"Christ's Kingdom, Man's Hope"

FROM now on . . . we regard no one from a human point of view; even though we once regarded Christ from a human point of view, we regard him thus no longer. Therefore, if any one is in Christ, he is a new creation; the old has passed away, behold, the new has come. All this is from God, who through Christ reconciled us to himself and gave us the ministry of reconciliation; that is, God was in Christ reconciling the world to himself, not counting their trespasses against them, and entrusting to us the message of reconciliation. So we are ambassadors for Christ, God making his appeal through us.

—Paul to the Christians at Corinth

(From the Revised Standard Version of the New Testament, copyright, 1946, by the Division of Christian Education, National Council of the Churches of Christ in the U.S.A.)

BILL
SHAW

By Richard T. Baker

"I'm Going to Be One of Them"

A naval intelligence officer decides to be a missionary, but—

BILL SHAW was quite a boy. As far as I know I never set eyes on him. But for years I have been hearing things about the lad. Things in Delaware, Ohio, in New York, at student conferences, in Korea and in the newspapers.

Bill's parents were Korea missionaries, had been for years. Dr. and Mrs. Shaw had gone to the Hermit Kingdom shortly after each was graduated from Ohio Wesleyan, taught and preached and lived among the Koreans, brought up their family, been evacuated when the war came. He is back there now earning Bronze Stars as a liaison chaplain between the U.S. Army and the Republic of Korea Army.

The young Bill Shaw was born in the city which is today the capital of Red Korea—Pyeng Yang. The year was 1922. It is never right to say of a missionary boy that his childhood was a normal one. There is a more careful fashioning going on in a missionary household than is normal nowadays. Bill Shaw's boyhood in Korea left many marks upon him. Loyalties. To Korea, to his family, to the ideals that family held dear. He learned the Korean language alongside his own, plus some Japanese, an acquirement that was destined to make him one day the ears and mouth for General MacArthur. He grew up with Korean youngsters, learned to love them in a measure than which there is no greater love. There was time to play. At fifteen Bill swam four and a half miles in the Yellow Sea. In 1942 he was captain of the swimming team at Ohio Wesleyan. Time to sing and learn the slide trombone. Years later the mark still showed. Bill was singing in Wesleyan's chapel choir and playing in the marching band. Time to study, enough to win him a Phi Beta Kappa key at the age of twenty. Time to argue and think aloud, from which was fashioned the public speaker, debater, preacher, student leader of later years. Time, also, to reflect on the religious principles which governed the Shaw household and its calling—principles which hounded him to his death. These were some of the things in Bill Shaw when he arrived at Delaware, Ohio, at the age of seventeen to enter his parents' alma mater, O.W.U.

To lighten the financial load on his parents, Bill joined a co-op house in Delaware managed by Miss Cora Murphy. He was a Murphy Hall man first and last. He by-passed Greek club life by choice, although he amassed a string of honorary Greek letters for his many talents. To cap his college career, his fellow students elected him in 1942 student body president, one of the two nonfraternity men in Wesleyan history to be chosen for that highest student honor.

THINGS were shaping up for Bill. His course was liberal arts, but heavy on political science, government, history. In 1941 he enrolled in the Navy's V-7 program, partly to be in the war that was then forming, partly because the Navy meant the sea which he loved. Bill was aiming for some kind of career, probably government, with an accent on international relations.

In 1943 he was graduated *cum laude,* married to his college girl, Juanita Robinson, and took off for the Midshipman's Course at Columbia University in New York. There he became cadet captain of his company. Then training on P.T. boats, a few days shaking down on them off Miami, and into the English Channel for the momentous days of the Normandy landings. He was on P.T. patrol in European waters until Christmas of 1944. The next year he was back in the States in the Navy's Japanese Language School at Oklahoma A. and M., reunited with his wife and getting acquainted with six-month-old William Shaw the third. After fifteen months of the most diligent study, his language proficiency was steering him straight toward Washington and responsible duties as an officer with both the Korean and Japanese languages.

Somehow the Pentagon didn't appeal to him. One of history's most interesting experiments in military government was going on in the Orient, and Bill Shaw longed to be there. A way opened in the autumn of 1946 for him to go with the American Military Government in Korea as an instructor in seamanship and navigation at the Korean Coast Guard Academy. He jumped at the chance. Korean coastal waters were not entirely unknown to him, life ashore was practically life at home for him, his parents were soon to be there as missionaries returned to their posts. In 1948 Bill's wife and son joined him at his station. Bill found this life exceedingly pleasant. His work was a joy. He was learning the ins and outs of the sea, cruising up within sight of the thirty-eighth parallel, using his languages, and his associations ashore were agreeable indeed. In 1949 he transferred to the Economic Cooperation Administration and moved a step closer to the goal of his career as a politico-economist with a major on the Far East.

Then came an event in the turbulent history of postwar Korea that either upset Bill Shaw's career completely or, depending on your point of view, brought it to its fullest bloom. A long-time friend of the Shaw family, a veteran Korea missionary lady, wife of the honorary president of Chosun Christian University, was killed in her home by a communist assassin. The blow struck Bill hard. She had been his friend for years, and she was the mother of a long-time buddy. Riding with his father through the streets of Seoul in March of 1949, Bill heard his father say, "It's going to take four missionaries to replace Ethel Underwood."

And Bill's reply was, "I'm going to be one of them."

ONE never knows where such decisions come from. Out of the air, or out of years of conviction seeping through the mind. Bill was never piously religious, being more activist than contemplative. As a child, family prayers bored him. But he could pray and argue a religious point with background, knowledge and conviction.

When he left Korea for college in 1939 he took along his Bible and a favorite picture of Jesus. The picture always hung on the wall, above all the other pin-up knickknacks that dormitory walls attract. He was in the chapel choir, on the Y.M.C.A. cabinet, attended student religious conferences, and took a few college courses in Bible and religion. He seemed intelligently interested but not consumed by the place of religion in his life. There was always loyalty in Bill Shaw, a quality of devotion to standards, a purpose and sometimes even dedication in his decisions. He was more often than not motivated by a desire to serve. But just exactly where that sudden, "I'm going to be one of them," came from is one of those secrets of the heart that are never fully known.

At any rate, by December of 1949 Bill Shaw had placed his candidacy before the Methodist Board of Missions in New York and had charted a plan to give all his experience and training in Far Eastern history, politics, and economics in service to his church. He would be a teaching missionary on the campus of the same university where his friend and buddy's mother, Ethel Underwood, had been shot to death.

There was one grand and glorious family reunion of the Shaws in Delaware, Ohio, that Christmas of 1949. Dr. and Mrs. Shaw were there from Korea. Bill and his family, including two boys, Billy and Stephen. And Bill's two sisters. Immediately afterward, the family scattered, and Bill took off for Harvard, an M.A. and then a Ph.D. in Far Eastern affairs, degrees that were to round out his training for the missionary post at Chosun Christian University.

ON June 1, 1950, Bill took on an added duty to his studies and became a preacher. He was assigned as student pastor to the East Braintree (Massachusetts) Methodist Church. It was a fateful June for Bill. Before the month was out, the Red invasion of South Korea had begun, and it didn't take Bill long to make up his mind. He rushed to Washington, volunteered his services, was told that he was needed. In five days he was Lieutenant William H. Shaw, his assignment naval intelligence.

Concerning these days and decisions he wrote to his parents and three former professors. The letter said:

"There are so few people who know anything about Korea in the military services and just two of us in the entire Navy qualified in the Korean language for extensive intelligence work. With a total of two men available, I felt it a definite duty for me to offer my experience and knowledge of Korea for what it was worth in this crisis. In addition, since Winnie and I are planning to return to Korea as educational missionaries, it seemed quite unfair to let someone else do the work involved in making Korea a place where one can serve in time of peace. If the Koreans need us in three years, they may need what help I can give right now even more. I feel that helping now when the going is rough is going to mean much more than being ready to be the first one back when the emergency is over.

"I report to Washington on Thursday, 20 July, and expect to leave very soon after that for Korea.

"This decision was a very difficult one to make despite the cogency of the reasons for feeling that I *must* go which I spoke of above. So many things had to be cancelled, so many plans cut off and so many hopes put aside for a time. My job as pastor was an extremely rewarding one, and both Winnie and I were enjoying the work immensely. I had only taken the job a month ago and we had barely gotten settled in our nice parsonage. The people there were wonderful to us, however, and understood completely when I explained why I felt I must leave. They talked as though they would like to see us return to the same church at a later date, if possible.

"And then, too, at Harvard I was all ready to complete registration for the summer term, not to mention the fact that I had gotten well started in

my master's degree work there. The school authorities, however, assured me that readmission would pose no problem. Several of the Far East experts under whom I was studying thought that the assignment which I got was an excellent opportunity for service and experience, especially since I was majoring in Far Eastern studies and concentrating on Korea. It is self-evident that any study of Korea at Harvard this summer or next fall would be purely academic."

THAT was Bill Shaw. Never one to be academic when a job had to be done. For a time the job seemed endlessly hard and pointless. Three long weeks to get to Tokyo. Five more weeks there. Still the chance did not come which would have landed him in Korea. He longed to go, but there were reasons why he had to stay. The boy who knew the Yellow Sea, who had cruised Korea's coastal waters, had trained Korean midshipmen in the difficult harbor of Inchon was needed for a major operations planning.

Early in September a mystery fleet steamed off from Japan. Bill Shaw was aboard the S.S. Mount McKinley, its flagship. On September 14, he wrote both his parents a letter, addressed to his mother who was living the life of a Korean évacuée in Tokyo.

"During the past few days I have had some occasion to think about things other than work or immediate objectives, and when I have, I certainly have enjoyed the memories of our times together in Tokyo these past few weeks. First with all three of us, then Mother and I holding the fort. Now Mother holds it alone—and bravely too—for you surprised even me, Mother, by accepting it all so well. I couldn't tell you anything and the news will tell you so much before you get this that it will help to know how brave you are. It was just plain swell to have so much time with you, Mother, and it did help tremendously in those last days of waiting, especially.

"We are near home and will be nearer before you get this. There is nothing else I can say but it will all have been said for me when you read this. Horace [Underwood] and I are at peak. Never again will our word be given so often to so powerful a group. Never again will so much depend on what we know and are able to state and explain and describe. Believe me, we couldn't be in a more commanding position from the standpoint of *who* is doing the asking and what will be done with the answers.

"Today has dawned bright and clear—a beautiful day and near enough to my stamping grounds that summer of 1947 that I have to pinch myself to realize that I'm not on a midshipman cruise still.

"Very soon the issue should be well under decision and I hope you'll notice it down there, Daddy. The news from your front has been anything but reassuring. [Dr. Shaw was with the troops based on Pusan.]

"Well, it's in His hands now, and I only pray that the loved ones will be fortified for the anxious waiting as in 1944. My own mind is calm and at ease for I *know* I am right in being here, and He has given the comfort necessary to make being here comfortable."

THE next day brought the perilous landing at Inchon. The long night of waiting was over. The secret was known to the world. Bill and his friend, Horace Underwood, had sailed to Inchon with General MacArthur and Admiral Struble, answering questions as they stalked the coast. They were on the bridge of the Mount McKinley for the taking of Wolmi Island. Assigned to the Fifth Marine Regiment at its request, Bill went ashore at Inchon, began immediately to interview Korean civilians in their own language. He was attached to an advance reconnaissance patrol trying to spot Red positions in order to avoid useless shelling of Korean villages. "He seemed to want to save the lives of innocent civilians," his buddies said.

In broad daylight on September 22, Bill and another Marine went ahead of his patrol into the village of Nok-pon-nee about five miles from Seoul. One of his friends wrote later:

"As Bill moved down across the hills toward the village there was no sign of the Reds, although they knew that the enemy had withdrawn through the village shortly before. As he made his way through the rice paddies with two other men to talk to some of the natives of the village, Bill was shot. It was discovered later that the place was surrounded by enemy machine guns, concealed in the hills.

"We talked to the natives," the writer of this letter, a college friend of Bill's went on, "and one begins to know what the death of men like Bill Shaw means when a man tells you that the whole village had been sentenced to death by the Reds and but for the coming of the Americans they would all be dead. Bill gave his life, not only to avoid loss of life of his patrol, but even more for the lives of his Korean friends among whom he had grown up and among whom he meant to spend his life. He was fighting for them and their homes."

The first ambush wounded Bill, killed his companion. Two hours later a rescue party crawled through the fire to bring back the two men. Bill was struck again, and another of the rescuers also fell. The three men were buried on a hill near Inchon.

Up from the southern front came Bill's chaplain father. October 15, it was. And there on that hill he set the body of his son at rest.

"Some day, God willing," he said, "there will rise a little white granite chapel on the hillside of Nok-pon-nee where he fell. Somewhere on its walls will appear in the Korean language these words which represent Bill so completely: Live pure, speak true, right wrong, follow the King; else wherefore born."

Juanita, Billy and Stephen Shaw plan to finish Bill's work in Korea when conditions make it possible. They have a Silver Star and citation in remembrance of William Hamilton Shaw, that and the memory of one who had no greater love than that he gave his life for his friends.

Good News for Whom?

By Charles Long

Christianity does not spread as a drop of water spreads on a blotter. . . . Rather it is like seed.

JESUS' final request to his disciples is often considered the proof text for missions: "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel unto every creature." Yet this is one command which the disciples never actually obeyed! And millions who have called themselves Christians since that time have failed to obey it!

For the disciples and for us it has been easier to take that command metaphorically than literally—as though Jesus had not said "Go into all the world," but "Get out into your community and increase the size of your congregation." This active church members have actually tried to do. We are glad to see Christianity *spread* and to help it spread from the point where we find ourselves. We are happy to brighten the corner where we are. But by what illogical impatience should we feel impelled to tackle the evangelization of the whole world at once! This is foolishness, if not arrogance, according to the thought of many good church people.

Then, too, we have found it easier to take Jesus' command as given to the whole Church and not necessarily to us. Our response has generally been, "Here am I, send him." After all, the disciples seem on the surface to have made that kind of decision: "Here are we, let's send Paul to the Gentiles." Does the call to be missionary come only to certain other Christians than ourselves and to the Church as a whole to support them, or does Jesus Christ say, somehow, to all of us, "Go ye"? What does it mean that *we* should go into *all* the world?

We shrink from leaving our own little world to enter the vast world to which Christ sends us, partly because it is more comfortable to pretend that large areas of humanity do not exist, and partly because we do not know what we would do about them if we did become aware of their existence. In other words, a frank recognition of our segregated class churches, our prejudices, our fears, our lack of faith, may lead us to think that we dare not undertake the Church's mission at all —that we should put our own house in order before attempting to do this elsewhere. It must be admitted that not a few men and women have become missionaries to escape Christian responsibility at home, and all have found themselves preaching what they do not always practice. And it is understood that we must begin as Christians where we are. Even if we go to the center of Africa we must begin where we are there! Yet it is quite another thing to assume that the evangelization of the world depends on our faithful unaided efforts alone.

We believe, for instance, that the Holy Spirit is everywhere at work, in the whole world, preparing every man for his day of redemption. We dare to go into all the world because we know that the Holy Spirit is already at work there. God is already at work, and where he works we too should work. He is before us. Yet we as Christians also believe that he is within and behind us, and the real power that compels and pushes us to reach out to all men is from him and not from ourselves. His field is the whole world; therefore to be a coworker with him our field must be the whole world as well. It is for this reason that we must again and again move out from areas where the Church's work is incomplete to unreached parts of the world.

Were not the disciples told to shake from their feet the dust of those cities who would not hear the Gospel, because there would always be another place where the Spirit was at work, where men's hearts were, for the moment, less hardened, and where people *would* listen? If it is more difficult to convert one pagan in America than a whole tribe in Africa, is it wrong to give ourselves to the conversion of Africa?

It is true, of course, that there are many non-Christians in America who would listen if the Gospel were preached in meaningful terms. This very task is one important part of our "home mission," for America, too, is a "mission field." It is part of "all the world" and God grant that some of us may be given the meaningful Word to preach and to live here. But the point is this: whether in America or Africa, the Gospel is foreign to all men, and as in the case of all foreign things which lay a judgment on what is familiar to us, many will stubbornly reject it while others thirst after it. Christianity, we have learned from history, does not spread as a drop of water spreads on a blotter and stops. Rather, it is like seed scattered in the wind, some falling on rocks and some on good ground.

TO go into all the world means this: *those who are in Christ, by the mystery of a new relationship, cannot help going with him into all the world, for that is where the Risen Christ is gone.* It means that if we who are in Christ withhold our prayers, our love or our life service from any part

of God's world, we *separate* ourselves, not only from our fellow men, but from God. This is the fearful thing about faith in Christ. We either share our belief or we lose it! One reason for our lack of faith today may be due to our unwillingness to share it with every man and woman on the earth.

To go into all the world means to look at the world, in so far as sinful and finite men are able, as God looks at the world. It means to see the world whole and to see it as a sphere—all points of which are equidistant from God, who is above all and in all and through all the world. We are no more precious to him than the Russian or the Indian. This is painful to us; it requires repeated effort. It is not easy to admit that God is the Father of our enemies and of those who are strangers to us, as well as our Father. Yet Christians love enemies and strangers, communists and Hottentots, only when they have seen that God loves them. Jesus warned that the worst of sins is pride, and the greatest temptation of pride is the belief that God loves us more than he does others.

Yet if God does love those whom we normally do not, even enemies and strangers, it follows that he loves even us in this amazing way. When we are aware of this, who of us do not feel shame when we remember our many selfish and arrogant attitudes? We cannot go in pride and condescension to the uncivilized (or undemocratic) heathen-over-there. This is only slumming on an international scale. The missionary thrust of the Church comes from the acute awareness of our own sin and our need to be reconciled with our fellow men and with God together. It comes from the profound insight of the Gospel that reconciliation with the one is not possible without reconciliation with the other, and that reconciliation with our fellow men is incomplete if there is one (however distant or insignificant) man left out of it. We cannot be "nearly" or "approximately" reconciled, any more than nations can "almost" be at peace. This is a state of affairs which either is or is not. We, each of us, are not completely reconciled to God until all men share in that reconciliation.

BUT what does the missionary to non-Christian Americans or non-Christian Asiatics do? The Christian approach to the non-Christian, says D. T. Niles of Ceylon, is as "one beggar telling another beggar where to find food." The food in this case is that which satisfies the deepest hunger man knows. Christians in their ordinary occupations and professions, and missionaries of every land have sought to meet many kinds of human need. Throughout the world there are hundreds of Christian hospitals, schools, orphanages, leprosariums, and the like. They are a part of the mission, but beneath and by means of every ministry of healing and teaching there has been repeated the same story of one man telling another how and where his deepest need can be met, and has already been met, by the mighty act of God in Jesus Christ. A psychologist was recently asked what he believed to be man's deepest need. He replied, "It is to be at one with someone." We know this as the real end that we seek in our love affairs and in our family relationships, an end that somehow never quite seems to be fulfilled. There is a profound and always frustrated hunger in human life to be at one with someone, or as Christian faith would put it, to be at one with Him through whom all things are one. It is our faith that that someone is Jesus Christ. Therefore, all men need him. Until they know him their hunger will remain.

