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The

Cresset

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IN THE APRIL CRESSET - - -

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In Luce Tua

Comment on the Significant News by the Editors

Eichmann Goes on Trial

PERHAPS IT doesn't matter who hangs Adolf Eichmann, so long as he gets hanged. But then again, perhaps it does matter. The State of Israel intends to bring him to trial this month for the murder of several hundreds of thousand of Jews in Hitler's Third Reich. It seems unlikely that Eichmann could raise reasonable doubt of his guilt before any tribunal anywhere in the world. So the question of his guilt, while still an open one so far as our concept of the law is concerned, is not really one which need detain us so far as the question of an Israeli court's competence to try him is concerned. The question at issue is whether the State of Israel, in trying him, wishes to make itself guilty of the same contempt for law that Eichmann displayed in his long career as a murderer of Jews.

This is the same question that was at issue in the infamous Nuernberg Trials: the question of whether it is ever proper to achieve just ends by unjust means. Eichmann has made a full and almost sickeningly frank confession of the crimes alleged against him. But the state which proposes to try him for these crimes did not yet exist at the time the crimes were committed, and therefore he could not be guilty of having violated its laws. And while it may be freely granted that the murders for which Eichmann confesses responsibility were crimes against humanity, it is a hard and painful fact that humanity does not exist in any legal sense, i.e., it has no recognized agency or instrument for defining, detecting, and punishing crimes. This is one of the many grievous prices we pay for refusing to establish a workable world government.

Does this mean, then, that Eichmann can not be brought to trial and, if proved guilty, punished? Not at all. If Eichmann actually committed the crimes to which he has confessed, he is guilty of repeated violations of German laws which were in effect at the time of their commission and he should be punished by the state whose laws he has violated.

It has been alleged that Germany has not shown itself properly penitent for the crimes that were committed during the Nazi era. We would suggest that, if this is the case, some of the responsibility might lie with those who have demanded penitence without allowing the German people the opportunity to do penance. It is at least conceivable that Germany might be more willing to acknowledge the evils of her recent past if she had been given the responsibility to bring the leaders of that evil period to book. Instead, the self-proclaimed champions of law and justice created kangaroo courts in Nuernberg and Jerusalem in which men were tried under *ex post facto* laws which would be illegal in any of the countries represented by the judges on the bench. This is, in itself, the ultimate crime against humanity, for law is the cement of civilization, and anyone who destroys that cement, however worthy his motives may be, attacks civilization.

Conscience vs. Consensus

Next to the man who undermines the rule of law, the greatest enemy of civilization is the man who attempts to set class against class. Labor, capital, management, agriculture, education, government, and religion are all necessary and valuable elements in our society, and their interests, when legitimately pursued, are not hostile to each other but complementary. And yet we always have had, and probably always will have, those who see society in terms of an unremitting class struggle in which one class can prosper only at the expense of others.

This anarchistic view of society has found its most recent expression in comments on the conviction and imprisonment of seven executives of large electrical companies on charges of criminal violation of the anti-trust laws. From the extreme left have come expressions of unrestrained glee that these tools and dupes of the moneyed interests have been caught and shown up for the hypocrites that they are, and it has been suggested

that there would be more people going to jail if the probe were carried into the higher reaches of the corporate hierarchies. From the extreme right have come indignant protests that the convicted seven were somehow mistreated by being forced to do time, especially in a jail for common criminals, and there have been demands for the amendment of the laws so that such pillars of the community need never again fear this particular kind of martyrdom.

It seems to us that neither of these extreme positions does justice to the realities of the situation. Many years ago, at an international conference, the great Italian statesman, Count Cavour, opened the discussions by saying: "Gentlemen, we propose to do on behalf of our governments what every one of us would be ashamed to do as an individual." This is, we submit, the web in which most of us are caught. We make consensus a substitute for conscience. We go along. We play the game. And we do this not only in business or in labor unions but in the church, in the university, in politics, in every area of our lives where status within a group seems to demand that we give our first loyalty to the group and its interests.

There is a sense in which the conviction of these men points up a certain rottenness in the modern corporation. But we deceive ourselves if we self-righteously suppose that it is only the corporation which has been infected by this rot. We have all done, on behalf of one group or another, things which we would have been ashamed to do on our own behalf — and this because we all love the praise of men more than the praise of God.

The Overreach

It would take more of a Pollyanna than we are to see any great deal of good coming out of the Congo tragedy. And yet, perhaps the world, and ultimately the Congo itself, has managed to salvage one good thing from what would otherwise be an unmitigated catastrophe. This one good things is a new appreciation of the absolute indispensability of the United Nations as an instrument for the settlement of international disputes.

This lessen was driven home by spokesmen for the two great powers, the U.S.S.R. and the United States. Eager as always to capitalize as fully as possible on a troubled situation, the Soviet government attempted to use the tragedy of the Congo as an occasion for sapping the United Nations by bringing to bear upon Mr. Hammarskjold the same pressures which it had successfully applied to his predecessor, Mr. Trygvie Lie. The object of these pressures was clear enough: to emasculate the United Nations by reducing its secretariat to a condition of helplessness and frustration.

It was this direct attack upon the United Nations as an organization that gave President Kennedy his opportunity to turn the tables upon the Soviet Union. The United States, the President pointed out, could take care of itself. But where else than in the United Nations could the small countries of the world speak their piece in as loud a voice as that of any major power? Apparently the argument went home, for shortly thereafter a resolution sponsored by a number of small powers to strengthen the hand of the U.N. in the Congo was passed without a dissenting vote.

This does not mean, of course, that the U.N. has suddenly become a world government, or that the Soviet Union has given up its long-term intention to have its way, U.N. or no U.N. But it does seem to indicate that the Soviet Union, in attempting to use the Congo crisis for its own purposes of weakening the U.N., has overreached itself and exposed itself as a threat to all of the smaller nations of the world. Perhaps neutralism will have less appeal for these nations, now that they can see more clearly who it is that is frustrating man's hopes of world order.

This is not to say that we and our European friends have come out of this situation with our haloes glowing. Patrice Lumumba was done to death in territory where Western influence was still strong enough that it could have guaranteed his safety. The secessionist regime in Katanga has a large number of suspiciously blonde Congolese in its army and its bureaucracy. And the United States has condoned, by its silence, the continued interference of Belgians and others in the Congo situation. In addition, we are maintaining a discreet (or is it opportunistic?) silence about the continued oppressions of the Portuguese colonies and the extension of apartheid into the federation of the Rhodesias and Nyasaland. We hope that, in these situations also, President Kennedy will see fit to make it clear that this nation, which can take care of itself, cares also about those who are being oppressed.

More from Africa

On the twenty-third of this month an event will take place in Africa which will not make the front pages of our newspapers or require an emergency meeting of the Security Council. On that day members from all of the congregations of the Akwa Esop (Synod) of the Evangelical Lutheran Church of Nigeria will gather at Obot Idim, Nigeria, for a mass jubilee service celebrating the twenty-fifth anniversary of the establishment of their church. They will represent the thirty thousand members of a church which maintains 185 places of worship and twenty-seven preaching stations; which supports eighty-six schools, taught by almost six hundred teachers, serving 16,310 students; which has forty-four young men preparing for the ministry.

These figures may not seem impressive by comparison with the number of Africans who still worship tribal gods or who have been caught up in the powerful new surge of Mohammedan missionary activity on the continent. But numbers are often deceiving, and in this case they are. From the very outset, the policy in Ni-

geria was to plant Lutheranism in depth, rather than in breadth; to build an autonomous church rather than a colony of American Lutheranism. The wisdom of this policy has been amply demonstrated, not only in Nigeria but elsewhere, these past twenty-five years, for only the autonomous church has been able to refute charges of religious and cultural colonialism that have been directed against Christian missionary enterprises by the touchily nationalistic leaders of the the new nations of Asia and Africa.

Members of the Synodical Conference are being invited to "join our brethren in West Africa in lauding and magnifying God's Glorious Name and in praising Him for the manifold blessings which He has so gracious bestowed upon the Lutheran Church in Nigeria." There are many ways of responding to this invitation, one of the most appropriate of them being to welcome the American Negro into the Lutheran communion and fellowship as warmly and as urgently as we have welcomed his Nigerian cousin.

The Aid to Education Bill

Almost everybody seems to have some objection to the aid-to-education bill which President Kennedy has recommended to Congress. Roman Catholics and some Lutherans are unhappy because it restricts Federal assistance to public schools. Some Protestants are disturbed because some of the proposed grants to colleges might be construed as support of sectarian education. Senator Dirksen is worried about the cost of the program, and Representative Adam Clayton Powell wants to be sure that none of the money will go to segregated schools. A number of educators have expressed misgivings over a provision which they fear might threaten academic freedom by making teachers beholden to the Federal government for a part of their salary.

The bill as recommended by the President would do three things:

1. Provide grants totaling 2.3 billion dollars over a three-year period to the states for school construction or teachers salaries or both. Grants would range from fifteen dollars yearly per pupil in the wealthier states to $37.69 per pupil in the poorest states. Sectarian high schools and elementary schools would not be eligible for this support because of what Mr. Kennedy considers a "clear Constitutional prohibition." (We would question the clarity of the Constitutional prohibtion. The "wall of separation" doctrine is a creation of the courts and could, conceivably, be modified by the courts.)

2. Provide 578 million dollars for college scholarships over a period of five years. The value of the scholarships would range up to one thousand dollars, depending on need. In addition, the bill would subsidize colleges to the extent of $350 a year for each scholarship recipient.

3. Provide 1.5 billion dollars over a period of five years for the construction of academic facilities and expand by 250 million dollars the present five-year program of loans to colleges for housing construction.

On balance, this seems to us a reasonable application of the "art of the possible" to a grave and emotion-laden national problem. We do not get as alarmed as some of our best friends do over the "threat" of Federal control over public education. As James E. Reston points out in a column in the February 26 *New York Times,* the Federal government has been involved in education from Washington's administration on. Reston notes that "Washington, Hamilton, and Jefferson all either stated or implied that the 'general welfare' clause of the Constitution sanctioned Federal aid to education," and he cites as examples of such aid the reservation by the Congress of the Confederation (1785) of one section of every township in the Western Territory for the endowment of a township school; Jefferson's declaration that Congress could appropriate public lands for the support of education; and the appropriation of vast amounts of land under the Merrill Act of 1862 for the endowment and support of what we now call the "land-grant" colleges.

Judicious amendment might improve the bill which the President has proposed, or at least mitigate some of the dangers that are inherent in certain of its provisions. But it would be most unfortunate if the bill got so involved in controversy that no aid-to-education bill were passed at all. We are going to need all the well-trained minds we can get in the critical years that lie immediately ahead of us, and it is tragic that so many trainable minds are not receiving an adequate education.

A Question of Freedom

The Supreme Court has been asked to reconsider a decision which it handed down last January 23 and in which it held, by a 5-to-4 vote, that state and city censors could see motion pictures before they were shown to the public. The motion picture industry maintains that this decision legalizes censorship and has enlisted the aid of other communications media in an attempt to persuade the Court to reverse itself.

As so often happens, the party seeking redress of grievances in this case does not come into court with clean hands. The Constitutional safeguards for freedom of expression seem to have been intended for the protection of the honest man whose sober and considered judgment led him to conclusions which differed from those of most people. There is more than ample grounds for the suspicion that a large segment of the motion picture industry has been interested not so much in raising serious questions as in capturing a share of the large market that has always existed for pornography.

We can sympathize, therefore, with those who would arrest the flow of filth by turning it off at the tap. But the Romans long ago raised a question which still plagues the advocates of censorship: "Who is to guard

the guardians [of public morals]?" When, for instance, is the story of David and Bathsheba "profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness," and when is it a sop to prurient minds? Obviously, much depends on how it is told, why it is told, and to whom it is told. But the kind of person who is willing to serve as a censor seldom bothers with what, to him, seem hair-splitting distinctions. To the typical censorial mind, adultery is simply a Bad Thing and should not, therefore, be discussed.

We have laws which, if properly enforced, can deal with pornography, libel, sedition, and whatever other crimes can be committed through the media of communication. If these laws are not properly enforced, the pressure should be upon the enforcement agencies to do their job. But censorship seeks to define an act as a crime before it has been committed. This is a very dangerous departure from our traditional way of doing things, and therefore all of us who are concerned for freedom of expression have a vital interest in whatever action the Supreme Court may see fit to take on this appeal.

(P.S. — The Court refused to consider it.)

The Last Straw

As if there were not enough things to worry about, the American Medical Association has come up with the doleful news that Americans may someday live to the 120-140 years which seems to be par for the course among the Hunzukuts of northern Pakistan.

This news holds no personal threat to us, for editors typically die younger than people do. Indeed, we can foresee an even higher morality rate among the next generation of editors if they should be called upon to report and comment upon the news of a society in which centenarians are just beginning to get, as it were, their second wind. There is already reason enough to suspect that half of the day's news is made by people who are bored with life. Doubling the average life span might well quadruple its boredom quotient, and if that should happen the world wouldn't be safe for man nor beast.

We love life, and we want to live. But a wise guest knows when it is time to go home, and a wise man is content to set the cup of life aside before he reaches the dregs. What we should be looking for is not a prolongation of life but a deepening of life, not more years but fuller and more satisfying days. Tom Dooley lived more in thirty-four years than most men live in seventy. So why the fuss about lengthening life? If to live long is a blessing, the most blessed creatures on earth are the sequoias, which have never known what it is either to weep or to laugh.

