

6-1960

## The Cresset (Vol. XXIII, No. 8)

Valparaiso University

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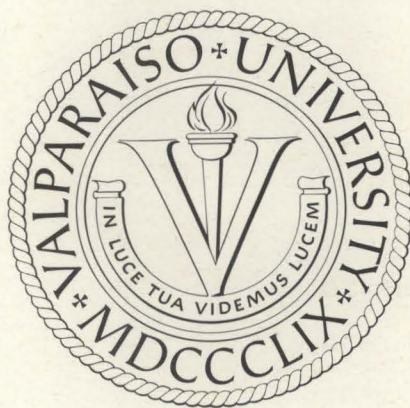
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The  
*Cresset*

A REVIEW OF LITERATURE,  
THE ARTS, AND PUBLIC AFFAIRS



Vol. XXIII, No. 8  
TWENTY CENTS

JUNE, 1960



The  
**Cresset**

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THE CRESSET is published monthly September through June by the Valparaiso University Press. Entered as second class matter September 1, 1953, at the post office at Valparaiso, Indiana, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Subscription rates: One year—\$2.00; two years—\$3.75; three years—\$5.50. Single copy 20 cents. Entire contents copyrighted 1960 by the Valparaiso University Press.



# Cresset

## In Luce Tua

Comment on the Significant News by the Editors

### A Change for the Better

FOR YEARS, under both Democratic and Republican administrations, it was the policy of our government not to criticize the behavior of another government toward its own people — unless, of course, the government in question happened to be Communist. We called this counsel of silence a policy of non-intervention in the internal affairs of other countries.

The policy had certain virtues; among other things, it ended an unhappy era of interference in the genuinely private business of our Latin American neighbors. But one of the unfortunate consequences of the policy was that it sometimes required silence of us at times when silence seemed to imply a lack of concern for freedom and basic morality. Some of our best friends in Latin America still find it difficult to forgive our failure to condemn the recent tyrannies of Peron in Argentina, Rojas Pinilla in Columbia, and Batista in Cuba. Some who would like to be our friends in Africa and Asia have been embarrassed by the implied consent of our silence at the excesses committed by some of our European allies in the colonial wars of the past decade.

In recent months our government seems to have given this non-intervention policy a more flexible interpretation. We have told South Africa and the world that we find its policy of apartheid indefensible. We have hinted as broadly as diplomatic language permits that if the people of Cuba felt inclined to change governments they would not invite any reprisals from us by doing so. And just a few weeks ago we pulled the rug out from under the terror regime of Syngman Rhee in Korea by letting it be known that we did not approve of his high-handed tactics.

We suspect that credit for this change in policy must go to Secretary of State Christian Herter, a man for whose intelligence and soft-spoken firmness we have developed a very high respect. Thanks to this change, we are free now to employ the most effective

weapon we have in the present power struggle between East and West: our commitment to the proposition that all men are born equal and that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights, among which are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. The vigorous defense of this proposition, even when the offending nation happens to be on "our side" in the Cold War, can do much to convince the world's uncommitted peoples that we are not in this struggle merely to maintain a comfortable and profitable status quo for ourselves and our friends but that we are still doing battle for the principles of 1776, the same revolutionary principles for which, in their various ways, they have been fighting.

### Death, Legal and Illegal

The state of California has a law, and under that law Caryl Chessman deserved to die. It is not for us to say whether the law is a good one or a bad one. Chessman's guilt under that law was established as clearly as guilt can ever be established by human judges. The stipulated punishment for breaking that law is death. This punishment, now, Chessman has received. So far as Chessman is concerned, the case is closed. The rest of us must live, as best we can, with the memory of it.

We have put our own views on capital punishment on record. (See "Relic of Barbarism," page 4, December, 1959.) These views are not based upon any tender consideration for murderers, kidnappers, rapists, or traitors. More than once we have found ourself, after reading about some particularly brutal crime, muttering that "whoever did this thing ought to be shot." But a reaction of this sort is something to be mentioned at confession, not something to be sanctified as a principle of justice. For justice is, in the final analysis, not so much concerned with what happens to the criminal as with what happens to society when crime is committed, discovered, and punished.

Sinners as well as saints can find comfort and reassurance in the injunction not to fear them that kill



the body. Society can never afford to ignore the possible consequences for itself of killing the bodies of those who have violated its laws. Have we made life safer and more sacred by playing a cat and mouse game with Chessman for twelve years and then finally snuffing him out eugenically and passionlessly in a little green room? Will some professional killer today pawn the tools of his profession because last night one of his less competent colleagues was strapped in a chair and jolted into eternity?

We see nothing in the record to suggest that the legalized taking of life has any real bearing upon the amount of illegal killing that goes on in our country. Those who kill in passion are not likely to stop to reflect upon the consequences of their acts. Those who kill cold-bloodedly are, for the most part, professional killers who have too much confidence in their own craftsmanship to worry about the remote possibility of getting caught. If, therefore, the death penalty is ineffective as a deterrent, it must be justified either as corrective therapy or as an act of pure vindictiveness. No society can afford to be so naive as to suppose that the gas chamber or the electric chair or the gallows is a form of therapy. No society has the moral right to make vindictiveness a principle of justice.

### "Blessed are the Meek . . ."

We had occasion recently to spend a long week-end with a friend of ours who lives in what is euphemistically called "a changing neighborhood," i.e., Those People are moving into it. This particular neighborhood is presently about eighty per cent Negro. On Sunday we worshipped in his church, technically an integrated church but actually, because of the flight of its Caucasian members, a Negro church. It was one of the most pleasant weekends we can remember.

This friend of ours is pastor of the church which we attended. He has about four hundred members, mostly middle class. Except for the fact that the organist was far superior to the typical church organist there was nothing about the service we attended to distinguish it from any of the several thousand Lutheran services that must have been going on all over our country at that same hour. The ladies of the congregation were quite obviously wrestling with a weight problem. The men had that uncomfortable look that men get when they wear a tie only on Sunday. In the children's choir there was a boy with a crew cut and glasses who was making a minor disturbance during the sermon.

About the congregation itself, though, there are two very unusual things. In the first place, its house of worship was obviously a much finer structure than a congregation of this size and economic level might normally be expected to have built for itself. The congregation received it, as a hand-me-down but practically new, from a congregation which chose to run away rather than stay and serve new neighbors whom the providence of God had led to their door. In the

second place, the fortunate pastor is living much higher on the hog than he could ever hope to live in a "better," i.e., all-white neighborhood. His parsonage is on a quiet, tree-shaded residential street where, in spite of the fact that Those People have moved into almost every house in the block, the lawns are well-tended and the loudest noise we heard in a period of three days was an occasional car door slammed shut. The house itself has a living room, a dining room, three bedrooms, a television room, a study, a bath and a half, and a full basement. The downstairs rooms are carpeted wall to wall. The upstairs bathroom is tiled with real tile. The congregation acquired this house for considerably less than twenty thousand dollars.

Our Lord said that the meek would inherit the earth. In our large cities, at least, thanks to the irrational fears of the wise and prudent and the disobedience of His own children, this word is being fulfilled daily.

### TALC

As of April 22, the unhappy divisions within American Lutheranism were significantly reduced by the formal merger of three Lutheran churches into a new church body, The American Lutheran Church. *The Cresset* is grateful to the Lord of the Church for this opportunity to send its greetings and best wishes to its friends and brethren in TALC, and especially to the leaders of the new church, many of whom our editors number among their personal friends.

In 1961 or 1962, another great merger will bring together another group of Lutheran bodies into what will be known as the Lutheran Church in America. The two largest parties to this merger will be the present United Lutheran Church in America and the Augustana Lutheran Church. When this merger is consummated, the National Lutheran Council will be transformed from a committee to either a marriage or a liaison, depending upon one's views. At any rate, it will consist of only two members.

We possess no special knowledge of the future but we can not help wondering whether we are not seeing, in these early years of the 1960's, the shaping of a pattern which may finally restore peace and love and cooperation among the Lutherans of our country. The differences which have separated Lutherans have been both theological and cultural. In a sense, the theological differences have been the easier of the two to resolve. Indeed, on the highest theological levels they have been resolved. But cultural differences with their deep emotional roots have not been so easy to resolve. Man is a remembering creature and one of his most legitimate acts of worship is the praise of God for the great things which He has done for us through our fathers. If the new LCA forgets Muhlenberg, its members who trace their spiritual descent from the Ministerium of Pennsylvania will have lost something great and good. If the Synodical Conference forgets Walther, it will have forgotten something which it can not afford



to forget. If TALC forgets its fathers in Ohio and Iowa and Minnesota, it will be the poorer for having forgotten.

The unity which we seek may, therefore turn out to be other than — we even dare say more than — organic unity. There is nothing in the Methodist experience to suggest that organizational unity is, in itself, an unmixed blessing. It may be that the unity which Lutherans will ultimately be granted by the Spirit will be a "unity of spirit in the bond of peace," a unity of work and worship within the framework of an association of perhaps three large, responsible bodies who will consciously bring to their common witness the best insights that have been conserved in their various traditions. And in the process, they may avoid that organizational elephantiasis which so often produces either sluggishness or schizophrenia.

## A New Capital

Are we the only man in Philadelphia who doesn't read the *Bulletin*? That is to say, are we the only editor of a think-magazine who is excited about Brasilia, the new capital which has been carved out of the upland savannahs of Brazil? Excited we are. We have pored over every scratch of information about Brasilia we could lay our hands on. But nobody else seems to be greatly interested in it.

We see Brasilia as a kind of answer by the people in the social sciences and the humanities to the pretensions of the natural scientists with their rockets and vaccines. For years we have smarted under the charge that the students of the social sciences and the humanities were intellectual old maids, incapable of producing anything really useful. And here now we have this beautiful new city, called into being by the judgment of economists and geographers and political scientists, designed by artists and architects, and dedicated to the noblest of all the arts: government. Engineers, it is true, were in on the building, but in their proper role of useful craftsmen rather than as planners and designers. Scientists of one sort or another were in on the act, too, but not to the extent of being allowed to use a thing designed to minister to human life as an experiment in applied mathematics. Brasilia is intended to have social consequences, to change the course of a nation. And its construction was in the hands of men who know something about society and have some views on how society should move.

The city is, of course, far from finished. President Kubitschek's term of office is in its last year and it may be that his successor will allow the building of the city to lag or even grind to a halt. But while it is possible that little men might allow the project to lag, it is equally certain that the people of Brazil will not allow it to die. It will be no drab feather in their cap to be able to claim, in the not-too-distant future, the one city of any consequence anywhere in the world that actually reflects the best of our century as some

of the great cities of Europe reflect the best of earlier centuries.

There is an ironical principle in history which continually frustrates the journalist. We report what we see and we try to present it with some degree of deference to its ultimate significance. But history is forever shoving our headlines down into the footnotes and moving our Page 6 stories into chapter headings. This being the case, what will the historian of 2560 choose as the theme of his headline for the story of our era: The Cold War? The Dawn of the Space Age? The Population Explosion? Communism vs. Democracy? Or The Building of Brasilia?

## The Truth About A.C.

If you had lived in the Bad Old Days when men were dominated by religion, you would have believed in such mythical creatures as gryphons and centaurs and Prester John. Living as you do in the Age of Reason, you believe in a mythical creature called the Average Consumer. His habitat is the Labor Department in Washington and the tales that are told about him appear from time to time in a publication called the consumer price index.

Average Consumer, hereinafter called A.C., has a disposable annual income of six thousand dollars after taxes and average savings. He spends these six thousand dollars as follows:

Housing, fuel, and utilities .....	\$1,962.00
Food .....	1,722.00
Transportation (car maintenance and public transportation fare) .....	702.00
Clothing .....	534.00
Medical Expenses .....	324.00
Recreation (radio, television, movies, toys, fishing gear, newspapers and magazines) .....	318.00
Tobacco and liquor .....	306.00
Cosmetics, haircuts, permanent waves, etc. ....	132.00

We got these data from the *New York Times*, a reputable family newspaper which prides itself on printing all the news that's fit to print. It would appear, therefore, that either there is no news about A.C.'s contributions to church, to private educational enterprises, to hospitals and other worthy causes — or that the amount which he allots to such purposes from his budget is not fit to print. Those of us who are associated with not-for-profit ventures leap, perhaps too readily, to the latter of these two explanations.

This does raise an interesting question, though. The argument which is always being raised against government involvement in charitable or philanthropic enterprises is that such involvement takes from the individual the privilege of doing his own works of love and mercy. But it would seem that A.C. has been arguing *in vacuo*. If he is giving anything to "worthy causes," it would seem that the amount is less than what he spends on the care of his scalp and face. The law does not concern itself with trifles and perhaps A.C. might take a cue from the law. It is hardly worth



his time and trouble to handle personally the trifling contributions he makes to these worthy causes. Perhaps he might as well let the government do it.

Especially since ours is a Christian nation.

## The Forgotten Fifteen Million

There are 15,500,000 Americans over 63 years of age. For many of them, the prospect for the years ahead is bleak. Their insurance and savings have been eroded year by year by a still-unchecked inflation; private medical and hospitalization plans become almost prohibitively expensive on their drastically reduced incomes; and the costs of medical and hospital care continue to rise.

It would be ironical if, having added so many years to man's average life expectancy, we should permit these added years to become a burden. Long life without good health is hardly a blessing, particularly in a culture which puts such a premium on youthful health and vigor.

Representative Aime J. Forand of Rhode Island has introduced a bill which would increase Social Security contributions so as to provide funds for hospitalization, nursing-home care, and surgical expense out of Social Security benefits. The American Medical Association, which reacts as automatically as Pavlov's dogs to all such proposals, has denounced the Forand Bill as "socialized medicine." As of this writing the A.M.A. had not yet pronounced on an administration counter-proposal which, although it has much in it to recommend it, would seem to stand little chance of passage by a Democratic Congress.

It appears that some form of medical aid bill will be enacted by this Congress, and none too soon, either. We can not simply shrug off our older citizens who are being denied a fair share in the affluent society which they helped to build. But neither do we have to reduce the whole fifteen and a half million of them to the status of pensioners. Many of them, for a considerable period of time, would be able to take care of their own medical expenses if they were simply permitted to earn whatever they could get for their labor on the open market.

What prevents them from doing so is a misconception of the nature of Social Security and an outdated idea of its purpose. Social Security is not a dole or a form of largesse; it is a form of compulsory saving. The govern-

ment has no more right to tell a man that he must need Social Security benefits before he can receive them than an insurance company has to tell one of its policyholders that he has to need his annuity payments before he can claim them. The misconception that Social Security is something which the citizen receives from the bounty of a generous government accounts, perhaps, for our continuing to tolerate this limit of \$1,200 a year on the earnings of anyone under the age of 72 who receives full Social Security benefits. There was once a reason for such a limitation: we were trying to entice people out of the job market. Furthermore, \$1,200 was quite a respectable figure at the time it was adopted. But we no longer need to lure people away from their jobs, and \$1,200 plus Social Security is hardly enough to allow a man to paddle his own canoe.

