

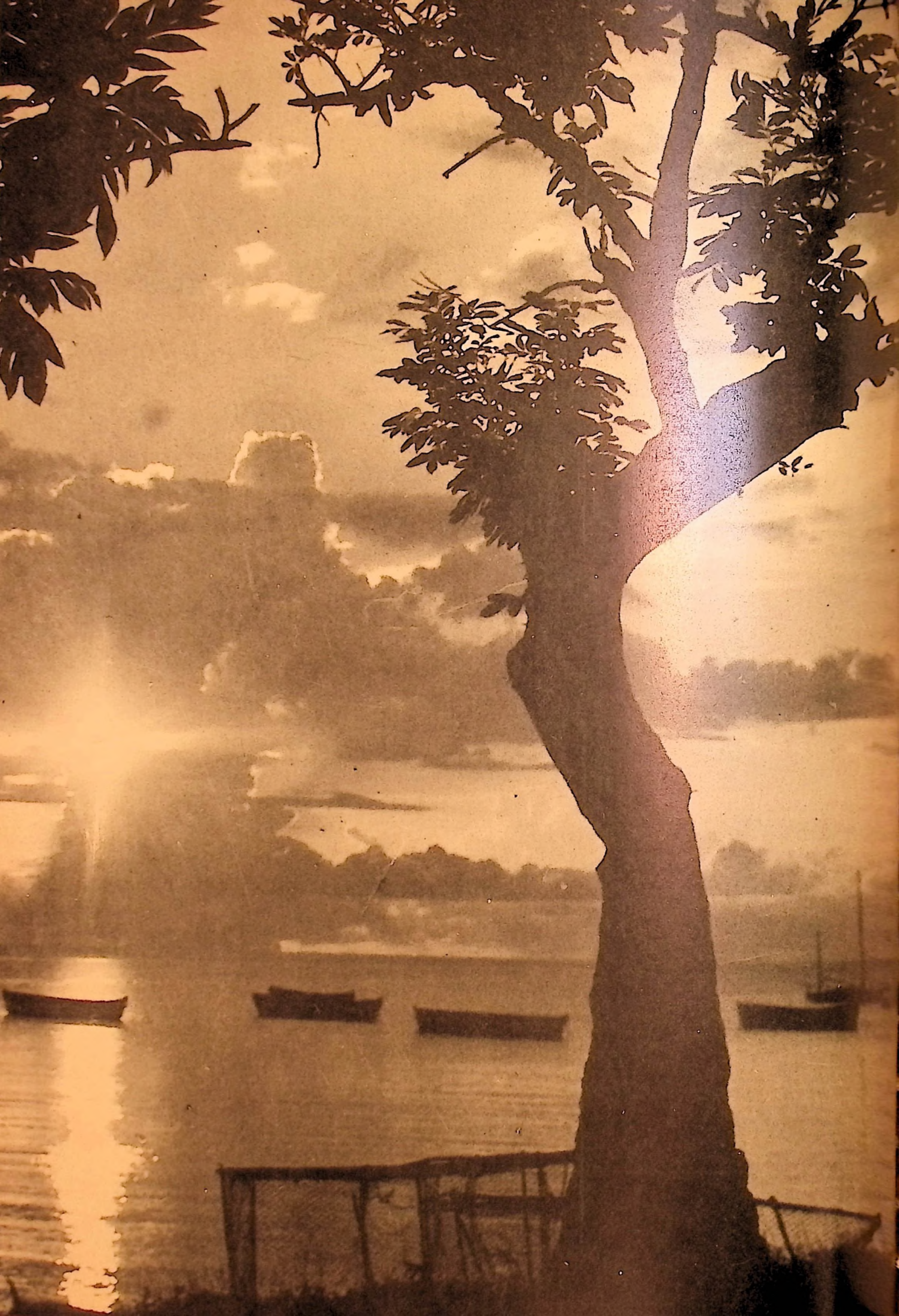


JESUIT MISSIONS / JULY-AUGUST 1964 / 25¢

NOH
DRAMA
IN JAPAN

Jesuit
becomes
an expert...
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ANENT A BEACH

Another sunset

and a cross of light imparts an evening benediction

to one of the myriad shorelines of the world.

A beach,

fashioned by a loving, imaginative Creator,

is a place of endless magic for millions

who know it casually or live with it intimately.

A beach

is a place of complex interplay

of wind and light and wave and subtle change,

a mirror of the moods of men

A beach

is never dull or stale.

Variety is its spice,

and to the dwellers of a shore a beach can be

a place of haunting beauty, of calm and warmth,

or glacial chill,

of rippled moonlight

or the insane savagery of storm and bellowing surf,

a mirror of the moods of men.

But more than this

a beach

was made for man and his children,

for him who was given "dominion over land and sea",

and the footprints

of a Viking, a Xavier, Polynesian or Pilgrim,

have merged along countless strands

with the humbler imprints of other men

in departures and returns, at prayer, work, reflection or play

along a beach.

Beaches are for Beginnings

The extraordinary and ordinary
comings and goings of men,
their adventures great and small,
have begun and ended along many strips of sand.
And "mission" itself
began upon a shore in Galilee
when He passed by and called to men
to drop their nets
to follow Him
and net a world.



Beaches are for Work

The sea is life for millions
but she yields her riches reluctantly,
and only to the patient,
or the hungry and determined amongst men
willing to pit
intelligence and bitter strength
against her grudging providence.





Beaches are for Reflection

There is something
in the land's ending and the sea's beginning
the hard line of shore and untrammelled sea
between the fixed—
and endless space and motion
that unseals the casements of the soul
and lets men at peace upon a beach
dream dreams
and trace them in her sands.



Beaches are for Play

This artful aggregate
of elemental charm,
of air and water, sand and vivid loveliness
offers its delights
to the children of men.
Like the little nuns shown here,
whose habits dry in minutes in the tropic sun
beaches are for play and cloudless joy.
And beaches,
anciently, and with a smile,
are for the birds
who long preceded men.



(Below) Father Benito Ortolani S. J. with famous Noh actor Honda Hideo of the school Komparu, during a demonstration at Sophia University for the American students of the Summer Session in Asian Studies, (Right) Father Ortolani and leading Italian director Orazio Costa inspect a four-hundred-years old Noh mask. The mask and actor's voice and movements convey a wide range of emotion.



FATHER IS NOW ON STAGE

Charles Flood S.J.



One of the most interesting meetings in theatrical history took place recently in Tokyo. From twenty nations, representing every continent, the world's leading playwrights, producers and directors converged from Japan for a UNESCO-sponsored symposium which was the first conference ever to be held between the theatre experts of East and West. Brought together by a desire to learn more of each other's theatrical traditions, techniques, and problems, and to plan for the exchange of touring productions ranging from Shakespeare to Chinese opera, the International Theatre Institute delegates were startled to find, sitting among the members of the Japanese delegation, a tall Italian priest who speaks English with an Irish brogue.

As the meetings proceeded and the priest expressed his opinions in flawless English, French, German, Italian, Spanish and Japanese, delegates from France, Germany and the U.S. remembered that they had met this man before, in their own countries.

