

"... you immediately forget that sometimes people of differing religions fail to get along with each other."

Brotherhood

Chaplains of

Four

REMEMBER the heroic wartime story of the four army chaplains who died together when their ship was torpedoed off Greenland?

Those chaplains—a priest, a rabbi, and two ministers—of the transport *Dorchester*, gave their life jackets to soldiers who had none. Then, with arms linked, they went down together and established a symbol of brotherhood which America will not soon forget.

On the campus of the State University of Iowa four other men of God are working side by side as a living monument to that same brotherhood.

A priest, a rabbi, and two ministers of the university's unique School of Religion willingly share their many and varied attributes with their students. With one, it may be his deep insight into the sacred writings, with another, his vital interest in the students' activities in church groups, with another a rollicking Irish wit coupled with a dynamic faith; but with them all, though in different ways, a spiritual power that few fail to sense.

When you step into the school's offices in Macbride Hall, you immediately forget that sometimes people of differing religions fail to get along with each other. Here, in adjoining offices, representatives of the three major faiths work and live together, often laughing about their differences. Each holds ever loyal to his own beliefs and religious heritages, but because he understands and appreciates

the faith and backgrounds of his co-workers he is able to use the same facilities and often lecture to the same students.

A motto of the 24-year-old school describes it this way: "We expect and we respect differences."

The four "chaplains" and Dr. M. Willard Lampe, the administrative director, make up the staff of the school, which seeks to foster the student's appreciation of the many-sidedness of religion rather than to find its smallest common denominator. In doing this they teach in conformity with their own personal convictions, but without any attempt to propagandize.

Slightly built Judah Goldin is the Jewish representative on the faculty. (Actually he is not a rabbi, though he is ordained. A rabbi must have a synagogue.) He is an outstanding scholar and is often called upon to write dissertations of a highly intellectual nature. He teaches courses in Old Testament and Hebrew history as well as courses in Hebrew language.

Dr. Goldin has been moderator of "Eternal Light," a weekly program of the National Broadcasting Company which interprets the scriptures with modern implications. He is the director of the SUI Hillel Foundation, Jewish students' organization. As such he shows the vital interest of the school in the welfare of such student groups. Although there is no direct connection between the school and the various student religious groups on campus, it is quite natural for the students to look to the School

of Religion for guidance in their extracurricular program. The school feels that the essential part of any religious education plan is the firsthand experience of participating in a religious group. So Dr. Goldin and his Catholic and Protestant associates furnish leadership on an extracurricular basis to the foundations and fellowships.

Dr. Goldin is a brilliant lecturer as well as a scholar and writer. He formerly taught at Illinois and Duke Universities and was an associate national director of Hillel before going to Iowa City.

Dr. Marcus Bach, one of the Protestant ministers on the staff, has specialized in the study of little-known religious groups and is widely recognized for his book, *They Have Found a Faith*, the story of several of these sects and a companion book, published last year, *Faith and My Friends*. He is currently on leave of absence from the school, writing of his experiences with voodooism in Haiti and a book about the School of Religion.

"Marc" Bach is a very colorful figure. In his study of unfamiliar religions he often lives for a time with the people to get an inside view, seeking to experience the same feelings and emotions of the members of the sect. He became so familiar with the communal Hutterites of Manitoba, Canada, that he was called upon to testify on their behalf in a series of dispossession suits. The Hutterites, many of whom are pacifists, live in colonies not dissimilar to the old

By J. Mart Bailey



Amana groups. During World War II the Canadian Government sought to decide whether these nonconformists were desirable citizens.

A part of his work has been the preservation of the heritages of religious groups in Iowa. He has made wire recordings of interviews with leaders of the groups. Recordings are kept for study and classroom use. Among his collection are recordings of the early morning chants of Trappist monks at the New Mallory monastery near Dubuque, Iowa, and a personal conversation with the eighty-year-old daughter-in-law of Dominic Scholte, founder of the Dutch Reformed community at Pella.

Bach, whose mother was a missionary to Indians in Wisconsin, often has brought leaders of the little-known groups to the microphone of his classroom broadcast over the university's station WSUI.

AS Irish as his sense of humor and proud of it is Father Robert Welch, the Catholic instructor. He is a graduate of St. Ambrose College in Davenport where he was head of the department of history before going to SUI a year ago.

He often tells newcomers to the School of Religion a joke on a Midwestern archbishop who was kidded by some of his Jewish friends about a rather ostentatious rectory he was building. The archbishop retorted, "If your rabbi is entitled to a 'better half' then I think I'm entitled to 'better quarters.'"

Father Welch serves as chaplain of the Newman Club, Catholic students' organization.

Tall, athletic "Bob" Michaelson seems so much at home on the business end of a Ping-pong paddle that he is often thought to be a student. Dr. Michaelson—he got his Ph.D. from Yale last year—is an Iowa boy (from Clinton) and a graduate of Cornell College where he was an outstanding middle-distance runner in track. He has been a teacher at the School of Religion for four years and is advisor to the Student Christian Council, a federative council of Prot-

estant church groups. He is a Methodist.

The salaries of the four "chaplains of brotherhood" are paid by the groups they represent. Administrative costs and the salary of the administrative director are paid by the university.

THE idea for such an interfaith school came originally from Dr. O. D. Foster, a Congregational minister, who had a similar interfaith organization in the World War I army of General John J. Pershing. Following the war, as university secretary of the Council of Church Boards of Education, Dr. Foster interested the administration and several prominent members of the Iowa faculty in a plan whereby religion might be taught in a state university.

With the belief that religion is an essential part of true education, the groundwork was laid and after several years of planning the school was started with John D. Rockefeller, Jr., giving financial backing to administrative costs. From the beginning Jewish, Catholic, and Protestant groups have supported their own professorships.

A governing board was constituted in such a way as to secure the cooperative efforts of the religious bodies of Iowa and of the university in support and control of the school. The board is made up of representatives of various religious organizations and of the university.

Dr. M. Willard Lampe has been at the very heart of the activity since the

beginning and has served as director for nearly twenty-five years. Much of the credit for the success of the school is due to him. Early last year he was called to Atlantic City to speak to Presbyterian college presidents on "What Makes a College Christian." He has often attended meetings where the "Iowa Plan" for religious education in state universities has been studied. The school has been a model for other universities which have set up similar programs.

Dr. Lampe has always been in the field of religious education. Before going to Iowa he was the national director of university work for the Presbyterian Board of Education. He has served on the Commission on Evangelism and other departments of the Federal Council of Churches and was recently the moderator of the Presbyterian Synod of Iowa.

The interfaith program of the school is also carried on as an extension service of the university. Daily morning chapel broadcasts are aired over Station WSUI, as are classroom broadcasts and weekly religious newscasts. The school provides counsel for many communities in Iowa which are interested in developing sound interfaith procedures.

Through a system of guest lecturers the school brings outstanding religious leaders to the campus for a semester as instructors. The Rev. Howard Thurman, pastor of the Church of the Fellowship of All Peoples, an interracial church in San Francisco, taught at the school and was the first Negro with professorial rank at SUI. The school also introduced Dr. T. Z. Koo to the university as a guest lecturer. Dr. Koo is now the head of the new department of oriental studies at SUI. He was for many years one of the secretaries of the World's Student Christian Federation, is a world traveler, and a noted Chinese Christian layman.

Built on a foundation of cooperation among three great religious bodies, with the hands of hundreds of inspired men, the School of Religion at the State University of Iowa stands as a monument and a model of brotherhood.



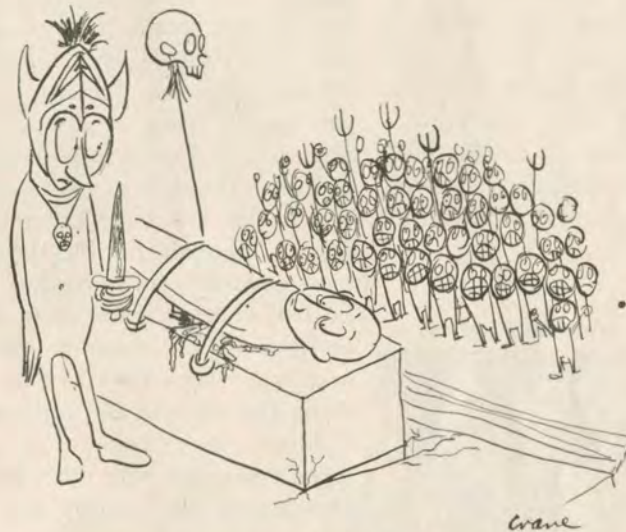
The Time to Resist

George H. Ball, a veteran of World War II, was chaplain at the University of Denver last year when the Colorado Legislature passed a law requiring professors to sign a loyalty oath.

Refusing to sign, Dr. Ball was given an opportunity to state his case before leaving the university. Here is the speech he made in the university's Buchtel Chapel. Dr. Ball is now at Oberlin College, Ohio.

"I solemnly swear or affirm that I will support the constitution of the State of Colorado and of the United States of America and the laws of the State of Colorado and of the United States and will teach, by precept and example, respect for the flags of the United States and of the State of Colorado, reverence for law and order and undivided allegiance to the government of one country, the United States of America."

—Colorado loyalty oath prescribed by law.



"We must bow to public opinion."

IF I fail at the beginning to express my gratitude for this opportunity to discuss some ideas, I might forget entirely to express that appreciation, especially after you will have begun to tear those ideas apart. Therefore, let me now thank the student Y.M.-Y.W.C.A. here on campus for arranging this opportunity for open discussion and for their strong effort to bring to our campus the issues in this important problem. I have such a high regard for those in the student Y.M.-Y.W.C.A. that I would guess that their organization will survive on campus here despite their past guilt by association with me.

I thank also the University of Denver for the happy and friendly life which my wife and I have enjoyed while we have been here in the uni-

versity community. It is a mark of the university's generous spirit that it was glad to have this meeting take place here tonight.

There is one more thing for which I'd like to thank all of you. That is that you have not judged me disloyal to America in what I have done. I feel that I am loyal to this country. In fact, I reserve one of my heart's deepest loyalties for this country and for the freedom it has always proclaimed in the past, and it is in the interest of that freedom that I have made my present protest.

Perhaps it is best to begin by pointing out that we have no differences of opinion over the fundamental principles. All agree that man is not truly a human being unless he is free to de-

velop his own personality. All agree that the best form of government is that which preserves the people's liberties to think, speak, and control their government. All agree that a university cannot maintain its essential traffic in ideas unless it is a place where ideas may flow freely.

The question, therefore, is this: Is the imposing of the oath on a university any interference with that freedom which is necessary both for a democracy and a university?

One can readily admit that the oath now imposed is mild in form. (After all, thirty years ago they didn't have the benefit of our recent experience in drawing up expert restrictive oaths.) This oath we were asked to sign is, standing by itself, a little

thing. What the university needs to resist is not so much the wording of the oath as the power of the legislature to impose an oath on the university. The power to impose a mild oath is also the power to impose a severe oath, as the faculty of the University of California has been finding out. The power to exclude from our faculty the men who have not signed the loyalty oath is also the power to exclude from our libraries the books written by such men. The time to resist any interference with the university's free academic functioning is the time when that interference first appears.

Fundamentally, an oath is a test of one's ideas. But a university, if it is true to its own nature, can permit no advance testing of ideas by the legislature. The university has its own tests for the validity of ideas. The university is a place where all axioms may be seriously challenged whether those axioms have the approval of the legislature or not.

AS a contrary consideration, it is urged that a university teacher should sign an oath because he is a semi-public official, i.e., he has a responsibility to the public because he is in a position to have important influence over people. But so is a good clergyman in a place where he can have important influence on people. Of course, the university teacher has a responsibility to the community. But what is that responsibility? His responsibility to the community is that he be a good teacher, and his function as a teacher is to help the student become skillful in handling ideas, new and old. The university should be a place where new ideas are introduced and tested by experiment, argument, and discussion.

A good university will be part of the growing edge of society's mind; a good university will reach out for the new ideas which society always needs. The university must, therefore, continually question the old ideas no matter how cherished or fundamental they may be. This is as true of political ideas as of other ideas. Political scientists are no nearer to having com-

plete knowledge of the science of government than physical scientists are to having complete knowledge of the physical world. Both admit they are just beginning. The oath which a university professor ought to take is that he will honestly pursue and express the truth wherever he finds it. If in this pursuit of truth he produces false ideas, it is the responsibility of the university to defeat those ideas in argument and not the task of the legislature to suppress them in legislation.

The Colorado loyalty oath law may seem to be but a distant danger to the free functioning of Colorado's universities. On the contrary, the interference with the universities' full and free ranging search for truth is direct and immediate. Under this law, no scholar from any foreign university can legally teach in any college or university in Colorado without giving up his citizenship in his home country. If this law were enforced, such scholar, though he be the world's most eminent man in his field, would be barred from teaching in the universities of Colorado. It would not take many such laws as this to condemn the colleges and universities of Colorado to a second-rate position when compared with other great universities of this country and of the free world.

So much for the question of academic freedom.

IMPOSING the oath on a university faculty serves no purpose of democracy. It does not catch communists. They gladly sign the oath and thank you for the opportunity. It does not produce loyalty, for loyalty cannot be compelled by law. Loyalty is an internal response of faith and love, an internal response of the heart is always voluntary and free. It can never be coerced. All that can be coerced is the external saying or signing of words. In fact, the effort to compel loyalty tends to destroy it. The heart rebels when it is forced. It is almost as if a husband forced his wife to sign a statement that she loved him. The very act of forcing the statement tends to destroy the desired relation-

ship of love. The glory of America is that it has been a country which throughout its history has derived its strength from the free and enthusiastic love of its citizens. An America compelling loyalty by law is an America ignorant of its own strength which is the freely offered faith and love of its people. The oath cannot compel this love; it can only compel obedience.

