

FROM THOMAS WOLFE IN COLLEGE---

Dear Mother,

I have just come from a visit with Professor Baker at his country place in New Hampshire. It has been a great experience. He believes in me. He has faith in me. I know this now, more than ever before: I am inevitable, I sincerely believe. The only thing that can stop me now is insanity, disease, or death.

The books I am going to write may not be suited to the tender bellies of old maids, sweet young girls, or ministers, but they will be true and honest and courageous, and the rest doesn't matter. If my books are published, I want you to be prepared for execrations upon my head. I have stepped on toes right and left—I spared Boston with its nigger-sentimentalists no more than the South, which I love, but which I nevertheless pounded. I am not interested in writing what our pot-bellied members of the Rotary and Kiwanis call a "good story." I want to know life and understand it and interpret it without fear or favor. This, I feel, is a man's work and worthy of a man's dignity. For life is not made up of sugary, sticky, sickening Edgar A. Guest sentimentality; it is not made up of dishonest optimism. God is not always in his heaven, all is not always right with the world. It is not all bad, but it is not all good; it is not all ugly, but it is not all beautiful; it is life, life, life—the only thing that matters.

I will step on toes. I will not hesitate to say what I think of those people who shout "progress, progress, progress"—when what they mean is more Ford automobiles, more Rotary clubs, more ladies' social unions. I shall say that "Greater Asheville" does not necessarily mean "100,000 in ten years," that we are not necessarily four times as civilized as our grandfathers because we go four times as fast in automobiles, because our buildings are four times as tall. What I shall try to get into their dusty little pint-measure minds is that a full belly, a good automobile, paved streets, and more, does not make them one whit better or finer—that there is beauty in this world—beauty even in this wilderness of ugliness and provincialism that is at present our country, beauty and spirit which will make us men instead of cheap board of trade boosters and blatant pamphleteers.

When I speak of beauty, I do not mean a movie close-up where Susie and Johnny meet at the end and clinch, and all the gum-chewing ladies go home thinking their husbands are not so good as lovers. That's cheap and vulgar! I mean everything which is lovely and noble and true. It does not have to be sweet, it may be bitter; it does not have to be joyous, it may be sad.

When spring comes, I think of a cool, narrow back yard in North Carolina, with green, damp earth, and cherry trees in blossom. I think of a skinny little boy at the top of one of those trees, with the fragrant blooms about him, with the tang of the sap in his nose, looking out on a world of back yards, and building his castles in Spain. That's beauty—that's romance! I think of an old man in the grip of a terrible disease, who though he was afraid to die, died like a warrior in an epic poem. That's beauty. I think of a woman who sits with a face as white and set as if cut from marble, and whose fingers cannot be unclasped from the hand of a boy of twenty-six, heaving his life away.

I think of the devotion of a woman of frail physique to a father; I think of the daisy meadows on the way to Craggy Mountain, of the birch forests of New Hampshire, of the Mississippi River at Memphis—of all of which I have been a part—and I know there is nothing so commonplace, so dull, that it is not touched with nobility and dignity.

And I intend to wreak out my soul on people and express it all. This is what my life means to me: I am at the mercy of this thing and I will do it or die.

I never forget: I have never forgotten, I have tried to make myself conscious of the whole of my life since first the baby in the basket became conscious of the warm sunlight on the porch, and saw his sister go up the hill to the girls' school on the corner (the first thing I remember).

This is why I think I am going to be an author. The things that really mattered sank in and left their mark—sometimes a peculiar smile, sometimes death, sometimes the smell of dandelions in spring, once love.

I will go everywhere and see everything. I will meet all the people I can. I will think all the thoughts, feel all the emotions I am able, and I will write, write, write—

Your loving son,
Tom

Dear You,

For several days I have been reading and rereading this letter of Thomas Wolfe. It grows on me, affects me in strange ways, and cries out to be shared with you. And so I'm sending it. I thought of making this a letter to my mother too, but somehow I just can't write home as I can write to you, and tonight in the light of Wolfe's letter I have some things to say which I feel must be said—some sort of promises I must make, and it is to you that I must make them.

But first, isn't this letter of Wolfe's a magnificent thing? I don't mean the writing (I like that, too), but I mean his writing such a letter when, like us, he was in school, when he was overwhelmed with work he knew he *had to do*, and when he discovered what, more than anything else, he wanted to do in life. Gee, I envy the guy who finds out that kind of a thing fairly early in his life. Wolfe died so young, you know, yet his short life counted for much. If we are asinine enough to bring another war upon ourselves, our tragedy, in addition to this warring, will be our never having really lived, never having really done what we wanted to do—tasted, felt, and seen the good in life—never having given even a small part of ourselves to the world.

Well, there are a lot of messes in the world that I can't do much about. A big hunk of it has gone to buy us a one-way ticket to hell, and you don't have to look twice to see that we're starting on schedule. Perhaps it's because I've gone a good part of the way already in my short life, that the kind of life most of us are living really seems a drab and adolescent way out. We are befuddled and frustrated. We are smart enough to see that our times are tottering on a precipice, and so frantic and desperate is our determination to have full lives that we are clutching only at the immediate and shallow. It is hard to know how and where to start, but at least for myself, I know. For me it's got to be moment-by-moment living—I mean instilling each moment with quality and depth so that if it's the last, I can look upon it and think that it is well done. At the same time I've got to fill each of these moments with the kind of stuff that will be of some good and that will last in case our world does break through this impasse.

I can do something right now about what I get out of this year that's before me. I want to promise you not to miss a trick. I'm not being facetious, I'm more serious than I have ever been. I don't know any more about what I want to do than I did that night after the shindig at Alice's when we talked until two. But I know I'm going to start living and, in the process, looking. I don't mean that because Wolfe had to write, I've got to write too, or do something equally world-shaking. I mean that I must have some ideas to live with which give point, meaning, and intelligence to whatever vocation I happen to select. There's lots of work to be done, and lots of it is good. Lots more of it is to be made good by the motives, ideas, and plans which put and keep a person there. I heard a talk yesterday about mental health—you know the sort of thing it is—all pretty true and worth while, but it seemed to me that that kind of talk is getting the cart before the horse. What I mean is, if out of this year I've got to get big purposes in life, I've got to be so busy living in terms of them that I'll not have time daily to investigate my "normal social relations," my "confidence," my "normal sense of dependence," my "facing reality," my "living one day at a time." This year I'm going to read the books, talk to people, faculty members, too, get in on the guest lecturers and chapel speakers and try to find some immense purposes in life—ones which will make my years in school and afterwards consequential.

I may fail and fail over and over again, but this year one thing I'm going to try again and again and again is to make my purposes and beliefs (you know I do have some, and that I'm not skeptical about the things which really matter) jibe with my actions. If I don't believe in a thing, I'm not going to pretend that I do, and I won't support it directly or indirectly (that is, I modestly add, the parts of it which are within my control). And what I do believe, I will support all of the way. Because I'm still not yet so old and wise, I'll not be astonished or surprised if I discover I'm out on the wrong limb. All right then, I'll crawl back, admit my mistake, and, I hope, choose the one I should have taken in the first place. What I'm trying to tell you is that this year I expect my actions to stand for me. If my beliefs are different from those of the run-of-the-mill kids here, inevitably my actions—activities, time schedules, working hours, conversations, etc.—will be too. Oh, I suppose I'll be "unpopular" with some, but that kind of loss has ceased to hold any weight with me.

You've heard my pooh-poohing "belongers" in the past. Now I hang my head in shame. Somehow I'm coming to see myself in a clearer light. I don't mean I'm joining up with all the rest of the joiners—no, never that. But this year I will join up with the rest of the people around here who feel as I do, who are "hanging together" because there are jobs to be done, and in the time we've got to do them, they will take the combined efforts of a lot of us. I'm sorry that I've been such a superior prig in the past. This year I'm going to belong to the groups and work for the ideas that I've come to see are important.

I'm going to use what mind I have to make decisions and then stick with them. None of this wishy-washy "saved by the blood of the lamb" stuff for me. I don't know what that means. When I understand it, all right! But at the moment, I can see and sense when one thing is good, when another is bad, when this way brings peace and happiness, and this way brings war and tragedy. I mean I'm responsible for using what mind I have, which so far I must confess I haven't abused or overworked. I think it won't be too bad an idea to give my portion of brain power a workout. I'll get the right experience and the best training. I'll try to dig out the truth of situations, and from what little of history I know, and what I intend to learn, I'll try to uncover what puts us in harmony or disharmony with the workings of the universe.

Hold onto your bed—I've never done it in my life (forgive my pride on the subject in the past), but I may flunk, yes, flunk flat, a course or two this year. Already I know what some of the subjects and men are that I want to get thoroughly. But there's some other stuff that I just expect to taste. And this year, I'm going to use my time for what I believe will count. Also this year, I'm through being a 4:00 A.M. drudge. This college life isn't just getting ready for something. If I can't manage life under these circumstances with balance and skill, I'll do no better when I get out of school. This is life now, and I'm going to put in each day the way I think each day of life should be lived.

I now believe a part of this life is having a pile of fun. I think you know what I mean by that; you tried to tell me last year, and, dope that I was then, I failed to catch. I mean life is all we've got—it's a gift, not another assignment, and considering that God happens to be the donor of this gift, a little enjoyment as an expression of our appreciation might not go amiss. Therefore this year, I make it my business to have fun, to enjoy good times, planned and incidental, to the hilt, to make it my responsibility to see to it that I am happy, that I make happiness for the rest in the house, the folks at home, and others too, if I have the chance. "Happy is the man who walketh, etc." in case you'd like a bit of scriptural documentation.

This summer proved to me that a concern for the happiness and the welfare of people is a pretty decent outlook—not just concern for Mother and Dad, guess I've always had that, but concern for every person who is less fortunate than I am in any way, concern for people everywhere. I really mean that, wild as it may seem to you. In the future I expect to see and to propound the true and persuasive "other side" of a story—I expect to give all the money I can possibly get along without to help out the people who need it most. And I expect to get some knowledge this year which will help me to unravel more permanent means of ending people's miseries. This business of relationships—I'm going to try *understanding* this year—understanding of not just my friends, but of those without friends, of those who don't make a fraternity because they happen not to be white, of those who don't call themselves Christian, as well as those who come to study here from other countries.

Some of the faculty here are really knocking themselves out trying to give us good stuff. This year I intend to take it in. When there has been an incessant barrage of exciting ideas and clean thinking in the past, I have almost gotten "benumbed." That won't happen again. When my saturated condition is about to make me pop, I'll take a "Mondayical" leave of absence.

One more thing (stick with me because I want you to know, and now that I've worked up the courage, I don't want it wasted): I'm sorry for that superiority debauch I was on just before I left you. Of all the crazy binges I've been on, that was the bingiest. I am sorry, and I hope you'll forgive me. I had no business saying what I did about your school, about my scholarship, and you know the rest. The devil which I shall flout the hardest and longest this year is my chipper little one called ego. This year he gets batted down once and for all. Offices, honoraries, and fanfare, that same old high school twaddle, can all go hang. I expect to do and to be what is natural and right, and to be unmoved by the ways of this popularity-mad life.

When you cross-examine me at Christmastime, check me on this, above all. *What have I created?* After all, it seems to me that being a part of the creation process is the most amazing, exciting, and rewarding thing God has endowed us with. Pin me down as to whether I've thought, written, or said anything which is really mine—my own creation. Find out if I have originated any ideas about any aspects of life, if I have communicated them through a little essay, a letter, a poem, or a paper of some kind. See if they are mine. See also if I've done a little painting, music, acting, or some art *myself!* Dig out, if you can, any life resolutions which I have created for myself, and really take me over the coals by exposing how much imagination I have "grown" which will help me to get people to understand and like each other a bit more. Finally, check me on what kind of a creation my life is turning out to be. If it doesn't make sense, make me face it. If it is a creation revolving about position, money, reputation, believe me, I don't want it. What I do want is a life which makes keen insight, valid loyalties, godly ideals something which can be experienced, enjoyed, and used well by other people.

My love goes with these high resolves, and my pledge that they shall be real.

Yours,

K.



ON THE THRESHOLD

By permission ACA Gallery
MOSES SOYER

The Fine Art of Living

Some write, some paint, others live.

Those who live religiously cross the threshold to art—
living can have the power and beauty of writing,
the creativity and sincerity of painting.

A life is a composition which can be good or bad.

It can possess line, form, design. It can be a work of art.

The design of a life-composition is formed out of the beliefs of a person.*

The actual expression of these beliefs is an index to the truth inherent in a work of art.

The following tests culled from seven years of motive
and supplemented by additional statements from students
are principles of the fine art of living.

A work of art is the result of creative planning which is generally spoken of
as design. All good design is founded upon the basis of utility.

Utility in life is simply tailoring life to fit its purpose. It is bringing design into life so that a life does what it's put here to do. There are many different ideas concerning the purpose of life. Jesus seems to have thought its purpose was to love God and to serve mankind. Brother Lawrence felt that its purpose was to live in the presence of God. Johnny, of Philip Barry's *Holiday*, makes a case for selling peanuts on a street corner. Utility is the shaping of a life so that it functions to serve its intended purpose. It works for capacity output with a minimum of waste. Utilitarianism in life brings each moment of each day into serving the reason for mankind's existence. It is fidelity to that purpose; likewise, it is fidelity to the natural limitation of means, methods, materials, and time. Life which possesses utility is designed to function to accomplish a given end. That which is utilitarian performs a function, never employs facade, decoration, or ornamentation.

"The useful [utilitarian] life today is one which is dedicated to ways of life which will save us from a death-gripped world. It will expand our vision until we realize that we must derive all of our strivings from God. This is the only real, the only abundant life. All science and pedagogy are but tools in finding this undergirding reality. The surge of life to find the ultimate in expression and fulfillment is the greatest reality. This is the center: not soldiers crucified on crosses of war profits; not revolutionaries crucified on ideological crosses; not workers crucified on crosses of body-breaking toil; not the greedy crucified on the crosses of their own pleasures; not even Christ crucified on his cross—but Christ and all men who have risen and who will rise again to a life beyond their crosses. This is a faith to live by."¹

"Our function is to make our cause concrete. Christianity—or the Kingdom of God, as Christians call this big cause—too often sounds vague and cloudy. To bring it down to earth, to make it a workable pattern, to give it daily utility, we can say this: It is always right to do good. It is never wrong to show

mercy, to make friends, to help the weak. This simple rule might take us farther than we think. Building on this single and simple rule will make for an inner security and a freedom from waste that nothing can shake."²

The utilitarian person is the one who believes in working for what he gets, and who has a sense of the necessity of work as a fundamental value in life. He is a worker. He believes that men are here on earth to work—not to do the same work but to discover their own work. Therefore the person whose work will count is the person who throughout his college career keeps his vocation in the forefront of his thinking—he is one who is constantly accumulating experience and observation which will give value, craftsmanship, and beauty to his work. The utilitarian person is also the one who has the sense to face himself for what he really is—his limitations, weaknesses, and all. The willingness to be confronted by one's own limitations is an indication of mental health and psychological maturation.

"To share my plenty with my own people and with students all over the world; to suffer for the things in which I believe; to help write history, not of class and confusion, of war and bloodshed, but of hope and vision—one to which all mankind may justly point with pride in our own lives and in all generations to come, that of it they may say, 'They dared to die, but more than that, they dared to live that mankind might be one.'"³

"You begin to find your true mission in the world when you can specify some cause that you are qualified to serve. The average man defines his success by saying, 'This, and this, and this all belong to me.' For satisfying success you must turn that around, and say, 'I belong to that.' When you can describe some cause greater than you are, to which you can give your talents, you have found 'to what end you were born.' The greater the cause is, the more likely that it will demand some upheavals in human affairs, and more likely the world will not rise up to greet you when you come with that mission."⁴

*See October motive, page 12, for the credo, "I Believe."

A work of art possesses unity. Unity is the product of singleness of purpose, the acme of integration. It is the surrendering of distraction, the fitting of parts together, the elimination of inside warrings. It is the unification of cause and effect, of following through. It is being "bound together" in order that energy and intelligence may blend harmoniously.

If unity is present in a life, that life is under the control of decisions which have been made at rational moments; it is never the product of undisciplined desires or drives. The ever-presence of a concern for ultimate consequences flouts the desire for immediate satisfactions. Unity in a life makes eternity a dimension of life.

For many students the campus is the beginning, the threshold of new experiences out of which lives are shaped that have meaning and purpose. For the student who is searching for and seeking a more meaningful existence—real religious living—classes are not dreary slices of boring existence. A course of study will be chosen with more in mind than material gain. Vocational choice will be more dependent upon ideas and ideals, upon a need for belonging to something, an obligation to do what one is best qualified to do rather than to work alone for wealth.

"We live in a single world—yours and ours—under the God of all. And we would build our common earth a world of justice fired with intelligent good will. To this end, we appeal to you

A work of art possesses emphasis. Emphasis brings immediate concentration upon the first or first's. It works to eliminate dissipation of attention. The power of its appeal lies in its ability to rally an accumulation of sense impressions. When emphasis is present, focus is not left to chance. There is no confusion as to the order of the appeals of a work of art. Its impact is never impaired by nebulousness.

Emphasis in a life brings values into focus. It reveals those which help and those which destroy a life. It brings pointedness and sharpness to primary commitments. It brings consistency of standards, persistence of seeing with singleness of eye the most urgent of needs and indomitable labor to meet those needs year after year after year.

Emphasis in life is the psychologically correct placement of time and energy like that shown by the group of six students who walked 170 miles from Lancaster, Pennsylvania, to New York City in order to publicize the need for sending food to starving European countries. The group had come to feel that in the present period of cruel deeds nothing else was more important than to spend their holidays showing to the world

A work of art possesses balance. Balance is the maintenance of stability through equalization of contending forces.

All through life one force says go and another says stay. The balanced life is the one which listens to many voices and chooses wisely. Balance in a life, while it may superficially seem to be drab, in reality makes the life of the greatest interest. A balanced life includes an awareness of all of life. It is the antithesis of a life that is surrounded by closed doors. It is characterized by a willingness to look into and enter new experiences. At the same time it is shot through with common sense and indefatigably sensitive judgment between values and forces. The allotment of time, the years of education and the years of work, the hours of activity and those of rest, temperance and moderation are the fabric of a balanced life.

to share this supreme task for our common humankind, the realization of a united goal. Let us begin where we are, bridge chasms as individuals, united on ideals and understanding one another's culture. We need each other. We pledge to you our sincere and purged best in this cooperative endeavor. Employing our past, not for blame or hate, but only as a guide to greater achievement of unity, let us with penitence for shared wrongs, with high confidence in each other and all men, and with creative good will, unite now to build our new world."⁵

The life of a college student is frequently a life pulled from many different directions. It is the wildest distortion of unity. Freshmen have the reputation for being distraught, but if a bit of the polish is rubbed off the upperclassmen one may discover even more distractions. Singleness of purpose, integration, unity in a life are the products of decisions about an individual's response—to which pull will a person respond first, second, third? The singleness of response or the systematic ordering to response to pulls makes for an inner unity. This inner unity can be a magnet drawing an outward expression of parallel unity.

that there are those who still have faith in the way of kindness.

Emphasis in life on the campus is concentration on the right sort of life, in the right studies, and the right activities. Emphasis is knowing the placement and the timing of concerted attention. The life on the campus which is a good life will be the one in which the most vital things for an individual are given the most consideration. It is knowing when it's time to speak out, when it's time to remain silent. It is knowing what causes may be won this month, this year; it is knowing when the times are out of joint for a certain activity, interest, or cause. It is the infallible use of the strength and weight of one's personality at the psychologically correct moment of action.

"If a student sees the wonder in life, if he is thrilled with the very fact of life, believes it is a part of a great cosmos and is aware of his role in this part; if he appreciates personality and enjoys living to enjoy personalities; if he believes that all energy should be spent in creative, building processes and that sex energy is as precious as any other, and often much more powerful; if he looks at life as a whole and knows that he has to live with himself and with others for a great deal longer than the thrilling evening he spent behind the stadium with his "date"; if he believes that he will sow what he reaps in respect, love, and understanding of other people; if he is fundamentally religious—yes, that is exactly the word—he will know that

all relationships are important, that they are the evidences of adult life, that growing up is a process of understanding oneself and one's fellows; if he believes that deterioration can set into personality when one becomes a slave to habit, no matter

what the habit may be; if he sees, believes and understands these things, then sex, like all other parts of life, and all relationships, can become the most delightful, the happiest, and the most truly representative adult experience that man enjoys." ⁶

A work of art possesses proportion. Proportion involves quantitative relationships. It is the viewing stand of perspective. It shows all things to be relative and therefore proportional. The starting point of proportion is that which is most closely associated with the dominant thought, plan, or purpose.

Proportion in a life reveals how one life fits into the scheme of the universe. It is common sense and good judgment in seeing how a person can best serve a cause or need, what work in the long run will be of most consequence, what factors in life will make for genuine happiness and well-being. A sense of proportion is evident in the plane of conversation—its scope, quality, balance of great talk and small talk, its latching on to motivations and concerns which keep it free from pettiness.

The world is the frame of reference for proportional living. There is a binding relationship between the individual and the world even though the quantitative difference may be vast. The health of the world is dependent upon the health of the seemingly most unimportant individual. And the health of that individual determines, to some extent, the health of the world.