The man was Father Benito Ortolani, a Jesuit who at 35 is as remarkable as his contributions to the recent Symposium might suggest. A member of the faculty of Sophia University, the noted Jesuit school in Tokyo, he has been acknowledged by the Japanese Society for Theatre Research, and was one of five men to sit on the stage at that group's last national meeting, discussing Japan's *Noh* plays, *Kabuki*, and modern Japanese theatre—in Japanese. He has been the subject of a feature article in the *Asahi Shinbun*, Japan's largest paper, an honor eagerly sought by prominent Japanese. In short, the man is famous in Japan. His accomplishments, ranging from being a drama critic for Japanese newspapers and magazines to teaching Sophia undergraduates the history of their own theatrical traditions, in Japanese, would be impressive even if he had been born and raised in Japan. The facts are otherwise. The bespectacled six-foot-three scholar has spent less than five years there and was twenty-four at the time he took his first Japanese lesson.

THE NOH DRAMA traces its origins back to the Thirteenth Century, when various rituals and religious dances of the preceding eras were integrated and developed. Noh is featured by rhythmical recitation of texts, classic music and symbolic movement of players. Masks are used by the actors (always men) in the chief role to indicate the characters portrayed. Stage is decorated simply to suit drama's symbolic nature. (Photos: Consulate General of Japan, N.Y.)





THE PRIEST OF NOH LAND

Father Ortolani is a familiar figure backstage in Japan's classic theatre. Here he is shown in the green room of Bunraku Theater in Osaka. Father is editing a book on Zeami, a Noh drama figure.



Famous theatrical people at home of Mr. Takeuchi, Ambassador to U.S., during Tokyo meeting: Olaf Odegaard, Fr. Ortolani, Mrs. Takeuchi, Sam Leiter, (rear) Mrs. Virginia Bush, Mr. Nakamura, Kauze Hisao, Mr. Irie, Karl Wolz, Seida Kiyoshi, Mrs. Leiter.



Benito Ortolani was born in Rome in 1928, the last of ten children who have distinguished themselves in a variety of fields. "The Christian Brothers gave me my Irish brogue," Father Ortolani says with a grin. "I went to their elementary schools in Rome." At eighteen, he joined the Society of Jesus and in 1951, knowing little about Japan, he volunteered for missionary work there. In addition to his training for the priesthood, his two years in Japan were spent in study of Japanese art.

"I was more interested in Japanese painting than I was in the Japanese theatre," he recalls. "But I studied Japanese intensively for two years, and went to every kind of Japanese dramatic production."

Returning to Italy in 1955, the twenty-seven-year-old scholastic organized three widely-praised exhibitions of Japanese art. "I remember the exhibition I put together in a gallery just off the Piazza San Marco in Venice. One afternoon, the hottest afternoon of the summer, I was sitting there alone with the scrolls. Nobody was there; it was too hot. Then I walked Cardinal Roncalli, perspiring furiously. He stayed for an hour, asking questions. "He kept calling me 'Father'," the Jesuit says, smiling as he remembers his meeting with the future Pope John XXIII, "and I was too scared to tell him I was just a scholastic."

It was while he was putting on these three art exhibitions at the request of his superiors that Father Ortolani began to realize the shape that he hoped his future work would take. "I was struck more than ever by the idea of exchange," he says. "I wanted to learn Japanese civilization through loving it, give the best of it to the West, and introduce some of the values of the West, including Christianity, in exchange."

At this time, too, Father Ortolani came to the realization that he was more interested in the theatre than in art. His superiors agreed with his thought that he should equip himself as an expert in the theatre of both West and East, and his course was set.

Ordained in Frankfurt in 1958 by the late Cardinal Muench, who was at the time papal nuncio to Germany, he celebrated his first Mass in a small chapel, with his seventy-five-year old father as one altar boy, and a Japanese friend as the other. At the same time he baptized a Korean girl who is a writer. "That was something," he recalls, happily. "An Italian priest in Germany baptizing a Korean girl whom he had instructed in Japanese."

Alternating between summers spent in intensive study of Japanese at the Jesuit retreat house in St. Francis Xavier's ancestral castle near Pamplona in Spain, Father Ortolani pursued his studies of the theatre at the University of Vienna. He wrote his doctoral dissertation on the origin of Japan's *Kabuki* theatre. Published in German, and soon to appear in English, this established his reputation in Japan while he was still completing his studies in Vienna, and assured him that Japan's theatre experts would be well-inclined towards him upon his arrival. He received his Ph.D. in *Theaterwissenschaft*, or 'Theatre Craft,' with the highest form of *summa cum laude* given by Vienna, *habe mit Auszeichnung*. At the same time he was a guest of honor at the International Film Festival in Berlin, was on the Jury for the International Festival for Religious Films in Vienna, lectured in Italy, and received his long-awaited orders to depart for Japan.

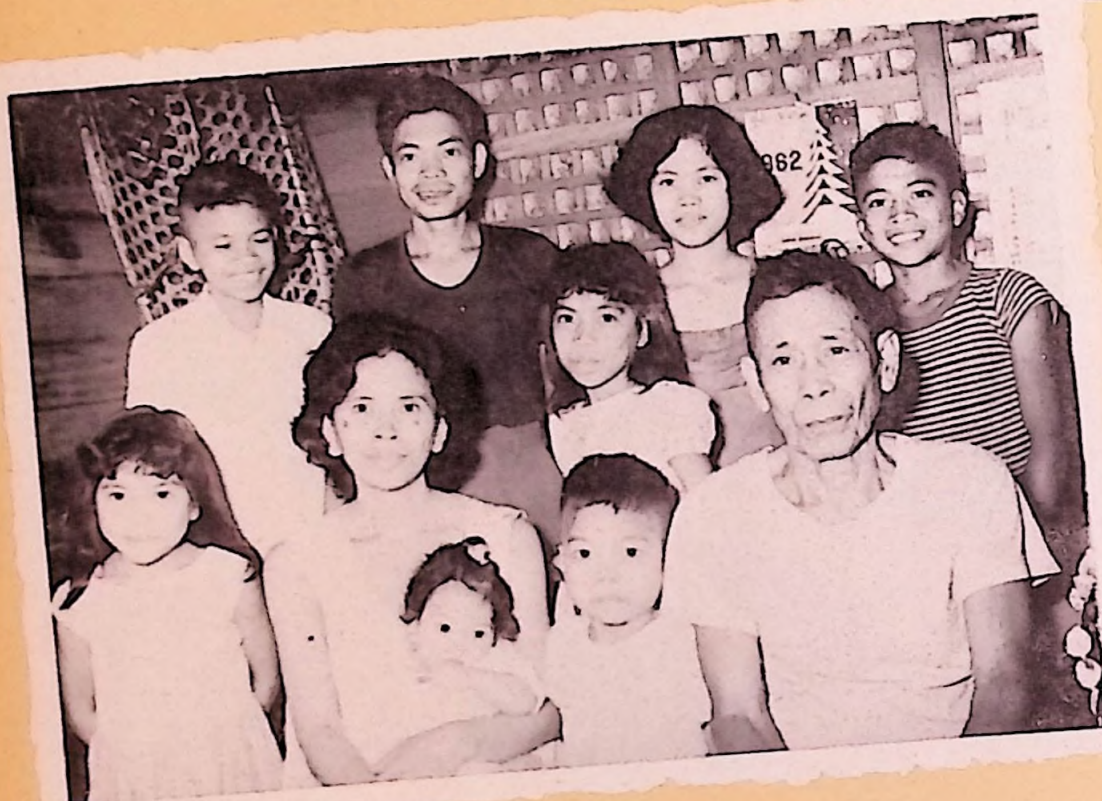
Japanese recognition of Father Ortolani's interest in, and competence in relation to the Japanese theatre, was crowned by an invitation by the Japanese Ministry of Education, asking him to be a member of the preparatory commission for the historic symposium bringing together the leading figures of the Theatre of the East and West. Sitting with the Japanese delegation throughout the Congress, Father Ortolani played an important role in explanation of the Japanese theatre to the European, African, American, and Latin American delegates, and was instrumental in explanations of Western theatrical problems to the Asian delegates present.

