

# *motive*

MARCH 1960

VOLUME XX / 6

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**FRONT COVER ART:** LAST JUDGMENT, oil, 1959, by JIM CRANE. (feature, page 14.) jim writes: "Three last souls face doom in an atomic holocaust. This painting is not a prediction of the wrath of a revengeful God. This is intended as a prophetic statement in the Hebraic sense. I named it Last Judgment as a kind of irony. Perhaps God's last judgment on man will be that he is allowed to judge himself. God help us, it may come in Detroit, Moscow, or Paris."

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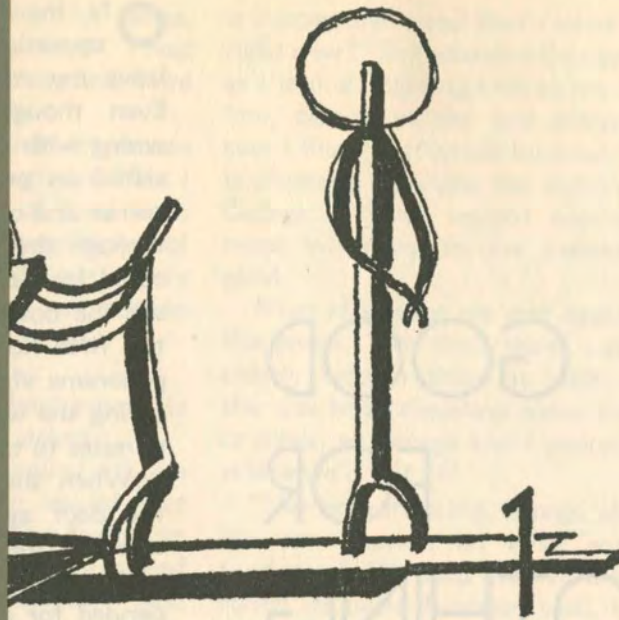
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*"It is curious that people who are filled with horrified indignation whenever a cat kills a sparrow can hear that story of the killing of God told Sunday after Sunday and not experience any shock at all.*

*The question is, are we at this time of day sufficiently wondering and impressed? Above all, are we sufficiently disturbed by this extremely disturbing story?"*

*So Dorothy L. Sayers states it in her preface to the plays she wrote of twelve episodes in the Life and Death of Christ: The Man Born to Be King.*

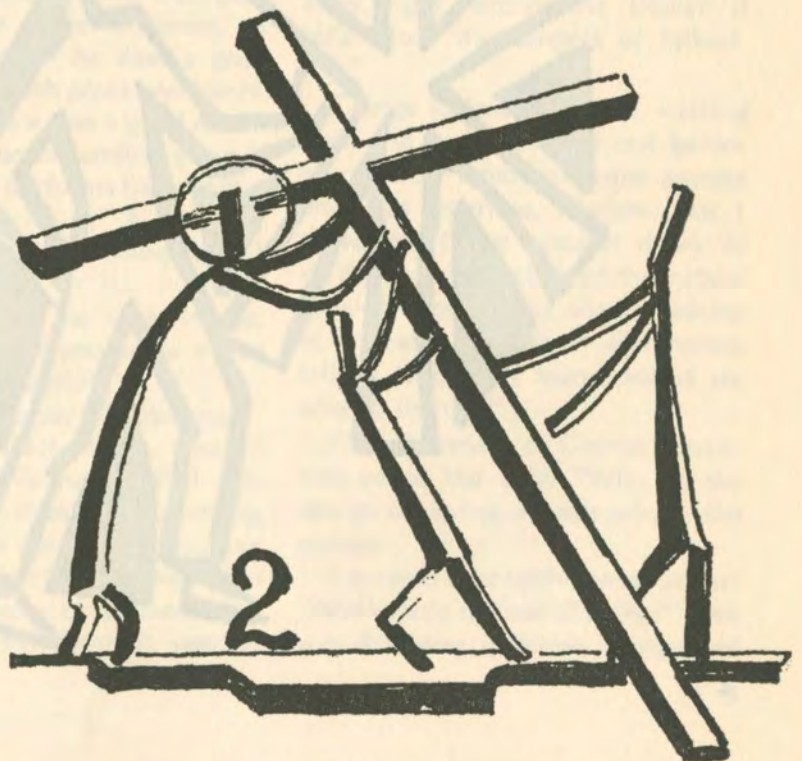
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*For awhile we should forget that there is Easter morning after Good Friday, and thus experience the unfolding of events as tragically as the first Disciples must have. Unless the full significance of Good Friday is realized the astounding, overwhelming grace of Easter will be lost to us.*

*Therefore, let us proceed a step at a time.*

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*ms of the cross  
e for lent, 1960*



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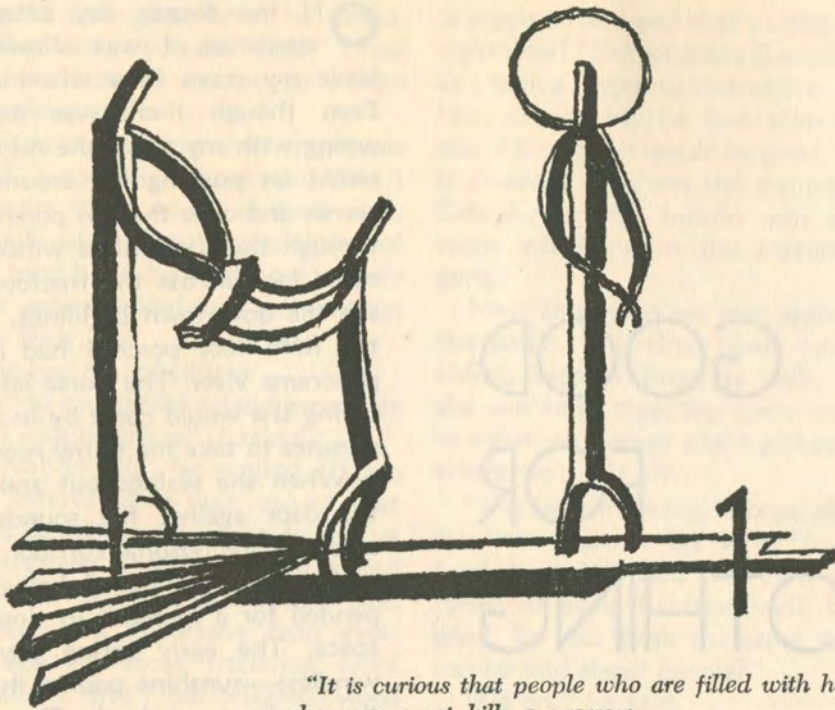
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CHRONOLOGICAL



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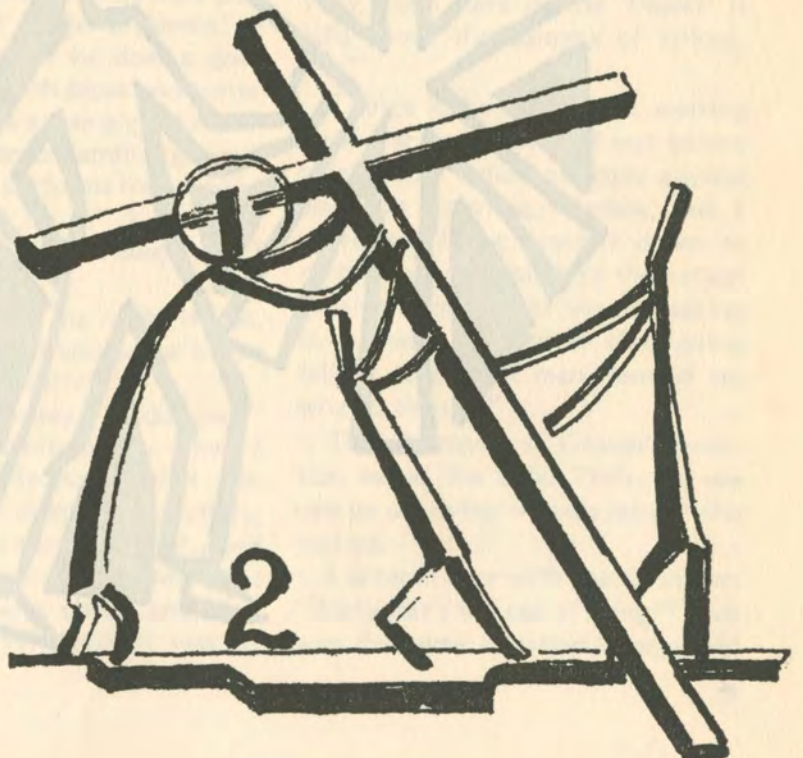
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## SORROWFUL JOURNEY

*14 stations of the cross  
in preparation for lent, 1960*



# GOOD FOR NOTHING

BY LAWRENCE LOWELL GRUMAN



ON the fourth day after the operation, I was allowed to leave my room in a wheel chair. Even though there was nothing wrong with my arms, the nurse insisted on pushing me around the corner and onto the sun porch. Out through the sun-bathed windows I could look across the treetops and see the downtown buildings. From the fifth-floor porch I had a real panorama view. The nurse left me, saying she would come by in a few minutes to take me to my room.

When she walked out and shut the door against the sounds and smells of the hospital corridor, I experienced a feeling of being suspended for a moment in time and space. The early spring day was windless—sunshine poured through the windows ceaselessly. Then all in a moment, I discovered I was not alone on the porch. There, in the far corner of the room, another wheel chair stood, its back turned toward me. The occupant, for all I could see of him, was a stout greying man who was either sleeping or else silently surveying the landscape as I was.

I ventured a quiet "hello" and he nodded. Ah, I thought, he's not asleep. "Nice day," I continued. Again a nod. "You can see all the way to the lake this afternoon," I added. Now he straightened in his wheel chair and slowly turned it around until he faced me. A wave of embarrassment went through me as I saw he had bandages taped on both eyes.

That is the way I began my acquaintance with George Lawson. He turned out to be a businessman of what you'd call politely "middle age." Despite his being unable to see, he enjoyed talking—and listening too, the real mark of a good conversationalist. Best of all, he asked interesting questions, and it was one of these that began our real friendship.

There were few pleasantries passed besides finding out that we both lived in the city and had entered the hospital on the same day. I was saying that the food in the

motive

hospital was good when he asked, "What makes you say that?" I had to venture that it was *tasty* and there was plenty of it.

"You are saying that it pleases you?" I nodded. He went on, "But I thought the purpose of food is to *nourish* you. I'm not complaining of the food here, but food can satisfy your appetite and still not sustain your body."

He had me, of course.

"You sound like a food expert. Is food your business?" I asked.

"Not at all," he replied. "I am just interested in your use of that word GOOD in describing food. I've always been interested in words, and now with my eyes bandaged, I find words more important than ever. Perhaps the most troubling word of all is this four-lettered word GOOD."

I could see that in George Lawson I was to have a stimulating companion, one who would catch me in my casual habit of using protective phrases like "kind of" and "more or less." Returning to the subject of food, I said, "I suppose you'd say that food is good when it performs its basic function of nourishing the body. That makes the tastiness and the quantity incidental."

George shifted in his chair. "Quite so, but something else occurs to me here. While you are eating the food, you know whether it is tasty, and you know whether there is sufficient supply—but do you know at the moment you eat it whether it is really nourishing?"

The question surprised me. "I don't know why you ask, but I'd say no, you never know whether it is nourishing until hours or days later when you either have strength or you don't."

"Then," continued George, "the proof of the pudding is not in the eating but in the physical well-being you get from it long hours after the eating." He leaned forward as if looking directly at me. "You see, what makes food good . . ." he began to say when the nurse who had just opened the door finished it for him. "What makes food good

is supertime—and that's what it is right now!" She wheeled George out as I took a lingering look at the skyline, orange in the late afternoon sun. I thought it would be good, that is pleasant, to share the sight with George. But his insight was even more intriguing in the matter of good.

Next afternoon we met again on the porch. This time there was an elderly woman there as well; but she was busy digesting some digest or other, so George and I picked up where we'd left off.

"I've been thinking, George, about our conversation on what makes food good. We said that if it performs its basic function well, it is good. Do you think the same thing can be said about people?"

"Go on," he said.

"Well, a good plumber performs his plumbing work well, and the better he does it, the better man he is."

George: "Now you have raised the real issue. For it is easy enough to do a particular job well, like being a good plumber, but I am not sure that makes one a better *man*. That is to say, a highly trained technician is just that, a good technician, and who is to say that he is a good man?"

"Are you saying that there is a difference between a plumber and a man?" I asked smiling.

"No, of course not. But their purposes may be quite different. A plumber is good if he does a good competent job with pipes and joints. But what makes a *man* a good *man*?"

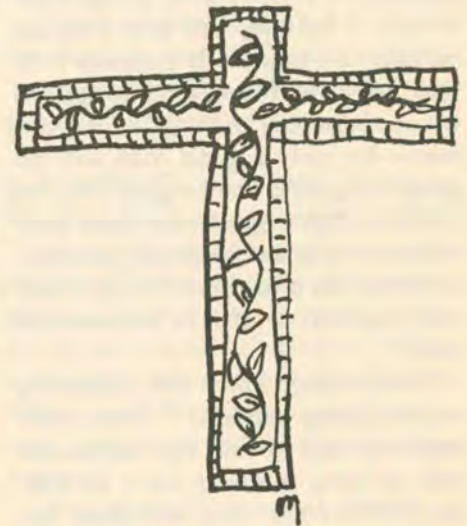
Now I was on unfamiliar ground. "The better he performs his purpose, the better man he is," I said. But this was an evasive answer and I knew it.

George caught me with it too. "And what would you say a man's purpose is in this life?"

I was about to say "To do good," but that was a bit foolish. Then I began to say "To have a full rich life," but that didn't say anything new. What was there so penetrating about George that his sightless gaze cut through every cheap answer I was used to? Whatever it was, it

wouldn't allow anything shallow. I stalled for time: "Man's purpose in this life is to do well at his most distinctive talent!"

George countered, "And that is . . . ?"



Here we suddenly discovered that the woman with her nose in the digest had her ears well trained on our conversation. She spoke up: "Why do you men discuss such a theoretical problem? Lord knows there are enough practical needs about without your complicating the picture. Why, right here in the 'Digest' it tells about the dangers of fallout. . . ."

George looked impassive, waiting until she had sputtered out before he replied. "I did not know anyone else was listening, Madam. But I appreciate being brought down to earth by your question of theoretical consideration. What we are asking is, is there any use in eliminating fallout to protect men—and if so, what is the use?"

The directness of George's question vexed the lady. "Why, so we can go on living—that's why!" she replied.

I entered here with the rejoinder: "And what's the use of living?" This was the same question George had

put to me, and I thought she might help me out a bit.

She answered, "Don't ask silly questions. If you had lived as long as I have, you wouldn't have to wonder about the use of living."

**G**EORGE patiently explained: "Socrates said that the unexamined life is not worth living. That is true, I believe, not just because he said it—he said it because it is true. Now my friend here suggested we examine the makings of a good man—for only a good man will do good things and have a good life. He has said that a good man does well whatever human beings are peculiarly fitted for, and we're trying to put our finger on what it is that men do best."

She resigned from the debate by a concluding remark: "There isn't anything you can do that some animal or some machine can't do better." With that she withdrew behind her protective magazine after clearing her throat with finality.

But her remark had given me an idea. "She's quite right about a lot of things we do," I went on. "But we human beings look back into the past and forward into the future and *we make decisions*. No animal and no machine can do that."

George smiled, "So men *can make decisions*?"

I said, "Not only CAN but MUST! We must decide whether to take certain actions, whether to vote or not, whether to get married or not. We can't drift along like an animal or simply register data like a machine. We are *responsible*—we must make decisions!"

George folded his hands in his lap: "And to whom are we responsible? Certainly not to ourselves for that would wind us up in an endless circle. Nor are we responsible to our family or friends alone, for that is a tight little clique that is hardly worthy of our total loyalty. Granted we're responsible, to whom are we?"

The nurse who had been standing quietly in the doorway, saw her chance. "To me, boys—to me. Let's get off to supper now."



George waved her off. "Just a minute. Let me give my friend something to sleep on." Turning again to me he added, "A man does good things, true—but why does he do them? Is it for love of recognition, for hope of reward? Not so! A man does good things for nothing at all! What do you think of that?" The nurse said, "Time's up," and wheeled him off the porch. I maneuvered my own chair now, and as I turned to follow, I came face to face with my lady friend.

"Some ideas, eh?" I asked.

"Some foolishness," she replied, "If I had to stop and think out everything I do, I'd never get anything done. I could spend a whole day just studying how I breathe!"

"But George is saying that things like breathing and such don't require a decision. You don't have to worry about *how* you breathe . . . just *why* you do! It's his idea of being good for no reason at all that stumps me."

As I wheeled out into the corridor, she got off her parting remark: "I could tell you a lot about being good for nothing!" That was the note that kept ringing in my mind all evening—being good for nothing. The phrase kept turning over and over in my mind—it seemed to mean that the good man is good because he *wants* to be, and not for any other

reason. You might say just that it's *good* to be *good*!

**T**HAT'S where my thinking was when the doctor came round on a late evening visit. He saw I was preoccupied with something and asked what I was thinking about. Not wanting to start the whole debate over again, I asked if he knew the patient who had had an eye operation the same day as my own surgery.

"You mean the big fellow with the bandages on his eyes?" he asked. I nodded. The doctor went on, "You must have missed the newspaper account of his accident the day you came in here. This man, Lawson I think his name is, has been setting up some equipment at the atomic research center over at the university. Last Tuesday the director of the center had a heart attack in the 'hot' room while Lawson was watching him through a tiny glass window. When the director keeled over, Lawson rushed in and dragged him out of the room. He undoubtedly saved his life, but Lawson was pretty badly burned by the radiation. His eyes got it the worst, I understand. He'll never be able to see again."

"Good Lord," I gasped, "does he know that?"

"I'm sure he does," said the doctor. He got up to leave the room.



"But you look pretty good to me—I'd say another day or so and you can be on your way home. Good night!"

Frankly, I was stunned; not so much by the account of Lawson's impulsive heroism, as I was surprised at how serious our casual conversation about the good man suddenly became. My end of the discussion seemed to be an intellectual game, but I saw now that George Lawson, for all his seeming nonchalance, was fighting a desperate battle with his own conscience over his action. Was his blindness and all that followed from it the reward of his goodness? And was it a good act that brought on such tragic consequences? What good is being good if that is what follows? No, this debate was no contest of wits. And I began to see the cynicism in that statement of his about being good for nothing! For if some bad result follows some well-intentioned act, then you have been good for no purpose.