It is urged that we ought to sign the oath because America needs these expressions of loyalty now and because we ought to be glad to give them. I am glad to express my belief in and loyalty to this country, but only voluntarily. America derives no support from the coerced statement. If America is to derive any strength and support from any statement by the faculty of the University of Denver, it can only come from a statement of belief in democracy voluntarily drawn up by the faculty members of the University of Denver and voluntarily signed by them. The faculty could refuse to sign any compelled statement on the ground that the compulsion (not the statement) is contrary to the freedom of expression which has been the spirit and genius of the American heritage.

We need also to remember that the political state is the only institution in our society which we have permitted the right to use force. You cannot punch your neighbor in the face (that is, legally); you cannot have firearms without the state's permission; you cannot be a member of any military organization which is not under state control. The history of our own generation is clear at the point of what happens when the institution in society which controls force uses that force to control ideas and the expressing of them. We now have a name for that situation: totalitarianism.

The loyalty oath as applied to the university community affects ideas. I am being eliminated from the colleges and universities of Colorado not for anything I have done (I haven't sold any secrets to the Russians) but for ideas that I have. An American Government controlling ideas is an

American Government which does not know its own tradition and which does not know what distinguishes it from the totalitarian world it is now opposing.

LASTLY, let us focus attention for a moment on the phrase in the oath calling for "undivided allegiance to the government of one country, the United States of America." It is not my intention to give my political allegiance to any single nation other than the United States; and if that were all that is involved one might perhaps sign the oath. But I have another allegiance. It is an allegiance to a religious belief expressed in the words and the spirit of Jesus Christ: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." Consequently, I can give to the United States only that allegiance which does not conflict with this religious belief. I can only obey the

United States Government as long as its acts and policies toward all nations are consistent with the principle that all men are brothers. Therefore, as to the United States, my allegiance is divided. I could not honestly sign the oath.

It would be no response to say that there is no genuine conflict here, that one is the political and the other a religious allegiance. It is from my religious principles that I determine what political allegiance I shall give to any government. My religion applies to all my acts and thoughts in this world, including my acts as a citizen. My religion is my supreme loyalty.

It seems to me that it is because men place their political loyalty above their religious principles that the two bloodiest, cruelest wars in history, the last two world wars, broke out among the countries which had had the Christian religion the longest. It is because we do not really believe that

all men are neighbors that we slaughter each other so readily.

The instrument for that slaughter is the nation; therefore a blind and individual loyalty to the nation merely facilitates the slaughter. We have come to the point in the world's history where uncritical and undivided allegiance to the nation is not our safeguard but our danger. The totalitarian nations are making precisely this mistake. We must avoid it.

The imposing of this oath is one of a series of recent frightening efforts to confine our loyalty to our own nation in a day when no nation can endure independently, in a day when Jesus' words that all men are neighbors are proving true in the anguish that we suffer by violating them. America has a great destiny, but it is not a destiny different from that which God has made available to all mankind. The oath is leading us in the wrong direction.

THE WATCHMAN

My autumn's inward breath
Has shed me from my thought
To waking dust.
I'll roll with death;
Its quiet gust will swoop
And circle me as nought.
I'll be silent.

The expectation grew
And when it came I wished to return
To my days of expectation.
I wished I were a child
To roll straight from my mother's breast
To the earth and lie in the leaves till calm.

After the museum was locked
The watchman went to worship the statues;
Secretly he ran his hands over them
And was awed.

People are seeking people,
Oh, their loneliness at the contact!

Too much light and not enough vision.
Soften the light or deepen our eyes!

—Pierre Henri Delattre



The Crucifixion

By Jeremiah Monkoe

Oh! Mighty God. Oh! Mighty God
Who hast the strength of many waters,
The strength of thunder and of storm
Oh! Thou art the Mighty One—
Thou art Eternally.

You can see! Yes! He is carrying our sins.
On that Mount of Calvary
See! Oh! He is crucified between two robbers
Father!
Thou art Eternally.

And as Jesus looks down and sees—
Oh! Yes! he sees
His Mother Mary and His loving John,
He says, "Mother behold thy Son."
"Son behold Thy Mother."
Oh! Father!
Thou art Eternally.

Our Lord looking into the heavens,
As he hangs upon the mighty Cross
Says with a loud, loud voice—
"My God! My God!
Why hast Thou forsaken me?"
His head, yes! Jesus' head drooped
And Jesus died.

So through all the length of days
He died a willing death.
Truly! Truly! Father in Heaven
Thou art Eternally
The Alpha and Omega.

From *CYRENE, Africans in the Making*. Published
by The Society for the Propagation of the Gospel
in Foreign Parts, London, 1949.

Calvary

Designed by E. G. Paterson

Carved by Adomech Royo

Photographs courtesy of the
Society for the Propaga-
tion of the Gospel in
Foreign Parts



The Journey to Emmaus

Kaxton Kandiero



By Louise Louis

W O N D E R



DESCENT from the CROSS

F. L. Messersmith

T

HIS is the age for proving things. When argument makes us uncomfortable or the dish before us is unpalatable, we do what the Madhatter did sitting at the long banquet table with only Alice and the Dormouse, we merely move up another place, or down. Now is the season of wonder again, the new earth, the new seed, the other life manifestation, the resurrection of the imperishable: spirit-body and embodied spirit. (At this point the scholar laughs and throws the script away—but the poet, brother to the priest and the child, does not. He has been dipped in wonder and is vulnerable in fewer spots.)

Like the Madhatter who shouted down the ample table: "No room, no room," we lean in our pre-occupied fashion down the past 6,000 years of miracle and life to observe it may be possible that mind can survive matter. To arrive at this conclusion we have passed through several schools of religious training: traditionalism, individualism, liberalism, progressivism, and "confusionism." We *do* have one affirmative indication in our experiments one thousand nine hundred and fifty years ago in which one Man, claimed to have so assimilated the majesty of God (secrets we ourselves are learning exist in our physics, medicine, etc.) that he embodied their secret glories entire and *in complete possession* of what we have not learned or deserved to acquire, *rose* from the earth! Rose from

a bed of artist's clay—a trifling and inarticulate covering for a Figure *un-equivocally* aware of God the Father; possessed by Him; Him, in fact.

This God made space and what may be but a dimension of it, time. This God made worlds to spin like colorful baubles in a mystic sea germinated from air. This God, whose infinity our minds wilt to compute and faint to understand, gave Light. Light that travels, for example, from one planet Arcturus, for 1,945 years at the steady rate of 186,000 miles per second before it reaches our little earth and turns on the lights in a World's Fair. A mere side show—a trifling gossip—a nursery tale of power only for minds that are incapable of more, *even* when their hearts yearn to grasp it as truth. Their hearts which were made first—bound in a protoplasmic mass evolved from thought, emotion, and an x-power. (They would be snarled up in *that* power of birth, too, except that death intrigues them more.) They are more fond of *begin-*

nings yet cannot know which is "beginning."

This God bends the back of wonder.

This God who plays with atoms and molecules is to be stopped by a small bed of clay, a large stone imprisoning the Man in whose breast is perfect Love. Yet anyone in the field of medicine, science, knows that *one affirmative* test defies all negations. If it is once, it is forever—all other situations being equal. *The Man who believed His Father* supplied the one premise that makes the test affirmative. In *Alice in Wonderland* the Madhatter at the long richly provided table could not be bothered cleaning his plate; he settled the problem of assimilation by merely "moving up another place."

Men are still "moving up another place" (or down) into some nice clean plate of religious contention; as to whether the God who can hide gifts in every second and hour of living without ever exhausting the possibilities of man's amazement at their

completeness could have made *one* Man who did not need to "move up another place" in His impatience and self-exaltation. A Man who felt there was room, as His Father intended, in His Father's house and who obediently *proved* it—all circumstances to the contrary. And on each clean plate He left the message, "life . . . and life more abundantly." But alas! "The sun in the eyes of men makes dark lagoons of doubt, when Light within the eyes of men should make the soul devout."

With secrets in each drop of rain, each flower visited by wind or winged thing, each clod of dirt, each nebulous seed—with secrets on the air, in each hill of human flesh—with every living thing (and things the mind *thinks* dead) inscribed within His plan and a plan inscribed inside of each again—with nothing impossible of thought, and nothing thought impossible of some manifestation—how shall the Madhatters and sleeping Dormouses *have* room except He allows it in His majesty and Love for little things?

And Alice? How can she have room for anything but joyous wonder. . . .

CHRIST in the GARDEN

F. L.
Messersmith



Water into

WINE

By Daniel Luzon Morris

MOST theologians have decided views on the subject of miracles, and very few of them agree completely. I'd like to see if it can be dealt with in a way that scientists can accept.

Among secular people today there are two main points of view about miracles. One is that they have never happened—that the people who have described them are mistaken. The other is that perhaps certain so-called miracles have happened, but if so they weren't really miracles. There is some perfectly simple explanation for them.

The trouble with the first point of view, and the main support of the second, is that there is a wide borderline field. There are a great many things that are now accepted as "natural" that would have been classed as miracles in the past. For instance, most people know that stomach ulcers, and certain kinds of blindness, can be cured by what would probably have been called miracles of faith in earlier times.

I have come across two interesting examples of the "simple explanation" point of view recently in two novels dealing with the life of Christ. Both of the authors were undoubtedly de-

vout men. Each of them described the miracle of the loaves and the fishes. One of them was simply unwilling to accept real miracles. The other, in a beautiful and subtle way, allows his reader the choice between acceptance of the miracle and explanation of it.

As the story is told in the Bible, Christ had gone out of town with a group of people, and had been teaching them all day. By midafternoon everybody was getting pretty hungry, and the disciples came to Jesus and asked him what they should do. They were too far from town to be able to buy food—and we can assume that there wasn't a great deal of money available for the purpose anyway—so it looked as though there might be a good deal of discomfort before evening. Jesus asked them to check and see how much food was actually at hand. He was told that there were five loaves of bread and two fishes. He took these, blessed them, and told the disciples to pass them around. They did this, and there was plenty for everybody, with several baskets full of scraps when they were through.

In one of the novels this incident is explained by saying that the crowd didn't *really* get fed. The fishes and

loaves were broken up into tiny pieces and everybody had a little bite. They were so inspired by the spiritual food they were getting that they felt well filled. The baskets of scraps are not explained.

IN the other novel an eyewitness tells the story to a Roman soldier. He mentions the fact that a good many of the people had food with them, which they were unwilling to share. But they were ashamed to eat it without sharing, considering the lessons that Jesus had just been teaching them. When the owner of the loaves and fishes offered them to Jesus, to be shared among the crowd, the rest of the people suddenly saw the light, and passed their own meager supplies around among their neighbors. Consequently, everybody was fed. If the story had stopped here, this would be a nice example of the "simple explanation" with a Christian slant. The Roman to whom the story is being told does stop here, mentally. But the eyewitness goes on with the baskets full of scraps. He knows that the miracle happened.

The first explanation says that there was no miracle. The second shows how the story could have gotten started without a miracle. But as the Gospels tell the story, the whole crowd was fed by the miraculous multiplication, in some way, of the loaves and fishes. If you don't believe that this happened, you haven't explained anything by saying that people thought they were being fed when they weren't, or that they were being fed in some other way. Let's be honest

This article is from a new book, *Possibilities Unlimited: A Scientist's Approach to Christianity*, by Daniel Luzon Morris, published this month by Harper & Brothers, \$2.

In the preface, *Kirtley F. Mather, Professor of Geology, Harvard University*, says:

"I'd like to make it required reading for every student who is troubled by the impact of newly acquired scientific knowledge upon his religion. I'd also recommend it strongly to every teacher of science, and every chaplain or minister, who may be called upon by such students for advice and assistance. The more widely it is read, the better will be this troubled world."

about it. Either miracles do happen, or they don't. If they don't then observers have been mistaken, and that's that.

But if miracles do happen, and if scientists are honest in saying that science deals with the realities of the world, then science has got to deal with miracles.

The classical definition of a miracle included the idea that it was an event that occurred through the direct intervention of God, and that it transcended the laws of nature. One serious objection to that definition now is that for the last century or so the laws of nature have been changing so fast that we don't really know, at any given moment, whether an event occurring at that moment transcends them or not.

The 1929 edition of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* suggests that some of the cures alleged to have been brought about by Jesus might now be explained on the basis of psychological healing. That is to say, by 1929 psychological healing had entered the category of Laws of Nature. But the article goes on to say that this explanation could scarcely be applied to cases where the diseases that were healed were of an organic nature. By implication, a cure of an organic disease transcended the Laws of Nature of 1929. Today, however, the magic word *psychosomatic* has entered our vocabulary, and diseases that would have been organic in 1929—stomach ulcers for instance—are yielding to psychological treatment.

