the planned economy of the future must

nevertheless seek to enshrine within itself those democratic values for which free enterprise at its best has always stood. If he takes up that position then he will receive "brick bats" thrown by both the supporters of the N.A.M. and the supporters of Mr. Wallace. Let him then be comforted for it will indicate that *perhaps*, since he doesn't align himself with either the conventional right or the conventional left, he is on the side of the angels! But to repeat what I said at the beginning, to *think* like that is one thing but to *live* it is quite another!

—ARNOLD NASH

Chairman of the Department of Religion
University of North Carolina
Chapel Hill

A MAN'S LIFE TODAY is organized around a powerful idea. That idea is one world—God's world. It is, for a man, the "unequivocal ultimatum." To develop and sustain that world, a religious point of view must be applied to all political problems. The search for that point of view will lead far from contemporary American civilization, culture, and technology. It may even lead a man away from what up to now he has called "religious."

Man seeks to become sensitive to history, working to discover and understand God's participation in events. He recognizes the continuing effective operation of universal moral laws which are equally binding upon all individuals and nations. In knowing and obeying these laws lies the only conceivable security. There tragedy and conflict find order and meaning. But the accumulated weight of disobedience is heavy; hence fulfillment of these laws may well ask the end of civilization as he knows it.

A man accepts full responsibility for the things he *permits* to happen, and yet, having done his utmost to bring about constructive change, he refuses to worry about processes beyond his control. He knows that preparedness demands moral and spiritual flexibility—that accurate predictions concerning the future are impossible. He sees the *now* as the most significant part of living—today as the one most subject to his control. The core of each day—lived as if it were the first and last on earth—is a man's worship—the vital way of relating himself to reality enduring beyond atomic bombs, hysteria, fear. This is his most difficult adventure for the future seems to depend upon governments.

He helps all he can on big things, but he does some little thing himself, something which for him particularizes one world in tangible form. As Jesus spoke,

"This one thing I do," as the atomic scientists now speak, so must every intelligent man speak, and act, if he would be most truly a man.

He does not forget to convert representatives of governments on the assumption that because they are officials they are not human, or he does not give up trying to reach peoples because he imagines their governments pay no attention to their wishes.

Having chosen the world he wants, a man becomes the world he has chosen. Modifying his own central attitudes, dispelling the delusion within himself, these are his first concerns. The seeds of delusion he marks most readily in the rigidity of his own ideas, in his own irresponsible talk, and in any tendency to thank God that he is not like other human beings.

He seeks to live simply, freed from both poverty and riches, acknowledging the superstitions of permanency we develop about impermanent things, the illusion of immutability that we have about changing things, the illusion of possession we develop about things we use. A man knows that the illusion of self is not a denial of the sense of identity; it is the superstition that one identity is more important than another.

His priorities in reading tighten. Much is weeded out, dismissed as irrelevant and unrelated to the central issue of survival and the perpetuation of meaning in life. There are on his desk fewer slick magazines and mass publication newspapers, perhaps more pamphlets, more ideas in the making. (The *Bible* in our day may be written on mimeographed sheets of paper.)

He schedules re-creation early in his planning, lest at some crucial moment he lose effectiveness through an undisciplined body, or in superficial pleasures. He shares the play which brings him joy, wholeness, health—even in today's world!

He cultivates a perspective about human beings, certain that our lives are too brief for little loving, for stupid imagined wrongs. He is not so completely lost in big movements that those nearest to him suffer his constant neglect. He becomes more interested in people than in abstract ideals.

—JEANNE ACKLEY LOHMAN
Secretary, Y.W.C.A.
The University of Chicago

Note: Mrs. Lohman wishes to acknowledge her indebtedness for some of the thought in her statement to Edmond Taylor. His book, Richer by Asia, she feels, is one of the most consequential books for the clarifying of our thinking today.



Bertel Thorvaldsen Gallery

PROMETHEUS

BEN-ZION

These Are the Exemplary

JOHN SCOTT EVERTON

MOTHER SUPERIOR

I don't recall the name of a woman I met in India, but I will never forget her spirit. While I was doing relief work in Travancore in southwest India, I had occasion to visit a convent and orphanage where American relief supplies were being distributed to orphans who had lost their parents in the famine of 1943. The Mother Superior in charge happened to be an American. As is usual when two Americans meet in a foreign country, I asked her what part of America she came from. Then I asked: "How long has it been since you were home?" She replied in words I will never forget: "We don't go home to America. This is my home." She said it quietly, simply

stating it as a fact. It was then that I began to understand the reason for her success with the Indian people, and to understand, too, something of the deep religious motive back of her dedicated life. It was in strange contrast to the lives of many other Europeans and Americans who have gone to India either to exploit the country or because uncontrolled circumstances put them there. They didn't like the country, despised the people, and were waiting for the time when they could get out of it and back to what they called, "God's country." For this woman, India was "God's country," the people of India were the children of God, and she was making the love of God real to them by her own

spirit of love and understanding. I don't know anything about her life before she left America. I don't even know when she came to the conviction that India was her home, but I do know, however it came about, that here was the spirit of Christ made manifest in a life. Here was the power of God sustaining a life of unusual service to other less fortunate men. The serenity of her spirit, the cheerfulness with which she went about her work, the devotion with which she ministered to Indian children, made me certain of this. One has to live in India to understand what it meant for her to give up, not for a few years but for a life, the pleasantness and comfort of Wisconsin for the austerity and hardship of

India; there was no hint of the martyr in her spirit, no begrudging the cost—only the simple gift of all of herself so that others might have a better life and might know that there was one who loved them.

Her completely dedicated life is a rebuke to all of us because most of us give ourselves half-heartedly to the things we do, because we withhold a part of ourselves, because we give less than the best to the highest that we know. Whenever I think of her, I am reminded of a truth spoken long ago: "Whosoever gains his life will lose it, and whosoever loses his life for my sake will find it." These words are no longer theory but fact as they come alive in the life of a Mother Superior in South India and in many other missionaries who have lost their lives in serving a needy people in a strange land, and in so doing have surely found the only life that really matters.

JIM

I met Jim in India while he was waiting to go to China. He was an Englishman of very ordinary accomplishments with a likeable personality and the ability to make friends readily. He was on his way to China with the Friends Ambulance Unit because he believed in the way of love and wanted to identify his life with the suffering people of China. After a few months of work with a medical unit near the front lines, Jim heard about an appeal that had come to the unit from a little leper colony far back in the hills. The colony had no doctor, they needed medical supplies and someone to administer the work there. It wasn't a very attractive assignment. The person who went in would be cut off for months at a time from any contact with other Europeans. He would have to travel twenty-five miles on foot to get mail and supplies from the nearest outpost. Jim spent the next two years with the lepers, living in a crude hut. The Chinese noticed that at regular intervals he went off into the hills alone. They did not know what happened, only they knew that when he returned he seemed more cheerful than ever, and more ready for his work again.

In one of his infrequent letters Jim wrote: "You know I had often wondered about this Christian way of love. Many people told me it was impractical, but I resolved to try to live by it here, and I am finding that it works if you only trust it. I wondered, too, about prayer, and while I still don't understand it altogether, without it, I would have been driven out of this job in a month or less." I remember that letter because I believe that when Jim said that the way of love works, and that prayer is a

reality, he spoke with the only kind of authority that is worth anything, the authority of experience. There is nothing very spectacular about what Jim has done in China, it will certainly never make the headlines, but it is the kind of devoted service to one's fellowmen that makes real the brotherhood of man and the fatherhood of God. I like to think that it can be said of him what one who led the way in consecrated living once said: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

CARL

Last summer, while working with the American Friends Service Committee in Finland, I met Carl in an international work camp. While we worked together building a house for a war widow in Lapland, he told me his story. He had been a member of the Hitler Youth Movement. He was in Russia in 1943 with the Germany army. Carl had known only Nazi ideology, but somehow, while in Russia, he came to the conclusion that what he was fighting for was not good enough, and so he decided to desert. By a series of fantastic adventures he made his way back to his home in Germany where he stayed for five weeks. He then went to Denmark and finally to Sweden. In Sweden he became acquainted with a young American who had gone over there to head up a relief program. Carl said that for the first time in his life he was confronted with an alternative to Nazi ideology—the democratic faith and the Christian view of man. It was not so much what the young American said as the faith that he lived that influenced Carl. For the first time in his life he found a faith alive in man. Last summer when he heard about the work camps in Finland he determined to go there to help rebuild the homes that had been destroyed by the German army. He felt that in some small measure he might be able to make amends for what his people had done in Finland. Carl isn't sure what the future will hold for him, but he is certain that when the time is right, he will return to Germany to serve in the ways of peace and not of war. Carl knows the meaning of the old religious phrase, "Ye must be born again," for the difference between his present life and his former life is indeed the difference between life that is alive with purpose, and life that is dead and without meaning.

ANNEKE

Anneke was one of the two representatives from Holland in the international work camps in Finland. Despite the suffering endured by the people of her own country during the war, Anneke saw

beyond national boundaries and national needs, and came to an international work camp within a few kilometers of the Russian border to help in the reconstruction of Lapland and share in a cooperative camp representing many nations. One of Anneke's parents was Jewish and this had made it very difficult for her family during the war. Anneke had served for a short time in the resistance movement in Holland. Her brother had also served in the underground but had been caught and sent to a concentration camp in Poland. Months later his family received word that he "died" there. Anneke was finding it very difficult to forgive his tragic death, but her own spirit was not one of bitterness or revenge. Rather, she had a spirit of good will and a strong desire to contribute to the ways of peace. Anneke was studying to be a social worker and was intensely interested in people and their welfare. She was one of the most energetic workers in the camp and was always doing just a little more than was expected of her. She did not talk much about her personal troubles but maintained a cheerful attitude that contributed much to the life of the camp. She was a rather homely girl but she had such an attractive spirit that you were more aware of beauty of spirit than of any surface beauty. One Sunday morning we were at silent meeting, using as our meeting place a high bit of ground overlooking a lovely blue lake with the mountains of Russia in the background. It was a beautiful morning and the inspiration of the day was enough to lift our spirits and make us aware of the goodness of God. After several of the campers had shared their thoughts with the group and we had been sitting in silence for some time, Anneke reminded us that it was easy to feel God's presence in that beautiful spot when all was at peace, but that it was much more difficult to be sure of his presence when things went wrong and suffering came. What she said was not unusual, but it carried new meaning as we remembered that she was speaking from her own experience. She went on to say that the only thing which will suffice in the dark hour is a strong faith and trust in God and the knowledge of his sustaining power. We thought of her own unhappy life during the war, and we knew that here was an authentic word concerning the sustaining power of faith, for her faith had been severely tested but had remained firm. I was reminded of the words of one who wrote concerning his faith long ago, "That which we have seen with our own eyes, what we have beheld and touched with our hands—it is what we have seen and heard that we declare unto you."



Babcock Galleries, Inc.

SELF CONFLICT

LEWIS DANIELS

One can't take a step without bumping into a dead person

STUART CHASE

motive takes great pleasure in presenting the following article written by Mr. Chase some time ago. He says, "If I were rewriting it today, after twenty-six years, I might make a few changes, but not many." The first appearance of this article was in The Nation. Then it was condensed and republished in the September 1922 issue of the Reader's Digest. Because life and death, existence and non-

existence are still quite present with us, we think this article is very much worth republishing and rereading today. By way of introduction to this article, Mr. Chase says: "There seems to be an ascending scale of values in life, and somewhere in this scale there is a line—probably a blurred one—below which one more or less 'exists' and above which one more or less 'lives.'"

I HAVE OFTEN BEEN perplexed by people who talk much about "life." Americans, they tell me, do not know how to live, but the French—ah, the French, or the Hungarians, or the Poles, or the Patagonians. When I ask them what they mean by life they do not advance me an inch in my quest of the definition of life.

What does it mean to be alive, to live

intensely? What do social prophets mean when they promise a new order of life? Obviously they cannot mean a new quality of life never before enjoyed by anyone, but rather an extension of vitality for the masses of mankind in those qualities of "life" which have hitherto been enjoyed only by a few individuals normally, or by large numbers of individuals rarely.

What is it which is enjoyed, and how is it to be shared more extensively? Can we hold life on a point for a moment while we examine it?

What, concretely, is this "awareness," this "well-being"? I want in a rather personal way to tell you the facts as I have found them. I want to tell you when I think I live in contradistinction to when I think I "exist." I want to make life very definite in terms of my own experience, for in matters of this nature about the only source of data one has is oneself. I do not know what life means to other people but I do know what it means to me, and I have worked out a method of measuring it.

I get out of bed in the morning, gulp coffee and headlines, demand to know where my raincoat is, start for the office—and so forth. These are the crude data. Take the days as they come, put a plus beside the living hours and a minus before the dead ones; find out just what makes the live ones live and the dead ones die. Can we catch the truth of life in such an analysis? The poet will say no, but I am an accountant and only write poetry out of hours.

My notes show a classification of eleven states of being in which I feel I am alive, and five states in which I feel I only exist. These are major states, needless to say. In addition, I find scores of substates which are too obscure for me to analyze. The eleven "plus" reactions are these:

I seem to live when I am creating something—writing this article, for instance; making a sketch, working on an economic theory, building a bookshelf, making a speech.

Art certainly vitalizes me. A good

novel, some poems, some pictures, operas, many beautiful buildings and particularly bridges affect me as though I took the artist's blood into my own veins. There are times, however, when a curtain falls over my perceptions which no artist can penetrate.

The mountains and the sea and stars—all the old subjects of a thousand poets—renew life in me. As in the case of art, the process is not automatic—I hate the sea sometimes—but by and large, I feel the line of existence below me when I see these things.

Love is life, vital and intense. Very real to me also is the love one bears one's friends.

I live when I am stimulated by good conversation, good argument. There is a sort of vitality in just dealing in ideas that to me at least is very real.

I live when I am in the pressure of danger, rock-climbing, for example.

I feel very much alive in the presence of genuine sorrow.

I live when I play—preferably out-of-doors at such things as diving, swimming, skating, skiing, dancing, sometimes driving a car, sometimes walking.

One lives when one takes food after genuine hunger, or when burying one's lips in a cool mountain spring after a long climb.

One lives when one sleeps. A sound healthy sleep after a day spent out-of-doors gives one the feeling of a silent, whirring dynamo. In my vivid dreams I am convinced one lives.

I live when I laugh, spontaneously and heartily.

IN contradistinction to "living" I find five main states of "existence" as follows:

I exist when I am doing drudgery of any kind: adding up figures, washing dishes, answering most letters, attending to money matters, reading newspapers, shaving, dressing, riding on streetcars or up and down in elevators, buying things.

I exist when attending the average social function—a tea, a dinner, listening to dull people talk, discussing the weather.

FRAGMENTS OF AN AFTERNOON

I stand sometimes, arms akimbo, at an open door and peer into a yellow room. I notice its tables and bottles, its unmade bed, a sheet of music by Ravel. I do not enter there. Somehow, I am made to remember a ruined hall in Vera Cruz and the desperate climbing of the burdened ants.

But my journeys bring me back, back, forever back into these quiet plains. Observe the play of colts, the ripe wheat riding golden stalks parallel and shining, and the wind's slim fingers silently stroking the pelt of a fox.

—Myron O'Higgins

Eating, drinking, or sleeping when one is already replete, when one's senses are dulled, are states of existence, not life. For the most part, I exist when I am ill.

Old scenes, old monotonous things—city walls, too familiar streets, houses, rooms, furniture, clothes—drive one to the existence level. Sheer ugliness, such as one sees in the stockyards or in a city slum, depresses me intensely.

I retreat from life when I become angry. I exist through rows and misunderstandings and in the blind alleys of "getting even."

So, in a general way, I set life off from existence. It must be admitted of course that "living" is often a mental state quite independent of physical environment or occupation. One may feel, in springtime for instance, suddenly alive in old, monotonous surroundings. Then even dressing and dishwashing become eventful and one sings as one shaves. But these outbursts are on the whole abnormal. By and large there seems to be a definite cause for living and a definite cause for existing. So it is with me at any rate. I believe that I could deliberately "live" twice as much in the same hours as I do now, if only I would come out from under the chains of necessity, largely economic, which bind me.

I have indeed made some estimates of the actual time I have spent above and below the "existence" line. For instance, my notes show that in one week, of the 168 hours contained therein, I only "lived" about forty of them, or 25 per cent of the total time. This allowed for some creative work, a Sunday's hike, some genuine hunger, some healthy sleep, a little stimulating reading, two acts of a play, part of a moving picture, and eight hours of interesting discussion with various friends.

It may be that the states of being which release life in me release it in most human beings. Generally speaking, one's salvation is bound closely with that of all mankind—the ratio of living, growing with that of the mass of one's fellow-men.

Sharing a Rule

*is what Kirkridgers have agreed to do.
Although this mountain colony, prospecting for a better way of life,
is eighty miles from cities of men, it is just an arm's length from the individual.*

JOHN OLIVER NELSON

Iona by Oban has had, through the centuries, a powerful effect in Western Christendom. In the last decade, it has come into its own again under the leadership of George F. MacLeod. In this country, Iona has produced some real spiritual children, of whom none is more significant than the colony at Kirkridge. Kirkridge is a retreat, a community discipline in the Delaware Water Gap. Its moving spirit is John Oliver Nelson, editor of Intercollegian, and director of the Commission on the Ministry of the Federal Council of Churches. We are happy to present an article telling about this disciplined group and retreat center.

PROTESTANTS SHARING A RULE is probably the definition of the largest circle related to the program known as "Kirkridge." The Kirkridge fellowship—several score in number thus far—is made up of laymen and ministers, men and women, who agree to live under the "Kirkridge Discipline" and who report on their success or failure to Kirkridge each quarter.

In the several years since the Discipline was first agreed upon, abundant evidence has appeared that many a Christian these days feels acute need for an ethical and devotional standard which will unite him with God and with a definite company of other people. The old "Thou shalt not's" and "Thou shalt's" of a past generation have largely drifted out of sight. The outward disciplines of political groups and small earnest religious groups attract most of us. One answer therefore has been this participation in an agreed Rule which does provide us with definite, reportable observances and also with a widely scattered "third order" among whom we stand as we fulfill the Rule. In the absence of the group, the stipulations of the Discipline itself might readily tend toward pharisaism: the "what a good boy am I" satisfaction of obeying all the literal regulations. But in practice it has been the almost invariable reaction that as we earnestly seek to follow the Discipline, we are constantly driven to deeper prayer and to dependence upon the mind and shared guidance of the fellowship. If

Kirkridge is indicative, a great number of Christians today want a specific discipline to express their faith, and will dedicate themselves to such a Discipline if they have some share in formulating it and if they have a binding fellowship with others who are keeping the regimen. "Ye are my friends, if ye obey . . ." is having new significance for those who are now keeping the Kirkridge Discipline.

Actual demands of the Discipline change from year to year, as the fellowship adds to them or cuts down on them. Each summer the new Rule is agreed upon and circulated; each quarter as members send in their report, a new report sheet goes out to them from the center. A few pointers on the "standard" demands of the Kirkridge Discipline are accordingly all that can be given at any one date. Divided up between "rules" and "intentions," the Discipline shifts emphasis as need and difficulty of fulfillment may indicate.

Devotionally the demand of a half hour of worship before nine each morning is an unchanging one: a period of which not more than half is to be spent in reading, and in which the Lord's Prayer, silence, stocktaking, and intercession are expected daily. For scripture reading the group rereads a fifty-verse passage daily for a fortnight, then goes on to the next appointed passage: study of the same passage among all the group for fifteen

days—with use of a commentary one day, French or Greek or Latin or Spanish versions on other days—has made for unusually close acquaintance with one passage before we go on to the next. Other devotional rules of the Discipline include grace at meals, prayer at the day's end, and a six-hour monthly retreat alone. Retreat once yearly with other Kirkridgers, and participation in a cell group are also agreed necessities.

In social action, members are committed to "Make courteous protest, at the time or later, of every situation of discrimination or slurring comment" regarding any minority group, as well as "maintaining a personal friendship with a person of another race within my own vocation." Identification of each Kirkridger with a farm and a labor group is demanded, by either active membership or regular reading of a periodical in each field. To join and encourage any sound co-op near at hand; to "live frugally" (realism and simplicity in spending, eating, keeping fit, getting enough sleep) and to tithe steadily for definitely Christian causes—these are other duties under the Rule.

The "intentions" suggested by the Discipline are actions beyond the possibility of point-by-point report quarterly. To initiate and support pioneering church jobs (ecumenical moves, team or group ministries, frontier tasks) is one. Another is to take constructive attitudes about Sabbath observance, liquor, politics, etc. A third is the duty of reading a solid book on doctrine, Christian biography, devotion, or church history monthly. A fourth intention is that Kirkridgers are seeking "to pray constantly, to flash prayers, intense and vivid, for causes or persons or praise."

PROTESTANTS seeking a fellowship present another aspect of the Kirkridge program. Kirkridge members—now in various countries and in many parts of this continent—have begun to constitute a shared, dedicated "family" bound together by ties more or less constant and strong. Local cell groups are the key to much of this wide intimacy. But



the consciousness that each member is "not alone" in his or her pioneer task, understood and prayed for by the whole circle, gives to Kirkridge some of the solidarity which has meant much in sect and segregated order in all Christian history. If our churches are to have larger and larger institutional and organizational groupings, this common life of the committed company within the whole is increasingly necessary and creative. "God setteth the solitary in families . . ." might be the text for that aspect of what Kirkridge attempts to represent.

Protestants *building meaning into "a place"* are the group which has worked and prayed and built at the mountain in northeast Pennsylvania from which the whole project has its name. Three hundred and fifty acres of mountain woods, a creaking century-old farmhouse accommodating twenty-five people, a new "functional" seminar building at the ridge crest, and a three-way thirty-mile view—these thus far are Kirkridge "on location." The Kirkridge resident secretary and his family live near the old farmhouse in a new efficient residence of their own, possibly the first of a number of "resident community" homes within our amphitheater on the mountain side. Worship, work, and discussion are all centered at the Kirkridge hearth and dominated by its big oak Celtic cross above the fireplace. A current library of several hundred books is especially chosen with devotional and social action emphases.

Why such a retreat center, far from "the crowded ways of life"? Why, if Kirkridge is concerned with social change, is it not at the heart of a slum or industrial area? The answer is that, in practice, perspective spiritually has been impossible to maintain in that sort of situation. "I will lift mine eyes unto the hills" is still psychologically and spiritually a significant gesture. Kirkridge, on the other hand, specifically denies that any monastic, permanent-retreat answer can meet its members' needs or the needs of the day: every hour spent at the mountain is designed to be immediate preparation for the tasks of church-in-world, not a sample of what divine community can be in separation from the world. The mountain is eighty miles from New York City and about eighty from Philadelphia, but its concern is to be just at arm's length from the whole field of the church, in explicit preparation to approach church problems with new insight and perspective.

Ideally Kirkridge would contribute to a reformation within the church, not outside the church. It has no intention of becoming an organization which would substitute for church. The reformation would take the form of change in the lives of individuals. Individuals would

bring about reformation in the lives of other individuals and in society through their strengthened Christian characters, their ability to ferret out the more elusive causes of our secularistic living, and their constructing an indomitable faith in the rightness and inevitability of God's will being the primary directive of our world.

Development of the "place" has a further value, thus far largely underplayed in Protestantism, in dramatizing a retreat center in which the Christian can expect and assume a renewal of spiritual experience. If the atmosphere of work, thinking, and worship at Kirkridge can automatically provide aids for such renewal, its results will be constructive. A great number of small groups seeking a retreat center, even though they are not related otherwise to the Kirkridge program, has already used the retreat house. Kirkridgers in other parts of the country or of the world are also making plans for establishment of similar centers elsewhere, thus possibly making a great new contribution to the devotional and expressive life of Protestants. There are dangers about "places of inspiration," of which Kirkridge may need to be increasingly aware. But their ministry to a harried, hurrying world and ministry nowadays is being readily proved by the effect already exercised by Kirkridge at its mountain top near Bangor, Pennsylvania.

PROTESTANTS *looking toward church unity* find in Kirkridge, as a disciplined group and a retreat center, a newly shared devotion and a theological

openness which may have growing value. When worship, personal friendship, and cooperation take their place above doctrinal discussion of theology, without omitting such discussion, there is a real spirit of ecumenicity often apparent at Kirkridge within the number of people sharing any work retreat. Initially Presbyterian in personnel, the fellowship now includes ministers and laymen of a dozen denominations. In the whole experiment it is thus far too soon to judge whether such foundational work may bear good fruit in cooperative church life. But the likelihood is that such crossing of "established lines" may be prophetic of an inner unity which is frequently lacking even as great Christian denominations agree to organizational merger.

Finally, Protestants *experimenting with retreat techniques* at Kirkridge may be making the greatest contribution of all. We are accustomed to grant that a Quaker or a Jesuit may be able to use silence constructively, but not most of us. Or we suggest that a work-camp group of "youngsters" may deal significantly with manual work expressing common aims and worth-while achievement, but not "ordinary church people and ministers." Many of us give up in despair the task of getting the devotion-and-theology type of Christian to share fully with the labor-and-race type. Yet through patient experiment with methods of retreat, Christian community, even among such diversities as these, may be achieved, and new values may be made available for the central streams of Christian life. Many a businessman needs nothing more than absolute silence, constructively motivated, to quell his ulcer or quiet his pounding nerves. Many a parson, living his "life of quiet desperation," needs the renewal of shared inspiration and work to restore his whole approach to the gospel. The church, which is perhaps too much in the world these days and yet unable to challenge and cure the world, needs perspective and balance which can be secured only in serenity and meditation—together with profound incentives to social action.