I wanted to get right out of bed and go over to George Lawson's room, but I knew there was no use in hurrying—George would be around for a long time to come, and an overly eager argument now might just add to his cynicism. So I resolved to be patient and wait until the next day at the time of our usual visit. In the meantime, I marshaled arguments against the uselessness of doing good. . . .

This time I hobbled out onto the sun porch on crutches, though I think I could have walked without them just as well. The nurse insisted that learning to manipulate those infernal things was part of the healing process, so I used them. This time I beat George to the porch, but he appeared before long, and we took up our debate.

"I can't buy this idea that being good is for nothing," I began. "Weighing good against bad and then choosing might be said to be man's unique talent that I couldn't put my finger on the other day."

"You are quite right about that," George answered. "For making moral decisions is something no animal or

machine can do. But I meant something different by saying we should be good for nothing. What I meant to say was *that a man does a good thing because it appears good to him, not because it makes him comfortable or popular*. In other words, he does what he thinks is right, even if it costs him something."

I thought of George and the act of saving his colleague, the act that cost him his eyesight. "But, George," I said, "what if the cost is high, and protecting yourself is easier than taking a risk to do something good? Preserving ourselves is surely important too."

George thought a moment. "Didn't you just say that a person's capacity for making moral decisions is what makes him a man? Then if he knows the right thing to do and fails to do it, doesn't he downgrade his manhood? Or put it this way: Is it worth living if you can make a moral decision and then cannot act on it?"

"I see," I said. "But how do you ever know that your decision is the right one? Couldn't you make a mistake in deciding what is the right thing to do?"

George smiled and said, "Do you remember our discussion on what makes food good? And how you couldn't be sure whether food is nourishing until some later date when you either get strength from it or you don't?"

"Surely that doesn't apply here," I said.

"But it does," George continued. "You put all your conviction and your faith into an act, but you can't know the act is right or good until some later date when it's far too late to change your mind. You couldn't possibly anticipate all the results of any action you take. But if you fail to take an action you passionately believe to be right, you really deny your own manhood. Then you can still live with others, but how can you live with yourself?"

"If I get you," I replied, "you mean that doing the good thing may be costly, but it's even more costly not to do it."

"That's it, exactly," said George. "Any animal eats, drinks and makes merry, but only a man weighs right and wrong in the balance—and there's where his glory lies."

I went on, "Then, our human task is to sensitize ourselves to the issues involved in any decision so we'll decide correctly when the time comes—is that it?"

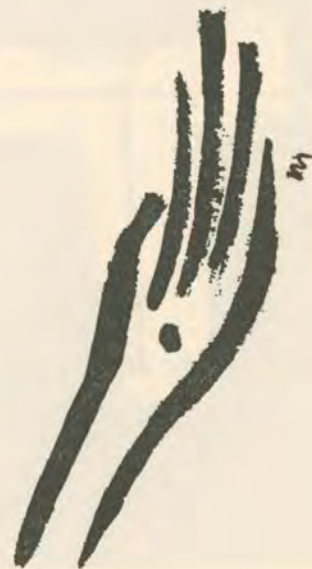
"Well, that's part of it but not the hardest part," George replied. "It seems to me that *knowing the good* isn't as hard as *doing it*."

**P**ONDERED this a bit. Then an idea came to me. "George," I said, "I like to think of myself as a follower of Christ. But it's not easy to think out what Christ would do in any of our modern situations, so I've often been stumped to know how to follow him. But you've given me a new picture of what following him means."

"How's that?" queried George.

"Here's how I see it now," I said. "Christ studied and prayed until he saw what was good to do—then he did it regardless of the cost. And he kept on doing good until he had to sacrifice his life to keep it up. But the loss of life wasn't as discouraging as giving up the good would have been. So being a follower of Christ is to keep on doing good without counting the cost."

"Amen," he whispered.





# A FUTURE FOR FALERNA

BY NANCY LAWRENCE

*a desolate italian village  
is aided by a world council  
of churches technical assistance team.*

THE village's appearance is deceptive when seen for the first time in the late afternoon sun from the valley road along the Mediterranean.

From the distance its coral, white and earth-colored houses clinging halfway up the side of the mountain have a meditative, almost romantic beauty.

It is only when you follow the narrow, winding road up the mountainside and enter the village that the reality behind the picturesque facade becomes evident.

For in this mountainous area in southern Italy lies a land where all time has stopped and the peasants live out their lives with the same motionless acceptance of poverty and despair as did their forefathers for generations before them.

This is the land to which the peasant says, "Christ never came: He stopped short at Eboli." But no one else has ever come to help him either, and nothing in his past makes the peasant believe he can change his future. "Non c' e da fa," he says. (There is nothing to be done.)

But it is here in this remote desolate area of Calabria, 400 kilometers south of Naples, where hopelessness is as great an enemy as poverty, that the centuries-old pattern one day may be broken.

In the village of Falerna (population 3,000), where the annual cash income is less than \$250, the World Council of Churches, in cooperation with the Federal Council of Churches of Italy, has undertaken one of the most imaginative and perhaps difficult enterprises in its history of aid in underdeveloped countries.

Since May, 1958, it has sponsored an international, ecumenical technical assistance team which is living and working in the village, sharing in the daily life and problems of its people. The six-member team, which is "nonpreaching and nonproselytizing" in its approach, is helping to provide some of the most basic necessities of life for a people for whom any innovation becomes a coveted luxury.

Recently with John Taylor, the World Council of Church's photographer, I spent two days in Falerna visiting the team. The team directors are a Dutch couple, Wim and let van der Linden, whose warmth and sensitive understanding for the people of Falerna was evident immediately and opened doors for us wherever we went.

With the van der Lindens as our guides, we set off early the morning after our arrival to see the village, following the main street, its only paved road, up an ascending curve along the hill. Because it was still early we passed groups of peasant women on their way to the fields or standing to gossip in the patches of sunlight before the day's work. Most were carrying large full baskets, jugs of water or bundles of faggots on their heads (the women of Falerna still provide the chief means of transportation for produce and other goods). All were wearing the distinctive Falerna costume, a long red skirt which just skims the ground, covered with a black apron and a full overskirt which they hike up in back in a sloppy bustle-type arrangement. The majority were barefoot, and several were leading scrawny pigs or goats by ropes. They nodded and smiled at our greetings.

Halfway through the village we came to the square, no more than an indentation in the road with a water spigot and some rough concrete benches. Here we left the paved street and turned up the hill. It was then we became aware we had hardly begun to see the village from the comparative civilization of its main street.

The "road" was a narrow, muddy gully which climbed sharply up the hill between the tightly packed houses teetering along the side as over an abyss. Straggly chickens scattered as we made our way and garbage and refuse littered the path. The stench was almost unbearable.

We visited several homes that morning, and with the van der Lindens as our guides we were welcomed everywhere with warm hos-

pitality and a cup of the traditional thick syrupy Italian coffee.

**B**ECAUSE such extreme poverty allows little variation, all the houses we saw during our two-day visit were very much like the first one we visited. The room was dark, low ceilinged and dirty. The only light came from the door and a tiny window in the thick wall, so it took a minute when we first entered to focus our eyes before we could make out its outlines. In the corner was a "fireplace," a few stones projecting into the room. The walls and ceiling were black with smoke stain. Along a wall were a table and two straight-backed chairs. Above the table were hanging a copper pot, two wicker baskets and a yellowed photograph cut from a magazine. Jutting out from the wall directly in front of us was a massive bed—neatly made and covered with a blue and white spread. As we entered two large white chickens scurried off it and took cover under the table.

The pride of the household was the new toilet. It stood just to the left of the door separated from the room by a flimsy curtain. The owner of the house, a small dark excitable man, and his wife, a child in arms and two tugging at her skirts, showed it to us with enthusiasm. They were the first family in the village for whom the team built a toilet.

Because needs in Falerna are so basic, the building of water closets has been one of the two major teamwork projects to date. In all, the team has installed fifteen toilet and water facilities on this one street, working with the peasants themselves to lay the main pipes along the street and the connecting pipes into each home.

The second major project has been getting the livestock out of the homes. For centuries the peasants of Falerna have shared their dismal hovels with their pigs, chickens and goats. Behind the crudity of the practice has been shrewd reasoning. The animals have a better chance of surviving the cold winters in the shelter of the homes;

they help keep the room warm; and as the family's most important possession they are kept safe from thieves.

This fear, together with the strength of tradition and the desire not to be different from their neighbors, has meant long, often frustrating delays. The team has had to work slowly building confidence step by step. The first family to accept the help offered was the deacon of the village's Waldensian church.

Working with him, the team members constructed a modern cheap pig sty of cement blocks on the hill behind his house, and moved in the ungainly ugly animal which had been occupying the deacon's one-room house all its life. The change was obvious even to the most conservative villager, and after having been assured of the animal's safety, others also asked for help. Thus far the team has constructed thirty-three pig sties on land owned by the peasants outside the village.

The building of the pig sties has had a definite, if gradual influence on village life in other ways. Seeing for the first time that construction can be done cheaply and easily,



several villagers have started making long-needed repairs or additions to their houses.

Other team projects, while perhaps less graphic and less well understood by the peasants, are also underway and give the promise of eventually providing even more concrete changes. In cooperation with the agricultural school of the University of Bari, the team has started agricultural projects including seed test plots, irrigation, experiments in orchard improving and feeding experiments. They are also attempting to introduce more modern farm implements to replace the ancient wooden ones now mainly in use.

A color photograph taken by one of the team members shows the results of the first corn experiments. It is a close-up shot of two ears of corn. On the left is a large full-sized cob covered with even rows of golden kernels. On the right is a shrunk-en cob no more than a third of the size of the first, its irregular surface dotted with hardly enough kernels to cover an open palm.

Also under consideration by the team are plans for a laundry and an expanded home-repairs program, and a slaughter house—the butcher shops on the main street now slaughter the animals in the road.

The most immediately obvious addition to the town by the team is the prefabricated barrack, donated by the Reformed Church of Holland. Situated midway up the side of a hill on the north side of the village, its freshly painted walls make a sharp contrast with the surrounding houses.

Originally planned as a beach house for a children's program at the seashore, it was later moved

into the village and is now being used as a center for recreational programs for both youngsters and adults. Women come for sewing lessons—on two machines donated by the Grange in the United States—and cooking classes are being held.

Because the team wishes to share as nearly as possible in the life and problems of the villagers, the members live in the village in a small white two-storied house which they themselves helped construct. Team life is austere and the work is hard, but the members are an exceptional group who have developed an easy camaraderie among themselves which is contagious. Anyone looking for martyrdom will not find it here.

The team directors, the van der Lindens, were missionaries in New Guinea before they took on this assignment. Both are in their late twenties, Wim is a graduate agriculturalist and let a trained nurse and accomplished seamstress (she made forty sun suits for the Falerna youngsters in anticipation of the planned beach program). Saskia, their two-and-a-half-year-old daughter, is a village favorite and is learning to speak in Italian, English and Dutch.

The two American team members are Ralph Buffenmyer, twenty-two, of Florin, Pennsylvania, a member of the Church of the Brethren, and Bob Rockwell, twenty-one, of Barnesville, Ohio, a member of the Society of Friends. Being pacifists, they have undertaken the two-year stint at Falerna as an alternate for military service. Ralph is studying business administration at Elizabethtown College, Pennsylvania, and is a skilled carpenter. Bob, a junior at Wilmington College, Wilmington, Ohio, was raised on a fruit farm and

plans to become a horticulturist.

The two Italian members of the team are Eralda Toscana, twenty-three, a home economist who is conducting the cooking classes, and Antonio Grandinetti, twenty-two, a graduate engineer.

**H**OW effective can such a program in the backward village of an underdeveloped area be? Wim van der Linden has no illusions. The immensity of the need is far beyond the resources of the team.

He recognizes too that at best the present projects are only "a finger in the dyke" action and that future work must be aimed at development of small industries, marketing produce and other measures to bring cash into the community.

Also there are years of superstition, ignorance and change-inhibiting tradition to be broken down before real changes can be made. Wim said to me, "We will not solve the problem. But the Italian Government has given help in other areas and eventually they will do something here. When they do, we hope to give a kind of positive direction to this development."

Meanwhile the team is serving as a pilot project for other programs in similar needy areas. Next spring—and for the following five years—world attention is focused on the FAO's "Freedom From Hunger Campaign." The Falerna experiment will provide a classic example of what can be done in local projects on a small scale—with hard work and a courage for tackling the impossible.

**P**ERHAPS the impact of the team is best illustrated by an incident which happened after we left Falerna. We had stopped to take some pictures in another small village several kilometers to the north.

Immediately our car was surrounded by villagers, speaking and gesticulating wildly. "Are you from the Evangelical team?" they demanded. "Have you come to help us too? Tell the team to come down here. We need help too."



# *a tragedy of committedness*

BY ODESSA SOUTHERN ELLIOTT

**J**ESUS had more trouble with the committed people of his day than he did with the confused, the uncommitted and the lost. The people committed to nation, ethical ideals, moral values, religion, were the ones who rejected Jesus.

In practical terms and theologically speaking, I contend that the tragedy of our times in the realm of politics is not uncommittedness, but committedness. Look at some concrete illustrations.

Woodrow Wilson seemed to be the answer to the dreams of the proponents of the Social Gospel in the early part of this century. Yet, whatever accomplishments we may honor him for, we must make central the fact that his political career revealed the bankruptcy of political idealism. In our own day, we see in the career of our recent Secretary of State, John Foster Dulles, the bankruptcy of political moralism. Mr. Dulles' honesty and moral steadfastness were evident; but his difficulties in decision-making as a statesman were directly rooted in his "religious" commitment. Mr. Dulles was so bound by his rigid moralism that he seemed to be unable to give significant credit to the

possibility of "the good" existing outside his own system.

Neither the sincerity of these men's commitments nor the high level of their ideals may be questioned. Yet in the conduct of political affairs, their commitments have been proved inadequate in the onslaught of critical forces and harsh realities. If we look at other figures in our government—and in the governments of other nations—we find many committed men: some of them, in fact, committed to less noble things than Wilson and Dulles. We find commitments to the Left, to the Right, to Big Business, to Labor, to the Party, to constituents back home who want lower taxes and bigger depletion allowances, to the European colonists in Algeria, to the industrial workers in Manchester, and so on and on. And wherever we find commitment, we find conflict of interest. The more rigid the commitment, the more difficult the resolution of the conflict.

Reinhold Niebuhr declares that the self-interest of nations is simply a "given" of political affairs. We accept this as a realistic point of view, and we further agree with Dr. Niebuhr that political affairs are morally am-



biguous—that is, they are made up of shifting, changing elements that make our moral judgments at one point seem irrelevant, if not wholly wrong, at another. Looking at our political situation, what does this mean in terms of “commitment”?

OUR nation is, above all, committed to its own self-interest; we traditionally define this self-interest in terms of a concern for democratic freedoms and institutions. Now, beyond this we find that, in its search for peace and security which we assert are basic to the preservation and growth of democratic freedoms, our nation has committed itself to something else: the defense of the “free” world. Our whole security system at the present time depends on a series—or rather more sharply, a *chain*—of commitments to other nations: NATO, SEATO, unofficial participation in the so-called Bagdad Pact, and individual treaties. President Eisenhower stated in a television address a year ago that our present military and economic commitments involved us with fifty-four nations! This sounds reassuring when we think of the threats of war, and the likelihood that we will need all the allies we can get. But what happens when, because of internal shake-ups, we suddenly find ourselves committed to a country that is no longer democratically governed, but instead is committed, through its leaders, to the very type of authori-

tarianism that we so stoutly oppose in communism?

We have found ourselves in such a position in regard to Franco, Batista, Trujillo, and at one time at least, Nasser. And now events in Southeast Asia—in Burma and Pakistan—seem to indicate that we will be facing this problem for a long time. Already, the people of India are watching with grave misgivings our attitude toward the growing trend toward authoritarianism in the governments of recently independent Asian nations. An Indian Christian, writing in *Christianity and Crisis*, reported:

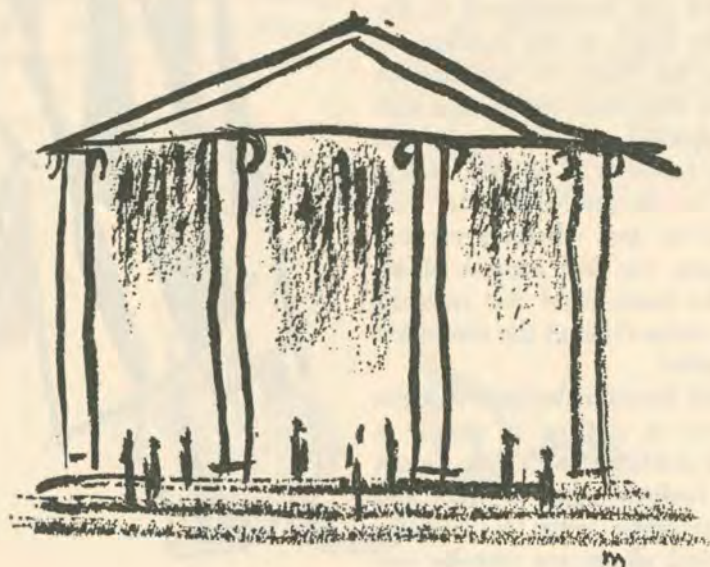
“To India, the Western concern appears to pivot around the question: Has it strengthened or weakened the Western bloc militarily? . . . If the unconcern of the ‘free world’ for the democratic constitutions and free institutions in Asia . . . becomes the prevalent mood, it will be easy for the West then to be interested only in getting Asian nations on its side in its power struggle with the communists.” Asian nations do not want to become committed to the United States simply as military assets in the cold war. Yet our commitment to our own self-interest seems to make it imperative that we demand such a partisan commitment from Asian countries. We find ourselves saying: “Those that are not for us are therefore against us.” We refuse to admit neutrality as a legitimate position.