WHAT this comes down to is that the conception of miracles has gone through the same kind of change as has the conception of all natural events. There were times, and there are still places, where almost any phenomenon not directly caused by men was ascribed directly to God, or to a god. Thunder, lightning, rain, sunshine, winds, floods, and so on, have been regarded as results of direct, and often rather irresponsible, actions by supernatural beings. Through the centuries men have studied these everyday divine manifestations objectively, and have

gradually shifted them from the realm of the supernatural into that of the natural. There has been relatively little opposition to this from the religious-minded. But perhaps because miracles occur less often, and stand farther beyond the present boundary of the known, but more especially because they are usually associated with some revered individual, the man who tries to study miracles objectively is often looked on coldly, at best.

At present, the healing of a skin affliction through the words of a wise and good man would probably not be considered miraculous. But if evidence were presented to show that a broken leg had been healed as a result of the faith and prayers of the same man, without the application of any physical force, most scientists would doubt the validity of the evidence. If it could be proved, beyond a shadow of doubt, to any given scientist that the leg had been healed in this way, then he would probably call it a miracle.

Thus, if there is any boundary between the natural and the miraculous, it is a hazy one, and it moves with the passage of time. But the absence of a sharp boundary doesn't necessarily imply that there is no real difference between two classes of events. Charles Fort somewhere points out that it may be very hard to find the

boundary between plant and animal life when you consider unicellular forms of each; but it is not difficult to tell the difference between a peanut and a camel, even though both have humps, and can go for long periods of time without water.

I think it quite likely that events do happen whose explanations are so far beyond the limits of our present knowledge that we might as well call them miracles, and I think it might be worth while to give this class of events a little thought.

Examples in this class might be the feeding of the multitude with the loaves and the fishes; or the miracle at Cana, where Jesus turned water into particularly good wine; or the case described by Alexis Carrel, and reprinted in a recent issue of *The Reader's Digest*, where tuberculous peritonitis disappeared in a few hours under the eyes of competent physicians.

The first reaction of a scientist to a thing of this sort to say, "It couldn't happen." And yet this is the least scientific reaction possible. Scientists are supposed to deal with facts. The first thing a scientist must do with an alleged fact is to find whether it is true. If it is true, if it *did* happen, then of course it could. And in that case the statement, "It couldn't, therefore it didn't," is an absurdity.

CONTRIBUTORS

J. Mart Bailey is editorial associate of *The Messenger*, published by the Evangelical and Reformed Church, a graduate in journalism from Iowa University, now also a student at Eden Seminary. **Pierre Delattre** is at the University of Chicago. **Genevieve Dilts**, Wesley Foundation director at the University of Arizona, Tucson, went through the experiences she describes. From an enthusiastic account in *The Booklyn Eagle*, we find that **Louise Louis** is a "practical poet"—she does not forget to put notes in milk bottles. **Gerald O. McCulloh**, Ph.D., is Henry Pfeiffer Professor of Systematic Theology at Garrett Biblical Institute, Evanston, Illinois. **R. P. Marshall**, Sunbury, Pa., is an enthusiastic sponsor of the ecclesiastical arts. **William Miller** spells Ernest Lefever this issue with the magazine articles. He is an instructor in Christian Ethics at Yale Divinity School and chairman of Religion at the News Desk. **Jeremiah Monkoe** is a native of Cyrene, a little place in the diocese of Southern Rhodesia, Africa. **Daniel Luzon Morris** is a Ph.D. in organic chemistry (Yale) and laboratory supervisor of Food, Chemistry and Research Laboratories, Inc. **Tony Stoneburner** is Methodist pastor, Gambier, Ohio. One day John Deschner of the U.S.C.C. came back from a long, tedious conference on "unmet needs" with a sheaf of notes he asked his secretary, **Yoshiko Uchida**, to type up. The next day he found on his desk the item on pages 20-22. Miss Uchida has also published books for children.

Easter Is Life

Gerald O. McCulloh

SYMBOL is peculiarly the language of religion. A religious idea or meaning, though concrete, is intangible. An experimenter cannot precipitate faith in a laboratory experiment or find the spirit of man by dissecting the body. Symbolic statements of religious ideas are, therefore, important to their understanding. The symbol cannot define the idea nor adequately depict it. Symbolization is essentially the presentation of something to the senses or the imagination which stands for something else. It suggests, in the realm of the familiar, meanings that relate originally to another order of meaning or fact. A symbol may teach, remind, serve as the focal center of experience, or as a mark of recognition between men of like belief.

Many of the central symbols of the Christian faith, the Lord's Supper, the cross, and the risen Christ, cluster about the Easter season. In ceremony, art, and creed Christian salvation is expressed in symbols representing the life, death and resurrection of Jesus Christ. When the cross is presented to the eye, the elements of Holy Communion to the taste, the words and music of "Alleluia, Christ Is Risen" to the ear, a new depth of understanding is possible because meaning has been translated into media of communication to which men are accustomed. Through symbolization spiritual truth has been embodied in tangible things.

Symbolic
Communication
in
Christianity

The Cross

THE Christian cross is the symbol of sacrifice for the sake of another. The cross in Roman usage was simply a symbol of punitive torture that ended in ignominious death. Beyond Good Friday's cross is Easter's joy. On every hand evidences are traceable that life builds upon and is nourished by the death that has preceded it. The soil that grows today's crops is the humus from yesterday's vegetation. As seen in nature, however, this process appears to be impersonal and unintentional. On Calvary's cross Jesus showed that the gift of life through sacrificial death can be lifted above the merely accidental. It can become a vocation, a consciously chosen way of life. "He who loseth his life for my sake and the gospel's, the same shall find it," he said. In the cross the Christian sees clearly the eternal plan of saving through sacrifice made personal for his sake.

An explanation of the cross in modern language would probably need to speak in terms of rescue. When a life-guard effects a rescue he has to go where the endangered one is. He must give of his strength to save the person who lacks the strength or ability to save himself. In the cross man experiences his rescue from himself and his supposed self-adequacy.

The cross as symbol of Christian salvation means for man the gift of his own rescue from sin, the forgiveness of God which he does not de-

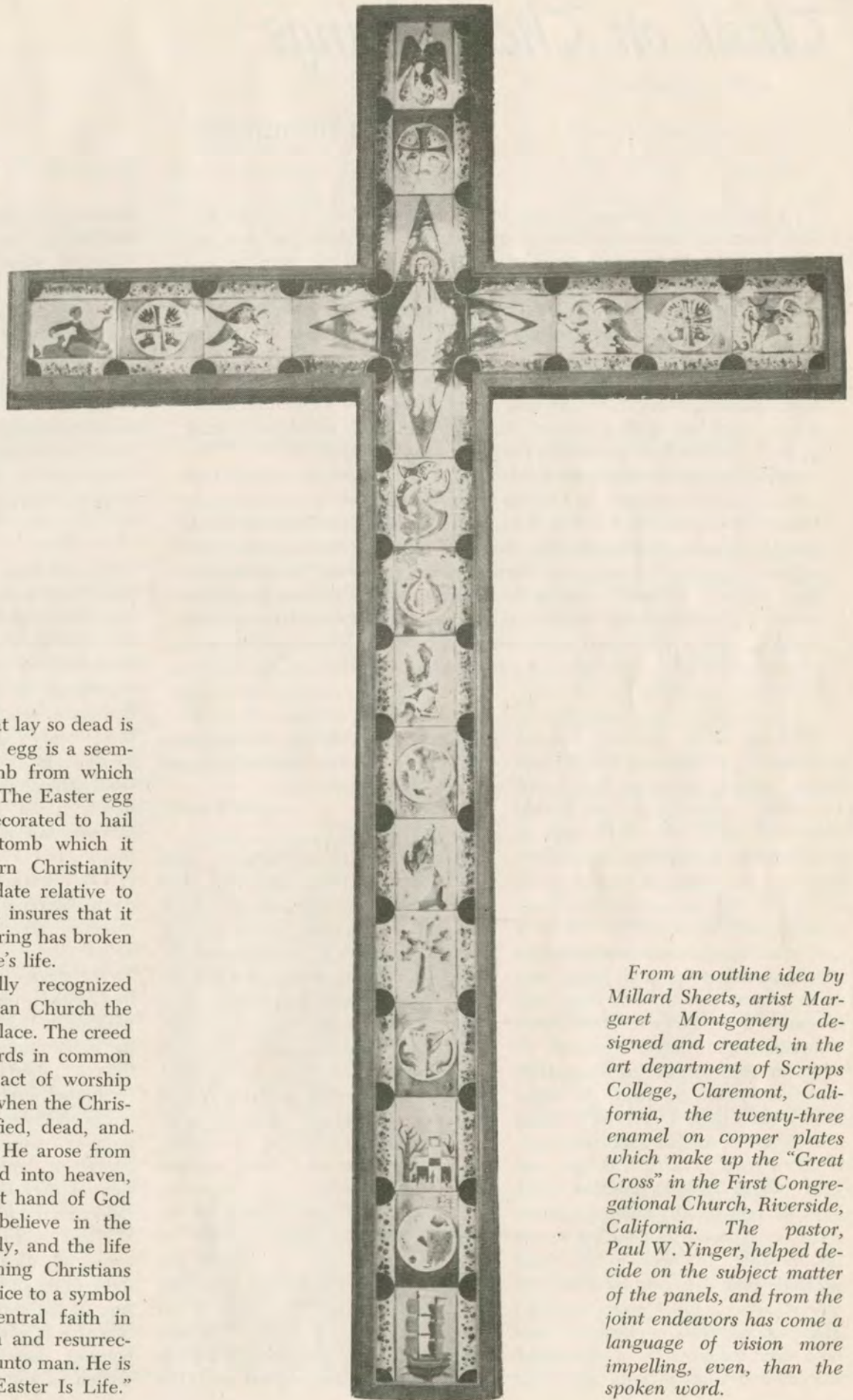
serve. But the cross also makes its demand. The way of life by which we are saved is a way that leads to our own Calvary. Jesus called his followers to "Take up thy cross and follow me." The cross to which he called each Christian disciple is a sacrifice for another's sake, just as from another the gift of rescue has been received.

The Resurrection

THE resurrection symbolizes God's answer to the seeming loss of death. Life which has made redemptive sacrifice its end is discovered to be endless. The Christ who died on Calvary was alive forevermore on Easter morn.

In the New Testament there are the stories of the empty tomb, the appearances of Jesus to the women who came to embalm his body, and to the two who walked on the Emmaus way. The resurrection of the body states in vivid narrative the deathless life of the spirit that makes God's way of life through sacrifice his own in obedient sonship. Over the spiritual Son of God earth's death has lost its destructive power. Paul's letters state the same truth in a different sort of symbol. To his hearers Paul says, "Flesh and blood cannot inherit eternal life." God's power is shown as he replaces the corruptible by the incorruptible, the mortal by immortality. God provides a body suitable for life in the celestial heaven just as he has given flesh and blood for the days of dwelling on the terrestrial earth. In whichever set of symbols the meaning is best communicated to a particular group of contemporary hearers the Easter message is the same. In God's plan and power, "Death is swallowed up in victory."

Ordinary men and women like ourselves have portrayed this story of life beyond death by various other symbols drawn from their own observation of familiar things. They have taken Jesus' words about a grain of wheat that falls into the ground and dies only to spring up to new yield in the harvest as a clue to the symbolization of the spiritual in the natural. The lily that blossoms in white purity



from the dark bulb that lay so dead is the Easter flower. The egg is a seemingly lifeless oval tomb from which breaks forth new life. The Easter egg has been colorfully decorated to hail the life beyond the tomb which it symbolizes. In Western Christianity Easter is a movable date relative to the lunar phase which insures that it always occurs when spring has broken winter's sleep of nature's life.

Among the officially recognized symbols of the Christian Church the creeds hold a special place. The creed was a structure of words in common recitation wherein an act of worship was performed. Thus when the Christian says: "Was crucified, dead, and buried. The third day He arose from the dead. He ascended into heaven, and sitteth at the right hand of God the Father," and "I believe in the resurrection of the body, and the life everlasting," he is joining Christians of all ages in giving voice to a symbol which denotes the central faith in Christ in whose death and resurrection salvation is given unto man. He is saying symbolically, "Easter Is Life."

From an outline idea by Millard Sheets, artist Margaret Montgomery designed and created, in the art department of Scripps College, Claremont, California, the twenty-three enamel on copper plates which make up the "Great Cross" in the First Congregational Church, Riverside, California. The pastor, Paul W. Yinger, helped decide on the subject matter of the panels, and from the joint endeavors has come a language of vision more impelling, even, than the spoken word.

Think on These Things

by Harold Ehrensperger

(A year ago the Partisan Review published a collection of articles that were written as answers to some questions which the editors had sent out. The questions had to do with what the editors called the trend toward religion by intellectuals, the actual wording being "the present revival of religion." A notable group of intellectuals responded to the request and their discussions form a symposium published under the title of Religion and the Intellectuals [Partisan Review Series, Number 3, New York, 1950]. The ideas expressed in this volume are worth taking into account, worth thinking about. Here are only a few of the more memorable statements, taken out of their context, to be sure, but still worth meditating upon. They must be answered by the religious intellectual.

Two publications may help thinking students toward an answer. One is the excellent dialogue by Gordon Allport, professor of psychology at Harvard University, called *The Roots of Religion* [Advent Papers, No. 1, 135 Mt. Vernon Street, Boston, Mass. 10 cents]. This pamphlet was printed in motive February and March, 1945. It is a "must" for every student. Richard Niebuhr's new book, *Religion and Culture*, is not to be missed if you want something that is incisive and complete. It is not easy reading; what it talks about is not easily disposed of. Get your philosophy professor to read it and discuss it with you!

non-natural) that violates, instead of confirming, the *knowledge* it has taken so many generations, and so much labor, to gather together. That knowledge is far from complete; it is not an absolute knowledge; there are no finalities in it. And the *belief* that can be based on it is not the kind of belief that is demanded by those who temperamentally insist on certainty. But it is the only kind of belief that, in our period, does not benumb and ultimately paralyze the *mind*.

