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E. E. Cackruey

The
Cresset

A REVIEW OF LITERATURE,
THE ARTS, AND PUBLIC AFFAIRS



TWENTY CENTS

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The
Cresset

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Cresset

In Luce Tua

Comment on the Significant News by the Editors

1939 Revisited

WE HAVE BEEN through it all before, and not so many years ago: the gradual hardening of fear into anger, the growing impatience with negotiation, the rising clamor for action, the almost imperceptible narrowing of the area of permissible debate on ends and means. Somewhere along the line, as powerful countries press their quarrel with each other, one or both reaches a point of no return beyond which the momentum of debate becomes more important in the shaping of events than do the conscious intentions of either of the contestants and brinkmanship becomes war.

More and more, during this past summer, public opinion in our country has moved toward an acceptance of the inevitability of war between ourselves and the Russians. Toward the end of the summer, polls were showing that public opinion had hardened to the point where it had itself become an important limiting factor on our government's freedom to negotiate our differences with the Russians. Men who had never been to war, or who had forgotten what it was like, were getting respectful hearings for the contention that "we are already at war."

This would seem to be the time for saner voices to make themselves heard. We are not at war, however grim and relentless the diplomatic and strategic struggle may be. War is young men's bodies lying in the dirt with their faces shot away. It is women sitting at home in constant dread of the telegram of routine regrets. It is the charred bodies of children pinned beneath the wreckage of what a moment ago had been their homes. In this year of grace, 1961, war would be the sudden disappearance of cities, the raping and looting that always attends the breakdown of law and order, and possibly the end of all that we have meant by civilization for these four thousand years.

There are times when a man must risk death because he has no honorable alternative, and this may be equally true of nations. We will not accept the

cowardly counsel: "Rather Red than dead." But we do not think that the situation has yet deteriorated to the point where these are the only two live options for us. For our leaders, there are still opportunities for negotiation which fall far short of appeasement and there are opportunities for compromise which carry no tinge of the sell-out. For the rest of us there is the opportunity to display the best qualities of responsible citizenship in keeping calm, trusting those to whom we have entrusted the heavy responsibilities of leadership, cooperating with them in preparing for whatever eventualities we may ultimately be called upon to face, and supporting them with our prayers, intercessions, and giving of thanks. Many of us have had the opportunity to learn, at times of personal crisis, that there is more love and pity in the heart of God than we had ever suspected, and this would seem to be one of those times when the Christian citizen, with his direct access to the throne of grace, might move Heaven on earth's behalf.

The Panic-Makers

One of the symptoms of the hysteria which has fastened upon some of us is the resurgence of an unimformed, emotional, and divisive anti-Communism which creates precisely the kind of atmosphere in which reasonable, effective action to protect the nation's welfare becomes increasingly difficult. The fact that much of this witless witch-hunting is motivated by a genuine love for our country and a real fear of her enemies is beside the point. There is such a thing as loving not wisely but too well.

There will always be those who, "when in danger or in doubt, run in circles, scream and shout." In a crisis situation, it is necessary to remember that such people do not have the answers to our problem; they are themselves part of the problem. They are the kind of people who press in upon victims of heat prostration and, by their very numbers, cut off the air which the

victim needs to recover. They are the kind of fire buffs who throng to the scene of any fire and get in the way of the firemen.

It is interesting, and perhaps significant, that there has been a resurgence of this kind of emotional anti-Communism particularly among conservative Protestants in the past few months. What is especially interesting about it is that some of its leadership has been taken over by men who not too long ago were just as hysterically wrought up about "the Catholic menace." Apparently we have always with us, in addition to the economically poor, a certain number of emotional cripples whose very survival demands a bogey-man as a focus for the inchoate fears and frustrations that roil around inside them.

Such people deserve pity, rather than censure, but even pity must not blind us to the evil that they do by setting brother against brother, by eroding confidence in those responsible agencies of our government which have been charged with the duty of safeguarding our national security, and by stirring people up into an emotional froth at the very time when we most need to keep our wits about us. There is a very real and very dangerous Communist conspiracy against our government and against our institutions. It is so real, so dangerous — and so clever — that the job of meeting it and taking effective action against it can not be safely entrusted to nervous amateurs. Certainly it can not be entrusted to those who would meet this conspiracy by adopting the methods of its organizers.

Our nation is more than a political unit, more even than an association of people who subscribe to the same political and ideological principles. It is, at its very base, a community of trust. The fact that there are a few among us who are not trustworthy does pose a danger that needs to be dealt with. But the far greater danger that confronts us is that we may be seduced into making mutual suspicion, rather than mutual trust, the basis of our common life. If this happens, it won't really make much difference whether we are occupied by a foreign power or not. We will have lost everything that makes our country worth preserving.

An Unfortunate Phrase

When St. Paul cautioned his young protege, Timothy, not to rebuke an elder but to entreat him as a father, he was, it seems to us, saying two things: a) that it is possible for even a venerable saint to err so as to need correction, but b) where such a situation arises, the word of correction must be spoken with a special measure of love and respect and restraint.

At a church convention this summer, one of the most respected leaders of American Lutheranism made a comment which was so unfortunately worded that honest men could misunderstand it and enemies of the Cross could use it to do incalculable mischief to

the cause of the Gospel. What he said was this: "This matter of segregation and integration does not concern me greatly, but what does concern me is that Negroes have sin-lost and blood-bought redeemed souls and need the Gospel of Christ. What concerns me now is the needed recruitment of Negro ministerial trainees."

It should be pointed out, in order to place this statement in its proper context, that the man who made it has given strong and energetic leadership through a long lifetime to a wide variety of charitable causes. Several years ago, he was decorated by the German Federal Republic for the conspicuous part which he played in helping to organize the very effective program of assistance which was carried on in Germany by Lutheran World Relief at the end of World War II. He has never, so far as we know, withheld his active support from any institution or program of love and mercy in the Church.

It will be obvious that such a man, concerned as he is that Negroes have sin-lost and blood-bought redeemed souls that need the Gospel of Christ, can not be unconcerned about the demonic forces in a society which tolerates or even attempts to justify such a monstrous institution as racial segregation. He is, we think, mistaken in his belief that an effective outreach to the Negro community must await the recruitment of more Negro ministerial trainees; after all, some of our best Negro Lutherans are members of congregations where not only the pastor but the majority of the congregation are Caucasian. But the mistake is one which many genuinely evangelical Caucasian Christians make when they become concerned about the evangelization of non-Caucasians.

The phrase which could, if taken out of context, do grave harm to the Church's mission enterprise is the expression of a seeming lack of concern for the indignities which the Negro is compelled to accept under the immoral institution of segregation. It is not enough to speak the comforting words of John 3:16 to a woman who is being raped, and we know of no Christian, lay or clerical, who would be content to do so. By the same token, the Church can not be content to address souls while the bodies that contain those souls are being subjected to the mutilations of an evil social system. The Church's proclamation involves not only the Gospel but also the Law, and segregation as practiced in our country violates both the spirit and the letter of the Law as much as it violates the spirit and the letter of the Gospel. We must, therefore, testify positively against segregation not only or even primarily because it binds the Word and creates an unfavorable setting for mission work but because segregation, in and of itself, is an abomination in the eyes of God. The Church knows this, her spokesmen confess this, and no wresting or perversion of a particular phrase can fairly be made to say anything other than this.

No Aid to Education

We are sorry that the aid-to-education bill is, for all practical purposes, dead for this session of Congress. There is no doubt that certain areas of our country badly need the kind of assistance this bill would have provided.

On the whole, though, we would rather see no bill at all than a bill which would have failed to give comparable assistance to private and parochial schools — and this not because we have been sold a bill of goods by the Roman Catholic hierarchy but because the denial of such assistance would have meant, as we have said before, the eventual disappearance of non-public schools on the elementary level. Particularly would this be true if, as we must anticipate, substantial tax increases should be found necessary to meet the rising costs of defense. The money for these additional taxes must come from somewhere, and it would almost certainly come from that portion of the taxpayer's personal budget which he has available for the support of voluntary and charitable causes.

The granting of assistance to public schools, accompanied by a denial of such assistance to private schools, would bother us for another reason, also. It would, in a sense, set a stamp of legitimacy upon the public school which, by implication, would suggest that the private or parochial school was somehow an alien institution or at least a kind of eccentric exception to the general pattern of American education. It needs to be remembered that the private and parochial schools were here first, and that the public schools are, comparatively

speaking, newcomers to the American educational scene. Like the Arab's camel, they have encroached little by little into the educational tent until, by now, they threaten to take over completely. This began to happen a century ago on the college level and its results are apparent today: the private or denominational college is at a significant disadvantage in the competition with the tax-supported state school. We foresee, and fear, a similar trend on the lower levels of education.

Ernest Hemingway

We were never a great Hemingway fan, but no practitioner of the writing trade could ignore or minimize the influence which Hemingway had on the writing craft during his long and productive career. We are not sure that Hemingway had a great deal to say. Much of what he wrote was merely a restatement of some ancient and rather simple-minded heresies which even he must have known were inadequate for the times in which he lived and wrote. Their full inadequacy stands revealed in the tragic nature of his death.

But Hemingway was a craftsman, perhaps the finest of his generation. And even his imitators — whose name is Legion — write with a certain measure of grace and economy that was not characteristic of the hacks of the pre-Hemingway period. For this, and for the example which he set of a craftsman taking his job seriously enough to impose a rigorous self-discipline upon himself — all of us who write today are in his debt. And the realization of what we owe him deepens our regret at the fact and the circumstances of his passing.

On Second Thought

BY ROBERT J. HOYER

A MAN IN LOVE is both selfless and utterly selfish, at one time and in one act. He is completely unselfish in that his whole desire is for the happiness of his beloved. For the accomplishment of that, he is willing to expend himself and his treasure, even without any overt reward except her happiness. All that he asks is that she receive his gifts with joy. If that is refused, he knows himself rejected. If it is granted, he knows himself accepted; and that is sufficient reward. In love, he does not ask that she expend herself for his happiness. Only as his love grows stable does he ask her self-expenditure in turn, because he needs the concrete assurance that his labor is accepted, that he does in truth make her happy.

At the same time, this man is completely selfish in that he wants himself to be the source of his beloved's

happiness. He wants the selfish reward of the right to this work of happiness; he is not reconciled to the concept of her happiness without his efforts. Even if she rejects him, if he can wish for her happiness with someone else, he selfishly wished it to be *his* renunciation of her which accords her happiness.

Thus man's love for God is in the same way both utterly selfish and completely selfless. He desires only that God be glorified, that His name be hallowed. But he wants the right to do this himself. Selfishly he wills to be the one who gives to God all glory. In love with the Infinite God, he does not demand exclusive right; he wills only that he be the one to glorify God in his place, in his way, at his time. And every talent he has been given is expended in that selfish and selfless love.

AD LIB.

The Vanished Hobo

BY ALFRED R. LOOMAN



I HADN'T MISSED THEM until the other day though they have been gone for at least twenty years. I am referring to the hoboes who begged food and, if possible, money at the back doors of America between World War I and World War II. I was reminded of them recently by the sight of a perfectly respectable neighbor sitting on his back steps eating a sandwich.

For the benefit of those who might not remember them, hoboes were the derelicts who rode freight trains into town and lived by begging food at kitchen doors. They all tended to look alike since they wore old and very baggy clothes. The coat, particularly, would be oversize so that it could be used to store food for several days. Hoboes had a tendency to be rather red of face, a result of sunshine and/or cheap alcoholic beverages, and that they had ridden the "rods" was apparent by their lack of cleanliness.

They were called, interchangeably, tramps, hoboes, or bums, but I am indebted to Charles (Charlie the Mole) Greer, a bum who with several of his cronies lived in a hole under the New Orleans police station for several years without being detected until recently, for a definition of the difference among these terms. According to him, and he should know, a tramp is a migratory worker, a hobo is a migratory non-worker, and a bum is a non-migratory, non-worker.

Most of the hoboes rode in the box cars of the slower freight trains. Some rode in the cars, some between, and others rode underneath, a perilous but, I understand, a comfortable place to ride. If necessary, some hoboes rode coal cars, which must have given them the most uncomfortable ride of all. These, however, performed a service of sorts, for it was a practice among families unable to afford coal during the depression to send their children to the tracks with baskets when a coal freight came through. As the cars passed, the kids threw rocks at the hoboes, and the hoboes, obligingly, threw lumps of coal at the kids. When the train was gone this coal was picked up and carried home.

Normally, a hobo would ride as long as the freight kept going or until he was hungry. But they all got off if the freight stopped in the yard; otherwise they would be kicked off by the railroad "dicks" who inspected the trains. We lived in a town which was a railroad division point and most trains stopped, so we always had more than our quota of hoboes.

We could spot them coming up the street and we were sure that one of them would stop at our place.

It was generally understood that hoboes had a system of signs which they would chalk on various properties to indicate whether, among other things, this house was a "good feeder." I doubt such signs existed because I inspected every inch of our house and lot and never discovered a mark of any kind, and we fed our share.

Arriving at the kitchen door, the hobo would mumble his set piece, "Could you spare a hungry man a bite to eat?" If the answer was negative, he would begin his hard luck story which included the bit about his having been gassed in World War I. I don't know why this story was effective, because some of the men could not have been more than five years old during the war and some would have been much too old, but it was or they would have changed the story. The lunch, usually handed rather gingerly to the hobo, consisted of a large sandwich, a cup of coffee, and, when available, a piece of pie. This he ate while seated on the back steps.

When he thought he had found a sympathetic housewife, the hobo would also ask for money, and this brought forth his more elaborate and heart-stirring story. When the housewife offered money for work performed, the hobo's story included clinical details on his poor lungs and his weak back. Though not mentioned in his story, the money was used most often to purchase ingredients for a potent but inexpensive alcoholic drink which had canned heat as a base.

I looked on the hoboes as mysterious and adventure-some men and would try unsuccessfully to engage them in conversation when Mother wasn't watching. Mother's attitude was quite different; the moment a hobo was sighted coming up the walk, she would state that she would never feed such an able-bodied man. But after listening to his story she always did. Afterward she could find a reason for her action and, after all, this was absolutely the last hobo who would get a meal from her.

