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BATTLE LINE

DESTINY OF CHANGE

|||| Ten years ago Destiny beckoned Britain, and we went to war. We fought evil things. We rose to great heights. Eventually we won through.

|||| Today there are those who say that Britain is finished. No one who loves Britain will accept that verdict. Britain's greatest days can yet be those that lie ahead. Destiny beckons her again. But it is a wholly new destiny. In an ideological age, some nation must accept as her destiny the leadership which comes from applying and propagating the superior ideology of change—personal and national. Britain can be that nation. Britain's destiny is a destiny of change.

|||| The true patriot is the man who fights to bring change to his nation wherever it is needed, beginning in himself. Today our love for our country needs to be very clear-eyed and realistic. We must face, in ourselves and our nations, the places where we need to change.

Sometimes we have won the respect of other nations. Seldom have we won their hearts. Today we are in danger of losing their respect.

Individual security has taken the place of national destiny. We have become a self-concerned nation, preoccupied with our economic recovery and the material well-being of our people. Yet we fail to achieve either, because economic recovery and individual well-being in themselves provide no adequate incentive for great living. Only as we see our world destiny in an ideological age shall we recapture the incentive to live as we did in the days of Dunkirk.

|||| Material security will only come as the fruit of ideological victory. Neither can be found on a purely national basis. They will only come as we dedicate ourselves and our nation to fight for the superior ideology of change on a world front.

Britons know that they must work hard for their own economic recovery. They must also be prepared to change, unite and fight for the peace, well-being and security of the whole world.

|||| That will mean change—personal change and national change. Today the role of Britain must be that of a nation which has been insular and has learnt to become a full and equal member of the family of nations, which has been always right and has become willing to learn, which has been cold-hearted and has learned to open its heart, which has been correct and formal and has become generous and simple. A nation which knows that it needs the help of others and accepts it with gratitude. Such a Britain can win not only the respect but the affection of the world. Such a Britain will save her life by losing it.

|||| It is not a matter of reluctant adjustment to altered circumstances, but of radical change to meet a new destiny.

A century and a half ago a British statesman said that Britain had saved herself by her exertions and could save Europe by her example. Today we can say that if we change we may yet play an honourable and decisive part in saving, not only Europe but the world.

THE BRITAIN I BELIEVE IN

By H. S. ADDISON



I AM a Briton who loves Britain. I am one of those who are old enough to have lived through the first war, and young enough to have served in the second. My father was a corporal in the first, I was a sergeant in the second. As a worker's son in a north-east coast shipbuilding town, I felt the draught of the depression in the nineteen-thirties. My family knew unemployment.

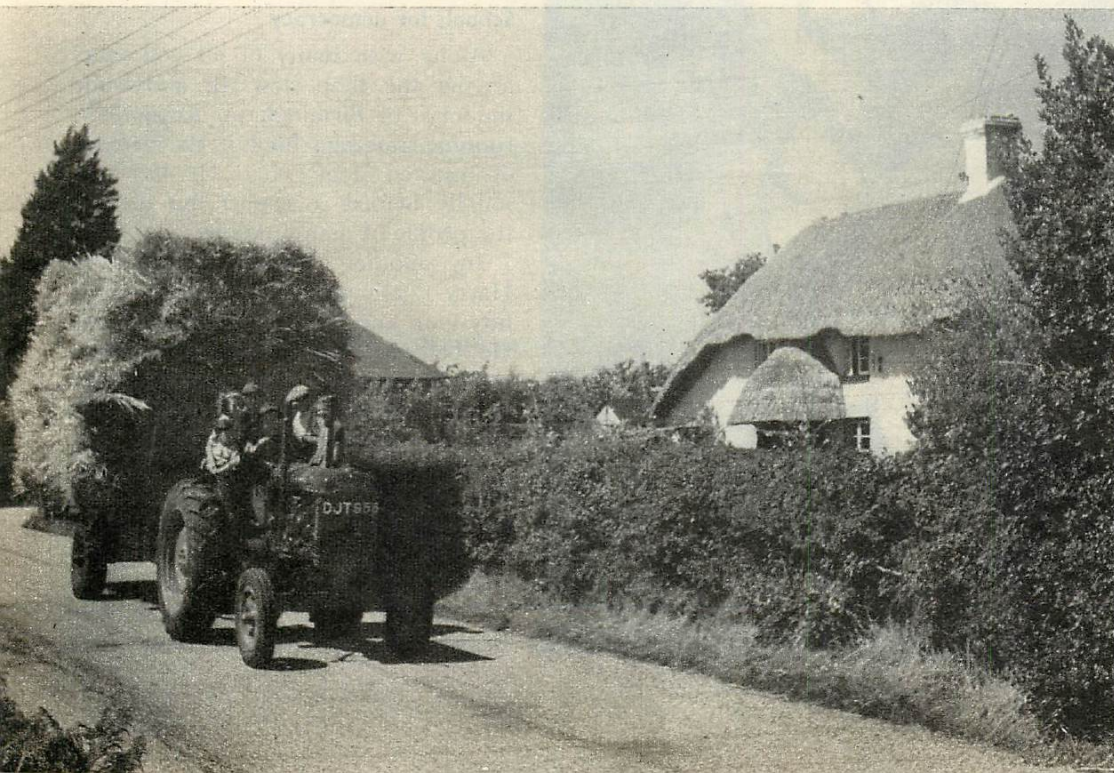
Of the last four years, I have spent two living with the miners of the British coalfields and the workers of the Black Country, two in nine countries of