We favor giving our older citizens whatever kind of help they need. But we think that some rethinking of the Social Security program might result both in practical help and also in preserving their self-respect.

## Sayonara

Come June, our editors scatter to the four winds and the magazine enters a state of estivation. This year the summer recess is particularly welcome. It has been a long, hard winter and we seem to have gotten involved in a lot more arguments than we usually do and the issues that call for comment seem to get more complicated every day.

This is as good a time as any to thank you all for listening and, sometimes, reacting. We have tried not to be dull or trite. We have tried also to avoid stirring things up just for the fun of it. The hardest part about this job is calling the shots as one sees them when doing so involves criticizing one's own church or country or university or friends.

The man who is willing to make the effort to be honest has the right to demand the privilege of being wrong. We have said things that we ought not to have said, and we have not said things that we ought to have said, and there is no health in us. But in this world the Master has none but unprofitable servants to serve Him, so we carry on as best we can, trusting in the forgiveness of the Forgiver and of His forgiven ones.

Have a good summer.



# AD LIB.

## The Bell Tolls No More

BY ALFRED R. LOOMAN



IN OUR rapidly changing world, what has probably changed least is the small town. Recently I visited a number of small towns in southern Indiana, arriving about one day after Spring began. I had never visited any of these towns before, but they all looked familiar and were almost indistinguishable from every small town I have ever known.

Now a small town may, in Winter, look bleak and unattractive, but in any other season, it has a way of combining with Nature that makes it extremely attractive. The particular charm of the small town is the result of the willingness of the residents to let Nature take its course. Those of us living in cities and in suburbia attempt to bend Nature to fit our needs, and our landscaped yards, as a result, look sterile.

A stray red bud or apple tree in blossom looks best with a weather-worn barn as a backdrop. The forsythia and bridal wreath in small town yards are attractively arranged, though they were placed by the whims of the breeze that blew their seeds. The gullies and ravines running through the small town are never covered or hidden, but are left to Nature's maverick ways, and, consequently, are covered with wild flowers and attractively stunted trees. The Gothic arch of tree branches over a long brick street is seldom disturbed by a utility company seeking safer passage for its wires.

We in suburbia fight an endless, and mostly unsuccessful, battle with crab grass and countless other weeds and diseases, but the untended yard in a small town is covered with weed-free grass, an example of Nature having the last laugh.

What may have preserved the charm of the small town is a lack of planning, in which case I am in favor of no planning. And it may be that the absence of long-range planning and signs of noticeable progress are nothing more than the result of lassitude or plain bull-headedness on the part of the citizens. Again, if this is so, for once I am in favor of these normally unattractive attributes.

But there is one major change in most small towns, and it is definitely a change for the worse. Formerly, as one approached a town, it was visible from miles away, marked by the spires of the church steeples

raised high above the tallest trees. Alas, the steeples are no more, condemned and removed, I presume, by reason of necessity, and new churches are built without them. Now, only a water tower, painted aluminum, marks the town from a distance.

I miss those cross-topped steeples soaring above the town for they were such perfect symbols of a Christian community proclaiming its dependence on the Creator and its faith in the Savior. I can only hope the absence of these steeples and crosses is not an indication of a weakening in faith but merely a result of time and deterioration.

It is no longer possible in a small town to ask for whom the bell tolls, since the bells disappeared with the steeples, and the pleasant clanging of even the most untuneful is gone. Gone is the "first" bell which served as an excellent warning to children, dawdling over breakfast or dressing, that time for Sunday School was rapidly approaching. Gone is the "second" bell for Sunday School and the "third" and "fourth" bells announcing the Sunday morning service.

My Sundays in childhood were regulated by the ringing of bells, of which there were a number in our town. Each congregation felt it had the sweetest-sounding or the loudest bell in the highest steeple. Most of the bells were rung at the same time by sextons holding their watches in hand for the five minutes prior in order to maintain their reputation for punctuality. The cacophonous ringing of a number of bells is a sound we will hear no more. It is a sound that has no counterpart in the field of music. What, for example, do we have that can sound quite so mournful as a tolling bell as the funeral procession leaves the church?

With the exception of the bells and steeples, little else has changed in the small town. Those of you who, upon occasion, subscribe to the "Backward, turn backward, O Time, in your flight" philosophy would do well to visit a small town soon, before the end of Spring. This should not be a visit consisting of a hurried trip through on the highway lined with used-car lots, but a leisurely drive along the streets off the highway. It is my guess that even people who have never lived in a small town would, on such a visit, feel at least a twinge of nostalgia.



# The Research Rowing Man

By J. E. SAVESON

Associate Professor of English

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SIR LESLIE STEPHEN in his *Sketches from Cambridge* left memorable portraits of college types found in the Cambridge of his day and found still in college rooms and commons, on bicycles on Kings Parade and in punts along the Cam. Who can resist the mathematician, the reading man *par excellence*, whose habits are mainly nocturnal, whose conviviality is typified by the twelve mathematicians locked into a room with one bottle of wine and told they shall not leave till they have finished it, who enliven theological debate with the illustration that heaven is a sphere whose radius varies inversely with the holiness? This type and others Sir Leslie recorded; but one he did not and could not describe is the research rowing man, a type created by one stroke of the prosaic yet fiendish fancy of the President of the Fitzwilliam Research Society in the early spring of 1954.

Anyone who seeks to understand this stroke must understand the nature of Fitzwilliam House and, further, must gain insight not only into the mind of the President of the Fitzwilliam Research Society but also into the mind of the Tutor of Fitzwilliam. By Cambridge standards Fitzwilliam House is a young institution, founded in 1869 in the midst of the Victorian concern over the plight of poor scholars at the ancient universities. It was intended to be and has always been non-collegiate, a nineteenth-century equivalent of the boys' day school. It has no courts, gates, or cloisters; no master's lodge, no rooms where Erasmus meditated or Byron brooded; no porters, no charwomen, none of the usual costly accompaniments of undergraduate life. Poor students attached themselves to it cheaply and successfully even as they did to Fitzwilliam's counterpart, St. Catherine's Society in Oxford, which was founded on the same model. The need for these institutions has long passed, for every Cantabrigian and Oxonian these days has about as much money as any other, what with death duties deflating the pockets of the rich and subsidies filling the pockets of the poor. Ninety percent and more of Cambridge students subsist on government grants. But English institutions, once they are established, float along comfortably on the sea of habit and tradition. To propose razing Fitzwilliam now on the plea that it has outlived its purpose would be almost as impious and rash as to propose razing the Tower of London from the argument that the Conqueror's keep affords no protection against a hydrogen bomb or that the Beefeaters' pikes are no match for bazookas. Fitzwilliam House will stand so long as its undistinguished walls hold to-

gether under their coat of scarlet creeper, and walls of any kind in England have a habit of holding together indefinitely.

Tradition, on the other hand, more often than not, is a beast with two heads; and this fact is nowhere so apparent as in the present tradition of Fitzwilliam, which has come to signify a foundation for students with not only a paucity of pounds, shillings, and pence but also a paucity of spirit and a vacuity of intellect and, above all, an institution altogether lacking in dash. Cambridge undergraduate life retains still something of the flavor given it in the eighteenth century by the sons of the gentry, who descended on the stone quadrangles in the damp air of the East Anglian fens with horse and hound and grooms in livery. A young aristocrat took his place in Peterhouse or Queens' with as much assurance and as little effort as he displayed in taking his seat in the House of Lords. Nor did this assurance make for harmony between town and gown. The town worthies objected to having their wives turned upside down in the narrow confines of Petty Cury, a frequent sport of the college bloods; they muttered at the prostitutes taking the air in the marketplace and in the precincts of St. Edward's, the church of the Martyrs; they found too exotic by far the flow of imported wines and the parade of rich Stilton cheeses, hollowed out and filled with port.

Such opulence, such extravagance have in large measure disappeared from the colleges, but dash has not. It persists in other forms. Chamberpots regularly make their appearance on the pseudo-Gothic pinnacles of the "wedding cake" of St. John's and are regularly shot down with rifles by the college porters. Countless undergraduates vault over the college walls after hours in spite of the broken glass and iron spikes set in the masonry at the top. Night climbing is practiced as assiduously in term time as mountain climbing is practiced in the vacations; and the obstacles, indeed, are not much less precipitous — the lofty roof of King's College Chapel, the Saxon tower of St. Benet's; the smooth soaring pillars in the Neo-classical porch of the Fitzwilliam Museum, where the copy of Donatello's *David* looks out from under its preposterous hat with affection for all that is touched by youth and beauty and is mildly heroic. Dash of the prankish kind, furthermore, has sometimes cast off all restraint. On one Guy Fawkes night within recent memory, a crowd of undergraduates set off a keg of gunpowder on the steps of the university Senate. The explosion blackened the facade and shattered the glass in the eighteenth-century



windows. Such a blast was bound to raise the spirits of the crowd, who next marched off in the direction of Newnham, the nearer of the two women's colleges, voicing evil intentions. Their resolve, however, was nothing in comparison with that of Dame C. M., the principal of Newnham, who, somewhere in the vicinity of the Silver Street Bridge, met and dispersed them merely by her formidable presence.

These forms of dash Fitzwilliam House lacks entirely. Its students are all in lodgings. Instead of the porter in the bowler hat who ignores the midnight knocking at the Tudor gate of Trinity under the statue of Henry VIII and the armorial shields of the sons of Edward III, drowsy landladies nestle closer to hot water bottles between damp sheets and turn deaf ears to the knocking on the doors of drab Edwardian cottages. It is all a little sordid; there is no esprit; the denizens of Fitzwilliam House are sometimes suspected of being scurvy.

### The Tutor Ponders

In my time the Tutor of Fitzwilliam had pondered this lack of dash, reminiscing fondly over life in Jesus College, where he had been as an undergraduate — its lime trees, its hanging baskets in the cloisters, in remote apartments the grey eminence of its master, E. M. W. Tillyard, ushering an occasional visitor into the private chapel of a medieval abbess. And as the Tutor pondered, there had formed in his mind not a little distaste for the Fitzwilliam research students. They toiled not, in his opinion, nor did they spin — span not, that is, to the glory of Fitzwilliam. The university had struck, long ago, a bargain whereby the Censor of Fitzwilliam was bound to accept all research students who applied for admission. And since research students often had little interest in college life, they did apply in droves — most of them citizens of Africa, Asia, and the Americas, continents which could not compare with the divine Europa or, more narrowly, did not measure up to the sceptered isle. Research students won no firsts in the tripos exams. They dined once a week in hall under compulsion. They were sober, suspicious, and, above all, foreign. One could not conceive of them in blazers as old Fitzwilliamites.

The research students returned the Tutor's feeling — quietly except for a burly Scotsman, who was a foreigner too in his way. The Tutor had a habit of coming late to sit at the head of the High Table where the research students ate; and since he was the fattest man in Cambridge, the table invariably had to be moved away from the next table so that he could sit down. But to move it away from the Tutor was to block the door of the small room. Consequently, the research students arced the table around with a motion that pinned the Scotsman, who sat at the Tutor's left and was almost as obese as the Tutor, to the wall. At this blow in the stomach, the Scotsman's ire rose; the Tutor's annoyance increased; the research students

dropped the oak table; everyone sat down hoping that something would give. The Tutor was a young man with a florid complexion and a commanding profile remaining still in the mountains of his flesh. His one conversational habit was to ask in a tone that was politely casual but so precisely casual that it succeeded in conveying only disinterest, exceedingly brief questions of no seeming relevance. They came without preamble and were of the kind: "Do you have a bicycle?" "Do you find the weather in England inclement?" If you hesitated for a moment trying to think whether you had a bicycle or trying to collect your impressions of the weather, diamond points of malice glinted in the Tutor's embedded eyes, you felt yourself shadowed by the wings of a bright bird of prey, and you knew very well that the Tutor considered you to be supremely stupid. After a series of such questions the Scotsman, shaking with rage, would turn to his left and thunder in a voice that quieted the cackle of undergraduate voices around the room, "I hate sitting next to P!" The only way to divert him was to raise the subject of Thouless, his adviser in the faculty of psychology, whom the Scotsman detested, for Thouless' delvings into the occult, as much as he detested the Tutor.

With greater subtlety the Moslems returned the Tutor's feeling, giving, in the meetings of the Fitzwilliam Research Society, papers calculated to annoy the Tutor and all other Empire-minded Englishmen, papers proving in a legal way that the Rock of Gibraltar was Arab property. In the discussions that followed, the Egyptians chorused, "What happened to the Greeks?" And wily voices out of the bazaars of Pakistan answered with mystic satisfaction, "They were killed off by malaria." The pattern of history would repeat itself — such was the insinuation. The bug that humbled Alexander could sting still those who coveted oil under the deserts of Arabia.

### The President Acts

Out of these strained relations came the President of the Fitzwilliam Research Society's brilliant decision to create the first research rowing men. Probably for the reason that the Tutor could never have wedged himself into a boat, he had formed an inordinate passion for rowing. Thus, with extreme satisfaction, he heard the President's plan to have the research students imitate the undergraduates by putting a boat on the river, the most collegiate of all Cambridge activities. The races are held each year on the Cam for three days in May, each college entering a number of boats, each crew striving for the honor of being "first boat on the river." A suspicion that the research students, if they qualified at all, might well be last boat on the river crossed the Tutor's mind; but he brushed it away as though it were a falling leaf. What mattered was that there had never been a research boat on the river and Fitzwilliam would have the glory of starting a tradition.

We who were about to be glorious were saluted each



in turn by the President, nor did he have an easy time finding eight men for a shell. The Asians and Africans declined, suspecting probably that the scheme was some new form of colonialism. The Scotsman and a compatriot — whom I see most clearly retrieving with an infinite sense of something valuable about to be lost, thumbtacks and paper clips where they had fallen from the Research Society's bulletin board to the floor — both declined, the one from reasons of girth, the other from reasons of thrift. Cambridge washerwomen charged outrageously for laundering rowing shorts — thus he ruminated. But at last, by coercion in some instances and by awkward British cajolery in others, the President succeeded in bring to the west bank of the Cam at six o'clock one cold spring morning eight men to fill a shell — the prototypes, the original research rowing men.