In addition to long-range ideas for added work in television for the department of Journalism (Japan's oldest) at Sophia, the practical-minded man of the theatre sees the possibilities of television programs which could put a few Christian ideas before Japan's enormous TV-viewing public.

"There should be two bridges," Father Ortolani says, "The bridge between East and West, and the bridge, in any country, between the Church and the communications world. When someone in the communications world wants to have the advice or the assistance of the Church, or when the Church wants to accomplish something in the communications world, there should be experts available for just such matters." In the Jesuit tradition of gaining acceptance for Christian ideas by showing a respect for, and knowledge of, different cultures, Father Ortolani is just such an expert.



FILIPINO VIGNETTE



The following was written by a boy in a Jesuit high school in the Philippines. In simple, direct fashion he draws a picture of Filipino life which is a mirror for many other people in the islands.

I just want to tell you something which I think you might be interested in reading. It is about my family, my homelife, and my day at school.

I am a member of a very poor family. We have ten in the family including my grandfather, and we live in Pook, a small barrio about eleven kilometers from San Pablo City. Right now I am in fourth year high school at the Jesuit school, Ateneo de San Pablo. I am able to attend the Ateneo through the kindness of Attorney Farcon of San Pablo City who pays for my tuition and transportation. When I go to school I bring my carfare, plus five or ten cents given me by my parents to buy something to eat during recess time.

My father has a very poor job, but not a bad job. He has never found a permanent occupation. When he is able to work, although there are many weeks when he has no work at all, he picks up coconuts on a plantation near our barrio. Another man with a long stick knocks the coconuts out of the tree, and my father picks them up, and makes a pile near the tree so it will be easier for the man who carries them by horse to the road. The trouble is that my father cannot do this every day since he only works when he is called by someone in our barrio.

As you see, this occupation of my father is very poor, and he is hardly able to support us. For example, oftentimes we have to eat bananas and camotes instead of rice, because we do not have rice. Since I began studying in high school we have never had a steady diet of rice because of the lack of money.

Even when my father is working, the highest amount that he can get is 20 pesos (about \$5.00) a month. But many times he doesn't even earn 20 cents in two weeks. We

can still live by borrowing rice and the other food we need from a store the owner of which is the man who calls my father for work. My father might earn 10 pesos by picking up coconuts, but it often happens that we have a debt of about 12 to 15 pesos so we are still in the red. After a job is done, my father earns no more, and our food debt at the store continuously adds up through 20, 30, 45, 58, 60, 65 cents until my father has more work. When the next job is done we will start owing again. So my father goes working and owing over and over again.

My mother helps my father by sewing dresses, but this is also a very poor occupation because when my mother finishes a dress her customer often gets it without paying and when her customers do pay they only pay by installments of 20 and 50 cents. My mother cannot force them because they are also poor.

We are forced to live this way because my father and mother lack education. I have four sisters and two brothers, but they cannot help my parents because some of them are studying in elementary school, and some are very small yet. Imagine, we are ten including my grandfather, and my parents earn so little money.

Right now we are living in a house which is not ours because our house was falling apart. We are living in four small rooms. We often try to think of how we can build our own house, and sometimes we even shed tears thinking of this and other things like what we will eat today and where we will get tomorrow's food.

I do not have to pay for my lunch at school because Father Frederick Kelly S. J., the Minister of the Ateneo de San Pablo, helps me by letting me eat in the kitchen of the Jesuit Fathers so I can get a good meal there. But though this happens, I cannot help thinking of my parents and brothers and sisters at home.

I enjoy studying at the Ateneo because of the excellent education I am receiving. I

think I could never find any other school where the teachers are so generous and kind. It was a Jesuit Father, my second year teacher Father Rafael Borromeo, who found Attorney Farcon to pay for me at school.

In the Ateneo there are many extra-curricular activities which are offered to all students. One of the biggest organizations at the Ateneo this year is the A.C.I.L. (Ateneo Catechetical Instruction League). I am a member of this organization, and I teach at the school in my barrio. Every Wednesday at 2:30 p.m. I go to the Ateneo Chapel to attend the A.C.I.L. meeting. After the meeting at about 3:00 p.m., I go all alone to teach the pupils who are very eager to hear my lessons. I arrive at the school at around 4:00 p.m., or before, and I leave the school at about 5:00. I have about forty pupils who are divided into two classes: grade I and grade II. I have always found it hard to keep them in perfect silence, but I keep on trying. Sometimes, I give a very brief examination to grade II to test them on what they understand. At the same time I drill the prayers with grade I on the other side of the room. Both classes are hard to teach, but grade I is harder because they do not know how to write well. Although it is hard to teach, I am still very happy to be able to teach the little kids to know about God.

After high school, I would like to do something which will help me get a good job because I want to support my family and brothers and sisters. I hope to be able to study some more, but, as you can see, the trouble is that my parents have no money to further my education. Right now, I have not yet decided what course I will take because I am not sure whether I will be able to take any. But I really want to study more after high school.

These are just a few things about myself, my family, and my daily life. I hope you find them interesting.

Amado C. Javier

KODAIKANAL

Norman A. Fuller S.J.

There is a hill station with the musical name of Kodaikanal which is hardly heard of outside India. Even in India it deserves to be better known. Srinagar, Naini Tal, Darjeeling, Ootacamund are all favorites with holiday-makers who wish to escape the sweltering heat and dust of the sun-baked Indian plains. One would hardly suspect, at latitude 10° North, to find this haven perched at 7,000 feet in the Palni Hills, an offshoot of the great Western Ghats.

When Francis Xavier journeyed along the palm-lined beaches of Kerala, or trudged across the Fishery Coast, he was only 150 miles from Kodaikanal. A century later when John De Britto, the famed martyr of the Marava country, crimsoned the red sands of Oriyur with his blood, he was only 100 miles east of a Kodaikanal uninhabited at that time save by tigers, panthers, and herds of gaur and deer.

The Southern peninsula, especially the Eastern coast, has been called "Jesuit country" since it has been steadily evangelized by Jesuit missionaries since the time of Francis Xavier. The French Jesuit, Father St. Cyr, reached Kodaikanal by moonlight in 1852 after a gruelling 12-hour climb on horseback. Coming from the heat and glare of the plains, he was struck by the beauty of the place and its cool clear air. He foresaw what a boon it would be to worn-out missionaries in need of rest and a change of scene.