Europe and the Far East. I have learned to look at the country I love from outside as well as from inside. "What do they know of England who only England know?" The question takes on a new and not always comfortable meaning when the nationals of a few countries who have dealings with Britain begin to say honestly what they really feel about us. "Oh wad some pow'r the giftic gi'e us, to see ourselves as ithers see us." The gift of that new insight is a necessary but uncomfortable gift. It shatters complacency.

What sort of Britain do I believe in? What sort of Britain do I not believe in? I do not believe in the Britain which drugs itself to sleep with the thought that there'll always be an England. I do not believe in the Britain which behaves abroad with an arrogance and an insensitiveness which forfeit the respect of the people of other countries. I do not believe in the Britain which is thinking only of the next election and is forgetting the next generation. I do not believe in the Britain which vainly tries to rev-up enthusiasm for programmes which are in the long run self-centred and materialist. Nor do I believe in the Britain which accepts, with a mixture of disappointment and relief, the despairing conclusion that our great days are over and that we may as well sink to the rank of a third-rate power.

We cannot live on our past. It is over. The Industrial Revolution which made us rich and powerful has now decreed that other nations shall be richer and more powerful than ourselves.

We cannot live on our heritage. We have spent it. We cannot live on the gratitude of other nations.



It can only be renewed by fresh services. The nations of the world are disappointed in us. They looked to us hopefully after the war for something which we have not been able to give—an inspired democratic ideology adequate to fill the vacuum caused by the collapse of Fascism.

We cannot live on political philosophies which no longer apply in an ideological age. We cannot live on our socialism alone. It has not by itself proved able to kindle the renaissance of the national spirit which the hour demands. In our relations with other countries it has reproduced the same insular faults which made the old ruling class unable to win the world's heart.

I do believe in the millions of ordinary British people, rich and poor,

who always in the past have proved that there is in them a spark which can be fanned to pure flame by the challenge to great living for noble ends.

The Britain I believe in is the Britain which thousands of these ordinary men and women are living to build. They are people who believe that a new age is calling Britain to a new destiny—a destiny of change, personal and national. They are living what they believe—in their homes, in their offices, at the bench. Here are a few of them.

They returned to Britain

Alistair Dow is a London dentist. At the end of the war he was in the R.N.V.R. stationed at Washington. He and his wife had to choose after his demobilisation whether they would live

in America where they would have a high standard of living, or return to Britain. They returned. "We would rather bring up our children in Britain than anywhere else in the world," he says.

"People have said to me 'You're crazy to have four children.' But if you believe in Britain, you will want to rear the children whose character will ensure her future. The question is not 'can we afford it?' but 'can the nation afford to be without them?' For many people it is a choice of their smokes and drinks and a holiday in the Mediterranean and so on, or a good-sized family. My wife and I chose the family."

John Reynolds is a Transport and General Workers' Union shop steward convenor at a big Birmingham factory. He has been an active trade unionist for thirty years. He grew up in Dundee and spent his seventeenth birthday in the trenches in Flanders. He is chairman of his union branch, and a member of several committees.

"This country is now entering into an era of complete industrial democracy," he says. "It can be an inspired industrial democracy where management and labour under the guidance of God work in complete harmony. The motive of industry must be service not profit, and its purpose to meet the needs of all men everywhere. This is rapidly coming within the realm of practical politics. This is the real incentive for which people will work."

Schools for democracy

Along with many of his colleagues among the shop stewards and trade unionists of Birmingham, Reynolds is running training schools in the ideology of inspired democracy. He has personally helped to export this idea to the people of many nations.

In another Birmingham factory Harry Evans is works manager. He is fifty-four, and has been a shop steward. He believes that management has a new responsibility—by personal change to inspire and create change in others who look to them for leadership.

"We have proved this in our plant. We had the best and most efficient equipment, tools, methods, etc. But we found that the material things in themselves were not enough to achieve the planned result. It was the human beings that mattered most. We

The Dows—"We chose children"





Signalman Ron Hyder—"The greatest thing Britain can give"

developed a team of people in both management and labour who pooled their ideas and made their decisions on the basis of what is right, not who is right. Almost immediately problems were ironed out and production came up to schedule."

In a London suburb lives Mrs. Catherine Marsh, a typical housewife. Her husband is a journalist and she was an actress in repertory. For twelve years they lived 300 yards apart on the same street before they met at a dance. They were married in the first week of the war, and have two children.