On Second Thought

BY ROBERT J. HOYER

SATAN TOOK JESUS to a high mountain, and showed Him all the kingdoms of the world. But my Lord came from heaven; He was not interested in our petty grandeur. He saw greed, and bitterness and hatred and murder and warfare. And famine and plague and poverty and persecution. He saw the burning stake, the torture wheel. He saw demolition bombing, and poison gas, and Nagasaki and Hiroshima. He saw children crying and dying of hunger while callous adults ignored their pleas. He saw dope addicts and slave traders. And Satan slyly said: "See? All mine."

Then he proposed a bargain. "Look. Admit I'm boss. Give up this idea of salvation, and I'll quit working too. No use having this constant war on our hands. Look, this is what we can make of it." And he snapped his fingers to change the picture, to a world where Satan tempts men to obey the Law of God. A world of love and peace, where every man was helping his neighbor, with perfect distribution of goods. All the children healthy and happy. No wars, no sickness, no famine. Marital fidelity, social responsibility, and no delinquency.

And the Christ, who loved humanity more than any human ever has; who loved the children more than any mother ever has, said No. He who expended His days and consumed His powers in healing the sick, giving sight to the blind and hearing to the deaf; who made the lame and the halt to walk, who raised the dead in love for the living, He said "No. If they do not have God, they have nothing. There is no hope in love or peace, if man does not live in grace. There is no hope in any act, if it does not follow the act of God!"

Would Satan's plan have worked? Who knows? That's not important. It was rejected. Now the important question: Are we working to accomplish the peace that Satan proposed, or are we working to administer the peace that the Christ has won?

AD LIB.

Bring Back the Parlor!

BY ALFRED R. LOOMAN

IT IS AN anachronism that most of us live in "ranch style" homes on a ranch consisting of about one-fourth of an acre. The term "ranch style," as used by the building trade, includes almost any house in which the owner was unable to afford a second story. I will admit that most of these new homes are highly livable, call them what you will, but all of them lack one room, a parlor. The parlor, however, disappeared before ranch homes came into being and has, in fact, been disappearing rapidly for almost sixty years.

A parlor was not a room added on to a home; it was part of a home, but a part one saw only on special occasions. The parlor was almost as much a frame of mind as it was a room. It was a living room in which no one ever lived. It contained the best furniture in an era that equated best with ponderousness.

The parlor was used only on very special days and these might not total more than a dozen a year. Among those days when the parlor was opened was the one when the pastor came for his annual visit (and this was announced days in advance); the days when out-of-town relatives visited; Christmas, when the room might be used for several days; Easter; and Palm Sunday, if someone in the relation was confirmed on that day. This was, in all ways, a special room, and a room of great mystery to small children who always became excited when they were permitted to enter this forbidden area.

Parlors tended to look alike. If you have ever seen one, you have seen them all. The furniture consisted, usually, of large, over-stuffed chairs and a sofa with a great deal of wood in their construction. None of the furniture was particularly comfortable, nor, it occurs to me, was it meant to be. The covering on the furniture was either leather or mohair and it was in excellent condition because it was used so seldom. Where the covering was mohair, lace doilies were attatched to the arms and to the back where the head might rest so that no soiling could possibly occur.

The doilies made things a little difficult. Either they were starched so stiffly they crackled when you touched them, and were so uncomfortable you were better off standing up, or they were completely limp; and, since they were attached to the chair by only a straight pin or two, they came off when the occupant of the chair stood up. I have seen more than one visitor — the residents knew how to avoid this — rise from a chair with a doily hanging from the collar of his coat and one from each sleeve. To add to the visitor's embarrassment, the doilies, of which he was unaware up to this point, would drop from him one at a time.

Perhaps the most impressive item in the parlor was the stove which had a place of honor and was kept black and shiny. Undoubtedly one of the reasons the parlor was not used more often is that it meant a special fire, and it was more economical to isolate a room than to heat it.

Stiff lace curtains covered the windows and these were always a little more yellow than lace curtains in other rooms, because they were not washed as frequently. The walls often featured a third-rate painting picked up no one knew where, and several pictures of unusually stern-visaged men who were, presumably, one's ancestors.

The parlor had a special odor, too. Part of it was mustiness from having been shut off from normal air circulation for weeks at a time, though prior to its use all of the windows in the room were opened wide and long regardless of the outside temperature. Mingled with the musty odor were the competing odors of furniture polish and stove polish, both of which had been used lavishly the day before. If the room were used during the Winter when the stove turned red from the abundant fire, the odor of stove polish won out over all others.

My grandfather's parlor even contained a phonograph. Now this, you might think, is something that one should keep in a different part of the house where it could be used more frequently. But his record collection was one which did not lend itself to frequent playing. It consisted, almost entirely, of sermons delivered in German by pastors, who, to my uncomprehending ears, seemed exceptionally angry and shrill, and of very scratchy recordings in German and broken English of songs by Madame Schumann-Heink.

The parlor is gone and now we have a family room to take its place. This family room is equipped so that everyone can be together if some agreement can be reached on which television show to watch. To be sure, there is also a living room, but it is always open and frequently used. Neither of these rooms takes the place of the parlor.

We could, if the space were available, still use a room which was shut off except for special occasions. The parlor had status and it gave status to the occasions on which it was used.

New Meanings for New Beings

The J. W. Miller Memorial Lectures of 1959

By Richard Luecke

Pastor of the Lutheran Church of The Messiah

Princeton, New Jersey

Babel and Parable

When Gertrude Stein lay dying she asked her friends: "What is the answer?" Nobody knew what to say or knew how to say it. So she asked again: "Well, then, what is the question?"

Ours is a day in which religious answers have lost their meanings for many people, and are losing them for many more. Many of us think exactly this constitutes the question for the church in our time, and that Dietrich Bonhoeffer has asked it best of all. What must become of traditional Christian language in a new religion-less world?[1]

On the growing edge of a society are sometimes to be found the view-points and attitudes which will take over in ensuing generations. This is half the fun of belonging to a university. Those of you who "do Philosophy," as we now put it, know a technical sense in which religious language has come to be called "meaningless" today. It doesn't point to anything special which we can see or measure. Its assertions ("God is Love," for example) are not falsifiable by the most adverse experiences; and if nothing is denied, nothing is asserted. Religious language is still interesting to philosophers who analyze it in this way, and recently they have taken it up to see what other fucntions it may perform. But "knowledge" is held to come only through some application of the general method and rules of evidence employed in empirical science, – including knowledge *about* religion.

So we have inherited the queer picture in which religion is beating a zigzag retreat before the advance of the sciences. Even Christian theologians have sometimes obliged with rear-guard actions against new scientific theories – until these gained general acceptance and they withdrew to safer or higher ground. Today such guerrilla warfare out on the edge of knowledge seems almost over. For one thing, almost nobody wants to fight there any more; and for another, that is not where the battle lies. Religion which fastens on unanswered scientific questions, or on as yet uncontrolled physical and psychological dangers, *looks* today like a witch-doctor frantically securing his clientele in a village to which a physician from the States is on the way. The world has "come of age," to use Bonhoeffer's phrase. It no longer uses "God" as a scientific hypothesis. The Christian faith may have helped it come of age, but it does not remember that now. All it knows is that it wants no help with its problems or out of its problems from an other-worldly source, from what it understands by "religion." The modern man does not expect and does not want a god to descend, as in the last act of a Greek play, to solve all his residual problems. *He* wants to solve them if he can, to live with them if he cannot.

On another sector of the "growing edge" we find actual portrayals of this new stance in a religion-less world. And sometimes more: we find testy indignation or (what is more devastating) high good humor over the tactic of the church, as Bonhoeffer described it, "to fall on one or two unhappy people in their weakest moment and force on them a sort of religious coercion." During recent decades theologians have talked about "boundary-line situations"; preachers have taken the cue and have tried pushing people to "the edge of the abyss." Many of them are wondering today why it hasn't worked. In *Epitaph for George Dillon,* an early play by two of England's "angry young men," the painfully sensitive young non-hero stands openly convicted of personal inadequacy and failure by a bright and wordy young seminarian. But here is the point: he will have none of the "boring" religious words and answers. He will not allow his new self-consciousness to be lulled or put to sleep by a dosage of religious talk. He will not sell his birthright for a pot of "message." He might not have learned how to be entirely adult in the modern world; but he will not let religion or society or his own weariness force him back into childhood. Does this provide a clue to the arrested adolescence (as it appears to many) of America's "beat generation"?

Anyone who has read the closing scene of Albert Camus' early novel, *The Stranger,* in which the chaplain tries to make some stock out of uncertainty, guilt, and fear in the condemned "stranger"–seemingly as much to reassure himself as to help his hapless victim – will agree, I think, with Bonhoeffer. In full view of the present situation, such a procedure seems more and more *pointless.* It assumes a religious climate or consciousness (in this case a religious understanding of law and punishment) which is exactly what is more and more lacking. It even seems *mean and low*: informing rela-

[1]This question found truculent statement in Dietrich Bonhoeffer's letter from prison of April 30, 1944 — *Prisoner for God* (New York: Macmillan, 1957), pp. 121-25 — and was pursued in many of the succeeding letters. These lectures attempt to raise this question, and to suggest sample approaches to it, in a university community.

tively happy people that they are really unhappy, healthy people that they are really sick, and busy people that they are really in despair – snuffing around in corners for cobwebs or in closets for skeletons in order to convert people *there*. Is it not, finally, *unchristian*, or only minimally Christian? Does Christ not stand amid health and strength as well as beside sickness and weakness? In youth and in the sap of life as well as in age and in the fear of death? Should his Church stand only on the "borderlands" of existence? Does not the chapel stand in the *center* of the campus?

Parable

Jesus of Nazareth appeared in an age of religion; but he did not always fulfill the religious expectations of the men and women of his day. He refused to give direct answers to many of the questions which they raised – still a point of pique and irritation on reading the gospels with fresh eyes. His answers were "in parables." "To you it has been given to know the secrets of the kingdom of God," Jesus said to his disciples at the outset, "But for others they are in parables, that seeing they may not see and hearing they may not understand" (Luke 8:10). The language of the kingdom of God is necessarily parabolic. It "wounds from behind," as Kierkegaard described its function. It does not point to religious things among other things which may be seen with physical eyes and heard with physical ears, and those who seek such a meaning in it will be wholesomely confounded. The parables pointed to a new manner of being which was present in the being and life of him who told them. How and when would the disciples be given to know the secrets of the kingdom of God? By "being with him" in the world – for this they had been called (Mark 3:14). Ultimately only when it had all taken place, through the entire experience of Jesus' life, death, resurrection, and the coming of the Spirit. Then they would understand, and utter meaningfully, words about God.

Sometimes Jesus did not speak at all. Consider his silence before the cries of the Canaanite woman or his awesome silence in the judgment halls. This silence belies a conviction widespread among his Protestant followers that the only way God speaks to people is through their ears. "There is a time to keep silence and a time to speak," says the preacher of Ecclesiastes. It would seem that this is a time for the Church to keep silence, or at least to be very careful about the words it utters to men and women in the world today. Not merely because we have lost the *right* to speak—as in some measure we have through quick and careless words, smug and judgmental attitudes, self-preserving and self-enriching programs; but most simply because we do not know *how* to speak in the modern world. It is not a matter merely of refusing to cast pearls before the swine; it is a matter of *recovering* the pearl of great price.

What shall the Church do? If we cannot speak, then we must listen. We must listen first to Christ and then to the world, back and forth. We must learn again what it means to "be with him" before we are "sent out." We must be with him where he chooses to be: in the world – with the sick and the manifest sinners, to be sure, but also with the teachers and rulers, the rich young men and the centurions of our day. The French worker-priests made a beginning by saying seriously that the world was their field, not for the sake of sprinkling it with their words but for the purpose of sharing *its* burdens, *its* labors, *its* perils and *its* hopes – in the light of that purpose for the world revealed in Jesus Christ. The lay Evangelical Academies of Europe have made it their business to discover what it is to live with Christ out in the world where men are strong and successful, and not merely where they are at the end of their tether. For on one objective Christian faith and the scientific attitude are agreed: both would lift men out of superstition and bring them to a proper maturity. If we believe that God himself ushered in the New Age with Jesus Christ, and if we say that an understanding of the Reformation begins with God, must we not also believe that God has had something to do with the burgeoning scientific age of the past three hundred years?

What shall *we* do when we gather here briefly each morning this week? On selected topics of importance to this community and the work done in it we will listen first to the language of the world, both its secular language and its "religious" language. Then we will compare both with the being and life of Jesus Christ as set forth in the Gospels, as appropriated through the Gospel, and as confessed in the life and liturgy of the Church. Finally, we shall allow that new being and life to recover, fasten, and control our meanings in these matters.

"If anyone is in Christ, he is a new creation," wrote Saint Paul, affirming the new reality of Christian faith, "the old has passed away, behold, the new has come" (2 Corinthians 5:17). Such new being provides a referent for new meanings. "If thou beest it," said Henry Moore, "Thou seest it."

On Pentecost in prison Dietrich Bonhoeffer wrote in a letter to his parents:

> At the tower of Babel all the tongues were confounded, and as a result men could no longer understand one another as they all spoke different languages. This confusion is now brought to an end by the language of God, which is universally intelligible and the only means of mutual understanding among men. *And the Church is the place where that miracle happens.*[2]

It is this faithful and prophetic suggestion which we wish to examine.

Company and Community

There was a time, we are told, when men were "rugged individuals." They competed frankly and openly in

[2]Prisoner for God, p. 41. Italics mine.

business and society, and strode rough-shod over men less rugged than they. That's what business and society meant; and it was thought that too much legal or public compassion would make them sick. Happily or unhappily, that time is almost over.

