
motive
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M O T I V E

MAY 1958 VOLUME XVIII / 8

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Those of us who have worked closely with Roger Ortmayer during the past nine years are genuinely aware of the loss motive *experiences in the change which he has made in his plans. He goes to his new post as professor of Christianity and the Arts at Perkins School of Theology, Southern Methodist University, with a background of training and experience which will make him a valuable teacher in that institution. We rejoice with Perkins, but we lament our own loss. One of the distinct pleasures associated with educational administration is the privilege of watching persons grow. Whenever a person is chosen for a post, there always goes along with the selection the possibility of losing him as he advances in his work; but all the time the individual is growing, the work he is doing is enriched. This has been true with* motive. motive *and Dr. Roger Ortmayer have grown together, both in prestige and power. Our best wishes go with him.*

JOHN O. GROSS

for motive

Roger Ortmayer brought to *motive* the skill of a journalist, the creative touch that only a writer of genuine originality can give, the imagination of a poet, and the intellectual power of a great thinker. His editorials alone are gems of student insight, understanding, and interpretation.

Dr. Ortmayer believes that art is a medium of communication that speaks the language of Christianity. Through great art the quality of life and the spiritual tone of culture may be interpreted, purified, and elevated. This he has tried to do in the pages of *motive*, and in so doing has created a following among some of the great artists and in the art departments of the colleges and universities of this and other countries.

In the columns of *motive* Dr. Ortmayer has maintained an interest in ecumenical Christianity and at the same time has deepened the interest of students and faculty in the Methodist heritage.

motive, under Roger Ortmayer's editorship, has been a magazine with deep prophetic fervor. In its columns there has been a continuous plea for righteousness and social justice among all peoples. It has had a world-minded viewpoint and works for that kind of political and social organization that, under God, will bring freedom, help, and hope to all peoples.

motive has been evangelistic in the finest use of that term. Under Ortmayer's editorship it proclaims the Gospel and stands for the expression of the life and work of the student Christian movement within the channels of the church's life.

motive has good humor, the kind that is subtle and quick and yet the kind that purifies and carries a message.

At the recent Lawrence conference, Marvin Halverson of the National Council of Churches publicly stated that *motive*, under Ortmayer's editorship, had become the outstanding pioneering periodical of Protestantism.

We are grateful that we have had Roger Ortmayer for the editor of *motive* as long as we have, and we bid him God-speed as he goes to his new field of service.

Tribute to Roger Ortmayer voted at the annual meeting of the Board of Education, January 13-15, 1958, Cincinnati, Ohio

AMATEUR

TO an amateur the thing in itself is important. An amateur is in love with what he is doing.

It is irrelevant whether or not he is paid for his labors, irrelevant, that is, as to whether or not he is an amateur. The amateur may make his living with his work and yet remain truly an amateur. Here, the American Olympic Committee has missed the point. Getting money for the results of his labor is "clover" for the amateur. In fact, getting paid for his work may help the amateur (artist, politician, sportsman, prophet, scholar, dramatist, journalist) continue the amateurish life.

The works of the imagination are the life of an amateur. Nothing can leave him colder than market analyses, consumer research, or readership surveys. He insists that his work is its own judgment. While he appreciates appreciation as much as the next egoist and wants to be read if he is a novelist, played if a dramatist and purchased if an artist, still his work is designed not to satisfy some "consumer," but to satisfy his own wonderful demand to create.

It is at this point that the amateur is essentially different from the professional. The professional is interested in the market, the amateur is interested in the work itself. The professional has his work slanted to satisfy the consumer, the amateur figures that when he gets to worrying about how the consumer is going to "like" his work, then, in the jargon of the campus, "he has had it."

The professional fits the culture of the "organization man," the legion of Madison Avenue adsmen and tastemakers. He does everything excellently, with proficiency and skill and efficiency. He does it too well. The praise is in matching the stereotype, the imaginative tangent is accidental, if ever found, and the meaning is insignificant.

The professional is interested in utility, in the use of his creation. He is a slave to the box office, the Hooper rating, the sales graphs, the market analysis. Motivation research seems to him to be the acme of human adventure and consumer-motivation-engineering the great creative act. He has contempt for the amateur. His favorite downgrading description of the work of which he does not approve is that it is "amateurish." The highly esteemed is the "professional." No higher praise can he lavish upon a human being than to describe him as a "pro."

The age of conformity agrees that the professional is truly great. It is more interested in the slick imitation than the sincerely creative. It is fond of the stereotype and resents the unfamiliar. It is bemused with efficiency and utility. It is impressed with huge

VS. PRO

BY ROGER E. ORTMAYER

circulations, fat profits and box-office success.

It is time for the amateur to raise his voice.

ACTUALLY, this is what *motive* has been trying to do for nearly two decades. It has been deliberately, self-consciously, even innocently amateurish. *motive* has tried to be, in an age of slavish professionalism, an affront to the religious specialists, a joke to the journalists who believe that large circulation is the identification of successful editing and marketing, and a wailing wall to those who think of Christianity somewhat more in terms of Bethel than Madison Avenue.

Somewhat immodestly I believe that *motive*'s shortcomings are its real badge of "success," i.e., success in being amateurish.

motive is a hodgepodge

"Everything seems to be thrown into that magazine but the kitchen sink." This was the horrified reaction of an early subscriber, and the cliché is still sounded, repeated annually.

But is this bad?

One of the signs of the boorish professionalism of the times is the abject capitulation of the catholic to the specialist. Not only is the family practitioner but a memory, the scholar must specialize, the clergyman specialize, and, "natch," the journalist also specializes.

A fine New Testament scholar of my acquaintance writes articles for the commentaries, does an excellent job in the classroom and can exercise most of the paraphernalia of the scholar with precision. But he is suspect among the members of the league because he is an authority on Bach, plays the pipe organ with skill, can rout most young athletes in a set of handball, and is an art collector and critic of some quality.

In their categories Schweitzer would be a freak.

Being amateurish, *motive* has no qualms at all in being a hodgepodge. Knowing that the strands of life are multiform and so are the forms that would play with them, the reader is apt to be confronted with a somewhat technical discourse analyzing some classic tragedy, random comments on jazz, a poem by a college sophomore, a plea for the pacifist position in confronting militarism, a story of a contemporary painter and some reproductions of ancient art.

One of the nice things about being amateur is the freedom to be catholic.

motive is irresponsible

An often encountered term in the current theologies of culture is "responsible." To be responsible means to be a "realist" in matters political and economic. It means to locate the minimal possibilities in a given situation and work only toward them.

It is "irresponsible" to be "utopian." Only fools and utopians who are irresponsible believe that peace is obtainable, some kind of world democratic government is worth struggling for, that nuclear weapons can be outlawed, that the military establishment might be disestablished, that disarmament is feasible and that Khrushchev can be bargained with.

These are perfectionist goals, say those who love responsibility, and *motive*, in leaning toward them, is lamentably irresponsible.

The nice thing about being amateur is the freedom to be irresponsible and work for something worth struggling for. The amateur believes that the minimum is a hell of a goal to work toward. (The word "hell" is used here deliberately with discrimination.)

motive's circulation is piddling

When one realizes that there are three or four hundred thousand Methodists in American colleges and universities and as many more Episcopalian, Presbyterian, Baptist, etc., students who ought to be reading the magazine, then its circulation seems feeble indeed. When *motive* matches

I USED TO HAVE TIME FOR THE FRIVOLOUS BEFORE I WAS WINNING.

its publication totals against *Presbyterian Life, Together,* or *Our Sunday Visitor,* it seems insignificant. When put beside *The Reader's Digest, Life* or *Playboy* it hardly seems even to crawl.

Every once in a while those of us who have been in charge of *motive* have decided to do a bit of promoting.

It should be obvious that the first step in this direction would be a full-scale readership survey. So we have made tentative steps in the direction of such a survey. Sometimes we have even taken a halfhearted kind of survey. But at the last moment we have always drawn back, afraid, I guess, that the implications of a survey would take us out of the amateur class. The survey is the professional way of doing things. It was the basis, for instance, of the 250 million dollar *Edsel* project of the Ford Motor Company.

Edsel laid an egg.

The trouble with surveys is that they tell you what used to be.

The amateur is much more interested in getting the feel of what may be coming about. He has an instinctive distrust of the manipulation of human beings. He loved the way the amateur Truman trounced the professional Dewey, if for no other reason than it showed the wonderful unpredictability of the human being whom the pollsters all agreed would vote for Dewey. He resents being a digit on anybody's chart, and is horrified at the prospect that he should himself come to think of people as digits.

The basic cause of the insincerity of "professionalism" in most religious journals is the confusion of circulation statistics as being the judgment upon merit for the publication. With an eye out to subscriber reactions, the editors cease to be masters of their own sheet and let some shadow dominate their choices.

Actually, most editors of church publications are better off in this respect than their colleagues in the pulpits and general board offices. Professionalism has almost wrecked the clergy. There is no more terrifying experience than to enter a house of God for worship and then be confronted by the calculated maneuvers of the priest whose every move seems to be dominated by the need to reassure himself positively to the nagging question, "How am I doing?" His febrile attempts at applied psychology in the manipulation of the members of the congregation, his careful gauging of ritual movements and his pious posturing, his intonations and tricks in homiletics, the "effectiveness" of his choir, his choice of hymns for their efficacious use, his slick, efficient and sophisticated professionalism bring in the crowds and make the prophets cringe.

The amateur journalist has a wonderful time journalizing because he goes on the assumption that the merits of his publication are the best promotion. (In the public-relations, bedeviled culture of 1958 this assumption is not worth much . . . nevertheless, by it the amateur journalist must live.)

motive is highbrow

This is the most frequent accusation with which *motive* is faced. When made, it is the kind of assertion which implies that to be highbrow is something like being dirty, or at least, subversive. If it can be proved that you really are highbrow then of course you are guilty of offense.

In a century of vulgarity, being highbrow is a fine state of being. But *motive* is not highbrow, only amateur.

For some reason or other a steady succession of Master's degree aspirants like to make a special study of *motive.* As editor I usually fill out about ten forms for the degree hunters each year and forget to fill out another ten. One of the almost inevitable questions asked is: "What is your image of your readers?" I formerly took that ques-

tion seriously and tried to state the image was the typical campus denizen, or the intelligent campus resident, or the student or faculty member who wanted to do a bit of thinking. Laterly, however, I have quit this unamateurish pose and simply stated that I have no image at all. I know, with some intimacy, the people who like to think, who are probing the new and exciting realms of the imagination, and who are ill-tempered under the impositions and tyranny of professionalism. I therefore assume that what I like my readers will find of interest and while their tastes will not and need not be the same as mine, we live in a world where the questing, the imaginative and the relevant are generally pertinent. We are more interested in where we might be going than where we have been.

To an age of the group process, of committee journalism, of shabby ideas done up with meticulous slickness this kind of editorship is irresponsible.

This is an interesting aspect of being amateur: you be yourself and people think you are highbrow.

motive is "arty"

Guilty!

But not in the sense of either the perverted or the irrelevant. For in *motive* art is not something you play around with. Nor is *motive* an "arts" magazine. The only excuse for *motive*'s use of art is the discovery that the language of art is so close to that of religion that the two cannot exist apart from each other.

The artist is the true amateur. He insists upon the right to speak in the symbols he finds relevant. Considering that the recovery of significant symbols is the great task of contemporary Protestantism it would seem that any publication that takes religion seriously must listen to the artist. It is a sign of the religious irrelevancy of our religion that *motive* is accused of being "arty" when it asks the contemporary artist to hold conversations with its readers.

The commercial (professional) artist is like most other professionals—he lets the commonness of the consumer dictate his work, rather than the sincerity of his motivations.

Again I insist, *motive* is not arty, it is simply another way of attempting to play its amateur role.

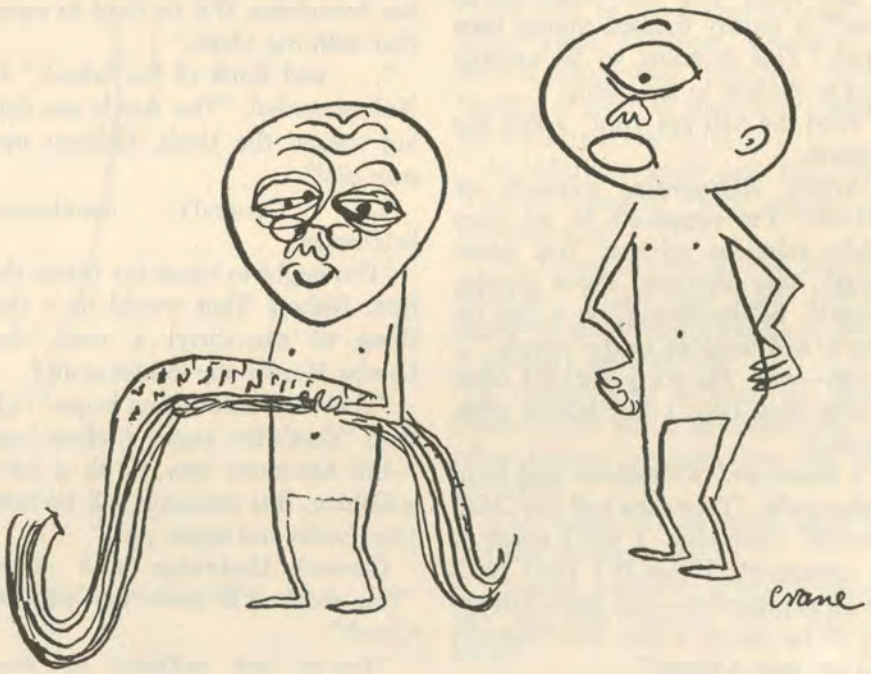
I shall ever be humbly grateful for the opportunity to have lived with *motive* as an amateur editor for eight years. To me it is wondrously significant that in the huge, professionalized Methodist Church, an important agency has made room for the amateur.

I am often startled, and really humbled, by the amazingly high regard which highly regarded persons have for the magazine. I ask myself why. The only satisfactory answer I can come up with is not the really intrinsic quality of the magazine, which is everything its deprecators point to, but that it must exist as a symbol of something which is vital.

I have finally decided that this symbol is that of the amateur. *motive* is fascinating to them because it is not stereotype. They do not know for sure what to expect. And that a church in the midst of our extravagantly mechanized culture really makes a place for the amateur—what a wonderful thing! There are still realms where live the private and the unexpected.

Hallelujah!

I DON'T CARE WHAT YOUR STATISTICS SAY!



The mad international bomber said, "What are you worrying about? It's a clean bomb."

armageddon Ltd.

by William Robert Miller

"WHAT'S the matter with you guys, anyway?" asked General Umbridge. "You're acting like a bunch of yellow-bellied pacifists. I'm especially surprised at you, Bishop—you used to be so obliging."

"But General," said Bishop Armour, "we never thought you would actually *do* it."

"Rubbish," said the General. "They had it coming to 'em. Boy, it made me feel good. I was getting pretty damn tired of all that pussyfooting around. Brink of war, hell! Give it to 'em right in the snoot, I always said."

"But don't you see what you've *done*?" a nattily dressed young man asked. "This is going to be awfully hard to explain to the public."

"Who the hell are you?" asked the General.

"Arthur Killingham, formerly of BBD&O; I'm supposed to be your public relations adviser. You never should have dropped those bombs, General, before giving me a line on how to sell the idea to the people."

"Oh—well, I'm sorry I didn't clear it with you, boy. I just boiled over, I guess."

"I know, sir," Killingham said sympathetically. "Your men call you 'Mad Bomber' Umbridge. I don't mean to be hypercritical, but if I can't work up an explanation—and fast—I'm going to be out of a job. You've really put me over a barrel."

The Bishop spoke up again. "General, this is no mere public relations matter. You have gone too far. All those people!" He began to weep.

"People?" snorted the General. "Commie scum! You're not going soft, are you, Bishop? They had it coming to them and you know it!"

"But General—" the Bishop blurted through his tears. "Twenty million people—whole cities wiped out—women, children, priests, everybody. . . ."

"And don't forget," said Killingham, "the people in the embassies—including Americans. It'll be hard to square that with the Chief."

". . . and think of the fallout," the Bishop wailed. "The winds are drifting toward the Urals. Millions more may die!"

The General's countenance brightened.

"You ought to know me better than that, Bishop. That would be a dirty thing to do—dirty! I used clean bombs. Hardly any fallout at all."

"That's it!" Killingham leaped to his feet. "That's the angle! A *clean* bomb —the American way. With a bit of polishing, this gimmick will be better than 'mom and apple pie.'"

General Umbridge said affably, "You think it'll clear me with the Chief?"

"You've got nothing to worry about," said Killingham. "What do you think, Bishop?"

Pensive now, the Bishop replied slowly. "I don't know—twenty million people. . . ."

"Come on now," said the General solicitously. "I don't even think it was that many. Probably not more than eighteen million. You know reports are often exaggerated—and those commies always exaggerate their population figures. It might even be less—say, seventeen. Only half a dozen cities."

"Even so . . ." the Bishop said, then retreated into his thoughts.

"Be sensible, Bishop," said Killingham. "This is a time for patriotism, not sentimentality. We've got to be practical and hardheaded about this. I know how you feel. It's regrettable that all those people were killed. But war is war, and now that we're in it, we've got to win it."

The Bishop, regaining his composure, said, "I'm still wondering, though, what touched it off. What made you do it, General?"

The General, now fully in command of the situation, said:

"You've heard my speeches warning the people that the Reds had to be stopped. I don't mince words, gentlemen. For years now I've watched the mealymouthed politicians playing footsie with those Russian scum, talking about disarmament agreements

I GET YOUR POINT, BUT HOW DOES THAT CONCERN ME?

and all that bunk. *You* know what would happen if we cut down our defenses. They'd stab us in the back! For years I've been saying we had to beat 'em to the punch. And now, by glory, I've done it. You ought to thank your lucky stars I did. There's no telling what they might have done if I hadn't!"

