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The Cresset

A REVIEW OF LITERATURE,

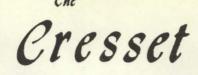
THE ARTS, AND PUBLIC AFFAIRS



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Vol. XXVI, No. 5

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In Luce Tua

The

Comment on the Significant News by the Editors

The Moscow-Peking Split

WE have it on the authority of the psalmist that He Who sits in the heavens does find the foolishness of men amusing and, this being the case, we do not think it would be irreverent to suppose that He got a hearty laugh out of the Communist party congress in Berlin a few weeks ago. For centuries the work of the Church has been inhibited by theological debates which, to the outsider, looked like mere playing with words. Now here, in Berlin, was a great gathering of avowed enemies of the Church, and what were they doing? They were arguing Marxology with all of the hair-splitting, all of the appeals to the basic documents, all of the insistence upon orthodoxy, all of the bad manners that have characterized the debates of churchmen in the past.

But after one has had his laugh at the irony of it all there come some sobering second thoughts. If the fanatical leadership of the Soviet Union had had the weapons to do it back in the Twenties, it would no doubt have risked world anarchy to accomplish the objectives of orthodox Marxist-Leninism. Fanatics have no sense of proportion between means and ends, no concern about what they are destroying in the process of creating their Utopias. But, fortunately for mankind, the Soviet Union in the Twenties had neither the weapons nor the internal solidarity to embark upon an effective program of world conquest. The Chinese Communists have the fanaticism, the solidarity, and perhaps the weapons to do it. And so the rift between Moscow and Peking is not something to be lightly dismissed as a quarrel among thieves. By one of those ironies of history, it creates a community of interest between us and the Russians which could, conceivably, make us once again comrades in arms against a common enemy.

The stated policies of the Peking government, the fanaticism of its leadership, and the prospect that it will soon have the weapons to support an aggressive implementation of its policies will almost certainly, in the months to come, resurrect the attractive idea of a preventive war. The idea will be particularly attractive to those who have fewer qualms about killing non-whites than whites. And, frankly, it seems to us that those who are able to justify the use of thermonuclear weapons in any situation ought not to find it difficult to justify their use under circumstances in which they are likely to be most effective and to involve the least risk to those who use them, i.e., in a preventive war. For our part, we are satisfied that the moral prohibition against the use of these weapons is absolute, and therefore, far from gloating over this schism within the Communist world, we see in it the threat of even greater perils than any through which mankind has passed in all of the millennia of history.

The U.N. in Africa

For years, critics of the United Nations have tried to dismiss it with a sneer as a mere debating society with neither the will nor the power to convert its decisions into action. Now, in the Congo, the United Nations has acted, firmly and decisively, and these same critics are faulting it for allegedly setting itself up as a quasi-government, employing coercive power to enforce its decisions.

These critics have apparently not been embarrassed either by their lack of consistency or by the deviousness of the man whom they were trying to cast in the role of a mature and responsible statesman, Moise Tshombe. Obviously their real quarrel is not with the functions of the United Nations but with the simple fact that it exists.

But the relatively bloodless restoration of unity to the Congo proves again, if it needs proving, the value of some international organization which can move in and settle little wars before they escalate into big wars. Africa is a tinder box which, if it once went up in flames, could touch off World War III. It is unfortunate that just at this moment in history the control of Africa should be in the hands of weak, inexperienced governments. Not too many years ago, the lid was kept on by colonial rulers who, whatever their faults, were at least able to keep the peace. No major power could unilaterally move in as a peacemaker today without raising suspicions of imperialist designs and upsetting the delicate balance of power. Only the smaller and neutralist powers, operating under U.N. direction, can do that job. We should be grateful that they have been willing to do it.

And now a few frank words about Africa which will make nobody happy. Most of what we have seen in print about "the new Africa" is pure sentimentalism. At the one extreme there is the Bob Ruark sort of thing which is really nothing more than a jazzed-up version of Kipling. At the other extreme is the romantic notion that anybody who is capable of demanding uhuru is capable of handling it, an echo from Rousseau. Somewhere in between these sentimental extremes there ought to be room for the more realistic view that the African has the same right as any other man to be free but the same duty as any other man to use his freedom responsibly for the good of mankind. And since this fine balance of freedom and responsibility does not come naturally but requires careful cultivation, there is a place for some unselfish outside agency (the U.N.?) as a tutor and referee and conservator of the peace.

It goes without saying that, in the performance of these functions, the U.N. would rely heavily upon personnel drawn from such small but mature countries as Sweden, Denmark, Uruguay, New Zealand, and perhaps Thailand. In effect, it would exercise a kind of trusteeship or guardianship over the new African nations while they are experimenting with the tricky business of self-government. Probably its efforts would be resented. But a certain amount of healthy resentment is a desirable quality in the young and gives them an additional incentive to start acting like grown-ups.

Higher Budget, Lower Taxes

One of the many advantages which the President of the United States enjoys over a magazine editor is that he has access to the best minds in the country when he needs advice. Presumably the President's proposed \$98.8 billion budget, his recommendation of a tax cut which would result in a net loss of at least ten billion dollars in revenue, and the prospect of an \$11.9 billion deficit are all ingredients in one economic prescription, and it must be assumed that this prescription was written by experts whom the President considers the best in the business. If that is the case, one hesitates to reveal his own ignorance by raising questions which may be utterly naive. We shall raise them, nevertheless.

Is it possible to pump so large an amount of money into the economy in one year without creating inflationary pressures which will soon nullify the intended effects of the tax cut? As we understand it, the purpose of the tax cut is to make more money available for consumer spending and capital investment. There seems to be a general consensus that present tax rates are inhibiting our national economic growth. But to cut taxes without reducing expenditures proportionately would, it seems to us, further devalue the dollar by introducing some twelve billion imaginary dollars into the economy. We are trying to figure out how we are going to be any better off if the money we save in taxes goes to pay higher prices for food, clothing, utilities, medicines, and school costs.

Second question: By our crude figuring, the addition of some twelve billion dollars to the national debt would add almost a half billion dollars per year to the fixed costs of government. Since it is the heavy load of fixed costs which already defeats every effort to trim the budget will we not be tightening the strait-jacket by increasing these costs?

Third question: Is our real problem an insufficiently large rate of economic growth or does it lie elsewhere? How rich do we have to get before we can feel prosperous? We are already dependent on the production of vast quantities of war material and consumer luxuries to keep us going economically. What are the moral implications of creating new jobs (assuming that they can be created) for the production of useless or frivolous goods and services when almost half of mankind lacks the minimal necessities of life? What moral right has the already-jaded American to ask for tax relief so that he can have a second car in his garage or a second house out by the lake? If the answer is that he has to buy so that others may be employed to make the things he buys, would there not be an equally good argument for employing a considerable part of our labor force to make useful goods which other people need but can not afford to buy?

We said at the outset that our questions were naive. But we would still like to have them answered.

On the Way or In the Way?

Last year, for the first time in our country's history, the increase in church membership was less than proportional to the growth of our population. Numbers do not, of course, tell the whole story; there is no way of knowing how much faith there is in any population at any given time. But numbers have been used in the past to substantiate claims of a religious revival, and if there was any validity in their use for that purpose it would now seem to be equally valid to use them as indicators of a decline in religious interest.

And, as a matter of fact, thoughtful churchmen have been expecting the statistics to confirm what they have sensed for several years — that the church is losing influence in our country and that there is strongly persuasive evidence that we are, as a people, moving toward the European religious pattern, a pattern in which the church is respected as an ancient and honorable institution which has a certain ceremonial role to play in the culture but which really has nothing much to do with the daily round of life in the home, the shop, the office, the studio, the classroom, the pub, or the parliament. Ministers of the Gospel are respected as well-educated members of the community who can be useful as articulate spokesmen for the Establishment or as marriage counselors or as defenders of the community mores or simply as chaps who can round off a program nicely with a well-spoken invocation or benediction. But church attendance in Europe hovers somewhere around the ten per cent figure, and active participation in the work of the church is looked upon as a kind of genteel hobby, like stamp collecting or the study of Norse literature.

If this is what is actually happening in our country, the church has only itself to blame. The record is clear: a troubled generation did come looking to the church and it did not find what it was looking for. Perhaps it was looking for the wrong things. But certainly it was not looking for religious snobbery ("This revival of religion business is just another fad") nor was it looking for a society of aesthetes ("But, don't you see, 'Abide With Me' is utterly without merit musically") nor was it looking for a Scholastic debating society ("There are those who would attempt to read into the Hebrew word yom some concept of long periods of time, but . . .") nor was it looking for a court of final appeal on every question that man can ask ("Now with respect to the possibility that intelligent life may exist on other planets, the Church would say . . .") nor, least of all, was it looking for another live-wire organization with a challenging work program ("Well, sir allowing for a ten-percent shrinkage on the pledges, it looks like we may top out at the end of the fiscal year with approximately 97.3 per cent of our goal reached.")

The questions which this generation has asked it is still asking. But, God forgive us, it is looking elsewhere than to the Church for the answers. "What must I do to be saved?" "If a man die, shall he live again?" "What is man?" "Who is my neighbor?" "Who art Thou, Lord?" "Lord, if Thou wilt, Thou canst make me whole." Perhaps we have been ashamed to answer these questions as naively as our Lord and His apostles answered them because the answers do sound like cliches. Or perhaps our answers did not sound like answers because they were so obviously answers which we had never made our own. Or perhaps, and this we think may be the real tragedy of it all, we never answered the questions that were being asked because we never stopped to listen to the questions. We were off riding our own hobbies - the liturgy, architecture, Freudian psychology, fund drives, Red-sniffing, organizational mergers, pontificating on literature, the arts, and public affairs, or whatever. Perhaps we have been clergymen rather than prophets, churchmen rather than witnesses, contributors rather than stewards. And perhaps, in it all, those who came to our churches looking for Jesus have turned away because they found that "they could not come nigh Him for the press."

In their announcement brochure, the conveners of the National Conference on Religion and Race, which was held in Chicago, January 14-17, asserted that "religious groups in the United States hold that racial discrimination and prejudice are moral problems at their roots" and that "the Conference will provide a chance for religiously committed people to speak with one voice on racial issues to their fellow citizens and to the world." Friends of ours who participated in the Conference came away encouraged by the general tone and spirit of the Conference, hopeful that it may have furnished fuel for a more vigorous testimony against the evils of racial injustice in the churches and the synagogues, and grateful for the opportunity to share their concerns with representatives of all the major religions who have been fighting the good fight against an evil which has, in the past, been not only condoned but, in some cases, even supported by religion.

Some of our friends came away from the Conference, however, with the feeling that it had done and said a number of good things for the wrong reasons, that it had asserted the truth in one important area of moral concern while confusing or perhaps even denying the truth in larger matters. For it became obvious at the Conference that, while Judaism and Christianity both have compelling reasons to be concerned about the tragic fact of racial prejudice, discrimination, and segregation in our society, these reasons are not really the same. And the attempt to find some least common denominator on which the two great religious traditions could stand for a joint "appeal to conscience" ended up in the formulation of a statement of what, to use its own words, "we as religious people are moved to say together."

Now there is nothing wrong, of course, about religious people saying things together, any more than there is anything wrong about businessmen or school teachers or bartenders or switchboard operators saying things together. But by the same token the opinions of religious people are their own and do not necessarily reflect the views of their sponsors. It is interesting to know what a rabbi or a priest or a Protestant clergyman thinks about a social problem and, if one happens to be a religious person himself, the views which these spokesmen express may carry carry some authority, for the same reason that a small business man might be impressed by the views of a director of the United States Chamber of Commerce. But saying things together as religious people is a far cry from saying, "Thus saith the Lord." And this the Conference could not do because, as a matter of fact, the participants in the Conference were not speaking, or even pretending to speak, for the same Lord.

We say this, not to pass harsh judgment on men of good will who were trying to do the best they could in the circumstances, but to underscore what the conferees themselves confessed in their "Appeal to Conscience"; "Coming as we do out of various religious backgrounds, each of us has more to say than can be said here." Speaking for those religious people in our country who confess Jesus Christ as God, Lord, and Savior, we do indeed have much more to say than could be said in any inter-faith conference. We would have to say that, since there is no salvation in any other, any man who denies his neighbor the freest and fullest access to this Jesus Christ becomes responsible for his damnation and likely to share it. This denial may take the form of actually turning him away from the church door or of treating him as something less than an object of God's redeeming love and grace. It may be a matter of outspoken hate or it may be a matter of mere lack of concern. Our Jewish friends can not say these things, of course, and we certainly would not want to put them in any situation where it might seem that they had said them. But by the same token it would be unfortunate if the Christian community in the United States were left with the impression that its leaders had nothing more forceful or compelling to say on the evils of racism than is said in the Conference's "Appeal to Conscience."

A Question of Interests

It was a British statesman who said, years ago, "Great Britain has no friends, only interests." It was not, perhaps, a very diplomatic thing to say, but it was true not only of Great Britain but of any other national state. It is sheer sentimentality to anthropomorphize a national state and ascribe to it those capacities for love and friendship which are, properly speaking, only human capacities.