Today the objection is not to rugged individualism but to comfortable conformism. Ten years ago David Riesman described our new character with what is now a household term, as "other-directed." From our earliest years we develop a highly sensitive and delicately responsive psychological mechanism, comparable to a radar screen, which enables us to pick up and respond to the opinions of people around us – especially those to whom we particularly tune, our "peer-group."

William Whyte, Jr., showed us all how this new character has found a breeding ground in the "teamwork" of contemporary business society, and broadly hinted that college students – once considered the nonconformists of society – are only "organization men" junior grade. Three years ago Philip Jacob and an impressive list of other educators measured this in a study entitled *Changing Values in College*. What they found is that college, at least in its curricular aspects, is not changing students' values very much at all. College students have their radar screens tuned too to a particular peer-group. Only this peer-group does not include the great thinkers of the past or the great teachers of the present; it seems confined, rather, to the members of the dormitory, fraternity, or eating club. Jacob's conclusion: college is helping to produce "an essentially secular (though nominally religious), self-oriented (though group-confining) society." We may be inclined to say that in talking about college students in general Jacob has missed college students in particular. But when eleven of the most enterprising Princeton seniors spoke up in Otto Buttz's *The Unsilent Generation* what we got were ten very tweedy expressions of what the Jacob report told us to expect.

And the "religious" – are they holdouts against the new conformities? Whyte's descriptions of suburban church-goers, on the contrary, show them to be among the most infected. And the religious on campus? Contrary to a widespread notion, Jacob discovered that there is no great defection from the "religious preference" or the church membership with which students came. But there is, as he put it, a "ghostly" quality about their beliefs. Such beliefs do not affect the practical decisions of those who espouse them; students fully expect their decisions to be socially determined. Students who professed no faith frequently expressed deeper social concern. This situation was scarcely brightened by the cheerful assumption on the part of several members of the unsilent generation that they would become even more "religious" when they get out.

Today everyone is aware of the individualism-conformity question to the point of weariness. We are all sure that we are being undersold personally (if oversold commercially) by the motivational researchers. College students regularly make up panels for discussion of this question, admit it, and conclude with feeling trapped by it. William Neuman of Boston University calls the entire discussion a wholesome "criticism of Americans by Americans."

Ever since the prophets, Galations, and First Corinthians, however, the sharpest criticisms of religion and the most trenchant "attacks on Christendom" have come from the Christian faithful themselves. It was a church member who wrote to the editors of *Time* after an article on the community church thanking them for having had the courage to "call a club a club." But Christian critics are concerned to see too what may be constructive and useful in the new shape of society, to see "what God may be doing in it." They seek from him – that is, from what they take to be his Word and deed in Jesus Christ – the resources which will enable us to overcome what is destructive or demonic *both* in rugged individualism and in faceless conformity. We have all had quite enough company; what we need is a new community.

Community

The picture of Jesus Christ in the gospels is one neither of an inner-directed nor of an other-directed man. He did not follow what for most of us constitute private ambitions; he refused bread, a home, a kinship, even when they were offered. Nor did he derive his self-conception from the opinions of others: he often refused the demands of the group, even when they were flattering demands. He withdrew himself, and many walked no longer with him. Controversy, conflict, pain, and death he accepted in a cause different from one which others might have chosen for him or which he might have chosen for himself. And he did so – here is the point – not merely for the sake of his own integrity but in the interest of the society in which he moved and *for* the world. With Jesus Christ God raised up new selves and a new community.

Jesus Christ is for faith "true man" or "proper man." If we want to know what a human being is we are asked to look not at ourselves but at him. But he is also our "justification" and "our peace." We no longer seek our justification in the eyes of others, nor do we seek to justify ourselves. We *are* justified by the death of his cross – and by a present act of acceptance which goes beyond that of our friends, our counselors, and our own hearts. We are free for the first time to "be ourselves" exactly because we are free for the first time to forget ourselves and be for others. *Really* for others, and not merely for the sake of their approval or their company. We are free to drop all the comic getups, the fancy dress or fancy sackcloth, which we all tiresomely put on; and free to cut the dreary scenes in which we are of no earthly use to one another and yet would not think of leaving one another alone. We are free to accept others, as ourselves, in spite of all these getups and these scenes for the sake of what we are in Christ.

Shortly before we were married I received a letter from by wife which said: "I must learn to be independent before we can become interdependent." Sometimes I think she presses that too far; yet what she said is close to the truth. "Let him who cannot be alone beware of community," warned Bonhoeffer in *Life Together,* "and let him who cannot be in community beware of being alone." In his treatise on *The Freedof of a Christian* Luther defended two interdependent propositions: 1) A Christian is a perfectly free lord of all, subject to none; and 2) A Christian is a perfectly dutiful servant of all, subject to all.

Is this not what Saint Paul meant when he wrote both about human freedom and about human community in Christ, both about the "variety of gifts" and the "unity of the Spirit"? And does it not provide a new meaning of "community" for Christian faith? —A community which depends on everyone's being himself through faith and not trying to be like everyone else, on everyone's doing through faith what he is most able to do and not trying to do what others are more able to do. A community in which are united the chicken farmer who does not know a single line from Virgil and the college professor who may not know a rooster from a hen — for we need both poetry and poultry. Here each both serves and is served, both enriches and is enriched. It is not an organization but an organism. Not law but love controls. And now *growth* becomes possible for each and all. The future is open and it stretches toward goals greater than any member, or the society itself, can envision.

Saint Paul makes a most interesting identification and extravagant claim with regard to the new self and the new society. He describes the significance of the life, death and resurrection of Jesus Christ for a human life and for human society and then he gives them both a name. He calls the new self "Christ" and the new community "the body of Christ." There was no other name for the "new creation" he and all men might become. There is, first of all, a caution in this for all of us, and then there is a task.

We do indeed receive a new self through Jesus Christ; but we do not go to him for that. So long as we are seeking a "better personality" we are not seeking him at all. At the Cross men do not look for themselves, they look for him. That is the secret. We find a new self only by losing one. That was Jesus' promise and it holds only because of the ultimacy of its condition. Nothing that does not die with Christ will ever be raised with him. For the most part, our new self is ours only by faith. It is "hid with Christ in God."

Moreover, the new community is always in greatest peril not by attacks from without but by those within it who seek only a "togetherness" with desirable people or who insist on molding it to their own wishes or ideals. The Church, too, is an article of faith: we "*believe* in the holy Christian Church." Its saints are all admitted sinners. Thoughtful members of the church, even thoughful young members, may sometimes criticise the church for its failures in expressing its own proper life; but we may never despair of it. The man who rests on a grace greater than his faith is not forever feeling his own spiritual pulse; and he must not forever be taking the church's temperature.

And yet the new self and the new society are not abstractions; they are present and they are real within the world. Indeed, they are those realities in which the love of God which must otherwise seem abstract and shadowy takes on flesh and bones. It is through our "receiving one another in the name of Christ" that the Gospel becomes incarnate among us. Do you remember the old fairy tale about "Beauty and the Beast"? Beauty, remember, had to marry a monster; and she did. She did something more: she kissed it as though it were a man. And he really became a man! —Try this on that boorish member of the junior class who seems a moody, ill-tempered, and inarticulate brute. Kiss the beast and see what happens! Only remember that the "holy kiss" of the Church is always based on God's grace to a man in holy Baptism, where he received his name.

Do not the new self and the new community of faith provide the meanings and the realities needed for life in our bewildered and bedeviled society? The meanings by which to see into the conformities which are carrying great numbers of people toward an antiseptic kind of hell? The realities which encompass both the freedom and the unity we seek? —The freedom and the unity which are seeking us!

Did you know that you are a man ahead of your time? A little out of step with the present age because you belong to an age which is to come? You belong to that future brought into the world with Jesus Christ and present in his body, the Church. To that body ultimately belong all men, all things, the whole creation.

It is this future in the present, this new being in the world, to which we must refer in talking not only about the "new man" and the "new community" but about a new mentality and a new job.

Learning and Truth

Once when I was sitting where you are sitting, as a student in a college chapel, the chancellor of the university said some disturbing things to us. "Believe me," he said, "You are closer to the truth now than you ever will be again." He told us *why* we ought to believe him. "Time will corrupt you," he said. "Your friends, your wives or husbands, your business or professional associates, will corrupt you. Your financial, social, and political ambitions will corrupt you. The worst thing about life is that it is demoralizing."

These words, by Robert Hutchins in the chapel at the University of Chicago, raise the question of truth and of the freedom needed for learning. — How is it faring with you?

Two attitudes toward truth, both of which persist and function among us, are rejected by the Christian

Gospel – one "religious," as we are using the word, and one "secular." The first rejected conception is that the truth which finally matters can be *simply* inherited with this or that bundle of received statements or with this or that received way of life. In one of the great dialogues in the fourth gospel, which became the Gospel lesson for Reformation Day, some of those who were called "the Jews" appealed to a tradition which went back to Abraham. Abraham was their father. They had Moses and the prophets. Therefore they possessed the truth. They did not need to concern themselves with the question confronting them in Jesus.

Such a conception of truth persists in those of a society who *simply* refer their convictions to the race, the nation, the makers of the constitution, or the founders of the party. It persists in those of a church who point in support of their statements and forms *simply* to a tradition which goes back to the fathers, the councils, or the reformers. The race, the nation, the party, the church, the synod, is our mother. *Therefore* we possess the truth. It becomes heresy or treason to raise again the question.

What Jesus said to the Jews was that, in spite of their truth-laden tradition, theirs was not the truth which makes men free. That though they traced their lineage to Abraham their actual heritage was to the father of the lie who was a murderer from the beginning. "But now you seek to kill me," Jesus said. Where safety is sought in a nation or church or school of identical twins, every deviator is a security risk or a heretic. Books must be censored or indexed or burned. Intelligence itself becomes suspect. Diversity results in division. Persuasion turns to persecution. Co-existence turns to co-extinction. By the test of analysis this is not truth. By the test of consequences it is not freedom. By the test of history it is not even safety.

A second attitude toward truth rejected by the Gospel is present in every indifference toward truth, in not really caring about it. In a wonderful later dialogue with Pontius Pilate, John lets the Roman procurator ask in the presence of Jesus: "What is truth?" The question itself is proper. There was in that day, as there is in ours, a crumbling of traditional meanings. No one could altogether isolate himself from this fact; and no one can do so today. At the bottom of every honest doubt (so far as it is honest), in the anxiety not to take any wooden nickels, the passion for truth is still alive. The need for being-true is still affirmed. One moment before, Jesus had said to Pilate: "Everyone who is *of* the truth hears my voice."

But the moment passes. Pilate soon washed his hands of the whole affair. So do we, even in our best moments. How much is *really* going on when we sit with other undergraduates and talk late in the night about "anguish," "despair," and "the meaninglessness of existence"? And many of us are too tired or unaware even for that. Then we slip into the commonest of all attitudes, that of muddling through: a little bit of the former dogmatism (at least in matters where acceptance is expected), a little bit of this scepticism (at least in matters where criticism is in fashion), and a shrewd method of juggling the two, which postpones for the present, and forever if need be, the responsibility of asking for ourselves the question of truth. Must we not learn, as in the story of Pilate, that the truth is neither made nor unmade by *our* acceptance or *our* rejection of it?

Twofold then is the temptation: To sacrifice freedom for a truth which is not truth, or to sacrifice truth for a freedom which is not freedom. With this bag of tricks the father of the lie has seduced us all. We all are concluded in error.

Truth

But let us be bold to look to the Gospel for the meaning of truth. The word for truth in the New Testament, *Aletheia,* means literally "without a veil," without a *lethon.* The verb "to make true" or "to make truth" is an antonym of the verb meaning "to conceal." Truth means an "unveiled mystery." Pilate was quite right: the truth that matters is not available by investigative or discursive reason. This truth needs to be revealed and even to be made true – as the New Testament declares that it was in Jesus Christ. One who is "of the truth" and "hears his voice" is one who stands in that relationship to God newly disclosed and newly made possible through Jesus Christ.

Once again we are hard upon a new meaning for new beings. Do we see what the gospel means when it says: "Grace and Truth came through Jesus Christ" (John 1:17)? God's grace to us in Jesus Christ not only makes us "true *men,*" but *"true* men." Do we see what is meant by Jesus' saying: "I *am* the truth" (John 14:6)? Here is a profound new meaning for the word "truth": it is not a statement but a reality. A reality, moreover, which may become present in us: "I will pray the Father and he will give you . . . the Spirit of truth, whom the world cannot receive because it neither sees him nor knows him; you know him for he dwells with you and will be in you" (John 14-16-17). This truth is not something which we find or possess, it is something which finds and possesses us. It is not a result of learning, but a condition of all finally successful learning. "When the spirit of truth comes he will guide you into all the truth" (John 16-13.). "He who does what is true comes to the light" (John 3:21).

