

# Coexistence or Co-no-existence

## EDITORIAL:

Michael: He came not to bring peace but a sword.

Professor: The angels said with his coming there would be peace among men.

Michael: He grew up and said, "Woe to you! For you are like graves which are not seen, and men walk over them without knowing it."

Professor: You may be an angel, but I don't think you've got the Christmas spirit.

Michael: What is the Christmas spirit?

Professor: Peace and joy.

Michael: Peace! Peace! Peace! . . . All you folks talk about is peace and all you do is plan how best to destroy it.

Professor: Well, let us have a little happiness anyway.

Michael: I never could figure out why He came to earth. I guess it is because you creatures called men are so pitiful. You almost never make the proper connections. You destroy peace but still want joy. What a crew! Remember his anger: "You fools! Did not he who made the outside make the inside also?"

Professor: What is the connection?

Michael: It is obvious you do not teach logic. You must be a theologian.

Professor: Skip the argument *ad hominem*.

Michael: *Touché*. Angels should not get personal. It is difficult, however. You are such an aggravating outfit.

Professor: It took someone like Jesus to try to save men.

Michael: No one but the Son of God could have stood it.

Professor: Why have you been quoting his few angry words? Didn't you ever hear about the Sermon on the Mount?

Michael: Of course. All angels have to memorize everything he said. Otherwise your corrupt texts might confuse us.

Professor: I'll repeat. Didn't you ever hear about the Sermon on the Mount?

Michael: Do you want it word for word?

Professor: No, but would you not like to quote it this time of the year rather than those expletives?

Michael: To people who think working for peace is something like treason, subversive I guess the Senator calls it, and list coexistence among the dirty words? To that kind of creature?

Professor: Stalin said it.

Michael: You shouldn't spit on the dead.

Professor: I just said Stalin initiated the notion.

Michael: But the *way* you said it!

Professor: Don't you understand? Stalin was the one who proposed coexistence. It should be obvious to you that if he was for it we can't be.

Michael: You can't be *for* coexistence?

Professor: That's Russian propaganda. We have to manufacture something to counteract it.

Michael: Then if the Russians are for coexistence, you are for co-no-existence? Rather a dismal alternative, isn't it? Remember, you are mortal. And while immortality is lots of fun for some, others among you may be spending your immortal life in territory you hadn't planned on.

Professor: Coexistence isn't peace, is it?

Michael: No, it is not, but at least it is not war.

Professor: We've been coexisting in a cold war.



Michael: That's a measure better than a hot one.

Professor: Well, if coexistence is the only alternative to co-no-existence, guess I'll have to be for it, even if the notion came from the wrong quarters.

Michael: With your hydrogen bombs, your hot and cold wars and all other pitiful trappings of human life in this era, co-no-existence is the alternative you yourselves have put up to get along together. There is another alternative. This is the season to become aware of it.

Professor: Peace? But you quoted the grown-up Babe on a different level.

Michael: That's for the hypocrites, those who call on his name with the formula  $E=mc^2$ .

Professor: Maybe I get it. Continue this way and we shall be to this universe as graves which are not seen?

Michael: If you have no alternative to coexistence but co-no-existence.

Professor: The alternative is. . .

Michael: "To you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord."

Professor: Just what you'd expect from an angel!

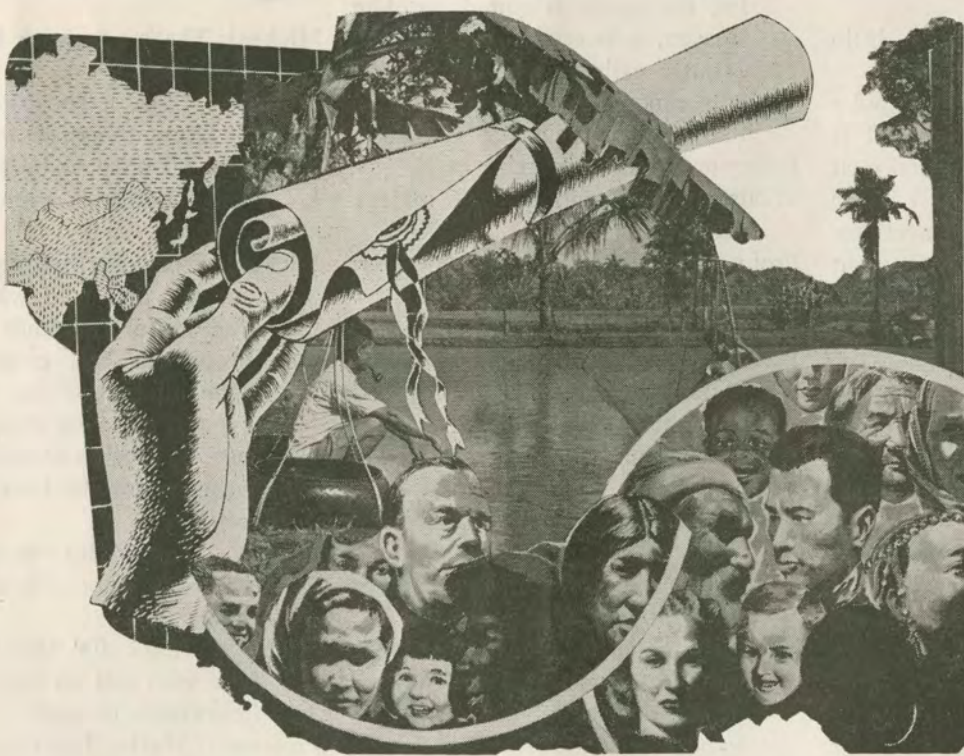


Coexistence

of

Co-no-existence

EDITORIAL



**CHARTER OF THE UNITED NATIONS**  
**WE, THE PEOPLES OF THE UNITED NATIONS**  
**DETERMINE**

to save succeeding generations from the scourge of war, which twice in our lifetime has brought untold sorrow to mankind, and  
 to reaffirm faith in fundamental human rights, in the equal rights and worth of the human person, in the equal rights of men and women and of nations large and small, and to establish conditions under which justice can be maintained, and the obligations arising from treaties and other sources of international law can be fulfilled, and to promote social progress and better living conditions in larger freedom,

**AND FOR THESE ENDS**

to practice tolerance and live together in peace and good neighbourliness, and to unite our strength to maintain international security, and

to ensure by the acceptance of principles of justice that arms race shall not be undertaken, and to establish a machinery for settling international disputes by peaceful means, and to maintain our peace and security.

WE DO HEREBY DECLARE OUR FAITH AND OUR COMMITMENT TO THESE PRINCIPLES AND TO THESE ENDS.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, we have hereunto set our hands and seals at San Francisco, California, this twenty-fourth day of October, 1945.





# Evil and World Politics

by Mildred Douthitt Hiers

ONE wonders what alternatives to the United Nations certain persons and organizations have in mind, as they sow dissatisfaction with our membership in an all-nation body.

Of course, in spite of having literate ancestors, some Americans could revert to the in-group stereotype—shrinking from anyone outside the tribe, as dangerous, unclean, and an evil to be dealt with by incantations, stones, or boiling.

Protestors to the United Nations, however, include leaders who are too civilized to fall into this category. Some of them are too intelligent even to favor isolation in the “we-will-not-meddle-with-you-and-you-must-not-meddle-with-us” sense. (When the Monroe Doctrine was formulated there were no steamship lines, no railroads, no telegraphs, no telephones, no radio, no radar, and no air travel.) They know that there can be no contact in either direction which cannot be interpreted as “meddling.” They know that isolationism is exactly as extinct as the prairie schooner.

Thus it is not surprising that the senate majority leader does approve fraternization with *some* foreigners. Last winter he made the statement (in stout defense of some of our currently dubious friendships) that “*the United States is always on the side of anyone who is against the greatest danger of the time.*”

This is a sentence made up of simple, short words, but full of complex substance. In the light of Senator Knowland’s views on U.N. admissions, the basis for his approval of hand-picked allies is interesting. He approves tolerance of questionable characters on random alliances; he does not approve the presence of questionable characters in the working partnership of the United Nations.

It is of course an injustice to the Senator to make too much of this part of this confession of faith (no doubt formulated in the sincerity of honest conviction) on behalf of us who *are* the United States. The real meat of his *credo* is that we are always against the greatest danger of the time.

We are against evil. This is good



Arranged from UNations



Americanism, and it is the refreshing American attitude which has in many times and places (mostly past) made us a beloved nation. And no matter what outsiders may think of us, being against evil is still a motivation of which most good Americans are not ashamed.

Hence, such a platform as that which would ally us with—say Nationalist China—against the twin evils of Russia and Red China, could conceivably get quite a following, even though the platform should include secession from the U.N.!

Being against evil is a noble program, like that of the knight-errant who used to rescue beautiful ladies, and one would feel some distaste for debunkers of the pure, knight-in-armor era.

**B**UT knight-errantry had defects, hence it has long since been discarded. The hero was likely to get mixed up in affairs about which he knew nothing; the lady might not turn out to be the dream girl he thought she was; and the lady's case might be symptomatic of that of many others, which could all be remedied by, say, saner divorce laws or more reasonable legal interest rates on the mortgage.

The knight-errant ideal is still more confusing when practiced by nations. Difficulties even arise in spotting the "good guy" and the "bad guy" in international affairs, and they keep changing roles. During the memory of Americans with several decades yet to live, we were cheering the Japanese against the Russians (1906), but more recently had to switch to cheering the Russians and the Chinese against the Japanese. Up to 1909 we were shuddering at atrocities of the Belgians, and from 1914 on we were shuddering at atrocities to the Belgians. About ten years ago we were cheering Russia for mowing down the Germans, and now we froth at Russia's being overfriendly to East Germans.

In his willingness to renounce the U.N. in order to prove our undying enmity to Red China, Senator Knowland seems to feel a loyalty to Nationalist China, second only to the

eternal loyalty most of us yield to the U.S.A. If the Senator has his way, we may cut our life line to the United Nations. Before we do, let us consider what may happen—and right soon—to the bad guys. What guarantees can Senator Knowland give us that in another decade, Russia may not be at China's throat, or *vice versa*? Or that Red China and Nationalist China may not make a deal (one of the likeliest "alliances" in world history)? Or that Japan may not get into a well-known momentum again, with all of Southeast Asia (the prize we now fear Red China will have-and-hold) once more a push-over for a revived military regime within our present Japanese ally? In these and other unforeseen events, what are we supposed to do about our present undying friendships and enmities?

**T**HE fact which earnest patriots, including Senator Knowland, must face, is that there are other problems besides that of evil in the world. Some of them are these: land masses are quite irregular in size, shape, beauty, accessibility, value content, fertility, rainfall, temperature, etc. Populations of the land masses have had quite varied political experience. Some of the land masses have been occupied a much shorter time than others, thus providing a lot more good things per capita than more crowded regions do. The land masses, moreover, have inconveniently failed to multiply in area, though the population has doubled and redoubled *and* redoubled and will, ad infinitum. Not only the population is at an all-time high, but so are transportation and communication devices. So is awareness of the political responsibilities and capacities of people.

None of these facts are evils in themselves.

They are superb raw materials for either of two regimens. One regimen is that of evil individuals and cliques motivated by conceit, greed, power-lust, revenge, bloodthirstiness. *Our predominant "system" so far has been to mind our own business until suddenly confronted by the finished product, carefully and cleverly forged out*

*of problems in arithmetic and geography.*

We then become ready for an all-out crusade against a mysteriously demoniacal, whole segment of mankind. This order of events is apparently that which American opponents of the United Nations wish to perpetuate.

**T**HE other regimen would compare with it that which is represented by many other going concerns—commercial, cultural, civic, professional—at which we and the citizens of many other nations of the world are pretty apt. The alternative regimen would manipulate the above-named raw materials (i.e., facts of arithmetic, geography, and human potentialities) into productivity. It would eliminate stresses and strains. In the cause of enlightened self-interest, it would cultivate good public relations. It would keep a realistic eye open for grafters and for "psychos." It would contribute to human needs and aspirations because they are the stuff from which life is made. *This is the intent and potentiality of the United Nations.*

The U.N.'s formation was surely the most civilized happening of centuries of history. The details have yet to be made more workable, and must always be subject to revision to fit changing conditions. Between the Declaration of Independence and adoption of our Constitution there were some thirteen years. The task was simpler than that of charting ways of working together for all nations. Only one short—and turbulent—decade has passed since these beginnings were made. It represents an amazing achievement that the United Nation's foundations have been laid as well as they have.

"See that ye hate the thing which is evil" (Psalm 97:10) is still a scriptural injunction which must unite the American people from generation to generation. But its import must be weighed generation by generation: See that ye hate that which is evil. Shall we act like ignorant and willful children who wish to ignore the responsibilities of inherited wealth because they will not face its inherent



problems? Or like romanticists who daydream of slaying the dragon (appropriately, at the moment, a Chinese dragon) to then live happily ever after?

**T**RANQUILITY (i.e., law-abiding conditions under which to live and conduct our affairs) and prosperity are the essentials for which we look to government. In the United States our forefathers had the perspicacity to add individual liberty as a *sine qua non* for the others. If we hate evil, we must exert ourselves for that which is good. None of the problems of the future connected with any of these three prime necessities of community living (tranquility, prosperity, individual freedom) is going to be solved by the physical destruction of any mass of people and property. Such

destruction has been the aim—inherited from primitive *morés*—of all defensive alliances. (Has there ever been an alliance between nations which did not envisage a “showdown” between whatever groups of arms bearers could be mustered by rival policy makers?)

Shall we embrace the defensive alliance system once more as our sole participation in making the good life in a world where ship lines, air lines, other producers, consumers (and aspirants other than ourselves) are facts and not evils?

If as a nation we do thus revert, this time it will be irrevocably. And the talent which we had for exorcising evil, slowly but surely, by invoking into existence little by little, a society of good will *but hid in the ground*, shall in the nature of things, be taken from us.



"But are you being quite honest with yourself?"



Report:

# British Student Political Apathy

by Herbert Stroup

**D**URING last May and June a series of letters appeared in *The New Statesman and Nation*, prominent British leftist weekly, which commented upon a thesis advanced by R. A. Buchanan, a student of St. Catherine's College, Cambridge. According to Mr. Buchanan, "surely there has been no generation of university undergraduates so politically apathetic as mine since the beginning of the century." Buchanan admits the difficulty of speaking for a college generation or two with any degree of accuracy, but is willing to conclude that the phenomenon of which he speaks is so widespread that there is little difficulty of his being in error.

"As we sit drinking after-Hall coffee in college garrets with blackened beams that have heard many generations of undergraduate conversation, what do we talk about?" Buchanan answers his question by saying that undergraduates are busy talkers. They discuss the movies under the heading of "art." "Shop" and "girls" are staples of talk. Religion also is "discussed in a tentative self-conscious way by young men who do not feel quite sure of themselves." So it goes in the after hours among the blackened beams.

But, what about politics? This subject is scarcely discussed at all. Says Buchanan, "The average university man is not uninterested in contemporary events as such." He is kept informed of world events by the radio and newspapers. He is especially interested in athletic events. "What he lacks," continues our perceptive student, "is a point of view on political affairs as a whole, a consistent attitude toward them which can resolve them into a meaningful pattern demanding

from him praise or denunciation, commitment and action." Instead of taking sides over political events, the undergraduate student of today, it is said, regards each such event with "hopeless detachment." He consoles himself with "armchair cynicism." He feels that the events are beyond his control and in fact oftentimes beyond the control of everyone. "Apathy" may be a better word for what Buchanan is trying to get at than "cynicism."

There continue to be political clubs in the English universities. What are they doing and what is their contribution, if any, to student political apathy? Buchanan admits the clubs have a considerable membership between them, but believes "their appearance of political life is only superficial." Their standard of discussion is low "and the mountains travail to produce some poor specimens of mice." Those clubs which are organized along party lines fail to create any political understanding beyond that which is readily available to them from the literature of the parties. They act more as instruments on the campus for the political parties than as active and creative forces within the community along independent lines.

Another contributory factor in the rise and dominance of political apathy among students is the failure of the political parties to take themselves

seriously enough—at least in the eyes of youth. There seems to be some acceptance by Buchanan that parties other than Labor never really have taken themselves seriously in the sense that they have felt an impulse to be consistent between what they say and what they do. Parties other than Labor are "political" in that they care less for principles which are based upon an "idealistic" estimate of what would be good for society than they do for gaining an immediate advantage.

**B**UCHANAN apparently felt that the Labor Party was somewhat different from the other British political parties. Its recent history, however, indicates to him that it, too, is "opportunist" rather than "dogmatic," therefore, it is sorely deficient. "Gone is the 'visionary gleam,' the insight into the needs of the moment and the ability to offer a solution to them in a coherent policy." The Labor Party, thusly, joins the other parties in being merely an association of persons seeking to express their quasi-mutual interests. It does not stand upon a universally objective and defensible foundation. Because it does not, the political clubs which represent the Party reflect its own inherent problem and are equally ineffective. In all, the



political clubs of British universities are certainly not effective, in the opinion of Mr. Buchanan, either as forums or as action groups.

Someone might say there is no harm in having students in this generation apathetic to politics, especially in view of their hyperactivity in the recent past. Present apathy, however, in the mind of our letter-writing student, is dangerous. Without firm convictions regarding political decisions and participation, the student is inclined to "fall back on to other inadequate political faiths." To live in the present era requires faith, conviction and self-dedication. If these are not available from democratic sources they will be sought for elsewhere. Communism offers just such a faith. Communism, Buchanan continues, is not essentially attractive to college students. "When it is not funny, it is nauseating in the extreme." But, it can be appealing; it can win converts among those who are apathetic superficially yet who long deeply for the establishment of a more just society.

Says Buchanan, there are two political philosophies—which are competing in our time for the allegiances of young people—as of all people. There is communism. It is unacceptable for a variety of reasons. There also is "Christian sociology," by which Buchanan apparently means a form of democratic or socialist social order in which justice in the Judeo-Christian sense would be more fully realized than ever in the past. He is aware that there are ambiguities in both the communist and the Christian political positions and that words do not always satisfy those who are questing for a better society. Each presents its own peculiar tangle of prejudices and misunderstandings in the popular mind.

Buchanan, in fact, believes there are elements in each which are "repugnant to reason." In view of this situation, college students, even after having thought a little about political responsibility, are left in "the slough of indecision." "This is the paradox of the predicament of my generation."

Buchanan's letter might have been

passed over by readers of *The New Statesman and Nation* as being an interesting insight of an undergraduate. But it was not. Dozens of letters poured into the editor's office. Other students and those interested in youth and universities were interested in his views and made comments upon them. Not all these comments can be reproduced here, but several will be noted to indicate the kinds of responses there were to Buchanan's letter.