"What the Bishop means," said Killingham, "is what was the immediate provocation? We can't tell the public that you just up and did it."

"Oh, I don't know," said the General. "It was a lot of things. Look what they did in Hungary, and the way they overran the satellites. I guess the thing that triggered me off was the way they acted at the homecoming party for Ambassador Fenster. Arrogant! Laughing at us!"

"But what did they do?" insisted the Bishop.

"It wasn't what they did, exactly," said the General. "It was that damn superior attitude of theirs. Looking down on us. You could tell they were counting on taking us over. Well, this'll make 'em think twice. Bet they're not feeling so superior today!"

KILLINGHAM looked at the General, incredulous for a moment. The Bishop gaped in disbelief. In the silence, the ticking of the grandfather clock could be heard from the opposite end of the General's spacious office. Then, suddenly, a muffled explosion was heard, followed by the tinkling of window glass, and a tremor went through the room.

An adjutant burst into the room. "General—they've just taken out Philadelphia!"

The General grasped the situation instantly. "Alert the Nike stations. Radio to the ICBM Command—Plan X effective immediately."

A ruddy glow suffused the room. Nobody said anything. There was another tremor, slighter than the previous one.

"That must be New York," said the General matter-of-factly.

"Hmmm, probably a twenty megaton. But don't worry, we're fighting back!"

"It's Armageddon!" shrieked the

Bishop. "It's the Judgment Day! My God, my God, have mercy on us." He collapsed to the floor, beating his fists against the deep, luxuriant carpet.

"I knew he'd crack," commented the General. "He's been going soft for a long time now. You heard what he said before—practically treason."

"Armageddon," said Killingham, white as chalk. "The end of the world!"

"Nonsense, boy," said the General. "Get hold of yourself. It'll be tough, all right, but that's life. By tomorrow it'll all be over and we'll pick up the pieces. They call me the Mad Bomber, do they? You'll see—I've planned this campaign down to the last detail. There'll be losses, sure, but a good half of our people will survive. Take my word for it. The main thing is that we're wiping out those damn Reds—every last stinking one of 'em, from East Germany to commie China. Look at the bright side of it."

The adjutant entered again, shaking like a leaf. "General, they've got Chicago." He turned and left.

The General sneered after him, "I ask for men in this man's Air Force and what do they send me? Yellow-bellies. Yellow-bellies! Now, Killingham, you've got work to do. Cut out that Armageddon nonsense and figure out what you're going to tell the people."

Killingham smiled wanly. "Yes, of course. We'll say it's a surprise attack. They struck without warning. The public won't know the difference, and what's a few minutes either way? Not Armageddon—Armageddon Limited. War to end war. To save civilization, preserve the American way. Clean bombs. No matter what filthy tricks the enemy tries, we use only clean bombs. Kill with fireball, no fallout. Stress purifying nature of fire, recognized even by primitive pagan rituals. No harm to posterity; no posterity to harm. How's this for a heading: 'American generosity scores again—world purged of communist elements in purification by fire. Minimal cost. Clean. Decent.'"

"Sounds pretty good to me," said the General. "Good lad. I knew you'd come through."

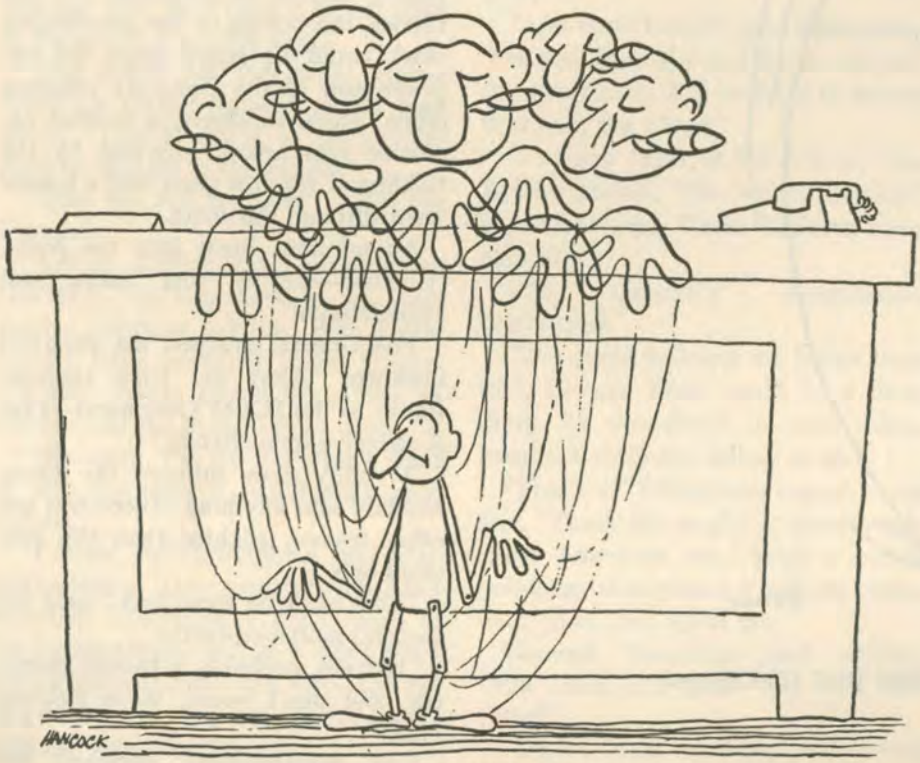
"A little rewrite, maybe," said Killingham. "I'll fix it up so it'll sell."

The Bishop had risen to his feet again. He appeared to be deranged. "Stop!" he cried. "Stop! 'For he who has done it unto the least of my creatures has done it unto me also.' Merciful God—"

The Bishop stood with arms outflung. Suddenly the entire scene was flooded with intense light. For a brief instant his figure was silhouetted against the bare window, a dark thin cross on a field of brilliant crimson. And in the next instant, there was nothing but ashes.

IF there had been human eyes to see, they would have seen, at this moment, nothing but ashes and charred, powdery rubble from there to the horizon in every direction. From outer space the planet looked different. The greenery was gone and the light of the sun danced pallidly over the pock-leaden surface.

To God, looking on with tear-filled eyes, it was hard to tell the difference between earth and the moon except by their size.



AT LEAST I'M SECURE.

WHAT'S RELIGION FOR, ANYWAY ?

By Edward Murray Clark

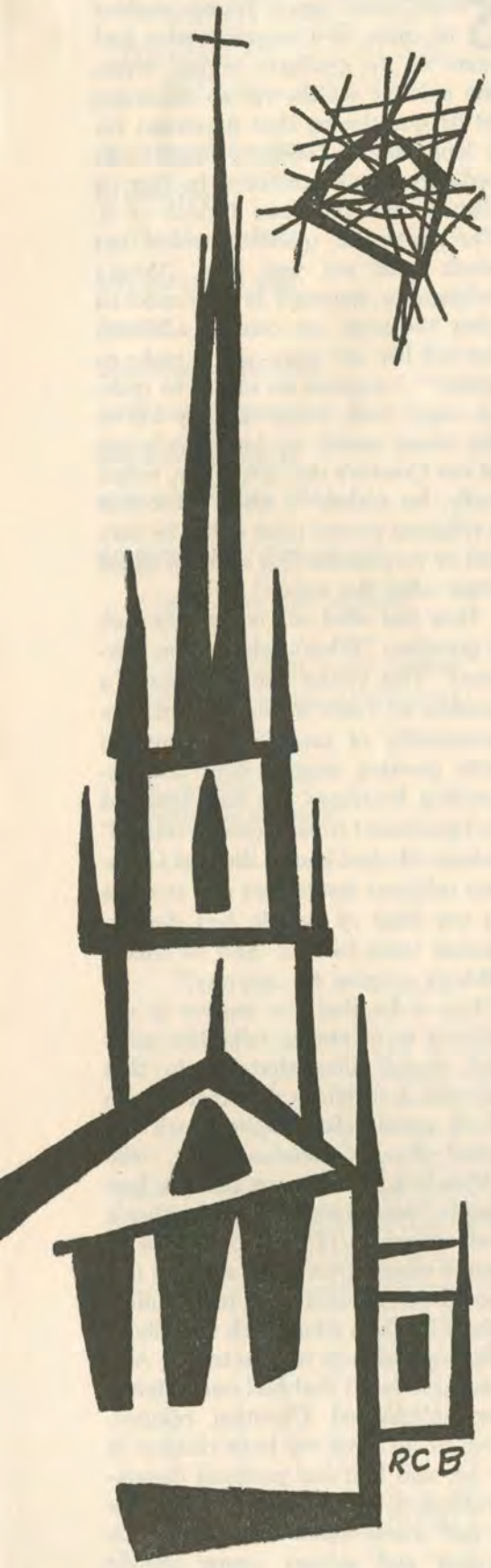
Whither shall I go from thy Spirit?
Or whither shall I flee from thy presence?
If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there:
If I make my bed in hell, behold, thou art there.
If I take the wings of the morning,
And dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea;
Even there shall thy hand lead me,
And thy right hand shall hold me.
If I say, Surely the darkness shall cover me;
Even the night shall be light about me.
Yea, the darkness hideth not from thee;
But the night shineth as the day:
The darkness and the light are both alike to thee.
Psalm 139:7-12

SOME years ago a former student of mine at Centenary who had gone on to graduate school, wrote me a letter which was so searching in its questioning that it refused for a long time to leave my mind to its ordinary blank comforts. In fact, it disturbs me yet when I think of it. The particular question which has stuck with me was this: "What's religion for, anyway? Is it to make us obey the laws, not commit adultery, nor tell lies any more—or to make us angry?" I suppose he meant to make us angry with things as they are in the messy world we have made out of our Creator's rich gift. Then, rather sadly, he added, "I often think that a religious person must either be very sad or very weak. The sadness would come after the anger."

Now just what can one say to such a question: "What's religion for, anyway?" This young man had spent a number of years in Shreveport, in a community of magnificent churches with growing memberships and expanding buildings. He had attended and graduated from a "church-related" college. He had known the best Christian religious institutions and customs as our kind of people had demonstrated them to him. And he asked, "What's religion for, anyway?"

Can it be that the answer is not obvious in *us* and in folks like *us*? I find myself uncomfortable in that thought. A suspicion rises that despite much pious talk, despite much habitual church attendance, we, who willingly admit that we are "the best people," have failed to show either a real awareness of God or a love of him in ways which make sense to this thoughtful student and to countless others like him who watch us daily in our vain strivings for the trivial. And I am convinced that had our religion, our enlightened Christian religion, been at all what we have claimed it to be, and had our personal demonstrations of faith been even a fraction of our words about that faith, such earnest and serious young people would not be asking bluntly, "What's religion for, anyway?"

The very phrasing shows that my friend had somewhere caught a false



idea of the true nature of religion, or, if not a false idea, at least a false emphasis, which is equally dangerous. And I'm afraid that he has caught it from our kind of people.

I answered his letter. But I could not answer his question, at least not in any such way as his words showed he expected. Instead, I attempted shock. I told him that religion is not *for* anything at all. *Religion is not FOR anything at all.* It is not to move mountains, not to force other people to act as we want them to act or as we think they should act, not to add to our wealth, not to make us socially acceptable, not to give us physical health, not even to provide us mental poise or peace of mind. Much less is it to serve as rapid transit service to some utopia in this world or to some fancied heaven out of it. Religion is not a utility, either public or private. It is no tool devised for these or any other purposes of which you can think. It is not "to keep us from committing adultery," nor is it "to make us angry" either at ourselves or at anyone else.

I am not saying there are no relationships between religion and certain of these results. Of some such relationships I shall hint. There is something blasphemous in the very idea of making God a servant to fetch and carry according to our human and frequently ill-considered wishes. Yet, it is just that that we would do when we ask, "What is religion for?" or try to answer in such terms as the form of the question implies.

Perhaps we may understand this principle more clearly if we ask a parallel question about a completely human relationship. Suppose we ask, "What's friendship for, anyway?" The moment we begin to think of friendship in that way, it ceases to be friendship and becomes only policy. And a good deal of what passes current for friendship does, in the pinch, turn out to be just that—nothing more than bald policy. Those "friends" whom Dale Carnegie taught us to influence and manipulate for our own comfort are not friends at all, for by his methods we have degraded them to tools. Merely to ask, What's friendship for? is to debase one of the loveliest possible human experiences and rob it of its selfless fineness. When we start "using" our friends, then, so far as we are concerned, they are no longer friends but implements or pawns, and whatever else we may have gained by their use, we have lost the precious essence of friendship. Friendship is not a utility devised to further some private or public end of ours. Our services may exist for our friends, but our friends do not exist for our services.

Religion is an ultimate value in itself, and not a means to other ends. Friendship is for nothing but the experience of friends, and religion is for nothing but the experience of God. When we begin to think of it as something to use for other purposes, whether good or bad in themselves, we are thinking of something that is not religion at all. For though religion is not *for* anything, it is life's most inescapable fact. And it is a positive fact. Religion is not *for;* religion *is.* And what we choose to do and be in reaction to that fact may have important bearing on many of the projects you and I may be for.

Before Copernican theory had intimated that our planet was not the fixed center of the universe as our ancestors had believed, and that man himself may not be the sole reason for its existence, and before the modern astronomer came to realize that he lives on a minute particle of matter revolving about a fourth- or fifth-rate star quite to the edge of things, man found it easy to imagine that the universe was made for him alone. He learned to think erroneously of its air as made for his breathing and its water for his drinking, its herbs and meat for his eating, and later of the properties of its uranium as his to manipulate either to scare or to destroy those who did not agree with him. It was an easy error in perspective, but it is an attitude which the great reflectors on Mount Wilson and Mount Palomar should quickly have cured. In fact, Voltaire without their aid had two centuries ago reduced such thinking to its proper absurdity through Doctor Pangloss in *Candide,* who held that man's nose had been

designed expressly by the Creator to hold spectacles and that his body had been purposely forked to fit the breeches he must wear in his lost innocence. But bad thought habits stick, long after they are known to be absurd; though we should by now be beginning to realize that the earth was probably neither created nor shaped for man, that he is upon it only on sufferance, and that he may not be there much longer unless he learns better manners than the competitive ones of tooth and claw and trough and sty which he still prizes so highly. If, then, the world itself is not designed for us, how much less should we hold its Creator a utility, and our awareness of him, our religion, as a tool for any private end whatsoever?

If religion isn't *for* anything, why bother to be religious? The answer is short. It is no bother to be religious; you can't help yourself. At bottom, all religion is founded on two awarenesses which even the most rudimentary human thought cannot escape. The first recognizes that in important matters and ultimate issues, a man's life depends upon powers which he cannot control. He does not control the seasons on which his food supply depends; he simply has to learn that the year is a fact and get along with it as best he may. He does not, save in some abnormal suicidal madness, control the length of his days. For the Greeks, Clotho spun the thread of life, Lachesis stretched it at her own will, and Atropos closed the shears upon it. But Clotho and Lachesis and Atropos, all three, are absorbed in God, who is one, and on whom we all must depend in the things that really matter.

The second awareness recognizes something within a man which forces him to worry about right and wrong as values different from the immediately expedient or inexpedient. So far as he can tell, man is the only animal of his acquaintance that is weighted with ethical worry. Yet no sane man ever escapes that load. It is our heritage from the fruit of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil.

When my children were young, a yellow cat adopted our family, a female! So far as I could tell, neither she nor any of the generations of her numerous progeny ever worried a moment about what was right or what was wrong, though I have often watched her pause to consider the expediency of an action. How often I have momentarily envied her that easy freedom from the taint of Eden's fruit! But a second thought would erase the envy. That one worry, that sense of obligation to find the right and do it was, after all, the only important thing that distinguished me and my kind from her and her kind. After all, who wants to be a cat? Just possibly the fall of my kind from Eden was a fall upward, one of the growing pains in the evolution by which man became at least a little more than mere beast.

Whether it was up or down, it *was* a fall into unceasing tension in living, for our utmost human powers are not yet enough to discharge our recognized human obligations. And the more highly sensitive we are to those obligations, the greater seems the lack in our powers to meet them. "The evil that I would not, that I do," cried Saint Paul. It is this tension that makes the life of man a drama of never-failing interest, often tragic. And it is no great wonder that man of essentially puny powers should dream of using and should actually try to use God to fetch and carry for him by some Aladdin-like lamp-rubbing ritual. But these are dreams of magic, not of religion, and God is not our private bottled geni to bow to us in service.

Upon these two awarenesses then, that of dependence upon powers beyond our control and that of moral obligation without the power to meet the obligation, all religion rests, and no thoughtful man escapes; all men are religious in one way or another.