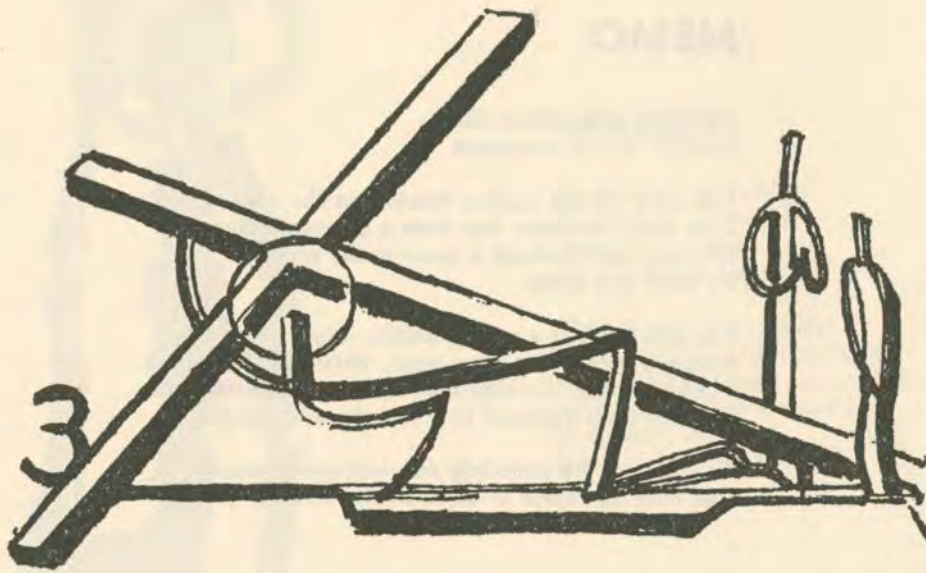
An incident in Cuba several weeks

after the revolution, bears this out. Speaking at a labor rally, Ex-President Jose Fulgencia of the Dominican Republic stated that in the cold war, Latin America should be committed to the United States. He was interrupted immediately by one of Fidel Castro’s aides who declared with much fervor that Cuba would not be committed—she would be neutral! We are alarmed at such a statement: how could Cuba, our close neighbor, be neutral? The answer, of course, is quite simple: Castro and his men remember only too well the days when the United States was committed to the dictator Batista. And they remember that this commitment was directly responsible for the American-made planes which bombed them and the American-made guns which shot American-made bullets at them. Cuba is not ready to commit herself, for she has too recently tasted the fruits of a commitment that admitted of no alternatives to all-out support of a corrupt, enslaving regime. Cuba and the rest of Latin America do not want our intervention in their internal affairs; but as Mr. Nixon pointed out after his fateful trip, we could at least reserve our warm embraces for the democratic leaders and give only a cool handshake to the dictators.

THE crisis in Berlin is also the direct result of commitments: we are committed to defend and protect the Western sector of Berlin, and the communists are committed to turn over their authority to the East German government. Ironically, both these commitments are purported to be breaches of other commitments made after World War II, when the victors divided the spoils. At several times during the past months, it has seemed that the irresistible force meeting the immovable object would produce a nuclear holocaust. Maintaining the “balance of terror” seems to be the best we can hope for as we follow a policy of “standing firm.”

Some time ago, George Kennan, the brilliant foreign policy expert, suggested a policy of “flexibility” for doing something about the Berlin-Germany stalemate. His voice at that time





was all but lost in the roar of Sputniks, ICBM's, IRBM's, and the general race to space. Since the Soviet ultimatum on Berlin last fall, however, Mr. Kennan's phraseology and some of his proposals have been much bandied about in the halls of Congress and in the pressrooms of the nation. The word "flexibility" is now just as much a part of the politician's jargon as the term "creeping socialism." It does seem that at long last our government is beginning to realize that the future of the world depends on the success of our diplomats and not on the success of our hydrogen bombs; unfortunately, although few people question the efficacy of the latter, the former seem to have gotten rusty through long disuse.

Yet we are still much too wary of being flexible and of lessening our "commitments"—and this, as Mr. Kennan saw, handicaps our efforts to achieve anything like peace and security.

The Russians, of course, are just as afraid of "losing face" as we are: Khrushchev has his own problems in

securing domestic supremacy, and the emergence of China as a power in her own right, as well as the restlessness of the Eastern European satellites, are big sources of concern.

As Christians we must affirm that there is a valid place in modern political affairs for the positions of neutrality and flexibility. If we assert that we must change our moral evaluations of political situations from time to time, then certainly we must also proclaim the right of individuals and nations to withhold judgment and to withhold commitment—especially if the issues do not seem as clearly drawn as they appear to us.

Theologically, we can make this statement on good grounds: We believe that God, not a nation or a system of government or economics, is the rightful sovereign of this world. From this, we further affirm that we have no ultimate fear of the world's being dominated by a particular economic and political force. Only the Founder of the Church can bring the life of the Church to an end. In saying this, we

do not mean to deny anything to the action of God in human history; under God's Lordship, time has its meaning and fulfillment. The way and final form of this fulfillment is not ours to determine.

With this statement of our uncommittedness to anything in the world of politics, we can therefore be active in that world. We can concern ourselves with the practical, day-to-day problems of this realm. But we must always remind ourselves that there are other possibilities beyond our own. As Eduard Heimmann has said, in writing of the Christians and Marxists in Japan:

"To the Christian, history is open. He is not the master of history, his is not the last word in history. The structure in which he tries to achieve reconciliation of opposing claims will give rise, in turn, to unprecedented and unpredicted problems, which his children will have to tackle. His ambition is to help—that is all. He is a conservative who knows that in order to preserve he has to reform lest there be either an explosion or atrophy. Reform does not give history its final form, it simply helps it to go on, it gives it a chance, it keeps it open. Finally, the Christian knows that the city he tries to build will not be lasting, but it should be recognizable as an earnest of the city that is to come."

**M**R. HEIMMANN is pointing to something that is hard for many of us to accept. But we understand that we cannot allow ourselves to be partisan, to be committed, even to those programs of political reform and social justice which seem to us to be most profoundly "Christian." For in the end, only God provides the grace to make things "Christian." And if we are determined by prior commitments, we run the risk of not seeing this grace where it in fact occurs.

Finally, we must as the Church of Christ, constantly affirm the message of the gospel: that what is crucial in man's life, is not man's commitment to God, but God's revelation that he is committed to man. "For if Christ be *for* us, who can be against us?"

**five poems**  
**by pierre henri delattre**

## MEMO

TO: The radio-active fish  
FROM: The Government

*You have caused endless troubles in the proving grounds,  
Your every existence has been a disappointment,  
We may have to build a fence in the ocean  
To keep you away.*

*You give birth in a very primitive way,  
Solitarily depositing your eggs, fertilizing,  
Flashing away. We shall soon invent a mechanical fish,  
Immune from exposure to a manufactured cloud.*

*As it is, you are definitely an underwater hazard  
And have no reason at all to be the least bit proud.*

## FISSION

*Wrongs of this crisis will not be absolved  
By those young prodigies, the priests of science,  
Thought-controlled, without a care,  
Who, clamped in silence, now convey with tongs  
The essence of humanity's despair.*

*Awaiting their last sin, we've sat down hating,  
Stagnating in our cellophaned seclusion.  
Wonders of life or death mean nothing to us  
For we can neither freely feast nor grieve;  
No one dare float his dreams in time-bombed air  
Nor proudly wear his heart upon his sleeve.*

*In this dry year of patience, lovers thirst  
For prophecy. Bone tinkers tinker everywhere,  
Bone breakers, makers, pickers of bones.  
Our age with special specialists is cursed,  
Oh, the great age of splitting things!*

*Behind the curtain nation from nation hides,  
Brothers proclaim their right to isolation,  
Artists create, but plot infanticide,  
The heart now flutters severed from the mind.  
Yet in our cubicles we recoil and haste  
To smell in fashion and conform to taste.  
We face reality psychiatrized, subscribed—  
Disintegrate of personality.*

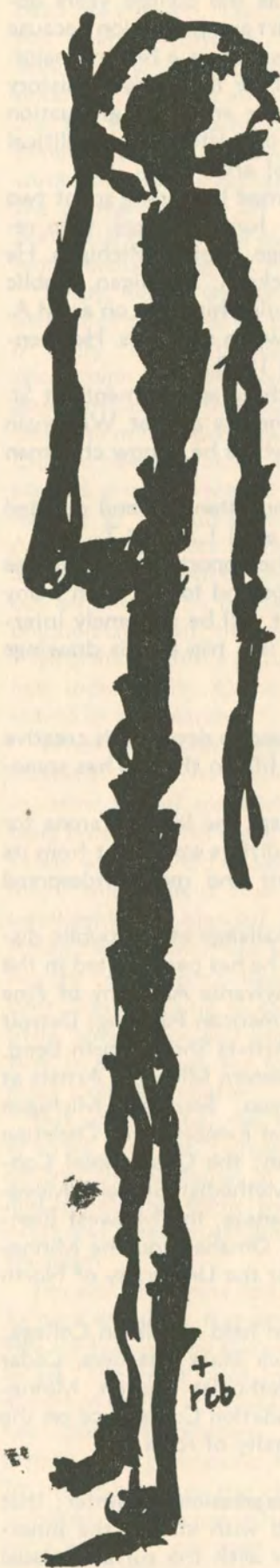
*Year of anxiety, frail year of puns:  
Call forth the prophet, crave again the man  
Who, man for men, does not deny himself  
Nor his communion with God's lonely sons.*

## POLARITY

*I spiral, my hands  
Twisting into the trees,  
Though my heart be  
Anchored in the deep earth  
And my eyes freeze.*

*I cannot recall  
When these two forces  
Did not pull me  
From the compromise  
Of the horizon.*





## ROCKET

*We shipped an embryo  
To the land of lichen,  
Frozen in a tube,  
An unmanned ship.*

*When it was out of sight  
Of the most powerful telescope  
Our radar followed some million  
Miles more. When we had lost  
All contact, our race  
Began to hope for survival.*

## A CLOUD NO LARGER THAN A SMALL ISLAND

*I saw a cloud—  
A man was crying,  
Soldiers were smoking,  
And over the hill mechanics joking,  
And overseas the blond boy dying,  
And in the tub his baby crying.*

*Twinkle, twinkle little star—  
And yet this cloud,  
Grey and like a rolling weed,  
Bleak Orozco spectre  
On an orange steed.  
And telegrams are tapping,  
Housewives napping;  
Birds high overhead are gliding.*

*As if that cloud were showers,  
As if that cloud were pure,  
And not the fissioned flower  
On the cover of a magazine  
Where pompous brass and dumb goats stare  
And wait the button pressed and blast,  
Wait to be gassed  
Wait wait wait  
I saw a cloud  
Of hate!*

# meet mr. crane, artist

BY VERNON BOBBITT

ARLIN ALBRECHT, PHOTOGRAPHER

**R**EADERS of this magazine are familiar with Jim Crane, since his potent drawings—they are more than cartoons—have burst from these pages in practically every issue since 1951.

These drawings have made strong and searching statements about the position of man in his world. Some have been satirical, some prophetic, some sociological, but always man, the enigma, is the subject.

However, there is another side to Jim Crane which should be revealed. We do not say a more serious side, for his drawings are dead serious, but perhaps we should say a more formal side as expressed in the substantial media of wood or oil paint. With these, the artist is forced to make a prolonged statement about man and the world in which he lives. It is this aspect of Jim Crane which is presented here.

I expect that most of us ask about any person of achievement: "How did he get that way? Was he born with special insights? Were they self-developed? Did someone inject talent into his being? Will the talent run out or make him too conceited for effective growth?"

If we could answer these questions, we would know the secret of education.

Crane was born in Hawthorne, Oklahoma, in 1927, and moved to Jackson, Michigan, as a youth.

Neither of his parents is active in art, but they are encouraging. His grandmother on his father's side, however, was a portrait painter of ability.

Jim drew as a child and kept on drawing. We suspect that he was always known as the outstanding "drawer" in his class. But as the college years approached he hesitated about art as a profession because of its precarious nature. Thus he was a history major. Perhaps this was just as well for the study of history is excellent preparation for the artist. By graduation he had twenty-five hours of history and political science and nineteen hours of art.

As far as training is concerned Jim Crane spent two years at Jackson (Michigan) Junior College, then received a B.A. at Albion College, Albion, Michigan. He then taught art in the Jackson, Michigan, public schools for four years, continuing his work on an M.A. at the State University of Iowa in summers. He eventually received this degree in 1953.

This was followed by teaching appointments at St. Cloud State College in Minnesota and at Wisconsin State College at River Falls where he is now chairman of the art department.

Crane is married to an understanding and devoted wife. He has three children, aged 1, 5 and 7.

Last summer Crane had the opportunity to see the art and architecture of Europe and to talk with many leading philosophers there. It will be extremely interesting to note the effect of this trip on his drawings and paintings.

**S**INCE 1950 Jim has continued to develop his creative powers of observation of life so that he has something to say about life.

The art exhibition is perhaps the liveliest arena for art communication today. It differs somewhat from its less effective, but important and more widespread ally, the printed page.

Crane has accepted the challenge of the public display of his work. Since 1954 he has participated in the following exhibitions: Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts Annual Exhibition of American Painting; Detroit Institute of Arts Michigan Artists Show; South Bend, Indiana, Michiana Show; Western Michigan Artists at Grand Rapids and Kalamazoo; Southern Michigan Regional at Jackson; National Exhibition of Christian Art at Interlochen, Michigan; the Quadrennial Conference Exhibition of the Methodist Student Movement at the University of Kansas; the Midwest Biennial at the Joslyn Memorial, Omaha; and the Minnesota-North Dakota Annual at the University of North Dakota.

One-man shows have been held at Albion College; the Wesley Foundation, Iowa State Teachers, Cedar Falls; Hennepin Avenue Methodist Church, Minneapolis; and the Wesley Foundation Conference on the Fine Arts at the State University of Iowa.

**C**RANE is essentially an **expressionist** painter; that is, he is more concerned with stating the innermost human emotions, than with the surface, visual

motive

aspects of the world. Techniques, as such, have never been his concern. The content has been uppermost in his mind. He would probably not mind painting with an old stick and his fingers, using cans of dime-store paint on corrugated cardboard. But he realizes that the permanence of art is important and therefore uses the more formal materials.

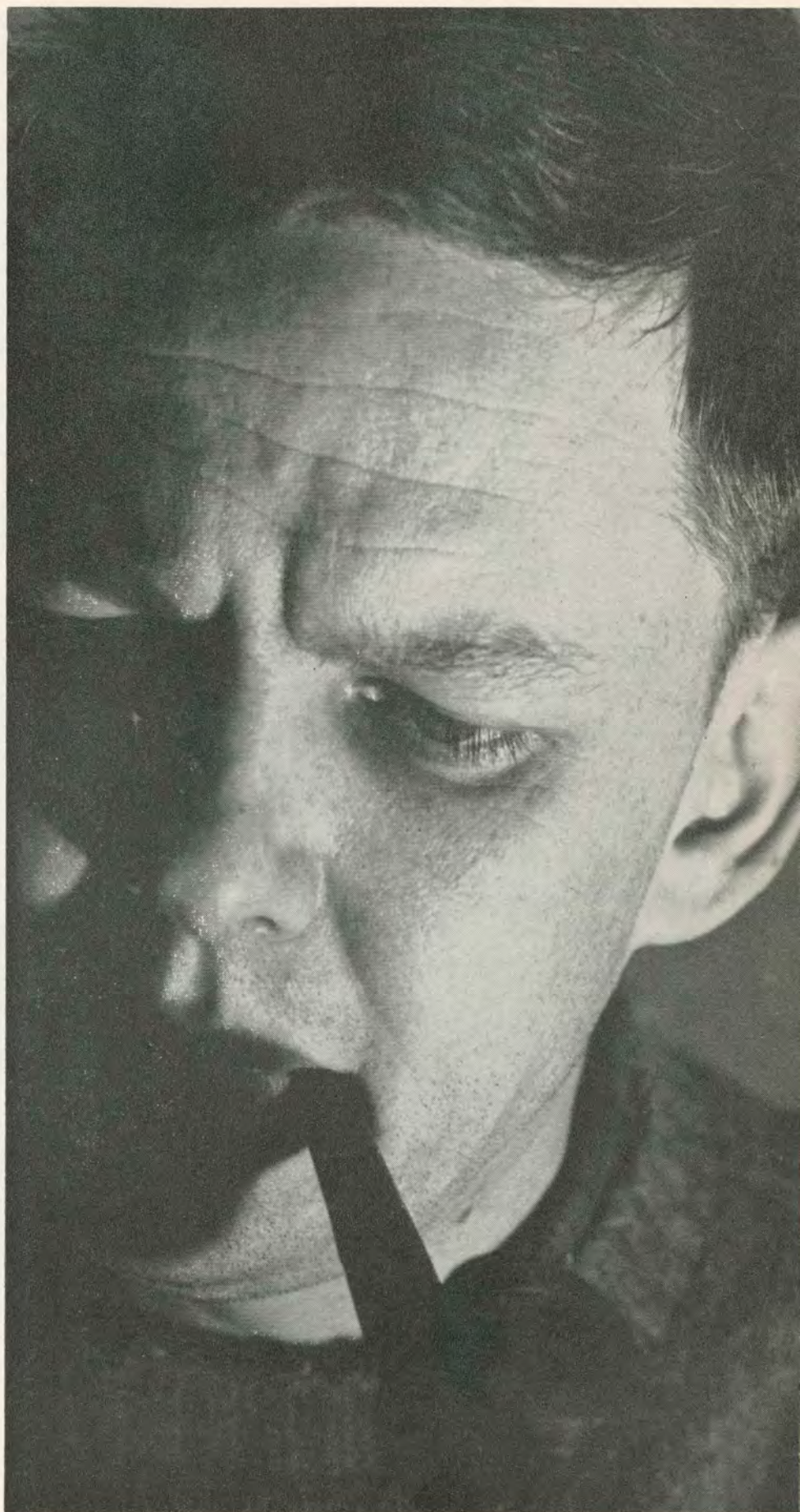
Today, when we have the benefit of the art of all periods of every culture, through the photograph, it is impossible to avoid influences. So if Rouault comes to mind when looking at Crane's painting, don't worry; stained glass is recalled when looking at Rouault's painting. And so it goes. We do not live alone. But, the aim of any serious artist must be to make his unique statement, thereby justifying the Creator's gift of human individuality. Crane is involved in this search.