FOR example, Jonathan Boswell, a student politician at New College, Oxford, wrote to say, "Mr. Buchanan is right." Boswell agrees that there is "an extraordinary apathy at the universities." He thinks, too, that this apathy is caused in part by the students' sense of "hopeless detachment." But he adds another factor to consider—the faculties. Boswell charges that at Oxford "analysis reigns supreme." This condition is especially true of the social sciences. Students are not asked to make up their minds about the "big questions." They are told to develop methodology, to make impartial analyses of small questions and to avoid topics with sharp political connotations. Philosophy, which traditionally sought to deal with the "big questions" of life, now also is concerned with analysis. It has submerged most of its historical concerns into the morass of logic and language. Boswell says, "Undergraduates are encouraged to pursue the delights of criticism rather than the arduous task of thinking out coherent political attitudes." It is the failure of the faculty to provide an education for meaning and commitment which has led the present student generation to its political inertia.

Student Boswell adds another interesting observation. He claims his experience as an undergraduate politician at Oxford leads him to conclude that those who come to Oxford from state schools and from poorer homes are just as apathetic as the rest. He thinks there are great pressures, though informal, upon the campus toward conformity—whatever conformity happens to be popular at the

moment. Also, the poorer students may be impelled by their backgrounds to place more weight upon scholastic achievement and thus have less time for political participation. He may be less inclined to take the risks socially in such participation. Critical detachment is the dominant feature seemingly of Oxford.

The theme of the need for conformity runs through a number of the letters published in response to Buchanan's original letter. Jim Clark of Ruskin College, Oxford, says that "adapt or perish" is the keen rule of the university and that the students who are receiving governmental scholarships very naturally do not want to be too politically critical or active.

DOROTHY Galton agrees with the idea of conformity. She says of students that upon graduation "it may be to their advantage not to have been marked in their undergraduate days as in any way deviating from the 'normal.'" She also adds another reason for political apathy, namely, that many of the students have taken two years of military service before coming to the university. Why this arrangement would contribute to apathy is not developed by Miss Galton. One might see in it a fertile source of political awareness and agitation.

Although the majority of letters appearing in *The New Statesman and Nation* in response to that of Mr. Buchanan were in agreement with him, there were several that evidenced disagreement. D. R. Howell of Selwyn College, Cambridge, took the point of view that Mr. Buchanan and his supporters were much excited about an interest which at best appeals only to a small number of persons. Howell states, "Their 'more-political-than-thou' attitude is sweet, but ingenuous." Furthermore, "Is it not . . . being a little unrealistic to expect people to become deeply divided over issues which do not immediately affect them?" Again, "And in any case are such issues really amenable to political treatment?" Students like others, it is claimed, are seeking a more com-



prehensive understanding of human motives and behavior than is to be found in most political clubs. They no longer are merely "political animals," in Aristotle's phrase, but are humanly concerned on a plane which supercedes politics as traditionally understood.

William McCarthy of Ruskin College, Oxford, in another letter stated that "Mr. Buchanan is quite wrong when he says his own generation must be the most politically apathetic since 1900." He finds that the political clubs in the universities are normally active, but that their activities are no longer news.

Mr. McCarthy also makes the point that "most of your correspondents have an idea in their minds of what university politics ought to be like and want to fit the reality to the shadow." Thus, he argues that because current student political interest is not that of a previous generation, say of the thirties, it should not be assumed that such interests are not in existence. They are simply being expressed in a manner appropriate to the times.

Probably the most critical letter of the views of Mr. Buchanan was contributed by Fred S. Moorhouse, chairman of the National Association of Labor Student Organizations. He is a student at University College, Hull. He states that the current college generation is acutely interested in politics, even party politics. He charges Mr. Buchanan, moreover, with contributing to a sense of "defeatism" in regard to political events. Essentially he denies the "paradox and predicament" into which Mr. Buchanan has cast the student of today. The political problems of the day are difficult indeed, says Mr. Moorhouse, but they will not be helped by asserting they are insoluble. They can be solved "if we work hard enough." "To Mr. Buchanan and all bemoaners of undergraduate apathy," adds Mr. Moorhouse, "I would say: take off your jackets and plunge into the political pond; you can swim if you kick hard enough and long enough, and to stand on the edge hurling cynical and despairing epithets at the swimmers is neither

courageous nor useful—in the light of history it may seem rather silly." Thus action for action's sake seems to be the recipe of the student organizer.

IN the issue of June 12th of *The New Statesman and Nation*, Mr. Buchanan appropriately has the last word. In general, he is not impressed with the arguments which have been raised against him. He is unwilling to accept the view that high membership figures in student clubs signify anything meaningful about their state of organizational and community health. He remains convinced that there is a "lack of aims in university politics." He says, "I have been driven to plead for a rediscovery of first principles." He feels that these first principles derive from Christianity—"it is the purpose of life to love and serve our fellow men." On the basis of this principle, for example, Mr. Buchanan finds a clue to an understanding of what politics is about and also a basis for judgment upon the various political parties.

The discussion of university cynicism in Great Britain indicates at least that there are a number of persons, mainly students, who are uncommonly aware of the educational and social implications of politics among undergraduates. Certainly only a few are content with the present situation on the campuses. Almost unanimously there is affirmed the need for a fuller understanding of the role which politics, both as a study and as an action, might play among young people, especially those in the universities. The pressures toward conformity in Great Britain are apparently notable and from this fact it may clearly be concluded that the American student is not alone in this respect. Seemingly, such conformity has been required in other generations, except it may have been with a different content. The conformity of radicalism, for instance, was dominant in the thirties.

The degree of political interest and its character obviously are influenced by the nature of the faculty and its instruction in the various disciplines. If the social sciences are merely countinghouses for "incidences" occurring in

a basically unordered society, one can then expect confidently that the students who study such a version of the social sciences will largely be concerned only with having social and political events "register" with them and will not feel a responsibility for implementing social findings with public policy. And if philosophy becomes merely a device for examining the trappings of "big questions," leaving to every man's preference the ultimate basis on which human life ideally might be conducted, it should not strike a university administration as queer or unpredictable if these same students are lacking in commitments even to the dearest values of our democratic society. Neutrality in the realm of values solves no problem and may even lose the conditions under which neutrality is made possible.

The fact of student disillusionment must be faced more realistically and courageously than it has in the recent past. The breakdown of a "native American optimism" in the thirties and the failure of the totalitarianism of Nazism and Soviet communism in the forties have left a considerable value void both in the community and in the universities. There are some signs that there has been a fresh awareness of the possibilities of Christianity in the formulation of ideal goals toward which students might work. Amongst some faculty and student groups there are still "islands" of devotees of the boundless and naïve religion of progress of the past. But increasingly there is an understanding that our "paradox and predicament" can only be understood in religious terms. It is difficult and may be forever impossible to state concisely what the so-called religious answer is to our dilemmas, but the clarity of the quest is undeniable among many. The Judeo-Christian tradition may be facing its noblest hour and its fate for centuries to come may be at present becoming fashioned in the universities where vigorous minds, whether from the standpoint of acknowledged Christian commitment or on the other extreme that of a purely secular search, are earnestly seeking answers to life's urgent questions.



# *The Christian's Pattern*

by John Wesley

AS IT IS impossible for anyone to know the usefulness of this treatise, till he has read it in such a manner as it deserves: instead of heaping up commendations of it, which those who have so read it do not want, and those who have not, will not believe, I have transcribed a few plain directions, how to read this (or indeed any other religious book) with improvement.

Assign some stated time every day for this\* pious employment. If any indispensable business unexpectedly robs you of your hour of retirement, take the next hour for it. When such large portions of each day are so willingly bestowed on bodily refreshments, can you scruple allotting some little time daily for the improvement of your immortal soul?

Prepare yourself for reading by purity of intention, whereby you singly aim at your soul's benefit; and then, in a short ejaculation, beg God's grace to enlighten your understanding, and dispose your heart for receiving what you read; and that you may both know what he requires of you, and seriously resolve to execute his will when known.

Be sure to read not cursorily and hastily; but leisurely, seriously, and with great attention; with proper intervals and pauses, that you may allow time for the enlightenings of Divine grace. Stop frequently to recollect what you have read and consider how to reduce it to practice. Further,

let your reading be continued and regular, not rambling and desultory. It shows a vitiated palate, to taste of many dishes, without fixing upon, or being satisfied with any; not but that it will be of great service to read over and over those passages which more nearly concern yourself, and more closely affect your own practice or inclinations; especially if you add a particular examination upon each.

Labour for a temper correspondent to what you read; otherwise it will prove empty and unprofitable, while it only enlightens your understanding, without influencing your will, or inflaming your affections. Therefore intersperse here and there pious aspirations to God, and petitions for his grace. Select also any remarkable sayings or advices; treasure them up in your memory to ruminate and consider on; which you may either in time of need draw forth as arrows from a quiver against temptations, against this or that vice which you are more particularly addicted to; or make use of as incitements to humility, patience, the love of God, or any other virtue.

Conclude all with a short ejaculation to God, that he would preserve and prosper this good seed down in your heart, that it may bring forth its fruit in due season. And think not this will take up too much of your time, for you can never bestow it to so good advantage.

—Preface to *The Christian's Pattern*

*If thou canst not make thyself such a one as thou wouldst, how canst thou expect to have another in all things to thy likings.*

*We would willingly have others perfect, and yet we amend not our own faults.*

*We would have others exactly corrected, and will not be corrected ourselves.*

*The liberty of others displeaseth us, and yet we will not have our desires denied.*

*Thus it appears how seldom we weigh our neighbours in the same balance with ourselves.*

*The beginning of temptation is inconstancy of mind, and little confidence in God.*

*All perfection in this life hath some imperfection mixed with it: and no knowledge of ours is without some darkness.*

*All scripture is to be read by the same spirit wherewith it was written.*

*The levity of our minds, and want of concern for our faults, make us lose the sense of our inward state, and often laugh when we have cause to weep.*

*First keep thyself in peace, and then mayst thou pacify others.*

John Wesley's translation of the *Imitation of Christ* known as *The Christian's Pattern* has been reprinted by Abingdon Press (\$1.50). It was the first book to be published by American Methodists—a classic of Christian devotional readings.



# THE SILENT GENERATION

A vesper service by Mack Palmer  
University of Oklahoma

"I'm being trained to be a reporter. My job is to find the news, professionally arrange it, and pass it on to you. Today I covered a trial; it is a fictitious trial. The story will appear in a nonexistent newspaper and here is how it will appear." The room was dark. The altar setting was a single lighted candle and a statue of "The Seated Justice." It opened with the sound of a typewriter, then the script was read.



"What an age in which to live!"

Cove

**D**ATELINE . . . Norman, Oklahoma, December 5.

At 7:15 tonight the jury was still in deliberation in the trial of mankind versus you. The courtroom has been full throughout the lengthy testimony of this case. It is a trial which resulted from a charge of being a silent generation filed jointly by elders and personal conscience of the defendant generation. Predominant among the spectators were young people of the same age as the defendant. Also present were a number of children ranging upwards from six years of age. They took a surprising amount of interest in the case.

The eight-member jury was a seemingly representative cross section. Among them was a housewife who has two preschool-age children; a war veteran who lost a leg at Normandy; a recently cured alcoholic who at thirty-eight is beginning life over; a teacher from India who saw eight of her students die last year from malnutrition; a Pole whose country has been gobbled up by communism; a Negro with a scar on his face because he was hit by a brick in St. Louis in 1949 after receiving permission to use a "white" swimming pool; and finally two young people, both about twenty and both of the generation of the defendant. One is a student in a Midwestern university, a member of the church, active in its affairs and just a year away from a degree in engineering. The other was admitted to the jury by a special compensation—he is to die next week for robbing and killing a grocer. He netted \$32 in the robbery. When asked about his religious life, he replied, "Why ask me now, nobody did before."

The prosecuting attorney was John Smith, an able lawyer of fifty-two; an average man with at one time a lot of faith but seventeen years of war, greed and tragedy shook his faith. Shook it to the extent that he accepted the job of prosecuting the worthless, quiet, uninterested young people who have failed to speak out and remedy the sickness of mankind.

The defendant created mild surprise in selecting for his defense a young lady, unqualified legally. She is a vice-



president of a student church group, active in speech and debate and recently recipient of the school's religious award.

General theme of testimony throughout the trial has been not a denial of the charge by the defense, but an attempt to declare proof that a series of pressing circumstances necessitated such conduct.

Four witnesses were used by the prosecution—the first being an elderly man of seventy-six years. In his testimony he alleged that these youngsters “are just wild.” He maintained that far from being the silent generation, they are the wildest, carousingest, most lawless group of young hoodlums that ever touched the earth. With these autos, fancy clothes, whiskey bottles and wild living they’ll destroy all the decency of life in five years. The second witness was a clergyman, minister of a Pittsburgh church. His testimony was to the effect that he considered the generation silent enough—indeed, too silent. He assailed the lack of fire and determination to condemn wrongs that are obviously in evidence. Complaining about the Christian lethargy of young people, he asked why they didn’t unite and advance the cause of right. A college professor was the prosecution’s third witness and he delightfully admitted the lack of decision on the part of the defendant. He explained that they are too silent, they don’t have any opinions, they are devoid of the ability to think for themselves and form their own convictions. They are like blind sheep wanting to be led and though unjust, the instructor added, I take delight in leading them in circles, tearing down their unstable beliefs and leaving them helpless and silent.

The last witness for the prosecution brought a ripple of surprise to the courtroom as a member of the defendant generation itself. A rather timid-looking individual about twenty-one took the stand. Almost tearfully and with voice choked with regret, he admitted that yes, the generation is silent but couldn’t explain why.

Then came the defense witnesses, the first being a mother whose son was killed in Korea. She maintained that

her son had spoken out in his own way. “He didn’t want to fight,” she said, “but he felt as if he should protect what he thought was right.” Next was a young girl, a missionary. In her testimony she asserted that this generation is definitely speaking out—through its missionaries, through relief, through education and medicine and, she added, it is being heard wherever the message is given.

SO unexpected, after the theme of the first two witnesses, was the final testimony, that for the sake of clarity it will be printed verbatim. The courtroom was hushed in expectancy as *you*, the defendant, took the witness chair. The first four words echoed into the quiet of the crowd. “Yes, we are silent. Silent because of the shame of our sins, because of our helplessness to social conformity and because we are busy. Old timer, we know we are rowdy; and instructor, we know what you are doing and we are silent because we wonder why you do it to us. Young boy, yes we are silent—but we do know why. Old man, there has always been a wild crowd, and there is now. But do you know that for every bad glaringly publicized example there are one hundred useful acts and deeds that are never mentioned. Oh, I could name a thousand good things we do all the way from trying to better ourselves to searching with understanding through the blunders you made fifty years ago so that we won’t make them ourselves. But no, I won’t name these things—for, I am the silent generation.

“You, minister. You are disappointed because we lack fire and hustle. But do you ever consider your own mouthy sermons, your own Sunday triteness, the weekly repetitions of nonapplicable advice. Listen to me, isn’t Sunday morning the most segregated period in America? Isn’t black at black’s church; white at white’s? And you speak of unifying and advancing a cause. Preacher, how many real crusades has the church made this century? Look at communism, spreading faster every day, everywhere. Now look at the church’s puny counter-assault. Yes, minister, we are silent—

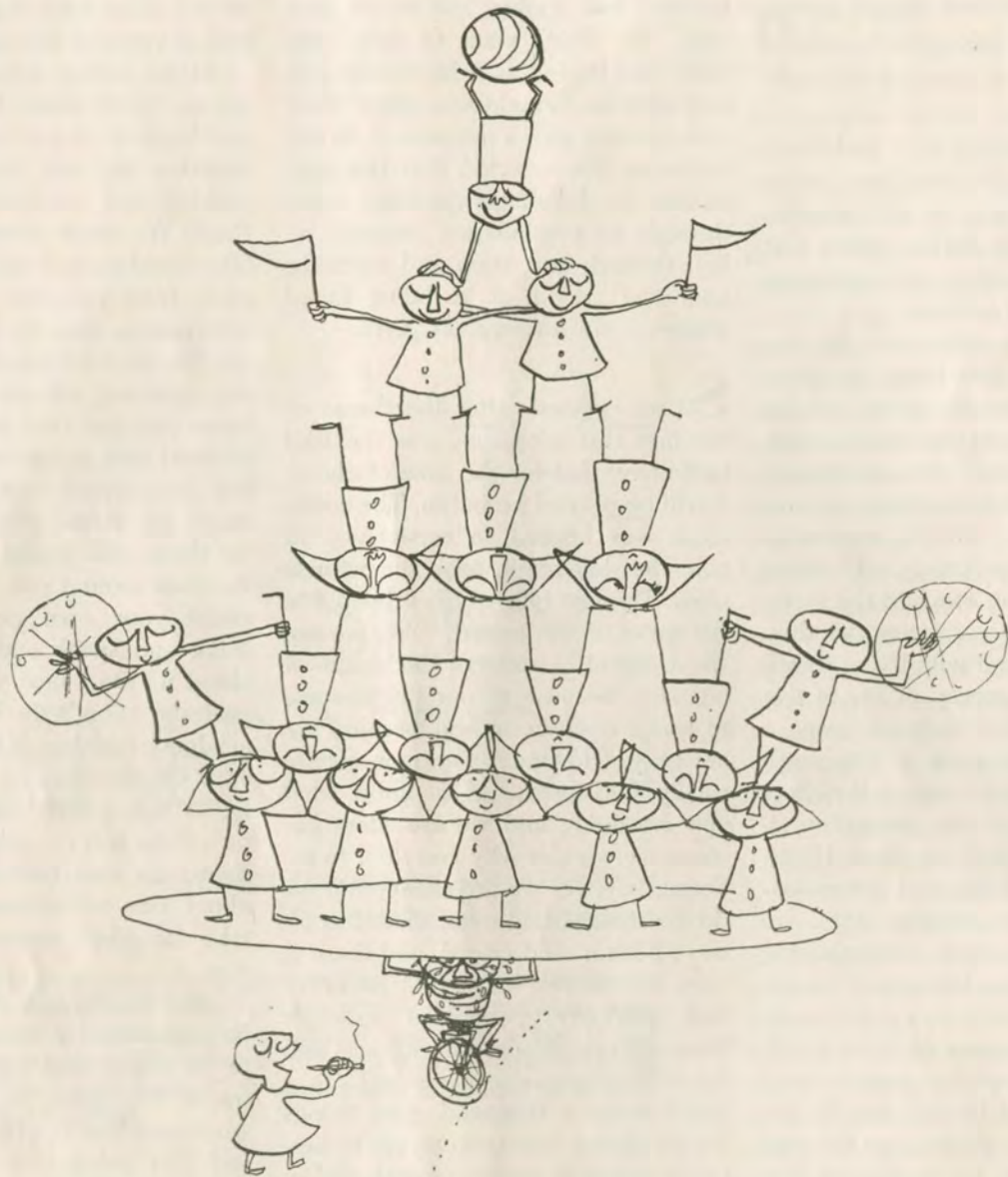
we are silent with shame, of ourselves and of you and the church.

