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Comment on the Significant News by the Editors

Home-Made Depression

It is appropriate that a generation which has afflicted itself with so many psychosomatic illnesses should now have plunged itself into a psychosomatic depression. For what else can one call this combination of widespread unemployment and rising living costs?

To the best of our knowledge, no one has yet advanced a single sound economic reason for a decline in business activity at this time. The market is by no means saturated with goods, except perhaps in the automobile industry, and the prospect is for a vastly enlarged market for at least the next quarter of a century as the post-war baby crop joins the ranks of consumers. Defense (war) spending must, everyone agrees, continue at a high level indefinitely. Overseas markets promise to be more profitable than ever before unless we stupidly kill off these markets by building economic walls around our country. At home we could, right now, use large numbers of men and vast quantities of materials in urgently-needed road construction and urban renewal programs.

On the whole, therefore, we agree with what appears to be the administration's prescription for recovery: not medicine but a placebo. Tax cuts and made-work programs are, we feel, medicines too strong to be administered at the first sign of malaise. We would rather see first how the patient responds to the placebos of easier credit and longer periods of unemployment compensation.

We may be wrong in our prescription but certainly no one can accuse us of suggesting it lightly. For if we are wrong, we shall be among the first to suffer for our mistake. We make our living at a university which is supported almost wholly by private gifts. Institutions of this kind are always the first to feel the effects of hard times and the effects are already being felt. We would be very concerned indeed, if we believed that the troubles of our economy are organic rather than psychological. As a matter of fact, we are concerned enough as it is, for a psychologically-based illness can be as fatal as an organic illness. But we are encouraged by the hope that if a mood of pessimism can produce an economic recession a recovery of confidence may get us back to normal again.

Good times can not last forever, admittedly, but a realistic appraisal of our present situation suggests no good reasons for a recession at this time.

Up Nikita

We trust that the sight of Nikita Khrushchev clad in all the power of Stalin will put an end to the descending humor that his name has provoked among certain newspaper writers and Hollywood funny-men. The Communist hierarchy is governed by a rigorous application of the rule of the survival of the fittest and the man who rises to the top of that hierarchy must be taken seriously, however amusing his drinking habits may appear to those who assume that every lush is essentially a good fellow.

If you haven't had a good nightmare lately, stop to contemplate the fact that one man now has at his disposal more than enough destructive power to destroy everything that we mean by civilization. La Scala, the Champs d'Elysees, the Folger Library, the pleasant towns of the Midwest, Trader Vic's, Oxford, Chartres, the Bierstuben of Munich — all of these, humanly speaking, survive by his sufferance. And who is this man? He is a Ukrainian peasant who has no roots in the culture of his own country and no knowledge of the culture of any other country. All that we mean by civilization — whether it be the St. Matthew's Passion or the venerable traditions of Westminster or the haute cuisine of France or the brisk, purposeful clack of high heels on a Fifth Avenue sidewalk — these are meaningless to this pudgy little boor.

If we did not learn it from Stalin, we may yet have to learn from Khrushchev the truth of Grimmelshausen's sober warning: "Es ist kein Schwerdt, das schaarffer schiert, Als wann ein Baur zum Herren wird" — "There is no sword that cuts sharper than when a peasant becomes a master."
Britain’s "angry young men" and France's *moins-de-trente-ans* may not care what happens to Western civilization. We do. It gave us Plato and St. Paul and Augustine, Palestrina and Bach and Beethoven, Bellini and Rembrandt and Cezanne, Charlemagne and Coke and Jefferson, Dante and Shakespeare and Goethe, St. Francis and Luther and Wesley - not one of whom means anything at all to Nikita Khrushchev.

We take Khrushchev very seriously indeed. The blackest crime in the annals of man was committed by men who, in their Victim's own words, knew not what they did. In the present leadership of the Kremlin we are dealing with men who just as certainly know not what they do. And it is no comfort to know that they are aided and abetted by millions among us to whom this noble heritage of ours means no more than it means to that Ukrainian clod-hopper. With such a fifth-column working for him, Khrushchev has good reason to be optimistic.

**Decisions in North Africa**

Milt Freudenheim, writing in *The Chicago Daily News*, quotes "well-informed sources" in Washington as saying that the United States has put pressure on France to come to terms with the Algerian rebels or to prepare to lose United States support on North African issues. Specifically, we have told the French that we will no longer support them in U.N. debates on North Africa and that we will not bail out their economy the next time the expenses of the war produce the inevitable financial crisis.

It is never a pleasant thing to have to get hard-nosed with an old friend, and the French have been our friends for years. But sometimes even old friends put themselves into indefensible positions and one has no choice but to dissociate himself from such positions. In north Africa, France has followed an intransigent policy which is strategically unworkable, economically disastrous, and morally reprehensible. The effects of this policy have been to cut the ground out from under such moderate North African leaders as President Bourguiba of Tunisia and to strengthen the hands of pro-communist or pan-Arab neutralist leaders.

Behind our decision stands one of the elementary geographical facts of the modern world. The Moslem realm stretches across North Africa and southwestern Asia from the Atlantic Ocean to the Indus River. We have already created ill-will in these lands by supporting Israeli aggression and by identifying ourselves with the two powers, Britain and France, which dominated these lands in colonial days. But we need friends in this part of the world for it fringes the Moscow to Lisbon power axis which we must be in a position to control if we are to make our policy of containment work. And it should be noted that this policy of containment is at least as much a defense of France as it is of our own country.

For years, now, France has forced us to play along with her north African policies by hinting that she might pull out of NATO if we refused to support her in North Africa. The possibility that she might do just that is one of the calculated risks that we must take in breaking with her over North Africa. The odds are all against her pulling out of NATO, and if she did do so it would be a case of cutting off her nose to spite her face. But even if she should do so the free world might be hurt less by a resentful France than by a hostile Moslem world.

When, if ever, will France find leadership worthy of her people?

**Another Licking**

We fully agree with spokesmen for the Administration who have called the Russians' announcement of the suspension of nuclear tests a propaganda stunt. But it frightens us sometimes to see how utterly insensitive the President and his State department seem to be to the fears and hopes and longings of people in other parts of the world, particularly in the so-called "uncommitted" countries where we are as suspect as the Russians are and where acts speak louder than do possible motives.

What worried us most about the Sputniks last fall was not the fact that the Russians got a satellite in orbit before we did but that our people, by their own admission, did not anticipate the stir that the Sputniks would create in other countries. Now we have let them steal another march on us and the best that we seem to be able to do about it is to mutter, "propaganda."

Let's face the facts. Most of the people of the world fear us as much as they fear the Russians and for precisely the same reason: we both possess the weapons of nuclear destruction and we can both be expected to use these weapons in case of a showdown. But even if only the two of us were involved in a nuclear war, it would not be a private affair. The weapons that would be used would contaminate the air and the waters of the earth and kill or maim millions of noncombatants, living and yet to be born.

Most of the people of the world don't greatly care whether we or the Russians win. They do care about the purity of the air they breathe and the water they drink. When the Russians suspend nuclear tests for propaganda reasons, the news is just as welcome to these people as it would be if we suspended tests for religious reasons.

We have read arguments for and against the suspending of nuclear tests until we are hopelessly confused. Either way, apparently, we take a risk. But life is essentially a risky proposition and there are enough capable and responsible men on the side of suspending these tests that we are willing to take whatever risk is involved in their suspension. For many people, in our own country and abroad, these tests have become a
moral issue and at a time when we and the Russians are approaching a state of technological balance we can not afford to lose the moral advantage. Too many people find it impossible to understand the moral reasons for fouling the air with Strontium 90.

All is Confusion

One of the most baseless of our national myths is the idea that the best government is that which is closest to the people. Arguing from that myth, tin-horn politicians have been able to counter every attempt at reform of local governments and we are still saddled with such antiquated offices as justice of the peace and township trustee.

The fact of the matter is that the incidence of venality, laziness, and sheer incompetence seems to drop at each successively higher level of government. Critics of Mr. Truman who described him as a "courthouse politician" may have been wrong in their judgment of him but they used an apt expression to describe what they considered his faults. The typical "courthouse politician" (there are some notable exceptions to the rule) is an amiable oaf. Occasionally, in addition to being an oaf, he happens to be a crook. In either case, he operates within a structure within which it is impossible for him to do much of anything. The occasional man of ability and foresight who happens to get elected to a county office ends up frustrated and disillusioned.

But we're not blaming the politicians. The trouble lies with all of us "good citizens" who tolerate local government structures which became obsolete with the invention of the automobile and the typewriter. Here in our own county, for instance, we shall be going to the polls this month to nominate county officials. Even those of us who have a lively interest in public affairs will have to vote unintelligently for we can not possibly know all of the candidates. We have, for instance, 25 candidates running for sheriff. Selecting a sheriff makes about as much sense as electing the director of the F.B.I. But come primary day, we shall be in the booth, trying to pick a conservator of the peace out of a list of names that might just as well be a telephone book. And so it goes on down the line. We shall have to pick a candidate for county clerk, for county recorder, for county coroner. We shall have to choose three able men for the township advisory board, whose functions not one citizen in a hundred would be able to list if his life depended on it.

How much more sense it would make if we could vote for a county magistrate and county council, upon whom we could fix responsibility for the appointment of good men to the various housekeeping offices of the county government. But no, the myth is too strong. So "eenie-meenie-minie-mo, pick a man whose name you know. If the job's beyond him he can appoint a deputy."

Shepherds or Hirelings?

We are probably the only editor in the United States who can not tell you, in one page or less, what is wrong with American education. That something is wrong is obvious but it seems to us that there is a pretty healthy baby in the educational bath water and we hope that we won't throw out the baby with the bath water.

The one thing that we are reasonably sure of is that money, in and of itself, is no panacea for whatever may be bothering American education. As a teacher, we are all for the idea of bringing teaching salaries up to a reasonable level. But let's not be romantic about this teaching business. Teaching has certain built-in attractions and advantages which appeal not only to the man who loves to acquire and transmit learning but also to the man who just doesn't like to work. Teachers have a freedom, unique in the professions, to choose their own level of performance. There is enough to be done to keep a dedicated man working twelve hours a day, 365 days a year. But it is possible also to get by with little more than the routine chore of meeting classes during the school term.

Education suffers when teaching salaries drop so low that able and dedicated teachers are forced out of the profession by sheer economic necessity. Most of us know first-rate teachers who have been forced to leave teaching simply because illness in their families or other economic pressures made it necessary for them to find more remunerative employment. But education will suffer just as much if salaries rise to the point where they attract hirelings, men who are attracted to the profession by the winter and spring recess and by the long summer vacation.