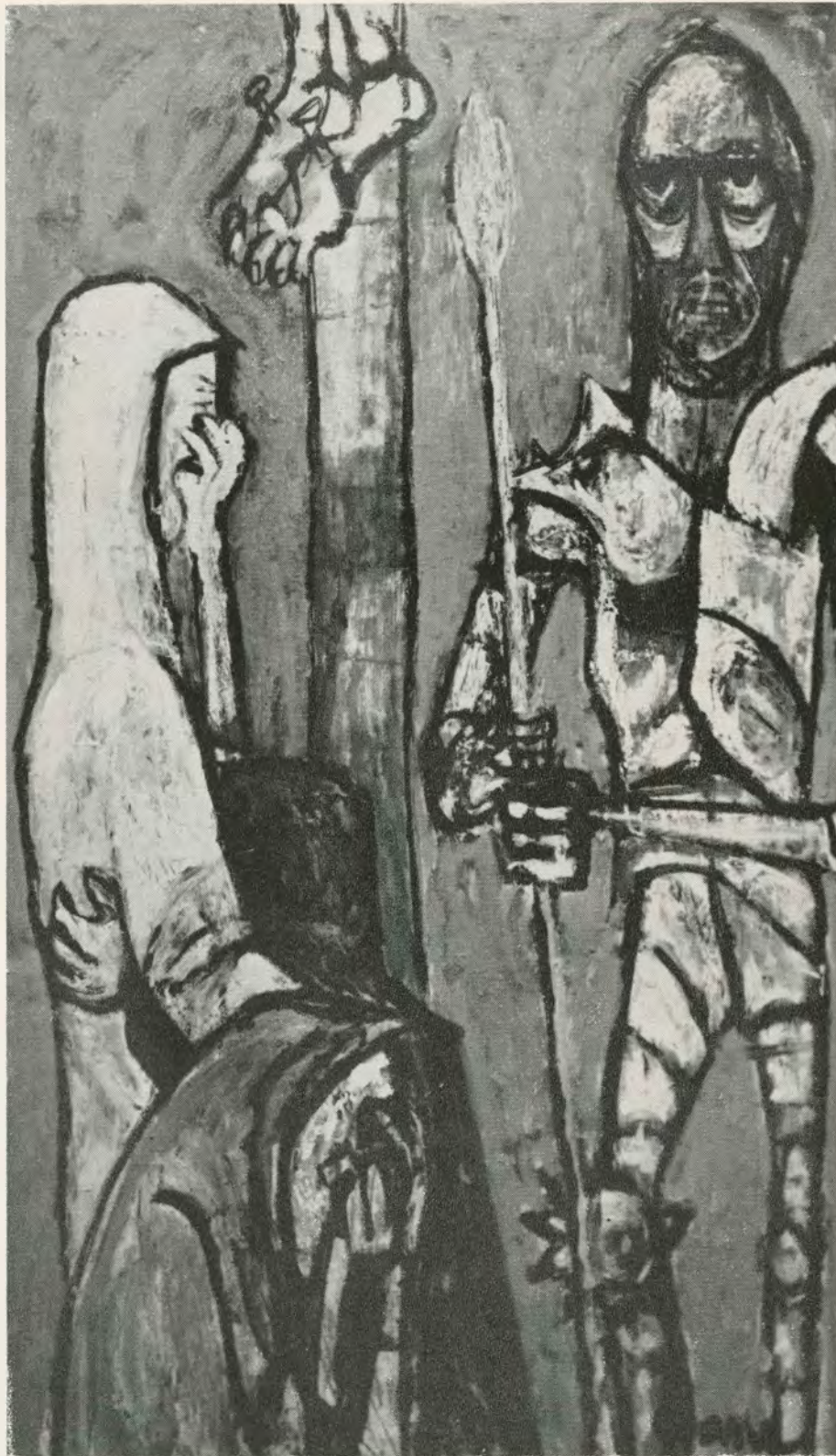
When Crane was in painting classes at Albion he would rush in, arms full of materials, his head bursting with ideas, eager to say what he had to say. One might think this is true of all intelligent, full-blooded young American students. But such is not the case. Some college students have nothing to say and little energy for self-stimulation. In such cases, the teacher must exert stimulation.

But with Crane, the teacher's role has been primarily to observe the explosion of ideas and to be sympathetic with an overt and often frustrating enthusiasm.

Jim has been most fortunate to have an outlet through  **motive** for his creative statements in art. The great need for the opportunity to communicate has been a problem with artists since prehistoric times. In medieval times the church provided the proper situation for artistic communication

(continued on page 17)





CRUCIFIXION, oil, 1955-6, collection, Wesley Foundation, Iowa  
State Teachers College, Cedar Falls, Iowa.

*Sorrow and vicious force, the passive and the active are contrasted in this interpretation of the theme. Cause and effect, rather than the fact itself, are depicted.*

while during the Renaissance the wealthy patron, such as the Medici, did it. Today, in an age of scientific materialism, industry and commerce may be the chief patrons, directly or indirectly, along with the educational institution, as sponsor of the artist so he can earn a living and continue independent creative endeavor. So it is good to see the church-related **motive** differ from its sometimes vacuous companions and become the promoter of creative art and thus give the artist the means for communication which are so vital to him.

In preparation for this article, Crane was asked to list the major decisions which he had made since high-school days. This would be a tough assignment for anyone, but Crane has stated a personal credo "after reams of paper, quarts of ink and much bifocaled introspection."

**H**ERE it is:

"I am, I think, a reasonably happy person. Life has been good to me. I love my family. I have friends and a good work to do. I have an opportunity to realize some of my potential as a human being. I am one of the lucky ones.

"This is not justification for living in a fool's paradise. I know wrenching conflicts, pain, anxiety and, at times, gnawing doubt. Who can live in this world with his eyes open and not know these things? 'Crucifixions' take place every day. The Demonic often seems more powerful than the creative and good. With life comes the possibility of the  
(continued on page 24)

*Crane is fascinated by the city. He sees it as a poetic maze and also something fearful, like the Towers of Babylon. We are torn beneath the idea of a prison and a citadel.*



TOWERS AND REFLEXIONS, oil, 1958-9.



JEREMIAH, bronze, 1957.

*The prophet here seems to invoke the wrath of God on man and his sinful ways.*

*Death, the inescapable, is as poignant in a crustacean as in any other form of life. This could be the "Lamentation of Christ."*



DYING CRAB, oil, 1958.

*Again the enigma of life symbolized by the  
eternal mystery.*

*The vertical is always the spiritual and  
prophetic form.*



GREAT WAVES, oil, 1958-9.

*The unknown mysteries of the sea; the  
fathomless depths of the human soul.  
Is there a difference?*

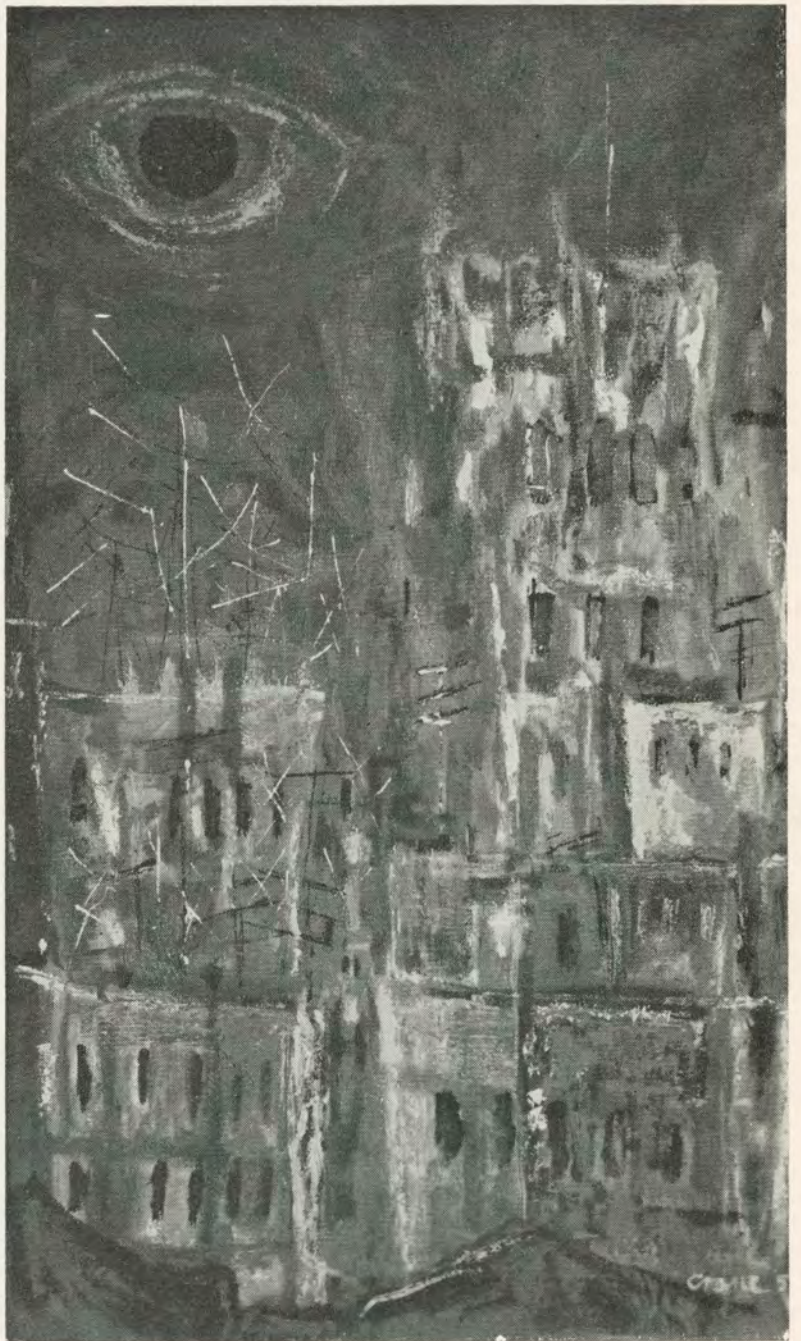
HEAD OF A  
PROPHET, (



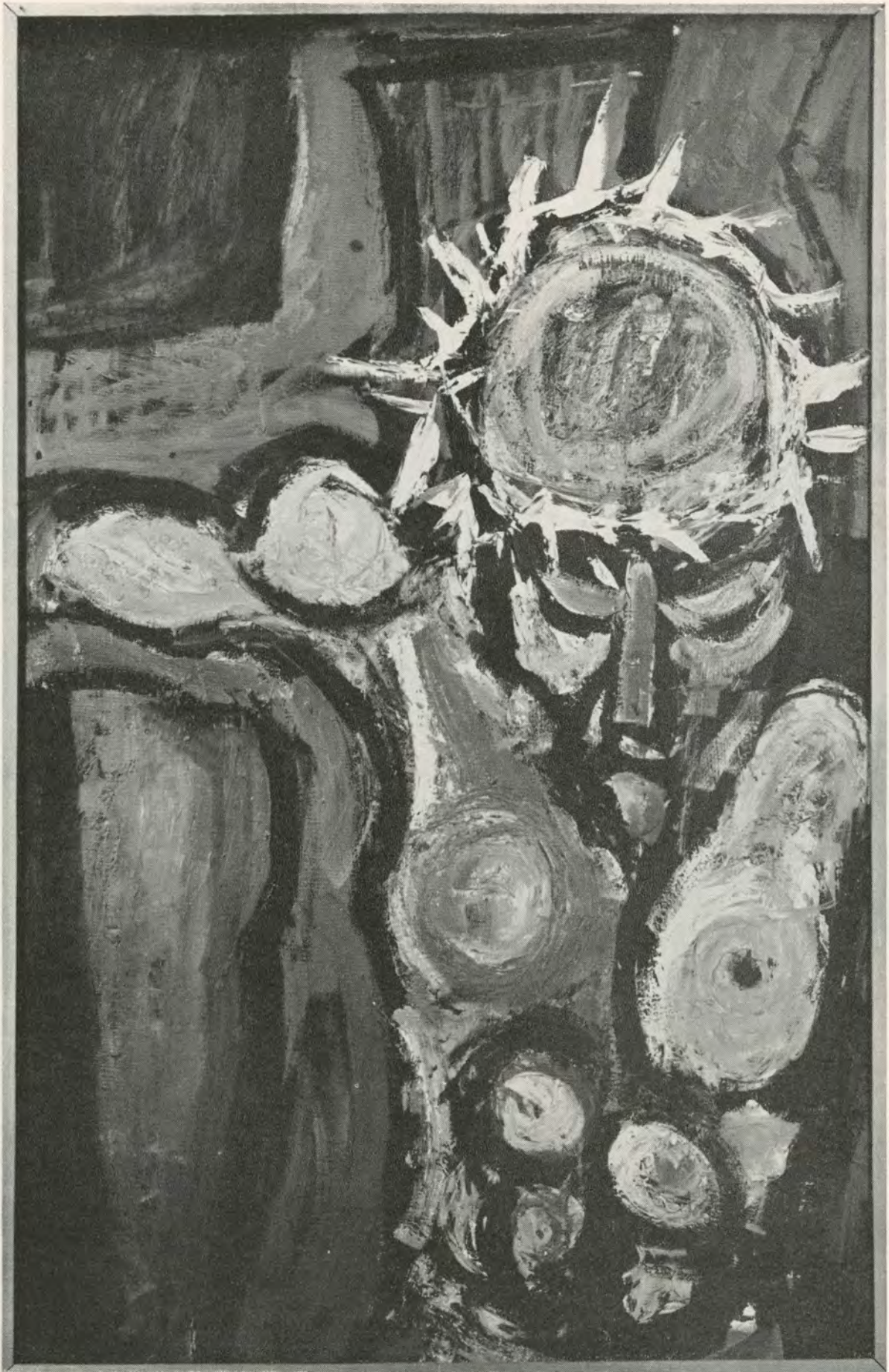


WOMAN, (right) birch, 1953.  
(left) walnut, 1952.

*Men huddle together in brick and stone  
huts under a supernatural sun, but  
the antennae are bristling with a message.*



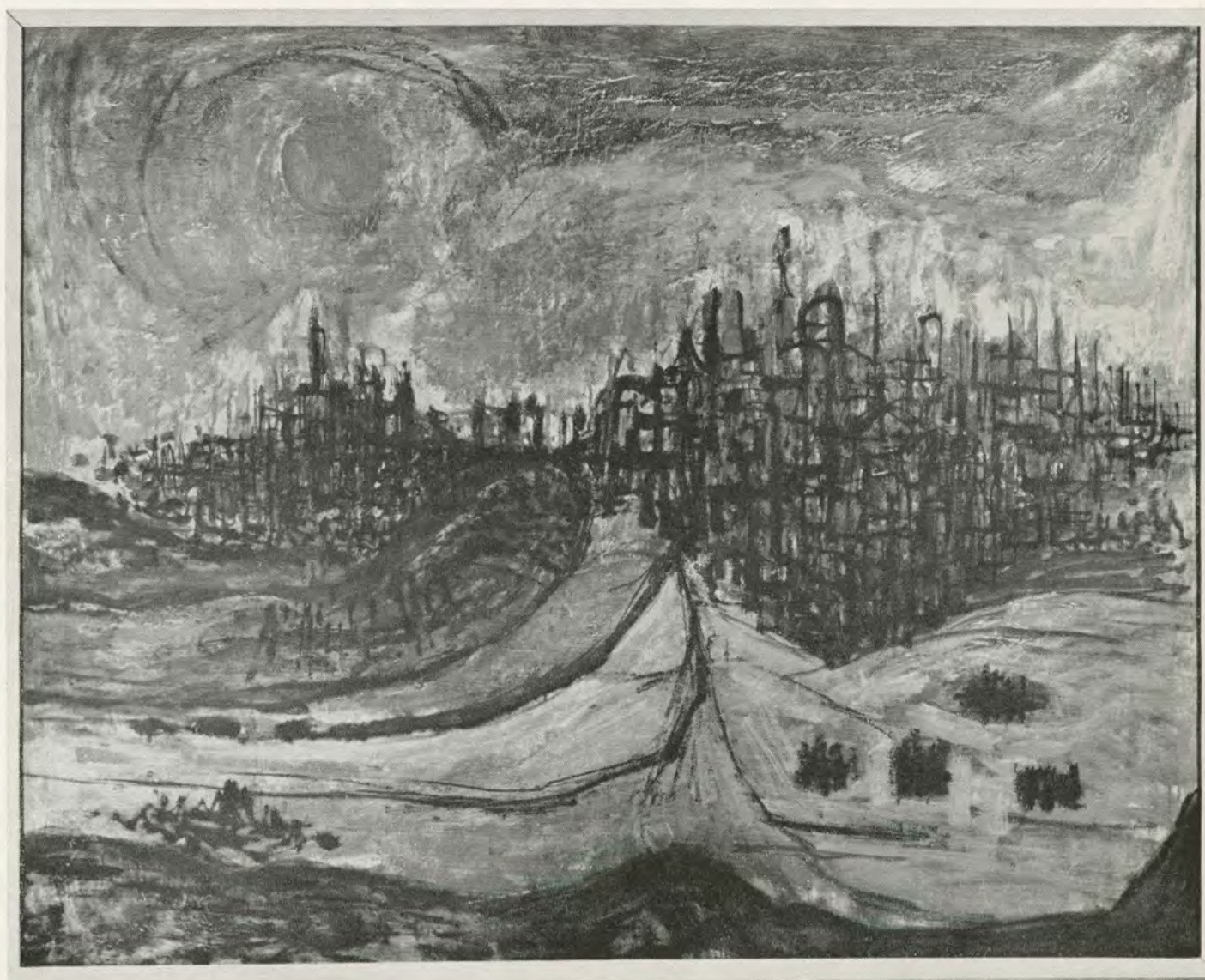
CITY IN THE AUGUST SUN, oil, 1954.



CARRYING THE CROSS, oil, 1958.

*Why does a young American paint this subject?  
You will have to find your own answer.*

*The dark, pulsating vibrations,  
attracted to each other like tacks to a  
magnet, grow out of the land,  
under the watchful eye of the sun.*



VIEW OF A CITY, oil, 1956-7.

tragic. Anyone can be called to play Job.

"The artist who gives form and meaning to these things is only speaking the truth and we know it. To reject the whole category of symbols is to reject a part of life and a major portion of the Christian faith. The critic, and I don't necessarily mean professional critic, who would resolve the problem by suppressing the symbol has lost contact with reality.

"I mention the tragic because I am not afraid of tragic themes. I am, in fact, drawn to them because they contain some of the mystery of existence. That is what really concerns me, and most artists for that matter . . . the mystery at the core of life.

