

with



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motive

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COVER ARTIST: BOB WIRTH, designer and artist, has long been a distinguished contributor to *motive* pages. This month he uses some early woodcuts to tell the story of the incarnation. From top to bottom: *The Annunciation*, *The Visitation* between Elizabeth and Mary, *The Announcement* to the Shepherds, and finally, *The Nativity*.

CORRECTION: last month's cover was mistakenly attributed to Bob Hodgell, who was the October cover artist. Our apologies to Bob. November cover was by Peg Rigg.

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motives: incarnation

EPIPHANY COLLECT

O God, who by the leading of a star
didst manifest thine only begotten Son to the Gentiles;
Mercifully grant that we, who know thee now by faith,
may after this life have the fruition
of thy glorious Godhead;
through the same thy Son Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.



A SIGN TO YOU

A CHRISTMAS MEDITATION

BY ROBERT V. SMITH

"And this shall be a sign to you: you will find a babe wrapped in swaddling clothes and lying in a manger." But what of this sign? A sign of what? A sign to whom? A sign for whom?

The angels say that this is a sign that peace will come among men of good will. Yet we all know that even men of the best will do not dwell in peace. The best will in the world does not bring peace, although it is one of the conditions which must be present to make peace possible.

What can this birth mean, if it doesn't mean peace among men of good will? This birth means that God will not surrender. It speaks of the faithfulness of God. Despite the fact that mankind has for centuries, both before and after Jesus, found ways of evading their responsibilities as men, God does not say no. God does not destroy us. He sent his Son as a baby to say to us, "Do what you will; I cannot forswear my covenant with you to be your God." This birth and every birth stands as constant testimony that God will not be unfaithful. He will not destroy in all his power, but he will continue to give life and gives us, in this birth of Jesus, the way to the life of meaning and purpose which we call eternal life. Here in a baby, the tenderest thing man knows, born in humble surroundings, God once again displays that he will not desert us even though we be unfaithful in every way.

But this is a sign to whom? This is a sign to you. First spoken to the shepherds, these words still ring across the centuries. Here in this baby is given to you a Savior. In this humble child the mighty one of God comes in tenderness to say the promises of God are yours. Life is not destroyed by death. Suffering is not utterly meaningless but is meaningful. Despite our worst selves, we are not demons. These and all the other promises of God are ours. This sign is not addressed to the world, to a



lot of other people. It is addressed to you. Come with the shepherds, look into the manger. You are invited. Come and see. Surely, you will say, we all know that there were no angels, and that the star was just a nova which only seemed to stand over that stable. Perhaps, but look with me now into the face of the newborn one. Can you see life as you did? Can we buy and sell, gossip and whisper, loaf and languish, hate and hurt our fellows in quite the same way, now that we have seen this babe and known his life? It is a sign to you, to you who will come and see.

But you say, a sign from whom? And here the angels have already said it—a sign of the glory of God. A sign from the source of all we are and of all we are worth.

From God indeed comes forth this child, a messenger to men,
To say his word of strength to the despairing, the anxious, the helpless, the frightened and the ill-at-ease.
To say his word of weakness to the brash, the confident, the strong and well-adjusted.

O Man, who dwells alone and naked,
From God, who has no fears, no angers,
Comes this one babe—not any mighty army, but just one tiny child

Who stretches out his hand to you, to you who hate and hurt and hope,
And says to you—My Father sent me here to say,
Hope on, have faith, and trust that God could not make children
And then, ere they were born, destroy them by making life a foolish errand in a house of mirrors.
So this Christmas babe speaks to all who hear,
I bring in gentleness and tenderness
The strength of love for the living of these days.

**THE
RIDDLE
OF
THE
WORLD
CHRISTIAN
VOCATION**

BY TRACY JONES



THERE are three kinds of riddles. First, there are those of humor. The characteristic of such riddles is the fact that the answer is irrelevant to life.

Second, there are the riddles of myth. One of the most famous was that of Oedipus on the road to Thebes. A sphinx that had the head of a woman, the body of a lion, the wings of a bird would ask all passers-by this riddle, "What animal has four legs in the morning, two at noon, and three in the evening?" If the traveler could not answer, the sphinx would eat him. When Oedipus heard the riddle he answered, "The animal is man who as a child walks on all fours, as a young man walks on two legs, and as an old man walks with a cane." The sphinx howled with rage and cast herself off the cliff. The road to Thebes was safe, for the riddle was broken. The characteristic of the riddles of myth is that there is one simple answer that resolves the problem.

Third, there are the riddles of history. Suez is such a riddle. If only it were irrelevant like those of humor, but it is not. No matter what decisions are made, the destiny of millions will be profoundly affected. If only it were as simple as those of myth, but it is not. Many streams—colonialism, racialism, religion, nationalism, economic power, personalities—flow into this problem, and no one answer can either explain the issues or resolve the contradictions.

The study of Christian vocation should be understood in similar historical terms.

It is first of all desperately critical.

motive

Paul Tillich in his book, *The Courage to Be*, describes three types of anxiety. There is the anxiety of fate and death, of guilt and condemnation, and of emptiness and meaninglessness. Although, he writes, all three pervade all history and each man's life, yet in different periods of history one can be more pronounced.

For example, the anxiety of fate and death obsessed man in the time of the New Testament Church. Thus the relevance of the Resurrection message.

The anxiety of guilt and condemnation dominated the Middle Ages. Thus the explosive realism of Luther's justification by faith.

Our age, writes Tillich, is characterized by neither of the above, but rather by the anxiety of emptiness and meaninglessness. Contemporary man has forgotten the meaning of his life and his work.

Is it any wonder that in recent years there have been many attempts on the part of Christian writers to speak to this anxiety of meaninglessness and emptiness by reaffirming the biblical idea of the unity of Christian vocation? The important thing we are all saying is not what job a man has, but rather his calling, his vocation to faith and obedience to Jesus Christ.

This biblical insight has made possible a radical change of attitude toward our daily work. There are no lower or higher types of work. The Bible pays no attention to such distinctions as whether a man is a teacher, tent-maker, fisherman, or farmer. The meaningfulness of life and work is found not in our particular profession but rather in how we relate our work to our obedience to Jesus Christ and his mission. All who know Christ and are obedient are missionaries where they are.

No emphasis is more critical than this.

However, like the Suez crisis, there is a riddle about vocation. We are not dealing with the riddle of myth where one simple answer will suffice. There is not only this *unity* of vocation, but there is also *diversity*.

When we confront the immensity of the mission revealed in Scripture and the history of the expansion of the Christian Church, something more calls for articulation. It is God's enterprise. We do not know the origin of this world mission nor do we know exactly what the outcome will be. All we know is that God, revealed in the prophets and Jesus Christ, his son, loves the world and has a purpose for it which he is unfolding. Our response is obedience to make this known to all men everywhere, call them to repentance, faith, and obedience to the Christ.

YET the possibility of winning all is as remote as ever. No major religion has been seriously challenged by the Christian mission. The growth of population is faster than the growth of the Church. The Christian faith is in crisis with its environment, within itself and with the other religions of the world. The frontiers beyond the Church are as real and difficult as they have ever been.

Therefore church history shows clearly in spite of the

fact all are missionaries, or should be, *that some must be sent*.

This was true in the Primitive Church. Oscar Cullman in his book, *Peter: Apostle, Disciple, Martyr*, reminds us of the missionary work of three men. There was James who led the church in Jerusalem. There was Peter who because of the frontier of the Jewish dispersion became in a sense a "home missionary," and there was Paul sent to the Gentiles, the "foreign missionary."

Arnold Toynbee writes that a society that no longer struggles with its frontiers dies. This happened to Rome. It can and has happened to the Church. The moment we leave the frontier alone, something happens to us, we are no longer as a Church the vessel of the Lord.

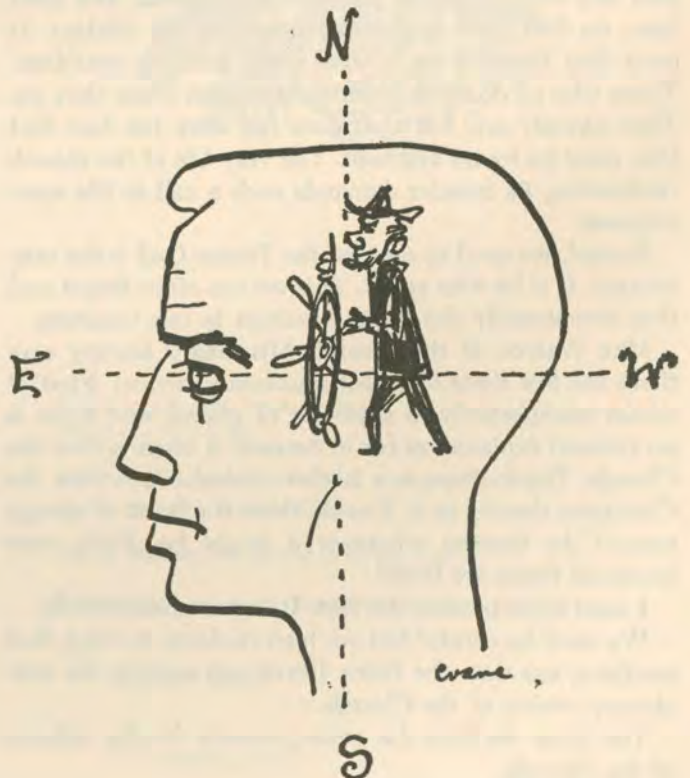
There are three things we should help a student generation to understand. Only then will we become aware that there is a *diversity* within missions we cannot evade.

First, there is the inescapable fact of the frontier.

I am not talking here about the frontier of the west or the frontier of the United States, but rather the frontier of the Church. That frontier is any place where men hate and fear Christ or where they have never heard about him. That frontier is where the Church is so weak that it cannot with the resources available move out beyond itself. There are literally hundreds of these frontiers in our own country and throughout the world.

LET me give two illustrations to suggest what the contemporary frontiers are like:

The first is a road in Malaya that runs from Kuala Kubu over the mountains to the province of Pahang. It



is a forty-mile jungle stretch from which communist terrorists strike. These desperate and fanatic men live by the law of survival, trying to domesticate everything to their Marxist dogmas. The world of darkness is theirs. They are surrounded by the jungle, hate, fear, suspicion, revenge. Although all Christians are missionaries, or should be if these terrorists are to be reached, *someone must be sent*. Is there realistically any other way to deal with such a situation? Beyond the mountains the road reaches the province of Pahang which is largely Muslim. They are a proud, united, intransigent, religious community. Unless men and women are sent into this frontier of the Church, just how will Christ be made known?

The second illustration is from Africa. It could be from any other part of the world. The witch doctor's grandson is a symbol of the man we meet on the frontier. The witch doctor found his power in a bag of bones and blood. The witch doctor's son repudiated his father and pathetically turned to the West as it burst in upon the non-Western world. The witch doctor's grandson repudiated both. Disillusioned and contemptuous of the West and the religion it proclaims, he is turning to his own cultural past and trying to find resources there to live in a highly technological world. The witch doctor's grandson hates Christ for Christ represents that which he has repudiated. Mere chance will not meet this problem. He cannot be touched in any way other than personal encounter. He is found in the very area where the Church is weakest. Someone must be sent to him.

A society that does not aggressively deal with its frontiers dies. That is our problem, and a student generation should see it. The frontiers remain . . . as formidable, difficult, bewildering as ever. The total Church must find men and women, Asian, European, American, and send them on that road to the terrorists and the Malays. It must find those to go to the witch doctor's grandson. Those who go do not become missionaries when they go. They already are, but that does not alter the fact that they must be found and sent. The very life of the church confronting its frontier demands such a call to life commitment.

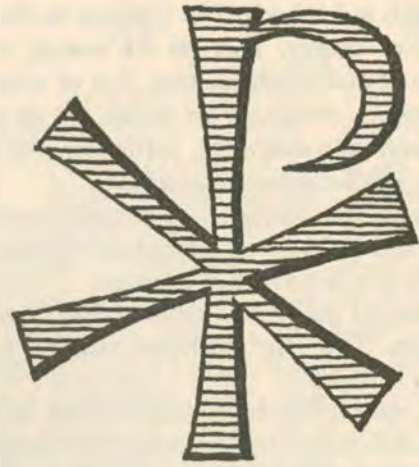
Second, we need to see that the Triune God is the missionary. It is he who sends. This we too often forget and thus oversimplify the issues involved in our vocation.

Max Warren of the Church Missionary Society says there are five signs of a real missionary revival. First, it comes unexpectedly in a variety of places, and there is no rational explanation for it. Second, it stays within the Church. Third, there is a higher ethical life within the Christians sharing in it. Fourth, there is a burst of energy toward the frontier whatever it might be. Fifth, new liturgical forms are found.

I want to emphasize the first. It comes unexpectedly.

We must be careful lest we lead students to think that anything less than the Risen Christ can explain the missionary vitality of the Church.

Too often we give the wrong reasons for the mission of the Church.



Some say it is the Great Commitment. "Go ye into all the world." This we know can lead to blind bibliolatry. God reveals himself in Scripture, but the words themselves do not send a man to the frontier.

OTHERS say the motivation is human compassion. "Go heal the sick." "Go teach the illiterate." This we now realize can end in pure humanitarianism. God reveals himself in compassion, but compassion is not sufficient to send to the frontier.

Still others appeal to the motivation of a glorious continuity. "Go finish the work of the saints." This is what Boards of Missions tend to do. Board secretaries (and I am guilty) march the heroes of the past across the stage and expect a student generation to come running. It doesn't work. God reveals himself in the past, but it is not the inspiration of heroes that sends students to the frontiers at home or abroad.

Finally there is motivation in the universal community. "Go build my church." This is the contemporary temptation. The Church becomes the sender and the end itself. It, too, wishes to domesticate all mystery, all manifestations of the Holy Spirit that do not fit into man-made plans. God reveals himself in the Church, but it in itself does not send.

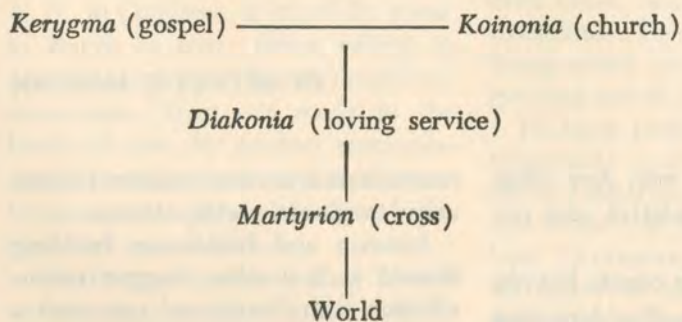
D. T. Niles gives us a clue to a deeper reason with his illustration that the Gospel is like a whirlpool. It sucks you into the center. The problem we face in comprehending the depth of the world mission is the same. The student, to understand why some are sent, must be sucked to the very center of the whirlpool where Christ becomes a life-and-death issue. There Christ confronts us in our sin, our provincialism, our ambitions, our prejudices, our mixed motivations, and only then do we feel driven to action. This is the inescapable reality we face in dealing with the frontiers of the Church. When asked, "Why are you here friend?" we need not reply but inwardly we are secure. We are here because God—Father, Son, Holy Spirit—has drawn us into his whirlpool and has thrust us forth with power sufficient to be cast upon the shores, over the frontiers, into fields where our lives can be planted like seed. This simply means we can never

motive

hope to completely organize into one pattern those who are sent. Unless a missionary movement across the frontier comes out of the whirlpool of God it will not last. Our responsibility is to help a student generation see this.

WE need to see the frontiers. We need to know who sends us. Third, we need to see the inescapable price that must be paid.

Dr. Hans Hoedinjik insists that evangelism must be seen in its totality. He uses a chart. There is the *Kerygma* . . . the gospel, lived in the *Koinonia*, the Church, expressing itself in the *diakonia*, loving service, and reaching the world through *martyrion*, the cross.



It is one piece. This is the totality of the mission of Christ. All Christians should confront this. For those we send to any frontier, it is an inescapable fact.

We need to keep in mind several characteristics about such a missionary force.

It calls for mobility. This means moving from place to place wherever the need is the greatest. We are increasingly realizing that celibate men and women will be needed for many of these tasks.

It calls for tenacity. It will not be easy to hang on in many situations, here in this country or abroad, and those committing themselves to this work should recognize this.

It calls for expendability. The thing we probably should emphasize is not so much martyrdom. What a missionary has to be prepared to do is to offer up his "foreignness" as a contribution to the total Church. "Foreignness" is an essential ingredient of the Gospel and applies to all, but to those who will be sent to a frontier where Christ is either not known or hated, this is an inescapable reality. Within what we call Christendom a man or woman may hide his "foreignness" in conformity to the group that is his own or lose himself in his culture, but on the frontier of the Church, it cannot be avoided if the mission of Christ is to be carried at all. As the Church grows and spreads, this need for "foreign" missionaries within the life of all nations, cultures, churches will increase rather than decrease.

Actually all Christians should be prepared to accept these disciplines, even though it is hardly in our present thinking. This much is certain, those whom the Church sends as missionaries, at home or abroad, must be ready

(Continued on page 36)

two poems by barrett renfro

The hunter seeks the running deer
But across the rolling rock
the deer finds his escape

The fisherman throws the net
and in the mosey waves
a tiny one is much faster than the eye

The Adam goes for life
but in his seeking
the most, the best, the truth—Alas

The deer runs
The fish swims
The life slips away

Adam becomes a ball—
A ball upon a summit against
the sky—
waiting for a slight touch
a gentle breeze, a snowflake push—
to send him to the bottomless below

Adam do not regret your condition
look at the pit
and make the best of a snowflake



If you would ask—I would say—
Rocks are to live on

Really they are not so hard as to make one's back hurt
or cut all flesh from the bone

Really they are not so cold in winter and

Really rocks are quite comfortable in the beating heat

Yes
Rocks are pretty
I think

Yes
These rocks are life
and I would not trade my pile

THE POSSIBILITY OF reconciliation

BY ARTHUR E. MORGAN

TODAY, full preparation for instant, conclusive atomic war is the first "duty" of the military regimes of America and of Russia. Each is poised, ready to strike. Should either misjudge the other's intent, atomic war would be on.

If the probability of atomic war seems at the moment to grow less, it is because each regime realizes that victor and vanquished probably would suffer somewhat equally. America, for instance, even if victor, might lose half its population, with the remainder genetically harmed for many centuries. So long as enmity is irreconcilable it is only the strategy of fear, which feels that this is not the propitious moment to strike, that insures against atomic war.

There are but two reasonably dependable alternatives: Russia and America will achieve reconciliation, or

there will be atomic war. Any other alternatives are speculative and uncertain.

The Russian regime counts heavily on a third alternative—that American capitalism will soon break down. America counts heavily on a third alternative—that communism will break down. But capitalism and communism are human institutions, capable of adapting to changing conditions. To rely on either assumption as alternative to reconciliation is to take the chance of desperate gamblers.

Wars are made in the hearts of men. They do not suddenly become inevitable; but as fear, contempt and hatred are met by fear, contempt and hatred, reconciliation becomes increasingly difficult. Gradually each nation builds its own myth of moral superiority, until even to suggest

reconciliation in either country implies moral turpitude, perhaps treason.

America and Russia are building toward such a state. Suggest reconciliation with Russia and you meet a hot blast of righteous indignation. Yet our indignation is adjustable. We embrace, as among "freedom-loving nations," Franco's bloody Spain; that vilest of Western Hemisphere tyrannies, Trujillo's Santo Domingo; South Africa with its *apartheid* evils and its flouting of the U. N. as to Southwest Africa. We need their votes in the United Nations.

A "holier-than-thou" feeling toward Russia is nurtured in America. How can we maintain our self-respect if we do not express scorn and contempt of so "evil" a regime? If Americans should be aware of the ways of our own government with some of our minorities, especially the American



Indians, we should lose some of our feeling of moral superiority. For there is scarcely any barbarity charged against Russia of which our government has not been guilty on a smaller scale in our Indian relations.

