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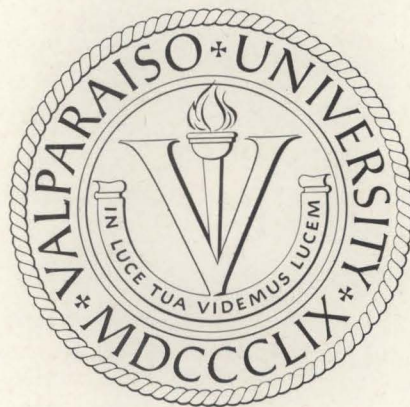


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The
Cresset

A REVIEW OF LITERATURE,
THE ARTS, AND PUBLIC AFFAIRS



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The
Cresset

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Cresset

In Luce Tua

Comment on the Significant News by the Editors

For the Record

Our attention has been called to the fact that in certain areas rumors have been circulating that *The Cresset* has endorsed Senator John F. Kennedy for the presidency. In order to set the record straight it should be noted 1) that we have expressed our editorial judgment that a candidate's adherence to the Roman Catholic religion is not, in itself, adequate reason for deciding whether he is fit or unfit for public office; and 2) that we have not endorsed, are not endorsing, and do not intend to endorse any candidate for the presidency.

It has been noted in our pages as a matter of fact that Senator Kennedy is a capable and attractive young man and that he appears to be the strongest contender for the Democratic nomination at the present time. If Senator Kennedy should receive the nomination, the case for his election will be presented in our October issue by someone favorable to his cause — just as the case for the Republican nominee, presumably Mr. Nixon, will be presented by one of his partisans.

"With What Measure Ye Mete . . ."

One of the books we grew up on was entitled *A Universal Compendium of Human Knowledge*. It was a thick book and it was printed in very small type and it dealt with all sorts of things. But knowledge is not, in itself, wisdom, as many of us have learned at considerable expense; and a universal compendium of human wisdom would not, we think, need to run to many pages. We think that it might even be possible to make a very good start on it in one paragraph, a paragraph which would run something along the lines of the following:

"God is love and whosoever believes on His Son shall not perish but have everlasting life. Two plus two equals four in all matters that lie within man's competence to judge, but in the mathematics of faith three are one. A continuing excess of expenditure

over income results in bankruptcy. No man can serve two masters. Ye shall surely die. He that findeth a wife findeth a good thing. Every action has its equal and opposite reaction. Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall. All men are liars. The man who can not love his brother, whom he has seen, can not love God, whom he has not seen. Children are an heritage of the Lord. Unto him that hath shall be given and from him that hath not shall it be taken away. Who loves not women, wine, and song remains a fool his whole life long. Our hearts were made for God and they are restless until they rest in Him. There is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother. All is vanity. The Kingdom ours remaineth."

This, we submit, is wisdom: to know that the truth which bears the endorsement of God and of experience is no secret to be ferreted out by each generation in its turn but the transparently evident, indeed the stuff of which cliches are made. It is the function of a prophet to know what proverb his generation has forgotten.

What started this line of thought was a newspaper report of the disturbances in the Union of South Africa. The angry refusal of South African Negroes to tolerate any longer the indignities which have been visited upon them by the purblind leaders of that unhappy country was fully predictable as long as ten years ago. Apartheid, whether of the jack-booted Boer variety or the American restrictive-covenant variety, is born of hate and, by its very nature, begets hate. And once a cycle of hate has been set in motion, only some special act of Divine mercy can break it.

The cliché which these tragic events in South Africa calls to mind is the word of our Lord: "With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again." This is a frightening thought — for the South African, for the American Southerner, for the big city real estate operator who traffics in panic, for the suburban liberal who has nothing against the Negro as long as he stays out of his village. For the measure with which

we mete is almost always the measure of a burden, a burden which we are quite content to lay upon others but which, when others lay it upon us, we call a cross.

Not the Answer

Yes, we have read Dr. Grayson Kirk's article in which he maintains that students shouldn't have to take more than three years to complete college. No, we don't think much of his ideas. It all depends, of course, on what you mean by a college education.

If a college degree stands for nothing more than having completed a certain number of credit hours, properly distributed, with an average grade of C or better it may very well be that three years will allow ample time to meet the requirements. A young man who sees in the *artium baccalaureus* nothing more than an irritating prerequisite to the twenty-second floor desk, the medium-priced car, and the all brk. ranch-style hse., 3 bdrm., firepl. obviously does not need or want any such fripperies as a summer vacation or a Christmas recess or, possibly, even a long week-end. The great thing is to grab that sheepskin and get going before everybody else beats you to the trough. For such an "education" three years is not only plenty of time; it may be considerably more time than is actually needed to accomplish its limited objectives.

But learning happens, if at all, in an atmosphere of leisure. It is more likely to be transmitted through conversation than through lectures. Its habitat is more commonly the library than the classroom. People can be trained en masse, like monkeys, to perform certain physical or mental tricks, to respond to certain stimuli, to make certain noises on command or to arrange certain forms into assigned patterns. They learn singly and slowly, and with much pain, to prefer Bach to Ethelbert Nevin, Shakespeare to Mickey Spillane, theology to magic, the cheerless truth to the pleasant lie.

Dr. Kirk is distressed by the inefficiency of this process and by the resulting high costs. And well he might be, for a very large percentage of these costs is made up indirectly by faculty members, whose salary levels are set by the size of the university deficit. But we do not think that the solution he proposes is consistent with his own high standards of educational excellence or with the expectations of the serious minded student. In the greatest and most determinative experiences of life — gestation, courtship, education — time just will not be hurried along, and the attempt to do so produces either an abortion or an assault or the kind of witless wonder whose ignorance is the more dangerous for being hidden behind an academic degree.

Confession

We were among the lucky three out of every four citizens who did not have to fill out the long household questionnaire for the census. But we had a chance to look at one of these forms, and what we saw started us thinking.

Just the week before, one of the women's organizations had sponsored a one-day retreat at our church, in connection with which its members were given an opportunity to go to confession. Not many availed themselves of the opportunity, and this we can understand because we are not at all anxious ourself to make another person privy to the secrets of our heart, even though that person be a minister of God.

But the privacy which we guard so jealously against the spiritual concern of the church we surrender without a complaint to the economic curiosity of the state. In the heyday of its power the Church never demanded a more thorough-going revelation of the private business of its children than the state routinely demands of its citizens on or before the fifteenth of April each year. And if a pastor were to ask his people for the kind of information which they are furnishing on the household questionnaire he would be out of office within a month.

Our present interest is not in starting an argument with the Bureau of Internal Revenue or the Census Bureau. We can understand why they have to have the information they ask for and insofar as we can understand their questions we try to answer them honestly. If the state wants to know not only how much we gave to benevolent causes last year, but also precisely what amount we gave to each cause, we tell it. But if a member of the board of elders asked the same question we would get red in the face and tell him to mind his own business.

And this is what strikes us as strange about this whole business. As we have expanded the area of our lives into which we permit the state to intrude we have contracted the area which we are willing to expose to our brothers and sisters in Christ. With little or no complaint we send our children off to serve the state full-time for periods of six to eighteen months but we resent an hour on a Saturday morning for catechetical instruction. We congratulate ourselves on getting off lightly if the state takes less than twenty per cent of our income in taxes, but we bridle at the suggestion of ten per cent as a reasonable gift toward the needs of the Church.

"One nation under God," we are now required to say in the Pledge of Allegiance. Just who is this "God," we might ask, that the Pledge has reference to?

AD LIB.

Concerning Committees

BY ALFRED R. LOOMAN



Was that group of Indians which met Columbus when he landed an organized welcoming committee? If not, when did this passion for committees begin in America, and why is it that the whole world is run by committees? These and similar questions ran through my mind the other day when I was sitting in what seemed to be my fiftieth committee meeting of that week.

It came as a surprise to me then that most of the decisions affecting our lives are the result of committee action. Congress passes no laws not reported out by committees and the President has committees advising him. The United Nations is a super-committee composed of many committees. The economic world, and now also the social world, are as dominated by committees as the political.

This is, I suppose, the price we pay for bigness. As the world has grown and its problems become more complex, no one person is sufficiently informed to make decisions. But some feel that one of the reasons for committee action is that we have fewer persons who are willing or able to make decisions. It is true that not many years ago a tycoon could make a decision in seconds that affected millions of dollars and/or people, while today it takes a lengthy committee meeting of organization men to come up with a decision.

My grandfather was an active man, but I can't remember his going to committee meetings two and three nights a week as his grandson does. One thing for sure, he could make up his mind on any matter and, once made up, that mind was not subject to much change. He wouldn't, in other words, have made a very good committee member anyway.

What amazes me is that committees get anything done at all considering the variety of types that make up the average committee. An objective observer would feel everyone present was trying to sabotage the project under discussion. So frequently, confusion reigns; and yet, some fairly clear solutions evolve from this madness.

But take a look at some of the types represented on committees. First, there is the man who wants to discuss all the details before the motion is voted on. He is not necessarily against it, but he wants to be assured that all eventualities are covered. He is the first one to ask, "But what if it rains?" Next to him sits a man

who is against almost every proposal that he did not bring up himself. He foresees doom for the event unless his own advice is followed.

Across the table sits an authority on past history. He will tell the group that this project was handled in a certain way for the past ten years and he can see no reason for changing it now. He has many examples of committees that tried something different and failed in their attempt.

Next to him, the one waving his hand to get the chairman's attention, is the man who has something very pertinent to say. While he begins to discuss the project under discussion, after three sentences he has started to wander off on an entirely different subject, airing several pet peeves along the way. His talk, fortunately, comes to an abrupt halt when he realizes he has forgotten what he planned to say next.

Not so the fellow at the end of the table. This chatter is getting on his nerves. He had the right solution, has outlined it to the members present, and is now extremely impatient of any further debate. His impatience is emphasized by his actions, which include scraping his chair back, giving off low groaning sounds and exaggerated sighs, and rolling the pupils of his eyes way back when someone else asks to speak.

The ideal chairman is not supposed to be noticed. He gets others to speak. Many chairmen are ideal but this is accidental. Too often, once the subject is on the floor, the chairman is ignored and chaos takes over. When it is time for the question, the chairman comes into his own and calls for the vote. Based on the discussion, he can presume the motion will fail, but, of course, it is passed unanimously.

A tense moment of silence follows as a rule, and then one member present, who has said nothing during the previous discussion, suddenly has found many reasons why the motion just passed is not the best solution and now wants the whole matter discussed again. And so it goes.

Out of all this confusion come some fairly good decisions. How they are arrived at I've never determined. But the group decision is almost always better than any individual decision would have been. Surprisingly, committees can come up with reasonable solutions for some of the most complex and seemingly insoluble problems.

Biblical Faith and Liberal Education

BY J. COERT RYLAARSDAM

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The history of the relation between Christian faith or the Church and liberal education or the college makes a very instructive story, not least of all in America. What the story points to is the fact that they stand in a paradoxical relation to one another. Between biblical faith and liberal education there is a ceaseless tension in which the weight is always shifting. This tension may have its moments of equilibrium, but it allows for no final solution or rest. Often the balance is lost almost completely; now one and now the other tries to usurp the role of its opposite number. And there are even moments when each tries to get along without the other or to deny its legitimacy. But the very violence that is always so typical of these moments of alternate suppression or of mutual rejection is also proof that the tie between faith and learning in the Christian tradition of the West can not really be broken. This inseparability is a further sign of the tension that points to their paradoxical relationship.

In a few moments we may examine some the specific ways in which, now from one side and now from the other, the Church and the college have stood in each other's way in the past and will probably continue to do so in the future. But first we must look at each one of them separately, in terms of their own proper center and special function, for it is only in this way that we can hope to understand the nature of the tension between them and grasp some of the reasons why their mutual relationship gets out of balance over and over again, — now in one way and now in another.

Christian faith is theocentric. It looks at everything from God's point of view. The proclamation of the church begins and ends by bearing witness to the work and action of the living God. Man and his world are viewed from the standpoint of what God is and does. And what the Bible always insists on is that the God who is the center of the world of meaning which Christian faith affirms reveals Himself to men. Men do not discover God; God comes to men. The Bible was written by men to whom God had come; and it bears witness to their faith that He had revealed Himself. The arresting fact is that the Bible says that God made Himself known, first of all, not in ideas but in deeds. The community of believers is a community that is the outcome and sign of the redeeming act of God to which it bears witness. Revelation rests on redemption and is affirmed in the response of faith which it evokes.

For the Bible the great redeeming acts of God in

which He makes Himself known are not in the first instance a form of intellectual understanding, as a good many classical theologians seemed to intimate. Nor are they, in the first instance, a type of personal or psychological experience, as very many Christians today commonly assume. For the Bible the great acts of God in which He makes Himself known are first of all historical events. It is in history that God reveals Himself; and it is to an historical occurrence that faith points when it bears its testimony. — It must be noted that the Bible itself is a history. — An historical event is different from an idea or a personal experience. It is an objective structure. It involves the whole network of relationships, material as well as spiritual, impersonal as well as volitional that sum up the orders of creation, whether natural or historical. When the Old Testament wants to bear witness to the revelation of God it points to the exodus of the slaves from bondage in Egypt, a material occurrence in history. And when the New Testament bears witness to God's redemptive action it points to the career of Jesus in Whom, as St. Luke puts it, "God has visited and redeemed his people" and Whom faith therefore proclaims as Jesus Christ.