## E Pluribus Nihil

If one attempts to determine from this group the characteristics of the type, he will soon decide that the most prominent feature of the research rowing man is that he is unlike every other research rowing man — in nationality, in physique, and in rowing experience. The crew was composed of one Swede, one Swiss, one Australian, one Irishman, two Englishmen and two Americans. The doubling of the English and the Americans might appear to make for a measure of homogeneity, but the two in both cases were cats of a different breed. One of the English was a north-countryman, whose wiriness of intellect and body seemed to have been strung up among the rocky outcroppings of the Yorkshire fells, whereas the other came from the undulating fields of Kent and was most at home, behind his thick mustache and studied bonhomie, in some brightly lighted roadside pub, with feet set a precise distance apart, with one hand holding at chest level a mug of good, brown ale, and with the other hooked into the pocket of a just faintly flashy waistcoat. Americans, as all good Europeans know, display no true regional characteristics. Born in cans, they feed on things that come in cans; and all their lives they are canned in by air conditioning and central heating. Thus it is harder to express how the American crewmen differed; but it can be done in terms of the most famous of American crops. One came from the cornfields of Kansas; the other, from the cornfields of Ohio.

These mixed origins were not in themselves an impediment, for whatever chauvinistic feelings the research rowing man may have had elsewhere in Cambridge here gave way to feelings of concern for blisters rising on palms unaccustomed to the friction of a water-roughened oar and to feelings of anxiety inspired by sharp jabs in the spine from the handle of the oar behind when one failed to move forward with the count. But the language was something else. The boat was a babel of tongues. The soft syllables of Ireland,

the twanging consonants of Kansas mingled with BBC English and English as it is taught and spoken with a Swedish flavor in the schools of Goteborg. Yet these instances of unintelligibility were slight in comparison with two others. The first was created by the coxswain, the Swiss, who spoke German, French, and Italian like a native — or natives — but whose English was indistinguishable from Esquimau. Being the smallest of us all, being, in fact, the smallest man in Cambridge, he was eminently qualified to be the cox; and he managed to make himself, in some measure, understood as he counted out the stroke, but for any other command he was unprepared.

Once as we moved northward on the river in the early morning with oars slicing the water with more effect than usual — past the black and white Regency houses on Midsummer Common, past the ugly brick mass of the gas works, out into the fringing fields north of the city where the swans begin to build their nests in ditch-like tributaries — we bore down upon some fowls collecting around scraps of bread thrown down from the footpath by a passing cyclist. To bear down up the birds of the Cam is no small matter. The Cantabrigian geese are a vicious breed, given to honking and spitting and utterly fearless in attacking strangers. The swans, moreover, when disturbed, are lethal. They have been known to swamp a shell, even to break the legs of incautious rowing men,

The coxswain sensed disaster coming, waved his arms, shouted in three languages, even said, "Up oars"; but it came out, unfortunately, as one word. Not a man stopped his stroke; we rushed on through scattering wings, oars flailing; and the oar of the first man broke the neck of a cygnet. All of us were acclimatized to the point of having the English sentiment for swans — that imperial grace, that silver line. And we knew too with what frugality the swans produced their kind. Our mood turned elegiac at the death of the bird; at the passing image of the boat of down tilted over by the neck lying in the water, our minds turned to the Elizabethan conceit,

The silver swan, who living had no note

When death approached unlocked her silent throat,  
and ruing further that it hadn't been a goose, closed:  
Farewell all joys; o death, come close mine eyes;

More geese than swans now live, more fools than  
wise.

It is hard to imagine a greater speech handicap than that of the cox, but the crew had one, the Australian, Pierre, born a deaf mute. He had been trained with such success that he was able to get along socially by reading lips and was able to speak in a kind of vocalized whistle with a French accent inherited from his mother, who was also his teacher. But his education was of no use at all when he faced the cox. He could no more read the trilingual motions of the cox's lips than the rest of us could make out the cox's garblings. The problem was made acute by the fact that Pierre was



the only experienced oarsman in the crew and was thus the leading candidate for stroke. Every other oarsman in the boat can take his count from the oar ahead, but the stroke can take it only from the cox. Thus we arrived at an impasse and stuck there until a way out was provided by Pierre's mother, that indomitable Frenchwoman, who by sheer force of her Gallic will had pulled her son from silence into the world's babble. She came on a flying visit from Paris to preside over a tea party in Pierre's rooms to which we all went. Half the tea party we spent trying to confirm with maps and scales and compasses her amazed impression that Parker's Piece, a Cambridge Park (a piece of land once belonging to Parker), was as large as the *Place de la Concorde*. But I digress. She solved our problem by stamping her feet. When she wished to speak to Pierre across the room, she simply stood up, stamped vigorously; and he felt the vibrations. From this time on, the cox, sitting, did the same kind of leg-work on the bottom of the shell.

Diverse in origin and in language habits, the research rowing men were equally various in physique — from the wide-boned, white-skinned Swede, whose features were as fishlike and oceanic as those of Milles' *Poiseidon*, to the twisted look of the Irishman, whose features seemed to have grown more pinched and his shock of hair more tousled as his frame stretched to just under seven feet. He seemed a reflex of a race of giants known to Celtic legend. But the Kansan, perhaps, best illustrates the point. He had that kind of internal variation so indigenous to America and so confusing to Europeans. In a certain hirsute and bulging characteristic, he was an American type; but he suggested also a European type that begins to be found in middle Europe and reaches its fullest development in the Balkans and affords, moreover, a measure of amusement to Englishmen, whose national physique runs to lean flanks and hairless trunks. Thus, on a number of occasions, the politely subdued but un-suppressed smiles of the English suggested that something essentially simian had bounded into the bathhouse of the Fitzwilliam boathouse.

The research rowing men differed from each other, thirdly, in the degree of their rowing experience. Some had paddled nothing; some had paddled a canoe; some had pulled on the oars of a rowboat; some had practiced in a scull; but none except Pierre had much skill in placing the oar of a rowing shell precisely where it ought to be placed and in taking it out again so that the dull waters of the Cam were scarcely disturbed. Nor did any of us except Pierre have a third eye for the motions of the man ahead. Our collective inexperience was appalling, especially on the first day. The Irishman, who had not yet rounded up suitable rowing dress, went out on the water in black pumps. His feet were oversized; and as we pulled the boat out of the river, one of his pointed shoes stuck out over the stone bank. We were too inexperienced even to pull

the boat up vertically but let it bank into the toe of the Irishman, who thus inadvertently kicked a hole in the bottom of the boat. The boathouse keeper, so he said in his own variety of Cambridgeshire Cockney, had worked in the boathouse off and on, man and boy, for forty years. He had seen boat crews come and go, but never had he seen a boat crew as ignorant as us. He vented his spleen by putting in so poor a patch that the next time we were on the river, halfway to Baits Bite Lock, the boat began to sink. The coxswain's remarks were meaningless to those of us who sat in the ends of the boat; but the water began to grab articulately at the ankles of the men in the center. We streamed for the bank and leaped clear just as the shell capsized. Although the English countryside is the most humanized of landscapes, we learned then that it can still be ferocious and does bite. The mounded-up bank on the river side was a grassy plot, but on the other slope, down which we all tumbled, it was a patch of stinging nettles.

The rowing shell, however, takes its severest toll from the uninitiated in the matter of balance. The slender, hollowed shafts, which seem to glide so effortlessly in the hands of an expert crew, are deceptive. They roll with the slightest motion of wind or water or of men within the shell, and they are sheer torture to anyone who has not learned to keep his equilibrium at the same time that he is pulling hard on a ten-foot oar. As the rowing man leans forward to bring his oar into position for the stroke, he slides his wooden seat forward on a steel track; and as he pulls his oar through the water, he pushes with his legs to move the seat back. In these slidings, balance is kept or lost; and no pain is quite so excruciating as that which sets in in the backsides of the inexperienced rowing man as he attempts to keep his grip on the seat and at the same time to waver to left or right to counteract the imperceptible wobbles of seven other sliding seats. After an outing in a high wind, the inexperienced rowing man's agony is so great that he can scarcely get out of the boat.

## The Birth of a Tradition

To this list of essential characteristics may be added, by way of conclusion, one other, the fact that the research rowing man makes a poor showing in the May races. From beginning to end of our training period, we never once succeeded in keeping our balance. We were all at least approaching thirty, old men by rowing standards, and too ancient to learn new tricks. The nemesis of the sliding seat followed us into the "bumps." We qualified easily over a shortened course, even "bumping" the boat ahead. "Bumping" in this context has a literal meaning because the Cam, that "noble sewer," is nowhere wide enough to allow one boat to pass another safely. Thus to win a three-day race, a boat must overtake and "bump" all the boats ahead of it in a certain relay. The boats at the beginning



are strung out at intervals; and on the second and third days, each crew takes the position in the line that it has earned on the previous day. We were bumped — jolted is more accurate — on the first day; failed to bump the boat ahead on the second day, when we began to feel the strain of the sliding seat; and on the third, when the wind rose, the relay left us half a mile behind. Still we were applauded from the banks by non-rowing men in tweeds and blazers, by delicate Indian ladies in saris, by Spaniards in gold-embroidered waist-coats, standing under huge umbrellas — all for our sportsmanship in finishing the course.

And in spite of everything we were invited to the banquet Fitzwilliam House gives traditionally for its undergraduate rowing men. Most of us entered the Fitzwilliam dining room that evening warily, for the Fitzwilliam fare ran most often to soggy boiled potatoes and college cod with an occasional tasty — if you didn't know what you were eating — steak and kidney pie. But the cook had concealed talents. The cuisine was French; the food, superb; the wine, mellow. And the Tutor, flushed with a bottle of Madeira, fairly beamed. He passed tactfully over the fact that we had been last boat on the river, brushing it away as though it were a falling leaf. What mattered was that we had started a tradition, that we in sportsmanlike fashion had finished the course. Toast followed toast, and the hour was late and no busses ran when we stumbled out into the dark street. I picked my way up Kings Parade, wheeled through the narrows of Trinity Street, passed the Round Church of the Crusaders; and being as tired as I had ever been, paused to get my legs back by leaning on the balustrade of the Magdalen Street Bridge. The dank smell of the river, drifting up over the bleached and weathered stones, excited in my mind no elated feelings and no flashing image of the silver swans, gliding, gliding, gliding on the Cam, but recalled rather the galley-slave ache in my back and the tyrannical ambition of the President of the Fitzwilliam Research Society. I thought of Hereward the Wake, who, conscious of his doom, must have beheld with some weariness the indefatigable Normans building a causeway across the fens to besiege the Isle of Ely. And as the lonely figure of Hereward made the mind grow somber, I thought of the monks of Ely, who in medieval times came up the river to the spot on which I stood and took stone from the Roman ruins to make a coffin for their abbot. And if I thought of death then, I thought of transfiguration later as I toiled up Castle Hill and met the descending fog — that fog that can make the black and dreary shop fronts of England assume a sinister beauty and a fourth dimension — for I seemed to be leaving behind the sad world of stress and twisted muscle to take my quiet, inactive place among the immortals as one of the original Fitzwilliam research rowing men.

## Letter from Xanadu, Nebr.



— B Y G . G . —

Dear Editor:

Well, I'm not surprised that that "contest" of yours didn't turn up anything good enough to print in this column. Maybe now you will stop being cute and keep your hands off of this column.

As for that preacher that got into trouble with his elders for making a rest home out of his parsonage, all I can say is that he would have been in even worse trouble if he had tried anything like that here in Xanadu. We expect our preacher to keep up appearances, for the congregation's sake if not his own. You don't catch doctors or lawyers or business men doing that kind of thing, and besides it's hard on the parsonage. There's an insurance problem, too, you know. Suppose a person like that falls down the basement steps or trips over a rug. First thing you know you have a lawsuit on your hands and the way juries sock you nowadays it might bankrupt the congregation.

I don't know the preacher involved, but it sounds to me like he is one of those Social Gospel types. Those guys are always meddling in things that are none of their business. We have one in our circuit, a young guy who collects down-and-outers like honey attracts flies. He drives a beat-up old Plymouth and his clothes look like something his people might have contributed to Lutheran World Relief. And it's not that he doesn't get a decent salary. It's just that he doesn't know how to manage. It's embarrassing to his members, but if they raised his pay he would just give more of it away. So all they can do is hope he will get a call one of these days and take it.

One good thing I can say about Rev. Zeitgeist is that he is no sucker for a hard-luck story. Old Rev. Goettlich used to be kind of soft-hearted and when Zeitgeist first came he had trouble with drifters who thought the parsonage was some kind of soup kitchen. Zeitgeist put his foot down on that right away. He and the other preachers got together and worked things out with the chief of police so that when anybody comes around looking for a handout they get him booked for vagrancy. That way the guy gets free board and room down at the jail and the next day he is on his way.

Regards,  
G.G.



# The Fallacy of the *Felix Culpa* In Milton's *Paradise Lost*

BY ENNO KLAMMER

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E. N. S. THOMPSON called "Paradise Lost" another Divine Comedy because of the final movement from "the agonies of sin to renewed righteousness." It remained for A. O. Lovejoy to trace the sources of the *felix culpa* in his essay, "Milton and the Paradox of the Fortunate Fall." Prior and subsequent critics have generally accepted the theory of the fortunate fall. Perhaps B. Rajan has summed up the matter best by stating that "the *felix culpa*, . . . by Milton's time, had become a poetic commonplace . . . The paradox of good from evil is a familiar feature of the epic." Such nearly universal acceptance of the theory, and the fact that Milton himself never states the term explicitly in the epic, suggest a restudy of the question.

The theory of the *felix culpa* rests on six specific passages in "Paradise Lost." These passages bear investigation to determine whether they really state the theory. Book I, lines 160 ff. constitutes part of Satan's reply to his bold Compeer. In this statement he attempts to prove *ex post facto* that what had happened had been for the best. In the argument we find the first reference to the *felix culpa*, but it is a contrary-to-fact condition, as the "if" and the subjunctive "seek" show.

If then his Providence

Out of our evil seek to bring forth good,  
Our labour must be to pervert that end,  
And out of good still to find means of evil.

Milton states the *felix culpa* theory in his own commentary on Satan's situation in Book I, 216ff. God, he says, allows certain things to Satan so that Satan might heap damnation upon himself while he seeks to perpetrate evil upon others, and that

enraged [he] might see  
How all his malice serv'd but to bring forth  
Infinite goodness, grace and mercy shewn  
On Man by him seduc't, but on himself  
Treble confusion, wrath and vengeance pour'd.

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The Rev. Enno Klammer, son of the Rev. A. C. Klammer of Frankenmuth, Michigan, attended Concordia College and High School, Ft. Wayne, Indiana, for his preparatory education. He was graduated from Concordia Seminary, St. Louis, Missouri, in 1953, after several internships in various teaching positions. He holds the degrees of B.A. and B.D. from Concordia Seminary, St. Louis, and the B.S. in Ed. from Concordia Teachers College, Seward, Nebraska. Nebraska University granted him the M.A. degree in 1956. Mr. Klammer taught at Concordia, Seward, for three years, and has been pastor of Zion Lutheran Church, North Highlands, California, since 1956. He is a member of the Modern Language Association.

