The Cresset

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The Biggest Conundrum of All

Let's suppose that this evening's newspaper carried the following story:

"The State Department revealed today that it has arranged for the admission of sixty million Chinese over a period of the next eighteen years. Under the terms of the arrangement, the immigrants must meet the following qualifications: 1. they must be completely illiterate; 2. they must be completely unskilled; 3. they must be property-less; 4. they must be non-Christian; 5. they must be incapable of supporting themselves for a minimum period of eighteen years; 6. they must be totally ignorant of the economic, social, and political institutions of the United States."

Ridiculous? Not at all. Omit the first sentence and you have a sober, factual account of a type of "immigration" which population experts foresee for our country over a period of eighteen years between now and 1975. Our illiterate, unskilled, property-less, non-Christian, parasitic, unacculturated immigrants will not be Chinese but American. They will be the "surplus" babies that will be born between now and 1975, the babies over and above the number required to replace our losses by death and emigration.

Perhaps the experts will be wrong, as they were twenty years ago when they were predicting a "leveling off" of our population at around 150,000,000. But in our planning for the next two decades, we had better assume that they are right and that we shall have to cope with a population of something like 230 million by 1975 — sixty million more than we have today.

In our judgment, this projected population explosion — in our country and in the world — is the single most important problem facing the human race. If populations increase as the experts predict, we shall need to devote our best energies to the basic jobs of feeding, clothing, sheltering, and educating all of these people. Our cities, already possibly too large for minimally decent living, will grow enormously. Our schools, already hard pressed to keep up with population growth, may be pressed to the point of collapse. Our churches will need to double and redouble personnel and facilities. Our whole culture will have to become much more sensitive to the necessity of maintaining the dignity of the individual as each one of us becomes, individually, a smaller and smaller fraction of the mass.

But the tensions and pressures within our country will be only a part of the larger problem. For populations in other parts of our world are expected to grow at rates at least equal to ours and very possibly greater than ours. Both proportionately and in terms of absolute numbers, it is anticipated that the greatest growth will be in those parts of the world which are a) already badly overpopulated and b) primarily occupied by "colored" people. If these expectations should come true, it is obvious that all of the ingredients will be at hand for trouble with a capital T.

We point these things out, not from any desire to incite panic but in the hope that if enough of us indicate a concern for these problems the leaders of our own country and of other countries may be goaded into some kind of action designed to cope with the situation as it develops. We are not among those who doubt the capacity of the earth to support the numbers who may be dependent upon it at any particular time in the future. But we have long since passed the population level which the earth could support in a purely extractive economy. Our only real hope of survival lies in applying the full force of our ingenuity to the use of the earth's lands and waters and atmosphere. We can not, on a purely economic basis, afford to continue wasting our resources and energies on weapons of destruction. When a pregnancy has entered the eighth month, the wedding ought not to be too long delayed.

Little Rock (cont'd)

Perhaps the most significant thing that can be said about the unhappy sequence of events in Little Rock is
that it had to happen. Somewhere along the line in the
delicate, emotion-laden task of integrating the schools
some stupid or opportunistic or vicious bull was bound
to get into the china shop and provide us all with an
object lesson in the necessity of keeping the bulls tied
up until the process has been completed. As it hap-
pened, the bull in this case was a white one. Those of
us who have worked for any length of time in the area
of race relations know that there are some black ones
that could do just as much damage if they were to get
loose.

We are certainly not disposed to minimize the tragedy
of Little Rock. But neither do we think that it ought
to be played up beyond its proper proportions. It is
an incident — an ugly, painful, shameful incident, it is
true, but an incident nevertheless — in one of the most
daring experiments any nation has ever attempted. For
we have set out to accomplish two feats, neither of
which any national state has up to now accomplished,
and we propose to accomplish them simultaneously.

We propose to build a bi-racial state within which
a Negro group equal in population to the total popula-
tion of Canada will live and work and worship and
play on a basis of complete equality with a Caucasian
group seven times as large. Nothing of this sort has
ever been even seriously attempted before. Other
countries have been generous in their treatment of
racial minorities but never before on such a scale,
ever before in a situation where such a large minority
was involved.

And then we propose to confer full citizenship status
on a group which for several centuries lived among us as
slaves, as merchantable chattel. So far as we know, this
has never before been accomplished, either. There have
been many instances in the past of serfs winning their
freedom but that is a far cry from what we are trying
to do. For the serf, once liberated, was indistinguishable
from his fellow-countrymen. Our slaves remained Ne-
groes, even after they were freed.

It is a truly staggering experiment that we have
attempted and, we think, an intensely exciting one. If
we succeed, it will be one of the great achievements of
the human race and which our descendants, centuries
hence, will rank with that of the fathers of the Repub-
lic. If we fail, it will be a profound tragedy, not only
for us but for the whole human race.

And so we must summon up all of the resources of
wisdom, patience, prudence, forbearance and good will
that we can find among Caucasians and Negroes, north
and south of the Mason and Dixon line. We must
learn to take ugly and discouraging incidents in stride
without letting them become the occasion for factional
or sectional recrimination. We must keep the bulls
tied up. Step by step, feeling our way as we go, we will
reach the goal which we have set for ourselves and
which will provide a new landmark for the human race.

'Round and 'Round She Goes

Less than an hour ago, the Russian artificial satel-
Hite passed over the office in which these lines are being
written. Presumably, as it passed over our office, it was
sending coded messages back to somebody in the Soviet
Union — messages which at this writing were still
undecipherable to anybody in our part of the world. We
like to think that the messages were pretty routine stuff
about the density of atmosphere and the intensity of
sunlight and the presence or absence of obstacles to its
"observation" and progress. But, of course, we really
don't know what the messages contained.

What we do know is that the Thing wouldn't be
moving so smoothly in such a near-perfect orbit if it
had not been shot up there by a missile-launcher capa-
ble of practically pin-pointing a target. This would
suggest that the device which set this satellite into its
orbit might, on another occasion and for other pur-
poses, set another object within perhaps ten miles of
a surface target. We are trying to derive such comfort
as we can from Mr. Dulles' assurance that if anything
like that were to happen we would respond with "mas-
Sive retaliation" — an overwhelming vote of condem-
nation, perhaps, in the United Nations.

This is not, we think, the time to be arguing among
ourselves about who is to blame for this shattering blow
to our national prestige. But surely it must be about
time for us to quit kidding ourselves about alleged
causative relationships between particular economic
and political systems on the one hand and technological
progress on the other. It must be about time for us
finally to recognize that the "egghead," however much
he may depart from our national ideal of the good Joe,
has something to contribute to the common weal, if only
we will let him do it. It must be about time for us to
insist that what we are trying to secure is the safety of
the United States, and not the prestige of any particular
branch of armed forces. And most of all, it must be
time for us to face the fact that whenever men put their
confidence in their own might, their striving must be
losing.
I wouldn’t want a psychiatrist to get ahold of this information, but the other night I had a dream about Ken Maynard. This was not the Ken Maynard of today who has picked up a lot of weight and is getting fat around the jowls, but the slim handsome cowboy movie star of over 25 years ago.

Why I should suddenly dream about him, I don’t know, but the picture was sharp and the next day I was surprised at how well my mind had retained that visual image. This led me to wonder how much our children are going to remember in 1982 of the great number of cowboys they are watching today. And in a more profitable vein, it got me to thinking about the efficacy of educational TV.

The visual education exponents have been proclaiming that the combination of sight and sound is an excellent means of explaining almost anything. Certainly the military forces have believed them because they have been able to teach even the most technical subjects with films. I had often wondered if what they taught was remembered but now with this Ken Maynard dream, I’m inclined to think it is.

But to go back to Ken Maynard. Perhaps the reason I can recall so much about him can be explained by the circumstances under which I knew him. Ken Maynard hit the movies toward the end of the silent pictures and the beginning of the “talkies”. Tom Mix had been king of the cowboys for an untold number of years, but even in our young eyes he was slipping and it was apparent he was experiencing difficulty mounting his horse, Tony, although Tony was about the shortest pony in the movies.

The Saturday afternoon movies were attended almost exclusively by the elementary school set in our town, though a few brave adults did manage to get in. The hub-bub in that theatre from 2:45 to 2:55 was almost unbearable to anyone not accustomed to it. Around 2:55 things quieted down and heads turned waiting for the first sight of Leo Boylan, the “organ” player. When he came into view he was greeted by a cheer so deafening that our ears rang for minutes afterward. He, however, took it in stride and marched majestically down to the front where the piano was located. This piano was surrounded with gadgets which could produce any sound needed by the movies.

After a short prelude the movie started with a serial and then came the feature. I don’t know how many movies Ken Maynard starred in but it was a sufficient number to provide three out of four Saturday matinees. And a dashing figure he was. Those of us in the younger set could readily identify ourselves with him, which was something we found difficult with the aging Tom Mix.

The fact that I remember other details of the Saturday movie makes me feel that it wasn’t Maynard alone that made a lasting impression on me. Part of it was the circumstances.

Yet it seems to me that a television presentation of an educational subject has great possibilities. Will it take a dramatic type professor with an oily voice to make the presentation memorable? Not at all, those who have tested this say. The professor who gets his point across in the classroom is equally successful in getting it across on TV.

Closed circuit TV has been fairly well tested for its possibilities. New York University offers several courses, at least one for academic credit over a commercial television. Purdue taught analytic geometry, chemistry, and bacteriology over closed circuit and found its students scored as high as those who had the work in the classroom. At Western Reserves, students taking a psychology course on TV did better than those who had taken the same course in regular classes.

Aiming at the large numbers available for night classes in Detroit, the University of Detroit is making the biggest experiment in TV teaching. Five Freshman-level courses are being offered over TV at night. All of these are for academic credit. The student pays his tuition and fees and gets his books and note books.

Detroit has added one other feature. The TV students must do some of their work on campus. Tests are given on campus and certain laboratory work is done there. Each student would average one night a week on campus in this way. All the other facilities of the school are available to him since he is a registered student.
The Black Marketeer

By Vincent R. Tortora

Ancient, portico-flanked, Via San Francesco leads windingly from the Roman-Gothic facade of the Basilica of Saint Anthony of Padua. Above the Basilica cupole and campanili catch up and faithfully reflect the brilliance of the Italian sky.

The cobble-stoned street twists past "Il Bo", the affectionate name for the University of Padua. Since 1222, Paduans have welcomed students and professors to the University that have included Veselius, Galileo, Bembo and Tasso.

Almost without warning, the narrow street bursts into the teeming openness of the Piazza delle Erbe pushcart market. The medieval, heavy colonnaded Palazzo della Ragione rises up sharply behind the piazza to form an imposing background.

On the fringe of the piazza, above a narrow door turning abruptly off the portico-covered sidewalk, hangs the faded, hand-lettered sign, "Ristorante; prezzo fisso, Lire 250". The doorway leads through several feet of solid masonry and abruptly to the end of a long dinner table that extends far into the deeper recesses of "Ristorante ai Due Giovani".

It was dinner time and several dozen students and businessmen were eating convivially. I was to eat here for most of the time I studied at Padua in the company of three young medical students from the Middle East. Their names, when anglicized, were Phillip, John, and Alexander.