It is important to remember that the Bible's testimony that God has disclosed Himself in historical events is a testimony borne by faith. Only the Israelite community of faith described the Hebrews' escape from slavery as an act of God in which God triumphed over the Pharaoh and disclosed Himself not only as the LORD of that tyrant but of all tyrants yet unborn. The material event, as such, did not demand the interpretation faith put upon it. Indeed, in the context in which it is made, the testimony of faith that God had annihilated Egypt is amazing. For we must remember that concretely the departure of the Israelites caused no apparent ripple in the empire of Egypt. That empire lasted for centuries more; it often threatened the security of little Israel and occasionally invaded its borders. In the New Testament also the historical event of revelation and redemption is likewise proclaimed "from faith to faith." Human eyes beheld our Lord in weakness — as a little baby and as a man on a cross; but in His Epiphany and in His session at God's right hand faith proclaims Him as the triumphant King. There is a sense in which the greatest miracle is the miracle of faith itself. Nevertheless, there is an objective and historical side to this event of faith; the actual forms of nature and history are essential to the revela-

tion. Egypt was a real country; the escape was a real thing; and our Lord was "crucified also for us under Pontius Pilate."

In the Bible there is a real gap between fact and faith. Nevertheless fact has meaning for faith; God is at work by means of what we moderns call the structures and processes of nature and history. The meaning of His disclosure is not contained in these forms of time and space as such. It is affirmed in faith. Yet they do have a meaning, for they serve the purpose of the action of God that faith affirms. The Bible makes no attempt to define the meaning of nature and history except in this ultimate sense in which they are directly serviceable to the redeeming purpose of God.

The Purpose of Things

Well, you say, if that is the way it is — if the Bible defines the meaning of nature and history only in terms of their significance for the revelation of God affirmed in faith — do we still need the College? And my first point in response is that in Israel there were no liberal art colleges. The ancient writers of Scripture were not interested in an analysis of the phenomena of nature and history, to understand them in terms of what they are in and of themselves. Ancient Israel developed neither science nor philosophy; for what science and philosophy are about is the understanding of the universe in terms of itself. What always startles me is that the Bible pays little attention to or is even unaware of the interrelated and structured character of the phenomena of nature and history. The genetic line of cause and effect that directs their processes does not become an object of serious analysis. To be sure, there are a few casual hints. For example, in the first chapter of Genesis we read that "the earth brought forth vegetation, plants yielding seed according to their own kinds, and trees bearing fruit in which is their seed, each according to its kind." But this little observation is all the more delightful precisely because it was probably not intended as a sort of an elementary lesson in the science of botany.

The Bible's characteristic way of dealing with the phenomena of nature and history, whether these be primarily the product of human volition or of impersonal processes, is to relate them individually and directly to the action of God and to define their meaning in terms of His purpose. The sun does not reappear each morning by virtue of what we call a natural law; it reappears because God wills it — each morning. "He maketh his sun to rise." It is the sign of the power of God and of His constancy. The waters of the sea do not stay where they are by virtue of the law of gravity; they stay where they are because it is the will of God that the shore be their limit. And they obey. Drouth and rainfall are not subject to the cycles of nature statistically tabulated; they are expressions of divine decisions, whether in judgment or in blessing. The coming of

the Assyrian is not the outcome of an inexorable process of imperial expansion which, once begun, must run its course, following its own laws; it is effected by the call of God, Who needs the brutal Assyrian as a means to discipline His own people. The starry heavens are not endowed with an intrinsic aesthetic quality of their own to which man can respond for its own sake; they declare the glory of God. One could go on. All phenomena are given a theocentric interpretation solely, directly, and individually. One is not concerned with what they are in themselves or for one another; one is concerned with their meaning for the ultimate purpose they serve. And this purpose is an affirmation of faith.

The Secondary Meanings of Existence

What should be abundantly clear from this review is that the reason that there were no liberal arts colleges in ancient Israel was not because they were too expensive, but because there was no need for them. And there was no need for them because there was no interest in studying the phenomena of the created universe for their own sake; nature, history, and man were interpreted directly in terms of their ultimate significance for faith. When *we* say that God makes the sun rise we mean that the tremendous structures of astronomical and cosmic law that order our universe are in their entirety at the service of God's redeeming purpose; but we are at the same time aware that these structures have intrinsic to them a quasi-deterministic significance that is a source of real meaning, not only for the understanding of our own situation but even for our understanding of God and the manner of His working. This secondary but nonetheless significant meaning and role of the world of nature and history the ancient Israelite was not seriously aware of. When he said, "God makes his sun rise," he did not have to think of natural law at the same time. When he said that God has called the Assyrian he did not have to square his statement with the element of truth contained in the thesis of geo-political determinism, — nor any other thesis by which men interpret history as a structural entity.

We live by the same faith as ancient Israel; but we do not live in the same culture. That is why we need a Christian college or university, even though the people who wrote the Old Testament would not have known what to do with it. We are the heirs of Athens as well as of Jerusalem. We live in a culture that not only assigns a great place to science and philosophy, but in which the scientific and philosophical habits of thinking have cut deep grooves. It isn't natural for us to think theocentrically right off the bat, so to speak. We do not say "God makes his sun come up," except in Church. We say "The sun rose." The undergraduates do not say "God brought us to Valparaiso," at least not in everyday speech; they say, "We decided

to go to college." We live in a culture which is first of all anthropocentric and which can be theocentric only in an indirect way, via its earth-centeredness and man-centeredness. That is why it would do the cause of faith no good to try to bring the biblical statement, "God makes his sun rise," back into popular usage today; that would be artificial from start to finish. It would make faith uncommunicable. Our statements about the ultimate meaning of the world God has made as the instrument of His purposes, can only be relevant if they take into account its secondary meanings discovered by the scientist and the philosopher. If biblical faith is to ring true today, if it is to be relevant, it must take up into itself and assimilate the meanings discovered by our man-centered culture. Today the ancient faith of Israel does need the liberal arts college. The Church does need the University.

The liberal arts college is dedicated to the study of man and of the world over which God has assigned him dominion. What is the meaning of every part of it? and of all of it together? in terms of what it is in itself? The interrelatedness of all phenomena is broken up into great areas relatively separate from one another: physical sciences, humanities, social sciences, etc. Each one of these is broken down into further countless subdivisions, especially by the librarians! What is the intrinsic meaning of the phenomena in their separation? and in their interrelatedness? And what is their meaning for man in terms of his self-understanding and his own purposes? By means of science and philosophy the college explores the man-centered secondary meanings of existence so that faith which proclaims its ultimate meaning may know how to fill its proclamation with content relevant for a culture saturated with the spirit of science and philosophy.

The Clericalist Blight

We have come back to the paradoxical nature of the relation between Christian faith and liberal learning. Christian faith rests on God's self revelation; liberal learning revolves around man and his quest for meaning. Inevitably these two activities stand in tension with on another. There are those who feel that because our faith received its first documentation in a culture that was neither scientific nor philosophical liberal learning is a form of apostasy. They are the modern equivalents of the ancient Rechabites in Israel who thought that since God had first come to them when they were tent-dwelling nomads it would be wrong ever to build houses. And there are those who think that because it had its inception in a culture that lacked philosophy as well as science our faith is out of date. Both have missed the meaning of the freedom of God. Both have blurred the distinction between Creator and creature, between faith and form. Both have confused the revealing work of God with the inadequate, earthen vessels in which men must perforce bear wit-

ness to it. The Amish farmer who refuses to let his child go to school beyond the eighth grade and the scientist for whom Christian faith is outmoded because it was first professed in a non-scientific culture are really together in one and the same boat, even though they sit in opposite ends of it!

An English translation of a book by Pere Congar, the great Dominican theologian of France today, appeared some time ago under the title, *Lay People in the Church*. In one chapter of this book he defines the vocation of the Christian layman as a preoccupation with the secondary role of nature and history. The implication, of course, is that the clergy are preoccupied with their primary role; i.e., their ultimate meaning in the light of faith. Naturally, Congar's sharp distinction between the role of laity and clergy is a bit foreign to our way of thinking. But what he stands for is sound. If Christian faith and liberal learning are going to be a help to each other, there must be what he calls Christian preoccupation with the secondary meanings; i.e., Christians must be concerned with the role of science and philosophy not directly or solely, for the sake of faith and the church; but, indirectly, for the sake of man and the culture. Being a Frenchman, Congar knows all about clericalism and the damage it has done both to church and culture. The heart of clericalism is the unwillingness to be liberal about learning; clericalism is so anxious to have nature and history say something about God that the forms of faith already say that it can not first wait to let nature and history tell their own story in their own way. The end of the matter is that creation is silenced; it is permitted to say nothing of a secondary meaning and so it can not say anything new about an ultimate meaning. Clericalism is known under a variety of names. The boy who said he was going to stop studying the ages of the rocks and start studying the Rock of Ages will surely never become a geologist. But, unless somewhere along his way he learns to ponder the significance of what the rocks have said to the geologist, he can not become a fully relevant theologian either. Clericalism stymies liberal learning; it also makes the truth of the faith increasingly difficult to communicate.

The Secularist Blight

If what I have called clericalism represents one barren extreme of the perennial tension between Christian faith and liberal learning, secularism is the other barren extreme. Secularism tries to lift selected relative truths and secondary meanings to the level of ultimate significance. Fact is equated with faith and mystery is excluded. The meaning of the structures of nature and history is defined in terms of what man can or can not do with them or about them. The faith that nature and history, including the purposes of man and the use it can make of his world can have their ultimate meaning in the purpose of God, is abandoned. And with its

abandonment goes the only real security against intolerance and fanaticism. The human spirit vacillates wildly between euphoria and despair when the ultimate meaning of existence is spelled out in terms of the meanings man has discovered or thinks he has discovered. When I was an undergraduate, the effect of scientific discovery upon the spirit of man was still exhilarating. We still read Swinburne, "Glory to Man in the Highest." Today the results of human discovery upon the spirit of man is depressing to the point of despair. What Swinburne was to my generation of students Robinson Jeffers . . . "Be Angry at the Sun" . . . is today. Both are pagan; but they show opposite sides of the same coin. The fruit of secularism is either demonism or nihilism.

The Pietist Blight

There is finally a third way in which the proper equilibrium of the tension between faith and learning is disturbed. It would be more correct to say that in this case the effort is made to wipe out the tension by trying to keep the two from touching each other. This is the way of pietism and it is by far the most common form of aberration with which church and college must contend in Protestant America. It stems from a view of Christian faith that subjectivizes revelation. It can not take seriously the historical character of revelation. For pietism God speaks directly to human hearts, to individuals. He makes no use of the material structures of creation except, perhaps, the human psyche. The outcome of revelation is not a community which utters a confession and points to an objective, historical occurrence that called it into being. Revelation is reduced to a testimony told by an individual about the transformation of his own life in its experience of the love of God. What this means is that, with the possible exception of psychology, the sciences that deal with the structures of nature and history are no longer dealing with phenomena that are the instrument of the work of God in revelation and redemption. One may, of course, study these phenomena for the sake of practical human ends; but one does not consult the results of the study as a means of providing the faith that one proclaims with content. The meaning of the world for man ceases to have any bearing upon the ultimate meaning of the world of faith. Thus there is a split between science and philosophy on the one hand, and faith on the other. People live in two worlds instead of in one world, and the only connection between the two is the human being who pays tribute to both. Sometimes, as in the last generation, he thinks of himself as scientist or philosopher whose professional competence or industry is a mark of his piety; and at other times, as quite commonly today, especially in Washington, he thinks that his piety can guarantee his professional competence. But the tension of the paradoxical relation is broken, for the material universe — in nature

and in history — which is the arena in which man makes his quest for meaning is no longer the instrument by which God makes himself known. Since pietism discards its ultimate meaning for God, the meaning of the created world for man no longer has any reference beyond man. Pietism loses the meaning of God as Creator in its preoccupation with man's *experience* of God as Redeemer. Faith and learning meet and pass each other by without reciprocal engagement. So learning is secularized and faith is reduced to experience, ever more subjective and increasingly sentimental.

The Vitality of Faith

We must come to a summing up. The variety and nature of the forms of unbalance or dissolution in the paradoxical relation between faith and learning we have cited, should point the way to a healthy equilibrium for the tension. But they can no more than point the way. Just because the relation between Christian faith and liberal education is a paradoxical one there never can be any ready-made recipes, prepared in advance and on the outside, like a blueprint, by means of which we could maintain a proper balance in the tension between them. The forms of a proper balance are never constant; they are always changing. We must live by faith throughout and remember that "sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." But an analysis such as we have attempted should leave us with some pointers. What are they?

Christian faith has its role to play; and liberal education has another role to play. Each must play its role. The College must never try to be the Church; nor must the Church try to play the role of the College. The Church must look at the world with the eye of faith and proclaim and interpret its ultimate meaning for God in an affirmation of faith. The College must look at the world from a man-centered position and discover what for faith is its penultimate meaning. But each needs the other. Christian faith reminds the college that all human discovery and all human formulations, including theological formulation, fall short of the ultimate meaning, which must remain an affirmation of faith. Liberal learning enables faith to seek understanding so that it may express itself in forms that are both relevant and communicable.