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The section in Book VII which is said to state the *felix culpa* theory actually refers to God's creation of the world after Satan's fall, not man's. The angelic choirs sing praise to God, and in their hymn they say

Who seeks

To lessen thee, against his purpose serves  
To manifest the more thy might: his evil  
Thou usest, and from thence creat'st more good.  
Witness this new-made World, another Heav'n  
From Heaven Gate not farr, . . . (VII, 612-616).

After Adam and Eve have fallen and again become contrite in heart, they pray to God. Their prayers are presented to the Father by Christ, their mediator. He says of the prayers that they are

Fruits of more pleasing savour from thy seed  
Sown with contrition in his heart, than those  
Which his own hand manuring all the Trees  
Of paradise could have produc't, ere fallen  
From innocence (XI, 26-30).

Christ here makes a comparison, and it follows that the fruits of Adam's own heart would be more pleasing than the material sacrifices Adam had formerly brought. In addition, these fruits are not really Adam's work, but they are the result of God's grace and Christ's intercession, as Christ says:

See Father, what first fruits on Earth are sprung  
From thy implanted Grace in Man, these Sighs  
And Prayers, which in this Golden Censer, mixt  
With Incense, I thy Priest before thee bring  
(XI, 22-25).

Adam's words also mention the *felix culpa*, but they are Adam's words after the fall.

O goodness infinite, goodness immense!  
That all this good of evil shall produce,  
And evil turn to good; more wonderful  
Than that which by creation first brought forth  
Light out of darkness! (XII, 469-473).

What Adam marvelled at after the fall is not necessarily indicative of what he may have considered so extremely glorious before the fall, especially when one considers that Adam was very personally involved in this matter.

The archangel Michael replies to Adam's submission to his fate and to the will of God by stating that Adam has thus learned the sum of wisdom. To this knowledge Adam should now

add

Deeds to thy knowledge answerable, add Faith  
Add Vertue, Patience, Temperance, add Love,



By name to come call'd Charitie, the soul  
Of all the rest (XII, 579-582).

In other words, to his faith Adam is to add those works  
which are expressions of faith.

then wilt thou not be loath

To leave this Paradise, but shalt possess

A Paradise within thee, happier farr (XII, 582-586).

As Christ had made a comparison, so Michael makes  
a similar comparison.

Of these six statements which supposedly state the  
*felix culpa* theory, only one stands uncontested — the  
commentary of Milton himself in I, 216ff. He, however,  
refutes the idea in the rest of the poem. To be a real  
*felix culpa*, the fall would have to be only the excuse  
which enabled God to introduce that grace which he  
had already devised. As God states that his "foreknow-  
ledge had no influence on their [mankind's] faults"  
(III, 118), so we may also state that grace is subsequent  
to the fall and that foreknowledge does not demand  
predestination in the area of grace. That the fall was  
not fortunate is demonstrated by the answers to the  
following questions:

1. What was man's condition before the fall?
2. What condition can he hope to achieve via grace?
3. Is the fall really serious?

Man's created condition is described by a variety of  
witnesses. God himself points out man's bliss in V,  
234-241; VII, 155-161 and 505-528; VIII, 440; and XI,  
87-89. In God's sight man was the chief of all his works,  
made in His own image, capable of being raised to  
heavenly bliss by long trial of obedience, and "happier  
not to have fallen" (XI, 87-89). Raphael describes  
man in God's terms in V, 524-530; VII, 569-573; VIII,  
172-176 and 219-227. According to Raphael, man was  
perfect, though not immutable; he had free will; he  
was just (upright). Adam and Eve mention charac-  
teristics of their created condition in IV, 433-435 and  
636-640; V, 117-119; VIII, 416-426 and 589-594; IX, 242-  
243 and 291-292 and 351-356 and 936ff. They recog-  
nize themselves as endowed with free will, having  
choice unlimited of manifold delights, immortal, free  
from sin, and even after the fall as God's prime crea-  
tures. The poet notes their perfection in III, 632-633;  
IV, 290-358. Even Satan admits their comeliness in IV,  
388 and 773-775; IX, 129-159; and X, 480-485. Man's

created condition was one of perfection according to  
his kind.

Man cannot hope to rise above that former condition  
after the fall and via grace. He can only "regain the  
blissful Seat" (I, 4-5) which he had lost. Again and  
again Milton makes that point in the speeches of his  
characters. Christ, as Mediator, shall only *appease*  
God (X, 79); he shall *mitigate*, not *reverse* Adam's  
doom (XI, 40-41); he shall *bring back* man to the eter-  
nal Paradise of rest (XII, 312-315); his God-like act  
shall *annul* man's doom (XII, 426-429); he shall *restore*  
man (XII, 621-623); he shall *renovate* the just (XI, 64-  
65). The effects on nature shall be the same — they  
(Heaven and Earth) shall be *renewed*, brought back to  
their original condition (X, 638-640 and XI, 64-65). It  
is true that man could have been raised to a higher  
degree of bliss if he had remained obedient, for God  
states it (VII, 155-161) and Raphael has told this to  
Adam (V, 469-505). This possibility existed for man  
only before the fall and does not, therefore, indicate  
the greater good which is said to emerge from evil.

Finally, the *felix culpa*, if it were really a *fortunate*  
fall, would render the fall ridiculous and make God  
out to be a sadist. Neither is true. The fall is serious.  
It "brought Death into the World, and all our woe,  
With loss of Eden" (I, 3-4). Death is serious. It makes  
man liable to the vicious eternal consequences which  
Satan describes to his daughter and their incestuous  
son (II, 838-844). Furthermore, by God's own state-  
ment (" . . . and still destroyes/ In those who, when  
they may, accept not grace" III, 300-302), the fall con-  
tinues to bring destruction to obstinate man. Twenty-  
seven other examples of the hideous consequences of  
the fall can be discovered in the poem. One rather  
extensive narration shows the effects of sin in the history  
of the world from Cain's original fratricide to the en-  
during problems of Christ's church on earth (this nar-  
rative comprises most of Books XI and XIII). The ef-  
fect most personally and most immediately felt by  
Adam and Eve was, of course, their expulsion from  
Paradise (XII, 641-649) with which the poem concludes.

On the basis of the above evidence, the theory of the  
*felix culpa* becomes a fallacy which Milton actually re-  
futes.



## Avant-Garde Theatre: Second Installment

BY WALTER SORELL  
*Drama Editor*

**A**N AFTERWORD to last month's report on the avant-garde theatre may show it in the light of its daring as well as fumbling. Probably the one cannot be expected without the other. Some of its acting will always be far less accomplished than on Broadway, simply because talent is, like any other commodity, for sale and goes to the higher bidder. By its nature, the off-Broadway theatre should remain the theatre of the new author, the literary (read: uncommercial) play, and the experimenting director.

Edward Albee wrote an impressive one-act play, "The Zoo Story," in which the fermenting world of a desperate youth collides with the saturated world of a man who lives an orderly life of complacency. They are both types we meet daily. A young man accosts another, somewhat older, man in the park in a frantic effort to communicate with a human being, to find understanding or only an ear. The more the other withdraws, reluctant to get mixed up with seemingly crazy stories he is told, the more desperate becomes the youth's harangue until he provokes a fight, puts his own knife into the hand of the meek, well-to-do man who, unwillingly, becomes a murderer when the youth — apparently too weak to commit suicide by himself — throws himself into the knife the other one holds with the trembling fear of its deadliness.

This drama has many meanings on many levels and its message lies in the age-old question whether we are our brother's keeper. If our society in its complexity denies it, then the playwright seems to force upon us the feeling that a great deal is rotten in the state of Denmark. In an excellent performance in the Provincetown Playhouse, Albee's "The Zoo Story" is a prime example of the significant role of the avant-garde theater.

At first panned by the daily press, Jack Gelber's "The Connection" was subsequently praised when a few magazine reviewers thought to see in it the revelation of new and great playwriting. I violently dissent and find this story of drug addicts only nauseating, a glaring photo-montage of a humanity lost to heroin and heels, to freaks with only feigned interest in life or in themselves. A few people — supported by jazz musicians on stage — are reduced to waiting for "The Connection," nicknamed Cowboy, who is supposed to bring them their sap of life in the form of heroin. He appears in Christ-like humility, as the savior of these poor wretched creeps. (This symbolism alone is revolting and enough to drive you out of the theatre.

But if you do not faint over its exaggerated realism you sit there, staring at it like a rabbit caught in the light of a racing car.)

Nothing is really achieved or resolved in this play which is, I take it, a dramatized reportage of the most sordid and morbid segment of our youth. This play rejects the artifices of the theatre — not in a Brechtian way but totally, and it strains the audience's indulgence, misuses its patience and readiness to be enlightened (not entertained) with its faked improvisations, its use of vulgar words as a means of communication. No one can help leaving the theatre with terror or revulsion.

Some playwrights will always seek and find a way of giving shape and content to their work, indicative of the time from which it emerges. Sophie Treadwell did so in 1928 when her play "Machinal" dealt with the senseless murder of an insensitive husband by his over-sensitive wife who seems to have been forced to this deed by the complicities of her environment. In its expressionistic style, the dramaturgy of this play meticulously piles evidence upon evidence as proof of the innocence of the murderer, whose hand and heart were directed by a hostile world.

To make this undoubtedly dated play palatable for our time, Director Gene Frankel invited choreographer Sophie Maslow to wrap its stylized words and staccato action into a movement language accenting the emotional highlights. Choreography and direction made it into a fascinating theatrical fare and gave this dated play overtones of today.

"The theatre is never meant to be lifelike. It should be greater than life," says the English poet-playwright Ronald Duncan whose "The Death of Satan" was produced at a tiny off-Broadway theatre (St. Marks), although it cries out for a big stage and polished acting. Duncan is probably one of our most original, powerful young playwrights, with a mind of his own, an acid tongue, Shavian wit, Fry's power of language, and an abundance of talent.

Satan returns Don Juan to earth where he and his love for conquest are lost. Everything and everyone is to be had, in a clearance sale of bodies and souls. There is nothing to be conquered, no principles to be overcome, no resistance that sweetens the conquest. There is neither love for God nor love for man. From a loveless, godless world, from a wasteland of mere wantonness he gladly returns to Hell.

Ronald Duncan is an iconoclast who should be heard more often.



## God's Gracious Invitation

BY THE REV. JAMES G. MANZ

*Pastor of First St. Paul's Evangelical Lutheran Church*

*Chicago, Illinois*

Then said he unto them, A certain man made a great supper, and bade many: and sent his servant at supper time to say to them that were bidden, Come; for all things are now ready. And they all with one consent began to make excuse. The first said unto him, I have bought a piece of ground, and I must needs go and see it: I pray thee have me excused. And another said, I have bought five yoke of oxen, and I go to prove them: I pray thee have me excused. And another said, I have married a wife, and therefore I cannot come. So that servant came, and shewed his lord these things. Then the master of the house being angry said to his servant, Go out quickly into the streets and lanes of the city, and bring in hither the poor, and the maimed, and the halt, and the blind. And the servant said, Lord, it is done as thou hast commanded, and yet there is room. And the lord said unto the servant, Go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in, that my house may be filled. For I say unto you, That none of those men which were bidden shall taste of my supper.

— Saint Luke 14:16-24

**T**HIS TEXT is a well-known parable. It is good to consider it again. We are sometimes inclined to imagine that we have grasped the full truth of a passage of Sacred Scripture when we can repeat the story or verse. Correct recall of words or detail is no guarantee, however, of comprehension or obedience. In this Gospel we have a simple parable which reveals the depth and extent of the love of God. We also see how man has reacted to the Lord's call. This is the story of GOD'S GRACIOUS INVITATION.

This is a free invitation to a feast. The King James Version calls it a "great supper." The Revised Standard Version tells us that this was a "great banquet." The story itself is a parable. The meal of which it speaks, however, is more real than the finest feast which any man on earth is able to enjoy.

Earthly food and drink gives strength and refreshment for a short time. The meals we "enjoy" so much don't satisfy us for long! God's love and grace in Christ, however, gives life and nourishment which lasts forever. We are truly dead if we don't have it. St. Paul told the Ephesians that when they were living in pagan religion and life they were "dead in trespasses and sins." A dead person can partake of no nourishment!

Christ died that man might live eternally. He says, "I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly." Our Divine Redeemer also says, "I am the bread of life: he that cometh to me shall never hunger and he that believeth on me

shall never thirst." Isaiah called even to Old Testament people: "Come, buy wine and milk without money and without price. Why do you spend your money for that which is not bread, and your labour for that which does not satisfy? Hearken diligently to me, and eat what is good, and delight yourselves in fatness." The forgiveness of our sins, the love and grace that saves and satisfies, is the Lord's free and unmerited gift. It was the host in the parable who prepared the feast. There was no cost involved for those who came.

Man has a natural suspicion of anything that is offered to him for nothing. There must be some "catch" or "gimmick," we often say. Indeed, in worldly affairs, there usually is! Be sure to look a "gift horse" in the mouth! Beware of "Greeks bearing gifts!"

Man destroys or dilutes the Biblical truth of free grace, however, whenever he imposes his own ideas upon the Word of God. False teachers entered St. Paul's Galatian church and tried to turn the people from the life-giving Spirit to vain and empty ceremonies. Pelagius tried to turn official teaching in the ancient Church from free grace to concern with morality. By Luther's day human ideas had permeated the Church to the extent that official theology had become "semi-pelagian," in spite of the creeds. In our own time Satan himself had seized upon and twisted necessary Christian concern for social justice. When the "Social Gospel" becomes the basis for faith we have a religion which, for all its good intentions, is nothing but man's attempt to bring the Kingdom to earth by human effort. A barren concern for this world will never bring lasting improvement even to the social order. The early Church "turned the world upside down" with the Gospel!

Furthermore, God's Gracious Invitation is extended to all. The first to receive the invitation were men whose social station was equal to that of the host. They were men of affairs, "VIP's", men of property and position. They were not interested. When the servant reported their idle excuses to the host he became angry and sent him out into the streets and lanes of this city. These people responded, but there was yet room. The servant was then sent out into the surrounding rural regions.

Christ first sent His disciples to "the lost sheep of the house of Israel." Even St. Paul went "to the Jew first."