Well, they are all gone now. Oh, a few still cadge money on city streets, but these are bums and not hoboes. When World War II came along, they found they had to work if they wanted to eat. Those who still have the inclination to beg and to travel must have found some other means of doing both, or else they are on Social Security, Unemployment Compensation, or straight relief. I don't suppose the hoboes contributed much beside color to our culture, but I sort of miss them.

The American Magazine: An Assessment

BY THEODORE PETERSON

Dean, College of Journalism and Communications
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WHEN I WAS A boy growing up in Minnesota, I fell in love with magazines. We were what Daniel Starch would call a "magazine household." My mother, a frugal soul, stored a tall stack of Merle Crowell's *American* magazines in her closet; and, with awe, I read the success stories of Ole Evinrude, John J. Pershing, and Wright Patterson and with zest the good deeds of Clarence Buddington Kelland's shirt-sleeves Solomon, Scattergood Baines (who in my imagination, though, never resembled Paul Meylan's drawings of him). My father subscribed for the *Saturday Evening Post*, and I can still recall the delicious thrill I got from Charles Francis Coe's stories of rum-runners and gangsters. My older brother brought home copies of *Captain Billy's Whiz Bang*, which he hid in the basement and which, when I discovered them, introduced me to a sinful and racy world I had never known. At one time or another I myself had subscriptions to *Open Road for Boys*, with its woodcraft lore by Deepriver Jim and its five-dollar cartoon contest; to *Youth's Companion*, with its rollicking tales about Capt. Penhallow Freedom by Harry Irving Shumway, its sea stories by Charles Nordhoff, its advice on pitching by Herb Pennock, and its advice on catching by Mickey Cochrane; and even to *Boy's Life* with its Boy Scout line so subversive of the happy anarchy of boyhood. Other magazines came into our home, too, but nostalgia has to stop someplace.

That love of magazines has never deserted me. But as I have grown older, I have become more critical of magazines than I was some thirty years ago, when Perry Mason was the publisher of *Youth's Companion* and not a creation of Erle Stanley Gardner. Nevertheless, I still criticize magazines in friendship — not in pique because I feel that the *American* deluded me with its assurances that every little boy could someday be President, patently a statistical impossibility, or because Herb Pennock's advice never made me a Big League pitcher (or, for that matter, even a member of the neighborhood team).

Of what am I critical? On the one hand, I am critical of what I, as a former sergeant, might call the strategy of magazines — the over-all burden of their content. On the other hand, I am critical of what might be called their tactics — the way in which they execute their content. In all of this, I keep mumbling several caveats to myself. I am aware, of course, that a certain amount of intellectual arrogance is implicit in any criticism of the level of magazine performance, although I intend none. I am aware that I am trafficking in generalities and that for every charge I make some con-

scientious reader can point indignantly to a number of exceptions. I am aware, too, that much of what I say has been said before, but that seems a poor excuse for not saying it again.

Riding the Bland Wagon

My basic criticism of over-all content is that it falls short of what it should be if magazines are to make the most of their obvious capabilities for introducing the new ideas so essential to democratic society. Magazines, of course, do a superb job of introducing new ideas about things. If you want to make a set of bookends from discarded horseshoes, a cooling dessert from left-over sherry and a brand-name gelatin, a patio from old doormats or a clothesbag from an out-of-date sack dress, magazines can probably help you. But magazines have been slow to introduce genuinely new ideas or even to present minority ones until the majority has been nodding in solemn agreement.

Editors will protest, I am sure, that magazines over the years have given a good deal of space to controversy, and they are undeniably correct. Yet much of the controversy is really meaningless controversy, and the answers to the questions of debate are either foreordained or inconsequential. Should babies be breast-fed or bottle-fed? Should young couples pet on their first date? Should payola be legally abolished? Are the trucks really ruining our highways? Are the fights really rigged? Do forest rangers really earn their keep? Those are problems, of course, especially to those confronted with them, but they are not among the most pressing problem of our times.

One controversial question to which magazines have contributed little public debate, for instance, is whether or not the Soviet Union and the United States are morally correct in their primary assumption that they are justified in exterminating the entire human race, which has spent thousands of years climbing to even its present uneasy state of imperfection and which presumably is good for a few thousand more if permitted to survive them.

Almost a blood-brother of that basic criticism is another: Magazines have been far slower to assess the institutions of our society than to assess the people who make it up. If you are too plump from eating the food advertised on their pages, magazines can probably help you to reduce. If you are sick in body or mind or spirit, magazines can probably give you the advice or reassurance or comfort that your condition demands. If you want to know the virtues or the shortcomings of people, commonly in the public eye and more com-

monly those in the entertainment business, magazines can probably teach you. What sort of a father is Bing Crosby, anyway? What is Jackie Gleason really like? Is Frank Sinatra the sort of person that the gossip columnists have led us to believe? You can find the answers to those questions in the back issues of a single magazine. But if institutions are sluggish or sick, magazines are far less fleet to diagnose and prescribe. If institutions seem to need an analysis of their strengths and weaknesses, magazines respond with far less alacrity than when dealing with personalities.

What results from all of this is a lopsided picture of the world in which we live and a smugness about the part of the picture we see. Magazines with their articles about McCobb furniture and Dior fashions and Detroit's automobile of tomorrow and this successful businessman or that successful entertainer seem to be giving editorial assurance that the advertiser is right when he tells us that the good life consists primarily of material abundance and comfort. What results is an ignorance of or a complacency with the evils and injustices of society. In recent years, magazines have carried a number of articles about racial integration, and *Look* and the *Saturday Evening Post* have both won Benjamin Franklin Magazine awards for pieces on that subject. Without in any way intending to detract from the excellent articles which earned those awards, I cannot help but remark that exceedingly few magazines printed on anything slicker than butcher-paper even murmured about the race question until after May 17, 1954, when the United States Supreme Court made it both a comparatively safe and newsworthy topic. Even now, as a close examination of their content will show, the Negro magazines for the most part seem quite content to affirm the racial status quo.

In recent years, too, magazines — along with books and other media — have told us a great deal about the affluence of the society we are living in, and we nod in happy agreement at our abundance as we wonder how we will pay our grocery bill. Indeed, as a nation we have come a long way since 1900, when Andrew Carnegie had a tax-free income of \$23 million a year and the typical workingman took home somewhere between \$400 and \$500 — or even since the late 1920s, when one of our leading monthly magazines comforted its readers with the idea that debt is the poor man's only adventure. Yet remarkably few magazines — *Commentary* is the only one I can think of — have bothered to tell the rest of the story: that nearly one-third of the nation is living at economic levels which, as a Congressional resolution impersonally phrased it in 1956, "are below the prevailing standards of adequacy." At least forty million persons, most of them white city-dwellers, in 1958 had incomes under \$3,000 a year, a sum lower in purchasing power than what WPA workers got in the 1930s.

When the large-circulation magazines do essay serious

discussion, they tend to bedeck it with all of the trappings of entertainment. One approach is to appeal to the eye rather than the mind. Thus some time ago one of the leading magazines gave seventeen of its pages to a feature on India, "Freedom's Last Hope in Asia." It consisted of thirty-five photographs, one of them full-page, several of them in gorgeous color, all of them technically excellent, but only some forty-three inches of text, an average of about 2½ inches a page. Some graduate student in quest of a thesis might explore the proposition that the news magazines are less carriers of news than purveyors of entertainment packaged as news; for without doing any formal content analysis, I have the distinct impression that they devote less space to news than to topical features — interesting features and informative ones, too, sometimes, but for the most part of little real consequence.

If that subject doesn't appeal to him, he might test the hypothesis that the large-circulation religious magazines have become so intent on making religion entertaining that they have lost sight of what I had always gathered to be the substance of religion. They carry articles on how to feed a congregation, the northernmost pastors in Alaska, whether or not mothers should work, who should be on an intra-denominational All-American football team, the good aspects of being blind, and how Sunday school teachers get parents to cooperate; columns of advice to teenagers and of stories and riddles for their younger brothers and sisters; and lessons in "spiritual efficiency." Running through the content is so strong an encouragement to conformity that it cannot but impress anyone who reflects on the radical individualism which early Protestantism implied. One can look unsuccessfully amidst the illustrations and color-printing for articles dealing with ethical problems beyond the level of drinking or dating outside of the church. Belonging to the church, one feels, is much like belonging to the Rotarians, in which one performs some good deeds amidst much good fellowship.

I know, or think I do, why all of what I have been saying is true. Indeed, I am so sure of why editors behave as they do that I feel a little like a minister who is admonishing his congregation to observe the Sabbath when he knows full well that all of them have golf clubs packed in their automobiles. In its evolution, the modern magazine has become an arm of the marketing system, an instrument for amassing large or homogeneous audiences to which advertisers can make their sales pitch. To get and to hold those audiences, to saturate the market he has cut out for himself, the editor, by and large, has to please everybody and alienate nobody. So he has to make his content conform to the interests and tastes and beliefs and values of the majority of his audience. And, given the competition for his audience's time and attention, he has to snag his readers on the run. Then, too, editors are human beings who cut themselves while shaving, like anybody else, and they too live in a world of the mass media which they

help to create. They decide what is topical and interesting pretty much on the basis of what the mass media tell them is topical and interesting. Unless they are blessed with rare introspection, they share the values and beliefs of their fellow men which are reflected in and buttressed by the media. It is small wonder then that magazines, like newspapers, engage in what someone once called "pack journalism," the tendency to hop onto a passing bandwagon and ride it until the parade has turned the corner off Main Street.

And this tendency to run with the pack is bountifully evident in magazine journalism. Both authors and subjects become fashionable. Let a man write a best-seller on status-seeking or come into prominence with talks on the inadequacies of our national defense, and editors scramble over one another to get his by-line for their pages. Or let one editor give a splash to the emptiness of educational philosophy or juvenile delinquency, and many another editor, with an air of rare discovery, pounces on the subject to see what he can do with it. The net result is that the mass-circulation magazines probably have a narrower range of discussion than one would imagine, especially since they play many of the same basic themes in different ways — for instance the themes that success means money in the pocket and a pretty bride at the altar, that adversity has its compensations, and that scientific progress is always benign.

Tactical Faults

All that I have complained about so far is at the level of strategy, over-all content. What about tactics, the execution of content? Space permits only a couple of quick complaints.

One charge that can be leveled against a good many of our major magazines is that their writing is incredibly bad. And I am not talking just about the magazines for career girls, with their prose as breathless as a coed displaying her first fraternity pin and so strewn with parentheses, commas, dots, and dashes that it resembles a garden after a rain. Nor am I talking just about the farm magazines, which discovered Rudolf Flesch about 1946 without discovering all of the ills that Flesch is heir to and which ever since have addressed their readers in sentences of one syllable: "Are your fence posts rotting? Where? At the top? At the bottom? Well!" Nor am I even talking about the trade and technical magazines, which, for the most part, have even to discover Fowler. I am talking about magazines that should know and do pay better. Some of the authors upon whom they depend for copy are, I suspect, better salesmen than writers. I mention this point only because it is generally overlooked in criticisms of magazines; I turn from it to my second because you can document it for yourselves.

Second, I think that a good deal of magazine reporting is shallow. Quite often, I suspect, the writer starts with a theme — that college life is frivolous, that college students cheat on exams, that American society is

affluent — and hunts only for the facts which support it, just as one might argue that America in the 1920s was populated almost exclusively by flagpole sitters, marathon dancers, and the associates of Mr. Capone. I have seen the long lists of sources which magazine writers say they have consulted, and I have never doubted that they have consulted them, although I have sometimes wondered if they have not taken their material from their favorite source and ignored all of the others. Even in articles about personalities, which magazines are so fond of, the general run of reporting is pretty bad. The writers stand in open-mouthed awe of their subjects, transfixed by success. Some writers have learned from Plutarch the importance of detail, but they have forgotten or never learned his qualification that the detail should reveal character.

For another hour or so, one could continue to tick off the technical faults of magazines: their often coy cutlines; their sometimes maddening makeup, designed to build up traffic among their advertisements; their often blurred line between the editorial function and the sales function; and so on.

But this assignment calls for an assessment, not just a criticism, although I have chosen to dwell on the faults at greater length than on the virtues, which are considerable. For when one balances their merits and shortcomings, he cannot deny that magazines come out with an exceedingly impressive record.

Some of the strengths of the magazine are inherent in the nature of the medium, a medium well-suited for introducing new ideas and examining them critically. A favorite author of mine, in assessing the accomplishments of magazines from 1900 to mid-century, once expressed their strengths this way:

The magazine was put together with less haste and more care than the newspaper or broadcast program, yet was more timely than the book. Its available space and the reading habits of its audience enabled it to give fairly lengthy treatment to the subjects it covered. It was not as transient as the broadcast program, as soon discarded as the newspaper; it remained in readers' homes for weeks or months — sometimes even for years. In short, the magazine by nature well met the requirements for a medium of interpretation for the leisurely, critical reader.

True, the circulation leaders might keep their discussion in a narrower arena than some of us would like, but they do not make up the entire world of magazines. While that world includes the forty-six magazines with circulations of a million or more, it also includes the *Antioch Review*, the *Hudson Review*, the *National Review*, the *Partisan Review* and the *Yale Review*; it includes the *New Leader*, *New Philosophy*, *New Physician*, *New Republic*, *New Yorker* and *New Outlook for the Blind*; it includes *Adult Leadership*, *Child Life*, *Cancer*, *Let's Live*, *Mid-Continent Mortician*, *Epoch*, *Guns and Ammo*, *Dance*, *Sepia*, *American*

Swedish Monthly, Popular Boating, Arizona Wildlife-Sportsman, American Zionist, Freeman, Hounds and Hunting, Brown Swiss Bulletin, Mother-to-Be, Water Well Journal, Popular Science, Blue Guitar, Corset and Brassiere and the Calvinist.

In that world of magazines, one will find an incredible variety of information and viewpoints if he has the fortitude and facilities for seeking them out. It seems unlikely that there is any facet of one's personality, any special interest, any cause of merit, any business or profession apart from magazine publishing itself that some magazine does not cater to. Knowledge and opinion are there aplenty, waiting to be discovered; indeed, I doubt that any other medium offers such a wide variety. If Americans do not help themselves to the bountiful array, the editors and publishers are not entirely to blame; if only 37,000 readers instead of 370,000 subscribe for *Christian Century*, the editor is not the only loser.