To some aspects of that vast assignment, a number of which are becoming clearer, the growing program of Kirkridge may bring genuine, new power and creativeness. But as a disciplined group, knit in a working fellowship, looking toward a certain mountain (and others like it) sharing high hopes for a united church, and experimenting with ways in which God's life may newly be made available in hectic days like our own, Kirkridge sets itself. From its resident secretary, addressed at Bangor, Pennsylvania, Kirkridge information is available to anyone who shares its pressing problem and its high Christian hope.



Body and Soul

Bodies of individuals, institutions, and nations have outgrown their souls. Pendle Hill is an experiment in educational and religious living which would weld the two into a harmony of inward and outward light.

ERMINIE HUNTRESS LANTERO

GEORGE FOX, IN THE course of his travels, once arrived at a "very great hill called Pendle Hill," and he climbed it with difficulty. From the top, he saw with his physical eye the sea breaking upon Lancashire, and with his spiritual eye, "in what places the Lord had a great people to be gathered."

The combination of religious community, graduate school, and conference center near Philadelphia, which the Friends have named Pendle Hill, is a mountain top only metaphorically. The location is on two adjacent former estates in an attractive suburb, Wallingford; it includes spacious lawns, rare old trees, a picturesque old-fashioned main house, another house for residents; a remodeled barn, the directors' home, Upmeads, and land used for raising vegetables. Bustling with activity all the year round, a haven for an astonishing variety of types of pilgrims who come and go, it nevertheless communicates a feeling of continuity and a dynamic spiritual unity into which one finds it easy to "center down."

Although there was previously an institution for Quaker-meeting workers nearby in Swarthmore called the Woolman School, the second and real birth of the present Pendle Hill, "a center for religious and social study maintained by members of the Society of Friends," came in 1930 with Dr. Henry T. Hodgkin, distinguished English Friend, author, physician, and missionary to China. He had the larger vision of "a new experiment in Quaker life and thought . . . that not a few wayfarers may turn in and find, in joyous fellowship with others, what it is to climb a certain steep and high hill and from the hard-won peak to see . . . the sea of unsatisfied humanity breaking on a not distant shore . . . and by that vision be stirred to prepare themselves to meet the need." He was the first director of Pendle Hill. In 1936 Howard and Anna Brinton became co-directors. Both were deeply rooted in the Friendly tradition, were experienced teachers and scholars in the religious and classical fields respectively, and had worked in the American Friends Service Committee's child-feeding program in Germany in 1919-1920.

Howard Brinton had spent a season of meditation in a Zen Buddhist monastery in Japan; Anna Brinton had traveled and collected art treasures in Italy and China. With their complementary forms of genius for leadership, they contributed incalculably to the growth of this unique expression of the Friends' mission to the modern world.

In a series of bulletins through the years, some of which are now collected in a small book, *Critique by Eternity*, Howard Brinton has expounded the educational philosophy of Pendle Hill. The basic lack in modern education he sees to be the failure to educate the whole man: the concentration either on intellectual development or on the technical means necessary for getting ahead in our competitive society; it is the failure to develop either sensitiveness to divine truth, with resulting growth into holiness (wholeness), or the capacity for genuine community with one's fellows in feeling and action.

The objective of Pendle Hill is the reconciliation of "inner light" and "outer light," or in other words, of absolute and relative viewpoints, individual and social values. Pendle Hill endeavors to combine

the intuitive, integrating approach characteristic of religion with the rational and analytical process which is dominant in the average higher education of today. A mystical as well as a scientific attitude is required of both teacher and student.

Just here lies Pendle Hill's opportunity. It became a Quaker religious house, not in imitation of the medieval monasteries, but a new type of settlement, where modern schoolmen can pursue again the age-old quest in an atmosphere permeated with religion. The solution to our problem will not come from secularized institutions, nor in theological schools, each concentrated on one side of the dualism. Pendle Hill is qualified to contribute toward bringing together the two realms which in the past three centuries have drifted so far apart that the world today is socially and intellectually in chaos.

On a less formal occasion, when some visitor remarked that he supposed Pendle Hill was rather like a medieval monastery, Howard Brinton replied more cheerfully than ruefully, "There are too many sexes here." Perhaps half of the students are young men and women fresh from college who are trying to find themselves and their appropriate work. Others are older people who have found an opportunity to leave their active lives for a season to write a book, or do a piece of research in Quaker history or religious philosophy. About half of those who come belong to the Society of Friends; the rest are from all churches and none. There is always a smattering of students from Europe and Asia and usually a few Negroes and, after 1941, nisei.



PENDLE HILL has a regular session for long-term students; it is divided into autumn, winter, and spring terms, a four-weeks summer session in July, and two one-week sessions in September and January. Courses are offered, distributed between "the inward" and "the outward." Perennially there is a course on some aspect of the history of mysticism, one on the philosophy of the individual and community, one on the gospels often following the approach of Henry Burton

Sharman, whose influence has been strong at Pendle Hill (he was at the school as a teacher for a few years); one on the history and present practice of Quakerism; one on the philosophy and life of the Orient; and courses on social and economic problems which include field work and contacts with nearby industrial centers. Besides active participation in a certain number of courses, students are expected to work on individual projects. All possible interchange of thought in the various fields is encouraged; toward the end of each term each student reads a paper embodying the results of his own efforts. They, of course, must be skillfully spaced in order to avoid an excessive dose!

All residents work cooperatively with the small number of more or less permanent staff members on the daily tasks of office, kitchen, house, and grounds. It is usually expected that each will contribute a minimum of an hour's work a day. This is not merely a necessary arrangement in an institution practically without endowment which not only survives but periodically acquires new equipment and territory by faith and year-to-year donations; it is also an important aspect of the community life, giving the earthly touch needed to balance the spiritual aspirations. There is, moreover, plenty of play as well as work: square dances, excursions, picnics, and group singing—also a certain quality of ready wit and humor. In recent years interest in artistic creation has increased. There have always been a few musicians there, but now an old shed has been transformed into a studio for painting, and a literary magazine called *Approach* is published occasionally by a socially concerned and largely pacifist group.

Fundamental to all of this fellowship is the daily morning half hour of common worship, mostly but not entirely silent. Individuals appreciate and participate in this worship in varying degrees, but it is always made clear that "friends are encouraged" to attend, and they usually learn why.

More transient participants in the community life are those who attend the frequent conferences over week ends or for one or two weeks at a time. There have been interracial groups from Philadelphia, educators in the labor movements, and the consumers' cooperative movement, Quaker work-camp leaders, "Sharman groups," pacifist ministers, employers concerned with better labor relations and workers for the American Friends Service Committee. There are occasional quiet retreats for those who seek to deepen their spiritual life, with periods of silence, devotional reading, group worship. An annual conference on religion and psychology, now inde-

pendent of Pendle Hill, had its beginnings there. Several, especially young couples, have gone from Pendle Hill to experiments in subsistence farming and have pioneered in the growing decentralist movement; there has been interchange of influence with the School of Living at Suffern, New York, the *Catholic Worker* group in New York City, "The Interpreter" in Brookville, Ohio, and the community service of Yellow Springs, Ohio.

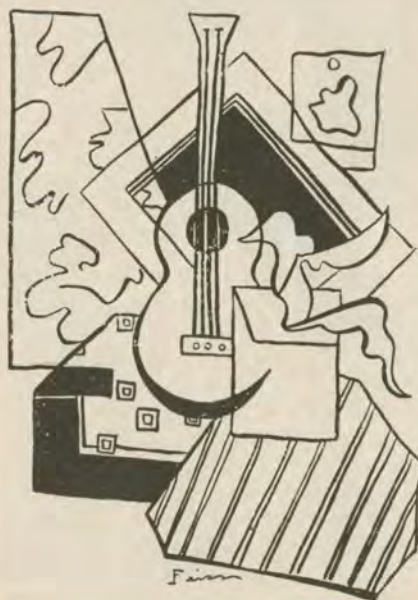
DURING and after the war, Pendle Hill cooperated with the American Friends Service Committee in training picked young people for foreign service. These have gone to Spain, to China, to Finland, to France, to Poland, to Austria, and to Germany. Plans are now on foot to start a unit in Russia. The training has included language study, study of the countries concerned, mechanical experience in nearby towns for would-be truck and ambulance drivers, history of Friends' relief work, and principles of Quakerism.

Labor education was a comparatively minor concern at Pendle Hill until a few years ago, although a certain hosiery workers' union has been meeting there annually since the early 1930's. Recently relationships with the labor movement have been furthered by Haines Turner, a member of the staff of Pendle Hill. Other unions have held conferences and training institutes there since 1944. Last May for the first time a left-wing union, the Food, Tobacco, Agricultural, and Allied Workers (C.I.O.) held a regional conference at Pendle Hill. They discussed

chiefly the matter of immediate help to strikers in a tobacco concern in North Carolina, and the urgent need for political action against the "fascist" N.A.M. A young Negro girl gave a first-hand account of the strike, which was on the issue of the company's refusal to pay a fifteen-cent increase in wages. Some of the Friends present "confessedly" squirmed at the implication that the management side of industry is always "the enemy," but recognized the strong unity and brotherhood in the group, and the importance of these new contacts for coming to grips with the most difficult problems of society. And in August there was held a large conference of the Labor Education Association of Philadelphia and vicinity, covering about fifty locals, both A.F.L. and C.I.O.

IT is difficult to conclude this article without a host of personal reminiscences of my own sojourn at Pendle Hill, 1938-42: Gerald Heard emerging from hours of meditation to run the lawnmower, which he thoroughly enjoyed; Jacques Maritain, arriving unexpectedly, not only sitting amiably through an evening of end-term antics known as Log Night, but staying with us till after midnight to see off a family who were loading up their truck with household possessions, bound for an abandoned farm in Vermont; a Hindu monk whose devotion impressed three young men so deeply that they turned vegetarian for several months despite much gentle ridicule; Howard Brinton bringing a baby rabbit in his pocket to morning worship, which in due time crawled out and explored; a distinguished citizen of an eastern European country, who had fallen into Hitler's clutches, and who had come to Pendle Hill seeking a remedy for shattered nerves and chronic indecision (after four days there, this truly great woman regained her spiritual poise and went on to Washington to take the next step as she saw it); the farewell dinner for a young French pastor in the spring of 1940, who had decided he must return to France early to face the situation in his country; he told us he would always remember that at Pendle Hill there was no war, and our kindly German professor of philosophy embraced him as he went out.

Of course it is not true that at Pendle Hill there is no war, in the sense of conflict and failure. The difficulties arise that are inevitable in any human community, especially among widely different temperaments and with incomplete agreement even on definition of the goal. However, it is a place where many have found new directions and become aware in a unique way of the impingement of the Kingdom of God upon our lives.



God Grant Us a Sense of Humor

Laughter is no interlude. It is a shaping force in human affairs.

It keeps life intelligible and molds character.

In short, laughter is oftentimes the sound-signal of courage.

A. POWELL DAVIES

ACCORDING TO THE most qualified observers, human beings are the only earthly creatures that can laugh. And this is a rather remarkable thing. It means that laughter is a distinguishing characteristic of the human level of existence. With the emergence of a fuller consciousness, with the dawn of mentality, with the coming of the powers of mind, life suddenly lifts up its voice and laughs. Why?

Nobody knows. Scientifically, no one can say what makes us laugh. Nobody knows why some things are funny and others not funny, or why a thing can be funny to one person and far from funny to another person, or why some people laugh easily and other people only with difficulty, why some people laugh often and others hardly at all. The thing we call a sense of humor is literally a mystery.

Nevertheless, a great many people have tried to explain it. Immanuel Kant was one of them. He defined the comical as "the sudden transformation of a strained expectation into nothing." Max Eastman, in a book (*The Enjoyment of Laughter*) written a few years ago, paraphrases this as "reaching after something and finding that it is not there." Which is obviously a very good definition of some humorous experiences, but not at all descriptive of others. And of course, it does not in the least tell us *why* we laugh when we reach out after something and find it absent.

The late Professor William McDougall thought laughter was, among other things, "an antidote to sympathy." He believed we might be too overcome by sympathetic reactions without the corrective of laughter. Well, we might. But sometimes, and especially in the kind of humor called wit, sympathy may hardly be aroused at all.

I am afraid we have to confess that when we have been through all the definitions and studied all the explanations, we are not much wiser than we were before. Humor is one of the things which cannot really be defined.

Yet it is an integral part of life, a very important part, one that we could ill afford to lose. Laughter is not just an inter-

lude: it is a shaping force in human affairs; it can influence events; it can mold character. It is interwoven with everything else, one of the basic factors of experience, an indissoluble part of human life.

Unfortunately, religion has traditionally either neglected it or scorned it. In the prayer books there are no petitions for a sense of humor, none for its betterment, none which requests the benefit of guidance in what to laugh at and what not. Somehow, religion has been thought too sacred for laughter; nobody seems to have suggested that laughter itself might be a sacred gift. Why should it be thought that no one should laugh in church? And so seldom remembered that laughter could have something to do with refreshing the soul?

IT takes humility to laugh, and even greater humility to submit yourself to be laughed at. And so, to avoid the cost of this humility, many men, including men of eminence, have sought to keep their lives completely formalized, and thus protect their dignity. We can understand this with sympathy; we need not be harsh. But on the other hand, we need not be intimidated, either.

At the very least, laughter is emotional release. As Wyndham Lewis has put it, "Laughter is the mind sneezing." Something tickles or irritates and produces a tension: a laugh, like a sneeze, relieves it. At the very least it is that. But it can be far more.

IN my view, laughter is an essential ingredient of religion—of honest, wholesome religion. If I were asked what single quality every human being needs more than any other, I would answer, the ability to laugh at himself. When we see our own grotesqueries, how quaint we are, how droll our ambitions are, how comical we are in almost all respects, we automatically become more sane, less self-centered, more humble, more wholesome. To laugh at ourselves, we have to stand outside ourselves—and that is an immense benefit. Our puffed-up pride and touchy self-importance vanish; a clean and sweet humility begins to take possession of us.

We are on the way to our growing a soul.

That is how St. Francis of Assisi did it. He would never have been a saint or found his way to greatness if people had not laughed at him. He went away as a young man—and a very vain young man—to the wars. He went with pomp and many a boast. And he came back without striking a blow, disabled by a stomach-ache. People laughed. It hurt, deeply, inconsolably. Francis ran away from it. Then he discovered something: he discovered what it was that the people were laughing at. He began to laugh at himself. And so he got rid of his vanity.

It was the first step on the road not only to great achievements, great aims, great loyalties; it was also the first step on the road to personal serenity, contentment, happiness. It was the first step and a long one. And if you will remember, the glory and distinction of St. Francis was that he brought back joy to religion.

Laughter can be a weapon. And it can also be a means of insight, of disclosure, of revelation; it can be a medicine, a hygiene, an instrument of change and reformation.

It can restore a sense of reality. I would like for a moment to dwell upon that. Fantastic dreams—dreams, yes, and nightmares—both fade away in the flashing light of humor. One of the worst nightmares ever shared by large numbers of people was the nightmare called hell. It gripped these people in the talons of a loathsome fear, the fear of eternal torture, everlasting punishment. I am sure that one of the most powerful factors in the liberation of the mind of modern man from fears of hell was this: that a few audacious spirits began to make jokes about it. And the jokes caught on . . . and spread. Every one of us has heard innumerable jokes about hell.

But it took real courage to make such jokes at one time. The courage was produced. Hell was seen to be not only infamous and outrageous, but ridiculous, too. Not only morbid but droll. The human spirit rebelled against it and in doing so, began to laugh. That was the beginning of the end of hell. Such humor—quite reckless, at first, but confident and bold after a while—was God's

own gift, restoring men to reality, redeeming them from a nightmare. Laughter can do that.

It can do much more. It can permit us to meet frustration without bitterness, to master disappointment with a jest. It can soften the emotion we call chagrin. It can lift up the heart a little in a desperate situation. It can make defeats and deprivations bearable. In some of the most somber hours of life, a gleam of wistful humor lights the path. It is a very soft laughter, then, very soft and very brave.

Have you ever seen a newly bereaved widow interrupt her sobbing to laugh through her grief at the antics of her child? Have you ever joined quietly in the laughter of someone whose humor is irrepensible even though death is waiting just an hour or two away? Laughter, no matter what else it is, is

courage. There is no end to its daring, no limit to its defiance.

Have you ever thought of the tremendous significance of the fact that this is a world in which men *can* laugh? This world of frustration, of pain, of multiplied miseries; this world of threats and perils unceasing? If there were no other reason whatever for believing in God, an all-compelling reason would be this: that the world rings with laughter. Even within the cry of its agony, there is this other note, this laugh of defiance.

The mind of man, out of the hidden secret of its own mystery, can nonetheless look out, see all, and when the worst is at the worst, can laugh. In the wilderness, laughter! On a tiny speck of dust called earth, lost in the cold immensities of mindless and unknowing space, there lives the creature of a flickering moment, this oddity, this little thing, this less

than nothing known as man. He knows the shortness of the moment, how brief the day is and how long the night. And yet he laughs. His laughter ripples through the universe. Is it insanity? The frenzy of the thwarted, the madness of the doomed?

Not this laughter! this saving, wholesome laughter. Man did not invent it. He did not even improvise it. He was born with it. He found it in his comprehension, the mystery of it in his soul. Whatever made man, made laughter, too. Whatever is the ultimate nature of reality, laughter came out of it, laughter laughs back at it, laughter laughs with it, laughter defies whatever stands against it.

Laughter is the challenge of the living soul to whatever is not yet conquered, the promise of the spirit's supremacy, the courage of the world's new morning vanquishing forever the receding dark.

Set Thyself First in a Psychology Class

especially, if you have ideas of setting thyself or others at peace.

FRANK AULD

THE YOUNG MAN ENTERED the minister's study and stood with hat in hand. "My wife and I haven't been getting on well together," he said . . . "and well, I thought you might . . ." "Won't you sit down?" the pastor replied. And for fifteen minutes the pastor and the worried young man, whom we shall call Jim, talked.

Later, this pastor, whom we shall call Robert Smith, told me, "This young man said he didn't know whether to believe in the Bible and the church or not. I had only fifteen minutes before my train left, so I had to talk fast to give him something. He needed help, and I thought, I've got to give him something in fifteen minutes. You wouldn't believe how I got going and really hit the high points in short order."

Did Mr. Smith help Jim? First of all, he failed to let Jim tell him what his problem was. When Smith found out that Jim couldn't accept the creeds of the church, he forgot about Jim's problems entirely and set out to set him straight about the Bible and the church.

Smith held the false notion that a counselor helps his clients by giving advice, that the clients come with problems, and the counselor, like a wise judge, does out answers. It is better to think of the counselor as a trusted friend, who listens sympathetically, who helps the client straighten out *his own thought*—and seldom gives advice.

Smith might have been spared these mistakes if he had been given some psychological training. Students preparing for religious work—for the ministry, religious education, social work—are becoming more and more aware of their need for psychological training. Graduate students in religion have flocked to "clinical training" programs to learn the signs of mental illnesses, so that they can refer sick people to the psychiatrist in time for treatment to be most effective and to increase their understanding of human behavior.

The contributions which psychology can make to the training of religious workers have not been sufficiently recognized. Not all the responsibility for this lies at the door of institutional administrators for their lack of appreciation of psychology's role; psychologists have seldom gone out of their way to point out how psychology could be useful or to offer to teach it to religious workers. At present, the student preparing for religious work may, therefore, have to get his psychological training pretty largely on his own hook—except for the psychology of religion and counseling courses. The student who wants to get this psychological training would do well to start with a mental hygiene course. Many students find that the mental hygiene course helps them to understand themselves better and to achieve a better personal adjustment.

The student preparing for any kind of religious work will also benefit from a course in the psychology of personality. If one is interested in religious education, he should certainly include child psychology in his curriculum. The time to get started on these courses is in college. The years of professional training later on may crowd out these courses. As Hugh Hartshorne, professor of psychology of religion at Yale says, "The student preparing for religious work has little time for psychology courses."

More important than any number of courses which one takes is the new point of view which psychological training can give. The student who takes psychology courses expecting to learn techniques or a bag of tricks for dealing with others may miss getting this reorientation.

The student, who in all humility wants to know how psychology can make his work more effective, may reap a twofold benefit from psychological training: (1) He may be helped to develop a less harsh, less moralistic attitude toward those who come to him for help. (2) He may be rid of his own problems or able to handle them better—hence better able to help others with their problems.

It was Thomas à Kempis, a Christian who lived and died before scientific psychology ever began, who said: "Set thyself first in peace, then thou shalt be able to set others at peace." This is as true for our day as his day.

David
had a halo
but from the view
of the commandments
he wore it only
one-tenth
of the time

ROBERT JACKSON

DAVID WAS NO SAINT. He was, however, colorful and lovable, and he was a religious man. He knew good from evil, although he was not always good.

People of every place and time have their popular idol, their favorite, and the ancient Hebrews were no exception; they had David. He was their national hero, the George Washington of Israel. George Washington never told a lie, but he did chop down a cherry tree. David would have chopped down the cherry tree, but he might also have lied about it.

This shepherd from Judah was popular with the people, in spite of, or perhaps because of, his faults. We humans tend to like people who are just as bad as we are. We want to have a companion in sin. We don't like to think that we are more evil than our neighbors. When a man can't convince himself that other people are just as bad or maybe even worse than he is, he either goes off his mental trolley or turns atheist. Knowing about David

gives us a splendid chance to say to ourselves, "There, I'm not so bad after all."

Information about him is found mainly in the biblical books of Psalms, I Chronicles, I Samuel, II Samuel, and I Kings. The Psalms pictures the idealistic David, the innocent young shepherd boy who gazed at his flocks and the heavens, plucked at his lyre and sang, "Bless the Lord, O my soul: and all that is within me, bless his holy name," or, even more familiar to us, "The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: He leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth my soul." These are beautiful songs. They are glorious and inspiring. Unfortunately they are probably not David's. While a few may have been written originally by him, it seems likely that most of them just grew up or were written by someone else and in the manner of folklore were ascribed to him later. Even if David had written them, they would not be a reliable record of his beliefs. A song is an

untrustworthy example of honesty. The probable truth, however, is that the psalms tell what the Israelites believed about David, rather than what David himself believed.

It is a well-known fact that a sane man does only those things that he truly believes in. Somehow, somehow, he makes his actions correspond to his beliefs. So it must also be true that a man believes in what he does. His actions are the most important clues to his beliefs. "Actions speak louder than words," according to the popular saying, and it is in his actions that David's beliefs speak most loudly.

The adventures, deeds, and doings of this famous hero are found in records older than the Psalms. The book of I Chronicles is one, although it merely repeats, in a slightly garbled form, the earliest, most dependable records which are found in the two books of Samuel and the first chapter of Kings. So it is from the books of Samuel and Kings that a reliable account of David must be taken.



Kleeman Gallery

DAVID AND GOLIATH

HANS MOLLER

In the publisher's advertising for a recent novel based on those biblical books, David is described as "The World's Most Magnificent Sinner." To keep tabs on a man with this reputation, a sinner's guide will certainly come in handy. Moses has conveniently furnished such a guide. The following list of the commandments is an adaptation in brief from *The Bible: An American Translation* (Old Testament edited by J. M. Powis Smith, Exodus translated by T. J. Meek): Thou shalt not: (1) have any other gods before me, (2) worship graven images, (3) invoke the Lord's name to evil intent, (4) work on the Sabbath, (5) dishonor your parents, (6) murder, (7) commit adultery, (8) steal, (9) bring a false charge against your fellow, (10) covet your neighbor's possessions.

By keeping these as a reference, one may have a handy way of evaluating David's career. By carefully noting which of them he broke and which he kept, one will have important clues to use in discovering his real beliefs. There was one commandment, at least, that David faithfully and honestly observed. There may also have been others, but that one, as we shall discover, is very significant.

DAVID was a young shepherd when his story begins. He was the youngest of eight sons of a man named Jesse, and he was out tending the flocks when Samuel, the prophet of Israel, called on his family. Samuel, it seems, had received a message from Yahweh, the god of the Israelites, that he was to anoint one of Jesse's sons with holy oil, for the message said one of them was to be king after Saul; Yahweh didn't say which one, so Samuel had to decide for himself. After rejecting the eldest seven, David was finally sent for and anointed.

He was a young lad when Yahweh chose him to be king, and he was still under twenty when he was sent to the court of Saul. Young David is described as "ruddy, a youth with beautiful eyes and attractive appearance . . . who is skillful in playing and a man of unusual power, a warrior, judicious in speech, a distinguished looking man and the Lord is with him." (I Sam. 16:12 and 17:18, from *The Bible: An American Translation*. Unless otherwise cited all biblical quotations herein are from the same source.) It was to comfort Saul with singing during a spell of illness that David was summoned.

While he was on his way to the house of Saul, he stopped to visit his brother in the army, and there "lil" David met Goliath and killed him with one stone from his slingshot—according to I Sam. 17:1-54. But the writer of the books of Samuel seems to be a little confused about the story for in II Sam. 21:19 he ascribed the deed to another chap named Elhanan.

Modern authorities by no means agree who really did kill the giant.

But David did, at least, become well established at the royal court. Along with his duties as the palace crooner, he did a little fighting in Saul's army. He was evidently a better warrior than the king, and Saul finally had to make him an officer. A brilliant soldier is always a popular figure, and here was not only the Frank Sinatra, but also the General MacArthur of Israel rolled into one. Naturally he was popular. When the army, led by the proud Saul, came home from one of its successful battles, it found the bobby-soxers of Israel chanting a little ditty, a kind of singing commercial, to advertise their hero. It went like this:

Saul has slain his thousands,

But David his ten thousands.