In *The Open Mind,* Robert Oppenheimer romanticised concerning the freedom, objectivity, and co-operative spirit needed in a community of scientists and scholars. He has reason to know that these qualities are not always present there. Karl Marx has made us all aware of "ideology," *i.e.* the unacknowledged pressures of economic and social factors on our thinking. Sigmund Freud has exposed the pressures on our thinking from personal hostilities and from the urges of a

frustrated and predatory sex. But no one has ever spoken more profoundly than the Bible speaks of how the mind is hopelessly in the service of a false, prideful, and defensive self. The Bible never distinguishes neatly between the mind, the heart, the liver, and the kidneys. A man all wrapped up in himself, and bent on justifying himself, distorts inevitably in the interest of self. Consider the significance for the student *as a student* of singing here week by week in the presence of the unveiled mystery: "Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me." "Do not be conformed to this world" – Saint Paul is appealing also to the student by the mercies of God – "but be transformed by the renewal of your mind, that you may prove what is the will of God, what is good and acceptable and perfect!" (Romans 12:2)

"Can I keep my faith at the price of intellectual integrity?" asks the plaintive student on many campuses. The answer is that faith kept at such a price is no faith at all but a kind of unbelief. All manner of sin may be forgiven, Jesus said in three of the gospels, even blasphemy against the Son of Man; but the sin against the Holy Spirit cannot be forgiven in this age or in the age to come. God can bring a man to faith through his honest doubts, even his doubts about God and Christ. But what can even God do with the man who rejects the truth which he *has* seen or the light which has been given? Intellectual integrity is ultimately a gift of the Holy Spirit: to resist it is to resist the spirit.

May we not look to Christian colleges to raise up the freest scholars for our sciences and letters? Students liberated from the ancient force of fear, wrath, law, and death, which otherwise must lead to seizing statements of the truth too soon, to ruling out all other statements of the truth, or to giving up the search for them at all. Students free to follow the facts wherever they may lead, to leave to the devil whatever is false and (as William Channing once put it) to "welcome new truth like an angel from heaven." The pursuit of learning itself does not bring salvation from such forces. But that pursuit is best conducted by the saved, by those who know there is no salvation in it, and who are equipped by faith to bring salvation to it.

There is an ancient prayer of the Church with which I wish to close today. It prays:

> . . . That we may never be disdainful of whatever is true in that which is old; nor refuse to receive whatever is true in that which is new; but loving thee with our whole mind, rejoice in the accumulation of all true knowledge and use it in the service of our fellow man . . .

That is a big order. Bigger than any of us can manage by himself. The Collect closes with an affirmation of the way in which this finally must be done: "Through Jesus Christ, Thy Son, our Lord!"

Job and Calling

"Happily, being an angel and not a man, I like work. The hatred of work must be one of the most depressing consequences of the Fall." So speaks the Recording Angel in Dorothy Sayers' play about work, *The Zeal of Thy House.*

But we must begin with human rather than angelic discourse. *We* make and accept and have come almost to expect remarks like these: "It's all I could get"; "It's all right for now until I can find something better"; "It's a living"; "Anyway, it pays well." Or on the campus: "It's all I could get during the last hour in the morning"; "He's an easy marker"; "Anyway, it's a sleeper." Such statements give expression to discontent and a numbing lack of purpose in many workers today, and to attitudes which underlie much poorly executed and unfinished work in the world.

Many, however, do still identify themselves with their daily work; and these are beset by a different temptation. In rare and heroic instances they may become so proud in the mastery of their craft that they are no longer servants in it – like the architect, according to Miss Sayers, in *The Zeal of Thy House.* But more commonly these are brought simply to exploit natural and human resources in the interest of profit or power, of gaining the approval of peers and stockholders, or of achieving the envy of competitors. Then materials, and sometimes also persons, are consumed in vast quantities, bent to strange uses and garish shapes, and shortly abandoned.

Twofold, then, is the temptation: to flee work in the world and seek to "save one's own life" through leisure; or to seize work in the world and make it save and serve one's own life. Both temptations beset us all, and both corrupt both the worker and his work. Like many subtle temptations, both may cite or use religion.

Is it not a Christian commonplace that we are "saved by grace and not by works"? May we not regard work out in the world, then, as unimportant, possibly dangerous, and always dirty? On the other hand, in "freeing men from the world" did not the Christian faith help provide the very climate for modern technology and business? Is it not perhaps the case, as someone has suggested, that the boundless optimism of the American businessman rests tacitly on the Resurrection?

But let us take a fresh and closer look at the Gospel. What does the grace of God to us in Jesus Christ have to do with our work? We customarily confess that our "works" having nothing whatever to do with gaining God's grace. That is where we must begin; and that, it turns out, is just the point. One who knows himself as "saved" or "justified" by grace, which came once and for all in Jesus Christ, is free forever from seeking to save or justify his own life by his works. He is free *from* all such "vain works" and free *for* work which has another purpose.

Not a thousand rams nor ten thousands of rivers of oil, cried the prophets, can close the ear of the almighty to the cry of the neglected poor; the smoke of such

neglectful sacrifice offends the nostrils of the Lord most high! Something of the same concern for "special" works, with the same neglect of daily work, may reappear in those who oppose the daily work of public welfare in the name of private charity. Or in any of us who somehow endure the boredom of the working or studying week in order to get at special saving, justifying weekend works — whether on the gridiron or in the house and garden or even in church. One reached by grace is free forever from seeking out self-saving works. He is able to act freely in a worthy cause without knowing all the consequences for himself, and even if it means a costly loss of profit and esteem. He is free, in a word, to love — and free to learn what that word means. His daily work becomes an instrument of love, though it be "love at a distance."

But we'd better come off talking about the worker and get on to talking about the work itself, or we shall fall back into the very situation from which grace is said to free us, — like dear ladies who never tire of talking about their operations, the details of which may multiply with each "organ recital"; though it would seem that restored organs might safely be forgotten and put to their proper use. A man renovated by grace will not forever itemize the details of his conversion (though theology may insist on details which come in question from time to time). "God has taken care of my salvation," Luther liked to say, "and now I can take care of those things which he has entrusted to me."

Priesthood in the Calling

To see the nature of that work entrusted to us, let us look again to Jesus Christ. Jesus Christ came in human flesh and thereby accomplished something (as one New Testament writer is at pains to point out) which no angel could do. He resisted the temptation to enrich, and even to save, his own body and life. He offered his body for the world. He bore the world's weight, and the weight of the world's sin, in his body. He bore it all the way to death as the Lord's servant, and so reconciled the world to God.

Jesus Christ was called by Saint Paul the Second Adam. Remember how the first Adam was charged to name the animals and to subdue the earth? The whole creation, Saint Paul says alluding to the first Creation, waits for man and for the redemption of his body. The Biblical view of work does not alter the view of science — except to make the work of science a work of first importance and a proper duty of man. But it also means something more: it means viewing the creatures of nature not merely as our objects or our tools. They are fellow-participants in existence and history, and dependent ones at that. Rainer Rilke sings of an innocent melancholy in the animal who moves as a creature having "its downfall always behind it and God before it." That a flower is not merely *our* decoration or *our* perfume seems the point of Gertrude Stein's famous line: "A rose is a rose is a rose." A modern theologian "hears" the bondage of nature in the formless chaos of the ocean and in the restless, futile breaking of the waves. In the pulsing of the elements, the breathing of the plants, and the foraging of the animals, faith "hears" a great waiting and a great hope.

Natural creatures are by comparison helpless; they need a mind and a will beside their own to lift them to their proper function in the Creation. There are iron workers who mark their great ladles with the sign of the cross. In so doing they offer their work, their tools, and the raw metal itself, all for their created purpose. Is this not the new meaning of work for Christian faith? We no longer seize either people or things immediately, but always mediately through Christ — through whom they come into their own. We neither neglect nor exploit materials or persons by our work; we are responsible for nature and history, and even to them. Men *can* by virtue of this very responsibility disfigure countrysides, sink tankers of oil to the bottom of the sea, and needlessly destroy great tracts of earth. Probably they can even destroy the world with all their own accomplishments in it. There might be some wry justice in that. But the tragedy would not have befallen man alone. Might not the vast landscapes, the mountains and waters, and all creatures great and small, have expected *better* things of us?

In the Service of the Christian Church its members advance from hearing the Gospel to doing the Offertory. They present a token gift of their hands, bread and wine taken from nature and human industry, and their very bodies — all for the work of the New Creation. They intercede for all sorts and conditions of men, for the fruits of the earth, offering all these for the purposes of God who created and redeemed them. This is not a "special" work, but a sign and decisive instance of all their work. The things they offer are not "changed"; yet they may come to share in the new being and work of Christ — and in so doing become most truly themselves.

Here all the church's members know themselves as "priests" with Christ, not merely in the sense that they have access to God without the mediation of saints or other men, but in the sense that they are Christs to one another and to the world. Luther said that each vocation is a "Mask of God," concealing but performing a particular work of God. Every business has its own "insides." Only priests within those businesses know how to "listen" to their subject matter, how to refrain from exploiting it for selfish purposes, and how to bring it to serve what in God's creative purposes it is intended to serve.

Consider what this means for scholars, scientists, politicians, artists, and craftsmen in the world today. Many of these are alienated not only from the church but from every sense of their priestly function in nature and society. The result is a much-developed "secularism" — which means not the love of nature, society, and art, but the use of these things simply in terms of the "pres-

ent age" and without reference to "the age which is to come."

I remember years ago how we talked endlessly and heatedly here at the university about how to relate our separate disciplines to the Christian faith. I've learned during these past days with you that those talks have never ended; and they never should. But what ever else that question may entail, this much is clear: Christian faith means we do those disciplines no violence, but bring them to their *wholesomely* secular function in Creation. "Sacred music," for example, becomes first of all, and maybe last of all, *good* music.

Nelson Algren, who wrote *The Man with the Golden Arm* and now *A Walk on the Wild Side,* gave some frank and fascinating advice in an interview published with the title "A Talk on the Wild Side" (*Reporter,* June 11, 1959). "I have no personal beef with the Deity," he said. "All I say is that if your trade is a trumpet, blow it; if it's painting, paint it; if it's poetry, write a poem with some poetry in it and let the God trade be . . . People who are truly close to God walk the earth of man."

Perhaps we can't dismiss the "God trade" quite so easily as that, or leave it to specialists. And yet the God who came and comes in Jesus Christ *does* walk the earth of man. It is when men walk with him that they truly bear the burdens of the world. This is how we share the sufferings of God in the life of the world, as Bonhoeffer put it; how we complete what remains of the afflictions of Christ, as Saint Paul put it. This is how he who bore with the world decisively in the body of Christ bears with it today. There at the heart of the daily struggle, we learn the power of grace to free us for our proper work. There in taking up our separate tasks, we know the presence among us of a new society and a new age. But so far as our work is shabby or destructive, we learn again what men have done to the Creation, and see the sadness waiting to be overcome.

That, I think, is why the proverbial Christian shoemaker — much taxed in our day of advertising and volume sales — goes on making not "Christian shoes" but "good shoes."

And there I think lies a clue to how we may take up the questions of a "Christian philosophy" and a "Christian university."

TRAVELLER'S EXHIBITION

No mind's made up that soars the sea-walls
Of the lively soul, but is a crest
For the buttering of lanes of hence delight
With unheard flowers, past the empty bird
Shapes filling blustered as tunnel peacocks
In the interring sky of Hesperus: these palls
Of finger rags last here beneath our capabilities.

I had light in my fingertips
That also healed my arm
With blessing, for His company
Walked with my earliest learning to relieve
And in my forming loneliness
He stood in me and my humour thinned.
He taught me love is lonely
And thrilling is the unseen walking
In the night wind.

PETER JONES

The Theatre

How About That Faint Echo?

By Walter Sorell
Drama Editor

WE NOW ENTER the last phase of this theatre season which showed Broadway in a mood of gloom and desperate frenzy as if wrestling with its own doom. There were fewer premieres than ever before and many shows opened and closed almost simultaneously. A small fortune has again been dissipated. The half-hearted, haphazard, money-hungry producing has created a chaotic picture.

With the coming of spring hope returns for a new and better season, and the theatrical judges, who must pass out their annual awards, are placed in an awkward situation where, I suppose, the one-eyed is king among the blind. Of the established playwrights, Tennessee Williams, reformed, in a gayer, almost happy-end mood, presented a minor work in what may be his own "Period of Adjustment." This comedy about the marital problems of two couples proves Williams' skill in handling characters who are caught, or fear to be caught, in a synthetic, unresponsive domesticity. He has his macabre and symbolic fun in choosing a locale built over a huge cavern which gradually gives in. Neither the two couples nor their problems and preoccupation with sexual consummation are of more than two-hour interest.

Arthur Laurents has dared to tackle a high comedy in "Invitation to a March." He uses a fairy tale idea to attack conformity, and to be sure of victory he dips his pointed epigrams in vitriolic glibness before distributing them among his characters. But in this duel he may have been a bit too biased in favor of the nonconformists. The fact that this comedy was not completely successful may have been due to the fact that Mr. Laurents aimed at too many targets at the same time, and also to his indecision whether to write a high comedy or a witty play of social significance.

The only serious contender for an award is Tad Mosel's dramatization of James Agee's novel, "A Death in the Family," which received the less lugubrious sounding title, "All the Way Home." It is now known as the Miracle on 44th Street, since it survived, miraculously, the critics' unfavorable reviews. Sometimes, however, it seems critics can be right even when proved wrong by the public. To me, it is still a miracle how it could become this miracle because it is a play that defies all good rules, but does not bear the stamp of the genius who makes his own rules. It is at best a tedious mood piece, and too epic at that. In his laudable endeavor to remain true to the novel, Tad Mosel failed as a dramatist. Perhaps the material tripped him. His exposition covers the whole first act and reaches far into the second and his third act dangles loosely nowhere. The play has no memorable lines, only one or two dramatic scenes, but its folksy quality, its ability to be sentimental and obvious all the way through without ever becoming too saccharine, may work on the mind of the audience.

Of some of the comedies enough is said when I quote the attitude of those who wrote them or starred in them: "All right, so it won't get the Pulitzer Prize!", which reminds me of one of my college professors who, when cornered by his more alert and demanding students, escaped their questions with: "All right, so I am a low brow!" But his students as well as the Broadway audience deserve a better try, a higher aim — if being fulfilled or not, is of secondary importance.