One evening in early November our casual supper conversation was sharply interrupted by shouts originating at the long table. Several students had stood up and were calling to a man appearing to be in his early forties, perhaps, who was standing just inside the door. He wore a loose-fitting jacket swollen into an amorphous bulge by something he carried underneath. "Hey, Mario! When the students come back to the University, do you leave Russia to sell cigarette??" . . . Comrade Mario, do you carry your party card in the same pocket with the black-market American cigarettes??" . . . "Why do you come here, Mario? Can't you find cigarettes in Russia?"

Firm-lipped and red-eared, Mario stood at his full height, glared defiantly at the contemptuous students and imperiously declared that he had American and Swiss cigarettes for sale. He then moved deliberately through the "Due Giovanni" exchanging cigarettes for Lire. His lips moved busily as though he were repeating curses to himself.

Most of the students seemed anxious to buy the contraband cigarettes. Except for the ceaseless taunting that followed him throughout the restaurant, Mario was doing quite well.

Ours was one of the last tables Mario approached. His gaze flitted questioningly from one to another of the four of us. John was the first to react by reaching into his wallet pocket. Before he could take out any money, however, Alexander gripped his wrist and held it firmly. While restraining John, Alexander looked to me and asked if I thought the cigarette vendor was a Communist. I could only answer that I knew just as much as he did.

But Alexander's doubts would not be placated. He seemed quite disturbed as he whispered harshly to John in his native language, obviously exhorting him to wait for another cigarette vendor. Mario looked at the action and listened to the strange language with no small degree of fascination. His lower jaw dropped perceptibly as he shrugged his shoulders in the classic Italian gesture of resignation. Spitting out a peremptory rebuttal, "maladetti stranieri," he turned quickly to another table.

At this moment, Phillip, whose every action in this strange country seemed calculated for effect, guffawed loudly and called out, "Signor red-black marketeer!! Give me a pack of Americans!!"

Mario turned back to us swiftly, only to be confronted by the smirking Phillip holding out a 10,000 Lira note. The vendor looked down helplessly at the very largest piece of Italian currency. His gaze then passed to Phillip's contrived face, seemingly frozen in its expression; and then, to Alexander, turning mottled white and red in mixed fear and rage; and then, to John's cocked at 30 degrees in curiosity.

He finally looked into mine and asked, arrogantly, "Who are these plutocratic foreigners who show contempt for an honest working man?"

Without saying a word, I took up the 10,000 Lira note and broke it with the cashier. From the pile of smaller change I brought back, Phillip was able to ceremoniously pick the exact price of the cigarettes and hasten Mario an his way.

Alexander was the first one to speak as Phillip ostentatiously concentrated on opening his pack and lighting a cigarette. "You know, Phillip, those are black-market cigarette. They're smuggled off American ships and out of American army camps. If you're caught smoking them, you'll get in a lot of trouble".

Phillip inhaled deeply and blew smoke toward Alexander. John reached over to appropriate one of the
cigarettes. Quite distressed, Alexander whined, "Anyway, I heard that they take out the American tobacco and put in Italian tobacco before they sell them."

The moment I sat down with my table companions the next day, Alexander leaned toward me and whispered, "I told you that Mario was a Communist. I was talking to Enzo — you know, the one who eats at the long table — and he told me that Mario is a real Communist. He even carries a Party card."

John, too, had been discussing Mario with his Italian friends. A friend of his named Luciano, he said, had told him that lazy loafers who sold things on the black-market were almost always Communists.

Phillip didn’t say a word; but he punctuated each comment with a lusty snicker and a cloud of cigarette smoke.

Suddenly, Phillip stood up and looked toward the front entrance. He had spotted Mario just entering the restaurant. Without warning, he called out, "Buon giorno, Signor Bulganin!"

Mario, however, was being so copiously assailed by the taunts of those students closer to him that he didn’t even hear Phillip’s shout. I looked toward Phillip again. He was twitching with anxiety to say something else to the cigarette vendor.

As Mario worked his way slowly past the long table, parrying the incessant verbal jabs and selling frequent packs from the seemingly endless store he carried in his clothes, all four of us watched him steadily.

When he arrived at a point about 20 feet from our table, Phillip jumped up once again and startled everyone in our section of the restaurant by crying, "Viva il Communismo! ... Viva Bulganin! ... Viva la rivoluzione! ... Viva il gabinetto (bathroom)! ..."

Laughing obstreperously, Phillip thereafter ran over and threw his arm around the surprised black-marketeer. Pounding his shoulders, he ingratiatingly asked for "a pack of my usual."

Mario pulled back violently, hissing: "To inferno, you bourgeois son of the god of war and debauchery!"

Phillip looked anxiously around the restaurant for signs of approbation. There were none! Under Mario’s unwavering stare, Phillip’s head reddened and his feet shifted uneasily. The other students were making it a point to look away from the focus of action. Phillip, obviously, had gone much too far.

With a quick motion, Mario yanked a pack of Phillip’s "usuals" from his pocket. In a loud, steady-cadenced voice, he enunciated; "There will come a day when we honest men will not be forced to grovel for our bread at the feet of capitalistic vermin ..."

Echoing the "Viva Communismo" and "Viva Bulganin" with which he had been greeted, Mario started away. I was surprised by the friendly farewell nod he directed at me.

As soon as he had stalked out of the restaurant, Phillip cried out exuberantly: "That’s one Communist who won’t bother us again!"

Again, none of the Italians reacted. The only reaction, in fact, came from Phillip’s own table. John placed his hand on Phillip’s shoulder and commented: "You’re in the right, Phillip. These Italians don’t know how to handle Communists. In our country, a man like that would be put in jail immediately."

Alexander provided the illustration. "Several years ago, my father had a few Communists working for him. When he found out that they were always agitating and causing trouble, he had them arrested. When I left home, they were still in jail!"

"And their families?" I asked.

Shrugging his shoulders, Alexander answered casually, "Who cares?"

While out strolling several times, I saw Mario riding through the streets from one restaurant to another on his seemingly fifth hand bicycle. Once or twice he saw me and called out jestingly, "Hello, friend, when are you going to start smoking?"

I never said more than "ciao" or "buon giorno" to him.

One evening, however, he pulled to a stop alongside me. His face betrayed severe chagrin as he recounted a bitter experience he’d had with Phillip and Alexander in Piazza dell’Insurrezione a short time before. The two of them, he related, had tried to heckle one of the speakers in a Communist rally. Members of the audience had tried to silence them. Sharp cursing and name-calling broke out. The police had arrived just short of physical violence.

Mario concluded by asking me earnestly, "How can you be a friend of those idiotic foreigners?"

At first, I thought he was jesting. But his mouthline remained firm and straight, with not the faintest trace of twitching at the ends.

"Surely", I replied, "an Italian and a Communist like yourself would consider an American like me a foreigner."

Puzzlement clouded Mario’s face as he stared fixedly into my own, gradually deepening in its tone of red. Suddenly, he smiled broadly and pounded my shoulders vigorously. "You’re joking with me! You’re just putting on an American accent to fool me. How could you be an American? You look like an Italian!!!"

I didn’t answer ... Mario looked at me for a few moments and then continued: "Of course, you’re not an American. Americans are arrogant and stupid just like those three foreigners at the ‘Due Giovani’."

Again, I didn’t answer. Mario entreated: "Tell me the truth, are you an American or not?"

By this time I had taken out my passport and was holding it up in front of him. He stared intensely at the gold eagle on a green background. Again pounding my shoulders, he ventured, "I’m sure that you are a
free and enlightened American who has come to Italy to escape his country's imperialism and war-mongering. Welcome among the free people, comrade!!"

Several times in quick succession I declared that I was just a student and not a political refugee. Throughout it all, his face remained frozen in its expression. It was as though he was desperately pleading with me not to destroy the demonic image of Americans and America which had long ago completely possessed his mind.

Suddenly, his strident shout reverberated weirdly under the stony portico: "You Americans are all the same! You have tried to gain my confidence and then deceive me. It's well that I learned the truth in time."

Gesticulating violently and muttering curses under his breath, he backed up to his bicycle, climbed aboard, spat at my feet and rode off into the shadows of the darkened street.

Whenever Mario came into the "Due Giovani" after that, he deliberately made a wide berth of our table. Phillip, however, was still unable to throttle his particular style of taunting comment.

Two men were angrily shouting at each other as I passed Angolo del Gallo on my way to "Due Giovani" early one evening in mid-December. One of the men I recognized as Mario. The other, I'd seen in the hospital district of the city also selling black-market cigarettes. Mario was heatedly serving notice on the smaller man in front of him that he intended to expand his cigarette vending operations right into the hospital district. From my vantage place against a column of the portico, I heard Mario warn sharply: "You'd better move to the suburbs, you poor beggar, because I don't want to see you selling cigarettes in my section! . . ."

The second man was hurling an unwavering barrage of defiance with his every faculty into Mario's face.

A third man suddenly rounded the corner, saw the two wildly gesticulating and trotted up to them. He forcefully interjected himself between the two men and said quite calmly: "Enough of this, comrades!! Let's go to the meeting instead of arguing. The venerable comrade Pietro Nenni speaks words of inspiration tonight."

While we were eating lunch the next day, the cigarette vendor from the hospital district came hesitatingly into the "Due Giovani" and moved about almost furiously among the students. A very few bought cigarettes from him. Phillip bought three packs with the loudly enunciated remark that this man was far more "simpatico" than Mario.

Several minutes later, Mario mechanically entered the restaurant and proceeded to announce the brands he was carrying. Several of those at the long table remarked to the effect that he had become so big a capitalist that he could afford to hire an assistant. So accustomed had Mario become, however, to gibes from the students that he moved along from table to table with his ears closed to all but requests for cigarettes. As he was making his usual wide berth of our table, Phillip suddenly jumped up and waved 1000 lira in his direction. Mario stopped, looked sharply at Phillip, swallowed hard and started toward our table. As soon as he took his first step, Phillip pulled back the money, grinned maliciously and shouted: Signo Lenin! I have just bought several packs of my favorite cigarettes from a much nicer black-marketeer than you. I think I shall continue to patronize him!"

Mario stepped back with an explosive curse, glared fitfully, and screamed stridently: "Who is this vile imbecile and cretin who robs an honest man?" and bounded out onto the street.

For more than a week, no one came into the "Due Giovani" to sell cigarettes. Phillip vigorously lamented that state of affairs which had reduced him to smoking Italian domestics.

Finally, a few days before Christmas, Mario came back to the restaurant. At first, he was cheered lustily. But, when the students noticed the semi-healed bruises on his face, it seemed, on padded feet selling an unusually large number of cigarettes.

From the moment he came to within about 20 feet of our table, he fixed his eyes on mine and kept them fixed as he came closer. At first, I was compelled to follow his eyes. As he was passing our table, I strove to break the compulsion by glancing downward. He stopped and continued to stare. I looked up at him again and attempted to distract him by weakly muttering, "Merry Christmas, Mario."

With that, he leaned over to me and savagely hissed: "To inferno with you and your corrupt American Christmas! My Christmas is May 1st and Karl Marx is my Christ!"

From that day on, the relationship between Mario and the students underwent a marked change. No one said more than was absolutely necessary as Mario stalked from table to table. Even Phillip had become subdued to the point that he actually bought his daily pack without the slightest flourish.