“Mister college instructor, you think we are blind sheep being led in circles because of our stupidity. You are mistaken sir, very mistaken. We say nothing, but we think—oh, how we think. We think about how freedom after freedom is disappearing not only away from you who hold the blame but from us also, the innocent followers. No, we don’t speak, we don’t voice our opinions, advance our ideas because you and your smug group have allowed such rights to be taken away. We can’t speak out any more—we might be ‘Reds.’ We can’t say what we think—we would be investigated. But look around you, professor. What about your own personal right to think and speak and do? Yes, what about it? Do I hear your own fearful protests? What’s this? Do I hear your academic freedom is being taken from you? Oh, too bad, sir. Maybe if you’d let us talk a little more and confuse us a little less . . . oh, well. But now fight your own battle. Quit worrying about our self-enforced silence and take care lest someone else silence you.

“And finally, you timid soul, I find no argument for you—only pity. For to be silent and not know why is tragic. I’m going to try to tell you why—you and the jury and even myself. I’m going to try to tell myself why we’re silent.

WE’RE silent because pressure after pressure, external and internal, has crushed us into submission and keeps us that way. The internal ones are our very own weaknesses and we shamefully acknowledge them and must overcome them ourselves. But the external ones, the external pressures, are instruments of your work—you that condemn us. It’s the bright picture of society, the importance of wealth, the liquor ads and the fast buck which you’ve glorified and teach us to glorify too. It’s the pressure of a weak church—doing a good job, yes, but not good enough and yet expecting us to furnish the leadership to carry out its mission. It’s the pressure that’s taken away our existence as individuals and made us





"If you can't be constructive, don't criticize."

cogs in the machinery of society. Remember "rugged individualism," the spirit that made our country great? Well, you who condemn us killed it off and yet you complain of our silence.

"Yes, we're silent, because we've seen war, and useless struggle, and foolish blundering, and an utter disregard toward the welfare of fellow men and the will of our God as reflected in the last fifty years of your conduct.

"Hear just this more. We're silent

because we're not going to swagger forth expounding nothingness and add another generation of ruin. No, we're using our silence to think, to think usefully. And useful thought is creation—creation is God. So there stands our case—we, the silent generation."

Testimony being completed the judge delivered instructions to the jury who went into deliberation at 6 P.M.

And that is the story. I told you you'd read it. By now I'll be back at

the courthouse to get the verdict and write more news. Though I couldn't put this in my story, I'm hoping you're acquitted, Wesley Foundation. I hope you're not judged useless and abolished for being the silent generation. It seems to me you do have a justifiable argument, and realizing the causes you could, with time, probably overcome the difficulties. You deserve a chance to change the world and set it straight. Only time will tell the verdict.



# MSM

## Christian Citizenship Seminar

"Our own U. S. Government only pays 8½ cents per capita into the UN (less than New York spends on garbage disposal) as compared with \$410 per capita for military. Perhaps this increases my responsibility, but I wondered. . . ." Erin Turner, chairman of the World Christian Fellowship Commission, was one of the delegates to the Methodist Student Movement Christian Citizenship Seminar held annually in Washington and New York.

by Erin Turner  
delegate from the  
Georgia MSM, 1954

**E**VEN now it all seems like a dream—yet a dream so real, so demanding that I cannot sit placidly in reverie, musing over each event. Akin to the Ancient Mariner with a strangely like, but different motive, I must repeat my tale.

It all began in a rush and remained thus. A well-filled packet—"Dear Seminar Member, please study carefully the enclosed material in preparation for the Methodist Christian Citizenship Seminar"—and I knew I was "in"—"in" for what I could only speculate. A frantic week of hectic preparations and I settled back on the bouncing bus. Smiling slyly, I gently patted my stuffed, impressive folio (remembering Lawrence and *motives* Conferencemanship, I was prepared). Miles of wondering anticipation and then—I was there.

New York with its crowds of thronging people, confusion, sky-

scrapers (provoking crinks in one's neck), "sudden" subways—New York—and its wondrous Automat, 3° weather, Chinatown and Harlem, and Times Square, perpetually blazing lights, "The King and I," Riverside Church, International House, and the rush continued and my confusion grew.

And then sixty college students and leaders from all over the United States literally sung themselves into session. An International Folk Song Festival intimated a "something" vastly larger than this group gathered here—and I wondered. Harold Ehrensperger and "The Christian's Responsibility in Today's World"—"We act because our roots are what they are. Work through a culture, not against it. Have to love a cow half-dead to go to India"—and wondering, I thought, Good! Seems as if this will be a week during which we will learn much that will be of value to us later—later when we really become a part of our government and can do something about it. Yet I wondered. . . .

A Study Conference and we studied and we studied—thirty-eight speakers "sandwiched" into a tight schedule. Key spokesmen for varying interests, CIO, NAACP, India, etc., who, speaking for their groups, were later "peppered" with probing questions by a lanky Californian or a soft-spoken Texas lass. Searching questions that challenged, amazed, and occasionally even "stumped" the speaker—and I wondered. . . .

150 Fifth Avenue—"getting acquainted"—a high moment of worship—missions—and we all wondered. . . .

An imposing structure, a quiet awe, a hopeful reverence, the United Nations—"the body nearest to a parliament of mankind" across whose tables in these assembly rooms nations of our world meet and discuss, convinced that mankind can live together in peace and security. But the unknowing cry, "The UN has failed." Oh, remember Indonesia, the Berlin Blocade, Palestine—light slowly dawns. An appalling number of people misunderstand the UN. It is perhaps my responsibility to inform them of UNESCO, WHO, UNICEF—various units that are making quite commendable strides in raising the economic, social and cultural status of people the world over—giving a starving baby milk—preventing disastrous epidemics by inoculations—but no later, later perhaps. . . . Anyway, our own U.S. Government only pays 8½ cents per capita into the UN (less than New York spends on garbage disposal) as compared with \$410 per capita for military. Perhaps this increases my responsibility, but I wondered. . . .

**T**HEN we were on a train with singing and laughter and discussion and the peddling of World's Student Christian Federation crosses amid a bit of humor but still an earnest desire to comprehend their real significance and meaning to each individual. I remembered our trip on the Man-



hattan Ferry, the Statue of Liberty's reassuring light, and the closeness felt as our group joined voices and hearts in "America," "America, the Beautiful," "God Bless America"—and I was strangely moved. This retrospection was broken softly by the strains of the Lord's Prayer rising in a tremendous crescendo of youthful dedication, ending with a lingering ". . . forever, Amen"—and I was strangely moved.

Washington and the majestic dome of our Capitol shining through the rain and I wondered once more. Politics, the Christian compromise, black and white, grey, shades of grey—but this doesn't concern me yet.

Jerry Voorhis, author of *Christian in Politics*—"Participation in political life not just office holding but Christian citizenship." Is America willing to pay the price of genuine international cooperation? Our responsibility is to deliberately act and try to get others to—Why, me!

State Department officials. Key congressmen and senators—Javits, Martin, Rayburn, Knowland and more—and questions—and discussion—and I was burdened. Military aid to Pakistan, the Bricker Amendment, Tideland's Oil, Randall Commission Report, technical assistance, colonization, McCarran Act, Kashmir, the Far East, the Near East, increased nationalism, and thoughts—and I was disturbed. "What do you suppose was God's reason for putting power in the atom?" Enlightened self-interest. Immediate retaliation. Trying to turn America from a prosperity based on war to prosperity based on peace—and I wondered more.

**S**SESSIONS of the House and Senate, hearings, "silent session" in House Un-American Activities Committee as schoolteachers refused to answer under the 5th Amendment.

And there were fellowship groups and questions pondered early and late with my roommates as we literally "curled up" in our none-too-spacious hotel room. And there were lighter moments: seconds of free time spent in playing football on the Capitol "Green," dinner at the Japanese Methodist Church and futile but heroic

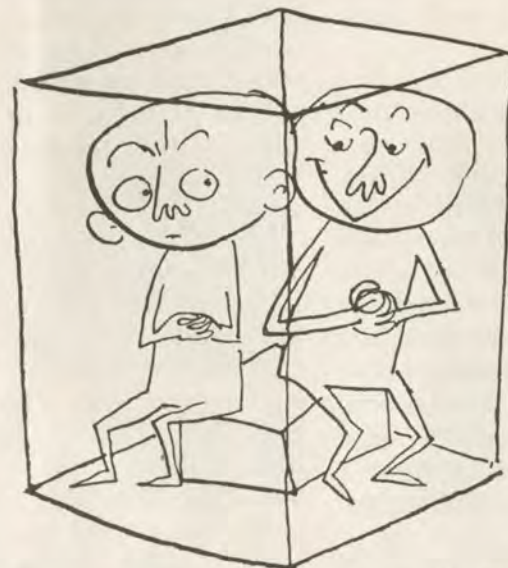
effort to manipulate chop sticks, Dorothy Nyland's admonishment to "Get your sleep—you need it," and gently drooping heads in the sessions indicated she was right, the strains of an old song changed to a more appropriate "The more we sit together . . .," after hours spent in the hotel Coffee Shop consuming quantities of gingerale, lingering over ideas of the day, and getting to know the delegates as individuals, and getting to know some of them well—quite well—and I wondered. . . .

And the closing worship at the Lincoln Memorial. As I bowed my head still wondering, the words of Mr. Malik of the Lebanese Embassy came clearly above the turmoil of my mind: "There is no hope for the world unless the Christians understand their responsibilities. I see more hope in the church of this country (U.S.) than in anything on the political horizon.

It is important that Christians understand what Christ means and what his will is for the world and for individual Christians in the world."

And I knew—We, all of us, are *now* a very real part of the magnificent machinery of our government. It is our responsibility—our privilege—to participate and exert our influence as Christian citizens. Senator Morse said, "Thousands of letters may have no effect on me, but a single well-thought-through-and-reasoned one may change my mind completely." We must spread the gospel of the UN. From the local to the international level we have a duty to be ever awake—aware—and active. This is our heritage.

And I wondered no more. I knew. And the knowing was good—and I was glad. So I must tell my tale—my dedication increasing with each telling.



"We're comfortable in here, aren't we?"

Crane





# HOW TO AVOID DECISION

**T**HIS is a tentative, partial, incomplete list of technics for group discussion leaders that will help them in developing skills for dodging issues. The list gives the alternate modes of retreat which, when used properly, will enable the group leader to withdraw forces gradually and leave the problem solvers baffled and helpless. (It is applicable clearly to faculty meetings dealing with less than world-shaking issues.)

1. Find a scapegoat and ride him. Americans always can blame the Russians, and the Russians, the Americans. Both can blame the general apathy of the people, or the atom bomb, and everybody can, of course, blame the social order.

2. Profess not to have *the* answer. That lets you out of having any.
3. Say that we must not move too rapidly. This avoids the necessity of getting started.
4. For every proposal set up any opposite and conclude that the middle ground (no motion whatever) represents the wisest course of action.
5. Say that the problem cannot be separated from other problems. Therefore, it can't be solved until all other problems have been solved.
6. Ask what is meant by the question. By the time it is clarified it will be time to go home.
7. Discover that there are all kinds of inherent dangers in any specific formulation of conclusions: danger of seeming too pro-Russian, too anti-Semitic, of having your statement in the hands of the wrong people, or of committing the organization too deeply.
8. Appoint a committee.
9. Wait until an expert can be consulted.
10. State in conclusion that you have clarified your thinking. This completely obscures the fact that nothing has been done.
11. Point out how the deepest minds have struggled with the same problem. This implies that it gives you credit even to have thought of it.
12. In closing thank the problem. It has stimulated the discussion, contributed to our growth, opened up new vistas, shown us the way, challenged our inventiveness. We may have wasted two perfectly good hours, to be sure, but the problem should get the medal.

by American Friends Service Committee





Courtesy, The Cleveland Museum of Art

# the Voice of Being

by Russ Miller  
Earlham College, Richmond, Indiana



**W**HEN a man fears losing a possession, he has already lost that possession; it has become the owner of him, and he has become its slave.

When a man arms himself to defend himself, he no longer has a human personality; his armaments have become his personality and taken his place in the world.

If a man does not live in paradise en route to paradise, he will not live in paradise when he gets there.

When a man gets drunk, he discovers himself by becoming unconscious of himself; but being unconscious, he cannot experience his divine awakening.

He who is not happy with a penny could not be happy with a million dollars; he who is happy with a million dollars, however, would be happy with a penny.

Man who condemns the harlot, condemns also himself, for he has prostituted his own mind by believing that the harlot's life lives no deeper than her flesh.

I have said these things to show the paradox of truth.

Man is unhappy because he seeks happiness only where it does not exist. He seeks happiness in tomorrow—but tomorrow does not exist. He seeks happiness in the past—but the past is the burial ground of all mortal things. He seeks happiness in the wines of the present—but they pass like sweet-scented winds. The only place man misses searching is himself, yet this is the only place in all creation where happiness can possibly abide.

I have become conscious of myself. But I have become only as conscious of myself as I have become conscious of my will and the will of the universe being one will. The will of earth is my will. Life is my will. Life wills nothing but life; it wills against all that is not life—and I am conscious of being a part of that will. I am a part of the will in the tree that sends its thirsty roots upward to tear man's concrete sidewalks asunder. The deer and I are comrades in the same forest; our wills are one will. My highest moments of being are when I feel no larger or more significant than a single leaf

quivering in the wind; earth and I are one then—one spirit—one power.

I love man. But I love man because I see in him what I love in myself and the earth. I love the millions of war lords in the world, more than they even respect themselves. But what I love in man has no physical dimension in man; it is his being; and his being is: love, life, spirit, power, or consciousness. They are all one thing; any one of them is all of them, and all of them combined is any one of them.

**C**ONSCIOUSNESS of ourselves is what we must achieve, because there is something in every man the size of the universe, and through consciousness of his own true being man becomes a part of the will of the whole universe. But man must stop trying to see with his eyes, taste with his mouth, feel with his hands; he must stop thinking and running in a maze of madness, then BE. Then he will be open to the universe, a comrade of all that is, a seed of eternal love sprouting in the soil of time. Love for knowledge is not enough; man must love beyond knowledge into life.

Man thinks of heaven and hell as afterlife rewards. Thus, man lights the day with darkness, blind to light, hoping that death will be the dawn of perfect light. But the rewards of death concern only death; the rewards of life concern only life. Heaven and hell may well be the rewards of death, but only the heaven and hell of life concern the living. Heaven is the consciousness of life; hell is the unconsciousness of life.

I am unable to separate hell and war. To me, they are one and the same thing. War is hell because it is almost the complete unconsciousness of life. War is a vacuum, created by a vacuum, supported by a vacuum, speaking with the voice of man-made thunder. War is a cavity of nothingness in a universe of being.

The battleground of war is but a stage upon which man re-creates in form and expression the unconsciousness of his hearts, his homes, his cities, and his nations. We need not go to the battlefields to see hell. Hell is antilife, and antilife is practically everything

for which man lives and prostitutes his existence. I will show you hell. Look at our cities! See their smokestacks breathing fiery venom into the sky, see their steel ethics making steel robots out of man. Life does not live there; steel lives there. Look at our world of nations! Flags and bugles and armies have taken the place of human beings. Life there is as sterilized as the light from dead stars. Hell is man's living room, if nothing there is realized but the living room itself and the popular external topics of the day. And the battleground of war is but the extended expression of all these things. The song of life sings only to life, and all that is not life cannot hear.

**M**AN sometimes talks about the Second-Coming-of-Christ, but man would not recognize him if he were to come. But Christ has already come. He has always been here, closer to us than our heartbeats, and he shall never leave. Christ is Life; Life is Christ. If man cannot know the spiritual Christ, of which he is himself a part, how could he possibly know the physical form of Christ? Man crucifies Christ every unconscious moment of his life, and rewards those with glittering medals who do it most completely and efficiently.

Man thinks he owns things. He talks about HIS house, HIS car, HIS nation, and all manner of things—but man owns nothing under the sun. Man enters earth with nothing, and man leaves earth with nothing. Man did not create the earth, and he does not own any part of it. He can only reassemble the earth's resources, which were here before he came. If I were to build a miniature house with tinker toys I did not create, could I call that house M-I-N-E? No man owns his own life even; it is merely leased to him for a very brief span of time. The closest man can come to the possession of anything is the realization of himself; and that far surpasses ownership, for that is the whole universe.

The kingdom for which man lives is a vast desert of antilife. Man keeps seeing lilies growing in his desert; but



they are mirages. I keep telling man he will find no lilies growing in sterile soil, but vainly man clings to his cherished illusions. Man wastes away in desert heat searching for the oasis to water his parched spirit, when all the while his own being is that oasis, if he could but become conscious of it.

There is nothing wrong with any or all of man's material kingdoms when they are the slaves to life, rather than the gods to life. Man must stop being a slave to his tools, and himself become the master.

Until being becomes the conscious purpose of man, and until all else be-

come servants to being, no material empires or abstract doctrines have yet earned any right to exist, and I and the trees and the deer and the universe will WILL against all that man creates. Reaching upward for the sun, the trees and I hate the concrete that tries to smother our roots. The deer and I hate the antibeing monsters that spit steel poison at us and try to drive us from our forest kingdom. The universe and I hate all things that are not the universe and I.

Although the world for which man lives is a star about to go out, it is also a star writhing in the death throes of

this process we know as rebirth.

Let us become conscious of ourselves and the universe. Let us sing the songs of first robins, but let us also weep the tears of autumn rains. Let us light the dawn with our hearts. Let us dance the dance of life in the winds of the stormy world. Let our love for all creatures surge sweetly in our blood, instead of passing from pale lips in wasted words. There is reality. There is truth. There is universal being. There is Christ. There is Life. There is pure joy—and there is sadness in this joy—but even in this sadness there is joy.

---

## Aphorisms by Russ Miller

We cannot see a star until we first see the earth, for the earth is a star we walk upon.

Men are afraid to die because they are afraid to live. Man is a worshiper of graves, because he worships nothing alive.

Man is a vacuum to be filled and activated with God.

Building armies to keep peace is like building firecrackers to keep silence.

Love is the heart of life.

Men are ships from eternity lost in the sea of time; and they will find their way in time only when they discover that their home is on the other side of time.

Man's troubles are so simple; man just doesn't know how to be simple enough to solve them.

The greatest joy of hell is the greatest sorrow of heaven.

When a man declares such and such to be his end, ask him what his means is; that is his end.

Angels laugh when devils cry, and devils laugh when angels cry.

Power does not corrupt men; men corrupt power. Power is love, and men in high places corrupt love.

Since man has enough knowledge to destroy himself, he has enough knowledge to save himself, for the knowledge to destroy is simply the knowledge to create used backwards.

Searching for God is like searching for one's hat when all the while it is on one's head.

The hatred of hell can be no greater than the love of heaven.

If a nation's religion is different from its foreign policy, it does not exist in its churches.

Only as man acts with man and earth does man act with God.

Heaven is within us, so that to enter heaven we must enter ourselves.

No man can hate another man; he can hate only himself and blame it on someone else.

It is not so much the dreams we dream that make us great, but the dreams we live.

Truth is sometimes too bright to see, and it blinds us like the sun.

Life boos height and cheers only depth.

Give few flowers to the dead and many to the living.