Saul has slain his thousands,

But David his ten thousands.

Now, when Saul heard the people singing a song making David more glorious than himself, he was very angry. After all, David was only a warrior in his army, a captain to be sure, but subordinate to the king in any case, and he, Saul, was king. David was popular and getting powerful, and Saul was getting jealous. Nevertheless, David ingratiated himself with the rest of the royal household. He struck up a valuable friendship with the king's son, Jonathan. When Jonathan and Saul were later killed, David composed a dirge in which he speaks of Jonathan; whose "love was more marvelous to me than the love of women." However, his friendship with the king's son didn't keep him from paying court to the king's daughter, Michal, and in spite of Saul, who saw it as another step on David's ladder to the throne, he married her. The Bible remarks that "Saul's daughter loved David," but nowhere says that David loved her. There seems to be little evidence that David really cared in a deep way for any of his seven wives or his numberless concubines. It seems plausible that in the ancient days of Israel, well before the day of woman suffrage, he must not have considered women worthy of great love.

If up to now David had not been aware of the possibility that he might someday sit on the throne of Israel, he must have begun to suspect the possibility after the people cheered for him and after he had married the princess. (David may not have known before this, because there is a strong possibility that the earlier section, where the prophet Samuel anointed him king, was added to the account after he had become king to make it appear that his reign had divine sanction.) Saul, however, was well aware of that possibility and twice tried to kill his psalmist. Deciding finally, that he would be better off somewhere else, David, with the help of Jonathan, fled to the woods. After he

had gone, Michal put the household teraphim under his bedclothes, making it look as if he were asleep in bed. When the soldiers came by to take him to Saul, Michal delayed them, in the manner of a modern movie thriller, by showing them the bed and explaining, "He is sick." One should understand that these teraphim that Michal, the wife of David, found in her house were, in fact, images of primitive household gods.

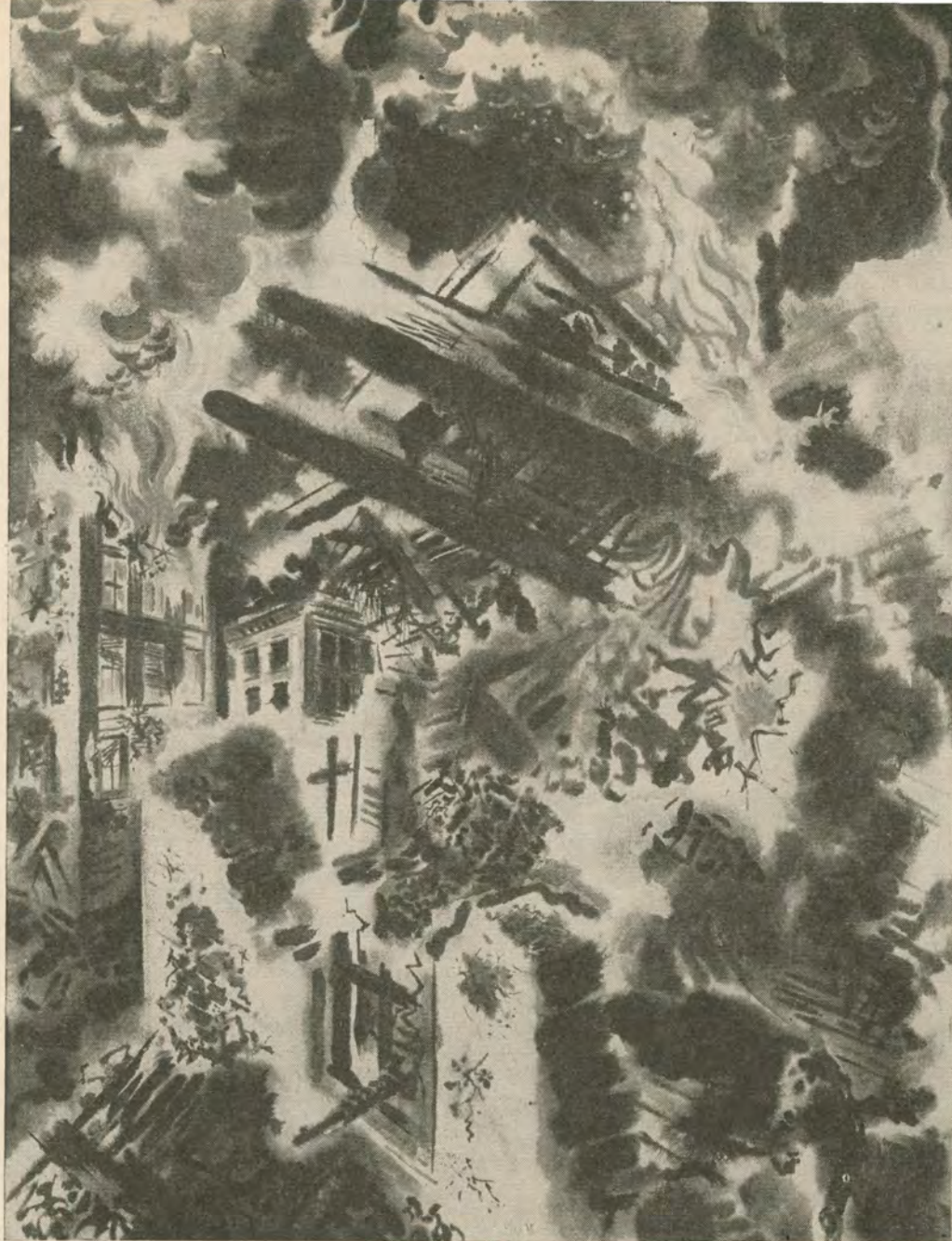
During his flight, David stopped off at a temple, and telling the priest that he was on a special mission for Saul, he asked for food. In good faith they offered it to him and he took it and fled. This clever business of David's, as well as being a rather underhanded theft, also caused the death of eighty-five priests when Saul heard that they had aided him.

One night, when the pursuing army of Saul was camped close to him, David sneaked through the dark until he stood by Saul himself, close enough to have easily and noiselessly slain him. A lesser man might have done so, but David felt that he could not kill a man who, like himself, had been chosen and anointed at the request of the Lord, so he took Saul's spear as a token that he could have killed him had he wished, and again sneaked back through the guards, back to his own camp and to safety. Curiosity might make one wonder how he managed this without waking someone, since Saul, according to the custom, was circled about with soldiers. The Bible explains it: God had put a deep unnatural sleep upon all the men. The next morning, David called over to Abner, the captain of Saul's army, and accused him of negligence in guarding his king, a charge that he knew very well was false. However, it had its desired effect, for it aroused Saul. When he saw his spear in David's hand and knew that he might have been killed except for David's kindness, he was deeply moved and gave up the pursuit, leaving David to exile.

David did not stay in the woods very long; he shrewdly realized that he was not likely to become king of Israel eating berries and talking to squirrels. He soon found himself making friends with the Philistines, one of whom, Goliath, he was supposed to have killed. David must have been very persuasive even with his enemies for the Philistines gave him their city of Ziklag to rule. A short time later the Philistines went and conquered part of Israel, and it was during this battle that Saul and Jonathan were killed. It looked like David's chance to fulfil his destiny so he went and "inquired of the Lord, saying, 'Shall I go to one of the cities of Judah?' And the Lord said to him, 'Go up.'"

However else he may have interpreted these little talks between himself and the

[Continued on page 38]



Museum of Modern Art

PUNISHMENT

GEORGE GROSZ

Our World: Nihilism in Germany

MARTIN NIEMOLLER

IT IS NO SECRET I am divulging when I say that the human crisis in Germany has by no means been overcome. In saying that I am not talking about hunger and cold, nor about the homeless and the imprisoned. These are real and frightful distresses of which those who do not di-

rectly suffer can have scarcely any idea. The crisis, however, goes much deeper and concerns man as such, and, to be sure, all of us, those of us who were at one time Nazi and those who were never Nazi. In Germany we no longer know what our human existence really means. We are full of doubts as to why and for what reason we are in the world of today. Does our life have anything more to it

than mere animal existence—to be born, to prolong life as long as possible and to die? Has it any meaning? Can it have any meaning?

This spiritual condition we know as nihilism, and we mean by it a world view in which everything is without meaning, without significance, without aim or goal. This spiritual condition prevails in Germany today, and it has now even

Note: This material was translated from the German by James Spalding, University of Tübingen, Germany.

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gripped that part of the people who by nature ought to rebel against such a renunciation, namely the youth. It is shocking to see young men who ought to be going on their life's way with courage and hope fighting a hopeless (*aussichtlos*) battle against cynicism. This nihilism reveals the true condition of our nation and its people. At the same time, however, it reveals more.

Nihilism is not a typically German development even if today it is not spread so widely among other peoples. The breakdown of the Hitler regime did not produce nihilism as an immediate consequence. I remember well in the year 1945, and can bear witness to it, how at that time a wave of hope and of new confidence went through the land. Most of the people rejoiced over the end of a servitude which they had felt for years. And even when it was understood that the German people must atone and pay heavily for the sins which they had committed, or at least had allowed to be committed, we were prepared to bear all of that and to take it upon ourselves as the price for the once-again-won human freedom, for which other peoples had sacrificed blood and tears since we ourselves had been incapable of casting the yoke off our own necks. The hope of these days, however, was quickly dissipated, and only then was the shroud of nihilism able to spread itself over the entire land.

HE who goes through my homeland with ears that hear and eyes that see, hears and sees the same thing everywhere. "You have wanted to persuade us that Hitler has been the great criminal, and we had thought him a means to political order. But now just show us, if you please, what has happened essentially different since there is no more Hitler. Yes, just show us how anything in the future will be different. What we have come to see in these last few years is that everything is going in the same direction and according to the same principles, namely, *that might goes before right, that man as such is worth nothing, and that the self-seeking of men and nations remains the single driving motive of all political activity.*" This is the conviction which necessarily leads to nihilism and allows nihilism to become a general epidemic.

For a hundred years or more we have experienced a certain optimism in which we felt that we had made a real and genuine progress not only in the technological mastery of nature but also in spiritual and social life. Suddenly we see that in fact we have *not come any farther*. Indeed, the history of our own generation signifies directly the bankruptcy of all of the hopes of a long tradition. It is no use

to close our eyes to it. It can only help us to salvation if we recognize that nihilism in reality had its beginning when we persuaded ourselves that we could find the meaning of human existence in ourselves or develop it out of ourselves. The fact that this sickness has broken out first among us Germans and has developed the fearful consequence of a flood of crime presses on us as an irremovable stain and as a guilt which we will not forget.

But now comes the question of whether those who see our stain and justly point to our guilt recognize that the deadly danger of the temptation by which we have been laid low has threatened all of humankind for a long time and has not been driven out of the world by the external overcoming of Hitlerism.

When today all of the honest endeavors of statesmen to give the world peace once again break into pieces, when the hopes of humanity that there might once again be peace become more and more uncertain and weak, when over the entire globe, crisis follows crisis, then everything points to a deeper fact, that somewhere at the roots we do not understand, that we are no more united in the knowledge of *why and for what* as men we are here on this earth.

AS the Bible testifies, it is according to the *original will of God* with us men as his creation, in harmony with his will, that we should win and exercise sovereignty over the earth. All of our disasters, according to this testimony come from man deserting the will of God and going his own way. The peace of man with God, therefore, broke into pieces,



and just as quickly the relations of men with one another fell into disorder. For peace among us depends upon our peace with God. The end of this rebellion *must* be nihilism. The case for us as men is then hopeless. Thus the often derided and much despised message of the reconciliation with God in Jesus Christ is actual and real beyond all measure. At all events, in the entire spiritual history of mankind there is no other message which stops evil at its roots and places a genuinely new beginning as a possibility for men.

Will the church which bears the name of Jesus Christ be able to express this message convincingly and to show by its own example that men who live in the peace of God can live at peace with one another over against all human contradictions of a personal or national sort? Much will depend on that, perhaps everything. And will the Christian churches when they meet with one another, so speak with one another, and so act that their example and model will give hope to the afflicted men of our day, namely, an impression that there is yet something which we might be, that we might serve one another as God wills?

No day in my life has passed in which distress has not grasped me because of the depth of the misery around me, and not alone the misery of the outer man in his hunger and in his grief. Can there not be another purpose in our existence here than our turning on each other with tooth and claw and reciprocally making one another miserable, both men and nations? In Germany today we have this distress among us, there we see the next catastrophe preparing itself and we can do nothing to prevent it. Can we as Christians recognize the will of God and yet not be obligated to witness to that will of God in the world?

The essential question of future development is whether finally an understanding will come between the nations. It will be in no other way possible than that we meet each other as men, in the knowledge of a common destiny and responsibility; which will only be possible when we meet each other in the sight of God.

We Germans in Germany have finally learned well that our final destiny is not a question of the greatness and worth of a nation, but rather of God's will being done on earth as it is in heaven. We will have to witness to it with the understanding given to us from what has happened today seen in the light of God, so that we may spread it far, and may seriously make a new, yes, the only possible new beginning with one another: "I am glad that Thou hast humbled me that I might learn Thy laws."

One Story of North Korea

*is known in full and is recorded here by one who heard it from three who escaped.
Officially the Christian Endeavor Society is dead,
but it continues to live in the courageous spirit of men like Kim Doo-Young.*

GERALDINE T. FITCH

KIM DOO-YOUNG was general secretary of the Christian Endeavor Society for all North Korea. He was in my home last evening for the second long talk about his imprisonment and torture in the north and his escape "south of the border." After three arrests and a total of 139 hours of torture during twenty-seven "fatigue exams," the order was out for his arrest again. Kim Doo-Young knew another imprisonment would probably write *finis* to his life. He went into hiding until he could escape to South Korea.

This is one story of North Korea that is known in full.

In February of 1946 a Christian Endeavor convention was held in the West Gate Presbyterian Church of Pyeng-yang, the northern capital. On the second morning fifteen officers, speakers, and advisors of the convention were arrested by the city police as "anti-Soviet and anti-communist."

The churches planned a special union service for March 1st, the anniversary of Korea's Declaration of Independence in 1919. Since they were deeply concerned and stirred by the imprisonment of the Christian Endeavor young people a few days earlier, they proceeded with determination to hold this special Christian (and historic) service. It was to be held in the Central Presbyterian Church and six ministers were making the arrangements.

In the midst of the service on March 1st, seventy police and constabulary marched brusquely into the church and demanded that the service stop at once. They arrested five of the ministers—one eluded them. Immediately the assembled congregation said, "Let us follow!" and—taking the cross from the altar—they overtook the police, surrounded the ministers, and kept up with the procession.

On the way Russian soldiers and officers re-enforced the Korean police, and (it is reported) even ordered them to fire. The Christians did not halt or hesitate and they were not fired upon. When the ministers were taken to the police station the people proceeded to the office of the

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People's Committee (the puppet government) to plead for the release of the five ministers. The Soviet military government compromised by promising to release the fifteen Christian Endeavor leaders. The promise was not kept, however, until the church people staged a hunger strike for three days with continuous prayer in Central Church.

On August 22nd (1946), Kim Doo-Young, not a sophisticated type but a youth with almost peasant features and an open, honest countenance, was arrested and kept in jail until October 11th. At first he was in a large cell with many others, but after the first thirty-seven days he was confined in what he describes as a "box" about three by four feet square, and only three feet five inches high. This small, unsanitary cell was where he had to remain for two weeks more, without exercise except as he was taken out for "examination," always accompanied by torture.

A significant thing about Doo-Young's torture is that it was ordered by the Russians; a Russian officer stood by to direct the Korean police each time. Let no one misunderstand who is ruling North Korea, or who will continue to pull the strings on the puppets even after the Red Army has been evacuated. An American journalist, who flew into South Korea one day and out the next, wrote: "Most of the stories of Russian zone atrocities are untrue . . . the tales of intelligence officers and reports from the wild-eyed Koreans." Aside from the slur on American intelligence, the newsman should have stayed long enough to talk directly with Koreans of unimpeachable character like Kim Doo-Young.

Without vindictiveness, for the sake of those still being tortured for their faith in northern prisons, Mr. Kim quietly told me his experience. On September 5th, in particular, he was questioned most of the night:

"Whom did you send to South Korea? What did you tell him to do? Who has been here from South Korea? What kind of relationship is there between the churches of North and South? Who came from Syngman Rhee or Kim Koo? What

kind of orders have you received from Generals Hodge and Arnold? Do you have some connection with American military officers in Pyeng-yang? Answer these questions, or you will be treated like a dog!"

To all this, Doo-Young could only answer:

"None, no connection. I do not know."

So he was taken to the basement of the building, and bound, hands and feet, to a board, *the Russian captain watching*. The Korean policeman poured water into his nose and mouth alternately (and intermittently) for four hours. (This is the good old "water-treatment" learned from the Japanese.) When Doo-Young struggled, shaking his head from side to side to avoid the water, the policeman stepped on his chest. When he became unconscious (for this is a temporary drowning process), he poured cold water on him to bring him back. Just after midnight he signed one paper. They had been insisting that he sign a "confession" that he was against the Russian occupation and the puppet regime. When he finally signed, he noted that the paper was blank.

From the water-treatment the Russian ordered him dragged back to the third floor, and here another statement was presented for signing. It was the order for the dissolution of the Christian Endeavor Society in all North Korea. This he refused. He was beaten by two prison guards, one with a bamboo stick, the other with a leather thong. Near six o'clock in the morning, when he was so nearly unconscious as to be hardly aware of what he was doing, he signed the paper.

Nor was this all. Around the 19th of September, Kim was tortured by "fatigue exams" for three periods of seventeen, twenty-three, and twenty-seven hours respectively. During these periods he was allowed no sleep at all (I have the name of the Russian officer who ordered this inhumane treatment). Finding no evidence of contacts with South Korea, they released Kim Doo-Young after fifty-one days in jail without charge and without trial but with much punishment.

Contrary as it may seem, on Feb-

ruary 11, 1947, the Chief of the Constabulary of South Pyeng-yang province (another Russian whose name I have) ordered Kim Doo-Young to register the Christian Endeavor Society. The authorities realized the young people were still carrying on their movement. But registering, as Kim knew, meant tacit support of the communist regime and many a compromise of their principles, so he replied:

"It is impossible. You had better imprison me again at once. This is not the first time I have heard about registration. It is something which cannot be done without discussing the matter with the members. I cannot make this kind of decision by myself. But I will go to the central office of the Five-Provinces government and consult about it."

There followed a succession of incidents and brushes with the authorities. During an eleven-day gospel-team campaign in country villages, Kim Doo-Young and his group were arrested in Kang Dong county, transferred to the provincial headquarters and released. Five different times officers of the society were questioned about the matter of registration. On April 3rd, the chief of the provincial police said to Kim: "Cancel the convention you are planning to hold on April 8th. This is the order of the Soviet military commander-in-chief, and we hold you responsible for carrying it out. If you hold the meeting, we will send 200 constabulary to stop it!"

Kim Doo-Young courageously said: "In all the world is there any precedent for forcing a religious body to close its work? This cannot be in a democratic nation. You can arrest us, but you cannot stop us." The convention was started, but it was closed immediately.

Only those who had been through the crucible of Japanese persecution could face the Russian military with such courage. But these young people were fast learning what the "new democracy" meant.

Kim Doo-Young with three others went again to see Col. Ignatiev about registration. They told him that, having consulted with the members, it was agreed to register even though the society had no political significance. Instead of accepting their offer, he said he would reply on April 19th, ten days hence. When two returned on that date to receive his answer, they were told that since the Christian Endeavor Society was under the Northwest Presbytery which had not consented to register, the government could not accept its registration. They "must register" to continue, but they *could not register*.

On April 23rd, Kim Doo-Young was summoned by Park Hak-Sung, director of

reporting section of the Home Affairs Division. Mr. Park said: "As a director, I have called you, the sponsor of the C. E. Society, to hear the order of the people's party. You have been telling us the C. E. Society is purely a religious organization, but the North Korea People's party does not believe this. Therefore we order you to dissolve the organization today. Will you obey?"

"Your order is clear," said Mr. Kim. "Under the Japanese more than ten times we were ordered to dissolve our society, but we carried on because it is religious, not political. Now we understand. But so important an order should not be verbal. If you insist, give me a written order for the members."

Park asked, "Can you not take the message to your officers?"

Kim replied, "I can tell some personally, but I cannot convey the order to the whole organization unless it is officially written. Christian Endeavor is an international organization, a movement of faith based on God's will. I am the elected representative. I have a duty to achieve the objects of the society, but no right at all to dissolve it!"

Park countered: "Since you are ordered, your position ceases as far as the law is concerned. Moreover, you have to take down the C. E. signboard from your office!"

INTERNATIONAL Christian Endeavor may well be proud of their youthful general secretary in North Korea who, like Paul, stood before the puppet minion of a foreign power and said: "I cannot be ordered to cease doing my duty. I was not elected by the People's party. I have been elected to represent the members. As

long as the membership exists, my duty as chairman exists. The law has nothing to do with a movement of faith!"

Park said he would send a formal document of dissolution. Kim sent a message to the C. E. Societies throughout all the North, saying: "The things enumerated below have happened. You will get an order to dissolve."

Though Kim never gave up the seal of the society, the authorities counterfeited one and stamped the order with it. Waves of persecution were passing over the North, and sad reports of arrests were coming to the central C. E. office day after day. On May 5th, the Pyeng-yang police came to the headquarters and took down the signboard of C. E., and that of the Sunday School Association as well.

It was the end of the outward manifestation of the Christian Endeavor movement in North Korea. But the inner fire still burns. When an order went out once more for Kim Doo-Young's arrest, he went into hiding. Three times he had been imprisoned. Seventy days of intermittent torture he had endured. With the society dissolved, there was nothing more he could do for it. Arrest again meant Siberia, or wasting away in the box-like cell of a filthy prison, or death.

It was then that Kim and four other Christian Endeavor officers decided to cross the 38th parallel to South Korea. There were eight outposts where they knew they would be examined on the way. Near each outpost, Kim left the others and took a circuitous mountain path at night. All went well through seven of these places. At the eighth a guard caught Kim on his by-pass and arrested him. However no one recognized him, so after two days they said he could go, if he would return home.

He went back a way, changed his disguise (adding a beard), bribed the next Korean guard he met to let him pass. The last night he was wondering if he was yet over the border. He heard shooting; hesitated to learn his bearings by inquiry. It was then that a local Korean peasant or farmer said, "They are rounding up a group of thirty. This is the time to go. Run! Run!"

Parents, wife, and two children of Doo-Young's are still in the North. A good friend of his escaped recently, brought him word that they are well. Kim's wife thinks it too dangerous to cross the 38th parallel with two small children.

The stories of three of the five who escaped together I have heard from their own lips. Undaunted, these young Christians helped the C. E. of South Korea hold an institute. The acts of these young apostles of North Korea should be recorded, for all time to come.



A Chinese Puzzle

can be observed and examined in a one-day bicycle ride over the countryside, but to solve it seems to put one in a hopeless dilemma.

CREIGHTON LACY

CHINA'S COUNTRYSIDE is lovely, with an ordered, green serenity far removed from the hustle of urban life. As we pedalled along the rutted cart path, even our red bicycles were discordant anachronisms. White ducks swam slowly in the winding canal, and occasional fishermen stood hopefully on the bank. Here and there a mud hut showed through the fields of ripe *kaoliang*. Already we had made two "water stops:" the first to watch a blindfolded mule plod in an endless circle, while a chain of wooden paddles scooped water into an irrigation ditch; the second to photograph a cheerful farmer as he hoisted a basket (!) of water from a well and poured it along a winding brick-lined trough to the waiting fields. China unchanged, unchanging!

Half a century ago the imperial highway must have been a magnificent thoroughfare, paved with great stone blocks a foot or more thick. Now the rocks have sunk unevenly, fit for no transportation faster than foot or mule-back. But as we bounced along, the grandeur of the past floated against the background of the present. We imagined the Empress Dowager carried in regal splendor from the "Forbidden City" in Peiping to her beloved summer palace, and earlier rulers composing odes beside the distant jade fountain. Not even communist "bandits" (as they are officially to be called), lurking nearby in the western hills, disturbed the tranquil scene.

Yet even the Empress Dowager had had her fears. Near the summer palace, where the Temple of Ten Thousand Buddhas threw its longest shadow, she built an imperial barracks. Today, fifty years later, the spacious grounds house the Youth Army Summer Camp and other officers' training units. A friendly hail from our handsome host greeted our approach. At the gate we inscribed our names in stiff, formal characters, but no kindergarten child was ever prouder to have his block capitals understood.

Li Ku-ling and his buddy had begged a ride into the city one day, and this invitation was his gesture of gratitude. Graduating this summer as an economics major from one of Peiping's finest universities, he was one of a host of students

who must "always trouble myself by jobless sorrow" (as he once wrote). Civil war, communist occupation of large areas in North China, financial uncertainty, all contribute to a tragic amount of "white-collar" unemployment. Besides, Ku-ling reminded me, "perhaps you know that personal connection in China is apparently important. I am not acquainted with many friends, so it is difficult for me to find a job." Six weeks in the Youth Army Summer Camp would at least provide board, room, and clothing for that period.