But not all religions are alike, not even when they carry the same name. Atheism itself is a religion, and within the practices of those who call themselves by such names as Buddhist or Christian there are many and often conflicting religions. For example, a man may be an atheist and take an attitude something like that of a child, who, frightened by the mystery he

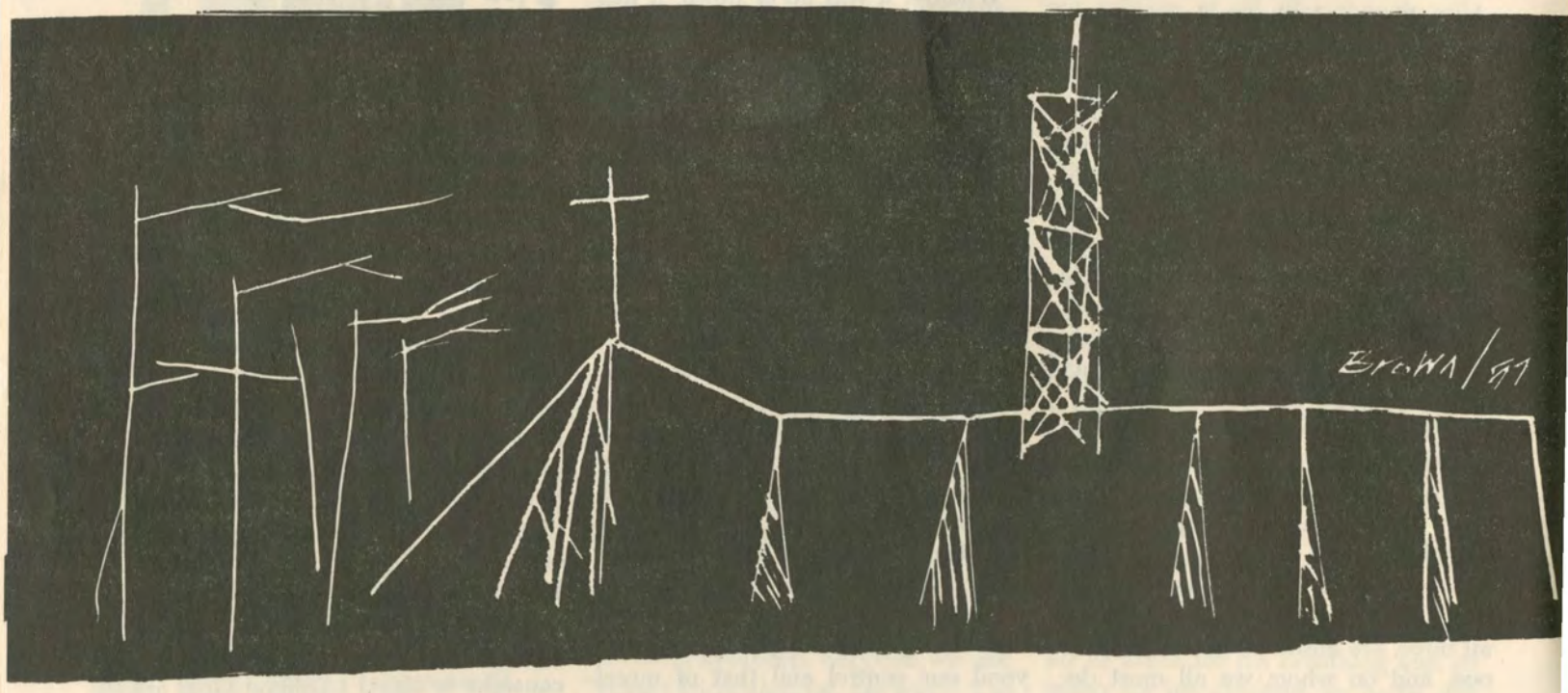
sees, makes no effort to understand, but hides his eyes on his arm and tries to convince himself that nothing is there, since he can't see through his arm. Or a man, on seeing the mystery may jump to the conclusion that it is very much there and quite frightful and so must be propitiated and made friendly by costly sacrifice and offering or diverted by exact ritual and ceremony, lest it do him harm. King Manasseh making his son to pass through the fire to Moloch and today's marginal Christian who crosses himself in fear rather than in love, or who reads a minimum number of Bible verses and mumbles a prayer every day on the hour, not because he wants to commune with God, but because he is afraid to offend God, are examples, though at extremes, of this religion of fear. The sad thing about religion of fear is the ease with which it lends itself to clerical charlatans and racketeers who pretend that the churches and rituals by which they live are ends in themselves and who threaten the people with God's anger unless they conform to priestly will, identified as God's, in maintaining the institutions. Far too much of church history is the history of low-level religion of the fear type, and Protes-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 35)

CHRISTIAN SELF-INTEGRITY

on an organized campus

BY ROBERT L. PETERS



THE Methodist student on a fraternity-sorority dominated campus often finds himself (or herself) in the uneasy position of engaging in a way of life quite at variance with his professed ethical and social views. This is an especially crucial problem on the numerous American campuses (some directly church related) where 95 per cent or more of the students belong to some fraternity or sorority.

At such heavily organized schools, the small independent group is usually incapable of making any sort of positive mark; their numbers are largely made up of persons who for one reason or another did not make a success of rush week—rarely are independents on such campuses independents by choice. (I do not intend to disparage the courageous few who have depledged and de-activated, or who

never bothered with rush week in the first place.)

It is easy to see, therefore, why so many deeply religious, highly conscientious young people come to feel that the only way to make any worthwhile campus contribution is to submit to the prevailing social system. Often, such a student feels that he or she will be able to work from "within" to make such groups more liberally Christian and democratic. My experience has shown, however, that expectations are not always realized: because of the power wielded by upperclassmen, alumni, and national boards, and because of the lethargy and indifference of many school administrations, the concerned Methodist student finds himself pretty impotent to do much of anything but go along. If he is really gifted with inner strength, he may keep most of his individuality and the sanctity of his conscience. But, too often, the less gifted individual is victimized and graduated from the "system" with less tolerance and open-mindedness than he came in with.

MY concern for such students is deep. As a teacher, I have seen them struggle painfully with themselves and with the "system" to little or no avail (and here I take issue with critics of the contemporary student who say that the current generation does not get disturbed about social issues); I have seen their personal frustrations increase and their academic records fall; I have known excellent students to transfer to nonorganized campuses; and I have been challenged by students to help them in their plight.

It is for this last group that I have worked out the following set of attitudes and actions. They are obviously not new ideas, but I feel that it may help those young people who for one reason or another are not able to clear themselves of the "system" to see them set down:

1. Try to *feel* in your own nature real tolerance and sympathy for others. Be on guard against superiority based upon wealth, physical appearance, and verbal facility.

2. Don't be afraid to follow through with ethical questions. Don't be content with half-thinking and slogan-thinking. For example you may hear it said that democracy means "the right to select those whom you want to associate with." Does the imposition upon you of certain rigid standards deprive you of the right of true democratic choice?

3. Try to base all decisions you make on the integrity of your own views. Be wary of "party lines" set down by chapter and national officers, and of majority pressures from your sisters and brothers.

4. Seek to have issues like segregation, time-wasting, and selection policies discussed openly and with candor in chapter meetings.

5. Work for local social units if the nationals will not permit the kind of democracy you feel strongly about.

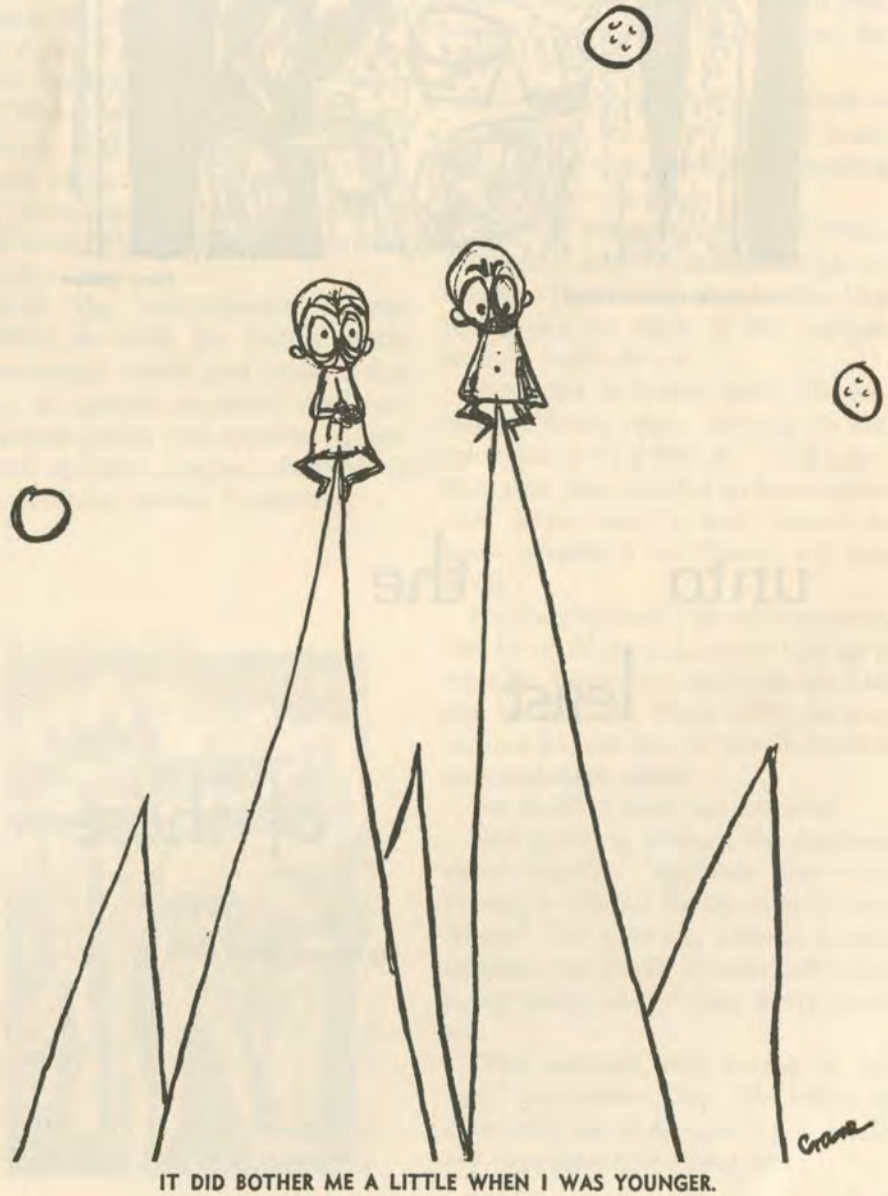
6. Eliminate statements in your pledge manuals which place the welfare of the sorority or the fraternity above that of your school.

7. Place your academic-spiritual pursuits first in your scale of values; be persistent in refusing to allow fraternity-sorority demands to interfere with your best academic performance. If necessary, join the growing group of "passive actives" who are making vital contributions to their schools and who are not wholly dominated by the prevailing social system.

8. Read current fiction and nonfiction about conformity and nonconformity, and discuss your reading with sympathetic friends.

9. Practice more introspection. You need to be gregarious to a degree, of course; but try to rediscover the rich values of contemplation and quiet. Your own thinking and searching are very important.

10. Have a sense of humor about your differences with persons holding majority views. Don't consciously be a martyr. Be resolute, but not dogmatic.



IT DID BOTHER ME A LITTLE WHEN I WAS YOUNGER.

Mary Whelan

Courtesy, The Catholic Worker

unto the least of these

By Kermit Eby

THIS is the story of the most secure man I know.

The last time I saw him, I was to meet him at a train pulling into a big Chicago station. As I stood waiting in the noisy, smoky rooms, I got to thinking how different this world was from his own. The overcrowding, the packed-in people, the confusion were alien to the clean, well-spaced fields of Indiana where Dan West was coming from.

Then Dan West himself got off the train—a tall, dignified man, white-haired and vigorous, with clear eyes and unmistakable bearing. There is a certain air of nobility about him. He walked through the station toward me as he would walk in the clover fields, with the quiet, confident step of a man who knows what he is about.

I had forgotten that the world was, to Dan West, made all of one piece, and that whether he was in Chicago or his home town of Goshen, Indiana, or in Spain, he remained the same.

Dan West's security comes from within, not from the changing environment around him.

Dan West is an easy man to listen to. His speech is clear and quiet, and although he has read many books, his basic beliefs are built upon a few simple ideas.

He believes that war, the transcendent evil, can be eradicated, because it violates the divine plan of harmony. He believes that men have a purpose to fulfill in the world, and that making the dignity of man a real thing is part of that purpose. He believes that God working through man is the most important thing in the world.

From these beliefs have grown not only Dan West's unshakable inner security, but all the significant action of his life. Because of these beliefs Dan is a heartening and unique individual to meet. He is especially unique in a time when men of great professional integrity, such as atomic scientists, rationalize the terrible nature of their work as a "defense of freedom."

Dan West knows that because freedom comes from within, it cannot be "defended" by bombs and gas and guns.

The very simplicity of Dan's thought and action is sometimes difficult for more obviously clever people to understand.

WHEN Dan saw starving children standing in line in Murcia, Spain, waiting for food parcels from the Quaker relief mission for which he worked, he knew that the thing to do was to insure the children a steadier supply of food than the temporary relief mission could provide.

When Dan West thought of this, his mind turned to milk, because milk is the commonest food associated with children all over the world. He remembered that his children were well fed and rosy-cheeked on rich Indiana milk.

But in Indiana there was grass—and cows to eat the grass and give the milk. In Spain there was grass—but no cows.

It was in 1937, during the Spanish Civil War, that Dan saw the starving children. For the next ten years and more he carried about with him the simple dream of bringing cows to Spain to feed the children.

Other people put the complex objections, and the red tape in his path. West mentioned the idea of bringing heifers to Spain to Geoffrey Pyke, a labor editor in London. Pyke wanted to help—but with reservations.

"If you are going to send one cow to the Franco side, I cannot help you," Pyke said.

Dan restated his simple idea. To a man for whom the world is made all of one piece, starving children are all one, no matter which "side" they are on.

But from 1938 until May of 1941, most Americans took Pyke's viewpoint. When the war broke out, most Americans took the viewpoint that it was necessary for Japanese and German children to starve if they were to protect their own.

Therefore, Dan West went back home, to the Brethren Church in which he was born, grew up, and of which he had become a leader. In 1942 at Asheville, North Carolina, the Brethren Service Committee approved a project called Heifers-to-Europe. Virgil Mock, of New Paris, Indiana, gave the first heifer, a Guernsey named *Faith*.

By 1945 the Heifers-to-Europe project had become so large that a full-time director, Ben Bushong, a Lancaster County dairy farmer, was elected to head it.

From the simple base grew many important complications. In July of 1944, when the heifer program was set up in Castenar, Puerto Rico, Brethren boys who went to work for it discovered that caring for cows in Castenar was not like keeping heifers on a Midwest dairy farm. The Brethren boys were forced to become planters.

The heifers needed shelter and food. Shelter and food demanded a higher income and revitalized agriculture, which in turn was only possible if the Puerto Ricans themselves were healthy and educated. Health and education required teachers and doctors. Teachers and doctors volunteered to go to Puerto Rico to start the process rolling, and the upshot is that today Castenar is a model community.

With the development of the UNRRA in 1946, the United States Government, which sent cattle to Europe in greater numbers than any volunteer group was capable of, patterned its cattle program after that of the Brethren Service Committee.

Courtesy, Catholic Worker

DAN WEST does not talk much of himself. Yet from the little that he does tell, it is obvious that he has not achieved his inner security without struggle.

"I have a growing respect for my mother," Dan once told me. "And a growing dislike for the militaristic culture from which she came. My mother was the third of fourteen children, the daughter of an old-fashioned German father. Obedience to authority became the most important thing in her life. Mother, as a result, did not learn self-respect until late in life. She was the opposite of my father, who was a British Quaker, and by nature an optimist. My father had strict ideas about the dignity of human life and the freedom of individual conscience. He was the kind of man who couldn't, for the life of him, put his faith in authority."

Dan remembers well the evening in 1918, when the family sat at home talking with him about his impending departure to the army.

Dan was twenty-five years old then, but he had begun to think through his religion. He had the simple idea that it was not his right to kill another man, in battle or out.

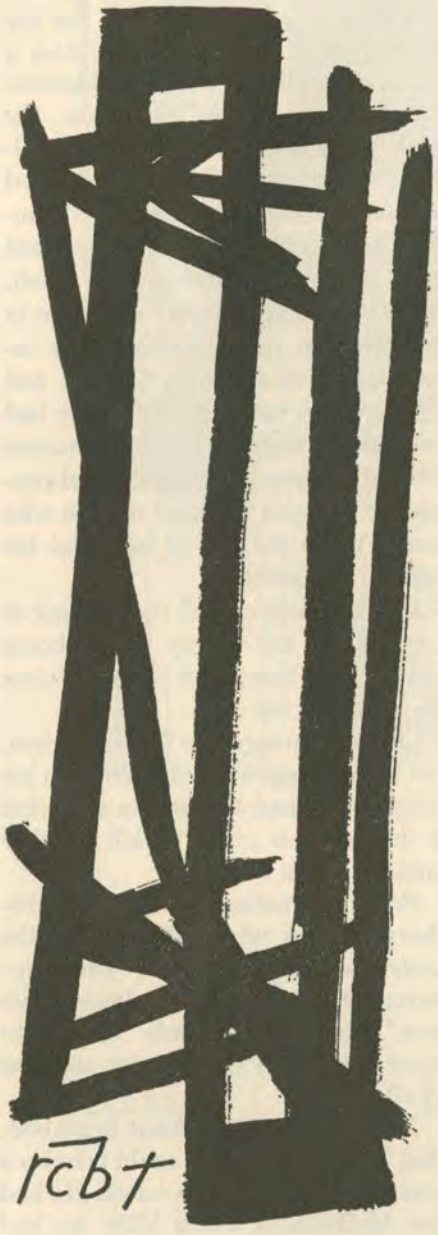
From his induction until his discharge, Dan's whole struggle in the army was a big *whether*. ("The quartermaster man wanted to know *what size*," says Dan. "I only wanted to know *whether* I could wear any size at all.)

He decided, not without hesitation, that he could train; he could take up a mess kit; he could even salute. He had put his faith in Form 1008; he had assured himself that he would receive noncombatant status.

But it didn't work out that way.

One night, at Retreat, the sergeant asked blankly: "Anybody here who objects to fighting for the cause of the Allies?" The question, phrased in this manner, was hardly constituted to get many takers. Except Dan, who replied *yes*.

"The sergeant was decent in his way," remembers Dan. "He talked it over with me. I thought I had made my noncombatant status clear."