And so, while we regret President DeGaulle's veto of British membership in the European Common Market, we can not condemn him for casting it. He did so in what he believed to be the best interests of France. Possibly, even probably, he was wrong in his judgment of what constituted the best interests of France. But he was not wrong in putting what he believed to be the best interests of France before other considerations. After all, Mr. Macmillan had not sought Britain's entry into the Common Market out of motives of sheer altruism.

As a matter of fact, Britain was something like the bride who was willing to go through the whole wedding ceremony except that bit about "forsaking all others." It is possible that President DeGaulle, being a Frenchman and therefore realistic about this sort of thing, might have been willing to take cognizance of Britain's prior marriage to the Commonwealth and work out some sort of a menage a trois arrangement. But even such an arrangement gets unduly complicated when there is yet a fourth party - in this case, the United States - to be fitted into the picture.

It seems to us that the happy consequence of the French veto is that it clears the air for Europe, for Britain, and for the United States. The natural association for Britain to seek is not membership in the European Market but a closer association with the United States. Geographically, Britain is in Europe but not of it. Historically she has closer ties with the Commonwealth and with the United States than with Europe. And in terms of national interests both she and we would benefit more greatly from an association with each other than from her associating herself with Europe. Had France been willing to accept Britain into the Common Market, that willingness in itself might have altered the whole picture, might have drawn Britain into Europe and away from the United States. But France was not willing, and we do not see why either we or the British should waste regret over it.

A Good Sign

One of the best signs that things are calming down a bit in the world is the recent dust-up between us and the Canadians. It has been a long time since either of us has had the leisure to give the other a hotfoot, and for a while it appeared that we were breeding, on both sides of the border, a generation which had forgotten that one of the many joys of friendship is that it permits one to work off aggressions in a harmless way. Time was when the Canadians would sneer at our cheap dollars and we would mumble something about liberating the Canadians from their bondage to Great Britain and then we would go out and have a drink and sing songs about the longest unfortified boundary in the world. Then came all of these crises and there was no time for fun and games. We and the Canadians were hard at it, side by side, building joint defenses against a common threat. Life was real, life was earnest, and there was no time for horseplay.

Maybe we are getting back to something approaching what the late Mr. Harding called normalcy. If so, we would be happy to engage our editorial counterparts on the other side of the border in a new round of goodnatured shafting. The game has been interrupted for so long that we don't remember whose turn it is to sink the next barb, but if some Canadian editor would like to bring up the Canadian objection to our diversion of water from the Great Lakes we will be happy to counter with a proposal to accept Canada as our fifty-first state. That should get the game started again, and from there on we are sure that the ingenuity of both our peoples will be able to devise ploys as interesting as any that we can remember from the great days of T.R. and Laurier.

AD LIB.

Grandfather's War

LOOMAN

F or a number of reasons, some known and others unknown, the Civil War, of which my Grandfather was a veteran, continues to be more real to me and more historical than Word War II, of which I am a veteran. Perhaps it is because I first heard of the Civil War when I was of elementary school age while my Grandfather, by then, was in his late seventies, and I had a high respect for his age and for anything he had to say. It may have occurred to me that it was somewhat unusual he had fought in the Civil War at all. He had immigrated from Holland to America at the age of seven and volunteered for service 10 years later. His accent in his late years was heavy and he must have been almost unintelligible in English when he enlisted.

Another possible reason for this closeness to the Civil War is that its songs were, and still are, very familiar. We sang Civil War songs in grade school and in almost every high school assembly we would rally round the flag, boys, or were tenting tonight. No glee club or boys' chorus program was complete without one or two songs from that war.

My early association with books was with those in my Grandfather's sparse library, where, alongside a number of devotional books in German, were a few volumes in English, all of them on the Civil War and written shortly thereafter in a highly emotional style. I recall particularly a terrifying book on Libbey Prison, filled with stark lithographs, which made of Libbey a second Buchenwald.

My introduction to the Civil War came from my Grandfather and primarily through the stories he told. Many a long summer afternoon we spent on the front porch, he smoking a corn cob pipe and moving the swing in a measured sweep as he relived his days as a soldier, while I sat there, legs dangling and filled with awe that this man who represented law and order to me and who had always been a pillar of the church, could once have engaged in such a horrible conflict.

Grandfather enlisted in October, 1861, and was assigned to Company G, 32nd Illinois Volunteer Infantry, which became a part of the Army of the West. He fought under Generals Grant and Sherman, two men whom he described as if they were knights in armor. I must admit that Civil War generals were more romantic figures than the generals we know today, for a general on horseback has it all over one in a tank or at a headquarters desk. No one dared make a derogatory remark about William Tecumseh Sherman or Ulysses S. Grant within my Grandfather's hearing. Grant drink to excess? That was Rebel propaganda, he would say, for he had never seen him intoxicated.

The sixty years which had intervened had mellowed Grandfather's memories. Gone was the memory of the blood or the extreme boredom that is a part of all wars, but he still remembered the shock of his baptism under fire, as well he might, for it was at the Battle of Shiloh. There, where the Union lost over 13,000 men, Grant's untrained men were pushed back to the river at Pittsburgh Landing from which they had come, and thousands of Union soldiers were crushed into a helpless mass until Buell's reinforcements arrived. Grandfather's description of those two days was graphic and he preferred to hurry over this experience, not only because of the horror, but also because it still bothered him that they had had to fight on Sunday.

He was equally graphic in his account of his other experiences and I can see him working on the breastworks outside Corinth or moving with a mass of men in blue toward Memphis. The Hatchie River engagement is so clear I could reconstruct Davis' Bridge if it is no longer standing.

The men in gray never came through quite so clearly except on one occasion. Grandfather was on guard duty along the Mississippi Central railroad when General Forrest and over a thousand Confederate cavalry charged into view, all giving the Rebel Yell. Forrest managed to destroy a section of that important pipeline, a favor Grandfather repayed later when he marched with Sherman from Vicksburg to Meridian tearing up railroad tracks and destroying railroad stock. I can still hear the crunching sound made by those thirty-five locomotives plunging into the river when they destroyed the bridge at Canton.

Again under Sherman, Grandfather started on the road to Atlanta, but in between was Kenesaw Mountain, and there, on June 27, 1864, as part of a ten mile long line charging the Confederate breastworks on that Spring morning, he was shot in the leg and lay on a slope of the Little Kenesaw for twenty-four hours before he was found. Three years and a day after he enlisted he was discharged with a limp that lasted the rest of his life.



Theological Responses To Modern Literature: A Methodological Inquiry

BY SUE WIENHORST

WE are all aware of the attention that religion and the arts have been giving to one another for some time now. Indeed, theological concern with the arts — whether it has been expressed by men of letters or by men of religion — has become so commonplace today that we often take it for granted. Unfortunately, however, we cannot afford the luxury of complacency with respect to matters of theory and method. Interest and concern are not enough, in themselves, to insure either our willingness or our ability to honor both the religious seriousness and the aesthetic character of the arts. Thus, the question that is crucial today is no longer whether theology and the arts need take one another seriously, but rather why and how this has in fact been done.

Needless to say, theologians and critics alike have differed radically in their reasons and ways for speaking of the arts theologically, if only because they have been unable to agree, first of all, in their assessments of the religious seriousness of the aesthetic enterprise itself. In this century, we have most often spoken of religion and art in terms of the differences that separate them one from the other. This discussion has been confusing, however, insofar as some of us have separated the religious and the aesthetic enterprises themselves, while others have seen these to be closely related but have insisted that the religious perspectives of modern works in particular were radically different from that of the Christian faith.

In any event, we have not been prone to confuse art for a sort of religion as did the mystical aestheticism of the late nineteenth century art-for-art's-sake doctrines or the intuitive interpretation of the imagination formulated by Mr. Coleridge¹. Neither, on the other hand, have we been willing to see art as a surrogate for religion, as I.A. Richards once suggested². On the contrary, in trying to deny that art is to be identified with religion, we have sometimes moved to the opposite extreme and have just as effectively denied a dialogical conception of relationship by ignoring the similarities between them. Thus, at a time when, as Mr. Sittler has remarked,³ neither nature nor grace seems to be triumphant, we have tended to question their relevance as well. When this has happened, however, we have defined religion and the arts in terms of an opposition so complete that it amounts to isolation and is, therefore, one of principle rather than of passion.

The Methodological Disjunction

One way of describing the arts theologically and, at the same time, respecting their peculiar character as art has been, then, simply to deny that they are to be mistaken for religion. This strategy, which has – however mistakenly – been derived from the work of T. S. Eliot and Karl Barth, has been most concerned with that which distinguishes either religion or art from *all* other subject matters and with a critical and theological method that will be proper to them: that is, one that will be formal, internal, and pure. Insofar as the advocates of this position have been concerned with the relationship between religion and art at all, they have merely insisted upon the necessity of distinguishing between them.

The issue at stake here is not one of conflict or of hostility between these areas, but rather the stark fact of their difference. Thus, when the literary critic insists today that "poetry is poetry and not another thing," he is trying to safeguard the autonomy, integrity, and distinctiveness of the poetic enterprise. In much the same way, the theologian who asserts that theology is most properly concerned with the Word of God and not with the words of men is making a statement about the nature and method of the theological enterprise as well as about the transcendent otherness of God and His Word. What is more, we can sympathize with the effort of both men to protect the identity of their own respective subject matters, just as we can share in their joint desire to deny that poetry is either a surrogate for religion or a handmaiden to theology.

Nevertheless, such views are extreme, for they have dealt with the arts theologically but have done so in unqualifiedly negative terms. In restricting themselves to such categorical denials, they have spoken of the relationship between religion and the arts in terms of a disjunction so complete that the connections between these areas are, in effect, either ignored or denied. In this sense, then, they have gone beyond a dialogical conception of relationship no less surely than their opponents, who identify the two; but they have done so by defining a relationship of absolute disjunction instead. Further, the exponents of this view often fail to acknowledge that they have in fact been speaking of the arts theologically, albeit negatively, or that they have been describing a relationship of disjunction rather than the absence of relationship itself.

The value of this position lies quite clearly in its insistence upon the differences between religion and the arts and upon the necessity for respecting the distinctive character of both. In defining both religion and art, as well as the relationship between them, in terms of discontinuity alone, however, it denies the propriety of theological concern with the arts. More to the point, this view has been so restrictive that it has crippled the theological and the critical enterprises themselves.

When an insistence upon autonomy and integrity is combined with a stress upon disjunction that goes unqualified, the result is a rigid and often sterile formalism, which subverts or even controverts the very relevance and significance it was formulated to protect. Difference gives way to incommensurability, transcendence to ineffability. With this, both theology and criticism are left stranded with a subject matter about which they have neither the right nor the means to speak and must confine themselves to theoretical discussion, formalistic analysis, and the announcement that their subject matters are literally "unspeakable." In this predicament, it is not surprising that a critic like Allen Tate, for example, could ask whether literary criticism is even possible.⁴

Other Extrinsic Views

The acceptance of so disjunctive a conception of relationship has led to a number of difficulties for those who have been more interested in affirming the relevance of religion and art for one another. Such men have, to be sure, acknowledged the existence of a relationship between the religious and the aesthetic enterprises but have insisted that it be defined extrinsically. In doing so, they have been forced to support a concern with the religious dimensions of art with a theory that places these dimensions outside the work of art itself and puts them, instead, either into the person viewing the work or into the thing outside the work to which its subject matter points. They have had to hold, therefore, that theological concern with the work of art itself is either extra-aesthetic, extra-theological, or both.

It has been this view that has led some theologians to maintain that we have at our disposal a "theological way of speaking about the *things* with which art deals,"⁵ but to insist that, apart from this announcement, theological concern with the arts is not, properly speaking, the task of the theologian at all. If we interpret this statement strictly, we would have to say that the religious dimension of life lies not in the things with which we deal, but rather in the theological manner of speaking about them. Both theology and art can treat of the same subject matter, but one approach will be concerned with religion, while the other – apparently – will not.

When we ask where such men stand with respect to a theological way of speaking about art itself and not just about the things with which art deals, the most we can say is that this position would be impelled to place the religious dimension outside the work again, but this time into the attitude of the beholder. It is for some such reason as this, I take it, that these critics have been much more willing to speak about Christian critics than they have to speak about Christian criticism, although it has not been at all clear what it is that distinguishes the work of such critics from that of their apparently non-Christian colleagues. What is more, these men seem to feel that the theologian cannot speak more postively about the arts or their religious dimension simply because theology has no means for doing so.