—NEWTON ARVIN

I do not know if it was easier to believe the Christian faith in the past than now, but I do know that Christians and the Church today share with everyone else in our civilization the experience of "alienation," i.e., our dominant religious experience—and this is why, I think, we find miracles so difficult—is of our distance from God. Hence the typical "modern" heresy is not a mechanized magical sacramentalism, or any form of Pantheism, but a Barthian exaggeration of God's transcendence which all too easily becomes an excuse for complacency about one's own sins and about the misfortunes of others. . . . To the degree however that a would-be Christian believes in his depravity without believing in the miracle of his redemption, his religion is, what the communists say it must be, opium for himself and the people. . . . Without prophets religion degenerates into popular natural habit. Without a church, it degenerates into a succession of high-brow spiritual fashions reflecting the ideology of the moment. Without both, in fact, religion becomes identical with culture, either the culture of the masses or the culture of the elite. . . . A faith, on the other hand, which really is a faith and believes, therefore, that it is in possession of the truth, is by necessity

Believing in the concern, wisdom and mercy of God and in ultimate justice, roughly aware of how much (and little) attempts at social betterment can bring, rid of illusory responsibilities, Christians can undertake real and sufficient ones: each to do no less than he as a human being is able (and he is not apt to be a saint) for the human beings within his sight and reach and touch; and never to presume it other than anti-human to try to do more. Thus alone, it becomes possible to be quiet, to begin to learn a little bit thoroughly, directly, through the heart; to begin, in fact, to be human. . . . The religious man is aware of his faith; the non-religious man, as a rule, is unaware. There seems hardly a question which kind of faith is the more childlike. (The nonexistence of God, for one of innumerable instances, is no more provable than His existence; but the atheist acts as if it were proved.) Many nonreligious intellectuals must be awakened from these unrealized, unexamined kinds of faith, to a kind

of skepticism which is at once more scientific and more amenable to religious conversion.

—JAMES AGEE

"I must abolish *knowledge*," said Kant, "to make room for *belief*"; and unorthodox as he certainly was, Kant managed to express in this gnomic manner the work of division and destruction that any supernaturalist religion is now fated to perform. It is quite true that men cannot live without "belief" in some sense, but it is equally true that they cannot live without "knowledge," and the fact is that the intellectual substructure of supernaturalist religions, including Christianity, has now been washed away. There were many centuries during which it was possible to accept the Christian myths not only "on faith" or as articles of "belief" but with the critical intelligence: it should be a commonplace that this is no longer true. It is possible to accept them now only surrendering to a dualism (between the natural and the

missionary and must intend to convert the world. . . . Wherever the Church desires to preach the gospel, whether to savages, the industrial working class or intellectuals, she must in everything that does not concern faith and morals "go native."

—W. H. AUDEN

Where history has brought us can be seen if we turn to America, the newest, and certainly the most irreligious civilization that has ever existed. Of course, it will be objected that the churches are powerful pressure groups in American life, that the books of Lloyd Douglas have tremendous sales, and that *Life* magazine advertises religion with its bathing beauties. Yes, and no better evidence could be given of the fundamentally irreligious character of this new civilization. Lloyd Douglas is as irreligious a writer as ever put a record on the dictaphone, and as American too as that version of the Gospels produced in the 'twenties that interpreted Jesus as a successful business executive. At the moment some of our intellectuals seem to have discovered a very salable commodity that might be called "the higher Lloyd Douglas": the practice of a suave but vague "spiritual" rhetoric that gives many people the illusion they are somehow getting more than they are willing to pay for in the cold cash of commitment. . . . I suspect that a good deal of this generous, but vague, aspiration toward "the spiritual" is behind the current revival in America. . . . If mankind gets past its present crisis, if the threat of communism disappears and a genuine era of freedom ensues, out of that new liberty a new religion might be born, as different from what we have now as Christianity was from paganism. In the meantime one can only wait: the creative waiting in which one struggles to send one's roots deeper into life and reconquer for oneself, in the openness toward Being, the primitive simplicities that our civilization has almost entirely lost and without which life itself has no meaning—no, none at all.

—WILLIAM BARRETT

If the mind of the modern intellec-

tual is moving towards the restoration of this kind of conviction it ought to strengthen, not limit, the scientific attitude by reminding it of purpose, giving occasion for decision, and raising dramatic urgency to choice. Only bad religion condemns science, only bad science quarrels with religion. The relation is not of mastery or primacy but of complementalness or phase. . . . It is lucky we have institutions to take the burden of corruption. The Church is what we reform when we cannot ourselves reform.

—R. P. BLACKMUR

What is a better agent of war than the conviction that human beings are incurably wicked and irrational?

—GEORGE BOAS

In American education generally there is no training of the symbolic and associative faculties which are so spontaneously lively in children, who naturally personalize and emotionalize days, seasons, ages, places, and all kinds of animate and inanimate objects. In religious societies this kind of subjective differentiation is formalized as part of the pattern of adult experience.

—ROBERT GORHAM DAVIS

In view of the fact that religions in the degree in which they have depended upon the supernatural have been, as history demonstrates, the source of violent conflict, and destructive of basic human values; and in view of the fact that even now differences of religion divide the people of the earth, one summary answer to this question is that values will be sustained—effectively supported by a religion that is free from dependence upon the supernatural.

—JOHN DEWEY

I believe that the surrendering of oneself to the authority of any type of institution is reactionary, and I regret that there is a trend among intellectuals today, as there undoubtedly is, towards formal institutional religion and the authority of tradition.

—ALLAN DOWLING

U.S.C.C. Study Books Available Now

One of the first activities of the newly formed Study Department of the United Student Christian Council has been to publish, as discussion guides for student groups, the "Kandy" series:

1. "Christ Our Life"—a Bible study on John 13-17.

2. "The Church"—Bible teaching about the Church.

3. "Charity, Justice and Power"—the paradoxical relationship between Christian love and power-politics.

4. "Proclaiming Christ"—the Christian movement witness in the university.

The name, "Kandy," comes from the Conference of the World's Student Christian Federation held in Kandy, Ceylon, during Christmas, 1948. These studies were prepared by Asian leaders. They are not only valuable in themselves, but also in affording an opportunity for us to be guided by the insights of the Asian Christians.

Order copies from the Study Department, U.S.-C.C., 156 Fifth Ave., New York 10, N. Y. 15 cents each, all four 50 cents.

BLOCK



“ . . . Asia's greatest need is free economic aid, help to develop the natural resources . . . ”

UNations

A LARGE and influential section of the Indian people is repelled by the policies and tactics of the Anglo-American power bloc. India believes that she can avoid committing herself to either of the two world camps through discovering or by clearing a third way. Even though the sole avenue of escape from involvement with the Anglo-American powers may prove to be the road to Moscow, Indian leaders are not now prepared to make this admission.

Imperialism a worse fate than communism

Opposition to imperialism is the primary consideration which determines India's foreign relations. Resentment against its remaining vestiges and fear of new Western en-

croachments blind the nation to the new form of imperialism implicit within the communist advance. America's intervention in the Korean conflict is resented more than Russia's instigation of it; to the people of Hindustan, Truman is with the empire builders, the Korean conflict only a civil war.

Having been Britain's unwilling wards for almost three centuries, the Indians regard themselves as experts *par excellence* in the detection of imperialism. America backed and is backing France, Holland, Portugal and Britain in retaining their colonial footholds in India and Indo-China, New Guinea, Indonesia and India, and China and Malaya, respectively. These European powers, supplied with American credits and arms (some of it Marshall Plan aid with

which to resist Russian encroachments), maintain their beachheads of imperialism, from which they oppose by threat of violence and by war, the struggles of Asian peoples for independence. Communism is bad, but imperialism is worse. “The imperialistic policies of some of the Western nations are responsible for the growth of communist influence in Southeast Asia,” says one of the prominent Calcutta dailies.

Suspicious of America's intentions increase with every new extension of her armed might. The long occupation of Japan, the blockade of Formosa, an intervention in Korea that “jumped the gun” on the U.N. decision, the arms agreement with France for fighting the Viet Minh, the saturation bombings in Korea, the use of the

THAT KICK

By Winburn T. Thomas

"Unless success can be registered on the level of idealism and human rights, superior armaments are useless."

atom bomb on Asian (but not on European) cities, the American refusal to seat the new Chinese Government in the U.N., America's backing of reactionary political regimes in the Philippines, Thailand and South Korea, all evince America's imperialistic intent, so the Indians reason. *The Guardian*, a Protestant weekly published in Madras, recently editorialized, "Armed intervention [by the West] is not helpful. Asian countries have not overcome their fear of the consequences of such intervention which in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries paved the way for colonial empires. . . . The losers in the end were Asians."

Indian suspicions of the Anglo-American powers have produced an outright sympathy for the North Korean forces. The failure of the New Delhi government to supply men and material to the United Nations is not due alone to prior military commitments in Kashmir, or to the fear of involvement in a war against a neighboring land, but to the emotional orientation of the Indian people. While Pandit Nehru nominally backs the U.N. policy, large sections of the people do not back the government. *The Amritsa Bazar Patrika* (Calcutta and Allahabad) puts it thus: "A large and influential section of Indian opinion disapproves the Government of India's support of the resolutions of the Security Council on Korea. . . . There is an undercurrent of resentment at the imperialistic policy being followed. . . . Koreans should be left free to decide their own fate . . . without outside influence."

India hopes to remain neutral

India is offended by the apparent

necessity of choosing between the two contending power blocs. *The Guardian's* editor ineptly understated the choice, "The struggle for Asia is primarily a conflict between two outsiders for influence, the interference of both of whom is not welcome. . . . The West must get rid of thinking that the world is divided into blocs with no place for a third which likes to keep out of the camps and deal with any threats to itself in its own way. Support for them in Asia will be uncertain as long as they seek a simple division of Asian countries into communist and anticommunist blocs and treat one as the enemy and the other as a friend."

India's reasons for seeking a neutral position, and for attempting the role of mediator between East and West grow out of the recognition that her people, industry and culture would suffer in the event of a shooting war; a preoccupation of her law and policy makers with internal problems such as strikes, train wrecks which point to organized communist sabotage, monetary inflation, rising prices, black marketeering, underindustrialization, mounting population pressure, unemployment, refugees, flood and earthquake damage, high military expenditures in Kashmir, pressure to make India a Hindu state.

India also feels an identity at certain points with the programs and ideals of each of the two world powers; were she to ally herself with either the Soviet or the Anglo-American combine, the opportunity and freedom to choose and utilize the benefits and values inherent in free relations with the other would be forfeited. India is committed to becoming a welfare state, of which Russia

is the prototype. Asia, including India, must socialize or perish. The colored peoples of the world literally must lift themselves by their own initiative, at least as the world is at present organized.

At these points India feels a sense of community with Russia. Yet the nation is a member of the Commonwealth. Her idealism derives in no small measure from the concepts of freedom and independence that are to be found in the Anglo-American rather than in the Russian tradition of democracy. Culturally and linguistically, she is much closer to Western than to Eastern Europe. Possibly because of these patent points which India has in common with the West, she seeks whenever possible to take her place alongside Russia. It is all related to the effort to be neutral both in name and in fact.

Fate and Kashmir

Hindu fatalism safeguards the average Indian from worries concerning the future. "If communism is to conquer Asia, why struggle against the inevitable?" or "India has been invaded by Greeks, Scythians, Moguls, Portuguese, the Dutch and English, and has survived; why fear a Russian conquest?" he inquires. Or, if the issue is a choice between total tyranny and relative freedom, he replies that there is truth and value in all systems. The syncretistic habit has dulled the Indian's sensitivity to the difference between degrees of good and evil. It is his inclination and his tradition to consider all things and select that which is good or which pleases him. He is not easily incited to crusade, save against (Anglo-American) imperialism.

India has been offended by the U.N.'s refusal to brand Pakistan as the aggressor in Kashmir. *The Leader* (Allahabad) commented, "The future of the United Nations depends upon the manner in which it deals with the aggression in Kashmir. . . . Korea cannot be thought [of] in isolation. . . .

The United Nations is taking steps to bring aggression in Korea to an end. We do not see any reason why the United Nations should not deal equally effectively with Pakistan, put an end to aggression in Kashmir and bring the Pakistanis to their senses." The failure of the U.N. to deal decisively with Pakistan, to India's advantage, has led some writers to advocate its dissolution on the grounds that some nations are cooperating under the illusion that it is truly international, whereas in fact it is a façade for Anglo-American imperialism.

A minimum program of action

The Anglo-American powers can ignore these viewpoints at their peril. Unreasonable, unfair, communist-inspired though they may appear, they are obstacles to the survival of freedom in Asia. To retort that if the Indians wish to delude themselves "it is their own funeral" is not good enough for the United States, a nation which suddenly finds itself a dominant world power. To block Asia's kicks, America must heed Asia's criticisms and adapt her strategy accordingly. Among the changes required are the following:

1. Increased American attention must be focused on India, the key nation in Asia. China's Open Door is now closed. India, formerly a British preserve, is now a free nation. India's Premier enjoys an enormous prestige throughout the Orient. Second to Japan, India is the most highly industrialized nation in Asia. Only China has a larger population. An India friendly to the Anglo-American powers is indispensable if democracy is to survive in the East.

