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THE ARTS, AND CURRENT AFFAIRS

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THE CRESSET

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Notes and Comment

BY THE EDITORS

The Presidency

More and more, as his thoughts turn from his convalescence to the condition of national and international affairs, the President is likely to be tempted to resign. For him actually to do so would be a mistake. The functioning of government during the first two critical weeks of the President's absence demonstrates the capacity of the "Eisenhower team" to carry on. The remarkably tactful handling of things by Vice-President Nixon indicates that there would be little grounds for dissension within the ranks of the administration while the President is away.

The one thing that no one else in the administration can supply is, of course, the Eisenhower name, with all that it connotes within the country and in international affairs. The jitteriness of the economy, and the delicately balanced state of international relations both testify to the existence of a psychological state which, being sub-rational, could be all too easily thrown out of kilter by a change in the presidency.

This is all the more true because, rightly or wrongly, Vice-President Nixon has become as much the symbol of our national differences as the President has become the symbol of our national unity. The elevation of the Vice-President to the presidency would only serve to solidify his opposition.

Mr. Eisenhower, as an active

man, may very well suppose that he is valueless to the country since he has become physically incapacitated. He should be reassured that this is not the case. As a matter of fact, even before his coronary, his real contribution to the national welfare was not primarily the product of anything that he said or did, but of what he represented. He was, as he still is, a symbol. And in a government which rests upon the consent of the governed, symbols can be, and often are, more important than policies, programs, or political philosophies.

Moreover, from the practical political standpoint, the President's incapacity gives his administration a powerful lever for the coming legislative year. No one is going to make a lot of friends among the voters by giving the ailing Ike a hard time. Opposition leaders will be in the delicate position of having to nail down issues on which they can disagree with the administration in next fall's campaign, without seeming to be taxing the President's strength for partisan reasons. Not a bad spot for a President to be in in a campaign year.

The Emmett Till Case

It took an all-white jury just an hour to find two men innocent of the murder of Emmett Till, the Negro boy who was murdered in Mississippi for having allegedly made lewd proposals to a white woman, the wife of one of the defendants. To the unbiased observer, the case presents strong suggestive evidence of a miscarriage of justice. At the very least, the jury might have stayed out a couple of hours longer. But a point which can be easily overlooked is that the verdict was arrived at in complete accord with the rules of justice which have been developed within the Anglo-American tradition and which most of the time appear to work reasonably well to effectuate justice.

All observers at the trial agree that the judge acquitted himself well throughout. There is some disagreement over the conduct of the prosecuting attorney, but apparently he did as well as could be expected. The crux of the case was, of course, the jury. The jury was precisely what the law expects it to be—a panel of twelve representative citizens. In Mississippi, twelve representative citizens simply could not be expected to convict white men for the murder of a Negro.

This may raise the constitutional question of whether it is

possible for the Negro's right to life to be maintained by a Southern court. But if it be once conceded to the federal government that it may take jurisdiction in a case involving the murder of a Negro, a precedent is established for federal intervention in other cases where some right appears to be inadequately safeguarded by community attitudes. This is a precedent which, for many reasons, we would not want to see established.

We have no objections to various groups going about the country using the tragedy of young Till to focus attention upon the larger tragedy of the Negro in our society. Nothing can obscure the fact that the boy actually was murdered. But we would caution against letting our proper indignation becloud our understanding of the processes of the law. The same procedures which, perhaps wrongly, acquitted the two alleged murderers of Emmett Till have, for centuries, ensured a maximum of justice and a minimum of injustice for successive generations of Englishmen and Americans. But procedures alone can not do the whole job. Justice begins in the hearts and minds of the community. It was the community that acquitted two white men of having allegedly murdered a Negro.

Why Can't Johnny Read?

The argument over educational methods seems to have been joined with new vigor since all parties had opportunity through the summer to rest and relax from last year's skirmishes. From the amount of heat that has already been generated this school year, one suspects that there are likely to be some Donnybrooks before the school year is over—a prospect which is neither altogether pleasing nor altogether displeasing.

It is good to see so many people interested, even if for the wrong reasons, in the educational process. It is good also to see parents and citizen's groups reasserting their moral and social obligations for the education of their children. It is good to see the educational theorist forced to defend his conclusions in the social and political arena.

What bothers us though, about much of this discussion, is that it seems to be based upon our naive faith, as a people, that the answer to any question must be really a very simple one if we can only find The Gimmick. We ar-

gue these abstract questions of methodology, as though methodology were the whole story. We talk about "progressive education" or "traditional education" as though there were things, rather than methods of doing the teaching job.

The virtue of this sort of thinking, at this particular moment, is that it permits us to forget certain uncomfortable realities. We can forget, or ignore, the fact that it is finally persons, not methods, that do the teaching job. And an incompetent person is an incompetent person, whether she be a disciple of Dewey, Pestalozzi, Socrates, or Solomon the King. By the same token, a great teacher will do a great teaching job, whatever her methodology, for she will employ the methods which enable her to teach most effectively. We suspect that the reason Johnny can't read is not so much that the education departments have filled his teacher's head with outlandish methods; more likely the reason is that Johnny's father, and the other fathers in the community, are content to pay Johnny's teacher less than she could make in a reasonably responsible secretarial job. We were shocked to learn that the widely-respected social science teacher in our local high school (which pays reasonably well compared to most) has worked his way up, after a decade of teaching, to the princely salary of $4200. To this some wise guy will reply, "Well, if he don't like it, let him do something else." Friend, that is just exactly what has been happening, and this exodus of good teachers is one of the primary reasons why Johnny can't read.

A second uncomfortable reality that we can ignore while we are debating methodology is the condition of our school plants. In the past decade, we have found money for superhighways, superbombs, supermarkets, super parking garages, and practically everything else under the sun, but we never seem to have any money for school rehabilitation or construction. There is no methodological gimmick that will guarantee good teaching in a classroom of fifty children, and certainly not if the class meets only half a day. Johnny never will learn to read in a mob situation wherein the teacher's role must, of necessity, be chiefly that of traffic cop.

What all this adds up to is our own personal conclusion that these questions about Johnny's alleged deficiencies may not, in every case, be sincere questions. They may well be, in more cases than we would want to admit,

diversionary questions consciously or unconsciously raised to draw attention away from problems which we are simply unwilling to confront because they would demand positive action, rather than abstruse bull-sessioning.

"The Long Line"

While we are talking about the nurture of the young, we would like to turn this section of our editorial columns over to Mrs. Laura Long, a columnist for the Columbus (Ind.) *Evening Republican,* who has written some observations which we heartily endorse.

"If you are one of those," writes Mrs. Long, "who are concerned about the decreasing cohesiveness of the American family, with its attendant loss of that feeling of security that goes with 'belonging,' then perhaps it will interest you to know that I believe I have found a way to regain that lost sense of family unity.

"Get interested in your family's history. Persuade your young people to be interested in that long, long line of their own counterparts that stretches both backwards to the beginning of things and forward into eternity. It is a sure cure for the 'atom bomb jitters.'

"You can understand yourself and your children far better when you know the characteristics, the aptitudes, the prejudices of those from whom you have inherited a great deal more than your blue eyes or your narrow feet. From them come your virtues and vices, your strength and your weakness.....

"It has seemed to me that this generation seems inclined to cut itself completely free from its past, when the very science they study should teach them that this is not possible. Your past, my dears—what the palmists used to call 'what you were born with'—is really richer than your future—'what you make yourself'—for it has had so much to select from.

"At any rate, you cannot escape from it, ever, for it is within you, a sort of boundary within whose limits you will have to stay, though the limits are wide and deep, while you add only a narrow margin, like the thin ring of an old tree from generation to generation, thus slowly enriching those generations that will follow."

We have been wanting to say just this for several years, but we never found quite the right words for it. We thank Mrs.

Long for doing the job so capably for us. May we simply add that the grateful remembrance of those through whom we received the gift of life is a moral obligation enjoined upon us by the Fourth Commandment?

Know-Nothings

We have another rather lengthy quotation here, this one from a letter accompanying a renewal of subscription. The writer is a young man who worked last summer in a civil service job in Washington.

"One day," he writes, "I took the latest issue of *The Cresset* along with me. After lunch one of my fellow workers picked up the copy and started looking thru it. His eye was especially caught by that masterful article on Salk in the editorial section, by some other items in the editorial section, and by 'The Minority Report.' After work he came up to me and asked: 'Are those guys a bunch of Commies down there?' This man is not in accord with McCarthy, but he still was under the delusion that anyone who opposes the tactics of a witch-hunter must be a witch. I might add that when I tried to explain the fallacy of this reasoning on our way down in a crowded elevator, a second man with whom I work whispered that I shouldn't express such views there.

"He, by the way, was involved in another incident which really demonstrated how much the typical government worker is 'scared to death' for fear of being branded 'red, pink, or any shade whatever.' At our coffee break during my last week there the men were talking about a trip that one of them took to Canada. Towards the end they got off onto agriculture in Canada. As we got on the elevator to return to work I commented to this party, by way of comparison, about agriculture in Russia, and he made the rather pointed comment: 'I wouldn't know a thing about such statistics.' The remark seemed completely pointless and out of place until later on he mentioned that he wondered what the OSI agent thought about my remarks about Russia. It would appear that it is also a crime to know something about our enemies. So much so, in fact, that one has to go about stressing the point that he does know nothing about them."

At this point, the acute reader is no doubt expecting us either a) to sound a defense of the political chastity of the CRESSET or b) to launch into another homily

on the evils of McCarthyism. We shall do neither. The villain in the cases cited by our correspondent is not McCarthy and not the OSI agent (if, indeed, there was an OSI agent eavesdropping on the conversation). The villains were these two priceless boobs who were content to sell their dignity as men and as citizens for a weekly pay-check. All right, so they have to eat. Let them do so in good health. But let them, at the same time, disqualify themselves as judges of political issues. For once, we find ourselves standing side-by-side with Senator McCarthy. Neither he nor we would want to be judged by a poor, weak, timid thing who measures the universe by the dimensions of his feed trough.

The Shirtless One

The overthrow of Peron in Argentina does not in any way invalidate our remarks of last month about his having held tyrannical power as a constitutional dictator. He has, happily, been thrown out of office. It should be noted, however, that his overthrow was not accomplished by a popular revolt, but by a revolt of the armed services. There is much evidence to indicate that, until his conduct was exposed by the new government, Peron remained the choice of a numerical majority of the Argentine people, and perhaps it was this popularity which prevented the military regime from seeking to bring him back to Argentina for prosecution.

The history of Argentia, particularly in this century, could serve as an object lesson to those who suppose that political ills can be cured by broadening the suffrage or who criticize our political parties for not being sufficiently "different" in their programs and policies. From 1862 to 1912 (the year universal suffrage was granted in Argentina), the country had its ups and downs, but in general it had a fairly stable history determined by the wealthy and the military classes which were, in turn, closely identified with the Church. Universal suffrage after 1912 made possible the establishment, and almost immediate success, of a radical party whose appeal was directed to the same "shirtless ones" who formed the backbone of Peron's support years later. From the time of the inauguration of the first radical president, Irigoyen, in 1916, down to the present, Argentina has been torn in two by class strife. On one side have stood the owners of the great estates, the officers of the armed forces, the indus-

trialists, the white-collar workers, and the hierarchy of the Church. On the other side have stood the workers, the enlisted personnel of the armed forces, and, apparently, some of the lower orders of the clergy.

From 1916 to 1930, under Presidents Irigoyen and Alvear, Argentina was dominated by the radicals. The overthrow of Irigoyen in the second year of his second administration introduced an eight-year period of conservative dominance, which ended with the inauguration of Peron in 1946. Now, after nine years, the conservatives are back in the saddle again—for how long, nobody knows.

What has happened is that, in the absence of any real unity among the Argentine people, universal suffrage has merely served to dramatize the depth of the gulf that separates classes. Political parties organized on doctrinaire lines and committed to specific class interests obviously can not work together harmoniously through the chances and changes of political fortunes. And so the ballot box becomes a farce and the army headquarters, rather than the capitol, becomes the seat of real power.

Provisional President Lonardi is the product of a conservative revolt. He must now decide whether to risk an election in which Peron or one of Peron's followers might very well be returned to office (if the election were actually free), or whether to set up his own autocracy of the right. Perhaps, at the moment, Argentina needs freedom more than she needs democracy.

It's a Wise Child . . .

Our continuing campaign in defense of the English language demands the exercise of constant vigilance on the front where "motivation" comes into conflict with meaning. The awful things that have happened to that o n c e - g r a n d old word, "stewardship," serve as a warning against ever relaxing our vigilance. For if the motivators can reduce a word which once denoted the life lived in Christ to a mere synonym for check-writing, what word is safe?

We shall not try to restore life to a word which has been effectively killed, but perhaps we can still help to turn the assault which is being directed against another grand old word, the word "family." And perhaps in helping to save the word, we may make a small contribution to the saving of the reality which the word symbolizes.

A family, in the proper sense

of the term, is a biological group of persons connected by blood or name. Within the pattern of the universe, families are the Creator's agencies for the procreation and nurture of life. The word connotes, as an essential element in its meaning, inequality. There must be differences of sex, differences of age, differences of responsibility, and differences of opportunity.

To call the whole number of persons on a corporation's payroll a family is to bastardize the word and to pervert its meaning. To talk about a family of nations is, in the most precise sense of the term, to talk nonsense. God does not create life through industrial corporations, through political organizations, through religious denominations, or through the United Nations. God creates physical life through the union of one man and one woman and He creates spiritual life by His Spirit through the preaching of His Word. Physical kinship and/or brotherhood in the Faith would, thus, seem to us to constitute the only valid grounds for describing a particular group of people as a family.

Lest this seem a mere argument on words, let us explain that we are not primarily concerned with the inappropriateness of dignifying non-familial groups with a title too grand for them. Our real concern is for what happens to the concept of family, in its proper sense, when the term is applied indiscriminately to any group among whom men hope to work up feelings of unity, solidarity, and affection. Parents and children ought to be sharply aware of the fact that their family, and the corporation for which they work, and the church to which they belong, and the nation of which they are citizens, are not merely different types of the same thing. They are different things, and the obligations and privileges which derive from each are different. In the political area, father and son may be equals; in the family a son owes obedience to his father. A corporation may, conceivably, be run democratically; a family must be, at base, authoritarian. Churches may, under great provocation, excommunicate their prodigal sons; the family always keeps a light in the window for his return.

Excellent Resources

We are quite excited by a new venture undertaken by the adult department of the Board of Parish Education of the Lutheran Church - Missouri Synod.

Under the title of "The Lutheran Round Table Series," the Board is publishing pamphlets designed to "supply the results of study and research on problems and issues of our times as they confront the Christian in his daily life." It is the Board's hope that the pamphlets will be used by discussion groups within the Church and, to that end, has set up topics which are, or ought to be, of interest and significance to every concerned Christian.

We have before us Pamphlet No. 2, "The Christian and Race," co-authored by Dr. Osborn T. Smallwood, Dr. Martin H. Scharlemann, and Pastor Philip A. Johnson. Like all of the pamphlets in this series, "The Christian and Race" is not designed primarily to exhort people to specific conclusions or patterns of behavior (although it could reasonably be presumed that these might be the products of study). Rather, it attempts to set down the facts of the matter, and the Scriptural directives which apply in this particular area.

Nowhere mentioned in the pamphlets, but certainly deserving of high commendation, is the artist or artists who have illustrated them. The quality of the art work, as well as the whole conception and execution of the pamphlets, reflects the high standards set by the editor, Pastor R. J. Hoyer, and his associate, Dr. O. E. Feucht.