It is our conviction that teaching must always require some of the same sacrifices that are required of the holy ministry, that one of the requirements of the teacher must be that he not be greedy of filthy lucre. The minister who is getting what he is worth, measured in terms of what he could earn in another profession, is not much of a minister, and the same can be said of teachers. This is not meant as a justification of the ridiculously low salaries that are paid to teachers by some school systems but we would go so far as to say that it is better that the teacher preserve the dignity of knowing that he is worth more than he is getting than it would be for him to feel tied to his work by a salary better than he could get anywhere else.

The Necessity of Smoking

Dr. Clark W. Heath, professor of hygiene and director of health services at Tufts University, is, in our judgment, a scholar whose fame falls far short of his abilities and perspicuity. Indeed, we ourselves would never have heard of him had it not been for publication of his report in the February issue of the Archives of Internal Medicine on the smoking habits of 252 individuals.
Dr. Clark finds that heavy smokers “showed great energy, restlessness, seeking for danger, and a kind of independence which keeps them actively engaged in some enterprise which appeals, and they had difficulties with marriage.” By contrast, “the nonsmokers were steady, dependable, and hard workers with stable marriages and they led rather quiet progressive lives.”

We hope that this will put the quietus on advice from well-meaning friends that we “pull ourselves together, show a little self-control, and break that filthy habit.” These shaking hands, this kind of independence which keeps us actively engaged in some enterprise which appeals is not, as some have been unkind enough to suggest, the result of too much smoking. That’s just the kind of person we are, and smoking is a symptom of the fury that rides us and will not permit us to settle down to that steady, dependable, rather quiet life that we have sometimes envied in our non-smoking friends and acquaintances.

We would quibble with Dr. Heath on this business of marriage difficulties. It takes two to make a marriage and when an energetic, restless, danger-loving, active, independent smoker is fortunate enough to be married to a steady, dependable, hard-working, quiet, progressive wife what you have is not conflict but a happy balance. We have no statistics to back up this conclusion, but it seems to us that the children of such marriages tend to be taller than most children.

By way of a side observation on Dr. Heath’s findings, we would suggest that perhaps the personality differences which his study points up between smokers and non-smokers may throw some light on the question of the alleged relationship between smoking and certain forms of cancer. For all of our research, we still know very little about the causes of cancer. Might it not just be possible that the kind of person who is tempted to smoke heavily might also be the kind of person who is predisposed toward cancer? Maybe the relationship between cancer and smoking is not cause and effect but rather of two effects from the same deep-seated causes. That is what the tobacco people have been suggesting, and while we are not much inclined to trust their good faith, we would have to grant, now, that the matter might be worth investigating.

Re Letter from Xanadu

The Letter from Xanadu, Nebr., is back in its accustomed place this month. Its restoration will, we hope, be taken as a satisfactory answer by the many readers who wrote expressing such varied emotions as shock, sorrow, indignation, and disappointment at its suspension.

It was interesting to us to note that so many who wrote to us about the Letter assumed that its discontinuance had been forced upon us by some sort of pressure. The putative villains in the picture were church officials and large contributors to the University.

If this had been the case, the real villains would, of course, have been our own editors, for no editor worth his salt yields to such pressure, least of all the editor of a university-sponsored publication. But the fact of the matter is that, so far, we have had only one critical letter from a church official. That was fifteen months ago and he was apparently satisfied with our defense of the letter for we heard no more about it. As for criticisms from large contributors to the University, we have had only one and that was from one of the University’s most generous supporters who was hopping mad because we dropped the letter.

The real villain in the piece is the anonymous editor who writes the Letter. Possessing as he does the rudiments of a conscience, he had been disturbed for some time by the kind of response he was getting. Too many of his correspondents were saying, in effect, “Boy, that column was right on the beam. I can think of a dozen people in our own congregation that you described to a T.” Flattering as such comments may be to a writer’s professional pride, they are, in effect, accusations of being an accessory to the sin of Pharisaism. When we used the term “offense,” therefore, in our announcement of the discontinuance of the letters, we were using it in its precise theological sense. We were concerned lest the Letters become invitations to sin.

The decision to restore the Letters is not, therefore, a yielding to reader pressure but an admission of the writer’s misjudgment of the effects of the Letters. He found that they were accomplishing what they were intended to accomplish, at least among the great majority of our readers. They were not, as he had feared, being read by most of our readers as smirking judgments upon other men’s weaknesses and sins but as confessions of “the sin which doth so easily beset” all of us. So long as they continue to serve that purpose, G.G. will continue to write them and we shall continue to publish them.
On Communicating

By ALFRED R. LOOMAN

Just about every year a certain word or phrase will become extremely popular and your failure to use the word or term in almost every conversation is an indication you are not one of the boys. This exercise in semantics is played in educational circles and in business and industry. A few years ago, the word "relevant" was so highly thought of that one had to use it every fourth word in a sentence to prove he was in the know. Stephen Potter, in *One-upmanship*, called these "O.K. words".

The current O.K. word seems to be "communicate." We have been accustomed to speaking or writing, but now instead we communicate. The word is used in all of its derivations and often incorrectly. While the word is popular with education people, I think it must have grown to popularity from the wide use given it by the advertising crowd who make their living by communicating.

You may have noticed a common explanation for failure is that whatever happened was due to a breakdown in communications. According to a friend of mine, this phrase "breakdown in communications" is the modern way of saying, "Get the mush out of your mouth" or "Clean out your ears."

Most of us are acquainted with a breakdown in communications on the domestic scene, if it can be said to be communication at all. For example, the husband is quietly reading the evening paper and his wife is sewing. The room has been quiet for a half hour when the wife says, "Mary didn't go after all." Husbands who have chosen to ignore this conversational gambit have found it impossible to concentrate again on the paper and have discovered it is easier to pick up and continue with this incomplete bit of communication. Mary who? Where didn't Mary go? And why didn't she go? With the answers to these questions communication begins.

Men are equally capable of making enigmatic statements, usually popping up with some piece of office news that needs about five minutes of explanation before it makes sense. This inadequate type of communicating is not the fault of any lack of skill, however.

Last year the General Electric company made a survey of its college graduates. Since General Electric has more college graduates on its payroll than any other company, the response was good, in fact 13,586 answers were received. G.E. was asking which of their college courses had been most helpful in their work and, secondly, which college courses contributed most to the productive use of their leisure time.

While this phase of the survey results is off the subject, it was interesting to note that the engineers thought mathematics, English, engineering, physics, and economics were, in that order, most helpful to their work; and the non-engineers felt English, economics, general business, mathematics, and psychology, in that order, were most helpful. Note that English was second on one list and first on the other.

And the courses most valuable for leisure, according to the engineers, were English literature, engineering, history, economics, and mathematics and philosophy in a tie; while non-engineers chose general business, English literature, history, science and mathematics in a tie, and economics and philosophy also tied. You will note here that English literature was first and second.

The area of courses most helpful for both groups by a high percentage was that grouped under English communication. What this study indicates is that the ability to communicate is a need in one's work and in one's leisure time.

We have a wide variety of means to communicate. We have radio, which has been with us for some time and which we have used fairly well. Then came television with a tremendous potential still unrealized. Educational television is making the greatest gains in putting across information and ideas, since commercial television with the exception of some Sunday programs, is seemingly not interested in using the power of this medium. Visual education has been used in and out of the classroom, and the military services have demonstrated how successfully it can be used, yet it is little more than a toy in most schools. I think eventually we will learn to use these media to communicate and to explain the most complex thoughts and ideas.

If we needed any more evidence of the value of communication, the General Electric survey furnished it. With an increased emphasis in the schools, at all levels, on speaking and writing correctly, and the same emphasis in the home, we can hope for some improvement. I am not too optimistic, however, and often it seems to me those boys drawing pictures in caves many years ago were communicating more clearly than we are.
The Christian Vocation

By Alfred P. Klausler
Managing Editor, The Walther League Messenger

One of the happiest facts of contemporary Christianity is the revival of interest in the total concept of Christian vocation. Restored to the church after it had been disregarded or perverted for many centuries, Martin Luther's emphatic preaching about vocation was a sparking affirmation of a great Scriptural truth.

Vocation simply means a call or calling. The Christian vocation is God's calling man to fellowship with Him through the atoning work of Jesus Christ. As the Christian lives in this glorious calling of faith and discipleship, he also lives in the world, carrying on his particular work. This work or job the Christian has is also a vocation or calling. That job gives the Christian the opportunity to live also in his calling as a follower of the Lord Jesus Christ.

This renewed interest in these past years in the Christian vocation is found especially among modern thoughtful Christians; for these Christians are rediscovering the meaning and purpose of life. As the contemporary Christian delves into the various values of the Christian vocation, he has the opportunity to ask such questions as: Does a man have any significance at all? Is life worthwhile? Is the Christian able to make a contribution to the church and world which involves a full commitment of his talents? What's the payoff for all his work? Is there a connection between what the Christian believes and what he does for a living? What about the ethical decisions which a Christian must frequently make? What's right and wrong? Is Christianity as contemporary as automation, cybernetics, the Sputnik?

Diagnosis of our Time

It seems to me that we have little appreciation of the plight in which the modern, urban Christian finds himself so often. Quite often our religious consolations are completely out of context for the modern man. For the 20th century man, religion becomes either a Sunday soporific or another form of recreation for week nights sanctioned by community or corporation customs. It is practically a commonplace to say that the modern man is either unhappy — and knows it — or he is caught in the great American rat race and has little or no time to reflect about his emotional and spiritual health. He is merely thankful to be alive long enough to stay ahead on his time payments.

In an article in the Saturday Evening Post (Dec. 7, 1957), "Had Enough of the Old Rat Race?", Howard Upton seeks to defend the frenetic American way of life. Some of his defenses are ingenious but in the process of defending our compulsive living he makes at least one unconscious admission, to wit: "What this all comes down to is that the modern male, unless he is illiterate, cannot avoid the nagging notion that there is something terribly wrong with his involvement in business and with his life. Even the fellow who enjoys his work at Federated Fittings and who likes living in Suburban Acres senses somehow that he is prostituting himself. When he meets a college professor or a writer or a Bohemian, he feels a little uncomfortable and apologetic. It is not surprising that frustration has become the universal illness of our age."