NOW every Christian, every one who has been brought into the fellowship of Christ, by faith, is brought into a new, redemptive relationship to God and to the world. He is no longer isolated or alienated but *related*, related to God and a community of love, the Church. This, too, is the answer to man's deepest need. Man's deepest need is to be part of the new community where of the Body of Jesus Christ, every sin-raised barrier of race, language, class or geography can be broken down by the power of irresistible love. And every man in his vocation is called to bear witness by the quality of his life in this fellowship. The Church is at the center of the world mission. The call is to create and carefully nurture such fellowships throughout the world and all of life.

Missions, then, are not limited to the formal activity of the mission fields at home or abroad. They do not seem to me to be part of the program which the Church carries on. Missions are what the Church *is*. For if we are truly members of the Church, we are members of a Church that is in all the world and whose only reason for existence is that all the world should be brought into its redemptive life. As Christians we are as intimately related to men on the other side of the ocean as we are to those on the other side of the tracks or on the other side of the aisle. This relationship is expressed in our prayers, our gifts, our political life and by our preaching. But in the end the relationship is only made real, as in any other human fellowship, through the person-to-person encounter of those who go in the name of the whole fellowship utno one of its parts, to love and to serve.

Missions, then, are the product of our awareness of man's deepest need and our willingness to allow God to provide his answer to that need through us—and for us—in all the world. So each generation looks to the next until the last generation of all, knowing that "they without us shall not be made perfect."

ART IN YOUNG CHURCHES

Annet Sambana carving "Deposition from the Cross"

More universal than any language of the tongue is the speech of the artist. He communicates with all sensitive spirits. His symbols are everywhere recognizable.

His brush presents the Holy One as a native of India knows him—ethereal, enchanted, delicate. There is no harsh realism; but the spirit is quite real indeed.

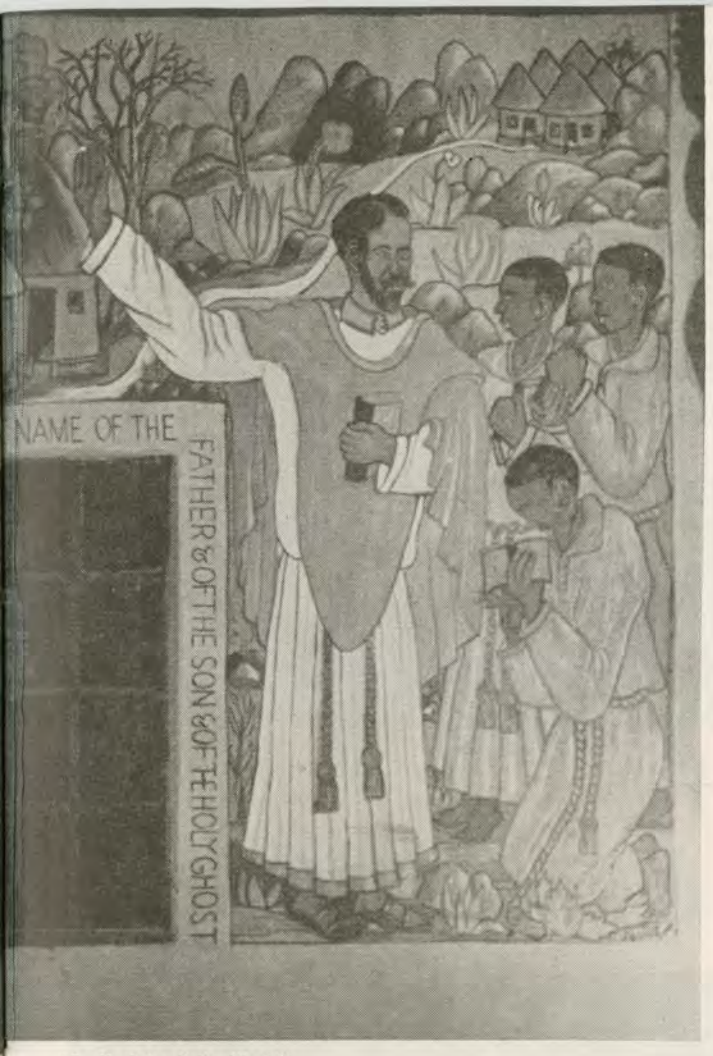
The Chinese artist, with centuries of skilled artistic development to lead him, knows the Redeemer no less surely, and equally gracefully.

The rugged, heavy plashes of color of the Rhodesian native live the truth of their meaning. What is not possessed in daintiness is compensated for by a force and passion that is quite articulate. No doubting. The artist knows and loves.

"Patient Woman"
Wood carving by
Annet Sambana

"The Visit of
the Three
Kings"

by
Stephen
Katsande



"Go Ye Into all the World"
Chapel mural by Joseph Ndhlovu

AFRICA

The Society for the Propagation of the Gospel (15 Tufton St., Westminster, S.W.1, London, England) is this year celebrating its 250th birthday. To the S.P.G. we are indebted for the Cyrene pictures on this and the previous pages.

Cyrene is a little tract of land in the Anglican Church diocese of Southern Rhodesia. According to tradition, Simon, who carried the cross for the Lord, was an African. In the new Cyrene, Africans not only carry the Master's burden, they celebrate his Gospel. They do it in their own idiom. These pictures attest to their resistance to cultural slavery.

"Design
by
Willie
Nyati

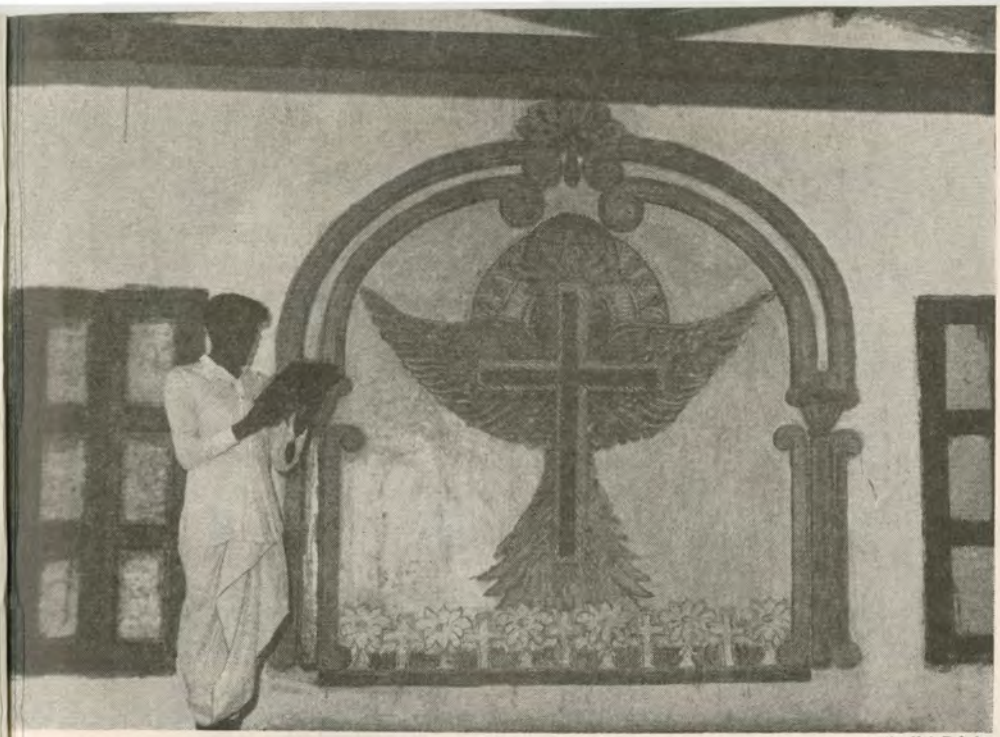
**And when the tempter came to
him he said, If thou be the Son of God,
command that these stones be made bread.
But he answered and said, It is written,
Man shall not live by bread alone,
but by every word that proceedeth out
of the mouth of God.**

**Alfred Thomas
(India)**

**I am the Good Shepherd,
and know my Sheep, and
am known of mine.**

Christ is at home in the Indian or Chinese setting. In the Temptation in the Wilderness, the Tempter is one of great beauty, and Christ's withdrawal is indicated by traditional Hindu attitude of prayer and contemplation. The Good Shepherd is not a realistic mountaineer, but represents the idealism that characterizes Thomas' painting. The S.P.G. has published The Life of Christ by an Indian Artist *(\$1.50), and to the Society we are indebted for publishing courtesy.*

ASIA

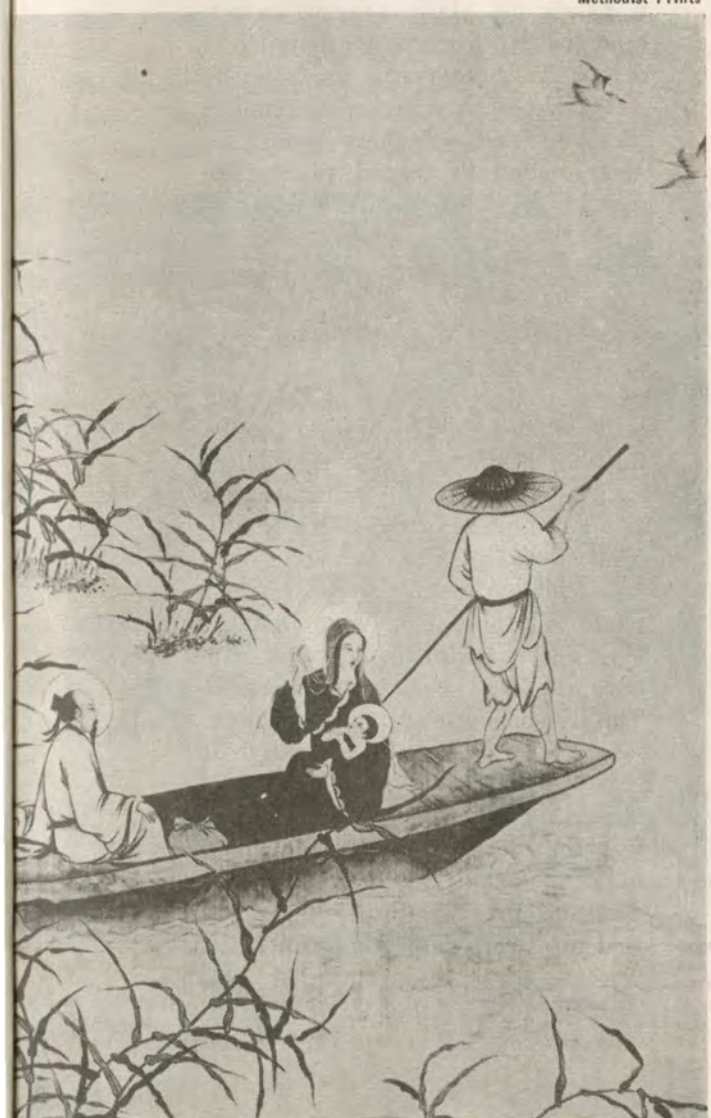


Methodist Prints

Waldodi Church (India)
by local member

"Flight Into Egypt"
by Lu Hung Nien (China)

Methodist Prints



"Jesus Calming the Storm
by Wang-Su-Ta (China)

Methodist Prints

THE WORLD MISSION OF THE CHURCH AS CONDITIONED BY ASIA'S REVOLUTION

By Winburn T. Thomas

THE "changeless East" has changed. A century of buffeting by outside forces has produced internal movements which in turn are changing the West, as well as the East.

The East and the West now find themselves in reversed positions as regards a receptiveness to these changes. After the European Renaissance the Orient was unwilling to take seriously the new learning of the West, so certain was it of the permanence of its own culture. Only Japan began immediately to borrow and adapt from the West, and only Japan escaped becoming a colony, both in name and in fact. Thanks to imperialism, colonialism, the white man's wars, missions, etc., Asia today has some basic understanding of the West. The reverse of that statement is not true.

The West has remained ignorant, both of the East and of the revolutions it has precipitated in Asia. The businessman wanted profits, not to raise the living standards of his employees. The soldier wanted peace and order; what did it matter if native lives were lost in the process? Politicians and statesmen rarely felt it necessary to investigate the basis of power of a local ruler; sufficient it was if he had authority to sign an "unequal treaty." The salesman to dispose of his goods would sell to the devil if the transaction was for cash; it was not his funeral if the gadgets later were turned against the white man. The missionary was out for souls, even if the religiously undergirded society where he preached the new gospel was smashed thereby. Results both good and evil developed as West met East in the East. It is now turning out to the West's disadvantage that the acquaintance has not been mutual.

Four years after World War I, 2,500 young people sailed for foreign mission fields; four years after World War II, only a fraction of that number were going to serve the church overseas.

The superiority of the white man's machines was what finally convinced the peoples of Asia that their culture was deficient. Muskets versus arrows, steel battleships versus man-driven canoes, the auto versus the bullock's cart, the steel plow versus the crooked stick: in each of these bouts the Asian ended in second place. The moral idealism of Gandhi fighting to retain the household crafts proved no match for the productivity of the machine. The isolated villager who after seeing his first airplane begged the missionary to get an egg so that his people could hatch one of the giant birds, is the prototype of most peoples for whom the industrial revolution has been delayed. Fifty years ago Jack London warned that China industrialized was a "yellow menace." Wendell Willkie while discovering his "one world" also became aware that the West's standard of living would drop once the East became mechanized. The loss of empire has produced the same effect, as Holland and England have discovered. What Japan succeeded in doing after Pearl Harbor was not sufficient to knock the U.S.A. out of the Pacific, but more than three years, instead of the three weeks promised by America's Secretary of Navy, were required to level Japan. Mao

Tse-tung's "human sea warfare" is quite a different story from Chiang Kai-shek's constant retreats first before the Japanese, then before the communists. The West is learning, but all too slowly, that it cannot dismiss Asia and her people as unimportant. Ignorance and disdain are as dangerous for the West today as they once were for the East.

If the machine has provided the means, nationalism has provided the stimulus for Asia's most significant changes. Imperialism produced its own remedy: peoples who before the coming of the white man had limited their loyalty to a family, a clan or a tribe, developed a new spirit in seeking to drive out the foreign invader. It is no accident that most of the younger democracies of Asia are coterminous with the former empires of western nations.

Nationalism and democracy in Asia are the products primarily of an opposition developed against an outside force; now that the outside force has disappeared, there is little to sustain the newly won political independence. Disillusionment has thus set in; "freedom" is no longer an "open sesame." Nationalists before World War II regarded communism as the only instrument capable of breaking the power of the colonial powers. Many of those nationalists today, discovering they have exchanged white imperialists for imperialists of their own race, concluded that only communism can break the power of absentee landlordism, poverty and governmental corruption. Thus they stand to sacrifice their political freedom and to accept a new variety of imperialism (Russia's), to achieve economic freedom. If the spread of communism is checked in Asia, it will be because of a speedy recrudescence of nationalism among the peoples.

Missions Yesterday and Today

Twenty-five hundred volunteers sailed for the foreign mission fields in 1922, four years after World War I ended. In 1950 (four years after the termination of World War II), only a fraction of that number were consecrated by American mission boards for the work of the churches overseas. The great embarkation of American youth in 1950 was not to evangelize the world, but to contain communism by holding the Korean beachhead. Asia's revolutions have altered the nature of America's major offensive.

A positive idea "to make the world safe for democracy" had inspired American political and religious effort during and immediately following World War I. The struggle to end Nazism and Fascism, and to "get even with the Japs" supplied such dynamic as American fighting men had in World War II.

The interwar failure of the League of Nations, the short-lived experiments in European parliamentary government, mutual animosity instead of good will resulting from American efforts to be friendly with other nations, the replacement of a vigorous but naïve idealism by a sophisticated and cynical view of international politics, the breakdown of world trade, the stalinization of Russia's socialistic experiment, the barbarian capacities of human nature as revealed by the Nazi treatment of the Jews: these were among the factors which determined the mood of America in World War II. Not righteousness but indignation inspired her all-out mobilization. Self-protection rather than philanthropy inspired Marshall Aid, E.C.A., and the Point-Four Program.

The national mood of 1919-21 stimulated and undergirded the missionary crusade: missionary volunteers who had been too young to carry a gun, and battle veterans united to save the world for democracy by saving souls. The national mood in the early 1950's is to salvage what can be saved, and to prevent the bad from becoming worse, a negative attitude which neither inspires nor supports crusades, be they political or religious.

Why There Can Be No Missionary Crusade

Even had America in 1950 been in a mood to repeat the 1922 performance, the mission fields would have offered scant response. Developments both within and outside the Asian churches limited the number of Americans who could be usefully deployed in the extension of the Christian community.

The younger churches are a limitation on the initiative of the Western

Dr. Sjamsudin Denso, a Christian pastor, addressing the opening session of the M.P.K.O. Triennial at Makessar in June. The speech was a blend of Christian theology and nationalism.

churches. Whereas in 1922, the mission in most Asian lands was free to send personnel at will, by 1950 foreign workers could be added to the staffs only at the invitation of the autonomous and independent churches. A number of factors prevented the younger churches issuing a mass invitation, including war weariness, inexperience in channeling the services of technically prepared foreigners, continuing civil war, legislation designed to preserve for nationals all positions nationals were competent to fill, etc.

Second, the nationalist ferment has been operating in the churches to make them self-sufficient. Christians, in order to demonstrate that their loyalty as well as that of the church is to the newly founded nation rather than to the colonial motherland, prefer that the number of westerners in positions of leadership be kept at a minimum. Administrative posts formerly held by missionaries have been filled by nationals. Even in Europe a ceiling was placed upon the number of Christian young people who were accepted for the task of reconstructing the churches. Director of CIMADE, Madeline Barot said to me in 1946, "Too many American Christian workers in Europe would cause our people to identify Protestantism with America. We must avoid giving that impression." In the face of the East-West tensions, some of the Asian churches are suspicious of American mission aid lest by accepting it they be drawn into the power struggle.

Third, antiwhite and anti-imperialistic feelings exist in Christian as well as in non-Christian communities. Asked if they would prefer a Caucasian or a non-Caucasian American as a missionary, the leaders of one of the large churches of Asia replied, "We would prefer the colored American." The head of one of the Indonesian churches, when asked if during the period that Dutch missionaries were *persona non grata* Americans would be acceptable, replied, "All white men are Dutchmen." These antiwhite, anti-imperialistic factors do not operate in each land to the same degree. Some churches have vetoed the suggestion of colored missionaries, not because they so regard them but on the grounds that the West regards pigment as a mark of inferiority. There is less antiwhite feeling in India than in Indonesia, less in the Philippines than in China. But throughout Asia the missionary movement has less importance than would have been the case had the American churches in the past appointed more of their nonwhite members for service abroad.

Fourth, the spread of communism has shut out missionaries from certain areas, and curtailed their activities in others. China and North Korea are closed as effectively as Islamic Afghanistan. Communist-directed civil war in French Indo-China, Malaya, Burma and the Philippine Islands hinders both national Christians and missionaries in contacting the rural churches, and in moving about the villages. Guerrilla activity in parts of Indonesia and India hampers the movement of Christian workers, some of whom have met death at the hands of armed bandits. The Chinese community in Indonesia is sufficiently procommunist that Chinese known to be sympathetic toward America are terrorized, and the Chinese churches dare not request American personnel to aid them, since to accept what Peking rejects is to be disloyal to China.