We are particularly happy to see a conservative church body embark upon a program such as this because it seems to us to represent an evangelical approach to the problems of our time which avoids, on the one hand, the irrelevance which has too often characterized the teaching of conservative churches and, on the other hand, the fools-rush-in activism which has characterized much "liberal" teaching. In setting down such facts as have been established in any particular problem area, and drawing from the Scriptures the directives which clearly apply, a church fulfills its teaching obligation while leaving the question of specific action where it belongs—with the individual Christian.

Pamphlets of "The Lutheran Round Table" are available at twenty-five cents a copy from Concordia Publishing House, 3558 South Jefferson Street, Saint Louis.

AD LIB.

By ALFRED R. LOOMAN

The railroads have it all over the airlines when it comes to the matter of eating. One of the biggest minor thrills to me is eating on the diner of a train. I am railroad minded anyway, having been born and raised in a railroad town and also having gone through the normal boyhood desire of someday becoming an engineer. For several years now I have been waiting for the boys around our place to become old enough to have an electric train. When that time comes there's going to be a battle, because I am partial to steam engines while they prefer diesels.

I have lost track, long ago, of the number of times I have waved to engineers and firemen of trains speeding past. When the train is a passenger I always look for the diner because it seems to me to be much more luxurious than any of the other cars, and the people riding in it manage to have a rather regal look.

One of the advantages of eating on a diner, of course, is that you have an opportunity to get up and move around. After riding in the same seat for a number of hours, that alone is a pleasure. Formerly, though not so generally true today, the windows in the diner were larger and the view, consequently, more panoramic.

The people who operate the diners on trains have made few compromises on appearance and the initial thrill of eating on a diner comes when you open the

door. The tables are covered with well-laundered linen and the first impression is one of extreme cleanliness. On these white table cloths is good heavy silver and the other articles, the sugar bowl and containers for salt and pepper, are also of silver. The chairs are well-built and comfortably upholstered. A single flower in a bud vase on each table adds just the right amount of color.

Some of the newer trains have been attempting to make their diners even more attractive by putting up fancy murals, changing the lighting, the seating arrangement, the shape of the tables, and a number of other things dreamed up by modern decorators. It is my opinion they could have saved their money, because none of them seems to be an improvement over the old diners.

On a good diner the service is similar to that of a good hotel, and that is another part of the thrill of dining there. Upon walking, or sometimes swaying through the doorway into the diner, the headwaiter is nearby ready to greet you with a smile. A good headwaiter gives the impression he has just been waiting for you to show up. One can forgive him his first question, because it is asked by headwaiters the world over. Though you are standing there absolutely alone he will invariably ask, "How many, please?"

Satisfied you are not hiding anyone behind you and that you are really alone, the headwaiter starts down the aisle to your table. If the train is going around a curve or over a rough road bed, you sort of lurch after him. He, on the other hand, with years of balancing experience on trains, has a rather stately tread. With one sweep he pulls back your chair and with another tucks it under the table with you in it. He never hands the menu over directly. Instead, he swings it through the air, as if outlining an arc, and brings it down right in front of the plate. I don't know why, but this invariably pleases me.

At this point, the waiter arrives and, while you scan the menu, looking for something you feel you can afford, he arranges and rearranges the silverware. This is completely meaningless on his part, but it is very delightful for reasons I don't comprehend unless in their very uselessness these gestures add to the luxury of eating on a diner.

This business of writing your own order is a clever bit of psychology. For one thing, you don't get the hurried feeling you

normally have when a waiter is hovering around anxious to get on to the next customer and his tip. For another, I always get the feeling that this is a transaction between me and the cook, that he is going to prepare something that I like especially because I've written him this note. Actually, I suppose, the customer writes the order to save the waiter's time, but it is still a good gimick.

The service offered varies considerably, but normally it is good. The food arrives hot because it hasn't far to go between stove and table. The plethora of serving dishes is again part of the luxury. And the sight of a waiter balancing a heavy tray over his head on the swaying train has never failed to amaze me. Almost everything is served with a flourish, though one of the weaknesses of diner service is that the waiters have a habit of making the tables a depository for excess silverware.

But the biggest thrill is in eating while looking out the window at the changing landscape. No matter whether the train is passing through field, city, or forest, it is highly thrilling to look out and to eat at the same time. It is no wonder that the passengers on a diner have a more regal appearance. Normally you are accustomed to eating privately at home, and then to be put on display, as it were, on a moving train, you feel some obligation to the railroad to make your best appearance and to be on your best behavior.

While eating alone at a table on a diner is the most pleasant for one who is traveling alone, I have been seated with perfect strangers where the four of us became congenial immediately and had a very relaxing and refreshing meal. Not so long ago, three of us who were strangers only a short time before, remained after a late dinner, drinking coffee for over an hour and a half. No one was waiting for a table at that time, because it is just as uncomfortable to hold up a table on a diner when someone is waiting as it is in a restaurant.

On the other hand, if the diner is crowded—something to avoid if possible—there is no telling who your dinner companions might be, and I've had some strange ones. In fact, I have gone through an entire meal when the four of us at the table never exchanged one word. At such times, there is a considerable strain in the air until someone asks to have the salt passed. Eating at a table with small children—those belonging

to someone else—is a topic too lengthy to go into at this time.

I can remember my first experience of eating on a diner most vividly. It was sometime in the 1920's and I was quite young. My mother and the four of us children were returning from Chicago on a late afternoon train of the C.B. & Q. We had just come from a visit with an aunt and uncle who were in charge of the Lutheran Children's Home (then called Orphan's Home) in Addison, Illinois. When we boarded the train, we knew we were faced with a 13 hour ride and layover to change trains though the distance to our town was only around 250 miles. I suppose it was the thought of that long period of time spent with four squirming children that drove my mother to suggest a meal on the diner.

The headwaiter placed us in a booth at one end of the diner and we sat there in awe at the spectacle of the diner and the view out the window. We had gone into the diner shortly after the train pulled out of the station and we were treated to a view of the switching yards for a good half hour, but even that was exciting with the long slanting rays of the setting sun lighting up the box cars. Soon we were out of the railroad and industrial area and passing through the farmlands then separating Chicago and Joliet.

We were highly impressed by the white coated waiters and the special service, by the linen, the silver, and the view. Ordering was easy. We all had the chicken dinner. I was aghast at the high prices; a complete dinner cost $1.25. It was, however, a wonderful meal, and perhaps the best one I've ever had on a diner.

Compare, then, this luxury with eating on a plane. The first disadvantage of dining on an airliner is that the meal is served at your seat. There is no opportunity to change surroundings while eating and that's not good. The seats are comfortable for riding, but too soft for dining. The hostess brings a pillow and places it on your lap and sets the tray of food on top of the pillow. Is that any way to eat?

With the exception of ladies who attend teas regularly, I know of few people who enjoy eating off their lap. It just isn't comfortable. The food is too close. While the selection is good, the food is seldom very hot, and so many items are wrapped that, before the meal is over, you are surrounded by paper. When the

ride is smooth, eating in a plane is awkward; when the ride is rough, eating is nearly impossible. Eating can be a little difficult on a fast train going over a rough roadbed, but it is almost always possible to have a full meal. On a rough plane ride, you may get no meal at all, and probably won't want one.

Someone with a lot of time on his hands has figured out a few statistics on eating while flying. For example, while you are dawdling over your appetizer you fly about 25 miles. While you are eating your main course, the plane has travelled 110 miles; salad takes 40 miles, and dessert and beverage means you are 55 miles closer to your destination. This is all very good, but cold statistics will never take the place of hot food served under comfortable surroundings.

Someday airplanes will be large enough to have a separate dining compartment. If they want to know how to furnish and decorate that compartment, I can help them. All they have to do is pattern it after a railroad dining car of about 15 years ago. Then they will have something that is pleasant and luxurious, something that will never get out of date, as the railroads have proved in the last 50 years.

Statecraft in modern states is not what one must do to *be* a minister, but what one must do to *become* a minister.
—Soren Kierkegaard, *Journals,* No. 1210

Vox Clamantis

By M. Alfred Bichsel

Associate Professor of Music

Valparaiso University

Perhaps one of the most significant and interesting essays given at the 1955 Institute of Liturgical Studies was one given by Arthur Carl Piepkorn on the liturgical trend in the so-called non-liturgical denominations of Christendom. In his essay, Dr. Piepkorn went to considerable effort, and in some detail indicated the progress made in the last number of years in such church bodies as the Methodist Episcopal Church and the Presbyterian Church, among others. Over an increasing period of years, there have appeared, from time to time, from the publishing houses of especially these denominations, manuals on worship, hymnals, and books dealing with questions of form and ritual. As one glances at the advertisements in official and semiofficial church publications of non-liturgical Protestant denominations, one cannot but become conscious of the trend toward liturgical practices and forms, as one notes the wares that these advertisers are endeavoring to sell. A visit to a Methodist church today, contrasted to one twenty-five years ago, will reveal a marked and remarkable change in the furnishings of today. One will notice, for example, that an altar with a cross and candlesticks has taken the place of the simple, bare Communion table. It can also be seen that a divided chancel choir has taken the place of the choir loft in back of the lectern. Such changes are by no means isolated examples, but are examples of a definite and fixed pattern throughout the country where new Protestant churches are being built, or old ones being remodeled.

The external manifestations just now mentioned are part of a greater spiritual movement now taking place in these denominations. Numerous general theological seminaries, from which are graduated the ma-

jority of clergymen who become the pastors of these churches, have for a number of years included courses on worship, the liturgical year, sacred music, and Christian art. Indeed, it is among these people that we find the greatest appreciation of such great Lutheran composers as Bach, Schutz, and Praetorius. As a matter of fact, an Ohio college affiliated with the Methodist Church can boast of a magnificent annual Bach festival, which is more than America's largest Lutheran university can do. It seems as if we are going to continue to sublimate our talents and compel them to the service of that which is inferior; that we are going to stifle the abilities of those who would put them to better service; that we are going to drive out gifted and consecrated leaders so that they may take refuge in their work in those quarters where they would be more welcome. Since the Children of Israel rejected the Gospel of Christ, it was given to the Gentiles. In like manner, it seems, the musical and liturgical heritage of the church of the Augsburg Confession is being rejected by its rightful heirs, and is gradually being practiced by strangers who see its value and appreciate its worth.

But the struggle still goes on. The green grass of Protestant ritualism still attracts us, while the Protestants themselves are beginning to discard their worship fare for what we have to offer them in our heritage. We continue to build churches like theaters, while they are beginning to build edifices that can at once be associated with the house of God. We continue to teach our choirs anthems by Malotte, O'Hara, Gounod, Jean-Baptiste Faure, Theodore Dubois—while the Protestant denominations have discovered Bach, Buxtehude, Pachelbel, Schein, Scheidt, and others. We have discovered Mother's Day, Father's Day, Children's Day, Wheatie Day, Kindness to Animals Week—while they have gone back to All Saints' Day, the Commemoration of the Faithful Departed, Feast of St. Michael and All Angels, the Annunciation, etc. We dabble, and even revel, in Anglican chant, while the Anglicans have rediscovered Gregorian as being as much their rightful heritage as it is ours. Our choirs still sing for the newspaper critic, while theirs are beginning to sing to God.

There is no reason why we must continue to take a back seat in these matters. We have many scholars who have written on liturgy, and we have many

scholars who have written on liturgical music, who are editing such masterpieces of the past, and who are composing works intended to fit within the framework of the liturgy. But these people must be heard and given an opportunity to do their work within our circle. We must stop viewing these people with suspicion. We must stop treating them as quasi-Evangelical Jesuits whose nefarious work is the subtle eventual wholesale emigration back to Rome. The work of our publishing houses, especially in the field of liturgical music, is recognized by all outside of our denominational line. We should not allow this material to gather dust in the stock rooms, bought and used only by strangers or the curious. We must not confuse our young students by exposing them to things that are good, wholesome, and lasting while they are in school, only to have them compelled to submit to that which is inferior, unsatisfying, and transitory once they leave our influence. We must not let bargain-basement thinking affect our architectural, liturgical, and musical progress just because that which is better might cost a few dollars more. We must stop using the artificial for the house of God, when God, Who is symbolized in all these externals, is the only true Reality.

To be sure, to emerge from a situation caused by years of neglect, indifference, apathy, and even hostility, is not an easy task. If our sickness were a physical one, it would be easy to remedy it by the prescription of a physician, or by surgery; but when it comes to matters of worship, everybody becomes like the little Frenchman who drank generous quantities of absinthe every day because he claimed to be his own doctor. In other words, everybody claims to be an authority on worship. While this may be true for private worship, it can hardly be conducive to "doing things decently and in order" when it is a question of public or liturgical worship. We have qualified leaders and teachers. Let us call upon them for guidance and advice.

Time is running out, and eternity is rapidly approaching. While matters of worship and liturgy are matters of indifference, theologically speaking, and thus not necessary to salvation, we can hardly say that the intelligent and devoted Christian is completely growing in grace if he is not vitally concerned in these matters and interested in their ultimate outcome. Other denominations are beginning to

make remarkable advances in matters of worship, as they continue to discard some of their doctrinal aberrations and are returning to the cardinal doctrines of Evangelical Christianity. It would be a tragedy for the church of the Augsburg Confession, which has claimed from her inception that she holds to the pure Word, doctrine, and Sacraments, to lose her leadership in such matters—because she has maintained a rich liturgical heritage strongly wedded to the Word and Sacraments, from her inception.

HILLS OF TWILIGHT

The hills of twilight draw me near
To where the stars hang in a tier
Like crystal on a chandelier.

I turn my face into the west
Where hills of twilight come to rest;
And there I find the world at best.

In virgin clouds, and stained-glass hues
I watch the shadows rise, diffuse;
Like angels kneeling in their pews.

Should then sweet death take earth from me,
The hills of twilight I shall see
More perfect in eternity.

—LORRAINE GOOD

The Lord's Hack

A Memorial Tribute To Soren Kierkegaard

by

JAROSLAV PELIKAN

Associate Professor in the Divinity School

The University of Chicago

The eleventh of this month will mark the one hundredth anniversary of the death of Soren Kierkegaard, one of Denmark's outstanding contributions to the world of thought and letters. To mark this anniversary, theologians, philosophers, and literary critics will examine his significance in the history of their disciplines, and will assess the blessings yet to be expected from his writings. There will, no doubt, be several books about Kierkegaard on the occasion of the anniversary. There should be. As one who has perpetrated one or two on this subject himself, I firmly believe that he continues to have a word to say to the theological, intellectual, and cultural life of our time and clime.

But as the little wreath I want to lay at his tomb, I propose this time to emphasize another, perhaps even an opposite, aspect of his importance. Though it may properly be said of Kierkegaard, as it was of Lincoln, that "he belongs to the ages," this is only because his career as a writer was not devoted to the ages at all, but to what he called the "immediacy" of the moment. Other writers of the church, like St. Thomas Aquinas, wrote for the eyes of the generations yet unborn; but Kierkegaard wrote for the very moment in which he stood, to the greater glory of God. He is, therefore, simply not in the same class with these architectonic writers. He called himself a "journalist." They wrote tomes, though some of them were brief. He wrote pamphlets, though some of them were very long. He was the Lord's hack.

Because he was a hack to the greater glory of God, S. K. had

the courage—or, more precisely, he had the faith—to make mistakes. Anyone who writes for the ages constantly runs the danger of supposing that he will be justified by the ages, and that if they vindicate the correctness of his judgments he will be saved. That danger was a reality among some of Kierkegaard's contemporaries, whom Hegelian philosophy had beguiled into supposing that history would justify them, together with their systems. But Kierkegaard believed in justification by faith and by grace. He therefore realized that the purposes of God in human history did not depend upon his being right every time. While some believed in reserving their judgment for fear of being mistaken, Kierkegaard took the risk of being wrong. As a student of the history of theology, I suggest that timidity has often been a besetting sin of theologians, especially of those whose thought is dominated by tradition or by some other external authority. There are times in the lives of men and of churches when it is better to take a chance on being mistaken than to be silent; for in stewards it is required that a man be found faithful, not necessarily that he be found successful.

