

NEW WORLD NEWS

FOR MORAL RE-ARMAMENT

Dutch graphic artist Peter Mulder, who has his studio in Rome, was at the Caux conference this summer. New World News asked him to illustrate a number of themes including 'the new man'.

*Mr Mulder has recently published a book of his photographs under the title *Il Negativo di Dio (The Negative of God)*.*

As subject for 'the new man' he chose British actor Mike Fields who was also at the conference with the cast of the musical revue GB.

New World News asked Mike Fields to write on the same theme. (see inside)

●OVER HALF a million people living in the Richmond area of Virginia, USA, will be able to see full length films made from productions at the Westminster Theatre, every Saturday for the next nine weeks.

Happy Deathday starts this new series on Educational Television.

●'TWO BEASTS, ten goats and fifteen sheep' provided the feast with which his tribesmen welcomed home Chief Tidimane Pilane from Caux. The Johannesburg paper, *The World*, described the return of Chief Pilane, Leader of the Seoposengwe Opposition Party in Bophuthatswana, with three other members of his executive, after their participation in the Moral Re-Armament summer assembly in Switzerland and visits to other countries in Europe.

In a slightly different style, Euclides da Silva, a dock worker from Brazil, celebrated his return from Caux. On a

warm Rio night in the favela where he lives, his pastor and choir, with guitar and accordion, held a special thanksgiving service that was broadcast over loudspeakers to the whole neighbourhood. During the service da Silva's wife and friends working with MRA spoke. He then invited everyone to a showing of the film *Happy Deathday*.

●A DAUGHTER of C T Studd - Eton, Cambridge, England cricketer and pioneer missionary - tells in a new paperback just published by Hodder and Stoughton, *Reluctant Missionary*, how she followed her famous father.

At a luncheon for 150 in the Westminster Theatre to launch her book, Mrs Edith Buxton spoke of the similarity between her father and Dr Frank Buchman - and gave each person who bought her book a copy of *Frank Buchman's Secret* so that they could read both of

them together.

'Frank Buchman and my father,' she said, 'were both much maligned - but both of them were heart and soul devoted to Christ. The foundation of their work was the Cross. The genius of Frank Buchman was that he gave us the bricks to build on that foundation - those four absolutes, honesty, purity, unselfishness and love.'

'I wish I had learned earlier to build on those bricks and learned to listen to God. We were taught to read our Bible - not an easy book to read. And we were taught to pray to God - mostly selfish prayers, telling Him what to do for us.'

'Thousands of Christians have set their feet on the right path but without those absolutes and listening to God they have lost their way. Moral Re-Armament helps us to find our way and our part in God's army to save the world from dictatorship, corruption and war.'

No idle bone

TWO TWELVE YEAR OLD girls from Mitcham, Surrey, went swimming for the Westminster Theatre last week.

It was a sponsored swim, and with each of them doing 52 widths of the public bath, they raised £3.22 towards the production fund of *Give a Dog a Bone*. Now the children are hoping to come and sell programmes, painting books, records etc at the performances of Peter Howard's pantomime.

Give a Dog a Bone opens 6 Dec for its tenth gala season at the Westminster.

The girls also helped organize a children's 'Bring and Buy' (Bring a toy you don't want and Buy a toy you do), raising a further £1.50.

This is typical of the response of children to this modern family pantomime – and of children not only in Britain, for the film of *Give a Dog a Bone* is being shown in 43 countries.

In fact one BBC commentator said in a broadcast that it must be the world's best known pantomime. He had seen it on Hong Kong Television with Chinese sub-titles.

A Rhodesian couple, Bob and Sarah Mathews, who saw the pantomime in London, offered to produce it for their school in Tegwani. 'The message of the show came across with a cast whose enthusiasm was unbounded,' writes Bob Mathews. '*Give a Dog a Bone* with its reality, life and humour teaches many lessons and the songs are still being sung.'

Performances at Tegwani were so successful that the African cast gave further shows at other schools the following term.

Readers of *New World News* outside Britain may be considering organizing further showings of the full length 16 mm colour version of *Give a Dog a Bone* this Christmas. They may also like to write to friends and relatives in Britain encouraging them not to miss this tenth season.

The London *Evening News* wrote of a previous production, 'Children who see *Give a Dog a Bone* enter into the struggle between good and evil with real gusto. They leave the theatre knowing that there is a war to be won against evil. Not a bad lesson for children to learn in these days of thuggery.'