Fifth, the materialistic, effete manners and mode of living which missionaries bring with them are regarded with disdain. An Indian weekly reproduced a New York night club strip-tease artist at work and under it the caption, "Do we want the American way of life?" Hollywood has given the Orientals a conception of the United States which has little relation to the facts. Capitalistic organization is a luxury the Asian "democracies" cannot afford. American engineers and American engines are welcome, for Asians recognize that their technological lag must be overcome; Asians do not believe that America has anything to teach them concerning morals and religion.

Sixth, America's dominant role in world politics makes all her missionaries suspect. First-termers in Japan complain that Japanese colleagues reject their suggestions just because of their American origin. Many Indian and Pakistani intellectuals insist that Washington's assistance to Bao Dai, Quirino, Syngman Rhee and Chiang Kai-shek is "imperialist," therefore any aid from American sources must have some political purpose. So long have the peoples of Asia struggled against the West for their independence, they cannot understand the missionary who disclaims political motivation. America in 1922 as one among many world powers could send out an army of missionaries; America in 1951 as one of the two great powers competing for Asia is suspect, and so are all who carry the American passport, even though they go in the name of the Church. The presence of ex-missionaries in the U.S. State Department, and the war-time record of missionaries as intelligence officers, is in some sections an embarrassment to missionaries today.

Still, There Is a Place for Missionaries

At this point the reader may feel that the missionary enterprise is at an end. Such is far from being the case. The above mentioned facts are not intended to discourage the potential missionary but to encourage the Student Volunteer Movement and the boards of foreign missions of the American churches to do a more thorough job of screening and training the appointees. A certain maturity is required for a first-termer to avoid frustration in a situation where there is no mission to guide him, and in which the church lacks the experience to do so. A confidence in the purposes of God is required if the missionary just out of language school is forced to flee his station, abandon his worldly possessions, and to take up residence in a new location where he must learn a new language and gather together the material possessions needed to make family life possible. Only faith and prayer can cast out the inferiority complex of the white-of-skin who work among race-conscious Asians.

There always will be a place for the Christian witness. The missionary movement, as an instrument whereby

God speaks to men through men, will endure as long as human history. The forms and expressions may alter, but the imperative to proclaim God's love through Christ is not annulled by political decrees. In every age the love of God incarnate in human life will find a frontier where that love must be shared. Experts are needed, experts in agriculture, experts in teaching, experts in evangelism, but the top priority for all missionaries is a first-hand experience of the love of God which manifests itself as affection for people and a sincere desire to serve them. Regardless of prohibitions against teaching the Christian faith, the teacher, the engineer, the farmer whose life is posited on the divine imperative that we love one another even as God for Christ's sake loves us will achieve a plus in his human relations which exceeds his technical obligations.

There are several places where the missionary is still welcome. American missionaries and national Christians share high administrative posts in the Philippine churches. An Indian national Christian leader, in explaining the choice of a missionary rather than a national for a given position, said, "We choose men on the basis of their qualifications, not their race." In Pakistan, Japan, South Korea, Indonesia, the missionary still is welcome as helper, advisor, teacher. Today the missionary can demonstrate his sincere desire that the nationals increase in position and ability, and the missionaries decrease. No longer should the missionary expect to be the head of an institution, or its founder. These are tasks for the Christians of each land. But in a lesser, inconspicuous position, the missionary can still make his talents and training count for the strengthening of the younger churches of Asia. The person willing to lose himself in the work of Christ, and to submerge his desire for prestige, position, and fame, will find frontiers aplenty open to him within the younger churches of Asia.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

By Herbert Hackett

Is this the way your community would react to a letter by "Reverend John Jones"?

Sept. 7, 1951
Dear Sir:

This week the churches of Middletown are observing Missionary Week. Special speakers, including missionaries from many foreign countries, will speak at the various churches. Other special programs will be offered. I would like to use your columns to call the events of this week to the attention of your readers. In time of international conflict, of hatred of man for man, of anxiety and fear, we must more and more turn to the Cross and spread the gospel of peace throughout the world. The Christian gospel is the only hope for lasting peace and the arrival of the Kingdom of God on earth. Sincerely,

Rev. John Jones

Sept. 9, 1951
Dear Sir:

I used to give a lot of money to the missionary drive, sometimes as much as a dollar bill, but I can't see what good it ever did. Your Rev. Jones says that the only hope of peace is for us to make the world Christian, but we've been sending missionaries to China for years to educate the Chinese, and all the good it has done is that they became communists and started a war. India is no better. They are no better than a bunch of socialists . . . I think we should save our money and make ourselves strong enough so that no one will attack us. That's the way to get peace, if we have to lick the bunch of them.

Bert H.

Sept. 9, 1951
Dear Sir:

I read where a Reverend Jones in your paper says we ought to send missionaries to save the heathen. If he would read the Good Book he would find that it says the Lord helps those who helps themselves. Numbers 27:3. Now you know and I know that you know that most of these people we send the word to haven't the gumption to do for themselves, else they'd been Christians long ago.

There's enough sinful people right here at home, wine-bibbers, card players, those who dance with their arms around each other, cigarette smokers, and these Jezebels on television.

The Good Book says charity begins at home.

Signed,
Mother of seven

Sept. 10, 1951
Dear Editor:

The trouble with people like Rev. Mr. Jones is that they can't mind their own business but have to go all over creation chasing after someone to spend our money on. The trouble with them is that they're just like this New-Fair-Square-Deal crowd; all they want to do is spend our hard-earned money on a bunch of useless foreigners who won't appreciate it anyway. We have better uses for our money what little we have after Harry and his cronies get through tossing it down ratholes.

I say, let's keep our money at home and if these do-gooders want to save

the world let them earn their way like anyone else.

100 Per Cent American

Dear Sir:

Mother of seven better look at Numbers 27:3 again.

Bible Reader

Dear Sir:

Why doesn't this Rev. Jones tell us what church he represents? I know for a fact that he is a modernist and perhaps he is ashamed of some of the people his church (Methodist) associates with.

I know for a fact that among the groups with which The Methodist Church and Rev. Jones work are the pinkish National Council of Churches, the World Council of Churches and the World Missionary Alliance. These groups and all such groups have abandoned the Bible as the source of all revelation, denied the Virgin Birth and refused baptism by immersion.

Such a missionary movement preaches the Anti-Christ. They should read the warning, "The Lord thy God is a God of wrath." Don't be taken in by this appeal of Rev. Jones.

Signed,
True Believer

Sept. 12, 1951
Dear Sir:

I have read the fine discussion of your readers to the plea of Rev. Jones to support missionary efforts. All of them miss the point.

The fine dream of Christianizing the world, has, so far, remained just a dream. The salve money of oil magnates and gun manufacturers turned philanthropist has served only to oil the machines of war and hatred among nations, and the only tangible result has been to put lovely, unspoiled daughters into ill-designed Mother Hubbards, teaching shame as the number-one Christian virtue.

Ever since the Rockefellers first pumped their ill-gotten wealth into the foundations of the missionary movement, there has been a tendency to consider that petroleum and piety are the same thing, both starting with P. The Baptists, it might be observed, have sold more cans of oil than Bibles, and have lighted the way for half the world—in kerosene rather than piety. The Methodists have shed even less light—having less kerosene.

The sacrificing effort of good, if misguided, men is not enough to bring the light of truth to darkest Africa and the murky twilight of Asia. It is obvious that we export a product which we badly need at home, in an overpious and self-satisfied form, to "savages" whose culture and ethical practice have sufficed them for years . . .

Who are we to tell the world? On what assumption do we pretend to have the truth?

Signed,
Realist

Sept. 14, 1951
Dear Sir:

This man who signs himself "Realist" is the same kind of man who lets his dog bark all night long because "dogs will bark." So the "Heathen will be Heathen." Certainly we have a lot of people who need the good word—why last night I didn't get a wink of sleep because of two neighbors who don't keep their dogs quiet, but that doesn't mean it isn't our duty, however hard it may be and however unappreciated it may be by the heathen.

Disgusted

Sept. 16, 1951
Dear Sir:

Doesn't Disgusted know that dogs are men's best friends? She wants to send missionaries to help the "heathen" but she can't even live with her neighbors. She probably throws rocks at children.

Dog Lover

NEWS FROM ALL THE CHURCHES:

This Sunday marked the end of missionary activity in most of the Protestant Churches in the city. Especial significance was given to the week. . . .

"If Christianity ever spreads throughout the world, it will not be like a prairie fire. There will be no emotional conflagration that will sweep humanity right off its feet. It will be rather by the touch of life upon life, by the lighting of one torch from another."

—*Canon W. H. Elliott in If I Were You.*

You Ask Me, Pastor, Why I Weep...

By Wanda Van Goor

You ask me, pastor, why I weep . . . perhaps, you say, there was something in your sermon. . . .
No, pastor, that's just it: there wasn't. I weep slow tears of futility.

I've looked for something, pastor, oh—so long that I've forgotten when the first desire for searching came.

Do you know, pastor, what I'm looking for?
And how that I can find it?

You say to pray. But the wail of hungry children drowns my voice. "Give us this day" constricts my throat like sobs. I cannot pray.

I sing in your choir. But as I sing I hear the whistle of the wind about a pile of rubble that was once a home.

You pray. I cannot hear you, pastor, for other voices drown you out. I hear guns and mortars and bombs, shot and dropped by men who do not want to shoot or bomb. I hear the screams of wounded warriors and the steady drip of blood.

You take an offering in your church. I drop in money too. The money goes, you say, for . . . but I cannot hear you, pastor, for other voices drown you out. I hear the steady fall of cash into the hands of overstuffed dyspeptic men whose factories make the wherewithal of war. I hear the rush of guarded whispers of the "profits that I made last time at. . . ." I hear the click of Wall Street tickers as the markets soar and wages fail to meet demands.

You say I'll find it in the fellowship of people here. Every Sunday I stare into the vacant pews of those who took away their membership because a Negro friend of mine once led the choir. I see your folk shake hands and smile and afterwards remark, "Well, they're nice people, *but*. . . ."

Do you know, pastor, what I'm looking for?
And how that I can find it?

I don't know quite what it is myself, and yet it seems to me I've nearly found it several times.

There was that quiet Quaker, mixing plaster in a shambled house and binding stone and stone and heart and heart. I mixed plaster, too, but what it was he had I sought I couldn't find that way.

There was that evangelist, shouting glory and saving souls. He had somewhat of that I longed for too, but not that I could put my finger on.

And that fanatic who ran a farm down South—he had it too. While I was near him I thought I'd found the way to get it. He was so calm and good he haunts me yet—and once I thought—but no, I've not found it yet.

Once, I remember, in a railway station, I saw a Salvation Army woman take a crying child and soothe and help the mother. Later she was playing a trombone out on the corner, and someone passed a hat. She had something akin to what I searched for too, although the bill I dropped into the hat didn't help me find it.

Do you know, pastor, what I'm looking for?
And how that I can find it?

Other people claim they do. Their pulpits aren't in so fine a place, pastor, but they say that if we come with them, we can feed the hungry and clothe the naked, and do all those things that you've been telling us to do for years.

It's obvious the Church can't do it, pastor, not this way.

I have a friend who says it won't be long until the Party finds a way to fix things so that I won't lose my job because I have some Negro friends.

It's obvious the Church can't do it, pastor, not this way.

Pastor, I'll have to try them out and see, as I tried your way. Maybe you don't know, pastor, the hunger and the loneliness and the hurt. It's the sort of thing that one can't stand forever. I did what you said. I said that Jesus was the Son of God and Saviour of my soul.

But it didn't help, pastor. It only made it worse. I've heard the sounds more clearly since than ever.

You ask me, pastor, why I weep . . . perhaps, you say, there was something in your sermon. . . .

No, pastor, that's just it: there wasn't.

Just outside the gate stands the crumbling facade of a building; over the arch, an escutcheon bearing crossed Papal keys, behind it—space, a drop of 450 meters.

CIVITA REVISITED

BONAVENTURA TECCHI

This is a sequel to "Ancient Civita," published in May *MOTIVE*.

Translated by Ben Johnson

SOME years before the war, had one walked through the Galleria in Milan, a large German book entitled *Heroisches Italien* would have been seen prominently displayed in the windows of the book shops. It was a book, or rather an album, almost entirely of photographs, with brief annotations and a concise German preface. What the author meant by that title, *Heroic Italy*, was not easy to understand, not even from the preface. Maybe he meant that several hundreds of Italians, rooted in their mountain-goat villages, cut off from the world, obstinately clinging to plots of bitter earth, lacking, or almost lacking, every convenience of modern life, were leading an heroic life.

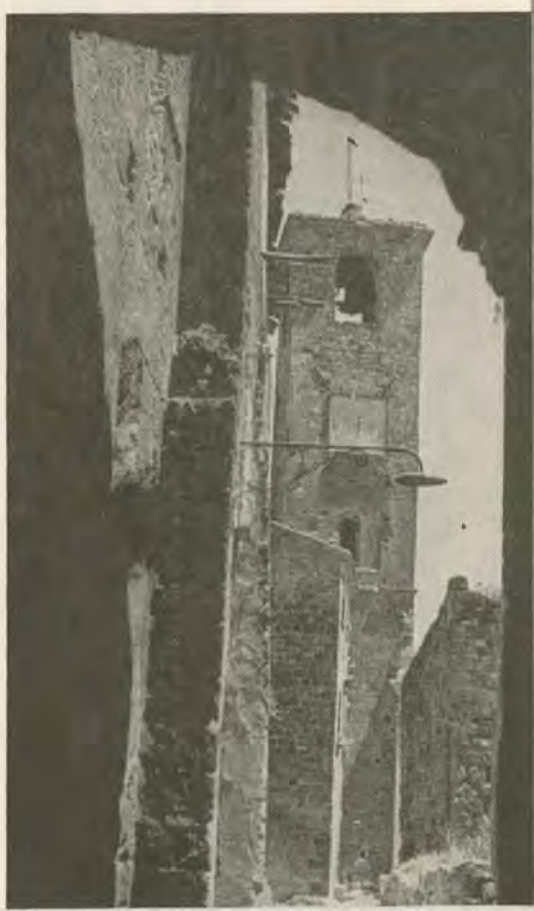
And yet, it was the Germans themselves, in the last war, who administered the *coup de grâce* to ancient Civita, for a variety of reasons already threatened with death. No one would have dreamed that the war would have turned to be waged in this particular lonely corner, in this land of clay and gorges, up among the wild slopes which, in the rainy season, not even the mules dare climb; no one would have imagined that the war would have been waged actually against that towering massif upon which the stubborn resistance of whole families already had more a flavor of legend than of reality. But the Germans, during Kesselring's retreat, wanted to take that very summit: they built machine-gun nests, and the battle raged for three days: the few houses that had escaped the earthquakes or the gnawing of the waters were torn asunder by cannon: the only bridge, abutting on the ground which had remained solid, was blasted into the air with dynamite. . . . Thus, ancient Civita, which was once joined to the rest of the world by only a wooden gangway across the partially ruined piers of a bridge, over the white abysses of clay, found herself at first completely isolated with her war dead and wounded, later reunited with another gangway, but makeshift, since going up today has become something of a feat of daring, a little adventure of the feet on the gridlike crosspieces and wickerwork.

THE ancient town still has not given up. And before dying she has celebrated her feast days this year. She has decked out her church as always; the melodious bells of the *campanile* which remained intact (the peal of those bells is known for a certain strange dulcet quality it possesses even beyond the white *scrimi*, beyond the awesome gulches over which it drifts in the hours of first light and of twilight, soaring as though to comfort them) have called the people together. And in this curious season in the wake of war in which feast days are alternating with miseries, the people have come in crowds, in greater crowds than ever.

I saw them going up, on one of the last Sundays of autumn, up over that bridge which once, years ago, had collapsed and whose destruction the war had finished. I saw them going up, and I went up myself. Perhaps our states of mind, those who were going up, were not so very different from that strange thrall that held bound, almost bewitched—one cannot tell how—entire families up there. Perhaps near danger and the end, in the precariousness of this frail life which today we all lead, there is a profound fascination. The fact remains that wine seems better up there: merriment in a group seems more genuine; a woman's face, when it is beautiful, appears more beautiful. You drink, and immediately there comes to mind the famous drinks taken by your ancestors, who, like us, fifty or sixty years ago, foregathered at these celebrations in this same unstable, perilous and enchanted atmosphere. You prattle, and the memory of happenings, of great and small passions, easily takes on the coloring of the remote, your benign smile almost always mellowing it.

WE went up an alleyway still littered with débris, ancient and recent, to a house which remained miraculously solid, up a certain flight of steps that neither war nor earthquakes had harmed. And the stairways (there were two for the same house) curiously and not without grace began at the same point, climbed to form an amphora-shape, and knocked, as it were, at the same time at two different doors. We went as a group through the one to the left; and, in a well-lit room without windowpanes, we sat at a great white table where not long before the band that was enlivening the festivities had sat. There was one who at once remembered that thirty years ago this house had been the dwelling of a fine and likable priest who, with all of his virtues, was a bit too fond of wine; though remembered by a thoroughgoing anticlerical, with this amusing recollection the man actually showed how frankly the priest blurted out his chastity. When a little tipsy and his friends tempted him, playfully reminding him of the uncommon beauty of the women of that ancient town, he replied, firmly and convinced, "No, no, I'd rather have wine!"

Even those inhabitants who remember the great collapse of the roadway in 1901 cannot recall when the clock in the *campanile* stopped running.



The valley: a "sea of clay" reaching all the way to the mountains of Umbria. In the right foreground, a *scrime* a kilometer long; behind it olive groves.

TAKING leave of the hospitality of that house, we found ourselves at once in the midst of the *festa*, in front of the *piazza*, where at that moment there was being held nothing less than an ass race. A grand enough *piazza* compared with the smallness, more gnawed and limited than ever, of the village; frontage by its beautiful church, flanked on one side by the great Mazzocchi-Alemanni palace which the nibbling of the waters and finally cannon had reduced to rubble on the far side. Never had I seen, not even during my childhood, the beautiful *piazza* more thronged with colorfully dressed and festive people who had come up from places round about; never had I heard laughing more rollicking and full-throated than when, in the middle of the race, one of the asses—and of all ones, that which was leading—suddenly turned off toward the stall or stopped in its tracks or barged into the center area, paying no attention to the rope and the poles placed to mark the bounds of the track.

I recognized prisoners from the four quarters of the world (from India, from South Africa, from America, even from Australia) returned to discuss with mock seriousness and amid the hearty laughter the turns the race had taken, as though the boundless enormity of the war had whet their appetites for the small and intimate.

Serious, satisfied, a couple of little tikes were seated atop two of the marble columns before the church: the two columns, the remains of a pagan temple, pride and delight, among these little ragamuffins, of the one who, after furious struggles, "conquers" one of these predominant lookout posts. . . . But how beautiful and silent was the church during the race, the church with its three great naves, with its festival bunting, with the green sprigs of myrtle strewn upon the pavement, with all of the ivory and silver treasures exposed upon the altar in occasion of the *festa*, perhaps for one of its last *feste!* The still-solid, still-august church near the abysses and the ruins. Here religion seems to have a meaning more profound than elsewhere.