Probably no other communications industry is so hospitable to the newcomer with ideas to express as magazine publishing, for if one has sufficient determination, he can always start a magazine of his own. To be sure, one needs a rather hefty chunk of cash if he intends his publication to rival *Life*, *Look*, or *Holiday* and the odds will be against him, since the mortality rate of magazines is appalling. But if his ambitions are modest and his conception is sound, he might well be able to found a new magazine for a few thousand dollars, as Hugh Hefner started *Playboy* and Jerry Ellison started *Best Articles and Stories*. As the massiest of the mass media reach out for ever larger audiences, it strikes me, the magazine may find a new strength and vitality as an organ for minority tastes, interests and expression. The specialized magazine can fill a need that neither television or the broad-based magazines can possibly fill.

Yet the magazines of multi-million circulation surely

perform an important job of transmitting new ideas, even when they are at their most superficial. They are, I think, very much like billboards for new ideas; they hold them up to their readers for a fleeting glance. The curious, thus exposed to them, can explore them at greater depth in books and in other magazines.

And then, amidst their superficialities, magazines do carry much that is good, and I can think of example after example without scurrying to the files. For instance, it was in a magazine — the *New Yorker* — that Rebecca West perceptively explored the anatomy of treason and that John Hersey told just how complete was the devastation of Hiroshima. It was in a magazine — *Look* — that William Bradford Huie named the murderers of Emmett Till and that Peter Maas questioned the evidence which has kept a New Orleans Negro in prison since 1950. It was in a magazine — *Real* — that Andrew St. George reported on the integration of the Negro in the armed forces. It was in a magazine — *Fortune* — that William H. Whyte first took his peek into the heart of Organization Man. It was in a magazine — the *Saturday Evening Post* — that William Faulkner told his tales before the literary critics made him their darling. It was in a magazine — *Harper's* — that John Bartlow Martin used factual reporting to achieve the elements of Greek tragedy and that John Fischer explored the realities of American politics. It was in a magazine — the *New Leader* — that letters never intended for publication gave us a detailed and vivid picture of agricultural life in Red China. It was in a magazine — the *Saturday Review* — that Norman Cousins appealed to the conscience of the first nation to use the atom bomb. And if Mr. Cousins' counsel is heeded, I am sure, thirty years from now someone will be looking back on today's crop of magazines with all of the fondness with which I have recalled the magazines of my boyhood.

FOG-BOUND

For most, the fog-bound island meant
Peril to self and ship and plane,
Blind gropings through a numb inane
To slay the dragon discontent.

For some, and not through weak caprice
But ardent faith which kept them young,
A flame beyond the formless hung
With glories of the Golden Fleece.

GEOFFREY JOHNSON

The Dilemma of the Christian University

BY O. A. GEISEMAN

*Pastor of Grace Lutheran Church
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WE ALL recognize that it is not a simple task to manage the affairs of a Christian University. Like all other schools, large or small, it must meet the problems of finance, the problems of providing physical facilities, growing numbers of course offerings, and a sufficiency of competent instructors for an expanding student body. Such assignments are not easily executed, especially when the means at hand are so very limited. But difficult and perplexing as these may appear to be, they are negligible when compared with the much more important and vital problem which I have chosen to call "The Dilemma" which confronts the Christian University. This dilemma arises from the fact that as a *Christian University* it must constantly remain alert to the tensions which arise in the relationship of Faith and Reason. Allow me to illustrate.

Christian theology revolves around Christ Who is at the very heart and center thereof. But Christ was both God and man, true man, born of the Virgin Mary, and true God, begotten of the Father from eternity, very God of very God.

This fact of Christ, the God-Man, has posed a real problem for every man interested in Biblical studies and different people have tried to solve this problem in different ways.

There have been those outside the pale of Christendom who have given free rein to reason. They have treated Jesus simply as another man and when, in their study of Christ, they encountered the divine Son of God Who performed miracles and laid claim to divinity, they merely rejected as myth and legend what they could neither fathom nor comprehend. They blatantly refused to recognize the legitimacy of faith and thus to their own satisfaction cut the Gordian knot. The fact that they, by such a procedure, left many things to be accounted for insofar as the Christ of the Bible is concerned, did not seem to disturb them too much.

Meanwhile there have been some within the Church who have placed all of the emphasis on faith and who have treated the place of reason in the scheme of things with complete scorn. They were not interested in theological scholarship, but have, with the closed mind of the obscurantist, reverently bowed their heads and left room only for faith.

Neither of these approaches, however, is acceptable to the *Christian University*. If it were merely a university it might yield the full right of way to reason and ignore the place of faith. If it were merely a gathering of simple Christians it might ignore the place of scholarship and reason. But as a *Christian University* it finds itself in the dilemma of having to find the

appropriate sphere for both Faith and Reason.

It must recognize that Jesus was a Man. He ate and drank, slept and wept like every other human being. He conversed with men in human language. He lived on earth at a certain time in history, in a certain geographical area, under certain forms of government and amidst given social and economic conditions. To the degree to which this is true His life is as subject to study, research, investigation as that of any other figure in history. Here, then, is a large area of interest in which the most brilliant of scholars can exhaust his potentials as he searches out the pertinent details of contemporary history, literature, geography, language, grammar, syntax, etc.

All the while, however, honest Christian scholars still find themselves face to face with the Christ of God, the Son of God, very God of very God Whose mysteries are unfathomable and beyond comprehension. Here is the great, divine reality, the infinite God Who cannot be defined, analyzed, atomized, segmented. Here reason is stymied. Here only the Spirit of God can provide light and persuade man in faith to accept this Son of God incarnate as His personal Savior Who lived, labored, suffered, died, and arose again for his redemption. This is the point at which the Christian scholar submits his reason to the persuasive power of the divine Spirit and, together with the simplest of believers, bends his knees and reverently bows his head at the foot of the Cross to say: "I believe that Jesus Christ, true God, begotten of the Father from eternity, and true man, born of the Virgin Mary, is my Lord Who has redeemed me, a lost and condemned creature."

A Christian University recognizes the dilemma and seeks, under God, to do justice to both Faith and Reason. It rejects the position of the out and out rationalist as well as that of the unintelligent obscurantist.

Another area of theology in which this dilemma confronts the Christian University with peculiar force at this very moment in history is that which has to do with the Word of God. The entire Christian Church, both at home and abroad, is presently engaged in most lively conversation about the "Word."

Here again we find the same differences of approach. There are those who treat the Word of God as though it were merely another body of literature, comparable to the poetry of Homer or the plays of Shakespeare. Whatever commends itself to reason they are ready to accept. Whatever reason cannot master, they reject as mythological, legendary, superstitious.

Others, who are shocked by the high-handed methods of the rationalists, blithely refuse to acknowledge any kind of existing problems. They stubbornly close their eyes and merely say: "I don't bother about problems. I simply believe." They are not interested in research, in scholarship, but prefer the obscurantist's state of mind.

Again, the Christian University cannot accept either of these points of view for in accepting the viewpoint of the rationalist it would cease to be Christian and in accepting the view point of the obscurantist it would cease to be a university.

The Christian University must face the dilemma created by the fact that on the one hand the Word of God was transmitted to the Church through men. These men differed widely from one another. Some were simple herdsmen like Amos. Some were gifted writers like Isaiah or Luke, endowed with poetic and literary talents. They lived at different times, in different places. They represented different points of view. Their facility for the use of language varied greatly. They wrote for different people and had different objectives in mind.

Beyond all of this, their original manuscripts are no longer extant. Many transcriptions have been made by fallible men with the result that there are many thousands of variant readings, interpolations, text corruptions in the manuscripts available to us today, to say nothing about the fact that the vowel pointings in the Old Testament are admittedly the work of later, uninspired scholars of the sacred text.

All of these factors impart a human side to the Holy Scriptures which fairly beckon the interested scholar to give himself with utmost zest to the pursuit of

Biblical study from many different angles. Again, language, grammar, syntax, history, geography, social and political factors, contemporary literature, and a host of other things provide the areas in which the mind of man can wear itself out in an honest, earnest, reverent effort to discover the real, true, intended meaning of the Word. Here then is a territory in which some of the world's most brilliant scholars have room for a field day.

Meanwhile, however, it remains a fact that the Sacred Scriptures are not merely a word of man. They are a body of divine revelation, supernaturally given by the Spirit of God for the purpose of acquainting us with the true God and of "making us wise unto salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus." The moment we enter the area of the supernatural we find ourselves in the presence of facts and truths which are beyond investigation. Here the Christian scholar must again, in all humility, have his reason bow before divine, supernatural, miraculous revelation and simply say: "Speak, O Lord, Thy servant heareth."

Thus, a Christian University is one which recognizes the dilemma posed by the tensions which arise out of both the reality of Faith and the reality of Reason. It can not be satisfied, therefore, merely to keep its financial head above water or to enlarge its physical facilities or even to attract larger numbers of students. It must be concerned to maintain high academic standards while, at the same time, cultivating within its faculty and student body the grace of penitent humility in the presence of the crucified Christ. Only thus can it resolve the dilemma which is posed by the rightful demands of both Faith and Reason.

TO A SPECIFIC PRINCIPAL, IN NO PARTICULAR SCHOOL, BUT FOR OUR PARTICULAR TIME

his lips mouth out hyperbole of hope,
his eyes blink down confusions of a brain,
his thought, proportioned to an isotope,
skids waveringly and sinks beneath the strain
conformity demands. his life, his laugh,
his walk, his day are owned by one and all.
while willfully he builds throughout his staff
a mediocrity to call
forth dirges for an educational doom;
his self-destruction is his living tomb,
our sneers of sharp contempt his epitaph.

HARLAND RISTAU

Freud and the Theatre - II

BY WALTER SORELL

Drama Editor

IT IS A curious phenomenon that some of the more important playwrights who have dubbed themselves "religious" have made most obvious use of our familiarity with psychoanalysis. Graham Greene and T. S. Eliot are militant Catholics (Roman and Anglo-, respectively), and though the church may have its justified dislike for the competitive couch, its dramatists do not shy away from getting their messages across with psychoanalytical props, from advancing their aims with Freudian crutches.

In the "Cocktail Party," deus ex Eliot is disguised as an unidentified guest who later, taking off his mask, turns out to be a psychiatrist, speaks with the tongue of a priest, and acts with creative compulsion (or shall we say like God?), rearranging the lives of several people-puppets in his hands.

Graham Greene also introduces an analyst — most of the analysts on stage hail from Vienna as if the Freudian principles were dramaturgically more valid when delivered with a thick accent — in his religious detective story, "The Potting Shed," in which the hero seeks help in analysis to find out the traumatic secret of his life. While his treatment does not really bring his life nor the play to any solution, it has been a stepping-stone in the hero's total conversion. And when in Greene's "The Power and the Glory" (which, by the way, is a better novel than a play) the disgraced priest takes great risks in fulfilling his clerical duty and challenges his fate in his desperate desire to escape so that he can confess, it is no longer a religious case alone, but also the dissection of a psychotic case in which the death wish is self-punishment triumphant. When Archibald MacLeish sends three comforters to "J.B." as the symbols of our time, one is a priest, the second a politician in the shape of a Marxist, and the third a scientist in the mental garb of an analyst who opens the gambit with the question: "In dreams are answers. How do your dreams go, Big Boy? Tell!" Could there be a stronger proof than these few examples chosen at random that Freud as a vital expression of our time has become a convenient image for our playwrights?

Ours has become a theatre of psychological man, with the author being indoctrinated, knowing the answers, and therefore having to look for the problems to fit the ready-made solution. The dramatic result is then too often a fiasco. How different — although naive in spots when shown on a stage today — are the psychological experiments of Strindberg ("To

Damascus!", "Dream Play"), or of Wedekind ("Earth Spirit") who dared to enter the virgin forest of our subliminal feelings on a literary level simultaneously with Freud's discoveries.

Strindberg began to work on "To Damascus!" in 1898, three years after Freud had published his first paper on hysteria. "The Dream Play" followed Freud's "Interpretation of Dreams" by two years. But it is doubtful that Strindberg had knowledge of or had read those scientific papers at that time which then were known only to a relatively small circle of medical men. And, moreover, his ideas were generally rejected; Freud himself referred to a characteristic comment in the *Jahrbuecher fuer Psychiatrie* that "no experienced psychiatrist could read it without really shuddering."

Much closer related to Freud was Arthur Schnitzler, a Viennese physician like Freud, who started his writing career with "Anatol" in 1892 and who, as a writer, could never deny his medical leanings. Most of his works show a remarkable acuteness of observation and a burning interest in the clinical dissection of characters, of the pathological case. After reading Schnitzler's "Paracelsus" Freud wrote in 1898 about it: "I was astonished to see what such a writer knows about these things." When Henry Denker gave his play on Sigmund Freud the title "A Far Country" he may have taken it out of the Freudian text, unaware of the fact that Arthur Schnitzler used "The Far Country" of our souls as the title of one of his plays.

But what was discovery in those days (sixty years ago) has turned in cliché today. Some of us may still be ashamed to admit that they are in analysis, that they need a mental crutch, but the Freudian terminology has already become timeworn and joke-battered. Therefore, one easily moves on the dangerous ice of Kitsch when one does not succeed in finding a new angle to a purely psychological play. Granted, we cannot create characters nor situations any longer that do not show the writer's psychological awareness. But even such skilful playwrights as William Inge fall victim to the obvious when they try to dramatize case No. 4 or 10. A good example of a bad play is Inge's "A Loss of Roses" in which the son-in-love-with-mother motif is transplanted into a bungalow in Kansas. When she becomes disturbed by her son's persistence in playing the part of her late husband and when the Oedipus complex oozes out of every gesture and word, the physical-visual stage translation of a psycho-analytical primer becomes embarrassing.

Justice and Goodness

BY THE REV. ERHARDT H. ESSIG

Professor of English

Concordia Senior College

Is God unrighteous who taketh vengeance?

— Romans 3,5

EACH YEAR MORE and more of our students go to graduate schools to continue their studies. There they hear many things that are in conflict with certain truths that they learned in our church-related institutions. Here, for example, are a few of the assumptions that they encounter in the classrooms of secular universities: Everything is subject to change; everything is relative; there is no absolute truth; there is no absolute standard of morality.