"Ultimately then, art for me is a search for meaning. I know that life is short, much too short, and that no one has come quite this way before. Art is a deep element in my own religious odyssey."

*Blood and fire—the core of existence—are involved and insistent.*

*The city is a web through which passion burns with unceasing violence.*



FIRE IN THE ANCIENT CITY.



BURNING BUSH, oil, 1958-9.

March 1960

# gadflies

# wanted

BY KERMIT EBY

**T**HERE are many questions that even a professor can't answer!

During the presidential campaign of 1956, a student of mine came to see me in my office. She was troubled and we talked. What she said was essentially this:

I'm twenty-three years old. Being twenty-three does not usually carry with it too much significance in and of itself, but this year this is not the case. For being twenty-three this year means that for the first time I can vote for a President of the United States.

Ever since I entered school it has been impressed upon me that one of our most valuable freedoms is this right to exercise our choice for the kind of government that we want in power and the kind of men that we want to represent us. Not only is this our right, but it is also our responsibility, as citizens, to make our voice heard, our preference known. So I look and listen and I try to make my choice. But the more I look and listen, the more I wonder how much choice there is to be made.

I am a registered Democrat, but I honestly must admit that it is more from necessity than from inclination. One can't very well be a registered member of a party that does not exist. I feel more in sympathy with the tradition of the Democrats, but still feel that there is so much lacking, so much more that could be said, so much more that could be affirmed. But where? How? I feel somehow that I am being robbed of my freedom—of my right to choose. I feel that I am not given the facts. I don't see any real discussion of those issues which are most basic, most real.

I know that Robert M. Hutchins, in the introduction to his latest book, said, "I still cherish the view that the independent individual is the heart of society, that his independence is his most precious attribute, and that discussion is the essence of democracy." But where is the place for the individual and how much discussion do we really have?

Her point was well taken. Where today can one really practice his citizenship? One of the most startling facts in our country today—shown up more clearly in presidential election years—is that for the first time in our history there is the lack of any place in our political life for the otherwise-minded. There is no party of reform, no party of dissent, no means through which those of opposing political beliefs can work for that in which they believe. Such forces as the Populist Party of the late nineteenth century, Teddy Roosevelt's Bull Moose Party, La Follette's Progressive Party, Debs' Socialist Party, La Guardia's American Labor Party—all have disappeared from the American political scene.

Today there is no recognized protest group through which those differing in approach and concept can add their voices and affirm their beliefs. Political campaigns have come to be based more and more on personalities; issues are kept more and more in the background. We are asked to choose between Stevenson's eloquence and Eisenhower's smile; a Harriman and a Rockefeller, more alike than different and both multimillionaires by inheritance; and such party-trained politicians as Nixon, Truman, and others. Are the platforms for the two parties so different as to make them the basis of decision? If they were, would there be such a need for the concentration on personalities? One party stresses balancing the budget and the other wants more money for military purposes. What moral choice does a man have? What choice does a moral man have?

**T**HIS concentration of attention on personalities seems to be fundamentally escapism. Personality differences have come to be accepted as

party differences. There has developed a great fear of facing the issues involved. Eisenhower has been called the "Great White Father," sometimes in jest, and sometimes in all seriousness; this re-creation of the father image personality is identified with national symbols by which he, and thus we, are smiled upon. Years of "peace and prosperity" are what we expect and accept as our due. Where Roosevelt was liked, loved and hated as a human being—as a man—Eisenhower has transcended humanity; he is outside of criticism. He represents the maturity of the middle class. If we live right, rewards will be both tangible and now. We are God's special charge. God has become "the man upstairs" by whom our conventional religiosity is accepted. Can anyone deny that we have fallen short?

Fewer *issues* are dealt with today, perhaps because so many of the real issues are too explosive to be discussed. A political party that would deal with issues would have to realize that economic choices are moral choices; not how much we spend but what we spend it for.

Among the issues that should be discussed is the over-all state of the American economy. What does it mean in our relations to the world and in our relations to the domestic economy? Have defense expenditures become a stabilizer—a sort of built-in gyroscope—for our economy? How much defense spending is done in the fear of making a transition from a wartime to a peacetime economy? Can this transition be made without another disastrous depression? (Even

some unions have asked for government contracts to offset unemployment!)

I would also like to have a real discussion on the impact of modern corporations, especially the big and powerful ones like U. S. Steel and General Motors, on our country—not only economically, but culturally and spiritually as well. And I suppose this goes for big unions too. What are the effects of the monopolistic position of such big corporations to our total economy? How big is big enough? Is the bureaucratization of unions a result only of their own internal workings? Or is it also due to the nature of those companies with which they must deal? What happens to the worker when he pickets only symbolically?

We have steel strikes. Industry says the issue is "inflation"—but what about prices, automation, unemployment? The consumer public has been conditioned to accept the fact that a steel strike will affect steel prices, which in turn will affect automobile prices. It is thought to be inevitable. But is it really? There seems to be no concern or concept of the possibilities of controlling these trends through voluntary action. Walter Reuther once demanded that wages must be looked at in their relationship to prices and profits; that the profit picture should determine the wage structure. That demand seems to have been forgotten. The steel strike exemplifies it.

**W**HAT is the relation of consumer expenditures to the debt structure? Capital expenditures are expanding, yet consumer purchases are declining and personal debt has increased alarmingly. Short-term loans have now reached a total of 38 billion dollars. Today no one questions the price but rather wonders whether the payments can be met.

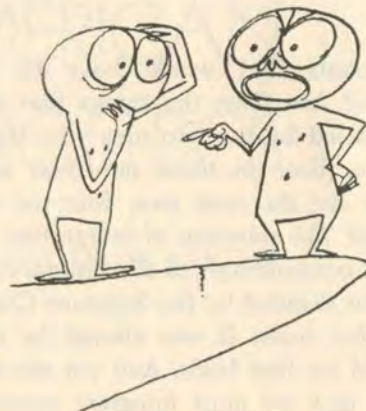
In the Bible there is a concern about usury, about its immorality. There was the belief that there should be a limit on the amount you make on the other fellow's necessity. Today

there is no such concern and interest rates are fantastically high. What does this do to the people involved in terms of human pressures? What happens to a man whose salary is already spent before he has earned it? How much is left of the man? We seem to have forgotten that in Germany it was inflation that gave Hitler a selling point and that it is inflation that threatens now so many European countries.

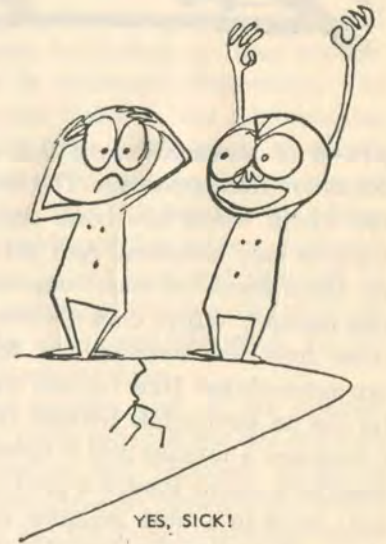
Also, there are moral issues and value questions concerning the changed agricultural scene caused by the technological evolution. Farms today are little more than industrialized sources of food. This in turn presents

the question of the size of our cities. How big do we want them? And what problems are involved in controlling their size if that is deemed desirable? What do we mean by a way of life? What is the American way of life at this point? How far have we moved toward the goals set before us by our forefathers? Or do we even want the same goals? If we don't—in what direction do we want to move? These are the larger issues. On these our concern should be vested and our energies, at least partially, expended.

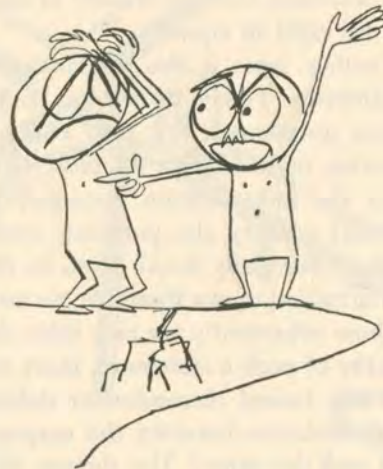
But how many of our concerns are self-determined? What part do the hucksters play in determining those things about which we care? None of us can possibly underestimate the



YOU'RE MORBID, PESSIMISTIC



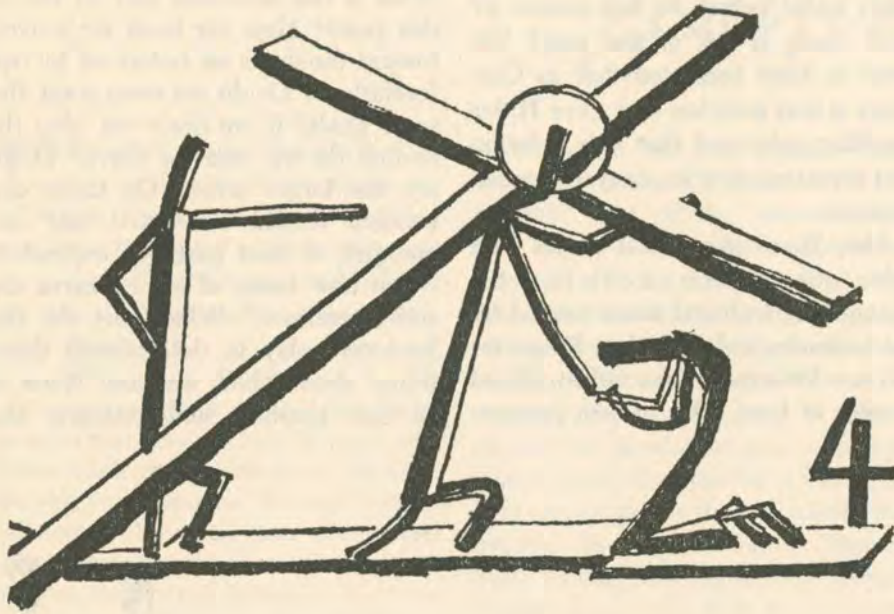
YES, SICK!



WHAT'S EATING YOU?  
YOUR LIFE'S OK ISN'T IT?



WELL, MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT



powers of accomplishment that mass communication possesses. The face of the whole world has been changed since its very inception. And yet how are these means of mass communication utilized? Where does the demand come from, for instance, for American automobiles? How big and powerful can an automobile become before it becomes a menace and a threat instead of a means toward a productive end—be it in a work situation or for pleasure? And is the fact that there are more appropriations for roads than for schools an outgrowth of this? Is there even any concern whether it is or not? Are our concerns as easily manipulated as our tastes in cars or clothes? And if they are, is this a state that we would wish to perpetuate?

**A**NOTHER issue, one of the most explosive facing our country today, is integration. It has been so nebulously handled by both parties that we never see its real implications. What will integration mean in our total picture—economically and socially? What does it mean when taken out of terms of expediency and put into moral terms? What are the ad-

justments that would have to be made? Are these the things that are discussed by the two men who want us to place in them our trust and faith for the next two, four, or six years? The question of integration is, most outstandingly of all, a moral one. It was decided by the Supreme Court on that basis. It was viewed by the world on that basis. And yet we are told that we must integrate because of our "reputation." I still hope, however, for some person, some party, which will affirm, in our Judeo-Christian tradition, the universality of man and his right to equality.

Another issue is the militarization of America. Today its wisdom is no longer questioned. But is it really a situation in which we all must live? Must the militarization necessary to national security also permeate every facet of our daily lives? Even to the militarization of our thoughts, no matter how vehemently we may deny the validity of such a statement. Have we had any honest discussion or debate on the relation between the corporation and the army? The danger that America faces today from new weapons and means of destruction never

known before? We cannot continue to be treated as children, protected from the facts, and still be expected to assume adult responsibilities in political life. It is the age-old choice between being a man or a mouse. And yet it has come to where we must demand our manhood and not just assume that we have it.

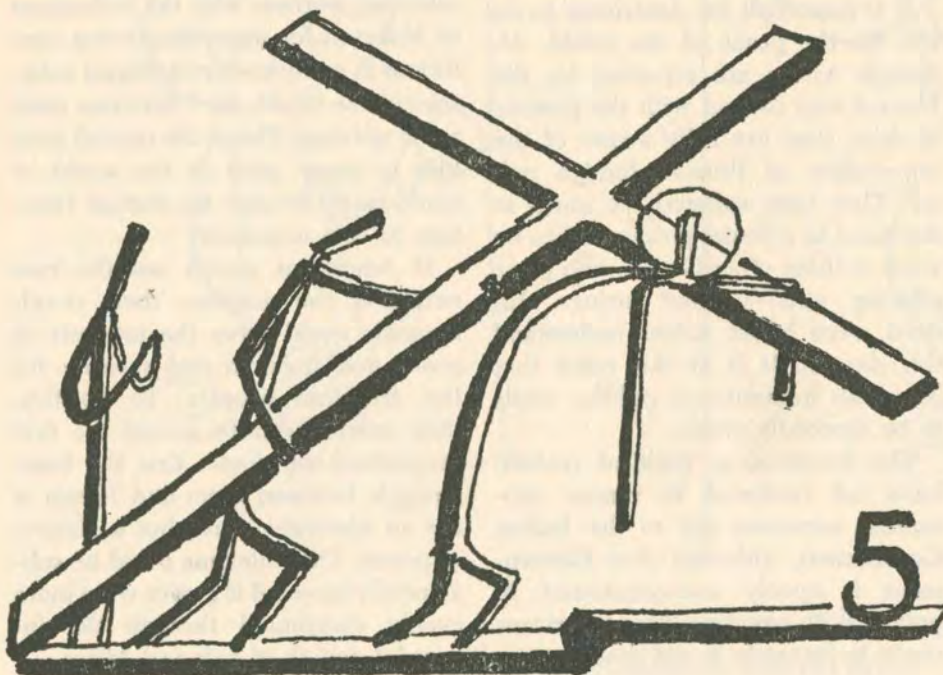
**F**OREIGN policy, militarization, integration, inflation, unemployment—the most important issues of all to the American people and the ones on which we have been most defeated. We must know about these things. We must know so that we can, each one of us, make our own personal and moral choices. We must not be forced to back into positions either because of shortsightedness or from lack of necessary information. We must accept that in a nation whose government is based on the free choice and preference of its governed body, that body must know on what it is deciding.

We talked, my student and I, for a long time. We sought answers and found none. We'll keep on seeking, and when we find the answer we'll sting the complacent into action.



# AN ASIAN CHRISTIAN LOOKS AT AMERICAN POLITICS

BY BRYAN DE KRETZER



THERE have been many instances of Americans visiting Asia and reporting on the Asian political scene after a stay of a few weeks, so perhaps one does not have to apologize for what follows. A few weeks' stay in the United States would appear to make any political analysis extremely amateur in character. On the other hand, as an Asian, one is at the receiving end of American aid and American policy, and this is, in effect, an attempt to examine American policy from the Asian angle.

The most obvious comment a visitor must make on the American political scene concerns the Marxist bugbear.

For ten years or more Americans have been conditioned to believe that Marxism is the ultimate evil and must be destroyed. This is now so much a part of the American way of thinking that to try to ask that the international situation be looked at from another angle is extremely hazardous. The American belief in the righteousness of their cause is so much related to the need to destroy the demon of Marxism that it is hard to get objective thinking on this subject. Although this task is not easy and although he who endeavors to unmask this myth will be easily misunderstood, yet the task has to be done.

The primary fact of the international order today is not the problem of freedom and Marxism. It is the problem of *power* between the United States and the Russian peoples. Power is necessary in a world of sinful men, yet power always becomes a dilemma precisely because men are sinners. Few political leaders face up to the dilemma of power as it faces us, for instance, in conversations on the control of nuclear force. Most of them tend to attribute wrong moral motives to the *other* party. This is the cheap and easy way of political propaganda.

In any case, there would be a greater realism in politics, if political men saw that the essential problem is created by fear and anxiety on both sides and that with the best will in the world we cannot escape from the dilemma of power. Perhaps this fact would be more easily recognized if we saw that even if the Russians all

went "democratic" or the Americans became Marxist, the problem of power as between these two countries would remain.

In the second place, Americans must come to see that the "American Revolution" to which Vice-President Nixon has called attention is not the capitalistic nature of her economy but the concern for man, for the freedom and social improvement of man. The true genius of American democracy is this instinct for justice and the worth of individual man. Capitalism is only the outward garment which this inner spirit has worn. The mistake of America is that she has tried to sell capitalism or that to some extent she has made a too-close identification between the inner spirit of her democracy and the outer habits which this spirit has taken on the American continent.

The American nation does have the priceless spirit of freedom to offer the world. Much of the world, especially parts of Asia and Africa, cannot imitate for several reasons the capitalistic pattern which freedom took in this country.

If Americans come to understand the real nature of their own Revolution, they will identify themselves much more readily with the social revolutions which are now sweeping through Asia and Africa.

Whatever names these peoples may adopt to give expression to their fundamental urge to social justice and freedom—and sometimes they call it "leftist" or Marxist—the spirit of these revolutions is in accord with the spirit of the American Revolution. If Americans understood this fact, they would be much more ready to encourage and cooperate with these revolutionary movements in Asia and Africa today.

Because of the era of colonialism, an era in which the American peoples are the least guilty of all Western powers, and for many other economic and social reasons, it does not appear likely that Asia and Africa will reproduce the kind of capitalistic economy characteristic of the American peoples. On the contrary, it does appear



more than probable that they will use the tool provided by Karl Marx to hammer out a new economic order for the underprivileged peoples of the world.

Anyone sensitive to the Asian scene must realize the significance and growth of leftist parties over the last few years. The ideology of Marxism appears to provide an emotional overtone which is needed to awaken the masses from their centuries of lethargy. American politicians would become more realistic if they recognized this fact and sought to come to terms with it.

It is important for Americans to do this for the peace of the world. Although Asians are attracted by the Marxist way to deal with the poverty of Asia, they are fully aware of the imperialism of Russian foreign policy. They have suffered too much at the hand of colonial powers not to be wary of these other Greeks who come offering gifts—without strings. Indeed, even leftist Asians understand this danger. It is at this point that American international politics needs to be especially viable.