Communism began as rebellion against exploitation and indignity. There is nothing a people will cling to more stubbornly than dignity and self-respect. Treat a government with scorn, derision and contempt, and reconciliation is impossible. Seldom does an American public man, in the U. N., in Congress, or in public, speak of Russia in other terms, except in warning America of Russia's rapid advancement. Wars are made in the hearts of men, by gradual accumulation of humiliation, hatred, scorn, contempt and fear. The alternative is the course of reconciliation.

What is reconciliation? It is not compromise, or shutting our eyes to wrongs that exist. It is not condoning tyranny, as with Franco, Trujillo or South Africa. It is not making light of injustice.

Reconciliation begins with searching for and sharing the truth, both good and bad, about ourselves and about the "enemy." If persistently and habitually we believe no ill falsely about the enemy, and no good falsely about ourselves, we shall be far on the way to reconciliation. If we say nothing in scorn, in contempt, in hatred, our honest disapproval will carry more weight, without transmitting bitterness.

Is such an attitude too much to ask of the leaders of a nation? Is hatred so sweet, and owing to our faults so bitter, that we prefer atomic war?

RECONCILIATION—THE WAY OF A GOOD COMMUNITY

If we can see how reconciliation grows in a good community, or between communities, we may see what the process would be like between nations. There are few real communities. Most old-world village populations have been mutilated and debased through centuries of tyranny and exploitation of empire. Most American towns and neighborhoods are not yet communities; they are only localities in which people live near each other, with but beginnings of community. A true community is a living social and spiritual organism, growing out of a living past.

To have lived in a mature, good community is one of the great and moving experiences of a lifetime, one which tends to change one's life outlook. To observe how peace and good will grow in such a community, is perhaps the best lesson in international relations.

In a good community there is deep regard for human dignity and self-respect. No one, no matter how delinquent, is treated to scorn or humiliation. I have observed a young, "right-minded" person, not yet matured in the community spirit, burst out in righteous indignation at some flagrant wrongdoing, perhaps by a newcomer. Anything less than public condemnation, in his mind, would reflect timidity or cowardice. Such a course would be disapproved by the spirit of the community, possibly with a comment that public humiliation would be less likely to remake the offender's attitude than would confidential, friendly communication with him. There is no surer way to make a man an enemy of so-

ciety than to treat him with scorn and give him the status of an outcast. Nor is there a surer way to mend his attitude than to assume that he has underlying normal human motives, and that persistent good will and fair play may be reciprocated.

In a good community, strategy and shrewdness are no more highly regarded than theft. For a person to overstate his own case or to understate the case of another would leave him feeling that he was a liar. In a good community there is neither self-depreciation nor self-promotion. I have seen economic transactions in which one could not tell from the evaluation taking place which was buyer and which was the seller. There was simply a mutual effort to find the truth about value.

When a family with a very different culture would move into such a community its members sometimes would violate community ways. Respect for human dignity on the part of the old community members, expressed as friendly good will, often brought about marked improvement. Sometimes this was a slow process requiring generations. I have heard the comment concerning a child or grandchild of such newcomers: "You cannot tell one of these young people from the children of the old community members."

Let us picture, in fancy, Russia and America as two adjoining communities, and try to see how reconciliation might develop.

EAST TOWN—WEST TOWN RELATIONS

West Town, a wealthy, fairly well-mannered community on the high west bank of the river, had looked



down on East Town on the plain across the river, and let that attitude be known. This attitude seemed natural, for the East Side people were poor and their government crude, and sometimes they treated families outrageously. West Side people had quite put out of their minds their own early, crude days. Only a few older people and some who had looked up old newspapers knew these facts of their history.

The rank and file on both sides of the river were much alike in their desire for security and peace. The government of the East Side had been ruthless. It had abused its big businessmen and had driven them out. Businessmen on the West Side had a secret fear that they might some time be treated similarly, and were vitriolic in any reference to the East Side. Feeling between the towns had become bitter, and the tension great.

At this point some of the quiet and friendly citizens of the West Side bestirred themselves. They proposed that West Siders act toward East Siders as members of a good family and as self-respecting neighbors would act toward people who had not yet caught the spirit of the community. After consideration, West Siders undertook to follow such a course.

First, they ceased calling the East Siders evil names. In the County Council in which their representatives sometimes met face to face it had become the usual practice for each side to berate the other. The West Siders, realizing that strife begins in the hearts of men, began to follow the course of never saying anything hateful or humiliating about the people across the river. This made the none-too-secure leaders of the East Siders even more virulent than ever for a time, but gradually the habit of vilification came to seem crude and out of date. The West Siders found occasion to compliment the East Siders for some worth-while things they had done, such as building a new high school, and often expressed their appreciation for the good will and desire for harmony of most of the East Side people. The East Side politicians raved at this, for by keeping hate alive

they could better draw attention away from their own crude methods; but the rank-and-file East Siders appreciated this friendship.

The most difficult barrier for West Siders to overcome was the cold brutality of the East Side government. Was it not condoning evil to admit any fellowship with such people? Then some West Siders, hoping to remove such barriers, drew the attention of their fellow townsmen to similar black spots in their own background. At first their statements were denied, then minimized as unimportant lapses in an otherwise glorious past. The dark spots related to the fact that when West Siders first came to their townsite it was occupied by people living in crude simplicity and poverty. The West Siders had pushed these "natives" off the good land over to some seemingly worthless gravel hills at the edge of town, trying to pacify them by giving them permanent title to the worthless hills.

When the "natives" protested, bitter conflict had ensued, and it became a West Side slogan that "the only good native is a dead native." The atrocities practiced were similar in kind and severity to those for which the East Siders were now being condemned. Then the gravel in the rough hills which had been given in perpetuity to the "natives" was found good for road building, so the natives were pushed off onto worthless swamp lands farther down the river.

The objection to making public this aspect of West Side history was that it was dead past, and that now West Side was a different kind of place; also that it would give aid and comfort to "evil" East Side people. Then it was pointed out that such mistreatment had not ceased. The natives even now were being crowded off their river-bottom swamps, while their unoffending children were being seized and kept in West Side institutions, their parents being allowed to see them only fifteen minutes once a month, in the presence of West Side supervisors.

Publicity for these facts was a shock to West Siders, for no more bitter medicine can be given to any people than to bring their superiority into

question. When the issue had been fully faced, however, there developed an attitude of humility and understanding. The feeling of self-satisfied superiority was what the East Siders had hated most, and as it disappeared friendship became possible.

West Side businessmen had pointed with contempt at East Side business incompetence. As East Siders, beginning in poverty, began to make headway in business, West Side contempt changed to fear and hatred. Dealing with this economic fear and hatred was one of the most difficult problems of those West Siders who were seeking to end old-time hard feeling.

As East Side people saw West Siders becoming honest about their own past, losing their holier-than-thou attitude, and honestly trying to find what they could learn from the East Side, they began to have faith in gestures of friendship. A general attitude began to develop which was expressed by an East Side citizen in disapproving hostile remarks by an East Side official. He said:

The time is past for us to seek dominance over each other. We are not different species of animal. We have learned to respect each other as persons, and to see the need to clear away obstacles to friendship. Honest criticism of each other is good. We have grave faults to overcome, as do the people across the river. Neither side should pretend there are none such. If we can face our faults as friends, barriers will melt, and we can have peace. Our East Side politicians may put me in jail for what I have said, but I believe that the hearts of the East Side people are with me. The course I have outlined is better than for us to destroy each other with cynicism, hatred and conflict.

This East Side man was put in jail by the East Side government, but he spoke in the spirit of the people, and in the end he won.

When several years had passed with no expression of contempt or fear or hatred from any responsible West
(Continued on page 17)

return from miltown ah, Christmas!

BY ELWOOD ELLWOOD



We cannot do away with the Incarnation. We can, however, destroy the sense of encounter for ourselves.

We do this destructive work in the name of the Incarnation. This is the usual process for religionists: the worst opponent of true religion being false religion in its breast. That is, the religion of Christmas threatens the religion of Christianity.

PUT CHRIST BACK INTO CHRISTMAS

The Church, quite properly distressed at the spectacle of the festival of the Incarnation becoming once again a pagan holiday (as the evidence amply supports the contention of the original case) has, of late years, been enthusiastically supporting a campaign to put Christ back into Christmas. (It is a trifle baffling that both Christians and pagans substantiate their claims to Christmas by recourse to venerable authority.)

The campaign has prospered at both the commercial and the ecclesiastical level. The results are not to be summarized until 1984. But we can make a progress report from certain sheds of information available to us.

Commercially, putting Christ back into Christmas is a shrewd move. The tendency of the times is to get religion. Therefore, the intelligent move is not to fight with the Christians over the holiday. Rather, join them and reap the profits.

Take the matter of Christmas cards. Back in 1950 the National Association of Greeting Card Publishers agreed to turn out a greater number of religious cards. It did, and the spectacular results in sales of Madonnas, Wise Men and illuminated borders assured the movement of success where it

counted—in the profit-and-loss ledger. (A detailed report on Christian hunting Christmas cards is given below.)

Having initiated the act, numerous possibilities were discovered. You could sell as many plastic Virgins to pagans as to Christians and the market was tripled. Madonnas and Virgins make elegant figurines in floral and greenery displays. Public relations-wise department stores in the cities were not slow to respond to the cue. Their windows have dropped the stockings at the fireplace motif in favor of the illuminated crèche. Santa Claus is still there drumming up business, but they are quite aware that the Wise Men bring more gold.

Naturally, the recording companies responded. They have always worked at sentimentalizing Christmas, but now they could, with good courage, press a batch of records using a hill-billy singer to plug the movement, with the campaign slogan itself as the song's punch line, "Put Christ Back Into Christmas!"

Most municipalities have sponsored competitions, usually spurred on by the local utilities company, in which the local citizenry outline blue neon Madonnas, pink Christ Childs, and purple Josephs. There seems to be no standard color for cattle and angels,

leaving this to individual initiative which usually pays off spectacularly. So do utility rewards. There has seldom been anything quite as satisfactory for surging electric bills as getting Christ back into Christmas.

Ecclesiastically, the scene is not quite so clear.

The Church gave the push to putting Christ back into Christmas. It now finds the competition a bit intense. Where once it had the distinction of being the only organization that popularized Christ at Christmas time, now all are in on the act and the Church is having a difficult time being unique. In fact, some of its leaders are now a bit querulous, and do considerable complaining about the Christ on top of the lamp post on Main Street rather than at the altar in the House of God.

At one point, the ecclesiastics have discovered they still have an edge. Fire regulations force the commercial displayers to make use of electrical gimmicks that carry the underwriters laboratory approval. But the Church, with its ubiquitous clutches of the archaic has uncovered its ancient tendency toward pyromania. If it were not for putting Christ back into Christmas it is hard to imagine just how the candle manufacturers could survive. But by doing it by candlelight

with a bit of the revival of the midnight Christ-Mass, the Church has discovered that it has a bit of pageantry that the commercial world must forego.

Personally, I am all in favor of the midnight Christ-Mass, or the Protestant version thereof, unless too sickly sentimental. Maybe if we would stick to candles for sentiment's sake, and Bach, for Christ's sake, we could make a satisfactory go of it.

I am also in favor of putting Christ into Christmas.

But let us not fool ourselves with what neon lights do. They blur the event, not illuminate it.

Being born is not easy. This was as true of Jesus of Nazareth as of any baby.

Birth is something to rejoice about. But let us rejoice with a sense of pain. Otherwise putting Christ back into Christmas is a trick. Methodists can be just as phony at this point as a brewery.



CHRISTMAS CHEER BUT ONCE
A YEAR or "pick a card, any card . . ."

Ah, Christmas! The time of greetings and good cheer and the search for THE CHRISTMAS CARD. The serious - Christian - Christmas - card - hunter begins the season by dividing his last year's cards into two stacks. One is a very small stack; these are the homemade ones, professional and amateur. The other stack is high and made up exclusively of store-bought cards.

So Christian, goaded by the desire to send a really *special* card this year, pledges himself to an exhaustive search. The pilgrimage begins.

And what is pilgrim's progress?

With aching feet and burning eyes, Christian trudges from department store to stationary shop, from book-stall to card rack, from gift shoppe to that quaint, arty place down on Fifth Avenue where they sell foreign cards.

Christian shuffles through the offerings. There are splashy red poinsettias and green candles, cherubs and holly and blue-and-silver wise men faithfully following the embossed white star in the upper right-hand corner. Take your pick. The swish modern card shows a clever Santa frolicking with his reindeer at the bottom of a martini glass. The eternal message inside: *Cheers!* And there is the angel bending near the earth saying: *Live it up, man . . . Happy Holidays!*

But the touching cards are those of little wispy-haired children kneeling at prayer, or mischievously excited children, as they wait before the fireplace for the goods to be delivered.

Christian looks at the fat, happy face of St. Nick in a myriad of poses and at the 100 per cent Early American pseudo-Currier and Ives country scenes. *These* really pull at the heart . . . the sleigh and steaming horses, the old farmhouse with its cozy scene to remind us how contemporary Christmas is.

And Christian can almost smell the plum pudding, the smoldering yule log and the hanging greens. This is the charm of the Pickwickian card. Perhaps Christmas really began with Dickens. An Anglo-Saxon event . . . that is to say, English and American.

Ridiculous angels and archangels hover over pleasant country churches, over Disneyland cathedrals and for a moment Christian's head swims. He had turned too quickly from the nostalgia of choirs, angels and burning candles to the afternoon headlines blaring about fission, the latest satellite up. But as Christian found stiff, glossy cards showing an earth satellite, in place of the Star In The East, no tear came readily to his eye and he passed over them. One should feel the Christmas spirit in a Christmas card, after all.

Cellophane wrapped and priced for popular sale, almost every variety of

card breathed an essence of the *Christmas Spirit*. Yes, the Christmas Spirit is Christmas Business. . . .

But Christian was downhearted. Tired and a little desperate he selected at random a pack of twenty-five assorted cards-with-envelopes. What did it matter? It's Christmas and what's the use of holding out for good taste—this is the time for "Peace on earth and good will among men," so why fuss over the commercialism of the Christmas card? It only comes once a year: surely "good will" means more *at a time like this* than—good taste.

When Christian's pilgrimage was over, he went home with a dreary feeling, a dull kind of ache somewhere in the back of his head when he looked at the two piles of last year's cards. Somehow the tour of the Christmas wares brought on restlessness. Poor Christian, it was a bad night's sleep after that. The neat package of boxed cards he purchased didn't comfort him in the least and pleased him less and less.

Next day, though he isn't in the least a professional artist, Christian surprised everyone by trying his hand at some homemade hand-printed cards of his own. It seemed appropriate to put an inscription on the ragged drawing: *God with us*.



WHEN IT ALL SOUNDS LIKE
"SILENT NIGHT"

At Christmas, the huckster is essential. The hidden persuaders, the red-hot ad men are greatly needed. You might even say, they're a part of our tradition. And they're really very handy.

We need song writers, slogan makers, ad hacks, verse men, barkers, bargainers, and a general run of sweetness-and-light mood makers.

motive

Their job is to saturate us with clichés and sentimentalisms, to make us “feel” Christmas. And this is a tough job. Of course, it’s the same old commercialism we get the other 364 days of the year. But they have to tie it in with brotherhood, love, Jesus, and all kinds of values. So their work is cut out for them.

Christmas is the great American catchall and therefore requires hucksters of the rarest quality. They must be able to do more than just bludgeon us with a product. If it were that alone, it would be only a small task with all the motivational researchers and squads of psychoanalysts available. But our Christmas hucksters must go a step further. It’s not enough that we must buy. We must feel. It isn’t enough that we chip in at the Christmas charity. In a sense, they’re concerned that we shed a warm tear as we do it. They are interested in mood. They want us to “feel it.” And the things which we must feel are innumerable. We must be made to appreciate fairy tales, home sweet home, religion, bad poetry, our nation, rock-and-roll carols, the great American dollar, sports and sex. Yes, even sports and sex.

So you can see how big their job is.

They must resurrect all our cultural sentimentalities. All the things that are so dear to our hearts, our stomachs, our adrenalin glands, must be exploited to the fullest. And when the last strip of tinsel has been swept out and the last stick of candy has been transformed into indigestion and everyone has wept over “White Christmas” for the last time, we must have the feeling that we’ve celebrated everything in the world that’s important.

And so you can see how important the huckster is.

The first Christmas huckster was an unidentified angel. He was one of the greatest and didn’t know what the phrase “soft sell” meant. Appearing with his heavenly hosts, employing the best of celestial musicians and working some exciting lighting effects, he made his initial pitch. Needless to say, he was readily believed. He really moved his listeners. Since that time,

of course, his tactics have been obscured. There have been hucksters since then to make him hide his face in shame.

Take the man who can yell “get your Christmas liquor here” and make it sound like “O come, all ye faithful.” Now there is talent. Or take the fellow who can say “Xmas ain’t Xmas without cher fireworks” so that it sounds like “Silent Night, Holy Night.” That’s first-class peddling.

No sir, we can’t do without the huckster. Getting in the mood is important, you know.



MOTHER AND CHILD BY HENRY MOORE

Religious News Editor, The Nashville Tennessean, writes about a new field of need. Men and women thinking about the ministry-and-journalism combination will see here a challenge.

NEW CAREERS IN

christian communications

NEWSPAPERS NEED CHAPLAINS BY JAMES W. CARTY, JR.

A MARRIED newspaperman had been stepping out on his wife and dating another woman.

He confided this to me during a talk after work hours one night as we both prepared to leave the newspaper plant. The counselee described his mental conflict: he wanted a divorce to marry the other woman. But he wanted to keep his family together for the sake of his two children.

He was certain, he assured me, that he no longer loved her. Nor did he feel a moral responsibility for her security. As the newspaperman talked, he explored the reasons for his coldness toward his wife. He got the tensions and emotional bitterness out into the open rather than continuing to suppress them.

In that conversation and future sessions, the man decided that both he and his wife were to blame, that each had faults which rubbed the other the wrong way. He determined to try to make his marriage stick. He and his wife worked hard at finding new mutual interests and respect and ties of affection.

In time their marriage again was on a solid footing. It was a long process of struggle and work, but they became happy.

One of their resources was a faith that God could provide them guidance and wisdom and strength.

FROM time to time other staff members of our newspaper discuss their problems informally with me—although I am not officially designated an industrial chaplain.

But they know I am a minister—have treated me as a clergyman since I joined the staff of *The Nashville Tennessean* in January of 1953. Some call me *Reverend*.

From my counseling experiences, observations on several papers and with

reporters of other publications, I decided that newspapers need chaplains. This impression has been a growing one over a period of years—and no doubt was influenced by the fact I had counselees as an Air Force chaplain in the Korean war.

There is a new career field awaiting enterprising young Christian pastors and laymen who can convince publishers of the value of a combination personnel director-chaplain position.

That is the way new vocations develop within an industry. A sincere pioneer talks an employer into experimenting. This situation has happened in journalism.

Formerly newspapermen and scientists treated each other with aloofness, sometimes with hostility. Then Art Snyder convinced his bosses on the *Chicago Daily News* that he should be named science reporter. He was.

He has done such brilliant interpretative reporting that he has aided the public in understanding science. His excellence has encouraged scientists to open up and talk freely with reporters and has motivated editors to hire more science specialists.

THE same type of selling job can be done in the newspaper and magazine industry; would-be industrial chaplains need to convince publishers of the value of their services. But why are they needed?

Writers and editors can't communicate effectively unless they are emotionally stable and well-adjusted. The mass media are valuable for the mental health of society. In fact, democracy depends on informed people.

Most problems—economic, political, social, racial and religious—arise in part from a breakdown in communications at

three levels: *Within an individual, among men, and man to God.*

By presenting facts intelligibly, writers and editors can re-establish channels of communication. They can get individuals and groups on their way to resolving problems.

But communications specialists can accomplish this goal only if they are personally well-adjusted.