In this age of relativism, certainty and positiveness in religious views are looked at askance. People who firmly trust in the verities of the Scriptures are derisively labeled "Know-alls." Charles Lamb, who also believed that church dogma professes to know too much about the unknowable, expressed it this way:

The Economy of Heaven is dark,

And wisest clerks have missed the mark.

One of the most common and pernicious premises encountered in intellectual circles is the bland assumption that the Jehovah of the Old Testament is an altogether different Being from the God of the New Testament. This viewpoint is enunciated, for example, by Professor Edward Wagenknecht in a widely used college textbook. It appears in his comments on Browning's poem "Saul." In this magnificent lyric, you will remember, Browning retells the Biblical story of King Saul. Saul is a candidate for suicide; he is interested in nothing. The problem is: What can be done to bring a man like Saul back to normalcy? After all physical appeals have failed, David hits upon a message that has come in a kind of revelation: "All's love, yet all's law." In other words, God is not only a powerful God but also a God of love. The great evidence that God is a God of love is this that God sent His Son to save us. In Browning's poem, David exclaims:

O Saul, it shall be

A Face like my face that receives thee; a Man like to me,

Thou shalt love and be loved by, for ever: a Hand like this hand

Shall throw open the gates of new life to thee! See the Christ stand!

In his introductory comments on this poem, Professor Wagenknecht remarks: "The ideas expressed in the poem are, of course, much too advanced for David's day. David lived late in the eleventh and early in the

tenth century B.C.; Hosea, the first prophet to think of God as love, in the eighth century B.C. Actually, Browning goes beyond the range of the Old Testament altogether, expressing . . . the Christian doctrine of the Incarnation." Here we have the circumscribed and patronizing assumption that the people of David's day were incapable of doing any reflective thinking above the elementary level. There is, furthermore, the implicit denial of Messianic prophecy. We have here also echoes of the common Modernistic assumption that the Old Testament represents an altogether different philosophy than the New Testament; that the God of the Old Testament is a barbaric, tribal deity — a cruel, vengeful, spiteful God, something like Caliban's god Setebos — whereas the God of the New Testament is a God of love, interested in social justice. The underlying idea seems to be that the same God cannot be both just and benevolent.

But, as the Bible shows, God is a complex Being. He has numerous attributes: indivisibility, immutability, infinity, intelligence, wisdom, holiness, justice, truth, goodness, and power. Some of these are negative, quiescent attributes. Others are positive, operative attributes. He is a God of love, but He is also a just God, and justice demands that iniquity be punished. Some people think of God in an extremely elementary fashion. They cannot conceive of Him as having more than one attribute — something like John Bunyan's characters. This attempt to conceive of the infinite God in limited, human terms and according to human standards is like trying to measure the Grand Canyon with a millimeter scale or like trying to gather up Niagara Falls in a tea cup. It out-Calibans Caliban.

William Blake, the great English painter, engraver, poet, and mystic, seems to have understood this perfectly. In his apostrophe to "The Tiger," which every college sophomore has read, he asks, "Did He who made the lamb make thee?" Is it possible that the tender, loving Creator who made the meek and gentle lamb also made the fierce tiger? The tiger, a symbol of God's just wrath, as the lamb is a symbol of God's love, is not only fearful; he is also beautiful. His marvelous symmetry is something to awaken wonder and admiration. So it is with God's justice. Although God's justice is dreadful, it is nevertheless a divine attribute, and as such it must be necessary and good. God is His own ethical norm. "His work is perfect: for all His ways are judgment: a God of truth and without ini-

quity, just and right is He." "The Lord is righteous in all His ways, and holy in all His works."

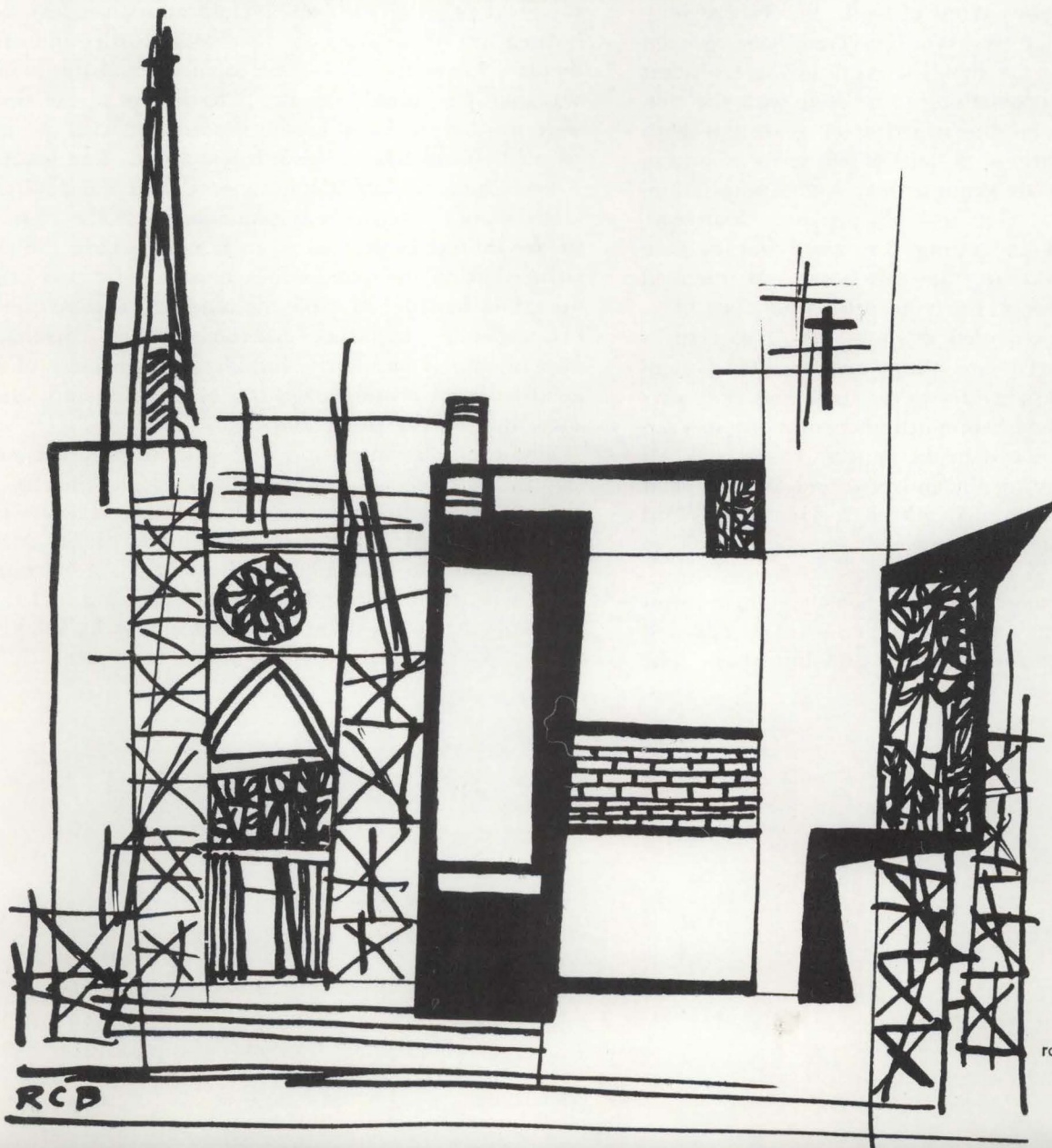
From the beginning to the end of the Bible there is unmistakable evidence both of God's justice and of His goodness. St. Paul emphasizes this polarity when he says to the Romans: "Behold therefore the *goodness* and *severity* of God: on them which fell, severity; but toward thee, goodness if thou continue in His goodness." God shows His severity through wars and other calamities. Satan often causes men to harbor the suspicion that God will not punish sin, that His threats are mere bugaboos to frighten the timid. Therefore God must show His severity. Let men but disregard His threats, and they will pay the dreadful consequences. They that sow the wind must reap the whirlwind. "It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God."

But this is only one side of the picture. God also reveals His goodness. He reveals it in the marvels of creation, in His daily bounties, and especially in His gracious work of redemption. Professor Wagenknecht is certainly wrong when he says that the concept of

love was unknown before Hosea's day. All through the psalms appear statements like these: "The Lord is good to all; and His tender mercies are over all His works." "He hath not deal with us after our sins, nor rewarded us according to our iniquities." ". . . with the Lord there is mercy, and with him is plenteous redemption."

And as far back as the book of Exodus appears the passage: "The Lord, the Lord God, merciful and gracious, long-suffering, and abundant in goodness and truth."

Regardless of what men of acknowledged intellect may say, there is nothing inconsistent about a God who hates sin and yet loves the sinner, and there is nothing inharmonious about a divine book that pronounces dire judgments and also offers free, unmerited love. It is true that the Bible cleaves into two parts, but we nevertheless find in it a marvelous unity of design. As one writer expresses it: "Grace buds in the Old Testament and blossoms in the New. As the blossom is hid in the bud, and the bud lies open in the blossom: so in the Old the New is concealed, and in the New the Old is revealed."



robert charles brown

Beauty To Hold

By ADALBERT RAPHAEL KRETZMANN

THE MAKING of books was, for ages, a long and tedious process. There was the long process of preparing the physical material of skins and paper lovingly made by hand. There was the careful gathering of lamp black for ink and the cutting of quills for pens and the sifting of sand for blotters. It had to be done at a good window, bright with the light of the sky, but shielded from the direct rays of the sun which could wilt and curl a good sheet very quickly. The letters were formed according to ancient patterns transmitted through families of learned scribes or in the schools of the monasteries. Every spot of color was laid in with loving care by hand.

Small wonder that these careful craftsmen felt that printing was a debasement of their art, especially when it came to the precious Word of God. Surely, everyone could recognize that this Word of God, sent to men from heaven, must be handled with loving, constant care. This was not something to be done with the clatter of mechanics and the whirring of gears but with the painstaking care of a faith-filled scribe marking out every letter with genuine love and appreciation.

It is obvious that God had other plans. Man was, as usual, too slow in getting the Word out because man, as usual, was aware that this Word was intended only for him and not really for the whole world — most of whom he regarded as unworthy of so great a treasure! God moved into Mainz and prodded Gutenberg and Fust and Schoeffer to cast type and find ways by combining lead with bismuth and antimony to keep the shape which was cast in the matrix. It worked! All over the world they sought and read and learned what God would reveal to man through His own Word and the words of learned men. Printing had come to stay.

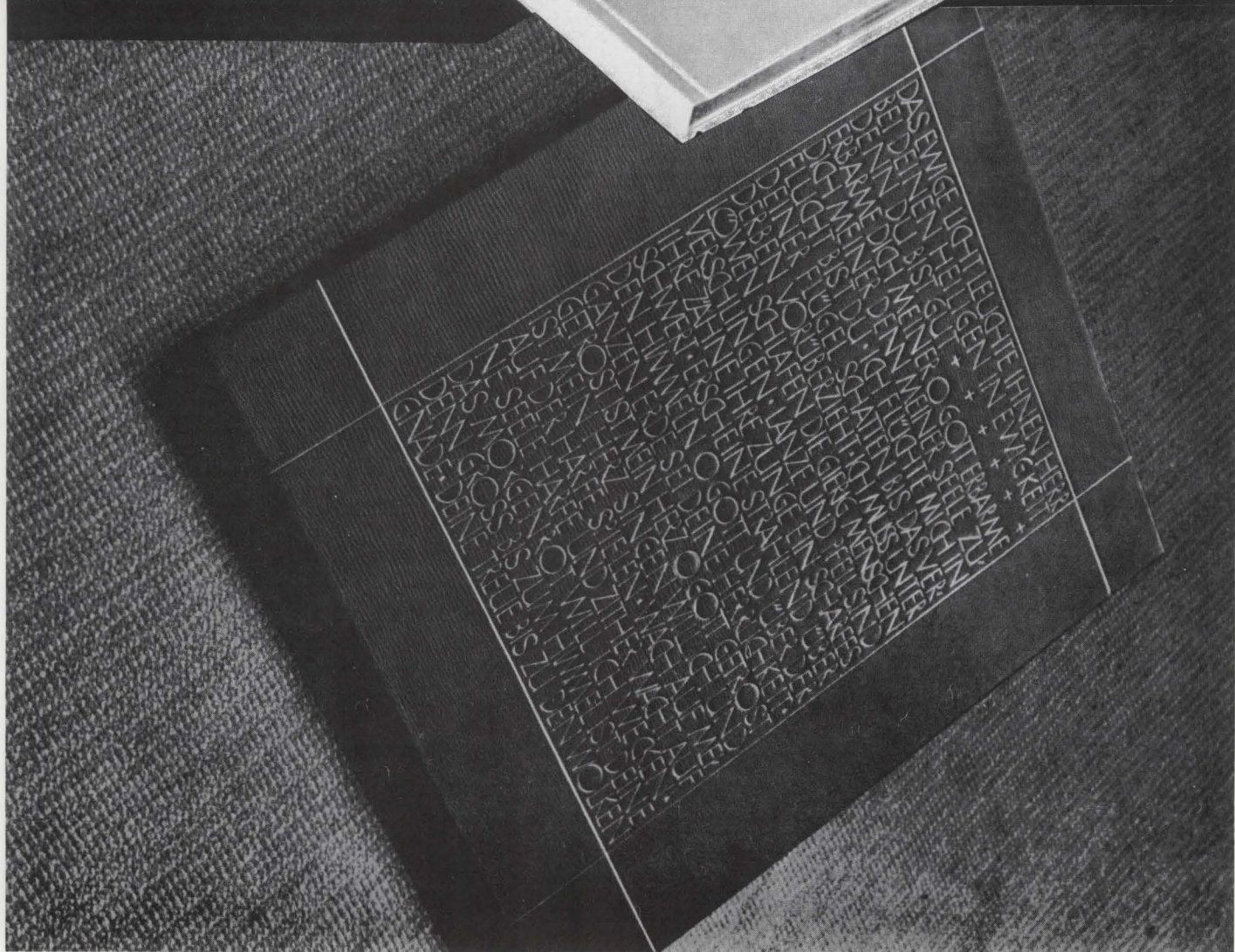
Then came an odd reaction. Somehow man must atone for the high speed reproduction of words and thoughts through printing presses and linotypes. The

art of book binding which had left the craftsman's shop along with the calligraphers suddenly came back into its own. The good book, or good books in general, deserved good bindings. Not always durable bindings, but good. Bindings of every kind began to appear. Finely woven tapestries, extremely delicate so that the book can only be used for show purposes — the skin of delicate animals as well as good old tough cow and steer hides went into binding. There came delicate inlays of carved wood and ivory and precious stones — inlays also of leather on leather which required the invention of tremendously effective glues and adhesives.