Akin to American R.O.T.C., the Youth Army seems to differ in having fewer military subjects. Organized during the war to attract students into military service, it was, and remains, an extremely patriotic group tied closely to Kuomintang. Yet here at the Peiping Summer Camp studies were divided into three sections: law (the liberal arts), science (including engineering), and middle school subjects. Ku-ling as an economics major was simply reviewing history, English, and the like, and had but one hour a week of compulsory rifle practice. Other members, all at least high school students, were brushing up on geometry, calculus, and other subjects under the university professors.

In each dormitory perhaps forty clean straw mats stretched in four rows, each with a cap at one end; forty knapsacks hung on forty hooks, and forty bowls sat in forty wash basins. Over each row of mats hung a mammoth mosquito net which slid neatly to the wall during the day. Ku-ling had apologized that "It is not convenient for you to live here, because we are sleeping on the floor. I think you would despair if you really know about our camp; it is not as pleasant as a summer camp in America; it is very poor just like the common Chinese soldiers."

HOW pathetically comparisons to America are made (from picture magazines and movies)! How tragically little most students really know about the *lauling* (common soldier)! To be sure, the regular army in this camp lives as the Youth Army does, but they are mostly

officer candidates, not fighting men. Their quarters looked neat, clean, and airy—if not soft—and most of us have slept in worse. In one brick building we found ourselves bowing to a mere youngster with short hair and soft voice. She turned out to be the commanding officer of the thirty Youth Army girls in camp. Except for fewer mats per room, their quarters looked the same, although our host insisted they were cleaner and better than his.

Evidences of youthful energy and initiative lay on every hand. In classrooms where even rude wooden desks and benches were lacking, furniture had been fashioned of solid mud, smoothed to a remarkable surface and thoroughly white-washed. For assemblies and entertainments a makeshift dirt amphitheater had been newly built and sodded. Two scale models were under construction, complete with villages, power plants, communication and transportation lines, with which to demonstrate military tactics. The Youth Army emblem in colored stone mosaics flanked one doorway. (That symbol is a flower—a pun on the popular name for China—set in an Occidental V for victory.) Of such is modern China compounded!

Luncheon was served—on the dirt floor! Great bowls of steaming rice, delicious pork, and egg-tomato soup were set around the room, and groups of four to six gathered hungrily by. We squatted on low stools and had to demonstrate our proficiency with chopsticks—about which our host had been a trifle anxious. That this was the best meal of the week was easy to believe; what seemed incredible was that student cooks had prepared the food, for it was a sort of "camp government day." Chopsticks are not the tidiest implements to use, but within fifteen minutes after the meal, the earth was swept and stools piled neatly; the mess hall was a classroom once again.

The captain of the barracks had paid us the compliment of serving as guide. Now he invited us to his partitioned room and presented us with his calling card (indispensable in China) and with snapshots of Chiang Kai-shek's elder son, who is commander of the Youth Army. The pic-

tures showed a smiling, husky man engaged in such "democratic" pursuits as planting rice knee-deep in paddies, or pumping an irrigation wheel. According to his subordinates, young Chiang's Russian training and abilities qualify him for a much higher political or military office, which he now shuns to avoid charges of nepotism, an age-old Chinese vice.

Ray, my companion, had been an economics major like Ku-ling, had served in the U. S. Army Air Corps, and was studying Chinese under the G.I. Bill of Rights. For six months in this country he had been absorbing criticisms of corruption, inefficiency, and greed in the Central Government. A friendly clash of viewpoints was inevitable. The lunch time conversation went something like this:

KU-LING: What do Americans think of China?

RAY: They are eager to help the Chinese people, but they do not want to support a government which does not have the backing of the masses.

KU-LING: You do not understand. The people are not educated, and they do not understand politics and economics. They

want only peace and protection from the communists.

RAY: But if the United States helps the Nationalist Government, the war will go on for a long time, and the people will have no peace.

KU-LING: But if the United States does not help us, the Russians will continue to help the communists, and the people will have no protection. If China and later all of Asia turn communistic, it will be very bad for America.

RAY: Of course, but we want to support a regime that serves the people instead of making money from high taxes and inflation and foreign exchange. Too many of the officials are corrupt, and nothing is done to keep prices low, improve production, transportation, and lower the taxes.

KU-LING: You do not understand. It is the civil war that keeps China poor. We must defeat the communists before we can have railroads and industries running. Then we can control inflation and reorganize the country for democracy.

RAY: If you would stop the war and get rid of secret police and profiteers, then the country would prosper more quickly and America would gladly help.

Communism would not be thriving in China if conditions were not crying for it.

KU-LING: When the enemy uses secret police and armies and propaganda, we must use them too, or China will become communistic and not democratic.

RAY: China must reform and help herself first. Then the United States will help to defeat the Reds.

KU-LING: China must defeat the communists first or there will be no government for America to help. When China is free and regaining prosperity after ten years of war, then we can make faster progress toward democracy.

The debate could go on all day. These two college graduates were confronting from opposite viewpoints an insoluble dilemma, for both were right. Either alternative in isolation would mean the collapse of China before an internal foe. But the enemy of one was political and moral, of the other military and economic. The simple, direct words of General Wedemeyer as he left this country point up the vicious horns of the dilemma:

"If the Chinese communists are truly patriotic and are interested primarily in the well-being of their country, they will stop voluntarily the employment of force in their efforts to impose ideologies. If they are sincere in their desire to help the Chinese people, they can better do so by peaceful means in lieu of the destruction which has marked these last tragic months. . . . To regain and maintain the confidence of the people, the Central Government will have to put immediately into effect drastic political and economic reforms. Promises will no longer suffice. Performance is absolutely necessary. It should be accepted that military force in itself will not eliminate communism."

Declining an invitation to swim with the Youth Army in the summer palace lake, once so sacred to her imperial majesty, we mounted our bikes for home. The paved road leads past the beautiful campus of Yenching University and the Government Agricultural Experiment Station. The former has adapted the grace and color of Chinese architecture to efficient, academic buildings; the latter—Japanese built—resembles the more practical buildings at the New York World's Fair, or an ultramodernistic hotel. Both are typical of the most progressive accomplishments of the new China.

As we pedalled along the high speed macadam road, we crossed a quiet canal with a rutted cart path winding away among the *kaoliang* fields. Ray and I looked at each other inquiringly. Did we want to take the rural route again to snap a picture of the blindfolded donkey and his tireless waterwheel? Some other time perhaps. Today we had come too far along the modern asphalt highway.

GOD of all nations, God of all peoples, God of all life, both near and far, we come to thee asking no wonders save this alone: that we and all peoples of this earth may rise adequate to the crisis of our hour.

We pray for total regeneration of our lives. No half-way measures will save us now.

Grant us new depth of vision adequate to the complexity of our days. In a world floundering in chaotic power, give us that glimpse of noble end coupled with adequate means which alone spells purpose. Inspire us with dreams worthy of our overgrown means, for we know that where there is no vision the people perish.

Grant us new clarity of perception. In a world wherein issues are neither black nor white but agonizing gray, give us power to discriminate between the moral grays of our time.

Grant us new sensitivity of response. Drive the tendrils of our awareness deep into the lives of others, that we may feel their hunger as our hunger, sense their fear as our fear, feel their hope as our hope. Lift us to that height of sensitivity where we may truly say, as did another, "In as much as ye have done it to the least of these, ye have done it unto me."

Grant us new intensity of aspiration. Help us not only to talk of peace and justice, but to hunger and thirst after these with the desperation of starving men, for then perhaps we shall be filled.

To groups now meeting, striving to bring us world order, give them this day power and wisdom for survival and effectiveness. And may the individual nations of the world comprehend what it means to lose one's life in order to save it.

Lord God of hosts, be with us yet; lest we forget.*

* Written by Huston Smith, associate professor of philosophy at Washington University, St. Louis, Missouri.

India and Pakistan

are now going on one year old. The birth of nations, like that of human beings, is accomplished with pain, sweat, and tears. These early months of independence have been ones of anguish.

MURIEL LESTER

CAME SEPTEMBER, 1939. The conditions offered by the Indian National Congress for entering the war proved unacceptable to the British government. By 1943 nearly all the leading Congress men and women were in jail. The Moslem League grew steadily in numbers and influence. The war ended. A labor government was formed in Britain. They released the Congress leaders and sent three of their best cabinet ministers on a mission to negotiate the transfer of power from British to Indian hands. The antiquated notions of prestige and pomp were discarded by these three good men. They were ready to meet anyone at any time at any place, if understanding might be deepened thereby. They liked to attend the Sunday morning silent meetings for adherents of all religions arranged by the Quakers during the deliberations.

I reached India a month or two after the mission had left. I went straight to Gandhiji who was lodging in the untouchables settlement. India's cabinet ministers were taking office that very week, and because one or another of them called on Gandhiji every day, and sometimes all would come for a conference, I had the opportunity to meet many old friends. In what different circumstances I had seen them before! Just coming out of prison, or on the way to prison, or in the visiting cell of a prison! They had come down—or up, according to one's viewpoint—from lucrative legal practices, exalted Brahman aloofness, and luxurious houses to follow Gandhiji in identifying themselves with the oppressed, the poor, and the untouchable.

Meanwhile news kept rolling in of murder, arson, and other terrors sweeping through Calcutta. These outbursts of ferocious savagery are usually referred to as communal uprisings and put down to religious rivalry between Moslems on the one hand and Hindus and Sikhs on the other. But their true cause is political and economic rather than religious. Left to themselves Hindus and Moslems live as good neighbors and will even attend each other's religious festivals, but when propagandists, paid or unpaid, come in from outside, they work under orders to

stir up the illiterate people on any pretext whatever, economic injustice, religious fanaticism, or simple fear. The instigators behind the scenes are secure, privileged people who keep aloof from the disturbances that they are fomenting.

In Calcutta I stayed with the Friend's Service Unit, a group of young men and women from Britain and the United States, who were hard at work in and out of the turmoil responding to appeals from both sides for the saving of life. It was often a Moslem who begged them to come and bring their car to a certain address to rescue Hindus, or a Hindu who telephoned for their aid in saving some Moslem lives.

The city became quiet at last but after a few weeks, a rural part of the province, East Bengal, was in the throes of an even worse outbreak of murder and rapine. In this smiling, fertile area, I saw an unforgettable blank look on the faces of women who had seen their husbands murdered and who had then themselves been forcibly converted to Islam. Of course it sounds ridiculous! For how can a priest's touch, or his pronouncement of texts and formulas, or his making signs over a woman's head, change one's religion? Yet these women and many others in their ignorance really believed that they had now lost their faith. The next outrage was to be forced to marry a Moslem, perhaps a friend of the murderer. Some accepted their lot. Many escaped into the adjoining province. Questioned there, the story they told drove their friends to a passion for revenge.



THERE was nothing one could do for these villagers. It was rather like living in Virgil's underworld, among bloodless dispirited shades. The Moslems in the neighborhood were troubled and worried. "Why didn't you protect your Hindu neighbors?" said a cultured Bengali with whom I was traveling in a third-class railway compartment, crowded with Moslem peasants and farmers. A strange expression clouded a farmer's face before he replied, "We wanted to. Our womenfolk begged us to. But we couldn't. We felt there was some power behind it all, something stronger than ourselves that we dared not oppose."

At first it surprised one that our military and air forces were not mobilized to crush the offenders, but gradually one came to realize that once human beings loosen the age-old ties of neighborliness, confidence, and mutual respect, no physical power can restore them. I learned that it would be easy to proclaim martial law, but within a few weeks the villagers would be begging the authorities to withdraw the troops. There was immense relief when Gandhiji declared he was coming down from Delhi to Bengal to start a walking tour until either the killing stopped or he dropped.

As in Bihar, during the earthquake, he would soon be facing hundreds of horror-stricken mourners. The women would be repeating their story to him. He would listen and then, in his usual un-sentimental and objective manner, show them how to look away from the haunting scene of the dead husband and consider his living children; how regrets and moans and tears would only harm these; how they must look away from their personal tragedy to India's; away from man's cruelty to God's ever reliable presence.

Each evening the Moslems and Hindus of the villages joined him in prayer. After each prayer he would give an address. Next morning all over India the daily papers would print as front page news the verbatim account of his talk. This went on for months.

Eventually Gandhiji had to go up to Delhi for talks with the Viceroy about the institution of the independence of

India on the fifteenth of August. On his return, while passing through Calcutta, an urgent message reached him. It was from Mr. Suhrwadi, the Moslem Prime Minister of the province, begging him not to leave the city as he feared that the celebrations of the fifteenth would lead to a renewal of the communal massacres that had devastated so much the previous year. He was convinced that Gandhiji's presence would avert that calamity. Gandhiji named his condition. He would stay in the city if Mr. Suhrwadi would be with him all the time so that together they might live, eat, pray, and work as brothers. Mr. Suhrwadi asked for twenty-four hours to consider this. He knew Gandhiji was staying in a tumble-down house in the worst affected area, where all amenities and comforts had been destroyed. But next day the two men began their work. Up and down the streets of the city they went, rallying the inhabitants, spreading good humor, reinstating confidence between man and man. Processions were formed, Hindus and Moslems marching side by side in amity, each carrying his own flag. Suspicion died hard however among the Hindu students. They became convinced that Gandhiji was betraying them. In fury they surrounded the house. "Go back Gandhi-traitor," they shouted menacingly. Then a stone was hurled through the window. Gandhiji went out, told them

they could destroy his body if they liked, it was quite easy to do so, but why not choose three of their number to come in and tell him what they thought was wrong? If they could show him a better way to act he promised he would take it. So they met face to face and understanding resulted. The police found their work considerably eased as the fraternization increased. Some of them handed Gandhiji their Bren guns that the muzzles might bear the flags still higher in the air.

WHEN the fateful fifteenth dawned, the streets witnessed an almost miraculous scene as vans, oxcarts, and cars bore cheering groups of Moslems, Sikhs, and Hindus waving each other's flags. Another marvel was to follow. The great Moslem festival of "ID," which is celebrated with much ceremony throughout India, was approaching; now the religious authorities asked Gandhiji to lead the ritual prayers for the festival. He did so. Next, the Moslem League proposed in the constituent assembly a vote of thanks to Mr. Gandhi because by his presence peace had been sustained in Calcutta. Mr. Suhrwadi announced it was the result of the grace of God and the charity of Mr. Gandhi. When fulsome adulation was expressed to him, Gandhiji remarked that it was not himself who should be praised; it only happened that

at the moment God was using his body as a vehicle.

A week later bloodshed broke out anew. Again Gandhiji began to fast. The whole of Calcutta was perturbed. Hindu, Moslem, and Sikh leaders got together and conferred. They managed to get things quieted down, came back, begged Gandhiji to give up his ordeal. He asked what would be the good, when it might all begin again next day. On the second day of the fast policemen came to Gandhiji leaving their weapons with him as they found it preferable to patrol the streets fasting. The leaders gradually realized what Gandhiji expected of them; that they themselves should be the sacrifice; that they should take a vow now, openly, with the city alert and attentive, that if ever at any future date communal massacre should spill blood in their city, they would go unarmed into the midst of the raging madness and into the fire, get between the combatants, give their lives for peace. Seventy-two hours after it began, the fast ended in a solemn ceremony of prayer, reading from the scriptures, and hymn singing.

Soon bad news came from Lahore in the Punjab where the casualties reached one million. Let none think it is only Gandhiji who was spiritually dependable. Nor is it only the fine cabinet ministers, nor folk like Mrs. Naidu, the poetess, now acting governor of the United Provinces, nor Amrit Kaur, the highly cultured Christian minister of health in the central government, nor Mrs. Pandit, India's first Ambassador to Russia. All over India are men and women, even boys and girls, who have been training themselves for years to keep the three vows, to enter areas of conflict, and to face events, even the most catastrophic, with serenity that comes from prayer.

It is a time of continuing anguish for all who love India. From the beginning, Gandhiji was against the partition of the country. He was convinced that it would inevitably lead to tragedy, but he did not say "I told you so." He put his time and strength at the service of those who voted for the division of India. He spread confidence wherever he went. The center of the trouble moves from one province to another, Calcutta, East Bengal, Bihar, Delhi, Lahore but pacification moves too in the same order. Lord Mountbatten, in London, speaking over the radio, reminded us that throughout the two dominions, only three per cent have been involved in the conflict.

Lord Pettick Lawrence, the ex-Secretary of State for India, speaking a few weeks ago at a meeting in London, told us that the birth of a nation like the birth of the human being is generally accomplished with pain, sweat, and tears.

DESERT SONG

You ask why suddenly I moved away
 From that drought-stricken land? I can but say
 There was a tree, a scrawny cottonwood,
 Scarce noticed as it stood beside the road;
 Its origin unknown—it just grew there,
 Threatened by drought and the dust-laden air.
 Its leaves fell prematurely one fall,
 So the following spring I poured on all
 The water we could spare, cleaned out the sand,
 And soon it bloomed anew to grace the land.
 Its green leaves afforded strange contrast
 To weedless fields and pastures with no grass.
 It grew a foot or two and almost touched
 The sagging telephone wire above it.
 I decided to stay for one year more;
 With renewed courage I prepared the ground
 And borrowed money for the seed again,
 And watched the heavens for some sign of rain.
 I talked "good times" to neighbors, 'til one day,
 Returning from town, surveying the land,
 I found my lonely cottonwood tree
 Cut down by linemen, half-buried by sand.
 Something snapped within me—I could not bear
 The starved cattle, the dust-obscured sun,
 The buried fence, the sickly yellow air,—
 We moved away before the week was done.

—*Rubie Sheldon*

Victory for Japan

*Morally and spiritually Japan has won the war.
Part of this is due to the intelligence of the attempt to make democracy work
rather than rant and rave about communism.*

ROGER BALDWIN

In Japan we are dealing with a conquered people who feel liberated. In Korea we are dealing with a liberated people who feel conquered. In Japan we are building democracy on their own civil government, their emperor, and a core of experience which the long-subjected Koreans lack. This factor makes a vast difference between a country organized like a beehive and one as disorganized as a wasp's nest.

There is a sense of a democratic crusade in Japan on the part of both the occupation authorities and the Japanese. There seems to be no feeling of resentment of defeat by the Japanese; on the other hand, there is no conqueror's attitude on the part of the Americans. The American soldiers do not carry any guns. Only our military police are armed.

In Korea the people are hostile, and there is no such friendly fraternization as in Japan. One sees signs at Japanese village limits reading: "Speed Limit—25 miles. No Public Display of Affection." In Japan there have been two thousand intermarriages of American troops—in Korea only a few. The American occupation attitude shows no punishment or vengeance toward the Japanese.

A high United States military official remarked that from a moral point of view, there is little, and sometimes almost no difference, between the victor and the vanquished, and that Japan is the spiritual victor in this war. Fifty years from now, he said, we may wonder how it was that Japan was the first of all nations to renounce war and willingly abolish its army, navy, and air force.

The military government in Japan has to its credit the following accomplishments: (1) the complete demilitarization of Japan; (2) the formulation and adoption of a democratic constitution based on popular elections (in four elections which took place during one month, an average of 70 per cent of the Japanese people voted); (3) judicial review of all administrative, judicial, and legislative acts (the Supreme Court is subject to popular recall every ten years); (4) the emperor has been democratized, and he is now a human being (in a confer-

ence, the emperor stated recently that he hoped the occupation would stay until its principles were deeply rooted); (5) the land is being distributed fairly among the peasants; (6) labor unions which formerly had a membership of half a million now have 5,500,000 members; (7) political power has moved from the conservatives on the right to the labor unions on the left with a socialist prime minister. The United States has not opposed the nationalization of large industries, neither have we exported free enterprise principles to Japan.

The real antidote to communism is democratic socialism. In Japan the communist movement is isolated. The Japanese are historically anti-Russian, while today the communists are anti-emperor. All titles of nobility have been abolished. The Japanese now regard the Americans as guests—though, of course, uninvited guests. There seems to be little chance of a reversion to the old ways of reaction, or on the other hand, of a turn to communism.

The economy of Japan is prostrate. There are food shortages and serious inflation. Production is only a 35 to 40 per cent level of prewar. This situation can be remedied only with the signing of the peace treaty, and that should be concluded quickly and easily, even without Russia, if necessary.

There are some things wrong with the occupation, particularly the tight censorship of newspapers, radio, motion pictures and of the international mails. This policy

is due to an unwarranted fear of propaganda, particularly communist propaganda, which might flood Japan.

THE story in Korea is wholly different. What our military men have done with the twenty million people in south Korea through the Korean policy and occupation control through fear of communism has prevented implanting democracy. There are today thousands of Koreans in jail merely for striking, for criticizing the occupation, and even for singing songs derogatory to the United States. The Americans who are running Korea are uninspired generals who are just doing a job. Our military leaders have given over to Koreans, in an improvised government, the appearance of power, but the occupation forces hold the real control. Many Koreans regard the puppet Korean leaders as Quislings. There is active repression of all forces left of center in the American zone. This has resulted in a half-concealed left-right struggle which is bitter and extreme, and which leaves no room for a democratic middle way. The communists have been driven largely underground or to the Soviet north. Gangsters on the right even assassinate liberal democrats who are anti-communists.

Divided Korea has produced two police states: in North Korea a communist police state, and in south Korea an anticommunist police state. The United States has failed to adopt a pro-democratic policy because of its concern with an anticommunist policy.

We need to learn that anticommunism alone is futile, and that only strong democratic policy inspires progress and confidence. We need to learn that in Europe as well as in Asia. America should export not only food and dollars, but a working faith in the extension of democratic principles based in labor unions and socialism if we are to beat communism. We need to learn that free enterprise is not the answer abroad and that democracy is everywhere a philosophy of change—not defense of the status quo. We could even use more of that attitude right here at home.



Amsterdam

A new family—gathered from every continent—has moved into old Saint Pierre. In August this family of 120 churches will make history with the official proclamation of its existence as the World Council of Churches.

ELEANOR DURHAM

THE CHIMES OF SAINT Pierre Cathedral, ancient and faithful sentry of the "world's capital," toll the hour with the familiar old Christian hymn. "A mighty fortress is our God, a bulwark never failing . . ." The street cleaner drops his broom to listen. The housewife brushes the hair from her forehead and wipes her hands on her apron; the busy statesman glances from his papers . . . people from all walks of life, from many nations of the world hesitate for a minute, then return to their tasks.

Her spires overlooking Geneva have seen a great deal of life. How well they remember the days when the Roman Church ruled supreme over most of Europe. And then under their very feet, some courageous men decided that the dictates of Rome and God were not inherently the same—that they would build a new church which would give more place to religious freedom of individual expression. Some centuries later, after a bitter war which engulfed the world, men gathered near the cathedral to realize a world-wide government, called the League of Nations, which they believed would prevent another war.

Again Saint Pierre has been chosen as the center of a great universal movement, the World Council of Churches. Plans for church unity started early in the beginning of this century when missionary societies realized that cooperation was essential to the successful fulfilment of their purposes. Between the wars, leading churchmen and laymen gave much thought as to how this concerted effort might best be effected. Their discussions resulted in the formation of the Universal Christian Council for Life and Work which created a joint approach of the churches to the world's social and international problems, and the World Conference on Faith and Order which was designed to study the doctrines of participating churches, their ways of worship, and the rules governing intercommunion. At the famous Utrecht Conference, in Holland, in 1938, these two bodies united in a decision to establish a world assembly of churches.

In spite of the war which followed

directly on the heels of its birth the World Council of Churches has thrived, until now it is preparing to proclaim itself officially to the world in Amsterdam next August with over 120 participating churches of Protestant, Old Catholic, Orthodox and Anglican faiths. Although the war necessitated the postponement of this announcement, it served as a test for the infant organization to prove whether or not it had the courage to preach the gospel to a world which had little time except for the building of B-29's and the maneuvering of men. During this period a Prisoner of War Department was formed which administered spiritual aid to imprisoned men on both sides.

The tragic plight of Christians and Jews who were being forced to evacuate Germany and Austria also gripped the hearts of World Council leaders. A Refugee Department was established under the leadership of Dr. Adolf Freudenburg, former pastor of the Confessional Church in Germany, and the late Dr. William Paton.

PLANS for a Reconstruction Department were carefully laid while hostilities still prevailed, and they were already in action by 1945. Churches needed to be rebuilt physically and spiritually; pastors and their families needed assistance so that they could more effectively minister to their tired and often discouraged and disillusioned congregations. People in all of the war countries were searching for an answer to the confusing puzzle of existence, for hope, as well as for food. The Reconstruction Department, under the admirable leadership of Dr. J. Hutchison Cockburn, former moderator of the Church of Scotland, had the difficult task of ministering to these people in many ways, realizing that its financial limitations made it impossible to accomplish all that they knew needed to be done.

They found sympathetic Christians in every country who were eager to assist in the program of reconstruction: people in America, Sweden, Switzerland, Britain, Canada, and elsewhere, who were anxious

to share their possessions. Interdenominational organizations, such as Church World Service in America which unites the relief efforts of twenty-one Protestant denominations, gathered the supplies which were given "From the churches, through the churches, to those in greatest need in the name of Christ." Pastors and laymen in each receiving European country set up interdenominational relief committees to evaluate the needs of their people, to distribute the supplies when they arrived, and to encourage sharing among the citizens of their own countries.

Barracks from the Swiss army were sent to many countries where they were transformed into churches, dormitories for university students, centers for refugees, dock hands, and children who had no homes to return to at nightfall. Food, clothing, and money were given to ministers in Hungary who were attempting to survive on a third of their former salary in the midst of an inflated economy; to pastors in many lands who had lost all they possessed; to students who were carrying on their studies in spite of their malnutrition; to city children in many countries so that they might have the opportunity to leave their crowded quarters for a brief camp outing; to orphanages, hospitals, and innumerable other institutions. Literature was sent to countries whose libraries had been sacked or burned during the war. As of last January over six million dollars had been spent on reconstruction, with the intention that it should serve not only as immediate relief, but also as an aid in the building of a strengthened church in Europe. Plans for reconstruction are continually growing, and the scope of the department's activities are rapidly expanding.