2. America must become Asia-conscious. America must seek to understand through study the peoples, history and culture of the Pacific area. The civilization which has produced Tagore and Gandhi must make its impact upon America. General understanding must precede a sympathetic appreciation of the emotional reactions of India to the world situation.

3. Anglo-American propaganda must be adapted to the revolutionary, nationalistic, anticolonial aspirations

of Asia's people. America's contributions to the humanities and to philosophy rather than to the technical sciences should be stressed. Recent gains in American life should be interpreted as socialism in practice, rather than as victories for capitalism. Books, films and broadcasts treating the life and the viewpoints of America's minorities would counteract the beliefs that Washington is exterminating by starvation the American Indians, and that Paul Robeson is competent to express the viewpoints of the Negroes. Diplomats should be chosen for their demonstrated subtlety in dealing with Asian peoples. By winning the war of words, Russia is winning the cold war.

4. American national leaders should cultivate a sensitivity to world opin-

THE PROPHET

while I was still
jack in the box
before I leapt
headfirst into sensation
I was chosen to be
jack in the pulpit
joke
yet jolt
fulfilling purposes of God
among his people

I was a hayseed
hick and huckleberry

but I shall be a burr
and stick to those that pass me by
and sow myself
fulfilling purposes of God
among his people

I was a stick in the mud

but I shall be a rod of justice
the instrument of the judge-executioner
fulfilling purposes of God
among his people

O God of light and darkness
who created light from darkness
enlighten me

—Tony Stoneburner

ion. Government officials who exploit foreign policy failures to make domestic political hay unwittingly lend aid and comfort to the enemy. America's friends cannot trust her if the conduct of an international military campaign is to be determined by its effects upon a coming national election.

5. America should pilot rather than throttle the independence aspirations of Asians. If to oppose communism, European powers must be given assistance, then freedom of Asians from colonial control and conquest should be America's price. So long as the U.S.A. gives explicit or implicit aid and assurances to Bao Dai and Chiang Kai-shek, so long will all American aid and policies be suspect. Pro-American elements are embarrassed by the company Uncle Sam keeps in Asia. If Nehru is to retain his neighborhood standing he cannot join the Anglo-American club.

6. Democracy must be domesticated for pigmented Americans if it is to be taken seriously by colored Asia. Segregation, racial discrimination, the double standard of social justice for racial minorities must go if the colored peoples of the world are to accept America's leadership. If America is imperialistic at home in dealing with American citizens, what can be expected abroad?

7. Preventive rather than military measures primarily are needed to strengthen the Asian governments' hands against communism. "Communism in Asian countries is not initiated by the Russians; it grows out of the condition of life, it is not an enemy which can be singled out and fought with guns. Asia's greatest need is free economic aid, help to develop the natural resources, to raise the standard of living, to feed and clothe the people," says the *Madras Guardian*.

It will not be easy for the Anglo-American powers to convince Asia that their purpose is to maintain and extend human freedom against the threat of Russian tyranny, but it is worth trying. Unless success can be registered on the level of idealism and human rights, superior armaments are useless.



PROTESTANT TRADITION teaches that every man and woman who calls himself a Christian is a priest, ordained, as it were, by the Holy Spirit to minister to his fellows in the name of Christ. There is no more exalted calling, nor one more justified in the eyes of God and men, we feel, than the perpetual proclamation of the "good news" and the doing of "good works."

THOSE WHO would be the scouting party for any Christian movement, today as always, had best prepare themselves for this exacting vocation. It is no mean undertaking, this attempt to judge the strength of the enemy, to ferret out his motives, and, if possible, to sense the strategy of the next encounter.

AS A UNIQUE measure of intensity applies to the campus community, so some of the fiercest battles of faith are fought there. To lose on such a battlefield is to lose decisively. To win there, to brand the young heart of the student with the signature of Christ and to bless him on his way, is to triumph incalculably.

To equip actual and potential MSM leaders for the task of "Witnessing for Christ in the Campus Community," six student regional training conferences are being convened this summer. Apply to Dr. Harvey Brown (810 Broadway, Nashville) if you would like to attend one.

EPWORTH FOREST, INDIANA
June 7-14

S.M.U., DALLAS, TEXAS
June 7-14

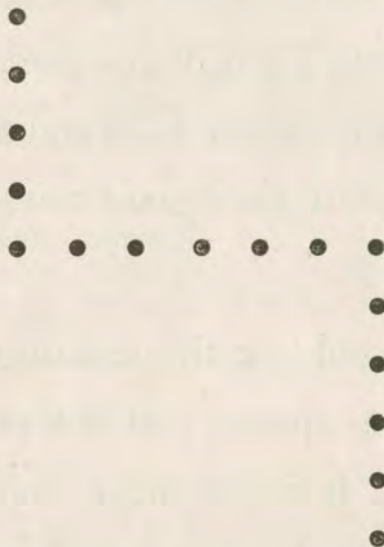
CASOWASCO, NEW YORK
June 9-16

LAKE JUNALUSKA, N.C.
June 11-18

LAKE POINSETT, S.D.
Aug. 30-Sept. 5

LAKE TAHOE, CALIF.
September 1-7

the SAGA of an UNMET NEED



Case History

Document ZQP-397-A7-1c

ITEM XB-2001

By Yoshiko Uchida

ONCE upon a time, there was a little Unmet Need. Not only was he unmet, he was unwanted! Life wasn't very rosy for Unmet Need, and he often felt quite alone and neglected. But he didn't fret too much, for he knew that someday a Committee would find him, and then all would be well. Little Unmet Need waited patiently, going from city to city, growing bigger and bigger, hovering over cities where committees met and conferred.

"Here I am!" he cried, but no committee heard him. No subcommittee heard him: Not even the great consultations paid any heed.

"This will never do," said Unmet Need to himself. So one sunny day, when the sky was blue and the air filled with the good clean smell of

spring, he ventured forth to the greatest of all cities, where it was known that the committees were biggest and the meetings longest of any place in the great wide world. There, he fluttered down quietly and dropped gently among the tall buildings that soared toward the sun.

"I'll just wait here," he murmured, "until someone discovers me."

Little Unmet Need waited patiently, until one day, a clever young man stumbled over him.

"Hello! What have we here?" the young man asked in his best clinical voice. And then, because he was inordinately clever and very wise for his years, he knew immediately what it was that he had stumbled upon.

"I have discovered an Unmet Need!" he exclaimed in amazed de-

light. "I will take it with me to my substrategem committee on Referendum for Consultatory Purposes!" he shouted gleefully, and without further ado, he stuffed the Unmet Need into his brand-new genuine cowhide brief case.

Life was becoming interesting for Unmet Need now. "Things are not so bad on this earth after all," he said to himself. But his optimism didn't last long, for day after day went by, and Unmet Need was not even removed from his dark lodging inside the genuine cowhide brief case. Instead, sheaf after sheaf of yellow foolscap paper covered with scribbled notes came plunging into the brief case, making life crowded and miserable for him.

ONE day, just as Unmet Need was becoming resigned to living out his life in the brief case, he found himself being pulled out. When he saw the light of day, he suddenly realized that he was being submitted to a full-scale, *bona fide* committee meeting.

The discoverer of Unmet Need stood at a table and earnestly described his plight. He concluded his twenty-minute oration with the recommendation that this Unmet Need (which *he* had stumbled upon) be met.

Immediately, there were murmurings of assent. "Indeed, indeed, this Unmet Need deserves to be met!" the committee members said, nodding their heads in unison. Although flushed with success, the discoverer felt moved to make a corrective motion. "I believe," he said, "that this is too important a decision to be made so lightly by the few of us present today. I move that we appoint a subcommittee to study further the basic and fundamental implications of the deeper and true meaning that this possible penetration holds for humanity!"

"Here, here," said the committee members, and further inspired, one of them added, "I further move that this subcommittee eventually prepare a report for presentation to the Quintennial Conference of the Consultors for . . ." but he got no further.

"Excuse me," said another committee member, "but first, I think we must take a vote on the original motion that a subcommittee be appointed."

"No, I beg to disagree," announced a third member of the committee. "First, we must vote on the initial premise: And here, I would like to word the motion with extreme care. We resolve," he said, and his voice quivered with the solemnity of the occasion, "That *whereas* an Unmet Need has been discovered; and *whereas* it is deemed worthy; We *recommend* that it be met."

The cheers were still ringing in his ear as Unmet Need was again placed in a brief case. This time it was an older brief case, equally dark, but even more crowded than the first one. Unmet Need had a fleeting sense of

anxiety, but he shrugged his shoulders with affected nonchalance. "This is a necessary complement to progress," he muttered quietly to himself.

The subcommittee met almost immediately, and its members worked diligently with paper and pencil. In fact, they worked eight hours a day and often late into the night. They grew more and more excited as they worked and wrote. At last, on the night of the third day, they came to a successful conclusion: Namely, that this Unmet Need should definitely, most certainly and assuredly be met, and that in order to accomplish this, a Mandate should be given to the Executive Director of Cooperative Consultative Consultations that a Consultation be called to study the problem to its innermost core. If Unmet Need had been hopeful at the beginning of this meeting, he now began to lose all sign of hope, and at the mention of further study, he found himself slowly falling asleep with the words, "deeper penetration" ringing in his left ear.

WHEN he awoke, he was rather surprised to find that he was no longer in a dark brief case, but on top of a large desk. He looked around and saw folders filled to capacity with letters, documents, and other papers. He took a quick look at one of the letters and discovered that it was addressed to the Executive Director of Cooperative Consultative Consultations. So at last,

he had made the desk of the Executive Director! Unmet Need almost shrieked aloud with delight. He looked around for the Executive Director, but he couldn't see him. All he could see were Documents marked with some such symbol as EFG-4b-2C, or Journals of the PQRST Fellowship, or Minutes of meetings of the Committee-to-Pick-the-Name-of-the-Book-to-Be-Studied-at-the-Quintennial-Conference.

Unmet Need finally thought he saw the top of the head of the Executive Director emerge gradually from beneath the weighty tomes of paper. But, no sooner did his head emerge than a new stack of folders and papers and documents and minutes were piled on his desk, so he soon disappeared again. This popping up of the head and its immediate burial went on for weeks and months, until at last the Executive Director was forced to take on an Associate Director.

But the papers kept coming, and soon the Associate hired an Assistant to the Associate, and before very long, an Assistant to the Assistant of the Associate appeared on the scene. But the more assistants they hired, the more the mandates, and recommendations and suggestions and minutes kept coming, until at last, the Executive Director had to resort to screwing his chair higher and higher each morning so he could keep his head above the stacks of papers and folders. Unmet Need got so absorbed in this



battle against the folders that he almost forgot his own unmet plight.

It was, therefore, with enormous surprise that he found himself being extracted one day and being taken to the very top of an impressive aggregate of documents entitled "Briefing Materials Preparatory to the Consultative Consultation to be held on Investigating the Deeper Meanings of the Relevancy of Meeting Unmet Need—Item XB-2001." Unmet Need was beyond himself with happiness. Not only was his case being taken to a consultation, he had been given an Item Number! What greater glory could come to a Need, not even met as yet!

THIS Consultation was to be held at Camp Heliotropenville, deep in the Blue Wood Section of Kentucky, where there would be peace and quiet. Furthermore, the best minds of the country would be assembled there, coming from great distances, at great expense, traveling by plane, and bus, and finally the last mile by mule pack.

On the last day of the Consultation, everyone felt that a Resolution was about to be born. The air was tense. Something was about to happen. The moment had come at last, thought Unmet Need with tears of happiness.

Suddenly, a small white hand fluttered in the air. "Mr. Chairman," said a blue-eyed Southern Belle with long ash-blond hair. (She was a graduate student at the School of Consolidated Consultations.) "May I just ask one little question?"

"Please do," the Chairman said, with a smile.

"Well," she said, and she drew out the I's in a long bell-like swell, "I would like to ask just *why* we are all here. *What* are we trying to say? *What* are we trying to do?"

The Chairman pondered the question. Silence filled the room. "In other words," said the Chairman slowly, "your question, if the full meaning of its deepest implications is penetratingly searched, is: Just what is the purpose of this Consultative Consultation?"

"Right," said the Southern Belle.

"You have knocked my basic pre-suppositions awry by your exceedingly penetrating question," said the Chairman glumly. "I now believe we have only one alternative."

And here, one of the more assiduous members of the Consultative Consultation came to the Chairman's rescue. "I hereby move," he said, with some difficulty in curbing his emotions, "That we recommend the appointment of a Commission to study the fundamental question of the reason for the basic aim, purpose and *raison d'être* of the Consultative Consultation."

The motion was carried and voted upon with unanimous approval. It was duly noted in the 177-page Minutes which reported the Consultative Consultation in some detail, and went to some 3,629 people throughout the country.

At length, the Commission to Study the Purpose of the Consultative Consultation met. They separated into a Junior Commission and a Senior Commission, and after independent research, followed by the pooling and unification of diverse thoughts, it was voted that the problem be taken to the Quintennial Conference of Consultants.

Unmet Need had now lost all hope of ever being met. He languished briefly in folders, then in brief cases, then in drawers, then on table tops, at committee meetings and subcommittee meetings, and at meetings of sub-sub-super-subcommittees.

AFTER months and years of this dreary existence, Unmet Need was now all but exhausted. In fact, he often longed for his once care-free unmet life, when he flitted irresponsibly from city to city.