Off-Broadway, at least, tries. Some of its attempts may seem just as ill-advised as those of the Broadway producers, but they do come up once in a while with, for instance, a stunning "Hedda Gabler" revival (David Ross directed it at his Fourth Street theatre), or a rather interesting production of Rabindranath Tagore's "King of the Dark Chamber," a rare theatre experience. Off-Broadway also gives new playwrights a chance, though much less than they ought to have. In the last analysis, the life and death of the theatre depend on the creative writer.

The movie industry had to reach its lowest level and yawning houses before it realized that it had to mend its intellectual ways and come up with a few new and striking pictures. (Even if only comparatively new and striking.) The Broadway audience seems to tire of the head- and heedless presentations. (It no longer has a Ball with a tame "Wildcat" "Under the Yum Yum Tree," if for no other reason than that TV offers the same at more leisure and for less money.) It seems things must always become worse before they can become better.

But much may depend on the audience itself. It was heartening news that came from London where the people booed and demanded their money back when Jack Gelber's "Connection" was shown. Has our public become blase or so completely given up hope that it never cares to express its annoyance or loud approval? The theatre ought to do and mean something to us. As moral institution as much as entertainment it is alive — or isn't it? Its echo is as faint as its own voice is weak.

From the Chapel

The Temptations of Our Lord Jesus Christ

By John Strietelmeier
Managing Editor

The First Temptation

SATAN (*dressed in the flashy fashion of a man who "wasn't born yesterday"*): I see you are praying. It's kind of a shame — a young man like you groveling out here in the wilderness when you yourself are a thousand times more godlike than that Thing Up There you are humiliating yourself in front of. But I suppose I ought to be the last to object to your praying. After all, while you are crawling around on your knees out here the battle between what men call good and evil goes on without you. And if by some chance you should happen to be the Son of God and not just another nut this little retreat of yours may give me time to figure out what to do about that battle.

By the way, speaking of this "Son of God" business — you're not the first to get this idea, you know. I seem to remember a chap named Theudas — he would have been before your time — who had some delusions along this line and built up quite a following. They killed him, if it's the one I'm thinking about. Then there was a fellow named Judas back in the days of the census. Never did hear what finally came of him.

Some people seem to get notions like this when they're young. It's always hard for a bright young man to accept the fact that he's just another guy who got born and now he's got to make a living and some day he's going to die, but that's the way it is and when you accept life for what it is you find that it isn't so bad, after all. Like I always tell folks: anybody that has it in him to be a man can be a god. Life is a mixture of good and evil, and when you come right down to it that's all there is in the universe. So if you know a little bit about both, you're all that a god could be.

I'll tell you what. You're hungry. So why not command these rocks here to become pieces of bread? That way, if it works you'll prove to yourself that you really are the Son of God and not just another crazy, mixed-up kid — and you'll have something to eat, too. And if it doesn't work, well, then you can forget this "Son of God" business and have a whirl at some of the things a healthy young fellow like you ought to be thinking about.

OUR LORD: Man does not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceeds out of the mouth of God. My meat is to do the will of Him Who sent me. I hunger now because I have taken upon me the body of a race which tried to prove its divinity by eating; but when this body has been broken I shall have bread to feed multitudes. I thirst now because in this flesh I am forbidden to taste the rivers of Eden; but when I have been pierced I shall have wine to give to many. This is the Word that I have received of my Father, and I know that what He says is true.

The Second Temptation

SATAN (*in the guise of a senior deacon of a fundamentalist sect*): Hallelujah! I knowed you'd come, Lord. But people's wicked, Lord, awful wicked. And it haint just the unbelievers, either. Right in our midst, we've got 'em. Rise up and smite 'em, Lord, and let all the workers of inquity perish!

I don't want to seem to be tellin' you your business, Lord, but you're not goin' to have no easy job convincin' these folks that you really are the Son of God. Fact of the matter is, you don't look particularly divine — or act that way either, for that matter. I hear tell you been eatin' and drinkin' and goin' to parties with grafters and loose women. That's not good, Lord. We got enough of that sort of thing as it is without you endorsin' it.

You know what I would do if I was you? I'd pull off somethin' so stupendous right here in the middle of Jerusalem that people couldn't help believin' in you. It's goin' to take somethin' like that, I can tell you. The only way you'll ever get these stiff-necked sinners to listen to you is to scare the livin' daylights out of 'em. Like when old Elisha had them bears eat up them smart-alecky kids.

I'll tell you what. You're up here as high as you can go on the Temple. Let me have half an hour to round up a crowd and then you jump right down off'n here onto that there altar. That ought to set 'em back on their heels if anything will. And it will do *us* good, too, Lord. You and I both know you are the Son of God, but we would be even surer if you could pull off something like this, wouldn't we? At least, couldn't much go wrong 'cause, like the Bible says, "He will give His angels charge over thee and they will bear thee up in their hands." You do take the Bible literal, don't you?

OUR LORD: The Scriptures also say that we are not to tempt the Lord our God. This generation seeks a sign, but there shall no sign be given it except the sign of the prophet Jonah. For as Jonah was three days in the belly of the whale, so shall the Son of Man be in the

earth. This is the Word that I have received of my Father, and I know that what He says is true.

The Third Temptation

SATAN (*looking as Laertes would have looked if he had taken his father's advice*): My apologies for the hill-billy bit. I don't suppose that I actually expected you to fall for it, but in the tempting business one never overlooks the potential usefulness of his patient's gullibility.

I wonder whether we might not put our cards on the table and approach our situation reasonably. I know that you are the Son of God, and I know why you are here. The old prophecy says that you will crush my head. You may remember that it also concedes me the power to bruise your heel.

Let me tell you what I have been thinking. I shall never understand your fondness for those wretched little creatures you call man, but if you really want them I am prepared to make you a bargain. As Prince of This World, I have everything that I could want except one thing, and that is a voice in the government of the universe. And it's not as though I hadn't earned it. But no — century after century, millennium after millennium your people harass me, sneer at me, or worst of all, laugh at me. No matter what I do, I'm still an outsider.

Let's get down to cases. You get me a place on the throne of Heaven and you can have everything you see down there — the whole business! No cross, no dying, no bloody sweat — not even a bruised heel. What do you say? Is it a deal?

OUR LORD: Get out of here. There is but one God and He only has immortality, dwelling in the light which no unclean thing can approach unto. He is my God, my Father, and though He slay me yet will I trust in Him. Into His hand I commend myself, to serve Him in life, so long as He chooses to extend my days, and to serve Him by my death if that be His will. You said once that it is better to reign in hell than serve in heaven. I tell you you are wrong — eternally and tragically wrong. And you know it.

(Exit SATAN)

AN ANGEL: In all things, then, my Lord, prove yourself the Son and Servant of God, in much patience, in afflictions, in necessities, in distresses, in stripes, in imprisonments, in tumults, in labors, in watchings, in fastings; by pureness, by knowledge, by longsuffering, by kindness, by the Holy Ghost, by love unfeigned, by the word of truth, by the power of God, by the armour of righteousness on the right hand and on the left, by honor and dishonor, by evil report and good report: as a deceiver, and yet true; as unknown, and yet well known; as dying, and, behold, you live; as chastened, and not killed; as sorrowful, yet always rejoicing; as poor, yet making many rich; as having nothing, and yet possessing all things.

Letter from Xanadu, Nebr.

—By G. G.—

Dear Editor:

I got the list you sent me of things I might get in trouble writing about and most of it is clear enough but on Page 23, the 16th line from the top, you list the Women's Auxiliary of the Lutheran Pre-Cancelled Stamp Collectors of North America (Synodical Conference). Is this the same outfit as the Women's League of Lutheran Pre-Cancelled Stamp Collectors of North America (Synodical Conference) which you have listed on Page 26, the third line from the bottom? Also, who or what is Jus Primae Noctis?

I appreciate you sending me this list. Like you say, there are a lot of touchy people in the world and there is no point to offending them unless you have to. I think this is especially true of the church. We all know that the church isn't perfect but I can't see why any Christian would want to go around criticizing the church when there is a whole wicked world to take off on.

Like you take right here in Xanadu we have a couple of troublemakers who are always beefing about this, that, and the other thing. Right now they're mad because we're getting a couple of new bowling alleys for the parish hall and naturally, in order to do it, we had to cut some of the other budgets like the mission budget. Last year they were sore because they wanted to take up a collection for an old woman in the congregation who needed an operation and the Voters Assembly refused to authorize it because it would set a dangerous precedent. People like this have a right to say what they think, but I get tired of having them make out like they are right and everybody else is wrong. You can't run a church or a club or anything else if people aren't willing to go along with what the majority wants.

My motto is, if you can't boost, at least don't knock. And if you just can't help being a knocker, pick on somebody outside your own circle of friends and relatives. Migosh, you would think that any decent person would have that much sense. But I guess you have to expect a certain percentage of oddballs in any organization, and that is why I am glad to have a list like this. I sure don't want anybody thinking I am one of them.

Regards,
G.G.

The Music Room

Invoca-Bit or Vit

By WALTER A. HANSEN

NOT LONG AGO A mild and innocuous controversy broke out among some of those who are reputed to to be specialists in the field of liturgics. This battle of words has resulted in a rather emphatic recommendation on the part of more than one of the participants that the First Sunday in Lent be called INVOCABIT instead of INVOCAVIT.

At the moment I cannot recall just when this startling information reached my eyes and my ears for the first time. I do remember, however, that my initial reaction had a supercilious tang. "Why tamper with a completely defensible tradition," I asked, "when there are no valid historical, grammatical, exegetical, or liturgical grounds for doing so?"

But my supercilious attitude has long since gone by the board. Now I say in all candor that I do not care a fig whether the Sunday is called INVOCAVIT or INVOCABIT. I merely object to the specious argumentation of those who want to ram the change down my throat on pain of exile from the best liturgical company.

Time out of mind the Roman Catholic Church has called this Sunday INVOCABIT. Time out of mind the evangelicals — the term used in some countries to differentiate many non-Catholics from Catholics — have said INVOCAVIT.

What is the source of the name? Some think that it is the first letter of the Latin version of Psalm 91:15. (In the Vulgate this is Psalm 90:15.) The introit for the First Sunday in Lent begins with the words "He shall call upon Me, and I will answer him." This is the translation found in the King James Version of the Bible. "He shall call" is the future tense. Therefore many conclude that the Latin name for the Sunday should be INVOCABIT, which is the future tense, and dare not be INVOCAVIT, which is the perfect tense. The Roman Catholics undoubtedly employed the same reasoning, even though, as is obvious, they did not and could not have had the King James Version in mind when they named the Sunday INVOCABIT. Did they base this term on the Vulgate? It is by no means wide of the mark to say that they were influenced by the translation contained in their Latin Bible. Yet the Vulgate does not have INVOCABIT; it has CLAMABIT, which, of course, is the future tense. The Septuagint has two readings. Both have the future tense.

How, then, could INVOCAVIT, which is the perfect tense, ever come into vogue among the evangelicals?

Martin Luther uses the present tense in his translation. His version has *er rufet mich an.* J. M. Powis Smith has "When he calls upon Me." James Moffat has "I will answer his cry." The Berkeley Version has "When he calls upon Me." The Revised Standard Version has "When he calls to Me." The Douay Version has "He shall call upon Me." Theodore Beza (1519-1605), who translated the Psalms into Latin, uses the future perfect tense (*Simulac invocaverit me*) to indicate that the calling precedes the answering in the future.

As you see, some competent translators have employed the future tense in this passage. It is evident, therefore, that the proponents of INVOCABIT have much solid ground under their feet. I have no objection whatever to their choice of INVOCABIT in preference to INVOCAVIT — except when they maintain that the latter term is altogether wrong and perpetuates a mistake made long ago.

No one can prove with finality that INVOCAVIT is irrefutably wrong. Since I have great respect for the learning of those evangelicals who adopted INVOCAVIT centuries ago, I refuse to believe that they had no knowledge of what is called the gnomic or sententious perfect — the perfect which, as the great Basil L. Gildersleeve points out in his *Latin Grammar,* "is used of that which has been and shall be." Some grammarians have called this the perfect of experience. The Greek aorist tense is often employed in the same way. Herbert Weir Smyth says that it "simply states a past occurrence and leaves the reader to draw the inference from a concrete case that what has occurred once is typical of what often occurs."

I hasten to repeat that I do not care a fig whether INVOCABIT or INVOCAVIT is used. Both are defensible. But I do begin to see red when those who ardently champion INVOCABIT and emphatically condemn INVOCAVIT try to convince me that genuine and simon-pure scholarship is in duty bound to say amen to the categorical and altogether indefensible pronouncement that INVOCAVIT is out of order.