This is not a new cry. I call your attention to such novels as Sloan Wilson's The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit which certainly shows the quietly desperate lives led by so many American businessmen. Ernest Pawel's From the Dark Tower is a devastating study of a man who, after ten years of docile commutation between his suburban home and his well-paying job, suddenly rebels. He is confronted by such questions as: What price security? How beneficial and necessary are the modern ideals of conformity and adjustment? In his desperation over the furious pace and the compelling pressures, he decides he is an "underground man." What is an underground man? "That, nowadays, is nothing so unusual; more men than ever lead split-level lives. In part it is a matter of technology, of men become machines and machines turned into gods, and of machine-men seeking a room of their own somewhere near the edge of the night in which to be secretly human. In part it is the hoary problem of conformity, age-old but more acute above ground for one reason or another — and the reasons very from country to country, city to city, often from one day to the next — face the classic choice between belly and soul. If they refuse to knuckle under, they expose themselves to an uncommon variety of hazards ranging from social ostracism and economic boycott to concentration camps and predawn execution. If they do sell themselves in order to pay the price of admission, they run another risk — acceptable to others, they may no longer be able to live with themselves. Trying to lead two lives at once, one public and the other private, they at best manage a sorry compromise between living and making a living that gets shabbier the harder they work at either."

John McPartland's No Down Payment is a startling expose of life in suburbia. Artiscally poorly executed and with its motivations not clearly defined, this novel, recently given a cinemascope production by 20th Century-Fox, is a horrifying picture of life in a modern suburban development, Sunrise Hills, just out of San
Francisco. In this redwood, chrome-decorated,
tile-floored modern paradise the devil himself has taken
residence. Underneath the 5,000 roofs of Sunshine Hills
live human beings whose lives are bounded by time
payments, liquor, sex, ambition, and the next new car.
The only element of religion is found in Betty Kreitzer,
a Missouri Synod Lutheran, married to Herman, who is
not quite sure whether he ought to continue in this
scientific age to subscribe to the peculiar orthodoxies
of his wife's faith. He had left all that behind a long
time ago.

The startling fact is that practically all of these post
World War II young people don't know why they are
living, what the ultimate purpose might be to their
jobs, to all of life. One of the salesmen says, “Me —
I got no complaints that money won't cure. Nothing
that money won't get well.”

There was no denying the fact Betty was a Christian
but in light of modern technological developments
she wondered and worried and her husband wondered,
too. “Herman knew many churchgoers who made their
faith a kind of insubstantial dream world which they
took for granted, neither questioning it nor using it.
Even one of the regimental chaplains he had known was
a man who had treated his religion as a special fraternity
full of meaning and practicality in everyday affairs —
a help socially and economically, and with no real con-
nection to insubstantial things like eternal life, Mosaic
morality, or God.”

There is a tense unhappiness about these people
which they themselves cannot always discern and if
they do discern it, they cannot analyze.

Then there are the dozen and one books which have
analyzed our type of civilization from Levittown to
Park Forest and from Madison Avenue to Michigan
Avenue. The titles alone betray the subject matter:
The Power Elite, The Organization Man, The Crack
in the Picture Window, The Hidden Persuaders, and
White Collar. All are a questing and probing of the
modern man, attempting to place him into the frame-
work of history and trying to help him find meaning
in his life.

This is the tangled web of conformity, automation,
ICBM's, subliminal projection, technological unemploy-
ment which has trapped modern man.

Prescription

In attempting to give meaning to a man's life and
to make the Christian faith relevant to his daily ex-
periences, the church is confronted with one of its
most significant tasks, if not the most significant. If a
man's call to faith in Jesus Christ as his Savior can be
placed into the context of his life today, then the deep
and basic understanding which he will have will com-
municate itself to others and thus he will be giving a
witness to his faith.

How, for example, is the Christian to understand
his work, that which he must do “regularly for pay”? Paul
Minar has pointed out that there are four major
circles of meaning to the word “work”. The first circle
is what a man or woman is hired to do. The second
major circle of meaning is: work is what a particular
craft or industry contributes to the functioning of society
as a whole — this in the collective sense. The third
circle of meaning is the way an economist may regard
it: the total impact of work on the economy and of the
economy on work.

Finally, the fourth circle of meaning to work is that
universal, age-long activity of man by which he seeks
to sustain, to vindicate, to realize that which man seeks
in life.

Now what about the Bible and the God under whom
the Christian works? “Throughout the Bible it is the
person who works to whom most attention is given,
rather than the form or conditions of his work . . .
However repetitious his work may be, it remains an
important projection of his inner being . . . The mean-
ing of work is contingent upon the labourer's purpose
in life; the validity of the work rests first of all upon
the validity of that purpose . . . Along with other Bib-
lical writers, he emphasizes the agent more than the act,
the motive of the laborer more than the mode of labor.”

The Idea in Use

The task of the church today is to make the Chris-
tian feel that he is purposeful in his work. In many
instances this will require sharp criticism by the church
of the social and economic structure, a structure which
frequently denies the worker the opportunity to find
purpose. In other instances, the church will need to
show that the worker does make a contribution to God
and to society through his work. This will be a primary
requirement: to hold up the weary worker, to give him
not only consolation but inner strength as he tackles
the problem of interoffice relationships, falling pork
prices, or a new billing machine.

The church needs to emphasize once more the dignity
of all callings, that all may be used to the glory of God
and to the good of man. Do not ever talk about the
superiority of one calling over another. While it is
ture that one or the other calling might be socially more
useful, nevertheless, the church must constantly be sen-
titive to the particular needs and talents of each indi-
vidual, pointing out to everyone — the appliance store
manager, the farm worker, or the laboratory worker —
that in the light of the Cross his calling, too, is honor-
able.

Closely related to the church's task of making the
Christian feel that his work is purposeful, the church
needs to help the Christian feel purposeful also in the
various tasks of the organized church.

In that brilliant little classic on evangelism, Tom
Allan's The Face of My Parish, there is a description
of three kinds of church members which he found in his parish. There were the onlookers, the people on the sidelines. These formed the overwhelming majority of the membership. These are the people who are generally content with things as they are. "Their influence in the life and witness of the church is not always in proportion to their spiritual understanding," Tom Allan remarks rather drily.

When Tom Allan undertook an active visitation campaign he also found a second group. They were good church folk, Tom Allan observed. They were prepared to give their time and service to the church's conventional pattern of life. They would work for a bazaar, organize an outing, even teach in the Sunday School. But the dynamic of a personal faith frightened them. However, Tom Allan could appeal to them. They became useful.

There was a third group. These were the incredible people characterized by one of Tom Allan's elders who said house-to-house visitation was "religious commercial travelling." They are the type who strongly object to being called a sinner.

These three classes, found also in the American church, must be made to feel useful in the church; for every Christian also has a calling to be a member of the body of Christ.

**Discipline**

It seems to me at this point that the Christian church today has only itself to blame when an attitude of indifference or even hostility is encountered. Implicit in being a Christian is obedience. Obedience implies discipline. Dietrich Bonhoeffer, that courageous young German theologian so tragically murdered by the Nazis, expounds on the famous passage "And as he passed by he saw Levi, the son of Alpheus, sitting at the place of toll, and he saith unto him, Follow me. And he arose and followed him." He writes: "The call goes forth, and is at once followed by the response of obedience... How could the call immediately evoke obedience? The story is a stumbling block for natural reason... Thus we get the stupid explanation: Surely the publican must have known Jesus before, and that previous acquaintance explains his readiness to hear the Master's call... The cause behind the immediate following of the call by response is Jesus Christ Himself. It is Jesus who calls, and because it is Jesus, Levi follows at once. This encounter is a testimony to the absolute, direct, and unaccountable authority of Jesus... Because Jesus is the Christ, He has the authority to call and to demand obedience to His word. Jesus summons men to follow Him not as a teacher or a pattern of the good life, but as the Christ, the Son of God... What does the text inform us about the content of discipleship? Follow me, run along behind me! That is all. To follow in His steps is something which is void of all content. It gives us no intelligible program for a way of life, no goal or ideal to strive after... Levi leaves all that he has... simply for the sake of the call... Discipleship means Jesus Christ, and Him alone..."

Too often we hesitate to delineate this matter of discipline and obedience to Christians and the result is that the church becomes for them merely a part of the social pattern. Hence it is not surprising to find the church frequently expressing itself in the following secularistic formulae:

1. The doors are open to the outsider only if and when he has proved his willingness to accept without question the entire code of recognized rules.

2. There must be a long and painful process of acculturation before one really "belongs" to the church;

3. The church constantly tries to prove its reliability;

4. The church as an organization falls victim to an ardent desire for self-perpetuation;

5. The church suffers from introversion and allophoby (fear of strangers).

And so it is necessary for the Christian to learn some sharp lessons which are implicit in his calling as a disciple of Christ. What matters is "to be" and not "to act." "Christian living is the first responsibility and this 'being' takes the form of a threefold awareness: of the true meaning of our neighbor — the brother for whom Christ died; of the Event — the 'intervention of one fact in the course of life, of history, of development... which includes within itself the meaning of all development of the past, and significance of the future; and, thirdly, of the frontier which exists between the sacred and the profane, the limit set to human pretensions by God." (Developed by Jacques Ellul, *The Presence of the Kingdom*. Quoted by Tom Allan.)

The Christian must realize, or he must be told, that life as a Christian is a constant living under tension. The panaceas offered by various religious leaders about achieving peace of mind or peace of soul are a cheap nostrum to the troubled souls of our day. There is a cost to discipleship — obedience — and that being obedient brings no guarantee of surcease from worries. The reward of discipleship is living under the Cross.

One of the aspects of the Christian church, as John R. Bodo writes, is that it was "born as a fellowship under orders, a community of discipline. Discipleship means discipline in the most practical, most exacting sense of the word. Church membership was not designed to be a casual matter, subject to our every whim and fancy, but rather something so completely different and unique that we would not dare mention it in the same breath with any other human fellowship."

And as an army has a mission to perform, so the church membership has a mission to perform: the evangelization of the world through the Scriptural means
placed at the disposal of every Christian through the call to obedience to Christ.

The church ought also to console its members who are in the rat race of American life and who are carrying through on their vocations. There is a price to be paid. The cost may frequently be an occasional feeling of the deadening of the spirit.

There is this to remember: "Any advanced order of civilization can accommodate only a minimum number of people who are — to use the accepted term — doing 'really worthwhile things.' We cannot all paint. We cannot all write. We cannot all lecture. We cannot all spend our lives contemplating beauty. Someone has to manufacture and sell doorknobs, gasoline, toenail clippers, spark plugs, umbrellas, bar stools, picture frames, screw drivers and all the other assorted miscellany which distinguishes our society from that of, let us say, the Eskimo."

If the Christian has the uncomfortable awareness that one of the costs of discipleship is living under tension, then, while he may not always want to accept his way of life, he will at least achieve a partial understanding of it. He knows this is part of the cost of the call.