"We are determined to assure their future," says Mrs. Marsh. "The answer isn't difficult, but it takes guts to apply. It is absolute moral standards for all of us every day. Our aim is to create in our home the qualities Britain most needs today—absolute honesty, purity, unselfishness and love.

"I find there is so much I can do for my nation. I can use my imagination in the kitchen to make the best of the food and

thus build the health of the future generation. We weren't at first very keen to share our home, but many people cannot find a home. Now we nearly always have someone living with us and we find it is great fun."

In a fold of the Chiltern Hills lies

Mrs. Marsh in the kitchen—"There's so much I can do"



High Wycombe, Britain's largest single centre for the manufacture of furniture. Typical of the industry is the firm of William Birch, Ltd., which began in 1840, when Farmer Birch set his men during the winter months to make chairs. Today their furniture goes all over the world, and the *Queen Elizabeth*, the *Queen Mary* and the *Caronia* are among the many ships equipped with Birch chairs. One of the directors is Mr. George Rolfe.

"There are few of the old type of craftsmen left," he says, "who make a chair throughout by hand. Machinery has come to stay, and our problem is to restore craftsmanship under these new conditions. Shoddy workmanship evaporates the resources of the nation; and with the same materials we can make a chair which will last a hundred years, or one which will be useless in twelve months.

Key to quality

"A vital part of the task of management is to inspire craftsmanship. I find that when



Chima Oji—lost his hatred of Britain

I interest our workers in the people for whom the chairs are being made, they respond by putting into the mechanical processes the minute accuracy which is still as essential as in the days of the cottage craftsman. High standards of craftsmanship go hand-in-hand with high moral standards. This means that the way I personally live is the key to the quality of the goods we turn out."

Ron Hyder is a railway signalman. "I want to see the idea of doing what is the right thing developed in all our affairs," he says. "That is the greatest thing Britain can give the world." Ron is a member of his borough council. "I find that this principle works there," he will tell you. "Time and again a simple proposal has come to me which both sides have seen was right and accepted, regardless of party."

What of the men who have given their lives to the administration of British possessions abroad? Mr. Lionel Jardine, C.I.E., served for thirty years as a civil servant in India. He was Revenue Commissioner in the North-West Frontier Province and Resident in Baroda. Now he has a pleasant home on the Surrey downs.

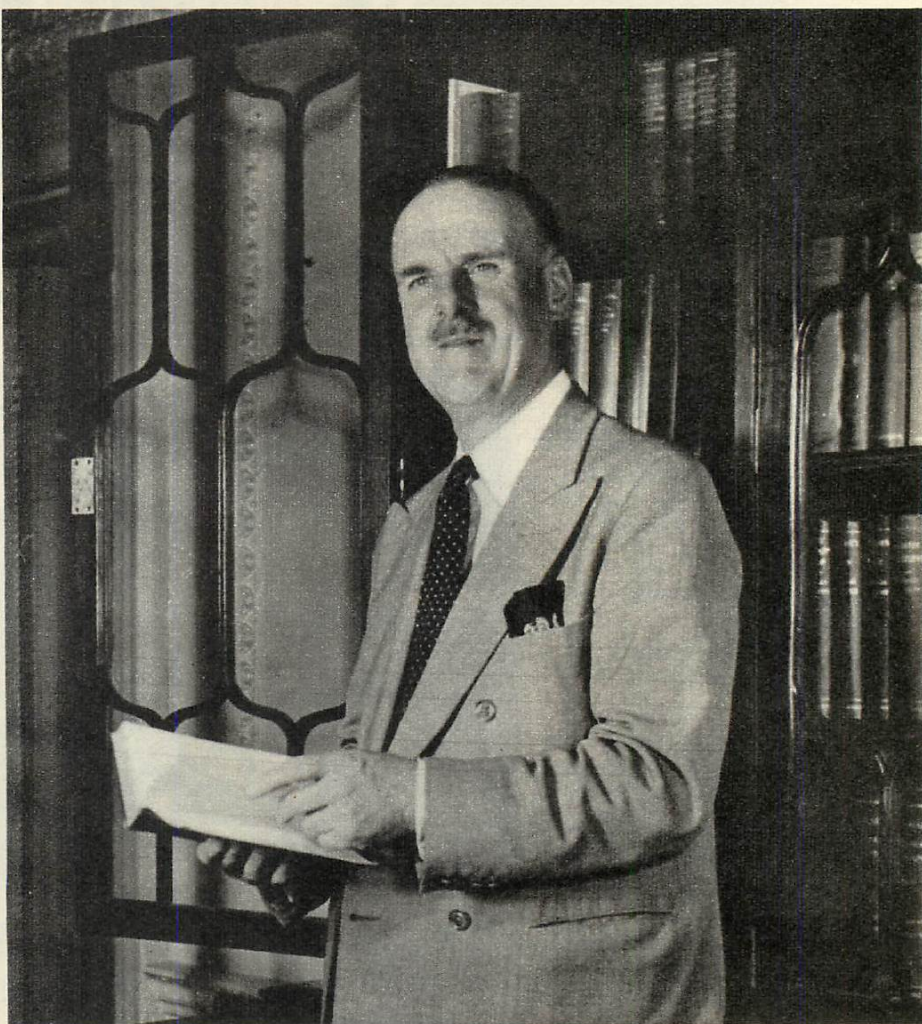
"British rule," says Mr. Jardine, "is based on the fundamental ideas of

justice and honest dealing. That is why millions are still looking to Britain for a lead in spite of her material difficulties.