A YOUNG but important department of the World Council is the Commission of Churches on International Affairs which resulted from the 1946 conference in Cambridge. The purpose of this Commission is to encourage thinking about international subjects among church people, and to focus Christian thinking on the important issues of uni-

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Great Victory---Great Sorrow

*is a description of the way it feels to win and yet not win an Olympic marathon.
May international sports, beginning this year in London,
be characterized by international justice.*

GERALDINE T. FITCH

HOW DOES IT FEEL to win an Olympic marathon and not be able to claim the honor for your country and your people? The Koreans are great athletes. They excel in basketball and soccer, in ice skating, in bicycling, in light-weight boxing, in weight lifting, and in long-distance running. In Seoul, wreaths of laurel have literally crowned the head of Yun-Bok Suh who won the Boston marathon in April, 1947, and set a new world's record. A great welcome was given the weight lifters who ranked second only to the United States in the competition at Philadelphia in September. On the streets of this capital city one sees daily some slight, young Korean in shorts running along the side of a busy thoroughfare to get his practice, or down the streetcar tracks to avoid the more congested traffic.

One needs to know the story behind the news to understand how patriotism is involved in the athletic activities of young Koreans, how independence will mean that athletic achievements will be great victories rather than great sorrows.

In Berlin in 1936, Kee-Chung Sohn breastst the tape for first place in the Olympic marathon. Seung-yong Nam won third place. Second honors went to the great Finnish athlete, Pavlo Nurmi.

In other words, two out of three of the world's winners were Koreans. But they had no Korean symbol on their jerseys, and they were not announced to the world as Korean. Japan claimed the honor and the glory, because *theirs was the power*. They told the world the winner was a Japanese; they even called him Kie-ti Son. When the Korean people knew, by bamboo wireless, that their athletes had won, they rejoiced in secret, but they could not celebrate the victory openly as a Korean honor.

That was the time when four courageous newspaper editors in Korea superimposed the Korean emblem on the Rising Sun in their published pictures of the winners, and for their patriotic act had their printing plants closed and their publication suspended. They were jailed. Athletics was banned.

And how did Sohn and Nam, the two winners, feel, when they won the Olym-

pic marathon in Berlin? I first met them in New York City following the Boston marathon won by Sohn's pupil, Yun-Bok Suh, and they were in reminiscent mood. Sohn made clear to me the way patriotism is tied up with athletics in Korea.

He said: "When I was a little boy, back in 1919, I listened to all the talk about demanding independence from the Japanese. I could not fully understand the words, but I witnessed the parades. My family was very poor under the Japanese rule and could not afford to give me lessons in any kind of sports. The only thing I could practice by myself was running. So I used to run every day, enduring physical hardship, desiring to excel for the sake of my country, even under Japanese oppression. My people were Christians, and I used to hear that God dealt justly with all his children, and gave equality to all. This I could not understand, for there was no justice for Korea—no equality with other nations."

But it was Mr. Nam, who placed third in Berlin but did not do so well in Boston, who really made me understand how the two winners felt in 1936. He referred to the fact that they could not wear the Korean emblem. They bore the hated Rising Sun on their suits. They had to run under false colors.

When the events were over, and Japan had taken the credit, Nam and Sohn went back to their room in the suburbs of Berlin. They did not even turn on a light. In the growing darkness of their room, they sat in silence. They thought of their beloved homeland and wept.

Nam told me: "The most pitiful children in all the world are orphans—those who have no parents that they can call their own. And the most pitiful people in the world are those who have no country. Koreans are orphans. We cannot call our beautiful land our own. We have been promised independence, but we do not have it. We have not yet won our freedom!"

He said it quite simply. This was no public platform for high-sounding platitudes, no political speech where independence and freedom were bandied about.

I began to realize with what longing,

as well as zeal, Nam and Sohn continued training. Some day Korea would be free, and they would run again, and win—for Korea. Or, if liberty delayed her appearing, they would train someone else to take their place, and someday win another marathon for the honor and glory of a free Korea. So Sohn and Nam turned down positions offered to them abroad; they were deaf to all Japanese inducements to coach athletics in Japan. They had one great ambition: to train others for the next Olympics.

SOHN KEE-CHUNG and Nam Seung-Yong returned to Korea and sold what land they owned in order to train other boys. Among the hundred they started coaching, they found several of marathon potential. Yun-Bok Suh was ready by the time they heard about the Boston marathon. Others would be ready in time for the London Olympics in 1948. But how to get Suh to America, that was the rub. Fortunately, there were friendly and generous G.I.'s in Korea who had seen these fellows run. They knew they were good. They were even willing to bet on the winner of the Boston marathon, and better than that, they passed the hat and raised a fund to send all three men to Boston.

Well, you know the story that made news in April, 1947. How small and wiry Yun-Bok Suh outran a line-up of 156 competing athletes to win the Boston A.A. marathon by two-thirds of a mile over Finland's Mikko Hietanen, who came in second. And how, in doing so, Suh set a new world's record of two hours and twenty-five minutes, thirty-nine seconds for the gruelling run of twenty-eight miles, 385 yards, the standard marathon course. At that, the record might have been even better had not a little fox terrier run out and tripped him so that he lost time. He dropped to one knee but quickly recovered himself, continuing with a scratched leg and his handkerchief wrapped around the hand which saved him from falling flat.

When Suh went down the tall Finn passed him. But the Newton hills were still ahead, and Korean runners train on the hills of Seoul. Suh passed Hietanen on

the first hill, and from there in kept the lead. For the last five miles he had the race all to himself, finishing two-thirds of a mile and four minutes ahead of the Finn. This time Nam was nearly twelve years older, and—as if every year were decisive—he placed twelfth. Sohn, who is still a first-class runner, scratched his name before the event, for fear his pupil would not be willing to pass him on the course. Oriental courtesy might keep Suh behind him, not exerting every ounce of strength to do his best, and Sohn knew that though he himself might win, Suh could *better his time if he would*.

The sports writers went overboard for the lad from so far away. They seemed to realize that he was running, not for himself, but for his country. They knew about the raw deal they got in Berlin. You never read such literary sports columns before or since. Sports editors wrote beautiful tributes, in choice diction, not in the jargon of the sports page.

For instance, the *Boston Sunday Advertiser* called Suh "a brown ball of fire" and added: "A quarter of a million pairs of eyes saw not only the next Olympic champion, but perhaps the greatest road racer of all the ages. What they saw was a tiny, brown college kid from Korea with legs that were like purring pistons, hurrying toward immortality."

The *Boston Sunday Globe* raved: "Never has there been such a race up the hill" (Commonwealth Avenue to Boston College), and described the Korean lad "with black hair gleaming in the sun which had peeked through an aperture in a cloud to watch this foot fight between

men from opposite ends of the earth." And as if the sun peeking through an aperture of a cloud were not poetry enough, the writer added that Suh looked not unlike "a saucy little chipmunk flirting its tail and scampering up a tall tree!"

Gerry Hern, of the *Boston Sunday Post*, called it a "record-shattering classic," "a parade of triumph," from which young Suh emerged fresh and relaxed. And Joe Looney, of the *Boston Herald*, called "marathoning the major sport of Korea [where] boys go all out to emulate their idol." The idol, of course, was Sohn of Olympic achievement, whom Tom Monahan, of the *Boston Traveler*, also had in mind when he said Suh "more than vindicated the confidence of his traveling companion." Another writer on the same paper wrote: "Tennyson had his babbling brook, but the Boston marathon had its babel-stream of runners!"

Will Cloney, *Boston Sunday Herald*, was chairman of the committee which staged the race and referred to "the cosmopolitan character of the finish," while Arthur Duffey also stressed the international angle when he called it "a racing league of nations."

The *New York Times* voiced Suh's "great happiness over being able to return to Korea as the winner to please his G.I. benefactors," and Harold Rosenthal of the *New York Herald Tribune* referred to Suh as "a tireless 115-pound running machine from Korea," saying that the "junket from Hopkinton to Boston was just so much chaff before the tiny Asiatic [who] seemed from there on to sprout wings."

It must have been the news behind the news which inspired these writers to express their admiration in such literary tributes. They felt as did Jerry Nason, of the *Boston Globe*, when he said Yun-Bok Suh "travelled halfway around the world to defeat a Finn for a corsage of Athenian laurel in the most magnificent piece of racing in the fifty-one years of the Boston event."

When I asked Yun-Bok how it felt to win such great honor, to be pictured in the newspapers and featured in the newsreels, he said: "I did not feel the honor was for me. It was for the thirty million Korean people. I wanted to make my country known, and I feel sports can help win world peace!"

I pressed him a bit on that point. "How do you mean?" I asked. "Well, politics and hatred have no place in sportsmanship. I think international athletics can help win the peace of the world." Then he added: "Everybody has been so kind. I don't know how to express my feeling for this country, or for those American soldiers in Korea who made it possible for us to come." Yun-Bok was speaking as sincerely as was possible for him.

Suh never knew the sorrow Nam and Sohn felt when they had to run as Japanese. He has known the happiness of great victory in the States. He will be young enough for top-notch form in the Olympics in London this year. If by that time Korea is a free and united country, no words—even of poetic Boston sports writers—will be adequate to express the joy of a weight lifter or marathon winner who feels that he is helping to win world peace.

JUDGMENT

This day too will fall
 out of the lives of men
 into the born
 over the dead
 out of the springs of the clock
 . . down
 down . .
 down with the sands of the glass
 down with the sands of the glass

And over the cities of sleepers
 over the indolent rivers
 the belch of bombs
 the rain of foam
 will fall
 . . will fall
 and down on the land—
 a terrible rebellion of bells
 a terrible rebellion of bells
 —Myron O'Higgins

A Transport for Innsbruck

was just the beginning of the work to be done for this Austrian community. In a short time all sorts of consequential and even surprising jobs cropped up.

CORINNE HARDESTY

LAST JANUARY, six young men went to Innsbruck, Austria, to do a transport job. They took with them four trucks and a jeep, CARE packages for their food, supplies for the trucks, their own skills, and above all, a great concern to help the Austrian people along the road of reconstruction and reconciliation.

The boys, whose ages ranged from nineteen to twenty-seven, had come from colleges all over the country—Harvard, Western Maryland, William Penn College in Oskaloosa, Iowa, Friends University in Wichita, Kans.; Bluffton College in Bluffton, Ohio; Wesleyan University in Middletown, Conn. Their majors included such diverse subjects as history, government, music, and philosophy. They were Methodists, Mennonites, Quakers, Congregationalists, and Episcopalians.

One, a college graduate, plans to study to become a Methodist minister after he returns. Most of the others had not finished their education and will go back to college. Most of the boys were pacifists. Several had served in Civilian Public Service during the war years as conscientious objectors.

They had gone to Europe in 1946 as members of an American Friends Service Committee transport team. They had been working in France, helping the bombed-out citizens of St. Nazaire move back into their city. The biggest part of the job was done by the end of 1946 and they were ready to move on to another area of need.

Meanwhile, members of another service committee team, already working in Vienna, visited Innsbruck to determine the needs of that area. They found that the city, the most important railroad head on the Brenner line connecting Italy and Germany, had been heavily bombed. The city reconstruction office had only five trucks at its disposal, and rebuilding was slow.

The city was not receiving enough supplies to provide its 30,000 inhabitants with the official ration. Surrounded by mountainous country with only the narrow, two-mile Inn River Valley offering any real possibility for crop farming, the city could not feed itself. A transport project, then, which would put personnel and trucks at the disposal of those who needed them most, to haul food and other

supplies, would be a real boost to Innsbruck's recovery.

The Quaker workers also found that, in addition to enduring physical hardship, the people of Innsbruck had suffered spiritually from years of war and poverty. Perhaps a team in the city could offer hope and friendliness, as well as material aid, to take the place of the desperation and bitterness that prevailed.

In the middle of January the boys arrived in Innsbruck. Through the co-operation of Austrian families, they found rooms in the homes of Innsbruck residents. In their first reports to the Quaker headquarters in Philadelphia, the boys wrote of their new "families." "The hospitality which these families have shown us makes us feel quite humble. They already live in close quarters. They refuse to let us pay for our rooms, saying that we help them enough when we share our CARE packages with them. They also say that we came to Europe to help those in need and they can help by sharing their apartments with us."

Two boys lived with a family of four. "We have already become part of the family," they wrote. Another lived with a medical student and his wife and baby in their two-room apartment. Another, they wrote with alarm, was living "with a family that has the mumps, and he has never had them!" He later got the mumps, reports showed, but recovered quickly.

At first the boys had some difficulty explaining who they were. But as their language ability progressed and their work began to speak for itself, their mission in Innsbruck was understood.

"The trucks have begun to roll," they wrote after a week or so. Food was hauled for Don Suisse, a Swiss relief agency, for a feeding program for children and old people. They helped haul rubble from a bombed medical clinic. Wood was carried for several individual families, to be used for cooking and heating. Several loads of butter were hauled for a city cooperative. The cooperative was a member of a national cooperative in Austria. The profits were used to build up creameries in destroyed areas. "Thus we contribute in a remote way toward that end," the boys wrote. The daily hauls of butter and cheese continued and it soon became

apparent that most of those two products allocated to Innsbruck were being hauled by the Quaker team.

In addition to the more or less routine city trucking jobs, all sorts of unclassified and unexpected jobs began to turn up. Furniture was moved for a kindergarten. A half a ton of bread was taken to German prisoners in Schwarz. Beds and baggage for sixty students on their way to Rome to study for the ministry were transported in Quaker trucks. A boys' choir on its way to a concert was taken there in one of the team's trucks. The Quaker workers carried one hundred returning Austrian prisoners of war to a camp in Austria, set up to receive and care for prisoners of war. "Some of the men were too weak to climb into the truck without help," the boys wrote.

SOME of the jobs had their amusing side. One day the boys had just delivered a load of bread, shoes, and clothing to a prison camp and were on their way home with the jeep and trailer. Many prisoners' wives, who had gone to visit their husbands, were walking along the roadside so the boys stopped to give some a lift. The jeep was soon filled, and the others asked if they might ride in the trailer. "From the looks on people's faces as we went by," the boys wrote, "that little jeep, hauling a huge trailer loaded with women, must have been quite a sight."

The team also hauled materials that aided in the industrial rehabilitation of Innsbruck.

The team was asked on a moment's notice to take a trip to Leoben for leather. Don Suisse had bought the leather to be turned over to local cobblers to be made into children's shoes but had no way to transport it. It took five days to wind over the five hundred miles of icy, mountainous roads. Finally the team arrived back in Innsbruck, tired, but genuinely thankful to be all in one piece. A cobbler estimated that the leather will make four thousand pairs of shoes.

Later three tons of "lime leather" and coal were hauled for a man just getting started making glue. He needed the transport badly. His small glue factory was the only one in the Tyrol and there was an

[Continued on page 40]

Picking Up a Shovel Makes a Difference

Talk, forums, panels, question periods, platform addresses all seem a little weak-kneed compared to honest-to-goodness labor for people. The hard work at Bievres resulted in action which amounted to something.

FRED BLANCHARD

IMAGINE YOURSELF ALONG with eight other Americans camped astride a huge pile of baggage in the middle of a swirling crowd in a Paris railroad station. That was the situation in which we found ourselves one evening last August. We had come to France to participate in an international work camp of the World's Student Christian Federation. That was fine. We knew very well why we were there, but we didn't quite know what to do next. The person who was supposed to have met us hadn't received our telegram from Le Havre in time to meet us.

After many false starts and unanswered numbers one of our group managed to convert his slight knowledge of French into a contact with a mission house in south Paris. After an unsuccessful attempt at hailing cabs, we tackled the "Metro," the Paris subway system. We finally arrived at the building, mentally and physically exhausted. However, we were given a good welcome by the group

of theological students there. This was about eleven o'clock at night, and we hadn't eaten since noon. The day had been tiring—customs and immigration in the morning, a train ride all afternoon, the uncertainties of the station in Paris, and no supper. When one of the students suggested that they could perhaps get us something to eat, you can imagine our thankfulness. The nine of us were soon gathered around a table in another room just barely large enough to hold us. There were placed before us a platter of noodles, pitchers of hot milk, coffee to make *cafe au lait*, and a tin of beef. The milk and beef must have come from CARE packages. These students didn't have much, but they gladly gave what they had to us.

We had three days to spend in sight-seeing before the camp was to open, so the next day we moved—accompanied by our small mountain of baggage—to St. Germain-en-Laye. Then we headed for Bievres and the work camp.

Because of its potential importance as

a center for revitalizing the postwar life of the French S.C.M., the W.S.C.F.—always in the forefront of world-wide activities of Christianity—decided to hold a work camp at La Roche Dieu. This was to be the first time that the W.S.C.F. had ever attempted an international work camp. It was planned with the hope of promoting a spirit of fellowship between Christian students of several countries. It can be seen that this project was designed to fulfill both of the vital functions of a Christian work camp—doing a useful physical job and giving an experience of living and working together in a spirit of real Christian community.

Our group, made up of about forty students, mostly French and American, lost no time in getting into the work of the camp. Under the experienced leadership of Beverly Oaten, chairman of the work camp fellowship of Canada, we tackled a number of projects—leveling a large area of fill which the Germans had left, scouring and repainting the interior of the chapel and one of the other buildings, clearing away scrap metal, demolishing broken building foundations and removing their rubble, restoring some of the electrical system, and doing the necessary "housekeeping" jobs to keep the camp itself functioning. In all of this work, those from the different countries, boys and girls worked together. We spent about five and a half hours each day—mostly in the morning—on this work. Through this labor we began to achieve the fellowship for which such camps are intended. When you're all digging in the same dirt pile, and loading one another's wheelbarrows, you forget your differences.

In the afternoons we had two hours of Bible study. We followed the procedure of having a leader present a short statement, after which we would split up into small groups of half a dozen or so to discuss these ideas. During the first half of

Students of many nationalities and languages did manual labor side by side at Bievres. After larger rubble was cleared away, holes were filled and soil was scattered in order that the land might once again be level and usable.



Baggage of Bievres work campers was hauled away in the camp's special baggage wheelbarrows.



the three-week camp period the leader was Danny Thomas, of South Wales, who presented a series of talks on man and the Machine Age. The leader for the second half of the camp period was Michel Bouttier, a young French pastor, whose topic was the Christian witness. The language problem was ever present in the discussion groups. Having experienced it, it is much easier to appreciate the difficulty facing any sort of international meeting. However, in these groups, as throughout the camp period, we used both French and English with translations. Quite a few of us could use a little of each language.

THERE was a very marked difference in thought between the French and us. They were mostly rather heavily steeped in Barthianism, whereas most of us were of a more optimistic outlook. It seemed quite evident, however, that their faith was one which had been tried and tempered. With all of their pessimistic outlook, there was nevertheless a great vitality to be seen in their "Christian witness." The difference in our outlooks gave us some difficulty in our discussions. By the end of the camp, I believe most of us were beginning to see something of value in the others' points of view. Per-

haps we, here in America, will soon come to see that we have been leaning too far toward the attitude that man, by his own efforts, through better and better education, can build a decent world with little thought as to the need for searching out God's will and seeking his help.

Our evenings were spent in various ways. One night we presented something of a picture of the Student Christian Movement in the United States. The French did the same for their movement. There were several lively discussions as to what a work camp should be. We held a good-old-American square dance one evening. The others did some of their folk dances on another evening. During the camp period there were discussions—either formal or in smaller spontaneous groups—on the Marshall Plan, communism, as well as all sorts of problems of world politics. It was an amazing revela-

tion to realize that there is a great fear of our country because of its size and vast resources.

While at the camp, we lived basically on French rations, boosted a bit by CARE packages we had sent over to the camp before we left the States. The camp's food was potatoes, tomatoes, cucumbers, potatoes, French bread—hard, dark, unraised—and potatoes. Meat was obtainable only occasionally and then only on the black market at about five dollars a pound. After a few days of this diet we felt a decided drop in our energy reserve. By the time we reached the mid-morning break in our work, when we stopped for fruit and water, we were about ready to fold up and quit. It doesn't seem so surprising that European workers are showing a bit of "lethargy."

After all these experiences we came away impressed with the work camp as an effective tool in building Christian fellowship. I think most of us began to get a feeling of the world-wide nature of the S.C.M. We're not just members of some local Wesley Foundation or a Baptist Student Union. We're all one here in the United States through the United Student Christian Council, and even more important, we are all part of a great international fellowship of Christian students in the W.S.C.F.—striving to combat secularism in our universities, communities, and in the world.



The huge portion of the roof of La Roche Dieu which is missing gives some idea of the extent of the destruction of this beautiful country house of the French Student Christian Movement.

CIMADE, Successor to Battles on the Rhine

The Kingdom of God is coming with more push than usual through an abandoned army barracks in the French zone of Germany. French, German, and American young people are assistant breakers-through.

PAUL BOCK

ON A HILL IN THE midst of the ruins of Mainz in the French zone of Germany stands a simple Swiss army barracks not far distant from the city's new university. In this military building German students gather to study and to discuss the problems of peace with Hyla Stuntz, the American Methodist girl, and Maxalain Chevalier, the young French Reformed pastor, who are in charge of this new reconciliation project of CIMADE, the famous French youth agency.

The University of Mainz itself was begun by the French occupational authorities in an attractive and durable anti-aircraft "kasino" erected by the Nazis. From the tower where an anti-aircraft gun projected, students now look at the stars through telescopes.

When it came time to clean up the surroundings of the CIMADE barracks, and get it into shape for the grand opening in late October, the students eagerly joined Hyla and Max in hauling away the wrecked German automobiles which the Americans had destroyed when driving back the enemy. Pieces of incendiary bombs are still to be found by the barracks.

German students cannot hide their amazement that French and American youth would come to work with them in such a humble way. Practically the only Americans they knew were there only for military occupation. But to come and serve with the youth of a defeated nation—that was something.

CIMADE (Comité Inter-Mouvements Aupres des Evacués) has already established a lasting reputation for its work among refugees in France and various groups of underprivileged people after the war. French youth risked their lives to help Jews escape during the conflict. In the postwar period American, Swiss, and Dutch youth have joined in running youth centers in destroyed cities, in helping refugees, in working among laboring classes, and also people in prison. Hyla Stuntz was doing service among laboring people in Caen before going to Mainz. Some of their work is done in Swiss army barracks, of which the World Council of Churches in Geneva has provided 130

for various countries of Europe to be used as churches and youth centers.

Now in this Mainz barracks, sent by the World Council and financed by Church World Service, the interdenominational relief agency in America which also supports CIMADE personnel, the French social service agency has expanded beyond its own borders to do service in the neighboring land with which it was so recently engaged in bitter conflict.

The main hall of the barracks is open to all students who would like to study there. That it will be popular this winter is evident from the fact that it is one of the few warm places on the campus. The building is equipped with a sawdust burning stove from Switzerland. The small room to the rear of the building has books and magazines from various countries. Evenings often offer discussions on a variety of topics, and frequently with someone from the outside—a Canadian student movement leader, a Dutch youth, or a French pastor.

A small adjoining room has a radio, sewing machine, and iron which the students use. Other small rooms serve as office, kitchen, and living quarters for the staff.

THE hunger of students so long isolated from the world expresses itself in constant demands for talks with Hyla and Max. Hyla has had frequent opportunities to tell about the World Conference of Christian Youth at Oslo which took place last summer.

Many of the students are refugees and need very much the warm fellowship of a place like this, as they are cut off from home and are often lonely among 5,500 others. Since Mainz was one of the last universities to start, it took in many youth from the East who were not accepted in the other universities already overcrowded.

Military authorities, most of whom are Roman Catholic, have taken an interest in the project from the beginning. CI-



Hyla Stuntz (right), an American CIMADE worker, is speaking to a German student who lost his arm in the war. Maxalain Chevalier (rear left) is also speaking to a German student.

MADE had won the respect of varied groups in France. French military leaders joined with German and French churchmen in the dedication ceremony. At that meeting Pastor Marc Boegner, president of the Reformed Church in France, and one of the presidents of the World Council of Churches, said, "One of the greatest problems is that of finding a way for the unifying of Europe. Such unity can come only when the will for cultural and moral meeting is deep. To provide an opportunity for fellowship and free interchange between French and Germans in a Christian atmosphere and upon an evangelical foundation, and thus to make a contribution to the unity of the peoples, is the purpose of this barracks."

Although the barracks has often been used for meetings of the student church group led by a Lutheran pastor, the CIMADE personnel has constantly made it clear that Roman Catholic students are always welcome to come in at any time.

Although it is an evangelistic organization, CIMADE leaders maintain they will not proselytize. There is a place for meeting and interchange in order to promote a common interfaith understanding.

Shortly after the Mainz project had been under way, plans were already developing for real international exchange. Arrangements were made for thirty students to go to France for Christmas, of which fifteen would be at *La Chambon-sur-Lignon*, where there is an international Christian high school. Maxalain and Hyla are working for an interna-

tional work camp this summer. No telling how extensive this Christian reconstruction effort will become.

Raymond Maxwell, American relief worker in the French zone for CRALOG (Council for Relief Agencies Licensed to Operate in Germany), said of this new effort:

"Here on the banks of the Rhine, where for centuries bloody battles of man's fear and pride have been fought with relentless repetition, it is encouraging to see the humble but splendid beginning of a work that promises to bind men together. It is a little seed planted amid the ruins of a once-proud city. But while the seed is small, there are devoted gardeners to tend it, and its growth will be encouraged by the prayers of many Christian people—Germans, French, and Americans."