Watered-down truth is not truth; it is water, solid in a few scattered places where it casually bumped into truth.

The paradox of truth sings on and on, for life sings on and on, and paradox is life expressed in words.

Now and then a man in the deaf crowd listens with his heart, and a new man is born, a new singer of life.

At the other end of life is God. And life is our voyage to our Father.



# THE BIBLE SPEAKS About Man's Situation

**T**HE Bible speaks. Yes, let us suppose that the Bible does speak. But why should we listen? There operates in college circles an underlying suspicion that any word more ancient than tomorrow's is already hopelessly out of date. Still, we struggle in an arena of decision here and now, misguided and ill-informed though we be. We dredge up out of our inner lives loves, ambitions, and a whole covey of feelings which we are forced to deal with today, not waiting for tomorrow. And it is to the man who has this situation that the Bible can speak.

But let us be frank with each other. It is not claimed that the Bible speaks to all aspects of man's situation. Say you are out on a football field, and after the play you are lying with a broken leg. The students are screaming, "Get up, get up, the college doctor is coming." Presumably, they mean that you should seek out the Professor of Bible and have him read you the genealogies of Genesis. Pay no attention to them! Have that doctor look at the leg. You have disturbing physiological and psychological hurts which are a part of your situation. But wait a minute! There are other hurts

here. How about the reasons why you wanted to shine so well in the game today? Why was it that you weren't watching what you were doing? How come you are not in condition? You know, there are aspects even of a broken leg on which the Bible could comment significantly.

**FIRST POINT.** As the Bible examines the human situation, it holds that man is not alone. The Bible understands that God overarches, and is working throughout the whole dimension of man's life. Only the fool hath said in his heart, "There is no God" (Psalm 53:1).<sup>\*</sup> "Whither shall I go from thy Spirit? Or whither shall I flee from thy presence? If I ascend to heaven, thou art there! if I make my bed in Sheol, thou art there" (Psalm 139:7, 8). Which one of us has exhausted the implications of God's working in our world? It is possible

<sup>\*</sup> Academic footnote. The critical issue here is "in his heart." Don't go around labeling people on the basis of the quotation from the Bible. There are plenty of people, yes indeed, who *say* there is no God. But what they are saying in their inner life—whether it be true that they live without the note of aspiration and the recognition of hidden realities—is beyond our knowledge. (All quotations taken from the new *Revised Standard Version* of the Bible, Thomas Nelson & Sons, 1952.)

to see even disaster to the homeland as the work of the justice of God whose "hand is stretched out still" (Isaiah 9:12). Or the giving of the sunshine and the rain reveals that his justice is not capricious (Matthew 5:45).

Not only must man realize both for comfort *and* to his discomfort that God works in this world; but also, **SECOND POINT**, he must face up to the fact that this God is man's Creator. "It is he that hath made us, and not we ourselves" (Psalm 100:3). There is some sadness connected with the understanding of this precept as we view the circumstances of campus life. It is the lot of many students to discover in the severe competition which exists in a university's life that the resources with which they have been endowed are not sufficient. Each person seems to be faced with the necessity of discovering the limits of the dynamic circle within which he has to operate. Of course, who wishes to be a creature? So we bewail and bemoan the fact that the gifts which we possess are not the ones we desire. And yet it is inexorable that we must explore the life which "God has assigned to (us) and to which God has



called (us)" (I Corinthians 7:17).

Yes, limitations appear in our existence but also unfulfilled and immense possibilities. For God created us in his own image. And what it must mean to live as one created in God's image is for the Christian defined when he sees across the centuries the figure of Christ in the gospels. Christ is our humanity! The desire to be transformed into this humanity is the desire to live in terms of being created in God's image.

Is there, then, a need that we be transformed? Ah, yes, a defection, **THIRD POINT**, appears in God's creation. "Behold, this alone I have found, that God made man upright; but they have sought out many devices" (Ecclesiastes, 7:29). The apostle Paul could even draw us a picture of creation confronting the sickness which shows up in man. Creation was "subjected to futility" (Romans 8: 20). "All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way" (Isaiah 53:6). Listen to this strong diagnosis: "If we say we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us" (I John 1:8).

Our age is marked by numerous attempts to dodge the impact of the diagnosis. Trick number *a*—Let's becloud the issue by raising the question of the difference in ethical sensitivity which exists among the different cultures and among people within the same cultures. "After all, how do we know what sin is? There are the cannibals who think it's all right to eat their grandmothers." But God expects us to respond according to the light which we possess. Can I seriously maintain that I have no sense of discrimination between the right and the wrong for myself?

Trick *b*—I can maintain that such an ancient writing does not understand our mature age. Let us see if this is so! A young man refused to pay any attention to the rights of a young woman. Then, when he had wronged her, "the hatred with which he hated her was the greater than the love with which he had loved her" (II Samuel 13:15). Has there been anything like this on your campus? A man became a hero for the God whom he wor-

shipped. But then he fled and mused that he alone bore the banner for this God. "And, behold, there came a voice to him, and said, 'What are you doing here, Elijah?'" (I Kings 19:13). Do you ever have the temptation to suppose that you alone have not bowed the knee to Baal? A man excused himself: "The woman whom thou gavest to be with me, she gave me fruit of the tree, and I ate" (Genesis 3:12). Have you at any time attempted to call the occasion of your sin the cause? A man, cowardly in the presence of the pressure of his social circumstances, denied his Lord (Matthew 26:69-75). Have you ever been tempted to do the same?

Now turn to trick number *c*—we can plead that this presents us with too desperate a picture of *other* people. "Do you mean to say that the notion of man as a sinner applies to all the good people out of whose ministrations and sacrifices the fine circumstances of my own life arise?" I must say that this sounds like a high-quality objection. But you know we are not called upon to give God's judgment upon other people. And if it is true that God works among us, we actually never see the deeds of other people free from the redeeming activity of God. We have a much more favorable opportunity to get at the truth when we examine ourselves as individuals.

For you see we are forced to come to grips with ourselves when we realize that sin is not necessarily a matter of act alone. This has been stated again and again not only within the Christian tradition but in other traditions as well. Go look up the story of Gyges' ring in the *Republic* by Plato if you wish to see a devastating analysis of the possibilities within human life. If we, ourselves, had Gyges' ring, if we were thus able to escape detection and all consequences, would the world be able to contain us? If this leaves you unconvinced, turn to the judgment of Jesus when he defines the essential nature of adultery. "You have heard that it was said, 'You shall not commit adultery.' But I say to you that everyone who looks at a woman lustfully has already com-

mitted adultery with her in his heart" (Matthew 5:27, 28).

And yet I find that there are still those who ask: "What have I done for which I should be forgiven? In what way have I sinned?" Such a question most frequently comes from a girl raised in innocency and accustomed to act with propriety and decency. A certain amount of chivalry makes us slow to submit such an experience to sharp analysis. But let us ask this coed about her relationship to the men she dates. Has she ever accepted a date when she had no real interest in this man as a person? Was this acceptance of the date an attempt to compete with other women? Did she go after a pin for prestige reasons? After all, the *use* of another person (even for so laudable a purpose as the display of a capture) and the refusal to respond to his uniqueness are affronts against the Creator.

Yes, let us admit it. We have enjoyed our sins. But the curious thing is that such enjoyment does not endure. We find ourselves suffering from regret, from loneliness, from estrangement: we come to doubt even that there is any love for us. We develop hostility against those who have been our victims. There is a very simple situation in Genesis. A man and a woman are placed in a paradise. Their only limitation was to refrain from the fruit of a certain tree. No problematical aspects of existence marred this idyllic life. They did not even have to maintain their individuality by going against their consciences. But they would not obey. And eventually God seeks his rebellious creation. We find him calling, "Adam, where art thou?" There is something intensely tragic about God seeking his creation in this way. And it is this tragedy which underlies our existence. It is our situation that we are made to enjoy God, God, but we are apart from him. No wonder that Paul exclaims: "Wretched man that I am! Who will deliver me?" (Romans 7:24).

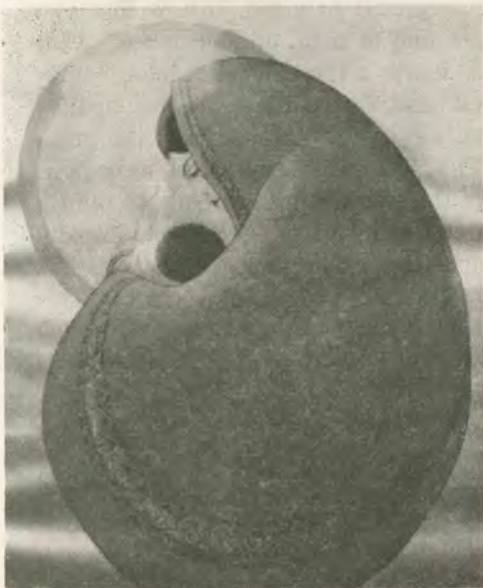
The Christmas season is upon us. And at this point an event recorded in the Bible speaks to us about how we are delivered from our situation. But this is another chapter. . . .



# The Biblical Doctrine of the Incarnation

by David G. Bradley

David Bradley, of the faculty of Duke University, tackles the difficult dogma of the Incarnation. In the theological language of Christians it cannot be dodged. If Christmas is to have Christian significance, it will be *only* in terms of the "word made flesh."



From a painting in the Holman Institute, Agra, India

CHRISTMAS is for the Christian a time of rejoicing in memory of the birth of Jesus as the Saviour of the world. The beautiful and familiar Nativity stories in Matthew and Luke are read in Scripture and sung in carol as we celebrate the birthday of the Prince of Peace. These stories of Jesus' lowly birth of a virgin in a stable, of shepherds and magi, of cruel Herod and the flight to Egypt, with all of the associations of the Christian faith make an emotional impact upon all but the most heartless or cynical modern Scrooge.

Yet the story that is thus so dramatically presented is given in other ways by other New Testament writers. Neither the Gospel of John nor the letters of Paul mention the virgin birth, yet both these authors tell of Jesus as the Son of God, or as Christ, the revelation of God. What Matthew and Luke tell as a story these more theologically minded writers present in terms of a doctrine which we know by the somewhat forbidding title of the Incarnation. Thus in Galatians 4:4-7 we read words by Paul which contain as much of the promise and redemption embodied in the coming of Christ as do the beautiful opening chapters of Luke's Gospel.

But when the time had fully come, God sent forth his Son, born of woman, born under the law, to

redeem those who were under the law, so that we might receive adoption as sons. And because you are sons, God has sent the Spirit of his Son into our hearts, crying, "Abba! Father!" So through God you are no longer a slave but a son, and if a son then an heir.

But it is in the prologue to the Gospel of John, which is familiar to all Christians, that we find the classical statement of the doctrine of the Incarnation. Here the meaning clearly is that in Jesus the eternal, pre-existent Word of God had become embodied—incarnated—that Jesus' life was a revelation of the biblical God.

In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. He was in the beginning with God; all things were made through him, and without him was not anything made that was made. In him was life, and the life was the light of men. . . . And the Word became flesh and dwelt among us, full of grace and truth; we have beheld his glory, glory as of the only Son from the Father (1:1-4, 14).

In these seemingly simple, but actually difficult and profound words is expressed a teaching that every book of the New Testament stresses. This is the great Christian affirmation that God came to earth and revealed his



salvation to men in the life, death and resurrection of Jesus of Nazareth.

**I**N this postatomic age, an age of relativism and disillusionment, these words sometimes can sound like double-talk. A college student who is interested in seeking truth wherever it is to be found, whose universe is described in such terms as light years and isotopes, is often puzzled and even offended by the language the New Testament employs to describe the meaning of the Incarnation. What do the theologians mean when they talk of the "sinlessness of Jesus" while insisting that he was truly man? What do they mean by such terms as *logos*, or the phrase, "the word made flesh"? What is this talk about the God-man or of the man who was truly God? This does not sound like the fearless quest for truth, but rather like a calculated evasion of the real meaning of the Christian faith.

There have been other great religious teachers in history besides Jesus, such a person might point out, and we do not get such double-talk about them. There was Socrates of Athens and Confucius of ancient China, and each of these taught the truth to disciples whom he called to follow him. No "doctrine of the incarnation" seems necessary to explain the meaning and greatness of such men as these. We remember that the martyred Socrates was a real man who died at the hands of selfish men because he refused to cease teaching the truth as he saw it, yet his followers in later years did not elevate him to the level of God. Is it not well to ask why we need such a lofty theological explanation for Jesus' mission? Why not instead stress that he was the carpenter of Galilee who spoke God's word as a Jewish prophet, who called men to obey God, and who himself lived a life of such obedience to God that we can follow him as the supreme example? And just as men have shown that it is possible to run a four-minute mile, and the conquest of Everest seemed to presage the climbing of K2, is it not our task to follow in the footsteps of this truly great man and attempt to imitate his life?

**I**T is a strange thing that in a world where relativism is the dominant mood from China through Turkey to San Francisco, that the assumption should be so prevalent that there exists a constant, eternal truth which is there to be discovered by all who earnestly seek for it. But the point cannot be stressed too strongly that truth always is to be found and understood *in a context*. This might be made more clear by means of a brief consideration of the background and context of the message of each of these three great teachers, Confucius, Socrates and Jesus. The message of each, received as truth by his followers, is predicated upon certain assumptions, preconceived axioms, which if they are denied or ignored would change the entire meaning of the man's message. The disciples of each start from a position which in the Bible is called faith, from an Old Testament word related to the familiar *amen* said at the end of a prayer or hymn, meaning, "Let it be established." In this sense one's faith is to be thought of as the basis for his understanding of the truth, or as the standpoint from which he views the world.

It is well known that Confucius had no positive conception of a creator god or of a deity guiding history toward a positive future goal. Though he is reported to have said that he felt heaven to be behind his endeavors, he was essentially agnostic about the existence or power of the popular gods of his day. His express purpose in his teaching was to point men to the golden age of a mythical past, to turn the thoughts of his followers to a consideration and emulation of the best the ancients had produced. He called himself one who transmitted the truth of the ancients on to future generations rather than originator of new truths. In order to give to men a guide for the creating of a perfect society as he conceived it he edited the ancient classics. Although much of this which was to become scripture for the later Confucianists contains what we might call a jumble of superstitious beliefs and magical practices such as is found in the classic, *The Book of Changes*,

he did preserve and revamp the best of ancient Chinese wisdom. By definition this way of the ancients described in these scriptures was true, right and desirable, so that this philosophy of life always has been facing the past. Confucius founded a school to make possible the teaching and handing on of this ancient way. It was mainly because of this school and the subsequent control by the Confucianists of the educational system of China that his teachings were able to survive. To a Confucianist these ancient truths are precious and if properly followed will produce the ideal man in ideal society.

**S**OCRATES was probably the greatest figure of Greek philosophy, at least in terms of his personal influence upon the lives of his contemporaries and the esteem in which he was held in subsequent centuries. All the major schools of Greek thought which arose after his time claimed him in some way as their spiritual founder. Many Christian thinkers have held him in high regard and he often has been a real rival with Jesus in his claims upon the allegiance of Western man. For Socrates, thinking and teaching in the context of the philosophy of his day, there was no conception of a creator god who was guiding history for his own purpose. The motto of Socrates, "Know thyself," was the ancient inscription found at the Oracle of Delphi. Traditionally this phrase was interpreted to mean, "Know that you are only a man, and no more." That is, it was a reminder that man is mortal, and served as a warning against an insolent attitude toward the gods. The gods were conceived as jealous of their power and as ready to punish unmercifully any *hybris* or impiety against their persons. To Socrates this motto had an added element. This was contained in the notion that each of us has knowledge about life and its problems contained within himself. We find this worked out in Plato who teaches that each of us has lived in a previous existence or series of them. At one's death ending a previous existence he was made to drink from the well of forgetfulness, that is, the lethal



spring. Those who drank deeply remember very little in this present life, those who took but a sip from the spring are able to recall much from their past existence. This memory is buried in a man but can be awakened, and this knowledge or truth within him can then be called into consciousness. This is the basis for the famous "Socratic method," the method of evoking the right answers from a person by shrewd questioning which serves to arouse this slumbering knowledge. Thus to "know oneself" is for one to discover inside one the truth about himself and the world. In this connection Socrates also developed the doctrine of the soul, of a spiritual power or being inside one which serves as one's guide or conscience. Thus it seems fair to state that Socrates' teaching concerning the proper quest for truth was predicated upon a polytheism, a belief in personal pre-existence in this world and of truth as located within the man himself.

**T**HE teachings and ministry of Jesus also must be set in a context apart from which they can never properly be understood. As a first-century Jew, his entire world view was based upon the great affirmations of the Old Testament. Jesus' message is based upon the belief that there is only one true God who had revealed himself to Abraham, Moses and the prophets. This God was conceived as Creator of the world and of man, and it was believed that he acted as Lord of history which he was guiding toward a goal set as part of his purpose. As God's creature man was placed in this world to serve and obey God. Sin was to be defined as disobedience to God's will and was characterized by self-centeredness, seeking to live without God. Proof of the reality of this God was found in the story of the Hebrew nation. God had called them to be his chosen people and to serve him. God had made a two-way agreement, or covenant, with the Hebrews, and if they obeyed his commands and served him faithfully they were promised prosperity and salvation; if they disobeyed and turned aside to other gods they were sure to be punished. Their

history, the Jews claimed, proved that without God man was doomed, for he could not save himself from his own self-centeredness nor its results as shown in wars and famines. Man's purpose was to serve God, and to disobey this purpose was to court disaster and to lose one's salvation.

Jesus' entire ministry displays an emphasis upon the theme that the whole meaning of life, the truth which men seek, is to be found in complete obedience to God's will for one's life. His ethical teachings, for instance, point to God's requirement of absolute obedience to his will and may be epitomized in the saying in Mt. 5:48—"You, therefore, must be perfect, as your heavenly Father is perfect." Jesus' working of miracles, of casting out demons, were to him proof that God's power was working through him. In Mt. 12:22-32 is told the story of how Jesus is accused of casting out demons because he is working for Beelzebub, the prince of demons. Jesus' critics pointed out that this was why he had the inside track in his control of demons. After he had replied that for the head demon to cast out his own workers would be to frustrate his own purpose Jesus stated, "If it is by the Spirit of God that I cast out demons, then the Kingdom of God has come upon you."

**H**IS stress upon the desire and purpose of God to forgive men all their follies and selfish actions runs as a dominant theme throughout the Gospel record. If men would know truth, would have a hope that never fails, would have the more abundant life, there is but one requirement: follow the ancient Jewish teaching that man is created for the service of God and in that service lies salvation. Even Jesus' great commandment is ancient Jewish teaching, for it consists of two quotations combined from Deuteronomy and Leviticus.

If we grant that Confucius, Socrates and Jesus all taught truth within the context of their presuppositions we still have no real clue to a better understanding of the Christian doctrine of the Incarnation, unless it be a negative one. This would be that for

neither Confucius nor Socrates was there a creator God to be incarnated, no eternal Word to become embodied in one of his creatures. The Incarnation remains a specifically Christian doctrine and can only be understood in terms of Christian faith. (Let the reader not say, "Ah! but he has forgotten about Hinduism and the avatars or incarnations of Vishnu." I have not forgotten them but they too do not change the truth of the statement that the Incarnation remains specifically and only a Christian doctrine. There simply is not space to show this here.)