On almost every occasion that the subject of Mario was brought into conversation, I heard another story...
about him. Some stories concerned his picketing the city hall carrying brightly painted Communist slogans; others concerned his leadership of violent anti-government demonstrations in Piazza dell’Insurrezione; and others concerned wild brawls he had gotten into with anti-Communists. One student even claimed that he had seen Mario in a fist fight with fellow Communists not far from the offices of the Communist labor federation.

One evening, an almost unrecognizable Mario entered the restaurant and made his way along the front table. His jacket and trousers bore several large and jagged rips. The skin that showed through was bruised and bloody; his face and hands were caked with blood and dirt; his eyes were glazed and he seemed to stagger a bit.

The proprietor of the restaurant promptly ordered Mario out. To emphasize the order, he placed himself solidly in the path of the black marketeer. Mario ferociously lunged past the proprietor and knocked him heavily to the floor. Several of the students made for the enraged, disheveled Mario to restrain him. The proprietor hastily got up from the floor and ran onto the street calling for the police.

It took three police officers and two students to finally subdue Mario and take him to the Questura.

The indignant restaurateur preferred enough charges against Mario to keep him in prison until spring.

My three table companions continued to make great sport of Mario’s misfortune. With clock-like regularity, Phillip could be expected to stand up and solemnly announce that he sorely missed the “Communist-American cigarettes.”

Two weeks after Mario was jailed, the black-marketeer from the hospital district ventured to encroach on the territory of his political comrade. His name was Randolfo and we got to like him quite well.

I didn’t see Mario again until one balmy evening in late spring. He was with a glue-pot and brush gang of younger party zealots in the process of adorning the ancient stone building and columns of Padua with declarations, denunciations and diatribes emanating from the darker sanctums of Rome’s Via Bottega Oscura. Mario stood holding a glue-pot and sharply criticizing the way his companions were pasting up the placards. His co-workers answered his criticism by calling him “jailbird.”

Suddenly, Mario spotted me on the other side of the Piazza dei Signori. Grabbing one of the brushes from the glue-pot, he pointed it at me and screamed vehemently: “There’s a ‘jailbird’! He’s an American! They’re the world’s greatest criminals!”

Throwing his glue-pot ferociously into the air, he ran half-way across the piazza, waved his fist toward me and cried: “You see! Now I’m working for peace and freedom! No more filthy American cigarettes made with the blood of American workers!!!”

His companions came up behind and pulled him, still screaming and waving his fists fitfully, back under the portico.

After the summer recess, I came back to the University and the “Due Giovani.” Everything was, more or less, as I had left it in July. Randolfo, the heir to the black-market cigarette trade at the restaurant, made his appearance on the first day of classes. After a round of the customary amenities, I asked him what news he had of Mario.

His face became clouded as he replied: “I’d rather not talk here. Meet me at Piazza Cavour in an hour.”

Amid the bitter taunts from my table companions that I was probably in collusion with the Communists because of all the secrecy, I left the restaurant a few minutes later and started walking slowly toward Piazza Cavour.

At the base of the white marble statue of Camillo Cavour, Randolfo joined me in a little more than an hour. He quickly explained that he hadn’t wanted to talk about Mario at the restaurant among his enemies. “I talk to you,” he continued, “because, though Mario has done you great injustice, I don’t think you ever hated him.”

Randolfo looked at the ground for a few seconds, seeming to be collecting his thoughts. Suddenly, he blurted: “Mario has gone crazy!”

“One day, about a month ago,” he related, “Mario’s boss at Party headquarters scolded him because he did his work poorly. This made Mario shout at the boss that he was a capitalistic exploiter of labor. Mario and the boss continued to argue. Then, Mario got very angry and kicked a terra-cotta bust of Palmiro Togliatti to the floor. As it broke into a thousands pieces, he cried that the Italian popular movement had betrayed the working man and become shot through with bourgeois corruption.”

Randolfo noted my expression of surprise. He stopped speaking for a few moments and seemed to stare right past me. Then he continued: “About a week later, he got himself accepted in the Italian delegation to a rally at Bucharest. Up until the day he left, he told everyone he met that he was at last going into the glorious popular democracies where the great teachings of Marx and Engels, Lenin and Stalin were still loved and rigidly followed.

“When the Italian delegation came back, Mario was missing. The other delegates say that he disappeared as soon as the train stopped in Bucharest. Everyone thinks he deliberately wanted to stay in Roumania...”

“Mario has become a crazy man!!”
Faith in God or Belief in a God?

By Helmut Haeussler
Assistant Professor of History
Wittenberg College

The epochs of history relate to one another as do the members of the human race; there is unfailing similarity and difference. Because of such repetition and infinite originality, history imparts more comprehensive than utilitarian or prophetic wisdom. Knowledge of the past explains, but can seldom solve, problems of the present. It can illuminate contemporary patterns and mark pitfalls but it cannot chart our course. I am repeatedly intrigued by a seeming parallelism between religious developments in our own time and in the declining Roman empire. It concerns Deism and Christian confession.

The Roman empire united many different peoples, accommodated various legal systems, and generally tolerated its various religious creeds. Though the Roman genius understood the value of administrative and cultural autonomy, the pull toward consolidation was natural. Empire interests tended to interrelate and harmonize the variegated elements of Mediterranean life. And the developing collapse of the empire after 200 A.D. intensified the need and search for unity.

Religious life in the late empire also sustained melting pot amalgamation, finally forming in the Christian image. Most Roman subjects had lost their personal dignity and faith in gods of fortune and they were receptive to any promise of a better life after death. Christianity was merely one of several “salvationist” creeds. And as the empire slid into deeper decline even the elite switched their interest to transcendental values as they became disillusioned with the visible world. Such frustrations among high and low was given intellectual form by the philosophers who gradually abandoned the humanistic rationale of the classical Greeks for more dependent recognition of spiritual strength and supernatural force. The philosophy of the classical world began with empirical analysis and ended with the spiritualization of man and the universe. One hopes the modern westerner can repeat the cycle.

This god-conscious climax to classical philosophy is best illustrated by the emergence of Neo-Platonism. Deifying Plato’s creator world spirit, its philosophers believed each soul to embody divine essence, which was in magnetic attraction to the godhead. Understanding god’s inaccessibility to the sense and the inadequacy of mere knowledge, the Neo-Platonists instructed ascetic purification and ascending meditation. All religions were considered to be endowed with equal, if different, revelation of the divine and all represented the soul’s upward climb toward the Primal Principle. The entire system was of a mechanical nature, dealing with essence rather than personality, with a cycle of spiritual radiation devoid of bestowed grace or penitent humility.

Such religious philosophy, conceiving an abstruse world spirit and speculative self-transfiguration could not win the masses. Christianity did. Instead of a reunion of neutral matter it proclaimed a historical Saviour and promised individual redemption and life. In the words of Augustine, himself a graduate from Neo-Platonism: “I marveled that I now loved Thee, and not a phantasm in place of Thee.” Neo-Platonism first motivated his spiritual purification but he soon stepped from its self-willed essence to the servant personality under Christ.

Neo-Platonism has been termed the vestibule of Christianity. The latter religion benefitted from, and then appropriated, the spiritual urge of the philosophers. Furthermore, presuming Christian naivete countered tolerance with conviction and most ungraciously refused affiliation with other sects. For their Christ said: “I am the way, and the truth, and the life; no one comes to the Father, but by me.” And in miraculous fashion the weak and simple somehow did triumph. Frustrated commoner and aristocrat both lost their secular nerve and acknowledged this God of pervading strength and personal salvation.

There prevailed, then, a mood of secular disappointment and religious thirst. Offering diversity in unity, Neo-Platonism offered a spiritual palliative of universal breadth which seemed best suited to the empire’s multi-sectarian character. But Christianity rejected doctrinal federation and eventually eliminated its competitors.

Now, is there a modern parallel? Is another western world on the verge of collapse. If spiritual rescue is yet possible, will it follow the Christian banner or will a less dogmatic, more universally adaptable Deism be activated? Will the consolidation of world civilization, foreshadowed by the UN and embodied in the technological revolution, persuade man to exchange the similarities, rather than the singularities, of his many religions? Or will Christianity again reject confederation and again triumph? These questions will be answered in due time but it behooves us to pose them and apply our measure of influence.

Many great minds of our day affirm that western
man, especially the shocked European, needs spiritual awakening if his culture is to retain independence, and worth. "The fundamental faith of Western Man," says Toynbee, "has always been a belief that the Universe was subject to Law and not given over to Chaos . . . . " The 20th century cataclysm has exploded such Western optimism. Having neutralized the Christian God, western man now finds himself possessed and victimized by "Moloch nationalism and juggernaut technology." He has lost both his moral code and his worldly inspiration. He is again unsure of himself and well he might be. The horizon to the future is open and the compass unsteady as an unstable, opportunistic world adjusts to the European collapse and to the new leadership of America and Russia. But as the states realign, men everywhere perceive the single global interest and hope for a new, binding ethical spiritual experience, a more conscious and genuine bond of brotherhood. Can they do so necessary to peace, new human dignity, world survival. They generally favor an all-embracing Deistic experience which sanctions all creeds under one Father. European intellectuals such as Toynbee, Jaspers, Ortega y Gasset, Huizinga and Grousset feel that Christianity is too exclusive, organically incapable of guiding, or even joining, the spontaneous confederation of faith or ethics so necessary to peace, new human dignity, world survival. They generally favor an all-embracing Deistic experience which sanctions all creeds under one Father. They hope for a world political and religious confederation. Despite the evident failure of rational man, they again invoke essentially an ethical religious attitude, a precept to live by, a Deistic existentialism which stresses worldly rather than sacred requirement. And these European intellectuals are not alone. On a lower level our own billboards, radio blurbs and political sermons repeatedly sidestep the exclusive Christ. He is not holy to all and therefore propitiously avoided. It seems more tactful to underline such comparable concepts as God, faith and love.

Such utilitarian sophism raises an obvious and unavoidable question. Is Christ necessary or incidental to salvation? If Christianity does not take His name seriously, then it reduces Him to the rank of a prophet. The question recalls Augustine's comment on Neo-Platonist use, and abuse, of the apostle John:

And therein I read, not indeed in the very words, but to the very same purpose, enforced by many and diverse reasons, that 'In the beginning was the Word, was with God, and the Word was God: the Same was in the beginning with God: all things were made by Him, and without Him was nothing made: that which was made by Him is 'life', and the life was the light of men, and the light shineth in the darkness, and the darkness comprehended it not.' . . . But that 'He came into His own, and His own received Him not; but as many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God, as many as believed in His name'; this I read not there . . . Again I read there, that God the Word was born not of flesh nor of blood, nor of the will of man, nor of the will of the flesh, but of God. But that 'the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us . . . that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth; and that every tongue should confess that the Lord Jesus Christ is in the glory of God the father,' those books have not. (My italics)

Augustine's exasperation over the elimination of the redeeming Christ serves as a timeless, and timely, warning.

What about Christian prospects for the future? I think it fitting to close with an optimistic and realistic observation by Latourette, noted church historian:

Christianity has suffered other moments of shock which compare with the 20th century crisis and they subsequently proved to be only interludes of weakness, purification and revitalization. The church has indeed lost substantial ground in its western home but it has simultaneously constructed a world network and today has a universal base of operation. Like the Christian communities in a depressed and hostile Roman world, church nuclei are again fanned out and ready to permeate everywhere.