The Russians, as political realists, have not hesitated to render substantial economic aid to the Indian Government, although that Government is openly anti-communist in policy. With equal realism, Americans ought to be ready to aid governments

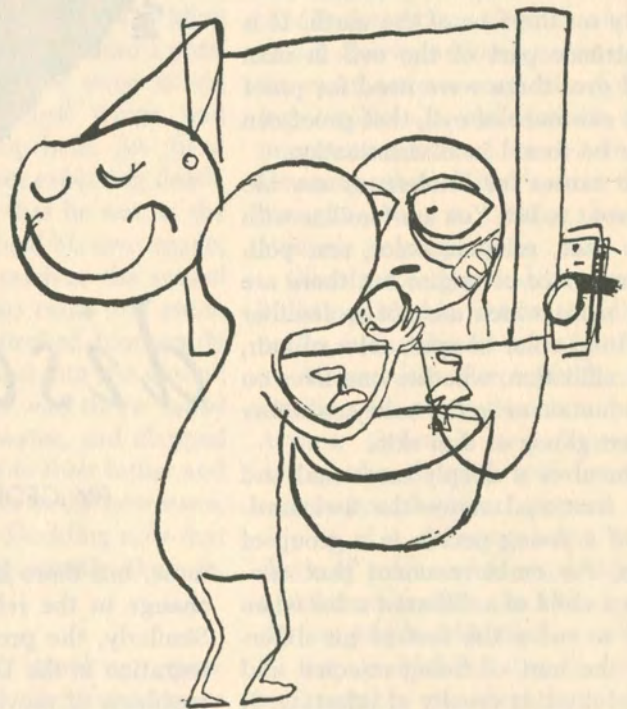
which have a Marxist ideological tendency. Americans should see that these governments will not necessarily toe the Russian line—Tito is the obvious European example—unless the Americans compel them to do this.

The American economy is so self-sufficient that it does not need either to exploit other countries for raw material or to sell its produced goods abroad. In any case, more and more the pattern of international trade takes place on a government-to-government level, where the capitalistic or socialistic structure of the government is an irrelevance. American economic aid to African or Asian countries, irrespective of the character of their economy, will prevent them from becoming dependent on Russian economic aid only.

It will also enable the peoples to raise their standards of living without having recourse to the extreme hardships which have been imposed on many Marxist countries in order to help them keep pace with the development of the Western democracies. This aid will prevent the governments from taking the line of totalitarian bureaucracy. It could prevent the development of inhuman treatment of peoples to serve the industrial drive.

WITH the demon of Marxist ideology the Christian must wage unrelenting warfare; with the techniques of Marxism for improving living conditions in many underdeveloped countries of the world, the Christians must come to terms. This is the factual position in many parts of the world; it could easily become the factual situation in Asia tomorrow.

If Americans search out the true nature of the situation, these developments could serve the interests of peace and freedom and security for the American peoples. To do this, they would need to accept the first proposition we made: that the basic struggle between them and Russia is not an ideological one, but a conflict of power. That dilemma could be substantially lessened if power were more evenly distributed through the industrial growth of Asia and Africa.



Crane

HELLO WORLD, HELLO SELF.

**D**ISCRIMINATION, intolerance of one person or group for another, is certainly nothing new in our world. It has been rooted deep in humanity ever since our species first roamed the earth 100,000 years ago; and before that there is every evidence that it existed in the animal kingdom. It has been with us always and it has been present in virtually every human community on the face of the earth. It is an intrinsic part of the evil in man and if ever there were need for proof of the existence of evil, that proof can surely be found in discrimination.

The causes for intolerance are too numerous to list. You are familiar with some: race, religion, color, sex, politics and place of origin; but there are many more which are not so familiar including: color of eyes, color of hair, tribal affiliation, whether one lives on the mountain or in the valley, whether one has glossy or dull skin.

It involves a deeply emotional and often irrational state—the awkwardness of a young person in a group of adults, the embarrassment that confronts a child of a different color when made to suffer the fact of his difference, the hurt of being rejected and the debilitating cruelty of rejecting. It is something quite beyond the physical and the tangible—a young man and woman happily taking a walk through a city park when yelled at by a group of boys who insult them because of their race or their creed or their color. The walk remains the



# *discrimination*

BY GEORGE C. LODGE

same, but there has been a complete change in the relationships involved. Similarly, the problems of school integration in the United States are not problems of moving students or their desks from here to there. They are personal, human problems of ignorance, fear, education, understanding and love.

Discrimination is part of the intimate nature of man. It crops out even in the best of us from time to time

whether we admit it or not. It is the bully in us. It is that which makes some want a big shiny car; some membership in a swank country club to which others cannot obtain membership; some a house in a particular section of town; others expensive clothes his neighbor cannot afford. It is the student crying taunts at his fellow in Little Rock; the Brahmin turning from the touch of his brother. It is part of the beast in us.

you could not have forgotten the story of the swan's egg that somehow was placed into the duck's nest, and when hatched produced a most ugly little duckling. When the mother took her newly hatched brood into the duck yard, the other ducks said, "Fiel How that duckling yonder looks; we won't stand that!" And one duck flew up at, and bit him in the neck. "Let him alone," said the mother; "he does no harm to anyone." "Yes, but he's too large and peculiar," said the duck who had bitten him; "and therefore he must be put down." So it went the first day; and afterward it became worse and worse. The poor Ugly Duckling was shunted about by everyone; even his brothers and sisters were angry with him, and said, "If the cat would only catch you, you ugly creature!" And the mother said, "If you were only far away!" And the ducks bit him, and the chickens beat him, and the girl who fed the poultry kicked at him with her foot. Eventually, after escaping from the farm and finding discrimination from a wide variety of other animals and humans, the Ugly Duckling came to a big estate, and found a pond with many swans. These came sailing down with outstretched wings, and the Ugly Duckling bent his head down upon the water expecting death. But what was this that he saw in the clear water? He beheld his own image; and lo! it was the same as the swans! And the other swans came and swam around him, and stroked him gently with their beaks. And into the garden came little children who threw bread and corn into the water, and clapped their hands and ran to their father and mother who fed cake to the new swan, no longer an Ugly Duckling now that he was with animals exactly like himself.

**H**ISTORICALLY speaking, mankind practiced discrimination to a much greater extent in the Bronze Age than in the Iron Age, and less in each succeeding age up to the present. The early tribes—and even the later ones like the Golden Horde that spilled out of Mongolia—showed their discriminatory outlook in the most

extreme form: they killed on sight. Gradually, however, people did learn to live together in peace, at least part of the time, discriminating against each other in more polite ways and only occasionally taking to the war-path. Throughout the past, however, these polite forms of discrimination between two groups have led to war.

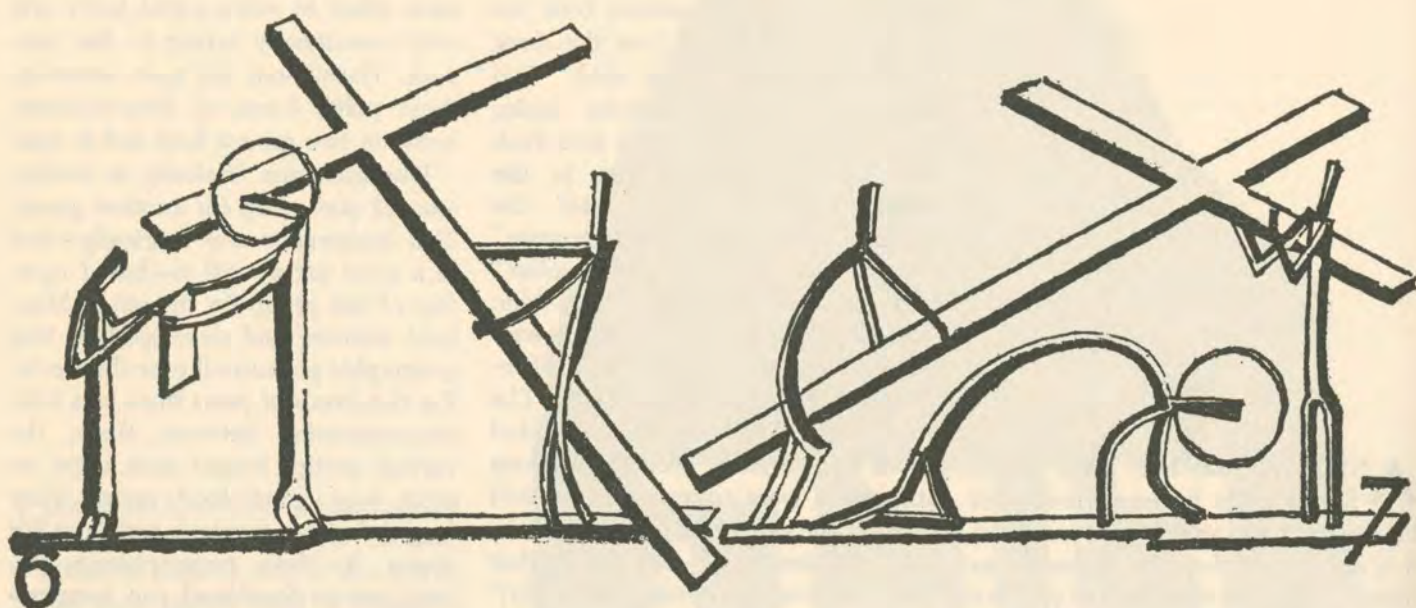
Discrimination basically is intolerance of one group for another group. This intolerance was originally—and to a great extent still is—based upon fear of one group for the other. Mankind evolved and developed in tiny geographic pockets all over the world. For thousands of years there was little communication between them; the various groups fought each other on sight over good food areas. They fought first for survival, and later for power. As these geographically isolated groups developed, sun, temperature, and diet made their skins of different colors and their body and head shapes different from each other. These differences gradually created races, and the contest between these races has caused our most serious type of discrimination. Even in our times, *racial discrimination* has brought out the most extreme methods of displaying intolerance and hatred (death, imprisonment, etc.), as witness Nazi Germany where Hitler's racist theories brought out so many horrifying atavistic impulses.

Closely allied to and in some ways indistinguishable from racial discrimination is that based on color. We see in Africa often fierce discrimination working in every direction between Aryans, Orientals and Negroes. In Africa also there is widespread discrimination between persons whose skin is of a different color, or even shade of color and in some cases even a different texture. In some parts of Africa, people with blue eyes have to be very careful lest they be charged and suitably punished for casting a hex on someone. A blue-eyed individual observed looking intently or curiously at another person who subsequently has a reverse runs the risk of being labeled bewitched.

The rise of various philosophies of life among the geographically isolated

**A**NIMALS that live alone or in family units have no tendencies to discriminate against one another; it is only when they live in herds—as humans do—that they start to practice discrimination. The herd animals—probably due to innate instincts for self-preservation—place great value on alikeness. Let a misshapen or albino wolf be born, or simply let a wolf become lame, and the pack will kill it. The discrimination in the chicken world, as exemplified in their pecking order, is well known. Also lions, which hunt communally in prides, will exclude old, lame, or even badly marked lions from the group, which means very little chance of survival for the excluded lion. Thus the human herds—or tribes as they are sometimes called—placed similar values on alikeness, destroyed children not having the alikeness, and fought all other tribes that were unlike them. Developing man, like the herd animals before him, feared and hated anyone not exactly like himself and his own tribe.

This tendency to discriminate against an animal not quite like his fellows is well illustrated in Hans Christian Andersen's "The Ugly Duckling." This story is the classic on discrimination. Like all fairy stories, it teaches certain basic truths to children, and in this case, by showing how cruel is animal-to-animal intolerance, points the moral that humans should not be similarly intolerant. Although you may not have included Andersen in your recent reading, I am certain



groups also created differing concepts of how life should be lived. Since these ideas often clashed intellectually or emotionally, they led to *cultural group discrimination*.

The efforts of man to communicate with his fellow man within the same geographic pockets led, of course, to the rise of different languages. Not only did this disaster lead to emphasizing differences between groups of men, but blocked efforts at later communication between the groups. Thus we have *language discrimination*. The fact that people who speak one language cannot understand the speech of another people has often led not only to the usual forms of discrimination, but often to war. Even within single language groups, different accents or dialects have led to discrimination. In England, the man with a clipped Oxford accent looks down on the man speaking a Cockney dialect. The German who speaks Hoch-Deutsche despises the Plattdeutsche dialect.

One of the most important types of intolerance is *religious discrimination*. Many religions make a direct appeal or command to believers to discriminate against unbelievers, and to kill

devils who enter bodies of the impure for the purpose of fighting the true religion. Let me quote from Chapter VIII of the *Koran* in which the voice of Allah speaks directly through the mouth of The Prophet Mohammed:

*The basest creatures in the sight of Allah are the faithless who will not believe; those who time after time violate their treaties with you and have no fear of Allah. If you capture them in battle, discriminate between them and those that follow them, so that their followers may take warning. Believers, many are the rabbis and monks who defraud men of their possessions and debar them from the path of Allah! Proclaim a woeful punishment to those!*

Is it any wonder that Moslems then look upon Jews and Christians from a most intolerant point of view? Of course the Bible similarly enjoins Christians to discriminate: "And the Lord spoke unto Moses, saying, 'Vex the Midianites and smite them!'" (Numbers 25:16) In fact, the Bible goes right on to advise discriminating against the Ugly Ducklings who are

slightly different from their fellow men: "And David said on that day, 'Whosoever getteth up to the gutter and smiteth the Jebusites and the lame and the blind, that are hated of David's soul, he shall be chief and captain. Wherefore they said, the blind and the lame shall not come into the house.'" (II Samuel 5:8)

Even some 1500 years after the Sermon on the Mount, Christians were discriminating against each other in bloody fashion because of slight differences in interpretation of this religion. On the 24th of August, 1572, St. Bartholomew's Day in Paris dawned with the frenzied pealing of bells in the tower of St. Gervais near the Louvre, signaling the Catholics to begin massacring the Huguenots, which they did with such dispatch that 50,000 died that day. Protestants in turn have many times discriminated against Catholics with equal vehemence. In the United States, in Salem, Massachusetts, witchcraft trials showed how far religious discrimination can go.

*Nationalistic discrimination* is too much with us to need much discussion. Anyone familiar with our large cities in the days prior to World War

I knows how each new wave of immigrants was first looked down upon, then victimized by the preceding wave. Finally, after immigration to America was greatly reduced by new laws in 1924, all these former immigrants united in a great wave of dislike for all foreigners. The isolationism of long-time Americans was never as intense as that of the recently naturalized.

*Class discrimination* has plagued the human race for many centuries, and the problem is still with us, from Karl Marx' idea that the working class is irrevocably committed to revolutionary struggle with the capitalist class, to the caste system still existing to some extent in India. The institution of feudalism was built on the theory that one class should own all property and rule all people. Gradually, however, a royal class arose which discriminated to some extent against the nobles as well as the lower classes. Some idea of the hatred of the proletarian and bourgeois classes against the royal class can be read in the accounts of the French Revolution which began July 14, 1789, and the Iraqi Revolution which began July 14, 1958.

*Sex discrimination* still exists, though happily this is one form of

prejudice steadily waning. As with other forms of discrimination, a nation's level of civilization may be judged by its absence of discrimination toward women. In ancient Egypt, Babylon, and Greece, the position of women was very high; in some aspects, modern civilizations have not equalled these. The great Roman civilization similarly kept women in a fairly high place, but with the fall of Rome came also the fall in women's status throughout Europe. True, there were gifted individual women who achieved great status, queens like Eleanor of Aquitaine, Marguerite of Navarre, and Elizabeth of England, and a few peasants who rose to great heights such as Jeanne d'Arc, but for the most part medieval woman had only the home or the nunnery in which to achieve satisfaction, although some, like Mme. de Pompadour, found other routes to influence. In America and Europe, women are now little discriminated against, and in most of the rest of the world the status of women is rising.

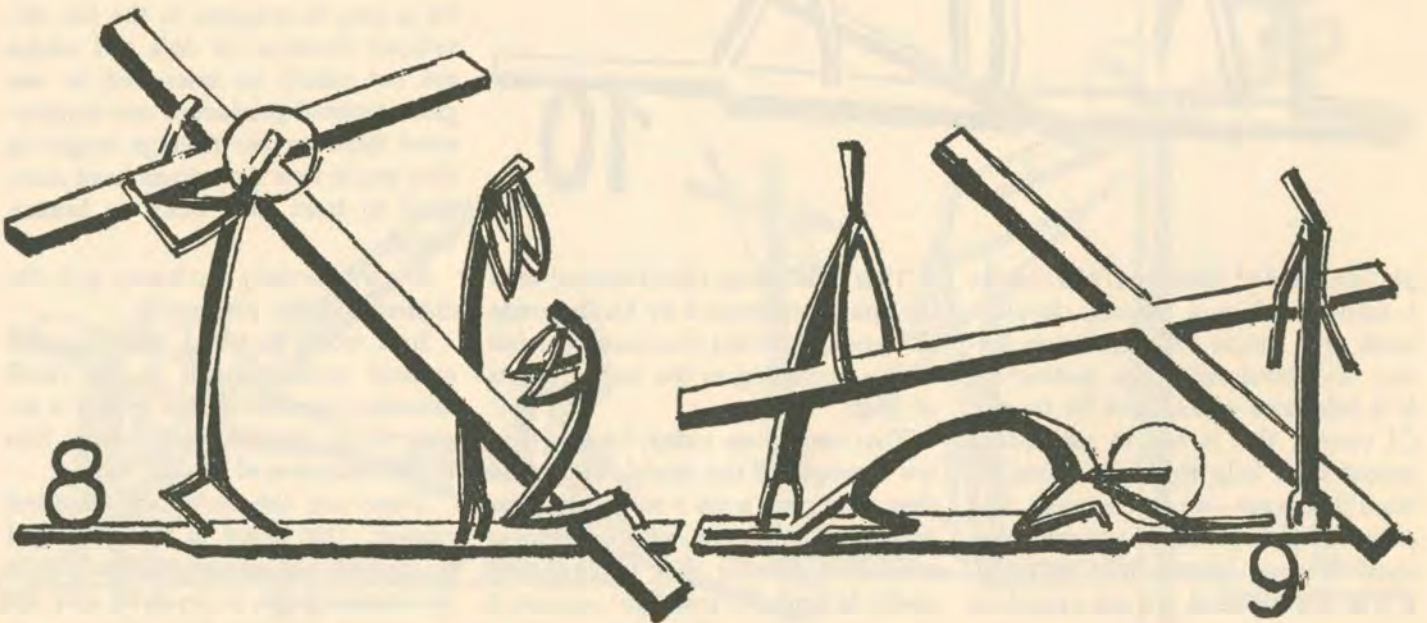
Finally, *political discrimination*, which was once a great plague, is also now fading. In medieval Europe, to even express an opinion contrary to that of the King's could land one in

prison, perhaps get one hanged. The early days of the Labour Party in England were replete with cases of discrimination against their members. But political discrimination is fading fast. In the United States today, the average citizen can hardly even get into a heated argument over politics; Republicans and Democrats continually appoint each other to high offices.