Let us now consider briefly this doctrine. From the point of view of secular history Jesus certainly should be considered in the context of the Judaism of his day to have been a Rabbi, even a prophet, who called men to place the Hebrew God first in their lives. Jesus would so have appeared to Pilate, to Herod Antipas, and today to a Buddhist or a Western humanist. From the standpoint of the non-Christian the death of Jesus may have been tragic, but it also certainly was the end of his career. One more dreamer was dead, once more history had demonstrated that however noble may be the teachings of a man, wicked men and brute force are stronger than goodness. Jesus may have been a good man but he also is now a dead man.

But this is not the view of the first Christians, of the whole New Testament nor of almost twenty centuries of church history which have passed. We find in the earliest New Testament records amazing claims made concerning Jesus. This good man, who had called his followers to turn to God, had been killed, to be sure, because of the selfishness of his fellow men, but God had not left him in the lurch. On the contrary, God had raised him from the dead and Jesus now had become a living hope, a final demonstration that the age-old Jewish faith was true. There is a God who has created us and who has a purpose for our lives, even beyond the grave. As God had called the Hebrew people to serve him and had promised salvation to them if they trusted him and served

*(Continued on page 37)*





ADORATION OF THE MAGI  
by Daniel O'Neill  
Courtesy, Liturgical Arts





MOTHER AND CHILD  
by Henry Rox  
National Sculpture Review



# OF CHRISTMAS . . .

“He will be great, and will be called the Son of the Most High; and the Lord God will give to him the throne of his father David, and he will reign over the house of Jacob forever; and of his kingdom there will be no end.”

—REVISED STANDARD VERSION, Luke 1:32, 33

*Spell Eva back and Ave shall you find;  
The first began, the last reversed our harms:  
An angel's witching words did Eva blind;  
An angel's Ave disenchants the charms:  
Death first by woman's weakness entered in;  
In woman's virtue life doth now begin.*

—ROBERT SOUTHWELL, “The Virgin's Salutation”

“‘Glory to God in the highest,  
and on earth peace among men with whom he is  
pleased!’

When the angels went away from them into heaven, the shepherds said to one another, ‘Let us go over to Bethlehem and see this thing that has happened, which the Lord has made known to us.’ And they went with haste, and found Mary and Joseph, and the babe lying in a manger.”

—REVISED STANDARD VERSION, Luke 2:14-15

So this was the king, this tiny baby lying in a rough stone manger in a stable. . . . It struck David that of all the extraordinary places where he had encountered kings this night this was the most extraordinary of all. . . . And then he gave a joyous exclamation. On the journey here he had cried because he had thought a barefoot dirty little boy would not be able to go to a king's birthday party, but surely even he could go to a birthday party in a stable. He leaped to his feet, dusted his knees, pulled down his rags, laid his hands on the latch of the door, and crept noiselessly in.

And then, standing by himself in the shadows by the door, he bethought him that he had no present to give. He had no possessions in the world at all, except his beloved shepherd's pipe, and it was out of the question that he should give that for he loved it as his own life. Noiseless as a mouse he turned to go out again, but suddenly the mother in the blue cloak, who must have known

all the time that he was there, raised her face and smiled at him, a radiant smile full of promise, and at the same time the man with the gray beard lowered the lantern a little so that it seemed as though the whole manger were enveloped with light, with that baby at the heart of the light like the sun itself.

And suddenly David could not stay by himself in the shadows, any more than he could stay in a dark stuffy house when the sun was shining. No sacrifice was too great, not even the sacrifice of the little shepherd's pipe that was dear as life itself, if he could be in that light. He ran forward, pushing rudely between Balthasar and

Polychromed Wood by Hughes Maurin  
Courtesy, Liturgical Arts





Tobias, and laid his shepherd's pipe joyously down before the manger, between Balthasar's jeweled casket and Tobias's humble loaf of bread. . . . He was too little to realize, as he knelt down and covered his face with his hands, that the birthday gifts lying there in a row were symbolic of all that a man could need for his life on earth: a cloak for shelter, a loaf of bread for food, a shepherd's crook for work, and a musical instrument to bring courage in the doing of it; and those other gifts of gold and jewels and spices that symbolized rich qualities of kingliness and priestliness and wisdom that were beyond human understanding. "Wise men from the desert with their mysteries," Balthasar had said, "shepherds from the hill with their simplicities, and a little boy with the gift of music."

—ELIZABETH GOUDGE, "The Well of the Star"

*I saw a stable, low and very bare,  
A little child in a manger.  
The oxen knew Him, had Him in their care,  
To men He was a stranger.  
The safety of the world was lying there,  
And the world's danger.*

—GERALD BULLETT, "Carol"

'Most all the time, the whole year  
round, there ain't no flies on me,  
But jest 'fore Christmas I'm as good as  
I kin be!

—EUGENE FIELD, *Jest 'fore Christmas*

"Behold, this child is set for the fall and rising of many in Israel, and for a sign that is spoken against (and a sword will pierce through your own soul also), that thoughts out of many hearts may be revealed."

—REVISED STANDARD VERSION, Luke 2: 34, 35

*All things rising, all things sizing  
Mary sees, sympathising  
With that world of good,  
Nature's motherhood.*

—G. M. HOPKINS, "The May Magnificat"

*"Carts come to town and shops open as is usual. Some somehow observe the day; but are vexed. I believe that the body of people profane it and, blessed by God, no authority yet to compel them to keep it."*

—SAMUEL SEWALL'S ENTRY, 1685

Christmas is over and Business is Business  
—FRANKLIN PIERCE ADAMS, *For the Other 364 Days*

Legally in America, Christmas Day was first recognized as an occasion when promissory notes could not be collected.

—JAMES H. BARNETT, *The American Christmas*

*The people who love Christ are set apart. Like the soft, glorious Pleiades that keep together in the sky.*

—STORM JAMESON

*It was always said of him, that he  
knew how to keep Christmas well.*

—CHARLES DICKENS, *A Christmas Carol*

And I do come home at Christmas. We all do, or we all should. We all come home, or ought to come home, for a short holiday—the longer, the better—from the great boarding school, where we are forever working at our arithmetic slates, to take and give a rest.

—CHARLES DICKENS, *A Christmas Tree*

*At Christmas play and make good  
cheer.*

*For Christmas comes but once a year.*

—THOMAS TUSSEY, *The Farmer's Daily Diet*

The false forget, the foe forgive, for every  
guest will go and every fire burn low and  
cabin empty stand.

Forget, forgive, for who may say that Christmas  
day may ever come to host or guest again.  
Touch hands!

—WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON MURRAY,  
*John Norton's Vagabond*

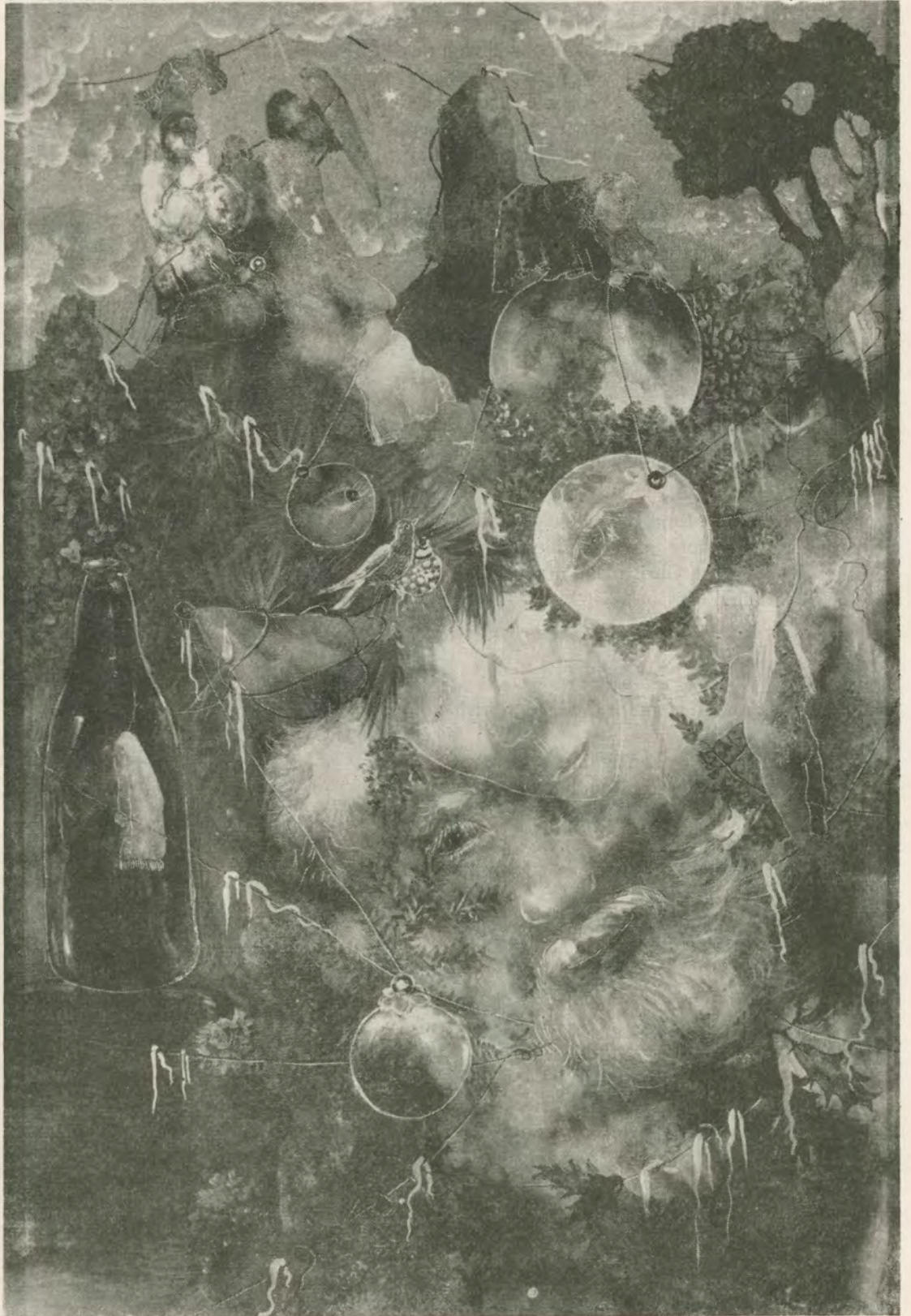
While only a small percentage of businessmen (about 13 per cent in a recent survey) present books to their customers, suppliers, and others at Christmas time, books head the list of gift preferences. A survey of 519 companies by the American Book Publishers' Council revealed that businessmen prefer books to gift certificates two-to-one, to liquor and food three-to-one, and to cigarette lighters seventeen-to-one.

—DUN'S REVIEW AND MODERN INDUSTRY

In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. He was in the beginning with God; all things were made through him, and without him was not anything made that was made. In him was life, and the life was the light of men. The light shines in the darkness, and the darkness has not overcome it.

—REVISED STANDARD VERSION, John 1:1-5





Courtesy of The Art Institute of Chicago



# the Merry Christ

by Milton Mayer

**Milton Mayer is a Jewish friend to the world. He has often held the feet of the Christians to the fire of their own shame, but nowhere has he done it better than here.**

*Silent night, holy night.* (Prices Up, Stores Jammed.) *All is still,* (Says Sales Top '48). *All is bright.* (Last-minute Gift Rush.) *'Round yon Virgin Mother and Child.* (Six-Year-Old Shot in Xmas Eve Tavern Holdup.) *Holy Infant,* (Toy Counters Cleaned Out.) *so meek and so mild,* (Slays Hubby; Leaves Him Under Yule Tree.) *Sleep in heavenly peace,* (Xmas Biz Turns '49 Tide.) *sleep in heavenly peace.*

On Christmas night I was putting little Dicken to bed. Dicken, all of four now and full of beans, was going to bed like the good little boy he is.

"And what do you want for *next* Christmas?" I asked.

"I'll sing it to you," said Dicken, "It's a song on the radio. *'All I want for Christmas is my two front teeth.'*"

I had one last laugh left in me that

night, and I laughed it. "But you got those from God," I said.

"Oh," said Dicken, all of four. And then: "What did he give me *this* Christmas? I forget."

I went downstairs saying sadly, "I forget what he gave me *this* Christmas." And then I told Mommy, and Mommy and I sat and thought it over. How, I wondered, will we ever save Dicken now? And then Mommy said, "We forgot, too."

"I know," I said, knowing Mommy's penchant for things like that.

"No," said Mommy, "not that. What we forgot was a Christmas present for Mrs. Kelly, the scrub lady."

"Gosh," I said. "And she's the one who needs things so badly. We *did* forget, didn't we?"

"We forgot it was Christmas," said

Mommy. Mommy has a penchant for things like that.

My friend, there is one thing worse than communism, and that is the cause of communism. The cause of communism is the Christmas of a false and faithless people. If the Russians conquer America within the next year, they may succeed in saving us from communism by saving us from celebrating Christmas. The Russians do not believe in God, but blasphemy is worse than disbelief. Christmas is a blasphemy.

The blasphemy has now reached—and passed—the point where the Puritans forbade its celebration in 1644. Fourteen centuries earlier, to the day, Origen denounced the idea of keeping the birthday of Christ "as if he were a king Pharaoh." But Christmas came back, and Charles Lamb



was able to write in 1827, "Old Christmas is coming, to the confusion of Puritans, Muggletonians, Anabaptists, Quakers, and that unwassailing crew."

The Puritan complaint was that Christmas merriment, no evil in itself, had driven Christmas worship out of men's hearts. But it took twentieth-century America to drive the merriment along with the worship out of men's hearts, and substitute greed for the gluttony that shocked the Puritans. Christmas is a racket, a hissing and abomination. If blasphemers are going to celebrate it, they ought to celebrate it on Good Friday, when they have reason to.

The glad tidings of plenty for everybody with plenty of money begin now immediately after Thanksgiving—which we pagans celebrate on our stomachs instead of our knees—and ring out right through to the cutting of the price on the last misshapen Christmas tree and the last midnight prayer against the January inventory in the executive offices of Macy's, Field's, and the Emporium. Right through the glorious morning itself, which we celebrate, dragging our little ones down along with us, with our hands outstretched to snatch a present from the Christchild.

Christ was not born so that we might live like this, so that a church-going friend of mine might summarize his Christmas Eve-Christmas Day activities by saying, "Got drunk, went to Mass, went to sleep, got up, went to Mass, got drunk, went to sleep." Christ was not born so that we should buy and sell; so that stores should double their detective forces for a month; so that children should ask Santa Claus, and not God, for their blessings, and talk and think about nothing but getting something from someone else, and then get more than is good for them, and then squawk because the kid next door got even more; so that cases of whiskey should be given to customers by way of rebate; so that the poor should be remembered once a year, or forgotten even then; so that the outlay of Christmas cards should exceed the outlay for CARE packages. Christ was not born for any of this, and we mock

him on his birthday as the Romans mocked him on his death day.

Christ was not a Merry Man, and the Mass of Christ is not a merry occasion. It is, to be sure, an occasion of joy, "of great joy," as it says in the Book. But for those who believe that it was the only event of its kind in history, as for those who believe that the greatest of rabbis was born that day, the joy is in men's hearts, overflowing in prayer, in song, in giving, and in love.

The mockery of Christ is a Christian affair. We Jews, we string along with them in all their vilenesses. But in our hearts we are horrified that the Christians, who believe that this Rabbi of Rabbis was the only begotten Son of God, should mock his birthday. Condemned as we are, we Jews, to become paganized along with the Christians, we still decline to mock our Holy Days. Our Feast of Lights, our Passover, our New Year's Day, and our Day of Atonement may not mean anything more to us now than an empty ceremony, but, by golly, it's a quiet empty ceremony, and the Christians have converted the birth of Christ into a debauch.

## II

*Xmas Biz Turns '49 Tide. Biggest Christmas in History. Christmas Buying Shows Confidence.*

Christmas buying shows confidence in what? In man's redemption? In the coming of the Messiah? In the zeal of the Lord of hosts? Christmas buying shows confidence that there will be still more Christmas buying next Christmas, and still more the one after that. *But will there be a next Christmas?*

Confidence? We have the confidence of a Chinese gong, and a Nationalist Chinese gong at that. There is war on earth and bad will toward men, because men have confidence in Christmas Biz. And as Christmas Biz has gone up, Christian Biz has gone down, and when you look far enough beneath the Christian Biz of a Marshall Plan, you will find a little Christmas Biz even under that one. Give—so that they can buy. Give—so that

they won't turn communist. Give—so that you won't get bombed.

The Christians who now give for a *quid pro quo* once believed that Christmas was the birth of the beloved Son whom God gave to the world, to the thankless as well as the thankful, without a *quid pro quo*; a God who needed nothing that men could give except their love of one another. The Christmas Gift was the gift of love, and not of habit, reciprocation, or even duty. The Christmas Gift was the gift of substance, not of surplus. The Christmas Gift was not to our past or future allies, but to all men, to the just and the unjust, because all men were needy. The Christmas Gift was a sacrifice, and Christ was not a Merry Man.

The perversion of joy to merriment was purely pagan instinct, as is everything else that is left of Christmas. When the birth of Christ was fixed on December 25—though it probably occurred in January, March, or October—it coincided with the winter solstice, when the pagans of Egypt, Persia, and Rome threw their saturnalias as a tribute to the god of plenty and the northern pagans lit their great fires to revive the waning strength of the sun-god.

"Because they were wont to sacrifice oxen to devils," says the Venerable Bede, telling of Pope Gregory the Great's instructions to his missionaries, "some celebration should be given in exchange for this . . . they should celebrate religious feast and worship God by their feasting, so that still keeping outward pleasures, they may more readily receive spiritual joys."

Gregory was nobody's fool, but he seems to have supposed that, in the end, the spiritual joys would outweigh the outward pleasures and the pagans, once they were Christians, would worship God with or without an ox joint under their belts. The Christmas greenery was pagan, originating with the Romans, the Druids, and the Saxons. The evergreen boughs symbolized the continuing life of the ground. The Christmas tree was, *a la* Gregory, devised by Boniface as a substitute for sacrifices to Odin's sacred oak.



### III

In the end the pagans have overcome the Christians, and what is left of Christmas is the pagan rites with which it was inadvertently associated in the beginning. The trees get bigger and more expensive—the Mayers got a nice one for six dollars, or six tenths of a CARE package—and the decorations get gaudier and more expensive, and the candle that lit the way to the manger gives way to bulbs at 45 cents apiece for the new neon nifties.