It is little wonder, therefore, that the advocates of this position have found it necessary to maintain that Christian criticism - if it is not simply a contradiction in terms - is not merely perverse and wrong-headed as did the men above, but that it is, instead, "impossible" and yet "desirable."6 In attempting to grant the Christian critic moral support without giving him theoretical support, these men have defined the critic's task in what are, at best, inescapably and even impossibly schizophrenic terms. More to the point, they have denied the possibility of formulating a Christian theory of literature and have done so, contradictorily enough, at the very moment they were themselves spelling one out. In doing so, they have contributed however unconsciously - to that very fragmentation and compartmentalization in life and thought which they reject at the level of preachment. We can, in short, do no more than pay lip service to the wholeness of man, his life, and his thought. With this, theological theory and method contradict and controvert theological statement. It is not surprising, therefore, that such theologians have seemed, to theological critics at least, to be indulging themselves in what amounts to a sophisticated effort to talk out of both sides of their mouths at once.

Liturgical Art

One way of attempting to avoid these difficulties has been the strategy that limits religion's concern with the arts to a specific type of work - either liturgical or sacred - and places this dimension in the subject matter of that work rather than in its interpreter.

The strategy that speaks of ecclesiastical, church, or liturgical art rather than of Christian art tends to focus upon the *use* to which a work is put and confines a specifically Christian concern with the arts to those works produced in and for the church. Perhaps because music and architecture have traditionally been most closely associated with the church as a place of worship, such critics have often spoken of art in terms of style, which they interpret as religiously neutral. Christians have, after all, written in many styles, none of which is canonical. Thus, once again, the specifically aesthetic and specifically religious or theological dimensions of the work are effectively separated from one another.

For all its tactical advantages in the Church's effort to support her own artists and especially those who have used contemporary techniques, this strategy has a number of glaring weaknesses. In the first place, when we equate Christian with liturgical art, we define it in terms that are at worst, pragmatic and, at best, extra-aesthetic. A work is Christian, or ecclesiastical, if it has been – or can be – used in the worship service. With this, however, the exponents of this position have little choice but to employ a double standard: one theological and/or pragmatic, the other aesthetic and normative. Ecclesiastical needs and usage along with aesthetic excellence become the touchstones of a theological consideration of the arts, though neither takes into account the religious seriousness or the theological dimensions of the work itself.

Despite our protestations of respect, therefore, art even the art of the church - becomes mere decoration, devoid of religious meaning and power aside from its subject matter. And even this is not seen as an integral part of the work itself but rather as the object of which the work speaks. Thus, we not only deny the organic unity of the work but also virtually discount the interpretive role of the artist and/or his work as well as the aesthetic matrix of artistic meaning. Further, because the theological and aesthetic dimensions of the work are viewed disjunctively, ecclesiastical art tends to be judged in terms of aesthetic excellence alone. In this way, hedonism and aestheticism become intimately associated with the life of the religious community itself, while the theologian is denied the right to comment upon the arts used in and by the church in any but the most general terms.

"Religious" Art

The third extrinsic position is somewhat broader in its interpretation of the sort of work for which theological concern is appropriate, for it places the religious dimension of art in its subject matter, or message, and does not restrict this merely to those works which can be used in the worship service. All works using religious themes become possible objects of consideration. Usually, however, these themes must not only be rather explicitly and even narrowly religious, but they must also be dealt with in an appropriately positive manner as well. (A work that takes up the person of Jesus only to question the doctrine of Christ, for example, would not normally be considered "religious" or "Christian.")

Since this approach is much more explicit in its stress upon the subject matter of the work as the location of theological meaning, it would seem to be more fully equipped to provide a foundation for theological concern and commentary that are intrinsic to both the work and to the theological enterprise. Nevertheless, insofar as this view places the religious dimension outside the work in the thing of which the work speaks, this strategy makes theological commentary extra-aesthetic but not extra-theological. Further, because this position tends to define religion in narrowly explicit terms, it encourages us to neglect the significance of so-called secular literature and to over-simplify once again the relationship of sacred to secular, church to world, and nature to grace in such a way that they become schizophrenically opposed. In doing so, we deny their intimate and even integral relationship to one another and our own inescapably complex habitation in both. Thus, this position allows vast areas of literature - and these usually the most powerful and respectable ones at that - to go unhallowed and unscrutinized.

When this point of view is pushed to propagandistic extremes, denominational and even Christian loyalties are bastardized into a partisanship that is guite capable, on occasion, of supporting versified drivel. Sadly enough, such literature is not only artistically inferior to the point of being trash, but it is theologically inferior as well. Thus it comes about that it is precisely that strategy most able to discuss the theological dimensions of the arts which is, in fact, most prone to neglect the specific way in which these dimensions are handled in a particular work. That is to say, provided a work concerns itself with a Christian theme and does so in a properly positive way, the theologian tends to neglect further commentary. Needless to say, it has been thinking like this that has allowed us, all too often, to rely upon and even canonize an art that is scarcely more creditable religiously than the text of the pop tunes it resembles, tunes which proclaim in appropriately soupy tones that "somebody up there likes me." It is this kind of emphasis that can, finally, be used to justify a text that runs - "Put your snout at the spout/ Where the Gospel comes out." - simply because it tells us to come to the Gospel story.

There can be little doubt that all of these theories have been most concerned to protect the identity and the distinctiveness of religion or art or, usually, both. Nevertheless, in separating the two as completely as they have, these critics have involved themselves in a rather embarrassing predicament, since there is no theoretical foundation for the very concern which they are themselves expressing. What is more, these same critics have often neglected the fact and the significance of their concern, its theological nature, and its implicit testimony to the existence of a more positive sort of relationship between religion and art than they are enunciating. Oddly enough, these strategies have often ended by undermining the very goals they set out to achieve. In their insistence upon separating the religious dimension from the work itself and thereby splitting the work into a form-content dichotomy, they have implicitly but no less effectively denied the value and significance of the aesthetic work and enterprise and, in addition, have run directly counter to current aesthetic and literary theory, which insists upon the necessity of respecting the organic unity of the work of art. Finally, these theories have tended also to deny, or at least to severely limit, the relevance of religion to the whole of life and the meaningfulness of art as well.

Intrinsic Views: Similarity and Difference

Fortunately, a number of theologians and critics have

seen that we do not need to view the relationship between religion and art in terms of absolute or even extreme disjunction in order to honor the differences between them and the distinctive nature and value of each. Such men have held that we can admit that the work of art itself has a religious dimension without necessarily interpreting it as either a surrogate for religion or a handmaiden to theology, although, to be sure, the most extreme of the intrinsic views do precisely this.

When we go beyond the restrictive definitions of both religion and art implied in the various extrinsic understandings of their relationship, we can acknowledge that they are inextricably bound up, one with the other, and that all great works are themselves expressive and constitutive of theological meaning. With this, the central question for the theological critic becomes where to find the religious dimension of the work, how to get to it, and how to describe and define the religious perspective found there. Further, he must ask about the kind and degree of similarity to be seen between religion and art, about the reasons for the theologian's looking to the work of art, and about the relationship of a specifically Christian point of view with that of the work in question. On the whole, advocates of the intrinsic positions have agreed not only in seeing a more or less close relationship between the religious and the aesthetic enterprises, but also in divorcing the Christian from the modern view of life. Indeed, the more intrinsically or closely religion and art have been seen, the more extrinsic the relationship between Christianity and modern works has become.

Art as a Form of Religious Statement

The most extreme of these views virtually ignores the aesthetic character of the arts and sees the work of art as a form of theological statement. With this, religion and art are virtually identified, this time in terms of a more or less didactic or even propagandistic understanding of the poetic work and use of language. When this happens, however, theological exploration of the arts gives way to exploitation, and literature becomes merely a sourcebook for theological illustration. Further, works of art are praised or blamed merely because their religious perspective differs from that of the critic.

Only somewhat less extreme is the view that grants modern literature religious seriousness even to the extent of seeing it as a rival religious statement and defines its relationship to Christianty in terms of absolute disjunction. Thus, the advocates of this position take these works seriously but only to respond with hostility, rejection, and even condemnation. They have, to be sure, given both the religious dimension and the negativity of modern literature their due, but have interpreted the desperate situation so poignantly embodied there as, at best, perverse and evil and, at worst, demonic.

These critics have interpreted art as something that can testify to the truths of creation and redemption, but believe that modern literature has failed to do so. Thus, some see these works as anti-religious or secularist; while others have seen them as irreligious, blasphemous, or themselves sinful. Still others have recognized that there is a very real religious concern here but hold that it is non-Christian or, perhaps more precisely, post-Christian. Uneasy in a world that looks, to say the least, unredeemed and even depraved if not downright insane, the advocates of this position have tried to divorce themselves as completely as possible from the perspectives of this literature. What is worse, they have sometimes seen this negativity primarily in the themes with which these works deal or even in the violence and sex amid which they are set. Thus, this position tends to ignore not only the aesthetic character of artistic meaning but also the more creative aspects of modern literature and the more positive connections of its religious perspective with that of Christianity.

Art as an Ethical Demand

A somewhat more qualified view of the relationship between religion and art as well as between Christianity and modern literature in particular has been proposed by those who see such works as pre-religious and/or pre-Christian as well. The strategy which interprets great literature as pre-religious interprets art as something that appeals primarily to the emotions, witnesses to the ethical nature of life, and serves to influence man toward moral commitment and responsibility. The advocates of this view admit, therefore, that art can serve religion and, insofar as it serves well, can even stand in a positive relation to it. To them, serious literature functions as a preparation for religion and even for the Gospel in that it presents to man the ethical dilemmas in which he stands, thereby presenting to him also the antinomies of existence in such a way that his self-sufficiency is cracked and the "abyss of being" opens up beneath him.

Unfortunately, it would seem that it is precisely those works which best perform this function that are viewed as, finally, un-Christian and even un-religious: that is, not necessarily demonic but certainly pre-Christian or even pre-religious. Such works fail to achieve full religious or Christian standing because no choice is made or even encouraged in them and because they do not justify the ways of God to man. What is more, the ironic denouement of much of the best of modern literature is often condemned as a deterrent to choice, whether ethical or religious. Thus, while the advocates of this view have been able to grant a more or less positive religious role to literature, they fail to see it as fully religious or integrally Christian. What is more, these same men have tended to condemn modern literature in particular for failing to serve its ethical function.

Such critics have recognized the very real emotional appeal of literature and its ethical seriousness as well, but they contradict modern literary theory, which denies the priority of the connative aspects of art and resists the moralistic claims of this position. Further, these men tend to separate the ethical and religious dimensions of life somewhat too categorically in order to allow themselves the luxury of admiring the ethical seriousness of great literature but not its religious seriousness as well. And, finally, they have called into question even the ethical seriousness of specifically modern literature without always taking into account the possibility that such works may be the very ones in which we go beyond moral and ethical conflict to a more clearly religious point of view.

Art as the "Form" of Religion

Another segment of theological criticism has been willing to acknowledge that religious concerns do lie at the very heart of modern works and has been willing to admit as well that the perspective of modern literature — in its very negativity — has some positive connection with what they interpret as a Christian view of man's nature, if not always of his destiny. That is to say, such men hold that the violence, brokenness, and despair so characteristic of modern literature is in fact closely related to the Christian's own doctrine of sin and of fallen man.

Modern literature becomes, therefore, pre-Christian insofar as it provides us with a concrete and vivid image of the human situation deprived of the Gospel message and one where this predicament is, moreover, probed more sensitively than perhaps anywhere else today. With this, literature becomes important for the Christian apologist in that it gives us a precise notion of the man and the dilemmas to which the Christian must speak if he is to speak creatively and relevantly at all. Further, insofar as this literature provides us also with a contemporary expression and exploration of the Christian doctrine of sin, it enters into the more systematic work of the theologian as well.

Nevertheless, while the advocates of this view have been willing to look to literature to inform their doctrine of sin, they have been much less willing to see this view as integrally Christian or as one that is applicable to those within the Church as well as to those without. The world that modern literature shows us is not, apparently, one that Christians too inhabit and inhabit precisely because they are Christian. Second, the exponents of this position have not only been more or less oblivious to the creative and even the Christian dimensions of this negativity, but they have also often failed to note the more positive assessments of human nature and of creation that are to be found in these works. Thus, they give the impression that not only fallenness but also the consciousness of it are the prerogative of the unregenerate alone.

Although we are allowed to listen sympathetically to such works, then, we must listen for questions and not for answers. What is more, we listen only in order to give answers, unaware that it has been our answers that have — often enough — given rise to these questions. In this way, then, we have tended to condemn in others the fact that they write of a hell they inhabit and even know they inhabit, while we ourselves can forget that it is a hell in which we too must dwell.

The Spiritual Dimensions of Art

Another understanding of literature as intrinsically religious has viewed this dimension of life as a complex product of the human spirit that witnesses to the work of the Holy Spirit, which operates outside the institutional church as well as within it. Such critics often see the creativity of the human spirit or the "splendour of intelligibility"6 manifested in the form of the work itself as testimony to the activity of the Holy Spirit or to the wholeness and meaningfulness of creation. Then, they tend to nullify the distinction between religion and the arts but do so at the level of the creative and formal aspects of the aesthetic enterprise and work rather than at the level of meaning. For this reason they tend to equate aesthetic and religious success in such a way that they neglect the differences between the religious perspectives of particular works. Further, they have tended to blur the distinction between the human and the Holy Spirit in their recurrent stress upon the freedom of the Spirit and upon the unconsciousness of the artist over against his participation in it. What is more, this position continues to be literarily and theologically unsatisfying in that it neglects to tell us what it means for a work to be "in the Spirit" even though it admits the tendency of each of us to single out for applause those works which seem to us, somehow, gracious in their approach to man and his life.