Israel as a nation, however, rejected Christ. It was in a synagogue of the Jews that Paul said, "It was necessary that the word of God should be spoken first to you. Since you thrust it from you, and judge yourselves unworthy of eternal life, behold, we turn to the Gentiles." The household of Christ now is full of those whose ancestors received the invitation at a later time in history. Who of us who hear or read this sermon belong to that favored race from which our Lord came, according to the flesh?

The Lord's will and intention is abundantly clear. That of His people, stewards and servants in His household, has not always been so unambiguous. Their reaction to their Master's directives in our time, indeed, is often the cause of deep shame and scandal. Many now point out that racial prejudice and barriers tend to disappear most slowly in the churches. It is still true that 11:00 a.m. on Sunday morning is the most segregated hour in the entire week in America!

Thinking people now do little more than stay away from church, and poke fun at American Protestantism with its cozy and restricted social circles. Many Christians do not realize, however, that racial prejudice and barriers foster hurts and grievances which go deep and last long. Is it unreasonable that we are expected to take the Great Commission seriously? Are we, in our churches, acting like followers of Him who called, "Come unto me all ye . . .?"

People in the ancient world knew that Christians in the Roman Empire were men and women who believed in their Savior and lived in obedience to His will. It was the faith and life of the Christian people which attracted others to the Savior during the early centuries of our era. The early Church did not operate with Mission Boards and Public Relations Committees!

Mere tolerance and good will is scant support for the church! It is doubtful that current popularity of "religion in general" will last long. Bitter hatred and anti-clericalism can arise swiftly when the social, intellectual, and financial picture changes. God's church finds solid support only in the Lord and in sincere obedience to His will. It is high time for all of us to rethink the implications and facets in the truth that God's Gracious Invitation is to be extended to all!

Finally, God's Gracious Invitation seriously confronts us. The host was angry when his servant reported the lame and idle excuses of those who were first invited. A field could be examined any time. Oxen need not keep one from the company of people. Marriage was no excuse for refusing an important engagement. Refusal of *this* invitation is a most serious matter. ". . . none of those men who were invited shall taste my banquet."

Let's remember this during this time of "religious revival." We may have passed the peak already, but there is still much popular religious concern. Newspaper and magazine articles still deal with some of the very questions which concern us in church. Why aren't more brought to the time and point of real decision?

People aren't inclined to take any belief seriously when creeds are existing so cozily together! Civic righteousness and harmony are one thing. Let us do all that we can to promote and sustain them. It would be the height of folly if the "religious issue" were permitted to become a major concern in the forthcoming Presidential campaign! Scripture and common sense teach us to live together with all men in harmony. We must all work together for the "peace of the city."

American tolerance, however, has undoubtedly been used for far more than the promotion of civic and national peace and harmony. "Protestant-Catholic-Jew" is the title of a valuable and penetrating sociological study of current American religion. There is widespread acceptance of any one affiliated with one of our "three major faiths." Could it possibly be that respectability and acceptability have dulled the consciences and muted the testimony of believers in Christ? Has concern for vested interests ever silenced the Gospel on our lips?

People today seem to miss the absoluteness of Christ's Gospel. Here alone is life! This is it! Let's not blunt the "either-or" nature of man's confrontation with the invitation of Jesus Christ. Elijah's words should still ring in men's ears: "How long will you go limping with two different opinions? If the Lord is God, follow him." Christ Himself made it clear that there are only two ways for man. Men are either for Him or against Him. After death, there is only heaven or hell. It is a sharp indictment of organized Christianity in America that so many continue to say, "What difference does it make? After all, we're all going to the same place." This is one of Satan's favorite lies!

Christ Himself is the Host who invites all to a heavenly banquet. Man is free to reject His invitation. But it should be made clear to him that rejection of this call means loss of life and blessedness.

Consideration of the Gospel invitation should not be the starting point for endless religious discussion which points in all directions and leads one nowhere! This Gracious Invitation to the heavenly feast is from the Lord Himself!

Ye sinners, come, 'tis Mercy's voice;  
The gracious call obey;  
Mercy invites to heavenly joys,  
And can you yet delay? Amen



## “Our Soul Has Escaped As A Bird”

By ADALBERT RAPHAEL KRETZMANN

“Our soul has escaped as a bird out of the snare of the fowlers: the snare is broken, and we are escaped.” (Psalm 124:7)

“Before the cock crow twice, thou shalt deny me thrice. And when he thought thereon, he wept.” (St. Mark 14:72)

THE FREEDOM of the soaring bird has always been a symbol of the spirit of man, rising in faith toward God. The people of God, renewing their strength like the eagle's; the child of God, fleeing as a dove into the covert of the rock; the dove returning with the olive branch to tell Noah that the flood had ended — these have all become symbols of faith and regeneration.

When Christ foretold the denials of Peter “before the crowing of the cock,” he set up one of the few definitive symbols of the ministry. The crowing cock was always the herald of the dawn and through this became the proclaimer of the Resurrection. By the Saviour's words he became also the caller to repentance and forgiveness. In the ancient legends, he was the ruler of the universe, for at his call all men must rise and follow his bidding to go to work. The crowing cock had his regular place on top of church towers, on doors of sacristies, astride the church's weather vanes, always as a warning, “to work while it is day ere the night cometh when no man can work.”

The dove has its set place in Scriptural symbolism because of the appearance of the Holy Spirit in the form of a dove at the baptism of our Lord. For this reason it appears in its most graceful and decorative forms above and on the baptismal fonts. The symbol of the dove with the olive branch has become the accepted sign of peace with God and man.

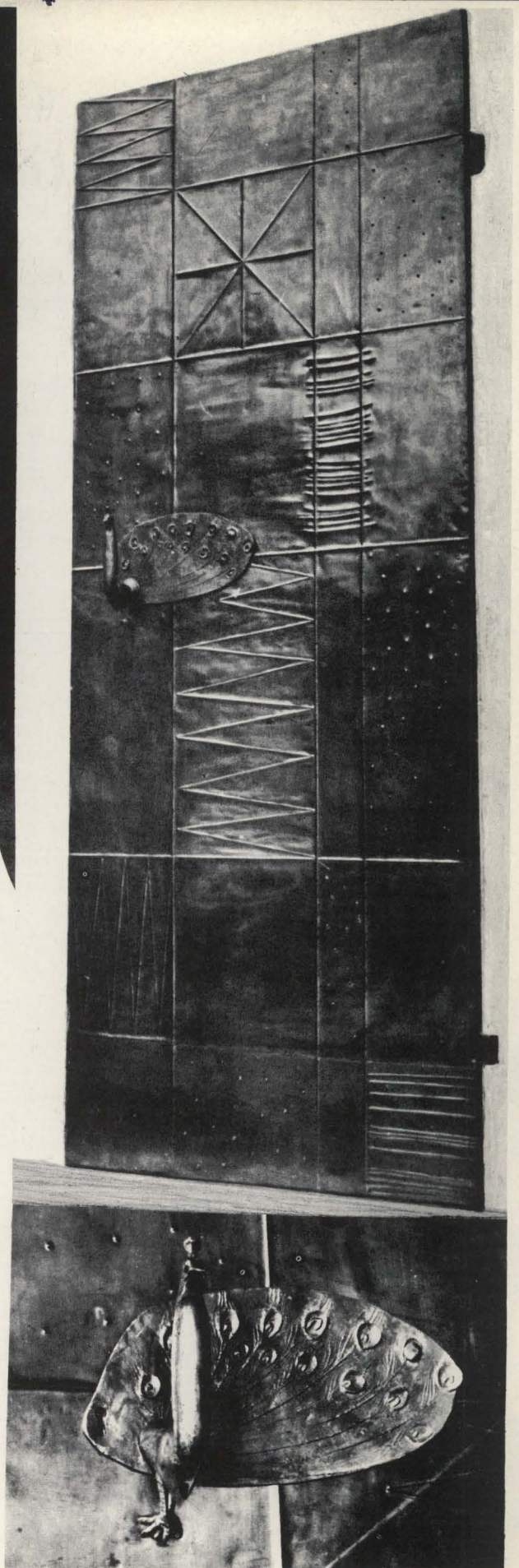
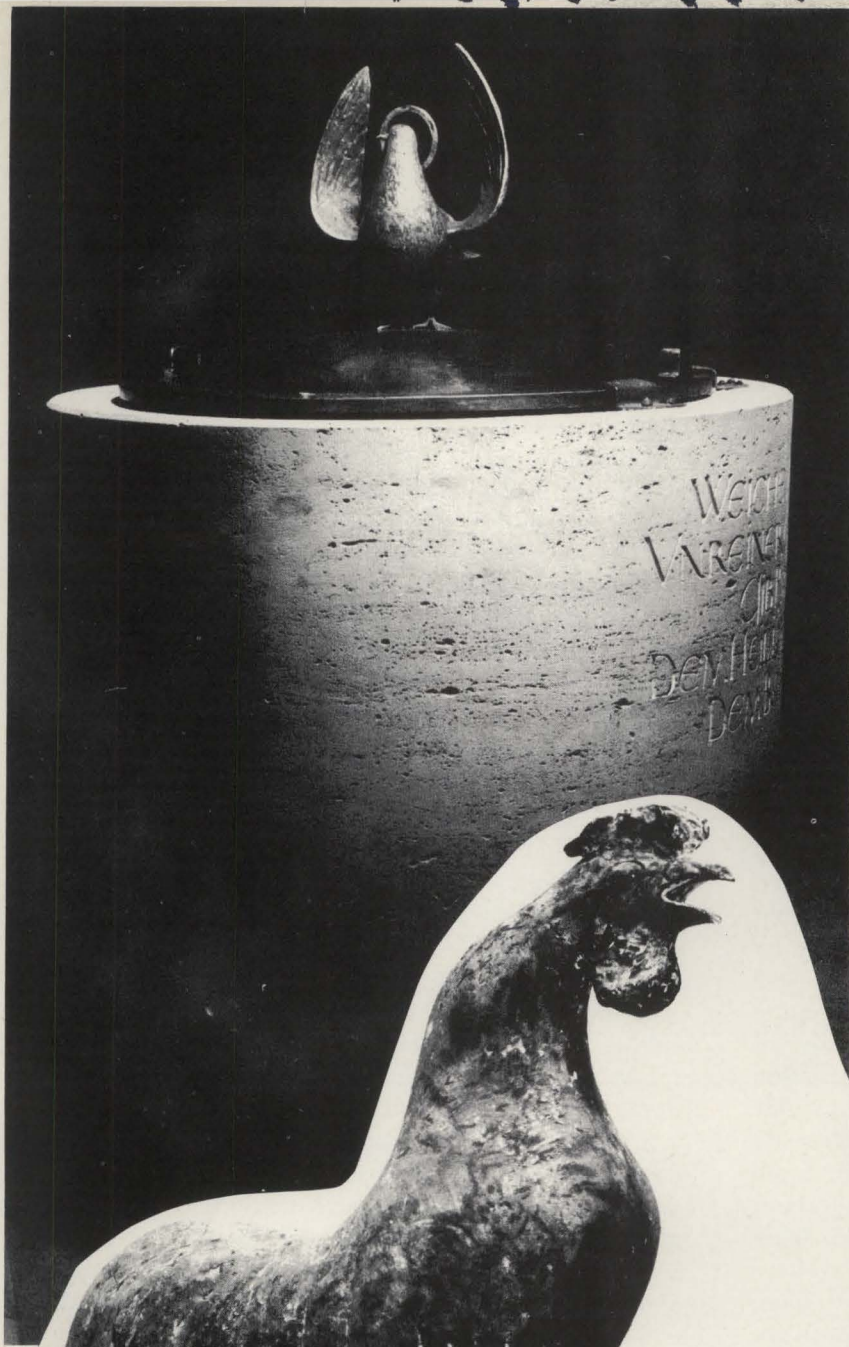
The peacock is a symbol of eternal life because, according to ancient legends, its flesh did not decay even after its death. It found its place, therefore, on the fronts of tomb altars in representations of Christ as the conqueror of death and on the doorways of churches as a symbol of Christ the door by Whom we achieved life eternal.

The crowing cock represented here was done by Luise Wilckens in 1954 and is found in the study of a parsonage in Germany. The baptismal font was done by Christa Stadler for the church of Saint Raphael in Munich. It is done in pure white limestone and carries the inscription, “Depart from him, thou unclean spirit, and give place to the Holy Spirit, his protector.” The cover is made of copper and the dove itself of bronze. The font was completed in 1957.

The church door shown is the west portal of the parish church at Moosen. The door itself is of simple pine wood sheathed in copper. The chaste ornamentation is all hammered through from the reverse side. The entire plating is affixed to the door with copper nails.

The door handle is a peacock (notice the keyhole to the left) as a symbol of the entry into eternal life through the preaching of the Word and faith in the Risen Christ as the surety of our own resurrection. The door was done in 1955 by Josef Hoh.







## Lucky Sibelius

By WALTER A. HANSEN

HAS THE music of Jean Sibelius, who died in September 1957, already become a dead issue? Some commentators do not hesitate to answer yes. In fact, detractors of the famous Finn have been lifting up their sneering and cocksure voices for many years. Germany never took Sibelius' compositions to its heart. France and Italy never learned to know these works as they should be known before one has a right to pronounce judgment. But Finland, Norway, Sweden, England, and North America welcomed and acclaimed the music of Sibelius long ago. Here many still regard him as a prophet who had much to say.

Sibelius was a lucky man. Years ago his native country made it possible for him to devote himself to his art without having to worry about bread, butter, and the expensive cigars he liked to smoke. He could compose when and how he pleased. He was a national hero. In Finland he was czar of music. I have heard it said that he ruled autocratically and saw to it that no other Finnish composer ever had an opportunity to share the limelight with him. Furthermore, I have been told that it would be altogether out of keeping with the truth to accuse this rugged individualist of having been in the habit of spurning the bottle. Who knows how his genius would have developed if fortune had not smiled on him so graciously and so generously?

How would Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart have fared if it never had been necessary for him to worry about his bread and butter? What about Franz Peter Schubert? Would freedom from cares of any kind have stifled or increased the creative power of a Johann Sebastian Bach? Would Ludwig van Beethoven or Johannes Brahms have handed down legacies of greater or lesser worth had they been born with silver spoons in their mouths?

Naturally, questions like these are as idle as they are fascinating. We must take these composers as they were — and still are. We must take Sibelius as he was — and still is.

Many years ago I stated in numerous articles that I considered Sibelius one of the most significant symphonists since the days of Brahms. I have not renounced that conviction.

Sibelius was a unique figure among composers, and I am sure that the liberality of his native Finland made it possible for him to be unique. His symphonies are altogether unlike those of Mozart, Joseph Haydn,

Beethoven, Brahms, Schubert, Robert Schumann, Gustav Mahler, Anton Bruckner, Dimitri Shostakovich, or Sergei Prokofiev. They are radically different from those of Peter Ilyich Tchaikovsky — even though many critics have declared shrilly and frequently that Sibelius took more than one leaf out of the Tchaikovskian book. To me such a statement is brimful of downright twaddle.