The health and stability of a culture finally depends on a faith that so permeates it that it can refashion its form without losing its soul. And the relevance of faith (Church) depends upon its capacity to assimilate the patterns of the culture in which it exists and use them as illustrations of its confession that God is Lord of all and uses all in His own way for His own purpose. When we grasp the paradoxical relation of faith and learning and let each play its own role in behalf of the other, we shall never fail to find fresh and relevant meaning for our ancient mottoes, "Sola Fide" and "per omnia soli Deo gloria."

Aulen and Nygren--A Pair of Theological "Greats"

BY THOMAS COATES

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When the history of twentieth century theology is written, the names of two great Swedish Lutheran churchmen will stand in the very front ranks. And if this appraisal is narrowed to the history of Lutheran theological achievement in this century — or, for that matter, to the whole history of Lutheran theology since the Reformation — the preeminence of these same two men will be all the more evident.

These two titans of contemporary Lutheran theology are Anders Nygren and Gustaf Aulen. Both are Swedish. Both are associated with the University of Lund and with the noted school of Luther research to which this university has given its name. Both are disciples of the famous Swedish churchman of the last generation, Archbishop Nathan Soederblom. Both are scholars of the first magnitude. Both were raised to positions of ecclesiastical authority in the Swedish Church: Aulen as bishop of Strangnas and Nygren as bishop of Lund. Both have been prominent in the ecumenical movement: Aulen was a leader in the Faith and Order Conferences which led to the organization of the World Council of Churches; Nygren served a five-year term as president of the Lutheran World Federation and has played a leading role in the unification of world Lutheranism. Both are the authors of classic theological works, including Aulen's *Faith of the Christian Church* and *Christus Victor* and Nygren's *Agape and Eros* and *The Gospel of God*. Both are honored as the "elder statesmen" of world Lutheranism in our time — Aulen in his eightieth year and Nygren in his sixty-ninth.

We shall be able to understand better the role in Christian history and the contributions to Christian thought of these two noted Swedish theologians if we evaluate the movement or "school" of which they are the prime exponents. This is the theological development, with its primary emphasis on Luther research, centered in the University of Lund and known as the "Lundensian" school.

The twentieth century has witnessed a great resurgence of interest and of research in the theology of Martin Luther. The home of this Luther renaissance has been Sweden, and the focal point of this activity has been at the University of Lund. While many important Swedish theologians have made significant contributions to this movement — Einar Billing, Ragnar Bring, Gustaf Toernvall, Hjalmar Lindroth, Herbert Olsson, Arvid Runestam, and others — the names of

Gustaf Aulen and Anders Nygren outshine all the rest in theological luster.

Briefly stated, the Lundensian theology is a reaction against the liberalism and relativism which characterized Protestant theology in the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, and is a serious attempt to return to the theological bases of Luther and the Reformation — which, in turn, means a return to the fundamental tenets of the New Testament.

The Motif of Agape

This restudy of Luther's theology has been woven about certain "motifs." A "motif," in the Lundensian approach, has been described as "the meaning behind the terminology, or form of expression, in the statement of a doctrine." Above all, it is necessary to find the basic "motif," which will provide the key to the understanding of the whole complex of Christian theology, and to which all doctrines must be related.

It was this consideration that led Nygren and his colleagues to discover the basic motif of the Christian religion to be *love* — i.e., that divine quality of love which the New Testament renders in the Greek word *Agape* (pronounced "ah-gah'-pay"). From this basic motif of *Agape* every other motif in Christian theology is derived, and in its light all Christian doctrine must be understood. In relation to this basic motif, the Lundensian school has laid particular stress upon the concepts of Revelation, the Church, and Calling as the presuppositions of Swedish Luther research.

In its methodology, the Lundensian movement lays claim to being scientific, rather than speculative. This is to say that the effort is made to understand the object of its study, to get at the essential and unique content of the Christian faith.

To this end, the men of Lund have combined the historical and the systematic approach into their "motif research." On the one hand, they have sought to understand Luther's ideas in their historical setting, to get at the real meaning of his theological statements and concepts. What is more, they maintain that all of Luther's teachings must be understood in the light of his basic premises. We must allow Luther to speak for himself, and not read into his theology our own preconceived ideas nor isolate his statements from their context. And Luther, in turn, offers the best interpretation as to what is distinctively and uniquely Christian in the realm of religious ideas.

Anders Nygren made theological history with his monumental work, *Agape and Eros*. "Agape" is the Greek term which denotes God's love — pure, spontaneous, unmerited, not conditioned by the worthiness of its object, unmoved by any desire for reciprocity. This divine Agape found its perfect consummation in Christ, the very incarnation of God's love, whose sacrificial life, suffering, and death effected the redemption of those who were dead in trespasses and sins and hostile to every spiritual good. God's Agape was manifested in that He sent His Son to die not for good people, but for ungodly.

On the other hand, "Eros" — the term is borrowed from the mystery religions and from the philosophy of Plato and Aristotle — denotes love in its egocentric, humanistic form. The contrast between the two ideas of love is summarized by Nygren in *Agape and Eros*, I, 165, as follows:

- "Eros is a desire of good for the self. Agape is self-giving.
- Eros is man's effort to ascend. Agape comes down from above.
- Eros is man's way to God. Agape is God's way to man.
- Eros is man's achievement, the endeavor of man to achieve salvation. Agape is a free gift, a salvation which is the work of divine love.
- Eros seeks to gain its life, a life divine, immortal. Agape lives by God's life, and therefore dares to 'lose' it.
- Eros is a will to have and to possess, resting on a sense of need. Agape freely gives and spends, for it rests on God's own richness and fulness.
- Eros recognizes value in its object, and therefore loves it. Agape loves, and creates value in its object."

Nygren shows that in the early Church, this differentiation between Agape and Eros was sharply drawn and clearly understood. As time went on, however, the distinction became somewhat blurred, especially under the influence of Augustine, who merged the two in his concept of "Caritas." This quasi-divine, quasi-human interpretation of love prevailed throughout the Middle Ages, until the Reformation reasserted the fundamental difference between the kinds of love that characterize, respectively, God and man. The distinction is well illustrated by the contrast between the Renaissance, which emphasized Eros, and the Reformation, which exalted Agape.

Gustaf Aulen is distinguished for two outstanding contributions to the theological literature of our time. In *The Faith of the Christian Church* he sets forth a systematic presentation of Christian doctrine, and demonstrates that Lutheran theology actually has its rootage in the faith of the early Church. His thesis is that the Christian religion is marked by a "dynamic synthesis." This is expressed in a constellation of tensions within

the framework of God's operation in the world and His manifestation to man which find their ultimate resolution in Christ. Aulen finds this dynamic synthesis to be inherent in Luther's theology and to be "an authentic presentation of the fundamental position which enables Luther to combine a wide range of religious motifs without consciousness of conflict between them" (E. M. Carlson, *The Reinterpretation of Luther*).

The Atonement as a Dramatic Struggle

Aulen's principal claim to fame in the realm of theological literature, however, may be said to rest on his small but epochal book, *Christus Victor*. This is a historical study of the three main types of the idea of the atonement: the classic, or dramatic struggle, theory; the penal, or Latin, theory; and the subjective, or moralistic, theory.

It is Aulen's contention that the dramatic struggle is the concept of the Atonement which is most characteristic of the New Testament teaching on this doctrine, and that it represents the classic tradition of the Church. This view prevailed in the early Church, argues Aulen, especially as set forth in the writings of the early Church Father, Irenaeus. As time went on, it was overshadowed by the penal, or Latin, theory of the atonement — particularly as enunciated by Anselm of Canterbury in the eleventh century. Luther, however, clarified and stressed the dramatic struggle concept in his emphasis on the centrality of the atonement. Aulen feels that Luther's treatment of the atonement has been distorted and misunderstood in later Lutheran theology, which has been unduly influenced by the penal theory. It is therefore Aulen's purpose to reestablish the basic Lutheran view of the atonement, and to demonstrate that this is most faithful to the doctrine of Scripture and of the early Church.

According to this explanation of the atonement, Christ engaged in a cosmic struggle with the evil powers — Satan, the world, and the flesh — who were arrayed against God and who held all mankind in spiritual bondage. In this dramatic struggle with the tyrants, Christ emerged as the victor, and by means of this victory — accomplished in man's stead by Christ as the Redeemer — God reconciled the world unto Himself.

Aulen criticizes the "penal" theory of the atonement, because it reduces the relationship of God to man to a purely juridical or legal procedure, whereby God is compensated — almost mathematically — for the injury which man's sin has inflicted upon the divine honor by the satisfaction wrought by Christ upon the cross. Aulen contends that this theory makes God too remote; that it smacks too much of a rationalization of the mystery as to how divine Love and divine Justice can be reconciled; and that it weakens the ethical imperative of Christianity.

According to the classic idea, on the other hand, salvation is depicted as positive rather than negative: not a mere remission of sins, but the bestowal of the new life in Christ. And this conquest of the forces of evil by Christus Victor is continued in the Christian through the work of the Holy Spirit — so that Christ's triumph becomes our own and its fruits remain our eternal possession. This dramatic view of the atonement, then, is the motif of the New Testament. This is the proposition to which Aulen has dedicated *Christus Victor*.

The influence of Aulen, Nygren, and their colleagues in the theological enterprise within the Church of Sweden can hardly be overestimated. World Christendom, American Lutheranism, and each individual member of the Church — directly or indirectly — is the richer for it.

UNDERTOW

Of these averted, shameful eyes,
Where feigns an anonymity,
A lying, human debris cries
It is not me.

Above the tow that drags one down,
Residuums of succor grope
While slithered shapes of phantoms clown
All thoughts of hope.

The withered dreams of youth parade
In fleshless figures where we fell.
What shore of life can bring one aid,
Who swims in hell?

The strangling hand of fate, it's plain,
Detours all succor from the scene,
Where with our bottle, we remain
Unkempt and mean.

Extinction lurks in every wave,
While we drink to the very lees —
Forgetfulness right to the grave
Of miseries.

The ghost-fleshed quiverings that shake
One's being, with us ever bide,
While anthropology's mistake
Is rectified.

EDWARD McNAMEE

Letter from Xanadu, Nebr.



By G. G.

Dear Editor:

Well, we went down and visited our boy Homer and his wife for a few days at Easter and we had two real nice surprises. The big one is that Homer and Pamela are expecting a boy sometime in October, which will be nice because that way they will get a whole year's exemption on income tax for only two or three months of support. The other surprise is that Homer has a job starting next fall. He will be teaching history at Southwest Texas State Normal School and Business Institute in Maverick, Texas, which is a little town about twenty miles west of Pecos.

This Southwest Texas Normal School is slated to become Southwest Texas State University in two or three years, so they are out building up their faculty, but they are having a hard time getting what they want. They don't have too much money to spend and they have to get mostly P.H.D. teachers if they want to get accredited, so there's a problem right there. But they don't want any radicals from the Eastern schools, either, so they are hiring P.H.D.'s only from the South and the West. That makes it rough because there aren't many schools in the South and the West that give the P.H.D.

Homer will get his degree in August, I guess, if all goes well. It's been a long, hard grind, and frankly it don't hardly seem worth the trouble when you realize that he is starting off at \$4500 a year, which is what I pay the guy that runs the parts department for me at the store. But, of course, he won't have to work as hard as I did when I was young, either. And he can have every summer off if he wants it.

It's funny, having an egghead in my own family. It's something like having an accident. You know it happens all the time, but you just never expect it to happen to you. Well, Homer's a good boy in spite of it all and he's got good stuff in him, so I know he won't stay just a teacher all his life. Give him five years and I'll bet you he will be in some kind of administration job.

By the way, this is on another subject. There is a publisher that hinted that he might bring out a book of these letters of mine if I would get them together sometime this summer. To tell the truth, I'm not interested in it unless there is some money in it. I'm going to let Homer be the guy in our family that writes the classics. So if you hear any loud demand for this kind of book, let me know. Otherwise I'll just tell him I'm too busy.

Regards, G.G.

Four Translations

BY CHARLES GUENTHER

THE UNDERGROUND FESTIVAL

This dark country these dark birds
This muffled gallop skimming the earth

Cries dying scarcely born
A flash of lightning soon effaced

A thousand shadows clenched to hope
A thousand bodies dragging their misery

Dismal parades of extinguished
Torches of faded flags

But a festival underground
Lights its lanterns of blood

They are the seeds of suns
Which will glory in the night

For so many a summons issued in vain
A shadow will know the way

The swallow will reach the pool
The horses will jump the porch

There's no dark country
To whoever holds light in him

— From the French of Marcel Bealu

LIKE A CROSS

These have the shape of a cross:
birds flying,
a mast hoisted,
banners waving,
pines spreading their boughs,
paths we encounter,
a monk preaching,
a boatman at his oars,
a child seeing its mother,
and a sinner praying
with arms outstretched
like the flying birds.

— From the Catalan of Jacinte Verdaguer

CLOCKS

Belgian poet Emile Verhaeren (1855-1916), often called "the Flemish Whitman," published more than 30 books of verse, plays and criticism during his life. Commenting recently on this "great and now neglected figure," the *London Times* claims for him "a breadth of imaginative grasp that few poets have equalled." The subjects of his extraordinary lyric power ranged from Flemish life and folklore to the changing landscape of machine civilization.