REVISIT

Sinuously, on hidden springs,
the wild grape vines in sacred wood
creep into indeterminate lines,
embracing in comprising mood
thorn seedlings and the rotting pines.

Twisting, among the underbrush,
down-borne by blue jay and the child
who swing along the threaded ways
from new-bud to the dying leaves,
the wild vines span unnumbered days.

Lifting, to touch the topmost twig,
drifting to mold on sodden ground,
alive among remembered rills,
they turn to where one cannot go
with youth to ever-changing hills.

— James Binney
The Case for a Transparent Boss

By T. H. Hartman
Personnel Director
Aid Association for Lutherans

Surely there are few human relationships that come in for more attention and analysis today than those existing between employer and employee.

This is quite understandable. For one thing, millions are in the work-world — and about nine out of ten are working for someone else. For these millions the employer-employee relationship is inescapable. It may be good, bad, or indifferent — but it’s there.

For another thing, scores of management experts and writers are scratching their head incessantly over employer-employee relations problems. What should the controlling philosophy in this relationship be, they ask? Can it, for example, be participative and democratic — or must it be autocratic, or partially so? Can managers at various levels (who, in effect, are the “employer”) be sympathetic both to the objectives of the business and to the work force? Is the latter day extension of the industrial revolution hopelessly frustrating the individual? These, and others, are questions of far-flung concern.

The experts suggest answers to these questions but it isn’t long before a new crop of analysts scratch their heads over the solutions. The final result: continuing and profound dissatisfaction all around.

It’s not so hard to see why many non-Christians in the work-world should often be engaged in a human relations cold war of resentment, hate, envy, distrust, and frustration — and why the experts among them search endlessly for techniques that will somehow provide tranquility. The woods are full of realists and the pragmatic. Basic assumptions among them often don’t admit that God runs the universe — that the only reality in life is spiritual. But it’s not so obvious why men of the church, (particularly conservatives), so often look to the same experts for solutions.

To find a satisfactory answer for every-day employer-employee relations problems it is suggested that Christians, at least, (and perhaps, more particularly, Lutherans) go more often to an amazing little book that was written about 1500 A.D. It is called the Small Catechism. The author was a human relations expert, too. He was one of the all-time greats in theology. He was a man who cut a wide swath across Europe in the sixteenth century and whose stature is still growing. He once thumbed through the Scriptures he knew so well, threw his flash-light mind into every nook and cranny — and then came up with Bible passages that he put into the Small Catechism’s “Tables of Duties.” His judgment should count.

The Small Catechism is primarily a handbook of Christian doctrine — but Luther took a long, steady look at human relations, too. In his Table of Duties we discover (or rediscover) that he chose Bible passages which, he must have thought, best set down the principles for human conduct. The passages are a guide to attitudes — ones that should prevail toward government, family relations, and other social and economic institutions and activities that men find themselves in.

In his Table of Duties Luther also thought it important enough to put in a heading for the employer-employee relationship. Using his abrupt, down-to-earth language he termed this heading: “To Servants, Hired Men, and Employees.” Then he felt that the Bible’s sixth chapter of Ephesians best laid down the principles for this heading, from verses five to eight. The passage reads:

“Servants, be obedient to that which are your masters according to the flesh, with fear and trembling, in singleness of your heart, as unto Christ; not with eye-service, as men-pleasers, but as the servants of Christ, doing the will of God from the heart; with good will doing service to the Lord, and not to men; knowing that whatsoever good things any man doeth, the same shall he receive of the Lord, whether he be bond or free.”

In this same Table of Duties section of the Small Catechism there is another heading. It’s called: “To Employers.” Under it Luther’s choice from the Bible rounds out the employer-employee relations philosophy. Again the selection is from the sixth chapter of Ephesians, this time verse nine. It reads:

“And, ye masters, do the same things unto them, forebearing threatening, knowing that your Master also is in heaven, neither is there respect of persons with Him.”

The first time a grown-up in the work-world reads Luther’s choice from the Bible it’s an astonishing thought. It seems like a cry in the wilderness. To us in 1958, perhaps both Christian and non-Christian, it appears to be something left over from the Middle Ages. Is such a principle, particularly the aspects of respect and subordination called for in verse five, consistent with an enlightened philosophy on the employer-employee relationship — or is it an outworn and musty principle that could not possibly apply to any but sheep herders and galley slaves?

Many can agree that Ephesians is not outworn—not
any more so than the Sermon on the Mount or the Twenty-Third Psalm. For them it is part of God's unchanging Word. If the passage in the Table of Duties seems musty it may simply be because we read Luther's little book as teenagers while the principles apply mostly to adults. At any rate, Christians will quickly sense the idealistic overtones of Luther's selection from the Bible. As we take this passage apart and examine each piece a bit the tremendous implications for the work-world become more apparent.

We notice, first of all, that Luther's selection starts out with the frank concept of subordination in the employer-employee relationship. It asks for acceptance of responsibility in work, for employee respect, for obedience. In his book Letters to Young Churches that apt translator, J. B. Phillips, says that this first part of verse five means “... obey your human masters sincerely with a proper sense of respect.” Here, too, there is interpreted a divine request for subordination, one that assumes a job hierarchy in the occupational world.

This request may seem harsh at first glance to anyone — and conceivably may be repugnant in certain collective bargaining circles. But St. Paul, who wrote Ephesians under divine inspiration, quickly softens the whole concept before he even finishes the sentence. Remember, he says, that this desirable attitude of respect and obedience is actually not directed toward any personnel handler as such — even though we still “live in the flesh.”

That's the central doctrine of Luther's choice from Ephesians. The passage gives a certain transparency to the boss. It says, in effect, “Sure, employee, you may still have a superior in the world. He will be a human being. But won't you look through him in your work relationships to Someone beyond? In the background is the real Superior. It is the loving, understanding Christ himself.”

Working as “unto Christ”: that's the main theme of Ephesians — and that's what makes it such a unique and such a comforting guide-line to work by. One won't find it in human relations literature of the U. S. Chamber of Commerce or that of the National Association of Manufacturers. So far as we know it hasn't appeared in the speeches of George Meany or John L. Lewis. It is non-existent, for another example, in the complex articles on human relations in such magazines as the Harvard Business Review. The reason: only the Bible's Ephesians has asked us, though still in the flesh, to do the will of God, not men, from the heart.

For another matter, Luther's choices from the Bible does not regard work attitudes as something apart in the Christian's life. The worker is asked to make his job attitudes part of a total way of looking at life. The passage recognizes that, much as believers may wish it were otherwise, the Christian life is not meant to be broken up into pieces — with a Christian philosophy for one part and, say, Nietzsche for another. The need for totality of viewpoint is often quite acceptable to Christians in general but attitudes in work relationships so often are thought of as a thing apart. And we suppose this is natural. Here the Christian is on the firing line. Bread and butter are involved and milk for the baby. The ego gets it best work out. Ephesians says simply: don't do it that way. Have one way of looking at life; see it steadily and see it whole. The passage asks employees in work relationships resolutely to lift their eyes to high purposes — meaning God's purposes for life. It says that with this thinking in employer-employee relationships (working as “unto Christ”) the rewards will be eternal. They will transcend promotions, demotions, hours of work, and other conditions of employment. They will transcend personnel handling that may see a faceless group rather than individuals — and superiors that may use prejudice and fancy in acting upon human relations problems rather than fact and evidence. Working this “way,” continues Ephesians, there is a spiritual hook you can always hang your hat on. When the going gets rough in the work-world this will be your comfort. You can depend on it. Beyond all is an understanding Superior. In this world we may have empathetic cripples—but He is Empathy personified.

And then, as a requirement of employers, of those in charge who make assignments and who must get results through people, Ephesians expects the same attitude it does from employees. Luther's passage quickly makes it clear that those in charge also have a heavenly Superior. The president of the corporation is asked to look through and beyond his bosses, too: the directors and stockholders — and as unto Him. Here, too, service to a higher purpose than man's is established in the passage and taken for granted. Verse nine means, says J. B. Phillips: “And as for you employers, be as conscientious and responsible towards those who serve you as you expect them to be towards you, neither misusing the power over others that has been put in your hands, nor forgetting that you are responsible yourselves to a Heavenly Employer who makes no distinction between master and man.” That's the big, leveling point of Ephesians. One that simply, if ominously, again establishes the real Superior. In the end divine judgment will use the same measuring stick for all.

Now, then, some every-day questions. As one reads Luther's Bible choice for the work-world again at this point is it still so astonishing? Is it a hopelessly authoritarian philosophy? Is it labor-baiting? Is it drearily paternalistic?

Not at all. It is fresh, alive — and practical. It recognizes the individual, in the final end, as being supreme. It lifts the whole worker-superior relationship to a plane that would let the spirit soar — rather than confining it (either for employer or employee) to man's own limited, materialistic goals. It lifts the employed and the entrepreneur above striving for mere striving's
sake. It suggests form and substance in a human activity that is always vulnerable to chaos.

Does Ephesians take for granted levels of work, levels of responsibility? Does it assume a delegation of duties that vary in complexity and call for varying degrees of initiative and skill?

Indeed it does. Luther's passage establishes and even takes for granted the concept of the general and the foot-soldier, of follower and leader, of the structured and the unstructured job, of worker and risk-taker. But what an amazing correlation there is in this part of the passage with what is actually going on in the work world today. Actually we take it for granted that high jobs in business and industry are unstructured where risk-taking and problem solving decisions are frequent. We take it for granted that as the job hierarchy is descended, more structuring takes place, a practice that gradually but specifically sets up limits of responsibility for individuals. This is for the simple reason (apparently anticipated by Ephesians) that a very high percentage of the population at large doesn't particularly like entrepreneurial or managerial responsibility. This thought isn't presented here as something that's good or bad — it's simply the way things are. One frequently reads articles with such titles as "Man-hunt for Top Executives." The Horatio Alger concept is still prevalent but it's pretty frazzled. Ephesians recognizes that the ability to accept responsibility varies in men. The Bible, in many places, recognizes that all are not endowed with the same attributes of leadership. What business or human institution hasn't its step-ladder of jobs — so why fret? Ephesians merely extends the ladder another rung. It says we all work as "unto Christ." God is at the very top of the organizational pyramid.

It is easy to live in the work world by the principles laid out in Ephesians? Can a person anywhere on the step-ladder of jobs in one fell swoop consistently begin to meet the high purposes that the passage sets up? Can discussions on working conditions between employer and employee be kept on the high spiritual plane that Ephesians demands? Is it easy, even though certain aspects of autocracy in management seems inevitable, to keep it benevolent, to maintain high empathy in managerial circles?