As a faithful servant of the God who is the Lord of the awesome Now, Kierkegaard was also willing to become involved in the overemphasis such service occasionally seemed to require. As he said, when a ship is tipping over because all its passengers have run to one side, it does not help to stand squarely in the middle and counsel moderation; the only way is to run to the other side and to take enough people with you, in the hope of balancing the ship. Believing that he had been called to be such an extremist amid all the stuffy moderation of the nineteenth century, Kierkegaard ran all the way to the other side of many important issues, and sometimes he went overboard. His unimaginative critics then and now have thus been able to point out inconsistencies and contradictions in his thought, plenty of them. So what?! He wrote and said what the moment required. If this was inconsistency, the Hegelians could make the most of it.

Such a writer is an exasperating one to read, especially for a philosopher or theologian. As the Cambridge professor admitted, it is very hard to tell the difference between a contradiction that is just plain nonsense and one that expresses a profound truth. There are times

when even his most devoted echo,—and this includes some very devoted echoes!—must acknowledge that his criticisms were almost libelous and his affirmations quite irresponsible. He was in some ways an incurably romantic adolescent among the theologians. In what John Mackay has aptly called the battle between "order and ardor," Kierkegaard had relatively little feeling for the necessity of order as the only framework within which ardor is possible without anarchy. He thus carried to their logical if extreme consequences some of the anarchist ideas about the church and about theology that have marked so many Protestants. If Kierkegaard were all we had, theology might be in rather sad shape.

But without pushing the parallel beyond the point of comparison, one could also say that if the Epistle to the Galatians were all we had of the New Testament, Biblical theology might also be distorted. The point is not that Galatians is too extreme (or in current psychological jargon, too "defensive") a document for mature Christians. The point is rather that like the Paul who wrote Galatians, S. K. knew that every heresy had to be battled as it arose, not by closing ranks but by a frontal attack. And the heresy against which Kierkegaard wrote, like that against which Paul wrote to the Galatians, was a perennial one in Christendom —if indeed the two heresies are not ultimately one heresy. The effort to take God captive in a system of ideas and thus to control Him with doctrine and theology, this is what Kierkegaard saw in the theologians of his day. His answer was a violent repudiation of the effort, with extremes of position and formulation which almost no one is willing to appropriate altogether.

Yet the history of thought in the century since the death of Kierkegaard tends to "justify" the correctness of his judgment. All the more ironic is this in view of the fact that he did not care whether history justified him or not. But as Abraham had to sacrifice Isaac before he could really have him, so Kierkegaard had to disavow any influence upon the centuries in order to become one of the most influential Christian thinkers since Schleiermacher. For him, the problem was ever how he was to go about becoming a Christian. Those who think they know all the answers to this problem will read him with profit, if not with satisfaction. For if, as Archbishop

Temple once said, it is the task of the Christian proclamation to comfort the troubled and to trouble the comfortable, Soren Kierkegaard discerned the signs of his times and decided to be one of those who troubled Israel.

And he is troubling it still.

Requiescat in pace, et lux aeterna luceat ei!

MORNING

In silence and in solitude
fog lifts softly. I
can know morning. I can feel
morning and mist stir only--
see reeds wind-shaken. Golden
fish and silver and flaked
fish swim soft in sullied pond.
Green lizards squirm beside a floating leaf.
Only the wild bees hurry. Peace
is old Damocles. Tadpoles. See
mad yellow jackets swarming. God.
A marsh is still—old world.
I see a mate in molded clay;
days and years and no identity.
A bubble with a dozen rainbows
breaks—a morning sound.

—JAMES BINNEY

On Creativity

By John Milton

Department of English

Augsburg College

Creativity is a process of development and change. When a man is disturbed or intrigued by the multitude of unrealized ideas or concepts which he suspects must exist, then he is harboring the seeds of creation. When he is drawn toward a realization of one or more of these unborn ideas, then he is on the way to being creative. Creativity demands first of all an awareness of possibilities.

Creativity is also the power to solve problems, both ordinary problems and unusual ones. And it is a strong concern with newness, with invention, with the untried. Every creative act passes over the traditional, the established order, in some way.

This means that the creative person must constantly bump against tradition as he endeavors to pass over it. He must frequently suffer the attacks of the conventional. Therefore, in his endless pursuit of knowledge, of discovery, he must have faith in what he is doing. And he must have courage. The creator needs courage to face the unfamiliar; he needs courage to embrace the different; and he needs courage to fight his own prejudices and preconceptions as well as those of others. The man who lacks the courage to critically examine his traditions and prejudices will not create anything.

But creativity is not a mere search for novelty. It does not strive to be different merely for the sake of being different. Rather, it seeks with a purpose of providing a useful extension of insight. It wishes to organize experience in a fresh and full and useful way.

However, not all people will accept the results. When the concepts of transformism, relativity, and infinity were brought before the public, the minds which were already formed rejected them. For the younger people, whose minds were still being formed, the ideas did not seem so very

strange. And yet everyone, regardless of age and background, must continually question the imaginative structures of his forefathers, past and immediate. Otherwise our thinking will become trivial, and we will be standing still while pretending to move. It is true that we all have our special habits which are hard to break. We erect mental blocks between us and anything new. But these blocks can be removed, and they must be removed if we wish to progress, to learn, to gain new insight.

It is often thought that the ability to imagine and to create is a special talent possessed from birth by only a few people, and that creativity is a highly individualized thing. To a certain extent this is true, but only by degree. Some people, like Albert Einstein and Leonardo da Vinci and Samuel Coleridge, can carry creativity further than others can. But everyone has a certain degree of potential. We are just now beginning to learn significant things about the creative process. And we are discovering that it can be taught. This means that everyone c a n contribute something to expanded insight and knowledge, if only he is willing to do this and if he learns how to do it.

The "how" of creativity is a fascinating thing to study. Most of what we know of the process comes from writers and artists who have reported the kinds of experiences they went through while writing and painting. But when scientists e x p l a i n their methods of discovery, or when engineers tell of the development of a new machine or gadget, the story is largely the same. Not only the arts in the strict sense, but all fields of endeavor, make use of essentially the s a m e process.

Psychologists are now learning about this process through tests and experiments. Biologists are turning up clues to the process. The problems involved are still largely baffling ones, but at least they are suddenly becoming important to many people. Why do we have this current interest in creativity? Probably because we now have more problems to solve than we have ever had. And only creativity is going to find the solutions.

Basically, the creative process goes something like this. A man stores up knowledge and experience over a period of time. He willingly absorbs all the facts and materials that he can. He observes, he explores, he experiments. In other words, he undertakes hard labor. (This in itself discourages many people from

achieving anything through creativity.) Then the gathered materials are digested, thought about, mulled over for some time. This can also be hard work. During this part of the process the man must increasingly strive to find new arrangements of his material. He must throw off all mental blocks and preconceptions. He must arrange and rearrange; he must compare and contrast, reverse and turn upside down, and try all possible combinations of his material. And all the while he must adhere to his work with a passion.

This passion may be instilled in a man. And the methods of arranging and combining materials may be taught to him. Up to this point there is nothing particularly mysterious about this business of creation. Man does not pull rabbits out of a hat; he does not create, in the strictest sense of the word, something out of nothing. Only God creates (or has created) in that sense. Man's job is to find new arrangements and new uses for the materials supplied him. Man's job as creator, to quote the dictionary, is "to invest with a new function." It is even possible to say that the creator finds new structures for old truths. If we assume that there are things which we call "truth" and perhaps "beauty" which are eternal, then the job of the creator is not to overthrow those truths and beauties but to find new structures, new forms, for them. In this way he is expanding our previous insight, not merely replacing it. And this, of course, explains also why structure is considered so important in literature and in painting.

After the would-be creator has made himself perceptive to change, and has diligently and passionately applied himself to the problem at hand, what next? When he has pushed himself as far as is humanly possible, he must go further. Sometimes he cannot, and he finds nothing. But frequently, a miracle occurs, a miracle which we call insight, or inspiration, or even revelation. No one has been able to fully explain this last step, the "step beyond." But it is there. It is the final step in the actual process of creation.

So the creative process is not an easy one, and it is not accomplished by the "self" entirely. Until we know more about that last step in the process, we can only believe that it is in some way the intervention and help of God. And, in this respect, the preliminary work—the struggle to learn and be receptive and perceptive—is a process of "tun-

ing in" on God. In nearly all creative minds the self surrenders to a higher power. This self-surrender is hard to achieve. It needs the purest of motives and can come only from a disciplined and dedicated person.

To a certain extent the creative process is also a group effort. Before the inspiration comes the study, the study of one's world and society. And behind the whole process lies a purpose which is related strongly to the group: a desire to *use* the discovery, and a devotion to something larger than the self. This "something larger" may be life, or art, or humanity, or the school. In his relationship to other people, the creator (in any field) must possess such complete understanding of his own skills that when he undergoes an expanded insight he may then show others how to organize their experience in the same way. He creates not for himself but for others. Thus, the creator is constantly aware of his fellow men. He cannot create, in the sense we have indicated, without an awareness of humanity. And he cannot create without surrendering himself ultimately to the higher power which provides the final spark of inspiration. The creator does not, strictly speaking, stand alone.

Books are written for "the masses," who understand nothing, by those who understand how to write for "the masses." ... The battle against princes and popes—and the nearer we come to our time the truer it is—is easy compared with struggling against the masses, the tyranny of equality, against the grin of shallowness, nonsense, baseness, and bestiality.

—Soren Kierkegaard, *Journals,* Nos. 959 and 1317

Imperfect Faith

By Erhardt H. Essig

Associate Professor of English

Valparaiso University

It is said that when Thorwaldsen, the great Danish sculptor, unveiled his statue of Christ he was seen to weep. His friends who had come to congratulate him were astonished to hear him say, "My genius is decaying." "What do you mean?" they asked. "This statue," he replied, "is the first of my works that I have ever felt completely satisfied with. Till now my ideal has always been far beyond what I could execute, but it is so no longer. I can never create a great work of art again." The principle that the artist here expressed is true for all time. As C. Alphonso Smith, who relates the story, declares, "Whenever a man catches up with his ideal, whenever he is completely satisfied with his work, he is doomed."

Numerous writers of the optimistic 1800's have eloquently defended the imperfect. Browning, for example, describes the faultless painter who was so skillful with the brush that he no longer had to make preliminary sketches before beginning a new painting. To imagine was to achieve. He could put on canvas any picture that came into his mind. His fault was that he was faultless. He had nothing further to strive for. John Ruskin also believed that imperfection is essential to all of life. The imperfections of Gothic cathedrals, for example, show that they are not machine-made. Irregularities in the human face, moreover, are sources of beauty. Or look at the trees; not a single leaf is perfect. To banish imperfection is to paralyze vitality.

In spiritual matters, however, we would be far from saying that the imperfect is more to be desired than the perfect. The holy, sinless God is infinitely superior to His imperfect, fallen creatures. God, moreover, expects perfection in His believers. In His sermon on the Mount Jesus said, "Be ye therefore per-

fect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect." As St. Paul wrote to the Ephesians, God has "chosen us in Him before the foundation of the world that we should be holy and without blame before Him in love."

The same principle applies to our Christian faith. Numerous poets have extolled the virtue of doubt. Tennyson, for example, says, "There lives more faith in honest doubt, believe me, than in half the creeds." But in the Bible there is no basis for this view. Although spiritual doubts come to all of us, there is certainly no virtue in them. The strong faith of Abraham and of Joseph is more to be prized than the wavering faith of Peter and of Thomas.

On the other hand, one of the most tragic mistakes that a Christian can make is to believe that his faith must be perfect before God will forgive his sins and accept him as His own. None of the saints had a perfect faith, and neither does God require perfection of us—for salvation. Gold is still gold even when it is mixed with dross. And faith is still faith even when it is mixed with weakness and doubt.

Faith in the grace of God is not of equal strength in all believers, nor does it remain uniformly strong in any individual Christian. It varies and fluctuates between a feeble longing for forgiveness and the firm assurance of its possession. "O thou of little faith," said Christ to Peter. But to the woman of Canaan He said, "O woman, great is thy faith." Furthermore, a person's faith may be strong with respect to one promise but weak with respect to another.

But these fluctuations of faith do not affect its saving power; both the weak and the strong faith trust in the same promise and therefore receive the same grace and forgiveness. There is a difference merely in the hold that each has on the promise. The strong in faith are less likely to lose their faith, they are better able to resist temptations, they are more fruitful of good works, and they have greater peace and joy in the Spirit.

One of the most comforting utterances of the prophet Isaiah is this assurance: "A bruised reed shall He not break, and the smoking flax shall He not quench." Isaiah here shows that God is interested not only in those who are deeply rooted in the truth and who are able to grapple with the most powerful temptations but that He also has a tender regard for those who are assailed by doubts and fears.

God will not reject a person's faith because it is weak, nor his love because it is feeble. Little faith as well as great faith indicates the existence of spiritual life. "He which hath begun a good work in you will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ." Every sinner who accepts Christ as his Saviour may be altogether certain that his guilt has been completely wiped out.

But there is a corollary to this proposition. We Christians must never be satisfied with our wavering, vacillating faith. God expects us to grow. Our faith must become stronger day by day. We must acquire deeper insights and arrive at more meaningful relationships between our faith and our life. The static must become dynamic. The potential must become kinetic. Many people think that because they were once instructed in Christian doctrine and were received into the Church after eight streamlined lectures on Christian fundamentals they have learned all that needs to be learned and have progressed as far as anyone needs to progress in his spiritual life and understanding. They are content to prattle the same simple prayers that they learned in childhood. They remain spiritual babes. There is no progress toward maturity. In their spiritual life they are content with what the education books call "minimum essentials."

As one religious periodical points out, there are many Bible passages that urge contentment upon a Christian, but here we must point out that in the life of the believer there should be a large measure of discontent—divine discontent. If we do not have this dissatisfaction with our spiritual performance, our Christianity will become a thin veneer that cannot weather the storm, a frail bark that cannot withstand the pounding surf.

But faith is not something that grows naturally. Our Christian faith requires daily attention. A great violinist was once asked why he continued to practice so many hours each day. He answered: "If I fail to practice one day, I notice it; if two days, my friends notice it; if three days, my audience notices it."

There is only one way to nurture and sustain the precious gift of faith, only one way to grow in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ. And that is by daily use of God's Word. "Faith comes by hearing, and hearing by the Word of God." Conversely, our spiritual powers grow weaker and faith disappears as we hear and study

the Word less. Is this perhaps our weakness as a Church—that we discontinue studying the Word after confirmation?

A popular preacher tells the story of the girl whose minister asked her if she knew what was in the Bible. She proudly replied that she knew everything that was in the Bible, and she promptly proceeded to list what was in it. There was "the picture of her sister's boy friend, the recipe for mother's favorite hand lotion, a lock of baby brother's hair, and the ticket for Pa's watch." Too many people, adds the preacher, use the Bible as "a safe storage place for old letters and pressed flowers" but overlook the help and assurance that God wants them to get from this Book. If there is dust on our Bibles, there will probably be dust on our souls.

Do academic studies, social obligations, constant attention to material things keep us so busy that we do not have time for the one thing needful? Are we too busy for prayer, daily meditation, private Bible reading—too busy to walk and talk with God?

During the retreat of the French from Moscow the soldiers were in constant peril of freezing to death. At night they gathered around the fires as closely as possible and lay down to sleep. In the morning those in the outer circle were frozen to death. They were too far from the preserving fire. Similarly our spiritual life depends on our remaining close to God in His Holy Word. There we are near the sustaining fire—near "the silent eternity which is beyond the noise of earth."

Letter from Xanadu, Nebr.