At last, however, after five long years of preparation, during which proposals and recommendations had been mandated and acted upon as fast as secretaries and stenographers could type them, the Great Quintennial was at hand. And because of digressions and penetrations and unifying diverse relationships far beyond the understanding or control of Unmet Need, he was somehow the first

item on the agenda for the plenary session of this great nationwide gathering. His case was presented with care and clarity by a young man whose voice sounded bright, but of whom Unmet Need could only see the back of his head.

The young man had now come to the end of his long statement. "And now," he said "I would like to make a motion, Mr. Chairman. I move that this Plenary Session of the Quintennial Conference of Consultants recommend to all Consultative Consultants and their member Consultant Constituents, that *whereas* this Unmet Need has been duly studied by the Committee on Referendum for Consultatory Purposes, also by its appointed subcommittee, also by the now world-renowned Consultation of Heliotropenville in the Blue Woods, whose Aim, Purpose and *Raison d'être* were further studied by a Junior and Senior Commission to Study the Purpose of the Consultative Consultation"; and here, the young man had to pause for an intake of air. "That *whereas* all the above named committees involving some 429 committee members, traveling for a total of 13,476 miles, and meeting for a total of 5,359 man hours, and compiling some 9,436 documents, minutes and preparatory papers penetrating the deeper implications of the diversified relevancy of multiple-mandated relationships; that *whereas* and furthermore, this Unmet Need has been deemed worthy by the above named; we *recommend* that Unmet Need—Item XB-2001—be met at the first opportune opportunity."

When the excitement had died down, the Chairman asked for and received a second to the motion. At last, the motion was put to a vote. "All those in favor will signify by saying Aye."

"AYE," came a loud shout, signifying assent from the consultants.

It was a unanimous decision. Victory had been secured. Success was at hand. But the excitement of the occasion proved to be too much for Unmet Need in his weakened condition. He had quietly expired on top of the shiny mahogany table.

SYMBOLS IN STONE

By R. P. Marshall

Is there any meaning in the way our churches are built?

DOES it matter what our church looks like?

I suppose that few people today say that it doesn't, but there may be a disagreement as to just what should be its form. Should it follow the Gothic, the Romanesque, the Byzantine, or the Colonial? Should it have stained-glass windows? Should it be painted inside in cheerful colors? Should it follow the traditional plan, with a cross-shaped design, or should it be made in the form of a rectangle, with seats placed as close as possible to the pulpit?

All these are legitimate questions and must be decided on the basis of the need of the particular congregation and the trend of the times. Of these two considerations, the first is the more important, for styles change rapidly, and what is now the latest thing may soon be outmoded. I recently visited a section of the country where many fine Colonial churches had been "modernized" at the time of the lowest ebb in church architecture, and the effect is exceedingly depressing. Old buildings which were designed according to the New England styles have been changed to conform to the mid-Victorian pattern of ugliness.

THE early Christians worshiped wherever they could find a place. At Jerusalem they had the Temple, with its ritual and ceremony, and they lost no opportunity to pray and worship there. But they must find other accommodations for their meetings for prayer and praise and sermon. Thus the first Christian churches were in the homes of the people. But even from the beginning these homes were the largest and most convenient to be had, and all of them were arranged in

a certain way, usually according to the Roman custom.

When the Church extended into Greece and Rome the houses were even better adapted to congregational meetings, for the usual type had always a sort of family worship center in the middle of the house, facing the large living room, which was often uncovered and left open to the sky. It was natural that the worship center which had been used for the statue of the particular god of the family should become the altar of the Christian Church. So it is certain, from our study of early paintings and from the remains of Christian homes in the ancient ruins that the very first gathering places for Christians were of the pattern followed down through the ages until the Puritan movement sought to do away with all external symbols.

It is natural to want to see something which will remind us of the object of our worship. Pagans, of course, would set up statues of their gods; Christians would understand that God could not be depicted, but they saw nothing wrong in having paintings or mosaics representing Christ. In some places the cross must have been placed at a prominent place, and some students of church customs have argued that as early as the second century it was the custom to carry a cross in the processional when the Christians marched into their house of worship. They tell us that the next step was that of placing the processional cross behind the altar.

But others say that the cross was never placed on the altar until after the tenth century. Certain it is that the crucifix, as used in the Roman Catholic Church, was a much later addition. The early emphasis was

upon the resurrection and not upon the death of Christ.

When the Church became officially sanctioned; after the time of Constantine, the Christians began to build their own houses of worship or to take over the heathen temples. The latter were built on the order of the *basilica* or courthouses of the day. These were rectangular buildings which could easily be used for worship. It must be remembered that church services were always in these days primarily worship services, for the sermon had not acquired the place of honor that it holds today. The people came to sing and pray, not to listen. This was the day of corporate worship at its best. No choirs took over the song service, for the people sang the chants and hymns, and the action of the liturgy was made interesting by the participation of all the congregation. The friendly little bits of conversation between pastor and people were becoming fixed in form, but they were still freighted with enthusiasm and joy. There was form, but no formalism.

With this type of service, it was natural that the building should grow, more and more, into a certain pattern in which the long nave (so-called because of the delightful fancy that the Church was the *navis* or ship, which was taking the faithful home to God) ended at the chancel and was crossed by a transept representing the arms of the cross. Going across the transept, the aisle, which represented the teaching that every man had free access to God, led straight to the table whereon was placed, at communion time, the elements representing the body and blood of Christ. This part of the building, which usually protruded from the end of the church, was to represent the head of the

cross, or the head of Christ, so that the worshiper, entering the nave, might be reminded of Jesus hanging upon the cross. Sometimes the apse, as this part was called, was set at a slight angle from the axis of the aisle, to represent the drooping head of the dying Christ.

AT first, the only furniture in the building was in the chancel and apse, where were placed the table and the *ambon*, or reading desk. (This we call the lectern, or pulpit.) The table was at the highest point, usually three steps above the level of the nave. The most primitive tables were simply that, for the earliest conception of the act of Holy Communion saw Jesus and his disciples reclining around an ordinary table to eat the Passover meal. Gradually the idea of a sacrifice came into prominence and the table became an altar. With the use of an altar the sacrificial doctrine was encouraged and after a time the people thought of the service as being a representation of the scene on Calvary when Jesus became the sacrifice for our sins. In this way, as often happens, ceremony and architecture influenced doctrine.

Another possible reason for the shift from the table to the altar might have been the fact that during the Diocletian persecution so many Christians were martyred and their loved ones desired to keep their bodies as closely connected with the church as possible, hence they buried them under the floor of the church, and some were interred in stone tombs which were used as altars. If this seems slightly gruesome to you, remember that the early Christians were not so squeamish, and that they thought of death as something very beautiful. Their martyred friends and relatives were present in spirit, why not in body also?

After a time, the tables gave way to permanent tomblike altars, and the emphasis upon the transitoriness of death which had at first inspired the naïve desire to bury the dead in the church building now became a morbid emphasis upon the death of Christ. The service began to center

around the cross on Calvary, rather than upon the empty tomb, and by the tenth century many churches were showing the pitiful figure of a dying Christ instead of the amazingly symbolic simplicity of the empty cross.

If you will think back to your history of those days, you will remember that this was a time of plagues and wars, when life was hard and death was commonplace. It is unfortunate that both theology and art was so terribly affected by this emphasis, but it could scarcely be otherwise.

NOW let us go back to our picture of the early Christian Church. We enter the plain building and find ourselves in a sort of covered porch. On each side of the door stand the penitents, those who have sinned and are forbidden to attend worship until they have proved their worthiness. These extend their hands to us and humbly ask our prayers for their forgiveness. We bow gravely and pass on, remembering that we, too, have need for forgiveness. Inside the door, the long aisle stretches up toward the chancel. Actually there is no aisle, for there are no seats and the worshipers stand for the entire service, except during the prayers when they may kneel. But they have separated themselves into two groups, the men on one side and the women and children on the other, thus giving the effect of an open aisle, down which we can see the table, which is covered with a white linen cloth. There is no cross upon it and usually no candles, although in some churches the candles are used for a strictly utilitarian purpose. Seated behind the table, in a comfortable armchair, is the bishop, and behind him are the presbyters, or, as we would say, the ministers, sitting in a sort of semicircle, reminding us of the disciples on the night of the Last Supper.

You might ask, "Is this the time for the quarterly or monthly communion service?" The answer would be, "No," for the Lord's Supper was not a special service; it was *The Service*. This was the normal activity of the Church at worship; each time they came to-

gether they received the communion.

It is not necessary to describe the whole service here. Suffice it to say that the building was fitted to the action of the Liturgy, and gradually the various parts of the building would receive special significance. Thus, baptism, which at first was performed only on certain days in a pool of water, came to be thought of as properly taking place at the door of the church, and a *font* was placed there for use at any time. For instead of receiving adults who were immersed as a token of an entirely changed life, they now were bringing in small children, the sons and daughters of Christian parents, who were given what might be called a "token" washing in a small basin, or, much later, were baptized by sprinkling or pouring a little water over their heads. *Even in the early days, there was no fixed rule as to how baptism should be administered.*

As time went on, the service became more elaborate, and thus the building needed to be ornamented or furnished with other utensils and paraphernalia. The white linen cloth was embroidered with crosses in a certain pattern. A small cloth was used to cover the bread and this was called the *Pall*, in remembrance of the linen cloth which covered the body of Christ in the tomb. Kneeling benches were made for the convenience of the ministers and singers, although for many years the congregation was forced to stand during the entire service.

Even in the tenth century such ornaments and statues as found in modern Roman Catholic churches were unknown. There were a few statues, but the majority of the churches used mosaics fashioned out of millions of bits of colored glass to form pictures. With the invention of stained glass, the windows became veritable picture books illustrating the gospel message for those who had not the learning nor the means to use the Bible and other written matter. Children learned their catechism from the windows, and their general theology from the symbolism of the buildings. *(To be concluded in the next issue.)*

By William Miller

ROSS and TILLEY

a Sort of Study of The New Yorker

ABOUT the time I was a Tenderfoot I happened across a book called *Of All Things*. This is the first of the books by Robert Benchley, and like those which followed it, funny. My first reading of it is the nearest I can come to that glowing hour of youthful first acquaintance which it is the custom nostalgically to recall: you know what I mean, that happy hour when first from the gallery one saw Maude Adams do Portia (Woollcott), or heard a real orchestra play Beethoven (Stepanek), or looked into Homer (Keats). Well, as I say, the nearest I can come to such, and I admit it is not very near, is the time I first read Benchley. Then felt I more or less like some watcher of the skies, when "a new planet swims into his ken.

From Benchley it was not too long a step to the magazine put out by his friends, colleagues, admirers and imitators—*The New Yorker*. To introduce the subject, we are examining one *New Yorker* reader, selected at random: me. By the time I got to it, Benchley's own connection with *The New Yorker* was no more, but there were others who carried on in a manner altogether pleasing to Benchley fans: Perelman, Thurber, Sullivan, Nash and occasionally his old colleague, Mrs. Parker. The magazine's more esoteric sections did not interest me at this time. I read for the laughs. Many young *New Yorker* readers, I have since discovered, passed through the stage that I did. We read the short items in "Talk of the Town," the humorous "pieces" (as I believe they are called), the wisecrack-fillers and the cartoons. We did not bother much with the rest of the magazine, and particularly we ignored the "stories."

But one day I came to read the sto-

ries, and the book reviews, and even the advertisements. My first timid puppy love blossomed into a moderately grand passion. I read the thing each week from cover to cover, I clipped cartoons, I quoted its jokes as if they were my own. Last Christmas I received *The New Yorker 25th Anniversary Album* of cartoons, and I was overcome with nostalgia. Let's just say that for me, no other magazine has ever held a candle to *The New Yorker*. I have copies now preserved in attics of various manses scattered around in the Midwest running back into the dim past. And now after all those wonderful issues Mr. Ross is dead.*

I

All the writers about Ross and *The New Yorker* make the contrast between Ross, the disheveled Coloradan, and "Eustace Tilley," the urbane trademark of his sophisticated magazine. They make this contrast partly, perhaps, because they seem to have copied their articles one from another with enough consistency to be eligible for the "Funny Coincidence Department" of *The New Yorker*, but there must have been something in this for the first man to have started the line. After they have wrung all they can out of the fact that Ross was born in Aspen, Colorado (not so un-

* Harold C. Ross died last winter, and left the magazine he made to other hands. Woollcott Gibbs, E. B. White and the new editor, William Shawn, are there to carry on; and we wish them well. But it was Ross who made *The New Yorker* what it is.

Seventh article in the series
on magazines

sophisticated a place as some of these dudes seem to think, incidentally), and had a rough exterior little resembling the monocled, high-hatted Tilley, these writers proceed to describe Mr. Ross's less striking but more important characteristics. These invariably include Ross's insistence upon perfection in all parts of the magazine, and his colossal ignorance of all subjects except how to put out *The New Yorker*. There was one subject on which he was informed, but since this is the nature, habit and classification of eels we may perhaps disregard it. One of the difficulties in finding out about *The New Yorker* is that anyone who writes of it feels compelled to try to be funny. Each writer recounts not only the regular old house jokes of *The New Yorker* staff, of which God knows there are enough, but adds to them some howlers of his own. This is all very jolly, but it makes searching out the actual history of the magazine take on some of the aspects of higher criticism.