So we celebrate the birth of Christ without hearing the herald angels sing, and the mummery and superstition from which Christian civilization saved the world are all that is left of Christmas, and in the howling wilderness of commercialism, America's own peculiar contribution to the merriment, not all the lights of Fifth Avenue, State Street, and Market are bright enough to illuminate the *poor little Stranger, Naked in the manger.*

As individuals—unless, like me, we remember ourselves and forget Mrs. Kelly, the scrublady—we can any of us extricate ourselves from the blasphemy any time we want to. If we are Jews, we can celebrate the birthday of the Rabbi Jesus by listening to his words on his birthday, and on the other 364 days of the year, by denying ourselves, taking up our cross, and following him. If we are Christians, we can be filled with the joy of knowing that as the world was lost through one man's sin it is saved by one man's grace. The Christmas Tree was planted at Calvary and is all men's for the asking, and it doesn't cost six dollars or six tenths of a CARE package.

We can, as individuals, still give at Christmas, but, if it is the birth of Jesus Christ we are celebrating, we must give of ourselves, of our life and of our blood, and not of our surplus. Mrs. Kelly doesn't need what we have left over; she needs what we haven't got to spare. What is given to us on Christmas, we can give, if it is Jesus Christ's birthday we celebrate, to Mrs. Kelly, not when it is old and broken and frayed and patched, but on Christmas Day, when it is new. As for our children—

Ay, there's the rub. They are too

young to understand. (Or are they?) The other children all get presents. (What other children *all* get presents?) Ours won't be happy if their stockings are left empty. (And will they be happy if their stockings are filled?) And everyone else celebrates Christmas. (But Christ was not a Merry Man, but what Santa Claus brings is just what Christ said we could best do without.) And in any case we have no right to impose our own sense of guilt on our little ones. (But when we give them presents, they grow up with a sense of guilt anyway.)

The children.

The old folks.

The neighbors.

The world.

All the old stand-bys, the standard alibis for crucifying Christ in season

and out, on his birthday and on ours.

But they are good alibis, all of them, and how well we know them all, and how fondly we caress them. What would we do if we had no children to sin for, or no old folks or neighbors or world to sin for? We would go and sin no more.

### IV

The Federal Council of Churches in Christ is agitating for the decommercialization of Christmas. It is not succeeding, and it will not succeed. A civilization which does not believe that a Son was begotten by a non-existent God will not come and adore him. Christmas without Christ cannot be decommercialized. Like all other sins, it cannot be reformed; it has got to be abolished. Abolition is the only answer to the blasphemy of Christmas, as the Puritans discovered. The blasphemy will creep back as long as men are pagans, just as sin will, but that is no reason why the Christians should not denounce it and disengage themselves from its practice.

In Holland, St. Nicholas Day, on December 6, is a day of merriment and feasting and the giving of presents, and the birthday of Jesus Christ on December 25 is a day of worship. In France and in Scotland, they work off their merriment and feasting and giving of presents on New Year's Day, which no one pretends has any significance, and the birthday of Jesus Christ on December 25 is a day of worship. It has often been suggested that if we can't civilize ourselves in America, we can at least separate our pagan from our Christian ritual, like the Dutch, the French, and the Scotch. There isn't a chance. The Chamber of Commerce wouldn't stand for it; Christ is good for Biz.

I will make a deal with the Federal Council of Churches. If it will join me in demanding the abolition of Christmas, I will abolish Christmas in my home in 1950. And may God have mercy on my soul and give little four-year-old Dicken his two front teeth.

Reprinted with permission from the February, 1950, issue of *The Progressive*.



"I'll devote myself to you."



# Christmas Thoughts in Kottayam

Chandran Devanesen, from Madras Christian College, wrote this verse when many of us were in South India for the World Conference of Christian Youth.

## Voice of the Herald

*Glory to God in the highest!*

Do you hear, O men of the twentieth century?  
Your probing finger stabs the stratosphere,  
and the moon awaits your conquest—  
awaits the hissing whistle, the lurid incandescence  
of your jet-propelled armadas.

But He sits throned upon the stars  
and the Pleiades are in His hand.

*Peace on earth!*

Do you hear, O men of the twentieth century?  
The wind moans in the desolate trees in Korea  
like a sigh from the sick heart of the world.

The flakes of snow are frozen tears  
descending softly upon the battle-scarred hills.  
But He hath borne our griefs—the grief of mothers.  
He hath carried our sorrows—the heavy stone  
that presses hard upon the hearts of parted lovers.  
He knows the nails, the bullet wounds,  
the piercing agonies of the world.

*Good will towards all men!*

Do you hear, O men of the twentieth century?  
Good will between black men and white men.  
Good will between white and brown,  
Can you hear, you over there in Johannesburg?  
You over there in Moscow, in Washington, in Peking,  
in Delhi?

In Him there is neither East nor West,  
black skins nor white.  
All flesh is in His flesh.

## Voice of Mary

Come from Kottayam to Bethlehem  
come and behold him.

There is a pathway of pain  
in every woman's heart  
that leads to the gateway of life.

My son shall tread that path  
to lead you to the gateways of abundant life.

I gather him up into my arms  
as He will gather up the world  
into His everlasting arms.

## Voice of Joseph

The silence of wonder fills all my being  
as I listen to the heartbeats of the Little One.  
It is the heartbeat of God  
beating in the heart of life—  
I am but a humble carpenter—  
I know the feel of rough wood,  
I know the inner joys of the builder.  
This Little One will be a divine carpenter  
making smooth the rough things of this world.



### Voice of the Shepherds

We listen to the wind upon the hillsides.  
We look into the blue, mysterious distances.  
We watch the mists rising and the clouds drifting.  
At night the stars dot the sky,  
like our sheep upon a hillside.  
The effulgence of the rising sun  
is the brightness of God's angels  
who speak to us in the wide-opened spaces.  
The simple things of earth,  
the sky, the winds, the rain and the clouds—  
they speak to us of God's glory.  
He gives us our wide pastures.  
We are His sheep; we hear His voice  
where no other noises are to drown it.

### Voice of the Wise Men

The beckoning sky holds a star in it  
and the star holds our gaze  
for it is something transcending our wisdom,  
the sparkling call of the Infinite  
that refuses to be wholly entangled  
in the meshes of our subtle minds.  
Our minds have become darkened  
with too much cleverness  
and our own ingenuity maddens us.  
We need a saving light,  
a beam of brightness,  
leading us to the source of all Truth.  
Here have we found the cradled wisdom  
that is greater than all the wisdom of the ages.  
Here we kneel, the cleansing stream of humility  
flows through our parched minds;  
the refreshing waters of supreme goodness  
cool the aridness of our souls.  
All truth kneels in reverence in Bethlehem tonight.

### Voices of the People

O come let us adore Him,  
white men and black men, brown men and white men  
all kneeling reverently together.  
Let us worship Him, each in his own way,  
O men of Asia and Africa,  
of Europe and the Americas,  
of Australia and the islands of the Pacific.  
Let us worship Him with the music of our lands,  
the songs of the Burmese, the happy laughter of the  
Indonesians.  
Let us listen to the song of angels  
rising above the din of the traffic of our cities,  
(New York, Colombo, Tokyo, London, Calcutta)  
flowing in the streams of Ceylon, the klongs of Thailand,  
drifting across rice fields or snow fields,  
wafting over the surf of our beaches,  
resounding throughout the whole world.  
O come let us adore Him  
in the uncurtained communion of our hearts.  
Overhead, the clear sky of Travancore  
forms a canopy decked with stars  
for His coming.  
The coconut palms lean over to each other,  
their fronds trembling with the excitement  
of His coming.  
Let us join in the whispering expectancy of earth.  
Let the glad tidings ring out from Kottayam  
in our many languages, in our different tongues,  
through our youthful voices, our young hearts.  
All the world keeps a tryst tonight  
beside the manger in Bethlehem!





# THE CUSTOMER IS ALWAYS RIGHT

by John Davy  
Trinity College  
Cambridge

Reprinted from the  
Undergraduate Page  
The Spectator  
January 5, 1951

**T**HERE are two great festivals in December each year. The first is celebrated by the Christian world and is known as Christmas; the second is celebrated by the commercial world and is called Xmas. "X," although invariably gratifying to its Disciples, remains an unknown quantity until the last handkerchief has been sold, the last till emptied, and the last accountant straightens up stiffly from her adding machine on Christmas Eve. "X" is the total turnover, the net profit, the over-all sales; it's 300,000 pounds sterling; it is the Festival of Consumer Goods. The cult of "X" brings with it frayed tempers, depleted presents, sore feet and traffic jams in Oxford

Street. It leaves in its wake a jetsam of tin toys upside-down and forgotten on the nursery floor on Boxing Day, a brown and purple tie disposed of surreptitiously to the office boy, a multi-colored mass of tired, spent streamers in the drawing room. "X" is like the lion, a brave, brilliant thing in front, opulent and with a vulgar vigour but its backside an anticlimax.

A number of us from various universities, conscious of overdrafts actual or impending, signed on as temporary assistants at a big store. On the first day we were sent to school, where we were initiated into the mysteries of bills, accounts and dispatch dockets. We were introduced to

the marvels of the Personal Export Scheme, and we acquired a healthy respect for that ascetic and incorruptible individual the "Keep-Safe" Auto-Electric Cash Register. We learned that stray children were not to be classified as lost property, but should be displayed on the counter nearest to which they were found until reclaimed. And in case of trouble we were told to call for the "House S.S." We never in fact had occasion for such drastic action, but often, faced by a hostile and touchy crowd around midday, we got courage and fortitude from the knowledge that a word in the house telephone would bring the tramp of high black boots along the  
motive



aisles, and the comforting thud of rubber truncheons courteously but firmly applied.

The second day we were duly ordained as High Priest of Goods, dedicated to Xmas, the crowning ceremony of the retail year, the maximum turnover and bumper sales, and to the consumer. As assistant 2,577, I was attached to Department 1,098 (ties and gents' neckware). At the great gilt gates of the Temple of Xmas our congregation had come to assemble at five to nine. After the doors had been opened, a swelling stream of customers flowed smoothly past our counter, to be caught up in the eddies and cross currents of the book-department. After a while, as the further recesses of the store became congested, the current slowed, the aisles started to silt up, and the ground floor became a delta of meanders and sluggish streams. Officials in smart uniforms manned the pumps, and hoisted gallons of customers to higher floors; but around midday the mechanism



broke down and as many arrived back with the down-stroke as were transported by the up-stroke. A stray shopper, washed up against our counter, would start a rapid deposition until we found ourselves enclosed by a sort of sandspit of customers, and trade would become brisk. Gradually the current behind would erode this barrier until we were left again with a smooth shore line. In such quasi-geological cycles our trade was conducted, and the calm intervals we could devote to folding our ravaged stock.

ON the third floor is toyland, Xmas' holy of holies, where St. Nicholas,

who evidently moves with the times, is embodied as Father Xmas, in a beard and gown by Nathan's Xmas Accessories, Inc. He occasions some delight, but rather more skepticism, and his function is to commit parents to buying presents they cannot really afford. He is assisted by a character of nebulous background and no known family in fable or fiction known as Uncle Holly. He is a general factotum and yes man to Father Xmas, and also knows how to work the cash register.

Our goods were remarkable more for their price than their taste, and at first we had qualms as to the ethics of, so to speak, foisting the tasteless on the clueless. Should we be the agents whereby the sins of the Makers are visited upon the People, thereby becoming a species of bourgeois Fagin, assisting in the corruption of public taste and sacrificing aesthetics to the hard-faced diety of commission on sales? But we remembered in the end our first commandment—that the customer is always right—and the spirit of Xmas prevailed. Our technique improved as our tempers deteriorated. No longer would our "Kepe-Safe" ring up £ 161 instead of 16s 1d, and the woman who wanted a bottle-green tie we could send away with a battleship gray one and only slight misgivings. Personal Exports shed the glamour and became sordid episodes of deducting purchase tax. We could discipline the vacant-faced and restless-fingered customer who was "just-looking" and reducing our ordered trays to a frenzied froth of crumpled silks, and we would speak with assurance of "foulard," "French rayon," and "silk square cut." We found ourselves uttering odd jumbles of syllables in response to standard inquiries, like the men on tube stations who shout "Eindedors!" and "OnHaing!"

Quietly dressed, and static behind a counter, we found that to the public we were no longer individuals, but embodied principles, local expressions of the archetypal sales-assistant, an ingenious appliance attached to the

tie counter. At times this was a remarkable experience, although common, I suppose, to the other embodied principles like bus conductors and waiters, and was as though we wore a fairy tale cloak of darkness. Until the magic spell, "How much is this?" evoked from us a response of paper bags and receipts, we were impersonal, invisible and deaf. In our case this cloak could be deliberately shed, however, and we could materialize as quickly and terrifyingly as any slave of the lamp by saying in a cultured voice any short sentence containing one or two polysyllabic words, such as "frankly, madam, I consider that particular tie to suffer both from excruciating design and abysmal taste." Such sudden risks in the established order of things smack of the supernatural, and our game of djinns and genies substantially bolstered our morale at times.

WITH Saturday came, so to speak, the Twilight of the Goods. The last customer left replete with brown paper and string, and the door closed behind her. A snowfall of dust-sheets, and off-white Xmas, descended on empty counters and bare showcases. Uncle Holly and Father Xmas are off to Beckenham and our cashier was going to stay with her son at Woking. The spell of goods was losing its grip as the lights of the temple flicked out one by one, and assistants shed their numbers as they clocked out. When we stepped into the bright cold night it was crisp underfoot, and in the distance we could hear church bells calling us to Christmas.





# This Christmas

by Mary Dickerson Bangham

NOW, when Eisenhower is President of the United States and Elizabeth II Queen of England and Malenkov ruler over Russia and her satellites, all the peoples of the world are heavily taxed. And taxes pour into the treasuries of the world in order to maintain the kind of treasure required by wars and rumors of wars.

And again a carpenter named Joseph, descendent of both shepherds and kings, together with Mary his wife, journeys to a capital city where crowds assemble on the eve of great political events and where a humble workingman like Joseph might find it hard to get hotel or motel or tourist-room accommodations. And if no other place can be found, Joseph will make his wife as comfortable as possible in a garage where she may give birth to her first child and wrap him in warm blankets and lay him on a workman's bench!

Now when Jesus was again born into this world, as he has been each Christmas for nearly twenty hundreds of years, wise men came asking, as

millions ask in every age, "Where is the real King of mankind?"

Now the cities of the world have in them those who fear. Who fear childhood! Who fear love! Who fear joy and liberty and the sound of words like *redemption!* And these mongers of fear assemble their spiritually maimed underworlds to inquire where hope is being nourished, where faith dwells. And when they learn that hope is growing throughout the world and that increasing numbers find room in their hearts for the Child, they determine that such all-embracing love must not live.

But the hate-ridden cannot prevent wise men from seeing the Star, nor from viewing the heavens with wonder, nor from finding that which they seek.

So again this year the wise men of the East and of the West find that the stars in their courses pause before the miracle of a love-filled home! Before the miracle of the Holy Family, a family so whole, so holy, so wholesome, that its love encompasses the world!

And the wise bow low, giving themselves as well as the lesser gifts of gold!

But the most wonderful part of the Christmas Story is this: *Jesus increased in wisdom and in stature and in favor with God and man.*

He increased in wisdom until he made the most successful lawyers flounder, in stature until he could bear a cross, in favor with God until God said: "Thou art my beloved Son; with thee I am well pleased."

And he increased in favor with man—and continues to increase—until now millions say: "No man ever spoke like this man!"

And this year, this December in which Eisenhower is President of the United States, and Nehru Prime Minister of India and Elco N. Van Kleffens presiding over the U.N., the living and wonderful part of the Christmas Story is that someday it will read: *Now in these days, wherein there is One Fold and One Shepherd, Jesus of Nazareth is born again at Christmas and every heart gives Him room! . . .*



## Of the Incarnation

(Continued from page 23)

him, so now *all* who turned to him in the name of the crucified Jesus would receive forgiveness. They would receive a new power to serve God by the gift of his Holy Spirit and would be able to escape from their self-centeredness by true service to God. But all of this is of God; it was not done by Jesus as such. Hear in this connection the words of Peter's sermon at Pentecost in Acts 2:22-24, 36.

Men of Israel, hear these words: Jesus of Nazareth, a man attested to you by God with mighty works and wonders and signs which God did through him in your midst, as you yourselves know—this Jesus, delivered up according to the definite plan and foreknowledge of God, you crucified and killed by the hands of lawless men. But God raised him up, having loosed the pangs of death, because it was not possible for him to be held by it. . . . Let all the house of Israel therefore know assuredly that God has made him both Lord and Christ, this Jesus whom you crucified.

Note how much emphasis is here placed upon God's part in this action, in fact the express teaching that it is God who has worked this supreme

miracle. Paul, in his opening words to the Roman Christians, takes this same position:

Paul, a servant of Jesus Christ, called to be an apostle, set apart for the gospel of God which he promised beforehand through his prophets in the holy scriptures, the gospel concerning his Son, who was descended from David according to the flesh and designated Son of God in power according to the Spirit of holiness by his resurrection from the dead, Jesus Christ our Lord . . . (1:1-4).

As we consider the record of Jesus' ministry we remember that his sole concern was to turn men to God lest they die without hope or meaning. And we remember, with shame, how this complete dedication to the service of God led to Calvary because of the self-centeredness of men. But the spotless record of his complete trust in his heavenly Father, even when faced with the cross, causes us Christians to say with that Roman Centurion at the foot of the cross, "truly this man was a son of God." (Mark 15:39). But even as we learn of how God raised him from the dead and of the experience of the receiving of God's Holy Spirit by those first, and all subsequent generations of Christians, we find it true

to assert with Paul that "God was in Christ reconciling the world unto himself."

**T**HE Christmas story as told in Matthew and Luke recites in a simple and literal way this Christian conviction. It is this same conviction which we repeat when we claim Jesus to have been the long-awaited Jewish Messiah for which we use the Greek term, Christ. This is why the Epistle to the Hebrews begins with those moving words: "In many and various ways God spoke of old to our fathers by the prophets; but in these last days he has spoken to us by a Son, whom he appointed the heir of all things, through whom also he created the world." This is what we mean when we refer to the "sinlessness of Jesus," not as when a communist insists that Stalin never made a mistake, a dogma now transferred to Malenkov, but in the sense that here was the one life completely and wholly dedicated to the service of God.

Was Jesus pre-existent? Was he the Messiah from birth or only from baptism? Did he know of his Messiahship before he began his ministry? All such questions are fruitless for they start from the standpoint, not of faith in the God of the Bible, but in the belief that there is some kind of independent truth which may be discovered by the mind untrammelled by dogma. The Christian *starts* with the dogma that the God of Abraham and Moses most fully revealed himself in his Son, Jesus, the Christ. It is by faith in this revelation of God's will for our lives that we receive our salvation.

From now on, therefore, we regard no one from a human point of view; even though we once regarded Christ from a human point of view, we regard him thus no longer. Therefore, if any one is in Christ, he is a new creation, the old has passed away, behold, the new has come. All this is from God, who through Christ reconciled us to himself and gave us the ministry of reconciliation; that is, God was in Christ reconciling the world to himself, not counting their trespasses against them, and entrusting to us the message of reconciliation (2 Corinthians 5:16-19).