Some Recent Recordings

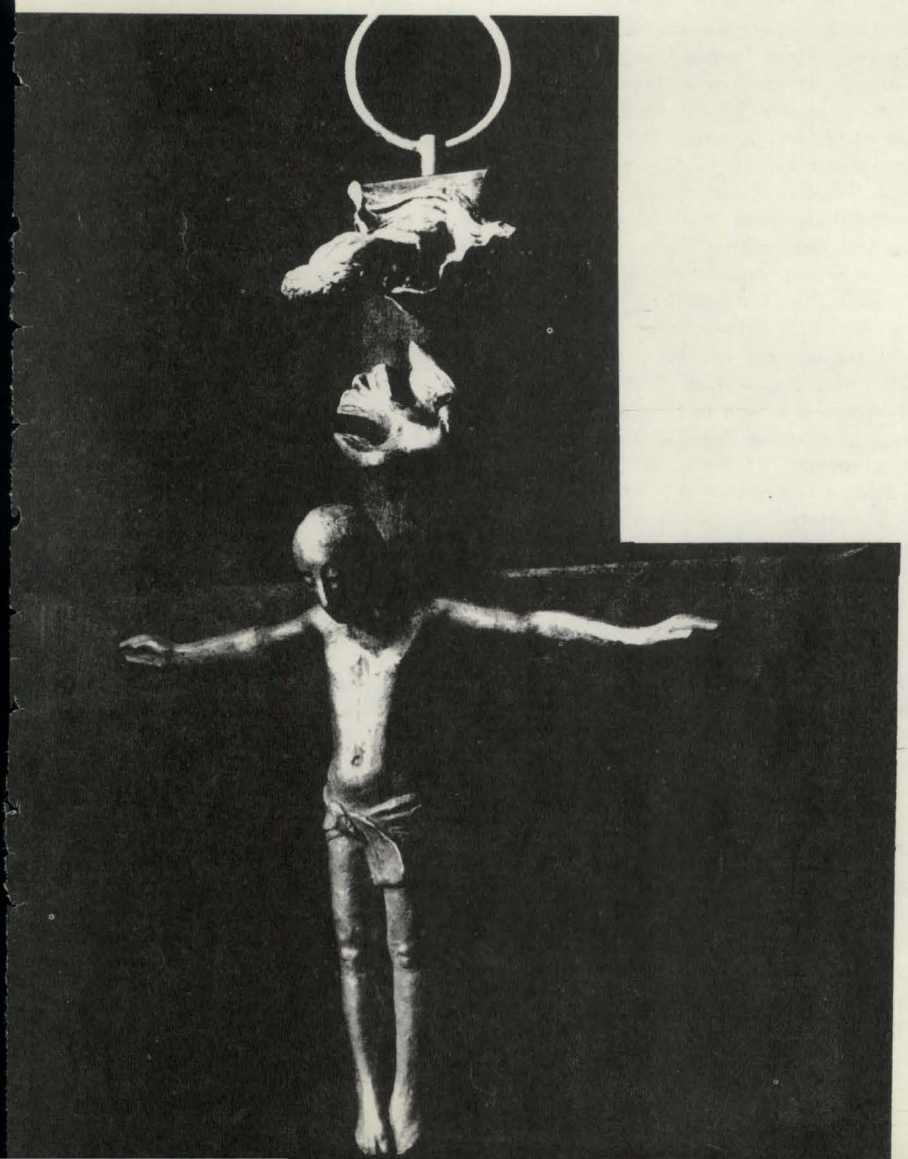
SERGEI PROKOFIEFF. *Symphony No.* 5, *in B Flat Major, Op.* 100. The London Symphony Orchestra under Sir Malcolm Sargent. An excellent reading of one of the truly great symphonies of recent times. Everest — NICOLAS RIMSKY-KORSAKOFF. *Scheherazade.* The London Symphony Orchestra under Sir Eugene Goossens. An exciting performance of exciting music. Everest.

Remembrance

By ADALBERT RAPHAEL KRETZMANN

"O, Lord, remember me." The dying call
Of Dismas spans the world and hosts
Of friendless, lost and wasted folk
Walk in the by-paths of forsakenness
Built by the crushing weight of hate
Grown giant-strong and fed by fear
That men would never find them anymore.
Their begging for the cast off crusts,
The waste and discard of the world
Is sharp rebuke for thoughtlessness
So great that men and women die
And children falter in their playless life
And die like wilted flowers and fade
Like shoots left waterless beneath
A blazing and ununderstanding sun.
We pray for them some blessing in their need,
Some shelter from the cold or burning heat,
Some bounty for their wasted hands,
Some strength to flow throughout them
Like a wave of joy or thankfulness
For life as love and not a dragging weight
That makes them slaves to certain death.
"O Lord remember them and me"
In that blest prayer they shall have gifts
Far richer than the gifts we slowly give
And I shall feel, by all the Love Thou art,
The urgency for reaching out and finding out
The quiet way in which my hands
Can be the surety for them and in their need
Of Thy remembrance working in our souls
And giving, spending, joyously and free,
To make them happy, sure of light and peace,
Forgetting hate that broke their hearts and lives
And teaching love which we have learned from Thee.
So shall the Cross and Darkness of blest Calvary
Shine out for them and make the light return
And brighten up the darkness of their way
And make their Cross's burden light
By sureness of remembrance from the Christian heart.

BELOW: The altar cross for the student chapel in the Church of the Twelve Apostles at Cologne done by Hildegard Domizlaff. The cross is of ebony. The figures are all of cast silver. Above is the Man of God the Father holding out a laurel wreath with which to crown the victory of His Son. The dove of the Holy Spirit is seen immediately above the Head of Christ. The reverse side shows twelve polished but unshaped crystals set in silver.



ABOVE: The bronze representation done in 1951 by the sculptor Franz Mikorey.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH

RELIGION

THE FORGIVENESS OF SINS

By William Telfer (Muhlenberg, $2.75)

William Telfer was for many years professor at Cambridge University where he firmly established his reputation as an Anglican theologian and patristics specialist. Since his publications have been notable for their quality rather than their quantity, this slender work (150 pages) must be greeted with anticipation. He does not disappoint. Here is an essay on a most central theological theme by a master historian of Christian thought.

As a historian Telfer is authoritative particularly in the patristic section which actually comprises the largest single part of the book. As a theologian he sees his work as an attempt to appropriate the church's past for her present, developing a doctrinal position that is at once catholic and reformed. In this view the protestant reformation appears not as as innovation but as revival and completion.

It is in the use of this method that the book raises some of the most interesting questions. Particularly does it form a contribution to the current discussion of scripture and tradition. Although Telfer does not formulate the problem in this manner, the reader is in fact confronted with the question of whether or not the church could simply formulate its doctrine on sin and forgiveness from the naked biblical sources.

Historically, at least, this does not happen. Beginning with the biblical writings, Telfer describes the "heroicity of primitive Christian manners" as a response to the eschatological preaching and expectation. The church is the communion of saints, made holy through baptism. The problem of additional sinning after baptism is not a problem when one expects the imminent return of the Lord. When he delays, a crisis ensues. Can there be a second repentance? Even within the canon this crisis can be detected. Hebrews seem to take a rigorist position. The Johannine letters speak of a man having sin, but only after a distinction in the kinds of sin is drawn. This crisis is worked out in the second and third centuries, when the influx of the masses into the church makes the early rigorism impossible. The contributions of Origen and Augustine deepen the notion of sin and transform the church from a communion of relatively blameless saints to a hospital for sinners. Scholasticism takes up the tradition and develops a full-blown theology of penance. The genius of the reformation is its attempts to combine the two ideas of the church on the basis of a revived gospel, so that baptism becomes the entrance to the forgiven life, saint and sinner co-existing within a single personality.

Yet the reformers, driven by the needs of an anti-papal polemic, failed to exhibit adequately the church alongside scripture and the two sacraments as an instrument for God's action on earth. The value of the church's long experience in pastoral care contained in the practice of confession and penance was lost to the reformed church in large measure.

This is basically Telfer's development, minus the subtleties and stimulating asides which adorn the work. It should be clear that we have an important book for Lutherans before us, particularly for those who are reaching beyond the sixteenth century to appropriate an ecumenical heritage.

Of the treatment of the Lutheran reformation it must be said that together with fine appreciation there is an interpretation of Luther and the Augsburg Confession that would, we think, require some modification and expansion. Apart from the specific interpretation of the theological positions of the reformers, greater justice would have to be done to the way in which the emphasis on forgiveness helped to reshape other elements of the doctrinal tradition.

Yet the main argument of Telfer is worth pondering. Did Lutheranism make canonical Luther's evangelical experience in such a way as to reduce the full practice of absolution to a preaching-with-assurance of the Gospel, to the neglect of the penitential life? Telfer sees the question of how assurance of forgiveness is won to be the central matter at issue between Rome and the continental reformers. Telfer's case would have been more complete and interesting if he could have traced the subsequent protestant history of the doctrine more fully. He does so, at least as this bears upon the developments in Anglicanism. We miss, however, a similar study of Pietism or Puritanism, particularly the former, where the question of assurance is to the fore and a protestant penitential system of sorts takes form.

RICHARE BAEPLER

GENERAL

ALL THAT LOVE-MAKING

By Robley C. Wilson (Published by the author, $1.00)

All That Love-Making is a first book of poems by a young writer who is not under the impression that he speaks for his generation. That in itself is refreshing. Mr. Wilson, furthermore, fails to ally himself with any particular school. He does not seem to be fresh from his last session with e. e. cummings, T. S. Eliot, D. Thomas, or even E. Guest. Nor is he beat. In fact, to speak the truth right out, Mr. Wilson is just a wee shade square: he is serious, though not solemn, about romantic and passionate love, and manages to write impressively about it in language not excessively new, private, sick, Freudian, imagistic, lower-case, tortured, pornographic, or classically allusive. For these reasons alone Mr. Wilson's book is worth the dollar it costs.

What is left, and what marks the best poems in the book, is a dramatic language, an instrument crisp, precise, intelligible. The best poems present dramatic characters, analyzing themselves in speeches of intense, passionate illumination, making legitimate cries of the heart.

But *All That Love-Making* is a book more varied in content than its title indicates. Wilson's ability to write incisive dramatic speech appears in a number of poems which do not deal directly with love. "Ginsberg: to the Court" is a delight, a poem at once serious in its comment, and funny in its burlesque of beat linguistics. Another group of poems deals with the Eden theme. In these, love and sin and guilt intermingle. More complex, these poems are only less finished, less obviously successful than those dealing with romantic love. These seem rather to be a series of engagements with a theme more defiant, possibly more rewarding, than a number of those which Wilson treats.

The book has its failures. Some of the poems seem too short, unfinished, uncertain, impulses started and lost, or left. But these are gracefully few.

In general, the word for the hesitating purchaser is that he will very likely understand nearly all of the poems in the volume. He will certainly be entertained by a large number of very funny lines. And he will be struck with delight and deeply moved with a fair number of them. If he is a purchaser recently stung by a volume of modern poetry, he will appreciate how good this news really is, and only a due sense of propriety will prevent his indulging in the traditional gesture of throwing down his new straw hat and dancing on it.

CLAUDE HUBBARD

RED STAR OVER CUBA

By Nathaniel Weyl (The Devin-Adair Company, $4.50)

During the recent election campaign, Candidate Kennedy laid the responsibility

for the loss of Cuba to the Communists at the door of the Eisenhower administration. This responsibility is spelled out in full detail in Nathaniel Weyl's book, *Red Star Over Cuba.*

The Department of State is the main target of the author. It mainly is blamed for the loss of Cuba to the Communists and Fidel Castro whom the author considers a Soviet agent of long standing.

Let us listen to Weyl:

"Latin American affairs had become a waste land of the State Department and the Foreign Service. With a few notable exceptions, it was a refuge for the untrained, the superannuated, the politically deserving and the mediocre. It had probably been significantly infiltrated by pro-Communist elements during the years when the State Department Latin American Affairs division was run by an alleged Soviet spy. In the late 1950's, leftwing attitudes were still predominant. Appeasers of Communism, leftwing Socialists and extreme New Dealers, united in their hatred of free enterprise and other basic American institutions, were strongly entrenched in this part of Foreign Service." (Page 157)

Although Weyl has, in general, a high respect for former Secretary of State John Foster Dulles, he alleges that "Dulles regarded Latin America as safe from the cold war standpoint and hence of only secondary importance." He dismisses Secretary of State Christian Herter as "weak and appeasement-minded." According to the author, the two chief culprits who gave Cuba over to Fidel Castro and thus to the Communists were Roy R. Rubottom, Assistant Secretary of State for Latin American Affairs, "a protege of Milton Eisenhower"; and William Arthur Wieland, Director of the Caribbean Division, Central American Affairs, in the State Department. While he does not call these two high state department officials Communists, he has them among others in mind when he states that "we were hood-winked about Cuba by naive sentimentalists, deluded liberals and philo-communists."

Milton Eisenhower does not fare much better. He is "a well-intentioned, vaguely leftist former New Deal bureaucrat, who exercised massive influence over Latin American affairs chiefly because he was the President's brother." (Page 38)

Neither is the author complimentary to some members of the U. S. Congress. According to him, "Representative Charles O. Porter of Oregon as well as Senator Wayne Morse were two early and influential supporters of Castro." (Page 157). Some shapers of American public opinion are also attacked. Weyl is most vitriolic in his denunciation of Herbert L. Matthews, of the New York *Times.* He writes: "If there was any sisgle American who could be held responsible for the Cuban tragedy, it was Herbert L. Matthews of the New York *Times."* (Page 169). Edward R. Murrow, C.B.S. Commentator, newly appointed director of the United States Information Agency, also comes in for strong criticism on account of staging "a laudatory TV network program on the Castro movement." (Page 182) Not even Ed Sullivan is spared. "Sullivan went into the Sierra Maestra for a television interview with its hairy armed prophet. Sullivan's technique was to ask leading questions such as: 'You are not a Communist, are you, Fidel? You are a devout Catholic, aren't you?' — leaving Castro practically no time to answer." (Page 182-183) These and other commentators "followed the trail which Herbert Matthews had blazed . . . as it became clear that *the Castro movement had the support of the United States Government"* (the italics are mine) (Page 182).

Not even some "lower down echelons in the C.I.A." were beyond reproach; they are accused of helping to overthrow the Batista government.