No, because we are not capable of perfection in this life. But that doesn't change the high working-as-unto-Christ purposes of Ephesians. Luther, our expert who chose the passage, would agree, too, that perfection is unattainable. Nevertheless in effect he often said: let's keep on trying. We have the blueprint, let's use it — and we also have the enablement of the Holy Spirit. For example, thinking this time no doubt of employer-employee relations plus many other difficulties that beset Christians in other human activities, he said: "This life is not righteousness, but growth in righteousness; not health, but healing; not being, but becoming; not rest, but exercise. We are not yet what we shall be, but we are growing toward it; the process is not yet finished, but it is going on; this is not the end, but it is the road; all does not yet gleam with glory, but all is being purified."

FILLING STATION

Transfusions
Anoint valved veins
With petrol sighs,
While unctuous expedients
Lubricate all geography
With bubbles
Of cloistered chaos here
Where man's giant-steps are born
In a gas-pump womb.

Black viscosity
Geysered from antiquity
Here challenges doldrums
To spend their strength in jousts
Of parkway warfare.
Where wheels are disciplined
To coquette with
Regulatory sign-boards,
While transmogrifying man into
A fast-receding blur.

— Edward McNamee
Six Odes of Horace

Translated by Helen Rowe Henze

(Quintus Horatius Flaccus, the "lauriger Horatius" of student song, is one of those poets who are never forgotten and yet are rediscovered by every generation. Perennially contemporary, his poetry speaks as clearly to twentieth-century man as it spoke to the Roman of Augustus' day.

Mrs. Henze is engaged in the pleasurable task of translating all of Horace's Odes into English verse. The six odes which follow are among the fruits of that task. As the reader will note, they are in the original metre.

—The Editors

BOOK I, ODE 8

Lydia, speak, I pray you
By the gods! Why do you ruin Sybaris like this with love?
Why does he hate the sunny,
Field of athletes, he who once bore well both the dust and sunshine?
Why does he now not ride forth
With his peers like any soldier? Why does he not subdue the
Mouths of the Gallic steeds with
Wolf-fanged bits? And why does he fear swimming the Tiber? Why, like Poisonous viper's blood, does
He now shun the wrestler's oil? Nor does he carry bruised arms,
He who could throw the discus
Past the mark, the javelin, too; once he was famous for that!
Why is he hiding, as the
Son of Thetis, nymph of the sea, hid at the fall of sad Troy,
Lest a man's garb and lest the Lycian allies hasten him forth into the midst of slaughter?

(Greater Sapphic Strophe)

BOOK I, ODE 13

When you praise, O my Lydia,
Telephus' rosy neck, Telephus' wax-like arms,
Then my liver begins to burn,
BURNS and swells with my wrath, rage uncontrollable.
Neither reason remains to me
Nor my skin's proper hue; stealthily down my cheeks Flows a tear which betrays full well
How completely consumed I am by sluggish fires.
I burn, whether unseemly brawls
Caused by wines have defiled shoulders as white as snow,
Or it may be that frenzied boy

BOOK II, ODE 14

Alas, the years slide, Postumus, Postumus,
The fleeing years; piety shall not delay
The wrinkles and relentless aging,
Neither the menace of death's insistence;

Though you with bulls should try for three hundred days,
Friend, tearless Pluto never could you placate, He who restrains three-bodied Geryon,
Tityon, too, with that gloomy river.
It must be clear to all: that however much We feed upon earth's lavish gifts, whether lords Or whether lowly tenant farmers, Still must that river be crossed by all men.

In vain from bloodstained Mars shall we hold aloof, And from the hoarse Adriatic's broken waves; In vain through autumn shall we fear the Harm to our bodies from blowing south winds;

For black Cocytus, wand'ring with sluggish flow Must still be visited, and that wicked race Of Danaids, and Sisyphus, son of Aeolus, doomed to eternal labor.

Earth must be left, and home, and your pleasant wife, Nor of these trees you cultivate with such care, Except alone the hated cypress, Shall any follow their short-lived master.

Your heir, more worthy, then shall consume your wine, Your Caecuban locked up with a hundred keys, And stain your floor with noble vintage, Finer than that at the high-priests' banquets.

(Meter: 2nd Asclepiadean)

BOOK III, ODE 10

Though, O Lyce, you drank of the far Tanais

May 1958
And were wed to a harsh husband, you still might weep
To expose me, stretched out prone by your cruel doors,
To Aquila's sharp, native winds.

Do you hear how the gate creaks, how your planted trees
Through your pretty abode groan in the northern blasts,
And how Jupiter now out of a cloudless sky
With ice glazes the fallen snow?

Put pride down, — most unwelcome to Venus, that! —
Lest the rope should fly back with the reverting wheel:
Did your Tuscany sire beget.

Oh, though not all my gifts, nor my entreaties, the
Pallor, violet-tinged, staining your lover's cheeks,
Nor your spouse wounded sore by a Pierian girl
Moves you, spare yet your suppliants;

Lady, you are no more soft than the rigid oak,
Neither are you at heart gentler than Moorish snakes!

Not forever will this body of mine endure
Your threshold or the rains of heaven!

(Meter: 3rd Asclepiadean)

BOOK III, ODE 18

Faunus, you the lover of fleeing nymphs, move
Gently through my boundaries and my sunny Farm, and gently go on your way again, still
Kind to my younglings,

If a tender kid, when the year is finished,
Dies for you, and if to the goblet (Venus' Comrade) wines lack not, and the ancient altar
Smokes with much incense.

All the cattle sport on the grassy field, when
 Comes again your day, the December Nones; the Festive village idles on meadows with the
Indolent oxen.

'Midst the fearless lambs does the wolf go wand'ring;
Woodland leaves for you then the forest scatters;
As he stamps three times on the hated earth, the Peasant rejoices.

(Meter: Sapphic Strophe)

BOOK III, ODE 23

If to the sky you lifted your upturned palms
At each new moon, my country-bred Phidyle,
Appeased your household gods with this year's Fruitage, with incense and greedy piglet,

Destroying Africus shall your fruitful vine
Not feel, nor crops the withering Robigo,
Nor tender sucklings know a sickly
Time in the fruitbearing autumn season.

The fated victim grazes among the oak
And ilex there on snow-covered Algidus,
Or grows in Alban pastures, and shall
Stain with its neck's blood the pontiff's axes:

You have no need, with slaughter of two-year sheep,
To importune the lesser divinities,
The little images you crown with
Rosemary bloom and a sprig of myrtle.

If guiltless be the hand that has touched the shrine,
By costly sacrifice no more fitsly does
It soothe offended gods than just by
Purified grain and a salty crackling.

(Meter: Alcaic Strophe)

Thus Christ begins His Kingdom through the untaught laymen and simple fishermens, who had not studied the Scriptures. It sounds very foolish, that the Christian Church should have begun with those poor beggars and the scandalous preaching of the crucified Jesus of Nazareth, who was mocked, defiled, slandered, and most shamefully treated, scourged, and finally as a blasphemer and rioter nailed to the cross and shamefully done to death, as His title on the cross proves — "Jesus of Nazareth, the King of the Jews."

... Thus Christendom began with the word of the poor fishermen, and with the despised and disdained work of God, which is called Jesus of Nazareth, nailed to the cross.

— Martin Luther, Sermon for Whitsunday, 1534 (W.A. 57. 400)
Marginal Notes on the Theatre

I am inclined to think that Dore Schary’s “Sunrise at Campobello,” the piece on F.D.R.’s disease and his valiant fight against it, is basically a thin play to which the audience inadvertently contributes a great deal by bringing with them whatever memory of the man they may have. Although Mr. Schary eschewed to write a political play, he cannot pretend not having written a play on a political personality. And it seems very doubtful that the same play with other than those characters who have all headlined themselves into our minds and hearts in some way, would be equally effective. It is a skillful trick to show throughout that the dramatist’s only interest is in the human tragedy and courage that overcomes it, not in the man himself who just happens to be a historic figure. But isn’t the choice of our characters already part of our creative process, and doesn’t the spectator’s preknowledge of a character condition him and create in him certain expectations?

The scene of “The Dark at the Top of the Stairs” is the changing world of the Twenties in Oklahoma. As William Inge said himself, it is a play culled from his life experiences, remembrances of things past. To him it presents “a fear of the future. For as a child, I was always worrying about how I would meet life when I grew up...”

William Inge is not a great writer, but a skillful dramatist who catches the mood of the life of the little man with the accuracy of a merciless mirror, who furnishes all the clues for recognition: we know just how this person feels, why things had to happen as they did — simply because our daily life is surrounded by its facsimile. Inge has a deep understanding of the little things in life, and in this play he has shown himself the master of the detail which he illuminates with the creation of some believable characters. It is a play of loneliness and fear and the inability of man to communicate and make himself understood, themes by which the dramatists of our time seem to be beset. And probably rightly so, since communication, and the failure of it, is the great problem of the day.

He never rises above his material, he is always true to life, never bigger than life to make us see beyond the surface of our reality. If he tries to and has one of his characters commit suicide in order to show that such ultimate and desperate finality may result from misunderstanding and the horror of loneliness, it is not not quite credible, remains dramaturgically unconvincing. Unlike Tennessee Williams, a poetic expert on death and violence, Mr. Inge does not sufficiently prepare for the outcome by creating the atmosphere of inevitability. We simply do not believe that this boy must end his life to make it convenient for Mr. Inge to prove his point. He is far more at home in the little anxieties of our life and in the petty side of it, and he is a master in getting quite some humor out of unpleasant and sad situations.

The Union Theological Seminary produced a staged reading of D. H. Lawrence’s Biblical play “David,” one of his lesser known works, but by no means a minor achievement. It is rich with beautiful imagery through which he sensitively recreates the Biblical atmosphere. His language flows in a majestic rhythm and reaches of prophetic grandeur. But it also has considerable humor, particularly in his characterization of the female figures.

Even in this so ecstatically religious play one can sense Lawrence’s occupation with the thought that everything is only a part of the whole and everything is symbolic of God, also the joyful functions of man’s body. Lawrence may have very well written this play mainly to show in juxta-position the aging Saul, failing and fumbling, and the unawareness of strength and growing virility in young David.

Lawrence was not just a playwright, and his drama of the downfall of Saul is badly constructed and overwritten. It has an exposition that consummates almost the entire first act and is anticlimactic in the third. But the second act, or scene VII to XI, has the powerful drive of a great drama of King Lear proportion when Saul realizes the inescapability of a towering tomorrow that will no longer be his and when his envious alter ego decides to tear the world down with him, the world of yesterday. That is what Lawrence means when he puts these words into Saul’s mouth:

“Nay, boy, boy! I would not envy thee the head of the Philistine. Nay, I would not envy thee Kingdom itself. But the blitheness of thy body, that is thy Lord in thee, I envy thee with a sore envy. For once my body too was blithe. But it hath left me. It hath left me. Not because I am old. And were I ancient as Samuel is, I could still have the alertness of God in me, and the blithe bearing of the living God upon me. I have lost the best. I had it, and and have let it go.”