The person with a sense of proportion makes a concerted effort to enjoy a variety of people and activities in life. He has the capacity to derive pleasure, good times, and fun from the most incidental happenings as well as events which are anticipated and planned.

Proportion inevitably produces a sense of humor because it enables one to have perspective in seeing and understanding the foibles of mankind—its fads and raves.

"Too many earnest talks about personal problems take place at the centers of religion on a campus, with small result except to make the problems seem even bigger for the very talking about them. A sense of humor makes a person see his troubles in the light of the world's troubles. It saves us from martyrdom, from jangled nerves, from the ungracious pleasure of confession. As to dignity, base it on reason, not on custom, and don't lean over into being a stuffed shirt of a church, but

literally, for God's sake, cut out the bingo games, culture clubs, hay rides, discussion groups, sewing circles, and radio dances. There is a wisdom in religion. Why cover it over so garishly with the cheap veneer of a social club? A minister, priest, or a rabbi, who has seen a lot of life but hasn't been soured by it, a place where it is quiet and as beautiful as possible, perhaps an organ if a church can afford one—if not, the hushed sounds of birds outside will do, and birds don't cost anything—that is where college kids can sit or kneel and think a little, and maybe discover that they have souls. Religion should gain a sense of perspective and stop trying to be the life of the party. Nobody to my knowledge ever went to a man who did card tricks to find the moment of peace which makes people able to go back outside and dig instead of stewing in their own juice. To me a church is a place where you go to find again your own self-respect. You don't need any help from Tommy Dorsey or the Book-of-the-Month Club." ⁷

"If the nations of the earth gain a sense of proportion and pour their resources into the conquest of the universe, they would not have time or energy left to worry about conquering their earth-bound neighbors. The rewards would be great. The have-not nations might find their natural resources infinitely increased by the exploitation of new planets and new satellites. Life itself would take on a new vigor, a new meaning. There would be new frontiers. Why should we scabble for a few miles of disputed earth when there is a universe to conquer? Call the star-struck dreamers fools, idealists, and madmen. Call yourselves realists and practical men of the world, but your world is small and battle-weary; your horizons close you in like prison walls. There may be peace again when man can dream a new dream and reach up to touch a star." ⁸

A work of art possesses harmony. Harmony is the agreeable and pleasant blend of elements. It is the outward expression of the order and laws which underlie our universe.

A life of harmony is one which makes peace out of disorder, which brings tranquillity out of chaos, congeniality out of clashes, and lucidity out of confusion.

The person who is sensitive to harmony is driven to establish outward expression compatible to the law and order inherent in our universe. He is compelled to bring unity to man's action and cosmic determinism. He is compelled to bring his own individual actions into harmony with the actions which are most harmonious for all mankind. In this way, his own life is a laboratory, constantly bringing to reality the harmonious ways of living which he has derived from his study and observation.

The person aware of harmony becomes a reconciler and a

peacemaker in whatever environment he happens to find himself—home, club, fraternity, or church. He has a concern for the serenity of the atmosphere of his environment and for the agreeable and pleasant way of solving problems.

The person who desires harmony, to make it, to be surrounded by it, works for the greatest good for all men—not merely for the greatest number of men. This greatest good for all men is an ever-present dimension in his thinking and living.

Because understanding is necessary to the construction of harmony, the life lived with harmony is the one which includes friendships and acquaintanceships with people of all minority groups.

A work of art possesses rhythm. Rhythm is a periodicity or a pulsation, or the more or less regular recurrence of emphasis. It is the alternation of the strong and weak, the high and low, the positive and negative.

Rhythm in a life is the secret to the efficiency in the management of time and the economy in the distribution of energy. It is being in tune rather than out of tune. It is being on the beat rather than off the beat.

If the rhythm of the well-adjusted person seems to be different from that of the mob, it is probably because he hears a different drumbeat or a different music from the rest. He may hear the music of the spheres and may keep step with it. If he does, he is likely to be one of the great figures of the world.

A work of art possesses grace. Grace is economy of force. It is not a soft and superfluous curve. It is not weakness or passivity. It may be forceful, swift, and impetuous. It is devoid of waste and futility. The presence of grace indicates that there is no easier or pleasanter way of accomplishing desires, plans, or purposes. Grace is ease, restraint, moderation. Grace is evident poise and persistent refinement.

The person with grace in his being meets situations and people with dexterity. He is not ruffled, confused, or gauche. He has the facility for bringing smoothness to disturbances and pleasantness to relationships. The person possessing grace has a sure sense of timing. Timing is the mainspring to grace.

Grace is leaven brought to lethargy, salt brought to flatness, light brought to obscurity. It is the outward expression of one's inner evolution. The person who wishes grace to characterize his living wishes to achieve the maximum stage of his evolution. The life which possesses grace is the life which has eradicated all force, violence, cruelty, bestiality, and needless aggressiveness.

Grace is the extravagant and unmerited giving of self for people and concerns. It is giving happiness to people. It is the extinction of all jealousy. It is living in the terms of other people rather than self. Grace seeks to discover worth in every individual, to understand motives, and to value all life.

A work of art possesses truth. Though it may be an abstraction, truth conforms to fact and reality. Truth is genuineness, fidelity, constancy. It is conformity to rule, exactness, correctness.

A life which is a work of art expresses, reveals, and *is* truth. Falsehood, shame, deception, hypocrisy have no place in it. Whatever is filled with artistry cannot compromise or deviate from the truth of life and the world for a moment today, tomorrow, or the day after.

A person who is concerned about having his life exemplify truth is concerned about the facts which undergird all of his communications. He is wary of making half-truths sound like whole truths, of making generalizations when specifics do not support them.

The person who is concerned about securing truth to live by

Too many of us hear little drums and inconsequential music and order our lives to that confined and small rhythm. We can walk in time with the nearest band, in celebrative mood, but we can't take the band with us into pioneering adventure. The great souls hear music inside themselves; it never leaves them, and as a consequence they discover it is the universal music of mankind, and they find themselves in tune with their brothers everywhere, as well as with the infinite. Listen to the inward music; discover its rhythm, and life will be a work of art.

"Grace, to me, is the value of learning to be humble, tolerant, and democratic—to work hard, to appreciate leisure when it comes, to cherish human values, and yet to be critical and militant for the right, the good, the true, and the beautiful. It is learning to laugh, carry a light heart, and have no bitterness for any man."⁹

"Nothing secular is enough to civilize men. There must always be an agency that makes us look beyond the days of our years and the place of our work; that keeps men mindful that they are born and that they die. Without the counsel of compassion influencing us we harden into the brutality of egotism and inveterate intolerance. To be civilized is to be civic, to treat each other kindly. That does not come of itself. If everything human is learned, being human is one of our chief lessons and always there will be need for those who teach it."¹⁰

does not delude himself into thinking he has or can get an exclusive hold on truth—he realizes that many groups other than those of the traditional church are concerned about securing truth and also that they get a part of it.

A truthful person is a person who can easily suspend judgment until he has had the opportunity to consider the totality of a situation. He possesses the patience which enables him to investigate a situation and to allow a sufficient span of time to elapse before he arrives at a decision.

"The man or woman who wishes to live truthfully will not

succumb to defeatism. He will see no justification for such cowardice. For it is moral cowardice that makes a man use a 'so what' for justifying actions instead of relying on logical reasoning. The former is the easy way out. But there can be no easy way out in times that demand courageous actions and valid thinking. . . . The world of tomorrow will demand men of education, men of courage, men of broad perspective.

"Social and political upheavals will provide the clay from which a great and beautiful civilization can be modeled. . . . That we shall not be able to do unless we are masters in the new arts of humanitarianism. We shall need clean hands. We shall need clear heads."¹¹

A work of art possesses power. Power is the possession of controlling influence. It may be invested with authority. Power is exerted energy or force.

Power or the lack of it is obvious in a student's life. It is a force that springs from something deep within a person. It is the sort of drive that takes him through late hours of study and difficult examinations and papers. It presses him on through hardship.

Power is a tempering element in a student's life. At the same time it hardens him to accept what cannot be changed. This kind of a power grows from inside out. It is never ruthless—instead it builds character. It stimulates a student to be continually striving for the thing he believes in.

Power in a life enables a person to drive on, to see a job through in spite of discouragement. Power is a kind of release in

"We want to get our teeth into something vibrant and alive, something permanent, something which ties to the present the *truths* of the glorious past. We want discipline in the job of living. We want constant training in the constant things of life, the physical, mental, and spiritual things which have been the foundations of humanity since the civilizations of ancient China. And we want it in every course in every department in every college. We want it every day. We want it as the backbone of higher education, the thing to which all else is tied and of which all else is a part. We want it as the one thing upon which can be based our appreciation of American existence—that jewel of our American heritage which is to be always nurtured and protected. We need it—and we want it—now."¹²

a life in order that it may move to its fulfillment. It is a quality which makes others rally to a person or a cause. Power stems from invincible foundations in life. It is certainty and confidence. It is strength to transport concerns and ideals—at times food!—from one group to another. Power is rigorous movement. It is the opposite of stagnation and lethargy. It is the capacity to move and to change.

Power is the actual possession of religion. It is God *manifested* in life. It has nothing to do with definitions—a definition of electricity cannot light a man's house. Electricity itself lights. Power is spiritual gravity. It draws the soul of a person away from everything else to its true center.

Art possesses creativity. Creativity is bringing into being or causing to exist. It is investing with new form, office, or character. It is at the opposite pole from destruction. Creativity generates new feelings, ideas, purposes. Creativity brings that which is new into being. It is the antithesis of imitation. It is the expression of an independent and original construction. It is the translation of imagination into a process which is productive. It is the harnessing of imagination in order that it may serve a function—that function being the supplementing of the eternal creating processes going on in the universe.

Creativity in life is the determination to think freely and to explore the most hidden mysteries of life, thought, and faith. It is the faculty of being able to see and know life as a potential *field day*, brimming with exciting opportunities.

Creativity is bringing an awakened imagination to all facets of living. It is deftness and satisfaction in solving problems; it

is good taste and judgment in planning a room or a costume; it makes attractive articles with the hands.

The creative student is one who chooses to do his own thinking rather than have a memorized notebook education. He is one who is ever ready to apply theories. He is one who is constantly re-evaluating and testing.

A work of art possesses sincerity. Sincerity is being in reality what an object appears and professes to be. It is whatever is unfeigned, unaffected, frank, and upright.

Sincerity in life is being what a person *is*—not trying to be what some other person is. It is being what a person is in all different environments. It is not being yourself with your roommate and another self in the newspaper office or theater workshop. It is being true to what one believes regardless of pressure.

Sincerity is picking friends for the sake of friendship, not for the prestige value of getting in a popular circle or an exclusive coterie. Sincerity is being a "human being" to a professor rather

than a self-conscious student, eager to curry his favor, eager to flatter and to fawn upon. Sincerity in one's relationships to friends, family, and faculty members is the real self rather than the convenient and expedient self taking the lead.

1. Student statement from Student Christian Movement meeting at Lake Geneva, Wisconsin. 2. Robert Hamill, 3. Editorial, *The Nebraskan*, 4. Robert Hamill, 5. Commission No. 6, Second National Methodist Student Conference, 6. Editorial, motive, 7. Student, *Willamette University*, 8. Editorial, *The Daily Kansan*, 9. Student, *University of Texas*, 10. Ernest Moore, U.C.L.A., 11. Student, *Boston University*, 12. Loren Hickerson, *University of Iowa*.



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SCRIMAGE

J. M. HANSON

If Only---

Recently a group of men and women got together at Denison University, Granville, Ohio, for the tenth reunion of their college class. The conversation quickly turned to their campus days, and one by one they spoke about what they *wished they had done* instead of what they did. The theme song of this reunion was "If Only I Had It to Do Over." Here is a pooling of individuals' statements about what "I wish I'd done":

To have insisted on some leisure time each week for the reading I wanted to do rather than reading only what others prescribed.

To have made room for a variety of college activities even at the sacrifice of great proficiency in any one.

To have spent more time with those students who because of family background or racial heritage were "different" rather than to have sought out only those who echoed my own thinking.

To have believed the faculty when they said they were offering us friendship and to have gone halfway to meet them.

To have sought out and encouraged more hearty discussions on important issues, particularly those on which I was not informed.

To have planned my day to allow a few minutes each day which I was free to waste without a bad conscience; the sense of being driven was disheartening.

To have seen that I gathered some appreciation of art and music and the theater so that I could know a little of how to enjoy a picture, a symphony, a play, or a movie.

To have arranged my summer vacation to bring me a variety of new experiences of travel or work in a factory or one of the community service projects sponsored by national church groups.

To have found time to care for my spiritual development at least as fully as I cared for my physical development.

To have written home weekly letters which would have shared the years with my folks and in later years, when bound, would have revived for me many memories which now are forgotten.

To have learned to judge persons by their individuality, not their clothes or money or family fame; this was a lesson which I learned after college.



Hauled Over the Coals

Some may think this is a blackened picture.

Others may know it to be true. Here are some "observations" about college life which are plain, candid, and puncturing.

HUNTLEY DUPRE

EVEN THOUGH I HAVE taught in five universities and one college, my recent traveling over campuses of this nation has been the most vivid and liberal education I have ever received. In 1945-46 I visited exactly one hundred colleges, and I had conferences with students from 104 other colleges. My first observation is that the pattern of American college life is tremendously variegated and multi-form. No two colleges are alike. Each has its own mark and personality, its own flavor and color, its particular ends and objectives, and its own human products.

My ensuing observations will be blunt and candid. These times call for plain speaking. I might add that I am a perfectionist with reference to students and colleges. Such high standards and hopes might once have been charged off to the luxury of wishful thinking. Now they have become an urgent necessity.

The observations that follow relate particularly to the moderate-sized and large-sized colleges and universities, particularly to the secular institutions, and to a much lesser degree the smaller colleges and the church-related colleges.

To these last-named I want to pay tribute. Out of all proportion to their student bodies, the renown of their presidents and faculties, the magnitude of their endowments, and the nature of their physical plants, they are earnestly trying to educate men and women to be responsible moral agents in a pagan, materialistic, jungle world. I must also pay high tribute to the great enterprises in living, in dignity, in original, creative education, and in social engineering in the Negro colleges in the South.

In the light of my travels and my observations let me address you, as if face to face, and as if you were one composite whole of students. You will know, as individuals, whether and where you and your school conform or deviate from the norms I am positing.

You, college students in the United States, are, generally speaking, healthy and wholesome young people. You are friendly, likeable, lovable, carefree, and lighthearted. You are, however, human islands of pleasure and fantasy in a world of agony, confusion, despair, change,

and revolution. Too many of you are ignorant, confused, insecure, and immature. Most of you lack the knowledge and the imagination sufficient for purposeful membership in the world's needy family. Many of you are pleasure-mad. You are escapists who are not only ignorant of and unconcerned with the facts, but you fear to know the facts. Facts would intensify your vaguely felt confusion and insecurity. Most of you have no solid ideological and moral foundations adequate for a crisis like ours and most of you are unwilling to pay the hard price of mind and heart for such foundations. Most of you have been badly spoiled and coddled by loving but unwise and unrealistic parents, badly spoiled by things coming too easily, and spoiled too often by an earlier education in which the self-imposed but stimulated intellectual disciplines were too lax and too easy.

Like most other Americans, you are sentimental idealists, but you wear your ideals casually and easily on your sleeves. You are warm and responsive transiently to human need when informed and aroused, but these humane impulses do not often become steady habits and convictions. You do not commit yourselves readily to great causes and serve them steadfastly. Many of you do, however, search persistently, and many others grope dumbly for promising formulas, solutions, or causes.

Most of you are conservative and timid—religiously, socially, and politically—mostly because you come from homes that are conservative theologically and religiously, socially and politically.

EVERYWHERE, however, there are saving minorities of students. Those of you who fall into these categories are the very salt of the earth. Some of you are intellectually emancipated, free, critical, and creative spirits. Some of you are sensitive people acting under a strong, even compelling, sense of moral responsibility, usually motivated by deep religious convictions.

Even you, however, often lack the power to make your concern and convictions contagious, persuasive, and compelling. This is due to several reasons,

including your numerical insignificance, the personality shortcomings of some of you, the inertia, indifference, and even hostility of the mass of students, and your own usual dependence exclusively upon the religious inspiration for the principles and causes you serve. Your impulses, feelings, and convictions are sound, but your case is too often weak and insufficient because it is not buttressed by secure knowledge. You depend too exclusively upon faith and too little upon knowledge, reason, and experience.

Actually, those of you who set the tone and determine the mores in most of the secular institutions are the ones who serve the end of pleasure with the least effort. The prevailing long-range ends of these students seem to be the greatest material success, the most comfortable life, the largest circle of acquaintances, and the most active life in the community, short of truly concerned social responsibility. These ends are not unexpected and unnatural, for they conform to and reflect the patterns prevailing in our society.

Even in the smaller, church-related colleges in this confused and disillusioned postwar period, materialistic purposes are too prevalent and too dominant. Certain occupations and professions are naturally more endowed with opportunities for social usefulness, for creative, pioneering social engineering, for public service, and for prophetic leadership than others. Yet the major lures to most of you are in business, industry, technology, and science; for in them lie material success, prestige, and recognition. The material rewards in the others are not so attractive. You, too, labor under the specter of fear and economic insecurity as the heirs of the great depression.

One can sympathize with veterans impatient to get about a delayed livelihood and a postponed home, and one can understand their skepticism and disillusionment, but this doesn't alter the fact that the picture is bad. These general incentives, motives, and ends that impel most of you, despite contrary impulses, and the Christian ethics and responsibility you profess, make you a frightfully selfish community of students. Even the Chris-

tian colleges will fail in their mission if they do not consciously recruit a greater and growing number of students to prepare for positions of altruism and of positive moral leadership in our society. At least, the issues and the choice must be put squarely and inescapably before their students.

Extra-curricular activities are the order of the day, partly because curricular activities are not exciting and absorbing; partly because man is a social, organizing animal; partly because activity is a trait of American behavior; and partly because many of you cannot support your own company and your own silences. Some activities are serious and worth while and their devotees often serve them in great seriousness. Many of your activities, on the other hand, are insignificant and meaningless. Many of you serve even these useless activities with a zeal and earnestness all out of proportion to any positive values involved. This fact constitutes a vast wastage of human resources and energies.

Too often the activity life of your college operates in a physical environment of luxury and show, all out of keeping with the socio-economic origins and circumstances of your families, with the probable pattern of your adult lives (for very few of you are going to be rich), and with the common life of the nation. Furthermore, this luxuriousness is often-times associated with antisocial behavior and attitudes solidified out of narrow "fraternal" relationships.

The quality of your student leadership in the colleges, in my judgment, is poor. You are satisfied, both as leaders and as followers, with considerably less than the best in leadership performance. The standards of excellence in leadership are sloppy and low. Too many of your leaders are unreliable and irresponsible. You too easily tolerate considerable, even flagrant, incompetency. These shortcomings in leadership are partly due to multiple offices concentrated in a few persons. This acceptance and performance of faulty leadership is not only a bad habit, but it is almost immoral.

It is now possible to evaluate the influence of veteran students upon the colleges. Quite universally, the influence is constructive and good. Serious-minded and mature veterans compel more maturity, responsibility, and realism in teaching. Consciously and unconsciously, they also raise the general level of student performance and purposes by the example of their own aims and of their own standards of excellence. Some of you who are veterans are rebellious against the playfulness, the folderol of adolescent students, and against some of the general requirements of the colleges, such as chapel and courses in religion. This is healthy, for

whatever has a *raison d'etre* will survive your criticisms, and whatever has not had better die soon.

Generally speaking we have attributed to you veterans more knowledge and wisdom from your war experiences than you have acquired, or could possibly have acquired, against the background of your youth, inexperience, and general ignorance of realities, and your limited sector-view of the war. Nonetheless, you matured rapidly under the stress of war's efforts and tragedies. We shall miss you frightfully in a few years, and we shall hope that in our evolving educational scheme there will be some moral equivalent of war that will take your successors in pre- or mid-college career and give them some responsible and maturing experience among the common folk of the earth.

COLLEGE education at the receiving end for you students is generally taken as casually and as effortlessly as possible. For many of you it is purposeless in other than selfish and materialistic ends, and it lacks moral motivation. Too often it is unexciting, unstimulating, and sometimes even sterile. Reflection and the combat of ideas for most of you barely extend beyond the classroom, even when they are stimulated there. Too few of you feel that college is an intellectual adventure or that purposeful learning is the paramount concern of the college community.

For whatever of these observations are true, you are less responsible than many, many others, including the very society in which you live. Confining ourselves to the college community itself, teaching and the teachers too often fail to relate you to life's experiences and needs, both social and personal, in such a realistic, unmistakable fashion that you become able to sustain yourselves as free and critical minds and spirits with a deep sense of moral responsibility in a world where problems and uncertainties constantly bombard and beset the individual and the community.