And in the fast-moving media—with the accent on deadlines—many tensions develop and erupt.

So comes the need for the chaplain—someone to talk to and work through the tensions.

The big trend in writing is toward featurized, interpretative accounts. Even in so-called objective news, the mere selection of some facts and opinions and the rejection of others for an item is interpretative.

THE well-adjusted reporter will tend not to let his own prejudices influence or distort his writings.

He needs to talk out his views from time to time.

If there is a chaplain on the job, then reporters will think about talking with him.

In fact, publishers recognizing the importance of integrated personality should give employees time off their regular work hours to discuss personal or family or vocational problems with counselors.

Individuals get in financial difficulties and hesitate sometimes to go to an employer. One photographer told me that he was in bad shape so far as money was concerned, and I mentioned this to the editor and the man got a raise.

Another individual was about to quit his job and go into the more lucrative public relations field. We talked and he saw that he had a Christian sense of

vocation about newspaper reporting and he decided to stay in the field.

Another reporter had a bad personality habit that disturbed his friends on the paper. He didn't realize that he had gotten into this habit; he was aware that he was rubbing people the wrong way.

In talking he realized some of his failings, made efforts to correct them, and began to work more smoothly with his colleagues.

Sometimes, people in the newspaper business think only their phase of the work—editorial, circulation, mechanical or advertising—is important.

Talks can orient them as to how they fit into the whole pattern and gain a realistic appraisal of their worth and more appreciation of others.

The combination personnel director-chaplain must prepare himself to do interviewing, testing (of individuals, mentality, emotional stability), and counseling as well as have a solid theological background.

He needs to listen.

And he also needs to be humble, so that he can solve his own problems by seeking counsel from others when such tensions press in on him.

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BY RICHARD F. McFARLAND

IF another Christmas star should mark the hope of a confused and blighted world this year . . . in whose sky would it appear? Would it be over Bethlehem in the Near East again? Budapest? United Nations in New York? Or maybe Little Rock, Arkansas?

On that first Christmas, God humbled himself in the form of a sleeping child . . . so he could share our total human experience . . . and we have not ceased to learn from the compelling life which followed.

For two millenniums, forces of distrust have sought to destroy this eternal personality but they have failed.

But what about now? A.D. 1957? This is the dangerous age of world-wide human storms and tensions . . . big things are happening fast . . . this is the atomic era for mankind . . . these are the days of automation and ripened prophesies of Armageddon rather than joyful Christmas seasons!

Modern man's salvation lies within technology rather than in the child of a peasant girl. The miracle of this birth has become foolishness to some . . . heresy to others. Some claim Christmas to be a contradiction between inherited traditions and commercialization in our own nation. They point to America's Christmas fever as localized symptoms of a sick world . . . meaning luxurious gifts here and destitution abroad.

Is it possible then, to have good tidings of great joy these years? Has Christmas become pagan cancer to the meaning of Christ? Is there any source at all which gives hope for today's world?

A person can become discouraged . . . seeing the world about him. He feels helpless to assist the Korean and Hungarian . . . even the U.N. finds it difficult. Helpless to feed a starving Asian child . . . for there are millions of them. Inadequate to find high purpose in life . . . for it is confusing and uncertain.

How can young people today find any hope this Christmas season? They look for a star to follow but it is difficult to see beyond the cold surface of materialistic and complacent communities. Therefore, they fervently throw themselves into rock-and-roll patterns . . . dormant to their responsibilities and apathetic to higher purpose. In too many instances, the college experience ends in a plush job with material security and spiritual poverty.

BUT brooding deep within youth is the natural urge to be more than this . . . the urge to be stabbed awake to his or her own personal potentialities in life . . . to be aware of the universe and man in relationship with himself or herself. These are the deep-down emotions stirred when you hear a certain carol or "White Christmas" sung

as a Hit Parade extra . . . emotions which make young people look seriously for that star to follow . . . emotions that rapidly mature when a parson seeks to find meaning in the pious Christmas phrase, "The hope of the world!"

And we become strangely warmed when we locate the Bethlehem of today. For Christ is born anew only within people. Today, the immaculate conception takes place within the human heart. Christ lives only as he lives within us.

The birth may be humble . . . but so was the first. The results may be great and powerful . . . but so are the original ones. How else can Christ deal with the jet-propelled evils of today's world? It is the Christmas story all over again . . . told to a twentieth-century world. It is when concern for others, kindness and charity to all, consideration, understanding, and sharing become a part of modern man.

Hope today is born within anyone who lets his heart become a stable . . . enabling that person to see an ideal . . . and a goal for his own life. There is then added strength in the heart . . . restless and dedicated strength which can move young composers to equal Handel's immortal Messiah . . . young historians to probe deeper than Toynbee's conclusions . . . and all others of a consecrated generation to surpass the excellence of the greatest in their fields. Such a generation could saddle the unpredictable age and enable the world to race away, soul intact, with the swiftness and wisdom of science.

IT is at Christmas time when these convictions, emotions, and visions come welling up within. So if your heart seems full . . . it may be that the miracle of Bethlehem is taking place there . . . enabling the star to appear over you. And if Christ be really in you . . . then prepare to meet wise men of our world . . . who will come to you . . . seeking him.

MORGAN/RECONCILIATION

Side people, with no enlarging on their virtues by West Siders nor any depreciation of their neighbors, the climate changed. The East Side government gradually came to represent the people.

There never was any ceremony of reconciliation, but some new bridges were built across the river, the people on the two sides traded in each other's stores, and joined in celebrating each other's holidays. They married each other's sons and daughters. When now and then one of the elderly politicians spoke with suspicion and bitterness it did little harm, for such people were recognized as being out of date.

It is such a process we have in mind when we speak of reconciliation. It has no relation to compromise, or cowardice, or disregard for injustice. Anger, rage and scorn are states which may help timidity or cowardice to meet sudden emergency. The glandular secretions which bring them about are common to all mammals. While sometimes helpful on the animal level in emergency, they are inappropriate and ill adapted for controlling international relations in an atomic age.

Communists boast the inevitability of communism. Americans hold that capitalism and communism cannot permanently coexist, and that it is America's place to make the world safe for democracy (American style). Such positions make reconciliation more difficult, but are not absolute as they sometimes appear.

The reasonably certain alternatives, not resting on speculative possibilities, are two: America and Russia will become reconciled, or there will be atomic war.

What if reconciliation does not prevail in time to prevent atomic war? Then such fragments of society as are left will face the same, or similar alternatives. People still must face reconciliation or deadly strife. For war is made in the hearts of men, and only in men's hearts will it be removed.



ECUMENISM AND T

BY ALLAN J. BURRY

THE Methodist Student Movement is going through a period of concentrated ecumenical interest and concern. As we have participated more fully in the life of the United Student Christian Council, we have been forced to take seriously the prayer of Jesus "That they may be one." At the same time there has been no clear-cut and satisfactory statement as to the true nature of that unity which we have and to which we are called to witness.

The subject came to the fore during the summer of 1956 when the MSM was confronted with an invitation to merge with several other student movements. The National Methodist Student Commission, meeting at Brevard, North Carolina, voted to enter the negotiations to explore the possibilities of merger. The commission felt and still feels, that this action was prompted by the Holy Spirit. Where this decision would lead, no one knew, and yet the need to express our unity demanded we look critically at our life as a student movement and work creatively and imaginatively in seeking out new forms of response to God's call.

This action by the MSM—the bad boys of Methodism—caused quite a stir, not only in the life of our church but also in the United Student Christian Council. As the year progressed, as our negotiators sat down with students and staff from other denominations, and word of our action at Brevard spread to the campuses across the country, the first question students asked was "What will happen to our local Wesley Foundation?" Many people could see the impending destruction of a student movement which was the result of years of patient and hard work.

It was clear to our negotiators, however, that before we could discuss structural details we needed a clearer understanding of the aim and basis of any proposed merger. Also, the student movement began to see more clearly its relation to the church, and to give more weight to its connectional ties with our various boards and agencies.

The merger negotiations progressed, moving from aim and basis to structure—regional councils and the like, and the MSM felt that it was not yet clear enough in its own thinking about aim and basis to commit itself on structural matters.

LAST August the Methodist negotiators reported to the National Methodist Student Commission, meeting in Denver, on the merger discussion, suggesting that we withdraw as negotiators and take our concerns for discussions on Christian unity to the USCC. This suggestion was approved by the Student Commission in an attempt to open new doors for our concern after one door was at least temporarily closed. At the request of the Methodist delegation, the scope of the Ecumenical Advisory Commission of USCC was enlarged, and now we look forward to at least two meetings this year for the purpose of exploring the meaning of our unity and the demands it places upon us as student Christian movements.

Also at the Denver meeting the Student Commission authorized the creation of a Student Committee on Church Union, which will seek to work with The Methodist Church's Commission on Church Union to make the students more aware of the work carried on by this commission and to

present to the commission some of the concerns of the MSM.

To those who have heard only of our decision to withdraw from the merger negotiations, it may seem that there has been a reversal of the strong position taken at Brevard. In actuality, we are trying to face more realistically the issues involved. As we join with the World Student Christian Federation in a projected four-year study of "The Life and Mission of the Church," and discuss with other student Christian movements the calling of Christian unity, we may see new channels of cooperation emerge or new organic structures form.

Although the national MSM organization has become increasingly aware of its ecumenical responsibility, this is not always balanced by a proportionate interest on the part of local MSM units. While some units participated in ecumenical study groups preparatory to the Athens conference, and others take part, through a Protestant Council, in the Universal Day of Prayer for Students, we seem to lack a sustained emphasis on ecumenical encounters. Each local unit must look carefully at our Methodist heritage in order to understand the distinct contribution it brings to the ecumenical church. We must move beyond a simple nondenominationalism, where all traditions are lost, beyond mere cooperation between denominational student groups, and on to an under-



Courtesy Catholic Worker

HE M S M



Mary Young

standing of our mission to the campus which is shared by all Christians. Our mission can never be understood apart from considerations of our Christian unity—a unity which will neither gloss over nor obscure the heritages brought by various traditions to the ecumenical altar.

AS this new understanding of the mission of the student Christian movements takes place, they will again start to supply leadership for the entire ecumenical movement, as they have in the past.

The Methodist Student Movement speaks not only to its local units, but, it hopes, to The Methodist Church as a whole, speaking with the idealism and vigor of youth, but with what it feels is a deepening and maturing Christian faith.

December 1957

An open letter . . .

ON the merger point, Methodism can never honestly become a church. If it should ever make that presumption, it would stand as an infidel to the movement which brought it among us. There are Methodist emphases, Methodist movements, there is even a denomination which bears a name church but which is actually a branch of the Church.

There is a distinctiveness and an identity, but we will never find it outside of encounter. Let us face it—the real reasons for staying out are far more bound up in the pride of men than in the purposes of God. Let us not imagine that we are discovering our identity as a church simply by riding the crest of the wave of popular concern for and support of the General Conference emphasis throughout the country. Identity is not achieved until it is willingly lost in the attempt to enter another. Either we believe that there is one holy, catholic Church and we are wholeheartedly behind the ecumenical movement as an attempt to reset the broken bones within the body, or we believe there are churches that can discover themselves apart from the body, and we dishonestly mouth ecumenism when it serves our petty program purposes.

POSSIBLY this is strong, but I want to remain within the Methodist movement and bring it into the whole church, to be present at the great uniting conferences, to partake with the Franciscans in intercommunion, to see the body of Christ on the way to healing. We've no ground for riding the United States or Russia for outmoded nationalism from the stance of our outmoded division. The call of God for today has to do with world peace. The *first* call is to be faithful to the one true church, to let it come into being. There is little time to wait. Christianity is on the way to being seen as completely bankrupt. May the few isolated spots be faithful. There can be no healing outside the Church until there is healing within.

—JAMES MILLER

A MODERN REFORMATION ARTIST-PROPHET

By MALCOLM BOYD

IN rural France, in Burgundian country located not far from medieval-famed Cluny, is the postwar Reformation monastic community of Taizé. The *frères* come from several European countries and represent a number of different Reformation church traditions on the continent.

In 1949, a young artist, Eric de Saussure, son of a Swiss pastor, visited the community with his father for what he supposed was to be just a casual look around. He never left and very shortly became a *frère*. Immediately he started working—and talking art, his profession—with *frère* Daniel, formerly a pastor, who had become a *frère* of Taizé, and was building houses in the near-ruined tiny village from which the community takes its name. *Frère* Daniel, after discussing with *frère* Eric what would be the meaning and place of Art in the community, took up the making of pottery, which he continues to this day. *Frère* Eric—who had known from an early age that he had a vocation to be an artist and had studied in Florence—found that being a member of the community gave a precise sense to his vocation. He would express the community's spirituality in a particular form.

SINCE that time, he has created sculpture, mosaics, canvasses, stained-glass windows and etchings. He has contributed to churches throughout Europe and North Africa. He has developed a style—and he has found something to say in his art—which has won for him already a discriminating following of persons in several countries.

"There is a false distinction between 'sacred art' and 'simple art,'" *frère* Eric says. "I had to ask myself if an artist who has a Christian vocation must paint only religious subjects. In our time, the answer emphatically is 'no.' In Italy, I saw much art concerned with 'Christian subjects' but without Christian inspiration. For modern artists, there is always a distinction between liturgical art and the rest of art. Liturgical art specializes in the decoration of places of worship. This art has to corre-

spond to certain accepted theological truths, and the artist is not free to create what he would like to do. Christian primitive artists had to accept this discipline also. Apart from strictly liturgical art, there is not any special 'religious art.'"

Frère Eric believes that an artist, before undertaking liturgical art, has first to find his way of painting in freedom. He has initially to be preoccupied with new harmonies of color, with a certain pictorial composition; afterwards, he may give a particular work 'religious' significance, in an explicit sense. On one occasion recently, he had a psychological idea about a field covered with bones. When he had painted it, he thought of its connection with Ezekiel's vision, and he did another picture with Ezekiel.

Increasingly, in his stained-glass windows, *frère* Eric will do abstract work, emphasizing their decorative function over their narrative function. Their purpose should not be for teaching or devotion, he says, but "to complement the liturgy." He states emphatically: "We must no longer try to teach through images." His windows represent almost solely liturgical art, and are done only on demand of particular churches. He designed the windows for two Roman Catholic churches in Algiers, for a Reform church in southern France and for a modern Protestant chapel at Nancy. For St. Paul's church, in Strasbourg, he made a stained-glass window showing, in one panel, a Negro angel playing a saxophone. He was moved to do this by the plaintive line in a Negro spiritual inquiring why all angels are white and never black.

The *frère* has prepared the model for a new, strikingly modern church at the College Protestant Romand, near Geneva, which will be completed next year. He expressed his liturgical idea by designing the church in parabolic form, with the altar at its center. (In parabolic form, the center is radically different from what it is in circular form.) *Frère* Eric, by application of the parabolic principle, has combined two different possibilities: placing the altar at "the center" of the church (with the people surrounding it) and placing the altar in the traditional sanctuary. In his new church, the people will be seated in a somewhat "amphitheater" fashion. There will be two windows in the tower, each providing indirect lighting into the church itself. The effect achieved will be to provide light for the people in the morning—so that they may read their Bibles and prayer books—and to concentrate strong light on the altar in the evening when the congregation may pursue its meditation in a dim light. Below the church will be a room with an immense window looking out on a spectacular view including Lac Lemman and Mont Blanc.

Etchings permit *frère* Eric to tell a story, to indulge in narrative. He has made etchings which tell with great power the descent from the cross, the entrance into Jerusalem, the flight into Egypt, the story of the Creation, the meaning of the city of Enoch and the "cosmic crucifixion."

The *frère* has done some frescoes (for example, in the



Here is the artist at work in his studio at the monastic community in rural France, near Cluny. He works on an icon which has Byzantine inspiration.

Roman Catholic Eglise d'Hussein-Dey, in Algiers) and fresco is an art form which intrigues him very much. He envisions a future assignment which would permit him to do a really large fresco, on a grand scale.

Frère Eric visited Algeria for the first time in 1953, admittedly for acquaintance with another civilization, and for artistic stimulus. He could as well have gone somewhere else, he says, but he had always had a desire to visit Africa. He found the color seductive and the Arabic way of life fascinating. He saw in the city of Laghouat, on the Sahara, his concept of "Jérusalem Célèste." His confrontation with Islam made him see Christianity from another point of view. "In Europe, people study Islam as something 'strange' and not 'real'. . . ." In the political situation of Algiers, frère Eric had many contacts with the nationalistic movement. He saw police action against natives in a violent, unjust, senseless manifestation of power. He discovered the racial problem. His contacts with the poor masses of people dramatically influenced

his painting, which had previously been much more intellectual than social.

The Negro angel in the stained-glass window in Strasbourg is one expression of frère Eric's discovery of racism as a great Christian issue. Another expression is his painting of a Negro Virgin and Child, "Vierge Noire." In another painting, "Libération," we see a helmeted figure representative of totalitarian power look on while a young Negro woman lets a red bird loose from her hands, to freedom. Frère Eric has also designed the covers for two French albums of Negro spirituals.

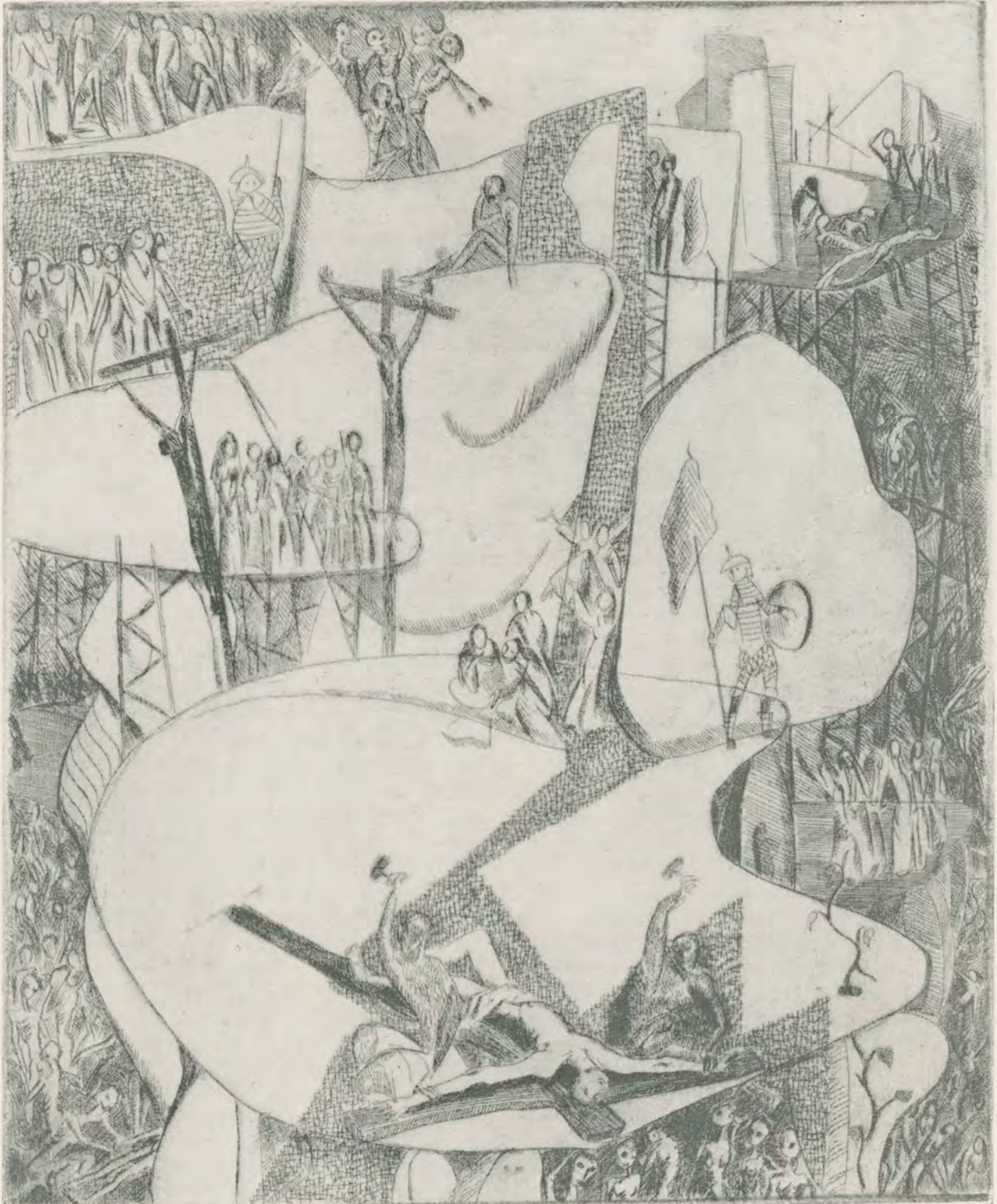
HIS paintings represent both implicit and explicit Christian art. The implicit work—like "Danse Jaune," a study in color and composition—has no "religious" theme but is the work of a Christian artist. "You don't have to do some Christian art, you have to be a Christian," he says. He is fascinated by the structure of cities and has painted many Arabic villages and also a concept of urban existence. In his painting "Enfant avec Avions," he portrays a young boy standing innocently in front of massive, powerful forces. Akin to this is his study of the sorcerer's apprentice, who, in his concept, has become modern man unable to control forces he has let loose upon himself.