At the end of the race the crowd slowly flowed down toward the exit, passing under the arch that still possesses, up above, the rampant eagle facing the abysses. There is the custom that, at the end of the *festa*, the girls of the town accompany, stroll along with, the other and much more numerous girls from afar, see them to the farthermost point, and then come back. Nearly always good-byes are exchanged beneath the gateway of the village, which is preceded by a sort of corridor, or rather vestibule, hollowed out of the tufa, vaulted, furnished with benches on one side, they too carved in the tufa, from which point a view of the valley, glaring up, is to be had.

I WITNESSED one of these leave-takings. An elderly man—though no longer young, still enamored of life—said to a girl who had come accompanying a group, "Tell the curate that Civita will never die as long as there are such beautiful girls. . . ." In the girl's eyes there shone something of an ancient unearthly gentility. Although aware of the wise good nature of the curate and the innocence of the remark, for a moment she was flustered; but since the other, smiling, was insisting, "Tell the curate that. . . ." She replied, quickly, "All right, I'll tell him."

And, against that glaring background of white *scrimi* and frightening chasms, she remained like that a moment, happy, pensive. And truly, it did seem as though the beauty of a woman's face that enters down into a man's heart is one of the hardest things to perish in this brief life.

Girls drawing water from Civita's only fountain; seen from the second floor of "the tall palace which rises on one side of the *piazza*."

The World of the Poet

By Louise Louis

In the midst of the "briered ambush" of our days, the poet presses on to the "indestructible arrival."

ALL of us feel intensely the briered ambush of the days. But no one more than the poet. He seems constantly confronted with the driving compulsion *to embrace* his brothers and *to depart from their foolishness* at the same time. He is perennially warning with his silver bell, "I am blind! I am blind!" and crying aloud with the instant revelation of his new sight: "I see! I see!"

This is true of all poets, I think, whether those who have become successfully articulate to a small group or a large one. We who begin to speak from our inner need to dispel the muteness we know is not truly a part of us, are discovering our discipleship in the world of realities. I know we are accused, as a group, of being the people who test the air with our fingers to see in what direction we would go if we were going.

We are deceived often. We are dismayed for long periods. We are inconsolable in spasms, but we are forever seeking for an indestructible arrival—however naïve that may sound. We are the vanguard of millions who seek that arrival. Our wisdom should lie in our knowing that such an arrival does not depend upon anything but the sacredness which we, as individual priests of beauty and truth, *determine to speak!* It depends upon *our separate missions against death in our time*—against limbo in our own souls—and upon our own *new seeing* wherever we are, so help us God.

THERE is a Turkish fable of a beautiful princess admired by a young man who persisted in following her. She turned to him and asked finally: "Why do you look at me like that?"

"Because I love you!" he replied.

"Why do you love *me*? My sister who follows me is far more beautiful than I!" He turned back and found the sister—ugly. The man came running back to the beautiful princess and demanded, "Why did you *lie* to me?"

"Because you first lied to me. *If you had loved me—you would not have turned to look at another.*" The fable is pertinent for us, as poets, as writers (and, I might add, as Christian followers of the Christ).

WHATEVER you do there will usually be someone there to say, "Let me see your . . . your Wishing Ring. Ummmm, tarnished. Made of lead. Five and dime." *Don't let anyone or anything take the work out of your wish* no matter how impossible you may seem to them. For *you and I are bound upon an arrival.* Only we know what ambush can stop us, or whether we are outward bound daily for an indestructible arrival.

There was a woman who was without seeing or hearing, who made of herself a *channel* for the expression of womankind. Like her, the poet must believe in the magic of the seed, the nearness of the stars, and the promise that neither darkness, nor numbness, nor things present, nor things to come can separate him from his indestructible arrival—an arrival of his priceless integrity, an arrival which life itself gives him in vindication of his endless pursuit.

From **Spirit, Magazine of Verse**, where it was published as "Indestructible Arrival"

L A S T L E T T E R

Do not ask me what to write . . .
Your heart holds all the parables you need!
Only a need that is your own
can push you to that precipice
from which your soul, baptized in myriad
turmoils, becomes articulate to other men.

Somewhere in the network is your station—
somewhere a force that you determine—
but can you **wait** a thousand years to measure
a potency that only time can tell?

Speak to men of heights, the vast endeavor
to scale partitions finite mind has raised
between the soul and its Creator.

No one drops as from a ledge into oblivion.
Small parts of you forever must exist . . .
in someone's eyes—a garden rose—or wayside heather.
Your name, perhaps, inside a baby's ring.
Some child you never knew will resurrect you
in the millionth way the Universal Life devises.

Nothing falls into a hidden voiding.
Death gathers in her basket broken things
for God to cherish and give again to life
whose workshop is trimmed with fine art
of many generations. . . . These generations
have no oblivion. It **all** matters.
Write about that. . . .

Intercollegiate Athletics

By H. O. "Fritz" Crisler
Director of Athletics
University of Michigan

THERE has been a great deal of controversy regarding the evils and the values of intercollegiate athletics. There is a great deal to say on both sides which can be justified.

But I do not believe, as the popular song of a few years back had it, "My Future Just Passed" when we speak of college athletics.

The viewers-with-alarm, the pessimists, the fellows who can tell you all of the world's ills without suggesting a remedy, or making a constructive suggestion, doubtless agree with the comparison between the song and intercollegiate athletics. And we in the administrative jobs, we as coaches, certainly must concede that the viewers-with-alarm have a definite point. We certainly must concede also that a certain share in the blame for what has happened in basketball, in the West Point cribbing episode, in other instances, can be laid squarely at our door.

But I am just as certain as it is possible for a man to be that the future of intercollegiate athletics has not passed. It has not passed, of course, if we stop the moaning and decrying, and do something constructive, and part of that constructive effort means a cleaning of our own nests.

Let's examine the situation. First, if you stop to think about the evils that have become attendant with college athletics—you must realize that there is one healthy sign in the picture that even the dourest of pessimists must admit.

The evils associated with intercollegiate sports are a result of growth, and not of decay.

Thirty or forty years ago college football and basketball were not beset with the problems that confront them now. Intercollegiate athletics have grown so rapidly since World War I, and again since World War II, that perhaps they have lost their sense of balance. So many more young people are attending college, are participating in sport, so much more publicity is given to college athletics, that we as athletic administrators, or as college officials, have not been able to keep apace.

Intercollegiate athletics have outstripped, in some instances, their normal controls. There has been too much emphasis laid upon trying to "keep up with the Joneses" and this situation has in some instances produced some frightening messes. Now it is certainly time to catch up, to adjust that sense of balance, to remedy the situation before it is too late.

Red Smith, the widely read newspaper columnist, and certainly one of the keenest minds in the sports writing business, in writing upon the current sports situation dwelt not only on college athletics but the professional side of the picture as well. Red wrote that even a toothache can be beneficial, if not enjoyable, because it sends the sufferer to the dentist for repairs that might otherwise be neglected. I agree with Red but I might add that it is not only the teeth that are concerned at present; we have a terrific headache to contend with as well.

SOME critics have rather hastily pointed out that because of the basketball scandals, the cribbing episode, and other instances of weakness, that "college athletics are rotten to the core."

I take exception to that statement. You can't tell me that a system that produced so many leaders both in war and in peace down through the years is "rotten to the core." No system that produced a Nile Kinnick of

--Have They a Future?

This and the following articles on athletics and honor continue a symposium begun in the October issue.

Iowa, who gave his life for his country, or an Elmer Gedeon of Michigan who sacrificed his own life to save his crew-mates when his plane was shot down, is rotten.

Had they lived, I am positive that these boys would have become leaders in whatever field of endeavor they chose. No system that has produced a Bob Chappuis, a "Bump" Elliott or a Chuck Ortmann, just to mention a few of our Michigan boys, is rotten. It may acquire malignant growths that must be excised, but in the main the body is healthy. You don't shoot a boy because he has appendicitis; you don't kill the system because it has an ailment. You try to operate, or to correct the condition.

If killing the system were the final answer, we would have abandoned the two-party system of our democracy long ago. And that would have been the end of democracy. Take religion—there were those money-changers in the temple whom Christ drove out—that incident did not kill Christianity. In fact, both religion and our democratic way of life have undergone many severe crises down through the years and the centuries. Yet not once have we given serious thought to abandoning either.

TURNING back to sports, let's take a brief glance at the professional side of the picture. Baseball, boxing, horse racing and the others, they've all had their scandals —and if you want to go even further—certainly playing cards are still being manufactured.

Baseball has been threatened a number of times but, gentlemen, when I had the good fortune to conduct a coaching school for the Army at Garmisch, Germany, the past summer—you know the first thing the G.I.'s wanted to know: "What do you think of Cleveland?" or "How about the Yanks?" or "What's happened to Detroit?"

The Stars and Stripes over there, which does a really grand job, carries those results in both majors. If you ever heard an argument in the bleachers, you should hear what goes on around the barracks when a kid from Brooklyn tangles with a G.I. Giant rooter.

But getting back to the case in point. If professional athletics can survive these ordeals certainly the concerted minds of educators and those interested in turning our well-balanced, intelligent young citizens to the betterment of our world, should be able to correct the situation without killing the patient.

Certainly the abolishing of college athletics would solve the problem to the extent that there would be no further problem. That's the easy way out. But that's not the answer, and in my humble opinion, it would be the greatest and most tragic mistake we could make. Because college athletics are an integral part of our way of life.

Some have said and written that educators have lost sight of their primary goal. I do not agree with this. Perhaps in some quarters this has been true. But it is my own observation that this is not generally so. It is true that the rapid growth of college sports, particularly football and basketball, has subjected all concerned, from athlete to college administrator, to increasing and, in some instances, tremendous pressures. It is true that at some institutions a coach must win "or else." It is also true that competitive bidding for athletes has got far out of hand in many instances.

PERSONALLY, I have sensed a growing change in the attitudes of the boys themselves, and more particularly in their parents. And that, too, is partly the blame of the colleges. At Michigan we tried to operate on the theory down through the years that we want only the boys who *want* to come to Michigan. That has, in general, worked out very well.

It has been my own coaching experience that if it's the college that wants the boy—and not the boy who wants the college—it very often spells grief. And that means grief for both.

Basically, today's kid is no different from his older brother. He is the same fine, clean-cut boy that American college athletics have been turning out for years. But so often today, the exceptional athlete has to be the exceptional young man in all respects, to resist the pressures by which he is beset. In the case of parents, certainly their sons are the most precious stake they have in the world. In some instances perhaps they have been misguided, or have not thought out the situation clearly. Certainly in this complex world of skyrocketing prices, increasing taxes, the average parent who wants to give his son a college education is sorely beset. And when he hears what is going on—perhaps exaggeratedly so—he may be tempted to bargain for his boy.

Speaking of temptation, I can cite you many shining examples of athletes and their parents who resisted pressures. I'd like to cite just a few examples from the University of Michigan, which I happen to know about firsthand. There are many others at other institutions as well.

I KNOW that every sports fan knows of Bennie Oosterbaan. I remember him back from the days when he was playing for Muskegon high school and I was assisting Mr. Stagg at Chicago. At the time we had a national high school basketball tournament at Chicago, and Bennie, a big apple-cheeked kid, was certainly the prize of the tournament. He was an All-American basketball player, a state champion in the discus, and already a great football player.

I know for a fact that Bennie could have accepted a number of offers. Bennie came from a fine family but not a wealthy one, but he had made up his mind to come to Michigan, and he never even considered any other institution. It was the same when he graduated from college. He had a number of major league offers as a baseball player and there is little doubt that he could have made the grade. Yet he chose Michigan. It's still his proud boast that "I knew where I wanted to go, and so did my father. There was never any question about it."

More recently, look at Chuck Ortmann, great Michigan halfback. Certainly he was not a wealthy kid in a monetary sense, but he was a great high school athlete. Although he came from a fine, substantial family, he, too, was much sought after. But he told me that he had wanted to come to Michigan ever since he was a grade school kid because Tom Harmon was his boyhood idol. What was his campus job? Short-order cook in a campus restaurant.

THAT'S the way it should be. That's the way it's got to be. Let the boy select his college—not the institution the boy. That's the way it's got to be unless we decide to re-assess our sense of values regarding the system of intercollegiate athletics in the United States. Maybe we can work out some other system, but whatever it is, it must be one shorn of hypocrisy and under-the-table dealing. I am an idealist, but I am also practical enough to realize that no matter what system colleges operate under, there always will be bugs in the system, as there are flaws in all systems involving either human beings or mechanization.

But I believe that if you start with the premise of letting the boy choose the institution, and not the institution, the boy—you have something to go on that is fundamentally sound. Certainly I, if I were still coaching, would not want a boy on my squad, who was a "hired hand" so to speak. I would want the type of kid, who like one of our players, Wally Teninga, said, "I don't care where I play—I just want to play where I can do the most good."

Well, some of you may say, that's all well and good—fine spirit, loyalty to the team, the coach, the institution and all that sort of thing. But, you may argue, a college athlete, if he is paid, is vastly underpaid when gate receipts are considered. That is true, if you consider that situation strictly on a financial basis. But that is the thing we are discussing here—whether we are trying to produce well-rounded young men from both an educational and physical standpoint—or whether colleges are to serve as a training ground for professional athletics.

We, at Michigan, and I'm sure I speak for the majority of institutions, feel that athletics are an integral part of preparing a boy for a useful career. We place great emphasis on tradition at Michigan. We try to indoctrinate our athletes with a sense of loyalty, with a sense of doing better than they know how when the chips are down.

That, we feel, is as much a part of their education, as calculus, trigonometry, the course in law or medicine or any other subject.

THIS is all very well and good, you say. We know that the boys are under pressure, we know that the coaches are under terrific pressure, too. We know that they have to scramble, and perhaps take short cuts at some institutions in order to win and keep their jobs. We know that gamblers in some instances have reached the boys to influence the outcome of certain basketball games. We know all those things, but the question still remains. What are we going to do about it?

Put it all in a printed plan and it is simple enough. You can draw up a neat set of rules, all of which cover the many-faceted phases of the situation. Codes have been drawn up before and given only lip service. If we, from the top of our institutions down to the entering freshman student, believe in the ideals that have been written and expressed so many times, actually put them into a living working plan, then the spirit of college athletics—the spirit of amateurism—will not die. By and large I think that the Western Conference, for example, has set a pattern which, if strictly adherred to, can keep the situation under control. It is the same with other conferences and also the independent individual institutions. The rules are there—in the main they are sound. But the spirit of the rule, the spirit and the courage to enforce the rule, must come from the individual institution. We must *want* to see the rules enforced. We must not look upon rules as a challenge to our ingenuity in evading the issues posed. We must want to keep up our standards, even though we hurt ourselves. We must want so much to uphold these standards that we are willing to stand the pain of excising the evil growth. Through strict enforcement of the moral code of amateurism—through the spirit of such boys as Nile Kinnick and the ideals he and they stand for—through these things only can college athletics hope to survive.

What's Happened to Our Values?

By Samuel D. Marble, President
Wilmington College, Wilmington, Ohio

COMMERCIALISM in basketball, and in football, and in all athletics, is only another reflection of a general loss of values in our culture.

At different times society has been sufficiently respectful of certain living processes that these ways of life have become ends in themselves. Thus, in the classical period of Greece the ability to write a poem, to compose a song, to chisel from stone a statue, to run a race, or to be called to serve the public, was considered a glorious gift.

In the early Christian Church, to love God, to serve one's fellow man, to practice the Sermon on the Mount, to keep the ten commandments were sublime accomplishments. In order to prevent the attempt to subordinate these living processes to material ends, the church set up—although not always successfully—religious societies for the practice of these virtues in which worldly gain was denied to the members.

The history of our own American society shows that in addition to Christian values, we have elevated the idea of being a good neighbor, a good citizen, and a loving parent not as performances for which one should be paid, but as values sufficient to justify themselves. We have held that we do not lead good lives in order to make more money, but that making money has no significance unless it be to aid us to lead good lives.

Somehow, all this is reversed. Reverence for the life-process itself seems to be drying up. What is happening in basketball is no more than symbolic of what is happening elsewhere. It is not sufficiently rewarding to play the game itself according to the rules, simply for the love of the sport, and simply because it is good to associate with one's fellow men. No, we must now convert these living experiences into something that seems to be of real value: into cash.

The great tragedy occurs when this type of opportunism becomes the mode of political practice. When the function of the State becomes no longer that of aiding and sustaining certain ways of living, when the dignity of the people has to be translated into something of greater significance: that something is invariably *power*.

Needed: A Student Revolution

By Ed Crawford, Editor
Auburn Plainsman
Alabama Polytechnic Institute

I do not think that the moral standards of collegiate America are out of step with the moral standards of other American groups. Instead, I am afraid college students are trying and are staying in step too easily with the materialism which has come to characterize so many American people.

West Point cheating, basketball bribes, the professionalization of football, overemphasis on winning, etc., are only small parts of the moral recession of this country. They merely show the growing tendency of college students to follow in the steps of their parents, leaders, and friends in quest of only self-advantage.

This selfish materialism has corrupted our social, economic, political and cultural life. It has made for us few sincere friends among the nations of the world. Instead, we find that in spite of our efforts, a great per cent of the world is against us. Materialism is a far greater threat to this country than godless communism.

In speaking of intercollegiate sports, we have had three football coaches in four years at Auburn. Inability to produce a winner caused long-time contracts to be bought up. In each case, alumni pressure for a winner caused the break. The governor and state politicians even used the football issue in the last firing.

Students here have played little part in the removing of the coaches. Although they naturally would like to win, the general student body spirit has been excellent. (We have won only four games in five years in the Southeastern Conference. Students have viewed the coach-changing procedures with mixed emotions of amusement and disgust. Their reaction has been negligible. However, alumni who feel that a winning football team determines all standards for a college, have kept the athletic academic waters muddy.

A student revolution against the selfish materialism is needed. Perhaps a grass-roots move among students would awaken bleary-eyed alumni and muscle-bound athletes to a new sense of values in regards not only to athletics but to America's decaying moral standards.

By Ernest Lefever

GOD and the Reader's Digest

Second article in a series on magazines

GOD has a rough time in the *Reader's Digest*. He is pushed about in a manner quite unbecoming of a magazine which professes to be on intimate terms with the Deity. To the *Digest* God is not the oblong blur of a certain college sophomore, but a miracle man you can call upon when you're in trouble, like Eddie Rickenbacker did on his rubber raft. Prayer, along with keeping your chin up and having clean fingernails, is an open sesame to success and "confident living." God is a kind of big brother, giving special aid to the thrifty, the hard working, the self-reliant. (Just why the self-reliant need outside help is not clear.)

In spite of, or perhaps because of, this Dale Carnegie image of the Deity, the *Digest* is the favorite magazine of American preachers. It is "a gold mine of sermonic material," said one D.D., speaking for thousands of his fellow clergy. From its beginning the *Digest* has quoted preachers and preachers have quoted the *Digest*. Even a casual reader cannot escape the religious tone of the magazine. After going through his first copy one writer commented, "Sounds like some damn preacher wrote it."