Or to be re-learned by parents who might have forgotten it! EDITORS



Hero: (on the ladder) My God, I must get up there.

The Man with the Bag: The point is that when I was up there, I found it easy to think not so much of what I could do for others as what I could do for myself.

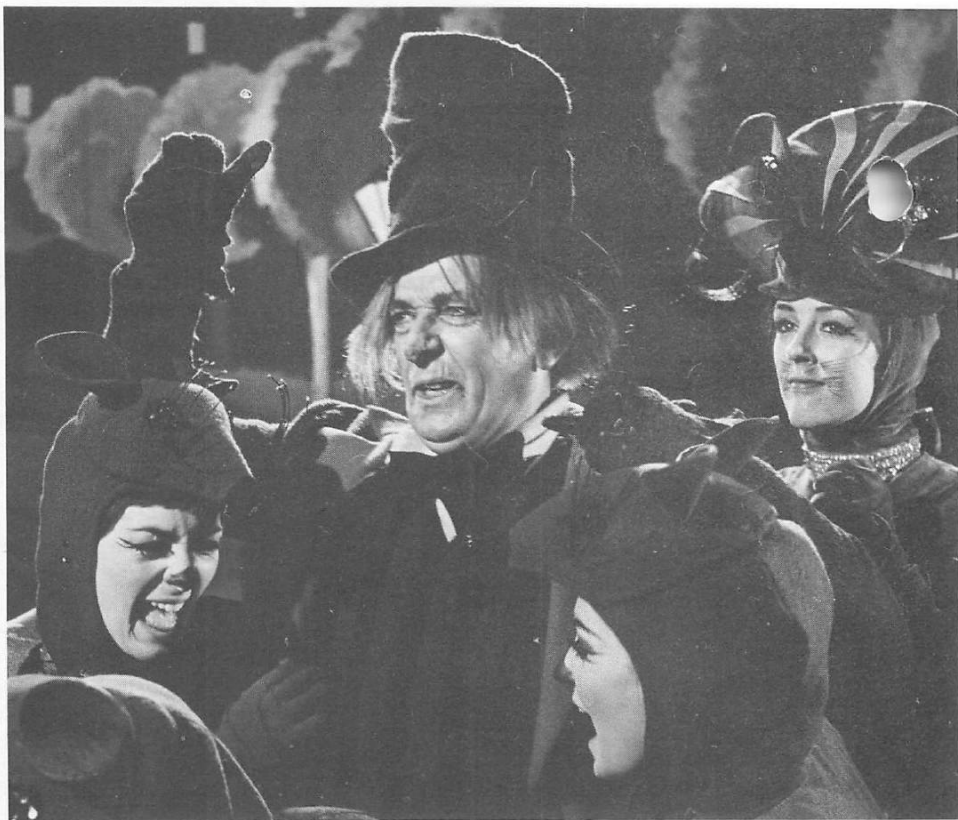
From a recent production at Caux of Peter Howard's play *The Ladder*, which depicts the choice in a man's life between climbing the ladder and carrying the Cross.

ACCORDING TO the little yellow book *Thoughts of Christ* there are 940 million Christians in the world, 940 million inheritors of the teachings of God's own Son; inheritors of the examples of the great Christian saints; inheritors of the greatest revolutionary message the world can ever know.

And what are we doing about it?

There is no need to enumerate the disasters that threaten our planet earth. But do we shut our eyes to them? We give little thought to the dangers of pollution. We are almost at ease with our knowledge of the earth-destroying power of the hydrogen bomb. The eating up of the planet's resources and the multiplying world population make little impression. The danger of war between the black races and the white does not unduly worry us. The fear of the takeover of material ideologies has faded into the background almost out of existence, and even though violence stalks the earth we put this down to a few fanatics. Permissiveness we take as a swing of the pendulum which one day swing back again to a more puritanical but, we hope, not too puritanical way of life. Meanwhile we try to turn our eyes from the evidence of mounting crime, illegitimacy, abortion and venereal disease. Until the evils of the world touch our lives personally we prefer to ignore them.