Insofar as these critics have been willing to speak of the religious meaning expressed in modern literature, they often see its relationship with Christianity quite positively. Literature - even modern literature - serves as a corrective to theology. More specifically, it recalls to the Church the facts of its existence, of Christian beliefs that have been forgotten or hitherto unnoticed. In addition, this approach acknowledges the fact that modern literature can, and often does, stand in judgment over against the Church and that, in doing so, it serves the Church itself. It buys these advantages at too great a cost, however, for it often neglects the very negativity that lies at the heart of the modern story and constitutes its judgment upon us as well as the lessons it has to teach us. Further, when the advocates of this position do take this negativity more seriously,

they refuse to grant to it an integral pole in the life and the thought of the Church itself. Thus, this position permits us to see modern works as redemptive for the Church even as they must themselves go unhallowed. In other words, it is precisely those works that are found to be, finally, un-Christian, to which Christians must look today for works of the Spirit and even for works that are "in the Spirit." We reap the harvest then, while — regrettably perhaps — our benefactors must go unshriven and unredeemed. With this, however, the modern writer or his story becomes the scapegoat, the victim, and the suffering servant for the religious community itself.

We have come a long and perhaps circuitous path. If I have been sharp or even short-tempered with the various extrinsic positions, it has been in part the result of the realization that such strategies have undermined not only theological – or, more specifically, Christian – criticism, but theology and art as well and, what is worse, without intending to do so. Thus, it seems to me that we have been led into a number of theoretical *cul-de-sacs* and have neglected more creative avenues of approach in the process. For this reason, I have tried to suggest that one way of moving forward lies in critique: that is, in the attempt to see what it is that we have been trying to do, what we have in fact done, and where we may have gone wrong.

I have tried to argue as well that we cannot proceed with a theoretical foundation for a theological concern with the arts without recognizing that it is a concern which we all share, that it is theological, and that these facts are significant for our understanding of the relationship between religion and the arts. Indeed, it has been this recognition that has led me to conclude that we must develop intrinsic rather than extrinsic views of relationship and that the fact and form of relationship itself are misunderstood when we simply identify or disjoin the related areas. Dialogue involves both a sense of separation and a sense of community. Neither may be ignored without endangering both.

Penitence and the Critical Stance

I am not trying to suggest that there are any easy answers to the problems that beset us as we approach the arts theologically. Indeed, I am not sure that there are any "answers" at all, given the finality that usually attends this word. To say that each of us must be willing and at least theoretically able to honor both the religious seriousness and the aesthetic character of the arts is not so much a solution as a description of the problem itself. Yet, this is, I think, what each of us must do and do, moreover, in the difficult concreteness of particular discussion, whether it is theoretical as it is here or practical as it is when we turn to the task of analyzing and interpreting literary works themselves. I can see no other way to describe our task and, at the same time, allow it to be not only unified but also integral to both the religious and the aesthetic enterprises with which it must deal.

Thus, it seems to me that those critics have been correct who have insisted upon the importance of remembering both the differences and the similarities between the religious and the aesthetic dimensions of life. Such critics have seen that the arts do in fact have a religious dimension and that literary terms are, in themselves, philosophical and theological in nature. They have gone on to insist, therefore, that literature cannot be fully read and interpreted unless it is read and interpreted theologically, but they have maintained as well that the religious dimensions of art cannot be successfully separated from their aesthetic structure and embodiment or theological meaning discovered apart from aesthetic analysis.

With respect to the relationship between Christianity and modern literature, it seems to me at least possible and even profitable to view the two as intrinsically related. I do so because it seems to me that there can be little question today about the fact that Christians and Christianity itself are being called to account and that we know it, even though we are not always willing to admit it. Too many are asking, implicitly and explicitly, for a more rigorous version of what it means to be a Christian and for a faith that will enable us to be and become human to deny to ourselves that their quest is a judgment upon us. Yet we have been prone to respond merely to condemn. Aware of the charges laid up against us, we have been too quick to assume at times that it was the object of faith rather than its content that was in question or, more basically perhaps, that it was the act of faith itself rather than our tendency to treat it as knowledge. What is more, we have all too often reacted in terms of withdrawal and retreat, hiding behind the doors of the church and refusing to acknowledge not only the content of these charges but also their justice and even the right of the world to make them. With this, however, we have made the church a sort of bomb shelter or - perhaps better - a fort behind whose walls we can stand, screened from the world and safe from its criticisms, looking out only to take aim upon the enemy.

Whenever criticism and challenge are met in this manner, however, we have little choice but to admit that we are identifying the visible church, with all its faults and failings, with the Church Invisible. In no mood to look to the order of our own houses, therefore, we have often been content to permit — if not to support — the most banal expressions of the faith, to treat the Gospel as a stone to be thrown to an unbelieving world, and the Christian faith itself as a sort of yardstick in terms of which we condemn that world. Ill at ease with a world — and especially with an art — that is conspicuously philosophical and theological in its central concerns but just as conspicuously wary of traditional formulations in these areas, we have tended to accuse rather than allow ourselves to be judged and found wanting. In a time when we ourselves bemoan the substitution of ideology for faith, we have been prone to idolize our own formulations and to propose what is, in essence, merely another ideology but one that is the saddest kind of all, for it is an ideology constructed upon the ruins of faith.

In this predicament, it seems to me that it is once again time to see that Christianity is a way of thinking and a way of living without necessarily being a system of thought or a set of answers to be held up as a measuring stick or a weapon. It is what we think from that distinguishes it, and not merely what we think to. This means, however, that we must not only grant religious power and profundity to the religious perspectives of modern literature, but that we must also admit their importance for Christians, for it is at the very least a vision with which we must come to terms if Christianity is to remain meaningful and relevant at all. The fact that we cannot do even this by attempting to get over, under, or around this story, as Preston Roberts has so often pointed out,7 means, I think, that some Christians will have to involve themselves and their versions of Christianity itself with this story in more than a judgmental way.

Those who have, have come to see the work of art as a means of grace and of revelation and the artist as a prophet though not as a priest or a seer. Such men have seen that, in a world where religion has been most conspicuous, perhaps, in its withdrawals, condemnations, and failures, the writers of today have re-called us to an agonized awareness of man's inhumanity to man, to the realization that the task of being and becoming human are by no means complete at birth, and to the recognition that the path to this humanity lies, finally, in the vision of our brokenness and the wholeness this makes possible.

Camus was correct, therefore, when he saw that judgepenitency alone makes it possible to make of man an object of judgment without thereby making of him an object of condemnation as well. It is a way that provides for love and does so with all of the realism that love itself requires. Given penitence, one can testify to the fallenness of man and do so for the honor and for the dignity of man. Indeed, it is difficult for me to read of Willy Loman, of Didi and Gogo, or of Kafka's K. without at the same time being enabled to see them with respect and with compassion. It is a compassion that is no less real because it is finally necessary, a respect that is no less profound because dignity was gained at such cost. In works such as these, men can - somehow – be destroyed without thereby being also defeated, and I can think of no better way at the moment to describe the graciousness of the relationship between God and man or that of the relationships between men that this allows.

NOTES

- 1 Coleridge, Samuel T., **Biographia Literaria**, ed. Shawcross (London: Oxford University Press, 1907).
- 2 Richards, I.A., "Science and Poetry," **The Foundations of Modern** Literary Judgment, ed., Schorer, Miles, and McKenzie (New York: Harcourt, Brace and Co., 1948), 505-524.
- 3 Sittler, Joseph, "Theology and the Arts," Response, 1 (1959), 7.
- 4 Tate, Allen, "Is Literary Criticism Possible," Man of Letters in the Modern World (New York: Meridian Books, 1955), 162-175.
 5 Sittler, Ioc. cit.
- 6 Sittler, Joseph, "Is a Christian Criticism Possible and Desirable?", Drew University's Literature and Religion Newsletter, 1 (1960), 25
- 7 Roberts, Preston T, "Bringing Pathos into Focus," **motive** magazine, (1953). Reprinted in **The University of Chicago Magazine** (1954).

When we set up an image of Christ in any place, we appeal to the senses; and indeed we sanctify the sense of sight, which is the highest among the perceptive senses, just as by sacred speech we sanctify the sense of hearing. An image is, after all, a reminder; it is to the illiterate what a book is to the literate, and what the word is to the hearing, the image is to the sight. All this is the approach through the senses: but it is with the mind that we lay hold on the image. We remember that God ordered that a vessel be made from wood that would not rot, gilded inside and out, and that the tables of the law should be placed in it and the staff and the golden vessel containing the manna — all this for a reminder of what had taken place, and a foreshadowing of what was to come. What was this but a visual image? And this sacred thing was not placed in some obscure corner of the tabernacle; it was displayed in full view of the people, so that whenever they looked at it they would give honour and worship to the God who had through its contents made known his design for them. They were not worshipping the things themselves, of course; they were being led through them to recall the wonderful works of God, and to adore him whose words they had witnessed.

> - John of Damascus, Adversus eos qui imagines abiciunt, cited in The Wisdom of the Fathers, by Erik Routley (The Westminster Press)

The Theatre

The Tragedy of Tennessee Williams

BY WALTER SORELL

Drama Editor

"The Milktrain Doesn't Stop Here Anymore" is Tennessee Williams' twelfth Broadway production he also has off-Broadway productions to his credit and a series of one-act plays which are creations of major proportion – and it may be justifiable to compare his first with his latest drama. And dramas they are, full of the most violent conflicts which man creates for himself, or which simply emerge from his contact with his fellow-man. Williams has a way of leaning far overboard when looking at the emotional waves that are passionately whipped against the ship of life. But, at the same time, all his plays hold out to us a word of poetic suggestiveness and persuasive compassion for God's creatures, and it is this sure touch of tenderness and graceful pity for man's imperfections that save his plays and make us bear with him and his personal weaknesses.

For he sees the world from a distorted angle, narrowed by a seemingly prejudiced vision. In general, he visualizes man as an unfortunate being who creates the illusion of a realistic existence but, in fact, lives the delusions of his pathetic ego. Man's dreams are shattered whenever they face reality. This is unavoidable. Nevertheless, man only endures because he dreams and goes on dreaming. In particular, life is peopled with sexhungry women who are promiscuous out of passion, boredom and despair - or all three together - and who litter the world with unhappiness. On the other hand, Williams is obsessed with the image of the pure, innocent boy, a poet at heart (if not on paper), who perpetuates the mystery of life, an eternal Orpheus descending with a great mission in his eyes and an invisible cross on his shoulder. There may be something wild about him sometimes, but this wildness has a curious, childlike quality which only arouses more and more the carnal appetite of his sick women. (It is also significant that his leading female characters are so much better written than his male figures. It is well known that the devil has the better lines, the better part in all morality plays.)

There are rare exceptions in this scheme of Williams' world and they are mainly there to point to the other extreme – the frightened, frigid woman with purity in her head (not heart) who, like Alma in "Summer and Smoke," finally runs into the arms of a travelling salesman. A notable mutation is Hannah Jelkes in "The Night of the Iguana," in which all vileness and vulgarity are heaped on the proprietess of the hotel and a savagely virile, unfrocked minister.

In his first play, "Battle of Angels," rewritten as "Orpheus Descending," Val Xavier, a young man with a lyre in his heart, comes to a small Southern town, becomes the victim of several sex-ridden women, and, accused of a murder he did not commit, dies a terrible death. Since then, Williams grew up. In his latest entry, the boy, a thirty-four-year-old poet, is no longer the passive hero. He has a symbolic mission in life, with a perverted connotation. He has the need to take care of someone and attaches himself to lonely old women. As some of them died, he became known as the "angel of death." Thus, he enters the villas and the last summer of a dying woman, a former chorus girl who had married six times. With each husband - for whom she has no kindly word - she had climbed the social ladder until, bathing in riches as much as in the emptiness of a lost life, she dies in the same vulgar way she had lived. With dictaphones everywhere and the help of a too ostentatiously pure secretary, she tries to pour her experienced vulgarities into her memoirs, interrupted only by the appearance of the "angel of death" before death himself silences her desperate heart.

This Orpheus, purified while descending, refuses to go to bed with the dying woman and leaves one of his mobiles hanging on the terrace (he writes poetry and sells his mobiles). There it is, moving in the wind, trembling in the stillness of eternal being while she stretches out her hands and says: "He's touched my heart, I hope I've touched his." (Final curtain line.)