The theme of dehumanization of man is a frequently recurring one in the frère's work. One finds this explicitly in his painting "David et Goliath," *transposé dans un univers moderne la victoire de l'Esprit sur la matière*. Young David stands naked and quietly confident, holding a flower, in front of monolithic structures of steel in which men are cruel to each other, and helpless, and there is a sense of demonic power. The same theme is implicitly found in his painting "Psalm 137": *qui raconte l'exil au bord des fleuves de Babylone*.

Frère Eric entitles his painting of Babel as Tour de Babel or "Explosion Atomique." Yet, literal atomic explosion need not be assumed, for the painting depicts the atomization of society which modern man is experiencing, the breaking-off of all communication, the dead-end roads of mental searching for answers. The frère paints
(Continued on page 23)

General view of the town of Taize.





COSMIC CRUCIFIXION

ERIC

Here is the artist's "Cosmic Crucifixion." He did this study in a period of preoccupation with abstract forms. This represents a synthesis of abstract form and the human figure.



This is frere Eric's study of the city of Enoch (Gen. 4:17). He sees the work as a synthesis of two cities: Enoch and Babel. Note, at the bottom, left, the skeleton of a fish, symbolic of the post-Christian period.

the Transfiguration in a primitive style, showing Byzantine inspiration, and he paints a Virgin and Child as "Icône."

Whereas his preoccupation with racism began in Africa, the *frère's* involvement in social problems came about within the community of Taizé. The *frères*, motivated always by their desire to represent the presence of Jesus Christ "in the world," go out from the tiny village of Taizé, with its surrounding farmlands, into different areas of acute involvement "in the world": life with Arabs in North Africa, medical mission, mission with students in Germany, industrial work in Marseilles. . . . The *frères* who work in industry in Marseilles, and who share fully the life of the workers there, sharply influenced frere Eric's perspective on social problems. In his painting of "Opération Casbah" (painted in Algeria in June, 1956) we see faceless soldiers rounding up and brutalizing faceless natives, as one man lies face-down in a pool of blood. "Opération Bidonville" shows police action in a notoriously wretched slum-dwelling area in Algiers. "La Faim," painted in Algeria in 1955, is a study of hunger which is inexpressibly moving. The *frère* also painted "Emigrés Juifs à Haïffa."

December 1957

FRÈRE Eric has not visited America, though he would like to. His work increasingly is known and admired in Europe, yet, up to the present, he remains virtually unknown in the United States. He came to Taizé as an artist. At Taizé, in the community with his *frères*, he has become an artist-theologian and an artist-prophet.

Here is his primitive study of the creation. It is an elementary expression, akin to the style of cave-drawings.





While in Africa, the artist visited the Arab city of Laghouat in the Sahara. He painted it in reds and yellows—for him the colors of glory contrasted with the cold blues and greens which, to him, represent decay and death. A city of a religious sect. Laghouat may not be entered at night by a European. If an outsider is detected there, he is killed.

Frere Eric's vivid color and composition are especially represented in the Nativity. The village in the background is Bidonville, a suburb of Algiers. The bird is a toucan and represents an evil spirit.





in his painting
slum-infested

In Africa, frere Eric's painting of Negro Virgin and Child is very popular, and reproductions of it hang in many homes. The Virgin wears a yellow gown, white hennin, a blue ring on her finger and a simple gold bracelet on her arm.



Here is a detail of one of the artist's stained-glass windows for St. Paul's church in Strasbourg. In the painting: Noah, Abraham, Melchizedek the king of Salem, and Jacob and the Angel along with Adam and Eve. (Left)

Here is the baptismal font designed for the Eglise d' Hussein-Dey. (Below, left)

(Below)
Frere Eric designed the Eglise d' Hussein-Dey in Algiers, a Roman Catholic Church. It is representative of the French liturgical movement.



"David et Goliath" is one of his more notable works. It is a scene of brutality, fighting, despair. The three figures in black represent the women of Jerusalem. (Right)

"Operation Casbah" was painted in Algiers. It depicts police terrorism against the natives. (Below)



"Jeanne d'Arc" was done in 1956. The church in the background is the celebrated l'Eglise de Rondchamp, designed by Le Corbusier. The young boy in the picture was seen in an Algerian street and the frere asked him to pose.



The fifteenth-century MacLean's Cross still stands along the road from the village to the abbey on the island of Iona.

George MacLeod (center) ponders a question from a community member during one of the stops made during the pilgrimage around Iona.



Penry Jones, Industrial Secretary of the Iona Community.



motive

I O N A *has many faces*

by roberta riggleman and pictures by john taylor

*In Iona of my heart, Iona of my love,
Instead of monks' voices shall be lowing of cattle,
But ere the world come to an end
Iona shall be as it was.*

--St. Columba

"EXCEPT THE LORD BUILD THIS HOUSE . . ."

ON the map it is a tiny island (3½ miles long, 1½ miles wide) off the western coast of Scotland, part of the Inner Hebrides. To the Christian Church it's the place where St. Columba first landed, bringing Christianity to Scotland. Within the Church of Scotland for most of twenty years, Iona has been something strange, often something feared, always something controversial. To 117 men, Iona is the place where they come home.

The island itself is more beautiful than most, with Scotland's indescribable green over the whole landscape. The rocks are black, the sea a fantastic shade of blue and green. The cattle are sleek and fat, the sheep everywhere, nipping off the grass.

Dominating the whole scene is a huge stone building on the north end of the island—the abbey. From the jetty the road winds through a tiny village (only one hundred people live on the entire island all year round) and turns toward the abbey. The ruins of a thirteenth-century nunnery stand at the first turn, flowers growing from the long-empty windows and along the roofless walls. On down the winding dirt road is the fifteenth-century MacLean's Cross. The road passes the tiny Chapel of St. Oran and the Reilig Ordhrain, the burial place of forty-eight kings of Scotland and other noblemen (including Macbeth and Duncan), four Irish kings and seven Norwegian kings.

Then finally—the abbey.

The present abbey was founded in 1203 by Reginald MacDonald, and it was rebuilt about 1500 when it became

the cathedral of the Isle. After the Reformation in 1560 it became a mass of ruins, and in 1574 passed from the church to the MacLean family, then in 1688 to the Argyll family. In the eighteenth century, famous tourists, including Samuel Johnson and Boswell, visited the old building. In 1899 the eighth Duke of Argyll gave the ruins to the Church of Scotland, hoping the church would re-roof them. That restoration began in 1902 and was finished in 1910. Nothing else happened until 1938.

It was then, when a depression was gripping the world, that a preacher named George MacLeod resigned a successful pastorate, gathered up a dozen young men, ministers and craftsmen, and set off to Iona to complete the rebuilding of the abbey. Almost everyone thought the whole thing completely mad. That was the beginning of the Iona Community.

Actually, the community came into being because of "Govan, 1938." A ship-building town on the Clyde, in 1938 it was the city where George MacLeod had preached for eight years, a city where 80 per cent of the men were unemployed, and had been for years.

George MacLeod felt there must be a group within the Church that was willing to experiment and make mistakes.

The immediate plan called for rebuilding the abbey, a project willingly sponsored by many leaders within the Church of Scotland. The long-range plan called for individuals to learn to live and work together, sharing their whole lives. Only in this way, Dr. MacLeod believed, could individuals understand the complete na-

ture of faith. At the same time, because of the situation in Govan that pointed up the problem of the mission of the Church in an industrial society, he was convinced that any new solution must include both ministers and workmen.

THAT first summer the men lived in huts which they brought with them from Govan. The huts remained the home of the community until 1956, when the permanent living quarters in the monastery were finished.

During the war, it looked as if the community would end. But each summer, at least one minister and one craftsman would get up to the island and continue the work. Today there are 117 members of the community, 12 of them working abroad. The requirements for membership are still about as they were in 1938. A minister must agree to spend his first summer after finishing his theological training on Iona, working, side by side with craftsmen, on the restoration of the abbey. In the autumn, he goes out as an assistant pastor for two years, almost always working with a fellow community member. After that he is free to select his own parish. Regularly during the winter the members meet together to help maintain the fellowship of a diversified community. Each member agrees to devote half an hour a day to the discipline of prayer and Bible reading. To help, cards are sent out on which he reports whether or not he was actually able to fulfill his agreement. He also has a list of the names of the other members of the community, and the topics to be

prayed for each day. He knows that in the abbey, all winter, a few craftsmen are holding prayers.

Because the craftsmen-members of the community have to work a full eight hours a day on the mainland, the minister-members of the community agree to plot an eight-hour day and check at the end of the day to see how much time they have actually worked. Community members contribute 5 per cent of their disposable income to a common fund. It has been agreed that "disposable income" is income after the deduction of all allowances allowed by the Inland Revenue, except the personal allowance, rent and rates and income tax paid. "It's enough to make us concerned about how we spend all our money," commented one member. The common fund, separate from the general funds of the community, is used as the members decide.

Of the craftsmen, some are members, some are not. Some came to work, because their best work was needed for the glory of God and not for another man's profit. Many have stayed to become members. The master builder, Callum MacPherson, has been a member for years, but only after he had been working on Iona for a period.

No man is asked to have certain political or theological views. If he says he wants to join the community, if he can agree to hold to the required disciplines, and work the necessary time on Iona, he is accepted for membership. Until recently the community included only members of the Church of Scotland, but now there are members of the United Church of Canada, the Church of England, the Congregational Church and members of the Presbyterian churches of England, Wales, Australia, New Zealand and the United States. One of the questions before the community: Can the Iona Community be transferred to Canada or must something new and distinctively Canadian be developed? Only the Canadians can answer that one, says Ralph Morton.

To the community, the work on the abbey has been much more than just rebuilding a ruin. For minister-members it has been a chance to learn to work with their hands, to understand at least a few of the problems of the laboring men. "Now we know that it is in the demands of the work that we find a real, and not an artificial, life together," Ralph Morton has written.

WHERE do we go from here? It is possible Dr. MacLeod says, that the community will turn to an agricultural project, buying a farm on the island and introducing new farm methods. The other alternative is to begin a project on the mainland, keeping the abbey as a retreat. But these questions are still for the future.

For the members of the community, June is the time for the annual pilgrimage to the island—a week for fellowship and study, retreat and discussion. On the first evening, the long seats in the choir of the abbey are filled with community members. Candles in glass holders burn at each place. The ancient building is filled with music as eighty men's voices pick up the first hymn.

On the first full day the group is together again sixty-one-year-old George MacLeod leads the pilgrimage around the little island, a day of walking, visiting and worship. The group, augmented by visitors to the island, makes its way around the island, pausing for worship at special places, including the Bay of St. Columba, where on May 12, 563, the saint and twelve followers landed in their small coracle.

WHAT sort of man is George MacLeod?

"He's a man of great rarity," says Penry Jones, the industrial secretary of the community. "It takes a man who has guts to stand up against the Church as he did twenty years ago."

A handsome man, with a regal bearing, George MacLeod likes to goad the members of the community. On the first day of this year's community week, he suggested that the group "must have a line." His suggestions: a stand for church unity, a stand against the Bomb—complete pacifism, and an increased interest in the community-started war-on-want program throughout Scottish churches. Later he confided that he didn't care too much if his points weren't accepted. "I just want to get a good discussion started."

This year the leader of the Iona Community is also the moderator of the Church of Scotland, "something I was sure could never happen, even three years ago," said Sir Thomas Taylor, principal of King's College in Aberdeen.

Apparently much of the criticism that has surrounded the community since it began has subsided. "The Church has always in theory stood for the working-

man, for political action, for the wholeness of life. But it was a shock when we actually stood up for these things."

The liturgy of the community is contained in a twenty-three-page booklet, and is a combination of prayers, responses and hymns, developed by Dr. MacLeod and other community members. "It should be changed," he says. "It's only weakness on my part that it hasn't been changed during the years; it must be before it becomes just habit."

When a new community member leaves the island at the end of his summer term, there is no special consecration or dedication service. Instead, during Community Week in June a special service of dedication is held for all the members. "It's harder to dedicate yourself corporately than individually," Dr. MacLeod believes.

An Act of Belief is held each Thursday, during the summer, when community members, islanders, tourists and youth campers can kneel at the altar if they desire and make an act of committal or renew their discipleship. (Each summer the community maintains two camps on Iona for youths, seventeen to thirty years of age, who come from industrial parishes and from country places.)

The importance of healing in the ministry of the church has from the beginning been a part of the life of the community. Each Wednesday throughout the year there is a service either in the abbey or the community House in Glasgow where prayers of intercession are offered



motive

for persons whose names have been sent to the community. On a recent Wednesday in Iona, sixty names had been received. It is rare for the number to fall below thirty. Feeling strongly that prayer must not become vague and irresponsible, the community insists that a new application must be received each week for each person. In Iona the list is placed in the North Transept and members of the community undertake daily intercessions for the sick. In addition, in the winter, a group of "scattered intercessors"—about twenty-five persons—continue daily prayers in their homes for the persons remembered in the Wednesday service.

THERE are many things the Iona Community is not. It is not celibate. Practically all the members are married. Most important is the fact that the members do not live away from the world. They are very much in it. For Iona has many faces in the world.

In Glasgow it is the Community House, where Jim Maitland is the warden, which has become almost a second home to hundreds of workers in the yards and offices along Clyde Street. More than two hundred persons come into the house for lunch every day. Simple, but well-prepared meals cost the worker less than 2 shillings (about 35 cents).

Amid the clatter of dishes and the hum of conversation stand two symbols of Iona—the open chapel and the open kitchen, marking the *openness* of life. At one o'clock each day, piano music interrupts the conversations for a moment, calling those who will come into the chapel that is an extension of the dining room. Some diners don't look up, others watch but make no move, a few (eight or twelve) walk into the chapel for a brief service.

At the house there are classes in drama, public speaking, boy-girl relationships, training for lay preachers and elders, films in the church, divine healing, politics of peace and a variety of other subjects.

Iona's faces in the world are as varied as the members of the community.

In Scotland's largest housing development, sprawling Castlemilk in Glasgow, it is David Reid's congregation, crowding into a schoolroom each Sunday for worship. In Bridgeton, one of Glasgow's dirtiest and most miserable sections, it is St. Francis-in-the-East, where John Sim directs a church and a community center. In Port Glasgow and Grennock,

where community members George Wilkie and Bill Cattnach are pastors, there are new churches, new housing developments, and new and growing contacts with the men working in the shipyards. In contrast, there is St. Columba's Church in Burntisland, constantly in use since the Reformation, where David Orr's name is on a list of pastors dating back to 1592.

This prayer, written for the community in 1939, fits all these faces:

O God, our Father, who didst give unto Thy servant, Columba, the gifts of courage, faith and cheerfulness and didst send men forth from Iona to carry the Word of Thine Evangel to every creature; grant we beseech Thee a like Spirit to Thy Church in Scotland, even at this present time. Further in all things the purpose of the new Community that hidden things may be revealed to them and new ways found to touch the hearts of men. May they preserve with each other sincere charity and peace, and, if it be Thy Holy Will, grant that a Place of Thine abiding be established once again to be a Sanctuary and a Light. Through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

"EXCEPT THE LORD KEEP OUR CITIES . . ."

Back in 1938, when George MacLeod first led a small group of craftsmen and ministers up to the island of Iona to rebuild the ruined abbey and found the Iona Community, there was no thought of retiring from the world. Rather, it was "to carry the roof of the church over all the building of men's daily life, to open up a door between the place of worship and the place of work, to see the Christian life in a total unity."

As we drove through the unbelievably bleak and dirty streets of Glasgow's Bridgeton section, looking for a community member and his church, we could not doubt that Iona is very much "in the world."

Object of our search was the Rev. John Sim, a young man who turned out to have reddish hair, hands that are never still, and an engaging smile. At his parish, St. Francis-in-the-East, it was "summer fayre" time and it seemed that all the "single end" flats for blocks around had poured forth very small and very dirty boys, who were delightedly knocking over tin cans, shooting darts, guessing where "treasure" was buried, and eating uncounted saucers of green peas. Teen-agers, little girls, mothers and



babies were all there, too. John Sim was in the middle, encouraging the women selling cakes, trying his skill at darts, talking to visitors, searching for his own small son, who had happily followed bagpipers off down the street.

LATER, in the quiet of his own living room, he told us about his parish.

Barrowfield Parish Church, the forerunner of St. Francis, had its heyday at the turn of the century, when a huge building was filled with worshippers. By 1929, many families had moved to the suburbs, those who were left were caught in the depression, and only a plea by the Rev. Sydney Warnes saved the church from being closed. When no pastor could be found, Mr. Warnes took over and the face of the parish began to change. Eventually hundreds of unemployed men became members of *The Pal's Club*. The huge and usually empty church with its gallery around three sides was remodeled and a floor put at the gallery level, making a small sanctuary downstairs and a large clubroom upstairs. It was time for a break with the past and a new name—*St. Francis*—was chosen because the first task which St. Francis undertook after he had renounced the world was to rebuild a ruined church.

Later a neighboring church was closed and converted into a church house, where today's youth clubs meet.

Today the church has more than 700

members and John Sim with two assistants divide their time between the church and the church house.

One of the biggest problems is reaching "respectable" young people. "Girls, especially," he explained, "don't want to belong to clubs where some of the members are extremely rowdy. I sometimes wonder if we are doing the right thing in reaching these relatively few youth; when we are missing the larger group of upstanding, fine young people." The theory at church house is, that no matter how bad a boy, or girl, may have been, he is still wanted and welcome.

There is a study group that takes in church and community house youths. A communion service in the church closed a series of recent discussions. Church members and nonmembers alike bowed their heads around a common table while John Sim led the simple Church of Scotland communion service, explaining to nonmembers that they could partake if they felt "this is the right moment for you."

THE situation is different in Castlemilk East. The huge development provides flats for more than 30,000 people. The buildings are clean and new, the landscape filled with children who for the first time in their lives have a place to run and play.

It means new responsibility and opportunity for the church since about 80 per cent of these people are members of the Church of Scotland.

At Castlemilk East there is no church yet and on Sundays young David Reid packs his robe, a cross and the communion cup and plates in a suitcase and joins 200 worshippers crowded into the largest room in Arden School. Upstairs the children have a separate service. "There just isn't room for them downstairs." In two years the young congregation has outgrown a workman's hut and is looking forward to the completion of its church hall, which will double as a sanctuary. Working on the new building are volunteer laborers, many of them nonchurch members, who think the community needs a church.