### Ceremonies for Candlemasse Eve

Down with the Rosemary and Bayes,  
Down with the Mistleto;  
Instead of Holly, now up-raise  
The greener Box (for show).

The Holly hitherto did sway;  
Let Box now domineere;  
Until the dancing Easter-day,  
Or Easters Eve appeare.

Then youthfull Box which now hath grace,  
Your houses to renew;  
Grown old, surrender must his place,  
Unto the crisped Yew.

When Yew is out, then Birch comes in,  
And many Flowers beside;  
Both of a fresh and fragrant kinne  
To honour Whitsontide.

Green Rushes then, and sweetest Bents,  
With cooler Oken boughs;  
Come in for comely ornaments,  
To re-adorn the house.  
Thus times do shift; each thing his turne do's hold;  
New things succeed, as former things grow old.

—Robert Herrick





Upper left: Duke University theology professor Dr. L. E. Wethington and his family, facing camera, trained at Meadville for service in the Philippines.



Left: Joyce Koch, Peoria, Ill., and Kathleen Register, Jasper, Fla., who will serve three years in Japan under the Woman's Division, trained in the overseas orientation at Meadville. Here Betty White gives them one of three "T's"—typhus, tetanus, and typhoid.

Lower left: Language study for K-3's is directed by Miss Margaret Billingsley, executive for Korea of the W.D.C.S. Listening are George Ogle, Pitcairn, Pa., Marilyn Terry, Langdale, Ala., and Esther Stoffer, Alliance, Ohio.

# 2's 'n 3's MASTER ALL



LINGUIST, film expert, theologian, evangelist, teacher—these are a few of the all-round skills expected of almost any missionary these days. To help prepare new missionaries of The Methodist Church—eighty of them—for tasks at home and abroad, three training schools were operated this summer. Many of the missionaries are already at work putting theory to test on the field.

The fledgling missionaries were inculcated with shots and indoctrinated with language and cultural studies. Their arms developed knots and their mouths contorted as they made strange new sounds. They heard lectures on colonialism and communism; they questioned "nationals" and veteran missionaries from the fields to which they are going.



# TRADES

by Betty Thompson

the Foreign Missionary Training Conference, Allegheny College, Meadville, Pa., June 23-Aug. 4. This overseas orientation course was sponsored by the Division of Foreign Missions of the National Council of Churches and was attended by over one hundred and twenty missionaries from a dozen denominations.

A Methodist missionary from Malacca, Malaya, Charles Shumaker, was dean of the "3" training group. Field projects included a week-end evangelism mission and weekly visitations to Negro churches in the Nashville area. Aim here was to give students an opportunity to put their Christian faith into words to share with others. Problems of adjustment and integration in working with people of another race were also of importance to the new missionaries.

Serving in Africa and Korea for three years are young men and women who have received training as teachers, agriculturists, religious educators, an office worker, a builder, a laboratory technician. They are noncommissioned lay workers.

The Meadville group included among the regular-term missionary couples a theology professor and his family who will go to the Philippines, a hospital administrator from Iowa destined for Korea, several ministers, a doctor and his nurse wife who will return to the Africa mission station where the wife was born.

Among the lay workers who trained at Allegheny are Mr. and Mrs. Mark Twain Ratliff of Denver, Colorado, who are going to Korea on a short-

term assignment in relief for Methodist Committee for Overseas Relief. Prominent church workers in Denver, Mr. Ratliff has been a vocational training administrator for the Veterans Administration and his wife is a social case worker.

The "U.S.-2's" trained at National College for service in home mission institutions—settlement houses, rural areas, schools, clinics, children's homes—reported thought-provoking questions at class, meals, and "buzz" sessions:

"Why are these young people giving two years of their lives in Christian service?" asks Esther Jones, Readsville, Pa., and answers:

"A glance at the roster shows that all of them are recent graduates of colleges and universities throughout the United States, that many of them were top students and leaders on campus, most of them leaders in Wesley Foundation or the Methodist Student Movement," Esther explains. "The girls gave various reasons but most of them felt a desire to go into Christian service and wanted to go on a two-year trial to discover the fields in which they would like to continue."

"The young man, Robert Trost of Redondo Beach, Calif., felt the program would give him valuable experience before entering seminary."

According to all reports as valuable as the knowledge received at these schools is the feeling of fellowship. As they serve, often on lonely mission stations, they are strengthened by this kinship.

Thirty recent college graduates trained at Scarritt College for Christian Workers, Nashville, Tenn., June 26-Aug. 9, for three-year terms of service in Africa and Korea. This experiment of the Methodist Board of Missions is now in its seventh year. Under the "3" program nearly four hundred young people have been sent to serve in India, Japan, Latin America, the Philippines, Borneo, as well as Africa and Korea.

For similar short-term service in the United States and its territories, the Woman's Division of Christian Service conducted a U.S.-2 training program at National College for Christian Workers, Kansas City, Mo., Aug. 24-Sept. 5. Here the "us too's," a program for two-year service in the continental United States, three years in the territories, originally modeled on the foreign short-term program, brought twenty-five young women and a man together. They studied Christian faith, social group work, religious education, and recreation.

In the third group training session nine regular-term married couples and seven single young women who will serve three-year terms in Latin America and Japan trained with representatives of other denominations at

## 1955 Fellowship of Christian Service

75 young men and women to work for three years in Japan, Korea, Okinawa, Philippines, Malaya, Sarawok, Pakistan, Liberia, Belgian Congo, Southern Rhodesia, South Africa, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Cuba and Peru.

### Women

Write: Miss J. Marguerite Twinem

### Men

M. O. Williams

Office of Missionary Personnel, Board of Missions, 150 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York



# Open Letter From THE "Y's" OF JAPAN

Dear Friends in the W.S.C.F.:

We, the Christian students of Japan, are now praying together, feeling strong encouragement from our friends in Christ through the W.S.C.F. We thank God we are able to remember and support one another in prayer to our Lord, though we live under governments which have different principles, in such a conflicting world situation.

On this Day of Prayer, especially, we hear the particular words of our Lord, "You are the salt of the earth." Are we really the salt of the earth? When we ask this question of ourselves again, we cannot help admitting our powerlessness in affecting the social situation today. At present in Japan we see tendencies reversing those of the past. For instance, our country is moving toward revision of the Peace Constitution and the rearmament which will follow it. There are many tendencies in the life around us which violate man's freedom and personality. It is almost impossible to have true understanding in our personal relationships, even in our colleges or homes. In this type of situ-

ation how shall we be able to be "the salt of the earth"? Thinking of this matter, we first recognize that we have not really tried to face the difficult problems of Japanese society and to assume the burden of them as Christians and as citizens. We confess that when we searched the Scriptures, we forgot the social problems and when we tried to solve them, we lost our confidence in the Lord. We have tried again and again to hear the word of God in our daily life, as it is. We hoped and prayed that we could bear the burdens of our everyday life, standing in the firm confidence of God. And now we have come to know that this dilemma is caused by our existence itself in relation to God. Then, when we have resolved to follow the Lord's way with our whole being we feel that we cannot live before God, if we turn our back upon the unfavorable social situation which we mentioned above.

But here we face the next difficulty. That is, even among Japanese Christian students, there are many who do not feel social responsibilities. Therefore it is very difficult for us to act

as a body, though we know that cooperation is necessary for us if we are to work against the wrong currents which are running in Japan. In such actual difficulties we are often tempted to stop fighting against them. Nevertheless, when we are confessing our powerlessness and difficulties, we feel that our Lord approaches us with the words, "I have overcome the world." And we know that because our Lord is the Lord of Triumph through his cross and resurrection we are forgiven and spurred to take a new step.

We remember, especially, the friends in Korea and East Germany who are in difficult situations. May God bless and solace them abundantly.

Finally, let us remember we are fighting a cooperative battle together with one Lord whether we are in easy or in difficult places. May God strengthen us as we encourage one another in prayer.

Your friends in Christ,

Michiko Idezuki  
National Student Y.W.C.A.  
Atsushi Oide  
National Student Y.M.C.A.

(Reply from the National Conference of Methodist Youth, Naperville, August, 1954.)

Dear Christian Friends:

We of the United States Methodist Student Movement thank you for your letter of Christian fellowship. The courageous manner in which you as a minority group are facing the challenge of a non-Christian culture and are rising to the responsibility it presents is inspiring to us.

It was certainly meaningful to us to learn that the students of Japan recognize so clearly the great part which they will have to play in successfully shaping the destiny of Japan and, therefore, the destiny of the Orient.

Know that our love, our prayers, and our thoughts are with you as you continue to work with God.

At the present time leaders of the Methodist Student Movement over the United States are meeting in a National Conference near Evanston, Illinois. Our contact with the World Council of Churches has served to heighten our realization of the oneness in Christ which crosses oceans, national frontiers, and racial differences. In addition to our attendance at World Council sessions, we have been privileged to talk with delegates who have visited our conference, among

them being your own Toyohiko Kagawa.

Your aims and ours are the same, for we work united in the same hope through Christ. We feel that the fellowship between our two groups, begun in your letter, is valuable and should be kept vital. Therefore we hope to hear again from you concerning your movement, that we may grow in faith and understanding through our sharing together.

Yours in Christ,

Mary Lou Ames,  
Sam Smith,  
Bob Snyder,  
Council Members



# Pedigreed Professors

by Bernard A. Weisberger

Assistant Professor of History, Antioch College

ONCE upon a time the American college curriculum was divided among the classics, natural philosophy, and moral philosophy. These subjects were usually taught by retired clergymen who might lack something in expertness, but whose credentials as moral guides could pass any check. However, as time passed, the curriculum became increasingly subdivided, and specialized, the composition of the faculty changed, and the specialist took over.

Today the college student moves in a world of learning ruled over by Ph.D.'s. Learned doctors teach him, among other things, to write compositions, identify brachiopods, describe the sonata form, perform the handstand on the parallel bars, and ask for the pen of his uncle in French. You can find decorative lists of faculty diplomas in even the most modest of college catalogs.

This lust for pedigreed instruction is an interesting reflection of the competitive mechanics of American higher education. It also creates a problem sorrowfully recognized by generations of students.

Teachers who complete specialized courses at graduate institutions do not, for the most part, sally forth to instruct the world in their specialties. Rather, they secure teaching jobs at liberal arts colleges.

Thus, experts in Middle English phonetics usher young prospective engineers into the glories of literature. Men and women who have spent years

investigating the molecular structure of naphthalene introduce would-be historians to the scientific habit of mind. Teachers who have squandered their youth on the theory of power of Marsilius of Padua give doctors and lawyers still in the shell their acquaintance with the processes of democracy.

Hence, some argue that students who want the wide world unfolded to them by men and women of breadth, vitality, and creative power are instead obliged to struggle through courses taught by pedantic "experts," intent on creating replicas of themselves.

Now, supposing this argument to be even partly true, what, if anything, can be done about it?

## Pass the Miracles, Please

Two solutions suggest themselves—both, alas, moderately Utopian. One would permit colleges to draw teachers from the ranks of those who showed both interest and aptitude in helping young people to learn, without requiring advanced special studies as a condition to hiring. This would require, though, the passing of a miracle whereby administrators and trustees would be willing to forego the pleasures of degree-flaunting in the catalog. The habits of a generation or two are not broken that easily.

On the other hand, graduate schools could insist upon admitting prospective masters and doctors only when the candidates themselves showed evidence that they possessed a well-

rounded education. Until there is some agreement, however, among American colleges as to what constitutes well-rounded education, such insistence would be valorous but impractical. Nothing will restore the classics, together with natural and moral philosophy, to universal academic currency, and therefore no advanced academy can reasonably demand a fixed entry fee.

## Graduate Programs

Can graduate schools themselves change their nature? Could they commit the doctoral candidate to a broad program of studies and encourage the entrant who was interested only in the general pursuit of knowledge? Yes, but not without losses.

Graduate schools do not inevitably turn out sticks and stones. On the contrary, they can nourish specialists who, by their very devotion to a subject, emerge brim full of energy and enthusiasm. Such graduates, if they become teachers, can lighten the atmosphere around them, kindle interest in the world of ideas, and make college learning a thing of fireworks and glory. To clog their progress *after* college with extra requirements is neither fair nor politic. A graduate school is meant for those who want uninterrupted occasion to dig deeply, and may be strengthened, in fact, when it admits only those who have staked out their excavation and will get to work with no time wasted.

Moreover, to shift the emphasis in



graduate school to a general preparation for teaching may attract too many of the mechanical college graduates: those who will submit to captivity for the required number of hours and grind out the prescribed examinations in dutiful pursuit of the goal that really counts with them—the job, any job. Or it may act as a magnet for the undecided, who are like the provincial lady on the Lord High Executioner's little list: she "doesn't think she dances but would rather like to try."

Would the bill be filled by requiring courses in "education" of prospective college teachers? One would hope not. Professionally taught studies in "education" have concerned themselves zealously with measurements and with psychological adjustments and with techniques—that is, with students as statistics, students as cases, and students as subjects. It is highly arguable that such studies would apply in higher education, where "information" or "subject matter" is increasingly important; and it is certain that they cannot of themselves make warm, enthusiastic, and inspiring men and women—good teachers—out of graduate stu-

dents who are devoid of those qualities in the first place.

The same holds true of "workshops" joined in by teachers already on the payroll. It may be helpful to talk over the handiest methods of silencing back-row hecklers, or the approved technique for coaxing a shy student into contributing more capital to the discussion. It is doubtful, however, that such activity yields a high return in common sense, leadership, or communicativeness—in the qualities of good teachers—among the ungifted.

#### Apprentice Teaching

In the end, the best that colleges can do, perhaps, is to place greater weight on the human qualities in the faculty that they hire. But there may be one other recourse in graduate schools. Graduate schools might well give doctoral candidates more trial runs in the classroom, through a wide use of graduate assistantships. It might be possible for colleges to cooperate in instituting apprentice teaching programs so that graduate institutions might reasonably require at least one year of actual teaching as essential to the advanced degree.

An exposure to students would

bring the prospective professor before his best and sharpest critics, restore his sense of perspective on the relationship of his specialty to learning at large, and give him at least some experience by which to judge his own taste for dishing out education.

Nothing is so chastening and improving as to discover that students have never heard of the subject of one's dissertation and do not care to. More of such chastening might help candidates to determine their preference for teaching or nonacademic work.

For in the end, the students are the judges and the evidence of good teaching. Few of us remember textbooks that changed our lives. Most of us remember teachers who did.

"We called him tortoise," said the Mock Turtle to Alice, "because he taught us."

"He taught us" is the best accolade the professor can receive; the question is one of finding more people who, by their human qualifications as well as their scholastic blue ribbons, will merit it.

*Reprinted with permission from Antioch Notes, Volume 31, Number 7, March 15, 1954.*



"So many things I know."



**DRAMA:**

Tom Driver, graduate student at Union Theological Seminary and Columbia University, has long had an interest in the theater. While an undergraduate at Duke University he wrote a play printed in  *motive*. Since that time he has spent two summers in the study of drama in Europe. It is from his experiences in England last summer that this analysis of the new Christopher Fry play was written.

# The Dark Is Light Enough

Review of Christopher Fry's play by Tom Driver

ONE OF the businesses which occupies the modern theater from time to time is that of digesting the work of Christopher Fry. With the Broadway opening of his latest play, *The Dark Is Light Enough* (Oxford University Press, \$2.75), the attempts begin again. No unanimous voice, however, may be expected from the critics, for whatever may be said of Christopher Fry it remains that he is an enigma. Those who find fault with his plays do so with a kind of regret, and those who receive him with joyous welcome are conscious of some element of disappointment in what he has brought forth.

Fry's work fascinates us on at least three levels. The foremost of these, no doubt, is the presence of a brilliant poet in the theater. There is a persistent hunger in the modern theater for the "voice of poetry." In America, Maxwell Anderson has tried to find a poetic style to fit an essentially unpoetic view of the theater. In England, much more significant has been the attention paid by T. S. Eliot to the theater—the attempt of the dean of English letters to discover a popular poetic theatrical form. There have been other attempts. Arriving later than all of them, Christopher Fry has



Jacket drawing from *The Dark Is Light Enough*



been, in the popular sense, the most successful of all. More than the verse of any other modern dramatist, his is intensely "listenable." It has an agility quite undreamed of in the work of his contemporaries, a sparkling, dazzling quality that fills the theater with a delightful juggling of ideas and images.

Fry's second fascinating quality is a certain flare for dramatic situations. In *A Sleep of Prisoners* it is imaginatively stimulating to discover four English prisoners of war isolated in an abandoned and dilapidated church building—with organ, pulpit, church, and Bible for acting areas and properties. The latest play is set during the Hungarian revolution against Austria in the nineteenth century, in the home of Countess Rosmarin Ostenburg, whither the irrepressible Countess has brought a fugitive deserter from the Hungarian army, a man who happens also to be the former husband of the Countess' own daughter. The daughter is also present, and the pursuing army immediately surrounds the house. It is a situation bursting with possibilities, and is characteristic of Fry's ability to assure his audience of an exciting first act.

Finally—and one hardly knows whether this has the most to do with Fry's success, or the least—there is his preoccupation with universals, with life, death, and morality. As one of the British reviewers has suggested:

We have chosen him to be, of all contemporaries, our spokesman among the immensities; . . . we charter him to inspect birth, death, love, hate, and other imponderable matters on our behalf, and find that we laugh and weep at his report.<sup>1</sup>

By now, it is possible to say a little about the reports which Mr. Fry is issuing. The curious fact is that a critique of his message is also a critique of the dramatic quality of the plays. It is nowhere better illustrated than in the current offering.

**C**OUNTRESS Rosmarin Ostenburg is the light which shines in the darkness of the Austro-Hungarian war. A woman in whom no darkness exists at all, she manages to think the best of everyone and to act accordingly. Reports have it that all in her presence are changed for the better. One winter morning she sets off alone in her sleigh and rescues into the shelter of her home her erstwhile son-in-law, a renegade for whom no one on stage except the radiant Countess can find the slightest use, and who soon establishes his blackness of heart firmly in the mind of the audience as well.

It is not long before the Hungarian army, in search of the deserter who may have valuable information in his

<sup>1</sup> Caryl Brahms, *Plays and Players*, June, 1954.

head, surrounds the house and demands the deliverance of the fugitive. The countess, against the advice of almost everyone, flatly refuses to yield even a blackguard to the firing squad and therefore must accept the Hungarian general's terms, which are that the Countess' second son-in-law, a man of admirable soul, be taken hostage. Upon this situation, Mr. Fry rings down the curtain of his first act.

We are, at this juncture, in the darkness of a genuine dramatic situation. No audience which assembles in any theater today is far removed from the love of life in the face of possible death. We are all participants in a genuine crisis, where in order to save life it seems necessary to sacrifice life. If one fights, the innocent die. If one does not fight, the innocent suffer, and perhaps die, too.