Dear Editor:

I've been doing some thinking about our circulation problem and, for that matter about the whole future of the magazine, and I've come to some conclusions that I think you might as well get straight from a friend even though you may not exactly care for them.

I can see where there might have been a place for a magazine like this one when it was first started. There was that mess in Washington, and times were hard, and we were headed into Roosevelt's War and nobody talked religion except the preachers. And there was time for people to read in those days. That was before television and all of the new interests and hobbies and what-not that have come with good times.

But things have changed these last few years. There's not much you can criticize in the government any more, and with good times people don't need any cheering up, and it looks like there probably isn't going to be any war, and everybody's talking religion. It's too bad that the most wonderful thing that has happened to our country turns out to be your biggest obstacle in building up the subscription list. I mean this religious revival. It's put you out of a job the same way the invention of the automobile put the blacksmiths out of work.

Besides, I think you are kidding yourselves if you actually think that you could attract readers by getting better writers or having them write on more interesting topics. You guys really don't seem to know what the score is outside that nice little ivory tower you are living in. So I'm here to tell you: people actually don't read any more. Why should they? You can say what you like about television and the picture magazines. They keep you up to the minute on all of the important things that are happening. You know yourself that one picture is worth a thousand words. Why should someone plow through the CRESSET when he can get just as many solid facts about the news from the TV or LIFE?

I'll stick with you, of course, as long as you stay in business and want me to write for you. After all, I owe something to the CRESSET for making me the personality that I am in the church

today. But really, for your own sakes, why don't you get smart and get into some other line of work? You wanted to make America Christian. OK, so it has happened. Maybe you had something to do with its happening, maybe not. Anyway, there it is. So why keep singing after the audience has left?

What I am afraid will happen now is that, without actually intending to, you will start getting sour and cynical. Some of the things you said in your last letter about Dr. Beall sounded to me, frankly, like sour grapes. I know the man and I can tell you that there isn't a nicer and friendlier man among my whole acquaintance than Dr. Beall. And there have been some remarks which I considered altogether uncalled-for about the religious views of some of our country's leaders. I got the impression that you think a man has to be a theologian to be religious. Many a pious old grandmother could put some of your high-priced theologians to shame when it comes to living a Christian life, and it seems to me that some of our politicians have done a better job by example of showing us what Christianity is than the preachers have done with their sermons.

Now don't get the idea that I have turned against you, or anything like that. Whatever faults I may have, I can honestly say that I am loyal to my friends and I stick to them through thick and thin. I'm just trying to be honest with you, for your own good, when I write as I have written. You guys aren't getting any younger. You've got to start thinking about your future, if you expect to have any. As man to man and friend to friend, I'm telling you: you're barking up the wrong tree, you're whipping a dead horse. This isn't 1938, it's 1955. The country is over that anti-religious phase and is back in the groove again. That's why everything is going so well these days.

So come on and enjoy life with the rest of us.

Regards,

G.G.

Music and MUSIC MAKERS

By WALTER A. HANSEN

Extracts from an address on "The True and Proper Purpose of Church Music," delivered on August 21, 1955, at the dedication of the organ in the octagonal St. John's Lutheran Church in Midland, Michigan.

The great body of true believers which, in the Third Article of the Apostles' Creed, we designate as the *communio sanctorum* ("the communion of saints") exists on this earth for only one purpose: the salvation of souls—souls created immortal and redeemed from sin, death, and the power of Satan by the blood of Jesus Christ.

Although it would be tragically wrong for anyone to maintain that the Church of Jesus Christ has its being in the world for the sake of the arts, one has every right to state with all possible emphasis that, in more than one respect, the arts have their being in the world for the sake of the Church of Jesus Christ. The arts, you know, are gifts of God, and, as we read in the General Epistle of James, "every good gift and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights, with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning" (James 1:17).

Through the ages the Church has fostered and, to a large extent, developed the arts—not because the arts are, in any sense whatever, the primary reason for the existence of the Church but because they can be, have been, and are, used in many ways to assist the Church in carrying out its all-important mission. They can, and actually do, imbue many acts of devotion, consecration, and worship with a special beauty. For this reason the Church of Jesus Christ has taken music, architecture, painting, sculpture, and literature into its loving and nurturing care. It is not at all wide of the mark to declare that, had it not been for this important attention, the arts would not, and could not, be what they are today. This is an axiomatic fact—a fact which no competent and discerning student of the history of civili-

zation would even attempt to deny.

Yes, the arts owe much to the Church, and the Church, in turn, is grateful to its Heavenly Father and Founder for blessing it so richly and so significantly with these good and precious gifts.

Through the centuries music has been a helpful handmaiden of the Word of God. I hasten to add, however, that it can be no more than this and that, in numerous instances, it can be far less.

* * *

It is entirely in order to state that there are, and always have been, two types of church music —good and poor. But we dare not forget that there are, and always have been, decided and vigorous differences of opinion as to what church music is good and what church music is poor.

As we study the tonal art—and every other art—we find that the unpredictable something which we call taste is a factor of much importance. And taste, as you know, is determined, to a large extent, by background.

To say that in Old Testament and New Testament times everyone who made music to the Lord was endowed with impeccable taste in predilection and in expression is to fly into the face of reason and common sense. Although no arguments as to the intrinsic worth of this or that type of church music have been handed down to us from Biblical times, we are completely justified in taking for granted that in those days there were clashes of opinion just as there are today.

Furthermore, we must remember that church music, like every other department of the tonal art, invariably takes on some of the characteristics of the nations and the nationalities among which it springs into being. Among the Jews it was Jewish. Among the Greeks it was Greek. This does not mean that church music employed in a particular country never appropriates and retains anything of what has been developed in another land. It does mean, however, that no one can expect it to be developed, fostered, and used in one portion of this wide world exactly as it is developed, fostered, and used in another. Consequently, church music that has its origin in the United States of America, let us say, may borrow or appropriate, either wholly or in part, from the Jews, from the Greeks, from Germany, from Italy, from France, from England, from pre-Soviet Russia, and from other sources. But this

borrowing and this appropriating cannot, in the very nature of things, prevent it from reflecting, sometimes more and sometimes less, characteristics peculiar to the land of its origin.

Why do I say this? I do so because long and intensive experience has shown me that in the Lutheran Church in our country one encounters numerous and widely varied opinions as to what church music is good and what church music is poor.

I myself have clear-cut convictions and predilections in the matter of church music. But I must be on my guard lest, by attempting to foist every conviction and predilection of my own upon my neighbor, I do violence to Christian love. If I do not like the tune of a particular hymn—and there are many hymn tunes which I do not like—I have no right to assume automatically that your taste will agree exactly with mine.

To my thinking, that type of church music which is known as the Lutheran chorale is, for the most part, indescribably beautiful in its impressiveness and in its inspiring dignity. But I learned long ago that not every Christian shares my reaction to the music of the Lutheran chorale. Shall I, on this account, turn up my nose at those who, in all sincerity, hold to an opinion different from my own? Assuredly not.

Believe me, the discussion and the teaching of church music require much Christian love in addition to extensive learning. Besides, those who, for some strange reason, imagine that they have learned all there is to learn about the vast subject of church music s h o u l d give thought to the statement of St. Paul that "we know in part" (1 Cor. 13:9). In addition, they should bear constantly in mind that, as Paul declares, Christian love "is kind," "envieth not," "vaunteth not itself," "is not puffed up."

While I yield to no one in the enthusiasm with which I cherish most compositions known as Lutheran chorales, I cannot in honesty believe and assert that every Lutheran chorale is undeniably great music merely because it happens to be a Lutheran chorale.

* * *

It goes without saying that some types of music are, and should be, taboo in a church service. Although as a student of music I have a pronounced fondness for opera, I shudder at the very thought of including operatic selections in a church service; for such excerpts always

remind me vividly of the context from which they are taken. And that context, let me state, is, as a rule, by no means religious in character.

* * *

Church music is worthy of the best and the most loving attention we are able to devote to it. Nothing is too good for the Church. Nevertheless, we know that most members of a church body are neither musicians nor musicologists. Therefore those who sneer at church services if they fail to find in them what, in their opinion, is art and artistry of the highest type are, in the final analysis, as ignorant as they are uncharitable. Need I assure you that even in the best concert halls of our land one does not always encounter art and artistry of the highest order?

* * *

Martin Luther, the stalwart and learned Reformer for whom our church is named, set great store by the importance of music. He himself was a musician, and he did some composing. His wide-reaching influence on the development of the tonal art is immeasurable. No scholar worth his salt will venture to deny that Luther's marvelous translation of the Bible into the German of the common man did more for the subsequent development of music than the world of scholarship will ever be able adequately to measure. I say this, not because I am a Lutheran but because it is an ironclad historical fact—a fact which all competent students of the tonal art acknowledge readily even though they may not see eye to eye with Luther in the matter of religion.

A few days ago I was paging through Roland H. Bainton's excellent biography of Luther—the biography titled *Here I Stand.* Bainton, a Quaker by confession, makes the positive statement that Luther "may be considered the father of congregational song." Bainton is right.

Luther, you see, gave proper emphasis to the Biblical truth of the priesthood of all believers. He stressed these words of St. Peter: "But ye are a chosen generation, *a royal priesthood,* an holy nation, a peculiar people, that ye should show forth the praises of Him who hath called you out of darkness into His marvelous light" (1 Peter 2:9). And it was in Luther's emphatic insistence on the importance of congregational song that, as Bainton points out, "his doctrine of the priesthood of all believers received its most con-

crete realization." This does not imply that there was no congregational singing at all in Europe before Luther appeared upon the scene—for we know that there was some—but it is an incontrovertible fact that, as Bainton says, "in the Middle Ages the liturgy was almost entirely restricted to the celebrant and the choir."

But if, to refer to Bainton again, I am asked to believe Luther's statement that music "is not contentious," I must refuse to do so. Music was contentious yesterday; it is contentious today; it will be contentious tomorrow—even in the Church. You yourselves know that, in more than one respect, it is highly controversial in the church body called the Lutheran Church—Missouri Synod. But I have always believed that the arts thrive on controversy. Music is no exception.

* * *

Now, in conclusion, I come back to the unassailable statement that the Church of Jesus Christ exists on earth wholly and solely for the purpose of making sinful mankind wise unto salvation. Music in the Church should be nothing more than a helpful handmaiden of the Word of God. Luther gave centrality to the sermon in the acts of worship performed in and by the Church. I believe he was right.

It would be possible for the Church of Jesus Christ to exist without the tonal art. But the Church of Jesus Christ dare not fail to proclaim and propagate the Word of God in season and out of season. As I paged through Bainton's biography of Luther, I read again these significant words from the learned author's pen: "His [Luther's] pre-eminence in the pulpit derives in part from the earnestness with which he regarded the preaching office. The task of the minister is to expound the Word, in which alone are to be found healing for life's hurts and the balm of eternal blessedness."

Can anyone effectively deny the pertinence and the validity of the statement I have just quoted? Is it not true—eternally true—that the Word of God itself is the greatest music in this world and in the world to come?

RECENT RECORDINGS

TIMOTHY MATHER SPELMAN. *The Vigil of Venus* (*Pervigilium Veneris*). Ilona Steinbruber, soprano, and Otto Wiener, baritone, with the Vienna Academy Chamber

Choir, conducted by Ferdinand Grossmann, and the Vienna State Opera Orchestra under Zoltan Fekete. —Spelman, born in Brooklyn in 1891, has composed an impressive setting of a Latin poem dating from the fourth century A.D. The recording is excellent. The work is presented in Latin. 33 1/3 rpm. M-G-M E3085.

HECTOR BERLIOZ. *Symphonie Fantastique.* The Boston Symphony Orchestra under Charles Munch. — Munch, a great conductor, gives loving and, at the same time, exciting attention to every detail of this wonderful score. 33 1/3 rpm. RCA Victor LM-1900.

ERIN, O ERIN: A THOMAS MOORE SUITE. *The Harp That Once Through Tara's Halls; Rich and Rare Were the Gems She Wore; We May Roam Through This World; Come Rest in This Bosom; Drink to Her; The Last Rose of Summer; As Slow Our Ship (The Girl I Left Behind Me); Believe Me, If All Those Endearing Young Charms; The Minstrel Boy; Erin, O Erin.* Richard Ellsasser, playing the Baldwin Electronic Organ. — You need not be Irish to enjoy these fine tunes. 33 1/3 rpm. M-G-M E3205.

PETER ILYICH TCHAIKOVSKY. *Symphony No. 6, in B Minor, Op. 74 ("Pathetique").* The Boston Symphony Orchestra under Pierre Monteux. —This fine reading is as lucid in every detail as it is exciting. 33 1/3 rpm. RCA Victor LM-1901.

ANTONIO VIVALDI. *The Seasons, Op. 8.* The Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra of New York under Guido Cantelli, with John Corigliano, solo violinist. —A graphic performance of this beautiful music from the pen of the man who was called the Red Priest. 33 1/3 rpm. Columbia ML-5044.

MAURICE RAVEL. *Daphnis and Chloe: Ballet in One Act.* The Boston Symphony Orchestra under Charles Munch, with the New England Conservatory Chorus and Alumni Chorus (Robert Shaw, director; Lorna Cooke de Varon, associate director). —When you listen to Munch's reading of Ravel's sorcery-laden score, you will marvel at his musicianship. The recording comes in a beautifully illustrated album containing excellent essays on the music. 33 1/3 rpm. RCA Victor LM-1893.

PETER ILYICH TCHAIKOVSKY. *Album for the Young, Op. 39.* FELIX MENDELSSOHN. *Six Children's Pieces, Op. 72.* Menahem Pressler, pianist. —Admirable performances of twenty-four little pieces from the pen of Tchaikovsky and six little gems from the workshop of Mendelssohn. 33 1/3 rpm. M-G-M E3204.

IGOR STRAVINSKY. *The Rite of Spring.* The Rias Symphony Orchestra under Ferenc Fricsay. —A fine reading of an important work which caused much consternation at the time of its *premiere.* Rias stands for Radio in the American Sector (Berlin). 33 1/3 rpm. Decca DL-9781.

JOHANNES BRAHMS. *Concerto in D Major, for Violin and Orchestra,*

Op. 77. Jascha Heifetz, violinist, with the Chicago Symphony Orchestra under Fritz Reiner. —In my opinion, this is an ideal performance of Brahms's one and only violin concerto. Here we have a stirring combination of poetry and downright magic. 33 1/3 rpm. RCA Victor LM-1903.

PETER ILYICH TCHAIKOVSKY. *Swan Lake: Acts II and III.* Members of the NBC Symphony Orchestra under Leopold Stokowski. —Stokowski, past master of sumptuous orchestral tone, conducts a brilliant presentation of the music for the second and third acts of Tchaikovsky's beautiful and ever popular ballet. The recording is issued in a strikingly illustrated album for which John Martin, dance critic for the *New York Times,* has written an admirable essay. 33 1/3 rpm. RCA Victor LM-1894.

GIACOMO PUCCINI. *Madama Butterfly.* Recorded by the orchestra and the chorus of the Rome Opera House under Gianandrea Gavaszzeni, with the following artists: Victoria de los Angeles, soprano, as Madama Butterfly; Anna Maria Canali, mezzo-soprano, as Suzuki; Giuseppe di Stefano, tenor, as B. F. Pinkerton; Maria Huder, mezzo-soprano, as Kate Pinkerton; Tito Gobbi, baritone, as Sharpless; Renato Ercolani, tenor, as Goro; Arturo la Porta, bass-baritone, as Prince Yamadori; Bruno Sbalchiero, bass, as the Bonze. —An admirable disc-presentation of this beautiful opera. I like the portrayal of Cio-Cio-San in spite of some adverse criticisms I have read. Sung in Italian. Three 12-inch 33 1/3 rpm discs. Boxed. Complete libretto in Italian and in English. RCA Victor LM-6121.