The mud hut, thatched roof, barren hills and poverty face Father Fuller on his rounds amongst his parishioners. All this is in stark contrast to the resort area of Kodaikanal with its lake, trees, homes and standards a world removed from his poor.



Rising over an emptiness of terraced slopes and a cluster of poor villages is the church of Our Lady of Lourdes. The vegetables of the area, like potatoes being loaded for market (below), are sold for prices so low that returns are hardly worth the labor.



Over the last 100 years the Jesuits and a number of Christian mission denominations have been active in the area as summer guests and permanent residents. A philosophate was built in 1895. Nearly 2,500 Jesuit scholastics from Europe, India and America have passed through its halls in that time. The men who came initially to rest, stayed on to preach. Today there are two flourishing parishes numbering some 5,700 Catholics. Five churches perch prominently on hilltops. At dawn their bells reproach late risers and at sunset the *Angelus* rings out across wooded valleys.

Two miles north of Kodaikanal lies my world. Lourdupuram, with the church of Our Lady of Lourdes built on a spur of the hills is visible for miles around. Its congregation numbering some 450 Catholics, live in isolated huts scattered over 14 miles of hill country. These people, except for the few who own small businesses, are the poor who live off the land. The whole hillside around my eyrie has been terraced like giant steps and parcelled into little plots where their vegetables are grown: potatoes, cabbages, carrots, beans, peas, etc. Three crops are raised each year, but profits are scant. For a 96 lb "load", they can get \$1.60 for cabbages, \$2.00 for carrots and \$3.20 for potatoes. Often prices are so low it doesn't pay to harvest, and whole fields of cabbage or beet root are left to rot and serve as fertilizer for the next crop in hopes that prices will be better then. Cooperative would be a help, but who is to organize people for the most part unlettered?

A family needs at least five acres of land to support itself. Very few Catholic families own that much, and many own nothing. They work on the farms of the wealthy. The daily wage for an eight hour day is rupees 1.75 (35 cents), and about 25 cents for a woman. Nor is there a guarantee of daily employment. When the rains come there is no work. So you sit at home, or dig into meagre savings if any, or sleep long hours to forget the pang of hunger. Families with eight children are common. These are the poor that are with us

Since 1955, to ease the situation, the Indian government has been pleased to sanction five acres of land for each family of the landless poor. The cost is about eight dollars an acre. The plan looks good, but in practice the acquisition of such land involves such a maze of forms, red tape and bribery that the poor unlettered villager is completely bewildered. Should he, through the good offices of an educated friend, secure some land, he is not likely to get more than two acres. Three are lost somewhere in the shuffle.

And the chances are that he will lose his land in three years time. This happens very simply. He or someone in the family falls ill or meets with an accident. Medical attention, if available, costs money. He is a lucky man if he recovers in a week. But malaria, typhoid, T.B. and diseases of the lungs and heart (prevalent in this upland area) call for a long convalescence and nourishing food. There is nothing else to do but sell the land to some merchant or landlord who has been hovering on the sidelines ready to exploit the poor man's helplessness. Thus the land, thoughtfully provided by the government, reverts to the "capitalist". It is original sin seen in slow motion.

The sale of such land is forbidden, but to rectify the act legally is such a lengthy process that the government rarely goes into the case. We are dealing here with "backward" classes, a term that means little until one begins to work among them. There are so many who need help desperately that one wonders where the resources can be found. What sort of economic rocket will be able to blast them into a stable orbit? The problem, which stretches out to so much of India, assumes enormous proportions.

It is in such surroundings that one begins to understand the words of Our Lord: "the poor you will have always with you." They are not beggars, my poor ones, but they are poor not only in material goods (a mud hut and a little plot of land is their all) but they are poor in those personal endowments that enrich a man: ambition, drive, an ability to get things done. This may tend to make

one look down on them pharisaically, but it is not their fault. We must lavish on them the charity that Christ has lavished on us. Economic planning is not enough, unless it is coupled with the unstinting labor of persons aflame with the love of Christ.

It is Christ who makes the difference. Here in this tiny corner of the world at Lourdupuram as I look at my little flock on Sunday I ask myself "does it matter at all that these people now know Christ, whereas before they didn't?" The answer is an emphatic "yes". As they struggle to change conditions and live through compounded misery, they have learned not to grumble or complain. They are less prone to despair and nervous disorders that follow on its heels. Their morals are remarkably high. They are a simple people, a little lethargic due to centuries of neglect, but faithful to Christ and borne through bleak days by His strength.

And all about us are hundreds of thousands of their pagan confreres who have not as yet heard the "Good News". Vilpatty, which nestles in a valley just a mile from my church, does not count a single Catholic. And there are dozens of picturesque hill villages like Poombarai where the Hindu temple keeps sentinel watch beneath the stars, awaiting the light of Christ.

As the years go by and the drama of mass conversions becomes a thing of the past, we will have to rely increasingly on personal contact. The missionary can not expect to see would-be converts come to him. He now has to overcome their fears, their timidity and the mistaken superstitions behind which they barricade their souls. A first or a second refusal to hear must not discourage the missionary. There is a way to every heart in Tamilnad, this country of the Tamil speaking people. Today this area numbers 1,362,000 Catholics (including 1126 priests) in a population of more than 30 million. This works out to one priest for 1,210 Catholics and one priest for 27,500 non-Catholics. Truly it is not a question of one lost sheep, but of 99 still straying in the wilds.

So this is Kodaikanal—a holiday resort, and a challenge to a mission Church.

Off With Your Shoes!

Jaime Fonseca



At a lecture in a Midwestern college the guest speaker tackled his subject, Latin American problems with this opening remark: "My dear students. If you really want to reach the heart of the matter, start by taking off your shoes."

He was not being funny, although his surprised audience burst into laughter. His point, which the students quickly grasped, was that the comforts and security of American society constitute a mental and emotional barrier to the vital task of hemispheric understanding and cross-culture endeavors.

This time, at least intellectually, the students realized that among the multiple blessings that are theirs they could add a pair of solid shoes. They also came to realize that poverty beyond the Rio Grande was, in contrast, an all-permeating reality for most Latin American peoples.

This realization should bring us a recognition of our duty to share our blessings with the less fortunate of this world. This is the gist of recent Encyclicals when they speak of international aid and social justice. Where standards of living are subhuman, unrest follows as men clamor for bare subsistence or sink into animal despair. Peace and human progress are tied to the social, economic and cultural conditions of a given society. Nor is despair conducive to prayer.

Statistics, a generally cold language, can sometimes speak eloquently. Let us examine a few—a lesson to count our blessings in comparisons.

Health and medical progress such in the United States that life expectancy at birth for males is now 66 years, for women 72. But a Mexican peon has a struggle to reach 37, or a Brazilian 39. The

t death rate is 25 per 1,000 in United States. For Guatemalan families the rate is 91, and it surges 1008 in the Dominican Republic. Wee diet here as a health choice; millions of others a slim diet is way of life. Our caloric intake runs 3,100 units a day. Costa Ricans average 2,500, and Haitians barely average 1,900 calories. When it comes to finding a doctor or a dentist, Americans are well off with one doctor per 800 usually robust patients, and one dentist per 2,000 prospective open mouths. Bolivians must wait in a longer line, if they can get an appointment at all. They have one physician per 4,000 inhabitants and one dentist per 9,000. Argentines, however, do as well as folks in the States.