"But are justice and fair dealing enough? When I was in India my attitude too often was to compare the Indian with myself, to the detriment of the Indian. We will never build a world family by doing that. In a family you get the best from each other by appreciation. What a blossoming of art, music, science and living generally there will be when the African and Asiatic peoples no longer feel the cold touch of Western 'superiority.'

"Now I am back in England my responsibility towards India does not cease. Many of the most talented Indians, Africans, Malays and others come over here to study. These men and women—the future leadership of their countries—are watching us all the time; watching the dockers (and their bosses), listening to conversation in the trains,

Lionel Jardine—"Is fair dealing enough?"



in queues, in their lodgings; listening to the speeches in Parliament. All the time they are judging the British way of life, to see whether it is what their countries need.

"On their judgment may depend the history of the next century."

Chima Oji, who is a head master of a school in West Africa, has been studying in Britain for the last two years. He had a bitter hatred of the white races. But his meeting with men like Jardine has given him hope that Britain will yet fulfil her imperial destiny by winning the hearts of her colonial peoples with a compelling democratic idea. "I have lost my hatred of those whom I felt to be the exploiters of my people," he says.

Many of the people who came during the war to fight for Britain's freedom stayed with her. Gordon Wise, whose father leads the Opposition in the Western Australia Parliament, flew



Juliet Rodd, debutante—"I woke up"



Gordon Wise (right)—fought and stayed

a Sunderland to protect Britain's sea lifeline. "We look to Britain," he says, "with her wealth of inherited character, to change with a changing world, to swallow her pride in losing material leadership and to live and give to the millions an ideology for democracy which makes them say, 'That's what we want.' More than sentiment, more than trade conveniences, the Commonwealth can become an arresting pattern of family living for the nations."

"Wake up and change"

Ultimately, the future of Britain depends on the younger generation. The Hon. Juliet Rodd is the daughter of one of those old British families which for generations have given distinguished service. She is one of this year's debutantes. She takes a realistic view of Britain and of her responsibility for its future. "Britain," she says, "is a country of pioneers, or was. Unless she can take to the world a new democracy, something that changes everybody's lives, she will fall and the rest of the world with her. There is not much time. I love parties and dances. But if in the next few years people like me don't wake up, there won't be any more parties for us. We must open our eyes, wake up and change."

I AM NOT ALONE

LOOKING at the old world inexorably spinning in space stands the lone figure of a man. He might be you, me or the next fellow—Mr. Anyman. Between him and the world lies the road of history winding back and on through all time. The voices of a materialistic age are hurling doubts at him, mocking him. They shout: "You are an idealist! People will laugh at you. What can you do, one little insignificant man alone!" Out of the misty grey atmosphere rings his declaration of faith: "I am not alone!"

This is the last scene of *The Good Road* revue which is being filmed in Lausanne, Switzerland. Mr. Anyman is played by Dick Stollery, in real life a plasterer from Canada. The 300 members of the cast are a cross-section of humanity representing thirty-four nations who have come from the World Assembly for Moral Re-Armament at Caux, 3,000 feet up in the Alps. The cast have just returned to Switzerland after a three years' tour with the revue throughout America, Canada, and Europe. Through the request of such countries as India, Burma, Scandinavia, the United States, Germany and Japan, it is at last being made available in film.

On the set, Mr. Anyman turns towards the people marching forward. As he speaks, to the beat of triumphant music, there swing down the white road the nations of the world. On and on they come, row on row, with morning eyes and firm step. Hand in hand march China and Japan, Holland and Indonesia, Germany and France, Jew and Arab. His eyes search out each face.

Joy of a world family

There is the wonderful smile on the face of Chima Oji. Chima comes from Nigeria, and represents 25 million black people.

There is Dacha, just sixteen, from Czechoslovakia. When war and revolution came to her country, her parents lost their home and business. Dacha got out just one week before the closing of

By RUTH DE VIENNE

the frontier. Later her parents escaped and now wait in a refugee camp in Germany. Dacha saw no way to fight inside Czechoslovakia for her country, and no way to fight outside. Now she feels that anyone seeing her on the Good Road will know that there is a last hope for her country.

The gay costume of the Tyrol catches the eye of Mr. Anyman. Two Austrians sing full-heartedly. A few days before, they strolled up to the Comptoir Suisse. They were shown about the set and met a number of the cast. They were impressed, and wanted their country to make a contribution to this venture. Now today they too join the other nations on the Good Road.