The mere mention of Tchaikovsky's name reminds me that decades ago many a supposedly sagacious commentator called this man's music a dead issue. But Tchaikovsky is still with us. In all probability he will be with us for a long time — maybe always. So will Sibelius.

I do not propose to discuss Sibelius' symphonies at this writing. Nor do I intend to speak about his fine violin concerto or his strikingly expressive string quartet. Let me call your attention to two early works from the renowned Finn's pen — works which, to my thinking, prove conclusively that this independent man has every right to have a special niche in the hall of fame. No, I shall not speak of *Finlandia*, his most popular composition. I shall mention two outstandingly unique symphonic poems: *The Swan of Tuonela*, Op. 22, No. 3 and *En Saga*, Op. 9. When you enjoy and study these two compositions, you will rub elbows with a man who was as forward-looking as he was independent. Here Sibelius reveals his remarkable gift of melody. But pay particular attention to the radically individualistic way he writes for the orchestra. Note how he uses the clarinet in defiance of traditional rules of instrumentation, how at times he has the violinists play *col legno* (with the wood), and how he calls other unusual instrumental devices into service. These two works are important in the history of orchestral music. They are far greater than many a critic imagines. You can hear them performed with admirable skill and understanding by the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra under Anthony Collins (Capitol).

### Some Recent Recordings

GUSTAV MAHLER. *Symphony No. 9, in D Minor*. The London Symphony Orchestra under Leopold Ludwig. Mahler, who died in 1911, never heard this fine work. The premiere took place in Vienna in June 1912 under Bruno Walter, Mahler's devoted associate and ardent champion. Since I continue to set great store by Mahler's ability as a composer, I urge every student of music to become acquainted with this symphony. The reading is truthful; the recording is outstanding. Everest.



# BOOKS OF THE MONTH

## RELIGION

### THEOLOGY BETWEEN YESTERDAY AND TOMORROW

By Joseph L. Hromadka (Westminster, \$2.75)

This series of lectures, delivered by the Czechoslovakian theologian at Knox College in Toronto in 1956, calls western theologians to a careful reappraisal of the situation and task of the church on both sides of the Iron Curtain. The lectures raise serious questions about many conclusions which are axiomatic in the West. There is, therefore, good reason to draw a parallel between Hromadka and the ancient prophet Amos who also once crossed the political and theologico-cultural boundary separating the southern kingdom (Judah) from the northern (Israel) to deliver a message of decisive significance.

The first two of the five lectures lay a solid theological foundation. Hromadka views the Scripture as the source of all theology, and its proclamation by theologians who are themselves existentially committed to it as the task of the church. This prophetic witness of the church has often been replaced by "self-satisfied moralization." The world has infiltrated the church and we members of the church often use our membership and confession of faith as "a cloak under which we hide ourselves, cover our radically secularized souls." In this situation the church can carry on its prophetic function only by "taking upon itself the sins, failures, and blunders of the world." Like Christ the church must confront the world with the willingness to suffer for it rather than to point fingers at its weakness and failure. Only in thus sharing the perfect freedom of Christ's self-giving love will the church be free to carry out its mission in the world.

The third lecture analyzes the present era as one in which this work of the church is desperately needed. It is, however, also an era in which the church must learn to do its work on a new basis. The Constantinian age is past, as is the age of western supremacy. For many years the history of the world lay in the hands of the western Christian nations. Hromadka draws painful attention to the failure of the so-called Christian West to use that power for good. That failure has laid the guilt for two world wars and much human suffering on the Christian West. This responsibility must be taken quite seriously by all of us. While the West was thus letting its opportunities slip away unused, the new world power of Soviet Socialism was rising on the stage of

history. It is now a reality that must be reckoned with. All of this will sound trite to most western Christians, but Hromadka's position cannot be understood without it. He speaks from the experience of central European nations who lived for twenty years between West and East, only to be irresponsibly abandoned by the West at Munich. They were thus deprived of the luxury of expecting that salvation which supposedly comes from the West; and they were forced realistically to evaluate the possibilities of Christian existence under anti-Christian socialism.

In this agonizing reappraisal they have learned much. The first insight is that the organized institutional church is no longer the obvious form of the church's existence that it was (and still is) in those places where Christianity was socially acceptable. He feels that this is especially true of the "museum" or "ghetto" type church which is allowed to exist in the East. While many Christians rejoice at this sign of "toleration" Hromadka sees it as the surest method of destroying the effective witness of the church by cutting it off from the realities of life.

Many Western Christians are convinced that eastern Christians must be either hypocrites, dense, or potential revolutionaries. This is not the case. The socialist revolutions cannot be undone. The church can only survive if it "has the courage to take the revolutionary changes in the east of Europe and in Asia as an opportunity to make a new beginning . . . The church of Christ is on the march. It is nowhere at home. It depends on no historical institutions and no political system of liberty. It knows about the sovereign freedom of its Lord, who continually creates new opportunities and situations, even on the ruins of what had been dear to our fathers and to ourselves." Practically this means that eastern Christianity cannot reduce itself to the position of one theology — and most certainly not the western — in competition with the socialist. "We cannot really cope with the situation unless we recognize our own Christian misery and responsibility and realize our solidarity with the communists in view both of the general predicament of present man and of the terrific challenge of reconstruction and the restoration of human living together, on a level higher than the preceding one . . . From the perspective of theology as we understand it, all human divisions, systems, social and political institutions, all philosophical thoughts, find themselves on the same level, on the side of the created world in

its corruption and promise. The dividing line runs not between communists and non-communists. It runs between the Lord of glory and mercy, on the one hand, and human sinners (whether communists or non-communists) on the other."

The danger confronting the church is not that it forget the difference between Communism and Christianity. "The real danger consists in a wrong, negative, sterile, and schematic view of the new society under construction." Behind this assertion lies Hromadka's conviction that the Marxist philosophy and its atheism are basically "radical humanism." It wishes to set men free from the limitations imposed on them in the name of the gods. It is only by admitting that Christianity is as much opposed to 'religion' as Marxism is, that Christians will help Marxists to an understanding of the positive position implicit in their atheism. This confrontation of the ideals of communism with the real God "may establish a firm basis of a fertile, creative controversy. We do not believe in any possibility of an ideological synthesis of communisms and Christian faith. Such a synthesis is impossible. They find themselves on a different level. However, a new atmosphere may be created, an atmosphere of a right struggle for man, his dignity and integrity." The problem as Hromadka sees it is thus not essentially different from that faced by American Christians. We, too, are confronted by a radical humanism. The question which Hromadka's lectures raise is whether the fact that western governments are friendly to religion changes the basic situation of the church in a secularized world.

In the last lecture, Hromadka points out that the church has nothing to offer the world except Jesus Christ. Again this is obvious; it is, however, important in terms of Hromadka's list of the things the church does not have to offer. "We are not better, nobler, we are not more human, morally higher, more charitable, purer in heart, purer in spirit, meeker, more merciful, more hungering and thirsting for righteousness, more ardent peacemakers, and more suffering for righteousness' sake than millions and tens of millions of non-Christian men and women . . . What we have that the world does not possess is Jesus Christ." This means that the church's message can never pretend to offer political or economic wisdom under the stamp of divine authority — neither to the West nor to the East. Nor can the church give the stamp of divine approval to any existing system. To do so would be to lapse into the Judaistic



form of religion. It is the task of theology to protest against this just as the ancient prophets of Israel did.

Hromadka thus raises a very serious question for western Christians. Can we tolerate the identification of western ideology and Christianity? Must we not protest against it with the same seriousness that we expect of eastern Christians in their protest against communist atheism? There is much to be discussed here. Many western Christians will undoubtedly feel that Hromadka's analysis of communist atheism as radical humanism is inaccurate. But whatever their conclusion there is no escaping the realization that this man has lived and worked in the church in an era in which the institutional forms that we take for granted have proved to be inadequate. And that his personal experience has led him to conclusions not unlike those reached by other great theologians who have considered the relationship of the church to the world. Let the last words be his:

" . . . We cannot help realizing that our theology and preaching, limited to the traditional doctrines of the Reformation, is inadequate. . . . Very much of what was in the old church, a burning expression of the present Lord, crucified and risen, and of the church as the living body of Jesus Christ, has been transformed into sterile customs and traditions without meaning and without a real function . . . There is no way of approaching the very heart of our generations unless we ourselves undergo a real suffering of repentance, of self-knowledge, and of a new beginning."

ROBERT C. SCHULTZ

## THE SERMON AND THE PROPERs,

### Vols. III and IV

By Fred H. Lindemann (Concordia, \$4.50 per volume)

These two volumes complete the four-volume *opus magnum* of the sainted Fred Lindemann. The same fine workmanship by author and publisher which marked the first two volumes, is apparent also in these two.

Volume III contains a new introduction. It is a provocative little essay on liturgical preaching. Such preaching protects the preacher and congregation from emotionalism, moralism and intellectualism. The author distinguishes liturgical preaching from the Evangelistic (which seeks to convert the outsider) and Instruction (for the newly converted) and stresses that liturgical preaching is "Paraklesis" (pp 12 f). Lindemann's discussion of preaching to "ultimate needs" in contrast to "the cult of the relevant," and his insights into preaching on the Gospels and "Ethical Epistles" will stimulate all readers.

Volume III follows the same procedure as Volumes I and II. There are thoughts on the season and specific day. Then fol-

lows a discussion of the Propers. Following this are suggestions for preaching, i.e., broad outlines on the Gospel and Epistle. Volume III, including the first half of Trinity Season, is divided into two parts: Christian Motives and Christian Obligations. Part one ends with three translated sermons of Johann Gerhard — valuable additions, in this reviewer's opinion. Part II ends with Saint Bartholomew, Apostle's Day. There is a translated sermon by C. C. Schmidt.

Volume IV covers the Trinity Season, Second Half. The introduction to Volume III is reprinted. Then, beginning with Trinity XIII, the author works through the XVII Sunday after Trinity. There is a section on the Day of Thanksgiving.

Volume IV is also divided into two parts under the heading, "Aspects of the Christian Life": (1) Passive, internal Graces; (2) Active, external Graces. Part I ends with a sermon for Saint Matthew, Apostle's Day, and a sermon by Gerhard on Saint Michael and all Angels.

These four volumes serve truly as resources for liturgical preaching. They are the refined labor of many years of meditation. Not every one will use them as they stand. Not all will agree. This is the excellence of the author's service to all.

But persons who do not preach from pulpits, people who "do the Liturgy" as intelligent and devout Christians, will also find much here for insight and edification. This is the breadth of Lindemann's service.

For Lutheranism this reviewer knows no other parallel resource. Rome has Parsch. Author Lindemann has presented this generation not only with a gift but with an obligation. This is his unique service.

KENNETH F. KORBY

## THE WORLD'S LAST NIGHT

By C. S. Lewis (Harcourt, Brace, \$3.00)

The disturbing question which each new book by C. S. Lewis poses to the Christian writer is this: "If I knew and loved my God as Lewis knows and loves Him, would I not be able to write about Him and about His works and ways as Lewis writes about Him?" The answer is, of course, No. Lewis could not write as he does if he were not one of God's saints, but neither could he do so if he had not enlarged and disciplined his mind and cultivated the art of writing. The truth about most of us who claim to be Christian writers is that we hope to cover up with an excess of piety what we lack in knowledge, discipline, and artistic competence.

The essays in this book cover a wide range of interests — the efficacy of prayer, the sufficiency of evidence for belief, the self-doubts of the modern intellectual, the deification of mediocrity, the Christian understanding of work, the theological impli-

cations of life (if there is any) on other planets, and the doctrine of our Lord's Second Coming. Any one of these topics presents a thousand pitfalls to the unwary writer — to be cute, to be pedantic, to try for an "effect," to warm over the favorite arguments of the past.

Lewis does none of these things. His "style" — a silly word applicable only to second-rate writers but a necessity for the reviewer since universal literacy produced this universal contempt for meaning — is that of a tough-minded friend seated across the table behind a tankard of ale in a country pub, pressing his argument with a combination of personal warmth and intellectual mercilessness. His language is simple, his analogies homely. Thus, when he deals with the unintelligent contention, so popular in our own country, that it is enough just to "have faith," Lewis observes that "the ducks who come to the call 'Dilly, dilly, come and be killed' have confidence in the farmer's wife, and she wrings their necks for their pains." Similarly, discussing the absurdities of certain economic policies, he notes that "within my lifetime money was (very properly) collected to buy shirts for some men who were out of work. The work they were out of was the manufacture of shirts."

Devotees of the *Screwtape Letters* will be delighted to have a new *Screwtape Dialogue*, "Screwtape Proposes a Toast," which appeared several months ago in an American magazine. This reviewer found the title essay most encouraging and helpful. Brash young men who think that there is no place for God in the Space Age should be required to read "Religion and Rocketry." And oh, that every member of every academic community might read "Lilies That Fester."

## THE HELL OF IT

### A Devil's Guide to Tempting Americans

By Stephen Cole (Doubleday, \$1.95)

If C. S. Lewis had never written *The Screwtape Letters*, this little book by the pseudonymous Mr. Cole might have made quite a respectable splash as a collection of cleverly-written sermons disguised in the literary form of a series of lectures by a senior tempter to the graduating class of an infernal seminary for tempters. Unhappily for Mr. Cole, *Screwtape* set literary and theological standards which make other attempts seem not merely imitative (which this book frankly is), but second-rate. This is too bad because Mr. Cole does have some wise and pertinent things to say about the besetting sins of Americans.

The twelve short "lectures" deal with noise, activism, spectator living, fads, the religious scene, toleration, authority, vocation, self-discipline, marriage, facts, and



mediocrity. The approach is that of the new theological conservatism which is represented by a small but very articulate element within the Anglican communion. ("Stephen Cole" is the pen name of an Episcopal parish priest in Daytona Beach, Florida.) Sometimes theological issues tend to get tangled up with the cultural and aesthetic preferences of these writers in such a way as to alienate those who hunger and thirst after righteousness but have no taste for recorder music and primitive African carvings. Even this, though, is an improvement over the sort of "edifying" stuff that used to pass for religious writing.

Essentially, what Mr. Cole has to say is that Americans need to calm down, to reflect, to get some depth in their religion, to bring themselves and their work under control to higher ends, to distinguish between facts and reality, to act like adults in their marriages, and to respect the wisdom of revelation and validated experience. Saying all these things by saying their opposites is one way of avoiding the Scylla of preacher-talk; now and then, though, it hurls one perilously close to the Charybdis of cuteness.