Don't forget that the kind of education that you are getting produced your professors, aggravated by the fact that highly professional graduate schools, with their emphasis upon detailed and minute knowledge and scholarly research at the expense of provocative teaching, completed the job. There aren't enough great teachers to go around, but many of your less-than-great teachers ought to be more stimulating than they are, and more potentially good teachers should be recruited for this profession and mission where their talents can be utilized to the fullest and where they can be the happiest. Personally I believe that your learning will come to life in the fullest way when the Socrat-

ic method of teaching and learning prevails (whenever the subject matter permits).

As students, you are not aware of the minor autocracies that exist in many of our colleges and universities. These are not only detrimental to the finest functioning of the college community, but they deny the democratic way of life in the very society where one would expect it could flourish the best. The stultifying effects of this authoritarianism on teaching and learning are very great.

In your education, intellectual and aesthetic tastes are not naturally developed, and these are not likely to develop for most of you after college, excepting very superficially and without originality. Your reading habits in mature, critical literature in all fields are woefully undeveloped. In like manner, in this age of the radio, your listening habits are immature, indiscriminate, and uncritical. The huge classes of the overcrowded universities, the impersonality, or absence, of student-teacher relationships, and mass, assembly-line education in general (which we must accept as a necessity) can do little in these areas where the individual mind and perception are so important.

Let me turn to what you are to become, namely a college alumnus or alumna. My observation of great numbers of college alumni in these recent, fateful years leads me to conclude that college education in America has failed when evaluated in terms of the reading, intellectual, moral, and aesthetic habits of college alumni. The first three of these, at least, are among the conditions precedent to responsible citizenship in a democracy. Generally speaking, few alumni read and reflect upon the solid literature and ideas of the day. Like the non-college-trained public, they read and listen indiscriminately, and they form their judgments and determine their conduct as persons and as citizens on the flimsiest, most superficial data, opinions, and ideas, letting other persons do their thinking and deciding for them (this is the age of the columnists, condensations, etc.), and they usually color and inflame the whole with uncritical and undocumented prejudices and passions that certainly are not the marks of the mature, educated man. One must admit that many of them express themselves glibly and dogmatically, but from a poverty of data and ideas.

This intellectual and civic immaturity and irresponsibility of too many college alumni is, to me, the most damning indictment there is of college education, in and for, a free society.

For our revolutionary epoch we need new educational patterns, fearless and honest teachers, and students of intellectual and moral integrity, and with a consuming social passion.

Gargantuan Robot

It's the biggest mechanical toy you've ever seen.

*It's the most mechanical creature you've ever met. It's dead on the inside
because of its corrupting principles and faulty practices.*

BAKER BROWNELL

IN THIS COUNTRY we have a vast machinery of collegiate education, and today it is overloaded with grist for the grinding. Tomorrow its respective managers will be on the road again peering into likely corners of the country, counting the new crop. It grinds on from glut to scarcity and from scarcity to glut again, somewhat behind the so-called business cycle. With tomorrow's scarcity, the complicated implements of corporative competition for money, for students, for staff, and for a big name will be taken from the tool shed and used once more for all they are worth.

Higher education suffers from gigantism. The cause no doubt is glandular—a lack of balance among functions. It may be diagnosed rather fully and the disease shown perhaps to be inevitable and incurable. We may look with sympathy rather than contempt at the coarsening features, the lumbering gait, the ineffectiveness and failure of the functions. But the fact remains, the monstrous creature cannot do the work that we require, or should require of it. That is something that should not be forgotten.

The size, mass, poundage, the labyrinthine, many-storied buildings, the herded thousands of students and staff, make most of the evils of modern college life inevitable. They are necessary in the going process of the overgrown bulk. Though the small school can and often does have the same evils, it does not need to have them. In the big one they are required.

In the big school, the students are many and highly mobile. They stream through the classes, eddying for brief moments around the instructor and then on to the next. They come and go. They chatter and smile in a moment of casual friendliness. Then more come down the ramp to chatter and smile. They are known to the teachers only as fragments of human beings—that girl in the second row, that man in English B23—and the instructor in turn is only a half man to students.

When men and women, old and young, live in fragments, when their lives lack integration and the organic unity of functions, end and action, it is inevitable that they will lose their integrity of character as well. They must be watched.

External controls must be set up. The instruments of administration must reach deeper and deeper into the human personality. They must meddle more and more in life. Under such circumstances the educational process is necessarily mechanized. It cannot be otherwise. It is no longer a relationship between whole human beings. It is partitive, fragmental, abstract. Its content, the stuff of teaching, loses concreteness and contextual value. It becomes quantitative. It becomes the commonest currency, the lowest common denominator, the standardized material that fits into any slot. Such material, and only such material, requires the protection of policed examinations. Only such material can be traded around surreptitiously under the desk. Only such material can be translated into quantitative grades and credits. This debasement of educational values is inevitable in the mass school. Large-scale organization of this sort requires it.

In the big school, again, the necessities of administrative organization require extreme standardization of classes, of texts and of instructors, so that within any standard department of knowledge, they may be easily compared quantitatively and easily exchanged. This is a tendency that has not as yet reached the climax of its development in American colleges, but with the current emphasis on four-year, block patterns of required courses it will be developed rapidly. It is an aspect of the administrative efficiency of the large organization that runs counter to any truly educational efficiency. In such a conflict the administrative requirements in the large institution always win out. They must win out, even at the cost of good education, if the large institution is to survive. We must make our choice, and we dare not choose good education.

Bigness is the great defeat. Men and women, students and instructors, cannot know each other well. They can no longer live as whole persons in relation to other whole persons. They are functional fragments, pieces of people in special interest groups. This is to say that bigness in education fails because it removes the college from the true community. The community is left behind and with it the source of significant value. The college

loses moral and spiritual integrity. It becomes a society of detached individuals, as Paul would term them, lost souls straining for the fictions of significant life.

The modern college has become a mechanism, along with many others, for abstracting life from its community contexts. In so doing it vitiates its own human value and helps to destroy the communal base of all significant culture. This rootlessness, this loss of the true community, can be formulated in terms of what may be called *three corrupting principles of college life*. In them is made articulate, in a sense, the failure of the colleges. They are involved in the institutionalization and over-institutionalization of higher education. They are usually inherent in college theory and practice, and until we recognize more generally the fallacy of them, there will be little basic improvement.

ONE of these may be called the principle of delayed function. Colleges, general colleges, are usually founded on the principle of educating the student for a functional performance designed to supervene on his life after college days are over. Thus he "commences" when he finishes school. He begins to live in a functionally significant way, according to this theory, after he is educated for it. The progressive movement in the elementary schools, led by John Dewey and others, has never taken hold very strongly in the colleges. Higher education is still treated not as life but as a preparation for life, not as an end or value in itself as well as an instrument, but mainly as a training for a life not present now. The disastrous cleavage between ends and means, so characteristic of our culture, is evident here. The segregation of productive life from consuming life, here as in the outer world, vitiates the true values of both.

In consequence the college student, who usually is a full-grown young man or woman, is given a juvenile status. He is shielded from mature responsibilities and decisions. He lives traditionally on some other person's earnings and leans largely on some other person's authority. The pseudo-juvenilism of college, the postponement of function and mature re-

sponsibility can result only in educational decay.

It is conceivable, even possible, that the educated person might continue serious reading, nonprofessionally, after he leaves college. But not one in fifty college graduates, it may be assumed, ever again reads a book in the great intellectual tradition after he graduates. It is possible, even probable, that with good education, the graduate might continue to enrich his appreciative and cultural, along with his functional, life as he grows older. But the average college man or woman, as Sheldon and others have indicated, reaches his high point of cultural maturity before he is twenty-five, and deteriorates rapidly thereafter. The theory of postponed function evidently does not work.

There is no insuperable difficulty, however, in treating higher education as a continuing process concurrent with life. It can be significantly functional, productive, and mature. It should be at once an enrichment of life as it goes along and a directional activity towards greater fullness and function.

THE second corrupting principle of our colleges is closely related to the first. It may be called the principle of the social vacuum. The college is set up on the assumption that the student should be abstracted from his home and work community, placed in a special environment called the campus, and segregated so far as the process of education is concerned from normal relationships within his community. His community, both past and future, his occupational milieu, and his mature patterns of political and social behavior are largely ignored. In the irresponsible freedom and emptiness of a vacuum, he is taught the easy doctrines of a philosophy that have no continuing contact with the operationally real. He becomes cosmopolitan, for this is inherent in educational abstractionism, and he leaves his living, concrete community, if he has one, never to return.

This is a consequence of the substitution of campus-centered for community-centered education. The small communities of America are drained of their youth and wealth. Though the college, to be sure, is only one of the disintegrative influences on the little places of the land, it is important. Today the small communities of the Western world are in decay. The human community in its true sense is giving way to massive impersonal organizations, special interest groups, urban concentrations. Men and women live as functional fragments in highly partitive relations with each other. The whole human being, in relation to other whole human beings, which is the characteristic of the true community, recedes. This, the basis of all moral and social

responsibility and freedom, as we know it, tends to be disintegrated into specialized, anonymous fragments in a mass state. Already the massive collegiate organizations have acquired this character.

Who can say that the campus provides a significant or functional community life? It is, on the other hand, irresponsible, highly selective, usually snobbish. It is socially frivolous and inept because the basic functions of mature life are carefully excluded. Nor can it well be said that the campus substitutes for social maturity, the laborious pretense of the class room, the hypothetical situations dreamed up instead of living—when reality burns across the street—are more educative than would be the student's participation in the going world. On that assumption, the modern college operates.

But this substitutive tendency and the doctrine of the social vacuum, are not irrevocable. The Danes and other Scandinavians have built folk schools or community colleges that for a hundred years have shown us the socially regenerative values of community-centered higher education. The college should be within the student's own community. The Danes have done it. The English under Sir Richard Livingstone are trying to do it. It belongs, furthermore, to an earlier American tradition that is not beyond attainment in America today.

The college can be placed once more within the student's social and family context. It can effect the enrichment and beneficial stabilization of true community life, not its impoverishment. This is not easy, but can be done.

THE third corrupting principle of modern college life is its almost complete divorce in the student's experience from significant practice. This is closely interrelated with the principles of the postponed function and the social vacuum. The principle can be discussed in terms of decadence.

Decadence may be defined as a life emphasis on emotion segregated from its appropriate action. The quest for feeling, pure feeling as it were, without the overt, functional behavior appropriate to it, is a disintegrative tendency in human life that becomes decadent, even rotten, in its more extreme manifestations. The same specialization and the segregation of the appreciative and leisured aspects of community life from functional production is a disintegrative influence in community as in individual life. In the same way the segregation of thinking from action, pure thinking as it were, is in a manner of speaking decadent. It implies or eventually becomes functionless thought. It has neither the critical controls nor the directive initiative that a continual reference to behavior enforces.

This is largely the pattern of the college class room: functionless thought, segregated emotion without the direct relevance to the action that alone makes it significant. It is easy to talk about thought and action but to perform in an active situation is not so simple. It is an easy game, this guiding toy boats across a bath tub. But steering a ship is a different matter. Until the college moves off the campus and enters the significant behavior patterns of the individual in all his life and in the community, it will continue to be more an influence toward decadence than toward health. It makes play problems and stage situations; it forever rehearses life, with life denied admittance.

Behind these three principles of educational decay, namely, the postponed function, the social vacuum, and the divorce from practice, is the basic failure which these in their respective ways express. That failure is the inability of the college to identify itself with a true community. In consequence it promotes a mobile, rootless life, an urban indifference of mentality, a sterile, gay, and, as it were, irresponsible biology. It promotes a kind of human life that is what it is largely because it is a life without community, a half-life, an aggregation of specialized fragments of life, that has neither spiritual significance nor integrity.

In such a brief and highly compressed criticism of the modern college system, it should be pointed out that not all colleges fall into this pattern. Probably no college falls entirely within it. There are good things in American education as well as bad. There are proud, fine qualities in American education that are found in no other land. Our higher education as a whole is probably better than that of any other great nation. But that is not saying much.

Many colleges, some small colleges of the southern mountains in particular, are building their careers within the living structures of a true community. If they can find a true community, or create it, if they can avoid the dangers of frozen creeds, and the dogmatic repression of liberal thought and behavior, they have far more prospects of giving human service than have the education factories of the greater centers. Some of the large schools, on the other hand, are making shrewd and courageous efforts to correct the evils inherent in their system. They are at least partly successful. But the dominating tendency in colleges today is nevertheless the production-line method, the segregation of functions and values, and the denial of true community. These dominations make our higher education as a whole a massive failure.

(Adapted from an article in Mountain Life and Work, Winter, 1946)



PROLOGUE TO NEW INDIA



Jai Hind! Everywhere in India today people raise the cry, Jai Hind! With the coming of the interim government the floodgates of hope are opened. The long-cherished dream for a new nation is about to be realized. Yesterday India did not call her soul her own. Today she has stood on her feet and said, "We will live! We will be free!"

But hardly do we shout with joy our cries of Jai Hind before we come to know that this day of freedom is not life but death to many of our brothers. Freedom is freedom to terrorize, to plunder, to kill, and to destroy. Freedom is the right to impose the will of the strong upon the weak. Freedom is the release of religious fanaticism to crush those whose god is not our own.

In such an hour, we would hear again the words of Jesus: "You have heard that it was said, 'You shall love your neighbor and hate your enemy.' But I say to you, Love your enemies and pray for those who persecute you, so that you may be sons of your Father who is in heaven; for he makes his sun rise on the evil and on the good, and sends rain on the just and the unjust." And forgive! Forgive your enemies so that God your Father can forgive you your sins.

Here are the words of life. Here is the heart of a religious faith which calls upon its people to be fanatics—but fanatics exercising love and good will to those of other faiths. Fanatics commanded to lose their lives, if need be, for Christ's sake, in order to make the good life possible for all. Youth and the aged called to combat evil, to love the good, to establish peace in justice among all people. Jai Christ means also Jai Hind, for it is the call to live life for the good of all. It may be that only through pain and suffering we shall learn this way of life. It will require a faith which calls all men to be brothers—to live nobly for each other—to work together for a free and glorious nation. Jai Hind!

(This was a prologue to a play written by Indian college students.)

Dear Friends in the United States:

The day for which each and every soul of Mother India has been impatiently waiting has come with a glorious style and has brought unfaded joy and exaltation. The soil of Bharat has produced some glorious and glittering souls to fight for the freedom of India. The leaders have fought a nonviolent battle to get rid of the foreign yoke. A great number of our national leaders have been persecuted, stripped, and even kept in jails for an unlimited time, away from the current news and their loved ones. Some of them gave their shining and ideal lives for this common cause. Not a single drop of their blood has been spilt in vain, for today they have given us good leaders and cemented love for our country in each man's heart. Today, though, many of these leaders are now under ground, each atom of the earth is singing a beautiful ballad about their deeds of bravery. Their spirits are with us to celebrate this magnificent day.

The night of the 14th, was indeed *not a night*, but, because of the colorful illumination, as if converted by a magic wand, a day in fairyland. Throughout the night every soul, from small to big, did not have a wink of sleep. All people put their eager ears on the fiery speeches by our leaders on the radio.

After this, at midnight, the long and eagerly awaited independence of India was heralded by the heavy explosion of fire works, the reverberating music of bands, the whistlings of engines and factories, and the pealing of church bells. The whole town has worn a festive appearance, the like of which has never been witnessed before.

This morning rows of national flags proclaimed our independence. Our college is tastefully decorated. All the students put on national dresses—dhoti, kurta, and Gandhi cap. They also put small, national flags on their pockets; and students wearing their caps came out of the campus grounds with a peculiar kind of smile on their faces, and at the same time, one of the lady professors took a snap of student groups taking morning tea cup in their hands. At the request of the president, we students moved toward the college chapel this morning. The principal, Dr. Marvin Harper, appeared wearing beautiful national dress; he had joy on his face and a smile on his lips.

In the meanwhile, the chapel bell commanded us to enter into the chapel. The students, one by one, calmly and quietly took their seats. The chapel itself has shown the greatness of the day. All the four walls welcomed us to offer thanks to God for this great day. The service of intercession and thanksgiving was conducted by Mr. S. K. Samuel, president of the student council.

The students, with joy on their faces and with a new life in their hearts, came out and formed a line, the girl students were in front; they took the national flag in their hands and began to sing the national anthem, *Jan jan man*, written by our beloved national poet, Rabindranath Tagore.

The president stepped out and performed the ceremony of hoisting the flag. The students sang the national song in the honor of the flag—"Jhanda Uncha rahe hamara." A short speech was given by Dr. V. P. Thomas on the significance of the flag.

The president led us to a hall for a short meeting. A Congress leader gave a brief history and put before us the clear and shining events. He gave a short history of the freedom movement of India and paid homage to all those who brought independence. Short speeches were also delivered by Dr. M. Pitt and Mr. P. D. Padale on the significance of the day. In the afternoon the planting ceremony was solemnized under the guidance of Mr. C. S. Thoburn. The Ashokas trees were planted to mark the happy occasion.

In continuation of this program we entered the craft room to take our shares of sweets and saltish things with a hot cup of tea. After this a short variety program was presented by the students as a symbol of our joy and thanks.

Independence brings along with it new obligations and responsibilities. We must know that freedom can only be genuine and effective if there is a proper appreciation of responsibilities. Liberty can't be enjoyed if there is no recognition of limitations and self-restraints. Independence is not an end itself but just a means for the realization of a better life, where the good of society is integrated with the freedom of the individual. The task of a generation can't be achieved by few ministers. The people must back them by working hard to achieve progress, prosperity, and complete peace of heart here on earth. Now let us have a new birth of freedom, that "government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

H. W. Harrison

Leonard Theological College

AND THEN GANDHI CAME

FREDERICK J. LIBBY

He was like a powerful current of fresh air that made us stretch ourselves and take deep breaths, like a beam of light that pierced the darkness and removed the scales from our eyes, like a whirlwind that upset many things but most of all the workings of people's minds. He did not descend from the top; he seemed to emerge from the millions of India, speaking their language and incessantly drawing attention to them and their appalling condition. Get off the backs of these peasants and workers, he told us, all you who live by their exploitation; get rid of the system that produces this poverty and misery. Political freedom took shape then and acquired a new content. Much that he said we only partially accepted or sometimes did not accept at all. But all this was secondary. The essence of his teaching was fearlessness and truth, and action allied to these, always keeping the welfare of the masses in view. . . . It was against all-pervading fear that Gandhi's quiet and determined voice was raised: Be not afraid.

—Jawaharlal Nehru

GANDHI'S VICTORY over the British Empire without war is the most significant event of our time. It should be a milestone in human history. The more deeply you reflect upon it, the more astounding and epoch-making it will seem. It is a lesson for our militarists and all militarists to ponder.

Recent photographs showing Gandhi chatting with the magnificent Lord Mountbatten symbolize the nature of the conflict which has been waged. On one side were India's illiterate, half-starved, and unarmed millions led by the toothless and half-naked Gandhi, and on the other side were the wealth, pomp, and military power of a proud empire.

It was nearly forty years ago that this Oxford-trained high-caste Hindu turned his back on the legal profession and set

out alone, without organization, and without military backing, or the hope of any, since his people were forbidden to possess arms, to free India from the British yoke. Soul force was his only weapon. "Nonviolent non-cooperation" was to be the method.

His first challenge to British power looked ridiculously remote from the goal he had set for himself. The making and sale of salt was a British monopoly. Gandhi announced that he was going to walk down to the sea and begin evaporating salt water to make salt in defiance of this prohibition.

His only mode of communicating with India's 700,000 villages was by word of mouth. No newspapers were at his command. As will be remembered, he was joined in his pathetic pilgrimage by sev-

eral score of unimportant people along the way when they learned of his purpose. A queer, straggling little procession formed. In due time he was arrested and imprisoned by the authorities whom he had defied. They hoped that they had silenced him. They had only begun to make him the national hero.

The years passed. Defiance followed defiance. To show his fellow countrymen how to become independent of the cotton mills of Lancaster, England, for their loincloths—their only garment most of the year—Gandhi began spinning in his morning hours. Again, it seemed a poor and futile little gesture, but it was the only way open to him to teach international economics to an illiterate people.

To teach the power of nonviolence, he punished himself. When his followers

rioted, he entered upon long periods of fasting, which filled distant villages, and even distant England with fear lest Gandhi die. He taught by example that the self-punishment of a pure spirit wields a mightier influence upon the consciences of a sensitive people than any other act of man.

In the course of time, he shaped the Congress Party as an instrument to help achieve his purpose. In its organization, he gave special recognition to the Moslem minority in the hope that this would keep India united. The 90,000,000 Mohammedans, who had lived mostly in the northeastern and northwestern provinces of India from the time of the Mohammedan invasion, feared that religious persecution from the 260,000,000 Hindus might follow the withdrawal of British control.

This attempt to hold India together has failed, at least temporarily. Jinnah, with dedication to Moslem independence comparable to Gandhi's own dedication to India, has won an independent status for Pakistan, as the strangely constituted Moslem India, with 1,000 miles separating its two main provinces, is called.

Again nonviolence prevented any attempt to force union on the dissident faction. Abraham Lincoln took the North to war to prevent such a division of our nation. Gandhi, though keenly aware of the danger of persistent strife between the parts, will wait until common needs bring cooperation and spiritual unity to the Indian people. For the present, he has chosen a Moslem slum for his own abode.