Over in Greenock and Port Glasgow, about 25 miles down the Clyde, the situation is much the same—new housing, new churches, a television aerial on every roof, a mass of working people still unreached by the church, and a load of crushing overtime that calls for "two nights and a Sunday" and eats into the time a man can give his church.

These shipbuilding towns are where two Church of Scotland ministers and Iona Community members—Bill Cattanach and George Wilkie—double as *industrial chaplains*.

Only able to spare one morning a week from their parishes, the two men have become familiar sights in the yards of their towns. "The men are beginning to trust me now and there are two or three groups that I join for a cup of tea during their break. Some of them are Roman Catholics, only one has a church connection. We sit around and have a blather and cover every subject from the hydrogen bomb to Princess Margaret. The men around here are hard as nails. The kids are soft compared to the blokes of thirty-five," said Bill Cattanach.

A man must not go into the works until he has the full permission of the management and "he must always wear his dogcollar," says Penry Jones, a layman and the community's industrial secretary. "Don't try to be something you aren't. If you are a member of the middle class, remain so. Don't try to pretend. My method is to drift around among the men, maybe talking about what's in the *Daily Express* today. The first thing is to get the men to think. An industrial chaplain must never take an organized worship service, even on Christmas or Easter, unless he is asked to do so by the men," he said.

Port Glasgow and Greenock are two parishes that have made use of a new, but yet old idea—*house church*. Both George Wilkie and Bill Cattanach find house church an effective way to weld together new church members who until now have had little religious instruction.

The pattern in both parishes is much the same. Each elder is responsible for all the people in his district. He contacts them all and invites them to "house church," a once-a-month meeting, usually in a home, for all the people in the neighborhood. There is time for worship, Bible study, a discussion of real problems within the neighborhood, decisions on where help can be given. "We discuss anything the members have to face in the yards or the shop," the ministers say.

THE Christian Worker's League is a new approach to young people. Each year 40,000 boys and girls in Scotland leave school and find their life work mostly in industry. The usual youth clubs, with their emphasis on recreational activities, fail to cover the main part of a young person's life. "The young worker

begins to feel that the church only cares about his leisure time and doesn't have anything to say about his working life," George Wilkie explained.

Among the miners the word Christian means "Hallelujah, boil the dumplings!" "People here call themselves Roman Catholics, Church of Scotland, Plymouth Brethren," he explained, "not Christians." Recognizing the necessity for education (one lady referred to Pontius Pilate as "that disease Christ suffered under"), Ian Cowie has written pamphlets and articles explaining the church and its worship, the meaning of marriage, family life. A recent experiment was a startling newspaper-style publication called *Christian Good News*. "We distributed it from door to door," he said. "We decided on the newspaper style so people would have something to wrap the fish and chips in after they had read it." Sample subjects: "H-Bombs and All That," "Why Come to Church," "Joining the Church," "God Loves You."

WE had seen old churches and brand new ones and congregations without a building yet. We had talked to pastors serving in their first church and others who had already given half a lifetime to the ministry. And through it all had run the same thread—Iona, the Community. An abbey they had helped rebuild with their own hands, an island of indescribable beauty, a sixty-one-year-old man who had started the whole thing, worship shared, responses repeated together, had all given a deeper purpose and meaning to their lives.

*Except the Lord build this House
—They labour in vain that
build it.*

*Except the Lord keep our cities
—The Watchman waketh but
in vain.*



man on his way

BY FREDERICK S. CARNEY

THE rediscovery of Byzantine painting in recent years has been a source of growing interest to many of us. Byzantine painting, although somewhat stiff and stylized, is nevertheless rich in color and altogether delightful to the eye. Furthermore, these Eastern icons can be most instructive. One such painting is entitled "The Martyrdom of Saint Autonomos."

It seems that Saint Autonomos lived in the early part of the fourth century, and was a Bishop in Bithynia, which is a province just south of Constantinople. His martyrdom arises from the alleged fact that one day as he was offering up the sacrifice, as was his daily practice, he was suddenly seized by an executioner and himself made the sacrificial victim.

This painting waited for eight centuries to be accomplished. In the meantime, Autonomos had become a relatively obscure saint. Even his feast day, September 12, was seldom observed because it coincided with those of five saints of more established reputations. It seems strange indeed that a group of twelfth-century monks, in a monastery not too far from the ruins of ancient Nicea and Chalcedon, should revive the memory of the martyrdom of this man called Autonomos. It seems doubly strange in light of the rather appalling events which were occurring to the Byzantine civilization in the twelfth century. This was the period in which the glory that was Byzantine came under many-sided attack from without and degenerated rapidly from within. Rather than being an autonomous time in which a person and a people had the freedom of self-rule, it was a heteronomous era in which man and society were bent and broken without and within.

CAN we attribute to these monks a touch of unconscious irony? Perhaps not. But the coincidence is too striking to gloss over. The autonomos man offers the sacrifice appropriate to his *metier*, and becomes unwittingly the victim of his own sacrifice.

Such it has been with modern man. The human image which has informed him most profoundly has been that of his own autonomy. Until recent years he has conceived of himself as one who can "lay a strong hand strongly on life," as one who can grasp with his intelligence and will the essential nature of things, as one who can, within the limits of a given and providential order, achieve a well-planned and reasonably happy life for himself and his fellow man. But this is an image which ignored irrepressible aspects of the human condition. In its naiveté of overlooking the brokenness and bitterness of life, it evidenced what W. H. Auden refers to as "the distortions of an ingrown virginity."

Even today, when modern man has become more perceptive of the estranged aspects of his existence, his basic longing seems to be for a renewed and revitalized autonomy. This is true of much of contemporary art, although the translation from nonverbal to verbal symbols makes this difficult to verify. Picasso's *Guernica*, Matisse's *Slave*, and Levine's *Trial* can all be understood as serious expressions of the human condition as characterized by man's loss of autonomy.

Even more so is the norm of autonomy the implicit and sometimes the explicit premise of most contemporary social analysis. The various descriptions of the lonely crowd, the acquisitive society, the organizational man, and the hiddenly



persuaded are generally set forth from the point of view that what is wrong with us is that we no longer inhabit the lost Eden of autonomy. But these volumes, which appropriately constitute modern man's confessional literature, if modern man has any confessional literature, fail to see that the autonomous man can in no sense be the answer to his own estrangement. For the acknowledgment of radical estrangement denies the very premise of man's autonomy. If man is estranged, his autonomy is compromised. Thus it is that not only in the fourth and twelfth centuries, but also today, autonomous man offers his most fitting sacrifice and himself becomes the unwitting sacrificial victim.

THERE is, however, another human image available to modern man. This is the biblical image of "man on his way." The crucial meaning of this image is that man is simultaneously estranged and called. Unlike the autonomous man who cannot accept his estrangement without denying his autonomy, the man on his way acknowledges his estrangement as the precondition of his call. He knows himself, in the words of the New Testament reading, to be inescapably bound to "the whole creation which is groaning in travail." As he experiences a painting or a poem expressing man's deep-rooted alienation, he can unfeignedly say to himself, "There am I." As he learns from contemporary social analysis that man has become subject to thingification and an object of manipulation, he can witness with the writer that this is truly his own condition.

But for the man on his way this is not the whole story of his life. He also knows himself to be summoned to the full use of his estranged life in the service of his Lord. He sees his likeness in the biblical account of man, in the faces and experiences of Abraham and Isaac and Jacob, of Peter and Paul and even Judas. His human condition is constituted by both his bondage to brokenness and his call to service.

Moses was an alien, a murderer, and a fugitive from justice. Yet while tending the flock of his father-in-law, he turned aside to examine a burning bush, and reluctantly discovered himself to be called to deliver a suffering people from one of the sources of their bondage. This combination of an involvement in the brokenness of his time together with a commission from on high of new responsibility to his time is precisely what makes Moses a man on his way.

Note that the call which came to Moses occurred within the historical events of his life. And so it is with every man on his way. God, at whose initiative man is something more than a victim of bondage, calls man forth through the finite experience of our finite lives. Man never sees the infinite face of God. But if he is perceptive to the historical actions of God, he sees

the divine meaning beyond the material event, and discovers therein his own call to service.

Nor does man on his way receive a detailed map for his journey, indicating precise directions where he is to go and the way that leads thereto. Rather he must decide for himself the particular decisions affecting his journey through life. There are within historical existence no absolute answers to particular problems. He certainly will err and stumble "in the hot day and glare of contingency." But this he knows, that his life is called to the service of his Lord, and therefore his decisions will be made with a deep sense of responsibility to God.

This does not mean that there are no signposts on the way. Amid the brokenness of human life there are at least partial continuities of human nature and experience. And these continuities provide some basis for projecting his decisions. But the point is that since none of these signposts are absolute, he himself must decide among them, and take upon himself the responsibility for his decisions. He cannot hide behind the pretended self-evidence of a metaphysical system, nor is he justified in ducking behind the *de facto* existence of a political system. This is the peculiar nature of his broken and yet called existence. He is a pilgrim not sure of the way, certain only that he is summoned and expected to respond to God's continuing initiative.

However, *man on his way* is relieved of the paralysis which generally accompanies a stricken and fearful conscience. For he knows that when he does err and stumble, as err he surely can and err he surely will, his faithfulness to his call is counted to him as righteousness. This in turn leads him to an ever deepening commitment to God "in whose service is perfect freedom."

LET us now look at what this image of *man on his way* means. One of the areas of growing social discussion has been the problem of the white-collar worker. C. Wright Mills describes the problem as follows: "The material hardship of nineteenth-century industrial workers finds its parallel on the psychological level among twentieth-century white-collar employees. The new Little Man seems to have no firm roots, no sure loyalties to sustain his life and give it a center. He is not aware of having any history, his past being as brief as it is.

This and further description by Mills has much to commend it. He sees the plight of the white-collar worker as arising from the disintegration of the certainties of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, and from the fact that no new certainties have taken their place in the twentieth century. This is a longing for the lost Eden of autonomous man.

But *man on his way* who happens to be a white-collar worker, while he brings no *a priori* answer to his plight and that of his fellow white-collar worker, does bring an alternative human image from which to look at the problem. Man on his way is willing to accept neither the certainties of the autonomous man nor the precise description of man's estrangement as arising from the loss of autonomy. While he sees himself caught in the changing and often meaningless order of a changing society, and therein knows himself to be a child of bondage, he also feels called to a developing destiny within this changing society, and as such knows himself to be a child of God. His destiny is to live with this problem of the white-collar worker, to take upon himself the brokenness of life and meaning it entails, and yet to give himself freely to those events which may bring partial meanings to otherwise hopeless situations.

Even more instructive is the human image of the artist as a *man on his way*. Almost without exception today any serious artist who tries to paint man as a subject will portray out of his own experience the brokenness of human life. Our campus Art Exhibit last year on "The Condition of Man" as seen by

the modern artist was only one of hundreds of testimonies to the overriding concern with alienation by these portrayers of man's soul.

BUT the artist as a *man on his way* brings another perspective to his paintings. In addition to the artistic symbols of man the estranged, some of his paintings will also contain artistic symbols of man the called, the summoned. But this is a difficult thing to do today, and is seldom done well when done at all. Perhaps Emil Nolde and possibly Georges Rouault do it best. For the symbols of such a call must not be heteronomously imposed upon the painting in such a way as to overpower the symbols of estrangement. Rather they should be an integral part of the total condition of the man portrayed. Man on his way is both estranged and called, and the accurate portrayal of his soul will in time reveal this.

And what shall we say of the student as a man on his way? Or the professor of theology? Or the chaplain? Or the minister? Obviously the same human image applies to all men who are sensitive to their estrangement and yet have heard the call of God. We are prepared to believe that the structures of the university and the structures of the Church are fallen, even perhaps "groaning in travail together." We are not shocked to discover that the devil has infected even the best parts of God's creation. Nor are we disturbed by the intimations that daily surround us that we ourselves are not unlike other men.

*What is our innocence,
what is our guilt? All are
naked, none is safe. And whence
is courage: the unanswered question,
the resolute doubt—
dumbly calling, deafly listening.¹*

AS men and women on our way we are subjects with all men of a new dispensation, and are called to particular leadership in proclaiming this dispensation. Like others we have seen the first fruits of the Spirit, and like others we groan inwardly as we wait for adoption as sons. We no longer believe in the autonomous man, and while we acknowledge man's estrangement, we do not accept it as the final destiny of man.

In short, we are men on our way,

*Often halting, loitering, straying, delaying,
returning, yet following no other way.²*

¹ Marianne Moore.
² T. S. Eliot.



ROUNDUP ON RACE

what the churches have said

on the supreme court decision . . .

CONGREGATIONAL CHRISTIAN

"WHEREAS the Supreme Court of the United States has declared segregation in tax-supported accommodations and services, including public schools, to be contrary to the Constitution.

"BE IT RESOLVED that we recommend that local churches where segregation has prevailed, move toward ways in which they and all churches can open their membership to all persons on a simple basis of faith and character, and that we call upon Congregational Christian colleges, agencies, associations, conferences and institutions to practice nonsegregation and nondiscrimination in enrolment, employment, church extension and church conservation, and organization.

"BE IT RESOLVED, that we call upon all Americans to undertake timely and tolerant implementation of the Supreme Court decision, and that our Department of Race Relations and the Council for Social Action carry forward such activities as will develop public support for the Supreme Court decision."

DISCIPLES OF CHRIST

"BE IT RESOLVED: that we approve and commend the decision of the Supreme Court concerning segregation in the public schools, and

"BE IT FURTHER RESOLVED: that we call upon our churches, our agencies, and our institutions, to re-examine themselves in light of the implications of Christ's gospel and to initiate and encourage voluntary, racially inclusive, community groups to plan for full compliance with the gospel of Christ, as well as definite techniques for implementation within their own bodies.

"That we likewise urge our

churches, our agencies, and our institutions, in a spirit of reconciliation to teach forbearance, patience, and generosity on both sides as we attempt to work out the problem of the Disciples of Christ and racial segregation."

METHODIST

"The decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States relative to segregation make necessary far-reaching and often difficult community readjustments throughout the nation. We call upon our people to effect these adjustments in all good faith, with brotherliness and patience. In doing this all racial groups must be willing to admit their imperfections and seek to correct them. Let these things, however, be done in love lest the cause of Christ suffer at our hands."

PRESBYTERIAN, U.S.

"Having in mind the recent decision by the Supreme Court of the United States concerning segregation, the Assembly (1954) commends the principle of the decision and urges all members of our churches to consider thoughtfully and prayerfully the complete solution of the problem involved. It also urges all our people to lend their assistance to those charged with the duty of implementing the decision, and to remember that appeals to racial prejudice will not help but hinder the accomplishment of this aim."

PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL

"The Court's ruling is more than a matter of law and order . . . it is also a matter of religious faith and democratic principles. . . . Judged in the light of Christian principles . . . the

Court's decision is just, right and necessary.

"We thank God for the new and rich opportunity for health and healing which the decision has opened up, and for the hope this brings to people all over the world. . . .

"We thank God also that through his Holy Spirit, he has put it into the hearts of many to undertake voluntarily to remove these barriers between the children of our land. These efforts have demonstrated that the decision is as workable in practice as it is sound in principle. It is true and it works."

SOUTHERN BAPTIST CONVENTION

". . . we recognize the fact that this Supreme Court decision is in harmony with the constitutional guarantee of equal freedom to all citizens, and with the Christian principles of equal justice and love for all men.

". . . we commend the Supreme Court for deferring the application of the principle both as to time and procedure until the nation shall have had time to work out methods by which transition from the present practice may be effected.

". . . we urge our people and all Christians to conduct themselves in this period of adjustment in the spirit of Christ; that we pray that God may guide us in our thinking and our attitudes to the end that we may help and not hinder the progress of justice and brotherly love; that we may exercise patience and good will in the discussions that must take place, and give a good testimony to the meaning of Christian faith and discipleship."

NATIONAL COUNCIL OF CHURCHES

"The unanimous decision of the Supreme Court that segregation in the

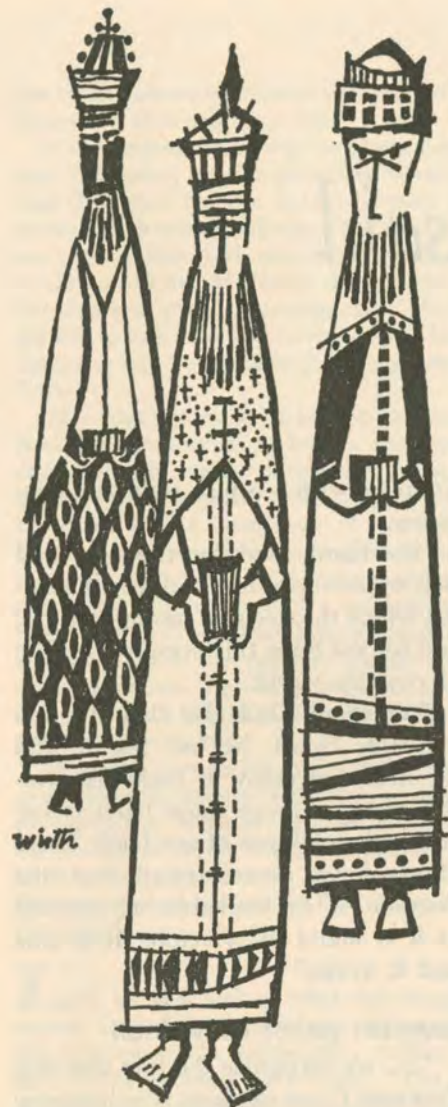
to follow such discipline if in the future a Mission of Christ is to be taken by his whole Church to the whole world.

Christian vocation should be studied and seen as a part of the ebb and flow of history. In this age of meaninglessness and emptiness, no subject is more critical. We are learning from biblical studies and from our contemporary situation that all Christians should be missionaries. The call to be a missionary is to every man and woman who believes and follows Jesus Christ.

Yet we cannot get away from the fact that in history we are dealing with riddles far more profound than the human mind can grasp. Just to say all are missionaries is not enough. Some must be sent. The inescapable fact of the frontier of the Church demands such action. The inescapable fact that Christ is the missionary who goes himself across all frontiers and calls and sends disciples makes us aware that we are dealing with something much greater than the Church, the past, the Bible, or human need. The inescapable fact that on the frontier there is a need for discipline calls for some to voluntarily see what this means for them.

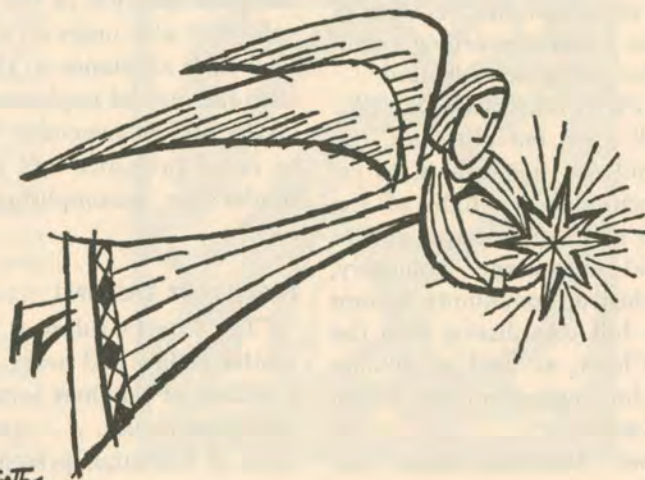
I WONDER if the time has not come for us to present to a student generation these two aspects of vocation—its unity (all should be missionaries) and its diversity (some must be sent), and to see if with them we can find a way whereby God's power might be released and new forces within the Church might be set in motion. This I believe must be brought to the attention of Christian youth, in east and west, challenging them to face up to the fact that some must be set apart and sent across and beyond the frontiers of the existing Christian community and beyond Christendom.

How else will the whole church be able to deal with its missionary opportunities in the whole world!



public schools is unconstitutional gives a clear status in law to a fundamental Christian and American principle. The decision will have far-flung effects in the whole nation and the world. . . .