SCINTILLATION—THE HARP IN HIGH FIDELITY. Carlos Salzedo, harpist, *The Harmonious Blacksmith,* Handel-Salzedo; *Giga,* Corelli- Salzedo; *Scintillation,* Salzedo; *Ballade,* Salzedo; *Menuet d'Amour,* Massenet-Salzedo; *Petite Valse,* Salzedo; *La Desirade,* Salzedo; *Traipsin' Thru Arkansaw,* Salzedo. —Beautiful playing. Magnificent recording. Awe-inspiring mastery of the harp. 33 1/3 rpm. Mercury MG-80003.

FOLK SONGS OF THE NEW WORLD. *Black Is the Color; The Streets of Laredo; I've Been Working on the Railroad; On Top of Old Smoky; Shenandoah; Wayfaring Stranger; Drunken Sailor; He's Gone Away; Sometimes I Feel Like a Motherless Child; I Wonder as I Wander; Skip to Mah Lou; Blue Tail Fly.* The Roger Wagner Chorale under Roger Wagner. Soloists: Marilyn Horne, Salli Terri, and Harve Presnell. —Excellent singing. A valuable disc. 33 1/3 rpm. Capitol P-8324.

MODEST MOUSSORGSKY. *Pictures at an Exhibition.* Orchestrated by Maurice Ravel. The Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra under Igor Markevitch. —An admirable reading of some of the most vivid program music ever written. An excellent performance of Richard Wagner's beautiful *Siegfried Idyll* is included on the disc. 33 1/3 rpm. Decca DL-9782.

SPANISH BULL RING MARCHES AND

PASDOBLES. The Spanish Air Force Military Band under Manuel G. de Arriba. —Six marches and six pasdobles played with fire and infectious rhythmical incisiveness. 33 1/3 rpm. Decca DL-9792.

PETER ILYICH TCHAIKOVSKY. *Symphony No. 5, in E Minor.* The Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra under William Steinberg. —I heartily recommend this incisive, truthful, and crystal-clear performance. 33 1/3 rpm. Capitol P-8325.

MANUEL DE FALLA. *Concerto for Harpsichord,* with flute, oboe, clarinet, violin, and 'cello. CARLOS SURINACH. *Tientos (Plaintive Evocation, Sorrowful Evocation, Joyful Evocation),* for harpsichord, English horn, and tympani. VICTORIO RIETI. *Partita,* for flute, oboe, string quartet, and harpsichord obbligato. Sylvia Marlowe, harpsichordist, with the Concert Art Players. —Fascinating music, in which Miss Marlowe, one of the ablest harpsichordists of our time, appears to excellent advantage. 33 1/3 rpm. Capitol P-8309.

ZOLTAN KODALY. *Quartet No. 1, Op. 2.* The Roth String Quartet. —An engrossing work from the pen of one of Hungary's most prominent and ablest composers. Beautifully played. 33 1/3 rpm. Mercury MG-80004.

BENJAMIN BRITTEN. *The Young Person's Guide to the Orchestra: Variations and Fugue on a Theme of Henry Purcell, Op. 34.* PETER ILYICH TCHAIKOVSKY. *Nutcracker Suite.* The Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra under Antal Dorati, with Deems Taylor as narrator. —Britten's work, composed in 1945 on a commission from the British Ministry of Education, acquaints youngsters—and oldsters—with the instruments that make up the modern symphony orchestra. I know of no better composition for this purpose —unless it is the late Sergei Prokofieff's *Peter and the Wolf.* It is fascinating to hear the *Nutcracker Suite* presented with comments by Taylor. 33 1/3 rpm. Mercury MG-50055.

BENJAMIN BRITTEN. *The Young Person's Guide to the Orchestra.* ALBERTO GINASTERA. *Variaciones Concertantes.* The Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra under Antal Dorati. —Here Britten's composition is presented without comments. Argentina-born Ginastera's *Variaciones Concertantes* is "an original theme followed by eleven variations, each one reflecting the distinctive character of the instrument featured." 33 1/3 rpm. Mercury MG-50047.

ANTON BRUCKNER. *Quintet for Strings, in F Major.* The Koeckert Quartet, with Georg Schmid, viola. —A beautiful performance of a work from the pen of a man whom I consider a great master. 33 1/3 rpm. Decca DL-9796.

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN. *Symphony No. 3, in E Flat Major, Op. 55 ("Eroica").* The Chicago Symphony Orchestra under Fritz Reiner. —A clear-cut and remarkably dynamic performance of one of the greatest of all symphonies. 33 1/3 rpm. RCA Victor LM-1899.

DANCES FOR DUO PIANOS. *Deutsche Taenze und Ecossaisen, Op.* 33, by Franz Peter Schubert; *Rosenkavalier Waltzes* (piano duet), by Richard Strauss; *Italian Polka,* by Sergei Rachmaninoff; *L'Embarquement pour Cythere*: *Valse-Musette,* by Francis Poulenc; *Slavonic Dance No.* 10, *in E Minor,* by Antonin Dvorak; *Polovetsian Dances,* from *Prince Igor,* by Alexander Borodin (Piano duet). Vitya Vronsky and Victor Babin, duo-pianists. —Vronsky and Babin must be numbered among the ablest two-piano artists of our time. 33 1/3 rpm. Decca DL-9791.

JOHANNES BRAHMS. *Sonata No.* 1, *in F Minor, for Clarinet and Piano, Op.* 120, *No.* 1 and *Sonata No.* 2, *in E Flat Major, for Clarinet and Piano, Op.* 120, *No.* 2. Reginald Kell, clarinet, with Joel Rosen, piano. —Ideal performances of two great masterpieces. 33 1/3 rpm. Decca DL-9639.

IGOR STRAVINSKY. *The Rite of Spring* and *Petrouchka*: *Suite from the Ballet.* The Philadelphia Orchestra under Eugene Ormandy. —Stunning readings. 33 1/3 rpm. Columbia ML-5030.

THE SERIOUS GERSHWIN. *Rhapsody in Blue;* three preludes for the piano; *Concerto in F; An American in Paris;* an orchestral suite based on *Porgy and Bess;* music—for the piano alone—from the first scene of the first act of *Porgy and Bess.* Morton Gould and his orchestra, with Gould himself as pianist. —George Gershwin must be numbered among our country's greatest composers. I apologize to no one for this statement. A handsomely illustrated brochure, for which Arthur Schwartz has written a fascinating article, comes with this two-disc album. Gould, you know, is an able pianist and a past master of orchestral cunning. 33 1/3 rpm. RCA Victor 6033.

MUSIC FOR BAREFOOT BALLERINAS AND OTHERS. Orchestral Impressions by Larry Elgart. All selections composed by Charles Albertine, with Larry Elgart, alto saxophone. *Barefoot Ballerina, The Efficiency Expert, Barbara Snow, Tempest in a Teacup, What the Thunder Said, The Triangle, Song of the Wind, The Dancing Class, Gypsy Festival, Spanish Lace.* —This is hi-fi plus. 33 1/3 rpm. Decca DL-8034.

THE NEW BOOKS

Unsigned reviews are by the Editors

RELIGION

THE LITURGICAL RENAISSANCE IN THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH

By Ernest B. Koenker (University of Chicago, $5.00)

The term "ecumenicity" is often seriously misunderstood as though it referred to the quest for mutual understanding, cooperation and reunion among Protestants only. Genuine ecumenicity is much broader and deeper; it never surrenders the hope for a reunion of all followers of Christ. True ecumenicity seeks to understand and appreciate the motives and "peculiarities" of our brethren in all communions, including the Roman Catholic and Greek Orthodox; and it notes with deepest joy and gratitude any and every aspect in the various churches' thought and action that points in the direction of the center of our faith, our Savior Jesus Christ. If this be true, then Professor Koenker's book deserves to be classified as a truly ecumenical treatise of first magnitude. It is a sympathetic and emphatic discussion of the most promising, extensive and comprehensive reform movement within Roman Catholicism, the Liturgical Movement.

The average Protestant, lay or clergy, has only the crudest misconceptions concerning present-day Roman Catholicism and only too often is confirmed in his century-old prejudices by Rome's current political machinations, its pagan pageantry, and its other sub-Christian qualities; he is ignorant of the tremendous reforming forces that have been and are at work in the Roman Catholic Church (and probably also quite ignorant of the great losses which Protestantism has sustained in the past decades and centuries). And when he does hear about a "liturgical" renaissance, whether Catholic or Protestant, he probably shrugs his shoulders and dismisses the subject as "antiquarian" or "esoteric" or "escapist;" even incomparable Karl Barth has no appreciation of it and characterized the revival of liturgics in post-war Germany as *"allotria."* Books such as Koenker's treatise are imperatively necessary if prejudices and false notions are to be dispelled.

The Liturgical Movement doubtlessly is the most significant reform movement in the Roman Church today, and Professor Koenker deserves much credit for presenting this lucid and quite objective and very well documented study of it. After briefly sketching the origin and development of the Movement he discusses in de-

tail the particular emphases and basic principles of the Movement. (1) The Church is no mere mass of monads but "the mystical community of faith, cultic action, and love in Christ," an organism created by an inner spirit and becoming concrete in a local parish. This concept has important consequences, both as to the outward aspects and to the inner quality of the parish, and the emphasis lies on meeting the spiritual and social needs of the members and on preserving it from disintegration. (2) The Liturgical Movement seeks to lead the members of the Church to intelligent comprehension of worship and happy participation in it. Koenker calls this "explicit faith" (over against implicit faith) and views the Liturgical Movement as a parallel to the sixteenth century reformation drive toward explicit faith. Whether this terminology is adequate, may be debated; what is undeniably true, however, is that the Liturgical Movement is engaged in a valiant struggle against the passivity of the ordinary worshipper and against "proletarianism" in church and life by its endeavors to introduce reforms in the worship of the congregation (including reforms in the church calendar, the number of altars, the use of the vernacular, etc). (3) There is a new emphasis on the common priesthood of all believers. The layman is no longer to be regarded as a spectator but is given his proper dignity and responsibility, with special reference to "the laity's part in the offering of the divine Victim in the Mass." (4) The Liturgical Movement returns to an earlier and more Christocentric tradition and to the Bible itself. This is no mere archaism but a truly revolutionary movement; it would be well for all Protestants to note the excellent work done by Roman Catholics today in biblical interpretation on all levels, to mention only one aspect of this phase of the Liturgical Movement.

It would indeed be hasty and wishful thinking if we concluded that the Roman Catholic Liturgical Movement and biblical, evangelical Christianity were in harmonious agreement on these important points; they are still worlds apart; but it is necessary to see that the lines are converging—in spite of the obvious fact that Catholic popular piety is still appallingly crude and self-centered and in spite of the fact that the Roman hierarchy seems to be very slow in lending its support to the Movement.

Professor Koenker devotes one chapter (8) to a brief survey of the *Mysterientheologie* which has exercised a deep influence in the liturgical renewal in Roman Catholicism and of the reactions to it within the Roman Catholic Church. May his optimism concerning the eventual success of this type of theology be justified! In four extremely valuable chapters (9-12) the author sets forth the influence exercised by the Liturgical Movement upon Catholic Action (i.e., the participation of the laity in the apostolate of the hierarchy) in Europe and elsewhere; its part in the agitation for the use of the vernacular in worship, and in various cultic expressions (Gregorian chant and art).

Koenker's book is packed with

facts, interesting and enjoyable, but also disquieting facts. Or is it not disquieting when the Roman Catholic Church in the twentieth century gains what we Protestants supposed was our possession but what we succeeded in squandering: popular participation in worship? or when we Protestants become guilty of a cheap sentimentality which we were quick to condemn when we discovered it on the other side of the fence? or when we Protestants so often fail to see the social and communal significance of the liturgy? or when we must confess shamefacedly that there is, at least in the United States, pitifully little historical research done by Protestants in the field of liturgics as compared with the deep and rich understanding found in European, especially French and German, productions?

In conclusion, may I return to an ecumenical note? A Catholic reviewer of this book concluded his remarks by saying, "It would seem that the richest results [in ecumenical discussion] are to be obtained right now, not in dogmatics or moral theology, but by colloquy on worship. Koenker's own book bears witness that in some measure this colloquy has already begun." In Europe this colloquy has been going on for some time; let us hope that the colloquy on this side of the Atlantic be no less lively and fruitful.

JULIUS BODENSIECK

HARDNESS OF HEART

By E. LaB. Cherbonnier (Doubleday, $2.95)

In the Christian Faith Series projected by Reinhold Niebuhr, reviewed in recent months in these pages, the doctrine of sin was assigned Cherbonnier of Barnard College and Union Theological Seminary. Those familiar with Niebuhr's trenchant analysis of sin will be acquainted with Cherbonnier's general approach. It revolves about the subtle, or not so subtle, temptations of modern "idolatries." Cherbonnier drives home the lessons stemming from man's misplaced allegiances—his reason, scientific objectivity, humanism, Communism, Democracy, or cynicism.

The chapters on man as a "religious animal" rest on extended discussions of the nature of freedom: if man is to give himself to something he must possess genuine freedom of choice; otherwise responsibility and accountability are irrelevant or absurd. However, the hallmark of all false gods is that they destroy real freedom: they lead to the bondage of self-fulfillment or the flight from relatedness to one's neighbor; they lead to "hardness of heart." Only the true God—"whom to serve is perfect freedom"— can evoke reconciling love, or *agape*. Moreover, Cherbonnier takes great pains to delineate the perversions of the Christian understanding of sin through pagan intrusions into Christian theology. Sin has either been misconceived as breaking a set of rules—the moralistic perversion, or it has been misconceived as involving an intrinsic defect in human nature—either through an evil inherent in man's nature or by a doctrine of original guilt.

The writer goes to the core of his

problems, drives his criticisms home via a wealth of illustrative material, leaves no one to speculate whether he wishes to present the "Biblical philosophy." However, his presentation raises a recurring question—whether he is not driving his thesis into the ground. Such a *tour de force* is brought against his opponents, and so many are vanquished — including Kierkegaard, Luther, St. Augustine, St. Thomas, Heidegger, C. S. Lewis, and many, many more—that one is left deploring the weaknesses of the Fathers. One is surprised that it should be as clear-cut as this. But one notices whole coulisses of material deemed unnecessary or irrelevant for consideration. So the simple equation of Heidegger's *Nothingness* (p. 78) with the pagan *contemptus mundi* and the condition of "guilt," without any concern for its relation to *that-which-is* or its otherness from *being*, is totally unsatisfactory. The devastation of Luther's understanding of faith (pp. 93-95, 107-108, 115) is a pathetic victory over a caricature, and the juxtaposition of Augustine's and Luther's views on faith as each a kind of knowledge is a poor oversimplification. The two realms (pp. 96, 109) were not severed by Luther or the Lutheran Confessions either in their source, mutual interaction, or the vocation of the Christian citizen. Cherbonnier's purely negative evaluation of the monk's or hermit's severance of personal ties (p. 56) does injustice to the monk's positive purpose of serving God and humanity, either in work or at prayer, because he loves the world. On page 37 St. Paul's name might have been added to the list of hapless supporters of "the famous theory of predestination. Four of the very greatest names in the history of Christian thought, Augustine, Thomas Aquinas, Luther, and Calvin, have all held the doctrine." It is unfortunate that in a volume that has so much to contribute many points should have been gained at so high a price.

SOCIAL RELATIONS IN THE URBAN PARISH

By Joseph H. Fichter, S.J. (University of Chicago, $5.50)

THE CHURCH SERVES THE CHANGING CITY

By Ross W. Sanderson (Harper, $3.50)

An increasingly important field, in which a considerable literature is accumulating, is that of parish sociology. Clergymen of many denominations are realizing that training in preaching, in liturgical usages, in counseling is not enough. The church and her pastors can no longer ignore the external social environment in which the congregation and its members are enmeshed. Actually, problems of internal administration, such as economic survival, cannot be separated from the problem of the kinds of changing community situations in which the church is to carry on its ministry.