Agape

WHEN YOUNG ITALIAN Waldensian veterans returned from combat, they were anxious to build a war memorial which was living and constructive, not a monument perpetuating sorrow and bitterness. And so, with the help of other Christian Evangelical youth of Italy, they designed and commenced through volunteer labor the construction of a small Alpine village situated high in the beautiful Waldensian valley. They called it Agape, a Greek word meaning "Christian love." The name symbolizes their aspiration to put into bricks and

mortar their conviction that reconstruction of any kind must be established on the sure foundation of Christian faith. When completed, Agape will offer hospitality to many young people coming from all directions for conferences, camp meetings, and leadership training courses in winter and summer. It will be a living Christian community.

Already an immense amount of labor has gone into the leveling of the foundations and building of the walls. The young people who unstintingly have given their labor, and the professional workmen who have toiled overtime to help them, have created a vast terrace on the side of the mountain, overlooking the hollow of Praly. They have built a high wall which cements in the terrace, laid the foundations for the community house and dormitories and begun the drainage system. The workers are, for the most part, students and office clerks from Italy, France, and Switzerland, unused to manual labor, but eager to help in this community project.

Sacrifice, too, is incorporated into the walls and foundations of Agape. Unselfish service is portrayed in the young worker Casseti, who from morning to night hauls heavy rocks on his shoulders to the mortar mixer; the four small girls who held an Agape benefit during their holidays and joyously sent their contribution of 43,000 lire; the people in all countries who have taken an interest in this unique community and mailed in their contributions; and the outstanding young Italian pastor, Tullio Vinay, who travels constantly throughout the "Boot," visiting Protestant youth groups, inspiring them with the Christian message and its practical application.

"The finest thing of all about it is the community life which has grown up among the volunteers," wrote Pastor Vinay. A beautiful spirit of cooperation and harmony reigns supreme in the construction work, preparation of meals, and in the leisure activities of the men and women. "If the love of Christ impels them to take up this work, the love of Christ transformed in them into love for one another grows and grows as time goes on all through the days of this common life of theirs," said the young pastor.

About forty American students will be invited to Agape this summer. Construction of the camp will be the work activity. The cost for the summer would be approximately \$450; for the most part this would be for transportation because actual living expenses will be minimal. Additional information about Agape may be gotten from William Keyes, World Council of Churches, 297 Fourth Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.



War wreckage which surrounds CIMADE barracks is in the process of being cleared away. Hyla Stuntz and Maxalain Chevalier lend a hand to German students to remove the remains of German automobiles which were destroyed by the advancing U. S. Army through Germany.

Peek-a-boo

If you think that I am not true and that my love is

not for you Then light a lit-tle lan-tern bright, my

heart search with its light. Peek-a-boo, I see you,

Peek-a-boo, you see me too, Ti-ra-la-la, ti-ra-la-la, ti-ra-la-la-la

la-la-la, Ti-ra-la-la, ti-ra-la-la, ti-ra-la-la-la-la.

"Peek-a-boo" is a simple German couple dance from **Dance Lightly** by Greta and Paul Dunsing. All the dances come from Scandinavia and Central Europe.

Lumberman's Song

Finnish Folk Song

My sweet-heart is a gor-geous gal, Tho' she's thin and bo-ny; bo-ny.
Mi - nun kul-ta-ni kau-nis on, vaikk'on kai-ta-lu-nen; lui-nen.

Hey loo-lee-a, il-lal-la, Tho' she's thin and bo-ny, bo-ny.
Hei luu-li-a, il-lal-la, vaikk'on kai-ta-lu-nen, lui-nen.

"Lumberman's Song" is in a minor key but far from sad, unless you identify yourself too closely with the girl. It comes from **Work and Sing** and is prepared for use in international voluntary work camps where music serves as a common language.

If you can't sing try these anyhow

OLCUTT SANDERS

LOOKING FORWARD to summer conferences and camps, we proudly present these tempting samples of folk songs and dances from a variety of newly available collections. This would be a thoroughly impractical gesture, or at least a tantalizing one, if we were drawing these songs from the costly music books. But all of the books which contain these songs fit the pocketbook (twenty-five cents each) as well as the pocket. They may be ordered through The Methodist Publishing House, 810 Broadway, Nashville 2, Tennessee, or directly from the Cooperative Recreation Service, Delaware, Ohio, or from the addresses given with individual songs.

Vårsång — Spring Song

Swedish Folk Song

Fast
Vår-vin-dar fris-ka le-ka och vis-ka lun-dar-na
Soft breez-es blow-ing, new green a-glow-ing, Sun warm-ly
Thrush-es a-sing-ing, crick-et a-ring-ing, Cat-tle a-

kring likt äls-kan-de pan Ström-mar-na i-la, fin-na ej
shin-ing, melt-ing the snow, Brook-lets a-hur-ry, On-ward they
call-ing, ea-ger to go, Sheep in the val-ley No long-er

vi - la förr-än i ha-vet stört-vä-gen fär.
scur-ry, Down to the o - cean gleam-ing be-low.
dal - ly, Up-ward they climb where once was the snow.

REFRAIN Slowly
Klap-pa mitt hjär-ta kla-ga och hör vall-hor-nets
Wake, O my heart and join in the song, New life is

Faster
röst kring klip-por-na dör. Ström-kar-len spe-lar
stir-ring, Earth is re-born! Horn notes are swell-ing,

sor-ger-na de-lar va-kan kring berg och dal.
gay car-ols tell-ing, Sor-row and cold must go.

English by A.D.Zanzig. Accompaniment in **SINGING AMERICA**.
Used by permission National Recreation Association.

"Varsang Spring Song," another **Work and Sing** selection, is to be found also in A. D. Zanzig's excellent **Singing America**, published by the National Recreation Association (315 Fourth Ave., New York 10, N. Y.).

Debka Horra

Arr. by Burton Lawrence

Presto

"Debka Horra" leads us into a part of the world which we have generally known less through dancing. It is an Arabian version of a type of circle dance popular in the Levant. We reprint the song here from **Merrily Dance** by Vyts Beliajus, which contains twelve dances from Palestine, Lithuania, and Poland, plus one engaging Alabama play party (singing) game. Three of the others also have words.

Riqui Ran

Trans. by Olcott Sanders

Latin-American Folk Song

Ro-que, al-fon-do-que, Ri-qui, ri-que, ri-qui ran.
Ro-que, al-fon-do-que, Ri-qui, ri-que, ri-qui ran.

* Repeat for 2nd and 3rd stanzas only.

2. *Aserrín, aserrán. All the bees fly hither, yon;*
Gather nectar for their pan,
Sipping from the flowers of Rique
Nectar sweet as alfeñique,
Just as honey combs of Roque
Look like loaves of alfondoque. Riqui, rique, riqui ran.
3. *Aserrín, aserrán. Where have all the children gone?*
They have put their night-gowns on.
They will dream of alfeñique
As the children dream in Rique,
And to-morrow alfondoque
They will eat with those from Roque. Riqui, rique, riqui ran.
2. *Aserrín, aserrán. Las abejas vienen, van:*
Miel laboran para el pan.
Liban flores las de Rique
Cual almíbar de alfeñique,
Y el panal de los de Roque
Se parece a un alfondoque. Riqui, rique, riqui ran.
3. *Aserrín, aserrán. Los chiquillos ¿dónde están?*
Todos a dormir se van.
Soñarán con alfeñique
Como sueñan los de Rique
Y mañana un alfondoque
Comerán con los de Roque. Riqui, rique, riqui ran.

Alfeñique, (ahl-fay-nyee'-kay),—white sugar candy.
Alfondoque, (ahl-fohn-doh'-kay),—brown loaf sugar.
Pan, (pah'n),—bread; also honey in the comb.

"Riqui Ran" comes from a Latin-American book called **Amigos Cantando** (Friends Singing). The song is frequently sung by parents as they ride a child on their knee.

The Butterfly Hornpipe

"The Butterfly Hornpipe" introduces **English Country Dances**, published by the Country Dance Society of America (25 Park Ave., New York, N. Y.). English dancing as it is taught today is less fussy about details than a few years ago and makes an effort to encourage the popular use which it certainly deserves. Here are fourteen dances of varying degrees of difficulty, including "Sir Roger de Coverley," the English version of the "Virginia Reel."

Yangtze Boatmen's Chantey

Eng. by Bliss Wiant

Chinese Chantey

"Yangtze Boatmen's Chantey" is probably too brief a sample to suggest the full charm of an unusual collection of Chinese songs, **The Pagoda**, prepared by Bliss Wiant, music professor of Yenching University. Besides the Chinese national anthem, which is growing in popularity with U. S. student groups.

Lord, David seems to have understood the basic truth in the adage, "The Lord helps those who help themselves." So up he went to Judah, and just as Samuel had prophesied, he was made king. He was then thirty years old.

But he didn't yet have the crown of all Israel. When Abner offered to help him take it, Joab, captain of David's own small army, grew jealous. Evidently, he thought that David might remove him and make Abner captain of the army of united Israel. So Joab, in the best manner he knew for dealing with such a crisis, stabbed Abner to death. Such wrongdoing made David angry, and as men often do under such circumstances, he swore, calling for God to deal out evil for evil.

David was soon made king of Israel without any help from Abner. For the next few years, we are informed that "The Lord of Hosts was with him," which is the quaint way the biblical writers had of saying that he was growing powerful and wealthy, and that he was a successful monarch. It was while his army was away building his kingdom and David was resting at home, that he had his infamous affair with Bathsheba. The devil finds work for idle hands to do. David, in this one adventure, very neatly broke three of the commandments, though not necessarily for the first time.

"One day at sunset, David got up from his couch, and walked to and fro upon the roof of the king's house: and from the roof, he saw a woman bathing. The woman was very beautiful. . . . David sent and sought for the woman and said, 'Is this not Bathsheba, the wife of Uriah?'" It is possible that originally he simply wanted to give her some figs from his garden to send to her husband who was away fighting in the army; after all, they were neighbors. Some time after their meeting, however, Bathsheba sent over an illuminating note which said briefly, "I am with child." And she sent the note to David.

David unsuccessfully tried to find an easy, satisfactory way out of this rather difficult situation. An ordinary citizen might have had to wait and take the consequences, and what would Uriah think when he came home from the war; but David, being king, had ways not open to common men. He sent a letter to Joab, which said, "Put Uriah in the forefront of the hottest fighting, then draw back from him, that he may be struck down and die." And that is as clever a form of murder as Conan Doyle could devise . . . a perfect crime, but for one man, Nathan, the prophet.

David might have saved himself the trouble of murder because Nathan came right up to the palace and accused him of

his sins publicly, and told him that it had aroused God's displeasure. His punishment was to be the death of the child. David spent a long time praying to the Lord on his behalf, but Yahweh was stern and the child died. In the meantime, David had married Bathsheba and they had another son, whose name was Solomon. The ways of God are indeed strange and hard to fathom, for, through their son Solomon, David and Bathsheba, surely not the most righteous parents he could have chosen, were the beginnings of the line which led finally to the birth of Jesus (according to the genealogy given in Matthew 1:16-32).

David had only one more real trouble before his glorious career was ended. His many sons couldn't decide peaceably which of them should succeed him. They fought among themselves until several were killed, causing David much grief in his declining years. Finally David settled the squabble by choosing Bathsheba's wise son, Solomon, to be the next king.

During the course of those seventy years, David had brought a false charge against Abner, stolen bread from the priests causing their deaths, coveted his neighbor's wife, committed adultery, murdered Uriah, called upon the Lord to inflict evil upon Joab, and had graven images in his own household. Of the ten commandments, he surely broke seven. Two of the remaining three, honor your parents and keep the Sabbath, David may or may not have kept; there is little evidence either way. He seems to have taken care of his parents well enough and we can guess whether respect for the Sabbath would cause him to cease fighting in the midst of one of his battles.

The most important of God's commandments, the first one on Moses' list, "Thou shalt have no other gods before me!" David surely kept. His crimes were crimes against men, but he was honest with God. The Lord Yahweh was on his mind continually. Although he broke most of the commandments, David did not judge himself easily, because he was convinced that God knew him. The God who he thought had put him on the throne of Israel must have known how he got there. There is not enough wool in the whole world to cover up the eyes of God and David knew it.

David did have some admirable qualities, which, if they are not so picturesque as his sins, are still necessary to understand the complete man. Good statesmanship and diplomacy helped him to build his kingdom, and those attributes are not possible without a high degree of intelligence and common sense. He had a good personality. One can imagine the young David as a sort of Van Johnson type,

naive but attractive, anxious to make a good impression at the court of Saul. As an older man, he was always considerate of his subjects and of other people, although it is hard not to observe that he was especially considerate when that also served his own ends. As a warrior, known among the people as one who could kill ten thousand of the enemy in a single battle, he must certainly have been courageous and skillful. All of these qualities fit together to make David a man of genius, a man capable of joining the separate states into a united Hebrew kingdom.

After this brief background, the beliefs of David are quite evident. This talented and attractive warrior gentleman, born a thousand years before Christ, destined from youth to become a king, believed, or believed in, which is the same thing, two ideas, two creatures, two things—himself and God. There was no social consciousness in David, no compulsion in his mind to treat other people well. He did treat *his* people well. He was no doubt one of the first kings who did so, furnishing perhaps the model of government and the precedent of social responsibility for many later rulers. But David lived for himself primarily. Everything David did was aimed at making him king. He knew and believed that he must become king, for Yahweh had selected him and given him opportunities and talents to do so.

To be completely fair to David, the sinner, it must be noted that a study of the commandments, that he so blithely broke during his stormy trip to the throne, would show that he broke them either in ignorance or else with profound remorse and repentance. None of the first four commandments, which are the ones concerning God, did David break intentionally. He was undoubtedly ignorant that he had done anything wrong when he swore at Joab, in light of the beliefs concerning the nature of God which were prevalent at the time. Of the last six commandments, which concern the treatment of humans and their property, he broke many intentionally, being forced to in some cases to become king or to remain king. He repented, although the repentance was not for the injury to his fellow-men; it was for the injury to God. He did his best to understand God's will for him. And to him God's will meant that he was to be king, so come what may, he must be king. If accomplishing that meant that he must break some of the last six commandments to do it, then he would have to break them and he did so.

David's beliefs, as shown by his life, are very clear. He lived ambitiously, that he might be king; and he lived honestly, that he might please God.

"It Didn't Follow the Book at All"

is a wearisome, annoying, and mixed-up complaint.

Novels and movies are different media and they shouldn't be expected to jell.

HOMER NICKOLSON

IN RECENT YEARS, a complicated relationship has sprung up between fiction and the motion pictures. Not only has almost every popular book been the declared source of a motion picture, but quite a few short stories as well have been thrown into Dunderbeck's movieland machine. Oftentimes, as with sausage, the flavor of the original is lost. This transformation is partly due to Hollywood's occasional failure to recognize the idea and tone of a piece of fiction. Partly it seems to be an overwhelming compulsion to make every motion picture conform to some hypothetical standard of taste called "box office" or some standardized sequence of events called "film idiom." But often the divergence of a film version from the literary original should be attributed to the fact of basic differences in the two art forms which make exact translation from one to the other impossible.

The motion picture is essentially a dramatic form. Despite the differences between the motion picture and the stage, the basic characteristics of form are the same for the latest Hitchcock thriller, Aristophanes, and Shakespeare. More specifically, most important to all three are action and dialogue. The greatest power of drama, the very reason for its being, is its appeal to the senses of sight and hearing, the feeling it gives of immediacy and actuality. By the clever handling of the action and dialogue which must, in the modern drama at least, always maintain a sufficient appearance of actuality, the author, director, and actors seek to convey the story and idea of the work. The success of the whole depends on many things, two of the most important of which are the basic idea behind the whole thing and the way in which the action and dialogue are handled. This "way in which" is technique. It involves a knowledge of the advantages and limitations of the form it is employing, in this instance, the drama. The successful employment of technique is responsible for the greatest part of the enjoyment of any art form.

The novel and the short story depend partly upon action and dialogue for their effect. However, these are not presented to the senses directly. Visually, the way the printed page looks has nothing more

to do with appearance of the setting of the story than the way the page turns does with action. Less contrast can be made in the dialogue because it is essentially auditory even on the printed page. However, fiction depends also on description, explanation, and, increasingly in recent years, on internal and unexpressed thoughts for its effects. The way in which these elements are arranged, the technique in fiction, is not less important than in drama and is responsible for the largest part of the enjoyment of fiction, critically speaking. Thus choice of words, arrangement of words, rhythm of language are important to successful fiction.

The motion picture, by the differences which it maintains from the stage, has given the illusion of bridging the gap between drama and fiction. One of the most impressive capabilities of literary technique is that of focusing on a small thing so as to emphasize it. Stage drama has difficulty in doing this directly. Consider the following: "I looked at the small green ash tray. In it were ten or fifteen short cigarette stubs in varying stages of violent contortions, and all bearing smudges of an almost black lipstick used by only one person I knew—Marcia." This is rather difficult or impossible to present on the stage as it is written. However, the movies have what has been called their most characteristic feature—the close-up. Although it might have some trouble handling the "ten or fifteen," the Technicolor movie would have no trouble with the rest. It would attempt to give a literal translation of the statement. A close-up of the green ash tray is followed by the cigarette stubs at even closer range. And then the face of Marcia, previously identified, just transparent enough to see the woodwork through it, appears like a genie rising from the ash tray just to the left of screen center near the corner cupboard. The statement, relatively unobtrusive in words, has taken on aspects of supernaturalism in the movies. This is an example of what happens under the illusion that the film can imitate the literary form. It is an altogether false idiom—ideas do not occur in wraith-like images, dreams do not take place in slow motion with music, and voices do not whisper from the wainscot-

ing. It is quite possible to remember the fact that your father is dead without recalling either the funeral or his death-bed scene.

The movies are not bound by time and place like the stage. They can go anywhere, and they can present actual scenery. This gives the illusion that the movies can approach fiction in variety. However, whether the actual presentation of a setting in the movies is the equivalent of a well-written description of it is another question, even if close-ups be used for emphasis. Consider, "As they fell slowly down through the thick autumn air which seemed to want to hold them back, the fluttering leaves appeared to wave good-by to the stern old tree." Would Walt Disney's handling of that be at all the same thing?

There is no need to labor the point; there are thousands of examples. What is important to realize is that fiction and the movies are very different forms, but that enough mechanical flexibility exists in motion-picture making to fool the makers into believing they can translate fiction.

Now this process has been confirmed by that which above all can cause something to be continued—economic success. The public demands that movies be made of their favorite books. Authors usually make more from the sale of screen rights than they do from sale of books. The movie companies even offer large prizes for fiction which may later be turned into movies. They do not offer prizes for original screen plays written to fit the medium of the motion picture. This gives rise to a strange and unnatural Siamese-twin monster—the movie-novel alliance. With an eye toward eventual movie sale, an author writes a book which is eminently suited to production as a picture but which is just readable enough to be called a novel. The "novel" fails miserably as a novel by artistic standards. When the movie arrives, it has left out much of the material contained in the book because of time limitations and censorship. However, it is likely to make distinct hints at the omitted parts which only those who have read the book will understand. Thus the movie fails miserably as a complete esthetic experience.

So great is the public demand for *both*

the movie and the fiction that fictionalized accounts of movies formerly unconnected with fiction have been turned out. Ultimately, this is no more ridiculous than translating fiction into a movie.

The flexibility of the motion picture medium is an admitted fact and, when properly employed, can contribute to exciting new experiences. However, the flexibility of its form seems to have lured the movie makers into ways of error and to cause them vainly to attempt things they cannot do or cannot do well. The movies seem to have forgotten that theirs is basically a dramatic form and as such

depends for its effect largely on action and dialogue. No amount of trick photography can make up for slipshod dialogue and stories devoid of action.

Almost daily, the movie-goer is greeted with "picturizations" of fiction so full of angle shots, fade-outs, montages, dream sequences, disembodied voices, and Freudian symbols that all dramatic value is lost. It is interesting that the movies frequently admit their own defeat and have to resort to long passages of narrative given by an inner voice (no mouth moves), an omnipresent voice, or even just a photograph of part of the narrative in print.

Capable writers must be trained in the techniques peculiar to motion pictures and turn their talents to creating artistic work altogether within the form. Capable directors must be trained to originate their own screen plays. As long as the movies continue to multiply false idioms in an attempt to translate fiction and appropriate material at odds with their form, the way is partly blocked toward the ultimate realization of the motion picture as an artistic medium. Public demand for pictures "just like the book" is of no service to either fiction or the art of motion-picture drama.

A TRANSPORT FOR INNSBRUCK

urgent need for his product in wood work of all kinds.

By February 28th, the group had hauled 182 tons of supplies. They had also learned in that first month of work some of the effects of a poor diet on the population. The mechanic who helped the boys in the garage wasn't able to budge nuts and bolts that the boys managed easily. One family of four who offered one of the boys a room, lived in three rooms. One of these, the husband used as a workshop for his sculpturing. He, a refugee from South Tyrol, found it too much to work more than five hours a day on the rations he received.

Several students in a philosophy class

[Continued from page 31]

had spots on their lungs, and needed extra food to fight off tuberculosis. Fellow students shared their food tickets to help the weaker ones.

The boys had begun to make contacts with such student groups and participated in their activities. Students invited them to their homes and on hikes. One friend they made was a Roman Catholic priest, a youth leader. They wrote, "He invited us to participate in his youth groups each Tuesday night. Tomorrow some of us are going to hear and take part in a discussion on 'Christ and war.'"

The boys were impressed by the despair and bitterness of the youth of Innsbruck. One Austrian boy of seventeen

said to a unit member, "My friends and I don't know what to believe. Hitler was defeated, but you haven't won yet." "This statement challenges us," they wrote.

To these boys the Quaker group brought the message that love is the most powerful force in the lives of men and that it has the power to change men from doing evil to doing good. They wrote: "Sometimes we feel that we are entirely inadequate for the practice of this message, but inadequate as we may be, we are instruments through which it may reach others over here who have suffered greatly where we have not. They may be strengthened by the message."

AMSTERDAM [Continued from page 28]

versal consequence. Although resolutions have value, it is hoped that under the guidance of this department, church people will also be stimulated to think and act intelligently as individuals in these affairs.

One of the most interesting of all the projects of the World Council is the new Institute at Chateau de Bossey, located near Geneva. There lay leaders of all professions as well as clergymen participate in discussions on the meaning of Christianity and its application to their particular work. At the present time there are about thirty young people in Bossey from fifteen nations, engaged in study, discussions, and cooperative living under the guidance of competent church leaders. "It's a wonderful experience," said a young German student, "to sit down to dinner with a former Ukrainian soldier, to work out a difficult translation with a Danish girl whose town I visited while in the German occupational force, and to feel deeply within ourselves the Christian bond which creates a living fellowship in Christ which no hatred can conquer." The plans for the Institute were made by the World Council's brilliant Dutch general secretary, Dr. W. A. Visser 't Hooft, and made possible by the donation of half a

million dollars from John D. Rockefeller, Jr.

Newest among the departments of the World Council and of particular interest to young people throughout the world, is the Youth Department. It is headed by a talented English woman, Jean Fraser. Ecumenical fathers recognized that the younger generation of the world must be challenged by the Christian message if the future leaders are to have moral and spiritual stamina as well as intellectual knowledge.

The first project which the department, in cooperation with the Y.M.C.A., Y.W.C.A., and the World Student Christian Federation, undertook was the Oslo Conference of Christian Youth of this past summer. There young people from all over the world met, studied, and discussed together. At the present time the Youth Department is preparing for next year's world-wide church conference at Amsterdam to which one hundred young people have been invited to participate with adult churchmen. At the same time, they will hold their own parallel conference.

People throughout the world are anxiously anticipating the Amsterdam Conference, one of the most significant events in church history, when the

World Council of Churches will be officially born. Until that time all letterheads will continue to include in parenthesis the words: "In process of formation." The World Council, during the past ten years, has had the opportunity to develop itself, to show how indispensable cooperation is in providing a united Christianity which is not hindered by denominational bickerings. Unification does not solve these differences, but only provides a medium through which understanding may be achieved and churchmen may speak more clearly to a distraught world. Church and lay leaders in many countries are giving their deepest consideration to the theme of Amsterdam, "Man's Disorder and God's Design."

Old Saint Pierre may well be satisfied with this new child which has found shelter under her high steeple. Once again a few courageous men, with the indispensable aid of Christians throughout the world, are forging ahead, determined to give their complete resources to the enlightenment of a weary, hate-filled, fearful world. Their ears are keenly attuned to the familiar old hymn, and their hearts are grateful that there is a God, concerned about his people, anxious to help them . . . that . . . "On earth is not His equal."

Speech

WHEN ONE SPEAKS, he broadcasts to all of those within earshot, a thumb-nail history of his life. Usually he tells his breeding, who his parents were, what they were, where he lived, what kind of schools he attended, who his friends have been. He broadcasts his present state of mind, state of health, and the quality of his character. Each time a person speaks, whether he wants to or not, he unveils an inner picture of himself. This sound-picture has the qualities of both a mirror and a window. It reflects what he has been and is trying to be, and it permits any interested or thoughtful person to "see through," "see into" the person behind the red hair, fine features, pounding fist, hulky build, gauche mannerisms, or smart and expensive furs.