At night in the dark silence of our houses,
As crutches and canes clatter around there,
Climbing and bending the stairways of the hours,
Clocks with their footsteps;

Plain enamel behind glass, emblems
And flowers of yesterday, gaunt, aged figures:
Moons of pale empty corridors,
Clocks with their eyes;

Dead tones, lead notes, hammers and files,
Wood tools of cunning words
And the chatter of trifling seconds,
Clocks with their voices;

Oak cases and shadowy posts,
Coffins sealed in the cold wall,
Old bones of time nibbled by the dial,
Clocks and their terror;

Clocks,
Willful and watchful,
Like old servants
Limping in their wooden shoes or slipping about in
stockings,
The clocks that I question
Clasp my fear in their compass.

— From the French of Emile Verhaeren

FALL

I went so fast
on the paths of my love
that in my race I passed
the birds in flight.

I fell on thorns
which I had thought sheer flowers,
thinking of divine flowers
of heavenly sweetness.

— From the Catalan of Jacinte Verdaguer

Some Will Remember

By ADALBERT RAPHAEL KRETZMANN

Perhaps the most quickly forgotten memorial in the church and in the schools and colleges across the land was the so called Honor Roll. Proudly it was dedicated — sometimes with special ceremonies in order that the names of those who served their country might be preserved before the eyes of the people as a bid for their specific prayers. Most of them have faded from sight in the years that have dried up our memories. Perhaps a new Memorial Day will revive some thoughts of the sacrifices of millions in World War II and slow down some of the nonsense which brings us nearer to World War III.

The honored dead have always been worthy of the best remembrance. Even to speak of them is to have your heart follow Lincoln's words in the Gettysburg Address — "Dedicate — Consecrate — Hallow." The accompanying picture is a memorial plaque for the dead of World War II preserved in Saint Ludwig's Church in Nuernberg. It was made in 1955 by the famous wood carver Karl Potzler. He has produced many worthy things which are highly original even though they follow the traditional in many ways. Not all of the background wall, filled up with the names of the dead, can be shown in this picture but there is enough here to show the frightful waste of youthful strength and power. They died everywhere and nowhere. They were very young and some were very old. Some died on other continents in the midst of strange people.

The artist has found their one unifying blessedness in the fact that they are gathered around Christ. He makes Christ the despised man in the midst of the

soldiers. The entire setting is a reminder of how soldiers in Jerusalem once dealt with Christ — a reminder that most of them who went out in the days of Germany's God-forgetting were no better and no worse than most of those who fought for other flags.

Strangely, the artist calls the whole work, "Ecce Homo." One should not like to believe that he was equating the suffering of these heroic dead with the suffering of Christ but this has been done so often that one hates to think that the folly could be repeated. Men die for causes — Christ died to save men from their sins. It was much more than just a dying for a cause.

The Christ figure is vividly colored with the purple of the robe as the most striking feature. No one can pause even momentarily before this figure without realizing that all the other names, however worthy, have a true worthiness only as they have their dignity and grace from Christ, our Lord. The figure and the detail are simplicity itself but the message is unmistakable — Christ must be remembered! We must "Behold the Man" or else all the suffering of mankind will be repeated again and compounded into even greater sin and evil.

Try to read the dates and remember the battles. Now recall the dates and the places where our men went into battle and never came back. You see how hard it is. Hardly anyone knows except those who were the nearest to them. Is it good or bad that life, in its movement, so quickly erases the tragedy of war? Or should we speak of its shame, and destruction, and the foul smell of it to our children, to bring them to hate it enough so that they will not be destroyed by it?

WHATEVER CREEDS

Although the saint and sinner, sage and clown
Each hold divergent views as to man's end,
How few, whatever creeds they may defend,
Would ring the final curtain sooner down!

ROBERT AVRETT

1919 · GEF. 1943 · BEI NEMEL
 JOSEF LINDNER
 B. 1916 · GEF. 1941 · RUSSLAND
 MAX LOHLEIN
 B. 1912 · GEF. 1944 · IM OSTEN
 FRIEDRICH LOHNERT
 B. 1918 · GEF. 1943 · AFRIKA / ROUS
 GEORG MACHER
 B. 08 · GEF. 44 · BEI WARSCHAU
 MICHAEL MADER
 B. 15 · GEF. 42 · WIASMA-POLTINA
 FRANZ X. MARKL
 B. 1924 · GEF. 1944 · OPPELN
 OTTO MAHR +
 B. 1911 · GEF. 1943 · AM DNJEPR
 EMIL MARX ⊕
 B. 1907 · GEF. 1942 · STOLYTY
 ADOLF MAYER
 B. 25 · GEF. 44 · B. BENNERINGEN
 RUDOLF MAYER
 B. 1918 · GEF. 1941 · NOWA-BELIZA
 WILHELM MAYR
 B. 1914 · GEF. 1944 · BEI BELGRAD
 ALFRED MEHLER
 B. 1923 · GEF. 1943 · SUDL. NEWEL
 ADALBERT MEINDL
 B. 1908 · GEF. 1941 · BERISLAWA
 WILHELM MENGELE
 B. 1921 · GEF. 1942 · BALENKA
 JOHANN METZGER
 GEBOREN 1914 · GEFALLEN 1941
 HANS MEYER ⊕
 B. 03 · GEF. 43 · KUBANBRÜCKENKOPF
 GEORG MIRBETH
 B. 1911 · GEF. 1941 · CHARKOWA
 FRANZ MÜLLER
 B. 1909 · GEF. 1942 · RASBOTIMBAJA
 KARL NEISSER +
 B. 1908 · GEF. 1943 · WORONESCH
 HANS NEUKAM
 B. 1910 · GEF. 1940 · BELGIEN
 KARL NIEBLER ⊕
 B. 1923 · GEF. 1943 · KALINOWKA
 RUDOLF OPPEL
 B. 07 · GEF. 44 · WALDV. HURTZEN
 AUGUST OSSMANN
 B. 1915 · GEF. 1940 · IM WESTEN
 HANS OTT
 B. 1905 · GEF. 1943 · MELITOPOL
 FRANZ PAULUS
 B. 1910 · GEF. 1942 · BEI TENKINO
 JOHANN PECHER

WITTELLI LENZ
 GEB. 1914 · GEF. 1943 · PRUSY/WILGBJK
 FRANZ LIEBWEIN
 GEB. 1921 · GEF. 1943 · BEI LJUTEMKI
 KARL LINSENMEIER
 GEB. 1914 · GEF. 1941 · MAGDALINOWSKA
 GEORG LOTTER
 GEB. 20 · GEF. 41 · UKRAINE
 KARL MACHHORN
 GEB. 23 · GEST. 45 · HOSPITAL V. ROUEN
 ALFRED MAGERMANN
 GEBOREN 1920 +++ GEFALLEN 1940

HANS LERS
 GEB. 1909 · GEF. 1942 · W
 + AUGUST L
 GEB. 1903 · GEF. 1944 · F
 ANTON LO
 GEB. 1908 · GEF. 1944 · S
 HERMANN LÜTKE
 GEB. 1924 · GEF. 1943 · A-D-M
 FRANZ MA
 GEB. 19 · GEF. 44 · NORF
 FRANZ MA
 GEB. 1916 · GEF. 1943 · S
 ⊕ KARL MA
 GEB. 1920 · GEF. 1944 · I
 WILLI MATH
 GEB. 1919 · GEF. 1941 · I
 ERICH MARSC
 GEB. 1921 · GEF. 1943 · TS
 JOSEF MA
 GEB. 98 · GEST. 40 · IM FELD
 JOS. MAYERH
 GEB. 1914 · GEF. 1941 ·
 LUDWIG MEC
 GEB. 1922 · GEF. 1942 · K
 WILHELM M
 GEB. 1917 · GEF. 1943 ·
 LORENZ ME
 GEB. 1911 · GEF. 1942 ·
 FR. MERGENTH
 GEB. 1916 · GEST. 1947 · M
 ♀ FELIX MEY
 GEB. 1913 · GEF. 1942 ·
 KURT MEYERH
 GEB. 1922 · GEF. 1944 · VO
 RICHARD MU
 GEB. 1910 · GEF. 194
 HEINRICH M
 GEB. 1920 · GEF. 19
 GEORG NE
 GEB. 1923 · GEF.
 KARL NIEB
 GEB. 1911 · GEB.
 JOHANN NI
 GEB. 1906 · GEB. 1943
 MAX OBERM
 GEB. 1914 · GEF. 1941
 HEINR. OSTER
 GEB. 1921 · GEF. 1943 · MO
 ♀ JAKOB PA
 GEB. 1909 · GEF. 1942
 GEORG PE
 GEB. 1919 · GEF. 1942 · MO
 ADALBERT P
 GEB. 1924 · GEF. 1945 · B



KONRAD NUSSINGER
 GEB. 1906 · GEF. 1944 · UKRAINE
 HERM. OBERNDORFER
 GEB. 1908 · GEF. 1941 · BEI KERTSCH
 † JOSEF OTT †
 GEB. 1911 · GEF. 1942 · B. OREL
 HEINRICH PABST
 GEB. 1912 · GEF. 1941 · BEI SIALINGRAD
 FRANZ PANZER
 GEB. 1909 · GEF. 1944 · HAARNER HOF
 † ALFONS PERZL +
 GEB. 1920 · GEF. 1942 · POTSDAM

The Avant-Garde Leads

BY WALTER SORELL
Drama Editor

It was a desperate struggle this early spring. The weather was cold, nasty, often merciless. Broadway was not spared. On the contrary, it was in the midst of the storm's fury and badly shaken by it. The shows folded faster than ever before. If one was not one of the first- or second-nighters one missed "it" — and mostly gained an evening.

The interest centered around the so-called avant-garde (but it must be noted in parenthesis that most of these avant-gardists have already achieved international reputation). Of course, there were other events such as the "Dear Liar" that succeeded in their self-imposed limitations. GBS is not at his best in his private correspondence with the famed actress, Mrs. Patrick Campbell, nor is her wit any match to the poorest Shaw. Out of this double unevenness Katharine Cornell and Brian Aherne have come up with a pleasantly exciting evening which permitted us to look into the intellectual rather than emotional affair of this couple. There were moments in which these people came to life and which strengthened in you the feeling of having witnessed a cultured discussion between two strong-willed personalities.

Although Albert Camus can no longer be considered a representative of the avant-garde, his "Caligula," the first dramatic work he wrote, makes this impression. There is a certain unconcerned freshness in its youthful approach which makes this play, despite its faults, a stimulating experience. He made the dictator, Caligula, a thwarted idealist who is obsessed by the idea of wanting the impossible, symbolized by the moon. With relentless logic he perverts all values, distorts right and wrong, and challenges good and evil, friendship and love. The philosophy of the play can be summed up in the hero's assertion: "Men die; and they are not happy." The message — this play was written when Stalin and Hitler were at the zenith of their careers — probably lies in the thought that no one can be free at the expense of others. "Caligula" received a very theatrical production under Sidney Lumet's direction.

Jean Genet has become a legend while still alive. He borrowed the mask of Francois Villon and he wears it with a grotesque similarity. Perhaps it is necessary to know that he spent more years in prison than out of it; that, condemned to die, he was saved by such men of letters as Andre Gide; that he is an iconoclast who has only contempt for our society. Perhaps being

aware of all this while seeing his "The Balcony" may help toward its better understanding.

It was staged in a masterly way as an intellectual Grand Guignol by Jose Quintero at the "Circle in the Square." It is a piece of our time torn out of context, but with devilish mischief of a little genius forced into the frame of a frightening mirror. There we stare at ourselves for more than two hours with fascination and horror and then turn away to look for the next exit into reality in which everything we have seen on stage embraces us with a friendly smile, saccharine words, and cliché-ridden gestures which we have learned to love. The worst nightmare of reality has a soothing effect in comparison to what we have seen from Genet's "Balcony."

The scene is a brothel. Its visitors are seeking the grand illusions of their lives. In this brothel they are clients and clowns who play the great parts which life kept from them. One of them plays a judge, another a bishop, the third a general. Outside, a revolution is fought, and the chief of police is deeply involved in the goings-on outside and inside the bordello. Reality is curiously blended with the events in this house of illusions.

The dialogue is written with cold economy. While the characters escape more and more behind mask and masquerade, we feel more naked, finally irritated and exhausted. But the irony of this bitter costume parade is presented with such dryness that the distortions become hardly noticeable and one wishes one could flee a world which can offer such a mirror reflection.

Eugene Ionesco's "The Killer" is a highbrow mystery story in which the killer is a stand-in for the society we tolerate. Berenger, very well played by Hiram Sherman, is an optimist who hopes against all hope and who, when at last facing the murderer, pleads with him for mankind. But a society which knows no mercy and keeps killing alive by condoning its own right to kill is deaf to all arguments. The optimist who is unable to kill the killer, although he would only have to move his finger at the trigger, throws his gun away and bows his head to be butchered by the insensitivity and the non-understanding of mankind. Director Richard Barr made this rather epic struggle of man's futile fight against his own madness into an exciting evening in the theatre.