DeWitt Wallace and his wife, Lila Acheson Wallace, the founders, owners and co-editors of the *Digest*, come from Presbyterian ministers' families. Barclay Acheson, Lila's brother and editor of the fourteen foreign editions, is an ex-Presbyterian preacher. Ex-Methodist Stanley High is a graduate of Boston Univeristy School of Theology. Other editors come from clerical backgrounds. But these ecclesiastical ties hardly explain the fervent crusading spirit of the largest publishing enterprise in history. The answer lies in the personality of its editor. "We pride ourselves in being a little more fearless than any other magazine," said Wally, as he prefers to be called by his Pleasantville staff. This fearlessness may be seen in the *Digest's* longest and most consistent crusade—an unremitting attack against cigarette smoking. The crusade was launched in the first issue thirty years ago by this quotation from Billy Sunday's trombone player, Homer Rodeheaver: "One cigarette will kill a cat." After the early 'thirties, when the editor had a political change of heart, the number of crusades increased, especially in the fields of economics and government. Medicine and self-help psychology have not been neglected.

Last August I received a letter from Pleasantville, New York, announcing the publication of *The 30th Anniversary Reader's Digest Reader,* described as "a fascinating selection of 'the best of the best!'" The letter went on: "Since the *Digest's* beginning in 1922 the editors have kept up a constant

search for the best that was being published everywhere. . . . They have read *more than 180,000 separate articles and books.* From this wealth of material, the editors have selected whatever was of most outstanding interest and importance, then skillfully condensed each chosen article. . . . Now, in *The 30th Anniversary Reader's Digest Reader,* the editors have gathered together for permanent enjoyment the very top cream of the finest, most enduring articles and book condensations in thirty years!"

The only thing wrong with this "ad" is that it simply isn't true. It perpetuates the myth that the *Reader's Digest* is actually a digest. The *Digest* ceased to live up to its name about ten years ago when it began publishing more original articles than reprints. From 1939 to 1945 at least 58 per cent of the *Digest* articles of a page or more in length originated in the Pleasantville factory.[1] Wally publishes genuine originals and disguised originals. A genuine original is written for the *Digest* and signed by the author. A disguised original is produced for the *Digest,* "planted" in another magazine, and then "reprinted" in the *Digest.* For every genuine original there are two disguised originals. This is how it works.

A writer, usually in close consultation with a senior editor, produces an acceptable article. If it is *Digest* length it is expanded to fit another magazine, say the *Christian Herald.* The blown-up version is given to the *Herald,* the *Digest* paying handsomely for the right to "reprint" it. To be honest, the words "condensed from *Christian Herald*" should read "expanded for *Christian Herald.*" Often *Digest* "reprints" are on the presses before the "originals" appear on the newsstands. Once the *Digest* condensation of a *Nation* article ran four hundred eighty-six words longer than the article it was condensed from. Articles have been planted in more than sixty publications. In light of all this, the heroic picture of *Digest* editors painstakingly going over the massive output of periodical literature to select "the very top cream of the finest" looks like a transparent myth.

WHY is the *Digest* no longer a reprint magazine? The answer is simple. While pretending to represent a cross section of American writing, the *Digest* since the depression has been one of the most highly opinionated journals of our time. There is nothing wrong with opinion magazines, as long as they don't masquerade as digests. The tragedy is that millions of readers at home and abroad take the convincing format of the *Digest* at face value, unaware of the distortion of fact and the perversion of principle between its covers. The *Digest* preserves its theological, economic and political slant by selecting material which supports its views. On the few subjects where "both sides" are presented, the "right" side always gets a better hearing than the "wrong." When Wally could no longer find enough material with the right slant, he began manufacturing his own. Today predigested articles with interchangeable parts roll off the assembly line at Pleasantville, all fitting the magic formula which has made Wally the undisputed champion of the publishing world.

What is Wallace after anyhow? He's against cigarettes although reports claim he smokes two packs a day. He praises the blessings of poverty while he and his wife net a half million dollars a year from their sprawling empire. He prints articles like "We Live in the Slums" (on the charms of poor housing), but lives at High Winds, a fabulous mansion near Pleasantville. Behind these contradictions Wally does have a consistent gospel. With the fervor of a Billy Graham (and in eleven languages, in Braille and in Talking Records), he is carrying his gospel to the uttermost parts of the earth. The content of this gospel becomes clear when we answer two questions: What kind of world does Wallace want? How do we get it?

The *Digest* believes with a passion that we can have a brave new world, built squarely on the personal virtues of honesty, hard work and self-reliance. The ills that plague the mind and body of man can be done away with by the wonder drugs and self-help remedies advocated by the *Digest.* We could have, for example, a more beautiful race in the United States if we would only stop admitting immigrant women who are "flat-chested with necks like a prize fighter and with faces as expressionless and devoid of beauty as a pumpkin."[2] The *Digest* world would abound in plastic gadgets, push buttons and "thinking" machines, to say nothing of animals who act like people. (The supermodern gadgets of science and the wonder drugs of research might seem a bit out of place in the *Digest's* ideal political order—a world reminiscent of President McKinley's first term.)

The *Digest's* preference for a bygone era is revealed in hundreds of articles which have appeared since the thirties. In the good old 1890's men were willing to work long hours without murmuring, families enjoyed living in factory slums, and giant industries did not have to contend with labor unions or corporation taxes. If men refused to work for starvation wages there was always an inexhaustible supply of immigrant labor, and the captains of industry didn't care if the women were flat-chested as long as they put in a good twelve-hour day. McKinley looked on the government as a kind of policeman, guarding the welfare of big business and pushing up tariff walls to "protect home industry."

Although Wally would deny that he wants to reverse the march of time, evidence to the contrary is overwhelming. Consider the facts. The *Digest* has opposed organized labor and legislation favorable to labor.[3] It has

[1] See John Bainbridge, *Little Wonder.* New York: Reynal & Hitchcock, 1946, pages 60, 61. This enjoyable book is a scholarly account of the birth and growth of the *Digest,* written by a staff member of the *New Yorker.* The present writer is indebted to this book for much of the material in this article.

[2] See "Can We Have a Beautiful Race?" Feb., 1922. Published by the *Digest* a second time in Sept., 1926.

[3] From 1939 through 1945, the *Digest* carried seventy-six labor articles. Sixty dealt with noncontroversial aspects of the subject. Sixteen treated unions. With three exceptions these "were plainly and extensively unfavorable" to organized labor. See Bainbridge, pages 151-155.

fought F.D.R., the New Deal and the Fair Deal. It opposes social security, national health insurance, and other welfare activities of the federal government. It is against the graduated income tax with its redistribution of wealth and equalization of opportunity. It opposes efforts of the government to overcome inflation. It fights economic aid abroad with one hand while urging a bigger and better Air Force with the other.

In short, the political complexion of the *Digest* ranges from conservative to very conservative. Consider some articles in the past two years. In "Never! Never! Never!" Harold Stassen described the British health plan as "more medical care of a lower quality for more people at a higher cost." To put it mildly, Stassen's picture was a highly distorted one. John T. Flynn's hysterical book, *The Road Ahead,* was condensed and given the first pages of the February, 1950, number. The book smeared the "communist" label on certain Federal Council of Churches leaders and other Americans advocating economic reforms. To get the Flynn piece off to a flying start the *Digest* included a page of testimonials. Among them was a statement from a New York *Times* reviewer whose view was misrepresented by the device of partial quotation. Flynn starred five months later in a diatribe against federal spending and taxation.

Stanley High wrote at least three articles in this period. In "Methodism's Pink Fringe" (February, 1950) he implied that the unofficial Methodist Federation for Social Action was a spokesman for America's largest Protestant body. In August he explained why "socialism" failed in Australia and New Zealand, to the irritation of many good churchmen in those lands. His article, "In Washington It's Waste As Usual," is a distorted picture of the federal debt, based in part upon "statistics" from the unreliable Small Business Men's Association. Norman Vincent Peale's "Let the Church Speak Up for Capitalism," an attack on the World Council of Churches' position, is so similar in tone it could have been written by Roving Editor High.

HOW does the *Digest* hope to reach the world of its dreams? You have probably been told that Horatio Alger is dead, but it's not true. He has bobbed up under an assumed name near New York City and is now editing a well-known magazine. Horatio Wallace is an unconquerable individualist, idealist and optimist. Science, common sense, free enterprise and individual initiative are leading mankind ever upward. Undaunted by a depression and World War II, Wally holds that the answers to all human problems are simple if we just follow the Golden Rule. This places great responsibility on man. The *Digest's* confidence in human nature is staggering: "A healthy perspective on history gives convincing testimony that human nature . . . is changing for the better . . . and that human beings are not the ornery, cross-grained, calloused creatures they used to be." Again, scientists tell us that "by improving our environment and our heredity simultaneously, we could in a few generations abolish nearly all human afflictions." Q.E.D. Of course, if things get too tough, there's always Big Brother, Eddie Rickenbacker's right-hand man, to give that extra push.

The homespun philosophy of Henry Ford, the *Digest's* most unforgettable character, has always appealed to Wally. But it will take more than philosophizing to usher in the neo-McKinley era. As a matter of cool fact, the *Digest* is a powerful political force in the resurgent right wing today. It gives its vast audience to the John T. Flynns, the Norman Vincent Peales and other exponents of economic reaction. The *Digest's* spiritual affiliations are the N.A.M., the A.M.A., the Grange, and the Real Estate Lobby in their multimillion dollar campaign against rent control, low-cost housing, national health insurance and other welfare measures. The *Digest,* along with rightist groups like Spiritual Mobilization, Christian Freedom Foundation, and the Committee for Constitutional Government,[4] is helping to create an emotionally charged atmosphere where a rational discussion of political issues becomes almost impossible. The *Digest* is an influential mouthpiece for Taft Republicanism. This is no coincidence, for fellow Ohioans Taft and McKinley are not far apart politically.

Despite its pious and moralistic overtones, the *Digest* does not begin to comprehend the first principles of the Christian faith. *Digest* religion becomes a cloak for reaction. The Christian concepts of justice and freedom are subverted by its deification of "free enterprise" and *laissez-faire* capitalism. Central concepts such as God's judgment and man's responsibility to his neighbor are not mentioned, much less understood.

Reader's Digest jokes are good. Many articles are informative and well written, and most of them are harmless. But in dealing with the major religious and social problems which confront our generation, the Little Wonder is irresponsible. It masquerades as a cross section of America, but it actually represents narrow interests. In its obsession with wonder drugs and miracle religion, it has injured man and insulted God. Its simple "answers" to difficult social problems have led people away from sound solutions. Its slogan-slinging articles on controversial issues have clouded the atmosphere.

Should you read the *Digest?* By all means. Read it carefully, not for profound insight into the political and philosophical issues of our time, but as an example of moderately skillful propaganda and as a symptom of our sick culture.

[4] For an able discussion of right-wing groups see: George Younger, "Protestant Piety and the Right Wing." *Social Action,* May 15, 1951. 15 cents.

Obiter Scripta

Louis L. Wilson

A heartfelt smile is the plastic surgery of age, rearranging all its wrinkles in pleasing patterns.

To be dismayed by the masks men wear is foolish; haunted faces underneath crave friendship.

Only the mind is appalled by facts; the heart defies them.

Love is the golden coinage of the universe, but that which has no ring of sternness is counterfeit.

To court mere peace is to marry death; creative conflict is the root of all living virtues.

Religion is an adventure; creed and ceremonial attend us only in church; they are left behind when men arm themselves to answer the far call.

Those with little to do find little things to do.

Laughter rings out in both heaven and hell; we must see what is laughed at to know in which place we are.

The impermanent is so often deathlessly beautiful.

Some troubles can be mended; others must be aged.

Loneliness is the price of pride; it is the humble whose friendships encompass the earth.

It is no strange thing that the stream of creation like all great rivers, has its destructive whirlpools and fierce undertows.

The universe can scarcely be more careless or less friendly than we whom, with infinite labor, it has brought forth.

It is in the quietness of one's own soul that the voice of God is heard, not amid the clatter of the theologians.

The cultivated mind is like a well-planted garden, knowing the delight of new blossoms with each advancing season.

Logic may, at best, carry a man to the gates of heaven; only love can lift him over the threshold.

A man's ultimate decisions are made not in his mind but in his heart.

In the immensity of the universe, man needs the shielding comfort of little things.

To wish to be young again is to think treason against one's own life.

Glory is to be tasted sparingly; the mountains glow in amethyst only at morning and evening.

It is possible to be against so many things that we forget what we are for.

Health wells up in the soul and overthrows to the body.

Evasions wreck the mind first, the body later.

It is a poor problem which offers but one approach.

—from **The Husk**, Cornell College, Iowa

NO MATTER HOW ARTFULLY WE dodge, we cannot escape facing death. What does it mean? Anything?

Bob Bollinger, shortly home from Morningside College, was shot and killed instantly about three o'clock one midsummer morning. He was doing his job. A watchman, apparently engrossed in reading detective stories, saw a shadow and fired. Bob was checking up on the watchman's failure to report to the American District Telegraph Company for which Bob was working.

Can life be as senseless as this end to life would seem to make it be?

Bob Bollinger had written "The Was, Is and Will Be." His family, after the tragedy, gave their witness.

Robert De Vere Bollinger

WE, THE FAMILY of Robert Bollinger, bear no malice in our hearts or ill will toward the man who killed our son and brother. Human beings are frail and we recognize that mistakes are made. We are Christians and our thinking is entirely in the framework of the Christian faith. We believe that it is not God's purpose that a person should die. We believe it is God's will that people should live and live life in its fullness and completeness. We are not fatalists. We do not believe that a person dies "when his time has come." In the case of Bob, we think that God would have wanted him to live; the human frailty of another person took him.

We believe that God's purpose is manifest in the framework and pattern of the universe. Therefore, each human event from our viewpoint must be seen in the light of that pattern and that purpose. In this sense, therefore, we understand Bob's passing. We know that when there is birth and life there is likewise eventually physical death. The span of life between birth and death is sometimes short but the worth of living is the manner in which the days are spent. We are most grateful to God for the twenty-three years of Bob's life. It has been said of him that he took all of life seriously but that he got joy out of each event. He had a humorous twist that made us all laugh with him, and in life he lived with joy.

As a family we are greatly concerned that the constructive aspect of Bob's passing will be emphasized. For

The Was, Is

Rot, rot, rot
And then, rot no more.
Smell, smell, smell
And then, smell no more.
Breath
Laugh
Cry
And then, disappear.
A speck, a spot, a spore,
A future yesteryear.
A skin so tightly wrapped,
A skin exuding sweat,
A sweat of blood
A sweat of mud
A sweaty sweaty sweat.

Mark not my spot hereafter,
The future trace of lime,
But grasp within my lifeblood
The surging beat of time.
Ensnare all portent strivings
Encourage all that is
As man is but a moment
That laughs
That loves
That lives.

Think you that all is future
And man as now will be?
I laugh—
I have to laugh—

We'll see.

The now I know as always
As always is and was,
And what will be an always
Will be, sometime, a was.
Count not your days to be,
That out beyond tomorrow,
But live the life that is
A thought
A sigh
A sorrow.

A reckoning is beyond me,
As is all future tense.
I know that all that will be
Will be
Will be
Will be.
So think not of the morning,
The morning after now,
Or it will be a sunset
Of all that was was now.

Now mark this now,
As well as now:
All yesterday is meaning:

and Will Be

That all that is is always;
The rest just idle dreaming.
I know not what tomorrow
I know but what I know
I know I think I sorrow
I know
I know
I know.

To grasp, to search, to know
And when to feel a feeling
Is all that is as always
A birth
A life
A meaning.

Encouraged as man is by looking,
So be his look ahead,
But if I hold tomorrow
I hold all that that is dead.
I'd soon as grasp manure
To smell it in my hand
As I would know tomorrow
And hold it in my hand.
Envision beyond envision,
And know not what you know
Like roast upon the fire
You burn
You burn
So slow.

A vainful flaunting life
Is care beyond today,
A waste of sweating strife,
A smell of heaped decay.
For God's sake look alive,
Throw off the distant stare,
For your sake live today
And know what is to dare.
If you cry for the pathway
To the happy hunting ground
You might as well be shouting
And making not a sound.

No,
No,
I cry
And then,
I'll raise my voice once more,
For I'll be damned
And damned I'll be
But just for once I'll roar.
I'll let you know what's in me
I'll give you all a look,
I'll pour out sweat in gallons
And then
I'll close the book.

Then you can put a cross
A cross afloating there
And I will be the future
But where?
O where?
O where?

example, we hope that improvements can be made through the medium of the American District Telegraph Company in the manner in which its work is conducted. We know very little about the technical aspect of its work but we believe that any system can be improved. Therefore, we will file with this company a personal statement that will have in it suggestions that might be used to prevent another such tragedy in line of duty. We feel the same way about the system of night watchmen as employed in the buildings of our city, and in the finest of spirit and in deepest sincerity we have made suggestions to the American Laundry Company. Our only purpose in this is that other lives may be saved.

As a family, we are equally concerned that the main thrusts of Bob's life will be followed. The first was his conscientious objection to war. The Nashville Draft Board had been most kind to him and accepted and gave him the status of the Christian conscientious objector. We had discussed this matter with Bob many times, and we have in our possession his statement of conviction on this point. He believed in law and order in the community.

We had also discussed with him the job that he took which involved the question of carrying firearms. He felt that, from the standpoint of symbolism, it might be necessary to carry arms to preserve law and order but he stated very clearly he would never kill any man for he felt it would be unchristian to do so. He believed this concerning the preservation of law and order in Nashville, and he felt it in the larger community of the world where he opposed war. The preservation of law and order in the community of Nashville and in the world was essentially the same to him. The fact that he would not draw a gun in the line of duty in protection of life and property fitted into the pattern of his conscientious objection to war.

He believed in the United Nations and in the fact that some world machinery must be perfected for the preservation of peace, and as a Christian he was anxious to give his life that this might be brought about.

The second major thrust of Bob's life was in the field of religious drama. He was planning to take the trip to Europe with the local Chapter of the Wesley Religious Players. He had cleared his passport and visas and was jubilantly looking forward to taking the trip. However, because of a recent very serious illness he had discussed with a friend the question of death and clearly indicated that when he passed he desired that no flowers be given but that instead a fund be created that would help further the work of religious drama. It is in harmony with this wish that the Wesley Religious Players Memorial Fund has been created.

GHOSTS OF ΔΩΚΔ RELIGIOUS BELIEFS

A Christian View of Work

By Harvey Seifert

IN the modern milieu of belching smokestacks, sprawling railway yards, and stentorian business machines, the Galilean carpenter who spoke the Sermon on the Mount appears frail and out of place. The meek may not be blessed in a world of stocks and mortgages, and the pure in heart often seem to come in second best in contests involving advertising copy and slick magazine propaganda pieces.

Yet if one believes that Jesus spoke the words of life, he must discover the meaning of those sayings for the modern world of work. This is true not only because the Christian spends so much of a lifetime in the factory or the market place, but also because these activities shape the kind of world in which mankind must live. Aside from sleep, work commands the largest single block of hours in a normal day. The compounded activities of these working hours can either blight or bless the worker. They can either produce an environment of peace and plenty, or they can bequeath a legacy of disorganization and destruction to all the children of the world. We are driven, therefore, to uncover the meaning of religious insight for this decisive area of life. How can we serve God on the daily job? How can work be made the vehicle through which the ideals of religion get outside the shelter of the church into the pressures and conflicts of political and industrial life?