God's chosen instruments are never left to achieve his purpose singlehanded. "Events" come to their aid and God is able "to make the wrath of men to praise him." The war came to Gandhi's aid. It weakened the British Empire until it could no longer hold an uneasy India. The rise of Russia helped Gandhi, because Russia was close to India, and India's discontent with British imperialism had prepared an obvious field for communist penetration. The coming to power of the British Labor Party hastened Gandhi's success, although no Tory government could have held India much longer.

History records countless bloody revolutions, from earliest times down to current rebellions in Indonesia and Paraguay. But there has never been a revolution so momentous, and against such heavy odds, that was won without bloodshed by "soul force" which means the power of the spirit.

When will men learn, and teach their children, that, among the forces available to man, military or brute force is the weakest? Far mightier is "soul force," and mightiest of all is a pure and humble God-filled personality.

JAI HIND

Editor's note: In the epoch-making days of the first meeting of the Constituent Assembly in India this past year, Jawaharlal Nehru made two stirring speeches which were read throughout India and, to a lesser degree, throughout the world. Now that India has won her independence, albeit she is tragically a divided country, we wish to salute her independence and to affirm our faith in her future. To do this we know of no better way to pay tribute to her integrity than to print these short excerpts from the speeches by Nehru in which he offered to the Assembly the resolution which set forth the aims and plans for a free India.

AS I STAND HERE, Sir, I feel the weight of all manner of things crowding around me. We are at the end of an era and possibly very soon we shall embark upon a new age; and my mind goes back to the great past of India, to the 5,000 years of India's history, from the very dawn of that history which might be considered almost the dawn of human history, until today. All that past crowds around me and exhilarates me and, at the same time, somewhat oppresses me. Am I worthy of that past? When I think also of the future, the greater future I hope, standing on this sword's edge of the present between this mighty past and the mightier future, I tremble a little and feel overwhelmed by this mighty task. We have come here at a strange moment in India's history. I do not know, but I do feel that there is some magic in this moment of transition from the old to the new, something of that magic which one sees when the night turns into day and, even though the day may be a cloudy one, it is day after all, for when the clouds move away, we can see the sun later on. Because of all this, I find a little difficulty in addressing this House and putting all my ideas before it, and I feel also that in this long succession of thousands of years, I see the mighty figures that have come and gone, and I see also the long succession of our comrades who have labored for the freedom of India. And now we stand on the verge of this passing age, trying, laboring, to

usher in the new. . . I think also of the various Constituent Assemblies that have gone before and of what took place at the making of the great American nation when the fathers of that nation met and fashioned out a constitution which has stood the test of so many years, more than a century and a half, and of the great nation which has resulted which has been built up on the basis of that constitution. My mind goes back to that mighty revolution which took place also over 150 years ago and to that Constituent Assembly that met in that gracious and lovely city of Paris, which has fought so many battles for freedom, to the difficulties that that Constituent Assembly had and to how the king and other authorities came in its way, and still it continued. The House will remember that when these difficulties came, and even the room for a meeting was denied to the then Constituent Assembly, they betook themselves to an open tennis court and met there and took the oath, which is called the Oath of the Tennis Court, that they should continue meeting in spite of kings, in spite of the others, and not disperse until they had finished the task they had undertaken. Well, I trust that it is in that solemn spirit that we, too, are meeting here and that we, too, whether we meet in this chamber or other chambers, or in the fields or in the market place, will go on meeting and continue our work until we have finished it.

Then my mind goes back to a more recent revolution which gave rise to a new type of state, the revolution that took place in Russia, and out of which has arisen the Union of the Soviet Socialist Republics, another mighty country which is playing a tremendous part in the world, not only a mighty country but for us in India, a neighboring country.

So my mind goes back to these great examples, and we would seek to learn from their successes and to avoid their failures. Perhaps we may not be able to avoid failures, because some measure of failure is inherent in human effort. Nevertheless, we shall advance, I am certain, in spite of obstructions and difficul-

motive



ties, and achieve and realize the dream that we have dreamt so long.

We approach the world in a friendly way. We want to make friends with all countries. We want to make friends in spite of the long history of conflict in the past, with England also.

MOST of us here, during the past many years, for a generation or more, have often taken part in the struggle for India's freedom. We have gone through the valley of the shadow. We are used to it, and if necessity arises, we shall go through it again. Nevertheless, through all this long period, we have thought of the time when we shall have an opportunity, not merely to struggle, not merely to destroy, but to construct and create. And now, when it appears that the time is coming for constructive effort in a free India, to which we have looked forward with joy, fresh difficulties are placed in our way. It shows that, whatever force might be behind all this, people who are able and clever and very intelligent, somehow lack the imaginative daring which should accompany great offices. For if you have to deal with any people, you have to understand them imaginatively; you should understand them emotionally; and of course, you have also to understand them intellectually. One of the unfortunate delegate lega-

ties of the past has been that there has been no imagination in the understanding of the Indian problem. People have often indulged in, or have presumed to give us advice, not realizing that India, as she is constituted today, wants no one's advice and no one's imposition upon her. The only way to influence India is through friendship and cooperation and good will. Any attempt at imposition, the slightest trace of patronage, is resented and will be resented. We have tried, I think honestly, in the last few months in spite of the difficulties that have faced us, to create an atmosphere of cooperation. We shall continue that endeavor. But I do very much fear that that atmosphere will be impaired if there is not sufficient and adequate response from others. Nevertheless, because we are bent on great tasks, I hope and trust that we shall continue that endeavor, and I do hope that, if we continue, we shall succeed. Where we have to deal with our own countrymen, we must continue that endeavor even though in our opinion some countrymen of ours take a wrong path. For, after all, we have to work together in this country and we have inevitably to cooperate, if not today, tomorrow, or the day after. Therefore, we have to avoid in the present anything which might create a new difficulty in the creation of that future

which we are working for. Therefore, so far as our own countrymen are concerned, we must try our utmost to gain their cooperation in the largest measure. But, cooperation cannot mean the giving up of the fundamental ideals on which we have stood and on which we should stand. It is not cooperation to surrender all that gives meaning to our lives.

India is a great country, great in her resources, great in her manpower, great in her potentiality, in every way. I have little doubt that a free India on every plane will play a big part on the world stage, even on the narrowest plane of material power, and I should like India to play that great part in that plane. Nevertheless, today there is a conflict in the world between forces in different planes. We hear a lot about the atom bomb and the various kinds of energy that it represents, and in essence today, there is a conflict in the world between two things, the atom bomb, and what it represents, and the spirit of humanity. I hope that while India will no doubt play a great part in all the material spheres, she will always lay stress on that spirit of humanity, and I have no doubt in my mind that ultimately in this conflict, which is confronting the world, the human spirit will prevail over the atom bomb.

Every Time We Feel the Spirit

*Here is another sketch of the kind of living which reconciles.
"With utter confidence" this Norwegian "entered the torture room . . ."*

MURIEL LESTER

AT AN INTERNATIONAL conference held in Stockholm some months after the end of the war, a tall, fair, broad-shouldered young man strolled in one morning with that placid, serene look that seems to characterize Scandinavians. "I must introduce you to him, but first let me tell you his story," said my neighbor. "He was the leader of the students in Norway when the Nazis arrived and occupied the country. He knew their tactics. They would try to make puppets of the youth of the country. The gestapo would be given orders to deal with him personally. He was already in their hands. They would use all their skill to elicit information from him about other student leaders. If he refused to be a little Quisling he would be tortured. That could be endured, but what if he lost consciousness as a result of the ordeal? He had the sort of brain that holds names and addresses easily and all student secretaries might be in danger if he began to talk while in that state. After a lot of thought, he decided to get ahead of the Nazis and silence himself. He took poison. A gestapo official found him in his cell apparently at the point of death, rushed him to the prison hospital, had the stomach pump used, brought him back to life and eventually to strength. The questioning began, but the Norwegian had no sort of apprehension now. He was completely certain that God would never have let his life be saved and then let him betray his friends. With utter confidence he entered the torture room. After

the gestapo's most skilled efforts in three different Norwegian concentration camps, they told him he was too tough for them, but he'd better not imagine that that ended the affair. He was now to be sent down to Germany. In the camps there he would find a force greater than his own. For two more years he was sent from one German center to another, but his confidence never failed. Then came May 1945, and he was back in Norway."

Of course, I was proud to meet such a man. During the lunch interval we wandered together along the beautiful streets of Stockholm talking of many things. When he arrived at the conference the next morning, it was obvious that something had happened to him. How does one describe the look of one who has had immensely good news? Perhaps the old simile is best, for it is not only in the face but in the whole person that the change is obvious. He seemed to be "walking on air." At the end of the session he told me that he had just had a phone message from the Swedish YMCA. They had accepted his application to be one of a team of four which was to start the following week for Germany. They were to work among the prisoners now filling the camps there, gestapo men, torturers, and such. They were to set up classes for them, libraries, lectures, music groups, services of worship, and anything else that might bring these degraded men into good citizenship again.

A few months later I was telling this story to a group of landowners at a

garden party. Afterwards a young Englishman got up and asked the audience if they'd like him to tell them the next chapter. He had just come back from a similiar job in Germany. In fact, he was one of an international YMCA team that had been working for months in the camp that the Swedish group was bound for. He was taking his class as usual when the jeep drove up with the four men who were to relieve them. Everyone was interested in the new arrivals, but they soon gave back their full attention to the matter in hand. Then the Englishmen began to notice a disturbance in two of the Germans. They were as white as a sheet of paper, their legs trembled, and they asked permission to leave. Later they were found hiding in a dark corner of the cellar. They had recognized the Norwegian, remembered what they'd done to him day after day; in their poor Nazi-twisted minds they took it for granted that he had come to avenge himself. For what other reason could such a man have come to such as they? As the few days passed before the young Englishmen left, he saw that the mutation in these two Germans had begun. They had discovered something new in the universe, something hitherto unimaginable. He noticed how they kept as close as they could to the Norwegian. Obviously they were learning from him all the time something that wasn't included in the timetable. They were getting on the road to good citizenship, to world citizenship, to Christian citizenship.

From the murmur and subtlety of suspicion
With which we vex one another
Give us rest.
Make a new beginning
And mingle again the kindred of the nations in
The alchemy of love.
And with some finer essence of forbearance
Temper our mind.

—Aristophanes

Hope With Hands and Feet

Work in China today is like resurrecting the adventurous days of our wild and woolly West. So Eastward Ho!

FRANKLIN WALLICK

THE CIVIL WAR which has engulfed most of China today has dashed the hopes of American friends of China for her social and democratic revival. The common people of China are still the free, dignified, and hardened people whom the books always describe. The land of China is still rich with vegetation. The landscapes of China are still breath-taking in their beauty and in their exhibit of the gnarled remains of a fabulous past. But these exotic pictures of China are misleading if the grim tragedy of the country is seen in its true light. The frightful aftermath of China's war with Japan is taking a heavier spiritual toll among her leaders and people than the Japanese occupation. Graft in China is a commonplace. Everyone decries it, but no one seems capable of preventing it. Overnight inflation wipes out a family's income and leads to perilous temptations. This makes China's traditional "squeeze"—the expecting to make extra money in all transactions—more serious than a cultural variation. There are well over two million men in the army; they must be fed, and yet they do no productive work. The national budget uses up about 80 per cent of the national revenue for continuing the war, and the war itself is not going successfully for either side.

Into this cauldron of chaos, some brave and ethical men and women have been born to live and to die. They are doing a small but magnificent job against tremendous odds. Their courageous spirit reassures the people that China is not doomed; the pity is that their numbers are infinitesimally small. The mass of people in China are submerged in the daily scramble for enough rice to eat and a straw mat to sleep on, and cannot weigh their behavior on moral scales.

China's Christian churches feel the effect of all this hardship. They have, however, produced some capable leaders. Many of China's student leaders are active and give their student movement the stamina American students and the Christian Church sadly lack. Yet even the church cannot stand the pace of civil war and its consequent moral decay. Hope must sometimes be imported. The missing force among China's people is a sense of hope—

a hope that deliverance from war and poverty is possible. A new type of Christian coming from America can perhaps provide some of this hope—that is, if he is energetic and not blind to injustice.

All Chinese, many mission-educated Christians among them, are frankly skeptical of the Christians who visit China, even those who have the best of intentions. Yet the work of many faithful pioneers who dared to be different, and sought new avenues of friendship and service in China, proves that Christians can be real brothers, and not docile parasites on the people. Anyone who ventures into China today must be, in the true sense of mutual aid, a co-worker with his Chinese colleagues. China can no longer accept any form of ecclesiastical subservience to the West.

Some Chinese young people who attended the Oslo Conference of Christian Youth appreciated the charitable spirit of the Americans, but they noticed a lack of maturity in them. Any Chinese Christian young person, whose heart beats with the pulse of his nation, knows the intimate yearnings of his own people. Many students have been imprisoned for opposing the continuation of the civil war. Some have preached peace on the street corners of large cities facing the blows of bamboo sticks from mounted gendarmes. People with this experience will welcome only Christian young people who are "acquainted with grief."

The experience of the Friends' Ambulance Unit and the Brethren Service Unit in China shows that mechanics, nurses, and farmers can make the best contributions to the people of China today. Young Americans who can learn to love the common people are the ones who are desired by the Chinese. In the matter of patience, the Chinese are spiritually advanced over the West. In mechanical skills the Chinese are retarded. If the working-man's effort is to become more productive, if his standard of living is to be raised, he must be taught how to use tools and to operate machinery. These skills can be picked up casually, or they can be acquired more deliberately. Either way, they are indispensable for the forward push of China's future.

The staggering army of two million soldiers is one of the tragedies in this present war which is depriving the nation of much needed man power. Yet at this present time, there are vast numbers of idle workers forced to work within the narrow limits of a primitive economy. Additional man power and better methods of farming are two means to improve the productive life of the Chinese village. It is these needs which must be understood if a foreign well-wisher is not to be blind to China's pressing needs.

One of the most promising developments in China today is the Agricultural Industries Service, now under the agricultural division of UNNRA but soon to become a part of the United Nations' Food and Agricultural Organization. The work of the Agricultural Industrial Service in China is to provide a concerted international effort to devise practical industrial techniques for small-scale operations in local villages of China. Industry, so the theory goes, should be diversified in China, and should absorb some of the agricultural idleness which impoverishes the people who must work hard tilling the land for a living.

The young group of American engineers who started this work in China include "gadgetsers" who like to tinker with mechanical ideas and experiments. The field is open for both highly specialized men and just ordinary, practical fellows who know how to make gadgets. This organization's work in China will continue explorations in the work already started by the Chinese industrial cooperatives.

Besides helping China's industrial revolution, there is another field which can attract those who believe China is not doomed. Many Chinese high schools and colleges have teaching vacancies which can be filled by foreign volunteers. Work in China today is like resurrecting the wild and woolly West. The persistent drive of social awakening is slow but unstoppped by the civil war. A new, pulsating movement is afoot in China; it beckons to the Christian young people from the United States who can contribute warm friendship and a few of the enviable skills of the West.



UGLY FACTS ABOUT A HUNGRY WORLD

Five-hundred million people are hungrier today than they have ever been before. This crisis will last from four to five years. The minimum healthful diet is 2,000 calories per day. German people and many others are now getting less than 1,500 calories per day. The people of America are eating 15 per cent more food today than they did during the war. Before the war 125 pounds of meat and 340 pounds of milk were consumed per person. In 1947, we will consume 150-155 pounds of meat and 400 pounds of milk per person. Following are food facts about the world.

POLAND—70 per cent of the children are affected by tuberculosis. More than a million are war orphans. Medicines, medical help, care, and shelter are desperately needed.

YUGOSLAVIA—Infant mortality averages 30 to 50 per cent of the births. Mothers and babies need milk and nutritious foods to supplement low-calorie diets.

FRANCE—One-third of the children are not in good health because of lack of adequate shelter and medical care.

CHINA—In Kwangsi province 90 per cent of the children and adults are in rags and half suffer from malnutrition. In Hwaiyuen a cholera epidemic has swept one region, leaving the mission hospital there wholly inadequate to handle the emergency. The tuberculosis rate has nearly doubled in some parts of the country.

INDIA—With the independence which has been won after years of exploitation, the common man of India is left with the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse still riding the land.

GREECE—Milk, even for children, is practically nonexistent, except for the insufficient quantity sent by relief organizations.

GERMANY—Aside from the need of food and clothing, children that grew up under Nazism are starved for the moral sustenance that only the church and church schools can provide.

HUNGARY—In some sections as many as 80 per cent of the children suffer from syphilis. The shortage of drugs to treat them is appalling.

JAPAN—In the major cities American soldiers see thousands of homeless and starving urchins sleeping on sidewalks at night, begging crumbs from the G.I.'s by day. The churches are the sole institutions that will take an interest in them.

Give Them Ch

The dull and dead hopelessness among people in Europe is a mute sufferer in the aftermath of his body craves a crust? The name of Christ becomes for him one more chance at life. *answer.* In the name of hung



BREAD LINE

You will not believe what help in our bitter Many nights I have lain awake and meditated on the table the following day, when need is to be had. I am often sorry for my children explain to them that I have not a piece of potatoes. I had never thought that a piece of such a valuable item, and every day I pray for this day our daily bread." —Letter from

Children Day Their Daily Bread

...ss that constitutes the cold frustration of the religious enterprise everywhere evident. Can any help or hope come to these destitute children of war's devastation? Is it possible to give a man Christ when there is one answer and one only. The crust of bread given in the hands of a hungry and neurotic man that spark of hope that kindles in the hearts of Christians, especially those in the United States, *do have the power*, hope, and life, let's get bread to them in time.

—H. D. Bollinger



MILDRED SHEETS

...rest need your gifts are. I am frustrated on what I can put either bread nor potatoes to the children when I have to feed them and no more bread could be asked the Lord: "Give us bread from a German Mother

You can fold a large bath towel double, and stitch the sides together forming a bag. Cram this bag with articles; select contents so that either a boy or girl can use them all. Then tie or stitch the top and attach securely the tag provided by Church World Service. *Make this a Christmas project—Make Christmas Christmas—Do your bit to make a bit of peace on earth, a bit of good will toward a little child!* Get tags and list of articles from Church World Service, New Windsor, Maryland. Do it now!

WHAT YOUR MONEY WILL DO

\$8 will provide enough supplementary food to keep a child alive for a month.

\$1 will buy and ship two pounds of dried milk (forty cups of milk for undernourished children).

\$10 will buy a package containing twenty-one pounds of food which will last three weeks for a family of four.

\$5 will buy a daily dose of vitamin tablets for fifteen children for ten weeks.

\$5 will buy milk enough to save a child's life all winter. 25c will buy ten children a cup of milk.

Send contributions to Methodist Committee for Overseas Relief or to Church World Service.

SEND A PACKAGE!

For \$10 CARE will send any of the following packages to any person you designate:

Food package—21½ pounds (40,963 calories)

Cotton package—17½ yards plus sewing equipment

Woolen package—3½ yards (100 per cent woolen cloth, cotton lining)

Blanket package—2 all-wool blankets; 2 pairs of heels and soles; 1 pair of scissors; pins, needles, thread, yarn, thimble, and comb

For \$4 CARE will send 25 pounds of flour or 10 pounds of lard

Send money and person's name to whom you wish package sent to either the Chicago or New York City address.

ORGANIZATIONS TO WORK THROUGH

Methodist Committee for Overseas Relief
150 Fifth Avenue
New York 11, New York

Cooperative for American Remittances to Europe (CARE)
50 Broad Street
New York 4, New York, or
189 West Madison
Chicago, Illinois

Church World Service
(for sending money)
37 East 36th Street
New York 16, New York
(for sending packages)
New Windsor, Maryland

Shouts

LIFE GETS MORE and more precarious for us each day. Each new news release carries some dire prediction for the destruction of man. Now along comes Dr. Brock Chisholm, executive secretary of the World Health Organization, Interim Commission, to tell us that biological warfare (strange title) has developed much more potency than the atomic bomb. "Now continents could easily be wiped out," he says. "Armies, navies, and huge war plants are relegated to no importance by frightful new biological weapons. The tiniest country has the same war potential as the largest. All that is needed is an expert biologist with a laboratory and a small group of technicians. Methods of survival of ten years ago are outdated. Efficiency in killing has outreached all types of defensive weapons. The old concept of new weapons producing counter-weapons is no longer valid, and there is no foreseeable way of coping with biological warfare."

This delightful announcement set us to wondering. We wondered just why some of the big boys who are out to militarize all the rest of American life that hasn't yet been touched hadn't awakened to this statement. After all, if it gets publicity, it might just possibly make compulsory military training look foolish. And then, too, it might make our concern for atomic control take in the matter of the future of mankind in general. In a few short weeks we'll be celebrating the Advent season—the time when we'd better think about the man who came that we might have life—not death!

Milton E. Eisenhower, chairman of the United States National Commission of the UNESCO, and formerly president of the Kansas State Agricultural College, has announced that religion will have a definite place in the agenda of all UNESCO meetings. He stated that United States Area Conferences would hold panel discussions on what churches in all communities can do to promote peace and security throughout the world. Thanks, Mr. Eisenhower, for giving the church a mission! We thought that was inherent in Christianity and that Jesus' life was a demonstration of a peacemaker for all men of good will.