Confessions of a Heretic

By WALTER A. HANSEN

One becomes inured to being branded a heretic. If it is heresy to consider Ludwig van Beethoven's *Mass in C Major*, the same composer's *Missa Solemnis*, and Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart's *Requiem* as great in their way as Johann Sebastian Bach's *Mass in B Minor* is in its way, I plead guilty. How could anyone construe this "heresy" of mine as a studied attempt to detract from the glory of Bach? Only those who regard Bach as much greater than Beethoven and Mozart will have the hardihood to hurl such a charge in my teeth. They are the least of my worries. I cannot see eye to eye with them.

Is it heresy for me to call Frederic Francois Chopin, who was born in Poland 150 years ago, one of the greatest masters in the far-flung realm of music? If it is, I plead guilty.

Chopin was a mighty trail blazer. But he was more than this. Some of those who blaze trails merely point the way to achievements of lasting and immeasurable value; some, like Chopin, discover new paths and at the same time prove by their creative work that they themselves are able to tread those paths with surpassing distinction.

Whenever anyone asks me to name the works of Chopin I value most highly, I invariably reply, "The *Etudes* and the *Preludes*." Why? Because here one sees more sharply than anywhere else in the great Pole's compositions the amazing advances in the technical aspects of the art of playing the piano and in the field of harmony. Here Chopin out-Liszted Liszt in some respects and foreshadowed many of the achievements of Richard Wagner. Besides, the *Etudes* and the *Preludes*, these tone poems in miniature, reveal Chopin's truly extraordinary gift as a melodist. Perhaps I should add that here the master composer showed that he understood fully the importance of being concise and to the point.

Chopin's fifty-two mazurkas are born of Polish blood as well as of transcendent genius. They are masterfully written folk dances of the common people of the composer's native land. The polonaises are distinctive in another way. They are stately; they are full of overflowing of the blue blood of the country of Chopin's birth. In the waltzes Poland embraces France. Chopin, you know, was both Polish and French by extraction. For years he moved in the elegant circles of French society. One cannot hear or play his beautiful waltzes without rubbing elbows with the Slavic and the Gallic elements in his make-up. The nocturnes are marvels

of melodic beauty and distinctiveness. They are imperishable masterpieces. The sonatas are fragmentary in construction. But they are the works of a great tone poet. I do not hesitate to take up the cudgels for the *Sonata in B Minor*, which is often maligned by commentators afflicted with puny brainpans. Although the concertos are by no means the best of Chopin's works, they contain much that moves me to the quick.

It is not easy to play Chopin properly. Some pianists seem to agree with the late Henry L. Mencken, who liked to speak of the great Pole's music as a sugar-teat. But I suspect that Mencken's interest in music exceeded his knowledge of the subject.

I have heard most of the great Chopin exponents of the past few decades. Vladimir de Pachmann and Leopold Godowsky were outstanding — because of their fluency and their unusual sense of poetic values. Ignace Jan Paderewski went to the core of his countryman's music. His tone was enthrallingly beautiful. But his performances were not always note-perfect. I wonder whether any pianist ever learned to play Chopin with the breath-taking fluency achieved by Godowsky, who seemed to have twenty fingers, not ten.

Chopin needs no re-evaluation in the year that marks the 150th anniversary of his birth. He is here to stay. But Chopin, like every mighty prophet, will always need champions who have an understanding of his phenomenal accomplishments and are equipped with the ability to communicate this understanding to others. This means, of course, that he needs pianists who are able to play his music properly and listeners who are capable of realizing the transcendent quality of his genius.

Some Recent Recordings

A MIGHTY FORTRESS: MUSIC OF THE LUTHERAN CHURCH. Superb recordings of fourteen well-known hymns as sung by the Lutheran Hour Choir under Carl Schalk. It is safe to say that many thousands will treasure this disc. Word Records. — FRANZ PETER SCHUBERT. *Symphony No. 8, in B Minor (Unfinished)*. WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART. *Symphony No. 40, in G Minor (K. 550)*. The London Symphony Orchestra under Leopold Ludwig. Both the recording and the performances are outstanding. Everest. — SERGEI PROKOFIEFF. *Symphony No. 5, in B Flat Major, Op. 100*. The London Symphony Orchestra under Sir Malcolm Sargent. An excellent reading of one of the great symphonies of recent decades. Everest. — IGOR STRAVINSKY. *The Rite of Spring*. The London Symphony Orchestra under Sir Eugene Goossens. Maybe you like this startling work; maybe you detest it. But you should become acquainted with it. Stravinsky will go down in history as one of music's important prophets. Everest. —

BOOKS OF THE MONTH

RELIGION

RELIGION IN THE MAKING

By Alfred North Whitehead (Meridian Books, Inc., \$1.25)

Professor Whitehead's purpose in the lectures which have been brought together in this book — originally published by Macmillan and now released as a Living Age Books paperback — is "to consider the type of justification which is available for belief in doctrines of religion." He defines religion as "what the individual does with his own solitariness"; thus, for all practical purposes, excluding himself as a commentator on the Christian religion, which is wholly concerned with relationships — the relationships between God and man and, through God, between man and man.

Professor Whitehead's God is "the ground antecedent to transition" who must include "all possibilities of physical value conceptually, thereby holding the ideal forms apart in equal, conceptual realization of knowledge," and Who is decided by his goodness and thereby limited. If this all sounds a far cry from the God of Abraham and Isaac and Jacob Who was also the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, it should be said that Professor Whitehead really believed in his god and tried to be worthy of him. One can only regret that Professor Whitehead exerted himself so greatly on behalf of a god who, to borrow J. B. Phillips' apt expression, was "too small."

GENERAL

THEY TALKED TO A STRANGER

By Len O'Connor (St. Martin's Press, \$3.95)

Thousands of books, pamphlets, and other articles have been written about juvenile delinquency. Teen-age lawlessness is objectively discussed by the police, physicians, judges, educators, clergymen, prosecutors, social workers, psychologists, psychiatrists, editors, and others in professional books and journals and in popular magazines and newspapers. Unfortunately, no two of them seem to agree on what causes youthful crime and how to prevent it. Each discipline approaches this complex problem from its own specialized point of view. All too often emphasis is placed on symptoms rather than searching for total needs.

In this volume the author, who since 1940 has been a newscaster for NBC News in Chicago, uses a different approach. He went directly to the youngsters in conflict with the law in an attempt to penetrate

their thinking and attitudes concerning juvenile misbehavior. With the aid of a tape recorder he personally interviewed hundreds of teen-age offenders who were in custody awaiting disposition of their cases or serving their sentences. Some were questioned shortly after release from training schools and correctional institutions.

They Talked To A Stranger presents the stories of ten teen-age criminals selected from hundreds interviewed by Len O'Connor. Under such captions as "The Loner," "Mustache," "Mr. Slick," "Baseball," and "The Great Magoo" the author discloses the case histories of offenders between sixteen and twenty-two years of age whose delinquent careers began at age eight and whose crimes range from "cop killing" to Bible stealing and dope pushing.

These ten boys candidly using their own expressions related to the author the extent deteriorated environmental conditions and public apathy were responsible for shaping the course of their lives. They frankly discussed their broken and emotionally insecure homes and their inadequate parents who failed to provide proper guidance, supervision, and control. These youngsters disclosed that the harmful influences in the community such as the "fence" who encourages juveniles to steal and the tavern owner who knowingly sells intoxicants to teen-agers with fake identification cards were strong temptations and pressures responsible for their serious misbehavior. They claimed that their legal rights were frequently abused, and they criticized police for failure to enforce all the laws, for picking on youthful offenders merely on "suspicion," and for their inability to understand juveniles and their problems. They expressed contempt for the "crooked cop" who is out to make "a fast buck."

The following are sample remarks these boys made to Len O'Connor reflecting their thinking, attitudes and knowledge concerning crime conditions in Chicago:

If you ask me, they are afraid of the kids. The coppers and their folks, and everybody. And the reason is everybody's plenty dirty and everybody's got a racket.

"I'm thinking of marrying that little broad," Mr. Slick said.

"Is she a nice girl?"

Mr. Slick smiled. "You can always get rid of 'em when you don't want them. Everybody does."

They want clothes, they want cars, they just want the money to spend; to

make them feel big. It's a lot easier to go and steal it than it is to work for it.

I figure, if most of 'em could have a home to go where people would treat 'em, you know, kind of like a real mother and father would . . . Well, I figure they eventually go straight. But nobody want you for a job or nobody want to take you in.

"Cut the price and pay the coppers off. I tell you, the coppers in a district know what's going on. They've got to know. The coppers ain't kidding anybody."

"Do you think that there are any coppers, say, walking around in Fish Johnson's clothes today?" (Fish Johnson is a notorious "fence" who served a ten year Federal Prison sentence.)

"Oh, yeah. That I'm positive of."

"Why are you so positive?"

"Well, I've seen him give suits away to coppers."

Well, they get a guy or one of them social worker broads to sit down with you and they tell you that they will do a lot for you and, when the time comes, they never do nothin' for you.

When the author interviewed these youths most of them were exposed to the gamut of adverse home and environmental situations, punitive police attitudes and corrupt activities, unwholesome conditions in detention facilities, court appearances, inadequate probation officers and confinement in various training schools and correctional institutions. It is apparent that these experiences at various stages in their lives aggravated and intensified their problems. Consequently conditions tend to increase juvenile misbehavior and teen-age offenders graduate into adult criminal careers. In this volume the author reveals many serious weaknesses in dealing with juvenile crime and the need to reevaluate the entire process. Holding teen-age defendants in the county jail for several months pending disposition of their cases and the practice of releasing boys the first time they get caught for "moderate" offenses such as burglaries with only a caution, threat or reprimand, and an order to "stay out of trouble" are among the many conditions that need correcting.

These boys admitted to the author they received little or no attention from probation officers and social workers in the early stages of their delinquent careers. Those in their own homes received nominal

supervision; those in foster homes reported abusive treatment by foster parents. Repeated offenses resulted in commitment, first to the Parental School and later to St. Charles, a boys' training school. As their criminal careers continued they served subsequent sentences in the County Jail, the Bridewell, at Sheridan and at Stateville. These institutions have many limitations and greater emphasis is placed on security and custody than on rehabilitation. Obviously, each time these youthful offenders were released into the community they were more contaminated, more bitter, more defiant, more skilled in crime, and more determined than ever not to get caught again.

This book is not merely a recording of the conversations between the author and these ten youthful violators. Len O'Connor has studied many aspects of the teen-age crime problem and interviewed many persons in various disciplines dealing with delinquency. In this treatise he has integrated his knowledge and rich experience into his interviews with these boys in an attempt to view this serious problem from their vantage point.

This volume is well-written and fascinating in its detail. The author does not pretend to answer every question or solve every problem relating to juvenile delinquency. He has made some practical suggestions. It is recommended reading for parents, teachers, correctional workers, and students concerned with this problem.

ANTHONY S. KUCHARICH

THE RELUCTANT SURGEON:

A Biography of John Hunter

By John Kobler (Doubleday, \$4.95)

John Hunter is variously referred to in reference books as one of the early great British surgeons, as one of our great anatomists (i.e., investigator and teacher of human anatomy), as a comparative anatomist, and as a naturalist whose investigations and speculations concerning the similarities of living organisms and the various functional adaptations among them helped prepare the way for Darwin and his *Origin of Species*. This book offers convincing evidence that he was indeed all of these, but goes beyond the mere recital of his achievements by placing him and them against the background of his times (1728 to 1793), and attempting to show him as a person. The title may refer to either of two facts, or both of them: He conceived a great respect for the healing powers of the human body, recognized the essential crudity of the surgery of his day, and was therefore reluctant to operate unless there was no other way. And he was a "reluctant surgeon" also from the standpoint that his investigations — into almost everything anatomical — were the great passion of his life, and apparently he practiced

medicine and surgery primarily as a means of financing those investigations. These were particularly costly, since he not only had to build the laboratories and provide museum space, but his interests spread to all sorts of foreign animals which he imported and kept at great expense.

Hunter, a Scotsman, was raised in the appalling poverty of the Scotland of his day, and went to London to study medicine and anatomy, or vice versa, under his older brother, William, whom he assisted for about ten years. William, less dour and more adaptable, was far the more popular physician, but his claim to fame as an anatomist and physiologist rests primarily today on his investigation of the human uterus (much of his practice was in obstetrics, and he is sometimes still listed as one of the early "male midwives"). John and William subsequently fell out, but it was John who went on with anatomical demonstrations, and investigations into practically everything from human anatomy, through whales and other relatively exotic mammals to a detailed study of the life of bees.

In Hunter's day, ignorance of the human body was abysmal because it was felt that the ultimate degradation to which the body could be subjected was that of dissection, and therefore only the bodies of the supposedly most heinous criminals were allotted to the anatomical laboratories. As a result, since neither medicine nor surgery is possible without knowledge of anatomy, there grew up in Hunter's time the practice of grave robbing, the practitioners of which were sometimes known as "resurrectionists." Eventually, after Hunter's death, this led to murder purely for the purpose of obtaining bodies. It is a sad commentary on our so-called civilization that, until the last half-dozen years or so, the medical profession has still had to depend upon the bodies of "unknown or unclaimed" persons by which to teach medical students, often against the claim of ill-informed social workers who insist upon the "dignity" of burial at public expense. Only very recently has the practice of leaving one's body to a medical school for teaching and research become either socially acceptable or legally possible.