## GENERAL

### OEDIPUS AND AKHNATON

By Immanuel Velikovsky (Doubleday, \$4.95)

Aristotle in his *Poetics* regarded the *Oedipus Tyrannus* of Sophocles as the masterpiece of Greek tragedy. History would seem to concur in his judgment. Not only did this play best meet the exacting standards of the literary critic of Stagira, but even today, after twenty-four hundred years, it still appeals strongly to the imagination and aesthetic sensibilities of the contemporary devotee of the Thespian art.

The plot of this stark drama, it will be recalled, centers around Oedipus, King of Thebes. He had become the ruler of this Greek city because upon his arrival there as stranger he had successfully solved the riddle of the local sphinx, which had been causing the deaths of all those failing to fathom her conundrum. However, at the opening of the drama we learn that a plague has now been decimating the Theban population. In his relentless efforts to ascertain the reason for the awful pestilence Oedipus ironically discovers that years ago he murdered his own father and that he has subsequently been living in incestuous union with his mother, the Queen of Thebes, by whom he has begotten two sons and two daughters, all now young men and women. Upon this horrible denouement the mother and wife, Jocasta, commits suicide, and Oedipus, after self-inflicted blindness, leaves the city to go into voluntary exile. As

aftermath of the tragedy the two sons slay each other in their struggle for the vacant throne, whereupon Antigone, one of the two daughters, loses her life when buried alive by Creon, her uncle, for having defied his warning not to inter her fallen brother Polynices, who had been placed under a curse by Creon, the ultimate ruler of the Theban city.

Theories attempting to explain the origins of classical mythology, whether ancient or modern, have always been speculative. In his highly interesting book Dr. Velikovsky sees in the story of the House of Oedipus a mythical application, both in the large and in detail, of the historical reign of Akhnaton, the Egyptian Pharaoh who ruled during the thirteenth century before Christ, at a time roughly corresponding to the chronology of the Oedipus myth. Employing as evidence a mass of archaeological documentation, which includes *objets d'arts*, correspondence on cuneiform tablets, inscriptions on stone and on gold foil, and even mummies entombed in Egypt's Valley of the Kings, the author confidently posits that the historical prototypes of the Greek *dramatis personae* are the Egyptian Akhnaton himself; his wife and mother Tiy; their sons Smenkhkare and Tutankhamen (the sensational discovery of whose tomb occurred as late as the year 1922), each of whom, it is averred, fell in battle against each other; Meritaten, their half-sister and the historical Antigone; King Ay, whose role in the flesh is allegedly played by Creon in the Greek play; and certain other personages who likewise are identified with their later mythical equivalents. In piecing together the many shreds of his proof Dr. Velikovsky weaves a web in which he inextricably enmeshes the "criminal" Pharaoh Akhnaton and the "guilty" members of his House. And when the reader finally emerges from the tortuous but exciting labyrinthine maze through which the writer leads him, he is convinced that a Sherlock Holmes could not have provided a more dramatic solution to the sphinx-like riddle with which this archaeological detective too found himself confronted.

If Dr. Velikovsky is correct in tracing the Oedipus myth to Egypt, he has gone a far way to establishing the country of the Nile as at least one source of Greek mythology. And in that event more significance than has been the case hitherto would have to be attached to the epic poet Homer's reference to Egypt as the land of knowledge, as well as to a few additional hints, both literary and archaeological, that communication existed between Greece and Egypt as early as the Mycenaean Age. Certainly there are puzzling items in the Greek myth that an acceptance of Dr. Velikovsky's position would clear up, for

instance, the unique and otherwise strange presence of a sphinx in Hellas and the coincidence of Thebes as chief city of Boeotian Greece and at the same time name of the Egyptian capital in the Nile Valley, where the history of Akhnaton and his family ran its "tragic" course.

And yet this evidence which Dr. Velikovsky carefully marshals before us is on the whole too tenuous and incomplete to warrant unqualified support for his double hypothesis of an actual Akhnaton-complex transferred to Greece and there dramatized into the Oedipus-complex. Details which some reputable Egyptologists and classical scholars interpret as inconclusive, or even contradictory, the author would harmonize and accordingly fit into the pattern of his theory, even if he must adopt Procrustean methods to ensure the fit. Two illustrations should suffice to demonstrate the slippery ground over which he is forced to move. In an Egyptian tomb containing mummified remains, the body has thus far been identified successively as surely that of a woman, Queen Tiy, but later of a man, Akhnaton himself, and finally (?) of his son Smenkhkare, with merely the tomb's furniture and the catafalque as now belonging to the Queen, and only the coffin to her husband-son, in which (at any rate for the time being and to Dr. Velikovsky's satisfaction) lies Smenkhkare's mummy! The second example reveals in addition the arbitrary nature of some of the author's procedure. In Sophocles' drama Antigone is immured in a grave made by cutting into a rock, a type of burial practiced by the Egyptians at Thebes. The Greeks too are known to have entombed their dead in this manner, though very rarely, but simply because they regularly employed cremation or burial in the earth, Antigone's "caverned pit-tomb in the rock," Dr. Velikovsky flatly declares, must be an Egyptian importation — and this in the face of his earlier frank admission that his conjecture of a similar interment of Meritaten, the real Antigone, in the Valley of the Kings is sheer fantasy!

EDGAR C. REINKE

### MAN, THE STATE AND WAR

By Kenneth N. Waltz (Columbia University Press, \$5.50)

This theoretical analysis of the major causes of war is the second of the Topical Studies in International Relations to be published by the Institute of War and Peace Studies at Columbia University. The author is Associate Professor of Political Science at Swarthmore College.

Prof. Waltz's approach involves examining the ideas of a wide diversity of thinkers throughout the history of Western civilization who have attempted to explain why conflicts arise between men and na-



tions and have presented proposals for peace. His purpose is to show that existing bodies of knowledge can do a great deal to clarify our present problems and prevent us from endorsing oversimplified solutions. His fundamental thesis is that every prescription for attaining a more lasting peace in the world is grounded on one of "three images" of international relations, or some combination of them. These three images are expounded in the bulk of the book with continual references to philosophers, statesmen, and political scientists. The underlying assumption is that the desired goal of world peace cannot be achieved apart from a penetrating logical analysis which exposes untenable presuppositions and faulty conclusions.

According to the first image of international relations war is a consequence of man's inherent selfishness, his aggressive impulses, and his incurable stupidity. This is viewed as the explanation found within the Christian tradition from Augustine to Niebuhr. Hans Morgenthau is also drawn into this category since he sees "the ubiquity of evil in human action" arising from man's ineradicable lust for power. Spinoza is included because he detects the source of political and social ills in the conflict between reason and passion.

The "second image" points to the defects in the internal structure of states as the basic cause of war. Thomas Hobbes advocated a strong state to overcome the weaknesses of recalcitrant individuals. Liberals and utilitarians insisted that decentralization and a laissez-faire economy were the necessary means to improve the quality of the state. Men like Woodrow Wilson, intimating that democracies are by definition peaceful, were convinced that national self-determination was the answer. The fullest development of the second image is represented by Karl Marx and the whole movement of International Communism. If capitalist states cause war the obvious remedy is to destroy capitalism and institute socialism. Waltz treats at some length the failure of the Marxists in World War I to prevent the workers from rallying to national banners.

Those who adhere to the "third image" claim that "there is a constant possibility of war in a world in which there are two or more states each seeking to promote a set of interests and having no agency above them upon which they can rely for protection" (p. 227). Rousseau is used to elucidate the theory that war is a consequence of international anarchy.

Anyone who is looking for an easy road to disarmament or wants a sure guarantee for averting missile warfare will not find it in this book. What the reader will gain is a more profound appreciation of the complexity of international relations, and he is

likely to find himself better prepared to begin a judicious approach to the thorny problems involved.

RALPH L. MOELLERING

### THE YEAR THE WORLD WENT MAD

By Allen Churchill (Crowell, \$4.95)

At some point in almost every year, people seem to go mad, either a madness characterized by insane actions or a madness of sheer excitement. It is doubtful whether any year can match 1927 in this respect, however. This was the year Peaches and Daddy Browning were featured in a sensational divorce case, the year Judd Gray and Ruth Snyder committed and were convicted of the Dumbbell murder, and the year Sacco and Vanzetti finally met death in the electric chair. These and a series of similar events attracted world-wide interest and seemed to develop world-wide excitement.

While radio was developing rapidly as a source for news, it was a great year for the newspapers. When they had nothing sensational to arouse interest otherwise, there was always Texas Guinan, the Queen of the Speakeasies, or New York's unbelievably irresponsible mayor, Jimmy Walker, who were sufficiently colorful to merit reams of copy any day of the week.

Shipwreck Kelly began his flagpole sitting in 1927, Babe Ruth hit sixty home runs, and Tunney defeated Dempsey in the famed Long Count bout. About the only person who was doing nothing exciting was the President, Calvin Coolidge, but even his silence made good copy, and, when he made his twelve-word "I do not choose to run . . ." speech, the news was electrifying.

But 1927 was, above all, the year of Charles A. Lindbergh and his flight across the Atlantic to Paris. Nothing before or since has so completely captured the interest of the public as did the Lone Eagle and his flight in "We."

All of these events and hundreds of other strange doings are covered in this fascinating book. By an admirable job of organizing his voluminous material, Churchill has produced an entertaining volume of modern history with all the excitement left in.

### THE ROMANCE OF LUTHERANISM IN CALIFORNIA

By Richard T. DuBrau (Concordia, \$2.50)

The argument for writing history is not so much that the dead deserve to be remembered as that the living need to remember. This is especially true of the Church which, since it is under attack in every generation, is particularly prone to suppose that it can not learn from what always seems a safer and simpler past. Actually, of course, its own past can be a

prime source not only of knowledge but of encouragement.

Professor DuBrau has done a very real service not only to California Lutheranism but to the whole Lutheran Church in America by telling the story of how Lutheranism came to California a hundred years ago and has flourished, especially in the past half century. It is, one might say, a record of the good works of nameless giants — men such as Buehler and various Wynekens, Theiss and Kogler, Bernthal, Brohm, and Smukal, to name only a few whose labors are done and, by now, largely forgotten but by whose faithfulness the Cross was firmly planted in the Golden State.

This is the story of the way one Church — the Lutheran Church - Missouri Synod — responded to one of the great missionary calls of the past century. But it is also a warmly human story, for the Church responded through people, pastors and laymen, who were simultaneously saints and sinners. For those whose roots go deep into the history of the Missouri Synod there are sections that read like family memoirs. For those who are new to Missouri there are records of great men and great events which may help to explain why, with all her faults, Missouri's children still love her.

One of the great virtues of this book is its wealth of illustrations, not only of bearded pastors and gingerbread churches but of California memorabilia. The Church came to California as a foreign-language immigrant but it has become thoroughly naturalized. Professor DuBrau believes that its great task still lies before it as the American westward movement continues to carry people into our fastest-growing state. If that be true, we should remember with special gratitude the men who, under God, laid such firm foundations for Lutheranism in California.

### HEINRICH SCHUETZ: HIS LIFE AND WORK

By Hans Joachim Moser. Translated by Carl F. Pfatteicher (Concordia, \$15.00)

This is the monumental work to which our music editor, Mr. Hansen, referred in the February issue of *The Cresset* (vide "Heinrich Schuetz: One of Music's Major Prophets"). Mr. Hansen was too modest, in that article, to do any more than hint at his own involvement in this work. The house organ of Concordia Publishing House goes into more detail: "The English translator, Carl Pfatteicher, died before completing the work, and Professor Hansen finished the translation. Because of its technical nature the book was his own special project. He worked 'on and off at it for over two years' — revising, editing, footnoting, proofreading, and indexing. The index itself presented a giant task because of its thousands of entries."



Our colleague's time was well spent. This is the definitive evaluation of one of the great figures of German — and more specifically, Lutheran — music. It is essentially a book for scholars, but it can be read without difficulty by anybody who has a real interest in music. And it is a beautiful book, one on which costs were, quite obviously, not a primary consideration.

The book is divided into two parts, the first dealing with Schuetz's life and the second with his works. These latter, in turn, are grouped under three headings: The Early Master Years, The Middle Period, and Creations of Old Age. The first part is no less a study in masterpieces than is the second, for Schuetz was a devout Christian whose life was itself a hymn of faith and praise, difficult though it often was and beset by many temptations.

## FICTION

### CLEA

By Lawrance Durrell (Dutton, \$3.95)

With the publication of *Clea*, Durrell has completed successfully an experiment in the writing of novels. In this experiment — the author's attempt to embrace relativity — three novels represented space, and the fourth, time. Identical characters appeared in the four novels and many of the incidents were repeated, though, in many cases, they appeared to be new, since on each repetition they were disclosed from the viewpoint of a different narrator.

The principal characters, introduced in the first novel, *Justine*, were Justine herself, a beautiful Jewess who, in many ways epitomized the lovely, sophisticated, and evil city of Alexandria where the action is laid, and who is the original focal point of the group; Nessim, her wealthy Coptic husband, who is a link with the Egypt of old; Pursewarden, a famous English novelist; Clea, a French painter; Mountolive, a British diplomat; Balthazar, an Egyptian doctor; and Darley, a budding novelist who is the narrator of three of the four novels.

The only characteristic common to these persons is an overwhelming interest in self-questioning, but their lives are strangely interrelated, and, in the first three novels, *Justine*, *Balthazar*, and *Mountolive*, the reader sees them all under the spell of Alexandria and seemingly frozen in time and space.

Time moves on in the fourth novel, *Clea*, as Darley, the narrator, returns to Alexandria early in World War II after an absence of several years. The relationships have changed completely. Some of the characters are dead. One, whose murder was described previously, is found to be alive. And Justine and her husband are no longer the center of interest and action. Before this novel ends, the Alexandrian

spell is broken, most of the relationships have changed, and everyone seems to have found not only himself but also the answers to the questions he has been asking.

Although each novel is a model in organization and progression, it is doubtful whether any one could be understood without the others, despite the claims of the publisher. Each ends with too many unsolved problems, and, though the problems are resolved in the fourth novel, by this time the author presumes the characters are all familiar to the reader and proceeds accordingly.

However, since Durrell is one of the best novelists of our day, any of his novels can be read with enjoyment, for he has a rich, controlled style that is perfect for conveying mood, ideal for portraying character, and a sheer pleasure to read.