Out of the welter of fact and witicism, however, there seem to emerge rather clearly two attributes of Mr. Ross. He was devoid of all opinions, ideas and facts, except about the publication of *The New Yorker*. His ignorance, always excepting of course on the subject of eels, was said to be monumental. There is striking unanimity, considering how little anyone seemed to know about Ross, on this, that he did not have clean-cut predilections for content with any particular message. He did insist, almost prudishly, on the elimination of the risqué from the magazine, and some of the better stories about the magazine involve the efforts of writers to get around this insistence. But it

seems pretty much to be agreed that Ross was a man with a supreme disregard for the promulgation of any specific set of values. This absence of specific value-content was joined with, and assisted, his other characteristic: he insisted upon perfection in all that went into the magazine. He personally edited every bit of copy, and required endless rewriting. Another of the staples in articles about *The New Yorker* is a story about the number of hours, or changes, that were used in getting just the right word for a single cartoon caption. Geoffrey Hellman, one of the regular *New Yorker* writers, tells of a piece of his which came back with one hundred sixty-eight marginal queries from Ross. The product of such intensity, most readers would agree, is one of the best edited of all magazines.

II

If we read *The New Yorker* itself we find the widest variety of material, from the wild cartoons of George Price to the erudite literary criticism of Edmund Wilson, from sheer horseplay by Frank Sullivan to excellent European reportage by Janet Flanner, from anecdotes about boys in prep school to grimly moral "casuals."

The system which unites this diversity is not one of ethical or social values; it is one of style and taste. This is the central value of *The New Yorker*.

The stylistic standard can be seen in several ways. For example, through the various styles of *New Yorker* writers runs Ross's interest in detail. As Eustace Tilley tolerantly and minutely examines the butterfly which has fluttered up to him, so his magazine quietly chronicles interesting little items. Many of these items are recorded because they are droll: the mistake of a sign painter, the odd juxtaposition of names in a firm's title, the misunderstanding of a child, the misprint in a newspaper. Others are transmitted just because they are interesting: the hobby of a famous man, the odd occupation of an unusual person, the dubious gadget, the fact that flies are developing an immunity to DDT. In the anecdotes of *Talk*, the

editorial or comment, the profile, the casual, the criticism, in all of this there is an everlasting interest in detail. This has given rise to the charge that *The New Yorker* is concerned only with trivia.

For example Russell Maloney, himself for eleven years a *New Yorker* writer, can say that before Hitler *The New Yorker's* editorial stand was "on record being against the use of poisonous spray on fruit, and versus the trend in auto design which narrows the driver's field of vision by lowering the front seat." The charge that interest in detail results necessarily in triviality is not, of course, justified. At its best the neat exhibition of detail in a piece of writing can illuminate the object with a delicacy, an accuracy, and, perhaps most important, a poignancy which straight generalizing exposition could not have. This we have learned most clearly from *The New Yorker* itself, at its best.

Ross insisted on lucidity, and had constant rewriting to satisfy him. Nothing could be obscure or awkward. This is very patently a virtue of the magazine, and one in which a reader like me rejoices. It may be, however, that this constant and primary reference to a standard of lucidity limits the handling of complex issues by *The New Yorker* writers. No social analysis or value emphasis can be made which is not pressed into the clear, precise, self-conscious prose which Mr. Ross understood. In a world in which there are at least a moderate number of ambiguities still hanging around in the nature of things, a magazine which insists that everything be pellucid may be restricting itself.

But the most distinctive part of *The New Yorker's* stylistic standard is this: it is written as though its readers are human beings with some dignity. In a world dominated by screaming injunctions to buy soap, by garish pictures and color-headlines and assembly-line plotted stories, this is a rare and gratifying thing. The personal essay survives in *The New Yorker*, and we have not peoples talking to peoples, but a person to a person, not a mass medium, but James Thurber

entertaining his friends. We have in it one of the few popular magazines which does not talk down to its audience. For this we appreciate *The New Yorker*. But when this stylistic standard, important though it is, becomes the only value premise of a magazine, about even *The New Yorker* at length some questions must be raised. When its bright, amusing and sensitive young men have nothing to say in their bright, amusing and sensitive styles, even *The New Yorker* begins at last to pall. It takes longer than the other magazines, but the effect is the same.

Fortunately, many of those who write for *The New Yorker* have values beyond simply the stylistic ones of the magazine itself. But occasionally the long columns stretch out week after week, and the magazine itself offers nothing but the values of detail and lucidity, light touch and good taste. It affirms, that is, no values which in this admirable style and taste can be set forth, so there come patches of material which despite their perfection of style and taste are as arid as the desert wastes of the Curtis Publishing Company. We have then that same sense which we have when subjected to other "mass media," of familiar routines being worked through again, of old, tired tricks to fill the space.

One cannot be humorous for long without operating in a larger context of seriousness; one cannot operate with the personal essay, or with the light touch, or with delicate detail and shining lucidity, for long successfully, without having something honest, basic, real and valuable on which to operate with these fine tools.

III

Mr. Ross's insistence on good taste, like his requirement of perfection of style, was altogether admirable. He liked the restraint and the carefully governed emotions which would suit Eustace Tilley. *The New Yorker* is by no means above the strife, and on occasion enters in most directly to the affairs of our common life. When it does so, however, it comes not as a raucous *PM* or a heavy-handed *Life*.

motive

Its weapon, and here I am paraphrasing something which Mr. Ross is reported to have said, is the rapier and not the bludgeon. Who is to say but that this is the most effective way to go about exposing *The Reader's Digest*, or campaigning for world government, or condemning the lynchntrial in Greenville? In these cases it certainly was an effective weapon, but in each of these cases the author was impelled by values outside the restraint and delicacy of touch, with which the articles were done. John Bainbridge wrote, fired by his disgust for the *Digest* for which he had worked, E. B. White wrote as a fervent devotee of world government, and Rebecca West wrote from Greenville where she had been shocked to the core of her fine British sensibilities.

The impeccable taste of the magazine means also a kind of beautiful, fascinated detachment which contrasts strangely with the wistfully per-

sonal style of the magazine. Despite its real moral feeling, there is often only the approach of the spectator—a sensitive and humane spectator, but a spectator nonetheless. One is confident always that the author will not really spend himself, however neatly he may sketch human need; the magazine will not go overboard for anything, and it would hardly be so crude as to ask its readers to do so. Trilling puts it differently, and describes the stories of *The New Yorker* as sad, sharp comments about people from outside them. In a short space life for some person is brought to a crisis over a trivial matter, and the story stops. The characters though truly etched have no real bodies, no smells, no fullness. The stories in which they are set are bright and beautiful, but dead. So briefly, so deftly, so sharply are the stories done that there is room for no real emotional involvement.

Good taste, and intellectual re-

spectability, and a feel for style; the personal touch, sensitivity, careful attention to detail: these are values which all too few of our magazines have. Ross saw to it that *The New Yorker* had these virtues, and for that we thank him. He was the best editor of his generation, better than Wallace, better than Luce, better even than Mencken. He created the best American magazine of all, because he was smart, and because he knew what was good, and because he wouldn't settle for anything else. The fundamental values of this man who made *The New Yorker* were the values of perfection in his trade. They were the values of style and of taste. The values of Eustace Tilley, if not his monocle, belonged to Harold Ross.

(This is the first of two articles by William Miller on The New Yorker. The second will appear in a fall issue.)

By Genevieve Dilts

A Right Direction

TO enter an international work camp is not to cross over into the Promised Land. There are frictions that make these communities less than Utopia. They aren't the perfect way of building understanding, justice, and world peace. If they were, the technique would have been discovered and employed successfully ten wars ago.

But while an international work camp may not be heaven on earth, it does give some real tastes of the Kingdom of God, of right relationships between God and men.

Last summer I was one of thirty-

eight students and young working people who went to a narrow valley in Salzburg Province, Austria, to help the peasants repair avalanche damage. We came from thirteen countries on three continents. Some spent eight weeks as volunteers in the camp. Others gave the two weeks of their annual vacations.

In late January there had been six days of continuous snowfall. The Austrian Government had authorized the cutting of more of the large trees than usual in order to raise the national income. There was more snow on the upper mountain slopes and

fewer trees to hold it there. The inevitable snowslides began, and the air before the masses of flying snow churned and twisted as in a Kansas tornado. Trees were wrenched from their roots, and rocks were rolled down into the valley below.

Work camps were organized by International Zivildienst, the Austrian branch of the work camp movement begun in 1920 by Pierre Ceresole. The officers of the Austrian IZD had written to all communities listed in the newspapers as having suffered avalanche damage. Twelve town councils had answered with requests for

camps of volunteer laborers to help them with their repair work. From the twelve, the three most severely damaged were chosen. The communities agreed to provide food and housing for the volunteers. The workers paid their own transportation costs. The community councils directed the campers in the work done.

In our town, Tweng, the peasants had known that danger was approaching, so they fled from the most exposed houses. No one was killed, but two houses were demolished; others had walls knocked out. Acres of meadow were buried under snow, stones, and trees.

THE work camp's home in Tweng was a large stone house one peasant had left after one wall was crashed by the avalanches. We had our kitchen, living room, and bedrooms in four undamaged rooms of the building. We used the wooden buckets and spoons, the beds, tables, and benches the farmer had left in the house. Our breakfasts and suppers we had here, inexpensive starchy meals prepared from the supplies donated by interested friends in Vienna or bought with our eighty-dollar cash reserve for the summer.

Each morning at half past six we set off in teams of twos and fours to work in the meadows of the different farmers. We removed all sticks and stones large enough to interfere with scythes and rakes. We helped some farmers catch up with their haying work by turning, raking, and loading hay.

We had our noon meals with the peasants, and came to know well their homes, foods, and families. Most of the farmhouses were built and furnished like the one we lived in. There was the "stuve," a living room with a tile stove in one corner, a homemade table in another, and crude benches along the walls. The kitchen was a smoke-darkened room with another tile stove for cooking. Its walls were lined with dish and towel racks. In one corner was the doorway to the huge kiln oven where rye bread was baked for the family, twenty loaves at a time.

A typical lunch given us by the peasants was noodle soup, with "schmarn," "knordles," or "vogels" as the second course. "Schmarn" was a sort of scrambled pancake; "knordles" were dumplings; "vogels" were a variation on the doughnut theme. "Jause," the morning and afternoon snack, was rye bread with butter or raw bacon.

THE most interesting aspect of the work was the opportunity it afforded for getting acquainted with the peasants and the volunteers from other countries. One peasant had been a prisoner of war in my uncle's town in Wyoming. Another family had billeted an American soldier in 1945. Some had been storm troopers or officers in the German armies. The father of one camper had been killed by the Gestapo for his resistance to the Nazis. One girl had been a city leader in the Hitler Youth. We had many differences in philosophy, in experiences, and in language to overcome as we lifted stones and roots together.

Work camping provided a good summer of labor out of doors in glorious mountain country. I learned much about the nature of an avalanche, and of the reasons for handling different grades of timber in different ways. I came to feel the concern of a poverty-stricken valley to save every square meter of meadow at great cost in human labor. I lived in a patriarchal family situation where woman's work was as hard as man's and less dignified.

I shared, too, in the lighter moments of peasant life. I hunted for wild strawberries with the neighbor children. I wore the edelweiss that brave young men risked their lives to pick from rocky cliffs. One Sunday we borrowed half the bicycles in the valley and rode to a near-by castle for a glimpse of medieval romance. Another week end we were guests of the Governor of Salzburg Province at the Mozart music festival. We walked eight miles to take part in a "garden-fest" of parade and dancing.

BUT the summer wasn't Utopia. Our work camp group was the most

difficult I had ever lived in. We raised serious questions as to whether we were giving our help to the most needy farmers. We asked how raking hay was related to avalanche damage or world peace. In the life of our group there were many tensions centering around the leadership. Were decisions of policy to come from our camp officers, or through consideration by the whole group? Should we have the same standards of food and sanitation as the community we were in, or should we more nearly maintain the standards we had found necessary for health?

Around these areas of difference came the greatest learning of the summer, I believe now. They tested our flexibility as persons. They opened doors to the thinking of other people. They made necessary our application of ideas of love and understanding. We reconsidered our concept of God, the creator of men as brothers, and sought his help in living that love and brotherhood.

In our international work camp we did not arrive at the kingdom of God, but we knew moments of it in our camp life, and in our work with peasants.

Early the last morning I was in camp, Ida rose with me to fix a sandwich of rye bread and sardines for my lunch on the train. Over a last cup of coffee substitute and hot milk, we exchanged those last addresses and called to mind other good moments. Ours was a friendship we would both continue to value. Frau Karner, the neighbor from across the road, came to give me a deerhorn pendant carved by a craftsman of the valley. I would wear it remembering my SOS calls to her for help with an unmanageable Austrian recipe and the times we stopped raking hay to look up at the sky and mountains. I was leaving a part of myself in Tweng Valley and taking something of Austria along to America.

These are the bonds that pull toward world peace, that lift upward into the kingdom of God on earth. They are the reasons for promoting international work camps.

Cross on a Hill

(Letters compiled by Dorothy Nyland)

JAPAN

A recent experience will, perhaps, be of interest. An influential friend in Tokyo arranged for me last week a conference with a small group of leaders from the economic, labor, political and public welfare fields. I came away burdened with what they had to say. They are confused and disappointed by the gradual, but drastic, modification in American policy. In the light of world conditions, they recognize the need for a police force within Japan able to defend her. But, they indicated great fear of becoming involved in a security pact which will very probably mean rearmament, lending military bases within her borders, and roles in military action in other lands.