“. . . In the period of transition from one pattern to another (whatever the length of the period to be prescribed by the Court), we know that the churches and individual Christians will continue to exert their influence and leadership to help the authorized agencies in the several communities to bring about a complete compliance with the decision of the Supreme Court. The law of neighborliness is the great guide available to Christians as they deal with this situation in their local communities. 'Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.' The second part of the Great Commandment contains the potential for lifting men to a new level of social responsibility and for creating new dimensions of human brotherhood."



A Lynching License Application Form

KNOW ALL MEN BY THESE PRESENTS THAT

_____ is a dues-paying member in good and regular standing with the _____ County, State of _____, Chapter of the KU KLUX _____, or the _____

and, having assured us of his knowledge of and devotion to the high and holy principles of White Supremacy, Southern Womanhood, the gold standard, superstition, and the philosophy that Jim Eastland knows best what's good for the South; and, having demonstrated his knowledge of and proficiency in the approved techniques of crossburning, noosetying, witchhunting, drowning, decapitation, horsethumping, mutilation, hanging, drawing and quartering, burning at the stake, tarring and feathering, character assassination, mudslinging, false accusation, filibustering, economic reprisal, and crucifixion, is hereby **authorized**, empowered, and enjoined to loathe, hate, scorn, condemn, despise, and disparage, to fulminate and incite the masses against, to confiscate the property of, and to lead, witness to, and participate in mob action leading to the death by violence of **any person or persons**, of whatever caste, color, creed, religious or political, national origin, or geographical extraction, who shall have the temerity and the gall to question, malign, doubt, or violate the aforementioned principles of White Supremacy, Southern Womanhood, the gold standard, superstition, and the philosophy that Jim Eastland knows best what is good for the South; IN TOKEN OF

WHICH THIS **LYNCHING LICENSE** is hereby issued to h_____, under and through the authority vested in us as representatives of our respective organizations, which are members of the **Committee for the Hastening of the Return of the South to Barbarism and the Law of the Jungle**.

Given under our hands in the shade of the Old Magnolia Tree in Charleston, South Carolina, this, the _____ day of _____, 19____.

For the KU KLUX KLAN:

- Halitosis K. Polecat**, Grand Dragon.
- Hookworm Ascaris**, Grand Wizard.
- John Filibuster Guttersnipe**, Chief Crossburner.

For the KU KLUX KOUNCILS, W.C.C., W.A.S.P.:

- Pickett Fence**, President.
- Obnoxious Bourgeois Morality**, Vice President.
- Assassination D. Capitation**, Chief Horsethumper.

For the SOCIETY OF SOUTHERN WITCHHUNTERS:

- Bluenosed Hypocrisy**, President.

For the SOCIETY FOR PRESERVATION OF SOUTHERN MORALITY:

- Mrs. Chasty T. Belt**, President.
- Miss Puritanical Hypocrisy**, Secretary.

For the SOUTHERNERS FOR PROGRESS:

- Jonas Standstill**, Chairman.

For the DIXIECRAT PARTY:

- Nightsheet Rebellion**, Chairman.

—from **The Petal Paper**, Petal, Mississippi.

P. D. EAST, Editor



"...BUT DON'T TELL ANYBODY!"

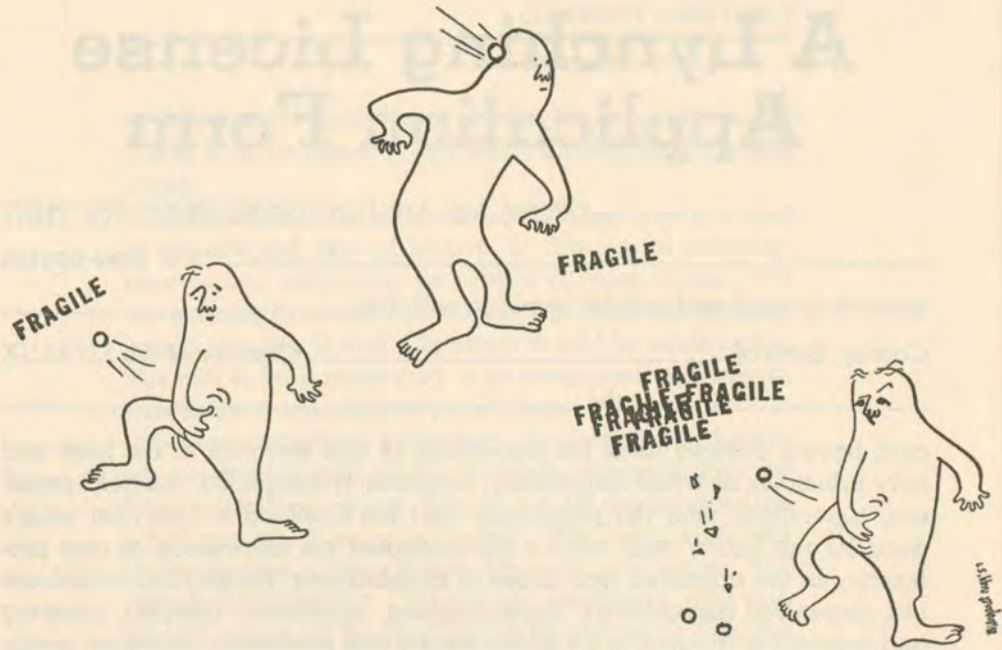


"...AND DON'T TELL ANYBODY!"



"...BUT DON'T TELL ANYBODY!"





The Chronicle
Star Reviews the---

Prof Plight at Ole Miss

Thirty-one top-level faculty members have resigned at the University of Mississippi during the past twelve months to accept positions at other colleges in other states.

That's almost one-third the total of full and associate professors at the university. Four were department heads. Many had been teaching there for ten years or longer.

What's the explanation?

Low pay and lack of academic freedom, the departing educators say.

And the low pay seems to arouse less resentment among the departing faculty members than the gradual death of academic freedoms that once seemed to exist in at least some reasonable degree.

These matters were discussed recently in a series of articles by the Greenville **Delta Democrat—Times**.

Ole Miss has never been what might be called a "liberal" institution, but at least there was a time when faculty members could express themselves—and even disagree with popular concepts—without fear of some crackpot hollering "radical" and demanding an investigation and dismissal.

We also recall a pre-Kershaw era when it was possible to have speakers at various forums who would deal with both sides of controversial questions.

It was then that the student with an inquiring mind could study, weigh facts and statistics, hear all sides, and arrive at conclusions without censorship or coercion—even though these conclusions might be that the older folks are wrong in some of the beliefs they cling to.

That was as it should be. That's what universities are for. There the groundwork is laid for the "big idea" which the late, great Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes said "sometimes dawns in a man's mind and stretches

it so that it never shrinks back again to its former proportions."

There seems little of that atmosphere left.

Every time some faculty member or student happens to disagree publicly with the policies or ideas of some of the more backward members of our state legislature, he gets his toes stepped on.

Latest incident involves Dean Farley of the university law school.

One of our legislators, Rep. Zealous Polk, has demanded that the governor and university trustees "do something about that fellow."

What was Dean Farley guilty of?

Along with other law-school educators and leading attorneys throughout the nation, he had signed a document urging respect for the US Supreme Court, whether or not we disagree with its decisions.

Then there is the matter of the so far unsuccessful attempt to purge the university library shelves of all books about Negroes.

Only one thing appears certain in the situation. If it continues, we'll add another 48th to our already well-established record among the states. That will be for the university.

SPECIAL HANDLING



A Report From Koinonia

The following is part of a newsletter from Koinonia Farm, located at Americus, Ga.

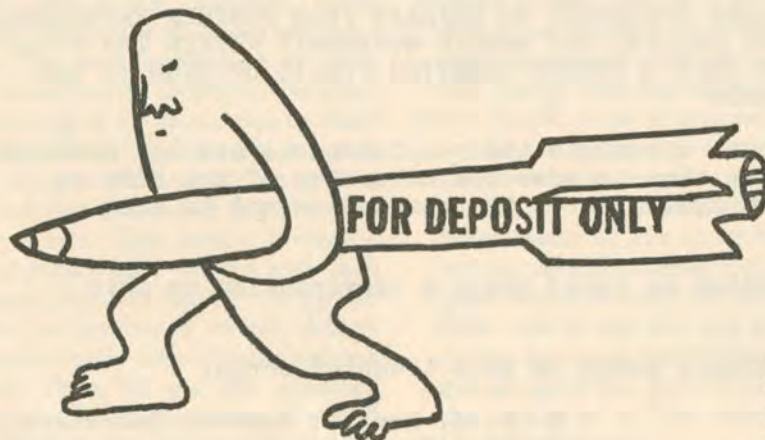
So many of our newsletters have been heavy with accounts of repeated violence, it is a great joy to report that there have been no acts since the bombing of the Birdsey Feed Store on May 19. As reported in our last newsletter, this incident was followed by a visit from the leading citizens of Americus and Sumter County who asked us to move away.

After several weeks of deliberation, we invited the same group of citizens to return for a consultation, this time suggesting that they add a minister and an educator to the lawyers, doctors and businessmen already represented. This suggestion was accepted but not carried out. On the whole, however, the group represented practically every phase of civic life in the city and county.

Koinonia began the conference by stating that we shared their concern for stopping the violence and finding some solution to the problem which was so unpleasant to all of us. We did not agree with them, however, that our moving away was the only solution, though certainly a possible alternative. Such a decision, we felt was of such magnitude that neither they nor we were capable of enough objectivity to make it.

WE proposed, therefore, that some impartial third party be called in to help us see clearly and to determine the whole matter on the principles of fairness, justice and democracy. Perhaps Koinonia could ask some national organization, such as the National Council of Churches, to appoint a well-qualified person, and then the local citizens group could ask another national organization, perhaps the National Chamber of Commerce, to appoint another person. These two men would then get together and choose a third organization which would appoint a third man. These men would come to Americus, hold open public hearings and make a thorough investigation of the whole matter. On the basis of this they would present their findings and make their recommendations. If they decided that the best interests of the state and nation would be served by our leaving Georgia, then we would do so. If, on the other hand, they felt that as citizens we had a right to live here and that we should be given protection of the law and that the boycott should be lifted, we would expect this to be done. In other words, all parties would agree to abide by the decision of this three-man "jury."

The proposition to arbitrate the problem was promptly turned down by the citizens group on the grounds that people outside of Georgia did not understand the situation in the South. We then proposed that the same plan be followed, with the exception that we ask Georgia organizations to appoint the men. The reply to this was twofold: (1) people outside of Sumter County do not understand our problems, and (2) the citizens group had no power to carry out such a thing, since they were just a group of interested individuals who had gotten together to come out and talk over things with us. They emphatically repeated that there was but one solution, and that was for us to move away. We then emphatically reaffirmed our intention to remain. Thus the conference ended.



GREATNESS IN LIFE

In the light of the present world crisis, we can wish and pray that more people become truly sensitive to the unspoken agony that looks out of the eyes of hungry and cold people in many areas of the world. We can pray that we more fully understand that their pain, hunger and anguish cannot be lightened unless we help in carrying their burdens. We can wish and pray that our leaders in government, business and other walks of life would be turned to the source of truth and light found in the teachings of Jesus—and by so doing learn to measure greatness of life by humility, integrity, sincerity, capacity for service and love of mankind.

We can wish and pray that the common man who is seeking "freedom from want" does not sacrifice freedom of worship and speech to gain material needs.

We can wish and pray that the insecure millions who are failed by the schools, untouched by the Church and unwanted by our social and economic systems can be in some way welcomed into a real and vital democracy that is God-centered.

We can wish and pray that in countries where democracy is only an infant, America and other countries will be patient and give the baby time to grow up. We can wish and pray that people come to realize that security cannot be bought with dollars, false promises or armed force but that it is gotten by sharing ideas and dreams, by hard work, by sacrifice and understanding.

We can wish and pray that our American schools become more religion conscious, and that our churches become more vital and strive in their programs to eliminate the injustices of our times.

We can wish and pray that more people understand the meaning of brotherhood, and that color of skin and the kind of clothes one wears make no difference.

WHILE it is impossible to make any predictions in a situation as volatile as this, it is probable that the violent stage is pretty well over and we are in for a long-drawn-out struggle for economic survival. The boycott, already in effect for over a year, has become increasingly intense ever since the Birdsey store was bombed for lifting it. Negro businessmen, under threats and pressures from law enforcement officers, are no longer able to deal with us. The local Sears Roebuck store, through which we had obtained many of our supplies, requested that we no longer make purchases there. (We can still order from Atlanta by mail.) The Citizens Bank of Americus recently sent us a note, requesting that we withdraw our checking account and stated that if we tendered any further deposits they would be declined. (Last fall the Citizens Bank refused to make further loans to us, despite our many years of dealing with them and our perfect credit record. Not wishing to retaliate, we left our checking account there. It is this account which they now wish removed. The bank is a member of the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation, but maybe it doesn't insure just any kind of deposit. Apparently all filthy lucre is divided into three kinds: white lucre, colored lucre, and mixed lucre. The bank will accept the first two kinds.)

We can wish and pray that countless school children in every land have a teacher who loves little children and believes in the sacredness of each child's soul.

And last of all, we can pray and wish that this year each one of us may bring forth more faith and love to others, that we feel more conscious "to aspire nobly, adventure daringly, and serve humbly"; and that each of us may find the strength and conviction to do his part in the way he feels God calls him.

—Elinor J. Zipf from Sendai, Japan.
Now teaching at Erie School,
Olive Hill, Ky.

STUDENT CHRISTIAN MOVEMENT OF INDIA

To:

The General Secretaries of National SCMs.

My Dear Colleagues,

The General Committee of the Student Christian Movement of India, which met at Alwaye, Kerala, from the 24th of May to the 7th of June, 1957, passed unanimously the following resolution:

THE GENERAL COMMITTEE OF THE STUDENT CHRISTIAN MOVEMENT OF INDIA EXPRESSES ITS GRAVE CONCERN OVER THE CONTINUED EXPERIMENTS AND PRODUCTION OF MASS DESTRUCTIVE BOMBS SUCH AS HYDROGEN AND ATOM BOMBS.

WHILE WE APPEAL TO THE NATIONS CONCERNED TO REFRAIN FROM FURTHER EXPERIMENTS AND PRODUCTION OF SUCH BOMBS, WE REQUEST THE MEMBER MOVEMENTS WITHIN THE WORLD STUDENT CHRISTIAN FEDERATION TO STRIVE TOWARD CREATING PUBLIC OPINION TO BAN ALL SUCH MASS DESTRUCTIVE WEAPONS.

and requested the General Secretary to circulate the resolution to all the national SCMs through the WSCF and at the same time to draw the attention of the SCMs in Britain, U.S.A., France, Germany and Australia to the resolution and to seek replies.

I am sending this to you and hoping we could begin a conversation on this through our publications.

May the Lord Jesus our Peace restore peace in this troubled world.

H. F. J. Daniel, General Secretary
Student Christian Movement of India



Five of *motive's* campus editorial board members discuss modern education, the present generation of students, a few educational procedures and what education has to do with religion. The following conversation is devised from a poll of the campus editorial board.

EDUCATION: some opinions from 1957

RICHARD CELESTE, YALE UNIVERSITY
 JANE MILLER, HENDRIX COLLEGE
 TERRY ROARK, OKLAHOMA CITY UNIVERSITY
 C. EDWARD ROY, BREVARD COLLEGE
 PHILIP ZANFAGNA, OHIO WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY

motive: Everybody is getting an education these days. Under the American plan everyone goes and everyone is at least exposed to learning. But there is always a feeling that many fail to get educated. What really constitutes an educated man? Can you people who are so close to the university setting at the present time give me an opinion on that?

Richard Celeste: It seems to me that the educated man should have, first, a good background in the so-called liberal arts. This should involve a background wide enough and deep enough that this man would appreciate the number of varied, though not necessarily intimately associated fields. Thus, for me, the educated man should not be just an expert in the physical sciences or in the

social sciences or in the fine arts. He should have a good basis in each.

motive: Should he not have a special skill or two?

Richard Celeste: Yes, he ought to have a field of special knowledge and skill. He should pour all his talent and energy into this field.

Terry Roark: I see it that way too. I consider the educated man of today as one who knows his chosen field well, but also is acquainted with other facets of life as well. There are not enough schools that stress a good, broad education. Too many of them bow to the hue and cry of industry for more specialists and forget all about the individual. As you can see, I'm a firm advocate of liberal education.

C. Edward Roy: So am I. An educated man is a well-informed man. He has a knowledge of history, past achievements, culture, as well as contemporary affairs. But we might get a little more philosophical. He also has a faculty for adjustment in almost every situation of life; yet he has a tension, a dissatisfaction which makes possible change and progress.

motive: What do you think, Phil?

Philip Zanfagna: I agree. He has more than a knowledge of fields. He has attained the attributes of maturity. He has the ability to objectify himself—to see himself as others might see him. He also has some philosophy of life which unifies and integrates his personality. I don't mean by that it must necessarily be a re-

ligious philosophy. But it is something that gives meaning and direction to his life. And I feel there is something else; he has acquired interests and values beyond the level of survival.

Jane Miller: It certainly isn't just a matter of formalized education. The formal education acquired through years of school and college should open the doors, so to speak, to the wonderful capacities possible for the mind.

motive: Those are good statements. I was just wondering if all of you think our modern educational procedures are really giving us this educated man? Or is he an imaginary character? What criticisms would you make of modern education, Mr. Roy?

C. Edward Roy: It would be hard to give a general criticism. There are all kinds of procedures and there exists a wide variance in practice among educators and institutions. What is evident, of course, is that America has undertaken a most difficult task and in most instances is succeeding quite well in this business of mass education.

Richard Celeste: I don't know about that.

C. Edward Roy: Well, it may be weak and ineffective in some institutions. But in most cases I feel the masses are, in the main, benefiting from our system and occasionally it appears a superb job is being done. Of course, effective education is always tied to the quality of the teacher. That's one reason America needs to make every effort to improve the quality and stature of the classroom teacher.

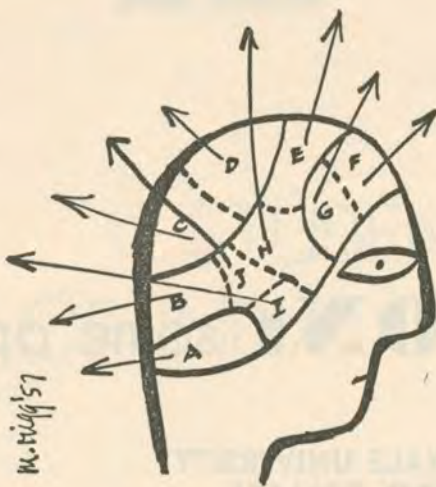
Philip Zanfagna: That's my big objection. The lecture method of teaching is overworked, it seems to me. Too much emphasis is put on the teacher. Students become lazy and don't think for themselves. Learning, it seems, should be a cooperative venture with the teacher taking part as guide and leader, not as sole possessor of knowledge and ideas.

Jane Miller: And there's too much emphasis on grades. Instead of fostering the sometimes "cut-throat" competition for the high "A" in a class, our schools should foster the love of study for the knowledge itself and its application.

motive: You mean schools aren't motivating students to learn in the right way?

Jane Miller: That's what I mean.

Richard Celeste: Let's get back to this problem of mass education. It seems to me that the educator is faced with the desire to educate everyone and the desire to have the most talented people receive the best-possible education. We are in a period, at present, when nearly everyone who desires it can receive some sort of college education. But we're providing the opportunity of college to many who go just because of the demands of their social class. What about the better-than-average student?



Jane Miller: We do get bogged down educating the masses. But it has raised the general standard of living.

Richard Celeste: Yes, but I'm saying there's something wrong in it. I could mention several things. There is a lot of rote learning. Students just sit and listen. Disagreement is not tolerated. What is to be learned is to be found in either the book or the lecture. The student, as a result, emerges well indoctrinated but not necessarily well educated.

Philip Zanfagna: This is what I was talking about.