Just over 1,900 years ago there was a handful of men who decided they would not turn a blind eye to evil but would tackle it. They were armoured



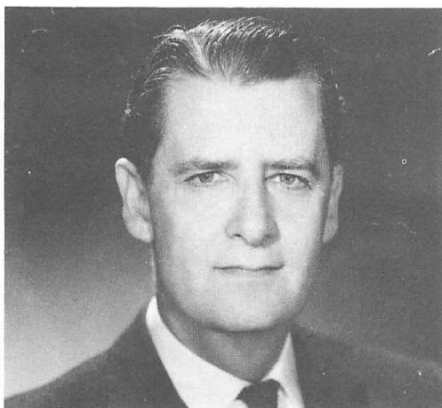
Richard Warner returns as Rat King in this year's production of *Give a Dog a Bone*

What are we Christians doing?

by H W 'Bunny' Austin

with the good news that the Son of God had come into the world to liberate men from the bondage of sin and make a heaven of their sordid earth. A hypocrite called Saul, who had consented to the murder of a great saint, had, on the road to Damascus, a personal encounter with the Lord Himself and went through fire and brimstone to take his message to the ends of the then known earth. Backed by the other twelve apostles they shook the foundations of the Roman world. Their followers were thrown to the lions but they didn't quail. They were beaten, beheaded, crucified.

Down through the centuries other great Christian men and women have arisen passionately to proclaim again man's salvation through Jesus Christ. But now in the age of man's greatest need where are the voices of the 940 million Christians who exist today? What are we doing? What are we living for?



Where is our passion? If twelve men could overturn an empire could not 940 million, almost a third of the world's population, create a new society overnight?

Do we believe in our Christianity? Do we believe it to be the greatest message man has ever known? Or do we hug it to ourselves? Do we keep it small and comfortable? Do we or don't we believe Jesus Christ came to transform the world? Do we believe our prayer 'Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven' is merely a pious drone? Have we emasculated the challenge of the absolute standards of morality Christ laid down in his Sermon on the Mount? Do we feel obliged to chisel on our honesty, compromise on our purity, feel it essential to put number one first and only expect to love those who love us? Have we departmentalised our Christianity? Is our loyalty to our nation more important than

our loyalty to Christ? Do we keep our Christianity within the bounds of our own class or our own race or look askance at others of another class or race, brother and sister Christians though they be? Is our public school code more important than our Christian belief? Are we more afraid of what neighbours think than what God whispers we should do?

Are our wills truly given to Christ? Do we fit Him conveniently into our plans for our lives, or have we given ourselves wholly to Him to fulfil His plan for our lives? Do we daily search His mind to find that plan? Do we make our morals absolute, absolutely honest, pure, unselfish and loving, and turn to God for the grace to love as He would have us love? Is our vision global? Do we see in our mind's eye the whole world and ask ourselves how through Christ we can enable God to reign in every heart and every country? Do we expect our rulers to live by absolute standards and let the guidance of God be the directing force of their lives? Or do we call ourselves Christians and just go on our comfortable, ineffective ways, content in the fact that through Christ we have a passport to heaven?

O Christians let us awake! Let us as St Paul suggested put on the whole armour of God and go into battle against the forces of darkness. 940 million Christians accepting that challenge, together with their God-fearing brothers of all religions, united in a single purpose, could surely bring into being a new world overnight.

The new man

by Mike Fields



CYNICISM, AMBITION and self-centredness, I was full of these things when I came to the Westminster Theatre to begin in the run of *GB*. I thought I cared for people but really it was only until they crossed me in my bid for fame. After the London run many of the cast went over to Caux. The three weeks there transformed my life and thinking. It was fascinating to give a number of performances of *GB* to audiences of people from all over the world.

I was then asked to take the part of St Augustine in a staged reading of

Nancy Ruthven's play *Late Have I Loved Thee*. I was excited by the script, though terrified to take on such a mammoth role. Yet St Augustine's amazing thinking and his search for truth impressed me. At the first practice reading I became so involved with his character that at one point I could scarcely read coherently. Afterwards one of the company asked me if I was all right. When I said 'Yes', they commented, 'I thought you were doing it for real!' During the first performance in spite of myself I was living through all the turmoil Augustine had experienced himself.

A few days later a second performance was given. I was feeling nervous and pacing up and down backstage when without preamble Donald Scott said, 'Your trouble is you are searching for God outside of you'. Without a word I hurried to my dressing room and picked up the script. Suddenly a line near the end of the play leapt up at me, 'For behold Thou wert within me, and I outside; and I sought Thee outside.'

I had been sceptical about God's guidance but here I was now being confronted with it. Again in the second performance all the conflicts of August-

tine's life tore through me. The next day I was still churned up and in a daze but remember saying to someone, 'I can't go on living as I have done. I must change my way of life.'