This book makes interesting reading. It is true it abounds in medical and therefore anatomical terms, but it should be understandable to the average reader. Mr. Kobler does an excellent job of filling in the background of the times and bringing in the many famous people — Boswell, our own Ben Franklin, the young Lord Byron, and many others — with whom Hunter came in contact, and succeeds in portraying John Hunter as a dedicated character whose accomplishments make most of the researchers and teachers of the present day

seem pale in comparison. It is obvious also that Hunter was a curmudgeon of the first rank, though how much of it was innate and how much due to circumstances will probably never be clear. He was far ahead of his time, and held many of his colleagues in contempt because of their lack of understanding; they reciprocated by deriding or ignoring the ideas they did not understand, and often bitterly attacking him. In sharp contrast, Mr. Kobler brings out, was his wife's popularity with the best of London society, whom she entertained at fashionable salons.

This reviewer, a professional anatomist in the sense John Hunter could not in his time hope to be, since anatomy was then not a profession but rather a daring sideline of the better informed physician and surgeon, has never before read a biography of John Hunter. The opinion cannot therefore be authoritative, but it is my impression that this is the most carefully researched biography of Hunter yet published. Kobler undoubtedly did a great deal of work on this project; his references are impeccable; he writes with apparent ease and certainty, and with understanding concerning the various medical and anatomical adventures of his subject.

W. H. HOLLINSHEAD

DAY BEFORE YESTERDAY

By Eleanor B. Roosevelt (Doubleday, \$5.95)

On June 20, 1910, Eleanor Alexander married Theodore Roosevelt, Jr. She was New York born and had spent much of her early life in Europe; he was the eldest son of a former president of the United States. Their life together was destined to be a most unusual and fascinating one.

In 1917, when Ted went off to the first World War, Eleanor left their three small children with her mother and went overseas as a volunteer YMCA worker. Back in the U.S., Ted took up politics, and both he and his wife delivered many speeches over much of the country. Following a term as Assistant Secretary of the Navy and an unsuccessful race against Al Smith for the governorship of New York, the Roosevelts, in connection with Chicago's Field Museum, set off on a scientific expedition. In 1929, Ted was made governor of Puerto Rico; a similar appointment took the Roosevelts to the Philippines in 1932. The trip home was made the long way — around a great portion of the world. Finally, in 1938, just a few years before World War II took both Ted and Eleanor off to Europe again, the Roosevelts moved into their own home, Old Orchard, built on a portion of the family's Sagamore Hill property.

Day Before Yesterday combines the account of a well-known family with a descrip-

tion of American life during the Teapot Dome scandal, the depression, and two great wars. Obviously a person of much charm and spirit, Mrs. Roosevelt speaks only occasionally of her four children or of herself; most of the space is devoted to the husband of whom she is rightfully proud, or to adventures which they shared together. The account of the struggles of the author and her sister-in-law to place a dead jackal atop an Indian elephant is only one example of the humor which is frequently present.

Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., has led a "story book" life. Few people can claim the many great acquaintances or unusual experiences which she has had. Employing an excellent vocabulary and a flowing style, she has made these reminiscences historical, entertaining, and quite readable.

STEPHANIE UMBACH

AMERICAN MURDER BALLADS AND THEIR STORIES

Collected and edited by Olive Wooley Burt (Oxford University Press, \$5.50)

Murder as a Fine Art is an excellent DeQuincey essay, but it lacks the popular appeal that a ballad has. Take, for instance, this quatrain:

Lizzie Borden took an axe,
And gave her mother forty whacks;
And when she saw what she had done,
She gave her father forty-one.

The horrors of certain modern television shows and comic books which today's moppets imbibe are similar in unexplained power of attraction. Yet ballads truly are the stuff from which literature is made; from such old Scotch songs as *Edward* and *Mary Hamilton*, which adroitly are based upon murder, have come down through the years numerous ballads, dramas, and stories similarly expressing the life and customs of yore. Will our generation be best remembered in this sensational form, also?

Here is a book distinctly American in flavor. In it, celebrated in song and rhyme, are the exploits of those countrymen and women who are memorable chiefly for the murders they committed. The eight chapters average a dozen narratives. Topical groupings are: Friends and Relatives; Jealousy, Unrequited Love, and Madness; the Profit Motive; for the Love of God; a Matter of Pigment; Law at any Price; a Way of Life; any Excuse will Serve.

Mrs. Burt's adventure down an exciting sidestreet in American history began when as a child she came upon her Utah mother's collection of mournful verses as printed in newspapers and saved in a scrapbook. School teacher, journalist, and writer of books for children, she wisely says:

"As natural and human as gossip, it [this

kind of ballad-making] should live as long as murders are committed and folks can make rhyme." Indeed, this emphasis on sad songs so popular with hillbilly singers of radio and TV is a natural, folkloristic offspring, often composed anonymously by local minstrels, and intended to record events in areas where perhaps there was no other means of transmitting them. Here are the lineal descendants of the old broadside or penny sheets that used to be peddled at the foot of a gallows on execution day. Even moralists glean object lessons from these ballads. Need more be said?

HERBERT H. UMBACH

MAY THIS HOUSE BE SAFE FROM TIGERS

By Alexander King (Simon and Schuster, \$4.50)

The irascible Mr. King is back with another volume of reminiscence as more or less a continuation of his *Mine Enemy Grows Older* which was published last year. While all of his material is about the author or his friends and enemies, no one would mistake it for an autobiography. The book has no pattern, and incidents which took place when he was five years old may follow one when he was fifty. He writes as he remembers incidents, whether they were recent or long past.

Mr. King resembles nothing so much as the Man Who Came to Dinner. Evidently he is an excellent conversationalist, or more likely an entertaining room lecturer. His likes, which are few, are strong, though not so strong as his dislikes, which are many. Fortunately, he writes best when he is most angry; and, at his very best, he has the sound of H. L. Mencken.

On the agenda of things he does not like and wants to do something about are television, advertising firms, motion pictures, most doctors and nurses, Broadway's producers and actors, dogs, Luce publications, and a host of people, organizations, and phenomena.

These likes and dislikes may appear in any of the episodes, whether they concern his life as an artist; his four visits to the Public Health Service Hospital in Lexington, Kentucky, to end his ten years of dope addiction; his trials in producing a play; or his early years in Vienna. Many of the persons he enjoys or has an aversion to were fellow residents of Greenwich Village many years ago, and some strange and wonderful characters are included in the lot.

Mostly, Mr. King is a refreshingly frank and entertaining writer, but occasionally he loses control and, in an attempt to be clever, he is either profane or vulgar. His appearances on television have helped to make him a well known figure, which has increased the sale of his books, yet — and

this is one insight into his character — television gets a great deal of abuse from him in this book.

THE PIEBALD STANDARD

A Biography of the Knights Templars

By Edith Simon (Little, Brown, \$5.00)

If your acquaintance with the Knights Templars is limited, as was mine, to Sir Walter Scott's portrayal of the villainous Brian de Bois Guilbert, here is a chance to amplify your knowledge. This book offers a three-dimensional panorama of the two centuries of medieval life which were dominated by the Crusades. For the author has successfully made a "real attempt to fill in the background — political, religious, economic, cultural, psychological — of a time so different from ours without which it is quite impossible to understand why people behaved as they did . . ." Maps, photographs, lists of relevant proper names with dates, a bibliography, and an excellent index enhance the value of the text.

Founded about 1118 by an obscure French knight, the Knights Templars constituted the military arm of the Church. The Order was dedicated to the protection of pilgrims along the roads to, and in, the Holy Land. If it was paradoxical that an order should be military, so was it paradoxical that an organization founded on St. Augustine's rule of humility, poverty, obedience and chastity became the third (after the Papacy and the Empire) most powerful political force of the thirteenth century, enormously wealthy, and including many members as negligent of their vows as the aforementioned B. de B. G.

During the more than two hundred years of its existence, the Order's name "rang throughout Europe and the East, echoing every virtue, vice, glory and corruption of the Crusades which it epitomized." Its destruction was wrought by Philip of France, with the somewhat passive assistance of Pope Clement V. Philip feared the power of the Temple, and coveted its wealth. He broke it completely with dubiously sustained charges of treason and heresy. As Jacques de Molay, twenty-second and last grand master, was led to the stake, he expressed his principles and courage in a short speech which ended: "Life is offered me, but at the price of perfidy . . . If life is to be bought only by piling lie upon lie, I do not grieve that I must lose it."

FRANCISCO ROMERO ON PROBLEMS OF PHILOSOPHY

By Marjorie S. Harris (Philosophical Library, \$3.75)

This sympathetic treatment of Francisco Romero, "the Dean of Latin American Philosophy," should be interesting to those who want an understanding of South American culture which looks beyond its politics.

A soldier, administrator, and politically active citizen, as well as a writer and philosopher, Romero falls generally into the tradition of the philosophy of spirit. His theory of culture is based on a distinction in man of individual and person. These concepts are defined in terms of man's intentionality and spirituality; and the aim of culture is found to be "to establish the sovereignty of spirit," while its form is discovered in the "objective and objectified spirit," or in the "fixation of the psycho-spiritual character" of the agents which produce it.

The "current general crisis" of our times he finds is not only political in character, but economic, educational, moral, and spiritual. The chief causes of our troubles appear to be two: the general tendency to "disguise oneself with a mask" or not make oneself an object to himself, and the lack of a widely accepted world view. The solutions, for which Romero seems to hold out much hope, are thus more adequate awareness of our situation, and, rather more dubiously, I fear, development of a new philosophy which will unite the world.

MARCUS E. RIEDEL

HERE TODAY . . .

By Louise Tanner (Crowell, \$4.50)

The total effect of this book is that of a *tour de force* executed with the greatest of ease. In any field of endeavor, such a result usually is obtained only after a prodigious amount of practice; yet, apparently, this is Mrs. Tanner's first published work.

The volume consists of a series of studies in individual and social psychology, focusing on fourteen men and women who appeared on the American scene during the years since 1920. Personalities considered in the book vary as widely as Edna Millay and Shirley Temple; Charles Lindbergh, Whittaker Chambers, and James Dean. Most of them gained fame or notoriety early in life, and obscurity a few years later. As the author says, "They belonged to a century of shifting values, where the Jekylls of one decade were the Hydes of the next."

Few women excel in the writing of exposition, which is, at best, a form of composition comparatively unpopular with the reading public. In view of these facts, there exists the melancholy possibility that Mrs. Tanner's claim to fame will remain of a strictly collateral nature: that of wife to "Auntie Mame"'s creator. She deserves better.

THE POPULATION EXPLOSION AND CHRISTIAN RESPONSIBILITY

By Richard M. Fagley (Oxford University Press, \$4.25)

Here is undoubtedly the best single volume now in print on the "population ex-

plosion." In a little more than two hundred pages Richard Fagley, Executive Secretary of the Commission of the Churches on International Affairs, manages to cover the field fairly and adequately. The demographic facts, the economic consequences, and the political context are all described succinctly and on the basis of competent authority. Fagley then devotes seven chapters to the attitudes of the world's religions toward procreation and family limitation. Each of these discussions, while reporting the generally known attitudes, also manages to convey a good deal of information not so widely known. To take but one example, the Roman Catholic Church is shown to depart quite a bit from the Protestant image of a monolithic bloc unalterably opposed to all forms of "artificial" birth control.

Those who would like to find out what all the shouting is about could hardly do better than to spend an evening reading this book. And those who don't care to find out because their minds are already made up ought to read it, too. There are numerous surprises for those of every camp who imagine that simple solutions to this problem exist.

FICTION

THE CAVE

By Robert Penn Warren (Random House, \$4.95)

Warren's sixth and best novel, *The Cave*, is a remarkable achievement, being at once a tense and absorbing story and a masterly work of complex literary art. The story possesses a powerful appeal for the general reader, and at the same time attains rank as one of the classic novels of contemporary American literature.

Set in the 1950's in middle Tennessee, the story concerns the entrapment of Jasper Harrick in a limestone cave on the property of Isaac Sumpter and the profound changes effected in the lives of the chief characters by the fact of Jasper's entombment. As the news spreads, reporters and televisioners (tipped off by money-hungry Isaac) move in on Johnstown to exploit the excitement of the gathering crowd and the drama of the rescue attempt, and, of course, to make nationwide entertainment out of the tense anxiety of Jasper's family. The resultant blend of cynical commercialism and oozing sentimentality itself becomes a prime factor in the fateful development of the plot.

The characterization is little short of brilliant. Warren brings together in Johnstown a surprisingly varied group of characters, united in their diversity by their partaking of the sin, guilt, suffering, and aspiration which is the common lot of humanity. They are united, too, by their

urgent need to discover and acknowledge their hidden hates and resentments and to confront the inner truth of their own souls.