THERE are two subordinate questions to be considered in this connection. First, how does the Christian choose from among the various forms of work? Ought the life of the politician or the atomic scientist be more or less attractive to him than that of the cloister or mission field? Second, how should the Christian conduct himself within his chosen occupation? Are there any criteria by which the religious idealist might be distinguished from among others in a department or profession?

Certain theological foundations are basic to the answer to both of these questions. Religion goes beyond the best standards already being practiced by men of reasonable justice and good will. It roots its insights in nothing less than the basic nature of reality or the total character of the universe. Christianity reveals to us a creative God who has a continuing purpose for his creation. Not only did God once in a far-distant past lay the foundations of the earth, but he is continuously creating new life and sustaining fresh manifestations of high values. God wills that his creation be so used by man as to achieve the highest possible spiritual values in human personality. He would have all obstacles leveled and every man's full potentialities for good liberated. God desires a world in which righteousness and justice shall dwell, a society characterized by love and brotherhood in all its relationships.

The most important function of man is to contribute to the realization of these purposes of God. Life finds meaning as we join it to this momentous aim. One of God's most amazing gifts is the capacity to improve our environment. Man has created rivers as he dug his canals. He has extended the habitable area of the earth by erecting skyscrapers. He has produced a race which often approximates the righteous love desired by God, and which often rebels, doing the opposite.

EVERY act of every man in some way changes the world. Whether he pulls a radish, speaks sharply to his roommate, or discusses Plato's *Republic,* man alters the character of the physical environment, the quality and form of human relationships, or the attitudes and actions of fellow men. Man is inevitably involved in the collective enterprise of world transformation. The important question is whether the changes produced are in accord with the purposes of God or Hitler or DuPont or John Jones. Are we creating the atmosphere in which faith and hope, service and love, brotherhood and justice become normal? Or do these values gradually disappear because we have produced an environment unfriendly to them?

Out of this background grows the Christian concept of calling. All work

should be done "as unto God." Every man is called to a life task set by the Creator. Through his daily occupation, a man's life energy can flow into the world of human nature and into the social process, helping increasingly to realize God's purposes for his creation. This doctrine, which became prominent especially at the time of the Reformation, remarkably elevates the meaning of work. Every worthy activity is a ministry, a service to God as well as man. All wholesome work is holy, for it is cooperation with God in his perpetual work of creation.

This high meaning of work is not confined to "religious" occupations in the narrow sense of the term. God calls the washerwoman and the cobbler as well as the clergyman. Martin Luther said the housemaid cooking for her mistress could feel that she was serving God in heaven. Work in the laboratory or field or assembly line can also be a daily offering to God, for medicine or wheat or refrigerators can become instruments for developing spiritual values in human personality. They become aids in carrying out the purposes of God. This gives religious significance to so-called "secular" occupations.

The realization of this significance becomes a powerful drive for the Christian to do the best possible work. Following the Reformation, acceptance of the doctrine of calling led to amazingly energetic and adventurous activity. Indeed, one observer felt that he would rather face a regiment with drawn swords than meet a Calvinist who felt he was doing the will of Almighty God. In recent days, however, this potentially explosive idea has lost much of its former vitality. Max Weber observed that "the idea of duty in one's calling prowls about in our lives like the ghost of dead religious beliefs."

HOW can we modernize this emphasis, recovering its full dynamic? What, for one thing, is the meaning of the concept of calling for the choice of one's vocation?

Obviously it would lead the Christian to reject some occupations as unsuitable. Just as Christians at various times in the past refused to become moneylenders or gladiators or soldiers, so the modern disciple must see some activities as contradicting the purposes of God. Much modern work is service, not to God, but to an assorted variety of devils. It may cater to wants that are trivial, or even harmful. It may view the public only as a ready victim for exploitation. Calhoun speaks of "the hard-eyed bargainers to whom nothing is precious but only profitable." Hanging a picture of Christ on the wall of the board of directors' room should make it harder to water the stock or to form a holding company merely for extra profits. Taking the spirit of Christ into the laboratory would raise questions about designing more potent liquors or more destructive bombs. The person of sensitive conscience will undoubtedly compile a rather lengthy list of modern occupations to avoid.

In addition, the concept of calling would lead us to give greater weight to some worth-while occupations than to others. Those which meet the most basic or most urgent needs would be given priority. This reverses the hierarchy of values most commonly accepted, which gives preference to those occupations which bring the highest incomes or the most comfortable working conditions to satisfy our selfish aspirations. The Christian would ask the questions raised by the vocational guidance counselor, such as: Which occupation best fits my interests and capacities? What are the opportunities for employment? Which occupation makes the greatest social contribution? It is the last of these questions, however, which the Christian would underscore. Basically he asks: In which field can my particular capacities make the greatest contribution toward achieving the kind of world God wants? What is the greatest human need which I have the ability and opportunity to meet?

A SERIOUS application of this principle might, for example, lead some to concentrate on supplying necessities, so long as some men still starve, rather than developing even very wholesome luxuries. It would probably lead more persons, though not all, into foreign lands or into the slums. It might bring more people, though not all, into church-related vocations rather than into those making a more partial or less basic contribution to human need.

Having chosen a vocation, how do Christian principles affect one's conduct within it? Closely related to what has just been said, the religious person is likely to emphasize some aspects of his chosen work more than others. A public schoolteacher might, for example, choose to teach in an interracial area, or a doctor to practice in a neglected rural situation. A Christian businessman might prefer to work within the cooperative movement, or a lawyer might determine to concentrate on labor or civil liberties cases. An employer might spend more time on personnel problems, being more sensitive to the human factors in industry. A minister might devote more energy to evangelism and social action, and less to painting the church or arranging bazaars.

Furthermore, the person who senses the Christian significance of his work should be characterized by a more devoted application. He will act more energetically and enthusiastically. "Feather-bedding" or avoiding difficult work should be unknown to him. The commitment which takes place in worship drives one to conscientious work. He who sees cosmic significance in his occupation will give more of his total self to it.

A THIRD consequence of Christian conviction within a vocation is that one's actions will conform to a higher ethical standard. The more grossly immoral practices will be shunned. Day-to-day decisions will express as completely as possible the ideal of righteous love. If to labor is to pray, then the businessman planning his next deal or the workingman tightening a bolt must always ask whether his conduct constitutes worthy worship.

This point requires amplification.

Any realistic approach to ethical analysis must admit that it is impossible completely to practice the perfect ideal in an imperfect society. The processes of modern culture are often carried on in complete indifference to the will of God. The choices of others create conditions which severely limit the alternatives open to us. It may be a matter of working for a school system the policies of which one does not entirely approve, or not teaching at all. A businessman may be forced by competition to adulterate the quality of his product or to go bankrupt and throw all his employees out of work. Neither course of action is ideal. His responsibility is to choose the best possible alternative under the circumstances. A worker of sensitive conscience will always remain acutely aware of imperfections. He will keep the tension tight between practical possibility and the ultimate ideal, by adventurous and novel invention pulling the possible as close to the perfect as he can. This should make his conduct conspicuously different from those of looser morals.

In addition, the Christian who faces the compromises of contemporary culture will struggle to change the circumstances in order to make a better choice possible in the future. While one remains employed in a plant which practices flagrant inequities, he may at the same time work to organize a labor union. While, for the sake of other values, one carries out orders to discriminate in hiring, he may also be campaigning for an F.E.P.C. law. This often makes of the Christian worker an avocational reformer.

In all these ways the Christian becomes a center for creativity. Responding to God's creative activity, he uses his life energy to advance the purposes of God. By an acceptance of this concept of calling, his vocation becomes an instrument for the steady improvement of the physical world and of human society.

ONE-MILLIONTH COPY

MOTIVE celebrated an historic occasion September 19, when the one-millionth copy came from the presses at The Methodist Publishing House in Nashville. It was the 1,846th copy of the October issue, according to records kept by the Publishing House and the Board of Education.

Looking at the one-millionth copy are, left to right, Dr. Harvey Brown, Dr. H. D. Bollinger, Editor Robert Ortmayer and Dr. John O. Gross, executive secretary of the Board's Division of Educational Institutions. Dr. Brown and Dr. Bollinger have been on MOTIVE'S editorial council from the beginning of the magazine in February, 1941. This copy has been sent to Bishop Fred P. Corson of Philadelphia, president of the Board of Education.

A letter to the Christian students in America from Harold Ehrensperger, now a missionary in India. He says

"Stop Looking for Causes and Begin to Witness"

WHAT shall one say to students in America at this time? I have been thinking about this more seriously than I have ever thought before, and what I put down here is the result of much meditation. It is only one man's opinion, however, and it must always be considered, therefore, as ideas that have filtered through only one brain. To be good, ideas should be filtered through many brains, until what comes out is not just a clarified muddle but a concentrated or distilled substance which ought to be close to the mind of God, so pure ought it to be.

I am convinced now that the most self-sacrificing life is the one lived on the frontier of thought that leads to action—thought, mind you, that has been arrived at by honest thinking and by real experience. The frontiers of the mind are endless, and they are not bound by any geographical areas. There is a frontier wherever a man decides that to live is to live Christ. That can be on a farm in Indiana or in the bush of Africa. One does not have to cross oceans to find the place for witness. It is wherever a man takes a position and lives it. There is no longer any romance in missionary work except as there is romance in all work that is done because one is in love with people and wants to give his life to them. The romance is in one's own mind, not in a place. Living is just as humdrum, just as ordinary in India as it is any place else where the zest for life does not grow out of intense, realistic belief in people whatever their position, caste or social status, color or background.

I am convinced that we should stop looking for causes and begin to witness in our own living wherever we are—in school, in business, or any place else. We are called to a continual witness. And what is the basis of our witness? The new man which we are in Christ. Once we begin to live this, we shall find causes aplenty —all life will be a cause to which we must give ourselves. This calls for understanding of the meaning of the new man in Christ—a renewed study of the New Testament, and an allotment of time to make this reality in our own lives.

I AM convinced that witness is the important word of this day. Talking is not witnessing most of the time. At the most important trial in the life of Jesus he refused to talk. His life was his testimony, or as Gandhi said, his life must be his message. Witnessing is a twenty-four-hour proposition—it takes in the most insignificant aspects of our living as well as the most obvious in importance. It has to do with every act and every speech—it is an unceasing experience.

But I am also convinced that we cannot witness until we have had an experience and have arrived at a conviction. Then we can't help witnessing. Too many of us have not had experience. Our lives are pathetically bound up in grooves which we have not made—they were made for us and we just keep in them—grooves of thinking what has been told to us, grooves of acting toward people in the way that is fashionable, grooves of religious conformity that is meeting- and committee-centered. We need to live with people, know them and test what we know by the hard facts of experience. We need to experience the spirit of Jesus, have it shake us completely, and then know whether we want to let it light up our inward self until we have the poise and the power to stand in an uncertain world. This sort of experience is gained in friendships which are motivated by love, not selfish interest, by work that is done for sweet charity's sake, not for money, by concerns that grow out of compulsions that will give us no rest, by meditation that is more than idle dreaming or planning—that grows into a tremendous sense of oneness with God and that sends us out to be witnesses of the greatest power on earth.

WITNESSING means that we must work wherever the spirit of love is needed, wherever there is need that is not being met, wherever there is a closed door that needs opening. It will take us to work camps, to legislatures, to campuses, to near and distant fields. No matter! God is everywhere and where love is, God is. We can take God because we have God, because God is inside us working out.

Experience—conviction—witness. I should like to see these words become the slogan of our student movement for I am convinced that these are the needs of today. We can't be book-bound Christians, nor theory-bound Christians, nor materialist-bound Christians. We must be spirit-bound Christians, completely bound by the spirit of Jesus. We need roots—and then we shall be able to bear fruit. Too many of us want to bear fruit without having any roots. The roots must be in the spirit—then the fruits of witnessing will follow as surely as anything. By our roots as well as by our fruits we are known. Let us try as students to have the experience of Christ so that we will have the conviction that will make us witness. This alone will save us—Americans or Indians—all of God's children.

Continuing a provocative article on religion and art today begun in the October issue. Can a man's money be as great a contribution to the vitality of a church program as the creative efforts of the man himself?

The Church and the Modern Artist

Robert Hodgell

LEWIS MUMFORD'S commentary on the spiritual decadence of our society which he finds mirrored and often exaggerated in contemporary art has seeds of sober truth. However, to judge the artists on the basis of the "maimed fantasies" found in painting exhibits may be unrealistic and unfair to the artist.

Since there are so many artists and so few plums to be picked, being an artist is to be in a highly competitive profession where originality is at a premium. Any artist who exhibits knows that it often takes a "shocker" to attract a tired juror's eye when a small number of paintings must be selected for hanging out of thousands submitted. (In one recent major exhibition it is reported that thirteen paintings were selected out of two thousand submitted in competition—at the artists' expense!) Since the artist is not so much dependent on sales from exhibitions (it so rarely happens) as on the professional prestige of having his work hung and noticed in competition, he may develop an "exhibition style" which picks flowers with bulldozers. But the artist is still, essentially, an individualist.

Forbes Watson has said that "all art is in essence religious because no artist could go about the business of creating anything if he were completely without faith." Why do men become artists? For various reasons, of course. Most artists, however, can't give you reasons. They are artists because that's what they are and because of a powerful conviction that they must paint regardless of where it may lead. It is the same sense of a calling that is experienced by men "called to preach." If the artist is a religious man, his work will be as much an affirmation of faith as was the work of a painter in the early renaissance. The difference is that he is forced to work in a secular world where supporting his family makes it necessary for him to satisfy secular needs.

As a result of a society wherein there are only secular demands, a religious art does not and cannot be expected to exist in its traditional concept. But why should it? Our heritage of Christian art is rewardingly rich. Most of it was produced in an age of simple, unquestioning faith. Insofar as it was sincere it stands as a record of man's belief and faith and has an experience to convey that is still valid. But it is also valid because it was painted in the spirit of its time.

If the same thing were to be painted today by an artist of equal faith, of equal honesty and of equal ability, the style, forms and concepts employed would not necessarily be the same. Modern man cannot be at home in the past except as an escape from the present. He must live according to the conditions and standards of his own age. This does not mean he must be resigned to those conditions or conformed to those standards, but that he must express himself in terms that have meaning to him and his contemporaries.

In the Protestant tradition of Rembrandt, a religious art is being produced today with a vigor and intensity of its own which could never be achieved by reviving or copying any historical period that is past. The churchman, as a rule, is not aware of the real religious art of his time, if, indeed, he is aware of contemporary art at all. This is not to say that he is ignorant of such things. Although I have not heard of a comprehensive course on creative contemporary art in any theological seminary, I have known many enlightened church people. The art in general use for church purposes, where used at all, however, can be characterized by only one word: cheap!

Consider the pretty pictures of Christ offered by church supply houses and furniture stores as religious art—imitation oil paintings of an imitation Christ! They were painted by a doubtlessly devout artist and prints are hung reverently in the studies of gentle ministers and in the parlors of humble laymen all over the land, reverenced because they are "religious." Without the built-in halo the "religion" involved would be nothing more than sentimentality. Certainly the concept lacks sufficient strength and conviction to qualify as art. It relies on every sentiment-evoking trick in the commercial book. It may be a true symbol of Christianity as too often practiced in our time. However, to accept the image of softness may be to indicate the weakness of our own concepts. Sentiment, they say, is emotion warmed over. It is hardly the mark of a direct and vital Christian experience.

THE incident of religious subject matter does not in itself make a painting religious. Neither does its commissioning for religious purposes bless it in any special way. As Goethe said, "A good work of art may, and will, have moral results, but to require of an artist a moral aim is to spoil his work." Before any work can be considered as a religious painting, it must first and above all be a competent and valid work of art. This is not to say that all art would be suitable for religious purposes; but if a work is not honest and true, religious robes or

hanging it in a church will not make it true.

Contemporary art has a tremendous contribution to make to the church and to the religious life in our time, but only if its own special strengths and virtues are recognized and preserved. Prettifying it to pamper the squeamish is to destroy it. On the other hand, artists of our time have shown a remarkable willingness to make their work suitable for church use on the few occasions they have had the opportunity.

Why should the Church be content with a quality of art in its various publications and in decorating its church buildings that is even cheap according to commercial standards? Can the Church speak of spiritual, moral, and eternal values without this same taint of temporal cheapness clinging to its every word?

Forgetting the artist for a moment, except as he too is a layman in the Church, what is the role of the Church in a time of crisis such as faces it now? A society with a growing military tradition must eventually produce its own art, its own culture, its own religion to promote and justify its ends. Perhaps we could never degenerate to the paganism of Nazi Germany, but who can say what the psychological effect would be if bombs fell on us at random, unannounced, instead of being delivered to remote regions and unloaded on people we don't know? Even now, isn't it a complete denial of Christ's teachings to "put him in uniform and march him off to war" as our churches have done in every major conflict we've entered? Can the apathy with which our people accepted "operation killer" be that of a Christian nation?

The all-compelling urgency with which the arts of war must be learned and developed means a halt in the development of the peaceful arts. Unless those arts, the fine arts which make up our cultural heritage, are strong and healthy it will be increasingly difficult to revert from a military tradition to a peaceful one when the crisis has lost its compulsion. The draft, universal military training, and exams to determine who of our young men may go to college are all enacted. The die is being cast. By channeling our creative intellects toward a society wherein the necessities are the business of shooting guns and smashing atoms our entire concept of Christian culture may be at stake.

Perhaps the main role of the Church in the period of crisis is one of spiritual ministration, since it lacked the physical strength or will to avert the crisis, or it may become a "morale booster" with coffee and cake for service men until the crisis is over and the damage is done and it can redeem itself in the great task of reconstruction. Or its role may be one of moral sanction, being called upon to approve the various campaigns undertaken in the name of "freedom" or other labels equally tolerable.

BUT can it also abdicate its traditional responsibility as custodian of our Christian culture? Can the moral and spiritual leadership of the Church be effective without implementing it with cultural leadership as well? Can it strive and exist as a vital force in an increasingly materialistic society unless it can catch and stimulate the minds and hearts of men? If the Church drops the challenge and fails to enlist the creative forces in society to its service, perhaps it should give up the pretense of being a vital force in a modern world.

Is there any reason why the Church should not become the patron and champion of the fine arts of our time? Is there a better way to combat materialism than to enlist the creative ability and intellect of our artists—and of the creative people, the artists in all professions—in aggressive Christianity? Perhaps the time has come for a great crusade for creative Christianity. As the frustrations and futility of appealing for national survival while preparing for doom close in about us, perhaps we should organize a Christian mission for the rescue and sustaining of the human personality.

WHAT does the Church require of its members? Does the artist—or the carpenter or the writer or the mechanic—fulfill his Christian function by sitting sanctimoniously in church on Sunday, his contribution being his name on the attendance record, his ears for the sermon and his money for the support of the various church-sponsored activities? Certainly that's not enough; he must be "active" in the Church. But how? As an usher, teaching Sunday school, helping raise

EVENING STORM, SCHOODIE, MAINE, by Marsden Hartley. Museum of Modern Art, acquired through the Lillie P. Bliss Bequest.

Soichi Sunami

money, serving on committees, standing at the door and shaking hands? Very noble indeed! But does the Church at any time solicit the greatest contribution a man can make, his personal and professional integrity?