The time quickly came to return to London. I went to say goodbye to two good friends and found myself standing before them speechless. They suggested we pray together and as we finished that prayer a feeling of peace and clarity filled me and a sense of belonging for the first time in my life. I was signing a new type of contract—a contract with God.

I got on the plane realising that I would now need to find out the terms of that contract. Someone had given me a copy of *The Black and White Book* as we left Caux. I took it out and began to read. In it I found the details of that contract. Later at home I noticed an entry in an old diary: '19 March 1972—There is something missing in my life. What is it? Is it a relationship? I think not; I am too independent'. In Caux I found that relationship, a relationship with God. Now I have started on the road to learn His will not mine. Caux was for me an end and a beginning.

Getting through to children

By R J Kenneth Rundell, Educational Programme Director at the Westminster Theatre. The 'Day of London Theatre', for which he is responsible, has been attended by 42,500 children from 972 schools in the past five years.

AN OXFORD INTELLECTUAL, presiding at a teachers' conference I attended recently, commented, 'Perhaps the crucial issue facing education today is between order and chaos'.

Point is added to his words by the experiences of teachers in England and Scotland who are facing the consequences of raising the school leaving age. A first-class teacher in an English school spoke of the physical dangers to the younger children and teachers from bigger boys rushing wildly along the corridors. 'I have to stay in my classroom for some minutes at the end of a lesson', she said, 'or I would be knocked flying by the older boys in the corridor.' Some teachers have to lock the classroom door at the beginning of a lesson to make sure children do not wander out at will.

'My class have no interest in learning anything', she said. 'Last week they listened quietly for ten minutes - surprisingly - to a lesson I was taking on social studies. Then I asked if they had any questions. Silence. At last a girl put up her hand and asked, "Miss, do you still play badminton?"'

'One of the problems we are facing in our schools,' she concluded, 'is that children are not listening either to the teacher or their parents - or to each other. The battle is lost in the family before children come to primary schools, certainly before they reach us.'

This is not, of course, general throughout British schools but it is typical enough to provoke considerable questioning among teachers. In Scotland around eight per cent of secondary school teachers signed a petition against raising the school leaving age because of the problems they foresee it would bring. The resistance to learning at the level of the old secondary modern school is matched too by a growing frustration among intellectually more gifted children



in grammar and public schools. A grammar school department head commented that his sixth formers were increasingly disturbed by the realisation that individuals seem powerless, even in a democracy, to do anything effective to change things. So many tacitly assume that violence, in the end, is the only way.

This crisis in education is much more fundamental than the issues of school organisation, teacher training, salary scales and pupil participation that absorb public attention. Closely related also is the question whether faith in God and absolute moral values are central or optional in the formation of a new generation. Opinion polls over the past ten years consistently revealed that 80 per cent of the public believe they should be central. Yet there seems a steady erosion of faith and of moral values that is now evident in the frequent break-



W Cameron Johnson, resident designer at Westminster Theatre, demonstrates set design

down of discipline.

A valuable antidote to this sickness has been provided for children in junior schools during the past five years by the educational programme at the Westminster Theatre over Christmas and New Year. Children from 8-13 have spent a day at the Westminster to learn how a theatre functions and to see a production of Peter Howard's family pantomime *Give a Dog a Bone*. The philosophy of the pantomime, which many schools have subsequently produced themselves, has had a durable effect on children's lives. In one school, children who had been recommended for special psychiatric treatment were so different that it was decided not to proceed with it.

The morning programme at the theatre explains the way in which stage scenery, costume, light and sound, and the actors' own personal qualities, emphasise the meaning of the play. Children are taken on a tour of the theatre where they meet the designers, technicians and actors. The aim is to help children understand the importance of being aware of and of listening to each other, and also of becoming aware of and obedient to the voice of conscience, a source of inspiration outside themselves.

The success of this educational venture is evidenced by the hundreds of letters from the children that come to the theatre and the fact that many schools come year after year. This year already 6,000 school children have booked for three out of the six weeks' season.

An 8-year-old girl wrote, 'I enjoyed yesterday very much. I would like to be Mickey Merry (the hero of the pantomime). Yesterday I bought two books about *Give a Dog a Bone*. This morning we played the record of songs. We are going to make a theatre out of shoe boxes - I have not got a shoe box yet!' A teacher commented 'Our children come from a very rough area but they sat entranced for two hours in the morning and for two and a half hours in the afternoon. This is the way to get over ideas that increase children's awareness and form character.'