As they are drawn by Jasper's predicament to watch and wait at the cave mouth, the painful regenerative process begins for each. Through pity and fear each is led to recognize that in the darkness of his own soul he is trapped by the weight of sin and selfishness just as Jasper Harrick is trapped in the narrow crawlway by the heavy rock on his leg. Jasper's father, Old Jack Harrick, who had lived a long life in the pride of his physical courage and masculine prowess, recognizes that he is a coward and a weakling in the face of his approaching death by cancer. Celia Hornby Harrick, Jasper's mother, realizes that she had held herself aloof from her son and had never fully forgiven her husband for leaving her for a final masculine orgy of sex, liquor, and brawling while she was giving birth to their first son. The Greek restaurateur stops pursuing his delusive dream of being a big shot with a platinum blonde on his arm and confronts courageously the unpleasant facts of his perpetual financial failures and his fat and fading brown-haired wife. Only Mathilda Bingham, wife of the town banker, and Isaac Sumpter, who capitalizes upon Jasper's accident, fail to experience a rebirth and attain to a new life — Mathilda because her cold heart and false morality shut out all possibility of pity and love for her husband and daughter, and Isaac because he cannot bear to give up his narrow, grasping longing for wealth and tinsel greatness even when he has the chance to seize true greatness by trying to rescue Jasper.

Although the central action of the story covers a period of only three days, the complete lives of the chief characters are involved in the story. Through the technique of a modified stream-of-consciousness, the reader is made acquainted with the thoughts and actions of the characters over a span of fifty years or more. But the reader is never carried away from the story: the recollections of the characters are an integral part of the plot, which possesses a classical unity.

The controlling theme of *The Cave*, as in Warren's other novels, is the painful search of the individual for his real self, his own true identity as a living soul. It is in this search — to find this peace — that Jasper Harrick "crawls" caves. There in the cool darkness of the earth he can escape the community's pressure upon him to be "a chip off the old block," to be hillbilly heller Jack Harrick's boy, and can be himself. Each of the other main characters gropes among the dark shadows of his psyche toward the light of self-knowledge. And those who succeed in discovering their true selves do so by per-

ceiving their fellows' need to find and preserve their own identity and every man's desperate need for the pity, love, and understanding of his fellows.

Warren has employed "the cave," of course, as the dominant symbol of his novel, a complex symbol operating simultaneously at several levels. He prefaces the book with a passage from Plato's myth of the cave in *The Republic*, and there are connotations, too, of man's beginning in the womb and his natural ending in the grave. The cave serves also as the symbolic place of our dying to the old Adam as a necessary prelude to our regeneration. Jaspar and Isaac are Christ-figures. It is through Jaspar's death that the others are saved. But Isaac is a false Isaac who rejects the sacrificial role. The alert reader who is familiar with the Bible and with the classical and English literature will perceive other significant symbols. At times, indeed, the author works just a bit too hard at placing his symbols before the reader.

Warren's prose style is richly varied, amazingly versatile in range, adapting itself with unerring instinct to the natural speech of every character, from Mrs. Bingham's stiff, trite moralizing to Nick the Greek's pungent and racy slang. In the precision and economy and absolute rightness of his colloquial dialogue Warren has hardly a peer among American novelists. And it is

just this colloquial idiom which Warren transforms into the beautiful and eloquent poetry of the splendidly moving final chapter of the book.

The Cave is that rare kind of novel which is at once a gripping story in a contemporary setting and a profoundly wise portrayal of universal human character. The general reader should not be frightened away by Mr. Warren's erudition, nor should the serious student of literature shy away from the book because of its standing in the best seller lists. It offers a rich feast for both.

THE DURIAN TREE

By Michael Keon (Simon and Schuster, \$3.95)

This is an interesting novel on three levels. The narrative describes the kidnaping of Candace, sister-in-law of Trumpey, who is the chief British Adviser in Malaya some time after World War II. The British, again in power after the departure of the Japanese, are attempting to lead the country to self-rule, but the Communists, so recently British allies in driving out the Japanese, want Malayan self-determination to be Communist controlled.

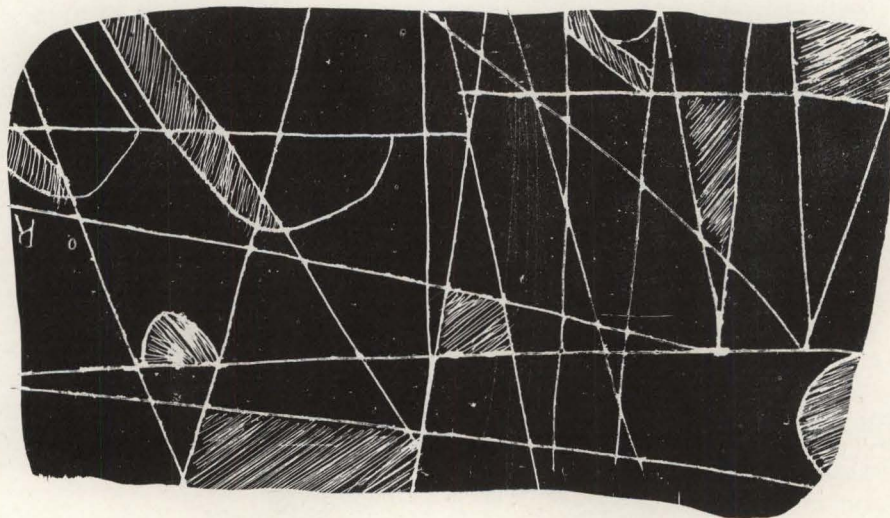
Leader of the Communist guerrillas is the Chinese, Ng, who fought alongside Trumpey throughout the war. Ng kidnap

Candace, commits several murders in the course of his get-away, and leads the girl on a harrowing trip through the jungle to the safety of a Communist camp. An Australian, Ferris, another former comrade of Ng, who knows the jungle as few white men do, overtakes Ng and Candace and brings them back to civilization.

But this is also the story of a girl maturing from adolescence to young adulthood. Candace, a beautiful and popular girl, matures gradually but steadily in the weeks she spends in the jungle as the victim of persons completely devoid of human emotions and feelings. Finally, it is as if Candace is leading Ng rather than his leading her.

On another level, the novel is most fascinating in the relationships between the many races in Malaya — the Chinese, the British, the Tamils, the Eurasians, and the Malayans. Under ordinary circumstances, these relationships would be strained, but in this period, when every man must make a decision between Communism or the West, the reactions to the strain are violent.

As a novel of ideas, character, or action, *The Durian Tree* is successful, and it has the sound of authenticity, which it should, since the author, Michael Keon, was at one time a reporter in the Communist guerrilla regions of Malaya.



robert charles brown

TV No Substitute for Books

By ANNE HANSEN

Not for a moment would I have anyone believe that I consider television — even at its best — a substitute for books. It had not occurred to me that anything I have written could lead to this totally erroneous conclusion. Perhaps this is why Mr. Erazim Kohak's letter in the March issue of *The Cresset* caused me to feel as though someone had accused me of beating my mother.

It seems to me that TV should not and need not compete with books, magazines, or newspapers. Instead, it should give a new dimension to the printed word. Statistics indicate that more books are being published and sold than ever before in our history and that patronage of our public libraries has increased rather than decreased since the advent of television. Naturally, the mere fact that books are readily available does not mean that everyone will automatically become an avid reader. Neither is it logical to assume that the hitherto avid reader will chuck his books out of the window merely because there is a TV set in his home. I am convinced that a passionate, deep-rooted love of the written word will successfully resist the lure of any other medium. I am reminded of the fine definition of books and their influence set down years ago by the late Christopher Morley. In his engrossing short novel *The Haunted Bookshop* he put these words into the mouth of one of his characters:

Books contain the thoughts and dreams of men, their hopes and striving, and all their immortal parts. It is in books that most of us learn how splendidly worthwhile life is. Books are the immortality of the race, the father and mother of most that is worth cherishing in our hearts. To spread good books about, to sow them on fertile minds, to propagate understanding and a carefulness of life and beauty, isn't that high enough mission for any man?

I cannot envision an existence without books. I do not enjoy or accept what Mr. Kohak calls "a predigested substitute for culture." I do not enjoy or accept it in books, on television, or in any other medium. The very thought is both ridiculous and intolerable.

The untimely death of George Gershwin in 1937 cut short a brilliant career. Although Mr. Gershwin was only thirty-nine years old when he died, he left to the world a rich and significant musical legacy. Many of his works enjoyed phenomenal success during his lifetime — a popularity which has not diminished through the years. In *The Columbia Book of Musical Masterworks* Goddard Lieberson wrote: "His [Gershwin's] music — that wonderful melodic vitality, that remark-

able variety of rhythm, that charm and sophistication — seem to defy the passage of time."

Mr. Gershwin's last major work, the folk opera *Porgy and Bess*, was first produced in New York in 1937. Two outstanding Negro artists, Todd Duncan and Anne Brown, created the title roles. The work was an immediate success, and many of the haunting and infectious songs it contains soon became concert-hall favorites. Now *Porgy and Bess* has been brought to the screen in a magnificent Todd AO presentation produced by Samuel Goldwyn and directed by Otto Preminger. The libretto is by Du Bose Heyward, the lyrics by Mr. Heyward and Ira Gershwin. Andre Previn is in charge of musical direction. Sidney Poitier and Dorothy Dandridge are seen on the screen as Porgy and Bess, but the superb singing voices on the sound track belong to Robert McFerrin and Adele Addison, well-known Negro concert artists. Pearl Bailey, Diahann Carroll, and Sammy Davis, Jr., are the other principals in the fine all-Negro cast. Miss Carroll sings the lovely lullaby *Summertime* with moving tenderness.

One must regret that the screen version of *Porgy and Bess* has lost some of the poignancy, the earthy flavor, and the elemental power which characterize the stage play. Catfish Row is too large, too glossy, and too clean. But the music of Gershwin is there — melodious, vigorous, and appealing. It alone is worth the price of admission. Sidney Poitier imbues his performance with striking simplicity.

J. Y. Cousteau's enchanting short French film *The Golden Fish* (Columbia, Edmond Sechan) won highest honors at the Cannes Film Festival a year ago. At the moment it is a nominee for our own Oscar award. This is a charming tale portrayed with consummate artistry in exquisite color photography.

A Dog of Flanders (20th Century-Fox, James B. Clark), based on the popular novel by Ouida, will delight the entire family. Filmed in DeLuxe Color in Holland and Belgium, this appealing story of a boy, a dog, and a circus is clean, wholesome entertainment.

Sink the Bismarck (20th Century-Fox, Lewis Gilbert), re-creates a historic incident from World War II. The pursuit and ultimate destruction of the German battleship *Bismarck* is depicted with exciting realism.

Seen but not recommended: *Who Was That Lady?* (Columbia, George Sidney.) Not only in poor taste but utterly ridiculous as well.

A Minority Report

Replies to Some Letters

By VICTOR F. HOFFMANN



Judging from the letters and comments *A Minority Report* has been receiving, it is altogether clear that many *Cresset* readers are anti-Catholic. Most of the anti-Catholic critics are not for a Roman Catholic president at any time, in any place, or in any circumstance. At the present, however, the letters are more specific: they do not like Kennedy, they fear him, and do not want any part of him. Quite bluntly, most of them think that "Kennedy will turn us Americans over to Roman Catholic rule."

Because this corner has said some kind things about Kennedy, a few readers have lectured like this: Hoffmann is a weak and marginal Protestant who will permit the Roman Catholics to take over without too much trouble.

None of these views are very eccentric in a basically Protestant country.

However some other points might be made about the letters *A Minority Report* has received.

In the first place, some of them were anonymous. To the writers of these anonymous letters, and some of them must be Lutheran Christians, I have only one thing to say: if you fear a Roman Catholic president, and if you feel that you have a good case, then say so openly. It is hard to be kind about people who like to manipulate in the dark. It might even be difficult for them to respect themselves.

In the second place, none of these letters has argued the case rationally and reasonably. For example, to say that the editors of the *Cresset* are simply trying to be heroes and marginal Lutheran liberals is to express opinions about certain people. But it is not a very direct answer to any questions about a Roman Catholic president.

Speaking rationally, the strategy of the Christian ethic demands a number of significant steps: 1) discuss the matter from a platform of information and knowledge; 2) whatever the specific issue at hand, face it with the understanding that Roman Catholics are also children of God and have also come to a knowledge of a forgiving God of grace; 3) recognize that, whatever evil you feel the Roman Catholics represent, they must be dealt with in forgiveness, that they too are men to be forgiven for their shortcomings; and 4) treat them as you yourselves would like to be treated.

These considerations, in the third place, impose upon all of us the willingness and the obligation to see all sides of this question.

Therefore, the strategy of the Christian requires the study of some important questions. Just what is the role of the American Roman Catholic Church in the total ecclesiastical Roman empire? Does the American Roman Catholic, leader or not, take orders from Rome for every aspect of life? Does Rome control the American Roman Catholic in everything from the cradle to the grave? Are we arguing the role of the current American Roman Catholic Church from the data of Reformation history? What evidence have we specifically that Kennedy is going to turn America over to Rome? What Roman Catholic governor has turned his state over to kind Pope John?

Perhaps we do really have a riddle on our hands!

Fourthly — some have argued that the Roman Catholic force in American political life has become a leviathan in scope and size.

Assume for the present moment that this proposition is true.

In the face of it, what should be the strategy of a Lutheran Protestant church?