May 1958
“If the foot shall say, Because I am not the hand, I am not of the body, is it therefore not of the body?”
I Corinthians 12:15.

What meaning lies in the words “Our Calling”? If you have ever thought about what it means to have a call, you realize how difficult it is to put into words. We are familiar with the call of the sinner to repentance. This is a call issued to each of us and it is a call that is renewed each day. It is expressed by the explanation of the Third Article of the Apostles’ Creed when we say, “I believe that I cannot by my own reason or strength believe in Jesus Christ my Lord or come to him, but the Holy Ghost has called me . . . etc.” And we are also familiar with the call to the ministry. But there is also another kind of call. This is the call to our vocation, our work, our job. In German the word for vocation is “Beruf,” which translated does not become “job,” or “livelihood,” or even “vocation.” It becomes “calling.” In America we have lost the idea of a vocation being a calling, hence we use such terms as “job” or “livelihood.” It is interesting to note that even in German, “Beruf” was rarely used until the time of Luther. It was largely through the use of it in his writings and in his translations of the Bible that the word became a part of the German vocabulary. The Latin countries do not have in their languages a word with precisely the same meaning; but, again indicating the effect of the Reformation and of Luther, the Scandinavian countries do.

To Luther, the word “calling” had a hallowedness about it. Saying there is something holy about the word “calling” is not to mix the religious with the profane. There is, of course, a sense in which the word “calling” means an earthly obligation to earn a livelihood. But to the Christian, this call is not separated from the spiritual call. The two are united in one. There is not conflict between God’s call and our earthly call. From the German Real Lexicon we read, “Both calls are intermingled with each other and go hand in hand.” We are not taught that it is more God-pleasing to enter a monastery, as the church before the Reformation taught. We are not taught that it is only those who spend their days in prayer and fasting who are pleasing God with their lives. The Reformation idea of the call was entirely new to the church at that time.

For Luther the doctrine of the call followed from the doctrine of the forgiveness of sins. His experience of forgiveness through the free grace of our Lord Jesus Christ was a deep and moving experience, an experience which was ever new and ever wonderful. He, in turn, preached forgiveness to the farmer at his plow, to the artisan in his shop, to the servant girl in the house. “Rejoice and be glad for forgiveness is yours if you but believe.” For the redeemed, Luther taught, there is nothing mundane, nothing menial. The Christian performs his work with rejoicing in his heart, for he has the gift of forgiveness and now all is done to the glory of God.

Luther, in talking about the call, never clouded the issue by choosing as examples great or rare vocations, or by appealing to achievement in those vocations. Instead he always chose the humble work, the servant, the laborer, the artisan, the farmer. This he did, not to decry the professions, but to make clear his point. Elsewhere Luther cites the urgent need for Christian scholars, teachers, and professional men. He singles out the vocation of teacher as especially praiseworthy.

Regardless of the nature of the work, there is a radiance that surrounds it, a radiance which comes not from the work itself, but from the Christian in that work. The man who knows he has forgiveness goes to work as he goes to worship. He willingly allows God to order his life. This is the meaning of the call: to do that which is pleasing to God and of service to one’s neighbors, and freely allow God to order one’s life.

We also have forgiveness. This is such a great and wonderful event that it colors our whole life. Our work should be no longer half-hearted, no longer drudgery, our interest no longer divided, our energy no longer dissipated. Our motives change, and our work has become our call. This, Luther taught, is a divine call and to be taken seriously. Our church does not seek holiness apart from living, but seeks saintly men and women in their work. Our vocation then is no longer the mere struggle for existence, but becomes a call in which we now seek to attain and proclaim the kingdom of God. As our work becomes our call we see a new value in small things, and new opportunities for Christian service. Our call expands beyond our work until we see our whole life as a response to the call.
Do you want to read a few short paragraphs about what those who must coin new words for new ways of composing music have chosen to call polytonality?

If you do not know at least a little about what polytonality is and what it implies, you will not be able to grasp the full import of a composition recorded on a disc I shall tell you about today.

What is polytonality? It is the use of two or more tonalities at the same time. When only two keys are employed simultaneously, we usually speak of bitonality. I could show you a piano composition — the title is Sarcasmes — which the late Sergei Prokofieff has the right hand play in the key of F sharp while the left hand disports itself in B flat minor. You will find striking examples of polytonality in Igor Stravinsky's Petrouchka, in music by Ferruccio Busoni, in works written by Maurice Ravel, and in many other compositions that have come into being in recent times.

But hold on! After all, polytonality is by no means as modern as many would have you believe. I could show you a little canon in which no less a personage than the mighty Johann Sebastian Bach writes simultaneously in D minor and A minor. The next time you have an opportunity to hear Mozart's engaging Ein musikalischer Spass (A Musical Joke) bear in mind that here, too, there is some polytonality — even though Mozart used it in fun.

Does polytonality grate on the ears? Some think so. I do not share their view — at least not always. Naturally, there are composers who make use of polytonality merely to be different and without possessing the large amount of technical ingenuity its effective employment requires. The writing of such men and women gives me most excruciating pain. But those composers who, in the sweat of their faces, have acquired the skill that is necessary for effective and, shall I say, eloquent polytonal writing do not cause one's ears to squirm in agony.

I could say much more about polytonality, but before mentioning the disc I am reviewing today I must go on to say something else.

A little more than ten years ago I undertook, with a bit of fear and trepidation, to interview one of the most prominent composers of our time. I was about to be present at the premiere of one of his choral works. "Did you write this composition in what is called the modern idiom?" I made bold to ask Mr. Composer. With condescension smeared all over his face, he replied: "Four or five hundred years ago composers had learned all there is to be learned about writing the voice." For a moment I was speechless. "Stupidity and arrogance," I thought to myself, "thy name is - - - ." I wanted no more of that composer. I concluded the little conversation as politely as I could and turned on my heels.

When you listen to the composition I shall soon mention, you will realize, I believe, that it is asinine to say that four or five hundred years ago composers had learned all there is to be learned about writing for the voice.

I wish I could continue in this vein. But now I must mention the recording of Les Choephores, a work based on a tragedy by Aeschylus and composed more than forty years ago by Darius Milhaud. This most fascinating composition is presented by the Lamoureux Orchestra of Paris and the Chorale de l'Universite together with Genevieve Moizan, soprano; Helene Bouvier, alto; Heinz Rehfuss, baritone, and Claude Nollier, narrator. The conductor is Igor Markevitch (Decca DL-9956).

To me Les Choephores is a remarkable example of eloquently effective polytonality. Years ago Milhaud, who was born in the southern part of France in 1892 and has taught at Mills College, Oakland, California, since 1940, devoted assiduous practice to the art of writing polytonal music. Some of the results of his diligence and vision are evident in Les Choephores. If you ask me, "Is Milhaud a great composer?" my answer would have to be, "I do not know." I do know, however, that he is an important trail blazer and that music owes him much.

On the same disc Markevitch presents Symphony No. 5 (Di Tre Re) by the late Arthur Honegger, another outstanding French composer of recent times. This engrossing work was completed in 1950.

Some Recent Recordings

“The Dayspring from on high hath visited us; to give light to them that sit in darkness, and in the shadow of death; To guide our feet into the way of peace.
Our Lord Jesus said: I am the Light of the World; he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life.
The Lord is my light and my salvation: whom shall I fear?
Arise, shine; for Thy light is come, and the Glory of the Lord is risen upon me. Alleluia!
Oh, God, Who commandest the light to shine out of darkness and didst send Thy Son to be the Light of Life: accept this window which we humbly dedicate to the enrichment of Thy house; and as the Light, which Thou has created, illuminates it, shedding its radiance in this holy place, so may the Light of the knowledge of Thy Glory in Thy dear Son shine in our hearts and nourish us in all holy living; through the same, Thy Son, Jesus Christ, our Lord.” AMEN.
— From the Office for the Blessing of a Memorial Window.

The lines of the Valparaiso Chapel everywhere suggest expressions that are completely free. The splendor that can come eventually from the windows of the Chapel, in its wonderful setting on the hill, is being suggested in the designs that are being developed for the Chancel windows and the window in the west wall.

Pictured here is a basic design for the West Window as it rises more than fifty-five feet between the organ pipes mounted beside it. The design is not contained in any way by sharp or heavy lines but flows over the entire window the way music flows through a building. Angelic figures move among the symbols of the pipes, the keyboard, and the strings. The basic general impression will be one of light and color moving between the sounds of music, rising above the console, orchestra, or the choir, to form a background and a focal point in the Chapel’s west wall.

In its lowest stages, the window begins with the lighter instruments, symbolized by a variety of strings. This denotes an emphasis on the light-heartedness of youth as it approaches music. Then the motif rises to include the sterner emphasis of the organ and the discipline of the keyboard. Out of this develops again a larger and an easier freedom born out of discipline and mastery. Finally the design ascends into a kind of heavenly freedom which is the true essence of all freedom. This is symbolized by the strong blues of the topmost angel figure. Running through the window from bottom to top is the great blood-red theme of the redemption of man.

Traditionally, the west wall of the Church represented eternity. The Christian leaving the church and facing toward the West saw before him, in the great rose windows of ancient cathedrals, a symbol of the life to come. Here again, in the Meyer Memorial Window of the Valparaiso Chapel, the songs of the Redeemed in heaven are fore-shadowed. Music, especially that which is the music of the Church, is the one thing which, according to the Scriptures, carries over from this vale of tears into the glorious mansions on high.

As the students leave the Chapel, they will carry away in their hearts, and in their memory, the sound of great music and great singing, and before their eyes will be a reminder of greater things to come when God shall gather all His people Home.

As students approach the Chapel, especially in the evening, this window will be the invitation to music and the enjoyment of it in the new Valparaiso Chapel-Auditorium. With the strong light of the windows of the Chancel at the east end, large portions of this window will carry in them the light of day even from the outside. The splendor of God does not shine brightly enough in the lives of most of us. It can be made to have its true worth only as we set blessed reminders all along the way. This is the basic function of the Chapel-Auditorium at a Christian University. The Offices of every day, the Meditations and Devotions held within these walls, must give color, meaning, and background to everything for which this Chapel is to be used, and to each life that is caught for a moment in its influence and atmosphere.

The gratitude of generations of students will be the reward of the donors and designers. Long after they have found their Reward, their gifts of love, and light, and beauty will speak to hearts and minds and make them blessed for the years to come.