Walking towards Anyman is Bushba, a shy, charming little figure dressed in a costume donated for the occasion by the Queen of Siam. She is the daughter of Prince Kitiyakara, Ambassador for Siam in London. She is fourteen, one of the youngest in the cast, and the only one to have the honour of a King coming to see her filmed—the King of Siam.

Egypt was also present in this world picture for democracy. It all began with the wife of an Egyptian judge going to a cocktail party in Egypt. Between the usual chit-chat, she learned for the first time of the World Assembly at Caux. Being a person who sees things through, she, her husband and two children motored to Switzerland. She caught the spirit of Caux, and when informed of the film in Lausanne asked, "Are there any Egyptians in it?" When told no, she asked at once if her family might represent her country on the Good Road. "I am going from one miracle to the next," she exclaimed, "and I don't know where I shall end!"

Among the people of many nations moves a woman without a country. Formerly a princess from Russia, she



has been twice dispossessed by the Russians, and once by the Nazis. Now she has found the joy of a world family.

No salaries for the actors

The beauty and dignity of India are personified in the gracious figure of Lady Sinha. The culture of Ceylon finds new renaissance through the celebrated Sinhalese musicians, the Surya Senas. There is Parsi Soekawati, son of the President of East Indonesia, and Earl Lloyd George's grand-daughter with her tall Welsh hat. Outstanding in his flowing head-dress and sinister-looking dagger is Abdullah, the Arab. He hated the Jews, so he says, and used to make up false stories against them. Now he walks down the Good Road in step with a young Jewish farmer.

Over there is Stan Sheppard, a red-headed carpenter from Australia. Near



him is Waldemar Smith who two years ago made his debut as a pianist with the Oslo Symphony Orchestra. On the stage, too, is his sister, Sunniva, and his brother, Victor, both artists in their own right. Almost hidden in the crowd because of her small size is the white-haired widow of the beloved Bishop Slattery, of Boston, Massachusetts. She is a graduate of the Simmons College School of Social Studies and a trustee of Wellesley College. Her varied life has led her to many lands. Through a host of social and educational appointments she has met outstanding people on both sides of the Atlantic. Then one day she sold her large house on the much-respected Beacon Street, where she lived alone with her maids, and at the age of sixty-four began travelling as an integral part of the cast of the Moral Re-Armament plays. Now at the age of seventy she is making her first film. Nearby, Mr. Anyman is arrested by the burning eyes of a young Dutch architect. Jap de Boer has known near starvation in a German slave labour camp during the war. Now he gives his entire time and labour to bring a spiritual reconstruction to both Germany and Holland.

Faces . . . Faces. And behind each face, many another unseen who has

sold a home or given an inheritance to make this film live for the world. There is the gift of an English girl living in the States of her only valuable—an old family brooch—out of thankfulness for the spirit of the Good Road she had found in America. There are no salaries for the actors on the set, who march hour after hour for the two or three minutes of actual shooting a day. No one sees the figure squatting under the stage keeping the two-ton world turning. No one will know the name of the little French girl who decided to give the best she had to the scene, although she was so small she found herself singing into the back of somebody's coat unnoticed!

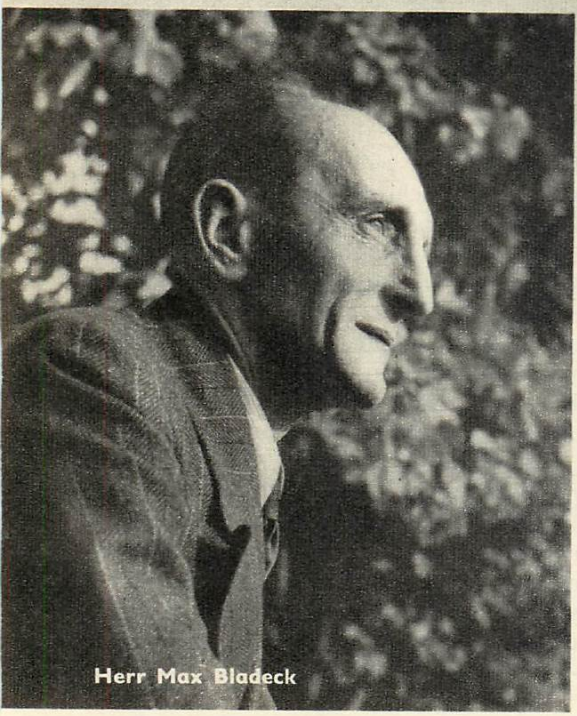
But to Anyman, it is the microcosm of a new world.

The music pushes at his heart. He gives the answer of the unconquered all down history—Joan of Arc at Orleans, Washington at Valley Forge, the few at the Battle of Britain. . . . "I am not alone." And now today, the people of the world respond as with one voice, "all in rhythm with a mighty beat."