Richard Celeste: So there are a lot of disadvantages, it seems to me. And we just have to accept the consequences. Seminars or programs of individual study are most needed. The eventual aim, after all, is to stimulate each student to a realization of his own creative potential through flexible yet demanding disciplines.

Terry Roark: I think the small college

is much more helpful because this is true. I unconditionally support the small college for at least the first two years of the education when most of our important opinions are being formed.

Philip Zanfagna: Maybe so. But there is depth lacking in modern education. In a mass educational system the level of courses seems geared to the concept of getting a passing and speaking knowledge of a subject without regard to its real depth and meaning.

motive: All right. Let me throw another question into the pot. What do you think education has to do with religion?

Richard Celeste: I think in the processes of education students will accept a standard by which they will live the rest of their lives.

Jane Miller: Education is just no good without religion. Our knowledge tends to become cynical and purposeless without a higher end than that of knowledge itself.

motive: Those are good statements. We might pursue them a little bit.

Philip Zanfagna: It seems to me that all branches of knowledge—science, politics, economics, philosophy, literature—can explain what life is all about and educate man to what IS. However, only religion can show man what life ought to be. It's more than just a matter of analyzing life.

C. Edward Roy: That's right. Education ought to enable a person to find his way in the universe, to discover the reason for his being and to build values upon which he can live a fruitful life. It ought to give him an understanding of moral principles. If it does not do this, it's inadequate. Thus, education is religious in nature.

Philip Zanfagna: Of course, we should be careful. Education cannot give man his religion. It cannot give him a commitment to God either. It can teach men religion and its history but it cannot make them religious.

motive: Amen to that.

Richard Celeste: This is certainly a problem in college. A person's religion, brought from the sheltered home to the unsheltered campus, often suffers greatly. There's a lot of skepticism and confused agnosticism.

Philip Zanfagna: And there's a lot of feeling, on the church-related

motive

campus, that the college has no right to force students into a worship situation or religious ritual by means of a compulsory chapel and things like that.

C. Edward Roy: Of course, if we leave out the instruction of religion in our schools, we'll have a generation of religious illiterates.

Philip Zanfagna: Maybe we will. But we can't get faith through education.

Richard Celeste: And the fact is, too many students just accept the standard of the society and group around them. I think the college atmosphere is as conducive to this as any other place.

motive: Perhaps so. We could go on with this at length. But I have another question. It's this: do you think most students are serious nowadays? That is, are they serious about their educations and their lives?

Terry Roark: I think most college students are seeking security, happiness, freedom from want, a work they are interested in. They have to be serious about their education to get these things, if that's what you mean. A lot of them are working their way through. It seems to me they are serious.

motive: All right. But that's not exactly what I had in mind.

Jane Miller: I don't think students know what they are looking for, if that's what you mean. They come because it's the thing to do.

Richard Celeste: They may not know what they are looking for but they are searching, I feel.

Philip Zanfagna: I don't feel we should go easy on them though. I'm afraid their search is for those values which are most dominant in our society. They want financial success and comfort. They want a position of respect and prestige in their communities. Students are serious about getting these things—but not about getting an education.

C. Edward Roy: I don't know. I think students are looking for answers to the basic problems, as they always have done. You might say students are seeking only money, pleasure, easy success, prestige and, in some instances, that may be true. But I feel there are more deep-seated frustrations and dissatisfactions that are bothering them.

Philip Zanfagna: Well, they certainly go after these things in a funny way. The main activities on campus and the main conversations concern fraternities and sororities, who's dating who, and an unbelievable world of small talk. Only a few students attend lectures and concerts. Few read newspapers and keep up with the news.

C. Edward Roy: Well, I still say students are as serious as anyone else.

Philip Zanfagna: But not about the right things.

motive: Could it possibly be a matter of motives?

Jane Miller: That has a lot to do with it. Students are usually in college because that's the logical step in our society from high school or because their parents wanted them to come.

Philip Zanfagna: I'll go along with that. Parents usually send their children to college for greater financial opportunities and social prestige. Consequently, students think of college as a place to meet people, make contacts, learn how to get along with people, and adjust to society. And these are the things they are really serious about.

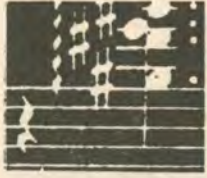
motive: Of course, there are some exceptions.

contributors

(not elsewhere identified)

ROBERT V. SMITH is chaplain at Colgate University, Hamilton, New York. TRACY JONES is now the executive of the Methodist Board of Missions in charge of work in the southeast Asia region. BARRETT RENFRO, a recent graduate of Perkins Theological Seminary at SMU, is now pastor of the Methodist church at Caddo Mills, Texas. These are his first poems to appear in print. ARTHUR E. MORGAN is renowned as the adventuresome president of Antioch College, one of the first administrators of the Tennessee Valley Authority. ELWOOD ELLWOOD, still recuperating from his visit to Mil-town, will not even get mellowly sweet when he hears the clanging, and the tingling, of jingle bells. RICHARD F. MCFARLAND wrote his article as an editorial in the Simpson College (Indianola, Iowa) paper a year ago. He is now a graduate student at Boston University. ALLAN J. BURRY, a student at Union Theological Seminary in N.Y.C., is the chairman of the Student Commission of the Methodist Student Movement. JAMES MILLER, Beeville, Texas, has shortly returned to the U. S. after doing work at Trinity College, Dublin, Ireland. MALCOLM BOYD is well known to *motive* readers for his excellent articles on religion and mass communication. An Episcopalian priest, he spent some time last summer at Taizé. ROBERTA RIGGLEMAN and JOHN TAYLOR are on the public relations and press staff of the World Council of Churches, Geneva, Switzerland. THE PETAL PAPER, edited by P. D. East, is one of the tangible bits of evidence that not all in the deep South are going to allow either intimidation or custom to throttle a newspaper's right to say what it darn well pleases. *motive* has followed the development of KOINONIA FARM in past issues since 1952. The members of the CAMPUS EDITORIAL BOARD who write their opinions of education are all undergraduates in their institutions except C. Edward Roy, who is on the faculty of Brevard College. JOHN J. VINCENT is familiar from past contributions to *motive*. After finishing his graduate studies at Basel (Switzerland) he is now the Bagulev (England) Methodist minister. FREDERICK S. CARNEY is the Methodist chaplain at the University of Chicago.





MUSIC

BY L. P. PHERIGO

THE TURNTABLE ASSEMBLY

The first basic decision in selecting the right turntable assembly is whether to get a changer or a manually operated turntable. The points at issue are simple.

The only advantage of a changer is its ability to keep on playing for hours without requiring any attention.

It has several disadvantages. It's not truly "hi-fi." It costs more than a manual player of similar quality. It's not as gentle with records, either.

All changers operate with the center spindle remaining stationary. As the record rotates around this stationary spindle the hole in the center of the record is gradually worn larger. As the fit between the record and the spindle gets to be a loose one, the record usually plays a bit off-center. This produces a regular pitch-waver in the sound of the music that can be very annoying.

This process of reaming out the center hole is speeded up by the changer mechanism itself, in various ways, according to the manufacturer's device for dropping the records automatically.

Then, too, the dropping of the record is itself a source of possible damage. Modern LP records are made of a softer material than the old shellac 78s, so they scratch much more easily. Changers are constantly productive of minor (or major) abrasions on the record.

If, in spite of these disadvantages, you still prefer a changer, I would personally recommend the German *Miracord* (\$67.50), the English *Garrard* (\$67.50; best model), the American *Webcor*, and perhaps the new Glaser-Steers *GS Seventy Seven* (\$59.50).

Of the cheaper manual turntables my recommendation would be the German *Miraphon* (\$37.50).

The transcription turntable will cost at least three times as much, after a pick-up arm has been added. *Rek-O-Kut* is the leader in this field, with several models which are all thoroughly dependable. Of the many other excellent brands, perhaps the *Garrard 301* (\$89) and the *Fairchild E/D* (\$186.50) deserve special mention, and serve as well to show the ordinary price range of these turntables.

What do you get for this extra outlay of money? More constant rotation speed; no annoying background noises ("rumble" or "flutter"). Only the transcription turntable, by strict standards, is truly hi-fi; no changer is, and no economy unit manual player, either.

To a transcription-type turntable a pick-up arm must be added. The cheapest good one is the *Audax* kit (\$14.55; easily assembled without soldering). Others that can be safely recommended are the *Audax HF-16* (\$30), the *Fairchild 280A* (\$33.95) and *281A* (\$35.95), the *BJ* (\$22.50) and the *BJ Super 90* (\$33), and the *Livingston Universal* (\$24.95).

The final items are the cartridge and stylus that go in the pick-up arm. The leading cartridges are made by General Electric and Fairchild. The stylus must be a standard-brand diamond; nothing else is recommended. Other kinds are more expensive in the long run and inevitably ruin records.

KEYBOARD REVIEWS

Béla Bartók's greatness is now no longer in question, so I feel justified in urging a serious effort to understand his music. A new release from Decca gives a wonderful opportunity for this. The piano was Bartók's instrument, and a very considerable portion of his piano compositions are presented on four records, available separately, played by Andor Foldes (DL 9801/4; \$3.98 each).

Mr. Foldes' performances are superb statements of the music—"mastery" is the best word to describe them. Mr. Foldes plays like he understands the music and knows what it is trying to say. There is no uncertainty, hesitancy, nor moments of awkwardness. You are not really aware of the performer, but only of the music. And the music, as understood by Foldes, is strong, rhythmic, and not nearly so "discordant" as it is sometimes made to sound. Foldes is deeply aware of the melodic line, and does not allow the subordinate elements to become so dominant that they overwhelm it.

The music included in the series ranges from the very simple (Selections from *For Children*, or the first of the *Improvisations*) to the very complex (*Allegro Barbaro*, or the *Sonata, 1926*). There are many selections from volumes 4, 5, and 6 of *Mikrokosmos*. Foldes plays the *Two Elegies*, Op. 8B, the *Three Burlesques*, Op. 8C, the *Nine Little Piano Pieces (1926)*, and the *Ten Easy Pieces for Piano (1908)*.

More modern piano music comes from Capitol. Leonard Pennario plays the *Bartók Sonata (1926)* much less convincingly than Foldes, the Prokofieff, *Sonata No. 3* better than Boukoff but not so effectively as Gary Graffman, and the *Rózsa Sonata (1948)* (Cap P8376; \$3.98). In the *Rózsa Sonata*, Pennario has no competition, so this must be considered the chief virtue of the record.

Westminster has issued a complete *Songs Without Words* (Mendelssohn) on two records (XWN 18501/2; \$3.98 each). This makes the set available at two-thirds the cost of the Victor set by Dorfman. Unfortunately, Westminster's pianist, Miss Doyen, is considerably inferior to Miss Dorfman. Doyen usually plays slower (despite the fact that her version is on only four sides), and with less security, less brilliance, less virtuosity and technical skill, but with more sentimentality, than Dorfman.

Also from Westminster comes a very fine Schuman record. Paul Badura-Skoda plays *Carnaval, Op. 9*, in a wonderfully expressive style (XWN 18490; \$3.98). This version will survive competition with any, even the old, more dynamic performance of Rachmaninoff (no longer available). Of competitive versions, I regard those of Casadesu and Novaes as the most important. On the reverse side, Badura-Skoda gives the *Sonata No. 1 in F Sharp Minor, Op. 11*, an equally fine reading, giving Brailowsky (on Victor) his only serious competition.

Two Beethoven Sonatas (in E, Op. 109, and in C., Op. 111) received very worthy performances at the hands of Victor Schioler (Capitol P18046; \$3.98). His technique is sure, and his statement of the music is meaningful and effective. No one would go wrong with these performances, but others are even better. I find Schioler less sensitive than Schnabel, and I miss the rhythmic variation that Schnabel used so effectively. Schioler falls just short of the artistic greatness of the performances of Backhaus, Geiseking, Kempff, Petri, Schnabel, and perhaps Serkin.

Denis Matthews, on another Capitol release, makes more of a contribution. With the London Mozart Players under Harry Bleck, he gives us our best versions of two Mozart piano concertos, No. 17, K. 453, and No. 25, K. 503 (P18048; \$3.98). Matthews knows Mozart very well indeed, and his playing is a fine demonstration of the effortless grace, almost meaningless perfection of form, that is the true genius of Mozart.



berlioz' l'enfance du christ

BEFORE 1951 *L'Enfance du Christ* was still virtually unknown. Performances were rare indeed

and only three or four short excerpts existed on records. Even these were seldom seen or heard, for they were made in the 1930's on 78 rpm shellac records that were always rather scarce, and disappeared from the market entirely after the advent of LP records in 1947.

In 1951, however, Vox issued the first complete recording ever made. It was made in Paris, under the baton of Andre Cluytens, and won a very good critical response. In 1954 Columbia issued a second complete version, made in New York City and conducted by Thomas Scherman. Despite some fine moments, especially from baritone Singher, this Columbia version did not come up to the Paris performance on Vox.

Now Victor has added a third version, under the able direction of Charles Munch (RCA Victor LM 6053; \$7.96).

Berlioz was much ahead of his time in orchestration. His daring use of the various parts of the orchestra had aroused a storm of protest from the critics. In a mood of nonacceptance and self-pity, Berlioz did as several others have done since his time. He composed a piece in strict "classical" style, and got it performed under another's name. In this case, it was a piece for chorus and orchestra entitled "Farewell of the Shepherds to the Holy Family." The program described it as a "Mystery by Pierre Ducré, Choirmaster of the Sainte-Chapelle, Paris, 1679." The performance took place in Paris on November 12, 1850, and was an immediate success. The critics accepted it as a genuine work and praised the superiority of seventeenth-century music. As the fictitious "Ducré," Berlioz had succeeded in winning praise from the same critics who had little praise for Berlioz.

HE decided to enlarge the work. He prefaced the chorus with a "classical" type overture, and added after the chorus a tenor recitative describing the Holy Family resting in the desert. These three together became the middle section of the present work. Berlioz then wrote Parts One and Three, and pre-

sented the complete work to an appreciative Paris audience on December 10, 1854.

In style, the work comes closest to being an Oratorio. It calls for a full orchestra, chorus, and soloists. There is no action at all, everything being performed in concert-style. There are seven solo parts, but in practice these are usually taken by four or five soloists. The chorus almost always represents a legitimate role in the unfolding plot. That is, the story never stops for a choral exhibition of any kind, as is customary in most oratorios.

THE general mood of the music is tranquil and serene. It is a wonderful antidote to anybody's dislike of Berlioz. Most people that are not attracted by his music find it too full of musical histrionics, sounds for special effects, and orchestral "tricks." *L'Enfance du Christ* has very little of this.

Part Two as a whole is the best illustration of this tender quality. From the orchestral overture to the final angelic "Alleluias" this section is a masterpiece of gentle composition. The other outstanding example is the "Trio of the young Ishmaelites" in the middle of Part Three. Written for harp and two flutes, I know of no greater demonstration of one side of the genius of Berlioz—the quiet, melodic, graceful, unpretentious side of the great orchestral showman.

For the main elements of his story Berlioz used material from Matthew's Gospel. But into this main framework he has woven several items from Luke, such as the Shepherds, and the Stable scene.

While in general the story follows the Gospel narrative, Berlioz felt free to depart from it. Thus Herod does not learn of Jesus from the Wise Men (as in Matthew) but in a dream; the Wise Men never appear in Berlioz' story. Herod's massacre is not confined to the Bethlehem area (as in Matthew), but is extended to Jerusalem and Nazareth as well. Joseph is not warned in a dream (as in Matthew) but both Mary and Joseph are warned directly by an angelic chorus.

Berlioz' fictional additions to the story are in general plausible, but not always so. He has Jesus remaining in Egypt ten years, which is probably longer than the Evangelist supposed, and commits an

anachronism by introducing the Ishmaelites into the story.

Some of the romantic elements in the libretto will not be as appealing now as they undoubtedly were when first written. The over-all religious sentiment is clearly Roman Catholic, but not deliberately or obtrusively so.

THE new Victor recording is a very faithful one. The main mood of the music is very well brought out, and it forms a distinctive addition to the performances of French masterpieces that are currently being recorded by Charles Munch and the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The orchestra is the real star of this performance. It plays so much better than either of the orchestras in the other two versions that this feature alone would justify the existence of the performance. When it is remembered how important the orchestra is, to Berlioz, this is a major consideration.

The chorus is excellent, too. The New England Conservatory Chorus sings its parts very persuasively.

Of the soloists, two are perhaps just as successful. Florence Kopleff (Mary) and Gerard Souzay (Joseph) are wonderful in their parts, giving the text a flawless performance and interpretation. The Narrator, Casare Valletti, does very well, but sings at times a bit too intensely. This is especially true in his most important song "The Holy Family at Rest" in Part Two.

The Bass, Giorgio Tozzi, is less successful in his portrayal of Herod than of the Ishmaelite father. In his most important song, the Recitative of Herod in Part One, Scene II, he does not portray much real anguish in his performance. As he does it, it sounds more pensive, or melancholy, than anguished. Elsewhere, however, his singing is quite good.

THE Program Notes unfortunately omit the name of a fifth soloist, who sings Polydorus' lines in Scene III of Part One. He is the baritone Lucien Olivier, and does his bit very well indeed.

The new recording need be compared only with the Vox version. Its superior orchestral work, and sound, will give it a decided edge for most listeners.

—L. P. Pherigo

campus roundup . . .

ASIATIC FLU

College campuses are feeling the brunt of the Asiatic flu that is now in the United States. Many campuses have postponed major activities as the influenza virus has spread among the student bodies.

Southwest schools have been especially hard hit. Baylor University had more than 1,000 students out with the virus. Texas Christian University reported 450 cases. Louisiana colleges and universities were especially hard hit.

Several football games have been postponed or cancelled because of influenza among members of the rival teams.

Vaccine is now under order in most places. While much of the influenza is generally of another type than Asiatic, it is still very contagious.

These basic rules will help prevent the spread of influenza:

- a. Get an adequate diet.
- b. Get adequate rest.
- c. Avoid close personal contact.
- d. Report to the health centers immediately if you become ill.

NEW MAN AT ALABAMA

Dr. Frank A. Rose, formerly president of Transylvania College in Lexington, Kentucky, has been named president of the University of Alabama. Rose, 36, an ordained minister of the Christian Church, fills the vacancy left by the resignation of Dr. O. C. Carmicheal, who left the university earlier this year amid reports, denied by the trustees, that a factor in his resignation was the Autherine Lucy incident of 1956.

Dr. Rose emphasized his belief in southern customs in comments to newspapermen after his appointment. He said: "I am a native of Mississippi and love the fine traditions of the South. I will give the university the finest leadership at my command. Transylvania is where Jefferson Davis went to school. It also produced a number of Confederate Army generals, including Albert Sidney Johnson and John Hunt Morgan. We are proud of our traditions at Transylvania."

SOUNDS COMFORTABLE

Clipped from a college newspaper:

"Thirsty returning students and freshmen will be overjoyed when they walk into the first-floor hall at Eaton. Reposing where an old beat-up water fountain

used to sit, is a brand new, refrigerated water cooler that can accommodate two people at once."

THE EDITORIAL PLIGHT

The editor of the college newspaper at Boston University recently ran into trouble trying to make his editorial page more "serious" by purging out two familiar contributions. One was a syndicated cartoon feature, the other a satirical column on college life sponsored by a cigarette company.

His action brought forth dim views from several student body members.

In defending himself, he replied: "These changes were made with the intention of improving the *News* and making it a publication of which the University can be justly proud. The purpose of the editorial page is to express opinions and inform readers of issues concerning them. . . . These measures are in line with the preferred and established practices of good journalism and I feel they are steps in the right direction."

PASSION FOR LEARNING

Mr. and Mrs. Silvio Corno came to the United States from Italy to spend their honeymoon taking an advanced nuclear physics course in Chicago.