When it comes to jobs, even adding problem areas like Appalachia, the United States is a paradise. More than 72 million persons earn a living for themselves and dependents. This comes to 41% of the population according to 1960 figures. Most of them are salaried employees, which means plenty of opportunities and a positive output in agriculture, mining, manufacturing, construction, utilities, communications, transportation and varied services.

But only 32% of the Mexicans have steady jobs, and less than half of them are on a steady salary. In Venezuela only 33% of the population is economically active. Argentina's labor force is about 7 million, but close to 1 million are totally or partially unemployed. Again, a substantial number of Latin Americans, from 50 to 60 percent, work in the less productive areas of agriculture. Let us count a few more blessings. Americans manage to produce over \$600 billion worth of

goods and services a year. And the output continues to grow. That comes to about \$3,000 a year per head. Some 123 million Latin Americans produce about \$60 billion, or \$300 as an annual average per capita! Western Europeans are worth, pocket-wise, around \$1,000. Thus, on an average, Pancho is three times poorer than Fritz and ten times poorer than you, gentle reader. And Pancho, as a rule, keeps getting poorer. All the Alliance for Progress is trying to do is bring up his income to some \$370 a year by 1971!

Jobs, money and health work wonders. And that's what we keep telling Our Lord when we ask Him to give us our daily bread. Jobs, money and health secure homes for instance. Americans live in 56 million dwellings, average five rooms. Of these homes, 90% have piped water, 55% gas, 92% electricity (and the gadgets that go with our wiring), and 81.5% have baths. But Latin America as a whole has a *deficit* of 7 million homes! Nor does this stop people from getting married and having babies and adding to the problem. In Argentina only 60% of the dwellings have electricity, in Nicaragua 10%. If Costa Ricans have baths in 80% of their homes, Columbians have them in only 16%. Of Mexico's homes, 17 out of 100 have piped water inside the house; 43% have to find it outside somewhere.

Statistics must include the automobile. With its choking fumes and jammed highways, many of you may count the car a mixed blessing. You will agree, however, that personal transportation is mighty convenient. There are about 450 cars and other vehicles per 1,000 people here. In Mexico it is 23, in Costa Rica 26, in Haiti 3 and in Brazil 13. Oil-rich

Venezuela has 43 vehicles per 1,000 inhabitants.

Figures can be tiring and we could go on. But our tiredness is nothing compared to those dispossessed who have to live in the midst of these statistics. Let us close, however, with a final index—education; a vital indication of a country's progress. Almost all children in the United States of primary school age attend school each week, and about 90% of our youth attend high school. More than 35% go to college. In Latin America, of 32 million children, seven million have no schools to attend. Only 15% attend high schools and only 3% ever reach college.

Latin American values and culture are not the reason such differences exist. Nature has not been helpful, nor history nor institutions, to hasten progress at the pace achieved in the United States.

It would be a mistake to measure achievements by counting plumbing fixtures or adding up bank accounts. The Latins are richer in many other things, have fewer ulcers and an enviable gamut of inner values. They can be equally apt at the arts and sciences, the enjoyment of life or the efficient mounting of an assembly line. They write good poems and books, and produce fairly good movies and television shows. From living with poverty and an inner dignity, they are learning and discovering new horizons and beginning to help their own poor. Their needs are a call to us. We must feel personally involved in the problems and challenges of men—everywhere. This is basic to our Christian vocation, and our closest neighbor in need is Latin America.

Now you can put your shoes on.

A WORLD OF ACCEPTANCE

By William A. Nolan S.J.



The firecrackers and rockets had stopped jarring the mountain pueblo of Citala. It was about one o'clock in the morning. Only a few Indians were singing and grunting as they tried to find their way home up slippery paths. Occasionally, they stirred up a barking session of the local sickly dogs, but these were the only noises in the dark tropical silence. Everyone was tired after the first day of the annual fiesta in honor of Saints Peter and Paul, the "*Patrones*" of Citala.

I was standing in the doorway of my "*convento*" or rectory saying good night to the lay catechists. We had just finished planning the morrow's activities.

"Buenos noches, padrecito."

"Buenos noches, compadres, hasta mañana."

At last, I was alone. The excitement of my first day on the Jesuit mission of Bachajon, Chiapas, Mexico was beginning to ease into a deep peace. For the first time I saw the tropical night sky and felt the first rush of the heavy early morning's dew. The day's experiences began to renew themselves in my memory: the irregular rhythm of the strong mule making its way from the mission center over rocky ascents of the southern Mexican mountains to Citala; the first view of the pueblo; the high-pitched singsong of the Tzeltal Indian dialect; the bawlings of twenty-six newly baptized babies; the loud faith-filled singing at the evening Mass folded in on me to form one single impression; tired accomplishment. I was more than ready to turn in.

I shut the door, washed, and rolled up in my sleeping bag to rest until time for early Mass. Scattered thoughts and images wandered sleepily from my recent ordination to the next day's planned coronation of the statue of Saint Peter in the 300-year-old church in Citala . . . how was I going to climb up the scaffolding behind the altar in full vestments and place the silver Tiara on that statue? . . . Why do it anyway? . . . Bet it is thirty feet high . . . The questions, the images, all slowly swirled into the storm of sleep.

Suddenly I awoke staring into a flashlight that was about a foot from my nose. Something flashed a warning of hostile Indians. I moved in an absurd frenzy to free my hands from the tight fitting sleeping bag.

"*Lo siento, padrecito*. I am sorry, Father, but a man is dying. Will you come?" said the man with the flashlight.

I slipped out of my sleeping bag and put on my pants. I noticed that there were about five men, four were carrying burning tapers. No one said a thing. They just followed my hands with their lights. My fingers fumbled with the laces of my half-boots, even though all the lights were centered on my hands.

When I was dressed, I picked up a small sick-call kit and followed the men. The leader not only had a flashlight but spoke Spanish—he must be rich, I said to myself. For a half an hour the procession filed up a narrow path. It was about 2:30 a.m. when we arrived at a small mud hut. As I ducked through the curtained opening, I saw a man curled up on the packed dirt floor like a

burnt ant. I didn't know his name, but I recognized him. Just the morning before he had helped carry my things on the four-hour mule-ride from the mission center to Citala. He had been happy then, in his quiet way, and proud, because the religious leaders of Citala had commissioned him to go to the mission center to lead back a priest to his pueblo to offer the Sacrifice during its annual fiesta. Now he had joined the large number of sick and helpless in Tzeltal territory.

The candlelight ricocheted around the figures of the sick man's hut. In deep shadows I saw the figures of his five small children. They had no blankets and were sleeping huddled together like cold puppies, drawing warmth from each other. The sick man's wife, her face half-lit by the lonely candle, was sitting on her heels looking at her husband. The rest of the hut was clogged and dismal, old rags in the corner, corn stacked against the back wall, and an open hearth now almost dead.

"What happened?" I asked the man who held the flashlight.



This picture was taken when Father Nolan (left) of the California Province was enroute to Citalá. The man at right is the one he gave the Last Rites to the following night. Both guides are Tzeltal Indians of the Bachajon Jesuit mission.