CAUX IMPRESSIONS

The Uniting



Herr Max Bladeck

Herr Max Bladeck, miner from the Ruhr and for twenty-five years member of the Communist Party : "I am a revolutionary. That is why I place myself completely within the ideology of Moral Re-Armament. Here in Caux I have refound my faith in humanity. I rejoice when I see people of all classes and nations taking up this battle for a better world. Which is better? To go down in destruction through the battle which is being fought out between the two opposing camps of Capitalism and Marxism, or by following the ideology of Frank Buchman, to fulfil the best of both and out of these two giants to get a new social order crystallised?"

Mr. Charles Haines, industrialist from Philadelphia, U.S.A. : "There are two ways of making a classless society. One way is to eliminate the other class. The other way is change for all classes. Our fight on the side of management is to bring change to management as our friends in labour are doing in their ranks. Then we can fight as one united army to bring peace and justice and abundance to all mankind."



Herr Otto Franke, Secretary of the Trades Union Congress of the French Zone of Germany : "Germany has been defeated and is divided, but we do not lose our courage. We know that Germany is Europe's heart, and that we have to make good what we have done wrong. We must begin to create understanding between France and ourselves because the French people live in continual anxiety and fear of a German attack."



Mme. Laure with two of the German delegation

Power that comes from change in East and West

Mme. Irène Laure, former Secretary General of the Socialist Women of France: "Everybody talks about peace. Endless organisations have been formed. What counts is how to create it. What we need today is to give our heart to the person who was our enemy yesterday. When Germans and French who are such hereditary enemies become united, there is a chance for peace."

Mr. Gordon Wise, son of the leader of the Labour Party of Western Australia: "We Australians who come to Caux find that our destiny as a nation is not just to build up our country but to live and spread an ideology to unite the peoples of the East."

Mr. Antony Aniagolu, son of a chief of the Ibo tribe in South-east Nigeria: "Here for the first time throughout my two years' stay in Europe, I found democracy in practice. I found a society without class, without prejudice of colour, without racial antagonism."

Mrs. B. H. Oon, of Penang, Member of the Federal Legislative Council of Malaya: "After the ravages of war, Malaya began to aid Britain's economic recovery by earning a considerable stockpile of dollars through her large tin and rubber trade. Now we need a new kind of stockpile—a stockpile of moral resources that will answer the envy, hatred and racial misunderstanding in my country. We Chinese have always waited for the Malaysians to do something to bring unity, but now we must begin."



Miss Saleha Mohammed Ali with Mrs. Oon


Miss Saleha Mohammed Ali, Malayan social worker: "In the light of the four absolute standards—absolute honesty, purity, unselfishness and love—we Malays must change, and change must begin with me first and with my brother and my family. I must accept the fact that without the Chinese Malaya would not have prospered as it has."

"Before Mrs. Oon went away we both made a pledge to go forth to unite the different peoples in our country."

Further articles on the World Assembly will appear in the next issues.

Delegates from West Africa and the West Indies with Mr. Hugh Elliott of the British Colonial Service





Journey to Freedom

ABSOLUTE LOVE

KENASTON TWITCHELL (photographed opposite with his wife) concludes this month his popular series on the ideology of freedom. His previous articles have been issued as booklets in Britain and America

CROSSING the Atlantic years ago a friend of mine engaged in conversation with a fellow voyager. The latter belonged to that class of sophisticates well known in the Bourses and bars of many nations. He might have been American, a son of Britain, or from Brazil. He happened to be French. The conversation advanced to the subject of Moral Re-Armament and its four Absolute Standards. Absolute Honesty, the Frenchman agreed, was essential. He vehemently marked with speech and hands the men and nations he felt to be lacking in that quality. As for Absolute Purity, that subject was tabled for the moment. Unselfishness—yes, he felt secure in his character there. “Absolute Love?” he said with an expressive gesture. “Ah, zat ees my trouble!”

A majority vote in any country would land the meaning of love in the amorous field. No one who has been “in love” will deny the power of that experience. Yet this word is perhaps the most amazing of any that passes the lips of men. It is the language of the cruellest racket of all time, the commerce of lust. It was the supreme command of Jesus Christ, by His insistent declaration the key to eternal life. It makes the world go round. And it makes the world go under.

Absolute love struck me like a breeze when I first met the people around Frank Buchman twenty-five years ago. I had caught whispers before of what it could mean. My parents had been wonderful to me. They had given me every advantage and an example of selfless living I grow more conscious of every year. But I was too self-centred to be changed by their example. So I shut myself off from the love I could have had and could have given in return.

My father, a bank president in New York, had to resign his position because of a disagreement with the Board of Directors on what he felt was a moral issue. He was out of a job for a year at the most mature period of his life. I felt sorry, but I didn't get in and pitch as I could have, for I was not willing to be honest with him about the moral issues I was not facing up to myself. I gave him sympathy when

I could have given him the affection of a son. I could have entered into his crisis with an understanding heart. Instead I tossed it off with a superficial slap on the back and turned to the next date or the next 18 holes of golf. When he was given another position under better circumstances, I was relieved. It made our future and my allowance seem more secure. But I had little comprehension of his standards and less contribution to his fight for honesty and humanity in the banking world.