There are some suggestions. *Number One*: political battles are not won in correspondence exchanges, nor in little homilies to a Ladies Aid, nor even in the high level meetings of church headquarters; *Number Two*: if Protestants decide to be political, the legislation and policy must be something more than blue laws against Sunday baseball; *Number Three*: to make the Christian ethic relevant to the social world in which we live means living in that world, that is, going to party meetings, attending affairs of local unions, walking the picket lines, polling the precinct, fighting one's way through the coalition politics of a nominating convention; *Number Four*: the theologians and the philosophers with their universals and their ethics must get together in continuous meetings with people from politics, business, labor, and the like for only where the two meet can the two speak to one another; *Number Five*: And the law of love must always prevail.

Letters to the Editor

Dear Editor:

During World War II, one of the many wartime slogans in vogue was that which posed the question, "Is This Trip Necessary?" On the assumption that the consumption of fuel and other materials through civilian travel would cause critical shortages in war material needed by our armed forces, our government prodded the consciences of its citizens to conserve national resources. Whether or not the slogan served its purpose, it descended to the adman's limbo long before the last veteran returned home on points.

While the writer has not had opportunity to consider the Freudian implications of the subject, it is clear that modern Americans take a somewhat different view of travel. While it is not as yet consciously recognized or expressed, our current pitch is, "Why stay at home when you can hit the road?" No profession, occupation, service organization, union, industry, or what have you feels that it has arrived unless it indulges frequently and spectacularly in the convention ritual, with or without wine, women, and song. Of course, the ritual may go under a number of guises. Because the word "convention" brings to mind the adolescent antics of the American Legion and its 32nd degree brethren, the 40 & 8, it has been replaced by such impressive titles as workshops, retreats, institutes, and the like. But a rose by any other name . . .

Since the Christian and, indeed, the Church are citizens of two worlds, and since the realm of the temporal is ever present in a tempting role, it seems fair to raise the question, "Is this trip necessary?" in terms of present Lutheran practices. One is reminded here of the immortal couplet from ancient folklore: "It's fun to be groupy, although it's quite pooppy." From the writer's limited perspective, the Lutheran Church in America has gotten on the convention bandwagon at a feverish pace well above the 106 degree level, if you don't mind mixed metaphors.

Lest I be misunderstood (which happens frequently when one is schizophrenic), I am not questioning the propriety or wisdom of our Lutheran congressional sessions — District and Synodical Conventions. Neither do I question the need for effective channels of communication within our increasingly large and complex Lutheran bodies. But what I genuinely question is the stewardship — yes, the stewardship — of time, talents, and treasures involved in the hundreds of functional and inter-functional conferences which occur within the Lutheran Church each *fiscal* year. A listing of all such conferences would replace an unabridged collegiate dictionary, at least the paper-backed edition, as the largest book on your library shelves.

As an example, let us examine the groupy phenomenon within my own professional specialization with the Church — social work. Admittedly, and perhaps de-

servedly, social work is in the bush league class of Lutheran conferences and conventions, but it is ideally sized for dissecting purposes. We are asked — indeed urged — to spend the equivalent of two to three weeks per year in Lutheran welfare conferences. If one is on a conference program — which is usual in a field as small as ours — an additional period of time must be siphoned out or hacked off of one's calling. Conference time is largely devoted to inspiring addresses on the place of welfare in the Christian Church and especially the fact that welfare *has* a place in the Christian Church. Surely, this a good theme in itself, since such addresses serve to deepen my spiritual insights. But is this the only way, the economical way in terms of time, talents, and treasures entrusted to me and the Church through grace?

To quote Al Smith, which is perhaps inadvisable in this particular election year, "Let us look at the record." Or perhaps an appropriate quotation from Scripture, "Count the cost": In terms of a single delegate to a national Lutheran convention, the costs might run something like this: travel, \$75.00; housing \$10.00; meals, \$8.00 (for 2 days); time off job for conference and travel, \$60.00 (very conservative); time in preparing a conference paper, \$40.00 (two days); secretarial services, \$10.00, not to mention legitimate miscellaneous expenses. "Put it together and what have you got?" — not "bippety, boppety, boo," in the words of a popular song, but the not insignificant sum of \$203.00. While benefits are derived from participation in such a convention, do they meet or exceed what is taken from one's primary duties — or for that matter, the same investment of time and cost in quiet study and contemplation of the nature and purpose of one's particular role in the work of the Church? It is impossible to answer simply, "yea" or "nay" . . . but the writer is of the conviction that being groupy is one of modern man's primary means of escape from the solitary and sobering consideration of his relationship to God and his stewardship of God's gifts. To ourselves and to others, we sometimes presume to take on the person of Christ, using his admonition to his human parents to justify our conferencing tendencies: "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?"

Within the Church, conferences and conventions lie in the field of adiaphora, being neither bad nor good in themselves. But, indeed, it seems as if they are increasingly being made a matter of "conscience." Good stewardship — the question: "Am I about my father's business?" — demands that we take a good long look at conferences. Let us consider this problem — and please, not through another conference — "before the night cometh when no man can work!"

James C. Cross

Austin, Texas

Dear Sir:

Mr. Paul Simon states in the April issue of the *Cresset*:

"The official Roman Catholic doctrine is that the Pope is infallible only when he speaks *ex cathedra* on matters of faith and morals, and this is rare. A Roman Catholic has as much right to decline the advice of the Pope on a political matter as you or I do."

That second sentence is quite a mouthful. Has Mr. Simon ever read the following from *Unam Sanctam*?

"We are told by the word of the gospel that in this His fold there are two swords — a spiritual, namely, and a temporal. For when the apostles said 'Behold here are two swords' — when, namely, the apostles were speaking in the church — the Lord did not reply that this was too much, but enough. Surely he who denies that the temporal sword is in the power of Peter wrongly interprets the word of the Lord when He says: 'Put up thy sword in its scabbard.' Both swords, the spiritual and the material, therefore, are in the power of the church;

the one, indeed, to be wielded for the church, the other by the church; the one by the hand of the priest, the other by the hand of kings and knights, but at the will and sufferance of the priest. One sword, moreover, ought to be under the other, and the temporal authority to be subjected to the spiritual." — *The Papal Encyclicals In Their Historical Context*, edited by Anne Fremantle, p. 73.

Does Mr. Simon really claim that this statement does not have definite political implications? Boniface may not have specifically stated that he was speaking *ex cathedra*, but he certainly made it plain that he wasn't kidding. At any rate, I challenge Mr. Simon to demonstrate that any subsequent pope ever retracted *Unam Sanctam*. — If Mr. Simon still has doubts, let him read *Execrabilis*, which put teeth into *Unam Sanctam* if it needed any.

Yours sincerely,

Lando C. Otto

Concordia Senior College
Fort Wayne, Indiana

AGAIN LIKE ROSES

Inform Apollo that we care again
that moonlight pours upon the Parthenon.
Now Crete and Delos grow
across our gaunt horizon again like roses
on wine-dark marble. The Mediterranean
laps at our fingers dragged through song
of helms and heroes. Now the great winds go
less lonely through the Ilium grasses.
And all our hearts bow toward the columns flung
and broken above the sea.

You have been frightened, World, at history.
(Remember that small son, weeping and blest,
beneath the crimson horsehair crest
borne by his father, terrible and tender?)

But now you are the youth who waits in wonder
to hear again the frantic Delphic shriek
drag at the heart and prove
that there again are gods who grandly speak,
laureled in love.

— JAMES E. WARREN, JR.

VERSE

PUBLIC ENEMY

Everyone has heard his name
Spoken breathlessly by a lame announcer
Who wondered what it would be like to kill,
Has seen the splotchy wirephoto image
Labeled 'maddog killer finally brought to bay.'

But no one in Chicksha recalls the
Speechless darkeyed boy whose shoes were
Three times halfsoled, four worn out;
Whose father bootlegged whiskey for his betters
Until one felt the price was out of line
And turned him in;
Whose mother washed and sewed until she dropped,
Then died a public charge.

The court will not be told, won't think to ask
What national disease made forty dollars
Worth a human life,
And then made death a form of self-expression.

Neither councilor will state the
Spiritual growth implicit in
A year of running hunted through the south,
One night in a junkyard, another in a church,
A week two fangs ahead of county dogs.

No one will know or care that he cried
When a whore in Baton Rouge
Refused his last two dollars,
Kissed him roughly,
Then left before the end.

An apprehensive jury, out to stop this
Sort of thing
Will render a popular verdict prepared,
Dictated in advance
By the press,
By solid businessmen, by narrowchested clerks
Who tremble when they think of sudden death.

They will reduce blown chances and chance blows
To the only blessing he has ever heard:
"May Almighty God have mercy on your soul."

— WILLIAM CORRINGTON

WHEREVER TIME MAY BE

Dreambigger boy . . . dream the bigger
And better worlds ahead are
Parts of the greater universe . . . waiting
For stars

To be discovered, by you and your new kind of people
Who find
Hearts and eyes expanding
The infinite varieties of life
That come with
The smile of the first understanding

As a whole man

I should like to enjoy
The Dreambigger worlds
You love so much as to say — someday

When you put all our skies
Together again
I will see somewhere or
Wherever time may be

In your eyes
The reason for love
And I too
Dreambiggerboy . . . I too

Shall smile

— DAVID KALUGIN

COMPASS OF INDECISION

Fear is an iceberg
floating toward poles of inquiry.
Doubt is a drifting ship
with a frozen coating
at variance with complacency.

Time's octopus writhes to clutch
(between the distance of craft and glacier)
their opposite directions —
one swift touch
and the indecisive moment becomes teacher.

— LUCILE COLEMAN

Professor Sachring

The Pilgrim



"All the trumpets sounded for him on the other side"
—PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

By O. P. KRETZMANN

Consilium Abeundi

I noticed him during the opening exercises in September . . . A round, boyish, immature face was set haphazardly on a neck which disappeared uncertainly into a soft collar many sizes too big for him . . . Summer suns and winter winds had burned his cheeks and left his forehead white . . . He came, according to his own timid announcement, from North Dakota . . .

The customary third degree in the first lecture told me little more about him . . . Yes, he had finished seven grades — mushing to school when the bitter Dakota winters had frozen the fountain of learning . . . Yes, he had worked on the farm, "tendin' sheep and the like o' that." . . . No, — with an amiable smile — he had not learned much in school . . .

"You see," he explained, "the teacher didn't know much either. She was a neighbor's girl and my father allus said she was kinder dumb — like her mother."

He interested me strangely . . . In most of the classes he was the embodiment of absolute apathy . . . A direct question would usually draw the familiar, amiable smile . . . At times it was almost pitying, as though he had firmly resolved to bear the vagaries of strange men in a far country with stoic equanimity . . . Sometimes, too, his smile would become vaguely annoying; it seemed to say; "I know things which you will never understand . . . I have seen the lonely winds sweep down from the North and kill men as the flame of a candle is snuffed out . . . I have seen sunbeams like swords strike the earth and leave man and beast gasping for life . . . Your world is not real, and your books are dead . . ."

There were times when he would become startlingly alive . . . Invariably, these were moments when we were reading some sharp, salty bit of action, or a description of man's eternal struggle against the grim forces of nature . . . The dashing vigor of "Treasure Island" kept him awake for two weeks . . . His eyes shone, and his smile seemed to become wistful like that of a child far from home . . .

Shortly before Christmas he was told that his work had been unsatisfactory, and that it would be better for him to return home . . . That night I heard a slow step on the stair, a timid knock at my door . . . He had come to say goodbye and "to talk awhile." . . . Un- easily he sat on the edge of the chair while I voiced

the usual, polite regrets over his failures . . . He brushed them aside with a helpless wave of his hand and leaned forward — eagerly, I thought . . .

"Would you, professor, would you," he began shakily, "like to hear a little bit about me — I mean what I done before I came here?"

Haltingly and fearfully at first, then more and more vividly, his story poured from his lips . . . I cannot set it down here in his own words . . . It told of long years of incredible hardship, of merciless suns beating down on a boy plodding wearily behind a plow, of work done in grey winter dawns when the wind shrieked and wailed like a band of lost souls . . . But all this was really nothing, he said . . . He was sustained by a glorious vision . . . Some day he would go away, out into that strange country, and read books, and talk like his pastor talked . . . And there would be no more hot and bloodless suns beating down on him, and no more cold winds crying across the plains . . . His last sentence was hardly audible . . .

"But now," he said, and his lips quivered into the same old smile, "now I'm going home again . . . I hope Pa and Ma won't be too much put out about it . . ."

I met him only once more . . . The next evening I had gone to the station to buy my ticket for the Christmas journey home . . . As I entered the waiting-room, ringing with noise and laughter, I saw him . . . He sat huddled in a corner with his cap pulled over his eyes . . . About his thin frame an old lumber jacket hung loosely; he had never bought an overcoat . . . "Too much money," he had said to me once . . . His straw suitcase stood beside him . . .

For a few minutes we stood together listening to the whistle of an approaching train . . . Between his nervous fingers his cap was being crushed . . .

He began to speak — then stopped — then began again: "And if you could do me the favor maybe and kind of let me know how everybody is — I sure would be much obliged. You see a fellow don't get many letters tendin' sheep and the like o' that . . ."

For a brief moment I saw his face at the window as the train started . . . He was smiling . . .

Uncertainly I turned into the winter night . . . It was not so bright as before . . . A fog had come from the North . . . It mattered little . . . Through the mist I saw again his smile in the classroom . . . It had been a smile of supreme happiness . . .