Man's fate has become a single universal problem but the church is not unprepared for the new dimension. Maybe Christianity can yet capture the new world, despite its seeming helplessness and allegedly provincial convictions.
And Jesus increased in wisdom and stature, and in favor with God and man.
— Luke 3:52

Hear, O heavens, and give ear, O earth: for the Lord hath spoken, I have nourished and brought up children, and they have rebelled against me.
— Isaiah 1:2

The greatest importance of education is attested to by the fact that it has become the biggest business of our country — with emphasis on BUSY. However, the evidence of statistics involving men and money is not necessarily proof of the importance of something, else the statistics of the world of entertainment would be a proof of the greater value of entertainment to man than education. Let us rather look to the Word of God for a measure of education.

When the spiritual and physical growth of children is in question, then God dealing with His children makes more than mundane matter of it. God's evaluation of growth and education brings the tremendous spheres of heaven and earth into consideration. Witness the Word of Isaiah, who appeals to heaven and earth, to the creatures visible and invisible, great and small. And this appeal to heaven to hear and earth to listen is not only because God is the Creator and Judge of all, but because what God has to say involves the most urgent matter of history, it involves the education of man. God's great theme in Isaiah is: "I have nourished and brought up children, and they have rebelled against Me." God refers to the fact that He had called men to be His children according to His grace, and had led these children out of bondage, trained them in the wilderness, given them stature and importance in this world. He refers to the high level of culture that the Israelites had in the time of David and Solomon. Now God's declaration is that He seems to have failed in His education of these sons whom in verse four He calls "Children that are corrupters." For He adds: "And they have rebelled against Me." Here God puts two facts side by side and states that this is His complaint: He has done all for these children, these sons and daughters, and they have broken with Him (as the original Hebrew has it). This outcry and accusation against the people of God is not an isolated instance in the record of God's complaint against man, but it is the constant theme of God's reproach to man. It does not take very much intelligence to list the benefits received by us as they appear in God's dealings with each one of us. "He has called us by the Gospel, enlightened us with His gifts." He has done this in order to give us the one thing needful. He has added thereto the bounties of a free country, a civilization, a period in life so full of opportunities, that we are as yet hardly able to comprehend the riches poured into our laps. Discounting the levities and humorous quips with which we are all liable to demonstrate to the world our superiority over things serious in our life, we surely all realize that the University and its educational facilities are a gift of God to us. We are here because we want to be here. We need an education and we are glad and thankful that we have the opportunity to obtain an education. We must admit: God has nourished us all, God has brought us up to this point, to this level and height, and we owe it to Him to make something of it as His children.

But, how about God's complaint: "And they have rebelled against me?" Is it going to be the tragic story in the life history of a son or daughter blessed with immeasurable spiritual and material gifts that God must say: "After all I did for him or for her, they broke away from Me, they rebelled against Me?" God forbid! . . . If an educator would raise this complaint, there might be some who would say: Perhaps his method of teaching was not good, perhaps he is as much to blame as the student if the student's work is a failure. But we cannot say that about God, Who gave His only Son to die for us that we might live.

Well, what if there is failure of Christian education? What if our records show that many who are trained for service to God and man rebel against God? Do we not all discover in our lives the incongruity of much grace and so little or no fruit of faith? Do we blame God? I would think not. Giving no credit to ourselves, and not being able to blame our divine educator, what do we say, what can we do? The answer lies in the passage from Luke chapter two: "Jesus increased in wisdom and stature and in favor with God and man."

Isaiah had appealed to heaven and earth because of
the great importance of God’s word, so here we have an answer that seems to satisfy heaven and earth. . . . Satisfy heaven and earth? . . . Yes, indeed, Jesus had favor with God and man! God the Father was well pleased with His Son. And men that saw Him and lived with Him — Joseph and Mary, and the neighbors and friends, even the learned doctors and scribes — were forced to admit: This man is well educated, well trained, obedient, wise, for He increased in wisdom and stature . . . Here is a mentally and physically perfectly adjusted individual of Whom even God in heaven speaks approval.

Again we might say: Hear, O heavens, and give ear, O earth: Yea, look upon Him all the world! Here is the perfect child, the true Son of the Father! Here is success in education beyond the dream of educators. Here is growth to a high stature of man, here is the model of perfection of the physical and mental, especially of the spiritual excellency demanded by the most exacting Creator of heaven and earth!

Now, does this mean anything to educator and educated today? It means everything! It does not mean primarily that since we have a model we must try, try and try again to attain the goal . . . Such an appeal falls on minds too well aware of the low level of man’s intelligence . . . What then are we to conclude? Has God been successful only once? Was there in all history only this one person, this one young man in Nazareth that met the requirements for graduation into God’s class of the finished and perfected creature? Yes, indeed. That is a fact never to be overlooked, never to be forgotten . . . for this fact must be combined with what was said by Isaiah — the two passages must come together . . . Isaiah’s sermon does not end with the text quoted at the beginning, it comes to a climax in the seventh chapter which speaks of this very child of God, there called IMMANUEL . . . This Immanuel is our representative, we might say our proxy, our substitute. He sat in the class of God Himself as the true Son of God, and He never made a mistake, nor did He give a wrong answer. He completed His assignment in the fullness of time, but — and this is the point I want to make — not for His sake, or for His honor, but for our sake, in our stead. Taking the place of the disobedient children He became obedient unto death, even the death on the cross . . . On that great judgement day God will call again all heaven and earth as witness when we stand before His throne, and whereas there will not be retraced one single word of the terrible indictment of Isaiah 1:2, there will be granted to us, who believe on Him and love Him as our Savior, that grade, that evaluation, that diploma, prize and glory that He earned for us!

Friends, in the last analysis our education here is a success or a failure according to the measure in which you either know and love your Lord Jesus, or know Him and rebel against Him. In Christian education the last, the final goal and aim is the salvation of the soul. We go to work, not discouraged by our own weakness and inadequacy, but encouraged to use those talents with which God has entrusted us, inspired and enlightened by the grace of Jesus Christ, the love of God and the communion of the Holy Ghost — taking as our example our Lord who became our brother in the flesh, and of Whom St. Luke says in our text: “And Jesus increased in wisdom and stature, and in favor with God and man.”

**BUT TIME**

I caught a rainbow from the sunny seam of evergrowing blue and wondered why such miracles so often pass you by. And time stuck like a dagger in my dream.

A hand fell somehow into mine, a part of something that was bigger than the whole, deeper than depth and rounder than the soul. But time remained a dagger in my heart.

—WALTER SORELL
Dear Editor:

Well, I'm glad to see that they're finally getting around to cracking down on these scandal magazines. I have read practically every issue of one of those sheets, most of them from cover to cover, and I tell you they oughtn't to allow it to appear on the news stands. It's bad enough when people do the sort of thing that these magazines report. But to have the story of that kind of carryings-on spread over the whole country is positively dangerous to morals.

I hope now that they won't stop with that one magazine. I've seen issues of some so-called respectable magazines that I wouldn't want young folks to see. As a matter of fact you people use some words and expressions in the CRESSET that I can't altogether approve of. Maybe you don't know what they mean, but you can't be too careful.

I don't know, but it seems to me that the world is getting more sinful all of the time. Every joke that I hear seems to have a double meaning. People that I meet say, "Stop by and see us some day" or "Have a cup of coffee." People that I know used to consider really nice seem more and more hypocritical. There seems to be less honesty than there used to be, less decency and less ambition. Sometimes I get feeling like poor old Elijah out in the wilderness, wondering whether I am the only true believer left.

I wish I could be as innocent and trusting as the Missus is. Honestly, she will swallow anything. She lives in a make-believe world where everything is to be taken at face value. People say, "Stop by and see us some time" and she thinks they really mean it. Or she reads about some guy that gave a million dollars to charity and it never occurs to her that his "philanthropy" is actually a tax dodge. And when I try to explain to her that you can't believe everything you see she tells me that I am just getting old and mean-tempered.

Well, be that as it may, I still say that things are coming to a pretty pass and that it is high time that the substantial people in the country began to assert themselves. If we would jail a few of these filth-peddlers and intellectuals and politicians and labor leaders maybe our "Christian" country would really be Christian again. But somebody has got to take the bull by the horns and sit on them.

Regards,
G.G.
One of the most fascinating studies is the way in which poets have expressed themselves about the various furnishings of the Church. Herewith a few presentations out of the Author's collection —

**THE PULPIT —**

"The pulpit, therefore (and I name it, fill'd With solemn awe, that bids me well beware With what intent I touch that Holy thing), I say the pulpit (in sober awe Of its legitimate peculiar powers) Must stand acknowledged, while the world shall stand, The most important and effectual guard, Support and ornament of virtue's cause. There stands the messenger of truth: there stands The legate of the skies! His theme divine, His office sacred, his credentials clear. By him the violated law speaks out Its thunders; and by him, in strains as sweet As angels are, the Gospel whispers peace."

**THE FONT —**

"There is a Font within whose burnish'd face The o'erarching pile itself reflected sleeps, Columns, arch, roof, and all the hallow'd place, Beauteously mirror'd in its marble deeps; And holy Church within her vigil keeps: Thus round our Font on storied walls arise Scenes that encompass Sion's holy steeps, Rivers of God and sweet societies, The mountain of our rest, and Kingdom of the skies."

**THE CHANCEL —**

"I love the Church, - the holy Church, The Saviour's spotless bride: And, oh, I love her palaces Through all the land so wide! The cross-topp'd spire amid the trees, The holy bell of prayer; The music of our mother's voice, Our mother's home is there. I love the Church — the holy Church, That o'er our life presides; The birth, the bridal, and the grave, And many an hour besides! Be mine, through life, to live in her, And when the Lord shall call, To die in her — the spouse of Christ, The mother of us all."

**AND —**

"Our life lies eastward: every day Some little of that mystic way By trembling feet is trod: In thoughtful fast, and quiet feast, Our thoughts go traveling to the East To our incarnate God. Fresh from the Font, our childhood's prime, To life's most oriental time, 'Still doth it eastward turn in prayer, And rear its saving altar there: Still doth it eastward turn in creed, While faith in awe each gracious deed Of her dear Saviour's love doth plead; Still doth it turn at every line To the fair East — in sweet mute sign That through our weary strife and pain, We crave our Eden back again."

**THE ALTAR —**

"Whene'er I seek the holy altar's rail, And kneel to take the grace there offered me, It is no time to task my reason frail, To try Christ's words, and search how they may be. Enough, I eat His flesh, and drink His blood; More is not told — to ask it is not good. "I will not say with these, that bread and wine Have vanish'd at the consecration prayer; Far less, with those deny that aught Divine, And of immortal seed, is hidden there. Hence, disputants! The din which ye admire Keeps but ill measure with the church's choir."

**THE ORGAN —**

"But let my due feet never fail To walk the studious cloisters pale, And love the high embowed roof, With antique pillars, massy proof, And storied windows, richly dight, Casting a dim religious light,
There let the pealing organ blow,
To the full-voiced quire below,
In service high, and anthems clear,
As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
Dissolve me into ecstasies,
And bring all Heaven before mine eyes.”

II Penseroso

THE PAVEMENT —

“Mark you the floor? that square and speckled stone,
Which looks so firm and strong,
Is Patience;

“And the other black and grave, wherein each one
Is checker’d all along,
Humility;

“The gentle rising, which on either hand
Leads to the quire above,
Is Confidence;

“But the sweet cement, which in one sure band
Ties the whole frame, is Love
And Charity.”