We may be just plain stupid or skeptical, but the story of the appointment of the Reverend D. D. Dutton, LL.D., as vice president in charge of Christian relations of the Bristol Manufacturing

Corporation leaves us guessing. Now that he has been on the job four months he reports that he has been "going about doing good," that requests for more than \$1,000,000 have been sent to him, and that he has talked to more Americans than he can count. The president of the company, which manufactures shoes, says that he can spend what he wishes and that the sale of men's shoes is not the aim of the venture. The quaintest touch came in the announcement that the Reverend vice president was to take his instructions from God, but we suppose he will be asked to report to the board of directors.

Because of our background we often think that Yale University does strange and sometimes unintelligent things! For instance! To make sure that students understand "the increasing impact of science on our society," Yale is to require all freshmen and sophomores to take two full-year scientific courses. All we hope is that when the military get all they want out of our scientists and all the Yale boys are scientifically minded, we can have a few "required" courses to help us find out where we are going and what it's all about. Vaguely we have a notion this is religion!

and Murmurs

We believe in taking hope and being grateful for every evidence of intelligence used in human relationship. Now take the news release from Tuskegee Institute which said that 273 "prevented" lynchings are on record for the last ten years against forty-three that actually took place. The courageous peace officers and private citizens who prevented potential lynchings are people we delight to honor.

We are tempted to pun about the testimony of Benjamin Fine, education editor of the *New York Times*, before a House labor subcommittee considering federal aid to education. Dr. Fine stated that cigarette and liquor bills in this country of ours totaled thirteen billion dollars per year while the education bill was only two and a half billion. He advocated an expenditure of 5 per cent of our income for education instead of the present one and a half per cent. He also proposed a national minimum in teachers' salaries of \$2,400 and schedules up to \$5,000 and \$6,000 annually. That's what we call "fine" work!

We are about to decide not to have anything to do with the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company because of their

discriminating policy against nonwhites in their selection of tenants for the New York City housing projects that have been made possible by tax exemption and other special governmental aids. A group of two hundred nonwhite delegates of the U.N. staff lodged a protest because the policy ran counter to the U.N. charter provision for racial equality. But the U.N. secretariat compromised with its ideals in order to get six hundred apartments, giving the insurance firm the right to bar "undesirable" tenants.

Any day now we are expecting to get an invitation to the wedding of Princess Catherine of Greece. At least this is the first time in our lives we gave a present before we got an invitation. But it seems that the Greek Parliament recently voted her a dowry of \$40,000. We thought the country was in need of money for something besides an army to help keep back the Russians. Now we know!

Speaking of the Russians, we have been amazed at the deterioration of relationships that seem to be the order of the day. Russians have destroyed the present plans for peace and reconstruction. That is a fact! But the reason—well, that is another matter. We have done a lot of talking about Russian spheres of influence. Have we ever thought what we look like to Russia?

We have enforced our control of Japan.

We are moving our controls into Greece and Turkey.

We have army air bases in the oil fields of the Near East.

We wonder how we would act if Russia had grabbed any oil fields in Mexico, Cuba, or the Bahamas. We just wonder!

One statement made at the Whitby Missionary Council meeting this summer caused anyone concerned about the mission of the church to pause. For it was a declaration that may be the indication of the most significant change in missions in India that could happen. Its implications are far reaching. Rajah B. Manikam made the statement—it must be written for the record—"With the establishment of a purely Indian central government and the transfer of power to Indian hands, all missionaries will become guests of the country. They will no longer be looked upon by the man in the street as agents of an imperial power or vendors of the religion of an alien ruler." This, in our judgment, heralds a great day for missions.

by the Editor

motive

De-Nazification to Re-Nazification

Injustice, inhumanity, and lawlessness are rampant in Germany today. "The Allies are responsible for the fact that conditions are getting worse instead of better," says this great Christian theologian.

EMIL BRUNNER

EVERY NEWSPAPER READER knows by now that Germany is slowly starving to death. And yet it was not this wretched famine, nor the ruins and rubble of the towns, however terrible, that made the deepest impression on me during my short journey through the three western zones of occupation. It was the despair over the new state of lawlessness which is spreading more and more.

In all the many conversations I had, it was not the economic misery that was brought to the foreground, but the spiritual poisoning caused by the pathetic system of de-Nazification. Everyone realizes that something had to be done, and nobody raises any objection when the guilty are condemned and severely punished. But what causes indignation, and undermines the faith in democracy, law, and humanity, is the fact that this de-Nazification has led to a state of complete lawlessness and arbitrariness under which nobody can feel sure of not being interned—at least temporarily—not even the truest and bravest fighters against Hitler's tyranny. Obviously de-Nazification is necessary, but the manner in which it is being carried out is such at present that it has the contrary effect of causing a kind of re-Nazification.

It is a fact that everyone, with the help of a truly inquisitorial questionnaire, must first prove his innocence, that actually, very many innocent persons have been arrested and interned because their names were the same as those of wanted Nazi criminals; because they had titles ending in "Rat"; because they had been forced to join an organization which is considered Nazi. Up to now, for nearly two years, they have waited in vain for a trial in which they could have immediately proved their innocence.

The de-Nazification trials are conducted in a manner which opens wide the doors to denunciation from political opponents, business competitors, or persons who would very much like to move into the house of the accused. The person informed against is not given any chance to defend himself against such calumny. Thus it occurs that even well-known opponents of the regime who supported the Confessional Church, were condemned, lost their jobs, had their property con-

fiscated, just because they were forced to join some occupational organization. Those who have been acquitted run the risk daily of being denounced and tried again and, dependent on the composition of the tribunal, may find themselves interned in the end.

These internment camps themselves remind one of their notorious prototypes; hunger rations, no protection against bitter cold, no permission to work, because work is an honor to which "these people" are not entitled. Many an inmate has become so weak from undernourishment and cold that he can no longer leave his bed, so weak that he can hardly draw up the blanket to his chin. Naturally these internment camps are the best means of effecting an efficacious re-Nazification. The only ones who, up to now, have dared to protest in a dignified but energetic manner against this state of lawlessness are such men of the church as the Evangelical Landesbischof Wurm or the Protestant theologian Thieliicke, both of them tried and brave opponents of Hitlerism; the fact of the matter is that once again it is dangerous in Germany to say the truth.

I will never forget the fit of despair of one of my colleagues: as a well-known enemy of Nazism, he was forced to work on one of the tribunals; now he can no longer stand the strain of having a part in so much injustice and inhumanity. Obviously the entire situation is not improved but aggravated by the fact that all this is being put into the hands of the Germans themselves. So now all of those motivated by political passion, and other baser instincts, and thirsting for vengeance, have more than ever before the chance to give vent to their feelings.

THE economic and cultural results of this de-Nazification are also serious. Entire categories of skilled workmen have been automatically eliminated from the field of economic production, just because they had been forced to belong to a Nazi occupational organization. An acute shortage of teachers makes the maintenance of normal schooling impossible, and this is a time when youth is in need of discipline. This shortage is caused by most of the teachers having been in-

evitably organized according to the National Socialist pattern. The same can be said of business and factory managers and leading men in the general economic field. "The best men have either been discharged or they are in internment camps," I was told; and this is at a time when every efficient head or pair of hands is needed to rebuild the economy.

Of course one cannot make the Allies responsible for the country's economic plight. All with whom we spoke admitted frankly that Germany herself is to blame, because she helped a gang of criminals to power. Those with any intelligence know that the war, started by a criminal government, and continued by it even when defeat was obvious, has caused all this misery. But, apart from the heavy damage caused by de-Nazification which could have been avoided, there are other things which are unnecessarily aggravating the economic distress.

It is understandable that, in the French zone, the farmers must make good the damage the Germans did to the French. But it is unjustifiable that not only do the French armies of occupation live on the land, but that in addition to that, hoards of French women and children are pouring into this part of the country already so full of refugees, and their personal food rations are many times higher than what the German workman and his children have to live on.

Is it right, for instance, that of the output of one shoe factory, not the greater part—which would be understandable—but the entire 100 per cent is sent to France; and that machine tools and machines, so urgently needed for reconstruction, are all without exception carried off? Is it right that in the English zone, where during the past few weeks Hamburg, so badly destroyed, had begun to recover from its apathy and set to work, the shipyards were blown up, and thereby destroyed Hamburg's nerve center? And why are the German people cut off from the most efficacious source of de-Nazification, from access to Swiss literature, even now, after two years?

AN awful and terrifyingly increasing evil is the black market. The compulsory exchange rate for the mark, in-

sofar as it concerns that which can be bought on rationing cards, is still more or less maintained. But it is being daily undermined by the black market, in which especially members of the American army with their supplies of cigarettes are involved. Once this black plague rules, then whatever is left of the will to work is permanently ruined, and nothing more can be gotten on the legal market. And this means the ruin of all who are honest—it means death or moral corruption.

The Allies cannot be made responsible for the economic misery; but they can be made responsible for the fact that matters are getting worse instead of better. They should have known that they themselves would not be able to put Germany's economy on its feet again, therefore they should have given the Germans the possibility of recovering themselves, in order to save themselves from starvation. These plans for Germany's economic self-recovery they failed to produce, not out of cruelty or lust for vengeance, but because of both mental inertia and their inability to make up their minds. That is why they are at least partly to blame for Germany's inconceivable hunger distress.

The main blame—apart from the war itself—goes further back, to Russia's insistence on dividing east from west, in the maintenance of barriers between zones, and in the flooding of the western zone by 10 to 14 million refugees from the east and by evicted persons of German blood. The much too scanty food supplies and living accommodations reduced to about 50 per cent by terrible destruction must now be shared with this influx. The spiritual and moral problems arising therefrom can well be imagined. We saw living rooms of medium size, in which eighteen persons of all ages and both sexes live, sleep, cook, eat and work. But the worst of all is hunger. Whoever does not engage in prohibited barter, or cannot supplement his rations on the black market or with foreign help, must slowly starve to death.

WHEREAS a League of Nations Commission established a minimum need at over 2,000 calories, the German ration has recently again fallen to 1,000 calories, and even this hunger ration—one-half of what is considered a normal minimum for existence—is partly fictitious because many food items, such as for instance potatoes, are simply not to be had. Unfortunately the new harvest offers little hope that the situation will improve as the winter crops have, to a very great extent, been destroyed by the exceptionally cold winter, and spring crops give a much lower yield, apart from the loss of seed grain. This means that in the future millions will say, as one well-known scholar said to us: "Without

gift parcels from abroad we would no longer be on this earth."

That is the point where we can and should do something. Naturally the sending of gift parcels is nothing but a drop of water; but still such parcels can save the lives of thousands. Another means of helping is to donate money to charity organizations. We were allowed to see a little of the work done by the biggest of these organizations, the "Hilfwerk der evangelischen Kirchen in Deutschland." This organization, created and run by Dr. Eugen Gerstenmaier, is an admirable achievement of organizational talent and Christian will to help, the greatest economic organization now existing in Germany which, owing to the friendly response of the Allied Commandants has access to all the four zones. The fact that it succeeded in collecting 100 million marks in goods and money in Germany proper, shows a remarkable effort in self-aid, simultaneously being one of the main channels for outside, ecclesiastical aid. It is closely coordinated with our own Swiss ecclesiastical charity organization. Thousands of people not only in the western zones, but also in the Russian occupied territory, have had their lives saved by it.

But salvation as such can only come from the great powers. What is needed first and foremost is the re-establishment of a legal system worthy of confidence, by quickly and radically reorganizing the system of de-Nazification. The "screening" of the entire population by means of the inquisitorial questionnaire must be abandoned. Then it will be possible to finish the job more quickly. Assurance must be given that every accused will be given the opportunity to reply to the denunciations and accusations. It should be possible—with exception of certain well-defined cases—for all who have been once acquitted to feel certain that, as a result of new denunciations, they will not have to go through the entire procedure all over again.

Barriers should finally be lowered for an exchange of books with countries from which the German can best learn the meaning of true democracy. And a system of economy should at long last be followed which would mobilize what is left of Germany's will to work, before it is totally destroyed by despair and the demoralizing influence of the black market. Salvation is still possible, but it must come soon. Even those who hate the Germans must realize that a desperate and completely demoralized Germany would represent a political and social center of contagion dangerous to the whole world, and even the cold-blooded political arithmetician must admit that Europe's recovery is impossible without Germany's recovery.

(Reprinted from *Christianity and Crisis*)

Fatherless by Stephen Csoka

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CARE, Cooperatives, Christianity

*Here is the story of a man
who has moved from campus soapbox orator
to consultant for the United Nations.*

DOROTHY NYLAND

WHEN TOLD A NEW minister was arriving for the Methodist Church near the campus of the University of Oregon, Wallace J. Campbell, then a student active in the Wesley Foundation program, remarked, "Is he liberal?" He was informed that no one knew if the minister was liberal or not. "If he isn't, we'll make him one," concluded the student, who at that time was spending his summer as a soapbox orator for J. Stitt Wilson, a Methodist minister and one of the pioneers in the "social gospel," who was socialist mayor of Berkeley and was candidate for Congress in the summer of 1932.

Wallace J. Campbell, better known as Wally Campbell to all of his classmates, was always in the forefront of liberal and social movements on the campus during his college career.

Believing compulsory military training was undemocratic and unchristian, Wally got a petition signed by students asking the faculty to vote to make military training optional rather than compulsory. The measure was defeated. The next year the petition came again to the faculty, this time with a much larger number of signatures. The vote in the faculty meeting was a tie vote. The president of the university voted to keep military training compulsory. The next step was an initiative in the state. Fifteen thousand signatures had to be secured before the initiative could go on the state ballot. It was the first time in history such a measure was introduced in any state, yet the students initiated it and secured the signatures to put it on the state ballot. It was defeated in the election. However, a great deal of peace education went into the signing of the petitions plus some interesting experiences. Wally has never stopped his peace education.

Majoring in sociology, Wally wrote his master's thesis on cooperatives. For this he studied the self-help cooperatives of California. The summer he was graduated from the University of Oregon, he left for New York City. A letter from Wally on the stationery of the Cooperative League of the U.S.A. indicated he had accepted one of the two jobs offered him soon after he arrived there. He has been

in the same job ever since and according to him "he wouldn't trade jobs with anyone." He has found expression for his Christian convictions and social idealism.

THROUGH Wally's interest in cooperatives, the Wesley Foundation studied the cooperative movement in their Sunday evening program. It was decided to start a cooperative house on the campus where students would not only live more cheaply but obtain an understanding of the cooperative philosophy of life. The first cooperative house at the University of Oregon was organized with a nucleus of Wesley Foundation students. It also included those of Jewish and Roman Catholic faiths, as well as representatives from other lands, including a Filipino cook, a Japanese Buddhist, and a boy just arrived from Germany. It was a cosmopolitan group which, by sharing in the work, lived for fifteen dollars a month. The house was called the Wallace J. Campbell Cooperative House and still is known by that name. There are now five cooperative houses at the University of Oregon. The faculty is enthusiastic about the contribution of the cooperative houses to the university. The girls' co-op was organized the next semester. It ranked first in scholarship on the entire campus the first semester it was organized; the boys' was second in scholarship on the total campus. Many of the first students living in co-ops have gone into full time cooperative work. Others carry on in voluntary capacity. While still in school the students wrote all their history and economic term papers on cooperatives, educating members of the faculty to the significance of this movement.

When Toyohiko Kagawa spoke in this country in 1936, Wally Campbell was on the same program with him discussing cooperatives in Los Angeles, San Francisco, Portland, Oregon, and Seattle. Mr. E. R. Bowen of the Cooperative League has remarked, "Wally has measured up in every respect to the great demands of this expanding and growing cooperative program." He has presented cooperatives on a nation-wide radio hook-up.

LAST summer he spent seven weeks in Europe attending the International Cooperative Congress held in Zurich. He visited cooperatives in many European countries.

Realizing the need of feeding the millions of starving people in Europe, Wally, true to his cooperative nature, ventured to bring together all the agencies administering relief. The organization known as CARE (Cooperative American Remittances for Europe) is the result. H. Eastbourne Thompson of the American Friends Service Committee, who died in an airplane accident at Gander on his way to a mission in Germany last fall, George Miles of the War Relief Services of the National Catholic Welfare Conference, and Wally constituted a committee of three who visited the executives and boards of more than twenty religious, labor, and relief organizations and raised three quarters of a million dollars to start CARE. Wally was chairman of the committee when CARE was organized, and is still chairman of the executive committee. CARE has saved the lives of thousands. Supplies to be used for the invasion were bought in great quantity at reduced price. It is the best package of concentrated food available according to the representatives of the Methodist Committee on Overseas Relief.

Various organizations sent consultants to the San Francisco conference where world leaders met to discuss the World Charter. One of these consultants was none other than the former Wesley Foundation student, Wallace J. Campbell, assistant secretary of the Cooperative League of the United States of America.

Imagine the thrill when the former director of student activities of the Wesley Foundation at the University of Oregon visited the United Nations Commission on Human Rights to see seated at the table, representing the International Cooperative Alliance as a consultant at the United Nations, a former Wesley Foundation student—Wallace J. Campbell. From soapbox orator on the campus to a consultant at the United Nations whose job it is to help formulate the International Bill of Rights.

Household of Persuasion

Here is a letter from two young people
who are trying to give a practical answer to the urgent question,
"But what can we do?"

RALPH AND MARTHA ODOM

WE WRITE YOU because we know the readers of *motive* are the kind of folks who are grappling pretty realistically with the question, "How do I make my maximum contribution to the building of effective world unity?" The atom bomb dramatizes in unique fashion the moral problem of our day as it faces us with the alternatives of unity or extinction.

Hutchins' "There is only one subject of really fundamental importance, . . . the atomic bomb. . . . If we do not survive, there is no use discussing what we are going to do with our lives;" Chadwick's prediction that in five years any nation on earth will have developed its own methods of atomic power; MacArthur's "We have had our last chance"—these and countless similar assertions by educators, scientists, and military leaders remind us constantly (along with the daily press reporting world affairs!) that effective controls of this terrifying new weapon are nonexistent.

Protests from many quarters that the perspective of history will minimize the present crisis as insignificant ten thousand years from now are not particularly satisfying to those of us who wonder if there will be any history ten thousand years, or ten years, hence. Nor is the argument "They wouldn't dare use it!" very convincing to us who remember how recently leaders of the armed forces have admitted that the use of the bomb at Nagasaki and Hiroshima was *not* a military necessity. You see *we*, not "they," have used it!

But this hurried suggestion of the slim chance of survival is not very helpful to those who are asking the nature of the problems which give rise to these symptoms, and *what can be done about them*.

If mankind's problem is not appreciably different from what it has always been—how to develop mature persons, how to grow up psychologically and mentally and socially to match physical evolution and technological development, how to realize the full human potential for good—at least there is good reason to suppose that the strategy for these

times, on the part of the few who see clearly the inevitable result of the way we are taking, must be vastly altered. The possibility of almost immediate extinction is a new factor which makes obsolete or irrelevant much of our former activity.

If the statement of the problem is correct, then what must be done is obvious: We've got to convince *enough* of the *right* people *at once* that we're heading for immediate disaster unless we turn from increasing haughtiness among the family of nations to genuine and convincing good will. This means long term educational activity combined with consistent action in the present as determined by the emerging social situation.

Now you've got us. It's all well and good for us to tell you what must be done, but we have an embarrassing feeling that you're going to ask us *how*. Of course we'd have effective controls if we had a powerful world government to which each member state bore somewhat the same relationship as the forty-eight States bear to the federal union. But brother, we're a long way from it! And besides, you will go on to tell us, I'm not interested in all your fancy theorizing of what could be *if*; I'm willing to roll up my sleeves and get to work, but I'd like a little light on just what to do. I'm not naive enough to suppose that an occasional letter to a congressman, or even a speech or two, will turn the trick. I don't want to jump on the first "ism" bandwagon that comes along only to find

myself in the plight of the enthusiastic young elephant who saw the egg which needed to be hatched and obligingly sat upon it! And I'm not going to sit back and do nothing. So if you haven't a positive answer you may as well shut up. . . .

Okay, we asked for it. We're ready to admit it's pretty unrealistic to suppose a handful of us will change our country's direction enough to avert impending calamity. The powers opposing us are too great; our numbers too few.

Frustrated by just this sense of futility, a small group met in our home last spring to ask how one might escape this dilemma. As we surveyed the world scene from the local to the international level, as we viewed its political, economic, and moral structure, we became only more depressed. Two alternatives presented themselves. If we believed an atomic war impending, it seemed a little foolish for us to stay in the San Francisco Bay area—one of the most likely initial target spots! Why not lay plans to migrate to an obscure part of the world less likely to be destroyed? If we survived physical extinction we might be included in the remnant to begin building a new civilization. But this was not the alternative that won out.

The other possibility, of course, was to remain in the midst of a chaotic world, to admit that we are inescapably part of it. An ancient Hebrew prophet expressed his function in terms of the watchman who in time of war was required to keep watch for the coming of the enemy in the night, and if he saw the approach of danger, to blow the trumpet so his sleeping countrymen would be awakened to spring to arms and fight off the foe. If his fellows failed to respond, they would be slaughtered, but their blood would be on their own hands because they failed to heed the warning. However, if the watchman "blew not the trumpet" at the approach of danger, his countrymen would be killed just as if they had refused to heed his warning—but *their blood would be required at the hand of the watchman!*

Here was a dramatic and figurative



way of seeing our function—whether or not our warning is heeded, we must sound the trumpet!