Just because the military situation is so serious and demanding, now is a great time in world history for America to demonstrate, like a ray of sunlight breaking through heavy clouds, a policy of relief and rehabilitation in Eastern countries. Julie and I cannot help seeing American policies, in a sense, through the eyes of the common man in Japan (or China, India, or the Philippines). Broadcasting over his radio, floating leaflets upon him, sending educational missions to him will never impress him a fraction as much as letting him see surplus wheat going to India, surplus fruit, potatoes, milk and eggs going to destitute lands, and dollar contributions rising on behalf of United Nations service programs.—*Charles Germany, missionary to Japan.*

BRAZIL

In the afternoons I have been running a little snack bar here at school

where the dorm students, who aren't allowed to leave school during the week, come in for refreshments—candy, Guarana (the Pepsi-Cola of Brazil), or my specialty—milk shakes with fruits instead of ice cream. This snack bar has provided me an excellent opportunity to get to know the students better. We've had many a long discussion on everything from how to plant banana trees to next year's presidential election in the United States. By far the majority of the discussions center around their questions about life in the United States. Because of the strong influence of the American movie most of them have grossly contorted ideas. For them almost everybody there is either a millionaire, a cowboy or a gangster. It is very hard to get them to understand that most of America's progress comes from hard work and the Christian faith of our founding fathers carried down through the years.—*Herbert Yates, L.A.-3.*

INDIA

I would like to tell you about the great meeting of village Christians that I attended in Hyderabad state last year. I would like for you to see nearly 5,000 joyful people walking through the gathering dusk with their lanterns lifting that darkness, singing beautiful songs of their own that tell about Christ, occasionally rending the air with shouts of "Prabhu Yishu Maharaj Ki Jai" (victory to the Lord Jesus, the Great King); and I would like to remind you of the thousands more who are Christian but who are without a regular preacher or teacher and who need our help. I would like for you to share the spirit of eagerness to know how to best minister, and the

spirit of fellowship that pervades in the seminary here. All these and much more I would put before you, had I the skill and facility, for having seen them you would all, I feel sure, be filled anew with a desire to enter into the fellowship of those who aid, with their prayers and their gifts, the work of the kingdom here. Of these things I can but hint, but may God grant you all a new vision of the work of his Church in India.—*John Priest, I-3.*

KOREA

The refugee situation is terrible beyond description. We have visited several of the camps. The very worst possible conditions exist. People have constructed little shelters of scraps of lumber, and in many cases, just paper. There are long sheds made of straw mats with hundreds of people living in each. Children swarm in muddy passageways—dirt and filth in every place. It looks like a hopeless situation, but as we drove away we spied a little church with a cross, standing on a hill above the camp. Built by refugees, it is a symbol of hope and faith. Back in the city we went through large areas where refugees have built little box houses jammed close together. Here too we came upon a chapel, clean and painted. Christian faith triumphs over all!

Ewha University has thirteen large and several small buildings on a terraced hillside in Pusan. They are built of board walls, tent roofs and dirt floors, but six hundred fifty girls are happy to be able to study and Dr. Helen Kim says, "We will do the best we can."—*Margaret Billingsley, executive secretary for Japan, Korea and Philippines.*

Movies

By Robert Steele

The River shows the changes brought about in the lives of three adolescent girls—whose homes are along the bank of a river in India—when a young, disabled American veteran comes to visit.



The River

THE speech experts tell us that every time we speak our voices give a thumbnail sketch of our lives. If that be the case, how much we tell about ourselves when we speak about *The River!* Few films, it seems to me, have correlated what you bring to the film with what you take away to the extent that *The River* does.

For example, an Indian seeing the film, knowing that it was made in West Bengal, points out the lack of authenticity in using background music characteristic of Madras. The Hollywoodian is perturbed by the slow pacing of the film and its almost phlegmatic way of introducing its characters and getting off to a "dramatic" start. The British comedy devotee feels the film indulges in theatrics and even approaches sentimentality in letting Bogey die. The college professor, who goes to "the better films" because he feels he owes it to his students, thinks that while *The River* is a fine film the plot ought to be strengthened. The commercial photographer feels that it is unfortunate that the colors—Renoir did his own Technicolor—seem to vacillate in their registers. The enthusiastic friend, who knows *you* liked it, and feels he had better like it, too, praises the acting of Nora Swinburne and Arthur Shields, but can't quite see why Patricia Walters—the fourteen-year-old through whose eyes we see the film's people and incidents—has to be so "ugly."

FOR many of us *The River* is a new kind of film experience. We may be

unprepared for it. We may not know quite what to say, think, or feel. Have we, for instance, indulged in a sacrilege when we busy ourselves with much of our usual talk about a film's plot, acting, Technicolor, realism, or even its "sensitive" direction? Artists and craftsmen who are designing a film may have some business trying to get at the elements of *The River*, but such a pursuit for the most of us may be a foolish and blind one. Pin-pointing to get at what makes *The River* the experience it is may be even impossible. All we might say about the film without trepidation is that it is a whole, that it possesses a unity which even Aquinas would respect. And with our saying this, we may need to submit a rejoinder asking forgiveness, if we have outlined and thereby somewhat controlled and limited someone's expectations of the film.

The River has the wholeness and unity of something which deserves to be described as an art object. Its form is kindred to that of painting, poetry, and music. When one approaches a Cezanne "Still Life," Prokofieff's "Sonata No. 7," or Blake's "The Lamb," he hardly wishes to see it or evaluate it piecemeal. The parts of *The River*, its acting, lighting, camera work, physical background, and refinements in emotions are so highly organized and, therefore, transformed into a totality that it is stultifying to let anything but the film's whole impact be thought about. Jean Renoir, director of the film, like his father, Pierre Auguste, is an artist. But Jean paints with motion as well as color.

His "paintings" have three dimensions and are animate. When an artist knows what he wants to say, feels that he has said it and can go no further, when he has been given all the freedom his work needs—this is the moment to laud J. K. McEldowney, producer of *The River*—he has the chance to make his point in a knowing, orderly, and integrated way.

IN writing about *The River*, one could gush forth with accolades of praise: great formal beauty; exquisite moments of color composition; a parade of canvasses of artists who have deeply contemplative natures (Claude Renoir, nephew of Jean, was primarily responsible for the camera work); the apogee of cinematic modesty and sincerity; a film triumph exemplifying timelessness! Or one could wedge in a particle of breathing space for his egocentricity by "proving" that one scene verged on the maudlin and another on the sentimental. Or another departure might be a "Saturday-Reviewish" expository pronouncement that what Eliot, Anderson, and Fry have done for the theater, finally, Renoir has done for the screen. I don't believe that any such approaches or critical attempts at this time are of interest concerning *The River*. The real significance of the film may be missed by coming at it with such observations. It may be understandable for one to say simply that he doesn't like the picture or it isn't his kind of a film.

As an approach to *The River* why

Radha (left) is not the usual film actress in India. *The River* is her first and only film to date. She was trained in dance from childhood in the school founded by Rukmini Devi. She took her Master's degree from the University of Madras. In *The River* she dances the Bharata Natyam, ancient classical dance of South India. All movements are highly symbolic and meaningful to the literate in the dance.

not forget as much as possible our Hollywood conditioning and expectations and accept the author's invitation given during the first few minutes of the film? Miss Rumer Godden, along with Mr. Renoir, made a scenario for the film using her book by the same name as one of her resources. She invites the viewer to come along with her as she reminisces about some of her childhood

discoveries about life, death, and love.

As one wishes many times to enter the doors of the Metropolitan Museum of Art or to pull down a favorite collection of poetry, many times we may feel inclined to accept Miss Godden's invitation to explore along with her some of the confusing yet unforgettable moments common to all of our lives.



Love, Fear and Conscience

HAVE the societies we term totalitarian created a new human being? Is it a new class, bound by terror, directed by a self-segregated upper class and nourished by an enslaved lower class?

The Brotherhood of Fear by Robert Ardrey (*Random House*, \$3) is a story about a "perfect" member of such a class—if it exists, and I think it does. Konnr (to pronounce, rhyme with "honor") is of the security police. He is pursuing a youngster named Willy, who at nineteen has been so tortured that he cannot remember his home, his school, the fact that he can read English books, in fact, that it was the reading of English books that may have brought him to prison.

Konnr is as much an improvement (for contemporary purposes) upon Javert, as Willy is upon Jean Valjean. I have used the word "improvement" ironically. Neither character would have been possible in Victor Hugo's world which was a milieu in which fear was present but had not been regularized. Nineteenth-century fears were normal and served to protect and stimulate life. The fears of Konnr and Willy have become a way of life, and the brotherhood fear is the bond of the damned.

It would seem that *The Works of Love* (*Alfred A. Knopf*, \$3) by Wright Morris would be the antidote for the bureaucracy of suspicion which is the guardian of fear. At least that would have been the concept of love most of us were brought up on. Both fear and love, however, have been passengers on the shipwrecked hull of the present. They no longer mean what they used to in the minds of many people.

The Works of Love is a fresh and fascinating kind of novel. It is different, and so are the works. Most of the sentiments we have enjoyed about love, the clichés and even the philosophizing, if not the theologizing, had best be forgotten, or put away, if the reader is to recognize love in the activities of Will Brady, as dismal and futile a character as we have run across in a long time.

But there is something about Brady worth the remembering. It must be his works. They are pity and an inarticulate kind of loyalty. Perhaps, in the contemporary transmutation of language, they add up to love and Brady as the lover. The author, Wright Morris, is a fine writer. So good that one is even persuaded that maybe love is more than we thought—or less.

When compared with the above two

novels, *The Sin of the Prophet* (*Little, Brown and Company*, \$4) by Truman Nelson, seems to come from another age, a time when the classic sense of morality may not have been respectable, but at least was fervent. (Nothing better illustrates the decadence of today's moral relativism than the characterization of morality as a kind of stuffiness.) This new and exciting novelist, Truman Nelson, has taken a group of persons who made a way of life in which conscience is the dictator, not mediator, and in which moral choices are the food by which they lived, and made an exciting story.

The study of the period between Andrew Jackson and the igniting of the Civil War is today dominated by the "revisionist" historians. Their analysis comes out at the point which insists that the struggle had no real point, it was a result of abolitionist demagogues and hot-headed Southerners. It is a theory that moral relativists find comforting.

The revisionists are due for a little revising. War was an improper and brutal instrument by which to come to a decision, but there was a point of morality at stake. Phillips, Garrison, Parker and the Howes knew that. When it came to the capture of Anthony Burns, in Boston in 1854, and his return under the guise of the Fugitive Slave Law, these persons were bound to erupt for above the law of the land they lived by a "higher" law—that which they conceived to be the righteous will of God.

The event was a shameful action and shame comes when guilt is accosted by conscience. The novel is a vigorous illumination of this relationship.

A NATURAL fate for the conscience-guided is vilification. Parker and Garrison were its butts. So were Jeremiah and John Woolman and we are familiar with the pattern today. Few, in the first half of this century in this land, have had to endure so much obloquy as Methodist Bishop *Francis J. McConnell*. Nor have many enjoyed a parallel esteem. In my own case, my Methodist home and relationships pointed to the good Bishop as the symbol of what makes the Church respected and good.

McConnell's autobiography, *By the Way* (*Abingdon-Cokesbury*, \$3.50), is a reminiscence—charitable, friendly, personal. The attacks are remembered, not with rancor but with a kind of mellow good humor. The crusades are not for-

gotten, but they are seen in perspective.

McConnell had just as ardent and sensitive a conscience when it came to social wrongs as did Theodore Parker. He has never avoided a fight if pressed upon him, but has always attempted to meet the opponent, not on his own level, but on neutral ground if it could be arranged. And the causes to which he gave his support have often triumphed, but need always new recruits, for the problems are never permanently solved, simply rearranged.

Dorothy Day has lived by a passion somewhat similar to McConnell's but at crucial points divergent also. Perhaps it is the difference between the Protestant who was brought up in a small-town parsonage household where the claims of sensible and valiant religion were of the breath of childhood, and the urban, earthquake-punctured childhood, the irregular relationships and passions of young womanhood, plus the spiritual vacuum that must be filled, that took this woman to Rome. Perhaps it is the difference between man and woman, intellectual and intuitionist.

In any case, Dorothy Day's autobiography, *The Long Loneliness* (*Harper & Brothers*, \$3.50), is also strong on morality and the struggle for justice. Through the "hospitality house" and activities, and especially the publishing of *The Catholic Worker*, she has become an apostle of pacifist good will, an ardent disciple of goodness that may not twist the cycle of our destiny, but is hopeful. Revolutionary pacifism has been taking quite a beating of late. Thank God for such as Dorothy Day! Stepping down a step or two in acknowledgment, thanks to publishers Harper, not just for the printing, but the care that has gone into its appearance.

IF, thus far along in the year, you have not put a copy of *Will Cuppy's How to Get from January to December* (*Henry Holt and Company*, \$3) up on the shelf to help study for exams, then you've been missing the aid you need. Amoebas, statistics, history and advice—all of it outrageous. I recommend it heartily in place of textbooks.

Another good book to have at hand is the anthology of *Thomas Curtis Clark* and *Hazel Davis Clark, Christ in Poetry* (*Association Press*, \$3.49). Perhaps no one has done more to influence modern religious poetry than Dr. Clark (another person brought up in the parsonage!). Topically arranged, easily handled, this is an excellent volume.

—Roger Ortmyer