There is something phoney about the religious connotation of the ending. We do not believe her, nor him, that he had a message of consolation. Williams set out to write a tragedy of death. He wanted to write a "tragedy in which the protagonist is not a human being but a universal condition of human beings." He did not succeed in that. He did not quite succeed with "The Milktrain Doesn't Stop Here Anymore" because the vulgarities of his heroine are not outweighed by the suggestive touch of the poet in Tennessee Williams.

From the Chapel

The Arms of the Cross

BY LUTHER P. KOEPKE

Professor of Religion and Dean of Students Valparaiso University

URING World War II the bombings of London were carried on so incessantly that for awhile it seemed as though the whole city would be wiped out by the explosions and the fires that always followed the bombings. During a particularly heavy night of bombing an elderly Christian gentleman was watching the fire and smoke and the destruction which had just taken place. In an account of that evening's feelings, he states that he felt that it seemed as if the whole city would soon be destroyed. He also thought that if men did not learn to live at peace, soon the whole civilized world would be ruined. The smoke from the burning buildings on this particular evening was so heavy that he could scarcely make out the buildings in the distance, but through the smoke and the fire he continued to strain his eyes. Suddenly a strong gust of wind cleared the air for a moment. As he looked up he saw the cross on the spire of the cathedral which was a short distance away. According to his statement, to him this became a symbol of the fact that the world would survive.

In a somewhat similar vein, we now approach the somber and sacred season of Lent. Amid the sadness and defeat which seems to be so much a part of the Lenten story, there seems to be very little about which man could be cheerful. As we know so well from the Biblical record of the Lenten story, and as we recognize from the sinful actions of men today, it was the dark cloak of sinfulness that made the crucifixion necessary. However, through all the gloom and darkness of the Lenten story there still shines the cross of Christ. The cross of Lent is cruel and horrible and evil, but still it is the cross of forgiveness and salvation.

To the Christian whose heart has been touched by the Spirit of God, the cross always is viewed as an act of God's suffering love. The resultant effect of God's having touched the heart of the Christian and drawing him unto Himself seems to be summarized in Ephesians, Chapter 3, where we read, "That Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith, that ye, being rooted and grounded in love, may be able to comprehend with all the saints what is the breadth and length and depth and height, and to know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge that ye might be filled with all the fullness of God."

Some students of the Scriptures feel that when Paul refers to the breadth and length and depth and height of the love of God, he is thinking of the four arms of the cross which so completely exemplifies God's love for man. The cross of Calvary demonstrates the allencompassing nature of God's love. It is so high and so broad and so deep that we, as mere human beings, cannot comprehend it. We, as Christians, accept by faith the meaning of the cross and are assured of this meaning for ourselves through the continuing operation of the Holy Spirit.

The breadth of God's love is so wide that God was concerned about doing something that would draw all men unto Himself. Therefore, the redemption story as it climaxes on Good Friday reaches out across the bounds of time and of space and encompasses the history of the universe, even before the world began. So it is that the Lenten story, depicting this suffering love of an all-encompassing Christ, stretches out wide and extends His arms to the entire universe.

The length of God's love reaches back beyond the bounds of time and stretches into eternity itself. For even before the foundations of the world were laid, God in His love had determined the salvation of mankind. The length of God's love, also, stretches forward into all eternity, encompassing all of time. This expansive love of God, therefore, stretching from eternity to eternity, becomes meaningful to the Christian as depicted in the events of the life of Christ during Lent and Easter.

One of the problems that man has made for himself in the atomic energy plants is the problem of what to do with the waste materials. These waste materials remain radioactive for such a long period of time that the greatest care must be taken in their disposition. In a similar but in a positive sense the Cross continues to send forth its forgiving love to the end of time and even into eternity.

The height of God's love, like its other dimensions, is really easier to feel than to explain. We know that human love can become depraved; human love frequently is selfish. Divine love as seen from the Cross always is motivated by the complete concern for human beings. This Divine love does not overlook sin, but it takes care of it. Divine love does not turn away from evil, but replaces it with good. Divine love does not stop when man turns away from it, but it continually follows him unto the end of his days. The height of God's love, therefore, stretches from the heaven above into the heart of man.

The depth of the love of God reaches down into a sin-blackened world and into the innermost recesses

of the heart of man. Regardless of who a man is, or where he is, or what he is, the depth of the love of God is there to reach and to touch and to change. Regardless of how low man may have sunk, God can reach down and lift him up. In spite of the accumulative effect of sin on the world and on the lives of men, the love of God can still penetrate and re-direct. Regardless of the chaos that men cause in their own lives and in the world at large, the depth of the love of God can pierce through the sinfulness of man and can change a sinner into a child of God.

It is our prayer that during Lent we may try just a

On Second Thought

It's foolish to believe that we can go on talking about our faith in the same old terms, and be relevant. These are modern times, and we must be willing to rephrase. May I suggest that we begin with the Sermon on the Mount?

- "Blessed are those who go to church, for they are the backbone of the kingdom.
- "Blessed are those who worry about finances, for they shall get out the cash.
- "Blessed are the meek followers, for they shall establish the authority of the church officers and the clergy.
- "Blessed are those who satisfy hunger and thirst in the church, for theirs is the fellowship of the pot-luck table.
- "Blessed are the big givers, for they build the church, have their income tax reduced, and make friends for their business.
- "Blessed are the narrow-minded, for they never confuse the people with doubts, and they shall be known as the right.
- "Blessed are the administrators, for without them God's kingdom would be chaos and nothing would get done.

little more to understand and to experience what is the breadth and length and depth and height and to know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge.

> Oh, the height of Jesus' love, Higher than the Heavens above, Deeper than the depths of sea, Lasting as eternity.

Love that found me, Wondrous thought, Found me When I sought him not.

BY ROBERT J. HOYER

"Blessed are the promoters and the program makers, for they add numbers to the kingdom and make the statistics grow.

- "Blessed are you when men smile at your morals, and gently ridicule your stern faith, and never invite you to a hot party; for this means you are better than they are. Rejoice in this, you will be rewarded for your nobility.
- "You are the salt of the earth; if you do not irritate the world with your condemnation of its evil and laws against its morality, what good are you? You are the light of the world. If men do not know that you are better than they are, how can you be a good example? Let men see that you are more faithful to the fathers, that you give more to charity, and that you separate yourselves from sinners, that they may give God thanks for such defenders of the faith.

Here's another standard passage that should be rewritten, for the comprehension of the modern world:

"Worship is the Way, the Confessions are the Truth, and Koinonia is the Life. No man comes to the Father except by these."

The Organ and the Church

A t least two and one half centuries before Christ a crude form of the pipe organ was known. It has been the joy of the church of Christ to nurture and improve it down through the centuries and in its most artistic form it has been almost exclusively the product of the church. The development of the organ as we know it today follows the development of church music and the ups and downs of this much misunderstood field are also the ups and downs of organ building.

The organ suffered particularly at the hands of some of the leaders of the Reformation. In England it was completely outlawed in 1644. Blanton calls attention to the fact that in Glasgow, as late as 1807, a furor arose about the admission of an organ into a church of Scotland. Even where the organs were in use they were hidden away and stifled in organ chambers or blunted by sound absorbing materials. Fortunately the climate has improved and all over the country organs are appearing which follow the openness and the honesty of some of the earlier builders in Europe.

It still holds true "the ideal which must govern artistic organ building throughout all time – the ideal which insists upon making an organ sound like itself and not like something else."

Extremely large organs in many American churches are certainly extravagant luxuries and in many cases are unworthy of their place in a house of worship. Organ design ought to fit primarily the worship needs of the local congregation and all good organ builders work on this principle. "Overselling" an organ is just as great an ecclesiastical misdemeanor as is the propaganda for all the specialties in the loud speaker field. There is nothing mysterious about the organ requirements of the local church because they who understand its function will be able to give good instruction to the organ builder and his consultant.

A recent well done parish installation has been dedicated at the Church of Saint Luke in Chicago. The location of the organ both visually and tonally was considered from the very beginning of the new church plans. The architect, Mr. Harold A. Etahl, A.I.A., worked together with the pastor, the director of music, and the choirmaster, as well as the consultants, to give the organ its proper place in the church so that it could be used to greatest advantage for the Worship Services. The vertical design of the great chancel wall was to reflect the great verticals of the organ pipes on the south wall of the church. The genius of the designers and builders is amply attested to by the splendid sound as well as the thrilling appearance of the

By ADALBERT RAPHAEL KRETZMANN

organ as it rises against the great wall between the symbolic windows over the narthex.

The Saint Luke organ is one of the largest installations which the firm has made in the Midwest to date. It has forty-two independent registers and fifty-nine ranks, with a total of 3,220 pipes. The base of the main organ is twenty-four feet above the floor of the nave, and from this level it rises thirty-two feet. The Pedal Organ is located at the lowest level, and at the sides, where the 16' Principal is a part of the facade. The Great Organ (Manual II) is located at the center; and the Swell Organ (Manual III), which is enclosed in an expression box, is placed at the top. The pipes of the 8' Trompeta Real, with copper resonators, project horizontally from the center of the organ.

The Positiv Organ (Manual I) is cantilevered from the west wall of the nave, over the rear choir gallery. A small two-manual and pedal organ is located in the west choir gallery, playable from both its own console and from the console in the rear gallery.

Stop control of both organs is by tilting tablets. There are eighty stop tablets on the main console, and fourteen stop tablets on the side gallery console. The main console stops may be controlled manually, or by twenty-eight combination pistons.

It was originally planned to incorporate into the new organ sets of pipes from the old organ which served in the former church from 1903 to 1959. However, after all old pipes had been shipped to Buffalo, the organ builder found that only eight stops could be rebuilt, revoiced, and incorporated into the new organ. Those pipes which were used had to be of sufficient quality so that they would come up to the standard of new pipes. New manual principal and mixture pipes are made of an alloy of 75 per cent tin and 25 per cent lead. Other metal pipes are made of varying percentages of tin and lead; metal bass pipes are made of zinc. Three registers are made of wood and two reed registers have copper resonators.

Each manual and the pedal division has its independent and complete ensemble, crowned with a mixture. The entire organ is voiced on low wind pressure, and minimal nicking of the languids of the flue pipes has been employed in the voicing. As in a well balanced choir or orchestra, each register has been voiced to take its rightful place in the tonal ensemble. No one register will dominate the others in the organ.

The tonal design was conceived so that the organ would have the finest possible ensembles available for leading hymn-singing and the service music.



- photo by Lyle R. Mayer

The Music Room

Clarity

I find myself falling into the habit of linking conclusions and convictions to reminiscences.

This, I believe, is a good habit if one has had a wealth of experience.

For some time a spirit of one kind or another has been prodding me to write as often as I can about clarity, which is a *sine qua non* of the art of musical composition. Perhaps it is the present-day preponderance of tonal gibberish that impels me to rebel against a current tendency to indulge in what I call the obfuscation that covers a multitude of sins. Are directness, simplicity, and perspicuity rapidly going the way of all flesh?

The first important violinist I ever heard was a Russian-born artist named Alexander Saslavsky. I had just begun to thread my way through my teens when I had occasion to listen with bated breath as he played Camille Saint-Saens' *Havanaise*. Although Saslavsky was by no means one of the greatest of the great, he was competent enough to become concertmaster of the New York Symphony Orchestra, then of the Russian Symphony Orchestra, and finally of the Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra. Nor was Saint-Saens one of the greatest of the great. But his compositions are models of clarity. Many perspicacious commentators have spoken of him as the French Mendelssohn.

I have not forgotten Saslavsky's performance of Saint-Saens' Havanaise – not only because it impressed me as being excellent in every way but primarily because, stripling though I was, I marveled at the striking lucidity characteristic of the composer's way of writing. To this day I never fail to derive much joy from Saint-Saens' Havanaise, which, as you probably know, is a habanera and has a great deal in common with a tango. It gets its name from Havana, the capital of Cuba. Clarity dances with extraordinary lissomness throughout this fine composition.

In letters as well as in word-of-mouth reprimands I have been accused of being, shall I say, a bit warped because I have often written that I cannot regard Mendelssohn or Saint-Saens as monumentally great composers. Believe me, however, I do revel in the clarity that is one of the hallmarks of the music these two men have handed down to us. The first opera I ever heard was a concert version of Saint-Saens' Samson and Delilah. I liked the work at that time, and I still like it — even though I cannot put it alongside masterpieces like Mozart's Don Giovanni, Verdi's Otello, Bizet's Carmen, or Wagner's Ring. Samson and Delilah is excitingly tuneful and deftly orchestrated. Above all, every measure abounds in unmistakably clarity. I must say the

By WALTER A. HANSEN

same thing about Saint-Saens' symphonic poems and about many other works from his exceedingly facile pen. Is it a mortal sin for modern composers to take at least one leaf out of his book?

Incidentally, I am tempted to say at this juncture that some theologians should try to learn a thing or two about lucidity of expression by giving attention to the clarity to be found in the works of composers who, like Saint-Saens, laid special stress on this virtue. From such sources Paul Tillich, whom I regard as a mighty apostle of vagueness, should try to learn something about the importance of perspicuity. But I often wonder. Why, for example, has Karl Barth, who for a long time has set great store by the beauty of Mozart's music, not succeeded in imbuing his own writing with some semblance of the crystalline clarity that is found in every measure this composer put on paper? I do not know the answer.