Then something happened. We stopped setting in contrast the vastness of the task and the scarcity of persons interested in tackling it, and began to inquire into the nature of *our* responsibilities. Some forms of action just weren't in the cards. None of us expected to be elected president in '48 so he could place the others in the State Department; none of us even supposed that we as a group would exert a great deal of influence on the world. But one thing we came to see with vivid clarity—we had unlimited responsibility, along with thousands of others who *saw the problem*, to discover the most effective possible policy of action and to do *all we could* on behalf of it. For most of us this meant we'd have to do a great deal more than we had ever done before. Some dropped out when they saw what the responsibilities of *world citizenship* demanded of them. The rest of us found that individually we were rather sorry messes in many ways, and set about dealing sternly with ourselves—each took it upon himself to discern realistically the risks of the radical and costly way he had chosen and determined that he for one would not be a factor making for the failure of whatever creative action should emerge from the group.

The acceptance of our responsibility, individually and collectively, to do *not what we couldn't but what we could* ruled out the easy protest that we would do more if we had more time—we could make the time. No less than a threefold plan of attack was required:

FIRST, we must admit that Philip Wiley—and countless others, including Jesus—was right when he suggested that if we want a better world, we will have to be better people. There isn't time to "enjoy" maladjustments nor to load them onto others. Each can and must present society with one improved unit, namely himself! *Individual maturity is essential!*

Second, we now saw with frightening realism that we would have to revise our

lives mighty drastically *on the economic plane* if we were actually in earnest about doing all we could. *Freedom from economic slavery is a "must"!*

And third, in order to achieve most readily individual maturity and economic freedom, we knew we needed the stimulus and cooperation of one another. *Group action is required!*

Imaginative, but rigorously practical, thinking evolved action which is not wholly new, but certainly rare and very little tried with the particular concern of our group. Very simply, the plan is to solve our economic problem "right off the bat" by maintaining not a half-dozen but *one* household, either a large dwelling in the city or a small acreage, close in, where some food can be produced. The keynote is maximum savings, minimum maintenance effort, adequate privacy, and full value from close association with each other. With each of us freed from the daily cares of keeping his own house (each person's share of such activity in the larger venture takes only a fraction of the time required when he had full responsibility for a separate household) all have considerably more time for study, discussion, and fruitful activity as world citizens.

The saving in money answers the question of how we're going to *make a living* while we pursue our ends. It means that some who have been working full time need work only part time now because they don't require a full-time income any longer and thus part of the group gains a *great deal* more time, possibly one or two members gain *full time* for a while to devote to the group objective. Mothers who have been "tied down" daily with their children find that taking turns in caring for the children in the group is fun, good for the youngsters, and gives freedom for action they had long supposed could never be achieved.

This living, working fellowship is at last free to do some growing, is ready to bring forth worthy fruits. Its members are prepared to function as world citizens. They have the time. They have security in one another. They have a relationship

which makes personal growth all but inevitable. Their routine tasks have taken on a new significance—those who work on at their former employment have new purpose beyond just earning their own living; those who are enabled to work less time or not at all in "gainful employment" (if only for a time before giving another his turn) are doing a job for the group in which each member has a stake.

Here is no panacea, but a practical expedient to give ourselves more time, more freedom, more stimulus for action in these difficult times. The adjustments required will be difficult for some. But the stakes are exceedingly high!

At this point the question will arise: "What, specifically, are you going to do? Start a new organization, rush pell-mell into political activity, begin frantically dabbling into international problems, lose yourselves in study and withdraw from reality?" To all of which we can only answer that we dare you, several of you, intelligent persons earnestly seeking for answers and *willing to act on your findings*, to come together in a group, free yourselves for action, and do some exploring. Study social processes; use your heads. You'll develop techniques that make for good will and cooperation, you'll find something happening to yourselves, you'll develop effective strategy relevant to the desperate needs of these days. If a group of responsible persons has its direction clearly in mind and is prepared to act fearlessly but intelligently, it need not worry unduly in advance about the specific action which will be forthcoming.

Some readers may find our answer helpful, may wish to try it or variations of it. Carefully considered, located at the crossroads rather than in monastic solitude, it can scarcely avoid bearing fruit. Lacking a group elsewhere, some may wish to join us here, to become functioning members of our particular venture in Berkeley. Inquiries from these persons are invited. Contact with us may be established by writing to 2736 Grove St., Berkeley 3, Calif.

WILDLING

Not the gazelle,
The leopard, nor the lynx,
But man,
Tamed by a hundred fetishes,
Is yet the wildest creature on this earth.

Man shuts his ears and hides his eyes
And seeks to flee his Maker;
Poor fugitive
From justice with mercy in its voice!
—Elinor Lennen

THE INESCAPABLE PRICE OF PEACE

Editor "motive"

810 Broadway

Nashville 2, Tennessee

Dear Sir:

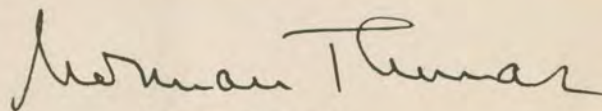
The enclosed resolution, which is meant to be suggestive rather than dogmatically definitive in form, was written before Secretary Marshall made his proposal for economic aid for European rehabilitation, and before the conflict between the Soviet Union and ourselves became as acute as it is today. Nothing is to be gained by denying the reality of conflict in which by no means all the right is on one side, but in which the Soviet government's denials of civil liberty and its use of millions of slave laborers make it clearly impossible to support blind appeasement as a road to peace. Important as is economic aid to Europe, it would be madness to think that we can or should rehabilitate nations in order that they may more effectively continue a race in arms which may be turned against us Americans.

The one hope is to insist that it is to everybody's interest that conflict of issues be taken out of the realm of "solution" by war. The one way to make a beginning of this is to attain universal disarmament under effective international control or limited world government.

It won't do to say that Stalin will turn down or attach impossible conditions to this plan of disarmament—at any rate, not until we try. A great many of those who assume Stalin's refusal are, consciously or unconsciously, anxious to keep American leadership in armament—a ghastly boondoggle that in money costs the country almost ten billion dollars a year. Armament is big business in America. Our first struggle is to get our nation to make the appeal. Even if Stalin should turn it down, he could hardly keep it from his people—still less from the peoples of the world. The effect on world thinking might be electrifying. The answer of governments and peoples would give us a better basis of common action for mutual security than we can possibly have today.

Unless at once something logical and dramatic is done, the trend of world affairs will lead to the paralysis, if not the ruin of the United Nations and ultimately to war itself. There is no time to lose. Hence the plea of the Postwar World Council that individuals and all sorts of civic groups, including church organizations, should urge upon our government and our representatives in the United Nations an appeal for comprehensive disarmament under limited world government.

Sincerely yours,



Norman Thomas,
Chairman

NT/pms

(See resolution on back of page)

RESOLUTION ON UNIVERSAL DISARMAMENT UNDER EFFECTIVE INTERNATIONAL CONTROL

We, the _____, urge the American representatives to the next meeting of the Assembly of the United Nations to propose that that body immediately convene a conference to work out, by treaty or other arrangements, a plan for inclusive universal disarmament under effective international control. Such a plan must remove the right of any single nation to veto effective action for the prevention or punishment of aggression or of breaches of agreements concerning disarmament. Universal disarmament must, of course, include plans for the international control of atomic energy; it must also provide for the universal abolition of peacetime military conscription; the demilitarization of narrow waterways and island bases; the reduction of national forces on land, sea and in the air to a police level; and the rapid liquidation of imperialism which, in the last analysis, depends upon military force capable of aggression.

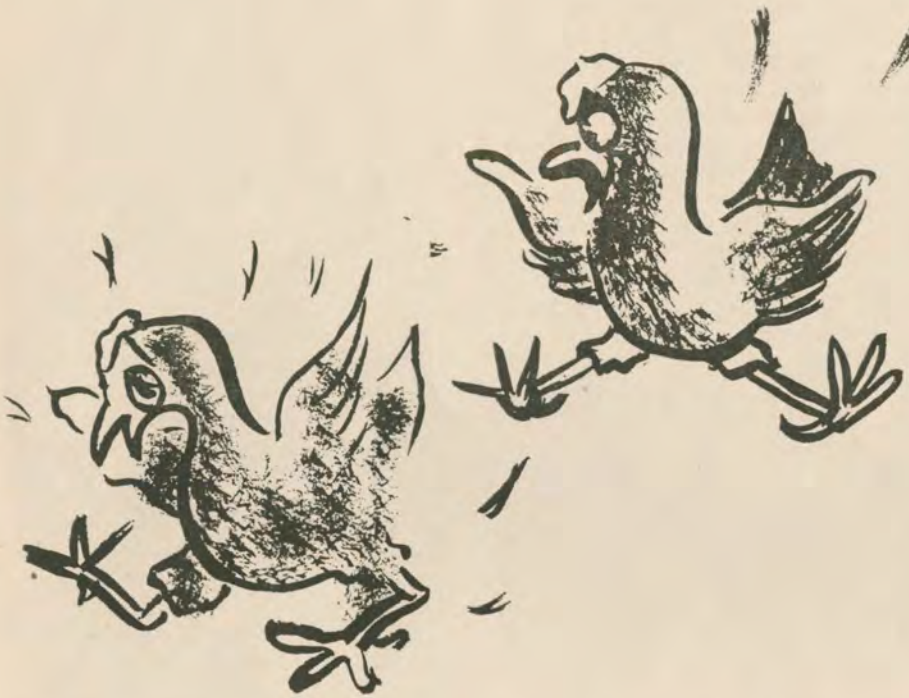
Of itself, disarmament will not guarantee abiding peace, but it will remove many causes of war and relieve many dangerous tensions. Even a strong appeal for it by the American nation, temporarily the mightiest in the world, would clear the air and clarify issues. It would set up a flag to which the nations could rally. Without disarmament, competitively armed nations cannot and will not establish or maintain any strong international union or plan cooperatively to meet the hunger of the world. It is fantastic to talk of peace or successful cooperation among nations which now spend ten billion dollars more on arms than they did in 1938, before the complete defeat and disarmament of Germany and Japan. Disarmament is not something to be achieved after the nations have worked out a system of security; it is the necessary basis for security and arrangements to enforce it, however essential, are but means to the end of lifting an intolerable burden from the backs of all men of every nation. It is the inescapable price of peace.

POSTWAR WORLD COUNCIL

112 East 19th Street

New York City 3

NOBODY TO PECK AT



BUELL GALLAGHER

THERE WERE FORTY-SEVEN eggs in the incubator. It should have been forty-eight, but one was cracked in shipment, so it was eaten for breakfast instead.

In due time, the forty-seven eggs were hatched, and forty-seven fluffy balls began to wobble about uncertainly. In no time at all, the forty-two survivors of that time that the temperature dropped had grown to be young chickens—thirty-eight pullets and four cocks. And as spring days lengthened into early summer, the pullets became hens, and two of the cocks became fryers. It was a well-managed brood.

And it had its own crude but effective way of managing its own affairs. One of the roosters, the larger one named Bennie, could send the other cock scurrying into a corner of the yard by merely stretching his neck. It wasn't that simple at first, because the smaller rooster couldn't understand why he should run away from the larger one. But at length he understood. It was accomplished by the process known as beating some sense into him.

So Bennie became cock of the roost, cock of the walk, and cock of the whole hen yard, too.

But no flock of hens can for long submit to the domination of one cock and there are real hazards of laying an average of five eggs every week or else, without beginning to be a bit irritated with one another. The hens took to pecking each other, and chasing one another around the hen yard. The largest and most aggressive hen dominated all the others—except the rooster, of course. And the second most aggressive hen could peck all the others, except Bennie and the number one hen. And so on down the line, until you came to one hen, a chicken named Betty, who was pecked by all, and had nobody to peck herself.

One Tuesday morning, Betty suggested a timid opinion to Gertrude, who was twenty-third in the peck order. Was it right for the hens to be ranked in order one above the other this way? And Gertrude, being considerably brighter and more experienced than Betty (as her higher social status clearly showed),

pointed out that all good hens were good layers—and that clearly meant that there were to be social layers, or strata; well, that quieted Betty for four days.

But on the following Saturday, Betty spoke again, this time to the hen who was third from the top, a chicken named Ermintrude. Now, Ermintrude had her eye on first place, and she enjoyed being able to peck thirty-one other hens whenever she felt like it. And when Betty spoke to her about the idea of a little more sisterly love in the hen yard, she pecked her comb until it bled and beat her over the right eye with a wing until her head swam. And then Ermintrude went to see Bennie about it, incidentally weaving in a bit of subtle flattery which was calculated to secure her own position close to the chief and possibly keep her in the line of succession in case anything happened to either of the girls ahead of her. Bennie listened pompously, and then decided to do something about it. He crowed for silence and got it. Then he mounted the metal top of a feeder and addressed all the chickens.

"Listen to me! I'm cock of this hen yard, see?" (Cheers of "Yea-a-a Bennie!") "All of us started from eggs which looked just alike, see? But I came out a rooster, and all of you came out hens, see? From there on in, it has been all a matter of natural selection, see?" (Cries of "Tell 'em Bennie," led by Ermintrude and echoed by all the others—except Betty.) "The cocks that were no good were disposed of; and the hens too lazy to produce just naturally disappeared. So what is the result? We've got the best old hen yard in this country, with the highest production record per hen; and we're well on the way toward establishing a tri-country record, see? I heard the farmer boasting about it last night." (Applause for the farmer, although nobody quite knew why.)

"Now I hear that there are some among us who don't like this kind of hen yard. They want to reduce us all to one level, where none of us lays any more eggs than the poorest pullet, and where nobody has any fun or gets any reward for production. They want to reduce all of us layers to one layer. That will mean that the whole bunch of you will get the axe, and the farmer will start all over again with a new incubator full of eggs. So think it over. I say we have the best of all possible hen yards when it's everybody for himself." (Cheers and applause.)

By this time everybody knew that Betty had been talking, because Ermintrude kept looking at her in a very knowing way. So Betty curled herself into the smallest possible ball of inconspicuousness and stayed there until dark. Only

three others looked her way—and they were numbers thirty-three, thirty-two, and thirty-one in the peck order. Seeing the four of them together in the late afternoon, Ermintrude rushed at them with her eyes blazing and the feathers of her collar standing out like a misplaced hoopskirt. "Reds!" she shouted. "Trying to undermine the government!" She forgot to remember that all the chickens in the yard were Rhode Island Reds—and anyhow, this was Iowa. These Reds were different!

When the fury of the attack had passed, chickens number thirty-one, thirty-two, thirty-three, and thirty-four in the peck order were, for the first time, fast friends. They began to feel drawn together by a bond of sympathy. The next day, when Bennie the cock called them all together for the regular Sunday morning devotions, Betty and her three companions huddled on the edge of the flock, off to one side. And as Bennie used the service to launch another harangue on the excellencies of individualism, they backed slowly away until quite a distance stood between them and the main part of the audience. And from the position they took, they were subsequently called Leftists.

Now it happened that a circus was in town, and that the tents were pitched next to the hen yard, the farm being just on the village outskirts. And on the two occasions when Bennie had been explaining the benefits of individualism to the assembled chickens, the elephants of the circus had been tethered just across the fence. One of the elephants chanced to

overhear the shrill voice of the cock and was greatly impressed by the cogency of the doctrine, especially that line which said it was everybody for himself. "That," said the elephant, "makes sense."

That afternoon, just before circus time, the elephant was still thinking it over as he stood in the shade and looked across the fence at the contented chickens playing a friendly game in which they chased one another and lightly administered a playful peck, fairly exuding the sort of good fellowship which so impressed him in Bennie's oratory. So he decided to share in the fun of the dance. It was very easy to pull up the stake to which he was tethered, and the chicken wire was no barrier at all. When his keepers finally caught him, he was wheeling and pirouetting gaily in the middle of the hen yard as he gleefully shouted, "Everybody for himself."

That night, there were seven fewer hens on the roost in the hen yard; the farmer, having hastily repaired the fence, was angrily demanding damages from the circus manager, when a sudden thunder and lightning storm blew in, striking the tree next to the elephants and stampeding the lot. Remembering what he had just learned, the lead elephant trumpeted, "Everybody for himself!" And when the stampede was over, the chicken house was in shambles, and one bedraggled rooster and seventeen shaken and frightened hens emerged, to hide in terrified silence under the dripping eaves of the barn and wait for day.

All of which clearly showed Bennie that there was something wrong. At day-



break, he straightened his comb, called the remnants of his flock together, and addressed them in solemn tones. "Everybody for himself is all right when we are all equal," he said. "Like when we all come from eggs that are just alike. Then it works out that some of us get ahead, but nobody gets hurt. But the crisis of the past hours has shown us that we must have a sterner doctrine if we are to survive."

So he promised them nothing but sweat and hard work and more hard work; but at the end of their struggles he promised them the golden egg of victory. From now on, no individual hen counted for anything except as she layed for the welfare of the coop. "The chicken is nothing, the coop is everything!" And all the chickens, as they had been taught, dutifully applauded. And Ermintrude smiled within herself, for she understood that what Bennie really meant was that he was still cock of the walk, and that she was now to be top hen, because numbers one and two had unfortunately been eliminated in the stampede of the elephants. But her illusion was short-lived.

Betty had been listening, too, and she took Bennie's words literally. "You hear that?" she said to Ermintrude. "From now on, none of us is worth anything. That means you're all like me, and I'm as good as you are. Bennie says so. And if you so much as look at me, I'll hold you down with my left foot and pull out every one of your tail feathers, one by one, and make a fan for myself." And Ermintrude, seeing that the social distance between herself and Betty had been reduced by the deaths of a dozen members of the graduated hierarchy, decided to play along for a while until things got straightened out.

But with the new society, the hens soon got tired of taking it out on each other with no results in social standing, so they began to look at Bennie with new eyes. Wasn't it he who had made those foolish speeches which had convinced the elephant that it was everybody for himself? And when they saw what had happened under the old doctrine, who could tell where this new doctrine would lead?

So they staged a revolution which was planned by Betty and led by Ermintrude—all the hens against the rooster. They drove Bennie out of the barnyard and across the fields, where he ran so hard that he dropped dead of heart failure.

On the way home, Ermintrude spied a gander whose long, graceful neck and sensuous waddle she greatly admired. She immediately sidled up to him and asked him to come and take Bennie's place. "With pleasure," honked the gander. "I'll show you what a real leader is!" So he taught the hens to march in formation, and to goose step as they passed the reviewing stand. Every hen knew her place,

learned to stay in it, and layed there.

Now this gander was no goose. He knew that the glamour of marching and saluting and goose stepping would soon wear off. What the new society needed was a good, strong hatred to take the attention off him and unite his following. By judicious inquiry, he found that none of the hens liked elephants; but obviously he couldn't have the hens running around hating elephants. Suppose the elephants heard of it?

So the gander devised a myth—a good one. He began by raising a few questions.



Why had the elephants stampeded? And since all the hens had been inside the hen house, none of them could answer with certainty that it was the electric storm which had frightened the pachyderms. When he had their curiosity properly aroused, he called a meeting and announced that the elephants had stampeded because on that fateful night three sneaking, scheming yellow ducklings had deliberately waddled right under their noses and frightened them. So the ducks were to blame for it all. And to clinch the argument, he pointed out that ever since the stampede, the farmer had refused to rebuild the hen yard, and had put all the fowls together in the common barnyard. That proved that the ducks had only been trying to break down segregation. They wanted social equality with the chickens. "So what are we waiting for?" hissed the gander.

From that time on, the hens were very happy. They could easily tell a duck from a chicken by just looking at her. They noted the clever way in which all the little yellow ducks tried to grow up and camouflage themselves as white geese. But that did not fool the chickens. They were too smart for that. They made every duck wear a black band on her wing. Within two weeks, every yellow duckling had a running sore down his back clear from his eyes to his tail, where the chickens had been pecking him; and all the ducks were so upset that they stopped laying and began to moult.

Now, you might think that this story should have an ending; but if there is to be an ending, it is yet to be written. My last information is that the farmer is contemplating wringing the necks of the whole lot of chickens and starting all over with another incubator full of eggs, just as the late Bennie said he might. It is also reported that Ermintrude is quite unpopular with the rest of the hens because when they have to wheel and march and goose step, Ermintrude stands just below the gander's reviewing stand with a smirk on her face and takes the salutes. Moreover, the hens are getting pretty worried, because all the ducklings are growing up, and some of them are turning out to be drakes with minds of their own, and the chickens are now outnumbered three to one by the ducks. No one knows what would happen if the ducks should take a notion to organize. The chickens are afraid, and they have begun to peck each other again.

Perhaps you think the farmer has an answer to the problem? Well, the farmer knows how he would like to see the story come out, but someone once told the farmer that you can't change chicken nature. Once a chicken, always a chicken. So all he does now is to lean on the fence and chew a straw, and wonder whether it would do any good to try to re-educate the chickens if he knew how. But up to this point in the story, he can see two morals. The first one, which doesn't make much sense to him, is that elephants should never try to play amongst the chickens. And the second one, which does make sense, is that chickens weren't hatched to goose step any more than they were hatched to compete for tri-country prizes.