The real secret lay in the twisted linen which they stitched through the folios. It could be flexed and bent year after year but still it held its iron grip on the good pages of the book. Gold and silver leaf were burned into their place on the covers as titles and ornaments. Sometimes no leafing was used and the tooling was simply a "blind" design. The insides of the covers were lined with fine silks and brocades or with specially painted end papers and exquisitely tanned fine leathers.

Even human skin found its way into the covers of sacred books. Particularly pious ladies of the court or in the nunneries deemed it an honor to have the skin stripped from their backs in a most painful and crude operation in order to make the bindings of sacred books of particular, if rather gruesome, value. Strangely, human skin is peculiarly durable and the piety of the good ladies of centuries ago can be handled and felt in some noteworthy collections.

The examples shown on the opposite page are some significant offerings in the field of book binding for the modern church. One is a guest register prepared by Frida Schoy for the church of St. Mark, Therme, in the year 1955. The other is a memorial book with the Commendation of The Dying tooled by hand on the cover, done in the same year by the same artist. The interior covers are even more beautiful.



Two Neglected Composers

By WALTER A. HANSEN

WHILE SPLASHING ABOUT in the waters of beautiful Lake Couderay in northern Wisconsin I suddenly felt the urge to take up the cudgels for two much-maligned composers. I do not know the source of the inspiration that came to me at that moment. Maybe a school of wide-awake walleyes was lurking in the neighborhood to remind me — telepathically, as it were — that the charm of the melodies devised by Franz von Suppe (1819-95) and Gioacchino Rossini (1792-1868) has much in common with the grace with which these fish swim. Perhaps a husky muskellunge prompted me to speak up for the long-lasting sturdiness contained in much of the music composed by these two men.

At all events, I decided then and there to come to the defense of Franz and Gioacchino. Is it risky to take such a step? Is it hazardous to call Dalmatian-born Franz and Italian-born Gioacchino outstanding masters in their particular fields? Is it preposterous to speak of these two composers as great melodists?

I confess that there was a time when I, too, turned up my nose at compositions like the *Poet and Peasant Overture*, the *Light Cavalry Overture*, and other undyingly popular works from von Suppe's facile and fertile pen. Perhaps I had heard these compositions manhandled altogether too often by incompetent brass bands, squealing orchestras, and clumsy players of piano duets. More than once I consigned the *William Tell Overture* to outer darkness. But many years ago I saw the error of my ways, and my attitude became completely different. If I were a composer, it would give me unending joy to have written melodies as graceful as those that have been handed down to us by Franz and Gioacchino.

These two men were neither Beethovens nor Bachs. Nor were they Mozarts or Wagners. They could not write like Brahms, and the melodic vein at their command was different in many respects from Schubert's. Nevertheless, I am convinced that Beethoven, Bach, Mozart, Wagner, Brahms, and Schubert would have been proud of a melody like *Hab' ich nur deine Liebe*, from von Suppe's *Boccaccio*. Furthermore, long and intimate association with the works of hundreds upon hundreds of composers has shown me that it is relatively easy to find commonplace melodies in the output of every one of them.

Von Suppe and Rossini did not produce masterpieces every time they sat down to write. But they did give us many compositions of lasting value, and they continue to rejoice the hearts of millions.

Snobbery is as vicious and disgusting in music as it is in any other field of knowledge. I have heard Bach enthusiasts speak sneeringly of Georges Bizet's *Carmen*, one of the greatest of all operas. Whenever this happens, I concluded at once that the understanding such persons had of Bach's music was only skin-deep. More than once I have clenched my teeth while snobs attempted to tear von Suppe and Rossini to shreds. "Is it utterly impossible," I asked myself, "for one who is thrilled to the marrow by music composed by Bach to take delight in the graceful melodies and the scintillating orchestration of von Suppe and Rossini?"

Would Bach himself sneer at Bizet's *Carmen* if he were alive today? Would he make snide remarks if he could come back to earth to hear Rossini's *The Barber of Seville*? Would he dismiss *Hab' ich nur deine Liebe* as sentimental slush? I do not think so. Bach was a broad-minded composer. Otherwise he could not have been Bach. Beethoven was broad-minded. Otherwise he could not have been Beethoven. The same thing is true, I believe, of every great composer.

I am firmly convinced that both Bach and Beethoven would have taken infinite pleasure in the lightness of touch and in the sparkle characteristic of much of the music written by von Suppe and Rossini. They too, composed gay pieces, and they did not consider it beneath their dignity to do so. Neither did the great Mozart or the giant whose name was Handel. Why, then, should any student of music, no matter how profoundly learned or unlearned he may be, consider it beneath his majestic and sacrosanct dignity to say at least a few words in praise of men like von Suppe and Rossini?

I refuse to quarrel with anyone who is altogether unable to cultivate an honestly felt fondness for the music of Franz and Gioacchino, but those who are prompted by pharisaical snobbery to condemn these two men out of hand invariably cause me excruciating pain. So, by the way, do those who sneer at the music of George Gershwin.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH

RELIGION

WHAT'S THE GOOD WORD?

By Edward W. Wessling (Concordia, \$1.00)

One of the nice things about going to church on Sunday is that it is about the only contact that most of us still have with the dear, dead days of the nineteenth century. The vocabulary of piety is still redolent of those "good old days" when the parson was the most learned man in the village and his sermon was as much a literary *oeuvre* as it was a disquisition upon the Word of God. Whether it was at all intelligible to our grandfathers is a question which would be difficult, at this late date, to answer. Certainly much of the charm of much modern preaching derives from the fact that the grand old words — unintelligible as they may be to modern ears — still roll from the pulpit familiarly and predictably, saying nothing in particular but enfolding the congregation in a mantle of familiar sounds.

Pastor Wessling is one of the breed of youngish pastors who think that preachers should speak a language "understood of the people." His style is colloquial, his illustrations are drawn from the life of people living in the middle of the twentieth century, and he does not eschew the use of humor when it can be used to advantage. His purpose in this inexpensive little paperback is to rescue some of the great old words of the Faith from the process of corrosion which has all but destroyed some of them and to put them back to work as symbols and vehicles of the Truth.

It takes considerable literary skill to do this kind of job, but, more than that, it takes some burrowing through to the basic theological ideas which these words were originally meant to symbolize. Pastor Wessling's skill with words makes this book eminently readable, but it is theological acuity that makes it worth reading. Young people, particularly, should read this book, for it is to them that the language of theology is most archaic, and there have been surveys a-plenty to testify that they have some weird ideas of the meanings of such words as sin, faith, atonement, justification, law, gospel, love, sacraments, vocation, liturgy, God, prayer, worship, church — all of which Pastor Wessling explains in their own language. And everybody should read the introductory essay, "Male and Female," a remarkably clear and concise statement of Christian teaching on sex and marriage.

THE BORDERLAND

By Canon Roger Lloyd (Macmillan, \$2.50)

Whoever expects something perfect is geared for disappointment. This book's wonderful subtitle, "An Exploration of Theology in English Literature," sounds like the answer to a long-felt discussion need. This topic has great appeal for critic and reader alike, especially if it really penetrates into the valid because vital literary inter-relationships. The subject deserves much closer scrutiny, e.g., along the lines of Randall Stewart's recent book *American Literature and Christian Doctrine*, than it is given here by the Residentiary Canon and Diocesan Missioner of Winchester Cathedral.

The major flaw in this slim volume is its vagueness of expression, best illustrated in the mere suggestivity of its key word "borderland." Here's a sample:

It would be precious and unreal to attempt anything like an inevitably "mock" constitutional treatise of what is, after all, a kingdom of the mind. Nevertheless, the Borderland is certainly a monarchy though never a despotism. . . . The monarch is absolute. He is at no subject's beck and call. But the subject is left to be master in his own house.

Undoubtedly, such generalizations (which abound throughout) will have life and can produce meaning when the *speaker* adds his personality to the them. These nineteen brief chapters actually were three lectures to the theological faculty of the University College of North Wales at Bangor, here labelled *A Chart of Pleasant Exploration, Finding One's Way About, and Haunted by a Muse*. It is one thing to hear them warmly delivered (as I detect from their hearty sentences), but to read them in cold print is a poor substitute.

GENERAL

BETRAYAL AT THE UN

By De Witt Copp and Marshall Peck (Devin-Adair, \$4.75)

In writing this book the authors seem to have a twofold purpose. First they desire to describe the dramatic story of Paul Bang-Jensen, United Nations diplomat of Danish descent who refused to give up to his superiors the list of Hungarian refugee-witnesses testifying before the United Nations' special committee set up to investigate the events of the Hungarian Revolution of 1956. Bang-Jensen's disagreement with Dag Hammarskjold and with other leading members of the United Nations'

secretariat and his lack of subordination to them led to a long and painful disciplinary procedure and finally to his being discharged from the United Nations staff. After long months of worrying for his and his family's future, Bang-Jensen, according to the police, committed suicide. The authors are rather sceptical about his death being a "perfect suicide" as it was styled. They try to prove that Bang-Jensen was murdered by Soviet agents.

As the title of the book suggests, the two authors had a second purpose in writing *Betrayal at the UN*. They make their views perfectly clear that whether Bang-Jensen committed suicide or whether he was murdered, the responsibility for his tragic death must be put on the door-step of the administrative leadership of the United Nations, not excepting Dag Hammarskjold, its Secretary General. They also accuse the United Nations secretariat of neglecting its obligation to go to the aid of Hungary when her people revolted against the Communist government and were brutally attacked by the armed forces of the Soviet Union.

The personal story of Bang-Jensen is dramatically rendered and reads as excitingly as any good detective story. It seems to be based on evidence collected by the authors as a result of a thorough, conscientious investigation to find out the facts concerning the mysterious death of the Danish diplomat. While the authors do not succeed in proving that Bang-Jensen was murdered, the story, as told by them, leaves the reader with deep sympathy for the tragic person of Bang-Jensen, and with regret for what happened to him during the sorrowful last years of his life and especially during the fateful days immediately preceding his tragic death.

This reviewer cannot but wonder whether those who fired Bang-Jensen could not have found a more humane solution to the problem. One would expect more tact and more consideration from men leading an organization which is supposed to embody the high moral principles inscribed in the charter of the United Nations.

Coming to the political suggestions of the book, this reviewer cannot register complete agreement with the views of the authors. It is true, as the authors assert, that the United Nations did not live up to its high mission in connection with the Hungarian Revolution. It did far from enough to protect the people of Hungary from the brutal attack of the Soviet armed forces. This, in spite of the fact that the United Nations was the only international forum to which the Hungarian government

appealed officially for help. However, while this is undoubtedly true, it is unjustified to lay the whole or even the primary responsibility, as the authors do, on the United Nations for abandoning the Hungarian people in their fight for freedom and democracy. To do so is to misunderstand the nature and the limitations of the world organization.

The United Nations is not sovereign. The members remain individually sovereign. It is an instrument which the members, the nation-states, use and misuse according to their interests. The United Nations is not above them, it is dependent on them. As things stand today, it is still not too much more than a "by-product" of the nation-state system, which is dominated by power politics. Because power politics also motivate the decisions of the nation-states when acting as members of the United Nations, the world organization's decisions and actions are actually the results of the prevailing struggle among nation-states.

For the time being the United States and the Soviet Union, supported by their respective allies and satellites, have preponderance in the game of power politics. Their confrontation dominates the international scene, and their struggle for world supremacy is the central problem of our time. Subject to some qualifications, such as their competition for the favor of neutral nations, specifically as expressed in United Nations votes, they have a determining influence on the solutions of world affairs outside and inside the United Nations. In this sense, the actions of the United Nations ultimately can rightly be considered as the results of the will of one of the two giants, or of the power balance prevailing between the two at a given time.

The United States, as the acknowledged leader of the free world, is the guarantor of the cause of freedom and democracy. The Hungarian people in 1956 rose for freedom from foreign domination and for political democracy as a goal of government. Their revolution against political slavery could have been turned into a crushing defeat of international Communism and totalitarian government. It could have been and it should have been used for the cause of freedom and democracy. It was up to the United States to do so. If the government of the United States, besides some other related grave errors, failed to use effectively the machinery of the United Nations in support of the Hungarian Revolution, it bears, along with some of its principal allies, but in far greater measure, responsibility for this tragic omission. This especially, because in 1956 the preponderant influence of the United States within the world organization was still unim-

paired. The responsibility to act swiftly and decisively cannot be shifted to the United Nations.

When the authors try to do so, they only prove that they are not aware of the real nature and the limitations of that organization.

ZOLTAN SZTANKAY

A HOLE IN THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA

By Willard Bascom (Doubleday, \$4.95)

Considerable popular interest in the sciences has been aroused in recent years, but much of it has been focused on progress in space exploration. Other areas of pioneer research are, however, also being carried forward with hope of contributing to a better understanding of the earth and eventually to human welfare.

One such research project that has been under study for some time and that will almost certainly be put into operation as soon as money becomes available and a host of technical problems are resolved, is to drill 25,000 feet into the floor of the ocean at a point where the ocean is 10,000 feet deep.

The primary purpose of such deep drilling is to determine the nature of the material underlying the outer crust of the earth. However, the potential contributions to scientific understanding are manifold and so fundamental that they may finally resolve some of the most puzzling and basic questions with respect to the earth and some of the theories concerning it. Furthermore, the techniques developed for such drilling may in time be useful in locating and recovering petroleum and other mineral deposits now lying useless on or beneath the bottom of the ocean.

Drilling into the floor of the ocean creates many problems. There is, however, one overwhelming advantage, namely, that the outer crust of the earth is believed to be less than half as thick under the ocean as it is under continental areas.