The status seemed clear until the day in a training camp in the South when they were reading off a list of transfers to the 39th machine gun battalion, and West's name was among the transfers.

Dan had made good with his buddies; he had made good with the sergeant; he had done that which had to be done; he had not complained. But at this point his father's principles came up like a shadow lying between him and the 39th machine gun battalion.

"I stepped forward and told them—I could not do it."

At this point two captains took turns cursing him out.

"I did not like that," remembers Dan quietly. "I did not like that at all. At suppertime I could not eat much. I had a headache. And suddenly I decided that I would go to Leavenworth. As soon as the decision was made, I had peace of mind. I had absolved myself from all responsibility. It was done. Later, when I read a sentence from a book by a conscientious objector, I knew what he meant when he said: 'I could stop thinking, and go to jail.' I told the captain, and he was unhappy. 'I can't take care of you tonight!' he yelled. 'We march this evening.'"

"But I did not practice on the machine guns. And there was no more trouble with the military until discharge time arrived." Annoyed at Dan's noncombatant position, a young lieutenant held up the application for discharge. Dan decided to see the General that day or else. The General surrendered, finally, and told his subordinates that the practice of holding up application for discharge must be discontinued.

"I was free," says Dan, and he remembers it as the day when he attained his full self-respect.

AFTER that, Dan grew into maturity. His father had been an unpaid preacher. Church had been a matter of custom for Dan, like ploughing a good field. It meant not more and not less than this.

But at Columbia University, where Dan went after his army experience, he discovered "new patterns in old values." He came home from Columbia one vacation period, and a Love Feast was announced in the Indiana church. For the first time in his life, Dan couldn't take the church for granted. He asked himself, "should I or shouldn't I go to the Love Feast?" For the first time there was a *whether* in his mind about church.

Dan decided to go, and as is the custom in the Love Feast, he knelt and washed his neighbor's feet. This time, as he knelt, he was beginning to feel, as well as think through, his religion. When that Love Feast was over, the sin of pride had gone from him. Columbia, and all the honors attached to Columbia, wasn't as important anymore.

Dan West is one of the few consistent men I know. That which he advocated for others, he practices himself. He is the only man I know who refused a salary raise because he didn't want to spoil his children. Consequently, the little and now the bigger farm upon which the West family grew up has always been a cooperative enterprise. Dan himself divides his time between promotion of peace and farm work. His five children made their contribution to brotherhood by raising chickens, taking care of cows, feeding pigs. The food which they produce is not only a means of livelihood, but is a sacrament in which the whole family of the world partakes. Now a refugee family helps the Wests with a bigger acreage, and as nearly as it is possible, the makers of peace and the victims of war share their common hopes.

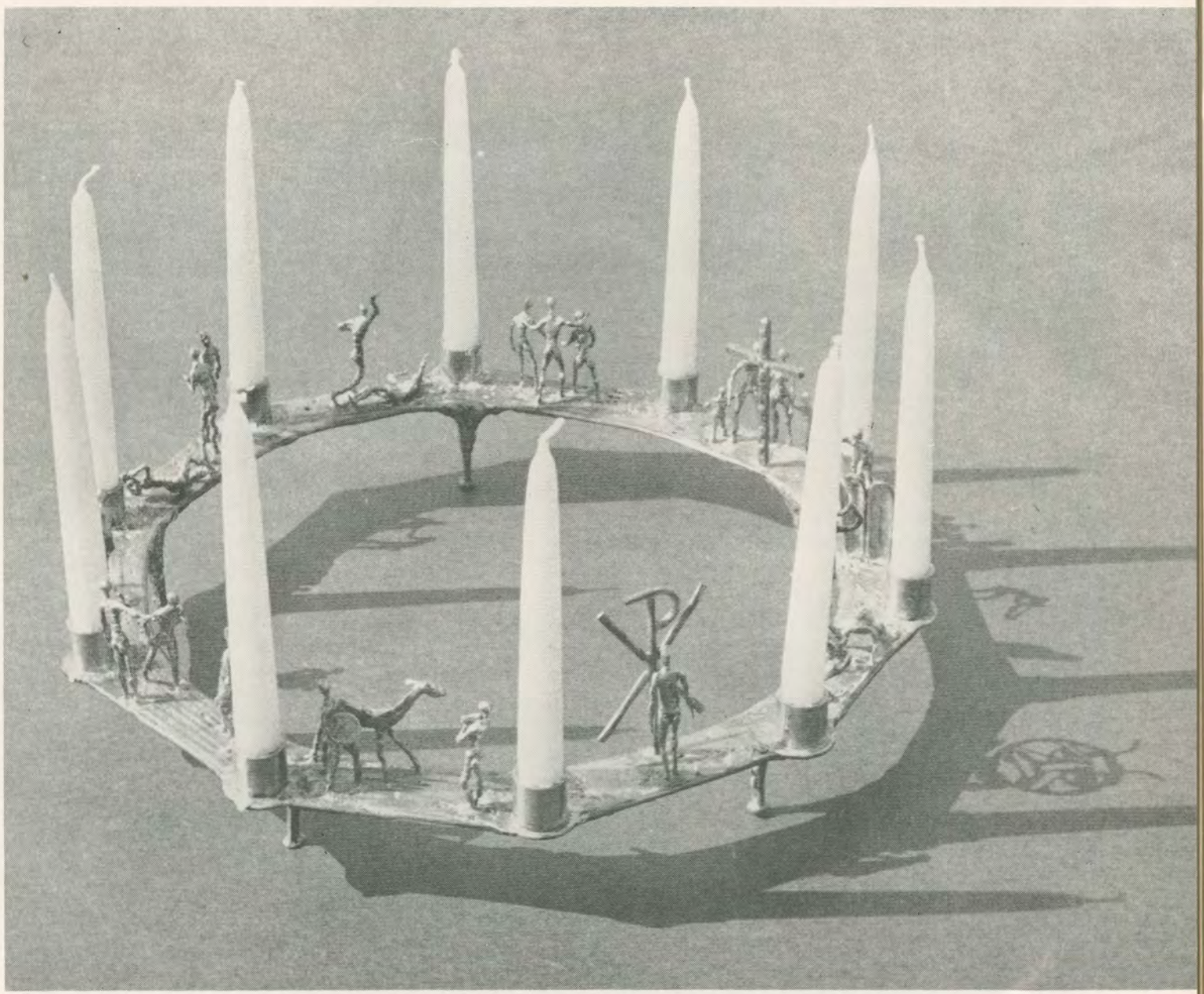
There has been some doubt that the belief in God working through man would survive in a world growing daily more hostile and impersonal—and militaristic. If it does not survive, people like Dan West and Albert Schweitzer may go down as leaders of the last generation which still dared to dream of the dignity of man.

the ten commandments

exodus 20: 1-17

an essay in sculpture by

clark b. fitz-gerald



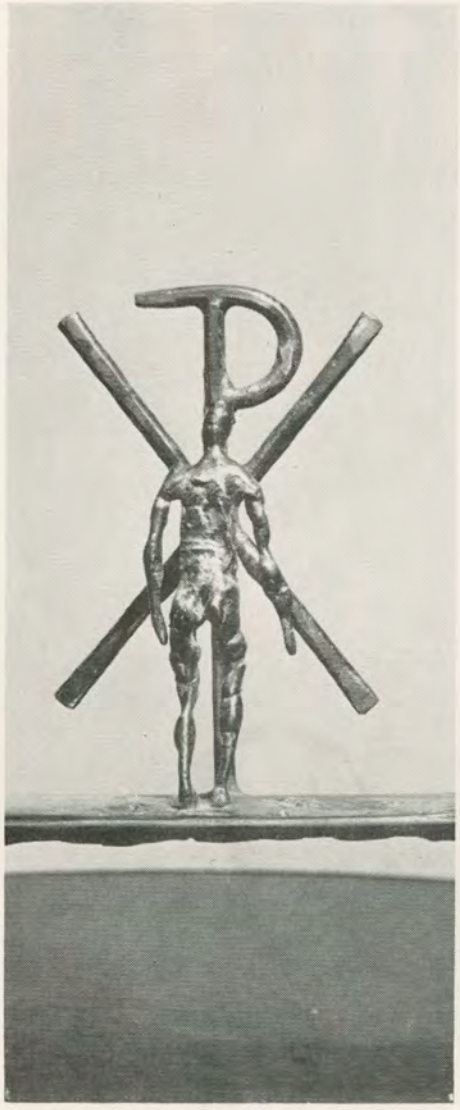
I

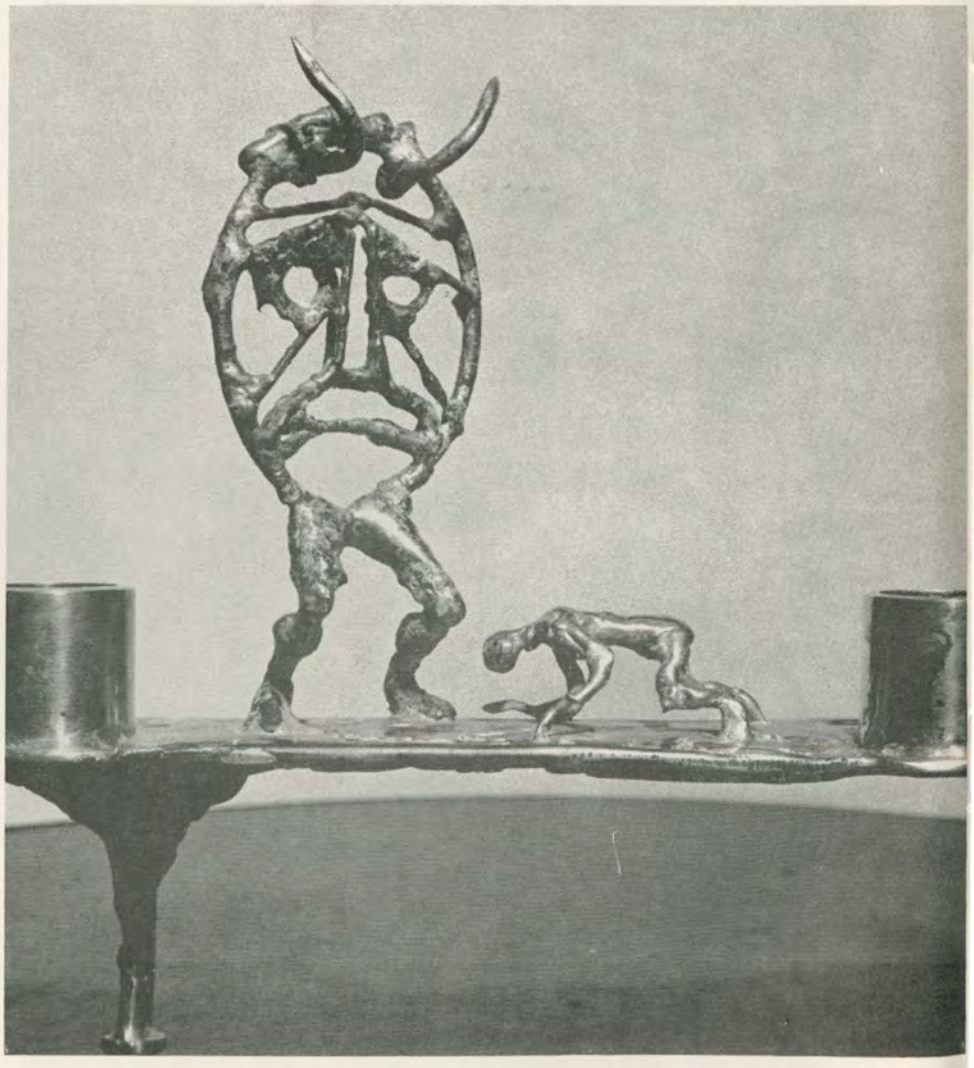
And God spoke all these words, saying,
"I am the Lord your God,
who brought you out of the land of Egypt,
out of the house of bondage.

"You shall have no other gods before me.

II

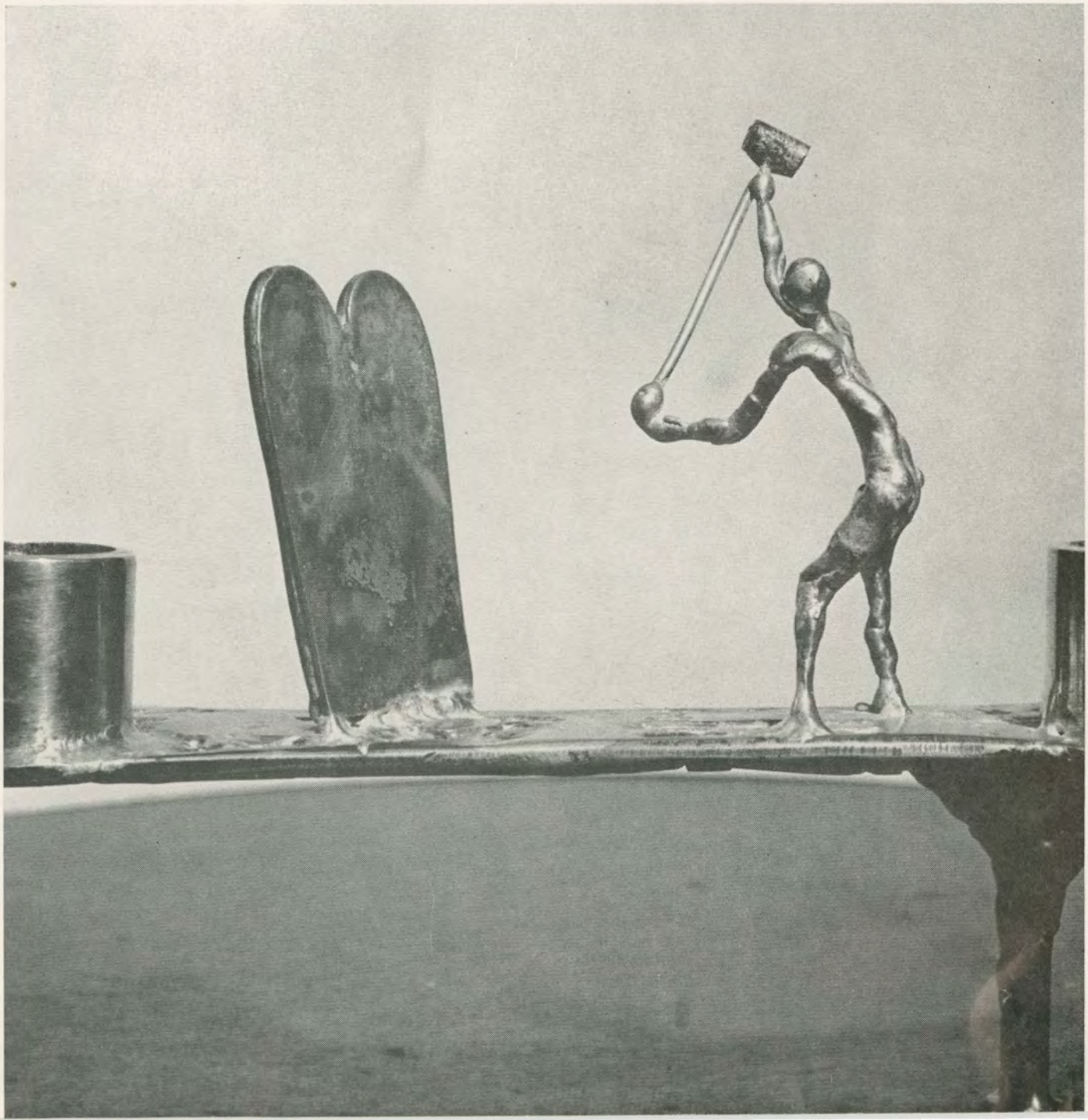
"You shall not make yourself a graven image,
or any likeness of anything that is in heaven above,
or that is in the earth beneath,
or that is in the water under the earth;
you shall not bow down to them or serve them;
for I the Lord your God am a jealous God,
visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children
to the third and the fourth generation of those who hate me,
but showing steadfast love to thousands of those who love me
and keep my commandments.





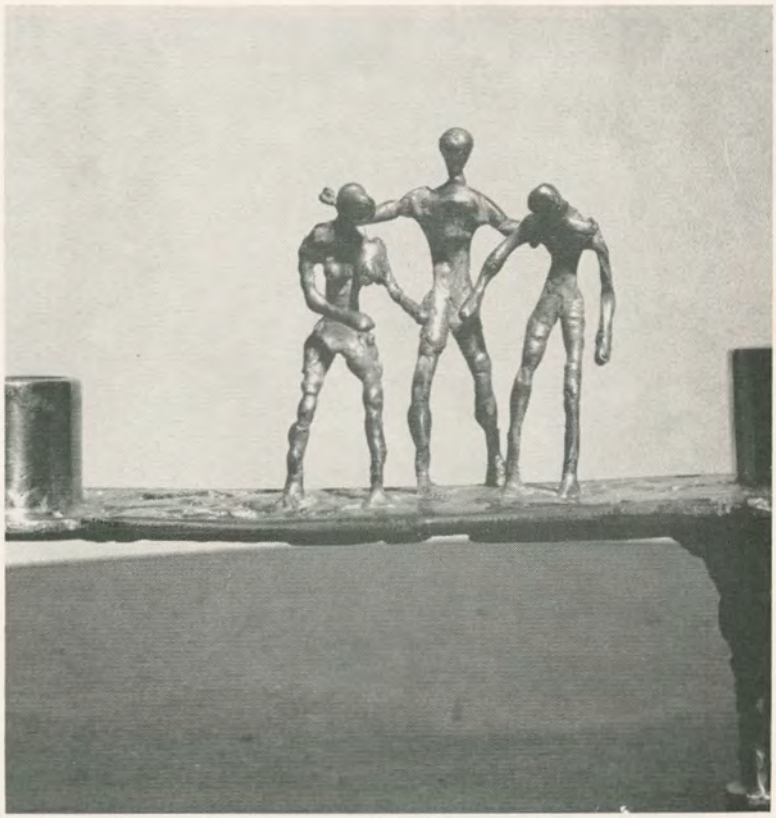
III

"You shall not take the name of the Lord your God in vain;
for the Lord will not hold him guiltless who takes his name in vain.