Perhaps the farmer needs to quit studying chickens and begin to study people. He might find some evidence to support the notion that when it's everybody for himself, somebody always gets hurt; and when it's everybody for the state, everybody is nobody except the dictator. But I am afraid that the farmer himself will never learn much about humans and such, because he still believes the old saw that you can't change human nature.

HOLLYWOOD, I CONCLUDED, was easily the strangest corner of the world I had ever known. It has the sea and the mountains and never-failing sunshine, and yet so little charm. Men I had known in England had come out here to work, had turned up in these studios, as bronzed and fit and smiling as royal personages in the press, to tell me they had never felt so well before, and then had died quite suddenly. Everybody here is bronzed and fit, and nobody seems quite healthy. The climate suggests that it is the best in the world to work in, yet somehow one can do twice as much work almost anywhere else. There is no more cosmopolitan place than this, and yet, it still seems an American small town suffering from elephantiasis. These endless boulevards are swarming now with artists of every kind, yet there is hardly a glimmer of real art. The most beautiful women on the continent live here, yet one can hardly bother looking at them. People spend fortunes on entertaining, yet there is still not one really first-class hotel or restaurant in the place. It is the only town I have ever been in where visitors are solemnly conducted on sight-seeing tours of "homes," and yet there is probably no town in which there are fewer real homes. It is a community of "wonderful lovers" who have neither the time nor the inclination to make love, a Venusberg that will not admit Venus. Its trade, which is in dreams at so many dollars a thousand feet, is managed by business men pretending to be artists and by artists pretending to be business men. In this queer atmosphere, nobody stays as he was; the artist begins to lose his art, and the business man becomes temperamental and unbalanced. The whole world is entertained by Hollywood, but it can only laugh bitterly at itself.

—J. B. Priestley

Copyright 1937, Harper and Brothers, from *Midnight on the Desert*



By permission Associated American Artists

A PLACE IN THE SUN (HOLLYWOOD)

WILLIAM GROPPER

motive

Movies

EXCITEMENT IN ITSELF is entertaining, and goodness is apt to be dull. But the highest form of cinema art treats goodness in such a way as to make it hold interest. No film is great unless it brings happiness to those who see it. I feel that the people who make motion pictures bear a heavy responsibility. No one can say how much the lives of the people who view films are influenced by them. No one can say what evils some of our pictures have brought in their wake. I, for one, believe that the public wants better pictures than many of those which are now being made. One of the principal functions of the cinema is to improve the taste of the public. I see the film industry developing into a great art—an art which will bring happiness to many people and peace to our world. Through motion pictures the people of one country can get to know the people of another country and can learn to understand one another. And it is through understanding alone that peace will come to the world.

—J. Arthur Rank

90,000,000 a Week

is the regular movie attendance of this country.
Here is a diagnosis of this art-medium or amusement-strip,
whichever you choose to call it.

MARGARET FRAKES

"SINCE THEY PORTRAY contemporary life for us, movies have become a contemporary art form. And since any such portrayal plays a part in the development of the cultural pattern of our time, how the movies function as interpreters is of vital concern to all of us. Any art form exists not only to provide pleasure in itself, but even more impor-

tantly, to fulfill this unique and lasting function of interpretation. If it performs this function well, it will make those who experience it more aware of the true meaning of their own lives, of the nature and the significance of the lives of others and of the events which take place in the world at large. If we are at all concerned that a better world should come

out of the struggles of the present, we need to observe whether the movies we see are contributing to a true understanding of the world that exists and are pointing toward the achievement of a richer, more fruitful way of life."

Thus, read a past "movie" page in *motive* trying to explain why the editors, when they projected a magazine for

THE STARS LOOK DOWN



MOTIVE OSCARS

Here are Margaret Frakes' choices of the outstanding films that have made their appearance since motive began looking at movies in the early days of 1941.

- For a discerning probing of the soul of fascism in cosmic terms: *The Great Dictator*.
- For exciting use of the cartoon technique in a new synthesis of sound and form: *Fantasia*.
- For a mature study of the devotion of mankind to an ideal, and a study of human aspiration: *Madame Curie*.
- For discerning comment on good and evil: *The Ox-Bow Incident*.
- For revelation of the impact of war on ordinary men and women: *The Story of G. I. Joe, In Which We Serve, The Best Years of Our Lives*.
- For delineation of true religious spirit as contrasted with ecclesiasticism: *The Keys of the Kingdom*.
- For successful use of fantasy: *Here Comes Mr. Jordan*.
- For memorable pictures of the not-so-obvious yet significant facets of human nature as men and women and boys and girls make their separate impact on those about them: *Brief Encounter, A Tree Grows in Brooklyn, How Green Was My Valley, The Human Comedy*.
- For successful transfer of the spirit of the written word to the screen: *Henry V, Great Expectations*.
- For effective comment on the relation of man to a hostile economic environment: *The Stars Look Down*.

Christian students, decided that some space should be devoted to looking at one means by which those students—and some 90,000,000 other people in this country alone—fill up part of their leisure time each week. Over the years—almost seven of them—this department has had a lot of words to say: some of them probably not worth recalling, some of them perhaps worth reiterating here. For instance, on what movies do to us:

"Whether we go to movies once a week or once a month, we are being influenced by what is flashed at us from the screen. . . . We need to work out standards for the movies we see, to look at specific films in the light of those standards, to devise techniques for making our influence felt in helping bring about movies that will *construct*." "In the world of today, with its increasing 'close-togetherness' and the necessity of knowing why other people are what they are and how we may work together for a world as it should be, no medium is so fitted to interpret that togetherness as the motion picture. How movies do their job, how we are to look at them if they are to serve us well, and if we are to avoid the misconceptions they are equally capable of establishing in our minds is most important."

"We must learn to discriminate as we choose our movie fare. We must demand that films, even those providing entirely escapist fare, look at the world as it is today and give us men and women who are real, who face life as everyday men and women, with ideals and attitudes worthy to stand up against the facts of

today. We need to see beyond the surface, and place the images we gain from films in their proper perspective against the background of living. We need to be aware of the influence films undoubtedly wield in the thinking of all peoples, and to point out how that influence may further, not destroy, the ability of those peoples to live together and build a world of decency and understanding."

ON THE MUCH DEBATED ISSUE OF CENSORSHIP:

"In a symposium on the place of movies in American life, a famous motion picture actor said, 'Good and evil, vice and virtue, saint and sinner, have no place in the lexicon of the artist. They are purely the concepts of moralists.' An answer to this conception of the art of the cinema is that the portions of films to which so-called moralists have objected are seldom examples of any sort of art. In most cases, they have been scenes inserted for no artistic or dramatic purpose, but simply to make it possible for the production to be advertised as daring or thrilling or shocking, and thus attract the curious." "It is not in more exposure of human bodies and discussion of adultery or the like that the foreign films excel; it is just that they are grown-up, that they present adult themes with good taste, that they show real people instead of the artificial, Hollywood-grown specimens that pass for real people on the American screen. Hollywood has the talent, the money, the people. It's just that so many of the men on top think that cheap crime, expensive set-

tings, showy people, flamboyancy, super-epics with sex so slipped in as to permit sensational advertising are what we want and will spend our money for."

"What is needed, it would seem, is more intelligence in application of the Production Code, with each film viewed according to its entire spirit and meaning rather than to each word spoken in its dialogue."

ON TECHNICAL QUALITIES:

"For too many of us, a movie is something to be seen in a vacuum, with little appreciation of effective techniques and a tragic toleration for what is often shoddy, silly, or simply uninspired. And when we consider that the movies occupy a greater share of our spare time than almost any other form of recreation, this viewing-in-a-vacuum becomes downright criminal. A greater enjoyment and a more profitable use of the time each of us spends at the movies could be had if we would undertake two projects: (1) to budget our movie-going, choosing as candidates for our spare time recreation only those films which reviews, other than press-agented blurbs, have indicated are worth while; and (2) to build up a capacity for appreciating the different phases of film creation—plot, dialogue, direction, music, art—so that excellencies in these fields will bring to us their own special pleasure, just as effectively rendered music or an expertly rendered performance on the baseball diamond brings to those who recognize it a pleasure all its own."

"If we are to do the best thing pos-



MADAME CURIE

sexy, sly, routine, dull, pedantic, suggestive, overdone, immoral, horror-filled, confused, illogical, unmotivated, artificial, silly, pretentious, pedestrian, boresome."

ON THAT OLD BUGABOO—DRINKING:

"Objection to drinking on the screen just because it is drinking would be a ridiculous, head-in-the-sand attitude. For drinking is an ever-present fact in American life—but a *problem* rather than the accepted accompaniment to everyday living as the movies often indicate. . . . If drinking were treated realistically, if the logical results of imbibing were shown, if it were not so frequently indicated that the only really smart and proper celebration is the night club and the champagne bottle, with delightful results following, then no one would have cause to object."

ON RELIGION:

"What of the spiritual, the religious implications of the film that sets itself up as a portrayal of this phase of life? Is evil only something personified by the gangster, the mortgage holder, the bandit—never the ordinary, solid citizen, the waster of the wealth of life?" "Is there a true delineation of what is worth our wonder, and what we worship in life, a sense of appreciation for the good and fine, however simple it may appear?"

"Perhaps we can never expect to find true religion portrayed when it has to be set in the trappings of ecclesiasticism, where there are so many pitfalls of creed and doctrine to be avoided, where a whole film may be condemned, because it gives a perhaps unintentional misconception of some point of doctrine that would annoy the denominational group which holds it. Perhaps we would do better to look for religious truths to be portrayed in the course of a film about life in general, not about the church or its ministers.

"There has been drama in the stands the church has taken in the past and is taking today, in the fight individuals in the church have made to bear witness to the truth of what is good and what is evil; let the personal sacrifice be what it may. That drama waits only to be recognized and recorded; once done, a channeling through the medium of the screen might be the most effective way to impress it on the hearts of men. But first we would have to divorce ourselves from the expectation that it need express any one creed or doctrine, or that it must be a gaudy spectacle to attract the multitudes, as *The Robe* threatens to be, or that it must be predicated first on the idea of fulfilling the customary concept of 'entertainment.' It would need to be a film about men of the church, perhaps, but portraying universal truths about good and evil as effectively as did *The Ox-Bow Incident*."

sible by ourselves, we need to approach each movie we see with a demand that it *gives* us something: an insight into life and the souls of those who live it, an understanding where before our attitudes were hazy, a broadening of emotional or sensory experience (if the film is simply an 'escapist' one) or a glimpse into the possibilities of the human spirit. We need to demand something more than a smoothly oiled plot sequence, or a spectacular scene that makes us 'oh' and 'ah' at its splendor. We need to demand that something about each movie we see—the truth it portrays, perhaps, or the artistry with which that truth is said, or the relationship it displays between people and people or between people and ideas, or perhaps merely the music which permeates and controls—we need to demand that this something should be such as to make us the gainers for having seen the film."

ON MOVIE THEMES:

"What matters most is that a story be meaningful, true to life, honest, and convincing, that it have something to say and an effective way of saying it, and that it be developed so as to produce a coherent, entertaining whole. No matter how many famous stars are secured, no matter how much money is spent on settings and music and camera work, the film will be worthless unless it has at heart a story worth doing."

"*Rightness* in story includes use of a worth-while theme developed in line with truth in everyday life, carried out by means of a plot that convinces because motivation is sure and honest, with events arranged to form a logical pattern

of action that holds our interest because the action is artistically constructed, imaginative, and unhackneyed, with a minimum of talk and an absence of scenes added for their own sake."

"Perhaps the word we should choose in our search for a standard of judgment is *motivation*. What is the motive behind the production of a given film? Is it worthy of our attention, the approbation of us who search for a motive that will stand the best tests of which we know? What is the film *saying* through its characterization and its treatment of situations?"

ON PERFORMANCES:

"The question is whether screen characters are to be cardboard copies of what the movies of the past have said people are like, or real men and women, individuals all, acting according to honest motivation rather than as puppets of tradition."

"Movie characters and situations do not *need* to be stereotyped. The fact that non-patterned examples stand out as they do in our film memories, plus the thrill we get when we do recognize them on the screen, points to a hope for the future."

ON GOOD AND BAD:

"A good movie is honest, discerning, believable, restrained, fresh, real, true to itself and to the people who will watch it. . . . A good movie does not violate one's conceptions of right and wrong, or justice, or ethics, or decency, or life purpose. A good movie is *not* glamorous, sensational, shocking, futile, sentimental, brutal, false, sordid, improbable, unrestrained,

Duel in Hollywood

ANDREW MARTON

I BELIEVE THAT motion pictures can do more than entertain. We have just scratched the surface of what they can do. Some things they do are very good, some very bad. I would rate the ulprits fostering mass hysteria in America as follows: the newspapers first—they hitch onto anything for headlines; the radio second; motion pictures third. Motion pictures are lagging behind, not because they are so virtuous, but because of the nature of their production. They take so long to produce that immediate matters cannot be used; they would be outdated.

I believe that we haven't begun to scratch the surface of what motion pictures can do as an educational medium. Visual materials are just coming into their own. The war was a tremendous help, for it showed how with visual aids we could save hundreds and hundreds of man-hours. It showed what beautiful and satisfying experiences can be made even out of nuts and bolts. Commercialism, the profit motive, and unchecked greed can become the ugliest things we know. My pet aversion in motion pictures is *Duel in the Sun*. How it passed the censors is a sordid story. The producer spent three million on it; then he took it to Boston for preview. In motion-picture language it laid an egg. It wasn't successful. The producer realized he would lose money. He called the picture back. Then he spent close to two million more for additional scenes—not for an artistic motive, but to recoup the money he was about to lose. He put in "Sex," with a capital "S." Eighty per cent of the objectionable scenes in the picture were ones added in this way, to make the original investment safe for the producer's money. The producer said, "People don't follow the story anyway; let's forget that and put in Sex."

I want you to know that the motion-picture industry doesn't take this lying down. There are tremendous forces operating against such action. How did it pass the Breen office? Well, we don't usually send retakes into the Breen office, because they are for the most part just technical adjustments. This is the way *Duel in the Sun* got by. Eric Johnston and Breen have been made very uncomfortable. And you needn't take this lying down. I suggest that individuals and groups write letters and keep in touch with the Breen office, and say you are not so worried about the letter of the Hayes Code as about the impression pictures leave. Under the Hayes Code, pictures can still be true to the letter and be filled with communist or fascist impressions, or be a lewd picture. Let it be known that you are more concerned with the content. Say you are worried about the increasingly amoral pictures, and that you think that the original Hayes Code

does not suffice. Adhering to the letter does not do it. Say you would appreciate it if more attention were paid to the moral content.

I suggest that legislation be introduced in Washington copying that of Sweden, Denmark, and—before the war—Germany. These governments have an entertainment tax, but they are willing to refund one-half if the exhibitor shows a worth-while educational movie. This makes the showing worth while for the producer of educational motion pictures. There would have to be a board: a body brought into being consisting of educational representatives, labor, churchmen, etc. The board would view the pictures and star them—three stars for the best educational motion pictures, two stars, and one star. The government would refund proportionately.

This way an incentive would be introduced to the producers to make educational motion pictures. All producers respond to the profit motive. We have a large number of educationals—mag-

nificent ones—and can't show them anywhere. They were made by artists. They show music, ocean scenes, changes of the seasons, etc. They can't be shown, because Betty Grable and other leg pictures have the supposed money-making field. However, if the producer knows he will get a refund, he will show educational pictures. We have shown some—sneaked them in. We told the exhibitors we needed to get a line on public reaction. Every time they have been shown, they have gotten a tremendous hand. It isn't that the people do not want them.

We in Hollywood are working toward this goal through the Screen Directors' Guild. We have to find somebody who will exhibit the motion pictures we make. We have a bill in Congress. We have an agreement in the Screen Directors' Guild that we won't picture racial minorities in the wrong light; we won't promote prejudice. The Screen Directors' Guild and the motion picture industry are bending their efforts in that direction and not in the direction of *Duel in the Sun*.

THE STARS LOOK DOWN



540-83

Peril in Film Trends

BOSLEY CROWTHER

IT IS ALWAYS an arguable question how far a movie invades the mind of a person who sees it—how much that person believes and how much illusion of experience or participation he carries away. Lay and professional psychologists have chewed over this one for years and, to the best of our acquisitive knowledge, haven't turned up a blanket answer yet. Maybe there is no blanket answer. Maybe it all depends not only upon the individual picture but upon the individual spec-

tator's mind. Maybe a picture which leaves a mature and thoughtful spectator cold will stimulate vivid personal fancies in an unformed, susceptible mind, or the other way 'round. This stands to reason, and we suspect this is how it is.

Under any circumstances, to the eye of this steady observer of America's postwar films, there has appeared a surprising and disturbing indication of laxity in moral tone. Not only has the Hollywood product of the past eighteen months or

G.I. JOE.



two years shown a general degeneration in story qualities, but it has also displayed a distinct trend toward morbidity and indecency. Leaders in the industry are aware of the condition, and they are concerned.

It seems as though most of the offenses which have been committed in American films over the years have been assembled in this postwar product. The gangster type of picture, against which there has rightfully been raised such persistent opposition by parents and educators, as well as by social welfare groups, the crime-sex melodrama, the "psychopathic thriller"—all have been returned to the screen with a little face lifting and refashioning which barely disguise their ancestry.

Consider the recent picture, *Brute Force*, as an example. There may be another way to take this opus than as a dangerously inflammatory film. It deliberately goes in for abrading the emotions with sheer brutality. Furthermore, it presents a prison drama in which the convicts are much abused heroes and the villain is a cold, sadistic jailer. And what about the impression this film will make upon any and all spectators to whom it may be shown in a foreign land? What a sweet piece of propaganda for the American way of life!

Even the heretofore innocuous and purely Western adventure story has been made the deceptive conveyance of intentionally sexual pictures which in two instances have provoked resentment of organized groups throughout the land, nor to mention the formal censure, in one instance, of the motion picture industry itself.

This trend toward sensationalized cheapness has come in spite of the industry's own vigilant Production Code, which is intended, through its detailed list of "shall nots," to support the moral tone of our films. It has also come despite the oft-repeated eagerness of industry leaders, including Eric Johnston, head of the Motion Picture Association, to see to it that the screen adheres to its avowed purpose of presenting decent and wholesome family entertainment.

But, unfortunately, within the industry, there have been some producers—not all, by any means—who obviously reckoned that there would be a wide public taste for morbid and salacious entertainment following the war. Apparently counting upon a traditional loosening of the country's moral fabric and self-restraints during a period of great national tension, these producers shrewdly contrived to get past the code authorities with highly questionable films. The consequence has been this spate of pictures which has not only offended responsible observers of films but which has actually threatened to jeopardize the character and reputation of the American screen.

theater

At the same time, there has come a distinct and healthy challenge to the American-made film from Britain, where a reorganized and revitalized film industry has begun to assert itself with uncommonly fine pictures. In the past year or so we've had from England a phenomenally successful film production of Shakespeare's *Henry V* and a delightfully entertaining screen translation of Charles Dickens' novel, *Great Expectations*. We have had Noel Coward's *Brief Encounter* and *This Happy Breed*, a tender fantasy called *Stairway to Heaven*, and a rare philosophical melodrama, *Odd Man Out*.

Notable in all this product has been not only its high artistic and literary quality but the genuinely decent and basically wholesome level on which it has been pitched. Even a film such as *Brief Encounter*, which treats a most delicate social theme—that of an extramarital attachment between a married woman and a married man—handles its subject so honestly and with such a credible and decent solution that, far from giving offense, the film may be taken as a reflection of moral dignity and self-respect in this wisened-up age.

Or the film *Odd Man Out*, which superficially is a straight man-hunt melodrama, is really a deeply moral study of a bewildered man's hunt for a faith, a moving drama of human hopes and despair in a dark world.

Yes, even in such of their product as has not been artistically of the best and even in that which has bordered on the risqué in romantic vein, the British have manifested in the pictures which they have sent to the United States a sense of decency and proportion. This may be attributable to the fact that J. Arthur Rank, the rich flour miller who has financed the reorganization of British films, is a devout churchman and is also anxious to capture foreign business.

And this characteristic difference between current American and British films may have great importance to competition for favor in these critical years. For the control of market outlets, while a factor, cannot outweigh superior films—films that do more than divert and stimulate the baser interests of people but give sustenance for the spirit and hope and confidence for the mind.

This enrichment in our mass entertainment is the great responsibility of the screen today. It is the cultural potential with which our film men are most seriously and solemnly charged. And unless they provide the public with substantial and wholesome fare, in both light and serious entertainment, they will be failing the public weal.

(Note: This article is arranged from Mr. Crouther's writings for *Think and the New York Times*.)

The professional theater season got away to a bad start this fall, according to report. Broadway mutters about omens and blames it on the playwrights. Actors they have got; sets they can get; talent of all description in all directions; but—no plays! So it is the playwrights who are the no-talent boys on Broadway! That is just too bad and something less than fair.