Certainly the Church needs the monetary tithes and offerings of its members to keep up physical appearances and carry on its work. Can a man have the same interest in good works done by delegation with his money as if he had personally attended to them? Can a man's money be as great a contribution to the vitality of a church program as the creative efforts of the man himself? Why not institute a program of tithing time and talent? There is something cheap and ridiculous in giving money to God as an act of worship. Render unto Caesar what is Caesar's. Certainly the Church needs our contributions toward its support, but what is the greatest gift a man can offer? Isn't it the man himself, expressed through what he most likes to do and is best trained and qualified to do?

If the Church would solicit and find a use for the best that its members can offer in time, talent and professional integrity, it would be infinitely richer. If it would encourage professional attainment as a gift to the glory of God, our whole generation would eventually feel the impact of that attitude. The patternless, purposeless void would be gone because religion had moved in. The Church would be patron of the finest of all arts, the art of Christian living.

To discuss greater use of art for religious purposes without suggesting ways of doing so would be pointless. There are many ways in which art can be used or used to better advantage in the local church. A willingness to experiment with it can do a great deal toward enriching the life and services of the Church.

PERHAPS a good place to start would be to make an objective survey of the work now hanging. Unless a painting is able to contribute something to the life and spirit of the room where it hangs, it may be better to move it or remove it altogether. If the picture is worth keeping, and subject matter alone is no criterion, it must be in good condition and of reasonably good design, color, etc. Check the framing and matting to see if they could be improved. Framing can add a great deal to the effectiveness of any work. It should set it off and not dominate or detract from it. With a little advice from an expert, most groups can manage their own framing problems.

Oil paintings should not be covered with glass. If prints, drawings, etc., are glassed they should be hung where the reflections will be least disturbing. Check the height of paintings; they should be hung so they are centered approximately at eye level. Try to place a painting or print where the wall or space seems to be the right proportion for it. If the picture hangs away from the wall the picture wire can be shortened or the screw eyes moved nearer the top of the frame.

If a painting is to be used in a worship service make sure it is a good one for that purpose. Otherwise, flowers, a simple wooden cross or even a blank wall might be more effective. Try combining art with music. Select a painting whose colors and patterns suggest the same mood as the anthem the choir will sing. An abstract painting of a church by Lyonel Feininger with its airy planes and cool greens suggests quiet organ music. A vigorous painting like a seascape by Marsden Hartley suggests the dignified and sturdy quality of "A Mighty Fortress Is Our God." Perhaps the organist can improvise themes suggested by the painting. Slides of works by old and modern masters could make a choir concert into an experience that would not be forgotten.

Such stunts as living pictures and using pictures to illustrate stories and sermons can sometimes be effective. Church publications and program chairmen have an appalling fondness for "picture interpretations." Use them if you must but remember that if a painting is good enough for a worship service it is one that speaks for itself —wordlessly. Storytelling with pictures is for little children.

A devotional service built around a print of Albrecht Durer's "Praying Hands," for example, need not refer to the print in any way. Let it set the mood by being there; it will be more effective as a worship center. The worshiper should be aware of what the print suggests, an attitude of humble worship, rather than being aware of it as someone's hands, noble but severed. The sentimental story usually

HEAD OF CHRIST by William Zorach. Black granite, 14¾ inches high. Museum of Modern Art, Mrs. John D. Rockefeller, Jr. Purchase Fund.

Herbert Matter photo

told of the print when it gets in church destroys it.

Source material for such services is admittedly limited. Local art centers and museums, college art departments and individual artists will usually be cooperative in helping select prints or paintings for church use. In many places original works by outstanding artists may be rented or borrowed for short periods of time. Speakers with slides might be available from a college art history department.

IF contemporary art suitable for church use is to be made available on a large scale, the church itself must take steps toward making it possible. A step in this direction might include strengthening a Protestant commission on the fine arts in the National Council of Churches to investigate and recommend the best ways of making the fine arts more effective and more available. Such a commission should include reputable professional contemporary artists, architects, and gallery directors as well as churchmen. Such possibilities as scholarship aid to promising art students, grants to working artists and maybe teams of artists, architects, and musicians to visit and work with local churches could be considered. Music might well be included in the province of a fine arts commission but a musician should make the recommendations concerning that.

There could also be an art committee made up of individuals active and qualified in the art field. It could select work which it believes to be of genuine religious merit and recommend its publication and distribution. It could maintain a file of active artists and designers who would be available for work ranging from a woodcut for a church bulletin to murals and stained-glass windows at specified fees. It could also sponsor competitions for large projects and organize exhibits of work considered suitable for church use for showing in various churches. It could organize traveling shows of reasonably priced prints and exhibits of well-designed church bulletins, church furniture, etc.

VIEW IN PERSPECTIVE OF A PERFECT SUNSET by E. Berman. Philadelphia Museum of Art.

Under the commission, an architectural division should do more than assemble information on what has been and is being done in church architecture. It should lead the way in developing new forms for both large and small churches.

If a plan of this sort could be put into effect, its possibilities would be tremendous.

FAMILY GROUP. Bronze by Henry Moore; Buchholz Gallery, New York City.

I Am Prejudiced

Virginia Winters

Edward L. Mark

Collette Schlatter, *motive* office secretary, insists:

I AM prejudiced. I prefer our editorial board readers to all the other readers of this magazine. These twenty-three students are the "eyes and ears" of *motive* on the campus. They are usually recommended to us by Wesley Foundation directors or retiring board members. After a little investigating of our own, we finally get the neophyte's promise that he will live up to the formidable responsibilities of being a board member.

You may like to know what his job is. Of course, "eyes and ears" covers it, but more specifically, each member is to report any suggestions and criticism about the magazine, to give us names of artists and potential writers, to take polls, to give us data on special campus projects, to send us the campus paper, and to help us promote the sale of the magazine on the campus.

I want you to meet this year's board, as I have, through their own words. *Kay Bradshaw* (U. of Washington) describes herself as "full of ideas, evangelistic, and enthusiastic." *Richard Bright* (U. of Texas) hardly dared indicate that he had any hobbies, because "everything takes a back seat to my study of the world situation and the Christian message." *John Lynn Carr* attends Yale and is a rarity among students—"I am very interested in and enjoy my studying." Although he recognizes Yale's faults in the religious and social realms, he regards it as "the finest university in the United States, with unlimited opportunities for the seeking student."

Lois Irene Eddy (U. of Nebraska) offers the fact that she is 52 per cent extrovert and 48 per cent introvert. If you can deduce anything from this, except that she is thereby an ambivert, let me know! *Bruce Foreman* (U. of Redlands) calls himself a "typical, confused, doubting, and frustrated pretheolog" and adds: "Through training and influence, I was thoroughly immersed in the social gospel school of Christianity. I am now in the process of discovering other parts of Christianity. I found out in the last two years of working in a church that the social gospel thinks of people *en masse*. This, I found, while it is not bad in itself, is not enough for a minister who must work with, counsel, love, and help people as individuals."

THIS is *Ed Harvey's* third year on the board (and third at Southwestern—Kansas). He is "spiritually striving to grow, but hitting snags. I'm an optimist and a pacifist, and I try to be pleasing to others without compromise with the unchristian ideals of the world. Misunderstood, maybe, but willing to learn, forgive, and love. I may not meet all of these, for I sure have my failings, but I jar myself loose and try." *Nick Hennessee* (Duke) shares third-year honors with Ed. It is consoling to learn that he has a normal interest in coeds and needs glasses only for reading, but what to make of his hay fever? . . . in season or out.

Steve Jones may not agree with John Carr about Yale, for Steve is a Harvard man, one who is "very critical" (I tremble), "very athletic," and "very musical." Besides a one-man orchestra, Steve is also president of the New England Methodist Student Movement. All *Paul Lancaster* of DePauw reveals of himself is that he is "tall, thin, and awkward." *Jean Longley* (Whitewater State Teachers College, Wisconsin) reveals more: "I expect to teach a couple of years and then to be married, which may sound like a bright idea only to me." In season, *Hank Maiden* goes to Antioch College (Ohio), but out of season he has trekked to a New York City work camp, a leadership training camp, a conference on alcohol studies, and a work camp in Mexico.

A MOST honest fellow is *Edward Mark* (Iowa State): "big beautiful

brown eyes, framed by bone-rimmed glasses . . . brown hair usually in the awkward growing out stage." For proof, see cut.

Albert Martin (S.M.U.) believes he is "a very serious stinker—I mean—thinker." Some might consider *Mary Dell Morgan* (Huntingdon College, Ala.) a sensible girl. She wants to be an airline stewardess or a newspaper reporter, but submits she will "probably be a secretary." A small mining town in Alabama is the home of *Jim Nabors,* now at Candler School of Theology, Emory University. Jim is a good amateur photographer (photography is the favorite hobby of most of this year's board), was head photographer for his college yearbook, and has done promotional work for *motive.*

Beverly Nuckolls (Albion, Michigan) gardens, knits, dances, writes, and presently is wondering if her "journalistic ambitions will survive with the role of a minister's wife." *Grace Pow* (Winthrop College, S. C.) may be surprised that someone thinks she is "a good thinker, alert, interested, and dependable."

Maryanna Reed (Syracuse) almost shames my procrastination. "Once I undertake a project," she enjoins, "it is a challenge for me to complete it." People who don't know him think that *Al Rojohn* worries a lot, but he doesn't. He walks the Dickinson trails slowly because he is ruminating, not necessarily worrying. "Still it doesn't hurt too much to have people think that you are worrying about life, since that seems to be the necessary attitude in today's society."

On the University of Miami (Florida) campus is one *Rudolph Sims, Jr.,* who admits casually: "I attended Texas A. and M. for one year, and during my three years as a dental laboratory technician in the army, I took night classes at the U. of Colorado and Washington U. After my discharge, I finished my B.S. at the U. of Houston with a major in biology. At the present time I am working toward a M.S. degree in marine biology." (!)

CHAIRMAN of the youth section of the National Conference of Methodist Youth, *Sheila Ann Trapp* (Millsaps College, Miss.) is a "normal, natural, uncomplicated college junior who loves life, yet earnestly hopes that individuals may be awakened to the crying needs that, answered, will make life universally the zestful adventure it could be."

Virginia Winter has learned the art of subtlety at Oshkosh College (Wis.). The description she sent in is so full of the personal pronoun, she observes, that "probably the stranger will think me quite egotistic. Maybe he would soften his opinion of me a little if I told him I can also cook and sew." Maybe he would soften his opinion still further upon examining accompanying cut. *Lois Winters* (Denver U.) considers impatience her greatest fault and is "painfully and slowly trying to cultivate patience."

This reforming spirit is typical of our board members as a whole. If there is something wrong with their campus, they are out to correct it, if religion needs rethinking, they are rethinking it, and if they themselves are not all that they envision they should be, they are willing to "jar themselves loose" and take remedial steps in the right direction. Surely they bring to the enterprise of living something of the publican's humility and something of the visionary's moral energy, which ought to explain my prejudice.

Marriage

It Pays to Be Innocent!

By James W. Gladden

Student's Question

"Is there any argument or series of arguments for a young person to use in this everlasting question of premarital relationships beside the one of higher morality or the so-called Christian contention?" D. H. (young man from southeastern state university)

Our Opinion

Indeed there are many very solid propositions which a young man or woman can use in determining what shall be the moral course of action. Not that "the Christian contention" does not have validity! Many present campusites like those of every other generation seem to want more than idealism. They want to be practical, objective, and contemporary (bless them for it!).

Let me preface my case for chastity with a statement concerning the apparent increase in freedom in the relations between sexes in this postwar era. In recent issues of *motive* we have seen some of the results of the new dating complex which has become the accepted way for adolescents to enjoy life, learn to live, and select mates at one and the same time. The complex is to be evaluated critically for its usefulness in doing all three of these things. Social analysts are claiming that parents, teachers, and counselors ought to examine the complex as it is practiced in their town or on their campus and alert their youngsters to the many errors found within its application. We are doubting with increasing conviction

it much of the activity that goes on in boy-girl relationships is effective preparation for marriage or leads to a wise choice of companion.

Boys and girls who begin to be intimately related at such an early age as thirteen, fourteen, and fifteen, are likely to be far along in developing physical desire and attraction by the time they arrive at college. The freedom which has characterized most of our activity here in America is also a feature of the friendship patterns of lads and lassies. Urban civilization, where individualism runs to extremes, urges and impels young people without helping them much to know how to control and adjust. Each person's overweening sense of independence, coupled with the awakening of sex drive within, tends to make him ignore the other fellow's freedom. This, in a large measure, accounts for the laxity of standards in boys and for their impositions with girls. Further, a girl's awareness of competition, which may be quite stiff and "cutthroatlike," makes her reckless, do foolish things, get emotionally involved, and rush matters to keep her boy friend. There is as intensive exploitation in *youth* relations as in commerce and industry.

Too, urban young folks have to face the realities of their physical nature, blossoming as it will, regardless of obstacles, under unfortunate conditions. It is needless to enlarge, but as one of our youth guides has insisted, "youngsters must learn specifically the art of letting another person know, without being too obvious, that 'being with you is heaven.' They must know how, without being rude, to refuse invitations, to turn down a drink, to avoid having to kiss or be kissed. They need to know how to do these things graciously, without hurting, humiliating or belittling the other person, and without feeling that they have lost standing with their group or friends because they cannot do what the crowd seems to want to do. Further, it is well to remember that individuals who do feel secure, who know they are liked, who have practiced, and are effective in the art of liking others, are less likely to be the ones who feel driven to do what is asked or demanded of them."

Finally, whether we like it or not, recognize it or not, support it or not, there is a basic moral code compelled by society to which one must adjust if he would be at ease, happy, and accepted by his associates *of all ages.* Society, either blindly or by plan, seeks to maintain the bearing and rearing of children. Society has to have a code and restrict its members for its very life. The loosening of morals brings loose family ties and loose boy-girl relations. Vice versa, loose relations between youth can just as effectively set up the cycle.

This last is, then, the first of our arguments in concluding that the *only* marital relations (cohabitation) which are healthy are those which are engaged in by persons married to each other by the law and the Church! We shall list the arguments briefly and be ready and willing to expand each or all of them in a later issue.

1. *The conventional are best adjusted.* Harvey Locke's new book on the decade-long study of happy and broken marriages gives these statistics—"Slightly more than a third of the married as compared with about a tenth of the divorced reported no intercourse with others before marriage. A significantly larger per cent of divorced than happily married men reported premarital intercourse." Although still married people are not all adjusted there is an indication here in the actually broken matches which is further substantiated in studies of the poorly adjusted couples who have not been divorced.

2. *Sexual incompatibility is rare for anatomical reasons.* A simple and easy examination by a gynecologist is a much better way to discover the physical fitness for mating than premature intromission under very unfavorable conditions.

3. *Successful sex relations are based on successful relations of all kinds with each other and all others.* The experience of sex intimacy, although unique in itself, is not so separated from all our other relationships that we can expect to be proficient in it while we are very immature and ineffective in many other associations. The marital relationship is so much more than sex that it is tragic how young people are fooled into thinking that passion is a good indication of future success.

4. *Marital adjustment for the wife is definitely correlated with the degree of pleasure and guilt-free enjoyment experienced in the first relation.* In terms of personal growth and the deepening of the marriage tie the slow development of sex interest and adjustment must be recognized. It takes time and is not favored by "haste, deception, and subterfuge."

5. I have had numerous cases which were sufficiently complicated to cause one of the participants to seek counsel. In *every* case the description of the experience was shot through with every element of dissatisfaction and frustration. *The advantages of premarital relations are seldom, if ever, worth the risk.* Premature pregnancy, disease, eventual separation, heartache or break, reputation, and reduced marital opportunity are but a few of the risks which must be outweighed by the "thrills" of amateur sex experiments.

It may be asked now just how far young people should go in the face of the above truths. In a second article soon to appear in *motive* we shall attempt to show that much of what is generally accepted today as being safe or all right is equally as detrimental to future marital happiness as "the last step."

"The bursting wave of life,
Breast it with twofold joy,
remembering me. . . ."

Diane Dean as Guido

Nancy Dick as Felice

Westwood Village Studio, Los Angeles

"In April Once" . . . A Discovery!

By Phyllis Benbow Beardsley

I WONDER if all drama directors have a secret desire to do one particular play. I had, and I think that desire was fed by the persons who said it couldn't be done and the evidence that it had been played very few times before.

Interest in the poetic drama, "In April Once," by William Alexander Percy began in San Francisco when at a Girl Reserve meeting I heard the lines:

Isn't it strange how God is easy to forget
And to remember too! Whole days
I go so brimful of the bliss of things
I never think of him. And then he comes,
Quite naturally, and not at all displeased.

A closer questioning revealed other bits which I added to my poetry scrapbook. Such lines as:

You've seen, David, some arch half hid in flowers
That birds and butterflies and bees blow through?
Well, such an arch I've always been with all the
Fragrance, laughter, melody of all the world
Just blowing through!

And another . . .

Why do you think the trees disrobe themselves
In gales of color gorgeously,
Instead of one swift greyness;
Why do you think the stars swing past
In visible magnificence?
The sea could bear its traffic
Without the tumult of its coloring;
Sheep could be led without the shepherd's fluting
And children born without the primrose moon
In western skies. Deaf and blind!
Ye speak as transients through life, who know
Nothing of this divine, mysterious earth
My element! Speak not to me of purpose,
Sure death, eternal wrong!
I am a leaf of scarlet,
A summer-tinted cloud,
Hell does not gape beneath my feet, and if
About my head the almond blossoms crowd
What need have I of heaven?

And then the last lovely words as the boy dies:

I would that now I could find words of counsel
Which might protect thee always; but
I, too, am young and still untaught.
Yet, treasure this:
Pray often, as you sing, unthinkingly! *

It was quite obvious that these lines were from a play, but bookstores and libraries revealed nothing. Finally a friend, as friends will, searched in a secondhand bookstore until she found a little volume of poetry in which appeared this one-act play.

The play was more than I'd hoped for. Later I was to learn that the action in places was slow, that perhaps the

* Reprinted from *The Collected Poems of Alexander Percy* by Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., copyright 1920, 1943 by LeRoy Pratt Percy.

youthful author had indulged in excess in the pure delight of words and imagery, but the whole of it was lovely! This was the high clear fire of youthful singing set to words!

MANY times I toyed with the idea of doing it. Yet the time never seemed right. Always it was too much of a play for that little light one act that is meant for entertainment only; and too short a play for a full evening's adult entertainment.

As drama director of the Westwood Community Methodist Church, I saw an opportunity to try it out. It was serious enough to challenge the obvious energy of the young people, and yet light and lyrical enough to be enjoyable. I took my courage in both hands and read the play to the group. Ten boys and girls answered "Let's do it."

I hastened to add "It's going to be a lot of work!" and the reply from one of the girls was simply "Anything that is worth while is hard work!"

So we began. The casting was done by ballot, the players reading for the part they wanted, first and second choices indicated. The two leading parts were double cast.

We had several ideas in mind. First it was understood that these young people were not more talented and certainly not more experienced than most high school students. In fact, several had done no drama work at all. But they had worked in a closely coordinated church youth program which, if I may judge impartially as a newcomer to the staff, is as fine as any found anywhere. They had learned to accept responsibility and recognized that effort is one of the privileges of church membership. All of this was shown in a kind of matter-of-fact manner which showed that it was no inspiration of the moment but an actual part of their lives.