"He fell down and couldn't breathe," he said.

I bent over the man and asked him where he felt pain, "*Banti ay cush?*"

"I hurt in my chest and can't breathe well. *padrecito,*" he said.

I straightened out the man's legs and elevated his head and back with a sack of corn. The man with the flashlight brought some of the dirty rags and began to pile them on him to keep him warm. This was all we could do for him. There are no doctors or hospitals in Citala.

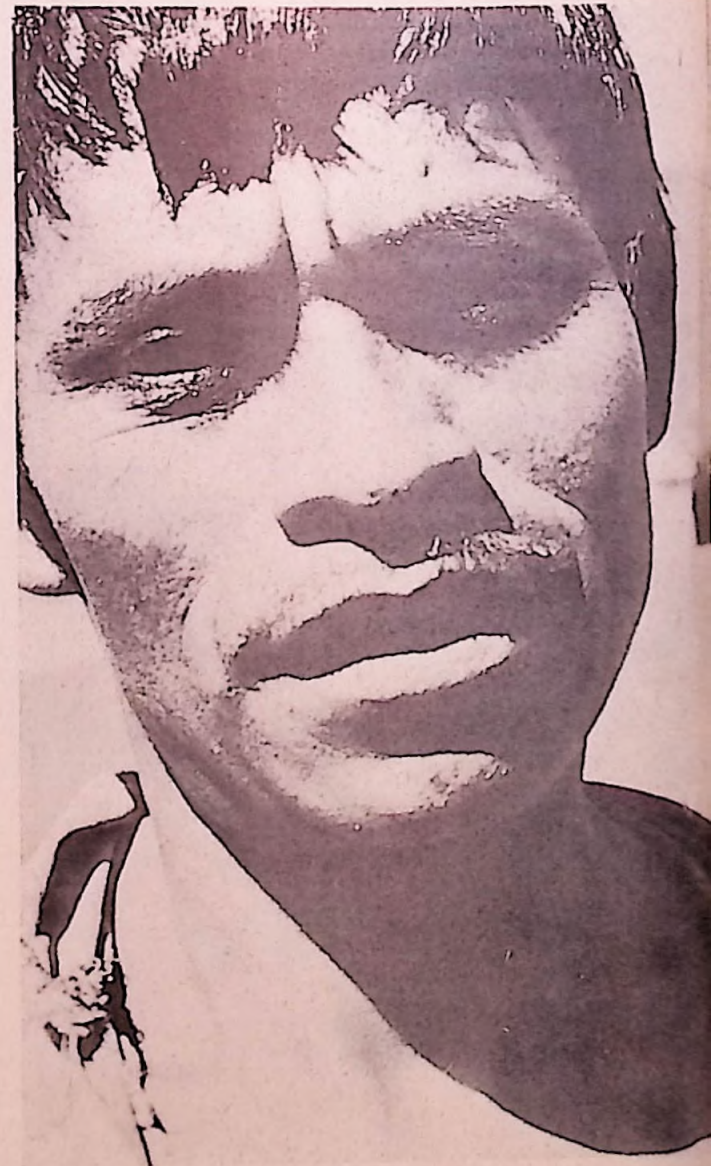
"Do you want to confess your sins before God?"

"*Si, padrecito.*"

Everyone filed out of the hut except the sick man's wife. She sat staring and thinking her own thoughts. Different thoughts from mine, different from the thoughts of comfortable people. I did not disturb her. Her eyes told me to go ahead and do what was necessary.

After the sick man's confession, I remembered that in the excitement I had forgotten the Blessed Sacrament. My inexperience was embarrassing but, after all, I had been a priest only a couple of weeks and this was my first sick call. I had to return down the paths in the darkness and enter the large, empty church. On the floor the last of at least two hundred candles placed before the statues in the church were sputtering out and throwing lines of light into the faces of the old, squat, Spanish statues. In these bright pools of dancing candlelight, placid clay faces froze history and linked me with superior and more daring men, men who had come not to destroy but to build, to build up what was lacking in the body of Christ. It was no longer necessary to imagine the brown faces of the sixteenth-century Spanish missionaries doing the same thing I was doing; it was only possible to relive centuries-old actions and words, to feel common human emotions, and to witness an ancient but ever-renewed faith.

The world of acceptance is etched in the faces of the Tzeltal Indians of Mexico whose main subsistence is corn (far right). Yet their rugged existence on the very edge of nothing gives them a clearer view of the Hand of God in all things.



The man with the flashlight lit a candle and assisted me at the altar. And then we began to retrace our steps, to the sound of a tiny bell.

When we returned to the hut the people were saying the rosary in their own language. *Dois ya spatbat awo'tan Mairia . . . Hail Mary full of grace . . .*

"Peace be to this house." At the entrance of the hut I began to prepare the sick man and the people for the coming of the merciful Christ.

After anointing and giving Viaticum to the sick man, I turned and looked at his wife. She had not moved once. Her posture and attitude were completely religious. She was a portrait of all I had heard about God's mystic presence and work in persecuted Mexico. The woman could not have told me exactly what had happened in her home, but I believe that she knew that Christ, through His Church, had come into her home; that Christ had worked his miracle; and that, in spite of the added misery

the death of her husband would bring to her life, she believed that Christ would remain there with her and her family. All the Tzeltal women live with suffering as if it were necessary to life itself. The sick man's wife lived in the only world she had experienced, the world of acceptance. I put my hand on her head to sign the priestly blessing.

"*Adios, padrecito,*" they said as I walked out of the hut.

"*Adios, senores.* Remember to come to Mass when the bell rings."

"*Si, padrecito.*"

The morning was breaking to the calls of cocks and dodging swallows. As I walked back to the church to prepare for early Mass, the festive rockets began to announce to the people that a priest would offer the Sacrifice of Christ in honor of Saints Peter and Paul.

And after Mass, as the man with the flashlight was telling me that the sick man died during Mass, I could hear the mourning cries of the dead man's wife echo off the southern slopes.





WORLD MISSION & THE LAYMAN

Summer Projects in Latin America

Thomas E. Quigley

Many are learning of this for the first time, and many of you are already aware that Catholic students from the United States spend their Summers working in Mexico. The Summer projects boom has commanded a sizeable amount of attention and, depending on how one views what is happening, has evoked strong expressions of hope or apprehension.

Confusion, probably inevitable and not in all cases detrimental, was a constant companion to the movement through its earliest years. Those early years run roughly from the accepted birthdate of Summer '61 to—well, we'll have to wait till the students return this summer to see if the early days are really over.

Summer '61 is a good place to

start a capsule chronicle of the movement. That was the year a group called Yale Catholics Abroad went to Actipan in Mexico. They constructed a school, they were instruments in changing other men's lives, and they were themselves profoundly affected. They came back and quite literally preached the glad tidings. A movement was born.

The role of Maryknoll's Father Donald Hessler in all this, and that of such laymen as Mario Carota and Alan McDougall is far more than a footnote in history. As time went on, many other non-student groups and individuals, both North and Latin American, became involved and helped give form to this idea. But a student movement it is, and it is students in the main who lead it.