For many years I have been a balletomane. When I began to take deep interest in this composite art, I read more than one screed in which the ballet was decried in no uncertain terms as completely and unalterably sinful. But I always regarded such tirades as balderdash pure and simple. I still do.

I myself learned much about the importance of clarity by attending and reviewing ballet presentations – about clarity of line, motion, and expression. Unfortunately, I missed the famous Vaslav Nijinsky by a hair. But I cannot forget the wonderful artistry of Adolf Bohm – I think I am spelling his name correctly – in *Le Spectre de la Rose*, which is based on Carl Maria von Weber's *Invitation to the Dance*. He appeared in the first ballet performance I ever saw. The remarkable litheness and limpidity of his dancing made a profound impression on me – an impression that has remained throughout the years.

Then there was the fabulous Anna Pavlova. I saw her in Rimsky-Korsakoff's Snow Maiden and in Daniel Auber's The Dumb Girl of Portici. The fluidity of her dancing was beyond measure. Everything was clear.

I could mention other composers and other artists who were exemplars of clarity of expression. Maybe I shall do so on later occasions. But I dare not conclude this little essay without pointing to the man who, in my opinion, has never been excelled as a master of lucidity. The name of that man is Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart. Peter Ilyich Tchaikovsky, many of whose works continue to defy the merciless tooth of time, took a leaf out of his book. Numerous modern fabricators of so-called music should go and do likewise — if they can. But they keep on giving us downright rubbish.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH

RELIGION

THE WORD WAS GOD

By Guenter Rutenborn. Translated from the German by Elmer E. Foelber (Thomas Nelson & Sons)

What an excellent idea this book represents! A playwright-pastor, an artist with words, sets out to inveigle people into reading the Word.

As a playwright, he is sensitive to the importance of capturing the audience first. He does this via the low-pressure route. "To make of you simply a reader of the Bible, this is our aim, nothing beyond that. On this we give you our word of honor." That's the promise he makes in the introduction. Who wouldn't be disarmed by that?

After a chapter of detailing the indebtedness of western civilization to the Bible, the author plunges into his task. From page 23 to 223 he cajoles, coaxes, and commands his reader to read the Bible.

He does a remarkable job. There they are, all sixty-six books of the Bible (and the apocrypha, too!), condensed and interpreted in terms of their own time and role in God's plan. Then for good measure, their relevance for today is underlined.

The library we call the Bible is presented as having come from God, the real Author. Rutenborn speaks of the unity and inspiration of Scripture. More particularly, he defines the unity in terms of the theme: the Redemption of Man. And even this is finally focused more sharply on Jesus Christ and His cross. Every book of the Bible, says Rutenborn, grapples with what the theologians call Law and Gospel. This sentence occurs, for example, in his discussion of Exodus: "For us who have already come to know the connections, all this is logical, or better, Christological."

Many readers will want to address questions to Rutenborn. Although one must applaud the evident Law/Gospel scheme by which Rutenborn interprets the Scriptures, there is some question of whether he sticks to the distinction between them to the end. What does he mean, for example, when he says, "The history of the people of Israel is one centuries-long flight from the grace of the divine law" (page 45), and, in reference to the New Testament, "The tragic drama of righteousness through the Law must come to an end" (page 46)?

Any attempt to introduce the Bible to contemporary man must face the question of science and especially the problem of the origins of man and his universe. Not all will be comfortable with Rutenborn on this point. He does not feel it necessary to force the reader of the first two chapters of Genesis to choose sides in a cultural debate. Although he comes out staunchly for divine origins, he seems to feel that there is such a thing as a "faithful uncertainty" about some things.

There are also those who will take offense at his concept of divine truth as it relates to specific factual information in Holy Scripture. "There is nothing more boring and dull than mere accuracy," he says (Page 80). He is not ready to apply the concepts of consistency and factuality appropriate to a laboratory or an engineering problem to a religious document.

A final important feature of this volume is that it is written out of the context of what Rutenborn repeatedly calls the "German-Hebrew precedent." He speaks as a German to his fellow Germans on the basis of their recent mutual experience of Nazism. Again and again, the meaning of the Word of God is interpreted more deeply and pointedly because of this national experience. Thus one can say that just as God once spoke to men through the national experience of another people, so He can bring His Word anew to us through the experiences of nations today.

The translation, well done, is by Elmer E. Foelber.

GENERAL

THE ART OF VERGIL

By Viktor Poeschl (University of Michigan Press, \$3.95)

Vergilians unacquainted with the German language will be grateful to Gerda Seligson, Professor of Classics at Michigan, for her faithful rendition into English of Poeschl's superb study of image and symbol in the *Aeneid*.

Prior to the appearance of this valuable work, published originally some few years ago, all of the vast scholarship devoted to Vergil's epic poem, beginning shortly after his death in 19 B.C. and continuing with little interruption ever since, had been concerned primarily with externals, with visible representations of persons and things, which were observed directly and to which literal meanings were given. It is the internal drama that the Heidelberg scholar and critic Poeschl analyzes, the movements and struggles within the souls of the characters and the destinies inherent in deeds and events, as they are symbolically revealed through simile and metaphor and even more generally through such means as motion and gesture, weapons and attire, and the various periods of day and night. This interior imagery, moreover, felt to be as important as the outer action which it interprets, also suggests musical cadences no less than the sounds of the hexameter verses themselves and can even be visualized as contrasting light and shade of blending and alternating moods exactly like a landscape of the Italian Renaissance artist Giorgione.

Here are several typical illustrations indicative of the author's manner of interpretation. When reference is made to the serenity of paternal Jupiter, god of light, this attribute combines within itself mental clarity, cheerfulness of spirit, and the bright hue of the southern sky. Symbolic gesture is illustrated by the straight course taken by the hero Aeneas in the last stage of his voyage to Italy: Internally the meaning is that the Trojan leader is now determined no longer to dally with the Queen of Carthage but to press on unswervingly to the accomplishment of his divine mission. Nature serves as symbol of political organization in the comparison of Neptune stilling the roaring sea to the influential statesman whose mere sudden presence before the rioting mob causes its tumult to subside at once. In Homer the purpose of the simile is to explain the exterior occurrence and to make it more vivid. In Vergil, who is much more subtle and complex than his simpler, more natural model, the simile further discloses inner action and at the end sometimes includes a symbolic prediction, as in the beautiful figure of the deer. Here a sylvan hind, caught off guard, attempts to escape from the hunter who does not realize that his lethal arrow has penetrated the innocent animal: So Dido, a helpless victim of beguiling Amor, wanders frantically through her city, distraught with an engulfing passion for which her guest Aeneas does not know that he is responsible, but as the futile flight of the deer symbolizes, the pathetic Queen too is already doomed to death and destruction.

As for larger basic themes, Poeschl points out, for example, that the first sequence of scenes in the Aeneid is an anticipatory symbol of the whole poem. This is the great storm that drives the Aeneadae to the shores of northern Africa, the turbulent symphonic overture of rising and falling waves a forecast of the mood of ebb and flow which pervade the epic and the grand tragedy of its story. The tragedy itself is the result of impius furor, symbolized now by the implacably wrathful goddess Juno, now by the fury Allecto in their instigation of bitter hostilities, now by the latter's deluded agent Turnus, who is himself symbol of a strong but violent barbaric Italy not yet come under the beneficent civilizing influence of the cultured Trojans. After his conquest of the darkness of mad strife.

the heroic Aeneas on the other hand, as symbol of light (*pietas, humanitas, magnitudo animi*), introduces equity, law and order, he the image of the future Emperor Augustus who will finally chain fast the bellowing gory Demon of War in the Temple of Janus and usher in the blessed *Pax Romana*. Thus the *Princeps* too symbolizes the theme of the *Aeneid*, the destiny of Rome, divinely ordained to provide for this world a rule as orderly and well ordered as the harmony of the spheres and in fact of the whole universe.

Almost a score of years ago T. S. Eliot defined the Aeneid in the deep sense as the ideal classic (What is a Classic? [London, 1945]). Through his Leitfaden Poeschl has demonstrated since then that the Roman epic, like all true poetry thereafter, can be read profitably too for its many symbolic meanings and an imagery that is constantly illuminating nuances of mood and feeling to be captured for total cognition of Vergil's "psychography." A sympathetic appreciation of this essence of his poetic art would depend however, on the meeting of certain prerequisites: a keen imagination, receptive aesthetic sensibilities which can be affected and enhanced by the beauty of words and thoughts, and the ability intuitively to attune the inner ear and the inner eye to the recessed background of soft music and chiaroscuro paintings that Vergil supplies for our thorough comprehension and full enjoyment of his poetry.

Edgar C. Reinke

INDEPENDENCE AND AFTER

By Richard Harris (Oxford University Press, \$1.75)

The days of Western colonialism and/or imperialism are fast passing into the limbo of an unsung and now to be forgotten past. New nations are emerging throughout the Orient and in all of Africa; and a change in the political structure of the Americas is inevitable — the winds are blowing relentlessly in that direction.

The concern of the author of Independence and After is: What attitude should be taken by the Western powers in their own interest as well as that of the newly emerging nations? There are two revolutions taking place, according to the author, "the revolution of equality" and "the revolution in society." The first, which has already been consummated in many places, is for the purpose of throwing off any foreign rule with its overtones of Western assumed racial superiority, to establish a dignity and self-confidence without which no nation can grow into maturity. The second revolution elaborated upon in the book, "the revolution in society," is that change which must take place within the nation itself in these modern days of population explosion and when industrial development is a sine qua non.

The author goes to great lengths to prove that there are two basic patterns of political development, the one founded on authoritarian power - eastern Asia; the other on religious and philosophic thought - Southern Asia, exemplified by India primarily. To assume that what we term Asia is a unit in any sense is a gross mistake, the author asserts. Because of the two distinctly different thought patterns of these peoples, the infiltration of Communism will be quite different, more readily acceptable to those of authoritarian thought and rule than the other; and the conquests of Communistic world rule have until now proved the author to be correct.

It is the contention of the author that both "the revolution of equality" and "the revolution in society" are not only necessary but also inevitable and that the only sane course to be followed by the West is to understand and to accept the revolutionary process and to cooperate with these nations to the good of all concerned. There is "a good chance," the author of the book claims, "that they (the new nations) will settle into a stability which will certainly be independent but will not necessarily be inimical to Western international interest."

Why the booklet (69 pp.) is important. While it says again what many others have said, it says it well, in popular language; and it must be repeated again and again until we in the Western world outgrow our complacent feeling of self-righteousness self-sufficiency, as well as that of racial and cultural superiority; there is nothing about our race (whatever that might be) that makes us in any sense superior; there is much in our culture, too, that is not in any sense superior to other cultures, primarily our sense of values.

The reading of Independence and After points up for the Christian church - of which this reviewer is and hopes to be a part until kingdom come - a number of sobering and important lessons. We still have a long way to go in overcoming our status as a minority; we have signally failed in understanding the philosophy and the culture of others and hence have failed largely in understanding them as people with the necessary concomitant of not being able to communicate effectively with them. A humble approach to other people and cultures, with penitence toward God for our past sins of an unfounded spirit of superiority, can help. We may yet get the ear and through it reach the heart of nations in Asia, Africa, and the Americas who will in future generations wield an influence in the world commensurate with their ever-growing numbers. This applies to Western nations as well as to the Christian church which in modern times, and contrary to its ecumenical claims, has become Western geographically if not culturally.

THE POISONS IN YOUR FOOD

By William Longgood (Simon and Schuster, \$3.95) Also in paperback (Black Cat Series, Grove Press, 60 cents)

SILENT SPRING

By Rachel Carson (Houghton, Mifflin, \$5.00)

Whistling in the dark may bolster flagging courage but it does nothing to very real dangers that may lurk there. Poohpoohing a controversial subject may give one a sense of superiority but unless you have actually spent a fair amount of time studying both sides of the matter you are whistling in the dark.

These two books, though published independently and two years apart, can readily be combined in one review. In the first, the emphasis is largely on the effect agricultural sprays and food additives may and do have on the human body and the difficulty encountered by many of those who have been concerned with change in the use of these poisons as they are applied to our food. In the other, the emphasis is largely on the eventual effects of poison sprays on the natural environment. Both books present a rather depressing picture for the human race if such practices are continued.

Much heated argument has surrounded this subject both in and out of government. As yet the sides may perhaps be quite well defined. On the one side stand the chemical companies, the argiculturalists and food processors concerned with providing sufficient food for the world, and the AMA. On the other are an insufficient number of scientists and doctors concerned with learning the source of the increasing number of new diseases and with the continuing struggle with the familiar diseases in spite of the remarkable number of cures found for the old; a number of agriculturalists who have looked back upon their efforts and evaluated the results; and a growing number of lay people who have taken the time to acquaint themselves with these matters.