We were going to use the drama as a worship service. We would present the play in the sanctuary of the church using as staging only the structure of the building itself. We would be getting back to the Elizabethan style of presentation where any place was the place that you said it was, the setting being created in the mind of the audience. We would begin the service with singing and prayer and the text of the play would become the sermon.

THE plot of "In April Once" is only a framework, and rather a loose one at times, for the argument of the play. Guido, a young Sicilian page, is held prisoner of the Florentines because his messages of love from the Emperor to "some adored lady of Provence" were thought to have some secret import. So while all April blooms in his world around him, he is held captive. His jailer, David, although firm in his duty becomes his friend and lets him out into the sun and light of the tower. When Guido learns of some of the other prisoners, he begs David to let them out, too, to enjoy a few hours of freedom. Hugo, a bragging, swarthy pirate, and Serle de Lanlarazon, a heretic, are brought out.

Their conflicts in belief and ideology are the body of the play. The heretic condemned to the lepers' cell shows the doubting David the way back to his faith and the bright loving heart of young Guido the way to action.

But just as no opera begs importance from its plot, so "In April Once" is more a song and melody than a story. Published in a book of poetry we find no evidence that it was meant to be performed. It was published by the Yale University Press in 1925 and again in 1928, and appeared in a complete anthology of W. A. Percy in 1945 published by Knopf. Percy gained stature slowly in the field of American letters, was a poet, mainly, until his fine novel, *Lanterns on the Levee*, appeared and remained on best-selling lists for years.

PERMISSION to perform the play was granted by the author's nephew who wrote "Although it has been done, I have never seen any performances!" Neither publishing house could give us information as to former productions.

Presentation of this lyric drama we feel is in key with a coming phase of the American Theater. Christopher Fry has won laurels on Broadway and now as if to further hearten us, we read of his major work "A Sleep of Prisoners" having been written for the express purpose of presentation in churches and cathedrals. We see that our belief in a renaissance of drama in the church may be more than wishful thinking.

Who are we to say that this is an unpoetic age when high school juniors can grasp and claim as their own lines as delicate and sensitive with meaning as any of the more graceful periods of our history?

And if this fall we postpone any further presentation of the play while our boys play football, we admit that as a final proof of the fitness of poetic drama in the normal lives of normal American youth.

And as for me, I gratefully admit the realization of a secret wish, the presentation of a play very close to my heart.

The Profession of Being a Student

By Ed Harvey

AND on the line calling for occupation, you put "student"! Well, isn't that fine! So you are one of those "professional learners." It gives one such pride to be among the noble and sophisticated students who are climbing and building a high tower in which they can reside and look upon low humanity with the "objective" inquisitiveness of the professor. It is so comforting to record the notebook of the professor on one's own paper and not have to bother with thinking.

And, of course, one must be successful! Success is the foundation of the institution of learning.

One *must* join a fraternity or sorority, make at least passing grades (it doesn't matter how), and keep in mind continually the success which one is to have when forced to go out and dwell with the rest of society. One always has to "keep up with the Joneses," so it just has to be started now by keeping up with the "better" college set. Success is determined, too, by the amount of hardware that one can collect from all the organizations and societies to which one belongs. It is so useful after education is finished, in that it can fill the corners of the cedar chest in the attic.

"You are the salt of the campus; but if the salt has lost its flavor, how can you restore its taste? It is no longer good for anything but to be thrown into the garbage.

"You are the light to society. A city on a mountain cannot be hid. Nor do students light a lamp and put it under a bed, but on a desk and it gives light to their books. Let your light so shine before your fellow students that they may see the way of God in their midst and follow his love.

"Think not that I have come to abolish the theories and professors; I have come not to abolish them, but to fulfill them. For truly, I say to you, till heaven and earth pass away, not a truth, not a principle of truth shall pass from the theories until it is accomplished. Whoever then relaxes one of the least of these truths and teaches students so, shall be called least in the kingdom of heaven; but he who does them and teaches them shall be called great in the kingdom of heaven. For I tell you, unless your sincerity, devotion, and dedication exceed that of the communist, you will never enter the kingdom of heaven.

"You have heard that it was said of the scholars of old, 'You shall not kill; and whoever kills shall be liable to the chair.' But I say to you that everyone who is angry with his roommate shall be liable to punishment; whoever insults his fellow student shall be liable to the judgment of his classmates, and whoever damns his associate shall be liable to the judgment of God. So if you are making your offering at church, and there remember that your classmate has something against you, leave your offering before the altar and go; first be reconciled to your classmate, and then come and make your offering. Make friends quickly with your accuser, so that you may understand the background of his belief, and in love strive to seek the truth with him; truly, I say to you, if not, the misunderstanding on your part will render your heart cold.

YOU have heard that it was said, 'You shall not have premarital relations.' But I say to you that everyone who spreads dirty jokes and looks at a coed with lust has already had relations with her in his own mind. If your use of time causes you to become selfish, schedule it lest your whole being become shallow and bigoted; it is better that you become disorganized than to become ingrown and narrow toward others.

"And if your possessions cause you to hold attitudes against your brother, cast them away from you; it is better that you lose your possessions than your feeling and responsibility for your fellow man.

"Again, you have heard that it was said to the employees of the state, 'You shall not believe falsely, but shall sign a loyalty oath.' But I say to you, do not glibly rattle your tongue. Let what you say be the truth as nearly as you can make it. Any gossip comes from evil; let your word be clean and truthful.

"You have heard that it was said, 'A name for a name and a smear for a smear.' But I say to you, do not adopt the weapons of one who is evil. But if anyone scoffs at your beliefs, be willing to question and to investigate them; and if anyone would accost you and take away conveniences or valuable time, give him acceptance and understanding as well; and if anyone forces you to try your patience, give him friendship and love. Give to him who begs from you, and do not refuse him who would borrow from you.

"You have heard that it was said, 'You shall love your sorority sister and hate the independent.' But I say to you, love your fellow students and pray for understanding of their confusion, so that you may be a guide to them. For He gives opportunity to the disciplined and the dissipated, and sends learning on the understanding and on the narrow-minded. For if you love those who love you, how broad-minded are you? Do not even the fraternity brothers do the same? And if you smile and speak only to the members of your Foundation or Youth Fellowship, what more are you doing than others? Do not even the members of cliques do the same? You, therefore, must be striving for perfection even as your heavenly Father is perfect."

THE assortment of good-intentioned individuals usually tagged by the orthodox as "liberals, pacifists, etc." is pointed out with the accompanying accusation, "They don't know anything about sin!"

If their sense of sin is shallow and their grasp of the ways of evil naive, it is because they are either illiterate or read without understanding (neither of which is the case, I believe). There has been sufficient written about the ways of evil and man's many techniques for sinning.

In their newest works, both Caroline Gordon (wife of poet-critic Allen Tate) and Thomas Mann take a look at the mixed and mischievous ways of man with the interpreter an incarnation of innocence, in the first case an introspective child, in the second a dedicated monk.

Caroline Gordon's THE STRANGE CHILDREN (*Charles Scribner's Sons, $3.50*) is a fascinating allegory, tuned to the dissonant harmony of a Holy Roller revival and Roman Catholic piety. The strange children, the adults, are most of us—uncertain, mixed in our motives, chasing after that which is not ours and to which we have no right, passionate, dilatory, procrastinating, hopeful, easy victims of sins of the flesh, and reapers of that which we have sown. In fact, the chilling reward for the poet, known to the child as "Uncle Tubby," which accompanies his successful designs on Catholic Reardon's wife, is poetry mixed with justice.

The sense of the past is always tugging at the strange children. The past makes them aliens in the present. Some of Miss Gordon's collection of literary highbrows (long on discussion and abbreviated in production) have roots in the Tennessee earth, but they are aliens to the Southern land. They have been shaped to their fate, and never become participants in community. The last laugh is a fit of madness.

THE past and its sins plus present evil and God's mercy prompt Thomas Mann's THE HOLY SINNER (*Alfred A. Knopf, $3.50*). It is an embroidered telling of the Oedipus myth, hung on the medieval legend of the incestuous origin and young manhood of Pope Gregory.

In many respects this is the most fascinating of Mann's novels. He continues his recurring probing of the finite and sinful nature of man, with a sinner who gets about as involved in what the conventional among us have considered "disgusting relationships" as it is possible to become. What is "good" and what are "goods"? Is compassion tied to personality more than honor, that is, does God feel for his children or his rights? The monk apologizes for his tale: "And I have to tell of such a sinful love! Should I not rather in all pious detail recount the tale of Benedict and Scholastica? No, of my own free choice I rather elected this one, because the other witnesses only to saintliness, but this one to God's immeasurable and incalculable loving-kindness. And I confess myself guilty of a weakness—not for the sin (the heavens forfend!) but for the sinners. . . ."

Mann's tale has not the melancholy and mechanical determinism of the Greek version of Oedipus. Instead of blindness as a just reward, the sinner's eyes are opened and he becomes the favorite, not the damned, of the Almighty. This is the essential difference between the Greek and the Christian myth.

MYSTIC Allan Hunter may not have a theologically orthodox concept of sin, but he has looked into the depths, and knows that piling sin upon violence is the worst of evils. As human beings, he states, we meet crisis situations on three levels: (1) We overlook evil or run away from it; (2) We get hypnotized into sharing evil under the supposition that we are opposing it; (3) With eyes wide open to evil, we throw into the opposition the power of good will. COURAGE IN BOTH HANDS (*Fellowship of Reconciliation, New York 32, or New Century Foundation Press, Los Angeles, cloth $1.50, paper 50 cents*) in sixty thrilling examples of risk-takers acting on the third level: a North Carolina chain ganger, three Dutch sisters and the Gestapo, Ned Richards in "the most dangerous place," and others equally fascinating.

Disagreeing, however, are those who insist that such action is irrelevant, at

That They May Have Life

DOES the word "evangelism" evoke from you the mental equivalent of a cynical leer—or even a Bronx cheer? How many times recently have you heard the caution not to use that word because of its unfortunate connotations? Whatever its past, it gains fresh validity in Daniel T. Niles' book THAT THEY MAY HAVE LIFE (*Harpers, cloth $1.50, paper 75 cents*), as the most immediate and exciting task of the Christian.

Dr. Niles is a gifted preacher in The Methodist Church in Ceylon. He has come to a place of world leadership in the youth department of the World Council of Churches. His virile faith and intense commitment reveal one who not only talks about evangelism with striking relevance but is himself an evangelist of the first order.

That They May Have Life, the author modestly writes, "seeks to be a statement, however inadequate, of missionary theology." It is more than that—it is theology come alive. Dr. Niles sets in clear perspective man's relation to God and Christ's Kingdom in such a persuasive and exhilarating manner that one reviewer states on the jacket of the book, "To read this book is in many ways like undergoing a conversion experience."

"Evangelism is the proclamation of an event," writes Dr. Niles, "it is also an invitation to an encounter—an encounter with risen Christ. . . . Evangelism stems from a deed of God which has changed the whole context of human living. Something has happened to the very structure of history. 'Jesus Christ is Lord.' It is not that men must make him Lord, but that he is Lord whether they recognize him as Lord

least on the level of national policies. Vernon H. Holloway, RELIGIOUS ETHICS AND THE POLITICS OF POWER (*The Church Peace Union, New York 21, 50 cents*), has given one of the clearest and most provocative statements of the Christian's relationship to the power factors of our time. Designed for discussion use, it is a good guide for group study of the increasingly popular position of the Christian and the responsible use of power.

THERE has not appeared on the Christian horizon in the past century a more many-sided and versatile figure than Albert Schweitzer, doctor, musician, philosopher, critic, and biblical scholar. The importance of his scholarship can be gleaned from the fact that his book, PAUL AND HIS INTERPRETERS (*Macmillan, 1951, $3.50*), has just been reprinted, although written in 1912. In this book are traced the critical history of German criticism on Paul, his writings and religion, from Grotius in 1641 to Schwartz and Schlatter in 1910. While never quite able fully to keep his own critical axe in hiding, Schweitzer does not swing it excessively until the last chapter, in which he abandons criticism for construction. As a consequence, the product represents a historical work of value and considerable objectivity.

To suggest the three major lines along which Pauline criticism seems to have run: (1) Following in the tradition of Reformation theology, the atoning death of Jesus is taken to be the solution to the Pauline puzzle, and interprets (or dismisses) all other passages to be incidental, or interpolated. At the base of this view lies a legalistic interpretation of salvation, in which Christ on the cross becomes our defense attorney before the Great Judge.

(2) Opposed to this view are the numerous critics who regard Paulinism as primarily an ethical system emphasizing individual responsibility and the cultivation of character. Paul must be interpreted not legally, they insist, but morally. Faith in Jesus must become in us the faith of Jesus, and the righteousness of God our righteousness. Insofar as this happens but no farther (!), we have achieved the only atonement possible!

(3) But neither of these views proves congenial to Schweitzer. So he adopts the eschatological. To understand Paul, he says, we must recognize that the Apostle taught that by the death and resurrection the believer is assured of the approaching coming of the Messianic Kingdom with Jesus as the Messiah. But this future Kingdom has a present reality in human experience. For, at the mystical moment in which man recognizes that he belongs at once to two worlds, and that this one has meaning only by virtue of its dynamic relation to the other, he becomes one with the Christ who is the Lord of both worlds. Even though he admits to Paul's use of Greek terminology, Schweitzer asserts that his doctrine of redemption must be understood solely in terms of Jewish apocalypticism. Even the possibility of Greek influence is repudiated; all we have to know to understand this Apostle to the Gentiles is primitive Jewish Christianity.

Needless to say, the great missionary has put all the students of Paul heavily in his debt. He makes it possible for them to sift the chaff from the wheat without threshing the whole field. But many will find the conclusion of his historical survey a little unkind: "The study of Paulinism has nothing very brilliant to show for itself in the way of scientific achievement" (page 237). This dismissal of three centuries of critical study of Paul is all too casual.

A MORE recent book on the Apostle has been written by Holmes Rolston. In CONSIDER PAUL (*John Knox, Richmond, Virginia, 1951, $3*) the author opposes the proof-text method, except when it can be used in defense of his own ideas, which appears to be too frequent for accident. In fact, he employs this technique as a sort of an authoritarian club, by the wielding of which he beats both the more liberal, and the more literal (!) interpreters of Paul into submission, at least to his own satisfaction. In fact, we can best summarize his method by recalling Schweitzer's description of Luther's treatment of Paul: "His exegesis reads its own ideas into Paul, in order to receive them back again clothed in Apostolic authority."

Except for a few occasional outbursts of brilliance, *Consider Paul* adds little to our knowledge of Paul. On the whole, Rolston gives stock answers to outdated questions, and is prone to use the apostle as an apology for conservative Christianity.

---

or not. . . ."

"A theology of evangelism must necessarily take into account . . . the situation to which the evangel is addressed. . . . The Gospel, addressed to man struggling with the problems of living, comes to him speaking of life. It gives importance to man's struggle, it also makes that struggle secondary."

Here is the clue to the evangelist's role in the Kingdom of God. It is not for him to achieve the ends he thinks God has set for him, but rather to become an expendable member of the Body of Christ. "Obedience is ours to render, success is His to command. Ultimately it is not a question of what we achieve but whom we worship." This leads to the almost reckless disregard for one's personal destiny that characterized the early Christians struggling in a hostile world. Theirs was not a struggle for survival. It wasn't their business to survive, but to proclaim the Gospel. The Gospel gives freedom at precisely this point—freedom from anxiety over immediate and temporal ends.

"The Gospel takes human life and invests it with divine dignity. It takes human need and sheds on it the light of divine purpose. It takes human endeavor and sets it free from the tyranny of results. It takes human faith and attaches it to God. Evangelism is to work unto this end." In Dr. Niles' definition of evangelism and the task of the evangelist there is a power and depth seldom seen in the organized evangelistic efforts to which we have become accustomed. We are led to believe that the proclamation of the evangel is as exciting and demanding in our own town as in the "mission" frontier.

That They May Have Life has been chosen as a study book for the Quadrennial Conference of the Student Volunteer Movement to be held at Lawrence, Kansas, December 27, 1951, to January 1, 1952. The Call to the S.V.M. Conference proclaims that "Christ's Kingdom (is) Man's Hope." That is a somewhat different note from the slogans of other years that have sometimes seemed to indicate man's work in building the Kingdom and saving the world was God's only hope. The urgent tone of this Call to Lawrence suggests the spirit and mood of the book. Dr. Niles' book and the S.V.M. Conference, at which he will speak, are two of the richest religious experiences in store for students this year.

LEGISLATIVE QUIZ—by Eleanor Neff Curry

To date, the 82nd Congress has taken action on few measures other than those related to rearmament or foreign policy. How familiar are you with these issues?

Q.—How did Congress respond to India's emergency request for food grain?
A.—Public Law 48 authorized a loan of $190,000,000 to India for purchase of food grains. An interesting feature of this bill is the provision that up to $5,000,000 of India's interest payments may be used for an exchange student-and-teacher program between the United States and India, and for the purchase of American materials for use in research in India, and for the purchase of materials from India for research purposes in the United States.

Q.—What is the Mutual Security Program?
A.—Congress is about to complete action on the Mutual Security Act, the purpose of which is "to maintain the security and promote the foreign policy and provide for the welfare of the United States by furnishing assistance to friendly nations in the interest of international peace and security."

As approved by the House and Senate conferees, this bill would authorize an appropriation of $7,483,400,000, of which $5,997,650 would be for military purposes, and $1,485,750 for economic and technical assistance. The $1,022,000,000 in economic aid earmarked for Europe is designed largely to help Europeans produce a larger proportion of the total military needs. It is difficult to estimate how much will be available for a continued and enlarged program of technical assistance; that is, the sending of experts to help nations requesting such aid in the development of their programs of agriculture, health, etc. Last year $35,000,000 was appropriated for the United States Point Four Program, United States' aid to Latin American countries and $12.5 million was directed through the United Nations Program of Technical Assistance. The Economic Cooperation Administration has also been conducting a technical assistance program in Europe and in the Near and Far East. Tools, machines, and the like have also been sent to the Near and Far East to speed up the programs worked out by the experts with the people of the countries receiving help. The proposed expenditures are indicated by regions:

Europe:	Military	$5,028,000	Near East and Africa:	Military	$396,250,000
	Economic	$1,022,000		Economical	$160,000,000
	Total	$6,050,000		(includes $100,000,000 for rehabilitation of Arab and Jewish refugees)	
				Total	$496,250,000

Asia and Pacific:	Military	$535,250,000	American Republics:		
	Economic	237,500,000		Military	$38,150,000
	Korean Rehabilitation	45,000,000		Economic	21,250,000
	Total	$817,750,000		Total	$59,400,000

After Congress has authorized this program, it must also approve the appropriation of the funds. It is likely that there will be attempts in the House and Senate Appropriations Committees to slash the economic and technical assistance sums. Letters from informed and concerned citizens to the chairmen and members of these committees and to their own Representatives and Senators can affect the outcome.

Under this program, separate agencies like the E.C.A. would be abolished, and there would be established a Mutual Security Agency, under the over-all direction of the Director for Mutual Security, in the Executive Office of the President.