The author is an oceanographic engineer currently working for the National Academy of Sciences. His presentation of theories, facts, and objectives that form the background and present status of the project is comprehensive and clear. In spite of the fact that fundamental scientific and technical principles, problems, and objectives are dealt with throughout, they are presented in simple, clear, and non-technical language without sacrifice of accuracy. The entire account is a fascinating presentation.

A STUDY OF MURDER

By Stuart Palmer (Thomas Y. Crowell Company, \$4.95)

In spite of the fact that civilized society considers murder to be reprehensible and the murderer as perhaps the most danger-

ous among criminals, they are the commonest topics of our mass media of communication for children and adults alike. Comic books, mystery stories, movies, television programs, radio dramas, and newspapers give detailed descriptive accounts of murders and the techniques used. Apparently the murder theme is popular since the public continues increasingly to support it financially. Unfortunately, our mass media fail to reveal why people murder.

This volume is the result of a careful, scientifically objective study of murder. The research, conducted by an assistant professor of sociology at the University of New Hampshire during a three year period, 1956 to 1959, deals with fifty-one nonprofessional murderers, presently serving prison sentences, and each is compared with his "nearest-in-age brother." The author personally interviewed these murderers, their relatives, friends and correctional officials, and examined their prison records. In this treatise he discusses the many aspects of the total problem of murder.

In the first chapter he explains in some detail "the general background of the study, the problems encountered and the procedures used." His preliminary investigation revealed that a great majority of the murderers had experienced much greater early physical and psychological frustrations than the average person and that they were undersocialized by directing their "aggression toward others in a more or less indiscriminate fashion."

The second chapter presents the actual findings of this study. Here the author analyzes the many various characteristics of these fifty-one murderers, their families, the victims and the murders. Age, race, prior criminal record, mental and emotional health, intelligence quotient, educational level attained, early home life, child-parent relationship, occupational prestige level, situations and circumstances preceding the murders, methods used to commit the murders, the relationships of the victims to the murders, nationality background and occupational prestige of parents, and social class standing were among the factors investigated indicating that these fifty-one murderers as individuals "by and large had led dismal, unprestigious, frustrating lives."

Subsequent chapters deal with physical and psychological frustrations and aggression release. Here the author presents detailed circumstances and experiences responsible for the frustrations of these fifty-one murderers and points out that they "were significantly greater in number and intensity than those experienced by their controlled brothers." Research disclosed that during childhood and adolescence the murderers employed unacceptable ways to release their aggression while their brothers used more acceptable channels.

Chapter Six, entitled "Prevention and Rehabilitation," enumerates seven major findings of this research concerning the personal and social pressures in the lives of these murderers. Especially significant to this reviewer is the author's recommendations for preventing murder, namely, to "decrease the frustration experienced by individuals in early life," and "to provide more socially acceptable outlets for aggressive feelings." He states that these can be effected through "education of future parents; counseling for present parents and their young children; and therapy for adolescents who have already been severely frustrated."

The value of this book is greatly enhanced by the inclusion of a great deal of case material. Four case histories are presented in detail giving readers an opportunity to study and understand the experiences and personalities of murderers. Three sections of this book were written by two murderers in which they express their views and attitudes concerning various aspects of murder, imprisonment, treatment, and rehabilitation.

The concluding section was written by Joseph T. Galvin, who spent twenty-five months in "Death Row" at the Massachusetts State Prison awaiting the death penalty for a crime he claims he never committed. He vividly describes in detail the physical facilities, the living conditions, and his mental tortures and experiences in "the cage."

A Study of Murder is very informative and interesting reading. It is a step in the right direction to help answer the puzzling question why people commit murder. It is hoped that this contribution to the literature in the field of crime and delinquency is the beginning of further research into this serious problem.

ANTHONY S. KUCHARICH

BLACK JACK PERSHING

By Richard O'Connor (Doubleday, \$4.95)

"The aim of biography should be to present the man in relation to his time." So wrote Goethe many years ago and perhaps this authoritative chronicle of a great American is pivotal on a period rich in dramatic incidents. Mr. O'Connor presents General Pershing not only as the cold and aloof "Black Jack" who scorned popularity but also as the sober and nostalgic reminder of that epoch in history in which he lived.

The truth of any historic period is always elusive. Sometimes this reviewer has pondered on whether history is a product of just a few individuals. After all, what is it that really matters about the past? Most people are merely "tourists" of history getting a bird's-eye view at best, erratic and exaggerated. We have a veritable

wilderness of textbooks and, in public education at least, we conscript our readers. Maybe history is just the dogmatic and ubiquitous doses supplied by biographers.

Obviously, the judgment of the biographer can always be questioned and the scholarly Mr. O'Connor is no exception. There were letters, diaries, manuscripts, speeches, and all the vast variety of original sources but, scientifically, the biographer may still have difficulty in divulging the truth and the lay reader can be served a predigested story that fits the whim of the one who is presenting the story.

The writer's admirable biographical sketch of this impressive figure is, perhaps, not an outstanding bit of literature although it should be emphasized that the General is fortunate to have such a thorough and gifted contributor. The author shows that Pershing was a competent but not a dashing military leader who had the confidence but not the affection of his soldiers.

There is a lay scholarship in the graphic account of this grimly disciplined martinet which contrasts so sharply with the basic individual freedom of American standards. To understand Pershing better, the reader needs to have a better comprehension of the times and, in this category, the writer has shown special merit. It might even be that Pershing acquired his special greatness because of the character of the times in which he lived. We were more war-hero worshippers then than we are today. Possibly, we are now more concerned with "unknown" soldiers than the headline heroes of modern times. With so much less leisure time for reading today, maybe we actually see much less of the trees as well as the forest.

The biographer does not have a romantic figure that appeals to the modern movie cult. While Mr. O'Connor shows Pershing to be a man of action, yet he was isolated, irrefragable, restrained, standing apart and alone in a well-groomed stuffiness with a grace of movement reminding one somewhat of the Calvert man in the whiskey ad. The so-called "debunkers" could not use Pershing as a core study nor did he actually have any corps of "fans" even with all his sincerity, honesty, and sober elegance. The author indicates he was possibly not a military genius but he gives him a halo of exalted patriotism which was so ably revealed as the ideal in his life's service.

Those who willingly reconcile biography with history will undoubtedly rank the A.E.F. commander with the greatest, and the book amply verifies this accepted truth. Although World War I has been dimmed by World War II, yet "Mahomet must have come from somewhere" and, while many modern readers may yawn because the General is not the grand hero typical

of the Homeric Epic or the Norse saga, yet the biographer gives exceedingly excellent accounts of many historical incidents and especially a fresh and original approach to World War I.

R. E. SCHENCK

THE FIFTY-YEAR DECLINE AND FALL OF HOLLYWOOD

By Ezra Goodman (Simon and Schuster, \$5.95)

In *The Diary and Sundry Observations of Thomas A. Edison*, published in the early 1920s, the great inventor, who is the founder of the American film, made this observation: "I do not believe that any other single agency of progress has the possibilities for a great and permanent good to humanity that I can see in the motion picture."

Has the motion picture — as a medium for mass entertainment, communication, and information — realized the almost limitless potential envisioned by Mr. Edison? Ezra Goodman, onetime Hollywood columnist for the *New York World Telegram*, cinema critic for *Time Magazine*, publicity and advertising director, and feature writer for many periodicals, is convinced that Hollywood has fallen far short of the mark.

The Fifty-year Decline and Fall of Hollywood is a long, bitter indictment of the faults and shortcomings of the entire motion-picture industry. Mr. Goodman says: "The pioneers of the screen stumbled on a vivid new world of make-believe to which many millions were instinctively drawn. But this artistic bonanza was systematically debased and devalued by a lot of shoddy merchants." The author is also vehemently critical of the press. He charges that "the Hollywood press is little more than a convenient transmission belt for Hollywood press agents. It is shaky on grammar and shakier on facts." I am sure that any adult who has exposed himself to the multitude of so-called fan magazines will agree that these periodicals represent the lowest form of journalism.

Mr. Goodman has had extensive experience in the field of the cinema, and he has collected an impressive array of evidence to support his charges. His book is long and repetitious. For this reader the most fascinating feature of the work is the brief history of the development of the motion picture from the days when a magic lantern threw shadows on a screen. In 1671 Athanasius Krieger described this process as "the great art of light and shadow." According to Mr. Goodman, the questions that must now be resolved by Hollywood are: Is the screen an art form? Or is it a commercial industry? If it is to be an art form, producers must rediscover and reaffirm the role of the creative movie-makers.

NOT TO THE SWIFT

By Tristram Coffin (W. W. Norton & Co., \$4.50)

From Tristram Coffin's charming book *Not To the Swift*, emerges the blunt and provocative account of a brutally frank pattern of American politics. The author explores an old and somewhat neglected segment of American historical fiction. With an economy of detail and excellent choice of metaphors, the onrushing narrative reveals the shadowy political manipulations of the powers that make presidents and at the same time provides an insight into the procedures that guide the man who merely occupies the chair of authority in the White House.

This gifted writer reminds your reviewer, somewhat faintly, of the occasion when the Athenian Pericles spoke of how the noble virtues of democracy should inspire its citizens and arouse the lethargic out of their indifferences. Maybe we may be reaching a situation in which our herd-motivated political society, reeking in shallow apathy and greediness, is aware only of its rights and privileges and not concerned too greatly with its duties and obligations. At least, this is a portion of the uncomfortable moral flavor which annoys this reviewer.

Traditionally and as a sensible harbinger of success, professional politicians have nearly always skillfully maneuvered for a name-person upon whom the mass of contemporary voters feed. The caliber of the individual who bears the name is secondary. His possible competence, or partisanship, as a president, is subordinated to his existing popularity. Possibly U.S. Grant, who, after the Civil War, basked in heroic grandeur, is the type exemplified by "Chris" Christiansen, the leading character in this novel.

The political masters, on this occasion, inundated the country with a flood of therapeutic formulas and narcotic nostrums to boost the already accelerating esteem that had been arranged for "Chris" as a military hero. The confused idol, dazed by the sudden explosion of events that placed a halo on his head, eventually begins to believe in his sanctity, is elected, and tries sincerely to accept his deified destiny as the savior of a mercenary and apathetic people.

The book pungently describes the fetish of mass psychology as typical of the political campaigns of our history and identifies a significant facet of our shallow conformity into which the practical mechanism of our working democracy may be degenerating.

Mr. Coffin is, also, acidly critical about the political stupidity of the people. Your reviewer takes vigorous exception to this but is reluctant to project the issue. Such

pertinent particulars make fascinating fiction but why make an epidemic of a few of the tedious diseases of democracy?

Incidentally, this book (along with its lusty sampling of vice, sex, and vulgarity, its warnings about Russian behavior in our diplomatic exchanges, and its dramatic moments in our foreign relationships), is punctuated with some brilliant tidbits of insights into the disciplines and sacrifices needed for our modern generation to reassure itself of the survival of this democracy in a free world.

I hope this book gets into the paperback category for it certainly merits a general dissemination.

RALPH EUGENE SCHENCK

LADY ON A DONKEY

By Beth Prim Howell (Dutton, \$3.95)

Mrs. Howell calls her book a "miracle story." It is the story of a faith that was so childlike that many folks thought the heroine of our story irresponsible or foolish. But Lillian Trasher, the heroine of this biography, through her faith "moved mountains." She "not only believes in miracles, she *expects* them, *demands* them." Lillian Trasher states that "miracles must be claimed to be received." They are a part of her daily routine.

Faced with an unknown future as she landed in Egypt to begin her work as a foreign missionary, she said quietly, "Glad You are already here, Lord." Lillian Trasher never used her faith to justify a 'wait and see' philosophy; rather, she used it to tackle problems that many thought insoluble. Beth Howell writes in her conclusion that "the present was a constant but wonderful problem to Lillian. The future was too far off to consider. Perhaps it was just as well. A glimpse into the future — (fires, war, cholera, no food or clothing for her many children, etc.) — "might have frightened even Lillian's staunch heart."

How can you fully express a faith and love that can lie on a dark battlefield beside a dead soldier, while bullets whizzed by, and quietly sing "Jesus Loves Me" to two infants she was trying to carry to safety? She was fulfilling her part of the prayer that she prayed when a little girl back in Georgia — "Lord, if I can ever do anything to help You, just let me know and I'll do it."

Her whole life has been a fulfillment of this prayer. Many times she was in desperate need of help. In one of her letters written as an appeal, we can catch a glimpse of her sense of humor: "We very seldom get a big donation . . . From five to ten dollars accounts for by far the greater part of our gifts . . . Don't wait until you are able to send a large sum. We have many needs which only cost a dollar. Perhaps your dollar would just fit in beauti-

fully! (most dollars do, you know!)" Many of the donations have come to the orphanage in strange ways. She wrote in her diary: "Mr. . . . died today and his family had two calves killed at the gate, as his body was carried out, for the good of his soul. They sent the meat to us. We have had meat three times this week."

I do not believe anyone can read this book without being moved. For just as the name "Mama Lillian" makes somber eyes light up and unsmiling lips smile today, so the account of her service to the orphans of Egypt makes us admire this courageous woman.

Mrs. Howell, who was so inspired when she first heard Lillian Trasher speak that she decided to write her biography, says of Lillian Trasher, "She believed in miracles until she turned into one."

LOIS SIMON

YOGI

By Yogi Berra and Ed Fitzgerald
(Doubleday, \$3.95)

This autobiography once again proves the old saying that truth is stranger than fiction.

There are Frank Merriwell episodes less fantastic than the Berra rags-to-riches story.

How the stubby Italian laborer from The Hill section of St. Louis parlayed an ability to hit any baseball thrown within his general reach makes interesting and colorful reading.

Unfortunately, transferring the Berra colorfulness to the printed page presented quite a challenge and was achieved through questionable methods, in part.

Profanity is not permissible under any conditions, even in quotes, and much less to show "color" or "realism."

Throughout the book, one too often gets the impression that Berra could not talk without being profane and, worse yet, that such manner of speech is condoned because of its source — one of the great New York Yankees of all time.

The book, through many direct quotes from Berra, proves beyond any doubt that the high point of his education was the 8th grade, and that at the age of fourteen.

At best, the book is an easy-reading case history of how professional sports make successes — by America's standards of wealth and fame — of individuals with exceptional athletic ability and little else.