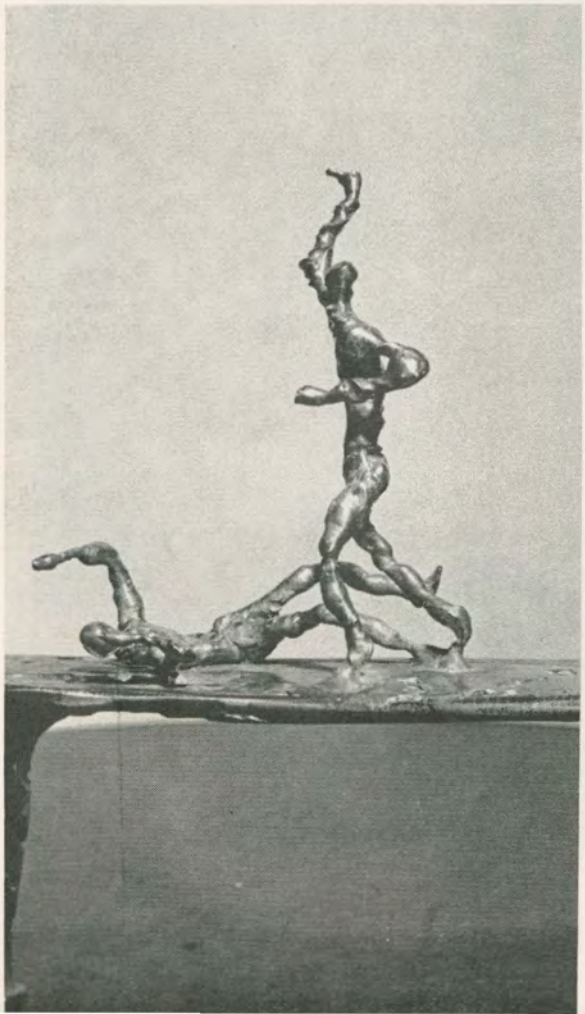
IV

"Remember the sabbath day, to keep it holy.
Six days you shall labor, and do all your work;
but the seventh day is a sabbath to the Lord your God;
in it you shall not do any work, you, or your son,
or your daughter, or your manservant, or your maidservant,
or your cattle, or the sojourner who is within your gates;
for in six days the Lord made heaven and earth,
the sea, and all that is in them,
and rested the seventh day;
therefore the Lord blessed the sabbath day
and hallowed it.



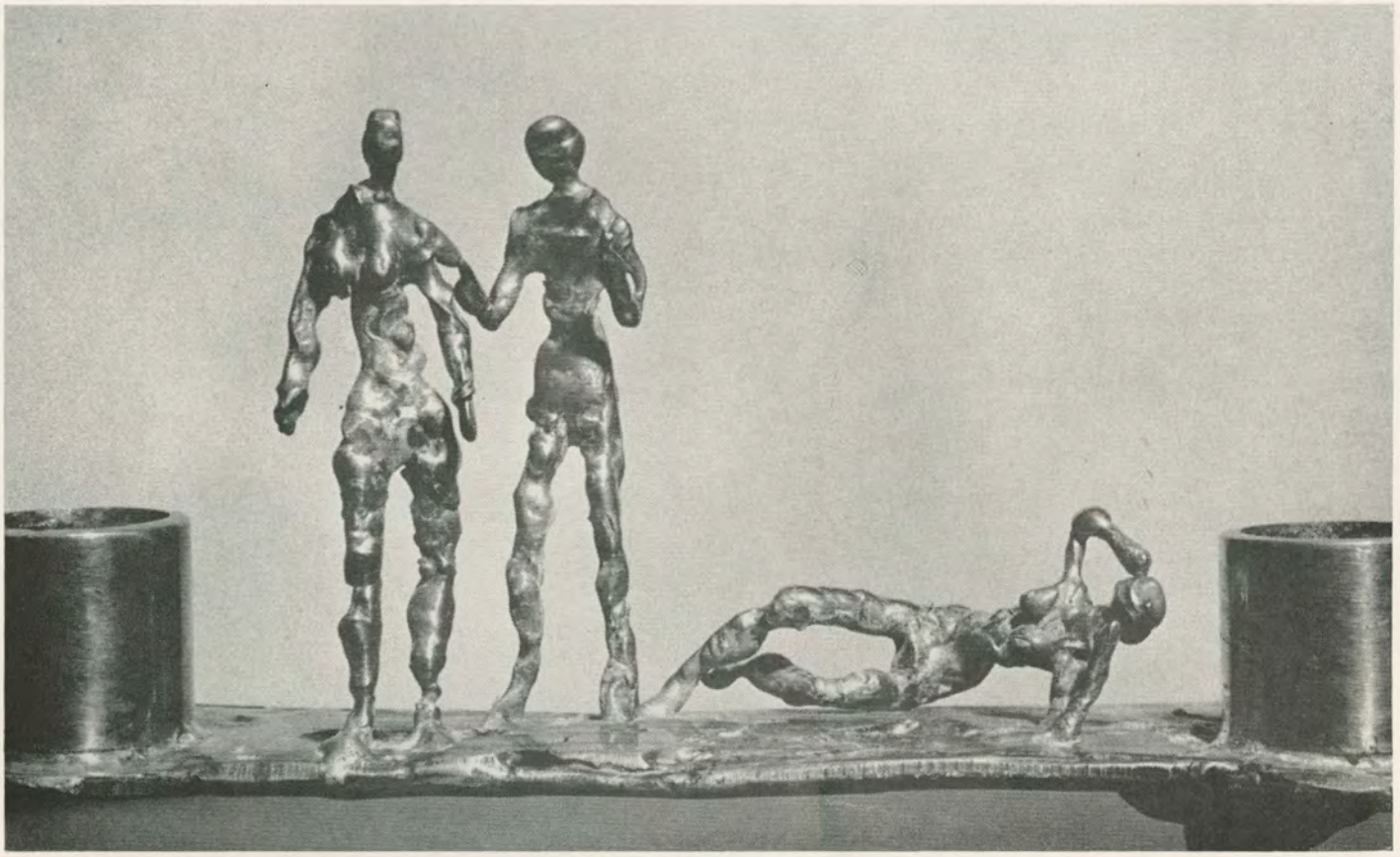
V

"Honor your father and your mother,
that your days may be long in the land
which the Lord your God gives you.

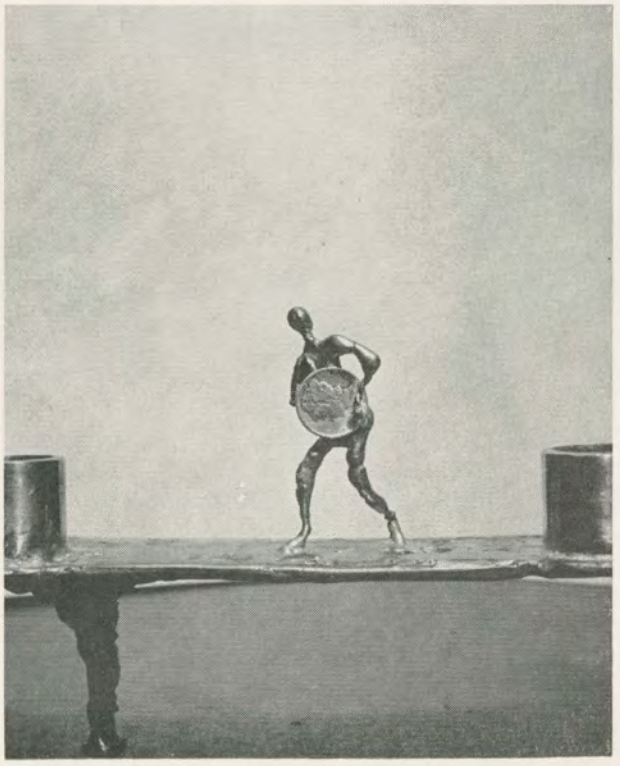


VI

"You shall not kill.



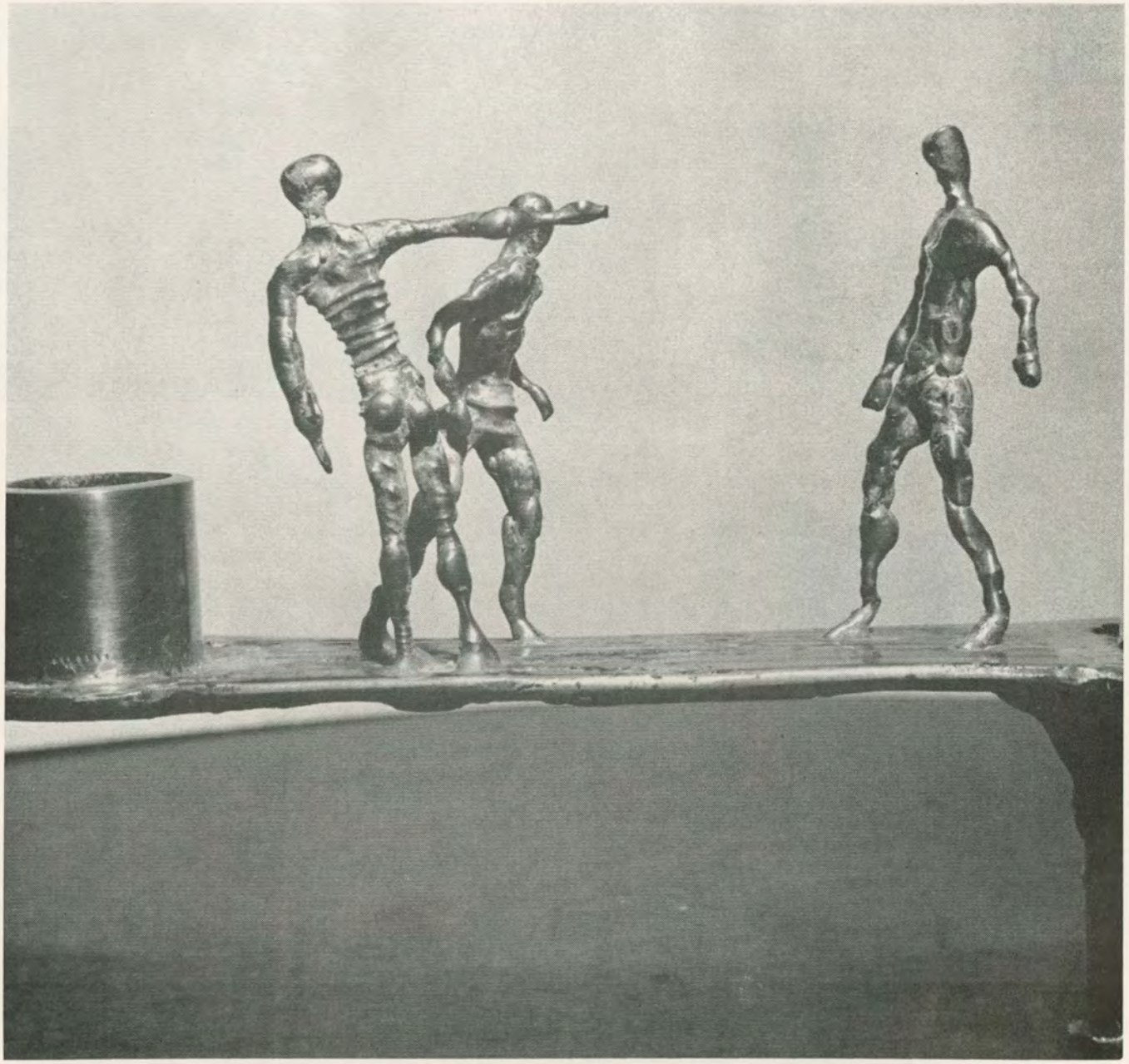
VII "You shall not commit adultery.



VIII "You shall not steal.

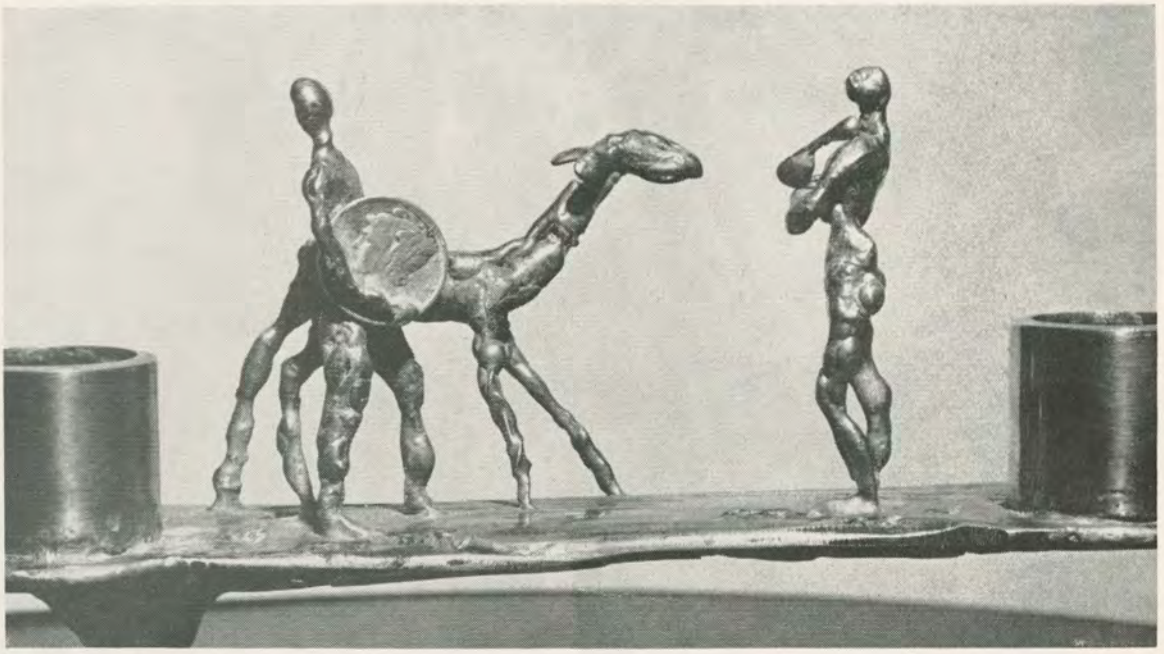
IX

"You shall not bear false witness
against your neighbor.



"You shall not covet your neighbor's house;
you shall not covet your neighbor's wife,
or his manservant, or his maidservant,
or his ox, or his ass, or anything that is your neighbor's."

X



This candelabra is not a profound thing—except in the sense that the Ten Commandments always imply profoundness. It does not present a theological thesis; but rather it is an attempt to put the essence of the Ten Commandments into visual form. The very fact that the commandments are "seen" and not "heard" here helps emphasize their meaning.

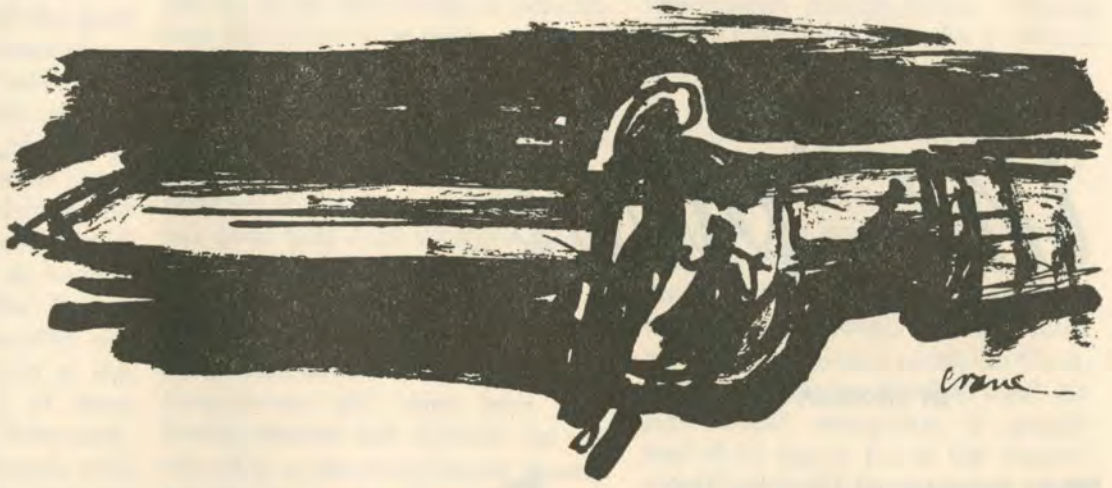
The figures are less than three inches high. The structure of each figure was first made in steel wire. Then bronze was added, drop by drop, with an acetylene torch. I have not attempted to use detail or realism. In most cases it is a physical attitude, a gesture, that conveys the message of the commandment. The figures present a certain naivete which is a by-product of the spontaneity in which they were created.

Although a great deal of thought had gone into the design of similar figures for other situations, this particular piece of sculpture was made in a lighthearted spirit. I had children in mind—my own and Sunday school groups. We have enjoyed using this candelabra on our own diningroom table but I originally envisioned it as being used in a Sunday school or parish house.

—Clark B. Fitz-Gerald

"I, Mark, On This Manner . . . ."