George Herbert

AND —

“This is the abode where God doth dwell,
This is the gate of Heaven,
The shrine of the Invisible,
The Priest, the Victim given.

“O holy seat, O holy fane,
Where dwells the Omnipotent!
Whom the broad world cannot contain,
Nor Heaven’s high firmament.

“Here, where the unearthly Guest descends
To hearts of Innocence,
And sacred love her wing extends
Of holiest influence;

“Let no unhallow’d thought be here,
Within that sacred door;
Let nought polluted dare draw near,
Nor tread the awful floor;
Or, lo! the Avenger is at hand,
And at the door doth stand.”

The Child’s Christian Year

THE NAVE —

“How all things glow with life and thought,
Where'er our faithful fathers trod!
The very ground with speech is fraught,
The air is eloquent of God.
In vain would doubt or mockery hide
The burled echoes of the past;
A voice of strength — a voice of pride —
Here dwells amid the stones and blast!

“Still points the tower, and pleads the bell,
The solemn arches breathe in stone,
Window and wall have lips to tell
The mighty faith of days unknown;
Yea! flood, and breeze, and battle shock
Shall beat upon this Church in vain,
She stands a daughter of the rock —
The changeless God's eternal fane!”

R. S. Hawker

THE WINDOWS —

“. . . Sometimes thoughts proud and wild
Have risen, till I saw the sunbeams steal
Through painted glass at evensong, and weave
Their threefold tints upon the marble near,
Faith, Prayer, and Love, the spirit of a child!”

Faber
RENEWAL OF THE CHURCH
By W. A. Visser 'T Hooft Westminster Press, $2.50)

One of the very foremost leaders of the ecumenical movement, in lectures originally presented at Mansfield College in Oxford, provides an unusual argument for and contribution toward Christian unity by linking it with renewal of the Church. His definition of Church is "the Church as it lives in history which stands constantly in need of renewal." (p. 12). He seems to save the concept of "Body of Christ" for a *Una Sancta* "which needs no renewal" — "which will only be realized at the *parousia*" (p. 39). He thus employs the interpretation of Eph. 5, 27 as referring 'in need of *parousia*".

By linking *Una Sancta* with renewal of the Church, as it lives in history which stands constantly in need of renewal, he provides an unusual argument for renewal by which any individual church becomes a gift for the common good. Thus his book is useful for denominations both inside and outside the formal ecumenical endeavor.

RICHARD R. CAEMMERER

THE NEW ORDEAL OF CHRISTIANITY
By Paul Hutchinson, (Association Press, $2.50).

Paul Hutchinson, late editor of the Christian Century, is well known to the American Protestant scene. His writing has reflected the dominant emphases in American Protestantism.

*New Ordeal* attempts to analyse "how the Church is doing" as it meets various crises in human affairs. The author states in the very beginning that he is not interested in analysing the present crisis in world affairs. He is interested, rather, in how the Church is faring in this modern ordeal.

Since he is avowedly interested in the effect that the Church is having on society, his study is limited to that challenge and response. There is precious little analysis of theological issues. But this should not deter the reader. Because, somehow, in his appraisal of the efforts of the Church toward meeting the current problems facing her in "all the earth," a good deal of contemporary theology (such as it is) comes through. The outline is clear, and the style is lucid. And the book is a good summary of the history of the church in the 20th century.

In his comments on the Roman Church, the author claims that Rome's greatest interest in opposing Communism is not so much her fear of atheism, as the threat of communism to establish and foster "national forms of Catholicism which have thrown off their allegiance to Rome." He also asserts that "we face the paradox that in its political relationships the Roman Catholic Church today is on the defensive almost everywhere except where the Protestant tradition of toleration and the Protestant social resistance to the Communist lure free it for an agressive presentation of its own cause." (p. 30).

He then proceeds to show how Rome is on the offensive in her "social thinking." His analysis of the papal encyclicals and the "worker-priests" in France is interesting. He shows how Rome's extremely conservative stand on many intellectual issues can be seen as an "offensive" against the chaotic thinking of our era. He also claims that the current emphasis on the virgin is part of Rome's offensive "which seeks to compensate for the rigid mental discipline it is imposing in this western world where the watchword is freedom by encouraging its adherents in a form of worship centered on a figure totally divorced from all issues of ethics and empiric truth." (p. 50.)

After taking up the "struggles within Orthodoxy," he turns to Protestantism. The author has little to say for the "theological revival" of our day. He is rather concerned with the empty churches, and the social impact of the "lay movements" in Europe. He assesses the effects of urbanization, industrialization, and increasing secularism on the future of Protestantism in this country.

This book summarizes the author as we have always understood him. He considers theology as such simply a reflection of "the times" (note especially pages 85, 120, and 122), but he had a deep and abiding interest in the welfare of the church as a whole, and a fervent interest in ecumenicity.

All through the book we note Hutchinson's sorrow at the "offense" caused by the continued "rugged individualism" of the denominations in Protestantism. He closes his book with a hope that the churches will follow the ecumenical path.

WALTER OETTING

THE 12: THE STORY OF CHRIST'S APOSTLES
By Edgar J. Goodspeed (Winston, $3.50).

Dr. Edgar Goodspeed, eminent Bible scholar, continues to make significant contributions to the understanding of the Holy Scriptures. *The 12* is an example of this author's ability to combine scholarship and experience with a simple, lucid style, to offer distinctive help to a Bible student.

This book is impressive for its completeness. It is formed about the twelve men who carried Christ's teachings to the world, and contains a well-rounded discussion of all their writings, including the extra-canonical writings of their pupils and friends.

Some Bible scholars may not agree with everything in this book. For example, the author believes that Romans chapter sixteen was a separate letter of introduction for Phoebe to the church at Ephesus (page 64ff), and he ascribes the authorship of the general letters of Peter to some of that apostle's followers (page 104ff).

This book is a worthy addition to the library of every student of the New Testament, both clergy and lay.

WALTER M. WANGERIN

THE CRESSET
SIN AND SALVATION
By Leslie Newbigen, (The Westminster Press, $2.00).

Leslie Newbigen is bishop in Madura of the Church of South India. He wrote this book to be used by the workers in the Tamil dioceses of that church. Since the greatest burden of pastoral care in the several thousand village congregations falls on the teachers in the elementary grades, books are often published to help them in their work. This is one of them. It is written for the mind that has not been exercised by formal theological training.

It is a good book! The author reviews the basic accents of the holy faith. He is always conscious of the fact that the faith must be communicated to the Indian mind. For this reason it is interesting to note how he describes "sin", how he utilizes the Indian concept of Karma, and how he describes "God's use of the Hebrews" to a culture that does not have its roots in Semitic-Christian traditions.

His outline is interesting. For pastors and teachers always searching for better methods, outlines, and vocabulary to impart the message of the Christian faith to converts, this book has much to offer.

WALTER OETTING

THE GOSPELS: THEIR ORIGIN AND GROWTH
By Frederick C. Grant (Harper, $3.75).

To study the Christian gospels as literary creations and biographies of Jesus only is to overlook almost completely the unique character of the sacred books of Christianity. These are not just ordinary books written in an ordinary manner. The gospels are books which are based upon a fixed body of teaching which was the common property of the early Christians in their churches. A true study of the gospels must therefore emphasize the importance, value, and character of the underlying oral tradition which provided the material used by the evangelists.

Frederick C. Grant of Union Theological Seminary writes an intriguing, stimulating, and informative book on a relatively new approach to the gospels which does emphasize a study of the oral tradition underlying the writings of the four evangelists. In addition to this excellent feature, the book is filled with information on the structure and form of the gospels, and concludes with a helpful bibliography and three indexes.

Every thoughtful Christian theologian should read this book.

WALTER M. WANGERIN

November 1957

GENERAL

CHRISTIANITY, DEMOCRACY, AND TECHNOLOGY
By Zoltan Sztankay (Philosophical Library, $3.75).

The author of this book is a member of the faculty of Valparaiso University. Among the acknowledgments he makes in a "personal note to the reader" are expressions of gratitude to his colleagues, especially to the Managing Editor of The Cresset.

A native of Hungary, Zoltan Sztankay deliberately rejected the Communist way of life and decided to become a citizen of the United States. Although he realizes that not everything in America is what it should be, his adopted country represents to him the ideals of democracy and Christianity from which he is convinced a better world can come.

The underlying thesis of this book is that a world government is not only possible, but is inevitable. The claim is that we are gradually recognizing the essential unity of the human race and we are slowly but surely moving toward some kind of international organization. Since the industrial revolution we have passed through an economic transformation which has made the isolation of nations unthinkable. Today we talk about the world market. Banking and shipping are international. It only remains for this interlinking structure of world economy to establish a regulating central authority.

It is one world or none. We must learn to live together in peace, "or we will go down together in destruction." The world cannot remain indefinitely half-free and half-slave. Unless Christianity and democracy prevail, the Soviet Union may succeed in stirring up a world revolution.

A new era is dawning, according to Mr. Sztankay. Human unification is bound to come. The only question is whether it will be preceded by peaceful transition or a period of violent upheaval, bloody warfare, and costly errors. The root of our present distress is to be found in the inability of the nation-state to guarantee man's freedom and well-being, and the unwillingness of the powers that be to abdicate and permit a new sovereign international organization to be formed.

In the judgment of the author, Bolshevist-Communism is the most formidable danger which menaces mankind. "Thriving on the unsolved problems of war and human misery," Communism is not so much the ailment as it is the symptom of the sickness which afflicts Western man. Our "despiritualized" thought and life has created a vacuum which has been filled by the Marxist ideology. The remarkable vitality of Communism is explained by the "faith" which it provides for its adherents. Not until we recapture the spiritual concepts of Christianity will we possess the motivation for coping with the problems of war, poverty, and exploitation which the threat of modern Communism will not permit us to evade.

The optimistic hopes and predictions expressed by the author are in sharp contrast with the pessimism and disillusionment more characteristic of our age, and found in current literature and history writing. Sztankay is obviously not a disciple of Toynbee. Expressly repudiated are what he calls "the five important implications of the cyclical theory" of Spengler.

Of special interest to this reviewer is the evidence assembled to corroborate the oneness of the human race. The favorite theories of racists are succinctly demolished. The rapidity with which "primitive" races are assimilating "white" culture (e.g. the Negroes in America) is described as proof that the superior intelligence of one race in comparison with another cannot be maintained.

Yet we may wonder if the differences between "races" can be readily explained "by the gradual effect of environmental influences." (p. 123) Since the rise of the Afro-Asian bloc in the United Nations we may doubt the statement that "the racial entity does not stand... in the way of organizing the world." (p. 126) The declaration that "there are actually no international alignments based on racial affinity," (p. 127) rules out any classification of Jews and Arabs as racial groups or must assume their common Semitic origin. Readers might like to be apprised of the historical evidence for "the great original migration which took men out of their common birthplace and separated them into individual races." (p. 131).

Professor Sztankay argues forcibly against the Spenglerian assumption of regional civilizations, quite independent of each other, which invariably perish. Even in the earliest epochs of human history, he contends, there was considerable intercommunication. At no time were geographical divisions a cause of absolute separation. "Not even the Western hemisphere was isolated from the rest of the world." (p. 62).