Peter Dohmen and his co-workers are to be commended on the careful and conscientious approaches that are being made to the problems of putting stained glass into thoroughly modern structures. The work done here will compare most favorably with any of the new work being done in Berlin, or Coventry, or Paris, today. Surely what they bring to the Chapel will be the only thing of its kind in the Middle West at the present time, and will add enormously to the reputation and influence of Lutheranism’s largest University.
Dear Editor:

"Truth is mighty and it will prevail." That's a motto that I got from a calendar from an advertising agency and it's the only comment I have on the mess you guys got yourself into when you tried to ease me out of the magazine.

People will probably wonder how come I am willing to write after the dirty trick you played on me. The only answer is that I owe it to my public. You ought to see the letters I got. Here's one, for instance, which says, "Whatever else they may say of old G.G., he had the courage of a saint: he spoke his thoughts." Remember, that isn't me speaking, that's a preacher down in Texas, and while I wouldn't call myself a saint, I wouldn't want to call a preacher a liar, either.

I can see your problem. You want a real high-class magazine, which means talking about the cats without even quite letting them out of the bag. So here I come along and let all the cats out and you get letters complaining about what a crude guy I am. Well, all I can say is that I haven't made stories up as I went along. In the first place, I haven't got that much imagination, and in the second place you don't have to make up stories when you can find enough to last you for a year just by keeping your eyes and ears open for one week in your own home town.

For a long time, I thought that we just happened to have an especially screwy bunch of people here in Xanadu. But then I started getting around a little and I found out that Xanadu is not so different from other places. I don't know how it is on a college campus, but out in the real world you wonder sometimes whether you're the only sane person left. Sometimes it seems to me that I have spent my whole life arguing with stupes, frauds, and wild men.

But to get back to the point, here I am again and I hope everybody is happy. For, after all, that is my big reason for writing: to do my little bit to make everybody happier. There's nothing like seeing what a mess other people are to make a man feel satisfied to be himself and, after all, isn't self-satisfaction the secret of happiness?

I haven't said anything about a raise. I take it for granted that you wouldn't want the column to be missing again.

Regards,

G.G.
COMMUNISM AND CHRISTIANITY
By Martin C. D'Arcy, S.J. (Devin-Adair, $4.00)
The first task of a reviewer confronted with a book such as this is to justify the addition of yet one more title to the list of popular discussions of Christianity and Communism. Father D'Arcy's book was first published as a Penguin Special and is probably being issued in this country between hard covers with the best of justifications: to make money for publisher and author. It is impossible to say that the book fills a definite need. But it would be unfair not to add that D'Arcy's treatment of a much overworked theme possesses many qualities to commend it to those who have not yet had their first exposure or who are especially interested in the subject.

In one place, it goes a little deeper into the philosophical foundations of Communism than most of its competitors. In addition, it is obviously the product of an urban and cultivated mind, never strident, making every effort to see each problem whole. Thirdly, and quite unexpectedly in a book of this sort, much of the actual writing has an imaginative quality and a delicate perception that makes it almost poetry.

For the most part the Christianity which Father D'Arcy contrasts with Communism is catholic and not specifically Roman. This was probably essential if the original was to do well in England, but it may also reflect the author's Stonyhurst and Oxford education. However, in the climactic chapter, "Communist and Christian Society," a serious objection must be raised. D'Arcy makes use of H. Richard Niebuhr's categories in classifying Christian attempts to deal with the problem of Christ and Culture. It is probably in the interest of simplicity and brevity that he reduces Niebuhr's five categories to three and lumps together in the "dualist position" St. Paul, Tertullian, Luther and Tolstoy. When he describes this position he actually describes what Niebuhr calls the Christ against Culture position of Tertullian and Tolstoy. St. Paul probably needs no defending and it might be equally presumptuous to try to bail out Luther, but surely we may defend Niebuhr on the grounds that D'Arcy's treatment obscures the very important difference which Niebuhr delineates between the Christ against Culture position of Tertullian and Tolstoy and the Christ and Culture in paradox position of Paul and Luther. In effect D'Arcy manages to push to the outside lanes four of the five approaches which Niebuhr describes, so that the Christ above Culture position comes home an easy winner in the race for best approach to the problem of a Christian society. Chief advocate of the Christ above Culture position was-you guessed it—Thomas Aquinas.

One other objection. Must a book have no footnotes in order to sell? Is the Great Reading Public that upset by a source reference? It seems to us that the usefulness of the book is greatly vitiated by the publisher's refusal to indicate the precise sources from which the author has drawn, for example, in his perceptive analysis of the Communist philosophy.

PAUL T. HEYNE

COLLECTIVISM IN THE CHURCHES
By Edgar C. Bundy (Church League of America, $5.00)

We have here what the dust jacket calls "a documented account of the political activities of the Federal, National and World Councils of Churches." It is probably high time that such a study, and a critical one, be written. But Edgar C. Bundy is surely not the man to write it.

The National Council shows little hesitation about stating its views on current domestic and international problems. Through its many agencies and especially via the Christian Century it attempts to muster 30 million American Protestants behind such causes as foreign aid, fair employment legislation with teeth, strengthening of the United Nations, and against such other causes as wholesale Congressional investigations of "Un-American activities," the McCarran-Walter Immigration Act, and universal military training. This poses serious problems which deserve a thoughtful consideration they have not always received, especially within the high councils of the NCCC:

1) What ought to be the relation of the Church (or churches) to the existing political and economic order?

2) Does the National Council actually represent the views of its constituents when it addresses itself to the problems of these orders? And should the National Council feel compelled to represent its constituents' views?

Mr. Bundy argues in answer to the first question that the Church's sole task is the proclamation of the Gospel to induce men to accept Christ as their personal Savior. But he lets us know, quite unintentionally, but nonetheless clearly, that he really thinks the Church should confine itself in this fashion only so long as its political opinions don't square with Mr. Bundy's. No one but a fundamentalist with his individualistic distortion of the Christian Gospel could argue that the Church has fulfilled its task when it has secured personal commitments to a set of doctrinal theses. The voice of "prophetic criticism" is a voice that properly belongs to the Church. It cannot be silent about the secular orders within which the community of saints finds itself if it genuinely believes that faith is obedience, that the Will of God is both gift and task, and that the Christian Calling implies not only fulfillment of the duties assigned by God's creative dispensation but also the imperative implicit in the New Creation.

Mr. Bundy would probably agree, in principle. But he also happens to think that capitalism is sacrosanct, that all evil inheres in our country's enemies while we are righteous, and that the masterminds of the National Council are collectivist internationalists because they are "crazy for authority" and "expect to be in line as the planners and as the controllers of other people's lives."

Edgar C. Bundy, as you probably guessed, believes in the conspiratorial interpretation of history. Here are a few more items to give you an insight into the man and his book.

Bundy likes to lump together under one subversive label men of such divergent views as Paul Tillich and Henry F. Ward. He is fond of suffixing lists of names to the names of people whose views he doesn't like. He doesn't do the same for those he quotes approvingly, like J. B. Matthews. Apparently the only road to redemption for those who were sympathetic to socialism in the 1920's or 1930's is the one taken by Mr. Matthews, Louis Budezn, and—but it would be unfair to add the name of Harvey Matusow.

Bundy throws around the words "collectivist" and "socialist" as if he had bothered to define them, and he's fond of that tried and true gimmick: "... which is the same line the Communists were taking."

Bundy tells us (pp. 53ff.) that the Revised Standard Version of the Bible was "written by radical liberals," eight of whom have left wing records, and who are now planning to translate the Apocrypha as part of a grand plot to foist these non-inspired works on gullible Protestants as genuine Scripture.

If you happen to belong to that group whose political and economic views Mr. Bundy represents, you will probably not want to read this book and get yourself all steamed up about the undeniable fact that articulate Protestantism has for many years...
been promoting views quite opposite to your own. If you think, on the other hand, that the author's political and economic views are sadly out of touch with reality and smack often of an un-Christian arrogance, then you ought to do some thinking yourself about the questions asked at the beginning of this review. Either way, don't bother to read the book. But remember that just because Bundy answers these questions badly or not at all doesn't mean they don't require answers. And it has yet to be proved that an intelligent, socially concerned Christian must prefer the A.D.A. to the C. of C.

PAUL T. HEYNE

LUTHER IN PROTESTANTISM TODAY
By Merle William Boyer (Association Press, $3.50)

Dr. Boyer would with this book win back the “lost adherents of Protestantism.” These people are the Protestant “fellow travelers” who ignore the Reformation by conviction, but nevertheless by similar conviction are non-Marxist, non-Thomist, and non-naturalistic in their affirmations, i.e., Protestants. The method is to take the results of recent Luther research beyond the interests of the technical historian to embrace all Christians, i.e., “an American approach to Luther and the Reformation” that is “pragmatic rather than technical,” to which Boyer applies the cushion: “Perhaps this fact alone will cover a multitude of sins (in the book) in the eyes of the European scholar.”

The chances are slim that any European Lutheran scholar will get his hands on this book — very few Germans in this class, for instance, actually handle English — but nevertheless the sins of this work do need some chastisement. It is not sinful that Boyer wishes to popularize Luther, nor that he wishes to regain the lost generation of Reformation-directed thinkers. These are needed endeavors. Nor does he sin by oversimplification and the distortion inherent in reduction, in making a molchill out of a mountain.

Boyer’s sin is rather this, that he pads and paints Martin Luther until the image looks like Mr. American Protestant. It is not that everything Brother Martin did was commendable: “The strident voice of Luther the pamphleteer (is) his weakness rather than his virtue”; “the Luther of the Middle Ages” and “the authoritarian Luther” one should ignore. But it is true for Boyer that everything commendable in American Protestantism derives from Brother Martin, from his central insights and “prophetic elements.” It is significant that almost without exception these elements are the anti-Roman shibboleths of Protestantism — dynamic vs. static, dogmatic, and rationalistic; priesthood of all believers; importance of the individual and individual decision; inner experience; invisible church “distinguished not by infallibility, but by self-criticism”; and finally an impassioned defense of denominationalism.

It may well be that the reason Boyer’s Luther picture leaves much to be desired is that he is popularizing an outdated “Luther research.” He gives no footnotes, which is his privilege in this “pragmatic” essay, but that leaves it up to the reader to locate and test the spirits whose research lies beneath. It seems safe to say that not much beyond Karl Holt’s work of about forty years ago is represented in the portrait which he sketches. The cardinal elements of the contemporary Luther picture — theology of the cross, the two kingdoms, a real devil, sin as rebellion, sin as nomological existence, justification as execution, forgiveness, body of Christ — are absent.