### A DISTANT TRUMPET

By Paul Horgan (Farrar, Straus and Cudahy, \$5.75)

All the familiar threads of the Nineteenth Century American Southwest — Apaches, lonely forts, crotchety officers with hearts of cavalry gold, military wives who suffer their husbands' duties gladly, nasty whites who corrupt the Indians with rifles and liquor, massacres of wagon trains, heroics and earthy humor on the route to peace with the redmen — are here woven into a monumental tapestry of cliché and tedium. If it is true that television and the movies have forever robbed us of the chance to see our pioneer heritage treated with pride and originality, then we can only take the best comfort we can from those two mediums. At least, they are a library of stories briefly told; *A Distant Trumpet* seems an eternal exercise in documentation and genealogy, as vast as the Arizona desert that provides its settings, and every bit as dry, as barren, as flat.

To call this a "major" novel, as the publishers do, is to espouse a lie; the least reprehensible motive for applying the term is that of wishful thinking. Someone *ought* to write a major novel about that period of our history when America was possessed by a dream of greatness, and when so many Americans were acting to realize that dream; it was our last great age. It may be that now we are dreamed out, and that our writers have lost the knack of romance and courage; but how shameful, if it is true. One thing seems certain: no historian — and Mr. Horgan is a historian of stature — is going to succeed in recreating the passions of our past until he has suppressed his devotion to the unembellished fact and the quotable statistic. Until then, the term "major" attached to a historical novel will continue to mean exactly what it always means in today's publishing: a book of

extraordinary length and extravagant price.

So *A Distant Trumpet* is an ambitious fiasco. It has size geographical (Washington and Philadelphia to Arizona and Mexico) and size temporal (the Civil War to the 1880's). It has a superfluity of characters, all of whom enter the story laden with the cumbersome baggage of their own autobiographies. It has its estimable hero in Matthew Hazard, an Indiana boy who meets Lincoln, graduates West Point, marries, makes peace with the Apache, and spurns the Medal of Honor. It even has a literate general, Alexander Quait, whose interminable recitations and translations from the Latin are likely to do wonders for the cause of anti-intellectualism. Nothing ever happens in this story that has not happened a thousand times before in hack fiction; it will all happen a thousand times again.

Saddest of all, the novel's greatest failure is its nearest success. In a Chiracahua scout named White Horn, Mr. Horgan nearly creates a worthy human being. White Horn, called Joe Dummy by the soldiers, is a man of dignity and courage, and of an intelligence both shrewd and honest. It is to the author's discredit that he is able to convert the scout into a kind of second-rate Tonto, strong, silent, and a faithful friend who ceases to operate as a unique person.

R. C. WILSON, JR.

### HOW RIGHT YOU ARE, JEEVES

By P. G. Wodehouse (Simon and Schuster, \$3.50)

This is not the master at what you would call his mid-season form, but Wodehouse's next-best is several cuts above anybody else's best, so let us not cavil but rather enjoy this latest misadventure of Bertram Wooster and his fluffy-headed friends and acquaintances.

Is it necessary to go into the plot? We think not. People read Wodehouse as they listen to opera, not for the sense (of which there is often pitifully little) but for the sound. A synopsis of a Wodehouse novel reads very much like those riotously dull opera synopses that Robert Benchley used to do. There will be this young bachelor, Wooster, with just about enough sense to lace his own shoes but with a gift of gab that any professional writer might envy. He will go off to one of the stately homes of England for a week-end and, while there, will get himself hopelessly embroiled in some kind of trouble, culminating in engagement. In the nick of time, Jeeves, the incomparable butler, comes to the rescue and the curtain falls.

Serious-minded people do not read Wodehouse novels. Serious-minded people read the *Congressional Record* and the full texts of speeches in the *New York Times*. These are usually as frivolous as Wodehouse ever is — and more than twice as dull.



# A Minority Report

Some Notes on West Virginia

By VICTOR F. HOFFMANN



THE PRIMARY victory of John Kennedy in West Virginia amounted to a minor miracle.

Victory itself appeared to be a miracle. At least, my circle of political friends had agreed long ago that Kennedy hardly had a chance in this border state, and it had perhaps been a political mistake to have entered this primary at all.

Several factors, as we talked then, had pushed us to this conclusion. First of all, we had assumed that West Virginia was a typical Southern, "backwoods," Protestant state where a majority of "provincial natives" hated Negroes, Jews, immigrants, Irish Catholics, and anyone who articulated the R in Roman Catholic with a decided New England roll. Secondly, we had assumed that Hubert Humphrey as an outspoken liberal would naturally have more of a following where "laboring people are depressed and coal miners live in righteous anger at the unjust social game that had taken their jobs away from them." Why would such people vote for a rich Bostonian who spends a good deal of time in New York even though Democratic and moderately liberal?

On occasion, some of us felt that "voters were suspicious of the youth and boyishness of Kennedy." Would the voters really go for such a young man?

However, as the events surrounding the West Virginia primary rolled on, all of us had new data brought to our attention.

True enough, West Virginia is not a Catholic state inasmuch as only about five per cent of the population is Catholic. At the same time, it might not be a Protestant state. Only about twenty-seven per cent of the people are actually affiliated with Protestant churches.

Accordingly, about sixty-seven or sixty-eight per cent are unaffiliated, and have no substantial religious connections. As one champion of Kennedy put it several weeks ago on our campus, "Most of the people in West Virginia are too poor to go to church."

Moreover, even though John Kennedy is not of the preaching, soapbox variety of evangelical liberal, he is nevertheless a liberal. In addition, in a land where the image of F.D.R. still counts, he had the magic name of F.D.R. on his side in the person of F.D.R., Jr. It

was almost as effective as the presence of Dr. New Deal himself for the son talks like him, moves like him, jokes like him, and dreams like him. Perhaps Humphrey did not know how to cope with the personal re-incarnation of the Gospel he was trying to preach.

And another point: when Kennedy was forced to discuss the religious issue, he was no longer a boy. At times, his words reflected simple, straight-forward wisdom: 1. "Is anyone going to tell me that I lost this primary 42 years ago on the day I was baptized?" 2. "I am not the Catholic candidate for president. Do not expect me to explain or defend every act or statement of every Pope or priest." 3. "If the bigotry is too great to permit the fair consideration of a Catholic who has made clear his complete . . . dedication to separation of church and state, we ought to know it."

Is it also possible that Hubert Humphrey himself talked Kennedy into the role of the underdog, a fortunate position for any votegetter in West Virginia? With all Humphrey's talk — his quick defense of Kennedy on the religious issue, his extensive statement of self-pity with the contrasting position of the Kennedy dollar, his insistence that he was the great liberal, and a million other ill-chosen words — all of this might have conveyed to the West Virginia voter that Kennedy was really being discriminated against.

Finally, there is always the case of the undecided voter. This includes the legions who are apathetic, lazy, uninterested, the people who really cannot make up their minds, persons who become tired and sick of the religious debate, and the people who really do not know much about anything in politics. For them, Kennedy also had the appeal that distinguished him from Humphrey: charm, personality, forthrightness, a war record, a list of courageous achievements, simple sincerity, and the intestinal fortitude in the face of odds to take a crack at West Virginia.

Humphrey, great and courageous liberal that he is, seemed to lose some of these attributes in the minds of the people who were watching him very closely.

All Kennedy must do now is to face the "gang blocking" of his competitors for the presidency. That will not be pleasant either.



# Hollywood's Men and Movies

By ANNE HANSEN

A COLORFUL figure from a bygone era comes to life in Bosley Crowther's new book *Hollywood Rajah*. It is obvious that the erudite critic of the *New York Times* has neither respect nor admiration for the character of the late Louis B. Mayer. He does, however recognize the driving ambition, the intense energy, and the vision which made it possible for a one time junk dealer to rise to power and prominence in the revolutionary young motion-picture industry. *Hollywood Rajah* portrays the eventful career of a controversial personality with a lack of restraint which will not be relished by many of the glittering stars of the past and present who were a part of that career.

*The Snow Queen*, a feature-length animated cartoon based on the well-loved fairy tale by Hans Christian Andersen, is one of the first of the Soviet films to be released in the United States under our government's cultural-exchange program with the USSR. Produced in magnificent Eastman Color by Soyuzmultifilm, with English dialog dubbed in by Universal-International, *The Snow Queen* will give pleasure to young and old alike. The settings are superb, the characterizations are appealing, and the story is told with imaginative artistry. Sandra Dee, Tommy Kirk, and Patty McCormack are featured on the sound track. Technically the process of animation fails to measure up to the best efforts of our own Disney Studios.

Every thoughtful citizen of our land must earnestly hope that *Tall Story* (Warners, Joshua Logan) will not be sent to the USSR under the cultural-exchange agreement. In a highly competitive period in which our entire educational system has been under fire this crude, vulgar, and distorted picture of college life does a distinct disservice to responsible teachers as well as to young Americans who are genuinely interested in learning. It seems to me that it is time to call a halt to cheap and tasteless sex comedies.

*Please Don't Eat the Daisies* (M-G-M, Euterpe, Charles Walters) is mildly amusing in spots. But will anyone be so naive as to accept this slick, superficial hokum as representative of real life? In her book *Please Don't Eat the Daisies* Jean Kerr did relate the incidents depicted to her own household. The film wanders far afield into the world of make-believe.

Who can measure the suffering that has resulted from racial prejudice through the ages? *The Unforgiven* (United Artists, John Huston) forcefully points up the tragedy and the stupidity of intolerance and

bigotry. *The Unforgiven* is an unusual western. The forbidding beauty of the barren lands of central Mexico has been captured in superb color photography; the acting is exceptionally good; and the direction is by John Huston, one of the ablest directors of our day.

*The Last Voyage* (M-G-M, Andrew L. Stone) graphically depicts the last, suspense-filled moments of a great liner from the time fire breaks out in her engine room until she sinks into a watery grave. All the exciting, suspense-filled action was filmed aboard the liner "Ile de France" just before this gallant vessel was reduced to scrap.

Gore Vidal's play *Visit to a Small Planet* was meant to convey a message of sorts to the human inhabitants of our earth. The film *Visit to a Small Planet* (Paramount, Norman Taurog) has been reduced to slapstick comedy tailored to fit the mad antics of Jerry Lewis.

To pay or not to pay? This is the question which troubles the minds of many television producers, sponsors, and viewers. Recent developments seem to indicate that toll television may be a long step closer to realization. Telemeter, a subsidiary of Paramount Pictures, is planning a second test of pay TV — this time in the suburbs of Manhattan. Henry Griffing, whose ambitious first attempt to introduce pay TV in Oklahoma was a failure, is about to try again — this time with a network of more than thirty stations throughout the Southwest. And, encouraged by the record established by International Telemeter Corporation of Toronto, the Zenith Radio Corporation, in association with RKO General, has petitioned the FCC for permission to undertake a similar test.

A report prepared by Robert W. Horton for the Center of Democratic Institutions underscores the fact that much of the opposition to toll television stems from misunderstanding, misinformation, and confusion. Those who advocate pay TV are convinced that the entire subject should not only be carefully explored, but that the viewing public deserves a clear-cut, factual, and unbiased explanation of the issues involved.

Outstanding programs seen on TV during April were excellent features presented by *World Wide 60*, notably *The Way of the Cross*; the *Journey to Understanding* and *Eyewitness to History* accounts of current events; another episode of *Our American Heritage*, depicting the life of Andrew Carnegie; *Mark Twain's America*, by *Project 20*; and a superb presentation of Mozart's *Don Giovanni* by the NBC Opera Company.



# The Pilgrim



Professor Goehring

*"All the trumpets sounded for him on the other side"*

—PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

By O. P. KRETZMANN

## Ecce Deus

IT IS THE essence of our vaunted modernity that man is concerned only with man . . . From the selfish materialist who sees life and time in terms of his own wellbeing to the honest social reformer who feels the tragedy of man's inhumanity to man most deeply, men today live and move and have their being on the horizontal levels of life . . . One turns inward, another turns outward, but few turn upward . . . The center of man's life has become man-itself . . . We call the religious elements in Communism and Fascism to witness . . . as a consequence, all areas of modern life teem with the unresolved contradictions inherent in man himself and in the paradoxes of relative truth . . . All the articulate impulses, tendencies, desires, and regrets that make our age what it is are confused and confusing because man's preoccupation with man has given us no principle which will fuse our poor scattered energies into a rich living unity . . . It is no wonder that the modern world is conscious of disintegration and decay . . . Men are concerned over the flickering lights in the antechambers of truth — and candles have a tragic way of going out . . .

Once more there is immediate and desperate need for the truth spoken long ago: "He that loseth his life for My sake shall find it." . . . That is not only a philosophy of living . . . As soon as life beholds God, revealed in the wisdom of the Word and the folly of the Cross, the great unifying principle which modern man seeks so blindly and hopelessly appears . . . When man follows man, the end must be bitter; when man follows God, beginning and end are glad . . . Without God, man must remain yoked to the feverish jerks of a diseased will; with God, the redeemed soul can walk beyond the stride of human courage and the range of hope in the white surrender to Him Who is the staff of its strength and the earnest of its peace . . .

Nineteen hundred years ago a man of hate met the Man of Sorrows on the road to Damascus . . . The cataclysmic change from the zealous persecutor, confident of his own power, to the man groping his painful way in momentary blindness to the house of Judas in the street that is called Straight — this is what happens when God appears to men . . . The blind and

beaten Paul saw more clearly and was more certain of final victory than the seeing and conquering Saul . . . He saw Christ — and life was unified in Him . . . Now, after nineteen centuries, with the free course of His Word throughout the world, He stands on every road and the splendor of that meeting on the Damascus road can come again . . . Whenever it does, we know that the most radiant other-worldly vision of God in Christ alone can give unity and depth and perspective to our vision of the needs of men . . .

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## Collect for Peace

Day after day we see God striking into history in the judgment of events, but the rustle of His garments as He sweeps through the immensities of time is lost in the dull murmur of routine . . . Only when the light falls warm on the sacred page can one forget the welter of strife and steel and the voices of those who see life only in black and red . . .

In such hours we turn like a prisoner released to the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth chapters of the Holy Gospel according to St. John . . . Everything we need is there — from the eternal answer to all the Kyrie Eleisons of the world, "Let not your heart be troubled," to the eternal Hallelujah, "I have overcome the world." . . . We need nothing beyond that . . . His candles fill the night and in the smallest room the company of cherubim stand by . . . Something lost returns and there is new strength for all the unbearable things that men must bear . . .

And so — as the clock points to the beginning of another day we turn to the greatest prayer ever spoken by lips not inspired — the Collect for Peace at the close of the Order for Vespers — so often read, so seldom heard: "O God, from Whom all holy desires, all good counsels, and all just works do proceed: Give unto Thy servants that peace, which the world cannot give; that our hearts may be set to obey Thy commandments, and also that by Thee, we being defended from the fear of our enemies, may pass our time in rest and quietness; through the merits of Jesus Christ our Savior. Amen."

Peace is there and nowhere else.