No civilization has ever existed which could be called completely independent of its predecessors or its contemporaries.

The author flatly denies the implications of the cyclical theory "that mankind marches in a circle" and that no progress is registered. The decline of particular civilizations "does not preclude the progress of the whole human race." (p. 65). Unlike many of our modern prophets, this one is not ready to concede the doom of the West. Former regional civilizations were destroyed. But there is reason to expect that
the civilization which we have developed may survive. Why? The chief difference between what has happened in the past and what may happen in the future lies in Christianity. “Pre-Christian and non-Christian civilizations did not have democracy.”...“Thanks to democracy, we have built modern technology...Thanks to modern technology, the material foundation of a global political unity is laid...The idea of world community is germinating.” (p. 71).

There is much about Professor Sztankay's analysis and prognostications which is attractive. One may be tempted to float along and be carried away by the optimistic outlook portrayed — until sheer realism compels a sober reconsideration. A number of questions come to mind.

Is it the fundamental purpose of Christianity to undergird a sick and decaying civilization so that it may survive? Rather is it not likely that the judgment of the Christian prophet may arise to hasten its demise? Must not Christianity be purified and extracted in such a way that it will survive and supersede each fallen civilization rather than become imbedded in and attached to one particular way of life? Is it not a distortion of the Christian faith to make it produce the ingredients for a new cooperative world order? Has Christianity as the promoter of progress, teaching the ideals of self-denial, love, and patience, ever been sufficiently effective in the historical process to become the dynamic for a lasting political organization? (p. 73). Is this not a confusion of the two realms and their functions (the Kingdom of Caesar and the Kingdom of Christ), both operating under the sovereignty of God? Does equality in the Christian church mean that Christianity must produce political democracy as a necessary offshoot? (cf. p. 77). Is the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man the heart and core of the Christian message? Certainly these concepts have been adopted by non-Christian humanists.

Is it true that democracy and technology can be linked together in a relationship of cause and effect? (p. 90). What about industrialization and mechanization in the Germany of Bismarck? What about the technological advances made under the regimes of Hitler and Stalin (or Khruschev)?

While there may be some indications that “historic forces are driving man toward democratization and territorial integration” (p. 132), we are not persuaded that these two “basic trends” are indisputably prevalent. And what about concurrent contrary forces? Further, what about the possibility of new, as yet unforeseen, divisive influences arising?

Although Professor Sztankay confesses that it is too Utopian to anticipate the fusion of all civilizations through the triumph of Christianity over the other world religions, he reverts to that very thought as an eventual probability. As Asians continue to borrow from the material foundations of Western society, their native religions will be hopelessly undermined. Then the only faith to which they will be able to turn is that which they now refuse -- Christianity.

From a theological point of view one is disturbed by the author's apparent belief in man's predestined self-perfection (even if the Creator is credited with assisting in the progressive movement toward the ideal society). Is the advancement of man, especially through his own powers, the sure goal of history? Is it certain that “reaction, in the long run, always will be defeated”? Was it utterly impossible that Hitler might have succeeded and a long lasting non-democratic empire have been founded? Is it the best Christian interpretation of history to regard God as the Promoter of human progress?

On the other hand Calvinists (and Lutherans) who believe in “the total depravity of man” may well need to be cautioned against gloomy defeatism and dire despair about the possibilities for human achievement and the concrete realization of a better social order. The “orthodox” theologian is compelled to face the accusation that his anthropology destroys the initiative and progressive hopes of mankind. We are confronted with this paradox: Can we subscribe to an eschatology which forecasts the doom of the world and the eventual futility of all human efforts to eradicate the stain of sin from human society and still preserve a Christian motivation for political reform and social action? Can Christians work toward a unified world order with enthusiasm and vigor, all the while that they are only pilgrims and strangers on a corrupt earth looking for the “abiding city” of God which can only be experienced outside of temporal limitations?

Finally, we would call attention to the daring inconsistency by which Professor Sztankay substitutes his own version of historical determinism for that of Spengler. What great assurance do we have that a democratic world union will be our future destiny rather than one civilization replaced by another? We would note too, that the insistence that the whole world be brought into uniformity before permanent peace and security can be established is a parallel to the Marxist theory that Communism cannot attain its classless commonwealth until Capitalism is everywhere replaced by the “new order.”

RALPH LUTHER MOELLERING

THE FACE OF JUSTICE

By Caryl Chessman (Prentice-Hall, $3.95).

Caryl Chessman is the well-publicized occupant of Cell 2455 Death Row, San Quentin Prison, whose two previous books told the story of his trial, conviction and sentence for a crime of which he steadfastly maintains he is innocent. Now soon to begin his tenth year in the death house, Chessman was forbidden to write anything for publication after his second book appeared in 1955. Since he already was assured of publication, he adds this restriction on the part of prison authorities to his impressive list of grievances against them and against the California courts, which have consistently, he states, been influenced by prejudice. Denying him the privilege of publication, with resultant deprivation of income desperately needed to continue his struggle for a new hearing is, he says, tantamount to giving him the final push into the gas chamber. The man is still fighting for his life, as he has been doing for the past nine years. He succeeded in hiding the typed copy of this book in his small, often searched cell, by the simple process of leaving it in plain sight (in somewhat disguised form, of course). He does not reveal how the copy reached the publisher’s agent. He hopes to regain possession of the manuscript of his novel, which was confiscated by prison officials.

Chessman’s attempt to secure a new hearing is based on his contention that the shorthand notes of the court reporter, who died before transcribing them, were later incorrectly and fraudulently transcribed. Chessman states that the prosecutor was a party to this fraudulent conduct.

This book details the efforts made by the prisoner and his lawyers to appeal for a new hearing. If the narrative is accurate (some of it can be proved) the probity of prison officials and the integrity of prosecuting attorneys and of more than one judge dealing with this particular case are open to question.

This reader is convinced that the author of The Face of Justice has indeed been denied some of his constitutional rights. This leads to uneasy speculation: how many times has this occurred to prisoners of less mental brilliance; to those with no money to secure counsel, or to pay traveling expenses of witnesses? Through a unique combination of ability and perseverance, Chessman has succeeded in keeping one step away from the gas chamber for nine years. No one else ever has.

The whole book is dedicated to the cause of the abolition of capital punishment. The two most telling arguments against the death penalty are: it doesn’t
serve to reduce the number of criminal acts; it can, and sometimes does, involve the wrong individual. Death is so permanent.

DORINDA KNOPP

FULLNESS OF DAYS
By Lord Halifax (Dodd, Mead, $6.00)

Lord Halifax is almost uniquely qualified to write a history of the past three turbulent decades. As Viceroy of India, as British foreign secretary just before the Second World War, and as ambassador to the United States during the war he was one of the authors of recent history, and even out of office he was in a singular position to observe at close range the great and tragic events of his lifetime.

It would be out of character, however, for a man like Lord Halifax to undertake the objective, and therefore sometimes harsh, task of writing a history. Instead, he has given us an autobiography which, to use his own description of memory, is “kindly and indulgent of human frailty, and on the whole imitates the sardonic which only records the hours when the sun shines.” Thus, while we get a good look at one of Britian’s last great Christian gentlemen, we are offered little or no insight into the character and qualities of those of his contemporaries such as Gandhi, Chamberlain, Eden, and Churchill with whom he worked so closely that his evaluation of them might have been a contribution to our understanding of recent history.

Taking the book for what its author meant it to be, however, one can hardly fail to be attracted to this kindly, dignified man who accepted reluctantly and out of a profound sense of duty offices and dignities for which less noble men would have been willing to sell friends and principles. It is quite apparent from this book that Halifax would have been happiest if he could have stayed in his beloved Yorkshire with his many friends from every social level, performing his duties as Master of Fox Hounds and indulging his interests in religious and ecclesiastical matters.

Nor perhaps is it altogether improper to say that his country and the world might have been better served had others been willing to allow Halifax his own interests and inclinations. For this biography does nothing to contradict the opinion which many have expressed that he filled the high offices that were assigned him with much faithfulness but only modest competence. He was a guileless Nathaniel in situations which seemed to demand Boanerges.

But whatever his limitations may have been in the political world, he has a great deal to say to an age which has forgotten the beauty of close family relationships, the incomparable pleasures of friendship, the glory of tradition remembered and maintained, and the exaltation of high religion. Lord Halifax is perhaps the best living example of a respectful and dutiful son, a kindly husband and father, a good friend, a tireless patron of the arts and sciences, and a devout Christian. One wonders whether his apparently undistinguished performance in the political arena may not reflect the truth of the writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews who, after he had called the roll of the saints, described them as those “of whom the world was not worthy.”

WILLIAM FAULKNER: An Interpretation
By Irving Malin (Stanford University Press, $3.00).

This small book about the characters in a Nobel Prize winner’s stories shows them principally as an extension of the famous author himself. The six essays focus on one point: the immense importance of what Malin calls father-son relationship. Concerned with the general meaning of Faulkner’s work rather than with specific analysis of any one writing, Mr. Malin (formerly on the staff of the Stanford U. English Department) shows Faulkner as investigator of the psychological condition of his characters who is thereby trying to understand and to present the principles which govern all human behavior.

An index should be included to aid the reader in perceiving the aptness of thus tracing to the influence of Faulkner’s own great-grandfather William the tension, contemporary relevance, and universality of all of Faulkner’s literary work. Then, too, technical jargon spoils the pleasure of the valid information here; e.g. “No one can read Faulkner without noting the abundance of obsessive-compulsive behavior.”

After listing (but not discussing) multiple illustrations, Mr. Malin concludes thus: Risking a generalization, I would say that Faulkner’s emphasis . . . on the polarities of flight and hunt, retreat and attack, represent a mind in unstable equilibrium. Faulkner shows us that he is unsure in handling his own psychological problems. He does not know whether to flee from his dilemma or to attack it head on. At last he wills himself to stand in perilous balance, and as a result, he produces novels such as Light in August . . . Faulkner’s art is produced by and in strife.

Such ambivalence lifts Faulkner’s books above sociological tracts that are limited to the South, to become -- as this literary critic claims -- world significant.

HERBERT H. UMBACH

THE FINE ART OF READING
By Lord David Cecil (Bobbs-Merrill, $5.00).

This is a collection of essays and lectures prepared or delivered by Lord David Cecil over the last eight years. “The Fine Art of Reading”, the title piece, for example, was his inaugural lecture as Goldsmith’s Professor of English at Oxford, delivered in 1949. It is an eloquent discussion on the varying approaches of individuals to the understanding and appreciation of literature.

In the remaining eight articles, Cecil analyzes Shakespearean comedy, the works of Joseph Conrad and of Jane Austen -- a great favorite of his -- the prose works of Walter de la Mare, and, in passing, touches on the literary output of another doze of English writers. The choice selections are an essay on Walter Pater, which is part character study and part literary criticism, and a dissertation on “The Forms of English Fiction,” an unusually lucid and concise study of the novel.

Each piece is complete in itself and gives the satisfying impression that this is everything that could be said on the subject. No connection exists between any of these essays but the volume does not suffer from lack of continuity, since each of the compositions gives a greater insight into the mind of Lord David Cecil, a scholar with a great knowledge of and deep appreciation for English literature.

EXTINCT LANG UAGES
By Johannes Friedrich (Philosophical Library, $5.00).