If the opening play of the season drew scathing criticism for a clutter of clichés, how did it get that way? How is it that playwrights have an abiding impression that to get on Broadway at all it is safest to stick to formula? They can't have dreamed it up along with a list of Broadway taboos beginning with social significance, because they are being lambasted all over the lot for their lack of imagination. If last season's shot in the arm, a series of revivals, is tried again the playwrights might haul out that ancient ditty *You Made Me What I Am Today* and chant it on the Rialto. Maybe that is not fair either. At any rate, I maintain that the playwright is a much picked-upon artist. If the going is good he is mostly forgotten; if the play doesn't go at all, he is to blame.

Of course, no one compels him to be a playwright. Other avenues are open to creative genius. In Delaware, there is a man who trains roosters to roller skate.

The Experimental Theater under the banner of the American National Theater and Academy is doing something constructive about the situation. Their play-reading board has selected three plays which will be given eight performances each. Subscriptions for the series may be reduced to between \$8 and \$10. The object is to increase the audience and give the widest possible area of contact to the new playwrights. They are hoping to have a larger theater than last year when the experiment started. Possibly Daly's.

The plays chosen are *The Fifth Horseman*, by Abe Goldfein, *Lamp at Midnight*, by Barrie Stavis, and *Yes Is For a Very Young Man*, by Gertrude Stein. Five other plays came within one vote of being accepted for production. One of these was *Skipper Next to God*, by Jan De Hartog, a Dutch dramatist who escaped from Holland to England after his being captured and sentenced to death by the Germans. His play, *This Time Tomorrow*, will be the Theatre Guild's second production and it is now being tried out at the Westport Country Playhouse. The Guild claims that it will be the first play by a Dutch dramatist to be presented in this country.

The National Theater Tryout Studio has announced a series of plays to be produced at the Hunter College Playhouse in New York City to exhibit the talents of young players with professional aspirations. Mary Morris, a director of plays at Carnegie Tech., and Garrett Leverton, formerly of Northwestern, are among the committee in charge.

Lennox Robinson, Irish playwright, has arrived to lecture on drama at Ohio State University. He is hoping to complete a new play, *The Magic Finger*, during his stay at the University.

Katherine Cornell received an honorary degree of Doctor of Fine Arts from Ithaca College, Ithaca, New York. It reads in part, "Katherine Cornell, top-ranking actress of the American theater, . . . distinguished trouper, whose devotion to the road has brought fine theater to hundreds of American cities and to American soldiers scattered over the vast theaters of war . . ."

The Common Glory, a Paul Green dramatization of American history which was presented for the first time at the Lake Matoaka Amphitheatre near Williamsburg, Virginia, is planned to be an annual presentation in future summers. It is estimated to have been seen by 75,000 people.

The fourth annual Donaldson Award made in honor of W. H. Donaldson, founder of *The Billboard*, theatrical trade magazine, and given to those considered best in twenty-seven categories in the play and musical fields rates *Finian's Rainbow* as the best musical of the season. Other citations are best musical book: E. Y. Harburg and Fred Saily, *Finian's Rainbow*, best musical debut: Albert Sharpe in *Finian's Rainbow*, best performance and best supporting performance: David Wayne in (you guessed it) *Finian's Rainbow*.

Judith Anderson will be the star of *Medea* by Robinson Jeffers which started rehearsal recently under the direction of John Gielgud. A blank verse drama based on a poem by Robinson Jeffers and adapted by Michael Myerberg is scheduled to open in New York in October despite its banning in Boston. It is called *Dear Judas* and four principal characters, by account, are the carpenter (Christ), the mother (Virgin Mary), Lazarus, and Judas. Mr. Myerberg is quoted as saying, "Our approach to the subject matter is deeply religious and reverent, and we feel that the play will contribute greatly to a spiritual rebirth." He also has a statement from Dr. Guy Emery Sipler, editor of *The Churchman*, defending the production. The acting mayor of Boston totally disagrees. The people of Boston appear to have no say in the matter. Since their acting mayor is acting for a mayor who is serving a prison

sentence, it would appear that Boston is more particular about its plays than about its politicians.

—Marion Wefer

records

There is one drawback to writing a column of record releases, dear reader, that would challenge the will power of the proverbial saint better known for having his (or her) patience challenged. That drawback comes in the old itch to add this little \$3.95 album, or that \$6.15 set to the collection that's already overgrown both the living room and the den. So, leaving the billfold at home, and bolstering the will with an admonition from the wife that I'd better not bring home any more records, I painfully enjoy as delightful a four-hour listening session as ever has come this way. The result shows in two inspirations set down below.

First, what's happened to hot jazz and the impromptu jam session in the latest trend in 10-inch popular releases? Two albums that have just been released come to mind. They are Decca A-398, which features an Eddie Condon aggregate in a *Gershwin Concert*, and Columbia's C-139, *Louis Armstrong and His Hot Five*. There are some hot and solid licks lacquered into both of these albums, and to an old time jazz fan they will recall the halcyon days of the '20's and the early '30's. There are two reasons for this. The Gershwin songs were all written in this period, and the Armstrong album contains many individual records first waxed during the same period. There just ain't no music written today that lends itself to the kind of treatment found in these albums, and if it were the market would be mighty small.

You've all probably noted the decline of first-rate jazz orchestras and read here 'n there in *Downbeat*, etc., of the preference for sweet music on the popular market today. Well, listen to these numbers, and I wager they'll sound odd to your ears because you haven't heard anything like it in a blue moon. Well, I, for one, like it. Jess Stacy and Gene Schroeder give with some good, but good, piano in the best Gershwin style for Eddie Condon. Teagarden, Pee Wee Russell, Ernie Caceres, Bobby Hackett, Kaminski, Jimmy Dixon, et. al., really do some solo and obligato work on the Gershwin records that is solid. Lee Wiley, who incidentally is Mrs. Jess Stacy, does the vocals on *Someone to Watch Over Me*, and *The Man I Love*. In this corner she's just about the best feminine vocalist on pop records today. (Possible exception—sweet ol' Dinah Shore.) If you haven't heard Lee, give these records a try. The

Hackett trumpet obligato on *Someone to Watch Over Me* is tops.

The Louis Armstrong "Hot Five" doesn't have quite as much to commend it, mainly because the instrumentation is thin, and Johnny St. Cyr's banjo, while good, doesn't make up for the lack of a drummer. These are the second volume of a series of reissues of the records that made jazz history, and represent New Orleans jazz in its most torrid style, particularly the Armstrong vocals, which don't go with me, although Louis has many followers of his vocal style (witness the popularity of the *Jack-Armstrong Blues*, Victor No. 20-3348, an exception to the rule that a real jazz release won't sell). If your gray matter reacts familiarly to the name of Leon (Bix) Beiderbecke you'll like these records.

A lot of people, though, won't like these releases, and perhaps you're among them. Why don't you like them? Why isn't really hot and original jazz selling today? If you've got any pet theories on the matter, drop me a line, will you, as it's a situation that vexes me.

The other light that lit up in my cranial filing cabinet picked up its voltage when I listened to the Decca 12-inch set (D-439) called *No Man Is an Island*. During the recently completed world fracas we all heard a lot of patriotic music, recollections of Americana, paeans of praise to the liberty ideal, etc. The revival of Tom Paine's writings sponsored by Howard Fast and the tremendously popular *Ballad for Americans*, featuring Paul Robeson, portray this trend at its best in literature and music. One of the few really heartening things in the present so-called postwar era, is the continuance of interest in writings and music keeping the ideology of freedom alive at its highest level. *No Man Is an Island*, while not music, is a record release, and therefore is getting treatment here.

Orson Welles reads speeches that have gone down in history for their championship of the ideals of the brotherhood of man. Pericles, John Donne, Paine, Patrick Henry, John Brown, Emile Zola, Abraham Lincoln are all featured, and Welles does most of them superbly. For voice, his oral characterization of Lincoln is tremendously effective. For fire and fervor, the Zola and Paine records are impelling, for beauty of style and treatment of composition, the John Donne speech, "For whom the bell tolls," from which the title of the album was taken, should be read in every college English lit class. These records require concentration in listening, and all ten sides at one sitting are too much, but for a serious evening and some provocative discussion, they can be very highly recommended.

In the same vein, Randall Thompson's *The Treatment of Freedom* (Victor DM-

1054) with the Harvard Glee Club and Koussevitzky's Boston Symphony, can't be overlooked. It's not a new release, being a year old, but is probably new to most people who aren't record shop haunters. Thompson gives a musical setting to four passages from Jefferson's writings, and while some better Jefferson could have been chosen, the musical setting would be hard to improve on, as any of you familiar with Randall Thompson will agree. The words are good, and their import heightened by the orchestral treatment. On the records, the balance between the orchestra and glee club is a little too heavy on the orchestral side, to the detriment of the words, but familiarization through reading them aids concentration, and overcomes the defect.

This and the Welles experiment are records with a message, and while not entertainment in the popular sense, shouldn't be shunned for that reason. Anyone who enjoys reading *motive* for its message, will appreciate these albums.

ODDS 'N ENDS: The August issue of *The Capitol News* reports that New Orleans has gone from jazz to cowboy music, and is now the incubator for western, barn dance music. . . . Tex Williams carries on the current feud with Phil Harris, now waging over *Smoke, Smoke, Smoke*, with another release, Capitol A-40031, *That's What I Like About the West*. Top recommendations in the field of classical music: The Chicago Symphony under DeFauw doing the first U. S. recordings of Franck's tone poems, *Psyche*, and *Le Chasseur Maudit*. Tops in program music, and a new, intriguing side of Franck's musical productions. Carol Brice, a Negro contralto, does a wonderful job on some Bach arias, particularly *Agnus Dei*, and *Et Exultavit*, from the *B minor mass* and the *Magnificat*, respectively. An oboe obligato with Miss Brice's alto in *Qui sedes* provides a real musical thrill. One last note: Margaret Whiting on Capitol's BD-51, *Rodgers and Hart Tunes*, is the month's biggest disappointment with exception of one side, *Thou Swell*.

—Keith Irwin

radio

The Big Break, airing from 10:30 to 11 P.M. over N.B.C., got off to a promising start. It's a new show and it may be a worthy addition to radio. It could be said, it's a reconditioned Major Bowes, but the seriousness of purpose of its master of ceremonies, Eddie Dowling (very first regular radio chore), and the talent of the young guests make you forget the show has a contest format. Interviewers and judges are travelling all

motive

over the nation for the Adam Hat people (sponsors of the show) rounding up four unknown but matured artists for each week's show; each of the chosen guests may be ready for his big break; he is given the chance to sing, act, play an instrument, etc., with the best possible support and encouragement. His work is then judged by a known and competent professional artist. (Oscar Hammerstein II teed the judging off.) The one of the four who is judged prepared for his big break is given an award which will best further his own career—on the premiere it was a completely financed and publicized debut at Town Hall. It could be a role in a Broadway play or maybe even a singing engagement at the Paramount!

Beginning January 1, you've got to stay up past 9:30 in the evening to get the load of N.B.C. crime shows. This action may have been taken to give you time to get home from the library, or it may be the result of the pressure upon the network of parent-teacher groups, women's clubs, and the American Bar Association. N.B.C., by way of explaining the change, says: "Mystery and crime stories are as old as literature itself, but the vivid, living portrayal of such dramas on the air has an impact on the juvenile, adolescent, or impressionable mentality that cannot be underestimated." With the new year, N.B.C. will abet all resolutions of no crime shows until beddy time.

Llewellyn White's *The American Radio* (University of Chicago Press, \$3.25) has much that is good and intelligent to say about radio in this country. Mr. White happens to be the inventor of the audion tube which has made radio possible, and he is reported to have summed up his own appraisal of the use to which radio has been put as "de forest's prime evil." In this small volume, White has given a thorough diagnosis of the ills of radio in the United States. He develops material which shows, without a doubt, how our radio has sold out to the advertisers (in this day, if you wanta be in radio, some people feel you have no choice but to get out of radio stations and networks and hook up with a big advertising agent like J. Walter Thompson or Young and Rubicam). In pointing out the task for all mass communications media, the Commission on Freedom of the Press declared: "Today our society needs, first, a truthful, comprehensive, and intelligent account of the day's events in a context which gives them meaning; second, a forum for the exchange of comment and criticism; third, a means of projecting the opinions and attitudes of the groups in the society to one another; fourth, a method of presenting and clarifying the goals and values of society; and fifth, a way of reaching every member of society by the

currents of information, thought, and feeling which the press supplies." White contends that the present low state of radio might be changed if broadcasters were to use these five goals for their work plus improvement of physical distribution and operation, program fare, and basic relationships to the public, government, and other media.

Television at the moment is sort of green around its screen. The exodus of national advertisers has let the bottom drop out of the infant-industry. It is especially distressing in the light of the increasing number of sets being used (in New York City the sets in use in five years have increased from 5,000 to 68,000); all expectations for stabilizing the medium were founded upon the increased financing by advertisers when there were more sets in use. Tele officials think they have an explanation: National advertisers have sunk a pile of money in video in order to gain experience for the future and in order that they may have the "in" in nabbing the time franchises; then the advertisers have pulled out because at this time the medium doesn't pay off with increased sales.

—Oliver Johnson

books

"Save one boy today and you've saved a man. Save one little girl and you've saved a whole family." This is the kind of thing you run across in books if you are a reviewer who happens to open books and read as far as page 39. This hopeful sentence quoted above is from a fascinating little booklet entitled *Juvenile Delinquency—Practical Prevention* by Ben Solomon. The blurb which came with it explains that there are contained within its covers "100 Practical Ways to Reduce Delinquency!" At one-fifty per copy that runs a cent and a half a way. In spite of some flashy mottos here and there this item has some good suggestions for reducing the number of children in crime. Might be a good thing to look into if you are social-worker minded, or need material for a term paper on the subject.

Another strange pamphlet which came our way is reward enough for the job of reading some things we don't like. It's *Quaker Anecdotes* compiled by Irvin Poley and Ruth Poley, Pendle Hill, \$.50. Lighthearted talk by and about Quakers and their customs makes good reading. Samples: Two Quakers talking. "William, thee knows that I do not believe in calling anyone names; but William, if the mayor of the town should come to me and say to me, 'Joshua, I want thee to bring me the greatest liar in this city,' I would come to thee, William, and I would lay

my hand on thy shoulder and I would say to thee, 'William, the mayor wants to see thee.'" Another one concerns Frank Aydelotte, who early in his presidency of Swarthmore secured a contribution of \$100,000. Not understanding Quaker reticence, he was eager for the next meeting of the Board of Managers and the bursts of enthusiasm. When he announced the gift there was silence. Finally a member of the Board said quietly, "I see no reason why we should not accept the gift."

Still a third "different kind" of book gets mention this month: *New World Ahead* by David D. Baker, Friendship Press, \$.75. An oversized paper-bound book dealing with Christianity and world problems, this contains over eighty excellently reproduced photographs from many lands high-lighting much good writing on the fears and the hopes evident in the struggle for a new world.

IN BRIEF . . .

The Bright Promise by Richard Sherman, Little, Brown, \$2.75. Prediction made in mid-September: This book may be a best-seller by the time you read this. Like so many modern whirlwinds in book form you probably can afford to miss this one. But it's a good story with a neat background of recent history from F. D. R.'s inauguration until his death. Movies have bought it, too.

Liberation from Yesterday by Max Glass-Pleshing, Beechhurst, \$.50. Almost 700 pages of interpretation of political-historical scene, by former professor, political journalist, novelist, motion picture producer, and at present French citizen.

Youth Courageous by Thomas F. Chilcote, Jr., Tidings, \$.35. One hundred eleven enthusiastic pages on the meaning of Jesus for youth and those who would lead them. Reads rapidly and well.

Committed Unto Us by Willis Lamott, Friendship Press, \$1.50. The Christian world mission dramatically presented by one who was on the Japanese "field" for twenty years; now a Presbyterian director of missionary education. Broad in scope and thought.

They Did It In Indiana (The story of the Indiana Farm Bureau Cooperatives) by Paul Turner, Dryden Press, \$2.25. Excellent and exciting study of specific co-ops, their fights and victories. Just the thing if you want to know what it's all about.

How to Develop, Print and Enlarge Pictures by Epstein and DeArmand, Watts, \$1.25. We throw this one in because photography is our hobby and we think this book makes it look easy and fun—which it is. If you have a camera, this is the book to go with it

—Don A. Bundy

CONTRIBUTORS

HUNTLEY DUPRE's interest in students began after the First World War when he was YMCA secretary at Ohio State. He served as a Y secretary in student work in Czechoslovakia for four years before joining the faculty at Miami University. Best known to American students as executive secretary of the World Student Service Fund. He is now on the faculty of Macalester College in Minnesota.

BAKER BROWNELL has been a professor of journalism, of contemporary thought, and of philosophy at Northwestern. He has been interested in decentralization and agriculture, has served as an advisor to the Department of Agriculture, and he organized the First General Conference on Distributed Society and Integral Life. His books are stimulating reading. Among the best known ones are: *Earth is Enough*, *The New Universe*, *Art Is Action*, and *The Philosopher in Chaos*.

FREDERICK J. LIBBY is the long-time executive secretary of the National Council for the Prevention of War, and the editor of its excellent bulletin, *Peace Action*.

MURIEL LESTER sent this installment of her series from Switzerland where she is continuing her observations on the world scene as an international secretary of the Fellowship of Reconciliation.

FRANKLIN WALLICK we first met in China where with Muriel Lester we participated in a part-reading of a scene from Dorothy Sayer's fine radio series *The Man Born to Be King*. Franklin has now left relief work with UNNRA to be an instructor in English at Yenching University.

EMIL BRUNNER, who can rightly be called the foremost living Christian theologian, has returned to the University of Zurich after teaching for a year at Union Theological Seminary, New York, N.Y. His monumental book, *The Divine Imperative*, is already a classic.

DOROTHY NYLAND dates her student interest from Wesley Foundation work in Oregon. Her experience in Japan and her concern for the missionary work of the church led to her appointment as one of the student secretaries of the Board of Missions of The Methodist Church. She is a member of our advisory editorial board.

RALPH and **MARTHA ODOM** joined forces at Garrett Biblical Institute before going to the Pacific School of Religion to continue their graduate work.

NORMAN THOMAS needs no titles or connections. But as chairman of the Postwar World Council, he writes on one of the important issues of the day.

BUELL GALLAGHER left the presidency of Talladega College to become professor of Christian ethics at the Pacific School of Religion. His fable which we publish was given as a talk at the Seabeck Student Conference this summer.

MARGARET FRAKES has been writing on movies for *motive* since the first number of the magazine. Her independent film scores and her staff work on *The Christian Century* are her "full-time" jobs.

ANDREW MARTON is a director at MGM, Hollywood, California. Two of his more recent films are *Gallant Best* and *Gentle Annie*.

BOSLEY CROWTHER is the motion picture editor of the *New York Times*.

MARGARET BRIGGS represented the Methodist Student Movement at Lake Geneva, Wisconsin. She is a student at Northwestern.

COVER ARTIST



Maybe you've seen this picture in *motive* before (the one directly above, see?) and maybe you haven't. Bob Pope said not to use it again—to use the space to make a plea for relief for Europe, but we've made that plea, and we think this is a good and proper space for a Pope plea. Our plea is for you to look good at this photograph, remember it, and say a "We thank you" to Bob. We say thank you, Bob, for this fourth or fifth cover for *motive*, and we say thank you for sticking with your job in Puerto Rico. After chopping trees in Arkansas, fighting forest fires in California, studying relief and rehabilitation work at Manchester College, and attending mental patients in New Jersey, Bob climaxed his years in Civilian Public Service by going to work in Puerto Rico. The dire need of the country for architects and people concerned about race relations, co-ops, and economic and social betterment has kept Bob on the job, kept him from returning to his home in Texas. Again, Bob Pope, we say, we thank you!

ART AND ARTISTS

Moses Soyer, whose *On the Threshold* appears on page 7, was born in Russia. He has studied at the Cooper Union Art School, National Academy, Beaux Arts, and in France, Holland, and Italy. His work has been exhibited in the most important national exhibits in the United States and Europe. His paintings are included in the collections of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, Whitney Museum, Newark Museum, Toledo Museum, and the Phillips Memorial Gallery.

J. M. Hanson, the son of a farmer, was born at Forest House Farm, Wheatley, Halifax. He received his early art training as a pupil at Halifax School of Art. He later studied with Friesz and l'Hote. Later he worked under Leger and Ozenfant. In 1928 he gave his first Paris one-man show which was entirely of abstract paintings. Hanson has paintings in private collections in Paris, England, and South Africa as well as the United States. He has exhibited with various abstract and cubist groups in Paris, Zurich, Berlin, and

Stockholm, and has had one-man shows twice at the *Galerie Mots et Images*, Paris, twice at the Wertheim Gallery, London, and three times at the Passadoit Gallery in New York City. His work appears on pages 13 and 14 in this issue of *motive*.

Stephen Csoka, Hungarian born, arrived in the United States in 1934. His early studies took place at the Royal Academy of Art in Budapest; in a very short time his reputation was established over the Continent because of his having won three prizes from the city of Budapest as well as an award at the Barcelona International Exhibit. In this country his works are in the permanent collections of the Library of Congress, Washington, D. C., and the Encyclopaedia Britannica. His work also appears at the British Museum, the Museum of Budapest, and the Cleveland Museum of Art. The *Fatherless*, which appears on page 31, was one of the three \$1,000 prize winners in the Associated American Artists' Second Annual National Print Competition.

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