This is a sad and truly tragic story. Weyl's accusations are not devoid of justification. There are still, without any question, many, as the author puts it, "deluded American liberals" who "find they are being inveigled into backing pro-soviet, hate American regimes." But does this justify Weyl to attack, as he seems to do, liberalism in general and to brand all progressives as tools of Communism? Is he right in thinking that all progressive, liberal movements are blind to the danger of Communism, true as it is that some liberals do not seem to realize the immensity of the Communist danger in the Western Hemisphere and all over the world? Is not the Communist success rather the last warning to bring about badly needed social and economic transformations in Latin America? Weyl seems to feel that the best for us to do is to support the forces of the *status quo* there. But would that not be the best way to lose the peoples, who clamor for a change? And with them, would we not lose Latin America?

One more point. This reviewer is always troubled, as he confesses to be now, when a self-confessed former communist, such as Nathaniel Weyl, the author of this volume, is attacking liberal and progressively minded men, even if they are deluded to the point of being unable to see that the greatest enemy of liberalism and progressiveness is Communism.

But, then, it is said that nobody can accomplish the job of unmasking Communism as well as its former addicts.

ZOLTAN SZTANKAY

A NET OF FIREFLIES — JAPANESE HAIKU AND HAIKU PAINTINGS

By Harold Stewart (Tuttle, $4.50)

This delightful volume contains thirty-three *haiga* (*haiku* paintings), three hundred *haiku,* and an essay on *haiku* and *haiga* divided into sections on "Form and Substance," "Form and Technique," and "Principles and Problems of Translation." There is additionally a useful index and a bibliography of other *haiku* translations. Physically, the book is sturdily bound with Japanese cloth in attractive hard covers. It is unfortunate that the book will not lie open because of the use of thick paper in the Chinese style of folded pages where no page has printing on its back.

Though it takes more effort to hold the book open than it does to enjoy the charming poems, this effort is well worth while. Nowhere can one find so many sensitive translations of *haiku* under one cover. Mr. Stewart is plainly a poet, perhaps the first real poet to translate *haiku* into English. *A Net of Fireflies* is an excellent companion to Harold Henderson's *An Introduction to Haiku* (reviewed here in February, 1960). Even those well acquainted with the miniature poems will be introduced to new dimensions of the Japanese poetic mind. if not through the *haiku* themselves, then through the *haiga,* reproduced delicately in pastels.

For the more sophisticated two cautions are in order. First, one must not think that his reactions to these poems are necessarily the same as those of an educated Japanese. In spite of the consistent technical success of these paraphrases in a poetic way to convey meaning, it is doubtful that anybody not conversant with the spirit of East Asia through long residence and study will approximate a Japanese emotional response to these poems. This must be said because the poems seem so good that one is tempted to think he "gets the same experience" as a Japanese. Secondly, the rhymed iambic pentameter couplets Mr. Stewart so successfully uses strike me as sometimes making the English version *too* smooth. At times the traditional three-lined rendition of the *haiku,* though somewhat staccato, may be nearer to the feeling intended in the original, for certain internal linguistic devices in the poems themselves purposely stress an *un*natural grammatical relationship. At times, in other words, the three-line scheme may have merit.

To object to the odd notion that free verse cannot be *poetry* because it lacks both rhyme and meter would be to quibble further with Mr. Stewart about irrelevant aspects of a work that has genuine value. There can be no doubt about the fact that the great majority of these paraphrases are not only true poetry, but actually good English poetry crowned wth a consummate skill in vocabulary choice and in the ease with which rhyme is achieved, usually without distortion. I am almost convinced that *haiku* should be rhymed.

The essay might possibly be read before

approaching the poems, though one must not be discouraged when the otherwise instructive content is subdued by heavy Buddhist terminology, and quite unnecessarily so. Mr. Stewart's work makes one think twice before trying to translate a *haiku* in the usual colorless way.

ROBERT EPP

LINCOLN FOR THE AGES

Edited by Ralph G. Newman (Doubleday, $5.95)

"Lincoln hammered away passionately at his theme: that the 'mobocratic spirit' breaks down and destroys government. When a man makes a speech [here, to the Young Men's Lyceum in Springfield after the killing of abolitionist editor Elijah Lovejoy] and means what he says, he never forgets what he said. Lincoln made his own policy for the future." So writes Leo A. Lerner in the chapter on "Lincoln Emerges as a Leader."

This example indicates the directness, brevity, and auditory appeal of this book's seventy-six reliable essays by distinguished Americans. *Lincoln for the Ages* originally was a series of radio scripts to honor the 150th anniversary of Lincoln's birth. One dilemma is apparent throughout: do we have the man or the ever-growing legend? Despite some overlapping in subject matter in developing the central theme, i.e. the present status of Lincoln's fame, plus a natural amount of repetition (almost a review), there is surprising coherence. Editor Newman (owner of the Abraham Lincoln Book Shop in Chicago, President of the Illinois State Historical Society, and columnist for the Chicago *Tribune*) has done well in expanding this project conceived by Carl Haverlin of Broadcast Music, Inc.

All the direct quotations from Lincoln used in this text are reproduced exactly as they appear in the definitive *Collected Works of Abraham Lincoln* published by the Rutgers University Press 1953-'55. Worth mention is the fact that no attempt is made to duplicate existing anthologies such as Paul Angle's *The Lincoln Reader*. Nor does this volume pretend to offer anything new.

For inspirational reading, especially when done in short intervals, this is an ideal book. Essenially every relevant topic is included: indeed, a great man can have no privacy even after he dies! Similarly too numerous to list, the contributors are diversified in background and literary ability. Interesting presentations are: " 'There I Grew Up': the Indiana Years" by Philip Van Doren Stern; "Lincoln as Storyteller" by Mort Reis Lewis; "Lincoln and the Committee on the Conduct of the War" by T. Harry Williams; "The Unpopular Mr. Lincoln" by Robert S. Harper; "Lincoln as A Man of Letters" by Roy P. Basler; and "The Faith of Abraham Lincoln" by Richard Paul Graebel.

SUBSUNK: THE STORY OF SUBMARINE ESCAPE

By Captain W. O. Shelford, R.N. (ret.) (Doubleday, $4.50)

The first successful escape from a sunken submarine took place in Kiel Harbor over a hundred years ago. Since that time, hundreds of submariners have escaped from their disabled ships in the ocean bottom, though many times their number have perished, because methods of escape have not kept pace with the advancements in submarine design, and also because, in a ship of limited size intended primarily for warfare, bulky devices for escape are impractical.

Captain Shelford, now retired, spent most of his career in the British Navy organizing rescues, developing escape devices, and training men in the techniques of escape. Beside his own experience, he has drawn on the results of extensive research among all of the other navies of the world. His book is undoubtedly the most definitive available on this subject.

Most of the well known successes and failures in submarine escape attempts are covered in detail by Captain Shelford, but he also includes rescue and escape accounts, both Allied and German, never before published because they occurred in wartime. Many of the descriptions of sinkings and escapes are first hand stories by the survivors, who rather graphically describe their feeling as they stood trapped in a small compartment waiting for the water, pouring in from open sea cocks, to reach chin level.

Although scholarly in approach, the book is popularly written and of general interest to all except those who suffer unduly from claustrophobia. Captain Shelford feels progress is being made in finding new ways of escaping from a sunken submarine, but it is significant that most escapes — and these have been relatively few — have been made in much the same manner as the original escape a century ago.

CORA CRANE

By Lillian Gilkes (Indiana University Press, $6.95)

Miss Gilkes, since early childhood, has been familiar with and curious about the Cora Crane legend, and has felt impelled to examine all the evidence available in order to reconstruct as accurate a picture as possible of this interesting nineteenth century woman.

There is a great deal to know about Cora Crane: her proper Bostonian upbringing; her early marriage and divorce; her remarriage to a titled Englishman, whom she deserted but never divorced; her ownership of the "Hotel de Dream" (one of the "better houses of ill fame" in Jacksonville, Florida); her meeting with Stephen Crane and their three years of travel and travail together; her unhappy life after Stephen's death, when she was plagued with financial and personal sorrows.

Cora says of herself:

Unenthusiastic natures, how much they miss! . . .

I have lived five years in one all my life . . .

I have never economized in sensation, emotion . . .

I am a spendthrift in every way.

The occasional glances into the literary world of Henry James, H. G. Wells, and Joseph Conrad, all contemporaries and friends of Stephen Crane, add some significance to the portrayal. However, the book contains an overwhelming amount of detail, and the reader is apt to become entangled in names, dates, and other people's failing memories, deliberate misrepresentations, and misinterpretations.

If you have a scholarly interest in Stephen Crane and his associates, or in the foibles and fancies of some areas of nineteenth century society, this account may interest you.

ANNE SPRINGSTEEN

TREASURY OF WITCHCRAFT

By Harry E. Wedeck (Philosophical Library, $10.00)

Here is a copiously illustrated (and therfore expensive), very interesting assembly of the folklore of Black and White Magic through the centuries and in such diverse places as Babylon and Africa, or among the American Indians and modern Europeans. Varieties of techniques, manuals of magic, witchcraft vs. the State, divination and alchemy, raising the Devil and and dead, Black Mass and the Sabbat, warlocks and lycanthropy, vampires and voodoo — all these and many more, plus an exciting Who's Who of Witchcraft! It is a source book of the magic arts, whereby in 271 pages Mr. Wedeck (Lecturer in Classics at Brooklyn College, N.Y., and Fellow of the International Institute of Arts and Letters) gives a haunting but confusing — the subject doubtless causes these two qualities! — array of evidence that belief in witches exists in all lands continuously.

Having supernatural skills in the natural world, especially to work evil, the male or (today generally restricted to) female sorcery practitioner in world lore almost universally has the following powers: divination, invulnerability, superlative strength, transformation of self or of others, ability to fly, invisibility, capacity to impart animation to inanimate objects or to produce at will anything required, knowledge of drugs to produce love, fertility, death, etc. through charms, spells, and the like. How to identify a witch by several well-known tests constitutes a challenge to any imagination.

Sometimes repetitious as in overlapping references to the Antichrist, for instance, there is an apparent lack of organization in the subtopic materials. The brief essays of interpretation, however, speak clearly in the eleven chapters. One would have to search far and wide for choicer pictures of occultist diagrams, cabbalistic insignia, alchemic symbolism, of persons historical and imaginary who have become assimilated into the subject.

THE PHOENIX NEST

Edited by Martin Levin (Doubleday, $3.95)

The column, "The Phoenix Nest," in the *Saturday Review,* has, over the years, attracted a sizable group of noted contributors who appreciated an outlet for the material they wrote just for their own pleasure. Martin Levin, the present editor of that column, has brought together the best of these squibs, and the result is a fascinating and entertaining collection written by some of the best of our current authors, poets, and humorists.

Since the more than 150 selections are of a remarkable even quality, it is almost impossible to speak of the "best" in this collection, though everyone would have favorite items which might include Ben Hecht's account of Chicago in the 1920's, Peter DeVries' instructions on how to be an art critic, Thomas Meehan's story on payola in a baking contest, James Thurber on a discussion on modern education, most of the contributions by Henry Morgan, all of the pieces by Richard Lemon, and all of the "Hundred Years from Today" predictions by Martin Levin.

The material is invariably funny, and, since these were written primarily for the writer's own pleasure, surprisingly revealing of the people who wrote them.

THE SELF-CONSCIOUS SOCIETY

By Eric Larrabee (Doubleday, $3.50)

It was Thornton Wilder who said, "It is difficult to be an American, because there is yet no code, grammar, decalogue by which to orient himself." This, approximately, is the theme of this series of essays in which Eric Larrabee attempts to describe the manner in which Americans are trying to find and develop themselves. As Mr. Larrabee sees us, our status systems, our mass culture, our class culture, our literature (and censorship), our reaction to abundance, we are constantly looking at ourselves but find it difficult to draw conclusions from what we observe.

While these essays, combined, suffer some lack of cohesion from having been written over a period of four years and for other publications, the sum is a refreshing collection of thought on an important subject. The author's conclusions are optimistic and his approach is penetrating and clear.

THE RETURN OF THE TIGER

By Brian Connell (Doubleday, $4.50)

In the fall of 1943, fourteen men, ten Australians and four British soldiers, including the leader, Major Ivon Lyon whose wife and child were held prisoner by the Japanese, sailed a Chinese *junk* through 2000 miles of enemy-controlled waters, from Australia to Singapore. There they transferred to canoes, went into Japanese-held Singapore harbor and attached limpet mines to a number of ships. Seven ships were sunk by the mines and all fourteen escaped successfully. For security reasons, no report was made of this incredibly heroic adventure until long after the war. The following year, Major Lyon tried a similar feat in the same harbor, but this one ended in disaster for all concerned. An English journalist, Brian Connell, has developed a complete record of these adventures by searching captured war records and by interviewing survivors of the first expedition. This is a fascinating account of brave men and high adventure.

NASHVILLE: PERSONALITY OF A CITY

By Alfred Leland Crabb (Bobbs-Merrill, $3.95)

The city which has served as scene for several of Dr. Crabb's historical novels here has her full length portrait painted in a pose of pride and grace. The portrait is not done in the modern manner; there is no distortion of form or stridency of hue. Neither is there an attempt at photographic realism, although details of background, lineaments, and costume are brushed in with care. Over the whole there drifts a slight haze of romanticism, for the painter's affection for his subject has intensified warmth and color on his canvas.

Tennessee's capital is fortunate in having as a faithful admirer so talented an artist as Alfred Leland Crabb.