EDUCATION: SOME QUOTES

"I don't think the boy of lively mind is hurt much by going to college. If he encounters mainly jackasses, then he learns a useful lesson in this mainly jack-ass world."—H. L. Mencken

"The highest happiness of a man as a thinking being is to have probed what is knowable and quietly revere what is unknowable."—Johann von Goethe

"A university is not a school or a group of schools but an atmosphere."—Cardinal Newman

"It is nothing short of a miracle that modern methods of instruction have not yet entirely strangled the holy curiosity of inquiry."—Albert Einstein

"Reverence for human personality is the beginning of wisdom in every social question, but above all in education."—Bertrand Russell

"The university brings out all abilities, including stupidity."—Anton Chekhov

"Outside their own business, the ideas gained by men before they are 25 are practically the only ideas they shall have in their lives."—William James

motive's CAMPUS EDITORIAL BOARD 1957-58

BLANKENBURG, RICHARD	university of southern calif.
BODURTHA, PAUL	west virginia wesleyan
CELESTE, RICHARD	yale university
EVANS, HENRY ROSS	university of tennessee
GRIESEL, ROSE ANN	university of missouri
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TRAVIS, MELBA JO	southwestern college (kansas)
ZANFAGNA, PHILIP	ohio wesleyan university



FOR DEPOSIT ONLY

BOOKS



THE VARIOUSNESS OF YEATS

*The friends that have it I do wrong
When ever I remake a song,
Should know what issue is at stake:
It is myself that I remake.*

The *Variorum Edition of the Poems of W. B. Yeats* (The Macmillan Company, \$18.50) edited by Peter Allt and Russell K. Alspach is startling evidence of the drive of Yeats to remake himself.

The volume is a work of faithful scholarship. In it the editors have attempted to note all the changes that Yeats made in his poems throughout all their successive printings, and he was an incessant reviser. They have used the definitive Yeats edition of 1949 and the poems he published separately one or more times but did not include in the two-volume collection. In collating the poems, all textual variants have been noted.

As the volume of Yeats' criticism steadily mounts, the value of this work is immediately apparent. All Yeatsian criticism from now on will have to refer to the variations here recorded. Always the question will be asked, "What Yeats do you mean?" for Yeats changed the meanings and the images as readily as he did commas and periods.

Just how does a poet work? Perhaps this will help to answer some of the questions. Answer that particular question of inspiration or not, still we shall be intrigued and fascinated by the many faces and images of Yeats. And just what was it that spurred Yeats on to this constant and convulsive drive to change? Most of us will slick things up when given a chance. He wanted to work the whole deal over. He never let up.

*All the words that I gather,
And all the words that I write,
Must spread out their wings untiring,
And never rest in their flight,
Till they come where your sad, sad heart
is,
And sing to you in the night,
Beyond where the waters are moving,
Storm darkened or starry bright.*

FINALLY—A METHODIST PRAYER BOOK

Last May, when *motive* published the "John Wesley Order of Morning Prayer"

(without music) with an introduction by Edward Hobbs, the interest resulting was such that several thousand reprints were run off so that it might be available for general use. These reprints were soon exhausted.

Realizing that the demand for an adequate and usable prayer book is such that something ought to be done to meet the need, and that the current studies and revision work of the General Conference Commission on Worship are many years away from fruition, the Methodist Student Movement leaders have felt encouraged to publish in prayer book form *The Wesley Orders of Common Prayer*, edited by Edward Hobbs of Perkins School of Theology at Southern Methodist University (*Methodist Student Movement*, \$1 single copy; 70 cents plus shipping in quantities of 10 or more). The volume is cloth bound in dark blue with gold stamping, 106 pp.

Included, with but a modicum of revision, are the services John Wesley sent to America for use in the new Methodist Church "in the wilderness." This volume, titled, *The Sunday Service of the Methodists in North America, with other Occasional Services*, was adopted at the organizing Conference of Methodism as the official orders for worship. Although the action has never been rescinded, Methodists generally have not known they ever existed.

Now, when a new sense of liturgical responsibility is apparent in the Church and in the Methodist Student Movement, this volume is certain to be widely used. It includes:

1. The Order for Morning Prayer (without music)
2. The Order for Morning Prayer (with music)
3. The Order for Evening Prayer
4. The Order for Holy Communion
5. The Collects, Epistles, and Gospels (for entire year)
6. The Psalms (Revised Standard Version, designed to be read in unison)
7. Lectionary (Psalms and Lessons for Morning or Evening Prayer)
8. Introduction and detailed notes on the services

The worship at the Lawrence Quadrennial Conference of the MSM will be designed, of course, for the greater praise of God, but incidentally to familiarize members of the MSM with this prayer book.

We now have available in Methodism a really usable prayer book for use of the community of believers in chapels, churches, and elsewhere at the times of corporate worship. It is greatly to be hoped that the General Conference Commission will succeed in bringing to Methodism an adequate guide to congregational prayer. Until that time, we can hardly do better than turn back to the recommendations of John Wesley to the poor sheep in the wilderness—American Methodists.

A FIRST OBLIGATION

A year ago, the Methodist Student Movement published a volume titled *Witness to the Campus*. It sought to explore the theological and intellectual implications of evangelism in the context of higher education.

Now a companion volume has been published, edited by Richard N. Bender, *Campus Evangelism in Theory and Practice* (*Methodist Student Movement*, \$1.50). As the title indicates, you cannot separate theory and practice, but this volume does attempt to point out lines of procedure to those who earnestly accept their primary obligation to witness to the Lord in their own community—that of the college and university campus.

Now evangelism is at the heart of any Christian fellowship. But so often Christian evangelism on the campus has been identified with the rather futile efforts of a tiny group of religious hangers-on, and it has not been taken seriously by campus Christians. This book is for the tough, not the weak. It explores many of the aspects of university life through which the Christian witness to the love of God may be communicated. It gives partial guides as to how it might be operative.

Evangelism is a beautiful and good word. It is time to rescue it from the sentimentalists and the perverse as well. *Campus Evangelism in Theory and Practice* can be a goodly guide to the operation.

—Roger Ortmyer

THE PROBLEM OF COMMUNICATION

If the first stage in the matter of communication is that of understanding thoroughly that which is to be communicated, then the increasing number of translations of standard German theological works is to be welcomed not merely by the specialist, but also by all who would offer an adequate *apologia* for the faith.

The Christian Ethos: The Foundations of the Christian Way of Life (Muhlenberg Press, 1957, \$6) is a good translation of a much-used and most



relevant book by the late Erlangen professor of dogmatics, Werner Elert. It states, from the traditional Lutheran point of view, the law/grace issue and all its ramifications, with remarkable insight into contemporary moods and problems.

The volume represents the second part of Elert's *Dogmatics*, and is written from an historical and dogmatic point of view. The main sections deal with "Ethos under Law" (man as creation, the law and sin), "Ethos under Grace" (the new creation, obedience and love), and "Objective Ethos" (the new community and the world). Some sections are of particular value, such as those on Repentance and Rebirth (though I wish Lutherans would take the trouble to study and understand Methodism), pp. 217-25, The Church's Use of "We" in life and liturgy, pp. 341-78, and the Lutheran Dichotomy of state and church as separate "orders," pp. 405-13.

Readers of Brunner, Niebuhr and Tillich will need to read Elert. This "theological ethics," as he calls it, has a good deal to contribute.

RELEVANT EVANGELISM

Alan Walker's *The Whole Gospel for the Whole World* (Abingdon Press, 1957, \$2) is the most important, sensible and challenging book on evangelism that I have read.

Walker, an Australian well known in the States, was set apart five years ago to lead the "Mission to the Nation" of the Australasian Methodist Church. He used public halls instead of churches, banned "warming-up" hymn singing and brought in good music, by-passed theories of the Atonement and preached about Christ in politics, abandoned evangelical jargon and spoke plainly to plain people. Three hundred thousand people in both 1954 and 1955 heard him in city centers. Thousands have entered the life of the Church. Far more have seen discipleship as practical living for the first time.

This book gives Walker's convictions about the Church's task today. What we need to preach, he declares, is not the "hot gospel" message of the nineteenth century. We need to preach the sovereignty of God in judgment and mercy on our apparently senseless world, the love of God for individuals in a society where the single person counts for nothing, the

Christian doctrine of man in a world where privilege, color and class stand for so much. We need to preach the Church, God's agent for loving and serving and saving mankind, the Kingdom of God, man's ideal through God's grace (no eschatology here!).

"No man is truly converted who does not reveal Christian attitudes on issues of race, economic life, political affairs, and peace and war." "The *status quo* is always wrong, because no society is Christian."

Those who have read the MSM book of studies, *Witness to the Campus*, will find several answers here, though Walker does not mention campus evangelism specifically. Of particular relevance, I should think, are his methods of "preaching for a verdict" and "presenting the gospel." His use of particular problems of life (such as love and courtship) as subjects for "verdict" preaching sounds especially valuable.

Walker's book should be required reading for every seminary student and campus religious leader. He summarizes much of the most fruitful thought on evangelism in the churches at the present, and writes from his own firsthand experience. Those who reject the "mass meeting" type of mission should read him for correction: those who flock to its more orthodox exponents likewise!

FOR SKEPTICS ONLY

The author of *Ground to Stand On* is John H. Otwell, OT teacher at Pacific School of Religion. He describes his book as "an attempt to provoke skeptics, doubtful of the truth of Christianity because their view of the world differs so radically from the one traditionally held by Christians, into resolving their doubts for themselves by a vigorous presentation of conclusions about Christianity held by a former atheist."

I wish the book more success than I think it will have. It is expensive (Oxford Press, \$4.25), it is verbose and requires concentrated attention.

If anyone will take the trouble to follow the detailed argument, however, he will be well rewarded. Sometimes, philosophical assumptions are made apparently without adequate grounds, but the book certainly speaks to the modern man, who is not likely to be bothered by traditional philosophy anyway.

Ground to Stand On will be textbook for a "School for Skeptics" at my church, this winter. Many a discussion group will be grateful to use it in the same way. The addition of subheadings through the chapters, and of questionnaires at the end of them, would have added to the book's usefulness.

—John J. Vincent

ON MR. KEROUAC

A novel that is likely to catch the student fancy this year is the fast-paced, raw and crass masterpiece of the San Francisco "tough school" of writers: *On The Road* (Viking \$3.95) by Jack Kerouac. It's the story of a few vagabond veterans of World War II who spent their time crossing America, making love, getting in trouble and getting at life in their own little hell-bent way.

Mr. Kerouac's publishers have used the cover flap to compare him with Thomas Wolfe, Carl Sandburg, Ernest Hemingway and a few other American realists who plied their trade during the "lost generation" thirty years ago. But the comparison hardly holds up. While he does evince bursts of near poetry, and while his story of the "beat generation" compares somewhat favorably with the "lost generation" of the twenties, Mr. Kerouac remains obviously illiterate in his best moments. He is a young novelist following some of the old literary gods, notably Hemingway—with traces of Nelson Algren or Saul Bellows thrown in. But he lacks the old touch, the old subtlety, the old capacity for understatement. His volume is, indeed, a mass of overstatement—carefully plotted to subdue the reader into a kind of belief in what is going on.

But this is never achieved. We never see Sal Paradise or Dean Moriarty or the great list of unwashed characters he parades before us. He shouts at us about them but we never see them. They come on quickly like comics at the burlesque and dance off sadly before our eyes. They are fascinating because they set a fast pace, because they have the fascination of freaks. But we never know them. There are none of those rare literary moments (that Hemingway or Wolfe would afford us) when they sit down together and talk about things as men and women facing life. Sal and Dean are ghosts in a travelogue. We never know or understand their private drives, hopes, aspirations or beliefs. They can entertain us but they cannot really touch us.

On the Road is stylish, quick-witted and carries the reader well. It will no doubt sell. The college student and the general reading public who is looking for the thrill of a literary nosedive will be intrigued, to a certain extent.

But this is not the final criticism. What is terribly wrong is that these characters fail to live and thus fail, as literary products, to carry any theme or any believable image. Mr. Kerouac keeps telling us they are in a search but they are obviously on a binge. His whole style and sensitivity supports this fact.

—William Harrison

LETTERS...

I have been reading *motive* for about a year now, and I want to commend the staff for producing the best magazine that I read. The art work and special features on art are of exceptional merit, and I congratulate you on having the courage to continue to present it to your readers in spite of the adverse criticism you often receive. If these readers react as strongly to contemporary art as their comments suggest, perhaps they will eventually get around to learning a little more about the idiom which they now so authoritatively criticize without understanding. (As you may have guessed by now, I am a painter.)

However, I have a criticism too, and a very important one, I feel, not only for me, but for many other students who look to *motive* for directives—to learn where our church stands on certain issues to enable us to better interpret the world around us. What I specifically refer to at this time was the conspicuous absence in the October issue of any comment or discussion on the great strife that threatens to tear the heart of our nation apart: the segregation issue. I feel that the silence on *motive's* part is rather terrifyingly indicative of just the attitude referred to in the article "The Careful Young Men" in this same issue.

Where is our church when we need it? I do not ask the church to "take sides" with anyone, but to provide us with the necessary kind of background or frame of reference to stimulate the sort of critical thinking that it provoked on the student merger question. The apparent condemning answer to my question shouts as loudly as *motive's* silence—the church is afraid to speak because it fears its own lack of unity on the question. But can the church afford to be silent when young people all over the country are trying to discover Christ's relevance to this situation and mold their thinking accordingly when it may be clouded by sectionalism?

If the church is silent now to prevent another such shattering split while we console our consciences with "after all, we are still One in Christ" even though we hate

the sight of each other in our everyday lives, there's hypocrisy somewhere. Perhaps we are afraid of the full implications of Christ's answer for us and so it's best to ignore the question before we get committed to anything. But can we afford not to speak now?

—Jacqueline Skiles
st. louis, missouri

I just want to let you know that while I haven't written you for some time (not since I was in India), I am still very much behind all that *motive* is doing. We are using the John Wesley order of prayer in the Interseminary Conference (New York Area of the Mid-Atlantic Region) which is being held at Drew next week.

A few weeks ago I was in a group that visited Nashville. While we were at the Publishing House I asked about the use of Christian art in Methodist materials—and one of the editors held up a copy of *Classmate* and pointing to it said, "We get the best artists in the country to do our work for us." How do you communicate at all with someone like that?

This "twelve disciples thing" that's coming out in *Together* looks like utter trash. What is wrong with our church? It seems to be presupposed that good theology, good art, and good thought cannot be communicated to the laymen of our church. With intelligent leadership I think it could be.

This letter helps me get a little bit off my chest. But just be assured that there is a sizable group of us here who definitely appreciate your attempts in the field of art and in productive theological debate.

—Edward Mark
madison, new jersey

The October issue of *motive* has provided the fuel for several thought-provoking bull sessions here in the dorms. (The lines by Charles Peguy on the first page of *motive* have created a lot of interest here.) We have not as yet devoted an entire Wesley Fellowship meeting to *motive* or a *motive* article this year, but

we have read a short selection from the October issue (Emil Paul John). I would venture to say (at least for myself and those with whom I've had a chance to discuss the issue) that we have become increasingly enthusiastic about the magazine this fall.

—Priscilla Thayer
fredonia, new york

Yesterday I received the copies of *motive*. I am very happy about the article on my sculpture work. The lay-out of the photographs is very good and artistic.

I appreciate your magazine's high standard of quality, and I am glad to have had the opportunity to contribute to this educational and spiritual guide for university students all over the U.S.A.

—Heri Bert Bartscht
dallas, texas

motive occupies a special place among contemporary Methodist publications. It always prods this reader, intellectually and spiritually.

—Webb B. Garrison
lebanon, illinois

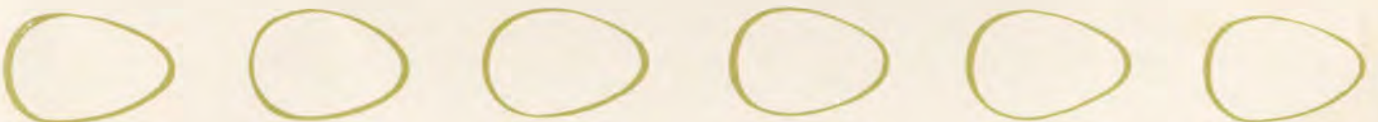
To me *motive* is one of the least "watered down" of all religious publications, and its greatest strength is its "eclectic" approach and its refusal to "grind an ax" on any particular "line." But I'm afraid I'm too much of a photographer to appreciate fully the emotional approach of your art.

I appreciate the fact that *motive* is so highly regarded by those who know religious publications, and I'm a bit proud when it is mentioned in an ecumenical group. . . .

—W. Richard Steffen
grand forks, north dakota

After being thrilled time and time again with the art work done in *motive*, I have wondered if any such thing as a Christian symbolism in modern art is being published for a Sunday Worship Bulletin. I would so appreciate having this type of thing instead of those old ones with the traditional on the front.

—Jack L. Peters
chicago, illinois



The scientists have made a momentous claim—we are, say those of the speculative frontier of discovery, just now entering the age of communications. You are right, responds the religionist, only we are not just now entering the age of communication—we have been in it for two millennia.

As a man communicates primarily in words, so it is with God—and the Word has uttered itself in deed—God the eternal word spoken in human life. Communication established.

There is a small town named Bethlehem, which translated means "house of bread." Travelers often remark about a peculiarity of Bethlehem. The people live together, but it is as in great darkness. The mother loves her child more dearly than life itself, but she strikes him in anger, and in resentment he plans revenge and each is shut from the other. The farmer wants to help; but he stores his grain in hidden granaries while the refugee starves in the roadside ditch, and in Bethlehem's strange light he sees only the bulging granary and not the starvation. The constable believes in peace; so he regularly practices his peacemaking by shooting the heart out of a target in human silhouette. The motel keeper, bless his precious bones, is really a jolly fellow, so he thumbs the late tourist to move on—excusing himself by muttering he had forgotten to flip the "no vacancy"

switch when he filled up his last space.

The tired traveler tried to explain: his old jalopy had burnt out a bearing, his wife was soon to have a baby, and both were just plain dog tired, and wasn't there some extra corner? He didn't need T.V. in the room—just a bed, some place to sleep. Because of the great darkness all over the village known as the "house of bread," the motel operator couldn't really see and considered calling for the constable—the ruffraff nowadays could spoil the reputation of the best hostels.

Out behind, however, his boys had put up a pup tent where they played at boy scouting. If they just had to stop in Bethlehem, they could use the pup tent—he really thought it would be a good way of shoving them on—for no man, not even this itinerant in a knocking jalopy would put an expectant mother in a pup tent—but they went and occupied the pup tent.

The keeper was sore at himself for underestimating the travelers. *Guess people just don't have any pride anymore.* That evening when he gathered with a couple of cronies for an evening of stud, he lost a couple of pots he should have won—fussing in his mind about the family in the pup tent instead of keeping his attention on the cards.

When the game broke up and his cronies went home, he made his usual check of the motel—to

see that all doors were locked, no vagrants hanging about and that all was in order. As he came near his own quarters, he heard the cry of a baby. He followed the cry until he realized that it came from the pup tent behind the motel. . . . *Oh my, better hush this up—letting a baby be born in a pup tent.* Deciding, however, that nothing could be done immediately, he went to bed and to sleep.

When he awoke the next morning it was with a feeling that he was seeing in a different light. He saw things he had never seen before—the farmer was feeding the refugee, whom he had only now discovered, the mother and the rebellious boy did not perfectly understand each other but each responded to the other with affection, and the constable, Mr. Peacemaker himself, had left his gun on a peg in his office and was organizing shelter and kitchens for the refugees.

Why Bethlehem looked almost as it was depicted in the stories they told of the time of the Garden of Eden, the time before the fall of man. It was as if the true light that enlightens every man was coming into the world.

Suddenly he remembered—hey, with an X-ray light like this in Bethlehem he'd better hurry and do something about that outfit in the pup tent. He rushed out back and peered in—nobody there.

Now where in the world could they have gone?

—ORTMAYER