**W**HAT I have attempted to show is:

That discrimination is inherent in all life; that it is an intimate part of the nature of man and animals from the red ants who discriminate against the black ants to the Parisians who discriminate against the provincial French. It arises from an extremely complex body of causes including self-protection and promotion, economic insecurity, fear, envy, bigotry, greed and lust—in short from the evil in man.

That the sentimental gush, perhaps best represented by the song "You've Got to be Taught" from *South Pacific*, which says that children are tolerant and that all intolerance is learned from adults, is pure poppycock. The unfortunate fact is that wherever peo-



else it is a question of education; of the acceptance of understanding and the recognition of the necessity for mutual love and respect.

I hope that this historical exposition showing as it does some progress, will not be misinterpreted as any sort of signal for relaxation. The time has indeed come in the life of the world when its very continuation depends in no small degree upon the ability of man to improve his relationship to man. And, of course, discrimination or intolerance—call it what you will—is at the heart of this relationship. It has become extremely dangerous for everyone that any group should suffer the indignities and torment of the Ugly Duckling.

The time has indeed come in the condition of the world when intolerance must be ended, particularly in our country which is crucially engaged in a great ideological battle between concepts of freedom and individual dignity and concepts of dictatorship and individual meaninglessness.

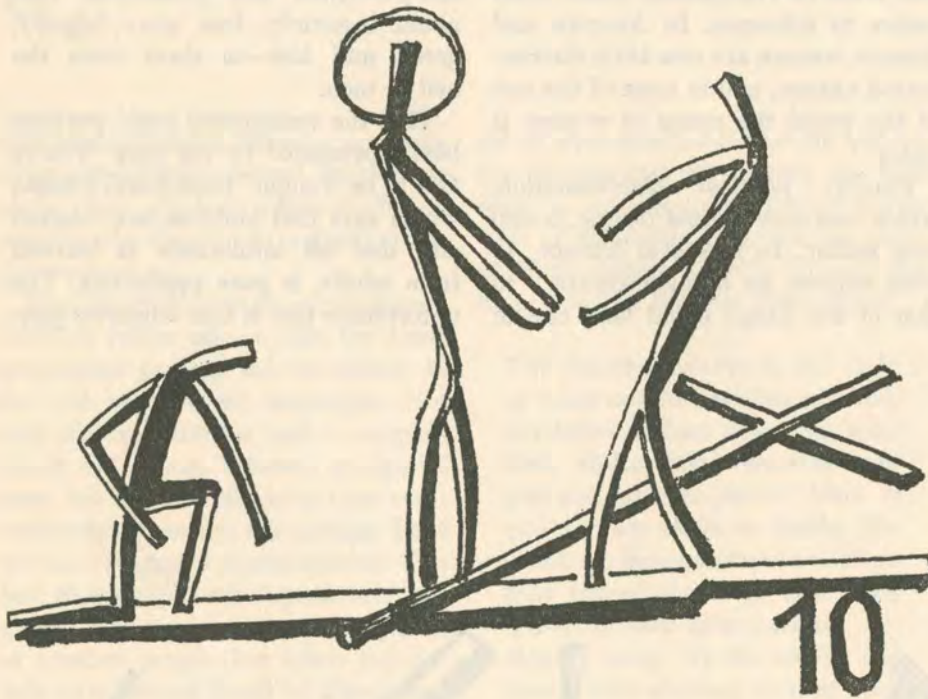
I CAN tell you from conversations I have had at the International Labor Conference in Geneva each year, that our inability to solve our human relations problems weigh far more heavily in the judgment of the world than our ability to create new wealth from our resources.

Those who are eagerly searching for a path to progress in the less developed countries of Asia and Africa are not nearly so interested in our gross national product or our employment totals or our average wages as they are in how Americans have managed to treat each other as human beings.

Are we a society top heavy with the chosen and the preferred?

In a world in which the educated opulent white man is in the small minority, how far do we expect a society to be honored that honors him to the exclusion of others?

These are the questions we must answer. The world is watching and waiting for our answer. We had better understand what is involved and answer right or fail to do so at our peril.

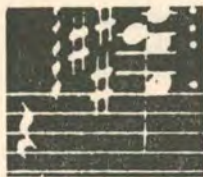


ple are herded together, whether in a school yard or a housing development or a jungle village, discrimination and intolerance are instinctive. It is tolerance which must be taught. Of course, this is not to say that a parent can't help the child along toward tolerance—or intolerance. The point is that we cannot assume tolerance. It must be carefully nurtured. If it is not nurtured, we *can* expect intolerance.

That man's long climb toward civilization is punctuated by his successes in learning to avoid discrimination and to live according to the best precepts of love.

That conditions today, bad as they are throughout the world, are better than they were even a relatively short time ago. Gradually man is learning what this disease that plagues him really is; and the real fight against it is now in progress. More than anything





# MUSIC

in review  
by L. P. PHERIGO

## THE ST. MATTHEW PASSION

This season has witnessed three new versions of Bach's monumental St. Matthew Passion. Since the conductor's conception is the basic key to the performance, his name will be used to identify each version. Karl Richter leads a Munich ensemble on Archive records (the History of Music Division of the Deutsche Grammophon Gesellschaft, issued here by Decca), Mogens Wöldike leads a Viennese group on Bach Guild records, and Fritz Werner leads a group in Heilbronn (Germany) on Westminster records (not to be confused with Scherchen's version, also on Westminster).

The three conductors are in agreement about the work in general. There is nothing startling here, as there was in the earlier version by Scherchen. The tempos are conventional. Occasionally Werner sounds mechanical and seems to be con-

tent to plod along. He's accurate, however, and shows little tendency to romanticize. Wöldike is a very unobtrusive conductor here; the music seems to play itself so well that the listener tends to forget all about the conductor. Perhaps this is the way it should be, but Wöldike tends finally to be *too* easygoing for maximum effectiveness. Richter is the most successful of the three. His direction keeps things moving along better than in the other two versions (without even approaching Scherchen's speed), somewhat like Furtwangler's uncanny ability to sustain interest while spelling out a slow movement in great detail. Richter's classicism is fully respectable, but it is a warm type that is sensitive to the meaning of the music, avoiding both the sentimental extremes of the Mengelberg version (on Columbia) and the no-nonsense "factuality" of Scherchen.

All three orchestras are good. They are small, and instrumental lines are clear and distinct. There is no significant improvement here over Scherchen's orchestra, except in the additional clarity of stereo recording. Perhaps the Munich orchestra of Richter is best, but its solo violinist, Otto Büchner, is not as satisfying as Reinhold Barchet (with Werner) or Willi Boskovsky (with Wöldike).

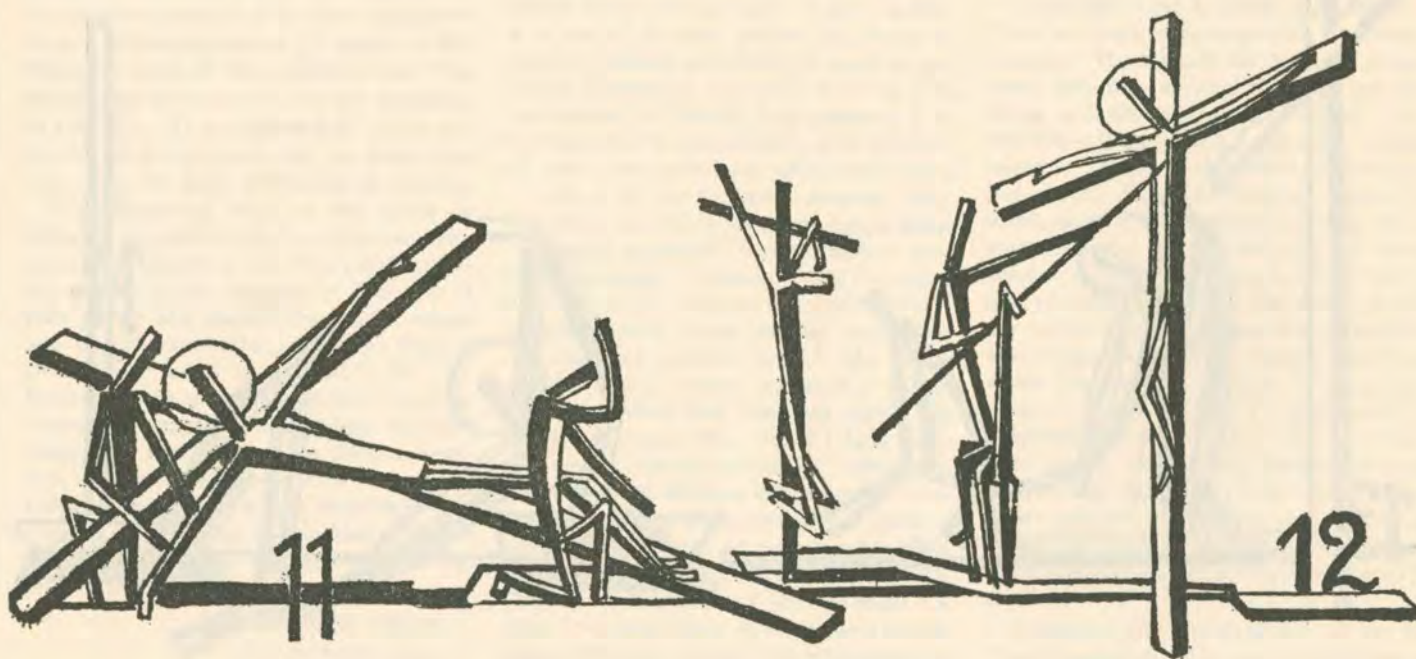
All three versions use the organ to accompany the narrative singers. This is a real disappointment. The harpsichord here (as in Scherchen's and Mengelberg's

version) adds immeasurably to the effectiveness of the singers and will help sustain the older versions against the newer ones. The organ is heavy sounding, and certain notes, especially in the Bach Guild recording, are obtrusive and disconcerting.

The narrative singers carry the first major part of the work. Of these the Evangelist is the most important. All three Evangelists are successful, but none of them sing with the style and sensitivity of Karl Erb in Mengelberg's performance. Erb is truly a great Evangelist, and the old Columbia set is valuable chiefly because of Erb's unforgettable singing. Ernst Haefliger (with Richter) is very fine, however, and Helmut Krebs (with Werner) is only a shade less effective. Uno Ebrelius (with Wöldike) is quite good, but faces too keen a set of rivals. Any of the three, however, is preferable to the weak, occasionally uncertain interpretation of Hugues Cuenod (with Scherchen).

The role of Jesus is very well done by Hans Braun (with Wöldike) and Kieth Engen (with Richter); Franz Kelch (with Werner) sounds like a pious, pompous old man.

The aria-soloists carry a second important block of music. Of the sopranos, none gives a great performance. Agnes Giebel (with Werner) sometimes drags a bit, like a brake on the orchestra. Teresa Stich-Randall (with Wöldike) does



better, but is equally ill at ease in the rapid runs. Irmgard Seefried (with Richter) is the best of the three, but is relatively colorless.

The alto with Richter, Herta Töpper, is also the most successful of the three, without rising to the heights, however. Her voice is rich and full, and she is less plagued with excessive tremolo than the other two, but there are times (as in the most important alto aria, "Erbarme dich") when she is not convincing. Hilde Rossl-Majdan (with Wöldike) has trouble with tone quality in the upper register, and less breath than when she recorded these arias with Scherchen. Renata Gunther (with Werner) forces her low notes, producing unpleasant sounds, and has the most tremolo. None of these come up to the dark, brooding voice of Ilona Durigo (with Mengelberg).

The tenor arias come off well in two versions, because Haefliger (Richter's Evangelist) and Krebs (Werner's Evangelist) sing them. Waldemar Kmentt (with Wöldike) is somewhat intense, and ill at ease in florid passages.

All three basses are good, but Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau (with Richter) is the best, and turns in a memorable performance. His smooth legato style is well suited to this music, and he has no trouble with trills and the like. He's better in the upper range, however, than in the low notes. Walter Berry (with Wöldike) and Hermann Werdermann (with Werner) both have full, ripe voices that give a good account of their arias.

The soloist situation, therefore, leaves Richter's version out front, with the best in each area. Wöldike has only distinctive bass singers, and Werner has only Krebs and Werdermann.

The third part of the musical message is carried by the two choruses. Here, too, Richter's version comes off best. The lines are clear and the parts distinct in all three recordings, but Richter's choruses consistently take precedence. This is where the stereo recording is really worth while. The antiphonal effect of the choirs, in many places, puts the stereo versions in quite a different class from the mono ones, and well justify the extra cost!

In Richter's performance, the Chorale at No. 63 in the score is very effectively repeated (although the score doesn't call for a repeat), being given a *tempo* both times, but first with strength and dignity and then with tenderness. Another irregularity in Richter's choral work is in No. 45, where it sounds to me as if the altos are singing the tenor line.

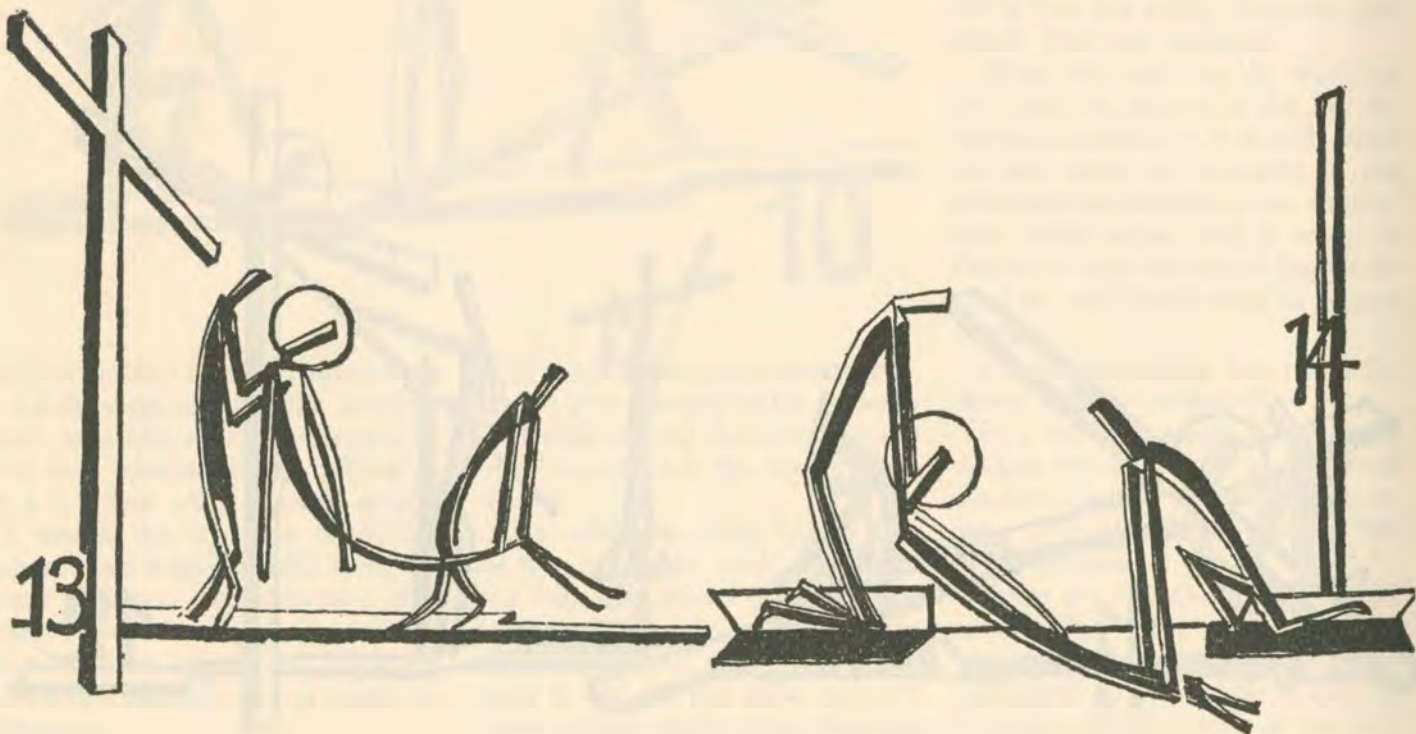
In Wöldike's version the choral forces are separated more completely in the stereo recording than in the other two, but all are quite satisfactory at this point.

On incidentals, the Archive album is the most protective, and offers a very legible German-English text. The best

notes on the music are in Bach Guild album, together with another fine edition of the text. The Westminster notes and text are simply photo-process reproductions of those issued earlier with their Scherchen set, and are the poorest of the three. Curiously, both the Archive and Bach Guild text include a chorale in No. 1 that is not in the score and not in either performance. How did this happen?

All three versions are available in stereo, all present the complete score on four records. Since Bach Guild is charging for three records only, the cheapest stereo version is Wöldike's (at \$17.85); Werner's costs about \$6 more, and Richter's about \$10 more.

In summary, the choice seems to me to lie clearly in Richter's favor. If cost is to be determinative, then save the most and get Wöldike's performance; it's at least as good as Werner's. Best of all is to get more than one version of this great music. The old abridged 78 version with Erb and Gerhard Hüsch is still well worth holding on to; Mengelberg's (also abridged) is important for Erb and Durigo as well as for Mengelberg's occasional insights; Scherchen's for its incisive elimination of the romanticism which weighs so heavily on the Mengelberg version; and now (in stereo) Richter's. Even after these, this music still has much yet to say.



# LETTERS . . .

Gerald H. Anderson ("Motives for Christian Mission," *December*) honestly attempted, I believe, to present within the scope of a brief, informative article the fundamentals of the Christian mission. In doing so he obviously drew on a number of sources, all of which dealt with the topic from varying points of view. Although Mr. Anderson was careful to formulate (on p. 10) the three basic approaches to the theology of the Christian mission, in the second half of his article, while elucidating on his own position (no doubt roughly identical with that of Edmund D. Soper), he appears to have confounded points of view not always compatible with one another. Tillich's statement, e.g., which, as Tillich himself makes clear, stems from the doctrine of the church and the Christian interpretation of history, can hardly be brought in line with the generally accepted notion that God's love for man is the main driving force behind the missionary enterprise.