This semi-popular book is a translation from the German historical account of the decipherment of a number of languages of the ancient world. Chapter One treats of the Egyptian hieroglyphics, cuneiform writing, and the Hittite hieroglyphic script respectively. After a second chapter in which he considers certain other extinct languages, including the vexing Etruscan, the author devotes a few pages to principles and methods of decipherment and then finishes with several examples of languages that had as yet defied all attempts made to decipher them. One of these, however, the Cretan-Minoan script, was in fact finally yielding to the relentless cryptanalytic of the brilliant young British scholar and architect, Mr. Michael Ventris, at the very time a few years ago when the original German edition was in the process of being printed. Consequently the author’s translator, Mr. Frank Gaynor, has happily added an appendix in which he discusses this latest successful decipherment.

Every person with a cryptanalytic bent of mind would be likely to enjoy working with ideograms and syllabaries and so be fascinated by the thrilling story of the great decipherments, of Champollion and the Rosetta Stone, for instance, or of Rawlinson’s dramatic discovery of the Behistun Inscription. But the significance attached to the rediscovery of an ancient language is not limited to the pleasure that is derived from the solution of a crypto-
graphic puzzle. For the historical study of writing during the past century and a half has greatly expanded our perspective in time and space, unfolding before us in the large and often in minute detail the life and thought of those pristine races whose languages have now been deciphered. This is again illustrated in a rather exciting manner through the at least partial unlocking of the Cretan script to which reference has just been made. Ever a stumbling block to scholarly investigations of the old world, this script, we have learned at long last—and to our complete surprise, is really an early form of the Greek language itself as it existed in Greece proper as well as on the island of Crete as far back as 1400 B.C. and thus several hundred years prior to the appearance of the Iliad and the Odyssey, the epic poems with which our European literature begins. This would mean that, unless the art of writing had disappeared during the interval, these two great poems were actually set down in writing and not merely transmitted through oral tradition, as has been commonly supposed. And if we further accept the general claim that Homer was their author, we may also fairly conclude that this peerless Greek bard did indeed bequeath to us the written verse, "blind old man of Chios" though he may have been.

EDGAR C. REINKE

BUCKSKIN AND BLANKET DAYS
By Thomas Henry Tibbles (Doubleday & Company, $4.50).

Bleeding Kansas during 1856 was scarcely the place for a lad of sixteen to start a career, but that is where Henry Tibbles begins his tale of adventure which covers a number of years and a series of varied and fascinating events. Although not a strictly autobiographical book, Buckskin and Blanket Days contains many happenings in the life of a man who was soldier, scout, preacher, newspaperman, and adventurer. It is a tale, not of white man against the Indian, but of white man for the Indian; and of a particular white man who was largely responsible for breaking the power of the Indian Ring, for bringing about the Dawes Severalty Act of 1887, and in forcing the courts to legally declare the Indian a "person."

Buckskin and Blanket Days, itself, was written in 1905, and has lain unpublished until this year. Only a person who actually lived among the Indians and who understood them as Mr. Tibbles had the opportunity to do, however, could write about their life in such a colorful and entertaining manner. His is the story of love, friendship, and experience, rather than imagination. There is humor in the accounts of certain Indian customs or in the story of when the Indians learned to waltz; pathos in the tale of Sunshine, the Indian girl; and enough actual historical data to make the book both believable and worthwhile. Sometimes Mr. Tibbles is a bit inclined to become wordy and too detailed, but for the most part Buckskin and Blanket Days makes lively reading as it carries the reader to the last great Indian battle of Wounded Knee, and to the day when red man became so like white man that buckskin and blanket days were truly at an end.

EDGAR C. REINKE

CITY FUGUE
The evening in the cities blinds your eyes. The sunset hides its face with bleeding shame. The sky is cut in little squares. Your fear pairs with a lie. (The dazzling lights are full of pleasant lies.)

Illusions tower high above a sea of noise. In search of symbols you have dared deface the grace of God. You run in circles at a rapid pace to play with phantoms as a child with toys.

Caged animals behind imaginary bars, trapped in deliria of hopelessness and fright, oh have you never worried in your bleakest night that all these sham lights darken all your stars?

WALTER SORELL

MORNING
By Julian Fane (Reynal, $3.50).

This novel records the emotional growth of an eight year old English boy in the years 1938 to 1939. Vere is the son of wealthy parents whose approach to him is one of almost complete apathy. However, in the world of governesses and parlor maids in which he is growing up, he finds the sympathy and understanding he so desperately needs. As a first novel this one is fairly successful, but the author's constant use of the historical present as a tense does not make for easy reading.
It is sometimes difficult to go from the outside to the inside of an event.

For instance -- we have seen and heard about many of the outside facts and movements associated with the now notorious Arkansas event. The outside characteristics extend back to the Supreme Court decision of 1954 that altered the "separate but equal" formula. The most superficial observer knows that the president, the federal courts, and the department of justice have insisted on implementation of the decision.

In the last session of Congress, the southern delegates seemed unusually conciliatory. In many sections of the South, the integration of white and negro students was progressing -- though gradually and with extreme difficulty in many cases. For one blessed moment, we felt that we were really driving down the fairway. Par for the course appeared a reality.

Then this bombshell surprise in the Central High School of Little Rock, Arkansas.

Speeches and talk about justice have now joined the external aspects of the Little Rock event in rapid succession. Words, words, words all about us! But what does it all mean? What is the inner meaning of the event? Where will the internal aspects of the event, the motivations of countless people lead us?

Though I favor integration and full American status and dignity for all minority groups with all my heart, I can understand in part -- and I really want to understand in full -- what is happening to the "insides" of many persons in the South.

Prejudice in the South is the result of a long and strenuously developed cultural bias. The Southern whites have become accustomed over a long period of years to living with the Negroes as the "in's" with the "out's."

To put it in the approximate words of a Rev. Jameson (Negro) from the South: "I have been a southerner all my life. I know and understand the customs of the South. Changes do not come over-night. Segregation will end slowly. Integration will come gradually." This is the heart of the matter.

Understanding is bound to come slowly for we do not share one another's roles. I cannot fully understand the position of my colored friends because I have been a white in a favoring culture. Nor has the colored man the full understanding of the white man's role for he is not white in a culture that stacks the cards for him. Some of my readers can understand the problem if I reach into their backgrounds. What is happening to some of the persons in the South is like what would happen to Lutherans and Catholics if mandates were handed down for mixed marriages. The consequences of such a mandate would make the problem in Little Rock look like a tempest in a teapot.

What bothers me, however, is that some anti-Negro and anti-Jew advocates are using the above argument as a defense mechanism. Gradualism is being employed as a front for abdication. I will accept gradualism and the argument listed above if I know the person is serious about integration. I have a feeling (which I cannot really corroborate) that Faubus and his colleagues are talking about calm and the laying aside of passion for the purpose of cementing the foundations of segregation. In addition, the governor of Arkansas seems to play fast and loose with the truth. This is inexcusable.

That we are human beings and sinful is no real excuse. It is reason for humiliation. It would seem to me that if a person understands his own errors and shortcomings he would find it easier to get along with the Negro. This goes for the Negro, too.

However, the South is changing and that is what I like about the South. The Senators from the South were almost docile at times during the recent struggle to pass the first civil rights legislation since the days of the Civil War. The filibusterer did not really receive much support from his colleagues below the Mason-Dixon line. Twenty years ago, the Senate platform would have rocked and rolled with Southern filibusters.

And after everything has been said and done, I am more concerned about the congregations (both North and South) that drag their feet on the integration matter.
Sights and Sounds

A New Season-How Good?

By Anne Hansen

Not long ago a TV columnist ruefully observed: "TV critics suffer professionally from the viewpoint of the goofus bird, which flies backward to see where it has been." By the time a TV program appears in print, the program itself has not only vanished into thin air but, in many instances, has been all but forgotten.

A new season in TV viewing is under way. TV Guide assures its readers that this will be "a season to make your eyes pop." We shall see. Two of the new documentary programs merit special attention. They are Wisdom and Look Here! Both are seen on NBC on Sundays, and both bring us stimulating visits with well-known personalities.

The long-drawn-out fight over Pay TV, which began in 1949, has entered a new and what may be a decisive phase. Powerful proponents of so-called "coinbox or toll TV" are determined to force the issue to a conclusion favorable to their plans and interests. Equally powerful opponents of the measure are determined that TV viewing shall remain free - even if it becomes necessary to take the matter to the Congress of the United States. Because closed-circuit TV has been so successful in ninety-three key cities, many other areas have applied to the FCC for closed-circuit franchises. The outcome of this struggle is of interest and importance to the entire nation.

Have you heard or read about subliminal projection? This is something new in TV advertising. Subliminal projection, we are told, "is an invisible commercial whose message reaches the audience below the threshold of sensation or awareness." This I gotta see!

The artistic stature of television and the motion picture is still the subject of vigorous debate. But the stature of the legitimate theater has been securely established for hundreds of years. At its best, the legitimate stage is sheer magic. Recently I saw a superb presentation of My Fair Lady, the outstanding musical play which has won many prizes - among them the New York Critics Award. It was a memorable evening - an evening filled with enchanting music composed by Frederick Loewe, gay lyrics adapted by Alan Jay Lerner from G. B. Shaw's Pygmalion, and the indefinable charm and contagious spirit generated by the polished acting of a fine cast. It is good occasionally to have an opportunity to compare the ancient art of the theater with the newer, so-called popular art forms of TV and the silver screen.

The out-and-out shock-and-horror films which, alas, are seen by hundreds of thousands of children and teenagers every week have no relation whatever to art in any form. This is equally true of all too many of the film releases which purport to give a solution - or a better understanding - of teen-age problems.

We are living in a troubled age. The problem of juvenile delinquency is a serious one; it is a problem with far-reaching consequences for our homes, for our nation, and for our society. I have seen some of the pictures which deal with juvenile delinquency. In every case these films have been cheap, shallow, and completely without sound and constructive moral values. I hope there can be an end to such motion-picture fare. In fairness to the major studios I must report that most of the shock-and-horror films are produced by small-time operators - producers who are concerned with big cash returns on relatively small investments.

A Hatful of Rain (20th Century-Fox, Fred Zinnemann) deals with a tragic national problem in a manner which is both frank and constructive. We know that drug addiction is a terrible affliction. It totally degrades its victims, and it is impossible to overemphasize the extent and the seriousness of the inroads this illness has made in the United States. A Hatful of Rain treats this delicate subject with dignity, restraint, and chilling effectiveness.

Thirty years ago Ernest Hemingway's first important novel evoked both praise and condemnation. For in The Sun Also Rises Mr. Hemingway was daring enough to create a hero who was important as the result of injuries suffered in combat during World War I. The effects of this injury on the lives of the hero and his fiancée are depicted against a background of frenetic gayety and desperate searching for happiness. The Sun Also Rises (20th Century-Fox, Henry King) has many excellent qualities. The decor of the 20's has been faithfully re-created in beautiful De Luxe Color, the acting is uniformly good, and the direction reflects the sensitive touch of a man who has long been one of Hollywood's leading directors.

James Cagney scores a notable triumph in Man of a Thousand Faces (Universal-International, James Pevney). This is the engrossing story of Lon Chaney, the famous actor who died in 1930 at the peak of a remarkable career. The supporting cast is outstanding.