BY W. E. RHODES



NOW if I offend you by this Gospel according to St. Mark, I'm sorry. I take no pleasure in being one of God's angry little men. I get no satisfaction from voicing any spleen even when it might courteously be called divine discontent. Accept my sincere apologies if I have offended you. But if the Gospel offends you, I could not be happier. This Gospel is offensive. It is a scandal. No apologies are offered here. No man standing on his reason alone could possibly accept it. No coolheaded, neutral-hearted objective examiner of situations can take this kind of talk. The Gospel, as Mark tells it, just does not make the kind of sense that mathematics, logic and Greek philosophy demand. The good news that Joshua of Nazareth is your savior and mine and the redeemer of the whole world because he is resurrected and risen and is here in power—this plainly is a scandalous offense to the academic mind.

You are on your own. It is you and the Gospel. Just you two.

It is devastating after chatting with the well-dressed man in the crowd thinking that he was the president of the university only to discover that the genial, quiet, baggy-trousered pipe smoker over behind the potted palm is the really big man in the room. If only somebody had told you. Well, here's telling you about Mark's Gospel. You cannot understand Mark unless you take the Resurrection as central. Mark makes no sense otherwise. *He* believed in the Resurrection, and he would not have bothered to write this little sermon if he had not.

The main point for Mark is that Jesus Christ is the Messiah, long awaited by the Jews. He knows this is true because of the Resurrection. All the rest is elucidation, demonstration. The Resurrection is the main item of display; the rest is windowdressing. *This* is the New Testament faith: that Jesus Christ is Lord because he is risen and here in power.

Now what you are going to do with this New Testament conviction is another question. Right now we are just getting acquainted. Whether you will shunt this new acquaintance aside, denounce him, make him an occasional friend, or take him for your most trusted authority is quite another matter.

MARK might have said, "I wrote this evangelistic sermon down because our memories about the Master were fading. In some cases our memories were working overtime and were reverently enlarging on the story. Now I am an old man and there are not many left who were there when he taught and was crucified. Not many were as fortunate as I. I helped Paul, I helped Peter, I was there when they crucified my Lord . . . though I was not yet a Christian then.

"I am a Jew. I believe that God chose my people. The beginning of this Good News is with Adam, Noah, Abraham and Moses and it is all told in our sacred writings. God chose my people through these men, and this covenant was continued through David, Elijah, Jeremiah and Isaiah and Ezekial. And God promised he would save us *and* all mankind by sending the Messiah . . . and he *has!* Joshua of Nazareth is *he* . . . and know it because he is *risen* and *here* in power. The Kingdom is amongst us. 'Repent,' he said, 'the time is fulfilled, and the kingdom of God is at hand; repent and believe in the gospel.'

"You don't like what I say? 'Tis unreasonable and not in the tradition of our tribes? I say Jesus Christ is our

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 31)

St. Mark

the "pivot"

BY GEORGIA HARKNESS

THE International Christian University in Japan in its five years of existence has established itself firmly as one of the leading educational institutions in the Far East. More and more students apply for admission, with corresponding heartache on the part of both admission officials and disappointed students because the existing facilities permit only one in six to be admitted.

A variety of reasons brings these students knocking at the doors of this unique educational enterprise near Tokyo. Many, we are entitled to believe and hope, come because of its scholarly faculty and established reputation for high academic standards. Certainly some apply because of its bilingual character and the unusual attention given to English, for English is not only the international language of the Orient but a great vocational asset in Japan.

Another factor, looming large in the minds of a generation for whom jobs upon graduation are exceedingly scarce, is the excellent showing made by the seniors of the "pioneering" classes of 1957 and 1958 in the highly competitive vocational examinations. Others are doubtless attracted by the opportunity for international fellowship with students and faculty of other lands.

All these are valid reasons for seeking to attend the International Christian University in Japan. The facts justify them. Yet there is a deeper reason than any of these in the minds of not a few of her students. This is the unequivocally Christian character of the university. Here one may find rich Christian fellowship and Christian nurture. Here with no artificial pressure, there is a living witness which draws student after student to ask for baptism.

At the center of this witness stands the University Church. This is not the only factor contributing to the religious life of the institution. The fact that 100 per cent of the full-time faculty is Christian is an outstanding feature. The university sponsors annually a Religious Emphasis Week which always brings a warm response. The extensive curricular offerings in religion, with the required course in "Introduction to Christianity" for all students whatever their religious background, are essential contributions.

Yet as in any democratic university which respects individual opinion and academic freedom, this instruction is given objectively with no attempt to evangelize in the classroom. It is the University Church which does most to quicken the heart, kindle devotion, and provide the Christian students with opportunities for fellowship, counsel, witness and service.

The first section of the church building, the gift of Christians in Iowa, has a chaste simplicity in its lines which makes it a beautiful house of worship. It stands directly at the head of the street leading up to the campus, and appropriately the church with its uplifted cross is the first thing one sees as he approaches this great Christian university. The original plans call for a considerable extension of the sanctuary, a prayer room, minister's study, small chapel, and choir room. The Women's Planning Committee of the Japan International Christian Univer-

sity Foundation is now raising $125,000 to complete this structure.

THE pastor of the Church, Dr. Masumi Toyotome, is one of the most devout, dynamic, and altogether effective Christian leaders I have been privileged to know. Highly trained with a Master's degree in chemistry, a B.D. from Union Theological Seminary and a Ph.D. from Columbia, he is completely bilingual and could command a high salary, if he wanted it, in either Japan or the United States. Instead, he serves humbly, devotedly and I believe happily at the university, doing the work of three men as professor of New Testament, pastor of the University Church with administrative oversight of its many activities, and understanding counselor to hosts of students.

Central to the work of the ICU Church is naturally the Sunday morning service of worship. Faculty members and an occasional visiting preacher alternate with Dr. Toyotome in giving the sermon, though he always conducts the service. This is bilingual, with the prayers in either Japanese or English, the Scripture being read in both languages. As soon as the preacher sits down, having given the sermon in English or Japanese according to his own native tongue, Dr. Toyotome gets up and immediately summarizes it in the other!

The devoutly beautiful singing of the choir from the Kyodan hymnal, with Japanese words set to our familiar hymn tunes and an English text provided for those who need it, is "out of this world." The organist has only a little reed organ he pumps with his feet. (Cannot someone who reads these words for goodness' sake—the goodness of God and these wonderful Japanese students—provide a Hammond electric organ? They are available in Japan, but the money is not yet forthcoming.) Yet even with the kind of organ most American churches have long since discarded, the music of the choir with a student directing it is celestial.

From the moment one enters the church, with its reverent atmosphere of bowed heads, through the eager following of the Scripture lesson by the students in their Bibles, the taking of the offering by four of them with one always leading in the offertory prayer, to the final words of benediction, the service is deeply reverent and spiritually moving.

Yet this is by no means all that the ICU Church does. Prior to the service of worship, the Sunday school for the children of the Osawa neighborhood has been held—150 or more bright-faced eager little youngsters getting their first introduction to Christianity. *Where* is it held? In the most unpropitious circumstances you could imagine—an old black barn with trucks, tractors and cobwebs on one side of it, a charming simple Sunday school room on the other.

By whom is the Sunday school conducted? Here there is an amazing situation, which it would be hard to find duplicated in any of the great church schools plants of America. So many students desire to teach in the Sunday school that there are three teachers for every class, and a waiting list! Under the competent direction of Miss Grace Furuya, trained in America at Union Seminary, New York City, the work goes forward.

This is not all that happens on Sunday. For a half hour before the morning service of worship, there is a prayer service of preparation attended by a smaller group of those most concerned, unled save as the Holy Spirit speaks, and deeply vital. At 1:30 on many Sundays, Dr. Toyotome conducts for those considering Christian decision but not yet ready for baptism, an Inquirers' Class. Not only on Sunday but on many other afternoons, students are found in the Toyotome home. In the evening, groups of faculty, staff and students are apt to be planning for the various activities of the church—worship, education, missions, neighborhood welfare, the evangelistic outreach to the surrounding community or by caravan teams in the summer to the more distant rural areas.

The ICU Church is resolved to be not simply a receiving, but an outgoing church. In the immediate neighborhood this impulse is expressed not only through the Sunday school, but through a recreational program which takes about fifty students into the Osawa community each week end, a benevolence budget which provides gifts of food and used clothing to those most in need, and a student evangelistic ministry which has brought a number of adults from this community to Christian decision and to membership in the ICU Church.

One of the most significant enterprises sponsored by the church is the sending of caravans of students, each with an adult leader, for about three weeks in the summer to tell the Christian story to an unchurched rural village. Rural evangelism is greatly needed in Japan, for in the country the pull of Buddhist and Shinto tradition is much stronger than in the more mobile urban areas and fewer have been touched by Christian influences.

Whatever the contribution of these students to the people, which appears to have been considerable in terms of the response, the caravan experience is unquestionably a potent force in the students' own Christian commitment. As I have heard them tell of it, I felt that I was in the atmosphere of the first century with the joyful return of the seventy and their witness to the power of the Holy Spirit.

Christian students exert a significant leavening influence on the ICU

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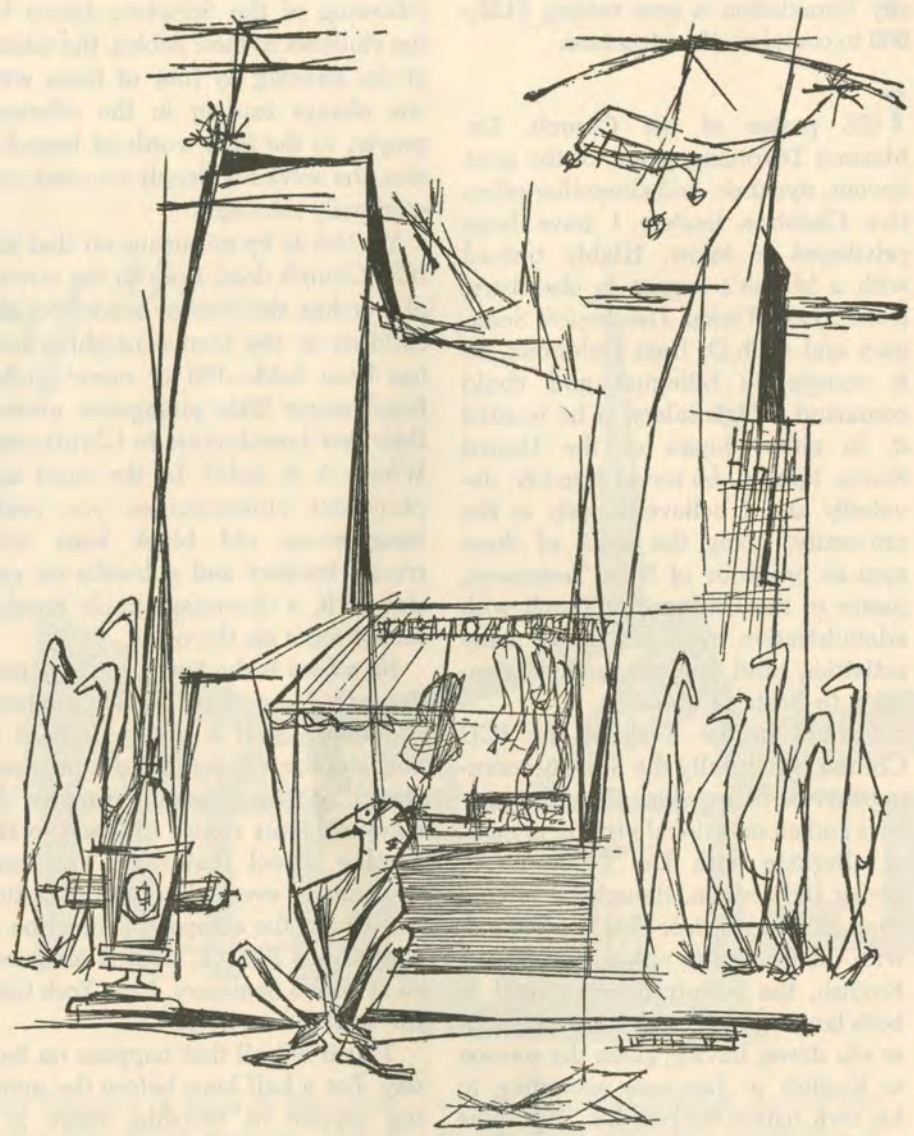


Report From London

By Robert Steele

IN the past when I have had sojourns of only a week or two in London, I have thought, "Ah, to *live* in London. Here is where theater exists!" I thought this because I have never been in London when there were less than forty plays running. Usually, I have had a choice of a Fry, Eliot, Sartre, or Priestley, and I have left London elated with what I have seen. I have wished to return long enough to see what else goes on in the city, so that I need not wonder what I have missed.

London theater seemed particularly hopeful because years ago New York City theater played out. During my college days I started spending the bulk of my Christmas and spring holidays in New York City. I would attend about every play on the boards. By arriving in time to begin theatergoing with a Wednesday matinee, by Saturday week, an elapse of eleven days, I could see fifteen plays. For years, by the time I had seen a dozen, there was nothing else to go to. Usually only two or three had been all I had keenly cared about and they were the ones which turned out not to be bores. Even though I had seen *Streetcar* thrice, I would find myself in the city on a Saturday night with the alternatives of a fourth exposure to the DuBois Kowalsky logomachy or *Hellzapoppin.*

I began to realize that, except for a couple of plays, what seemed really entertaining in New York City were the films from the Continent. I could see a dozen films all of which were worth seeing and unforgettable, and perhaps one film, such as *The Baker's Wife, Rules of the Game, Grand Illusion,* or *Monsieur Vincent,* made the choice of the whole play line-up seem flat and formula-like. So London with over three times as many theaters

running in the summer as well as the winter looked to me like Theater Elysium!

Now after having sat through the least impossible of the forty or more plays per season for two seasons, and after having read forty times forty reviews and longingly ploughed forty times forty times forty times through the newspaper itemization of theaters and their offerings, I discover this is not my nirvana after all. Now, I don't bother to check the newspapers regularly, read fewer reviews, and plan not to attend the theater unless a good reason or a good friend pushes me there. Again, I discover that practically never has there been anything on the stage that begins to have the maturity, excitement, imagination, and drama of what I find in the motion picture. Nothing—not a single play in London—has touched the depth and beauty of a galaxy of Japanese films. Polish, German, Russian, Finnish, Hungarian films have looked at the war and its consequences upon this generation in unforgettable and truthful ways. Italy has given us the great works of Fellini and Visconti; France has given us the magnificent documentaries of Renais, Franju and La Morisse. Sweden has given us *Great Adventure* of Sucksdorf, his short films, and now his *Jungle Saga. Death of a Cyclist* has come from Spain. *Girl in Black* from Greece seems more of this world than the Greek National Theater. Satyajit Ray of West Bengal has made two films, *Pather Panchali* and *Aparojito,* which rank him with Renoir. Two of U. S. A.'s television offerings, *Twelve Angry Men* and *Bachelor Party,* give us an ethic and morality that are new to the screen. Week after week in London there are a half dozen films that are worth while.

Agatha Christie has filled one London theater for over six years now. *The Boy Friend* has been holding out at Wyndhams for four. A third of the theaters devote themselves to reviews, Christmas pantomimes that run from early December through February, trained-dog acts, Bucharest Gipsy orchestras, the *Merry Widow* and Gilbert and Sullivan, Pleasures of Paris (New Fabulous Follies), The Crazy Gang, and Rumanian dancers, Czechoslovakian dancers, Hungarian dancers, Polish dancers, Israeli dancers, Yemen dancers, Ukrainian dancers and Uzbekian dancers. Unanimously, the reviewers agree that all these dancers are colorful and wholesome. I enjoy reviews but B. Lillie seems to be in New York rather than London. Reviews go on for years and years in London, and do not bother to substitute for the mildewness of Suez jokes and Liberace-arrival-in-London satires. Reviews must be hung on the old music-hall structure of turns, and one or two good turns make a sensationally successful review.

THEN there is another third of theaters that keeps the doors open with the "latest, raciest, laughingest, sexiest shocker straight from New York." Today's newspapers put out these gambits: "The funniest of plays"; "It's laughs, laughs, laughs. . . ." These laughing plays from the States and the performances of theater-royalty are the financial backbone of London theater. Week after week, and unbelievably month after month, bus loads of provincials on special theater parties roll into London for some entertainment and all that. The service runs regularly, so the theaters must prefer regularity of warmth, chocolates, tea, and laughs.

The Comedy Theater fills itself for the large part of a year with that "sensational" American play "which the Lord Chamberlain has refused to give a license to for public performances in this country." A mediocre play under such auspices is a theater *must* and conversational subject with all the smart folk for a month. The theater to show *Tea and Sympathy, A View from the Bridge,* and *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof* merely gives itself a new-name-and-paint-job, announces itself as a private theater "club" which anyone can join for five shillings, and "Each member is allowed to buy only six tickets for a single performance." If your membership is passed out to a dozen friends, they had better go on two nights. These plays are taken *vury, vury* seriously in London. Some folk still insist that Eddie in *A View from the Bridge* wanted the boy for himself and *that* was what the play was all about.

The nonprovincials feel that theater in London is The Arts or the Palace. The former is another one of the private "clubs," so all kinds of blushing goes on there in the dark. Plays do seem to ricochet between perversion and nihilism; however, some of the offerings are sincere, earnest, and thoughtful works that enrich London's theater life.

Peter Daubney is a great importer from everywhere in order to fill the Palace with something that patrons can dress for. One may not understand the German, French, Greek, or Yiddish, but everyone looks good, and it is pleasant to have a drink at the bar between the acts, even if one doesn't quite get the play.

Fanny seemed to be the demise of *South Pacific, Annie Get Your Gun* and *Oklahoma* at the Drury Lane. For a Christmas treat *The Tempest* was put on by Peter Brooks with an opening storm worthy of the cinema. Now this colossal theater occupies itself with Italian Opera.