I had met something too of that breeze of absolute love in the affairs of the affections that occupied so much of our time and thought. The ancient game of chase that is priority No. 1 in the minds of millions is shot through with selfishness. The interest that drove me even to prayer for the favour of some girl was mostly dominated by a big “I want.” Yet even the pursuit of that lady fair could have its element of unselfish love, however fleeting.

In college I enjoyed a wide acquaintance. Friendships had the gaiety of college life. We had a world of fun in four fleeting years. But the level of friendship was too near the surface, except for a very few.

In spite of many “friends” I came to have fewer and fewer people whom I really cared for and trusted. The end of that process is loneliness on an island called “me,” and the scenery grows very dull. You can see that apathy and loneliness on the streets of any modern city in a tired, harassed humanity, shackled with fear and starved of the vitamins of real human fellowship.

When the possibilities of change broke open the horizons of my mind and heart, the whole scene changed. When I came to hate my selfishness and see it as the curse of men and nations, then I began to see people with new eyes. I began to see them as they might through change become. Peculiarities I had not liked became signposts pointing to where people needed special help, as I had needed and need help constantly from God and men. The greater the problem, the greater the miracle to pray for.

Ordinary human relations became exciting in their

promise of miraculous change. They began to take on a fascination that was greater than any I had ever known. The seeming chance meeting, the simple conversation, a whisper of God's calling, and a dull, defeated, divided existence might be turned into a life that was joyous, effective and free. The hidden possibilities in people flowered beyond all expectations when the ceiling of pride and fear was lifted off, when fundamental areas of sex and money and career were brought under the control of God.

In the Japanese language there is a symbol for the word "heart." This symbol is the basis for the word "love." It is also the basis for the words "hate," "greed," "jealousy," "fear" and "anger."

The heart is the direction-finder. As my heart turns, so turns my life. The heart is engaged in these other drives of our affections. But for the word "indifference" there is no heart symbol. The opposite of love is not hate; beyond hate lies indifference. Indifference is the most cruel form of hatred. In indifference the heart and the heat have gone. Something is dead.

Absolute love, therefore, does not merely mean that I hate no one. Nor does it mean that I have a benevolent glow towards humanity in general. It means an *active caring* for the people around me, a caring that faces all the facts and lives to see them find the victory of a new life. All we have and all we have been, will be called for mobilisation in this fight for people, and above all the experiences where we have most sharply met the awful onrush of evil in our own natures and by the power of God won the victory.

Absolute love gathers up the four standards into one commanding passion. It is honest. It states the truth in love. It shatters hypocrisy. It is the enemy of the sentimentality that butters people. Absolute love is pure. It lifts instead of lowers. It carries the joys of open-hearted affection. Its motives can be flashed on a screen for all to see. Absolute love is unselfish. It is out to give and not to get. It "does not ask for any reward save the knowledge that we do God's will."

Like all four standards it must be absolute. Christ demanded the fight for perfection. "You must be perfect," He said. And He gave His disciples the strongest language when they slipped. There was compassion for them as sinners but no compromise with sin. There is no record that they ever became perfect. I have yet to meet a perfect man or woman. A healthy day begins for me when in a time of quiet in the early morning I know my weakness and turn to the one source of power that can make me strong. Yet to aim for relative standards is poison for moral and spiritual health.

None of us is perfect, but all of us can change. All of us can become honest about the places and people where the disease of compromise has entered. All of us can make the clean cleavage with weakness and start again. We can claim the miracle of forgiveness and climb once more, with complete liberty of heart, on to the good road.

A woman in the American West and a girl who was her guest were listening to God to find this freedom. The words that came to the older woman were: "Love your neighbour as yourself." These familiar words did not seem very revolutionary until the girl asked: "Who is your neighbour next door?" It turned out that there had been a feud between these two houses. Many thoughts with barbs in them had flown in between but no words at all. The woman began to restore the radiance of an ancient truth by putting it to work. She walked across the road and apologised, and she carried with her a home-baked cake to underline the change of heart. The spirit soon spread to her neighbours.

"Man cannot long live without a great love," says Fulton Sheen. "Having turned his back on infinite love he staggered for a century with a tawdry love of self. But individualism or egocentricity produced boredom. Here is where the passion for Communism comes into play for those who are not willing to return to the passion for Divine love."

A Communist leader said recently of Moral Re-Armament: "Your revolution will succeed faster than ours because you care for people."

Not only Communists need the fresh air of absolute love. Materialism is rampant in the democracies as well. It has been our failure to live what we know that has bred the ideologies of materialism across the world. It has been the lack of absolute love in the industrial system that has brought to birth the demand to change that system by violence and viciousness if necessary. The enormous success of world Communism has come because to some degree it began as a crusade of the heart. There is hate and bitterness in it as well, but it has passion. Indifference has no passion. Unless the democratic world finds a superior passion, it is licked in that war of ideas which is more decisive than any war of arms.