Of the former group a good many may (or should they?) be excused for their lack of knowledge. When methods are found for increasing food production and facilitating the subsequent handling and processing, it is quite natural to suppose that these will be used. However, when concern arises as to the potential or actual danger of such practices to the eventual consumer, an honest concern for this consumer should be expected of all those involved in the growing and handling of food.

Of the AMA it may be said that the doctors have so far seen only the one side of the coin. Except for advocating a few deep-knee bends and recommending the basic seven, they have been concerned with the *cure* of illnesses and the daily increasing pressures on their time would hardly permit them to become the leaders in another — though related — field.

Therefore, it appears that the hitherto unmindful consumer will have to take up the battle in his own defense and help to decide which it will be, poisons or no poisons.

These two books are a good beginning in this study for survival. Neither author deals in generalities. Both are specific in their attack and both books are well documented. We presume that the publishers of *Silent Spring* are also considering a paperback edition in order to reach a larger audience.

THE MOVIES IN THE AGE OF INNOCENCE

By Edward Wagenknecht (University of Oklahoma Press, \$5.00)

Here we have a detailed and engrossing history of the motion picture before the advent of the sound track. Edward Wagenknecht, professor of English at Boston University, tells us, "I have confined myself in this book to the silent film partly because this is enough for one volume, and partly because I loved silent films as I have never loved their successors."

Mr. Wagenknecht is convinced that in this day of the mammoth screen, color photography, highly developed techniques, super-colossal spectacles and stereo sound tracks movie-goers cannot understand "what the first motion pictures looked like to the generation for which they were created" or the manner in which "the film impinged upon the consciousness of an America which had never seen films before."

Those who are of Mr. Wagenknecht's generation relive many memorable moments as they read his book. Those who did not have the opportunity to observe the growth and development cf a revolutionary art form will gain a new insight into and a deeper understanding of the significance of an era that is gone forever.

The Movies in the Age of Innocence is a valuable addition to the impressive list of books devoted to a medium of which Hugo von Hofmannsthal once wrote, "The motion picture is the only medium through which the men of our day . . . are able to come together for the purpose of enjoying a wonderful — nay, a spiritual — heritage, and of making their lives a part of the common life of humanity." All the great names that made history during the period of the silent films are here, together with a superb collection of photographs.

Mr. Wagenknecht is the author of many distinguished volumes in the field of English and American literature. A critical essay titled "Lillian Gish: An Interpretation" is appended to The Movies in the Age of Innocence.

FICTION

THE KINDLY ONES

By Anthony Powell (Little, Brown, \$4.00)

The Kindly Ones is the sixth and most recent novel in Anthony Powell's "Dance to the Music of Time" series. In the earlier volumes Powell traces the life of four young men from their school days at Eton at the end of World War I, through Oxford in the mid-twenties, and into professional and social life through the Depression and up to the brink of another world war in the late thirties. The series is a brilliant satire on fashionable English life between the two wars, in which Powell uses the method of understatement in dealing with much the same material which his contemporary Evelyn Waugh satirizes by exaggeration.

Although each volume depends on the preceding ones for its full richness, *The Kindly Ones* can stand, perhaps better than any of the others, as a well-constructed, individual novel. Because of this greater autonomy it may win more favorable notice than any of its predecessors for this fine but comparatively neglected writer.

Powell, like Dickens and Meredith before him, is essentially a novelist of great scenes. He constructs The Kindly Ones on the basis of four dramatic episodes which comprise the four chapters of the novel. The first episode is a flashback to the anxious days just before the assassination of the Austrian Archduke and the outbreak of World War I. The setting is a small country estate occupied by the family of the narrator, Nick Jenkins, whose father is a British army officer stationed nearby. Powell here employs the double point of view of his narrator, then a boy of ten, and of the same narrator looking back on these events from a perspective twenty-five years later — the chronological setting of the other three episodes of this novel. Jenkins describes the relationships of his family's servants, especially Billson, the housekeeper, and Albert, the cook, with whom she is secretly in love. General Convers, an energetic old Boer War veteran, comes to Sunday dinner on the same day that Albert has casually announced that he is going to marry "a girl from Bristol" and will soon leave the Jenkins' employ. The episode builds to an unexpected climactic scene: into the dignified living room of the Jenkins and their guests bursts a distraught Billson, announcing that since Albert is leaving, so must she. She is "stark naked." The group is thrown into a state of complete shock from which only General Conyers recovers a few moments later; he seizes a nearby drapery, wraps it around Billson and succeeds in escorting her to her room. By this act of will he rescues the others from further embarrassment.

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Soon after, the party breaks up as they learn the somber news of the assassination which will mark the beginning of war.

This scene, comic and perhaps superficially frivolous, is fraught with deeper and more tragic meaning. In an atmosphere of anxiety and tension, the writer skillfully creates a foreboding of impending irrational outburst: on the public level with talk by the dinner guests about the explosive political situation; on the private one, by fears expressed by several household servants, including Billson, concerning the appearances of a "ghost" which has presumably been haunting the Jenkins' house for many years. In the climax of the episode, irrationality does, in fact, burst forth: something can be done about it on the private level, by a person of will like Convers who curtails Billson's exhibition; but the public dimension is out of the hands of individuals, and a world war will be the result.

The three remaining episodes of The Kindly Ones occur twenty-five years later, but time seems to have gone back on itself, for the same mood of impending catastrophe has reappeared. Hitler has been appeased at Munich, but war looms increasingly imminent. It is more than this prewar anxiety of two generations which gives this novel unity, however. As in the first episode, each of the others culminates in a comic scene involving the disruption of sophisticated society by a surprise display of personal irrationality, always created by frustrated love between a man and a woman. The public irrationality of political conflict thus always finds its analogue in a disturbance of personal libido. In each scene, rationality returns through the intervention of some person of will. The result is always the same: personal irrationality is checked, but public irrationality moves inevitably onward to catastrophe. At the end of The Kindly Ones, the narrator Jenkins is being placed on active service as the war has begun.

Time is an important concern in this novel as it is in the entire series. One of the important things which Powell seems to say is that the passage of time is irrelevant from the standpoint of human emotions. Thus, in the third episode of the novel, it is the revelation of past irrationality which has a devasting effect on one of the major characters, in this case Nick Jenkins himself. In the crucial scene of this episode, he learns from the husband of his old sweetheart that during the interval of Jenkins' own brief but passionate affair with her, he has been only one of a number of her lovers. This revelation of events more than fifteen years removed (Jenkins has been happily married long since) has the same shocking effect on him now that the desertion of his friend Moreland's wife has upon that character in

episode four — or that Billson's bizarre appearance has upon the Jenkins household earlier.

The concrete symbol which Powell uses to express the experience of his novel ---and which serves as its title — is the Greek idea of the Furies, here used to indicate man's irrationality. But "the Greeks, because they so greatly feared the Furies, had named them the Eumenides - the Kindly Ones - flattery intended to appease their terrible wrath." So, the surface of the novel in its civilized settings, depiction of sophisticated and generally controlled behavior and urbane and congenial dialogue - this surface masks destructive irrationality which, when it appears in the four memorable scenes, is all the more unexpected and devasting by contrast.

SANFORD RADNER

RAISE HIGH THE ROOF BEAM, CARPENTERS and SEYMOUR AN INTRODUCTION

By J. D. Salinger (Little, Brown, \$4.00)

A novel is simply an author spattered on paper, sometimes chromatically, at other times, grayly. However, few authors outline themselves as vividly as J. D. Salinger. His novels have progressed as a literary strip tease of his character and with *Raise High the Roof Beam, Carpenters and Seymour an Introduction,* Salinger leaves even the deepest regions of himself open for the reader to see. Though the story is ostensibly about Seymour, his younger brother, the reader learns more about Salinger is pushed into a car containing about Seymour.

The novel begins with Salinger at Seymour's wedding, which Seymour decides not to attend. In the ensuing confusion, Salinger is pushed into a car containing the harassed friends of the bride. The car is involved in a traffic jam and Salinger decides to invite its occupants to his nearby apartment, where he serves them drinks. He himself gets soused, and the friends, upon calling the bride, find that she eloped with Seymour.

The second half of the novel, entitled Seymour an Introduction, is a description of Salinger's brother. The reader sees Seymour exclusively as a child for "Seymour was dead at thirty-one. Even to bring him up to that exceedingly unhoary age will take me many, many months, as I'm geared, and probably years." From the age of ten, Seymour wrote Japanese and Chinese poetry and none of the poems "is much like anything except Seymour himself." The only definite thing that may be said about Seymour is that he was indefinite. He met Muriel, the girl he was going to marry, the night before the wedding and told her that he didn't know if he was going to marry her or not; yet, at times, he complained about the way "she worries over the way her love for me comes and goes." One time, when he and J.D. were getting their hair cut together and J.D. mentioned to Seymour that his (Seymour's) hair was falling on him (J.D.), Seymour worried all the way home. "No one in our family could worry his or her way down the block the way Seymour could if he had decent material."

In both sections, Salinger reveals himself to the reader. In the first, he is involved in the story and the way in which he reacts to the situation illuminates his character. When the friends of the bride who are in the car with him become aware that he is the brother of the departed groom, Salinger describes the stare of one of them as seeming "to come from a one-woman mob, separated only by time and chance from her knitting bag and a splendid view of the guillotine," and, he shudders, "I've been terrified of mobs, of any kind, all my life." At the same time that he uncovers himself, Salinger also illuminates the other characters, who are ordinary people, and he captures them in common actions. Describing a woman holding her purse, he says, "She held it as though it were a favorite doll, and she herself an experimentally rouged and powdered, and very unhappy, runaway child." Though these actions are actions that we all see, Salinger constructs them with a certain touch of reality by which the description of the action actually seems to be the action itself.

In Seymour, an Introduction, Salinger's opinions are evident in the manner in which he describes Seymour. From the beginning of this section, he admits that he is too involved in it to describe it clearly, but he feels that he must. What Salinger is really saying is, "I need to be needed." Throughout this second half of the novel, he alludes to Seymour's suicide and how he looks forward to having people come to him and ask him about Seymour, for he feels that he is the only one who really knows him.

Characteristically, and especially in Raise High the Roof Beam, Carpenters and Seymour an Introduction, J. D. Salinger is able to paint not only himself, but people as they are — their feelings, wants, habits, and torments. However, in view of the fact that most people are not satisfied to be common, but yearn to rise above the sweaty world of halitosis and dandruff, the question arises if even a good, even an excellent description of life as it is lived and felt is meaningful.

RALPH E. LONG

THE VOICES OF GLORY

By Davis Grubb (Scribners', \$5.95)

Both in form and in content, *The Voices* of *Glory* is an unusual book. Described as a novel, it could pass as a collection of short stories. And although the book centers about one main figure, the reader soon becomes better acquainted with every other character in the volume.

Perhaps the most irregular feature is that, while most of the citizens of Glory, West Virginia, tell their stories while still a part of the living present, a goodly portion of the "voices" come from the graveyard on Glory Hill. In all there are twenty-eight voices, representing all walks of life, from businessman, doctor, barber, newspaper editor, and chemist, to tenement dweller, prison warden, grass cutter, coal miner, and the garbage collector's child.

The unifying factor is the contact which each "voice" has had with Marcy Cresap, public health nurse. In each cleverly written chapter the voice tells his own story, something about any number of other Glory residents, and indicates his feelings about Marcy. For Miss Cresap, devoted, compassionate, determined, and tireless, is a person hated, feared, and loved. Separarated by seven years from a thoroughly happy marriage to the deceased Dr. Louis Delaplaine, Marcy gives herself over to her career, frequently treading on the toes of a Glory citizen who would rather let some bit of personal information remain undisclosed. Marcy, battling against tuberculin cows and polluted well water as well as man's injustice, is a person ahead of her 1928 setting; a woman who, despite the charges being hurled against her, continues to fight to her dving day.

Aside from the fact that almost everyone in the book has contracted either tuberculosis or typhoid and that a few paragraphs throughout the 469 pages could have been omitted, The Voices of Glory is a carefully-written story. By adapting himself to the style of each individual speaker, Mr. Grubb presents, in jig-saw fashion, a crosssection of the desires, prejudices, achievements, and disgraces of the human race. The reader could meet Jenny Purdy, Judge Alexander Campbell Peabody, Miss Nan Dandershott, or the Rev. D. Webster Toombes anywhere. They (and their counterparts) are a part of every typical, medium-sized, American community.

STEPHANIE UMBACH

A Minority Report

The Church-Related University

By VICTOR F. HOFFMANN.

WHAT about the church-related university? What about the university that is being supported by the monies of Christians? Must such a university, because of this support from Christians, be something different?