In 1962, a dozen or so colleges were represented in Mexico, probably totalling a little over 100 students. Other groups, like Notre Dame's exceptional teams in Peru, headed farther South. For the Summer of 1963 the figures get a little wild. As late as the Spring of that year, some student promoters were talking in terms of three thousand.

One even heard of 700 students being recruited for a Christian assembly on a single South American country. Small wonder that the Peace Corps shared the alarm growing among some of the other non-student servers. Overseas volunteer work is a serious business, any who need the warning were told. The action do-gooders could be "counterproductive".

However many finally went to Summer (publicly quoted figures range from 225 to 500 for all countries of Latin America), they went well and they did good and seem not to have been counterproductive. One of the goods accomplished by the students in Mexico, by far the largest concentration was the formation of CIASP, Conference on Inter-American Student Projects.

An organization was needed the first moment anyone realized the movement would grow. It was called for from all sides, and most of the students who thought about it realized that greater organization (if an organization) would have to accompany growth. The matter

soon with civil and ecclesiastical authorities, the means to share ideas and experiences and to pool resources with others in the movement, we need to avoid certain past mistakes and provide for some general, acceptable guidelines for projects, orientation and the like, became increasingly insistent issues to be re-vealed.

But the students differed on the kind of organization needed. They differed, not with the bogey called "Authority", but among themselves. There were camps, representing something more than inter-collegiate rivalries. Indeed, there were refreshingly, if not exactly lucid, verbal banquets about the de-institutionalized Church, the witness of *being there* (not kindly dubbed, by opponents, "the apostolate of incompetence"), the mystical role of faith, as well as far more understandable arguments about the kinds of projects to be undertaken, the preparation and motivation desired, and the question of continuity in a global area.

"Authority", however, did raise a frightening head. Not in reality,

to be sure. But in the best tradition of student movements, rumors and alarms of interference—even suppression—spread across the land. The attempt was made, prematurely as it turned out, to help the student leaders achieve the needed organization. All that could be agreed on at that time was that, come Summer, the same ideas that were embodied, but ineffectively, in this earlier attempt would be recast in a new form. Once the students could be gotten together in Mexico, the phoenix would rise from its own ashes. And so CIASP was born, unlike its predecessor, without imaginary horns and, more important, with hands to implement the ideas.

Apart from the benefits of inter-communication and logistics which CIASP offers its members, a major step was taken last January when Maryknoll Publications issued a "formation handbook for intercultural workers". Based largely on the discussion outline, *Christian Laymen and Contemporary World Challenges* of the Council of International Lay Associations, the manual should go a long way towards

solidifying the movement.

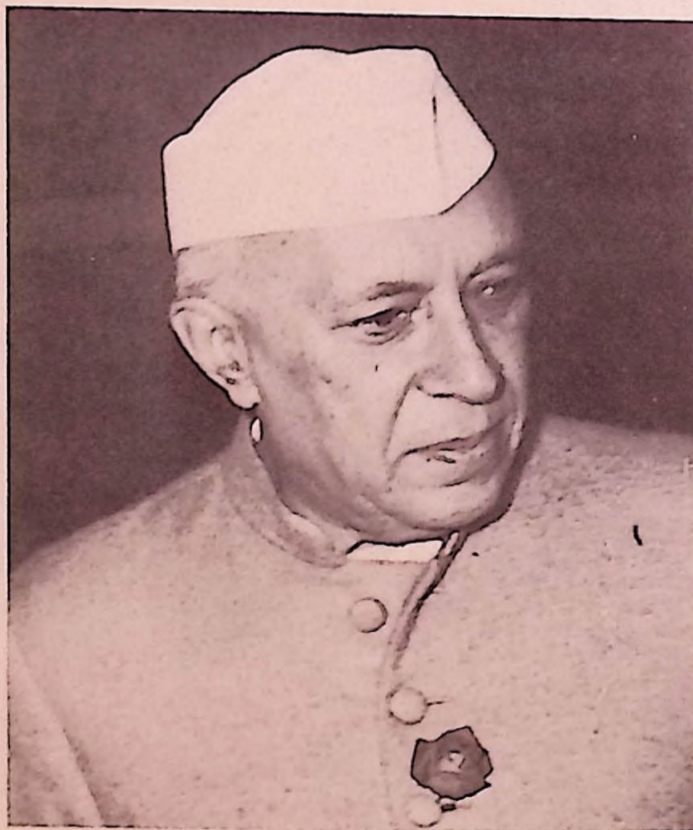
The movement is not yet out of the woods, if to be out of the woods means to have no problems. There will always be such in an enterprise which, of its nature, has to bridge cultural barriers and whose very concept is one of service and suffering. This is a true apostolate, and, in the mainstream of our day, problems are inevitable.

Short-term voluntary service is not a very old concept. But those who have pioneered this form of international encounter (one thinks, in this country, of groups such as the American Friends Service Committee, The Lisle Foundation, Operation Crossroads Africa) have proved its merit. Much still remains to be seen as to how the unique realities of inter-American Catholic cooperation will be affected by the student participation.

Something very important has already been seen. The North American students themselves have been profoundly affected. Whatever they may finally accomplish in Latin America, they are bringing some things very precious back home.

From all points a jm report

The death of Prime Minister Nehru of India was a shock to the entire world. He had left his mark on the new India and had managed to keep her free and economically as well as socially progressive during his long period in office. Few people, perhaps, realize how much he benefited the work of the Church in India. The vast majority of the Indians are Hindus; with independence came a determined bid to make the government officially Hindu. Nehru was convinced, however, that the state should remain neutral in matters religious and, as a consequence, the Church was allowed to continue its slow growth. Nehru's wise and liberal attitude was a great boon to the growth.



Sogang College in Korea, staffed by Jesuits from our Wisconsin province, recently held its first graduation. The college opened four years ago just outside of the city of Seoul. Since then it has built an enviable record in scholarship. The early years have

been most difficult, especially from a financial point of view since Korea is a very poor country. The graduation ceremony made the whole effort worthwhile. It will be *absolutely* worthwhile if the graduates begin to take an active part in the political and economic life of Korea. The principles of freedom and the dignity of men they have learned are much needed in the volatile public life of Korea today.

In the Sudan and other parts of Africa the Moslem pressure on the Church is increasing. The expulsion of missionaries from the Sudan and the legal and sometimes physical persecution there is only one manifestation of what would seem to be a developing pattern. Even while granting that in some instances there may have been some grounds for prosecution of some Christians for political reasons in the Sudan, the real reason for what is taking place there (and elsewhere, according to our informants) seems to be a strong determination to develop a monolithic Moslem state. (When UN Ambassador Stevenson's office was queried some time ago about speaking out on the question of minority persecution in the Sudan, the rather surprising reply was received that he would do so as soon as American interests were threatened! Evidently the world is not so "one" as Ambassador Stevenson sometimes says it is.) Recently (May 21) the Moslem nations that form the Arab League released a "Charter of Arab Cultural Unity." It has been pointed out that the Charter makes no provision for freedom of religion or thought and "seems to aim more at Moslem than at Arab unity. . ." We can also confidently look forward to new crises for Christian minority groups.