FICTION

A MIDDLE CLASS EDUCATION

By Wilfrid Sheed (Houghton Mifflin, $4.75)

With this novel Wilfrid Sheed joins other young British writers who scrutinize contemporary English university life.

A large portion of the action in Kingsley Amis' *Lucky Jim,* published several years ago, derives from the relationship of that somewhat feckless young faculty member to his academic superiors at a provincial university. Last year, in *Eating People is Wrong,* Malcolm Bradbury depicted the frustrated efforts of a forty-year-old department head, again at a university in the provinces, to establish some common denominator between himself and the new generation of students. *A Middle Class Education* deals primarily with undergraduate life. This time the university is none other than Oxford.

At Sturdley College, "Small, undistinguished sort of place, fit only for the humble work of polishing up its quota of rural deans and minor officials," student prestige is built upon hostility to learning and a reputation for lechery. John Chote successfully fakes both requirements. Later, as the reluctant grantee of an international graduate scholarship, Chote displays a trifle less languor in the pursuit of love in Connecticut than he does in the pursuit of knowledge in New York City. By the time his father's death takes him back to England, he is disenchanted with life and love in the United States, and relieved at not having to evince further interest in academic subjects. His qualifications for earning a living appear as limited as his ambitions. At the book's end, Chote is vaguely contemplating an attempt to secure a job as soap salesman.

The bittersweet flavor pervading these three novels is progressively acerbic. Amis' book, astringent as it is, is genuinely funny. Some extremely amusing situations and dialogue offer contrast to the essential pathos of Professor Treece's plight in Bradbury's novel. Both comedy and pathos are overshadowed in Sheed's work by the author's anger. It is a savage anger, directed at class consciousness.

In this novel, Sheed is saying that British society is composed of a series of Chinese boxes, one inside the other, with no possibility of exit from one box and entrance to another. He is saying that a middle-class education is a second rate education. He is saying that Sturdley alumni are irretrievably committed to a life devoid of intellectual or esthetic stimuli.

It is impossible to believe in the impenetrability of class barriers in mid-twentieth century England, and Sheed's insistence upon it dilutes the effectiveness of his book as social commentary. One cannot view John Chote only as a helpless victim of fate, doomed to a dull existence by the mediocrity of his origins. Failures, like alcoholics, are made, not born. Chote is far from stupid. He knows that the companions he chooses and the values he accepts are of inferior quality.

John Chote's tragedy is not that he cannot escape from this box, but that he doesn't really want to escape.

Sights and Sounds

The Uncertain State of Television

By ANNE HANSEN

ONE OF THE MOST colorful visitors to come to our shores in a long time is the noted Irish poet and playwright, Brendan Behan. Those who witnessed Mr. Behan's onstage appearances during the run of his play *The Hostage* in New York, or saw and heard him on television, know that he is outspoken, somewhat erratic, and given to drinking something stronger than "tay." Remember *Small World* last year?

In a recent interview this belligerent man of letters expressed his opinion of TV programs in the United States. Occasionally, he declared, "there is a daycent remark on the telly"; but most of the time "they're doing this, they're doing that, and they don't know what they *are* doing." Mr. Behan freely declared, however, that the program *Ireland, the Tear and the Smile,* presented in two instalments on CBS by *Twentieth Century,* was "a daisy." He and a number of famous compatriots appeared in this delightful filmed program dedicated to the land of the shamrock and the shillelagh. It is a matter of wonder to the loquacious Mr. Behan that "the richest country in the world cannot afford at least one free television show where they don't overburthen a man with all those commercials."

I am sure that almost every viewer is infuriated by many TV commercials. On the other hand, even the most demanding viewer can find much that is worthwhile on television. At the moment, for example, special telecasts devoted to the critical political situation in Africa keep us abreast of developments that may well determine the fate of the world. Each of us actually can be an eyewitness to history in the making, a privilege which should awaken in us not only a sense of participation but a sense of responsibility as well.

Rumor has it that a number of the finest entertainment programs on TV will not return next fall — among them the *Dupont Show of the Month,* the *Bell Telephone Hour,* and the alternate Friday night show *Sing Along with Mitch.* We can only hope that this rumor is unfounded. The DuPont presentations — *The Lincoln Murder Case* is a representative example — have been of consistently high quality. The *Bell Telephone Hour* has given us much fine music, and the *Sing Along with Mitch* programs have been a real delight.

More live TV programs are being planned for next fall. CBS will present a weekly series of sixty-minute dramas, and NBC is planning for at least two half-hour series to be presented live in desirable evening-time slots.

A great deal has been written about the stormy career of Marilyn Monroe. Much of it has been pure speculation, some has been designed with an eye to the box office, and more than a little has been sheer nonsense. In a recent issue of *Coronet* five men who have worked with Miss Monroe discuss "The Mystery of Marilyn Monroe." John Huston, the eminent director who gave Miss Monroe her first big boost toward stardom, declares that she is not only serious about her work, but that she is unique in that "she has to go all the way down into herself for everything she does." Eli Wallach, a fine actor both on the screen and in the legitimate theater, emphatically says, "She's cute, sexy, naive, difficult, and insecure. This is no dumb blond." Montgomery Clift, who co-stars with Miss Monroe in her current film, says, "She listens, wants, cares. Marilyn has an amazing intuition — and her perceptions are razor-sharp." The late Clark Gable found her "strange and exciting" to work with. And Arthur Miller, the gifted playwright from whom Miss Monroe was recently divorced, writes, "Marilyn identifies powerfully with all living things, but her extraordinary embrace of life is intermingled with sadness."

It seems to me that all these qualities are reflected in Miss Monroe's portrayal of the girl Roslyn in *The Misfits* (Seven Arts; United Artists, John Huston). This is Arthur Miller's first screen play and was written especially for Miss Monroe while she was still Mr. Miller's wife. One may safely predict that *The Misfits* will not win another Pulitzer Prize for the author. This is the dark and pathetic tale of a young, confused, and frightened girl as she tries to find happiness in an ugly, insecure world. It is a dreary exposition of cruelty, violence, prostitution, and intemperance. The acting of the principals — Miss Monroe, Clark Gable, Eli Wallach, and Montgomery Clift — is excellent. The direction bears the unmistakable stamp of Mr. Huston's artistry, and the black-and-white photography is superb. There were two tragic postscripts to the making of *The Misfits* — the sudden death of Clark Gable and Miss Monroe's voluntary admittance to a New York hospital for psychiatric treatment.

Morals — I should say the lack of morals — are the principal ingredients in *The World of Suzie Wong* (Paramount, Richard Quine). Here the entire plot is fashioned about the ins and outs of what has been called the oldest profession in the world and our American hero's reluctance to succumb to the charms of the Oriental heroine. It is all very dull, decidedly shopworn, and completely unconvincing. Authentic settings in and around Hong Kong are portrayed in magnificent color.

A Minority Report

The Unemployable

By VICTOR F. HOFFMANN

The man that stands before us is a symbol of helplessness, hopelessness, and the inscrutable ways of history.

He is without work, is back in his rent, is barely getting enough to eat and drink, and is among the last to be hired and the first to be fired.

His name is Stanley Antrobus. He ventures a biographical note before he says anything else: "I was born in 1917, right in d' middl' of dat gol-dern war, and I cum frum d' ol' countr'." And he says it as if all the anxieties and frustrations of the first half of this century had nailed him to the cross.

His accent, his brogue, his poor English are all very obvious.

But why? How long has he been in the United States? "I cum wid my ol' folks in aroun' 1920, '21, somewhere in der." Forty years or so in the United States — that is certainly long enough to learn some English, to acquire some kind of fluency in speech and life, and to adapt yourself, at least in some measure, to the way Americans think and do things.

What happened? He has an answer for this. He came with his parents from Europe and was taken immediately to a European enclave in Steeltown. There he lived the Old Country, ate it, drank it, sang it, loved it, danced it, read it, and spoke it.

We say: "But this is the United States. You have been here for forty years. You must have gone to an American school. You must have had the chance to learn a lot of things."

He answers: "I did. I learn t' work wid m' hands." We learned from him that America is a great country, a great free enterprise country. In fact, his parents had brought him to the United States because they had looked upon it as an economic Garden of Eden.

Outside of that, his parents were Old Country all the way. They thought it was good to make money the way Americans did but not to live the way Americans did. All Americans were soft, were not spiritual, were not interested in helping human beings, just played crazy games like baseball and football, were only Yankees interested in the Almighty Dollar. If only they could have invented a way of making that Almighty Dollar in the Old Country. To hear him tell it, everyone knows that there are better schools in Europe and people in Europe are better educated, especially in the matters that count.

But what vocation has he learned? He is a truck gardener. He learned the business in the days when the hoe was the chief article of technological advance, when you sprayed beetles with the sprinkling can, and when you delivered your products with a horse and wagon. Apparently he had learned "d' trade" in the days before canning factories, truck farms, and allied operations had become big business. He must have learned gardening in the days when some of us were complaining about the hoes and the heat in our parents' plots.

Did he go to school? He had gone to school but only because he had been forced to. He was never interested in school because it was American to get out of school and go after a job. The rags-to-riches ladder did not go through the school-room.

In addition, if someone had persuaded him to become serious about school, it would have been the wrong time. The much discussed Depression hit him in the full blush of youth. History had foreclosed that opportunity. He worked for room and board just to pull his feet out "frum under d' ol' man's table."

Roosevelt helped him, he says, with jobs in the WPA and the CCC. Then came the war and he received room and board at taxpayers' expense and at the direction of historical events and happenings.

By the time he returned from the war, the economic system was operating at a high peak. In such a surplus economy, even the unemployables were hired. Until very recently, as a result, he was always able to find a job. He never really had a steady job but he had a job.

But what does an unskilled worker do when the economy finds a plateau with automation and the younger generation coming on at a mile a minute?

Stanley Antrobus is unemployed. Is he unemployable?

The Pilgrim

Professor Gochring

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

By O. P. KRETZMANN

Mass in B Minor

A dark afternoon in early Spring . . . In a few hours some of our students of music are coming to our house to do one of the most unusual things which children of the twentieth century can do . . . They are coming to hear the Mass in B Minor . . . To listen to a man who spoke the universal language of music more powerfully than anyone else in the Western World these two thousand years . . . My guests tonight will be the sons and daughters of a great tradition . . . And they will become, in turn, the bearers of that tradition in their generation . . .

In preparation for my company I have been listening to the Mass alone this afternoon . . . Born of the music, stray thoughts have wandered in and out . . . At the risk of belaboring the obvious, I must again note the intimate connection between religion and art, especially the art of music . . . It is no accident of time that our age has produced so little that is great in the field of religious art . . . So little great painting, so little great sculpture, so little great music . . . True, there are some young men who show very real signs of promise . . . But it is still only a pitiful small minority that thinks and feels greatly about our faith . . . It is still an axiom that a cheap and easy religion likes cheap and easy art. . . This is particularly true of music . . . The sickness of much of our religion is painfully reflected in the sentimentality of our religious song . . . Years ago, I recall, one of our church journals opened its pages to an argument concerning the type of music which is to be sung in our churches . . . Much of the discussion was beside the point . . . It was argued that the music of the Church must come out of the heart of the people . . . If a given generation has a religion which is cheap and soft and worldly, the music of the Church, it was implied, should reflect that kind of religion . . . Hardly . . . The music of religion must come out of the heart of the people, but not out of the heart of a single generation . . . There must be a timelessness and universality about it . . . If we believe the same things that Bach believed, we shall be able to understand him and his music . . . If we can not understand him, something is wrong with us, and not with him . . .

Faith and music are not twins . . . The first is far more important than the second . . . They are mother and child . . . It is inevitable that a child will have some of the beauty and glory of its mother . . . As I listen to the Mass in B Minor this still Spring afternoon, the years drop away, and I hear the far echo of the men and women who have made music for Him Whose hand plays the melody of the spheres . . . David singing in the night . . . The traditional hymn in the Upper Room . . . The subdued music of the saints in the catacombs . . . In early paintings and carvings they represented Christ as Orpheus with his lyre . . . A beautiful idea . . . The final music of the voice of God changing men by its forgiving power into something new and different and better . . . After the catacombs the chanting of the Church for 1900 years, from cathedral and chapel, from cloister and choir, from altar and pew . . . The long silence of the people until an Augustinian monk told them to sing again because they were an essential part of the choir of God on earth . . . Luther knew that heaven never denies gifts like music to the many . . . He knew also that it is not difficult for the faithful heart to understand the music of the Church . . . Perhaps in this way also the truths of our faith are very much like the truths of music . . . A child can understand them, and the sage must puzzle over them . . . Is there a child who does not know the meaning of the majestic monosyllables, "Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest?" . . . Is there a saint or a sage who has not stared at these words in amazement and wonder? . . . A child holds all the treasures of faith, guides its life by their light, and lives in a faith as simple as it is complete . . . As the child becomes the sage there is no change in this . . . There is, however, a growing and glowing increase of experience . . . We relate the treasures of one part of the Divine plan to the wisdom of another part . . . It is not that mysteries cease to be mysteries, but that we see them more clearly as mysteries of glory . . . So also with great music . . . You must begin as a child and end as a child . . . What lies between is a long and tortuous road, but it leads finally to a better and greater childhood . . . The humility of the sage before the presence of greatness is childlike.

Postscript

Mrs. Kretzmann and I shall be leaving early this month for a two-months' tour of Western Europe . . . This vacation comes as a gift on the occasion of my completing twenty years as president of Valparaiso University from the faculty, the board of directors, the alumni, and the Guild . . . Whether they felt that it was I or they who needed the vacation I do not know, but I make the more generous assumption and thank them for it.