We do not recommend it for grammar school children or impressionable teenagers in high school because of its profanity and a tendency to glamorize a case history which probably will not happen again in 100,000 ballplayers.

Berra has been the idol of millions in the baseball world where actions speak louder than words. His words in *Yogi*

speak louder than action and his action-carved reputation sadly suffers.

CARL GALOW

A PASSPORT SECRETLY GREEN

By Noel Perrin (St. Martin's, \$3.50)

This is a collection of witty articles on a wide variety of subjects ranging from the composition of a toast to a British bride to pigeon kicking in Morningside Heights. The twenty-one selections included are invariably funny and often hilarious, with the best of them based on the author's experiences while a student at Cambridge. Perrin, now a Dartmouth professor and a contributor to the better humor magazines, has a fine feeling for words and a keen eye for the unusual and the ludicrous.

THE OLD MAN'S BOY GROWS OLDER

By Robert Ruark (Holt, Rinehart and Winston, \$4.95)

A few years ago, Ruark wrote *The Old Man and the Boy*, a series of reminiscences about his grandfather who was his companion, confidant, and sage advisor during the author's boyhood. This volume is a continuation of these talks, but it seems to contain material left over from the first volume and it lacks the impact of the original. Consequently, grandfather begins to sound garrulous and the descriptions of hunting and fishing repetitious.

MILA 18

By Leon Uris (Doubleday, \$4.95)

Mila 18 was the address of the house in Warsaw which served as headquarters for those thousands of Jews who, for a month and a half against unbelievable odds, fought off the Nazi army which had captured the remainder of the city. This is the story of that heroic stand by an incredibly brave people. It is a story which can bear retelling, but it was told first and more impressively by John Hersey in *The Wall*. Uris has, however, written a fascinating and thrilling book, though it contains too much evidence of carelessness and overwriting, as if the author's contract with the publisher precludes their editors from using blue pencils, or preferably, scissors.

FICTION

DEEP ARE THE VALLEYS

By Hannah Closs (Vanguard, \$4.95)

This historical novel follows closely upon *High Are the Mountains* by the same author. It also has its setting in southern France during the time of the Albigensian Crusade. During recent years this period has aroused considerable interest among scholars and writers, many of whom believe that it exercised an important influence on Medieval poetry and legend.

The Albigensians, or Cathars, although embracing contradictory beliefs, stressed a way of life rather than dogma. Their aim

was to return to the unadulterated faith of the early Christians even to the extent of establishing their own organization. Because they were numerous and threatened to undermine the authority of the Church, Pope Innocent III, after persuasion failed, proclaimed the Crusade. Under the leadership of Simon de Montfort, an adventurer and baron of northern France, large areas were laid waste and thousands of people destroyed.

Deep Are the Valleys begins during the later period of the Crusade when Montfort attempts a cleaning-up action around the city of Toulouse. Because of his vacillating policies in dealing with the Church and Montfort, Count Raymond of Toulouse survived the earlier onslaught. (Intrigue was the accepted pattern by all parties concerned.) When King Pedro of Aragon, because of private quarrels with the Pope, aligned himself with Count Raymond, some hope was held for the success of their resistance.

The story is woven around Wolf, bastard son of the Count of Foix, and a friend of Count Raymond. He was a searching young idealist whose early life was influenced by a short stay in a monastery school and later by a military career at the side of his father. He found little satisfaction in either. With Viscount Trencavel, whom he served as squire, he visualized a Universal Brotherhood in which citizen and noble would be bound in comradeship. The dream was shattered when Trencavel was killed. Wolf became obsessed with the promise made to Trencavel to avenge him. His obsession carried him from battle to a refuge among the Cathars and back again into battle with the burning desire to re-destroy Montfort. He is completely frustrated when Simon is killed by a stray stone from a catapult, and seeks to re-evaluate his life. Through unusual circumstances he finds himself helpless and being cared for in the cave of a hermit who attempts to solve some of his problems. When he meets a small girl playing on the edge of a nearby lake he is inspired by her dreams and simplicity to flee the realization of what he had been and to choose what he is to become.

The writer has been justly acclaimed for a deep and sensitive perception of people and events in the Middle Ages. She is equally at home whether describing a stirring battle or a dreamer near the tarn. The authenticity of the period and most of the characters add much toward making this book worthwhile reading.

B. Jox

THE TORCH

By Wilder Penfield (Little, Brown, \$4.75)

I SWEAR AND VOW

By Stefan Olivier. Tr. by Helen Sebba (Doubleday, \$3.95)

These two novels are about physicians.

The setting for one is an Aegean island in the fifth century B.C.; the setting for the other is contemporary Germany. The first is written by an eminent neurosurgeon, and the second by a journalist with medical training.

During the Age of Pericles, man's achievements in intellectual and artistic endeavors reached a pinnacle not equalled until the height of the Renaissance, two thousand years later. Hippocrates, Father of Medicine, lived and worked on the Island of Cos during this Golden Age. He alone among physicians of the time insisted upon a critical study of nature for accurate information. In the *Hippocratic Writings* is found the first clear statement of the scientific method. The Hippocratic Oath, enjoying a rigorous code of professional ethics, is still administered to fledgling doctors.

In *The Torch*, Hippocrates, a wholly admirable young man, wins the girl on whom he has set his heart, and is well on the way toward earning a professional fame which has endured for twenty-four centuries. Dr. Penfield's personal exploration, thorough knowledge of medicine and study of literature, history, and archeology, contribute to the authenticity of his book. Maps and notes also add to its value. The novel gives a clear picture of Hippocrates' methods of teaching and of his relationship with other prominent physicians of his day. Especial stress is laid upon his keen observation of patients and the meticulous records he kept for guidance in future diagnoses and treatments. The background of the story is completely satisfactory, the plot plausible; yet, in spite of the author's efforts, his characters seem as remote as figures on a frieze.

Stefan Olivier uses the opening phrase of the Hippocratic Oath as title for his book. He tells the story of two doctors, one able and conscientious, one overweeningly ambitious.

Dr. Hans Neugebauer discovers that his immediate superior, Dr. William Feldhausen, newly chosen Head of the Department of Obstetrics and Gynecology at a large municipal hospital in West Germany, is a shockingly incompetent surgeon. Increasingly appalled by Feldhausen's bungling, Neugebauer can no longer keep quiet when his chief's gross negligence results in the death of a mother and child. The Minister of Health brushes aside Neugebauer's protest, believing it to be motivated by professional jealousy, and summarily dismisses him from his post. Eventually both men get their just desserts.

Olivier doesn't *make* his characters speak and act; they simply speak and act. There is not an exaggerated pose, nor an awkward bit of dialogue, throughout the book.

To Pay or Not to Pay

By ANNE HANSEN

TO PAY OR NOT to pay — that is the question. (Apologies to the Bard of Avon.) Is the American public willing to pay for a commodity which it now enjoys without charge? Many of those who have expressed dissatisfaction with the quality of television in recent years confidently believe that Pay TV offers the only hope for viewers who are interested in presentations that reflect genuine merit and lofty artistic standards. On the other hand, Robert Sarnoff, chairman of the board of NBC, is convinced that the “fanciful claims” made by the advocates of Pay TV are “as feeble as a whisper in a tornado.”

Experiments in several methods of Pay TV have been made in recent years — in Etobicoke, a suburb of Toronto, Canada; in Bartlesville, Oklahoma; in Palm Springs, California; and in Chicago. In Mr. Sarnoff's opinion — expressed in an article in *The Saturday Evening Post* — these tests have failed to gain popular support, because producers of Pay TV have not been able to offer programs markedly superior to those available without special charge.

Mr. Sarnoff admits that TV can stand a great deal of improvement. He deplores the current overemphasis on violence and considers the so-called situation comedies dull and repetitious. But he points with pride — justifiably so, in my opinion — to many outstanding achievements of the major networks. Furthermore, he is confident that the quality of TV programs will improve if the viewing public is insistent and persistent in its demands. After all, Mr. Sarnoff points out, every one of us possesses “the best little program regulator ever invented — the thumb and forefinger.” We need only make use of this device to express either our approval or our disapproval. A silent set is the one thing the sponsors fear most, since they, like nature, abhor a vacuum.

There are those who do not share Mr. Sarnoff's views concerning Pay TV. Two new experiments are to be instituted in the United States. Little Rock, Arkansas, will be the first city in our country to test the closed-circuit telemeter system, and a wireless operation which sends out a scrambled signal will have a trial period in Hartford, Connecticut.

Probably the most startling announcement pertaining to television is T. Keith Glennon's prediction that worldwide television through the use of satellites will become a reality within a few years. Mr. Glennon is

head of the National Aeronautics and Space Administration.

From late spring until early autumn TV programs are largely a matter of reruns and reruns of reruns. This year there were extraordinary exceptions when millions of fascinated viewers were privileged to follow the sub-orbital flights of Commander Alan Shepard and Captain Virgil Grissom. It would be difficult to match the drama, the suspense, and the excitement of the long moments from countdown to the successful recovery of our nation's pioneer spacemen. And many excellent news programs continue to keep us abreast of developments in a world which is plagued by doubts, fears, and dissensions.

Lorraine Hansberry's play *A Raisin in the Sun* focuses a searching light on one of the paramount issues of our day. This is the story of a family — of the dreams and hopes, the experiences and aspirations that are common to most families. This family is different only in the color of its skin. By accident of birth they are Negroes.

A Raisin in the Sun (Columbia, Daniel Petrie) retains the principals and most of the supporting players who won enthusiastic acclaim in the original Broadway stage production. Sidney Poitier, one of the most highly gifted actors of our day, portrays the angry and frustrated son with artistry of the highest order. Claudia McNeil is magnificent as the mother, Diana Sands is both appealing and convincing as the ambitious daughter, and Ruby Dee invests her characterization of the daughter-in-law with charm and sensitive perception. This a noteworthy film; it is far superior to the run-of-the-mill releases of the summer months.

Here are some of those releases: *The Guns of Navarone* (Columbia, J. Lee Thompson) presents a well-made suspense-filled episode from World War II.

In spite of wartime settings the emphasis is strictly on nonsense in *The Last Time I Saw Archie* (United Artists) and in *On the Double* (Paramount).

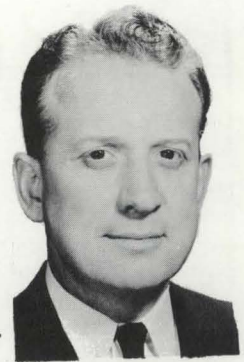
The Parent Trap and *The Absent-Minded Professor*, both from Buena Vista, are gay, whimsical comedies for the entire family. *Fanny* (Warners) and *The Pleasure of His Company* (Paramount), labeled “sophisticated” comedy, are amusing only in spots.

For the children we have *Misty* (20th Century-Fox), and for science-fiction fans *Voyage to the Bottom of the Sea* (20th Century-Fox) and *Master of the World* (Allied Artists).

A Minority Report

Where the Old West Lives Again

By VICTOR F. HOFFMANN



NEAR THE CENTER of the nation is a small town of slightly more than two thousand inhabitants.

The name of this town is Minden, Nebraska.

A stroll around the town tells one that Minden is also an old town. The buildings give you the impression of having been around for a long time, and of being substantial: old red bricks, high fronts on some of the stores, a cumbersome courthouse, a main street of small businesses that go around all sides of the square, squat and rectangular architecture, wide streets like on TV Westerns, and — in general — lines as straight, frugal, and simple as the men who drew them.

A pleasant and comfortable unhurriedness permeates the town.

It is also a town that belongs to history, only a few miles south and east of historic Fort Kearney. North of Minden lies the well-known Platte River, an inch deep and a mile wide. Farther west on highways 30 and 6 are places like Massacre Canyon, Cody's Ranch, North Platte, Arapahoe, Sidney, Ogallala, and Laramie — all places that reach into the vistas of Western history.

Contemporary commercial interests in and around Minden keep this history before the tourist with advertisements relative to Frontier Gas, the Frontier Motel, the Bow and Arrow Cafe, Frontier Air Lines, and the Pioneer Publishing Company. A quick look through the phone book of nearby Kearney brings to light names like the Fort Kearney Hotel, the Fort Theatre Beauty Shop, the Covered Wagon, the Corral Cafe, and the Stockyard Steakhouse.

But, at Minden, Nebraska, the tourist will find the special touch in an effort to capture the past.

This is being done at *The Pioneer Village*. (One dollar and a half for adults and fifty cents for the youngster.)

Essentially, the *Village* is a museum of about twenty thousand historical items in twenty buildings.

It was struck off the mind of Harold Warp, a native of Minden who now manufactures Flex-O-Glas in Chicago. He has dedicated this village to his parents who were Nebraska homesteading pioneers.

He has, for example, picked up entire buildings and transferred them to his museum: a railroad depot from Lowell, Nebraska; a Lutheran church from Minden; a stockade from Elm Creek, Nebraska; a fire station with horse-drawn equipment; two country schoolhouses; and

a country store. This has been augmented by equipment from the offices of a doctor and a dentist, a blacksmith shop, kitchens of different eras, and music shops.

A history of the evolving agricultural frontier can be written simply by describing the threshing machines, reapers, plows, and the like that Harold Warp has "begged, borrowed, and stolen" from somewhere and anywhere.

History unfolds in concrete form as the tourist moves in front of old cars, airplanes, cycles, fire engines, tractors, trucks, and boats that reflect much of the Nebraska past. The West almost grabs hold of you as you look at the sod-house, a pony express station, a freighter wagon, a stage coach, a twenty-mule-team wagon, yokes for oxen and calves, and the old-fashioned jail.

And so on.

Newsweek Magazine has referred to *The Pioneer Village* as "One of 17 Top U.S. Attractions." Other journalists have pegged the enterprise as follows: "Prairie Life Recreated in Nebr. Town," "Preserves Yesterday for Tomorrow," and "Progress of Man Shown in Village Exhibit."

Scattered throughout the museum are mottoes and sayings, contrived mainly by Harold Warp. These mottoes reflect a Midwest rural morality that is a mixture of common sense, Christian ethics, democratic rugged individualism, and free enterprise. An example goes something like this: "Take care of the little things and the big things will take care of themselves." Or: "I am a naive man who asks dumb questions so I can learn." In sundry places, it is clear that Harold Warp could write volumes at the slightest provocation in behalf of love of parents, of dedication to his country, of promulgation of religion, and of the perpetuation of the rural pioneer virtues.