Such is the case provided a person has never been made self-conscious about his speech. One's speech, if left in its "natural" state, is an exhibit of the totality of impressions which have been made upon a person. A speech course, however, may have changed a person's speech. More frequently than not speech courses, as we have had them in the past, overlay a person's voice with preciousness of enunciation and articulation, stilted diction, a veneer of blase poise, and a professional heartiness. Such changes in one's speech result in its being artificial, affected, and ineffectual.

Because of the importance of speech as a medium of communication, we are compelled to give thought to its improvement. It is only through good speech that there can be a good life or a decent world. Understanding is the product of speech. Information and facts are imparted through speech. Identification with the needs of people is most effectively achieved by the throwing of one's lot—abilities, finances, resources of all kinds—with them, but identification is not completely intelligible until it has been verbally interpreted.

The means of improvement of one's speech may be simply stated. It amounts to the improvement of one's life. Since speech is a revealer of one's mind and spirit, for speech to be creditable, one's mind and spirit also have to be creditable. Heretofore we have thought primarily of speech as an outgoing thing from a person: one learned to make three points in an address; to pronounce words in such and such a way; to use gestures effectively; to have variety of pitch, tempo, and volume; to use pause, color, and modulation in one's speaking. Speaking has been thought of as performance—one's going through his paces to be judged by or to persuade an audience. Speech which is an outgoing performance is now, thank goodness, old hat. If remnants of such truck are still around, we must throw them out, alongside the little-girl reading of sweet and cute verse-ditties, silver-tongued orators, "Prince of Peace" contests, and shouting preaching. Speech in the future is to be thought of also as an "ingoing thing"—as the medium through which one can "see into" a person. One's speech is his putting his life on exhibit—giving anyone who is interested the chance to investigate the sincerity of his motives, the coherence of his ideas, the quality and breadth of his knowledge. It is the yardstick by which a man may be measured or by which he inadvertently measures himself. Pitch, modulation, tempo, volume, resonance, pause, etc., must give way to sincerity, character, logic, knowledge, etc., as descriptions of qualities of speech. In most instances the outward aspects of speech will take care of themselves, if the inward aspects of a person are brought in order.

Speech is an art to the extent that a person's living is an art. Grace, symmetry, beauty, proportion, rhythm, unity, emphasis, balance, harmony, truth, power, and sincerity are realized in one's speech to the extent they are realized in one's life. Such qualities in a life make for speech which is genuinely an art, and it exposes that speech which is a facade.

For speech to be an art, we need situations and environment which can nurture the growth of living which embodies art. Except for help for those individuals who have been harmed by an unfortunate or limited background, speech teachers, courses, and departments as such, can pass from our educational scene. It should be trite to have to say it, but a basic part of one's education should be becoming an articulate human being. According to a saying which is attributed to Confucius, "To him who has no enthusiasm I shall not open up the truth, and I shall not help anyone who cannot express his ideas," the importance of articulateness has been recognized for a long, long time. We will have better speech when all education becomes more conscious and competent at articulation and communication. We will have good speech when speech as such is "out of business"—when the former economics major sits at a collective-bargaining table and is able to see both sides of a question and be intelligent and persuasive about what he believes to be the best solution; when the legal expert makes a constructive radio talk as councilman in his community; when a parent can read A CHILD'S GARDEN OF VERSES to his child in such a way as to make that child love those verses; when a church school teacher, patiently, kindly, and unemotionally, can straighten out the crooked thinking of his students about sex; when a homemaker, in a few clear and carefully chosen words, explains to the milkman that he needn't leave any milk for the next two weeks; when one talks sensibly and interestingly to the chaperon at a dance; when a young girl speaks simply and sincerely at the memorial service for her teacher.

God has created mankind in his image. In this creation, God has given man freedom, and this freedom enables man to deny or speak the will of God. The nature of man's creation, his freedom to speak the will of God as he finds it in our contemporary scene, places great responsibility upon him. Man is called to transmit the way of God to other men in the world. Because of this, nothing short of the goal of perfection in one's speech is adequate.

—MARILYN JEPSON

Supreme Among the Arts

ROBERT HAMILL

CLARENCE DAY tells the story of how as a little boy he and his brothers would sit in the family pew and watch their father listen to the sermon. Father would slouch down, daring the preacher to interest him. Whenever he disagreed, which was often enough to embarrass their mother and to delight the boys, Father would scowl and groan out loud. It was like watching a horse race, the boys felt, with their father and the preacher running neck and neck. The photo-finish came at the offering, which followed the sermon in that Episcopal Church. If Father had been displeased, he would put in one dollar. If he felt the preacher had done particularly well that morning, he would put in a five dollar bill. The boys gambled among themselves whether Father would put in a one or a five. Father went to church, that is, to judge the sermon. The minister would perform, and Father would judge the show.

The brave new postwar world has not crowded the churches, largely because people feel that the "talking" pulpit is the weak sister among modern men who work seriously for a living. People hope to hear the living voice of God, but from the pulpit they hear instead an "echo of our own voices," a man who cleverly pussyfoots around critical issues of private morals and social justice, and confirms the people in their ready-made prides and prejudices. Hearing in church what they hear in the classroom and from the commentators, people leave the pew empty, indicating that the pulpit also is empty in a tragic sense. All this is true, tragically true.

Historically, preaching has held the chief pedestal among the Christian arts. Chrysostom and Ambrose among the ancients, Savonarola and Luther in the middle centuries, Beecher and Brooks among the Americans, belong to the celebrated artists of the spoken Word. How was it that the Wesleyan revival "reformed the prisons, abolished the slave trade, brought mercy to the penal laws, and gave the first impulse to popular education," to say nothing of how it sobered the intoxicated, made honest the thieves, silenced the swearing? How was it done? Was it due to proper ritual? To new methods of religious education?

Was it by drama and painting? By poetry and literature? Nay, nay. It was preaching! It was George Whitefield and John Wesley, lifting their voices to command a hearing. If theology has been queen of the sciences, preaching is king of the arts.

Admittedly, preaching is not the most "effective" art. The army's visual education proved that; soldiers knew their bullets better than their Bibles. Discussion is more penetrating than a lecture. People learn more by doing than by listening. True, true. Preaching does not claim to be "efficient" as modern communications count efficiency. Preaching is not justified by its tradition nor its effectiveness, but only by its basic reason for being. Preaching is demanded because the unique nature of Christianity requires it.

CHRISTIANITY claims that God is revealed in an Event. That Event, being in the past, can become known in the present only by being proclaimed and told about. The first Christian disciples regarded themselves as town criers, the proclaimers and announcers of an Event, an Event where the things everlastingly true took on flesh and blood and dwelt among us. "How are men to believe in him of whom they have never heard? and how are they to hear without a preacher?" Christianity requires preaching precisely because it points backward to an Event where human hopes are focused.

God revealed himself—made himself clear and understandable—through the total Event, and the telling about Christ is part of that Event. As God's original impact upon human affairs began to be felt in the living person of Christ, men began to confide it to their friends, then more boldly to proclaim it to their neighbors. This spontaneous sharing was *no mere result* of God's impact; it was *part of the impact*. Where men did not proclaim it, the impact had not yet occurred; where the impact had occurred, men felt it through the voices of those who proclaimed it. The event of Jesus Christ includes the witness borne to him by those who first were shaken. God continued to be revealed not merely through Christ but through witnesses

witnessing to Christ. The Word of God became known (heard) in the spoken word. Bearing witness to God's activity is not an appendage but a breathing part of that activity. "God wills through the foolishness of preaching to save. . . ." Preaching the Word of God is *verily* the Word of God, active, working, seeking to save. Peter preaching at Pentecost is no adjunct to the Event; *he is* the Event, still happening. Through preaching, God continues his impact, as the spoken word bears witness to the Living Word. This is why Christianity is committed to preaching.

Another Christian reason for preaching focuses in the fact that, to save a man, God requires a living, personal encounter with him. The divine "I" confronts the human "thou." Prof. H. H. Farmer, of Cambridge, says that a person-to-person confronting requires three conditions:

1. There must be two self-conscious, self-directing wills meeting each other in such way that each feels the impact of the other, yet each remains essentially free.

2. Each makes claim upon the other, an inescapable claim. One is free to reject the claim, for he is self-determined; yet he is not immune to it, for even his rejection of the claim affects his life; the claim is inescapable.

3. There must be shared meaning; the two persons communicate in a medium they both understand, so that potentially there is a mutual meeting of minds.

These three conditions are essential for the living encounter between two men, and they find their maximum balance and expression in the act of preaching. Preaching is the encounter between self-directing wills which remain free yet are mutually conditioned. Preaching lays claim upon human wills, and neither pew nor pulpit can escape from hearing the claim, though free to reject it. Preacher and people share the common medium of language, biblical climate, Christian fellowship and daily experience—which make possible a common understanding. Now here is the main point: this person-to-person encounter of preacher and people is the closest human approximation to the divine-human encounter. The experience of listening to preaching is the nearest human thing to listening to God. This, by the way, is the reason men cannot worship God as effectively in the out-of-doors as they can in church; the sunset never preaches a sermon, never probes, challenges, offers God's help nor brings his demands, never requires decision.

Herein the distinctive purpose of preaching appears. To deal effectively with a man, God requires this person-to-person confronting. Among us human

motive

people, we can approximate this vertical God-to-man relation most closely through the horizontal man-to-man experience of preaching. This fact makes preaching the king of the Christian arts.

Preaching becomes Christian preaching only when it is uttered and listened to in the faith that it is God's activity. Preaching is not a discourse on the preacher's views, though he had better have some views worth expressing; nor a theological lecture, though his theology must be sound; nor a discussion of public events, though he cannot keep silent on such matters. Preaching rather is God's activity of redemption, focusing his help and his demands. Preaching is God's activity, though the pulpit is neither all-wise, nor all-good; the preacher is neither a genius nor a saint. Nevertheless, when the preacher's spoken words are so shaped and filled with meaning that they bring God to man and convey divine demands and heaven's help, that is God's activity.

In that devotional classic, *Purity of Heart*, Soren Kierkegaard uses a brilliant figure of speech to illustrate the work of the preacher. In the theater, he reminds us, the critical audience praises and blames the actor, much as Clarence Day's Father "judged" his preacher. But in church, this is not so. The preacher is not the actor whom the listeners praise and blame. The preacher is like the prompter in the theater, who stands off stage behind the wings. From there he reminds the stumbling actors of what they really know by heart but have momentarily forgotten. The prompter aims to help the actors play their roles at their best, and no one is foolish enough to regard the prompter more important than the actors. So in the sermon, the preacher is not the actor but the prompter. The congregation are the actors, the stage is eternity, and God alone is the critical audience. The preacher is responsible for his prompting, that it be true and clear-voiced. The people are responsible for hearing the prompter, taking up their faltering lines, playing their roles acceptably before God. The people do not judge the preacher, for they are the actors. Both the actors and the prompter must render account, not to each other, but to their divine audience.

The sermon, thus, is God's saving activity when it confronts the people with their role on the stage of eternity, before the audience of the living God. The word spoken by the prompting preacher is the same divine word which spoke through the lips of Jesus Christ and continues to speak now through his living body of Christian people, and today declares itself in the sermon! The Event which gave birth to the Christian body is still going on, and the speaking church is part of that ongoing.

IT was for this reason that Jesus "came preaching." He was not content to remain a carpenter, for that would have revealed to us only a maker, designer, craftsman of the cosmos. Nor did he come as a gardener, showing forth the God of nature. Had he been a policeman or attorney, we would know God only as judge. As physician chiefly, Jesus would have shown us the healer of human hurt. But no. Jesus came preaching, "to show us the Father." Only by speech, only by focusing upon us the help and the claims of One who meets us in living, person-to-person encounter, could Jesus show us the Father. Not his handiwork at the bench, chiefly, nor his healing touch, nor his hope-giving glance of eyes, but his spoken words, his living speech—that, above all else, was God's activity, and continues to be.

"Why is the word of God more than the works of God?" asks Franz Werfel, in *Between Heaven and Earth*. "Because, of all making and doing, word-working is the deed most spiritual and most real. . . . The word that issues forth from the mouth is closer to the existence of the Creator than any work of the hands." This is why, in all seriousness,

it is better for a man to tell his beloved, "I love you," than to bring her gifts. His words are closer to his soul than any purchase from his purse. His spirit means more to her than his substance; she wants *him*, not *his*. Word-working, Dr. Farmer suggests, "is perhaps the nearest we get to the divine activity of creation out of nothing, pure creative and sustaining will." Thus speech is the highest human approximation to the divine activity.

A friend testified to Job. "Your words have kept men standing on their feet," and Isaiah prayed "that I may sustain with words those who are weary." Anyone in modern days who heard Hitler or Churchill in his public speech well knows the power of the human voice for good and ill. One day Jesus promised, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." What Jesus gave, he gave through speech. No wonder speech deserves the pedestal of the human arts. No wonder that Du Nouÿ makes the forthright declaration that "true human personality appeared from the moment speech was developed." No wonder, then, that preaching can be God's saving activity, and king of the Christian arts.

A Vessel Is Known by Its Sound

BELLE CUMMING KENNEDY

QUESTION: *Does a man's speech reflect his character? Does it mirror his qualities, positive and negative? Does it proclaim his faith? Does it betray his fears?*

ANSWER: It is obvious, even to the casual ear, that a man's vocabulary and his manner of speaking proclaim his social and cultural associations. But to the trained ear, his tonal qualities proclaim more than that. They publish his state of physical health, his measure of emotional balance; they reveal his mental attitudes, his outlook and his philosophy of life.

The undernourished, tired, and badly poised body can hardly produce a powerful and compelling voice; similarly, the undernourished spirit, the weary, dissatisfied nature will not express itself in sonorous cadence and vibrant vitality of tone. The querulous inflections of chronic discontent, the pinched tones of the timid, the strident rasp of the overaggressive, the colorless and often monotonous tonal patterns of the repressed and the dominated—all of these qualities mirror the person and his problem, all bespeak

strains and stresses in the complex structure of the self.

QUESTION: *What are the qualities of speech indicative of serenity of spirit and peace of mind?*

ANSWER: The man who has made a harmonious adjustment to life, to his environment and to his fellowmen can usually be distinguished by the tonal qualities of his voice. If a man's body (and in particular, his larynx) is freed from the muscular hypertension set up by worry, frustration, doubt, pessimism, and similar negative states of mind, his utterance will be characterized by the clear tone and the rich resonance natural to, and inherent in, the normal voice.

The human larynx, with its balanced resonators, is, in its nature, an expressive, musical instrument, subtly responsive to thought and emotion. Under the control of a well-integrated and happily adjusted personality, this finely balanced instrument can be, and should be, fully expressive of the speaker's positive qualities.

The serene mind is evident in unhur-

ried, rhythmic utterance, in controlled tonal modulations, in richly textured resonance—the glowing spirit proclaims itself in vocal vitality, in tonal flexibility and in firm intonation curves.

QUESTION: *Can a man be his own instructor in speech education? Can he work on voice control unaided?*

ANSWER: It is not easy for any of us to "see ourselves as others see us." It is likewise hard for us to hear ourselves as others hear us. Furthermore, it is difficult for the untrained ear to distinguish and analyze tonal qualities.

A singer can rarely trust himself to prepare his singing voice for public performance. He seeks out a qualified in-

structor. If a man must use his speaking voice in the pursuit of his profession, whether it be on rostrum or platform, in pulpit or on stage, he would be wise to seek counsel of a highly trained voice specialist. The writer has repeatedly warned professional speakers that it is infinitely easier to strain and break a voice than it is to train and build one. The increasing number of persons enrolling in our voice clinics, to receive aid for ailing and failing voices, suggests that young men and women should early learn to control and conserve that most important professional tool—and that most revealing indicator of personality adjustment—the speaking voice.

whole set of skills related to the managing of the *persona*.

The skilled speaker produces tone pleasant enough to keep the listener's mind from thinking of it as tone, loud enough to be heard easily, and shaped like the educated speakers in his section shape speech sounds. He accompanies his speech with muscle movement that enhances his meaning. He chooses words carefully and puts them together intelligibly. He has a proper respect for the rules agreed upon by generations of speakers of his language, yet he touches all he says with originality. These generalities require only slight variation to apply to conversations, public speech situations, and the interpretative art of the reader and the actor.

There is, as yet, no such thing as standard American speech. Most phoneticians agree that the speech of the educated person in the several geographical sections of the country should serve as criteria for that section. Mixed high speech is common to people who have moved about. Tidewater Virginia's "on" is just as correct as Michigan's "on." Southern and Eastern "schwa" for final "r" is as acceptable as general American "r." Most people like the speech of their own section better than that of any other section. But sectional speech snobbery has no phonetic foundation. The illiterates of each section are easy enough to identify, and almost every speaker could use his energy to rid his own speech of low characteristics rather than criticize the high speech of other sections.

"Who darkens my design with a cloud of thoughtless words?" God asks Job. The religious man is held accountable for the words he chooses and the ideas he conveys. The science of semantics is developing techniques of limiting abstract words. Clear speech uses a large proportion of denotative words—those that can be checked by experience. As societies grow more complex there are increasing numbers of words that are so far from sensual reality that they are subject to very different connotations to different persons. Speech is art when most of the words it employs are denotations, and the connotations of words for the speaker are indicated by judicious use of adjectives, explanatory phrases, by tone "color" and by subtle or bold changes in muscle tensions in the speaker's body.

Speech is art when it is disciplined to grammar and rhetoric, and yet reveals the particular insights of the speaker. Syntax is simply the community's agreement on combinations of words in the direction of intelligibility. Contemporary English is highly volatile, as was Elizabethan English. Contact with many other

Masks but No False Faces

RUTH WINFIELD LOVE

A MAN is masked in muscle and nerve. His mask is strangely compounded of the features transmitted to him through his genes and the inflection of those features by his thought and feeling. Every man knows that his mask represents him. Much of his energy is expended in adjusting his mask to reveal his inner self. The stuff of the inner self is the experience received almost constantly through the senses. The transmutation of experience into insight is still little understood; but finally the interaction between sense and brain, between memory and imagination, must focus itself in some sort of expression. And so the mask (*persona* to the Greeks) gesticulates and vocalizes in an effort to signal other individuals who also wear masks on their real selves. And speech—happens.

Speech, then, is the attempt of our masked man to make himself understood. The gleam in his eye, the quick raising of the arm, the vibration of the vocal chords and shaping of the vibrations by tongue and teeth and lips—all are accomplished instantaneously to convey a man's thought and the way he feels about his thought. Speech is much more than a simple vibration of a tiny membrane in the larynx, it is a delicate adjustment of man's whole personality.

Speech is art when it is an honest revelation of the inner man, the deep self. Arrangement of facial contours and tone inflection with the aim to please is artificial, it is not art. This is true of the actor's speech, but it is just as true of the speech used every day by every man in conversation, or in the more formal situations of class or club or church.

Judith Anderson's vocal interpretation of Medea is undoubtedly an exhibit of speech art. But we are here referring to speech in real life as having the characteristics of art also. The generality on which the case rests is this: speech is art when the deep self of one individual is projected through his *persona* (his mask) so that the senses (mask) of the listener can receive the speaker's insights as "experience" to his own inner self.

Here is another way of saying it: every man is constantly making some alchemy of the realities he meets. He has a great store of impressions of these experiences, of trees and clouds, of sound and texture, of warmth and cold, of love and suspicion, of nostalgia and expectancy, of aloneness in vast universes and togetherness with all that is or has been. The religious man receives experience directly from the Creator. That experience augments his power to interpret the signals of other individuals more truly. It clarifies formulas for chemicking in his inner laboratory, and gives him energy to work there with enthusiastic concentration. The religious man "has something to say."

The problem is to say it, to project through his mask sufficiently well so that his deep meaning is clear. Here is where technique comes in. There are those who consider that anything with a technique is an art. The chemist with skill to pour a bright liquid of unstable substance from a big beaker into tiny test tubes is a master of an art in this sense. But the art of pouring meaning from one mind to another is, at least, more complicated. The technique of speech is a

cultures and languages has rubbed through the encrustations of fixed forms so that nobody can persuade everybody that there is just one correct way to put words together. And yet, there are acceptable and unacceptable usages to be mastered by the speaker who wishes to convey meaning. At the same time, he may attach unconventional connotations to words, may use them in fresh combinations so that his understandings are clear.

One day we met a student at the edge of the campus. His face was clouded. We knew him well enough to give him cues for unburdening the torment that showed through his mask. He did. A professor had given him a grade he thought was unjust. The flow of comments that poured out as we crossed the campus was

grammatical, showed honestly that he was aware of his own and the professor's scale of values, and yet was a disarming array of sharp-pointed words. No vulgarities were allowed by his deep self. No artifices were necessary for his *persona*. It was a fine performance of speech art. At the same moment there were surely several other fellows expressing their ideas about their grades in quite another fashion.

Art, then, is more than craftsmanship. Skill must be joined with insight. There are persons whose speech is a life-long creation of inner truth conjoined with outer beauty of expression. It is honest and free, disciplined and original. Such performance is a possible achievement for every man.

Ear and Voice Approach

FREDERICK C. PACKARD, JR.

Editor's Note: Frederick Packard's hobby of recording good speeches has grown into a professional interest which has come to serve mankind in a unique way. As editor of the Harvard Vocarium Phonograph Records he has now produced six series of records. A catalogue of these records can be secured by writing to the Harvard College Library, Cambridge 38, Massachusetts. Mr. Packard is associate professor of public speaking at Harvard University. He has just edited a volume of short speeches that has helped shape our national destiny under the title, Freedom: Great Americans Speak. The book also contains The Declaration of Independence and the Constitution with Amendments. It is published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

LITERATURE ATTAINS its full embodiment only when one is receiving it by ear. This assumes, of course, that the listener has a trained ear and that the interpreter is skilled enough to reflect the true spirit and intention of the author.

Perhaps there are types of literary art, such as the philosophic essay, which achieve their purpose better when read with the eye and ruminated upon, but they are certainly in the minority. Even the mechanics of style and form are matters of sound-pattern, and it takes a supersensitive mind's ear to capture every cadence, pause, beat, and melody, to say nothing of subtle overtones of meaning, from silent reading. And the

simplest test of good style in writing is whether it reads well aloud.

In the field of dramatic literature there is no choice of method of reception. There can be only one method since drama cannot be said to come alive except when it is being performed in the presence of an audience. A printed play is a record of drama that lives only on the stage. The script of a new play is merely the blueprints and specifications for drama which may come to being when a stage, the performers, and an audience all meet at the exciting moment of its birth—the raising of the curtain on its performance.

Poetry of all forms of human expression is closest to music: sounds in patterns—patterns of notes in music, patterns of words in poetry. Each exists, in fulfillment, only when it is being listened to. The advanced music student may claim to get the full thrill of a symphony just by "listening" to the score with his eyes, but most of us would never think of enjoying music except in its performance. Yet how rare is our experience of listening to poetry instead of reading it from the "score." That is probably because words, the poet's only medium of expression, are also our everyday tools of communication, as musical notes are not.

A still more obvious reason why we do not listen to poetry more often is that there are so few opportunities of hearing it read well. We expect to hear good music performed well, and we recognize

the injustice to the composer when a poor performance "murders" it. It is but one step further to realize that if we had never heard a certain wonderful piece of music performed well we would find it hard to recognize it as the work of a master, or even as good music. To be sure, we could consult the score, and say, "This must be an excellent piece of music!" We would then want to hear it and appreciate its beauty. Where and how do we learn to recognize great poetry, or to distinguish the better from the worse in poetry? Usually from the printed page only—or, worse, from a teacher who cannot do justice to an oral reading of it!

With notable exceptions, the poets themselves are notoriously poor readers of poetry. That does not seem as strange as a composer who cannot play his own music well, because a musician has to be skilled enough in playing notes to arrange them in a composition, while a poet need never utter the words he uses. Thus the musician is usually adept in playing music before he begins creating. The poet on the other hand, more often than not, is of a retiring disposition, and he is unlikely to have had training or experience in oral performance before he writes.

MODERN science has supplied us with instruments which, when wisely used, will return "voiced" literature to its former glory. Since the time before the invention of printing, we have never had such a "vocal" world. There was a time when news traveled only by "word of mouth," and when ballads and poetry were the province of the troubadour and wondering minstrel. Ages of silent reading in the meantime have made literature virtually dumb.

Now, however, a twirl of the radio dial brings us—among so many other things!—the whole realm of music, the world's news almost before it happens, the drama—albeit blinded and in capsule form—and even some literature. And the motion picture is at last beginning to realize its potentialities as an agent of art and literature with such successful productions as *Henry V* and *Great Expectations*.

The phonograph has yet to come into its own as a purveyor of literature in its full embodiment. Its service to music and to musical education exceeds even the radio's great contributions. Only in drama has it begun its full service to literature.

The choice of drama discs is already extensive. Over a hundred voices of our great actors and actresses, past and present, are preserved for our enjoyment. We can hear one of Othello's speeches ren-

dered by Edwin Booth in 1890, or practically the entire play as staged by Margaret Webster (1944) with Paul Robeson as Othello. Other fascinating comparisons of interpretations—of Shakespearean scenes, for example—are available: Ellen Terry, E. H. Sothern, Julia Marlowe, Sarah Bernhardt, Sir Johnston Forbes Robertson, Otis Skinner, John Barrymore, John Gielgud, Maurice Evans, and Laurence Olivier are all to be heard. No longer does Lawrence Barrett's description of the art of acting altogether hold true: "The actor is a sculptor who carves his images in snow." The moving picture records his action and the disc preserves his voice.

The blind have one comforting advantage over those with sight in the growing library of *Talking Books*, whole works of "voiced" literature available only to them, containing the Bible, the classics of all ages, and great modern books. The credit for this achievement goes to the American Foundation for the Blind.

