

City Drama

Annemarie Manke

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Way of the World Correspondent to West Germany



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The cities are populated by the masses, grey masses that battle their way through the concrete maze in a daily struggle to survive. This living breathing mass is composed of people, people who feel and think who have dreams and desires, sorrows and pain. This city has a million faces and each has a different story to tell.

The ruthless, self-satisfied businessman -- do you know the tale behind his well-fed countenance? Who has heard his soul crying out for a love never received? The world is a battlefield they told him: "Kill or be killed! Don't trust your friends, they're there with a knife in the back when the lights go out and there is one more steak to be had!" Oh, he learnt all the rules; he is a big success now. People applaud him and envy him; after all he can have everything he wants or can he? Who will weep when he dies; surely not the men he stepped on, on his way to the top? The pretty young wife, how long will she mourn -- until the next man falls prey to her charms? There is none to compensate him for years wasted in the chase after the dollar. He reached his goal, but was not the price too high?

Have you ever noticed a rather non-descript character in blue jeans and T-shirt, roaming the streets? He seems to have a lot of time on his hands.

"Don't you work?" I asked.

"Sure, occasionally, but then suddenly something comes over me and I throw everything overboard!"

"What about your parents, don't they care for you?"

"Oh, I suppose so but they were declared unfit so I grew up in a home. All the doctors and teachers tried to make a decent person out of me, but I was always a rebel! They didn't really understand. They just tried to form me to fit into their concept of what I should be. Heck, I just want to be free with nobody to tell me what to do. I'm not mean you know -- sure I stole a few things and maybe got a little when I had a drink

too many, but if anyone needed a square meal and a bed, he could always come to me!"

"Why do you live, you must have a purpose?"

"Actually I don't think about why, I just do!" he replied shrugging his shoulders as he continued sauntering down the street.

You see her every day, a living mannequin from the display window. She trips daintily down the sidewalk, and a jingle of rings from ear and wrist accompanies the click, click of her high-heeled shoes. The heady scent of her perfume fills the air long after she has passed. When I asked her to comment on the world situation, she fluttered her eyelashes a second and then answered, somewhat condescendingly, or beg your pardon?" I repeated the question and elaborated, saying, "You must be aware of the urgent need of today's suffering people." For a moment she seemed somewhat disturbed, but then as if not comprehending she uttered a few incoherent phrases, about not enough time and an important engagement and hurried on her way!

There is a wizened old woman with deep-set tragic eyes. When she smiles it is always with a melancholy air. Her hair is white and her fingers gnarled. Most of the time she just sits, with a far-away look in her eye, stroking her old tabby cat. I asked her if she was happy and surprisingly enough she gave me one of her rare smiles and said, "Child, happiness isn't a state, it is an experience -- a cherished moment. Who can be happy? Only the innocent child, only the ignorant fool! Sorrow is my constant companion. I have encountered the brutal strength of nature; I have undergone spiritual torture, so that I yearned for death. Yet what I feel looking at today's world fills me with foreboding. I fear for the future!"

Four individuals taken at random from the crowd, you know them well. What of the others? Look at your neighbor, how well do you know his story?