Looking at a church-related university as first of all an academic institution, I would insist that it is primarily a university, and not a church. All the talk about Christ and all the worship and ritual that might be executed under the auspices of a church-related institution of learning are at best poor compensation if the highest possible standards of education are not being pursued. Prayer or praise of God is poor worship indeed if it accompanies sloppy education and intellectual mediocrity. When I walk into the classroom to teach political science, I am to do just that. I am not there to preach the Law and Gospel. My students will be short-changed if I preach the Law and the Gospel instead of teaching the prescribed curriculum offering. I feel that even the teaching of religion must conform to these standards.

When I take a plane to New York City, I do not ask the pilot whether he is a Unitarian. A Unitarian pilot does not make me shudder. A pilot who cannot pilot does make me uncomfortable. I do not persuade him of the Trinitarian formula since my major concern at the moment is to be convinced that he can fly the plane.

At the same time, there is no denying the fact that what is said somewhat analytically and with detachment in the classroom may lead to much controversy about values outside of the classroom. There is no denying the fact that the nucleus of the teaching process is set in a sociological environment that will be at odds with many of the ideas expressed in the classroom. In the general campus setting, there is bound to be much disagreement and argument about and around different points of view. Here values systems can, may be, and ought to be discussed "cussed," dissected, and hurled at one another.

The university, it seems to me, particularly the church-related university, ought to provide and maintain suitable arenas and forums for the great debates and conversations. Many church schools do: in open forums at the student union, in the fraternity and sorority houses, in the college inns, in student-professors arguments, in the offices of professors, and wherever possible. All the odd, eccentric, and controversial people should be invited to a church-related campus: politicians, communists, atheists, Catholics, labor leaders, the sugary advocates of positive thinking, members of the John Birch society, members of the American Civil Liberties Union, free-thinkers, agnostics, the Negro-lovers as well as the anti-integrationists. Even the devil had his cracks at the Messiah.

I like this statement from Dr. James Fritschel of Wartburg College (Waverly, Iowa): The job of the Christian faculty member or student is to retain his integrity as a Christian scholar, and thereby retain the integrity of the college as an academic institution . . . To become a safe cloistered institution would deny any claim the college may make for its integrity . . . In practice this means that the student must come into contact with ideas which are challenging, controversial, and provocative."

There are good Christian and highly ethical people who have a kind of "reformatory school" approach to Christian higher learning. Often they tell us at churchrelated schools a number of things about why they send their youngsters to a Christian school: 1. John was getting out of hand but he needs a degree so we sent him to you to keep him in line; 2. we want to send Susan to a Christian university to protect her from all the male vultures in the world; 3. Henry is not very bright and we feel that you would understand that and get him his bachelor's degree — and on and on.

In the first place, I attended a church-related prepschool where I looked at some of the important things (sex, drink, human relations) the wrong way. In other words, you do not run away from the so-called world of evil by coming to a church-related school. In fact, your youngsters bring evil with them. Some evil they have acquired by living their natural lives. Some evil they learned from their parents by precept and example.

In the second place, most institutions of Christian higher learning I know anything at all about virtually "kill" their students with the protection of a general counseling system. Sometimes general counselors almost *send* guided missiles of ethical precepts at their charges.

At some time, however, these bundles of teen-age energy have got to be pushed out of the womb.

Sights and Sounds

A Wonderful World

"Once upon a time -." From time immemorial these words have been a magical passport into a land of enchantment and make-believe. One need only visit a library to realize that fairy tales are not the exclusive property of any land or any people. Their origin is lost in antiquity, and they seem to be universal - just as their appeal is universal. Among the most famous fairy tales ever written are those set down by Jakob Grimm (1785-1863) and Wilhelm Grimm (1786-1895). These tales are known and loved the world over. They have been translated into more than thirty languages and have been published in hundreds of editions since the first printing in 1812. The Grimm brothers were erudite German scholars, and their writings were not confined to story telling. They were renowned as historians and philologists.

Four years ago the camera technique known as Cinerama appeared to be doomed after a brief but lucrative existence. The process was full of imperfections, the cost to producers and exhibitors was exorbitant, and after six years the Cinerama travelogs had lost their novelty and their appeal. But in December 1959 Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and Cinerama, Inc., announced a merger of the two companies together with an ambitious program for the development and expansion of Cinerama as a story-telling medium. The first film to be released under the new arrangement is *The Wonderful World of the Brothers Grimm*, produced by George Pal and directed by Henry Levin.

I saw this fine film in a beautiful new theater built especially for the showing of Cinerama. As you know, special equipment is necessary for the showing of such productions. Three separate projection booths, in which three separate cameras are mounted as one with a single shutter, project three separate films on a huge curved screen. A seven-track, seven-channel sound system transmits sounds and voices heard on every part of the screen with amazing stereophonic fidelity. It must be said that with all its really astonishing improvements the Cinerama camera technique still has flaws. Occasionally the frames of the separate films are clearly visible, and I observed a slight blurring in several shots.

In spite of these shortcomings The Wonderful World of the Brothers Grimm is well worth seeing. The sketchy biographical account of the lives of the famous brothers is based on Dr. Herman Gerstner's well-known book Die Brueder Grimm. Three familiar fairy tales - The Dancing Princess, The Cobbler and the Elves, and The Singing Bones - will delight not only children but all who remember the happy hours of enraptured listening that were prefaced by the words B Y A N N E H A N S E N

"Once upon a time." The old-world settings are charming, the color photography is magnificent, and the acting as well as the choreography are outstanding. Since Kaasel, the birthplace of the Grimms, was totally destroyed in World War II, much of the film was made in Rothenburg ob der Tauber, a quaint medieval Franconian town. Other highlights include a view of the fabled Rhine seen from the deck of a paddle-wheeler, a trip through the Bavarian countryside ablaze with the glowing hues of autumn, a glimpse of the Black Forest, and a visit to the imposing Cathedral of Regensburg, where the world-famed Regensburg Boys Choir makes a brief but memorable appearance.

It has been estimated that by the end of the year sixty American and forty foreign theaters will be equipped for Cinerama. A second film, *The Winning of the West*, will have its premiere sometime in late spring.

Discriminating movie-goers will be sure to write off Taras Bulba (United Artists) and Sodom and Gomorrah (20th Century-Fox, Robert Aldrich) as prime examples of film-making at its worst. Both are vast, sprawling, pretentious, and utterly meaningless spectacles, in which the acting is less than mediocre and the direction is disjointed and inept.

Term of Trial (Warners, Peter Glenville) does not succeed in an obvious attempt to present a savage, articulate protest against hypocrisy, self-seeking, and injustice. Laurence Olivier's portrayal of the kindly, well-intentioned schoolmaster lacks vigor and force.

Two new comedies are moderately successful entertainment for the entire family. 40 Pounds of Trouble (W-I, Norman Jewison), which is obviously based on Damon Runyon's Little Miss Marker, includes a colorful tour of fabulous Disneyland. Son of Flubber (Buena Vista, Robert Stevenson) continues the misadventures of the absent-minded professor and his nonsensical inventions.

Fortunately, TV viewing has not been limited to Beverly Hillbillies, the zany comedy which is rated number one on TV rating systems. Of far greater importance were NBC's White Papers – The Death of Stalin and The Rise of Khrushchev. An excellent adjunct to these glimpses into the hard facts of the communist state was the earlier documentary The Tunnel, also seen on NBC.

Exploring, Wild Kingdom, and Update are excellent programs of interest and profit to the entire family. In Alumni Fun (ABC), a newcomer, we have a good companion piece for the ever-popular College Bowl (CBS).

VERSE

MOMENT OF TRUTH

Lying in my hand the sparrow weighed a feather and its eyes cried fear; it tapped my palm with its tiny heart, begging for help, which I could contemplate but never, in my helplessness, impart.

I had never held a bird and watched its sad eyes, nor explored the fine construction of its narrow breast and thin, pink, and veined skin; had never realized that such fragility could breathe with so much warmth; and I had never stood and watched while, nonchalantly, death strolled up to carry life away.

For a long time after, holding stillness in my hand, I wondered if the lapping in the willows was the laughter of a yellow moon, amused, by our ineptitude.

- MARCIA G. WITTMAACK

LISBOA

(Lisbon, Portugal)

The ribbed green land frowns over granite Irises. Stone pupils stare Out upon a rolling planet.

Lisboa, your mossy glances Stumble down a marble stair, Freeze before the mob's phalanxes.

Bright doubloons and wooden ships; Canvas seizing wind and sun – Cavaliers and midnight lips:

These are gone, are gone it's true. Gone and sculptured, one by one. Caught and stared at by the new.

So you stand, trade stare for stare, Glance for glance and glare for glare, Never pausing to peruse A late edition of the news.

- Lewis Turco

SIMON

The man must fear the cross, standing as a part of the leering, jeering mob. content to heap insults upon innocence, pain upon love.

The man must follow the cross, letting

the mob lay the cross upon him also, shoulders

bearing a shattering, splintering load, spilling his blood.

The man must lift up the cross, sharing not the wearied guilty load, but knowledge

of the compassion and awesomeness, the God's love.

The man must watch the cross, seeing the nails passionately pounded, the sacrifice

for mankind's mutilated morals, the God suffering.

The man must leave the cross, carrying into all the world the uttered message, triumph in the dying Divinity's words, "IT IS FINISHED!"

- JOAN O. BATES



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

Notes on Worship

A few notes concerning an important and forgotten topic . . . Thomas Carlyle once said that there was a passage in Goethe's "Wilhelm Meister" which he would rather have written than any other passage in modern literature . . . In it Goethe describes the famous school in which the chief lesson taught was the lesson in reverence . . . The pupils were taught reverence for God, reverence for the unfortunate and the suffering, reverence for all of life . . . Here, I suspect, is the answer to one of the profoundest needs of our time . . . We must learn again the meaning of reverence and worship . . .

We have lived and shall live in a world which has dethroned God . . . When that happens an axiom in history swings into action . . . When men dethrone God, His throne never remains empty . . . Man must inevitably worship something; if he does not worship God, he will worship himself, his country, his mind, his science . . . Some have even turned to the worship of evil . . . If he has no God, he must have idols . . . This is the elemental tragedy of our age . . . Our trouble is not that men have no religion, but that they have the wrong religion . . . They will pay homage and reverence and honor to something . . .

Our tragedy has been deepened by the fact that today more than in recent centuries we realize again that we are surrounded by mysteries . . . There was a time when man's prophetic faith in materialistic science persuaded him that there would soon be an end to all mystery in life and in the universe, that he would eventually find the cause and reason for everything . . . Today, on the other hand, even the man in the street knows, though perhaps only vaguely, that he is surrounded by mysteries darker and deeper than those imagined by the savage in the primeval forest . . . He has pushed his horizons back into the universe and into the atom, but he is beginning to know that there are more things in heaven and earth than he has dreamed in his philosophy . . . He sees that science can give him facts, but can not tell him why they are so or how they are so . . . If this modern man, standing at the edge of great mysteries, can be persuaded to feel the need of worship, to stand in humility before God, he may yet find a way out of his darkness . . . His desperate need is to say: "Thy wisdom, O Lord, is greater than I can conceive, and Thy knowledge beyond the uttermost bounds of my mind; speak and I shall believe; I shall hold true whatever Thou sayest."

BY O. P. KRETZMANN

The need of the modern mind for worship and reverence becomes even more immediate when we remember that for a long time to come we shall be living in a suffering world . . . War has left, and will continue to leave, its dark aftermath of maladjustments, broken lives and homes, social and economic tensions, psychological strain . . . We have seen, and we shall continue to see, all the wild brood of years of blood and hate which will bring more than sorrow . . . Here, too, another axiom of history operates . . . When man can turn nowhere else, he may begin to turn upward . . . If there are men and women in the world who will be ready to guide their desperation to God in Christ and to lift their fear-filled eyes to the Cross, we shall witness a great moment in modern history . . .

Dru. Hays

The worship of God must not remain a vague emotion . . . In the Christian meaning it includes the love of God streaming forth in redemption and grace and in the upward movement of the individual soul returning to its God and Savior the oblation of prayer, of praise, of thanksgiving . . . When all is said and done, man's home is in God . . . His worship is his return, however stumbling and falling, to his home . . . His spirit, conditioned as it is by the chances and changes of this fleeting word, looks beyond the shadows to the unchanging and, finding peace, offers itself humbly to the will of God . . . As the two great facts of faith are sin and grace, so the two great facts of worship are forgiveness and gratitude . . . Let modern man come to this, and he will have an open road to peace . . .

This is also true of the Church of the twentieth century . . . She stands in great need of a recovery of the essence of worship, the quality of stillness, the contemplation of the wonder of her being and the whole range of adoration from the "De Profundis" to the "Gloria." . . . Only a church that lives with God and in God can live with men and for men . . . Let the churches take the position of the spires of their places of worship and men will look to them as never before. . .

Let even the humblest church offer her Lord the best that she can give or do, out of simple gratitude for what He has done for her, let her people ask His pity and acceptance and comfort, and that church becomes a gate of heaven . . . For there the great God Himself is high and lifted up, and there is glory and the sound of trumpets and the Light of Eternity . . . And there is the last, best home in this world for little children who worship the Father in spirit and in truth.