IT was to fill the most obvious gaps in "voiced" literature generally available on discs that the Harvard Vocarium was founded in 1932. Its published records now total 109 items including twenty discs of some of the most exquisite Latin prose and poetry; several samplings of literary talks by Harvard's scholars; a few scenes from Shakespearean and other plays done by Walter Hampden, Flora Robson, and Lennox Robinson (also reading from his own plays); Bible readings by the famous "Copey" of Harvard, by Rt. Rev. J. Hutchison Cockburn, and by Rev. Samuel A. Eliot; an album of English poetry read by Robert Speaight (the Archbishop in the original production of T. S. Eliot's *Murder in the Cathedral*); a smattering of Gaelic and Chaucerian verse, and many others.

Because so few were available, Harvard has concentrated on poetry discs. More than half of the Vocarium discs is poetry; many are of poets reading their own works. Some are well known, others less prominent, but representative of the best are T. S. Eliot, Oliver St. John Gogarty, W. H. Auden, Archibald MacLeish, and Robinson Jeffers.

Following Harvard's lead, other non-commercial producers are producing poetry discs. The National Council of Teachers of English has made some contributions. The Library of Congress is planning an issue of twenty-five discs of modern American poetry. Even the commercial producers who ordinarily will not touch anything unless it will sell in the tens-of-thousands have a few so-called "literary" discs. The criteria of choice which the profit-motive leads big com-

panies to make has resulted in a very low-level quality of verse, performed theatrically by Hollywood "big names" and complete with background music and sound effects. We are expected, for example, to consider "Barbara Fritchie" as one of our "great American poems." Is this the way to raise our literary and aesthetic taste? We must, I suppose, experience the bad with the good in order to develop our value judgments which can be based only on a wide experience in the art in which we are striving to refine our appreciation.

It is obvious that the utility of "voiced" literature, and the availability of a wide variety of discs are pretty well established. How can the church use these? Where can recordings serve a religious purpose? In the broadest sense, all good literature which is serious and meaningful is by that very fact religious. If we believe that the human voice is one of the instruments of greatest influence in the church, then we need but to have good literature well spoken to make it have religious values.

We must face the fact that the minister's voice in his preaching and in his handling of the reading of the Bible and other literature, and especially poetry, frequently is bad. Habit is a terrible thing, especially in the unfortunate ways in which it shows in the use of the voice. We do not realize how we sound to others. The first step then, is for any platform speaker to hear himself. There are many inexpensive recording machines now available. A community or the regional church organization could well afford to put one of these machines into roving service, so that each minister, privately and without embarrassment or offense to his dignity, can give himself a "vocal diagnosis." Then let him compare his recordings with some of the discs of Bible readings available and in this way be his own teacher. Let him not neglect poetry reading and listening either, for when in his sermons he quotes great thoughts and themes in the beautiful language of our literary masters they must *sound* beautiful and right.

The church will also find records useful in ministering to the sick, the shut-in, or those in deep trouble or sorrow. They can receive uplift and comfort by listening to some of the well-springs of the spirit such as the Bible, the writings of John Donne, George Herbert, Henry King, and John Milton as presented by sensitive readers.

At home, at school, and in church the phonograph is destined to enhance and enlighten our aesthetic and religious experiences. And as the extent of the material expands, we shall become better and better listeners to literature at its best.

books

It was nice of Harper and Brothers to send along the galley proofs of a new book which ought to be published by the time you read this rave review. Paul Geren has done a splendid job with words as he tells the story of *The Pilgrimage of Peter Strong*. It is one of the finest pieces of writing to come our way in a long time. Thousands of men who are now studying in colleges over the country, or trying to study with the present war of nerves disturbing their minds, know what the author of this book is talking about. These men have been in war, have felt its nastiness and bitterness, and have tried to forget. Now the memory is coming back. A singular piece of foolishness in a world supposed to be so enlightened.

Peter Strong is one of these men. He has been through all of the hardships of life in the pilgrimage to everywhere. From the gutters of New Delhi to the snow whiteness of the Kashmir, and then to his front line post as a medic in the Burma jungle—this was all part of the pilgrimage of Peter Strong. Everywhere he went, he searched. He was seeking what some people call truth, others call light. Peter called it the brotherhood of man, the church invisible, the good shepherd, the new Jerusalem. All these abstractions and more were the goal of Peter Strong. On his travels in the United States, China, Burma, and India, he did much thinking. He tried to find answers in the things he saw. He dealt with things as real as bombs, things as unreal as visions of the good shepherd. He was confused by what he saw and what he thought, but his search never ended. The pilgrimage went on and on as it must for all truly searching people.

Such is the story of Peter Strong. A story of great religion, sharp and often humorous in its discernment. It is a story everyone who has ever wondered will want to read and wonder about. It's a book we recommend highly.

IN BRIEF . . .

The World Almanac, 1948, \$1.00. Nearly a thousand pages of Americana that is sadly neglected by culture-seekers. Excellent buy for people who argue a lot and need to look up answers to odd questions.

For example: Do you know the "Average Cigaret Consumption in America?" or "All about the Parking Meter Situation?" or "Noted Americans of the Past"? If you can't afford an encyclopedia this book or the *Information Please Almanac* will come in handy at times.

Dr. Nels F. S. Ferré teaches at Andover Newton Theological School, writes books, lectures all over, and is hailed as "a foremost interpreter of theology." We met him and his message in February and were of course impressed by his mind and manner. His *Pillars of Faith*, Harper, \$1.50, is called by the author "a statement of faith in the simplest of terms." Better read it.

And in another book read this: "the causation of neurotic conflict is . . . the internal factor, namely, the individual's moral and religious character." John G. McKenzie, British authority on psychology and ordained minister, has done a nice job with this problem as it relates to the counselor of people who deals with the "maladjusted." The title is *Nervous Disorders and Character*, Harper, \$1.50.

Airplane-designer Igor I. Sikorsky says that the basic causes for our wars and revolutions can be traced to a "deep inner dislocation in the moral and spiritual sphere of existence," a thought that is no longer new, but one that is often forgotten. You can read his approach in *The Invisible Encounter*, Scribners, \$2.00.

Not as the World Giveth by Philippe Vernier, Fellowship Publications, \$1.50, is a book of meditations. Edith Lovejoy Pierce is the translator.

—Don A. Bundy

The College Seeks Religion by Merrimon Cuninggim, Yale University Press, \$4.00.

Another good volume is added to the Yale studies in religious education. The author gives a systematic and well-documented appraisal of the task of the undergraduate college in the field of religion. The purpose of the study is to determine the areas within which the college should assume official responsibility. The author's thesis is that the secularization of higher education seems to have reached its peak about the time of the First World War, and that since then the colleges have recaptured much of

their lost concern for the religious development of their students and have increasingly assumed responsibility for such nurture.

The book is a veritable anthology of noteworthy statements by educators and administrators in all types of institutions. Supplementing the statements of educators is a valuable chapter devoted to the discussion of the various philosophies of higher education. In an appraisal of these he finds himself emphasizing increasingly the integration of education and religion.

A college president recently said: "The book is a must for all college executives and directors of religious life in the undergraduate colleges."

Factors Affecting the Religion of College Students by Robert Ora Smith is a thesis presented to the University of Michigan in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of master of arts in sociology.

To understand the exact nature of this study, the reader must examine the discussion of the author's three terms:

1. *Personality factors* are psychological characteristics of students and their associates.

2. *Cultural factors* are the elements of the total social environment of the students which affect their religion.

3. *The religion of college students* consists of attitudes, beliefs, knowledge, habits, and practices.

Professional student workers and administrators in the field of education will be interested in this case study of one hundred and forty divinity students of Yale University. The research is limited in scope, yet the study will make a contribution in a field where little has been done at present.

—Harvey C. Brown

theater

Comes the close of the theatrical season and the time for pausing to evaluate what is current on the stage, what has passed briefly across it, and what appears on the horizon. In the wake of the war *Command Decision* speaks competently and brilliantly for the air force. *Mister Roberts*, starring Henry Fonda with able support

from David Wayne and others, completely captured the town for the navy. Now comes the exciting rumor that a play written by James B. Allardice of the Yale drama department may appear on Broadway to speak for the G.I.'s. It is called *At War With the Army* and was highly relished by an audience that knew whereof it spoke in its five performances by the drama school in February. Marc Connelly, professor of playwriting at Yale, says of it, "It is a very funny play. . . . It has something in common with Aristophanes in that it says war makes decent men not only vicious but ridiculous." Its professional appearance is scheduled for October. It is a very long time until October. One could heartily wish they would rush it upon the boards now.

The most interesting event of the season has been the emergence of the *New Stages Company* which began so valiantly and so brilliantly with Barrie Stavis' *Lamp at Midnight* in a make-do theater down on Bleecker Street. Their next venture, a double bill, will bring them to Broadway. This will present *The Happy Journey* by Thornton Wilder and *The Respectful Prostitute* by Jean-Paul Sartre. To the minds of some critics, and I am among the number, it is the playing of Meg Mundy and John Marriott which makes this last drama significant. Both of these players appeared earlier in the season in *How I Wonder*, and I told you in detail of Mr. Marriott's academic achievements. He gives a moving and infinitely honest portrayal of an innocent Negro who has been framed in a fairly routine plot. It is a little hard to imagine why the critics are so het up about this play. What it says has been said long before and rather better. John Wexley gave it voice in his *They Shall Not Die* which was written straight from life out of the Scottsboro boys' tragedy. And I have always carried the banner for a splendid one-act play, *According to Law* by Noel Houston, which is equally authentic. Both of these "got there the firstest," and I don't know why they are not more acclaimed by "the mostest." When I read that M. Sartre had spent only a few months in the United States before writing his play I had my doubts about it. I am prepared to give him good marks for profound convictions and simon-pure sin-

cerity, but that does not say he can master the feeling of the American South in a few months. Take this for an example. I recently read a naive advertisement in a literary magazine. "Northern author writing a Southern novel needs assistance of intelligent person from deep South." I think we would be entitled to our doubts about that novel although the author's humility in admitting that he "needs assistance" is engaging.

Or let us take the problem of authenticity from this angle. Suppose an American dramatist visited Paris for a few months and attempted to dramatize a Parisian social problem which has been an open battle ground ever since 1946. It is the fight to abolish legalized prostitution in Paris and the Seine district. It involves big money and deeply rooted civic corruption. The struggle originated through the efforts of Mme. Marthe Richard, a Protestant, a municipal councilor, and a secret agent during World War I. In World War II Mme. Richard did valuable work for the French Resistance. Her life has been threatened. She was recently acquitted of trumped up charges of communism, and she has been made the subject of infamous libels and pamphlets. Here is a subject for a dramatist's indignation. But picture the *brouhaha* (we also can dab in a bit of local color after a sojourn in a foreign land), if an American playwright presumed to make a play about this phase of Parisian life! M. Sartre could hardly object consistently as to the choice of subject since he, in a title which is unfortunate, took the choice of weapons.

Gertrude Berg of radio fame, creator of the Goldberg family, brought a gentle play of Jewish family life to Broadway in her *Me and Molly*. Mrs. Berg herself played the title role of the lovable matriarch. The emotional highlights of the play come when Mama, who has been brought to shame before the piano mover because she cannot write her name, finally masters writing; when the father, a fussy little man with a fussy little dream of a dress factory, assumes dignity as priest of the family at the Passover table; and when the son, having been presented with more fountain pens than he can count, rehearses his Bar-Mitzvah speech before an admiring but critical family.

"I counted six mistakes!" pipes up his sister with satisfaction.

"Four," corrects Mama.

Endearing as the play is, the tragic problems which engage Jewish thought today are so momentous that this presentation seems rather introverted and even saccharine at times. It was nice to hear Henry Street Settlement get a line in the play, for Lillian Wald has always been one of my particular saints and one of the very few whom I have seen in the flesh. Why has no one written her life in play or movie? It was a valiant and beautiful life consecrated to the service of the sick poor.

The Experimental Theater ends up again in the red. This is too bad, for they were just beginning to roll pleasantly in comparative wealth with *Skipper Next to God*, their second production, paying off nicely. However, John Garfield had to leave the cast for Hollywood, and you can't get another Skipper like Garfield in a hurry. Cost of production has dogged this group and every other group in the theater world to well-nigh exhaustion. Maybe they will return to Shakespearean simplicity and boldly put up a placard, and let the imagination of the audience do the rest. The overreaching antics of the stage hands' union have had an unworthy share in keeping theater from the public. During the winter I was speaking with the manager of a Children's Theater touring company, and he was telling me of his tribulations with union houses. Willy-nilly when they played in one they had to take on a crew all out of proportion to their simple needs, and then they had to do the job themselves as it was the shortest way to getting their scenery placed right. And for the privilege of putting on this show for the stage hands they had to pay dearly. And most of the children of the town could not afford tickets to the theater and so were shipped off to the movies for a diet of murder and mayhem.

Middlebury College is going to combat that old debbil, the Dollar, by organizing a new type of summer theater—a student cooperative. This is announced by Lewis W. Miller, the assistant professor of drama. The College Players Summer Theater will be located at Brewster, Mass., on Cape Cod and will open with a performance of *Candida*. Just how they will func-

tion cooperatively doth not yet appear which is unfortunate, since this, we, in the New England phrase, would admire to know.

At the City College of New York the student drama group known as *Dramsoc* is fighting its financial battle by the admirable technique of doing things simply and doing them themselves. By this ingenuity they have been able to cut the prices of their tickets in half. They also sponsored a student one-act play contest which brought a large number of entries. They publish a magazine called *Curtain Call*.

Student playwriting contests are the order of the day and a very good thing, too! Skimming the results of as many as I could find, I think they are revealing in their choice of subject matter. They don't go in for the threadbare "boy meets girl" stuff. Here are the subjects of some prize winners: Juvenile delinquency, a satire on congressional investigations of communism in Hollywood, a serious drama projecting twenty years into the future, modern marriage, American materialism.

The Charles H. Sergel play contest, conducted by the University of Chicago, has awarded first prize to Joseph A. Hayes, twenty-nine-year-old playwright from Indianapolis, for his play *Leaf and Bough*. This was performed at Margo Jones' Theater '48 in Dallas and is being considered for production by the Experimental Theater in New York.

—Marion Wefer

movies

The Film Council of America, with headquarters at 6 West Ontario Street, Chicago, Ill., has taken on the job of "enlightening and assisting" the American public in making documentary and other films "useful to the mind." So far, it reports, there are sixty-six established film councils in that many countries. These councils are busy informing people about what use can be made of "fact" films and helping them set up programs in which those films can be used. The *New York Times'* film critic recently came back from a visit to the Midwest to report an amazing growth of interest in the use of this kind of films. He attributes

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this interest to the strong leadership given by Midwestern state universities, to the curiosity of the people about new educational techniques, and to the fact that they are better acquainted with each other than are the people "back east." The Film Council itself is a non-profit organization made up of educators, film librarians, and dealers. The spark that lights local interest in forming a film council is a varied one. In Wichita and Kansas City the initial effort was made by directors of visual education in the schools; in Waterloo, Iowa, labor groups, with the aid of farm and welfare organizations, were responsible; in Oklahoma City the university extension director promoted the idea; in Los Angeles it came from a public-minded lawyer; in Indianapolis, from the governor of the state. Anyway, the idea is growing, and it is one with which all those interested in seeing communication media improved should ally themselves.

The director of the institute of film techniques at the City College of New York reports that half of his students during the past seven years has been primarily interested in amateur moviemaking. Among his students this year are a doctor, several advertising men and women, and a number of young people from Asia and Europe who intend to utilize the screen for educational purposes in their home countries. Unlike New York University, which offers a four-year course leading to an A.B. degree in motion pictures, C.C.N.Y. does not give degrees for its film work. Incidentally, one of N.Y.U.'s recent graduates sold a script to RKO the other day.

From *Reformé*, attractive French Protestant newspaper, we glean a surprising review of Laurence Olivier's *Henry V*. The critic found the film filled with "heavy and incessant sarcasm" and "insupportable chromos which give the impression of pasteboard." Other comments: "static and monotonous" . . . "its last scenes boring, ugly, irritating." A possible reason for the critic's view may be found in this random sentence: "The film must be viewed as popular imagery intended to exalt the glory of the English army victorious over the French at Agincourt. It is customary to ridicule the enemy in order to flatter national pride, even, as here, at the expense

of truth." National interest was ever thus in coloring viewpoints!

Comes now the National Council of Soviet-American Friendship through its chairman, Rector William Howard Melish, with an appeal to 20th Century-Fox and Eric Johnston to withdraw from distribution *The Iron Curtain*, a film based on the revelation of Soviet spy activity in Canada. Among the charges: The film is a "flagrant violation" of the U.N. resolution against war propaganda. It might easily upset the balance between peace and war, now admittedly precarious. It will create ill-feeling and animosity abroad, and possible boycott of American products. Mr. Johnston replied with a statement that he would resist any attempts to dictate what appears or does not appear on the screen, and brought up the question of "censorship." So the debate continues!

Jules Romains, who adapted Ben Jonson's *Volpone* for the French screen, has termed the (Roman Catholic) Legion of Decency's placing of the film in its "C" (condemned) category "inconceivable." "No classical masterpiece could stand such eliminations as the Legion has asked for," he says. "The Legion must understand that errors such as this, however well intentioned they may be, greatly damage the intellectual prestige of the United States, as well as its reputation as defender of all liberties the world over. America's enemies will find grounds here to argue that she has no respect for liberty of thought, of expression, and of art. Is it not childish to wage such a battle against very minor moral dangers at a time when all our courage should be thrown into the battle for civilization and humanity?" The Legion had explained that it condemned the film because "despite pretense of moral purposes, the film portrays vice attractively and ridicules virtue. It contains blasphemous references to religious practices and indecent and suggestive scenes."

Even though they have been of varying excellence, the several films which during the past year have made use of the documentary technique in telling their story have seemed to most of us who viewed them like definite breaths of fresh air. You recall *Boomerang!*, *House on 92nd Street*, *Kiss of Death*, and *T-Men*. Two new films have recently made their entry using this realistic method. They are *Call*

Northside 777 and *To the Ends of the Earth*. The first goes in more fully for "natural" settings, having been photographed in the Chicago streets, alleys and bars, in the Illinois state prison and in the *Daily Times* office where the story on which the film is based actually took place. That realism generated by faithful settings is the best part of the film—plus the human interest conveyed by some very good acting and direction. What takes it out of the "A" class, to which *Boomerang!* belongs, is the fantastic last-minute elements which have been inserted into the true story of a newspaper's campaign to get a man it has come to believe innocent released from prison. It just didn't happen that way, and the honest conviction of the earlier scenes changes toward the end of the film to Hollywood cliff-hanger hokum. Worth seeing, though, for what it almost is.

To the Ends of the Earth uses actual files from U. S. Treasury Department's narcotics division to create a breezy story of an agent to track down a gang of international dope peddlers. There is a laudable plug for the truly international nature of such cooperative efforts. Here again the factual stuff is exciting and convincing. But the fantastic story contrived to carry the events makes the whole seem artificial. It *could* have been so much better with a little less energy!

The documentary technique threatens to produce a cycle. Let's hope those who use it exert restraint. And that mere imitators stay away!

The British *I Know Where I'm Going* is slight in story, but a joy to behold—and hear. One of its chiefest virtues is its effective use of local color. You almost feel you have visited the lonely Hebrides port town where most of the action is staged. And the storm—that's a triumph. Conveyed hauntingly too is the spirit of the natives, the fun and spontaneity of the Highland folk song fest. And the melody from which the film gets its name—you'll be humming it for days. But the British can make films not so good, too—even straightaway Hollywood ganster films like *I Became a Criminal*. More's the pity.

—Margaret Frakes

CONTRIBUTORS

John Scott Everton is dean of the chapel at Grinnell College, Grinnell, Iowa. Prior to his establishing a uniquely significant religious program at Grinnell, he traveled and lived in India.

Stuart Chase is an author, lecturer, and economist.

Myron O'Higgins is a Rosenwald Fellow at Fisk University. The first of the new Counterpoise series, *The Lion and the Archer*, will contain a number of his poems.

John Oliver Nelson (see editorial note on page 11).

Erminie Huntress Lantero, former editor of *Inward Light*, is assistant editor of *Religion in Life*.

A. Powell Davies is pastor of All Souls Unitarian Church, Washington, D. C. He has been president of Food for Freedom and is author of *The Faith of an Unrepentant Liberal*.

Frank Auld is a student at the Divinity School of Yale University.

Robert Jackson is a junior at Beloit College, Beloit, Wisconsin. He is majoring in English and may become a teacher, politician, author, editor, or actor.

Martin Niemoller was perhaps Nazidom's most famous prisoner. He succeeded his father in the pastorate of the church at Dahlen, a suburb of Berlin. Dr. Niemoller is now working in the Confessional Church of the new Germany.

Geraldine T. Fitch at the present time is the sole representative for the Religious News Service in Korea; she was recently commissioned to do a piece of work for *Time*. Besides being an author and world traveler, Mrs. Fitch is a well-known lecturer here and abroad.

Creighton Lacy is teaching at Nanking University, Nanking, China. Mr. Lacy's work and name have appeared in many past issues of *Motive*.

Muriel Lester is now on an extensive speaking tour of this country and Canada for the International Fellowship of Reconciliation. She is the founder of Kingsley Hall, London, England.

Rubie Sheldon was a student at Southwestern College, Memphis, Tennessee. She won first place in the English Club poetry contest with her poem which appears in this number of the magazine.

Roger Baldwin is director of the American Civil Liberties Union. He is an author, lecturer, and professor. He is known for his courageous pacifist witness in both world wars.

Eleanor Durham was graduated from Northwestern University in June 1945. She went to Europe last June and has worked as regional secretary of the southeastern section of the W.S.S.F. as well as for the World Council of Churches.

Corinne Hardesty is in charge of foreign service publicity for the American Friends Service Committee.

Fred Blanchard had his study at the University of Cincinnati broken into by his army service in the Pacific and Japan. He is now back at Cincinnati working towards his master's degree in physics.

Paul Bock is a staff writer for the reconstruction division of the World Council of Churches, Geneva, Switzerland.

Olcutt Sanders wrote for the very first issue of *Motive* and has been a frequent contributor of materials on leisure-time activities ever since. At present he is a regional director for the American Friends Service Committee, Austin, Texas.

Homer Nickolson is an English instructor at Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tennessee. He was recently chosen to be a Rhodes scholar and will sail this summer. Robert H. Hamill is pastor of the Grace Methodist Church, Burlington, Iowa. He last appeared in *Motive* as the author of the lead article in the December issue. Prior to that he appeared monthly in the magazine as editor of the *Skeptic's Corner*.

Belle Cumming Kennedy began her career in Britain. She has served on the faculty of the School of Speech at Northwestern University and is now head of voice studies at the Pasadena Playhouse. Her book, *The Practical Speaker's Handbook*, is a well-known manual on occasional speeches. *Motive* readers will remember her especially for her Chap Book and her own poetry.

Ruth Winfield Love is professor of fine arts at Scarritt College, Nashville, Tennessee. She has succeeded in building a curriculum which makes it possible for students to receive bachelor and master's degrees in church drama. Mrs. Love is national adviser of the Wesley Players.

Frederick C. Packard, Jr. (see editorial note on page 45).

ARTISTS

Ben-Zion, painter and teacher, is a member of the American Artists Congress and has exhibited in many of the galleries in New York City and Philadelphia. His work is heralded as being moving and passionate and filled with intensity of convictions. Fervor for strong paintings, vigor in design, skill in handling color, depth of feeling for human beings caught in misery are always to be found in his works.

Lewis Daniels' scope and variety have shown themselves in a number of mediums. He has distinguished himself in oils, water colors, and lithography as well as in the fields of teaching and illustration. He was born October 23, 1901, in New York City, and he studied under Harry Wickey. National Exhibitions in numerous leading cities over the country have contained his work. He is represented by the Whitney Museum, New York City, Pennsylvania Academy, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, Library of Congress, Washington, D. C., the New York Public Library, and Cooper Union Library, New York City.

George Grosz blared his feelings through his art and became the most eminent artist of modern Germany. Because of the violence of his attacks and his bitter satire, he was exiled by Hitler in 1932. On the invitation of The Arts Students' League of New York City, he came to this country; he has since become a citizen of the United States. His work is to be seen in leading museums in this country and in Europe.

Hans Moller, born in Germany in 1905, came to the United States in 1936. He began his work here as a free-lance designer for magazines and advertising agencies. Moller is a graphic designer as well as a painter. His work is characterized by his original ideas, keen wit, and intellectual and sophisticated content. He has had one-man shows at the Bonestell Gallery, Arts Club of Chicago, and Kleeman Gallery. He is teaching graphics design at Cooper Union Art School.

Ruth Brown of Albion College did the drawing on page 5. Albert Lanier of Black Mountain College did the drawings on pages 11, 20, and 22.

COVER ARTIST



The May cover by Gregor Thompson is published with pride, a touch of sadness, and a great deal of anticipation. Pride because we believe it is some of Gregor's best work. A touch of sadness because Gregor is leaving her position as staff artist of the magazine this month. A great deal of anticipation because in September she will enter the Divinity School of Yale University. She plans to take three years of graduate work in religion. "Anticipation" is in reality a mild word for our feelings. While we are sorry to lose her daily work on *Motive*, we are overjoyed that she has chosen to get a broad, solid, and creditable religious foundation for her future work in art. Publicly we wish Gregor Thompson three years of exciting and enriching studies at Yale.

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