Father Fichter's volume will probably be the more enduring of the two being reviewed. It is a follow-up to his recently published *Southern Parish*, an intensive analysis of a large Catholic parish in New Orleans (presum-

ably). The present book is a series of essays, some previously published, dealing with such matters as a typology of parishioners, the correlation of external social roles with internal religious activity, the functions of the priest, classification of parish societies, and the like. There are also chapters dealing with the value to the church of a social science of religion.

Probably the most novel contribution is the author's classification of Catholics into nuclear, modal, marginal, and dormant. This approach could be applied to members of other denominations as well. The Lutheran reader will be amazed at how similar the practical problems of carrying on Catholic parish work are to Lutheran problems in the same area (e.g., one-third of baptized Catholics are "dormant"; women make better church-members than men; men esteem the priest who is a "real businessman"; church membership is cut across by the more powerful influences of class and occupational interests from the outer society; clergy find it hard to let the layman lead; people attend church more and more as individuals, rather than in families). The author finds that the same persons are not the most active in the spheres of liturgical participation, on the one hand, and parish organizational activity, on the other. He finds that many intelligent young people are turning to wider diocesan (regional) organizations for religious challenge instead of working in the local parish. As a whole, parishes are tending to become aggregates of persons with specialized and stratified interests—just like the wider social systems of which they are parts.

As a whole, the book is most valuable for its ideas and hypotheses about religious behavior rather than its factual presentations. The special chapters on the utility of social science to the church, while written a bit apologetically, should be read by every churchman in a position of authority. All in all, this is a stimulating and valuable contribution.

While Fichter's book is long on hypotheses, Ross W. Sanderson's collection of case-studies of changing Protestant urban parishes is rich in description. Dr. Sanderson, who has had long experience in church planning, was commissioned by the Department of Urban Church of the National Council of Churches, to find out "where American Protestantism is ministering most effectively to urban residents in areas of underprivilege."

Eight parish situations are described in some detail and twenty-four more are briefly referred to. The communities included are predominantly in the East and Midwest. Only those churches were chosen who have determined to *stay* in the "inner city" and serve their immediate neighborhoods. Sixteen pages of photographs are included.

The book is kaleidoscopic in description and does not lend itself well to generalization. However, a number of trends may be noted. The individual isolated parish approach to the city is grossly weak and in many cases disastrous. In order to efficiently serve the many specialized categories of city people, many churches

are utilizing a team of clerical specialists—some concentrating on counseling, youth work, preaching, planning, etc. Few churches can survive in the inner city without seeking to serve *all* who live there, regardless of color, class, or national origins. Those agencies who draw some or all financial support from Community Chests are seeing their distinctively religious work drowned by social services. Churches rise in prestige in their communities when the pastors and members activate the proper civil authorities to take action on social problems affecting the area. The work of some local churches in underprivileged areas will always have to be subsidized; nevertheless, opportunity should be made for the people being served themselves to contribute to the support of such services. Continuity of leadership and planning can make or break a parish program. Lutheran churches are not least in readiness to serve their communities; cf. the report on St. John's (ULCA) in the Bronx and on the Lutheran ministry in inner Milwaukee (ELC) in Chapter V.

The most challenging approach to the recovery of the city for Christ is provided by the East Harlem Protestant Parish of New York City, developend out of Union Theological Seminary (Chapter VIII). With many nominal Catholics and Negroes having no spiritual allegiance, the primary need in E. Harlem was discovered to be leadership rather than facilities. Four existing churches were federated together under a strong religious self-discipline of the participating clergy. Financial support comes from nine contributing denominations as well as the people served themselves. Many techniques are used ranging from Agape Meal Groups in tenements to Passion plays and conventional social services. To the staff, "the Parish is more than a ministry of ministers to people. It is a movement."

The reading of this book should help the church recover some of the vision advocated by Maritian (quoted in last chapter): "We are not co-operators with change, we are co-operators with God."

STUDIES IN LITERATURE AND BELIEF

By Martin Jarrett-Kerr (Harper, $2.75)

Very often the reality of an experience expresses itself most clearly in the degree of confusion it creates. Most of us, when presented with an experience which threatens the stability of our preconceived universe, prefer to remove ourselves from that situation and retire to the safety of our own judgmental abstractions. This, unfortunately, has been the fate of the majority of those persons concerned with the problem of this book—the relation of literature and belief.

To the delight and disturbance of anyone who will read him, Father Martin Jarrett-Kerr, a man of deep religious convictions and abundant literary insight, has admirably avoided this pitfall. He has entered the heart of the problem and has dared (and in an orthodox Christian this is daring indeed) to say that there are no permanent rules or absolute answers to

what the literary man's response to his faith should be in relation to his vocation, there are no proscribed areas of human existence or proper conclusions which must be attained. "For in a land," he writes, "where we are told on the best authority, that the wind blows where it lists, the one thing certain about the adventure of its belief is its unpredictability."

His thesis is admirably corroborated in essays on the work of Dostoevsky, Calderon, Manzoni and others. From each of these persons the author derives a singular and authentic insight into literature and belief. The result is, however, not a clarification of the problem in the ordinary sense. This in no way implies a lack of clarity on the part of Fr. Jarrett-Kerr, but on the contrary the confusion results from the greater clarity in depth revealed in what he says. The reader will not want to accept his meticulous examination of the problem handled without the usual flourish of grandiloquent judgment. For most of us, I suspect, to accept the method and meaning of these studies will entail throwing most of the structure within which we formulate our critical judgments of art and faith straight into the ash-can.

We hope this book is widely read, for it is more than just a book; it is a shattering experience for all our aesthetic and religious complacencies.

CHARLES RAY SCOLARE

SAINT LUKE'S LIFE OF JESUS

By. G. Aiken Taylor (Macmillan, $2.75)

Here is a book for those who are interested in reading through the Gospel of Luke and the first half of the book of Acts in language that will hold attention even in the most familiar passages. It is not a translation nor yet a commentary, but an interpretive paraphrase of the text. It is what the Jews would call a *targum.*

The author has grasped the main purpose and plan of Luke in telling his story of Jesus Christ: in Christ God invaded Time. In many parts of the book, however, the paraphrase reflects the author's theology more than that of Luke. Moreover, much is toned down, re-interpreted or lightly passed over to speak more naturally to modern minds not impressed with tales of the supernatural. The profuseness of the paraphrase at times results in the borrowing of ideas and motifs found in other parts of the New Testament, but not in Luke. Nevertheless, as an attempt to communicate in a general way Luke's story of Jesus Christ to the world today, this book succeeds very well.

WILLIAM SCHOEDEL

SPIRITUAL VALUES IN SHAKESPEARE

By Ernest Marshall Howse (Abingdon-Cokesbury, $2.50)

Dr. Howse is a good orthodox Presbyterian, and his understanding of spiritual values shows it. Furthermore, he is a minister and his style that of the well-trained homiletician. In this volume he examines the moral qualities of various Shakespearean characters: Othello, Macbeth, Richard III and of course—who could resist—

Hamlet. When all is said and done he concludes that the plays of Shakespeare reveal man living in a moral universe.

While we have no doubt Dr. Howse is trying to be intellectually honest in his approach to the Bard, his profession and theological tradition evidently so inhibit his critical methods that much is left wanting.

CHARLES RAY SCOLARE

WITHIN TWO WORLDS

By David M. Cory (Friendship Press; cloth, $2.00; paper, $1.25)

The book is a word picture of Indian life since the coming of the white man to these shores and up to the present time. Indians are depicted as human beings with the same passions, natural interest, and reaction to social environment and change that may be found with any other people. The specific aspect of the narrative, in keeping with its title, is that it shows the Indian culture and the white American culture standing side by side, and the natural difficulty of Indians (who still have a living culture which they love) to adjust themselves to the culture found outside the reservation. Many of the church groups now active among the Indians are, according to Dr. Cory, keenly aware of the cultural and sociological difficulties confronting Indians in the big city as well as on the reservation.

The author has rendered a distinct service by demonstrating the almost constant conflict between good intentions and personal or group avarice, between federal treaties or agreements and local white selfish interests.

Dr. Cory, who has assimilated many Caughnawaga Reservation Indians into his Brooklyn Presbyterian congregation, making of some of them outstanding leaders in the congregation, has made a thorough study (including personal research) of the subject matter treated in the book. He sees in the sympathetic, intelligent Christian approach which magnifies Christ the Savior an answer to a problem that for centuries has perplexed the minds of statesmen and which even today is to many students more puzzling than the problem of Negro-Caucasian relationships.

ANDREW SCHULZE

FICTION

MARJORIE MORNINGSTAR

By Herman Wouk (Doubleday, $4.95)

Mr. Wouk's new novel, *Marjorie Morningstar,* the first he has written since *The Caine Mutiny* was published four years ago, probably will share the fate of a girl who has a sister far more attractive and vivacious than she. The popularity and high spirits of the one overshadow the good qualities of the other. Because the two novels are entirely different—one is an adventure story, the other a love story—comparing the two novels is as unfair as it is inevitable. There is much in *Marjorie Morningstar* to be admired and enjoyed if one makes an attempt to forget that the *Caine* story is infinitely more appealing.

At the beginning of this novel,

Bronx-born Marjorie Morgenstern is seventeen, a sophomore at Hunter College, the belle of Columbia dances. The year is 1933. She is living with her parents and brother in their new apartment on Central Park West, an address, Marjorie feels, that does much to make up for the immigrant origin of her parents, now Conservative Jews. Believing that she is destined to be an actress, she invents for herself a stage name—Marjorie Morningstar.

We follow Marjorie through her dates, her success on the college stage, her family gatherings, her futile attempts to land even a bit part in a professional play, her summer at a plush adult camp in the Adirondacks (Mrs. Morgenstern calls it Sodom) where she falls in love with the camp's social director, Noel Airman (born Saul Ehrmann), a handsome pseudo-intellectual, champion seducer and marriage-hater. Their turbulent love affair lasts for five years. Noel dabbles in music, the theater, philosophy, and chess, among other things, without ever really amounting to anything. His flightiness is the object of the author's scorn. In our last glimpse of Marjorie, she is a grey-headed, contented, suburban housewife with four children, which according to Mr. Wouk, is exactly what she wanted all along.

The story of Marjorie could be the story of any attractive, ambitious, middle class American girl. Noel has a name for such girls—Shirley—and considers himself a connoisseur of Shirley. "I went out with Shirley after Shirley...I'd telephone her, make a date, go up to the apartment, she'd open the door—and there would stand Shirley. In a different dress, a different body, looking at me out of different eyes, but with that one unchanging look, the look of Shirley. The respectable girl, the mother of the next generation, all tricked out to appear gay and girlish and carefree, but with a terrible threatening solid dullness jutting through, like the gray rocks under the spring grass in Central Park. Behind her, half the time, would loom her mother, the frightful giveaway, with the same face as Helen's or Susan's, only coarsened, wrinkled, fattened, with the deceiving bloom of girlhood all stripped away, showing naked the grim horrid respectable *dullness*...Shirley doesn't play fair, you see. What she wants is what a woman should want, always has and always will—big diamond engagement ring, house in a good neighborhood, furniture, children, well-made clothes, furs—but she'll never say so. Because in our time those things are supposed to be stuffy and dull...She's going to paint, that's what—or be a social worker, or a psychiatrist, or an interior decorator, or an actress, always an actress if she's got any real looks—but the idea is she's going to *be* somebody. Not just a wife. Perish the thought!"

In a twenty page letter Noel writes to Marjorie in an attempt to end their affair, he makes it clear that she is nothing more than a SHIRLEY and remarks that "In the long run, you came closer to making me respectable than I did to making you bohemian. You have ridden me mercilessly. Your left spur has been the American idea of success, and your right spur the

Jewish idea of respectability. . .You're complicated, but you're made of vanadium steel. That old Jewish steel that's outlasting the pyramids. Bless your little heart, you're your mama all over again."

The novel is not without fault. It is unnecessarily long, and some of the characters—Noel, in particular—are not convincing. But when one looks at the book as a whole, the flaws diminish. More than a love story, it is an excellent portrait of Jewish family life. Mr. Wouk's thesis that a woman's place is in the home and that a man should take a good look at a girl's mother before proposing marriage is an ancient one, but in his hands it takes on remarkable freshness. Most effective is the author's plea for decency, honor, and respect of religious tradition.

CARLENE BARTELT

NOBLE IN REASON

By Phyllis Bentley (Macmillan, $3.50)

Christopher Jarmayne, the hero of *Noble in Reason,* bears all the wistful, waifish qualities of David Copperfield, and copes with about the same sort of problems. "Life has faded and gone down the wind for me, and yet it seems that I am only now at last beginning to understand it. The agonizing fears of my childhood, the stormy resentments of my youth, the wretched failures of my manhood, now reveal themselves to me, in the light of reason I have striven so long to acquire, as explicable in the simple if solemn terms of general human experience," begins the novel. Essentially, it is the story of Christopher's Yorkshire childhood in the early years of this century, his years in London, and concludes with his fruitful middle years.

Although *Noble in Reason* has strong overtones of Dickens, the Bronte sisters, and other great novelists of that gloomy and verbose era, the crux of the plot is Christopher's realization that he, too, has an Oedipus complex. Miss Bentley comes right out and says so on page 165.

But despite the unseemly combination of her Victorian style with certain Freudian enlightenments, *Noble in Reason* is a good novel. Miss Bentley is a master of her craft, her characters are warm and believable, and the book was a pleasure to read.

ROBERTA DONSBACH

THE GOVERNOR'S WIFE

By David Unwin (Dutton, $3.00)

Mr. Unwin's first novel, *The Governor's Wife,* is a gripping, intelligent account of the current African scene. His approach to that continent's turmoil is fresh and unbiased, his plot is built with skill.

The central figure of the story is a young Englishman, Sebastian Pole, who is sent by his trust company to a British colonial protectorate to report on a proposed desert irrigation project. The project, he discovers, is dynamite—politically, socially, nationally. It is years ahead of its time, and no one really understands it. Although Sebastian tries to remain detached, events draw him into the precarious sea of prejudice, racial pride, frustra-

tion, and brutishness. Tension mounts until a spark starts a flame of riots.

The story is tragic but not depressing. Mr. Unwin describes vividly the Africa he evidently knows well. The whole continent, he feels, offers the supreme challenge of the century. How that challenge will be met, only time can tell.

CARLENE BARTELT

PREFERRED RISK

By Edson McCann (Simon & Schuster, $2.75)

Readers who like their science in fiction form, or their fiction colored by science, will find much to please them in this book. It won, for its author, a $6,500 prize in the Galaxy—Simon and Schuster Science Fiction Novel Contest. Even after taxes this is not bad take-home pay. The plot is much too involved to reconstruct here in a few words. Suffice it to say that it is rather gruesome. The entire book is, naturally, quite unbelievable and it is a very depressing thing to read. Mr. McCann demonstrates an ability which it seems a shame to waste on work of this sort, however profitable it may be.

ALL MEN ARE MORTAL

By Simone De Beauvoir (World, $5.00)

In this strange novel Simone De Beauvoir examines some highlights of history through the eyes of an immortal man named Fosca. Regina, an actress who is horrified of death and who hopes that being loved and remembered by Fosca will give her at least some measure of immortality, listens to the story of his life.

It is early in the Fourteenth Century when Fosca drinks the elixir of immortality. He soon discovers that being immortal in a world of mortals is a curse rather than a blessing. Imprisoned forever in his own human universe, unable to feel the emotions of mortal men, he looks at people through the eyes of an outsider. The world to him is nothing but a parade of fleeting visions, always the same efforts, the same defeats, with no hope for the future. He plays a part in some historical events—he is the moving spirit behind Charles V, is present at the Diet of Worms, looks over the New World, works for the French Revolution—but views such events even while they are happening as if they were part of the past. His story is an ugly one of war, death and suffering over and over again. Every victory sooner or later turns to defeat.