Folk especially from the suburbs just never tire of Dame Edith Evans being a hostess, so *The Chalk Garden* went on at the Haymarket for eons. She has now been replaced by Sir Ralph Richardson, whom people go to see whether he is in a play or not. He and the theater draw an audience that just has to get away from it all ever so often. The people don't care whether it is Dame Sybil Thorndike, Dame Edith, or Sir Ralph who treads the Haymarket boards—just so it affords a look at stars. Sir Ralph portrays a second-rate Willie Lohman, Esq., in a piece called *Flowering Cherry.* Its craftsmanship would be thought bad in the first playwrighting class held by the Carolina Playmakers. Ethereal music is supposedly sneaked in to give glow to Sir Ralph's nostalgic monologue, but by this time in the play, we know he is mentally ill, and our identification is with the girl who happens to be caught by him and has the good manners and patience to listen. Helen Hayes is yet to be for-

gotten or forgiven for her denouncement of the slovenliness of the dramaturgy of the British stage. Acting is London theater's strongest ally, but this affords me as much pain as pleasure when I know an actor is killing himself to salvage a fatuous plot and an erratically written character.

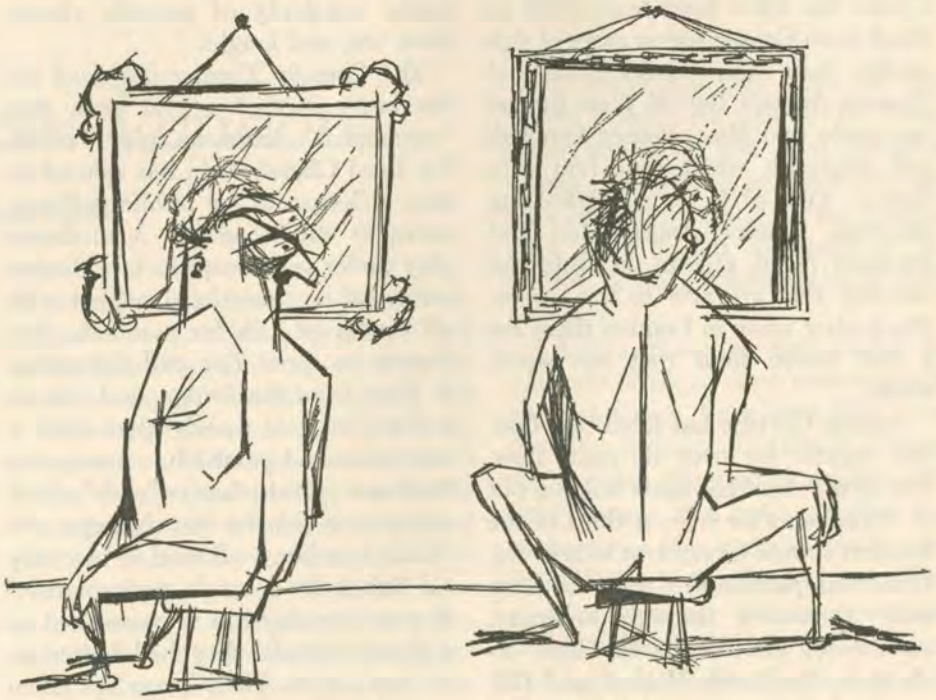
THEATER in the London West End boils down to being about 95 per cent show business and the remainder is foreign or would-be Bohemian. It has a great deal in common with New York City theater. The theater here is no more a place of ideas and life than it is in New York. Comparing recent seasons of New York City (from what I read) and London, the former seems to be the superior to me.

When one is audacious enough to leave the West End and take a bus or tube to Sloan Square, usually he can find theater at the Royal Court. (One night I waited at the tube exit for fifteen minutes for friends. According to my statistics, three out of five persons coming out of the tube asked me the direction to the Royal Court.) Fifty years before the present George Devine's English Stage Company, which has now taken over the Royal Court, the Vedrenne-Barker management was valiantly trying to establish the fame of Bernard Shaw and Gilbert Murray. But a few years later it had gone out of business. In the last couple of years Devine, the artistic director of the company, has put on twenty productions in a repertory system. The endeavor is to promote new playwrights, native and foreign, and to intersperse new plays with classical revivals. The theater has had a modest success. On *The Member of the Wedding, The Making of Moo* and a Giraudou-Ionesco double-bill it lost between three and four thousand pounds. On *The Entertainer* with Laurence Olivier and with every seat sold for the run it made only 850 pounds. With the size house and repertory system the Royal Court will have financial travail. Mr. Devine says, "the real trouble nowadays is that people here do not take the theater seriously, as they did, say in Barker's time." The two other plays which have not lost money have been Wycherly's bawdy *The Country Wife* and John Osbourne's *Look Back in Anger.* Sometimes I have felt that I am safe in going to every offering of the Royal Court. Plays and productions are uneven and frequently bad, but there is life on the stage.

I had gone to enough London theater to discover the local critics advertise as well as evaluate plays. Also, I had learned that frequently plays are looked at with the love and blindness one uses to look at Susie's first attempt at embroidery. If there is anything good that can be said about a play, it is not kept under a bushel. I was brought up on Wolcott Gibbs and his confreres, so that I expect a play to be evaluated and judged according to its flaws. A London critic may say this is a *must* play and has a great performance because of the way Celia Johnson says, "I must be going now," when she makes her last Act-I exit. So before I became wily I would believe and go. After I had seen the play and discovered it should have been a one act instead of a three act, that the whole cast, except Celia, seemed to be sick with stage fright, that the plot development got stuck, and that there were six extra characters around, I have asked the critic what he thought about it all. He agrees, but still, the way Celia says that parting line. . . . Silence from London critics I now know is a danger signal. Praise may be too. No critic, not even Tynan (*The Observor*), despite his excitement, seems to take theater or what he chooses to say or not say about it seriously, really *seriously.* They wish to support it as it is rather than support a standard.

SO after reading Tynan's threat that you were no friend of his or a contemporary man, if you did not attend the Royal Court to see *Look Back in Anger,* I went not knowing if this was balderdash or not. I was stunned by the play. Here *was* a play. Theater was taking place. Life in action was moving about a stage. The audience forgot chocolates and cigarettes. Something—I wasn't sure what—of pathetic earnestness and poetic importance was being unfolded before me. Here was a play, the first and only one of my London playgoing, which had to do with *life*—contemporary life with real persons sucked into overwhelming and agonizing problems. The atmosphere of the theater, unlike that of every other theater, told me I was not alone in having been given something to feel.

When one is running a junk shop



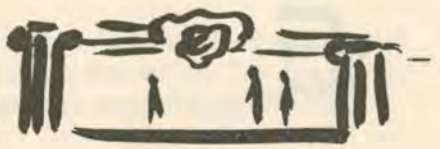
SOME PEOPLE HAVE ABOMINABLE TASTE.

and a painting that reminds one of a Daumier appears, one doesn't know if it is good, or if it just looks good contrasted to the cupids and mothers, bowls of fruit and dead pheasants. I wasn't certain of my trustworthiness in recognizing what was really good, so after a stabilizing interval, I trekked again to *Look Back in Anger*. Kenneth Haigh and Mary Ure were replaced, but it made little difference. Again theater was taking place. Despite the cultural differences which could make such a play noncommunicative for persons living on a continent with an expanding economy instead of an island with a shriveling economy, evidently the play also has spoken to New York. The dramatic critic of *The Reporter* says it is the only play on Broadway° that deals with human problems in a serious way. Perhaps the Royal Court with this one play has redeemed a lot of London's fourth-rate theater. (Unfortunately, Osbourne's good work has not permeated his *The Entertainer*. Even with Sir Laurence and the wonderful Brenda da Banzie the play never got off the floor. It is yet to be written.)

The Making of Moo was a screaming, searing, and bloody attack on religion. I have never seen such a violent attack anywhere. I didn't sleep a wink during the play. Nigel Dennis described his work as the history of religions in three acts. I would say Act I, today, had to do with how a religion is founded. Act II had to do with the growth of religion with Zeal. Act III, many, many years later, had to do with religion when it is respectable and amounts to sitting on cushions in church.

And *How Can We Save Father?* opened in dumb-show with a clergyman, one Reverend Pinion-Cleaver, standing on a formidable stack of Bibles with the Vulgate for the base, hanging himself. Ever since the great atomic research station has come to the border of his parish, his evangelical blasts seem to go thud. This parable in modern dress makes its point in the last few minutes of the play. Oliver Marlowe has shades of Eliot and Fry in his long one act. He has worked with the Right Reverend George MacLeod, founder of the Iona Community, who is moderator of the Church of Scotland.

While the Royal Court is not making an effort, I surmise, to present "religious" plays, all the plays I have seen there have to do with to what man belongs. Human beings meet human beings on the stage of this theater, and they face problems, and their problems matter not only to them but to me. I can't say the same about a single play I have seen in the West End.



° *The Listener*, January 9th.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

I MARK/RHODES

tradition and our reason. *He* healed, *he* transformed the Sabbath, *he* made sinners whole, *he* saves—not your philosophy nor your tradition.

"You say I'm inconsistent, that I am unlettered. All right, and that I am. Some smooth man of books can tell you in smooth language of the schools what ought to be said. But *I* say, in my own awkward words, *he's* risen, he's crucified *for us* and he is the *victor!*

"Though I am not tutored like the scribes or the teachers of Roman rhetoric, I have translated Paul's and Peter's words and I *know* what has happened. Christ is my savior *now*—without me waiting for an education. Christ is Paul's savior *now*, and he has a Ph.D.! Ah, he is the Lord of the lettered and the unlettered, that country carpenter boy.

"Jesus healed and preached and taught—and, oh, how he could pray! I've heard Peter say that they went to a place which was called Gethsemane and Jesus there said to his disciples, 'Sit here, while I pray.' And he took with him Peter and James and John, and began to be greatly distressed and troubled. And he said to them, 'My soul is very sorrowful, even to death; remain here, and watch.' And he said, 'Father, all things are possible to thee; remove this cup from me; yet not what I will, but what thou wilt.' And he came and found them sleeping, and he said to Peter, 'Simon, are you asleep? Could you not watch one hour? Watch and pray that you may not enter into temptation; the spirit indeed is willing but the flesh is weak.' And again he went away and prayed, saying the same words. And again he came and found them sleeping, for their eyes were very heavy; and they did not know what to answer him. And he came the third time, and said to them, 'Are you still sleeping and taking your rest? It is enough; the hour has come; the Son of man is betrayed into the hands of sinners.'

"And how he fulfilled the Covenant! We're in it—you, me, my children—and even old Aunt Lydia! Just before he was killed, he showed us how to renew the Covenant. With his disciples as they were eating, he took bread, and blessed, and broke it, and gave it to them, and said, 'Take; this is my body.' And he took a cup, and when he had given thanks he gave it to them, and they all drank of it. And he said to them, 'This is my blood of the covenant, which is poured out for many. Truly, I say to you, I shall not drink again of the fruit of the vine until that day when I drink it new in the kingdom of God.'

"That's how we *stay* in the Covenant. We're *baptized* into its new kingdom. And then we *renew* it every week by our Lord's Supper. If only everyone could come into the Covenant . . . but, brother, that's why I wrote this sermon—it isn't much on papyrus—but it sure has power when the Holy Spirit lights on me while I preach it.

"Peter found him out first. I found him out from Peter. And I hope you find him out *right now*. The time is fulfilled, and the kingdom of God is at hand; repent, and believe in the gospel. . . . Do not be amazed; you seek Jesus of Nazareth, who was crucified. He has risen!"

fellowship in the south

By James McBride Dabbs

TEN miles east of Asheville, North Carolina, in Buckeye Cove, the Fellowship of Southern Churchmen is now constructing a conference center for the use of interdenominational, interracial groups.

The Fellowship, itself, formed in 1934 in response to the challenge of the Depression and of the prophetic ideal "to heal the brokenhearted and set at liberty them that are bruised," is especially concerned today to apply that ideal in the critical field of race relations. Approximately five hundred Christian leaders from throughout the South are now members of the Fellowship, which is an interdenominational and interracial movement. Its stated purpose is to apply the resources of the Christian faith to the critical and complex problems affecting the welfare of the South and its people.

IN the Fellowship are such men as Drs. Waldo Beach and Shelton Smith of Duke Divinity School; Dr. Benjamin Mays of Morehouse College, Atlanta: Dr. Mordecai Johnson of Howard University, Washington, D. C.; and dedicated, concerned Christians in every Southern state. Its immediate job is the completion of the conference center, where individual Christians and Christian families of both races may gather, and amid the strength and peace of the surrounding hills hold Christian fellowship and plan Christian action.

The spot is ideally suited for this. It lies in Buckeye Cove, not far off U. S. 70, some three miles southwest of Swannanoa. The land forms a natural amphitheater, its floor 2,400 feet above sea level, its rim running over Pine Mountain, and over Pinnacle at 3,950 feet, with the cove opening out to the northwest through Christian Creek valley. Here, in the evening, the summer sun goes down behind the blue peaks of the Craggies fifteen miles away. Here, when the Fellowship Center is completed, Southerners of both races can gather in friendly association, and among such friends in such a scene grow in Christian grace.

The Center was planned as early as 1946, during which year the Fellowship received a gift of some 385 acres in Buckeye Cove. So far, the work done on the Center has been made possible through the gifts of friends and the efforts of work campers. Work camps, both interracial and international, were held from 1950 to 1955. The two largest were held in 1954 and 1955 in conjunction with the World Council of Churches. The 1954 camp was attended by twenty-two young people from the United States, Thailand, France, Canada, Hawaii and Germany.

As a result, the Center now has twenty-two buildings, two of them 25 by 40 foot structures, several slightly smaller, the others 10 by 15 foot cabins. Most of these buildings, which are of native logs and beautifully constructed, need further work, such as chinking and screening. The Ecumenical Voluntary Service Committee of the United Student Christian Council will sponsor a work camp at the Fellowship Center during the summer of 1958. The group should be able to complete all these buildings that are nearly finished.

THE Reverend Eugene Smathers, chairman of the Fellowship, Big Lick, Crossville, Tennessee, is in the process of raising $10,000 to complete the Center. Beneath the present stresses of race relations, deeper even than segregation, the South is a land of friendly people living together under friendly skies. The Conference Center in Buckeye Cove is the growing symbol of this friendliness. Here the picture of what the South really is begins to take form. The South needs a living picture of what it is. Buckeye Cove can be that.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

THE PIVOT/HARKNESS

campus. They are by no means a majority of the student body, as they could not be expected to be in a country where less than one per cent of the population are Christians. In the class of 1957, 19 per cent were Christians upon admission, 34 per cent upon graduation. Yet this number, without being given any external advantages in social or academic status, are the most constructively influential group on the campus.

In the dormitories and the various student activities, Christian students have repeatedly been found to exert a mediating, reconciling influence. In part this may be due to Dr. Toyotome's wise counsel, in which he spends many hours each week; in even larger part it is doubtless due to the many voluntary Bible study and prayer groups in which the Christian students participate. In any case, the fruits are evident.

THERE is no way of calculating the actual or the potential outreach of the University Church. The Christian students as they graduate are encouraged to affiliate with churches elsewhere. This past year, five students from the first senior class entered Tokyo Union Seminary in preparation for Christian leadership and two more received scholarships for study in American seminaries. Not only as ministers and others in professional Christian vocations but as Christian laymen, the students from the ICU Church will continue to give their witness. In still more intangible but in unmistakable ways, the influence of the Christian students nourished in the University Church will be felt among those not Christians, permeating Japanese society.

In many respects, the university is pivotal to the building of a new Japan and the spread of international understanding and good will. And in many respects also, the ICU Church is the central pivot of the International Christian University in Japan.

contributors

William Robert Miller is associate editor of the magazine *Fellowship* and has written articles in the past for *motive*.

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Kermit Eby, a member of the Social Science faculty at the University of Chicago, has written many books, the latest of which is *Paradoxes of Democracy*, and has been past educational director of the CIO.

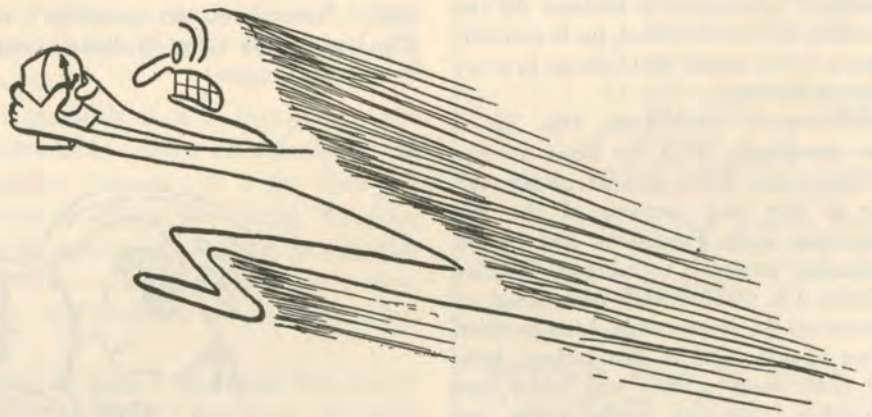
W. E. Rhodes is chaplain at Denver University.

Georgia Harkness, outstanding woman theologian, is a professor at Pacific School of Religion. Recently she returned from two years of teaching at Japan's International Christian University.

Robert Steele, one-time managing editor of *motive*, follows up his April article on drama with news from the London theater. He has been living in London and has become acquainted with the play offerings firsthand.

James McBride Dabbs, a recently retired college professor, is vitally interested in the problems of the South. He has long been engaged in efforts of reconciliation.