愛 憎

Japanese characters for "love" (left) and "hate" both contain the "heart" symbol





Arthur Strong

Nelun Devi

SONG OF THE EAST

BY
REGINALD HOLME

AMONG the green paddy fields of Ceylon a promising young barrister with a violin and pitch pipe in his hand stood listening to the rhythmic song of the reapers. As he listened and went on his way from village to village he was noting the melodies of the folk songs he heard. When he went home at evening he would play them back on his violin. At early dawn he heard the ploughman talking and singing to his buffaloes with a friendly word and joke. Later in the midday heat the man's temper would get shorter and at evening, the driver, jaded with the day's work, would end his musical call to the ponderous patient beasts with curses. In the young man's heart echoed the lilt of the boatmen as they poled their way along the shallow river stretches, or the lovely lullaby of a mother to her child as the evening sun shone red through the coconut palms.

Surya Sena is a son of Sir James Peiris, a statesman knighted for the political and social reforms he brought to his land. He loved his music for its own sake. But he saw in it something more—a weapon that might conquer the race prejudice he in some measure suffered from as a coloured student at Cambridge and during his boyhood education in England. He had felt keenly also for his countrymen, most of whom in the 1920's fared much worse than he did.

One day in 1928 he decided to give himself entirely to music as a means of bridging the gulf between the white and

coloured races. He sang his folk songs of the Orient in the concert halls of Britain. He was a success and there was great applause. "But once outside the concert hall," says Surya, "there were arguments. When I tried to explain our point of view the English people merely pointed out our faults and tried to prove we were not fit for self-government. I in turn trotted out facts and figures to show the many faults of the British. We ended further apart than when we started." Surya was a temperamental artist ("90 per cent temper, 10 per cent mental," he says) and his arguments were seldom cool.

Artistic triumph

During the next seven years he became famous. He and his wife, also a talented musician, sang and played before the present Queen of England when she was Duchess of York. They have performed on the "sitar" and oriental harp, the "rebec" and "esraj"—stringed instruments played with a bow—and the "rabana" or Sinhalese drum, before Viceroys and Maharajas, before the Governor of Ceylon and the Governors of India's Provinces. The newspapers of London and New York, Vienna and Paris hailed their recitals of Oriental folk songs as artistic triumphs. They sang over the BBC and the All-India radio.

Surya Sena's songs failed to remove the superior attitude

of the Englishman. "By God, never thought a coloured fellow could sing like that" was a typical infuriating remark. But one day in a London drawing-room Surya heard an Englishman talk in a different vein. He was a high-up official on the Indian Railways. "I was the kind of Englishman who was completely blind to my own faults and those of my nation," said this man. "Recently my whole attitude to the Indians has changed." "It completely disarmed me," says Surya. "This Englishman and his friends were quite different. They didn't point out my faults. I immediately pinned him down and had a long talk. For I knew he had something. He told me that human nature could be changed, that God had a plan and could guide people. As two artists with wills of our own, having to work together in double harness, our performances were becoming more and more of a strain in spite of the ideals we started out with. When each of us, beginning with me, decided to face our own faults and change, it brought a completely new unity between us."

To reach the hearts of men

"What does this change and new inspiration mean in your music?" the Sinhalese singer was asked. "Complete sincerity, purity, selflessness and love when applied to our art meant that we sang only the songs we really believed in, and the kind of songs that lift people instead of making them soft. It affects the *way* you sing, too. Our aim now is to reach the hearts of men and lift them to the skies.

V. Ratnavale



Artists using their talents for God can build a new world. We want to use all our talents to *unite* people above race and class."

The real brotherhood of white and black

How did it work out? Surya found a new effect on his audiences. In Utrecht he sang to 8,000 people, "an artist's dream," as he describes it. He sang unaccompanied negro spirituals—"Somebody's knocking at my door," and "I want to be a Christian in my heart." There was a living silence in the great gathering. Twenty people came up to him and said they were going to run their lives on absolute standards and under the guidance of God. "It moved me to tears," says Surya. "I knew that was the power of God, releasing my voice to be used by Him."

Surya, by his songs, has touched the hearts of husbands and wives so that they found unity again. Tough leaders of

labour and fighters for a materialistic ideology found their hearts opening to a new outlook on life and a new way of living. The head of 3,000,000 German miners and industrial workers, a massive man built like a battleship, was melted by a lullaby from Ceylon. A wiry Ruhr Communist, consumed with fire and zeal for his cause for twenty years, was pierced by the simplicity of these Oriental songs. He decided to fight in a new way for the cause of the workers and for every class in the nation, and to bring about the real brotherhood of white and black.

Previously Surya was trying through his songs to express the culture of his country to the Western world. Now he is determined to make his country the kind that can bring the basis of a new civilisation to East and West. "Ceylon was a strategic base in the last war of arms," he says. "It can be a strategic base now in the ideological struggle for Asia."

V. Ratnavale