The Cresset
Igor Stravinsky has observed his seventy-fifth birthday, Dmitri Shostakovich has completed his eleventh symphony, and Jean Sibelius has passed away. Histories of music will have much to say about these three men.

Stravinsky, who has written in many styles, is a potent force in music. Many composers have come under his influence. Some of them merely regurgitate this or that aspect of his way of writing; some sensitive and far-sighted souls, realizing that there is and must be a certain amount of imitation in all art, have learned from him to tread their own paths without being hamstrung by laws, rules, and pedantry. Stravinsky will be abhorred, tolerated, admired, and adored.

Shostakovich is not an old man. He has remarkable gifts. He is a prolific writer. When many concluded that he had written himself out in his Symphony No. 5, he showed that, in spite of a number of widely publicized but intrinsically unimportant compositions, he could evoke deepfelt admiration by means of his Violin Concerto and his Symphony No. 10. Like Stravinsky, this man will continue to be the subject of many heated debates. But we must bear in mind that Shostakovich lives in a police state.

Sibelius now belongs to history. Was he a composer with something vital to say?

Sibelus, too, is a controversial figure – except to those who have already made up their minds as to his stature.

I confess in all frankness and without the slightest fear that I made up my mind long ago about the man who was and will remain a hero in his native Finland. I consider Sibelius one of the greatest symphonists since the days of Johannes Brahms, and I base my conclusion largely on his unique and powerful Symphony No. 4, the slow movement of which was played at his funeral.

I have heard Sibelius derided. I have heard him damned with faint praise. I have heard him extolled.

Some men well versed in musical lore have told me that Sibelius had no sense of form, that he was weak in the technical aspects of composition. They have judged his symphonies and his Violin Concerto on the basis of the art of thematic development as found in Haydn, in Mozart, in Beethoven, and in Brahms. But I have invariably retorted that they are unfair. I find remarkable thematic development in the major works of Sibelius. I am quick to point out, however, that his way of employing thematic material is totally different from what one hears in the music of the four masters I have mentioned.

What purpose does it serve to state that Sibelius, like every other important composer, sometimes wrote works that abound in banalities? Many bristle up when I declare that Finlandia, in spite of its widespread popularity and one stirring melody, is by no means representative of Sibelius at his best. Many turn on their heels in disgust when I mention the Finn’s Symphony No. 4 as a great classic. The controversy will go on and on.

For years the world of music has been waiting with bated breath for a Symphony No. 8 from Sibelius’ arrestingly individualistic pen. Is there such a work? I wonder. At all events, we shall soon know – perhaps even before my tribute to the great man appears in print. If not, we shall have to content ourselves with the works – among them, seven symphonies – that have appeared. I say again that in my opinion the greatest of these is the Symphony No. 4.

SOME RECENT RECORDINGS

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN. The Five Piano Concertos. Arthur Rubinstein with the Symphony of the Air under Josef Krips. It is a thrilling experience to hear one of the greatest pianists of our time play these five masterworks. The recording is superb. RCA Victor.

HECTOR BERLIOZ. L’Enfance du Christ (The Infant Christ). An ideal presentation of Berlioz’ only Biblical work. The Boston Symphony Orchestra; the New England Conservatory Chorus; Cesare Valletti, tenor, as the Narrator and the Centurion; Florence Kopleff, contralto, as Mary; Gerard Souzay, baritone, as Joseph; Giorgio Tozzi, bass, as Polydorus, Herod, and the Father of a Family. Conductor: Charles Munch. RCA Victor.

ROBERT SCHUMANN. Dichterliebe, Op. 48. JOHANNES BRAHMS. Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, baritone, with Joerg Demus at the piano. Fischer-Dieskau is one of the most sensitive lieder singers of our time. Decca. SIR EDWARD ELGAR. Enigma Variations. RALPH VAUGHAN WILLIAMS. Fantasia on a Theme by Thomas Tallis. The Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra under William Steinberg. Excellent readings of these two fine works by English composers. Capitol.
Letter to the Editor

Dear Editor:

Your article in the current September issue of THE CRESSET on “Three Problems of the Christian Day School” was read by me with much approval and appreciation.

With regard to the third part, “Ladies in Waiting,” I have some comment to make. It is true, we recognize and maintain a distinction between the formal calling and ordination of pastors and men teachers on the one hand, and the appointment of women teachers on the other. The reason is that pastors and men teachers may participate in any phase of the public ministry, according to the stipulations of a congregation or the Church at large, while the woman teacher is under the limitations of Holy Scripture because of her sex and, therefore, Scripturally ineligible for some phases of the public ministry (e.g. the teaching or governing of men).

Yet, the woman teacher has a call, intrinsically, that is just as divine as that of the pastor or male teacher, within her Biblical limitations; for her call is of God through the Christian congregation. Also, she performs a part of the public ministry, and is truly a public minister in her sphere. That applies also to Sunday school teachers. For true meaning of “public” is not necessarily something done in a public place or before the people, but something done in behalf of or by order of the people. (See “Vom Beruf der Lehrerinnen,” by Dr. G. Stoeckhardt, reprint in CTM, October, 1934, p. 764.)

It is not permanence that makes a call divine. The essence of a divine call is the election or choice of a person by a Christian congregation or the Church at large to perform any part of its God-given ministry - not permanent tenure, not the formality of calling, not ordination or installation, not a diploma of vocation, not training institution, not sex. Even our supply teachers (students) and pastoral vicars could not teach or preach the Word without a divine call - an order from God through the Christian congregation or Synod or an association of Christians.

In Point 4 of your “Resolution,” you stipulate that a woman teacher shall have taught three full years in the congregation’s school before she is entitled to “a permanent contract.” It is your congregation’s privilege to make such a provision; but why put the woman teacher on probation, and not the pastor or male teacher? We might do that with persons not trained and officially approved by our Synod.

Enclosed I am sending you a “Solemn Agreement” which I was asked to compose, and which was adapted by the Board of Assignment; likewise, our “Application for a Teacher” blank - both which cover the points at issue.

Thanks for your fine article!

A. C. Stellhorn
Secretary of Schools
The Lutheran Church-Missouri Synod
St. Louis, Missouri
And when
like a sunset spawning breath
your face
appears
it bears all light
in the womb of its presence

It is a winter rose a sun
at midnight when
you
floating with tenderness
as ships float on dawn
flow into the harbor of my eyes

Yes
you
are springtime on a leafless
tree.

ROBERT EPP

LISTEN TO MY HEART
Winter lasted long this year, and I loved it.
I needed the rest, for I was tired past caring
And heavy as an apple tree with the surfeit
Of summer and the weight of almost too much bearing.
I wanted the cold and dark to come and roll over
My head the way the snow comes, blowing
And filling the orchard up; for once, the lover
Was tired, and so was the world -- of too much growing.

But now it is past. It is done. Though no word spoken
Gives it the lie, and there is not a sign of waking
In frozen fields, yet I know the spell is broken --,
For in my heart the winter ice is breaking ... The
heart of a man was always a wayward thing,
But he still can listen to it and know -- when it's spring.

—DON MANKER

KNOWLEDGE
I, who have come to this strange place
Of mountains and the endless sea,
Know that to look on Beauty's face
One must pause reverently ...

Know that all beauty suffers loss,
Each frond of fern and lily bell,
And for one wave which dares to cross
The line of sand, a thousand fell.

EL YUNQUE, PUERTO RICO

TO EMILY DICKINSON
She was a lens through which the light cascaded in a
silver stream:
She tacked the stars in starless night, and brought to
flame the
Smoldering dream.

When spectrum of her prism-thought fell on a thing,
it took new grace,
And where her rainbow colors spilled, no common
thing was common-place.
Perception of undreamed degree, she must have in
eternity!

—STELLA CRAFT TREMBLE

VILLAGE SKETCH
The grey clods lay a humble grillwork
before the ploughman's eyes
that twine
his horse's mane
strand by strand blowing around chill arms of space.

The
ravens
chronic
malcontents
still croak and still malign.

The
world
hung in its muddy
telegraph wires.

The
trees bereft drip anguish
like
grave rheum
and
peeling mock-gold leaf
mourns in autumnal mires.

O
Misery!
The trees bereft drip anguish
like
grave rheum

and hearts are tautly strung on the monotony of
telegraph wires.

ANTONI GRONOWIZ
November Letter Finished

One of the clearest memories of my youth dates back to New York on November 11, 1918... It was a gray day in the city with a cold wind from the harbor and the last leaves in Crotona Park clung desperately to the sullen branches of the oaks and elms... The news had come that the war “to make the world safe for democracy” had ended... Bells rang wildly, crowds danced in the streets, and the electricity of hope was in the air... Hitler and Mussolini and Stalin -- Versailles and Pearl Harbor and Corregidor -- Dunkirk and Normandy and Hiroshima -- were still in the dark womb of the future... It was our moment of hope and joy...

Now in November four decades later and far from the streets of New York I want to recall those hours by finishing a letter written by a soldier in France to his parents a few days before November 11, 1918...

The letter read as follows:

“I am writing this letter to you just before going into action at dawn. I am about to take part in the biggest battle that has yet been fought in France. My idea in writing this is that in case I am one of the ‘cost’ and get killed. I do not expect to be but such things have happened and are always possible. To be killed means nothing to me; it is only you who suffer, you who really pay the cost. I have been looking at the stars and thinking what an immense distance we are away. What an insignificant thing the loss of say forty years of life is compared with them. Try not to worry about me -- and remember that we shall meet again quite soon. This letter is only going to be mailed if...”

Here the letter ended and thus it was mailed. I would like to finish the letter:

“We who have died sympathize with you who live... There is no sense of separation in our hearts and no loneliness in our souls... We know now that all mourning over death is on one side of the valley... We wait for you, but it is not the waiting of absence and pain; it is the sure, quiet waiting of those who know that their loved ones will come and that they will not be late...

“And yet, even before we meet again there are a few things that we should like to say to you. We would like to think that you will now listen to us as you have never listened before... that our graves have given us a measure of authority and power which we who were young did not have in life,...

“We would ask you, first of all, not to forget us... We know that time can heal many wounds, and we believe that it should... Our memory should not be pain and sorrow forever... but we do want to be remembered -- remembered as your sons and friends and husbands and companions who died in the hope that your remaining days on earth might be a little happier, a little more peaceful, a little nearer to the ways which God desires for all His children on earth... We died that you might have peace -- not only the peace which is the absence of bloodshed and war -- but the greater peace of good will toward men -- the deeper peace which can come only when men, somehow and sometime, bow their knees before Him who brought into the world the peace that passes all understanding... the peace that unfolds wherever those who hear the voice of God obey...

“We were not always conscious of that when we lived, but it was there... deep down... the consciousness that God had His purposes with us and that these were good and holy and blessed... Now we know that as we know nothing else...

“And so, we ask you to look again to your faith in God and in Christ... to know more about its tremendous lifting, holding power... not only to comfort you and sustain you when you remember that we are no longer with you... but, above all, to strengthen you in all the years to come... We came to the gates of death as unknown soldiers, but we found that we were known to God, known from all eternity and to all eternity through Him who once also died here in order that we and you might live forever... Our souls are in His hands, and no sorrow shall touch us anymore... unknown to the world, yet known in heaven... dying and behold we live...

“If you remember this, the world may still have another and a greater dawn... even now in November...”