It also seems clear — at least, if one reads between the lines — that he feels that these virtues and loves made him succeed in his business.

Minden has another claim to fame in that it is known as *The Christmas City*. Each year at Christmas time the people of Minden decorate the courthouse from top to bottom, put on a Christmas pageant, and sing forth through a hundred-voice choir.

The Lutheran Church-Missouri Synod is represented in this town by the members of St. Paul's Lutheran Congregation at 228 N. Colorado.

Letter to the Editor

Dear Mr. Editor:

May I get into the act? I read with interest Dr. Gergely's response to President Zimmerman's letter, and there are some things I would like to say.

First, it seems to me that the premises and bases he outlines in the last paragraphs of his letter — his plea for "an objective and charitable discussion of the problem," "we certainly cannot hope to settle either theology or science by appealing to emotions rather than to facts of revelation or of nature" — are most important. I agree that a discussion such as this must be carried on in an objective, factual, unemotional atmosphere. There is no place for the subjective, the emotional, the *argumentum ad hominem*. Let me say that in responding to Dr. Gergely I do so with the conviction that he is honest and sincere. And I say this not just because my Lord commands me to put the best construction on what others say and do: I *know* he is honest and sincere. But honesty and sincerity are not enough. The Apostle Paul was honest and sincere in rejecting Christ and in persecuting His followers. So let me go farther. I am convinced that Dr. Gergely is a Christian. I expect to find him with me around the throne of the Lamb singing His praises in all eternity. Of course I could be wrong. My theology may be wrong. There may be no Christ, no redemption from sins, no heaven. Or I may be a poor judge of people.

Now getting back to Dr. Gergely's criticisms. He speaks of "half truths" and "misrepresentation." It seems to me that those are judgmental terms. They have an emotional flavor. They aren't objective, factual things that Dr. Gergely thinks so important. Indeed, they have a connotation of dishonesty, deceit, and insincerity. And, Mr. Editor, that's what hurts.

Now let's look at these half truths. Let's start with the parallel mutations in *Drosophila*, because they're referred to in the chapter I wrote. Let me say that there are a great many geneticists and evolutionists who believe that these parallel mutations have arisen because the two *Drosophila* species have had a common ancestor and have inherited a common germ plasm. Let me say, too, that I agree the two species may have come from a common ancestor. I wouldn't be as dogmatic as Dr. Gergely is and say that they "did indeed have a common ancestor." But if you were to ask my opinion I think they have originated from a common ancestor. I would be a little more cautious in phrasing my opinion, but I'm not faulting Dr. Gergely for his very positive and unequivocal statement.

The point, though, that I was trying to make was this: the similar trait, ruby eye, for instance, was not inherited from a common ancestor. We know from laboratory studies that this trait originated in different individuals and was not inherited from a common ancestor. My statement that similarity is not necessarily evidence of descent from a common ancestor is even more apparent in the example of albinism which is mentioned in the sentence immediately following the quotation from the book to which Dr. Krekeler refers — it's in the same paragraph and is a part of the same line of argumentation — and is also referred to by Dr. Zimmerman in his reply. I'm glad that Dr. Gergely thinks that it is "obvious . . . that (an) albino human, (an) albino deer, (an) albino rat need not have had a common ancestor." That's just the point I was trying to make. I'm sorry that he says it is irrelevant. I think it's very relevant. I wonder if he isn't a bit dogmatic in dismissing it with that simple word. "Irrelevant" is a judgment, an opinion, not a fact.

Now regarding Dr. Olson's statement. Perhaps we ought to go back to Dr. Gergely's second paragraph. There he speaks of "theory" being used in a double sense, both denoting a body of fact on which the theory, properly speaking, of evolu-

tion is based, and the mechanisms in question. I'm not sure I would agree with his definition of a theory. My studies lead me to believe that it is most widely used in the sense that Dr. Conant uses it — as a conceptual scheme. In other words, we have a body of demonstrable facts — and no reasoning person denies these — and then there is a conceptual scheme which ties all these facts together. Dr. Zimmerman and I are not denying the facts and observations on which the theory of evolution is based. Moreover, we agree that the facts indicate that change has taken place. But we disagree with the conceptual scheme which ties these facts together in the theory of evolution and suggests "euglena to man" development.

It seems to me that this conceptual scheme is a package and that part of the package is the mechanisms by which evolution takes place. I'm not sure whether Dr. Olson was referring to just that part of the package which deals with the mechanism or whether he had in mind a larger part of the package. I tried to find Dr. Olson at the AAAS meeting in New York in December to ask him. I wasn't successful: I found out later that the day he was at one of the zoology meetings I was reading a paper to another AAAS section. And so I wrote to him. I'm still not positive. His reply makes it clear that he had the mechanism of evolution in mind, but as I read it, it seems to me that he had in mind also other aspects of the conceptual scheme we call evolution. Now perhaps Dr. Gergely has had a chance to talk with Dr. Olson. I regret that I wasn't able to sit down with Dr. Olson in New York as I had hoped to.

This leads me to comment on the whole problem of communication. This is one of the difficulties we face in any discussion of this sort. There were space limitations in the book. We couldn't say everything we would have liked to have said. Then, too, there were things which seemed to us irrelevant, and we didn't say them. This is the reason for some of the things which Drs. Krekeler and Gergely have criticized as "misrepresentations" and "half truths."

It's easy to make judgments such as this. In his letter Dr. Gergely pleads for "an objective and charitable discussion of the problem." He goes on to say "we certainly cannot hope to settle either theology or science by appealing to emotions rather than to facts of revelation or nature." This would seem to imply there has been no discussion of the problems involved. At least I am told there are some who have interpreted Dr. Gergely's letter in this way and have wondered why Dr. Zimmerman and I aren't willing to discuss these things objectively, charitably, and unemotionally. As a matter of fact, such discussions are going on. Drs. Gergely and Krekeler are participating in them. Is it a "half truth" that in his very eloquent appeal he makes no reference to them?

Now what about Dr. Gergely's statement "I think it is also very instructive he (Dr. Zimmerman) not only sets the official documents of the Missouri Synod on the level of Scripture but in a way it seems also his own views and those of his colleagues.?" We've told Dr. Gergely many times that we do not equate our opinion with Scripture. It pains me that we've not been able to communicate that to him. I think he's honestly convinced that we're trying to do this: otherwise he wouldn't write as he does. I can only reiterate that neither Dr. Zimmerman nor I claim inspiration or any greater measure of the Spirit than is given to other Christians. We are concerned not with what any human says: our question is: "What does Scripture say." We know that Dr. Gergely is asking the same question. And again we aren't saying this because the eighth commandment requires that we put the best construction on the actions, writings, and sayings of a Christian brother: we are convinced that he is

Now what about the Synodical position on these matters? Dr. Gergely feels we are putting these statements on the level of the Scriptures. Once more we want to deny that categorically. But we do think it is relevant that our church has taken a position on the theory of evolution and on the interpretation of Genesis 1-3. Of course any statement of any church body must always be subject to review in the light of Scripture. But it does seem to us to have a bearing on the issue that our church has not only adopted the BRIEF STATEMENT but at San Francisco adopted a STATEMENT ON SCRIPTURE which says in part "Where Scripture speaks historically, as for example in Genesis 1-3, it must be understood as speaking of literal, historical facts." We think that the position of our church deserves to be weighed and considered seriously.

It's true that there are a great many people who differ with our church on these matters. Many of them are honest and sincere Christians who are going to be with Dr. Gergely and me in heaven. Thank God for that. But sincere and honest Christians differ with us on other points — the Lord's Supper for instance. We are still convinced that the Lutheran doctrine of the Lord's Supper is correct even though it is held by a minority of Christians.

I'm puzzled by Dr. Gergely's response to Dr. Zimmerman's New Testament references to Genesis. He says: "The question (Was St. Paul wrong in his literal interpretation of Genesis 2: 21-23?) need not be asked at all, since all that the Apostle does is to bring out the true theological meaning of these Old Testament passages regardless of their literal, allegorical, historical or what have you, character." In the particular passage St. Paul says that Adam was formed first and then Eve. He uses this to support his statement that women are not to have authority over men. I can't see any meaning in this passage other than that St. Paul believed Adam was created before Eve. I find it extremely difficult to fit this with the concept many theistic evolutionists have that Adam and Eve stand for an evolutionary population and are not individual humans. This could only mean, allegorically, that for a time there was a race of males only and that after a while females developed in the species. To me this is biological nonsense. I can only believe that St. Paul is interpreting these verses as literal history: I don't see what the true theological meaning can be apart from that.

Getting back to the broader scientific issues, it might be in order to say something else regarding the conceptual scheme we

know as the theory of evolution. The genius of the scientific method is the method of controlled observation, experiment. It seems that this method has only a limited application to the testing of the theory of evolution. The past cannot be examined by controlled observation as the present can. And so it seems to me that scientific conclusions regarding the past do not have the validity and reliability that scientific conclusions regarding phenomena on our time level have.

One more thing: if it's possible to be a Christian and still accept evolution, why be concerned about it? Why put yourself into the position of being labelled an obscurantist and anti-scientific, of being told that what you write contains half truths and misrepresentation? Well, it seems to me that also theology is a package. It hangs together. To me evolution represents the application of Newtonian mechanism to the biological world. Dr. Gergely believes in miracles, but there are a great many Christian evolutionists who do not. Newton himself was a devout Christian. He gave God an important place in his scheme. But his followers applied Occam's razor and eliminated God. I am concerned that those who seek to explain origins in a mechanical, cause-and-effect way may take the next step to eliminate miracles and finally do away with the greatest miracle of them all, the physical resurrection of Jesus Christ. There are many within the Protestant church who have done this. I have a historian friend who tells me that those who refuse to learn from history are doomed to repeat it.

Well, Mr. Editor, I could respond to some of the other statements. But this is lengthy enough. If my letter is too long, you might have to omit the regular letter which Dr. Zimmerman's neighbor from Xanadu writes. And I don't think your readers would be happy with that.

John W. Klotz

Concordia Senior College
Ft. Wayne, Indiana

(On the assumption that all of the parties to this discussion have now had ample opportunity to state their positions at length, we conclude this exchange of views with gratitude toward those who participated in it.

— The Editors)

The Pilgrim



Professor Goehring

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

—PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

By O. P. KRETZMANN

Dear Marian —

Your letter of May 22 arrived while I was in Europe . . . I read it very carefully, and it has been haunting me for more than two months . . . You have done that rare and magnificent thing — you have forced a man to think — not merely to rearrange his prejudices — but to follow a long, slow train of thought to its final and appointed end . . . I am sure you will not mind if I reprint your entire letter because I feel that there may be a few men and women who read this page — and who will want to join us on the journey to which your questions point . . . You wrote:

"I am a fifteen year old sophomore in a college preparatory high school English class. Through our reading and from communications with world leaders, we students in English are trying to formulate our philosophies of life. Recently we studied *Great Essays* compiled by Houston Peterson.

"In 'The Moral Obligation to be Intelligent' by John Erskine, the author said, 'We might seem to be well within the old ideal of modesty if we claim the virtue of intelligence. But before we claim virtue, are we convinced that it is a virtue, not a peril?' Have you ever thought that it is a peril to be intelligent and why do you feel this way?

"Francis Bacon wrote in 'Of Friendship,' 'Whosoever is delighted in solitude is either a wild beast or a god.' This reminds me of John Donne's sermon which said, 'No man is an island, entire of itself.' Do you agree with Bacon's statement and would you please explain by means of examples or illustrations?

"In Ralph Waldo Emerson's 'Uses of Great Men' it was said, 'I count him a great man who inhabits a higher sphere of thought into which other men rise with labor and difficulty.' Would you please explain your definition of a great man?

"Henry Thoreau wrote in 'Conclusion of Walden,' 'However mean your life is, meet it and live it.' Do you think we should always be satisfied with our present life and would you please explain?

"In William James' 'The Energies of Men' he wrote, 'As a rule men habitually use only a small part of the powers they actually possess and which they might use under appropriate conditions.' What are some ways which you believe would help us to use these powers and thereby strengthen the free world? Would you also please explain these ways?

"I thank you very much for your time and cooperation. If in your busy day you can spare time to answer my questions, you will help me very much in the formulation of my philosophy of life."

It is probable, my dear, that I can help very little in the "formulation of your philosophy of life" . . . I can, however, say a few words about my own in the hope that you may see a small spark in our shared darkness . . . What charmed me about your letter was, I suppose, its fusion of cool, morning innocence and the reflection of the five thousand years of heat which your questions have generated as our heritage . . .

Now concerning Mr. Erskine's "The Moral Obligation to be Intelligent" . . . I have not read the essay and can therefore discuss it with greater freedom (a procedure, by the way, which you will find quite frequently in American letters) . . . His theme, however, points to an often forgotten truth . . . There is a close and essential relationship between high intelligence and high morality . . . We are morally obligated, by the inexorable laws of the Universe, to use our intelligence to the very limit of its potential . . . Nothing less than that will do . . . In the Christian reading of life this idea would come under the overworked word "stewardship" . . .

Most important for your philosophy is the conviction that morality and intelligence are not enemies but divinely ordained friends . . . We cannot name a single intellectual giant in the history of mankind who did not at the same time have some remarkable moral qualities . . . Socrates, Seneca, Aurelius, da Vinci, Goethe, Schiller, Hume, Washington, Jefferson, Brandeis, Holmes, Cardozo, Einstein — all these had the intellectual virtues of courage and honesty . . . They wanted to know what was true . . .

Have you noticed anything strange in my list of great names? . . . Not one of these was directly in the Christian tradition . . . They were examples of the law which is built into the structure of the Universe — morality and intelligence are the great companions of history . . . They may have worked with their backs to God but the light of His image was still over them. . .

In the Christian faith this truth assumes new dimensions . . . You come now to the Christlike union of truth and goodness, the bold handling of seemingly eternal impossibilities, and the *spiritual* obligation to be intelligent . . . In all the world's loss and blindness and unlove you come upon the truth of life and God, pure and simple, but surrounded by fire . . .

(To be continued)