ARTISTS FOR THIS ISSUE: **Robert Charles Brown**, artist from the New England area; **Jim Crane**, long famous for his cartoons and *motive* covers, is a professor of art in Wisconsin; **Malcolm Hancock**, young artist and cartoonist from Montana; **Marcella Kolb**, at present a student artist; **Barbara Remington** long ago sent in these cartoons that are just now coming to light; and **Mary Whelan**, whose wood cuts appeared in the *Catholic Worker* and are here reprinted by permission.



AND FOR THIS I LIVE

MUSIC

BY L. P. PHERIGO

LIEDER AND VOCALS

Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau continues to make lieder news. Among his latest releases are *Die Winterreise* (Schubert), *Liederkreis* (Op. 39) and *Dichterliebe* (Schumann), one group of songs by Brahms and another by Schumann.

The most important of these is the 2-record Victor album containing *Die Winterreise* and *Liederkreis* (Opus 39; RCA Victor LM-6036), because of the superior piano work of Gerald Moore. I do not find the same quality of piano playing in the other records. In the *Dichterliebe* and Brahms Songs (Decca DL 9930) the pianist is Jörg Demus, whose considerable reputation as a Schumann interpreter is not much enhanced by his work here. In the twelve songs of Schumann's Op. 35, and seven others (Decca DL 9935), the pianist is Günther Weissenborn. He comes through as quite satisfactory, but not distinguished.

F-D is the main attraction on all these, of course. His performances are decidedly stylistic, featuring excellent diction, a beautiful and flexible voice, and a skillful use of remarkable expressive powers. His romantic notions are somewhat Victorian, and reserve and understatement are not part of his strategy at all. His emphasis on emotions leads him to sound almost embarrassingly personal at times. He is weakest at stressing the inner musical values that might be called the "classical element" in the lieder of Schubert, Schumann, or Brahms. All reservations notwithstanding, he is certainly a great lieder singer, and belongs in every lieder collection.

Schumann's *Liederkreis,* Op. 39, is also excellently sung by Sena Jurinac (Westminster XWN 18493), along with one of two new versions of the fine Schumann cycle *Fraunliebe und Leben.* The other version is by Irmgard Seefried (Decca DL 9971), with nine songs of Mozart on the reverse side. Miss Seefried is not as successful as Miss Jurinac, lacking both vocal quality and lieder musicianship. Jurinac's main rivals are Kathleen Ferrier and Lotte Lehmann; better hear and compare and decide for yourself.

Much more "classical," both in content and style of performance, is the superb album of Victoria de los Angeles called *Five Centuries of Spanish Songs* (1300-1800) (Victor LM-2144). It includes two songs from the Gothic period, six from the Renaissance, and seven from the Baroque. Very highly recommended!

MODERN ORCHESTRAL

Two new versions of *La Mer,* Debussy's greatest orchestral work, fail to dislodge the supremacy of the older Toscanini version (my favorite) or the more recent Monteux performance, both, incidentally, in the Victor catalog. Toscanini plays his own edition of the score, and I personally feel he has strengthened it. A reissue of the justly famous Koussevitsky performance, with the Boston Symphony Orchestra (Camden CAL 376), goes to a secure place alongside Toscanini's and Monteux's. Of the new performances, the best is by Charles Munch and the Boston Symphony Orchestra (Victor LM-2111), putting all three of the top performances in one catalog. Erich Leinsdorf's reading of this music (Capitol P 8395), with the Los Angeles Philharmonic, is very good, but not in a class with Toscanini, Monteux, Koussevitsky, or Munch. I'd recommend one of these four (in that order) depending on what you want on the reverse side.

An excellent Camden release features modern French music as performed by Monteux and the San Francisco Orchestra (CAL 385). The *Proteé Suite* of Darius Milhaud is alone worth many times more than the modest price.

There's more Milhaud on the new Decca release. Two of his newest compositions (both completed in 1957) are performed by the composer himself (DL 9965). They are *The Globetrotter Suite* (little "essays" on six countries) and *The Joys of Life* (after Watteau's canvas of the same name).

Composer-directed performances are always important news. Angel's release of Hindemith's *Concerto for Clarinet* and *Noblissima Visione* (with the Philharmonia Orchestra; Angel 35490), and Decca's of Hindemith's *Concert Music for Piano, Brass, and Two Harps,* Op. 49, *Concerto for Orchestra,* and *Cupid and Psyche* (with the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra; DL 9969), are especially significant. These must be taken as "definitive" performances.

A new Bartok *Concerto for Orchestra* (Decca DL 9951) is near the top of the list. The Berlin Radio Orchestra plays very well, but I cannot hear all the subtleties that this music contains, and recommend waiting for the new Ansermet version—released in England already.

Prokofieff is well represented among the new records. Three sets of excerpts from *Romeo and Juliet* (not identical selections) call attention to this excellent but little-known score. Stokowski gives a brilliant account of the music (on Victor LM-2117), but the newcomer Lorin Maazel, with the Berlin Philharmonic (Decca DL 9967), makes an arbitrary rearrangement of the excerpts that destroys the story of the ballet, besides failing to match the interpretative standard of Stokowski. The reverse of the Maazel disc contains a poor performance of Tchaikowski's Romeo and Juliet. The Stokowski disc includes a very fine *Verklärte Nacht* of Schönberg, which I find more effective than the new version by Jascha Horenstein (Vox PL 10.460), which, however, is coupled with the only performance available of Schönberg's *Chamber Symphony,* Op. 9. Record buying is certainly complex these days!

Back to Prokofieff! A more extensive collection of excerpts from *Romeo and Juliet,* containing about twice as much music and including most of Stokowski's and Maazel's selections, is performed

by Charles Munch and the Boston Symphony Orchestra (Victor LM-2110). The thread of the story is preserved, and the performance is distinguished. The buyer should remember, however, the excellent versions of the music assembled as Suite No. 2, by Koussevitsky, and Mravinsky. The Koussevitsky record also contains his famous version of the *Lt Kije Suite,* which is not equalled in a new performance by Fritz Reiner and the Chicago Symphony Orchestra (Victor LM-2150). The Reiner record also contains Stravinsky's *Song of the Nightingale,* but I think either of the rival versions (Ansermet or Van Beinum) is just as effective.

More important Stravinsky news is two new versions of *The Firebird Suite.* One of these is Stokowski's first recording with the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, and the results are stunning (Capitol PAO-8407). I would not say that this is the *best* version available, but it is certainly different, and masterly, and belongs in every Stravinsky collection. If you only want one version, however, get Monteux's. The same comments apply to the Stokowski-Berlin *Petrushka* on the reverse side. Horenstein's *Firebird Suite* (Vox PL 10.430) is coupled with *Le Sacre de Printemps.* I find it plodding and generally ineffective. It's overdeliberate, and the woodwinds are not nearly so colorful as in Monteux's performance.

We should note finally the new version of Gliere's *Ilya Mourometz* by the Houston Symphony Orchestra under Stokowski (Capitol P 8402). It's rather drastically cut (as usual)—more so than is Stokowski's previous recording with the Philadelphia Orchestra, and more so than in any rival version. Only Scherchen plays the whole score. But Stokowski's version is enormously effective. In it the music emerges as much more dignified, more noble and dramatic than in any other version. It is a more serious conception than in Stokowski's own earlier version. The Houston Orchestra's debut on recordings is certainly successful.

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RELIGION/CLARK

tants despite Luther's liberating cry, "Everyman his own priest," have not escaped the blight.

Or again, a man may recognize the superior powers and try to use them for selfish ends. Such are they who think of religion in terms of "What's religion for? How is the church useful to me?" One finds them all the way from the primitive who used conventional magical rites to coerce the gods to send rain on his special croppatch, or defeat his tribal enemy, or cure his favorite child, to the marginal Christian who joins a church to provide himself with new business customers, or gain entry to a social class he aspires to, or broaden his acquaintance before his political venture. Of such, Jesus remarked, rather wryly, "They have their reward." These three attitudes toward religion are all-too prevalent among men whether they be Christians, Jews, Buddhists, or Moslems, but they are unworthy of man.

On the other hand, a man may also look at the mysterious powers on which he must depend, but with a loving acceptance, trying to know them and understand them as they are, rather than to appropriate them. Such a one is privileged to move with God as a dancer follows a skilled leader, or as the graceful ski jumper follows the slope and the pull of gravity, finding happiness by moving within their laws. So a man may move within God's laws until his religion becomes a lovely, thrilling, selfless thing, like that of Jesus, through whom God could show something of himself to us. Those who experience God do not ask, "What is he for?" They glory in the vision of Truth. This is the answer to questioning people.

Impossible it is to escape the uncontrollable power on which we altogether depend. In it we live and move and have our being. Whether we deny it or fear it or try to manipulate it or whether we seek to understand and conform to it, it is still there.

Whither shall I go from thy spirit?
Or wither shall I flee from thy presence?

There is "no place to hide."

BOOKS

The Witnessing Community, The Biblical Record of God's Purpose, by ***Suzanne de Dietrich,*** *The Westminster Press, Philadelphia, 180 pages, $3.75.*

What does it mean to *"belong"*? This remains one of the biggest questions for modern man. We seem to have lost our sense of community, and even our identity as individuals belonging to a fellowship. Thoughtful students and laymen who seek to discover through Bible study not only what it means to *belong,* but more specifically, what it means to belong to the community of God's People in these times, will find in this book a real "contribution to this common search."

The author's searching starts "from the Biblical revelation as it unfolds itself in history. . . ." She finds that, "The Bible presents us with a *body of witnesses:* Israel and the apostolic church. A single man may be at a given moment the spokesman or the true embodiment of the group. But he never stands alone; he carries a message that is meant for the community to which he belongs or that will call a new community into being. In other words, all through the Biblical records, the Word of God *builds community."*

Miss de Dietrich deals very incisively with the matter of community. "The Bible never faces us with bare events, but rather with a proclamation of these events by the community that lives them and is conscious of having been shaped by them—more, of owing its very existence to them."

Today, when our searching for belonging can become so frenzied Miss de Dietrich points out that, "The search for fellowship can easily take superficial and questionable forms. It can become an escape from personal decision and responsibility. It can lead to mass psychology and dictatorship." And so it then becomes the task and "calling of the church to show the world what true community means: a fellowship of free persons bound to one another by a common calling and a common service. Only in Christ," she states, "can we solve the tension between freedom and authority, between the right of the individual person to attain fullness of life and the claim of the community as a whole on each of its members."

In this way Miss de Dietrich reaches into the heart of the ethical-religious questions implied in daily living. She states, "We are called upon constantly to rethink our vocation as God's People, called upon to manifest in word and deed the work of reconciliation already achieved in Christ."

"Are we really and truly the kind of community that will startle the world by the quality of its relationships, so that the world may believe in Him who sent us? Are we 'in the world' as Christ was, sharing its sufferings, carrying its burdens?"

"These are questions with which Israel had to wrestle as God's covenanted people, the questions with which the church can never cease to wrestle to the end of time. Let us be questioned anew by the living God who speaks through the Bible, whose Word is a two-edged sword."

And so this book is a guide to the Biblical record of God's Purpose; it is a keen probing of ethics, and it is a direct challenge to the thoughtful reader. The very clarity of Suzanne de Dietrich's writing, her unique setting forth of the main issues and her deeply provocative type of questioning create a book invaluable for anyone in search of his place within the *witnessing community.* Belonging becomes belonging with a mission, a purpose, a motive.

—Margaret Rigg

ETHICS AND ACADEMICS

The "bull session," as developed on the American college campus, operates according to a rather general set of ground rules. Subject matter of a true bull session is generally understood to include all aspects of college life with occasional forays into politics, the national economy, and international perplexities.

The ground rules and thought patterns of a true campus bull session are applicable to several of one sex, to a group of both sexes, and to a solitary individual of either sex.

Of the spring's best books, one should have great significance for the campus bull session—be it in a dormitory, at the meeting place of a Christian student group, or for the thoughtful reading of one alone. The book is ***Conscience on Campus—An Interpretation of Christian Ethics.*** The author is ***Waldo Beach,*** well-known campus speaker, long active in the student Christian movement, now professor of Christian ethics at the Duke University Divinity School. Beach himself explains the book in his opening paragraph:

The aims of this book are to analyze the morality of the American campus from the standpoint of the Christian faith and to try to show the relevance of Christian ethics to the day-to-day decisions which have to be made. It is plain that to deliver on such a large order in such a small book as this involves a good deal of telegraphic writing and hasty generalization, both as to what prevails on the American campus and as to what Christian ethics has to say about it. Yet this book is written out of the conviction that there are profoundly valid insights in Christianity for the dilemmas of college students—at least students who are in college for more than the ride and are prepared to confront the essential facts of life.

Happily, Beach rejects legalism (essentially like the Pharisaism of the New Testament), pietism (here seen as an emotional faith set against critical reason, often absorbed with private purity to the exclusion of social responsibility), and humanitarianism (acceptance of a kind of universal morality that ignores or denies the crux of Christian theology). Christian ethics, in his definition, is "the attempt to formulate the norms of human behavior as responses to God as he acts in nature, in history, and crucially in Jesus Christ." The great single norm is faithful love. Such ethics, the campus must remember, speaks directly to college life, to quizzes and labs, probation and proms, all the way from orientation week to commencement.

The practical things are here faced honestly, directly, and provocatively. Drinking, sexual ethics, cheating, fraternity and sorority life, politics. And such matters are examined in terms of the deeper problems and underlying issues. The book is most significant for students and the campus community in that ethical problems are seen in the context of the primary purpose of education, and academic life is interpreted in its fullness.

Do not be confused. For the lighter discussions, *Conscience on Campus* does examine the morality of romance and the morality of the social whirl. But it goes much deeper in asking basic questions about education, the university, and the relevance of the Christian faith to all of campus life.

It is a Haddam House book, published by *Association Press.* In cloth, $2.50. Wonderful news is that the National Student YMCA and YWCA have made available a special paper-bound edition, very handy and inexpensive for bull sessions of one person or many. When ordered from Association Press (291 Broadway, New York 7) the cost is $1 per single copy, 75 cents each for ten or more.

—Jameson Jones

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THE CRUCIFIXION JAMES McLEAN

THE LAW OF CAUSE AND EFFECT

Once upon a time there was a piece of corn. He was a worse than middlin' kernel of corn, about up to producing a scraggly corn stalk and a couple of ragged ears. That is, he was up to making a waist-high corn stalk and a few rugged kernels if he was planted in good soil and given a bit of fertilizer.

On his own, he was worse than middlin'. Falling where chance might toss him, in poor soil and with no care, he probably would not have had enough energy to sprout.

It happened that before he had a chance to be only middlin', or even to be a complete loss, a young scientist came along. The scientist was interested in producing better kernels of corn. He had studied genetics and agronomy and decided he had a plan to produce a better ear of corn than had ever been grown before.

"I am going to make three kernels of corn grow where only one has grown before," he announced.

His friends did not laugh, for they knew him to be a man of his word. And, being his friends, they also believed in education and cause and effect. They thought he might do it.

He chanced upon our bit of corn. Tossing him in his hand, he sang, "You will show them. With you I will turn the culture of corn into a new destiny. Plenty of corn to eat for all that want to eat it, and plenty of corn left over."

Friends of the corn were amused. They laughed and laughed among themselves, for they knew the miserable background of the corn. He came from a family that never had produced anything and was too worn out to start it now. If that silly scientist thought he could make something out of that fellow, he could just go ahead and try. He would see that it took good stock to do any good with corn.

The scientist worked and worked with his corn. He planted and nurtured, tended and cared for, and then went through the process again and again.

In the meantime, his family was running on harder and harder days. His wife could find nothing to eat in the cupboard, and when she wanted to grind the corn into meal so she would have something to feed the children, he got violently angry and threatened both his wife and his children with a horrible fate. So they continued to live a life of malnutrition.

The other corn felt not a bit sorry for the scientist because they enjoyed seeing their predictions come true. Those who planted them fared all right, but no one could do anything with common stock. . . .

In due time the scientist ran into his house, kissed his wife, threw his children into the air, ordered a Continental for his wife, a Mercedes for himself, and bought $100,000 worth of paid-up life insurance. He had made three kernels of corn jump up where only one had been before. His seed was proclaimed to be the best corn seed in existence, and it was soon possible for him to retire for the remainder of his days, should he want to.

The other corn, of course, got insanely jealous. With no one to care for them, to plant or to tend, they got poorer and poorer, and it was not long until each of them was up to producing but a scraggly corn stalk and a couple of ragged ears.

Attend! The story is not yet concluded.

The scientist did not retire. He decided that since he had demonstrated that he could make three kernels grow in place of one, and from miserable stock to boot, he would work out a plan of salvation in three easy courses. Everyone knows religion courses are easier than science.

While his wife played bridge and his children lived it up at places like Princeton and El Morocco, he fasted, read the mystics, and stood on his head studying Yogi. But mostly he worked on the good old law of cause and effect. It had worked with corn and it ought to work with the soul.

Somehow, it seemed, the harder he worked at it, the worse the condition of his soul. He hypnotized himself, he practiced spiritual exercises, he genuflected, prostrated himself and mortified the flesh.

Finally, one night, he got in his Mercedes and drove off a cliff.

Nobody ever found out whether he left one scraggly miserable soul or three healthy ones.

Various morals were drawn:

Wife: *"Poor dear, he was so intense," as she trumped her partner's ace.*

Sons and daughters: *"Dad was a good guy; too bad he could not relax," as they fished for the alcoholic olive.*

Plump kernel of corn: *"Every thing I am I owe to my education."*

Scraggly pieces of corn: *"It ain't what you are, it's whom you meet."*

Author: *"I don't believe in the law of cause and effect," as he signed off the back page of motive, noting what had happened to some squibs that had once pretended to be editorials.*

(Ortmayer)