From his centuries of experience and observation Fosca learns one truth: men want to be free, they want to fulfill their destinies as men by choosing their own lives and deaths. But the price they must pay for that freedom, according to the author, is utter despair. The tragedy of her philosophy is the rejection of faith in God as the only possible means of resolving man's anguish. In *All Men Are Mortal* we detect a bit of wistfulness on this point and receive the impression that although the author would like to accept such faith as the answer, she looks upon divine love as a fairy tale, too good to be true. The book is trans-

lated from the French by Leonard M. Friedman.

CARLENE BARTELT

GENERAL

THE VOICE OF THE DESERT

By Joseph Wood Krutch (Sloane, $3.75)

In its leisurely prose and with its nature-lover's philosophy this book succeeds in communicating the essential vitality and unexpected variety of animate organisms in the Sonoran Desert of our American Southwest. Thus it accomplishes in words supplemented by several vivid illustrations what Disney's real life motion pictures *The Living Desert* and *The Vanishing Prairie* did in a different art form. Principally we see here, as Tennyson once expressed it, how nature as a manifestation of God fulfills herself in many ways.

If a scientist had attempted these sketches the result might be academic, pedestrian prose. Instead a convert, a man of letters whose entire adult life was spent in the cities and countryside of the Northeast as drama critic, professor, biographer, and editor, shows us how he observed for five years in Arizona the advantages of seemingly difficult and sometimes unpleasant surroundings. Insects and animals, plants and trees, fish and fowl—creatures with strange sounding names—parade here in their life cycles and purposes as Dr. Krutch reveals them in their original setting. The most ancient of individual living things, he concludes, is the moss-like lichen.

I see no valid reason for printing the 13 chapter headings exclusively in lower case form or for placing all page numbers on the inside (instead of the customary outer edge) near the binding. Actually, however, this is a splendid print job, worthy of the good contents that can be summarized best in the following words of the author:

> If it is good to make occasionally what the religious call a "retreat," there is no better place than the desert to make it. Here if anywhere the most familiar realities recede and others come into the foreground of the mind.

HERBERT H. UMBACH

THE CAVES BEYOND

By Joe Lawrence, Jr. and Roger W. Brucker (Funk & Wagnalls, $4.75)

Floyd Collins, who lost his life in 1925 while exploring Crystal Cave in Kentucky, focused national attention on the science of speleology or cave exploration. Since his dramatic and much-publicized death in the bowels of the Kentucky mountains, there has been a growing interest in underground explorations both in this country and on the continent of Europe. This type of exploration is, as a matter of fact, about all that is left to the average modern explorer. Exploration of the air above the earth is a tremendously expensive matter which involves considerable technical and scientific knowledge. Cave exploration can be done alone or in small groups and requires neither elaborate financing nor equipping. Early in 1954 the National Speleological Society sent a large expedition to Ken-

tucky to explore some of the lead-offs from the Crystal Cave that Collins had been working on at the time of his death. This book is the result of this expedition and was written by two men. Joe Lawrence, Jr., who was the expedition leader, wrote the chapters dealing with the activities in the camp at the mouth of the cave as well as covering technical details and reference material. Roger W. Brucker, who was in charge of underground activities, wrote the chapters dealing with the actual exploring.

As near as I can figure from the book this expedition was not particularly successful. My judgment on this is based on the fact that there is much attention to trivial details and much emphasis on the difficulty of cave exploration. At times there is a defensive note to the writing and one wonders if Messrs. Lawrence and Brucker have been busy justifying to the Society what must have been a rather generous outlay of money for supplies and equipment for so few tangible results.

Be that as it may, however, and despite some pomposity in writing style, it is still an interesting account of the manner in which cave exploration is carried on. There are pictures and maps.

ANTHONY EDEN: THE CHRONICLE OF A CAREER

By Lewis Broad (Crowell, $5.00)

Some men seem to have been designed by Nature to hold certain offices. Gladstone, Asquith, Baldwin, and Churchill all *had* to become prime ministers. They were built to be prime ministers. Anthony Eden, on the other hand, *had* to become a Foreign Secretary. In any other role, he would have been miscast. The big question right now is whether he may not be miscast as prime minister.

Unlike his great predecessor, Eden is not the sort of person around whom legends cluster. If he paints, his works do not appear in the galleries. If he drinks, only his intimates know what or how much he drinks. If he loses his temper, it is within the shelter of his office or his home. The public knows no one by the name of Tony Eden, although Mr. Eden has been a major figure in world affairs for almost a quarter of a century.

What it comes down to is that Anthony Eden lives the difficult and demanding role he has chosen for himself, demanding loyalty on the solid grounds of his ability, his experience, and his integrity, rather than any warm human qualities. These he may have, but they are reserved for members of his family and personal friends behind the very proper mask of the professional diplomat.

The present book is therefore well sub-titled. Except for an occasional comment on Mr. Eden's personal qualities and an occasional reference to his private affairs, this is a record of Mr. Eden's public career—a record by now well-known to most of us. It seems intended to present Mr. Eden in a favorable light. In order to do so, the author finds himself compelled to give Stanley Baldwin rather more than most observers would consider his due, and to deal more harshly with Neville

Chamberlain than the record seems to warrant.

The public figure that emerges from these pages is that of a man supremely qualified for the difficult art of diplomacy, singularly devoted to the ideas of peace and order, fairly orthodox in his Conservative thinking about domestic affairs, well-liked and highly respected by his associates and his countrymen—but still largely unknown (and perhaps unknowable) as a person.

NEWS IS A SINGULAR THING

By Marguerite Higgins (Doubleday, $3.50)

"This book is intended as a personal account of a career of covering world crises and of some of the heroes and villains of those crises. This is not by any means 'all about me.' It's what I choose to tell," writes Miss Higgins. She chose to tell a good deal concerning her adventures as a foreign correspondent in Europe, Japan and Korea that led to her winning of the Pulitzer Prize while still a young woman. Her qualifications for her work are unique: a grasp of world affairs, an appalling disregard for personal comfort, and a restlessness that keeps her where things happen. *News Is a Singular Thing* is sprightly reading for anyone with an interest in global politics or in the complicated psyche of a great newspaperwoman.

ROBERTA DONSBACH

YOU'LL DIE IN SINGAPORE

By Charles McCormac (Dutton, $3.50)

Charles McCormac, a Malay-bred Englishman, was stationed with an R.A.F. Squadron in Singapore at the outbreak of the second World War. Just prior to the Japanese capture McCormac was able to place his wife, who was expecting her first child, on an outgoing ship. He was captured very shortly thereafter and placed in a prison camp. He received word that the Japanese were prepared to be rough with him and the warning, often passed on to him in prison, forms the title of this book. McCormac and some others determined to escape. Seventeen of them broke out of the compound but only one other than McCormac lived to arrive safe in Australia.

In order to reach safety McCormac ultimately traveled over 2,000 miles, much of it through enemy country and against almost overwhelming obstacles. His account of this perilous journey and his ultimate success is a very gripping one and this book is one of the sort that is difficult to put down. It has been over ten years now since the end of that war, and I must admit that though this account is a fascinating one it is still somewhat difficult to look forward to picking up a book of this sort.

INDUSTRY-COLLEGE RELATIONS

By Edward Hodnett (World, $3.50)

After a meeting of college presidents and heads of industry at Greenbrier in 1953, a Conference Committee was formed to continue the study of better understanding and cooperation between industry and the colleges. The

committee chose Dr. Edward Hodnett of Ohio University to make a survey of the problems involved and this short volume is a resume of his findings.

How better relations could be established, by whom, and the resulting advantages to both industry and the colleges of improved understanding are covered briefly but thoroughly. While Dr. Hodnett offers nothing particularly new, he has analyzed the various approaches and outlined a program which should prove to be valuable. His most immediate contribution in this book is the chapter on the increasing enrollments of the future and what the colleges should do to meet the problems this growth will bring.

TIN LIZZIE

By Philip Van Doren Stern (Simon & Schuster, $3.95)

The automobile has always been a real attraction to a great segment of our population. In the last few years an interest in the early models produced in this country has become a fad. Groups have been organized to promote this interest, contests and races have been held, and antique automobile museums and traveling displays have prospered. Interior decorators, manufacturers of object d'art, book publishers, and fabric designers have offered a wide and varied choice in the means for reflecting an interest in this subject. Certainly one of the most famous of the now "ancient" automobiles was the Model T Ford. Mr. Stern has gathered together just about all of the information available on this make and model and this book is the product of his work. It is a handsome book and it has a very attractive dust jacket.

Mr. Stern has surveyed the world before the Model T came along, has described its origin, its general acceptance, its golden era, and finally its decline and final passing. A few chapters on the Model A round out the book. It is copiously illustrated with pictures and drawings and, in addition, contains a fair amount of technical information and considerable reference material. There is even a chapter devoted to jokes about this once famous auto. This would make an excellent present for anyone who once owned one of these Lizzies, or anyone with the slightest interest in the antique automobile.

START FROM SOMEWHERE ELSE

By Oliver St. John Gogarty (Doubleday, $2.95)

Intrigued by the subtitle, "An Exposition of Wit and Humor Polite and Perilous," we took this book home with us the night we received it and after supper, having lit a cigar we couldn't afford, we sat down to what we anticipated would be a pleasurable evening with one of Ireland's wittiest and most charming writers.

Things started off rather slowly, with what seemed to us a rather labored attempt to make something of the universally-recognized idiosyncracies of publishers. Along the line, we stumbled over several paragraphs which seem to have been misplaced from some other manuscript. On page

25, we ran smack into a parlor car joke which might get quite a rise out of a group of earthy salesmen, but which seemed rather out of place in what we had been led to expect would be a fairly sophisticated display of wit.

And so it went through most of the book, lucid moments and thigh-slapper jokes from time to time interrupting the over-all pattern of unintelligibility. There is a sermon of sorts at the end.

It is the task of the reviewer to judge a book by its contents, rather than by any suspected purpose of the writer. Thank heaven for that!

THE TRADE WIND ISLANDS

By Dane Chandos (Doubleday, $3.75)

Dane Chandos, a Mexican writer, recently made an extensive trip through the Trade Wind Islands: Cuba, Curacao, Jamaica, Haiti, Dominican Republic, Puerto Rico, Barbados, Trinidad, and some of the lesser Windward Islands. His impressions and observations about these places form the core of this present work. I suspect that a good many American people are relatively ignorant about most of these islands, or else they have a rather distorted picture gained from works of fiction or movies. Mr. Chandos' book will do to much to bring people up to date on recent history, on recent economic developments, and on social and racial patterns as they now exist. This is all to the good.

Mr. Chandos gives the impression of being a careful observer and of one who knows where to look and for what to look. Unfortunately he is not satisfied to allow this quality to appear in his observations. He has found it necessary, and quite often too, to point out his special ability to observe and to note that this is called for by this sort of trip. He draws many comparisons with other travelers and himself, and even with some "local citizens" and himself, and always to his advantage. This particular habit becomes somewhat annoying in time.

AN INTRODUCTION TO NATURE

By John Kieran (Hanover House, $6.00)

It may come as a surprise to many that the author of this book is the John Kieran of radio fame who is so well known for his sharp wit and his ability to find and quote an appropriate piece of poetry for almost any occasion. Mr. Kieran, like many another whose major accomplishments and efforts are in other directions, has turned to the study of nature as an avocation. And he has approached it with keen enthusiasm. This is one of his several efforts to lead others into the fascinations of this increasingly popular form of recreation.

The book, made up of three previously published sections on birds, wild flowers, and trees, is not intended as a manual for recognition. It is written rather so that the reader might be introduced to the birds, flowers, and trees that he has passed by without noticing, or that he may become better acquainted with those that he knows only casually. The full color illustrations on each page help call

one's attention to the features by which they may be recognized and to their beauty. But the text is more concerned in discussing such items as their outstanding characteristics, their role in human affairs, the legends that have grown about them, the allusions to them in literature, the origin and meaning of their names.

To this reviewer's mind, it is just this sort of thing which adds appeal and meaning to the study of nature. This book can profitably be added to any naturalist's library, and with its attractive cover and make-up in addition it is an excellent choice for a gift to anyone at all interested in the creatures in his yard, community, or the woods nearby.

THE GODS WERE KIND

By William Willis (Dutton, $4.00)

With a parrot and a cat for company, William Willis set sail on a raft that he had built himself from Callao, Peru. 113 days and 6,700 miles later, and minus the parrot that fell prey to the cat, Willis landed in Pago Pago in the American Samoa. He had thus traveled farther and faster than the Kon-Tiki expedition and certainly established a record for a solo voyage.

Mr. Willis' account of his trip reveals very adequately the origin of his title. On reading his own account of his voyage, which incidentally does not make as good reading as the Kon-Tiki account, one can not help but believe that he was successful because "someone" was kind. Against almost insurmountable obstacles and near tragedies Mr. Willis completed a voyage that by all odds should not have been completed. Had he been unsuccessful he would have been referred to as a fool for having tried such a trip. By being successful he earns the accolade of courageous. The truth probably is that people who undertake enterprises of this sort combine some of the characteristics of both.

Mr. Willis survived severe storms at sea, loss of and damage to his equipment, damage to his raft, a sudden and severe illness, and an inadvertent trip overboard. His transmitting equipment did not function and his messages and position reports were not received until his very last one informing the authorities that he was nearing Samoa and would need help to get his raft into shore. The raft was presented to the peoples of American Samoa and is to be displayed there in a museum constructed on the island of Tutuila. Photographs, maps, and diagrams.

SEA FIGHTS AND SHIPWRECKS

By Hanson W. Baldwin (Hanover House, $3.95)

This excellent collection includes stories on eighteen dramatic incidents at sea in the last century and a half. They are true tales of mutiny, shipwreck, battle, and strange disaster for which the sea is always the background and often the protaganist.

While some of the events described, the sinking of the *Titanic,* the mutiny on the *Somers,* the end of the *Graf Spee,* and the torpedoing of the *Lusitania,* are familiar to most readers, Baldwin's thorough research and or-

ganization of material make them much more understandable. Less known are the stories of the *Birkenhead,* the *Medusa,* and the *Central America.* About most of these tales there is an element of mystery and especially so in the case of the *Mary Celeste,* the classic mystery story of the sea, for which the author advances one of the most logical theories ever presented for the explanation of this strange incident.

Highlight of the collection, one of the five stories on World War II, is the "Battle for Leyte Gulf", for since that battle in 1945 the actions of Admiral Halsey and his fleet have been debated rather warmly on both sides in Navy circles. Both Admiral Halsey and Admiral Kinkaid, the two main figures of the United States Navy in that largest sea battle of all time, have contributed special notes for this chapter on their respective points of view.

Hanson W. Baldwin, who is military editor for the New York *Times,* has furnished in his collection an interesting and informative study of conflict at sea. His writing is graphic, dramatic, and in the vernacular of one who is familiar with ships and the sea.

MARMADUKE

By Brad Anderson and Phil Leeming (Gilbert Press, $1.95)

The trials and tribulations associated with the ownership of a large dog have furnished the basis for a series of cartoons about Marmaduke. Some of the best of these have now been collected in this little volume. Owners of large dogs may find some of the situations to be so true to life that they may not seem funny to them, but for most of us there are many good laughs.

The deeper reason for everything now happening lies in the circumstance that enormous cavernous hollows were formed in the European part of mankind by the vanishing Christian belief, and into these everything is tumbling.

—Vassili Rozanov, "Apokalipsis nashego vremeni," *Versty,* No. 2 (Paris, 1927)

THE MOTION PICTURE

By ANNE HANSEN

In real life Ernest Borgnine (real name Ermes Effron Borgnine) is a shy, sensitive man. On the screen he has been cast in roles which, as Dean Jennings wrote in the *Saturday Evening Post* not long ago, have earned for him the title "the most homicidal man on celluloid."