In the Countess' home there are those who want to fight and those afraid to fight, those who want to punish the wicked and those who want to protect even them, those who are evil and get away with it, and those who are innocent and made to suffer. The situation is composed of the paradoxes and darknesses which beset all men today in their idealism and their frustration.

**W**ERE Mr. Fry more of a dramatist than he is, we might expect a genuine follow-through. Given this situation, what will happen? But unfortunately the liveliest poet in our theater prefers, as usual, to dodge the dramatic question and to search for light. The last two acts of the play have almost no dramatic action. In order to keep the play going, he has invented a generous amount of *incident*; but nothing occurs which seems the real outgrowth of the situation set in Act I. Rather, Fry is interested in discussing the validity of the Countess' position. The play becomes, essentially, a debate upon the subject of love, pity, and nonviolence—witty, entertaining, poetically exciting, perhaps even with a great deal of wisdom, but not essentially dramatic, and therefore, one may venture, not genuinely helpful in the face of reality. It follows that a critique of Mr. Fry is

#### COMPLETELY EXHAUSTED

An unusual demand for the October issue of *Motive* has completely exhausted our supply of copies. Student groups with extra copies of this issue on hand are asked to please return them express collect to

**MOTIVE**                      1001 19th Ave., S.                      Nashville, Tennessee



necessarily not only to be made in terms of dramatic criteria but also in terms of Christian faith.

In the past, Christopher Fry has written a number of religious plays, many of which are popular in the churches. There is basis for assuming he has a real interest in Christian attitudes, at the least. One must ask, then, whether his newest play is an attempt to state a Christian view of nonviolence and love. If the answer is yes, then a number of objections are in order.

A poet such as Christopher Fry faces one major obstacle to dramatic writing and also to precise Christian doctrine: the temptation to solve every problem in terms of words. Now it is true that Christianity is a religion of the Word, and it is also true that no one can be a significant dramatist who cannot easily handle words—but behind the words of drama and the Word of Christianity there stands an even more fundamental reality, namely, action. The words of a drama are dramatic words not when they are beautiful, or true, or intellectually exciting (though they may be all of these) but when they have the power of conveying an action which the dramatist is setting forth. The Word of Christianity is truly the Word not because it is beautiful or intellectually understandable (it may be neither of these) but because it is the power of God setting forth his deed.

In Christianity, the Word is a man, and not so much simply a man as a man engaged in that action which we call the Cross. It is in that actionful Word that the Christian form of nonviolence must be found, if it is to be found at all. Fry's predilection for words beautiful and enchanting in themselves makes it difficult for him to follow through with the tragic action implicit in his situations. Loving words and ideas, he prefers to see life in terms of darkness and enlightenment. A more genuinely dramatic writer would perceive that the Light of the World is not so much manifest in an attitude of love and pity as in a mysterious Action, which attracts us and draws us into itself, but which,

1955						
	1	2	3	4	5	
6	7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	31		

# THIS YEAR CALLS YOU TO SERVICE AS A US2

All Kinds of Teaching opportunities offered

Holding (Mexican)  
Harwood (Inter-racial)  
Boylan - Haven (Negro)  
Robinson (Puerto Rico)  
Navajo (Indian)

Nurses, Dieticians,  
Doctors are essential

Seward General (Alaska)  
Brewster (Florida)  
Freeman Clinic (Texas)  
and others.

Trained Workers in Rural Work

Agricultural areas of the South and Midwest.  
Mining Communities in the Northeast  
Indian Reservations in the West.  
Fishing Villages in Maine.

Group Workers

Clubs, Crafts, Clinics, Case Work.  
Discussion Groups.  
Kindergarten.  
Naturalization Classes in Community Centers across the country.

House Parents  
Dieticians  
Farm Managers

Jessie Lee Home (Alaska)  
David and Margaret (California)  
Peek Home (Illinois)  
Harpst (Georgia)  
and others.

## Facts

- Be Challenged by His call to Christian Discipleship.
- Bachelor's Degree.
- Good health, good mind, committed spirit.
- Receive monthly salary of \$100 plus maintenance.
- Serve Two years in U.S., Three in outposts.

## Write

Miss Alpharetta Leeper  
Dept. of Missionary Personnel  
150 Fifth Avenue  
New York, N.Y.

unlike an enlightened principle, we may neither "adopt" nor "understand." Christianity is more dramatic than Fry imagines, not because it sees the difference between light and dark but because it experiences the dramatic encounter between God and man.

**S**TRANGELY enough, there is one play in which Christopher Fry comes very close to fulfilling the demands made upon the writer by drama and the Christian faith, and that play has never been performed professionally in America. It is *The Firstborn*, a play of Moses and the Exodus. There also the Fry delight in the image of darkness and light is very much in evidence, but it is prevented from becoming the

formative image of the play by virtue of the fact that the author had an historical event to portray. It was an event which the Church has always seen as a prefiguration of the Cross itself. When he was bound to move through that event, Mr. Fry produced what one may call his most satisfactory serious drama.

With regard to the latest offering, it is to be wished that the dark had been light enough. Unfortunately Fry preferred to search for that attitude which would enlighten everything. He found it in Countess Rosmarin. She is a delight, and a role to be coveted by many an actress, but her author has not been willing really to face the question of what happens when the light shines in darkness.





## BOOK REVIEWS

### Symbols and Origins

The only way we can communicate is by signs and symbols: the sounds we make with our mouths, the expressions on our faces, the scratches on tablets, the markings on paper. They are all simply symbols or signs. It is generally true that the signs of one community are not understood by those outside its bounds, whether that community be one of geography, as with a nation and its language, or of meaning, as with physics and its formulas.

One of the most nearly universal languages is that of Christian symbolism. A great number of its symbols have meaning even to many outside the Christian community, as for instance, the cross and the symbols of eternal life.

Christian symbols have become integrally entwined into Christian art. Many of the masterpieces of art in Western civilization would have a meaning far beyond that of the aesthetic content of those who admire it if they but knew the meaning of the symbolism which the artist has worked into his design. The publication of *George Ferguson's Signs and Symbols in Christian Art* (Oxford University Press, \$10), a job not only fine in scholarship but elegant in appearance, helps us to understand our symbols and to appreciate what they mean in Christian art. This, of course, will result for the reader in a more profound understanding of the meaning of Christianity itself.

It will help answer questions such as that posed by the daughter of the book's sponsor, Rush H. Kress, who wanted to know what the goldfinch in the hand of the child in Tiepolo's "Madonna and the Goldfinch" meant. Most of us have seen the picture, but why the goldfinch? The answer, accompanied by a marginal line drawing plus a full-color reproduction of the original:

The goldfinch is fond of eating thistles and thorns, and since all thorny plants have been accepted as an allusion to Christ's crown of thorns, the

goldfinch has become a symbol of the Passion of Christ. In this sense, it frequently appears with the Christ Child, showing the close connection between the Incarnation and the Passion.

The plates are beautiful, the printing is large and excellent, the writing is facile, almost elementary, but as noted above, backed up by an impressive scholarship.

It is hard to praise too highly. Such an excellent volume as this, every family should have, and every student would be proud to own.

*Maurice Goguel* has been one of the most impressive of modern biblical scholars. His *The Life of Jesus*, first published in English in 1933, is without question one of the most learned and scholarly works in the field. He has since written the two concluding volumes of his trilogy titled "Jesus and Christian Origins."

The second volume, *The Birth of Christianity* (The Macmillan Company, \$7.50), continues the detailed and documented scholarship of the life of Christ. It is pointed to show that Christianity is "not the religion preached or taught by Jesus. It has for its content the drama of redemption accomplished by his death and resurrection. It depends therefore on a secret history culminating in the fact of the resurrection. It is not concerned with the life of a holy man or a hero who serves as an example for those who follow him, but with a series of historical facts, which are interrupted as revealing redemptive acts of God." He discusses how Jesus in the resurrection becomes a new object of religious devotion, and the failure of Christianity to develop within Judaism. Christian doctrines begin to take form as Christianity develops within the framework of Hellenism. Dr. Goguel brings this study to the point of the stabilization of Christianity, the formation of its doctrine and the reactions which the preaching of its gospel provokes.

Anyone who is serious in trying to understand what Christianity means, particularly in the witness of its origins, will have to take account of this book, and he ought carefully to read it. It is the kind of addition to a library which will be a permanent listing.

It seems obvious to most thoughtful contemporaries that there is an estrangement between work and faith. This comes at a time when there is a new interest in the Church on the part of a formidable group of lay people.

The uneasiness of many people today concerning the ambiguous implications of what they do with their labor has demanded a serious consideration of their situation.

In making ready for the World Council of Churches, Evanston Assembly, a group of men representing leaders in church, labor, industry and related fields worked for some three years in prepara-

tion of basic material for the Assembly's consideration. Under the editorship of *John Oliver Nelson*, this discussion has been prepared by a group of important scholars: *Work and Vocation* (Harper & Brothers, \$2.75).

This volume is certainly worth study by Christian groups. The answers are not drawn, but certainly the implications of work from the point of view of biblical scholarship, as well as contemporary needs, are sharply drawn.

For the student there is some disappointment that the book has no index, but each chapter has extensive notes, and Robert S. Michaelsen has prepared an exhaustive bibliography on the subject (just a hint, in case some student reading this has a term paper on vocations coming up!).

One recurrent misfortune of the people called Christians is a tendency toward a rather pompous kind of self-righteousness. That this disease is not usually lightened by humor, is obvious. For the person who is really a good humorist (to be distinguished from the collector of anecdotes) is one who can see beneath his own pretensions and is skeptical about his own claims, which is why the Christian should be a good humorist. (Now, *Halford E. Luccock* is not usually called a humorist, although what he writes and says is often funny. He is really a profoundly Christian theologian who often makes the professional theologians wince with anguish—which is exactly what their state should often be when they let their own dialectical skill be confused with the word of God.)

For some time writing as Simeon Stylites (the original flagpole sitter who, as Luccock reminds us, had something of a world record as a columnist—being in possession of his pillar for some thirty-three years), he has us to see ludicrous implications of our pretensions and to find laughter in our own foibles. It is a fine thing that finally a sizeable batch of the observations of Simeon Stylites are collected under the title *Like a Mighty Army* (Oxford University Press, \$2.50).

### Catholicity and Free Churchmen

One of the phrases of the Creed (the Apostles' Creed, that is) affirms that we believe in the "holy catholic church." This affirmation seems to have bothered many people; perhaps it still does. They are afraid when they say they believe in the "catholic" church, they really believe in the Roman Church. That is not so. Under the intriguing title, *The Catholicity of Protestantism*, edited by *R. Newton Flew* and *Rupert E. Davies* (Muhlenberg Press, \$1.75), a group of Free Churchmen in England responded to a request of the Archbishop of Canterbury to set forth exactly what the Free Churches would conceive to be their beliefs.

motive



In this excellent, though necessarily brief volume, the Free Churchmen have shown unmistakably that in basic matters of belief, Protestants have remained without apology in the clear and honest affirmation of fundamental Christian tenets. The real problem comes in the separation of Protestants from the other branches of the Christian Church over questions of authority. "Catholicism" has many different views as to the nature of authority (the Roman Catholic assigning of authority to the person of the Pope; the Orthodox conviction of the infallibility of the church, especially those persons of the church, the Bishops; and the Anglican acknowledgment of the supreme authority of holy scriptures).

For Protestants the ultimate authority is "God himself as revealed in the work of Jesus Christ. This is the Gospel, the Word of God, which is Christ himself, the primitive Kerygma, proclaiming the facts and convictions enshrined in the Apostles' and Nicene Creeds, but not exhausted by them. . . . It is this Word which must be the ultimate standard of faith and practice, and this Word alone."

It is important for Protestants to realize their catholicity, to examine the bases of their faith, to know what is the meaning of authority.

### Worship Revival

Prayer groups are one of the interesting, encouraging, and disturbing phenomenon in student groups. They are encouraging because they show a practical result in the new interest in Christian piety. They are interesting because of their testimony to that assertion. They are disturbing because they tend so often to be cells who live together in a manner so oblivious to the rest of the world, as really to be sterile.

In the devotional literature which attempts to teach people to pray, how to form prayer groups, what is the nature, the responsibilities, the applications, the word, etc., of prayer, a valuable addition has been made in a manual for prayer groups, *Two or Three Together* by Harold W. Freer and Francis B. Hall (Harper & Brothers, \$2.50). This volume examines the reasons and the nature of prayer groups and discusses how such groups live and die. The second part of the book contains the workshop material of "Meditations and Helps." It is designed to be used with a beginning prayer group and to be the resource which will help such a group to come through to maturity.

Integral to the revival of Christian religious interest has been a new interest in the meaning and forms of worship. Among evangelical churchmen this has been a kind of market-basket affair: the clergymen and students went shopping

around for that which intrigued them as being something that would "enrich worship." Their congregations and groups were subjected to all kinds of worship "experiences." From theaters were borrowed the rheostat and the spotlight. From the Episcopalians was borrowed about everything else.

Suddenly the communion table turned into an altar, the chancel got divided, and it was important as to the number of candles that were lit, to have three steps leading from the nave into the chancel, to get a baptismal font with eight sides and be able to define the meaning of reredos.

For many congregations the awakening was a step toward a more dignified and significant worship of God. For some it was a dilettantist aestheticism. For others it has been the symbol of a longing for the ancient securities, and doubtless, for others many unlisted values. Inevitably, however, there has come a reaction. This is different from the original inertia and reaction to change. It is a reaction sympathetic to the intrinsic values in worship, but appalled by the excesses of the movement.

Ilion T. Jones has written a thoughtful study as counter to the liturgical movement in the free Protestant churches, *A Historical Approach to Evangelical Worship* (Abingdon Press, \$4.50). This professor of practical theology at San Francisco Theological Seminary pleads particularly for a discriminating understanding by evangelical leaders for the implications of their beliefs when it comes to worship. This is altogether healthy and to be desired. If some of us disagree with the generalizations, as this reviewer does, that does not lessen the value of this book in its examination of the evangelical heritage as raising questions about our eclectic and often puerile practices.

### Cradle Land

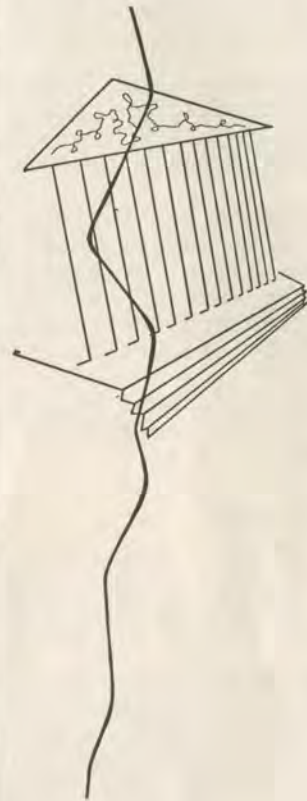
Everybody is getting religion these days, so we should not be too surprised that the U. S. Junior Chamber of Commerce should sponsor a religious book, *Cradle of Our Faith*, by John C. Trever (Newsfoto Publishing Company, \$3.75; prior to January 1, 1955, \$3).

This is a beautiful book. The pictures of the Holy Land are reproduced in the most authentic manner of any such volume I have examined. The author is one who knows Palestine well and has won permanent fame as one of the discoverers of the famed Dead Sea Scrolls.

We should be pleased that when the Jaycees tried to find a suitable religious project they stumbled on the idea of sponsoring this volume. This book of seventy-five faithful color pictures, developed with a brief and lucid historical account, is a good job.

The Department of College and University  
Religious Life  
Box 871  
Nashville 2, Tennessee

# MSM S T U D Y B O O K S



### Worship and the Arts

keith irwin and  
roger ortmayer

### The Conscience of Culture

everett tilson

### The Christian Corrective

glenn olds

\$1.00 each, \$2.75 set



# THE CURRENT SCENE

## NEW CONGRESS 'A COMING

by Roger Burgess

One decision Democratic Senators will have to make in the near future bears watching. Many press pundits are speculating over whether the Democrats ought to organize the Senate at all with the narrow margin they hold. One or two deaths, a recall, or some other change in the roster, could switch power back to the Republicans. Nine Senators from eight states have died since 1952, nearly a third of the ninety-six members of the Senate are over seventy, and the preponderance of age is on the Democratic side.

As Marquis Childs pointed out recently, "A shift of control in the Senate from one party to another during the two-year life of a congress could create a chaotic situation. Continuity of procedure must come from the work of committees that prepare legislation for final floor action. The power of investigation, so significant politically in recent years, would also shift as control is shifted. The investigators of one month might find themselves under investigation the following month."

At the same time, Democrats could take a real political advantage by leaving the Senate in Republican hands. By spending the next two years gleefully messing things up as much as possible, Democrats could then lay all the blame on a Republican Senate when election time rolls around.

However, other factors will probably outweigh this "happy" thought. Not the least of which will be all those juicy patronage jobs open when control changes hands. On the House side not a few cousins and nephews are already on the way back to the home state to seek new ways of earning grocery money. With them are going a few sincere and hard-working staffers who helped win an election or in some other way earned the job which has suddenly dropped out from under them.

Tragically, this kind of issue often carries more weight than the question of how best to shape constructive legislation designed to meet the needs of people in a nation and a world.

## CHRISTMAS 1954

by Jack Crawford, Pris Hampton

Is Christmas still for Christ?

"On the 25th day in the month of December You're the nice someone it's fun to remember!" "This wish has socks appeal! Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year."

These are typical verses which greet the average American from this year's stock of Christmas cards. Most of the messages are stereotyped and merely say "Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year." In the main there are three types of Christmas cards on the market: the traditional folk and religious figures of Christmas, the pictorial card which is unrelated to Christmas except in its greeting, and the homemade variety picturing a snapshot of a family group.

The National Association of Greeting Card Publishers believes that over 1,500,000,000 Christmas cards are delivered each year. The total cost for these cards is estimated at approximately \$100,000,000.

The White Plains Greeting Card Corporation now issues a Santa's Fun Book with a 3-dimension page complete with 3-D goggles. Not one mention is made of Christ or the Nativity scene, but Santa Claus holds a silver badge in his hand which all "good children" can wear so that "everyone will know how good you are."

One Christmas card even shows Santa emerging from a cocktail glass, while a cartoon depicts a group of carolers singing in front of a house with a monster on the roof about ready to pour boiling oil onto them.

In the November, 1954, edition of Changing Times, the Kiplinger Magazine, the Christmas shoppers are told they can buy an 11-piece ceramic Nativity scene for \$600 and 18-inch ceramic knights attired in armor for \$200 a set. This advertisement further states that you can get gifts about which you have never imagined, if you pay the price.

Holiday's November issue has the caption: "Christmas list a mile long? Let nothing you dismay. . . Give royally!" In the same issue, Save the Children Foundation pictures a Navajo Indian boy who can be sponsored for \$96 per year, or \$8 per month for warm clothing, shoes, and other needed items. Several pages further in the magazine appears the ad for "luxurious satin slippers of rose petal softness in pink, blue, or Christmas red" for only \$8.95. Another ad presents "four unique, warmhearted ways to say "Merry Christmas":