Jack and Dorothy Binns are two outstanding missionaries. Several years ago they gave not only themselves but also their schooner, the *Capella*, to the mission work of the Caroline—Marshall Islands. That may seem an odd way to put it, but they really were attached to their beautiful boat. Last month, during a storm, the *Capella* dragged her anchor and went aground on a reef surrounding Jaluit. When the tide came in the great waves smashed the lovely *Capella* on the hard coral. Jack and Dorothy were not injured, thanks be to God. The Jesuit Fathers and the Mercedarian and Maryknoll Sisters will sorely miss the *Capella*—but not as much as Jack and Dorothy to whom the little ship has been “home” for many years.

As we put this issue to press, little British Guiana on the north-east coast of South America was being torn by racial strife. The

country is a racial curiosity in comparison to the rest of Latin America. The two predominant racial strains are Negro and Asian Indian. The Negroes are descendants of the slaves who were imported to work on the plantations. When they were freed, the plantation owners then brought in the Indians as indentured servants. In addition to those two racial groups there were Amerindian, Portuguese-descent and Chinese-descent minorities.

The Catholic Church, which has experienced a good, solid growth, today includes 15% of the total population of about 600,000. About 60% of the Catholic population is of African descent. Willy nilly, this proportion of Negroes would have involved the Church in the strife under any circumstances. Her constant preaching of racial peace in B.G., however, had already placed her in the front rank of the groups seeking a solution to the racial violence.

There has been an element of tension in the country for many years. This tension has now been fanned into wide-spread violence through the cold-blooded maneuverings of the pro-marxist Premier, Dr. Cheddi Jagan. It seems that he has chosen this means to postpone an election slated for next fall that threatens to put his party out of power and stop or slow the “progress” of British Guiana into the communist camp. It is impossible to measure the limits to which communist “saviors” will go, but surely Dr. Jagan or others in his camp have exceeded all human boundaries in unleashing this bloody racial strife.

Just about a year ago the Catholic newspaper in B. G., the *Catholic Standard*, ran this headline: “If your knees are knocking, kneel on them!” (Incidentally, readers of J.M. helped to keep the doughty and outspoken *Catholic Standard* operating last year by their contributions.) It behooves all of us to kneel in prayer for the beleaguered and confused people of B. G.

Three Jesuits have recently been appointed Bishops in the western hemisphere. One of them is Father George Boileau S.J.

from Missoula, former Superior of our missions in Alaska. He will be consecrated on July 31st at Copper Valley, Alaska by His Eminence, Francis Cardinal Spellman, as



coadjutor with right of succession to Bishop Francis D. Gleeson S.J., of Fairbanks, Alaska. Copper Valley, incidentally, boasts a fine school built primarily by Father John Buchanan S.J. It includes Africans from Kenya, Eskimoes, Indians, and Whites in its student body.

Father Ferdinando Azcarate S.J., has been consecrated Auxiliary Bishop of Havana, Cuba. He is one of 43 Jesuits in Cuba. Until his consecration, Father Azcarate had been their Superior. This year two young Jesuit priests will be allowed to begin work there. At the same time Castro is reported to be welcoming Spanish priests to the priest-short island. Whatever Castro's reasons, it is at least good to know that some of the restrictions on the Church are, perhaps, loosening. Cuba's ambassador to the Holy See, a daily communicant, was the official high government representative at Father Azcarate's consecration.

The third new Jesuit Bishop is Father Paul Munoz of our Ecuador province. He has been consecrated Archbishop of Quito, Ecuador.

Mr. Jaime Fonseca in this issue of J.M. gives us an illuminating statistical comparison between Latin American countries and other nations. His article serves well to illustrate the desperate economic situation of the Latin nations. Recently another striking contrast was brought to our attention. It was a dinner held last December in Bogota, Colombia, called the "Banquet of Millions." Although the price of the banquet was \$500 a plate, the banquet consisted of thin soup and a crust of bread—the same dinner that millions would have eaten on that same night. (Hence the title: Banquet of Millions!) Proceeds from the banquet helped to support a cooperative housing program for poor families who provide their own labor for the program.

The Jesuit provinces of United States and Canada, all of which we represent, sent out a bumper crop of missionaries this year. The total was 90 with 77 from the United States and 13 from Canada. (In addition, 8 new men were sent to our U.S. Indian Mission.) The men are on their way to India, the Philippines, Thailand, Formosa, Japan, Korea, and Caroline-Marshall Islands, Alaska, Honduras, British Honduras, Peru, Chile, Argentina, Brazil, Jamaica, Iraq, Nigeria and Northern Rhodesia. This late departure group brings the total number of U. S. Jesuits now serving overseas to more than 1,000 with several hundred more studying here in the United States. J.M. now represents almost 1,500 missionaries.

WANTED

for Jesuit Missions

1. HUTS FOR HOMES

Inn Kodaikanal, India, Jesuit Norm Fuller is trying to build some huts for his poor people. "\$60.00 will provide four stone walls and a corrugated iron roof to keep out the rain and cold." He asks for any size gifts because the miserable shacks in which his people live are not fit for human beings.

2. LABOR CENTER

Attention Union Members: Father Bill Tome runs a labor center in Jaamshedpur, the Pittsburgh of India. There he works to train leaders for the free unions in a country where Communist control of unions is an unfortunate reality. A gift of two or three dollars—less than anyone's annual labor dues in the U.S.—could be an immeasurable help to him in a most difficult job.

3. A LAD 'N A LAMP

Jesuit Father Alwyn Harry—people always say that you can't tell if his name is coming or going—runs the only Catholic seminary on the island of Jamaica. In that poor country it is an "almost" seminary—almost never has enough money! It may seem incredible to you but Father Harry does not even have enough money to buy new lamps for use in study by the priests-to-be. We can get cheap ones for \$5.00 but your generosity could help us to get good ones for \$15.00.

4. AFRICAN ALTAR

We have had a recent appeal from our Oregon Jesuits now in Northern Rhodesia. Last year you generously helped them with money for food for hungry children. Now they beg your help to buy a monstrance (about \$200.00) for the Blessed Sacrament and a missal (about \$35.00) for the altar. Incidentally, if you wish, you can still contribute to their food-fund. Feeding their charges is a day-to-day drain on the Fathers' slender finances.

5. HIS LEVEL BEST

Father Ron Zinkle started life as a farm boy in Wisconsin. Now he is a young priest in British Honduras, doing his level best to educate his people for independence. The problem is that the poor boys can't get to high school unless Father Ron finds scholarship money. Even though it only costs \$12.00 a month, he is having great difficulty finding the needed money.

6. A RINGING PLEA

Father John Dahlheimer, S.J., has a chapel dedicated to St. Joan of Arc in Taiwan, the last outpost of Chinese freedom. He would like to put a set of bells in the chapel to call his faithful to services. He hesitates to ask your help since he is worried that people might have the idea that a church with bells is a luxury. We know that the chapel is not luxurious and so we ask you to be as generous as you can.

7. FOR OUR LADY

Father Schouten is the Jesuit pastor of Our Lady of Peace Church in Lugait, the Philippines. The parish is a real mission parish and the parishioners are poor fishermen and coconut gatherers. He would like to get his church painted and the leaking roof at least temporarily repaired before the rains come. We are sure Our Lady would be grateful for a gift of a dollar or two in her honor for her church.

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