Mr. Borgnine portrayed a brutal and sadistic Army sergeant in *From Here to Eternity,* a coldly efficient gunman in *Johnny Guitar,* a merciless slavemaster in *Demetrius and the Gladiators,* a vicious bully in *Bad Day at Black Rock,* and an infuriated and vengeful Amish farmer in *Violent Saturday.* His outstanding success in these roles made him one of the most sought-after character actors in the motion-picture industry. In the eyes of most producers and casting directors this talented player was definitely "typed" as the ideal bad man and villain.

Harold Hecht and Burt Lancaster—co-producers of Hecht-Lancaster films—did not believe that Mr. Borgnine's abilities were necessarily restricted to one limited field. They were convinced that in him they had found exactly the right man to play the title role in the film version they planned to make of Paddy Cheyefsky's tenderly wistful TV play *Marty.* Their judgment was fully vindicated when Mr. Borgnine read the movie script for the playwright and for Delbert Mann, the man chosen to direct the screen play. In commenting on this reading Mr. Mann said, "It was one of the most moving experiences I have had."

Accordingly, the picture went into production. It was made within an unusually short period of time for the modest sum of $350,000. What has happened since *Marty* (Hecht-Lancaster, United Artists, Delbert Mann) was released last spring is a matter of record. The picture has been warmly received by audiences everywhere and has been enthusiastically acclaimed by motion-picture critics. It has already been named as a contender for the 1955 Motion Picture Academy Award, and it is

the first American film to win first prize in international competition at the Film Festival held each year at Cannes, France.

Marty was filmed in black and white for the now almost outmoded conventional screen. Costumes and settings are drab and commonplace. The cast is not large and cannot boast of even one glittering big-name star. But *Marty* has one quality which too often is lacking in many sumptuously mounted big-screen productions. That quality is sterling artistry. Mr. Cheyefsky brings us a slice of life as it actually *is*. The dialogue fits the locale and the characters, and clearly reflects the playwright's sensitive understanding of the environment in which he was reared. Mr. Mann's deft direction merits highest praise. Mr. Borgnine's superb portrayal of the fat, ugly, and lonely little Brooklyn butcher is matched by that of Betsy Blair in the role of the school teacher who longs for companionship and romance. Esther Minciotti, Augusta Ciolli, and Joe Mantell are excellent in important supporting parts.

A few weeks ago I saw a real live movie star. Charlton Heston was in town to make a personal appearance when his new picture, *The Private War of Major Benson,* opened in a local theater.

Through the years it has been my good fortune to meet many of the great artists of the musical world. Because I have seen for myself how unassuming and natural the truly great artists are, I have small patience with the popularly accepted but completely nonsensical notion that a thing called "artistic temperament" sets these accomplished persons apart from the ordinary mortal or that this "artistic temperament" explains and justifies eccentric conduct and bad manners. I realize, of course, that young Mr. Heston does not as yet fit into the category of *great* artists. But he is a rising star on the screen and a competent actor as well. I was pleased to find that, in addition to being handsome and charming, he is also modest, ambitious, hard-working, and eager to learn. Next year we shall have an opportunity to see Mr. Heston as Moses in Cecil B. DeMille's *The Ten Commandments*—a film which will not be released until August, 1956. Mr. Heston regards this role both as a challenge and as the finest opportunity to come his way.

The Private War of Major Benson marks Mr. Heston's first comedy role. This is not a great,

or even an outstanding, release. But it does offer gay and lighthearted entertainment for the entire family.

Although a full decade has passed since the end of World War II, so-called "tribute" pictures still seem to be the order of the day. *The McConnell Story* (Warners, CinemaScope, Warner Color, Gordon Douglas) brings us the story of Joseph McConnell, Jr., veteran flier, World War II navigator, jet ace in the Korean conflict, and, more recently, a test pilot killed during the test run of a jet plane. It is a simple story, told in a straightforward manner.

In *The Dam Busters* (Warners, Michael Anderson) a fine British cast re-creates a stirring incident from the heroic exploits of Britain's RAF during the war against Nazi Germany. Michael Redgrave plays the role of the scientist who invented the "bouncing bomb." He does so with fine success. Richard Todd is equally good as commander of the specially trained fliers who dropped the bomb on strategically important German dams.

Months ago press releases ecstatically announced that Bette Davis had shaved her head in the interest of realism in her portrayal of England's Good Queen Bess. You may recall that Miss Davis played the role of Elizabeth in an earlier film. This was *The Private Lives of Elizabeth and Essex,* released in 1939. I must confess that I have only vague memories of Bette's performance in this earlier film, but I am confident that it could not conceivably have been worse than her performance in *The Virgin Queen* (20th Century-Fox, CinemaScope, Charles Brackett). Here Miss Davis, regally gowned and wearing an exaggerated wig, struts and lurches about with great abandon. Her speech is marked by what I suppose could be called an Irish brogue. Why? I wonder. Richard Todd is a dashing and valiant Sir Walter Raleigh, and lovely Joan Collins is seen as his one true love. The film is beautifully and lavishly mounted, and De Luxe Color does full justice to the magnificent costumes of the period. Such a waste!

Although *To Catch a Thief* (Paramount, Vista Vision, Alfred Hitchcock) falls short of the high standard of excellence achieved by Mr. Hitchcock in other releases, it is still superior to the average whodunit. Some of the dialogue seemed to me to be not only dangerously near the borderline of good taste but pointless and dull. The charm and beauty of the French Riviera

has been successfully captured in superb technicolor.

Katharine Hepburn returns to the screen in *Summertime* (Lopert, United Artists, David Lean), adapted from Arthur Laurents' hit play *The Time of the Cuckoo.* Miss Hepburn is both charming and convincing as the lonely spinster from Akron, Ohio, who finds excitement, romance, and heartbreak in ancient Venice. Plays which present immorality in pleasing aspects and with dialogue which attempts to justify deviations from accepted moral standards are, unfortunately, commonplace both on the screen and on the legitimate stage. Usually they are presented as "adult" entertainment, and, almost always, they are not "adult" at all. *Summertime* falls into this category. The film is distinguished by its richly glowing Eastman Color photography, which brings to life Venice, the Island of Burano, and the colorful Adriatic.

The saga of the West and Southwest continues to unfold on the silver screen. *The Man from Laramie* (Columbia, Anthony Mann) presents James Stewart as a stalwart foe of evil men who sell firearms to Indians. *The Kentuckian* (Universal-International, Burt Lancaster) stars Mr. Lancaster in a slow-moving tale which takes us from the hills of Kentucky to the plains of Texas, "where a man can breathe, partner." *Wichita* (Allied Artists, Jacques Tourneur) features Joel McCrea as Wyatt Earp in the marshall's struggle to bring law and order into a new and lawless community. These films have one thing in common —magnificent locales, magnificently photographed in color for the big screen.

Humphrey Bogart, Aldo Ray, and Peter Ustinov are the stars in *We're No Angels* (Paramount, Michael Curtiz), a curious and whimsical tale about the adventures of three convicts who escape from Devil's Island. Dull in spite of the efforts of a good cast.

Hong-Kong is the fascinating backdrop for *Love Is a Many-Splendored Thing* (20th Century-Fox, Henry King) a high-flown and syrupy story of love, conflict, and sacrifice based on Han Suyin's autobiographical novel with the same title. Those who weep easily will need at least two hankies. Those who dislike drivel and sentimental bosh will mourn as I did—over a wasted afternoon or evening.

A Minority Report

By VICTOR F. HOFFMANN

Election Time

This is an unpleasant time of the year for the Democrats in our town. At this time of the year after a given number of years we hold elections for mayor and councilmen. Only unfrequently do Democrats in our town win elections. Several years ago a Democrat did win the mayor's chair but only because he worked hard and because the Republicans fought among themselves. The Republicans are still fighting among themselves but the fights are not permitted to interfere with the winning of victories at the polls.

Only spasmodically do the Democrats in our town gird themselves for anything like a concerted effort. Of course there is a hard core nucleus of the part faithful that works hard, understands politics and issues, and is dedicated to political participation. By and large, the members of this nucleus are honest politicians and persons of integrity. The Democrats in my town have little enough power to create an organization and certainly not enough to organize for corrupt activities. If they were organized, they still could not get on a "gravy-train" run by the Republicans in my town. In short, there is much essential political work that is not being done by the Democrats in my town—or is being done haphazardly. We have few candidates. We have little money. We have few workers and some who pay lip-service by coming to meetings. With the exception of a few died-in-the-wool Demo-

crats, not one Democrat has offered to help our county chairman live his life of quiet desperation. Our poll books, I suspect, are not up-to-date and sometimes one does not know therefore how to establish accurate records.

The Democrats in my county can sympathize with the Republicans during the long Democratic regime in Washington.

The Place of The Minority

The Democratic minority here operates with some advantages. Its members do not have to worry about "hangers-on." "Hangers-on" range from politicians' wives who do now and then demand favors to the guys on the corners who want special considerations for their corners—and to the more obvious seekers of gravy. The Democrats in this respect are relegated to the ashcan of oblivion because they simply have nothing to offer.

It is at this point of bearing responsibility that the Democratic minority has the highest obligation. Parties in the United States are preoccupied with victory. When one party has a long record of victory, the minority party settles into indifference, an indifference caused by the reverse preoccupation with loss and by the refusal to accept any goal other than victory. When one party has a long record of victory, that party settles into an apathy of a dog who just eats and eats. This also leads to a dangerous sluggishness. I suspect, for example, that the poll books of the Republicans in our town are about as haphazard as those of the Democrats.

The party out of power, dedicated to the general welfare of the community, should at the very least be the party of loyal opposition. To many politicians in the party of the "outs", a successful campaign consists in pointing out the weak personalities and the weakness of personalities among the party of the in-group. This in so many cases is usually an indication that the minority party has no clear understanding of the issues and of the operation of local government. When there is no such understanding and knowledge, one can always attack personalities. Slander as most of us know can often be the result of a lack of knowledge.

The Loyal Opposition

The loyal opposition in our town faces some real difficulties.

In the first place, slander of the opponents is embarrassing since many of the friends of the Democrats are Republicans. This columnist for one thinks that in many respects the Republicans have given us some pretty good government. Of course there are some dead-beats in the G.O.P. administration. But the Democratic party is not altogether comprised of angels unless people who see nothing, hear nothing, and do nothing are Democrats, or angels.

In the second place, the incumbents who work with government from day to day are bound to know more about government than the "outs." For example, it is characteristic of the minority in my town to say that the G.O.P. administration spends too much money and spends it unwisely at times. "Taxes are too high" is a good slogan in my town and in any town for that matter. The stereotype is of no value if the minority knows little about the tax structure, the tax sources, the collection and allocation of revenue, and about the budget. Until the minority knows about these things, the minority cannot employ its critical faculties with much effect and with much integrity. This knowledge of issues and government is necessary to win elections and above all to contribute to the common good of a decent community.

And then, of course, a strong and loyal opposition is necessary to keep the incumbents on their toes. A loyal opposition that knows the issues and government will force the incumbents to a better knowledge and to a sharper consideration of the duties and obligations at hand. There seems at times to be as much indifference and apathy among the Republicans as there is among the Democrats. It appears to this columnist that the voters in our town vote automatically without much regard to the issues involved. The Democrats have voted automatically because they have always voted Democratic. The Republicans vote automatically for the same reasons. Hardly anyone pays attention to the independent and doubtful voters. If the total vote in our town could be mobilized, the Republicans and Democrats would perhaps discover to their amazement that the Republicans are not as strong as it appears on the surface. A pilot study conducted by members of a class in public opinion would indicate as much.

The Matter of Communication

There has been poor communication between the G.O.P. administration and the citizens. Now and then—especially around election time—the Republicans make some gestures to the citizens, to contacting organizations, and to telling the people why this and that has been done. The newspaper in our town—which has been very fair to me in nearly all respects—does what any newspaper can do, i.e., report in brief and concise style the events that are of contemporary significance. The newspaper cannot report the total picture. It cannot be a substitute for the sometimes boring and tedious process of learning the detailed facts. Neither the Democratic or the Republican party in this town maintain a close contact with the citizens. The newspaper cannot be a substitute for the long and arduous task of ringing doorbells and talking to people.

The loyal opposition can do much to alter this situation. It can at the very least ring doorbells and talk to people wherever and whenever. It can go to council meetings, to plan commission meetings, to open hearings and the like. A Democratic minority, or any minority based on loyalty and integrity, has an obligation above victories. A G.O.P. majority has more to do than rest on its victories and to reward the faithful. The citizens ought to be told with honesty and forthrightness. Domestic peace and the general welfare of the community are involved. This is the essential ingredient of party responsibility.

VENDEDOR del ESOTERIC

Mummies are merchandise sold at an auction,
Who'll bid a quarter for some?
History sits on the shelf of antique shops
And Pharoah is bought for a crumb.

Galaxies hurdle through selion space
Without caring how we behave...
La, we are splendid on top of these ashes
And pompous over our grave.

Pulpits are wealthy in borrowed excellence
Yet, when their discoursing is done,
They never disclose all the mystery wound
Round spots that wander the sun.

So, purchase my ticket and travel my road
To an ancient self-discipline
That leads to the stars and a future of man
They laugh at as feeding the wind.

—M. KILPATRICK

POLYGLOT IN SUBLIME

The eye is brimming with the caustic light
to see the world as it stands
to see
the tree as it stands above fable
rooted in the caustic light

The leaf is center broken beyond sight
the world standing in amiable muddle
the world
straddling its inconsciousable fences
dwelling in a realm beyond sight

The orbit dips to a capricious realm
wrinkling the sun like crackling foil
wrinkling
the hours in dewey lacerations
damning the meticulous to a capricious realm

The seeing wafts the mind to rebuff
the allegories the old ones sanction
the allegories
the sun has ripened in its caustic light
playing on phantoms the mind must rebuff

—JUDSON CREWS

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The Editor's Lamp

PROBLEMS

CONTRIBUTORS

FINAL NOTES

On the other side of this page, we have printed what we hope is a convenient form for ordering or renewing Christmas gift subscriptions for the CRESSET. While the form provides room for only three such subscriptions, there is no limitation upon the number of orders we would honor from any individual subscriber.

We think it may be in order once more to suggest remembering pastors and teachers with the CRESSET or with some other magazine which will help to keep them mentally alive under the fatiguing burdens of their office. We sometimes wonder whether any of us laymen can ever really understand what it is like for the pastor, simply as a professional man, to be the only representative of his profession in his community of service. The lawyer, as a lawyer, deals daily with colleagues in his profession. The business man is in constant communication with other business men. The pastor, as a theologian, has only very occasional contact with other theologically-trained men and is, accordingly, faced with the alternative of losing contact with his field altogether, or maintaining that contact through reading.

We have had several requests, mostly from one family in Xanadu, Nebr., to collect the letters of our correspondent, G.G., into a volume suitable for mailing in a plain wrapper. We would be interested to know whether there actually is any considerable demand for such a book. (By demand, we mean a willingness to buy.) If there is, we might consider approaching a publisher with the suggestion.

We have also had (legitimate) requests for specific copies of back numbers of the CRESSET. It is our policy to provide such copies without cost to pastors, teachers, and professors at theological schools, as long as the supply lasts. Non-clergy requests should be accompanied by a dime to cover costs of handling.

We are happy to have among our writers this month a former managing editor of the CRESSET, Dr. Jaroslav J. Pelikan, who has progressed from journalism to the writing of theological works which have been highly acclaimed by his fellow-theologians. As author of the greatly-respected *From Luther to Kierkegaard,* Dr. Pelikan is particularly qualified to lay a wreath, on behalf of all of us, on the grave of the noble Dane.