The history of Christianity did not begin with the Reformation. The "obdurate" position of the Reformers with regard to the Christian mission, however unfortunate, did not render void a number of most astonishing missionary projects during the Middle Ages as well as the missionary expansion of the early Church. In all fairness to John Calvin, the author should have mentioned his support of the Brazil experiment in 1555. While referring to the rise of the German Pietism it would have been fitting to mention the missionary labors and zeal of the Moravians.

Various media of mass destruction do not contribute one iota to the urgency of the Christian missionary effort. The urgency has always been present; it is never dependent on any extraneous causes. To speak, as Mr. Anderson does, of the possibility that "the human race can be lost if it is not reconciled to God" (p. 11) is a theological fallacy unworthy of a man who has no doubt had more than his share of theological training.

The evangelical tenor of the article is strangely contradicted by its more than lame concluding statement that "the fulfillment of the mission is the kingdom of God that is both within and beyond this world; where men live in ethical love, and where there is brotherhood, truth and justice" (p. 11). Aside from the question if at all or to what extent the kingdom of God may be considered the fulfillment of the Christian mission, one may ask whether the author has a clear conception as to the meaning of the kingdom of God. The crudely liberal formulation of the kingdom definitely is not to the author's credit.

—MILOS STRUPL  
nashville, tenn.

I read "The Church and the Beat" (*January*) and was very impressed. Can Christians meet the challenge which the Beat Generation—by its existence—offers? Or will the church remain the popular community center it has become?

—JOY TOWNES  
king college  
bristol, tenn.

## LETTER TO MRS. DAIL

"Young intellectuals?" (Your "Church and the Beat," *January*)

I, too, am interested in the vast amount of literature written from the San Francisco scene. I, too, believe that it is (in some instances) a valid protest against aspects of our society.

But just as at one swing of the pendulum there is Collector of Customs Chester MacPhee; at the other there is you. I won't argue on literary grounds though; here the variable taste enters in.

What I'd like to ask you is this. Do you think it might be possible the majority of the beats are not young intellectuals, but rather people unable to adjust to their civilization (confusing as it might be), and more important too lazy to do anything about it? And I wonder, wouldn't it be fairly easy to conform to nonconformity (maybe even grow a beard!) when one is not too concerned about others? And on the other hand, wouldn't it be difficult to be a PERSON surrounded by grey flannel suits and your eleventh commandment?

Believe it or not, Mrs. Dail, I know some people, considered intellectuals by the way, who have this courage.

—MARY C. BURKE  
hartford, conn.

Hilda Lee Dail's article in the *January* *motive* is not without merit. If nothing else, it is one of the two articles I've found in churchly journals attempting to speak to the matter Christianly. And Mrs. Dail has read the material, no doubt. And pondered it in her heart. For her presentation gives glimpses of both comprehension and penetration.

First, a bit of corrective exegesis. Mrs. Dail flows too nicely from her figure about "scrambled eggheads" into the biblical matter of messianic "brooding." And I'm afraid the upshot of Matthew's account of the brooding Christ would not be "accept(ed) into our own chicken coops." The Christ brooded over Jerusalem, the ripest of the religious, and wept. Not "warming them," not at all. For, "how often would I have gathered you . . . but you would not." Therefore, "your house is forsaken and desolate." This is a warning, not a "warming"—a stricture against the easy pity of the pious for those outside the tents. Not to mention that the Christ both brooded and bled "outside the walls." In these times of dearth and hollow piety, when the witness to it all chooses the

stance of "Outsider," let's not get "cock-sure" and "hen-sure" about who broods where.

Mrs. Dail calls Beats "the disciples of despair," in opposition, I suppose, to the disciples of "brooding love." Then concludes with a call to "beat the Beat Generation." (Over the head?) I squirm to consider which burden I'd rather bear: the burden of despair or the burden of the proud hen's love. Lest I split open trying to choose between them, let me suggest a third understanding of love's victory over despair.

Hear well the word of Albert Camus, showing the irony of despairing: "Even if the novel describes only nostalgia, despair, frustration, it still creates a form of salvation. To talk of despair is to conquer it. Despairing literature is a contradiction in terms." (*The Rebel*, p. 263n.) Or a similar affirmation by the contemporary American philosopher, William Barrett: "To discover one's own spiritual poverty is to achieve a positive conquest of the spirit." (*Irrational Man*, p. 40.)

These are bold affirmations of light in the midst of darkness, and coming from rather unexpected sources. To hold these affirmations Christianity is not to make them less bold and audacious; it is to speak with further boldness.

We are no longer allowed to flaunt our Philistine self-understanding in the faces of the "beat," for among such poverty of spirit shines a light not found in all of pious Israel. That is where I find Mrs. Dail's boast of "beating the beat"—under the guise of an abstract and sentimental version of Christian love. "Love for love's sake" is a tyrannical abstraction. Christian love will never be found over against the poor in spirit, the damned in despair, but rather beneath them, at their feet with no claims or contention.

To say this is not to glorify the "beatnik." There are levels or dimensions of "beatness," I suggest. There would be the social dimensions, with their outward trappings and uniforms and characteristic degrees of "out" and "in." Then there is a cosmic or worldly beatness, shown in the works of literature and art as a feeling of being up against the world, bearing the burden of perilous movement between living and dying, of being creaturely and finite. There is a final dimension of beatness which is the perspective of the varied biblical witnesses. It is an eschatological beatness, a man's posture when he is shown his origin in the light of his destiny or end. It is a poverty of spirit which is "blessed" and acceptable to God, the recognition of Paul that we are "beaten down but not crushed" because of God's mercy to the down and out. So we are not allowed to glorify the "beatnik" in a simple one-dimensional way, without an attempt at analysis in depth.

Concerning the literature and art of the "Beat Generation," I'm sure Jack Kerouac is

needed in Creative Writing 102. But don't forget the pain of sweet song. The poet, as Kierkegaard said, is "an unhappy being whose heart is torn by secret sufferings, but whose lips are so strangely formed that when the sighs and cries escape them, they sound like beautiful music." So men say: "You must sing for us again soon."

What will the Church "do," then? Will it confess its poverty of spirit? Or, "can a camel go through the needle's eye?" How can it speak of and to the "Beat Generation" unless it, too, suffer? With Peter, the Church says of suffering: "God forbid, Lord!" Whatever God does among his chosen ones in the Church, and in this present age, one thing is certain. There will be no simple-minded "beating of the beat" with overbearing sentiment. For, as Paul Claudel asks: "If the salt hath lost its savor, wherewith shall it be salted? *With sugar?*"

—ED ROACH  
duke university  
durham, n. c.

Your magazine has been brought into my office quite often by students, and I think the art work in it is outstanding. Also I think the editorial policy and the articles are very potent for the college student. I want you to know that I appreciate seeing a magazine of this type maintaining a high level of esthetic quality and with the practical insight into problems young people face.

—ALICE WELTY NICHOLS  
head, art department  
ball state teachers college  
muncie, ind.



## contributors

**LAWRENCE LOWELL GRUMAN** and his family moved last August from Fairport, New York, to Missoula, Montana, where he is now pastor of University Congregational Church, adjacent to the campus of Montana State.

**NANCY LAWRENCE** has had a varied career in journalism and public relations. After Cedar Crest College and the University of Pennsylvania, she worked for Philadelphia public relations and advertising firms, was a reporter for the *Inquirer*, then did public relations for the National Council of Churches and the National Lutheran Council. Now she is secretary for publicity, World Council of Churches, Geneva.

**ODESSA S. ELLIOTT** was active in the Methodist Student Fellowship during her four years at Duke, then studied a year at Union Seminary in New York as a Rockefeller Fellow. She did a summer on the staff of the *Christian Century*, and served as assistant editor of *Christianity and Crisis*. After her husband graduated from Union, she "retired" to become a housewife.

**VERNON BOBBITT**, professor of art at Albion College, Albion, Michigan, has been most helpful to *motive* and to the cause of art in the church for many years. He was also Jim Crane's art professor when Jim was in college. At present, Dr. Bobbitt is finishing a new book, *Pocket Guide to the Major Art of Europe*. An area in which he is well qualified to write, having returned to Albion after a year's travel through the museums of Europe.

**KERMIT EBY** is surely known to our readers by now. Professor of social sciences at the University of Chicago, preacher, educator, labor leader, writer, and a real gadfly himself—in a wonderful way.

**BRYAN DE KRETZER** is a citizen of Ceylon, with a B.D. from United Theological College, Bangalore, and a Ph.D. from Edinburgh. He has been a pastor in the Dutch Reformed Church, R.A.F. chaplain, secretary of the National Christian Council of Ceylon, and student Christian movement leader. Now he is

**GEORGE C. LODGE** is Assistant Secretary of Labor for International Affairs. He served four years as Director of Information of the U. S. Department of Labor. A native of Beverly, Massachusetts, and a 1950 graduate of Harvard College. At the age of 32, he has had amazing experience in significant government offices.

on the Federated Faculty, on special two-year appointment, at the University of Chicago.

**LINDSEY PHERIGO** is not on the staff of *motive*, though his frequent appearances as a music columnist have led some to think so. He is professor of New Testament and Early History of Christianity at the National Methodist Theological Seminary, Kansas City. We are indebted to him both for faithfulness in meeting our deadlines and the excellence of what he contributes.

**RICHARD LEE GELWICK** has helped us find good writers, this time contributes an excellent piece himself. He is director of religious activities and executive secretary of the YMCA at Oberlin College, Oberlin, Ohio

### ARTISTS IN THIS ISSUE:

**HARI BERT BARTSCHT**, sculptor who lives in Dallas, Texas, has made drawings for a series of sculptures of the Fourteen Stations of the Cross. These traditional stations were an early means the Church used to tell the last stages of the passion and death of Christ. A full-length art feature on the sculpture of Mr. Bartscht was published in the October, 1957, *motive*.

**JEAN PENLAND**, well known to the readers of *motive*, is an artist for the Division of the Local Church of the Methodist Board of Education in Nashville, Tennessee. She received her art training at the Atlanta Art Institute.

**JACK MORSE**, another familiar art contributor to *motive*, teaches art now that he has completed his Master's degree in art. He also designs church furniture and liturgical decoration for church buildings.

**ROBERT CHARLES BROWN**, a student who also works part time in New England and sends his work to us faithfully has become quite ecumenical lately. We have noticed drawings of his in such varied publications as the Lutheran magazine, *Frontiers*, and the Roman Catholic *Catholic Worker* newspaper.

**RICHARD BONENO** is a newcomer to *motive* pages, from Garyville, Louisiana. He teaches high school English and art, and has both a B.A. and an M.A. in art education. We look forward to more contributions from Mr. Boneno in future issues.

## a religious arts festival

Related to the National Methodist Student Movement Conference, convening at the University of Missouri in Columbia, Missouri, December 27, 1960-January 1, 1961

In an effort to make its Christian witness more vital and effective, the Methodist Student Movement in connection with its seventh national conference, is planning a Religious Arts Festival of national scope, partially patterned after the festivals of the pre-Reformation period. The festival will provide for open competition and will make several awards and grants to those who excel in music, drama, painting, poetry, photography, and other arts.

writing contest for full-length and one-act plays, the prize-winning plays to be given at the National Methodist Student Conference in December, 1960.

**FIRST PRIZES**—full-length, \$600; one-act, \$200  
**SECOND PRIZES** — full-length, \$300; one-act, \$100

Contest closes June 1, 1960. Manuscripts, with return envelopes and postage, must reach the National Methodist Student Movement office, P. O. Box 871, Nashville 2, Tennessee, before that date. Plays must be usable by student groups after the conference and should consider college students as the potential audience. Winning plays will become the property of the Methodist Student Movement. Judges will be persons prominent in the field of drama and religion.

Harold Ehrensperger,  
 Director of the Contest  
 Boston University

A second section of the festival's drama program will be the presentation of two plays especially commissioned. Dr. Robert Seaver and Dr. Tom F. Driver of Union Theological Seminary, New York, are the subcommittee on commissioning.

### PAINTING AND SCULPTURE

How is the sacred expressed through significant visual form? Is it by use of Christian symbols alone, or biblical subject matter, or is the sacred to be defined more broadly as "the religious" element in man's awareness?

Painting and sculpture will be divided into three sections in order to explore these questions:

- 1) Liturgical art (use of symbolism)
- 2) Religious themes in contemporary art
- 3) Contemporary art and the image of Man

Something forceful, moving and prophetic is being expressed today through painting and sculpture. It is the business of the church to see what the artist is saying about our world order, about culture-society ethics and about man's spiritual situation.

It is also vital that Christians learn to look at contemporary painting and sculpture, not as little sermons or lessons in theology, but as works of pure art: that is, as *significant form*. Sometimes in the church the arts become important only as they become "useful" to the program of the church as tools or gimmicks. This is an unworthy use of the arts. It will be the task of some of the afternoon worship discussions to raise questions about the use of the arts in worship.

Along with the three exhibits of sculpture and painting there will be present at the conference three or four artists for open discussion of art from the artist's point of view. There will be gallery talks as well as workshop discussions led by these outstanding artists.

Margaret Rigg, art editor, *motive* magazine, is chairman.



### THE DRAMA OF RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE

Can this be expressed? Can we explore the meaning of life in the frame of reference of our highest and noblest concepts? Can we look at man's confrontation of himself in the light of his destiny, his purpose as a human being, as the creation of God? Can we dramatize man's greatest concerns and man's responses to these? Can we give dramatic form to our deepest experience in serious plays and in comedies?

Because in the history of drama we have examples of plays that have answered these questions, the Methodist Student Movement believes that in this violent and disturbed world in which we live there are writers who can best express their statement of meaning in life in plays. To find these writers and these plays we are initiating a play-



## POETRY

The festival will give special emphasis on poetry, as an effective way of communicating the Christian message within our cultural milieu. Poetry in the festival will not be what many classify as "religious," but primarily that which is a valid poetic expression of truth, or an attempt to confront truth, in the present age.

A competent group of judges will read material submitted. Awards of \$200, \$150, and \$100 will be given to those presenting poems which meet standards of excellence. If a sufficient number of poems of excellence is submitted, a limited collection will be published under the imprint of the Methodist Student Movement. **Richard N. Bender**, of the Methodist Student Movement national staff, is chairman in charge.

## PHOTOGRAPHY

One of the most interesting and provocative controversies in the arts field in recent years concerns photography as a fine art. That this question has been answered by most in the affirmative is indicated in the increasing number of museums and arts centers which are exhibiting and collecting the works of the world's photographers.

The festival will include several exhibits of photographic essays, one of which will be chosen from entries submitted in amateur competition. The rules for entry and details of judging may be obtained from **Rev. B. J. Stiles**, chairman, P. O. Box 871, Nashville 2, Tennessee. The competition will be judged by a panel of nationally known artists. Cash awards in both black and white and color will be \$100, first prize; \$75, second prize; and \$50, third prize. The winning photos will become part of a permanent photography collection of the Methodist Student Movement.

## ARCHITECTURE

The festival program will place special emphasis on architecture, its finest form in general building and in religious building. Various methods will be used in the festival itself to present the current trends in architectural forms. **Arthur Brandenburg**, Methodist chaplain at Duke University, is chairman of the planning committee.

## DANCE

Resources in this field will be made available in the festival to those interested in witnessing to the Christian message through the dance. **Roger**

**Ortmayer**, Southern Methodist University, is chairman of the committee making plans in this area.

## MUSIC

In the previous National Methodist Student Conference, a new oratorio, "The Invisible Fire," was commissioned and presented, a creative step in the field of music and a distinct contribution to the church. Similar interest and concern will lead to significant activity in music at the festival of the coming National Methodist Student Conference. Chairman of the music area of the festival is **Miss Ruth Harris**, student secretary of the Methodist Board of Missions.

## FILMS

"We have had almost all other art forms, drama, dance, painting, sculpture, and architecture, since the dawn of civilization. We have had the film since the dawn of the twentieth century. The contemporaneity of the film, the fact of its being the only art form to come as the result of the advent and revelation of the machine in our culture, may explain the vitality of this medium today. It has drawn and is drawing many of our finest artists from other art forms. The film provides the opportunity for synthesizing the best of many forms of art and has taken its place as the medium of communication that reaches many persons in ways that make outlooks, attitudes, and values change."

So writes **Robert Scott Steele**, chairman of the committee on films. His longer statement is printed in the descriptive folder on the arts festival. During film sessions in the festival, persons will talk, see films, and seek to evaluate the work of those persons who are creatively at work in films today. Mr. Steele is on the staff of Boston University.

## two important notes

Persons need not have any connection with the Methodist Student Movement, nor need they be Methodists, in order to enter the competitions above. Readers of **motive** are invited to participate in any or several of the contests.

Additional details on the festival, and on each of the areas above, are now available. When inquiring, please indicate the specific area or areas of your interest. Write to:

**Dr. Harvey C. Brown, Chairman  
Arts Festival Committee  
P. O. Box 871  
Nashville 2, Tennessee**





CHRIST WITH DISCIPLES JACK MORSE

## *a cool cat & a sad lad*

**A** sad lad slipped out from his pad and tripped down on the town. As he made the scene, a crazy guy already there was dishing out stuff to confound the squares.

"Man, life's complicated, so complicated I can't even cut out," said this lad. "So tell me, cat, how's one to clean this scene?"

"Step over to the Espresso Cafe," invited the cat, "and we'll relate." Down the stairs they went, to a place subterranean where modern art and sawdust floors, jazz and poetry reading represented what these fellows called "orbiting." The hip cat, sometimes called "Dad," ordered two cups of Italian coffee from the Chinese waitress, then the session continued. "Dad, tell me slow just how to make that eternal scene. The one that's far out and groovey gassed up by the real Dealer."

"Why ask me to judge over the square and phony?" replied the cat. "You know the tricks. The man is next to God who walks close to man."

"But I've kept that trick. My wardrobe is sold and my car junked. I left the suburbs and went to a slum. My food is cheap and my senses are numb. My pockets are empty, and I live on crumbs. My only desires are paperback books, Spanish music, and an occasional jump. My life is the life with the authentic man."

"One thing you don't dig," said the cat, "go throw away your hi-fi set with its bare wires showing, your plank and brick bookcases, your conspicuous inconsumption of soap and laundry, and get a job on Madison Avenue."

"Sick, you're sick, cat," said the lad and dropped sadly from the scene for he had great contempt for organization men. See Mark 10:17-22.