Not only the image of Luther, but also the image of Roman Catholicism with which Boyer operates is out-dated. Just one example — in propounding Protestantism’s priesthood of all believers vs. Rome’s hierarchical sacerdotal exclusiveness, he completely ignores the far-reaching and highly successful program of Catholic Action, whose sole purpose is to have the laity participate in the ministry of the hierarchy.

It would be unfair to say that Boyer is fighting windmills, or knocking down straw men, but the Roman Catholicism which Boyer faces, and to his super-assertion Luther viewpoint of Luther the view cited in TIME Magazine must be opposed: “closer to Roman Catholics in many ways than to other Protestants.”

THE MORMONS
By Thomas F. O’Dea (University of Chicago Press, $5.00)

Among the many books and articles on the Mormons that have been written in recent years, this book is one of the more scholarly attempts to understand the Mormons and their way of life.

The book gives a historical sketch of Mormon history pointing out that the religious approach grew out of a period in history when there was religious turmoil and upheaval and many new and different religious ideas came into being. The author says that Mormonism emerged from the four major tendencies of sectarianism, communitarianism, and the recognition of human freedom and striving, which left permanent marks upon the Mormon doctrine.

In speaking of Joseph Smith and of the Book of Mormon, the author seems to feel some doubt as to the authenticity of the revelations given to Joseph Smith since on numerous occasions the revelations came just when they were necessary for settling a problem. The author also gives an intensive study of the content of the Book of Mormon and finds traces of the content of this book in other writings which predate the Book of Mormon.

The author traces the history of the Mormon group, mentioning the different problems which they encountered in their journey to Salt Lake City.

In the chapter which attempts to understand the religious beliefs of the group, the book says, “Mormonism is the product of a time when common men were beginning to conceive great expectations for self-improvement based upon individual effort and of a place where such expectations were infused with millennial aspirations and made more poignant by the emotionalism of enthusiastic religion. It developed and grew in the context of its own self-consciousness, its group loyalty reinforced by its belief in its own peculiarity and its special covenant. This covenant involved a commitment to build a separate commonwealth for the gathering of the elect. Mormon expectations were projected upon the task of building Zion, which channeled Mormon energies into mundane constructive effort.”

The author gives an understanding, sympathetic, and critical analysis of the beliefs and life of Mormonism.

LUTHER F. KOEPEL

THE WISDOM OF THE FATHERS
By Erik Routley (Westminster $2.25)

Theology becomes rich when it reflects upon the Biblical revelation under the guidance of the Church Fathers. Yet the Fathers are strangers to much of the contemporary Church. The appearance of many fine new translations of great patristic works encourages the hope that this estrangement is being overcome. Nevertheless, many people hesitate to read them without preliminary orientation, and others who have had small contact with one or two of the Fathers have been disappointed and fail to see their relevance.

For both groups this little volume is intended. The gifted author introduces the reader to seven figures from the ancient Church, explains aspects of their thought, offers a brief selection from their writings and indicates the place of their argument in theology. The main aim is to make the Fathers clearly a part of contemporary theological discussion, and the book is intended to present central religious and theological questions to the educated lay reader. Some of the issues dealt with are: reading the Bible, faith and knowledge, grace and free will, the unity of the Church. The unexpressed thesis of the book is that the Church, in a post-Christian world, can do nothing more fruitful than to re-examine the foundations of her thought as they were laid in a pre-Christian world.

This is an excellent investment for those who want to know what classical theology, ancient and modern, is all about.

RICHARD BAERPLER
THE EPISCOPALIAN WAY OF LIFE
By W. Norman Pittenger (Prentice-Hall $3.50)

The author attempts to give a general picture of the uniqueness of the Episcopalian religious approach especially as it is different from the rest of Protestantism and from Roman Catholicism. The author feels that the Episcopal church is the most comprehensive of Christian communions or as he puts it "the roomiest church in Christendom."

The author points to Holy Communion as the center of the life of the Christian and he says, "Morning Prayer and preaching services and all the other types of worship are good and important in their way; but Christianity is essentially a sacramental religion, and it has at its heart the Lord’s own service. It is his duty and his privilege to center his whole life about the great act."

In trying to help the reader understand the Episcopal approach, the author points out that the Episcopal approach does not embrace fundamentalism, is not merely the acceptance of dogmas and creeds, is not merely social service, and is not a negative affair of moral prohibitions. On the positive side, the book says that Christianity is a way of life centered in Holy Communion, it is the Christian Faith professed in the Nicene Creed, it is a matter of conduct in life over against his fellow man, and it implies support of the Church.

In speaking of the Episcopal church in regard to the difference between the Roman Catholic and the Protestant groups, Mr. Pittenger says: "Many of our contemporaries are repelled by what seems to them the utter intransigence of the Roman communion. They dislike what they call its religious fascism, they are appalled by its apparent refusal to come to terms with truth which is unquestioned in such fields as biblical criticism and modern science. On the other hand, these contemporaries have little sympathy with sheer moralism, the emotional exuberance, or the rationalizing of faith, which they feel to be characteristic of much of Protestantism today. It is perhaps to such contemporaries that Anglicanism makes, or can make, its greatest appeal."

The book gives a fairly good survey of the Episcopal approach from the High Church quarter within Anglicanism. The book is not scholarly or intensive in its understanding of any particular area of religious thought or life. A Lutheran would not find the book so unique or different as might many Protestants since there would be a great deal of similarity in many aspects of the Lutheran approach and that of the Episcopalian.

LUTHER P. KOEPKE

GENERAL

LIFE PLUS 99 YEARS
By Nathan F. Leopold (Doubleday, $3.50)

Life Plus 99 Years is an autobiography of Nathan F. Leopold, Jr. At the age of 19, he and Richard Loeb, age 18, kidnapped and murdered Bobby Franks, a 14-year-old Chicago schoolboy, on May 21, 1924. The newspapers of the period headlined this as "the crime of the century." Wisely he omits discussion of his childhood and youth; likewise he refuses to be pressured into describing this crime.

In the first five chapters the author objectively relates the events and his experiences that occurred during the four months between May 21 and September 10, 1924 — the day that these two partners in crime were spared their lives and sentenced to prison. Of special interest to this reviewer is Leopold's sincere reference to his own lack of remorse and his emotional immaturity during this period and his description of Loeb as "just plain amoral — unmoral." He presents the details of the intense questioning by the police which resulted in the breakdown of their prepared alibi and the brilliant defense by the great Clarence Darrow.

The penal philosophy which was widely accepted in the United States in 1924 emphasized custody, punishment and industrial employment. It was under such a prison program that the author began his more than thirty-three years' period of rehabilitation.

Immediately after being received at the state prison, Leopold experienced the then existing admission process, which among other things included registration, fingerprinting, a bald haircut, bath, receiving prison clothes, physical examination, cell assignment, a lecture from the deputy warden on the importance of "doing your own time," etc. He describes the dark gloomy building which was to be his home for the next eight months in the following words: "The stone walls of the building were pierced at intervals by barred windows rising to a height of several stories but so narrow that they admitted very little light. The building was pervaded by an odor hard to classify but one that is indelibly associated in my mind with prison. It seemed to consist primarily of the odor of worn metal, but it contained components also of disinfectant, of sour wet mops, and of unwashed humanity. It was an odor unique in my experience and impossible to describe: those who have had experience of it will recognize it instantly; to those who have not, I despair of conveying an impression of it." In this building Leopold and another inmate shared a cell, which was eight feet long, four feet wide, and about seven feet high, containing a double-deck bunk, a rectangular wooden stool and a tin bucket with a cover to care for bodily wastes. The "bucket run" with its unsanitary features which was made daily and twice on Sunday, was one of the most disgusting chores that the prisoners had to perform and reduced their status from men to animals. To further degrade and humiliate the inmates they were served poorly prepared food, supplied poorly fitted clothes, and assigned routine and monotonous jobs. There were no recreational programs, and they spent very many hours locked up in their cells like caged animals. With the exception of the "bucket runs" and the few trips to the dining room for the meals, they remained in their cells from Saturday afternoon until Monday morning. On Sundays, inmates were permitted to attend religious services when they were held, and many prisoners were regular attendants merely to get away from the routine and disagreeable experience of close confinement in the tiny cell.

In order to get along in the prison community the inmate must associate with the "right" types of criminals. Murderers are socially acceptable by the general prison population, sex offenders and criminals of fraud are not. Inmates use a prison vernacular; they adhere to a prison code which forbids them to "squeal" or "beef" on anyone.

The chaplain arranged for Leopold to teach elementary reading and spelling classes two evenings a week. A downstate Illinois newspaper carried a story about this. After five weeks the author was removed from the teaching assignment as the warden yielded to outside pressure which regarded him morally unfit to teach others.

The monotonous prison life afforded the author plenty of time to think. He neither meditated on his wrongful act nor was he repentant for it; he seriously considered suicide. However, after deliberation he decided to postpone it for six months. But how was he to combat prison monotony and occupy himself mentally? He had very little choice. Reading and studying were his only outlet, he arranged to have text books, novels and other publications sent to him. Leopold earnestly studied psychology and sociology hoping for an assignment in the Mental Health Office. The State criminologist favored such a move, but it never materialized for fear of adverse newspaper publicity.

The turning point in Leopold's prison life came after eight months when he was removed to the new prison at Stateville for an appendectomy; he was permitted to remain when a measles epidemic broke out at the old prison and it was quarantined. At Stateville he could enjoy some simple luxuries of life — a clean cell with a window he could open or close at will, running water, a bed with springs and not slats, adequate electric light in the cell, an op-
portunity to listen to the radio, pure wholesome air, a chance to smell clover and grass and hay, and appreciate the beauties of nature — these made his future look brighter.

Gradually other programs were introduced which made prison life more pleasant and less monotonous. Among these were talking movies, a greater selection of merchandise in the commissary, yard privileges every day instead of once a week, and recreational programs for more inmate participation.

Leopold admits that his father's death in April, 1929, was "the first step in his maturing process" and remorse for his crime. In conferences with the prison chaplains, both Protestant and Catholic, he was urged to pray and repent for his offense by helping his fellow men.

Many chapters of this autobiography describe in detail his many direct and indirect contributions to his fellow inmates, the institution, and the correctional field. Nearly every day he helped individuals prepare and type petitions, write, business and personal letters. He learned Braille so he could teach a blind fellow inmate to read and write. He helped to develop an educational program for the prisoners. When the prison library was destroyed in the 1931 riot, he studied modern library methods and installed the Dewey system. He learned to be an X-ray technician and assisted prison doctors in examinations. During World War II he assisted in the malaria experiments at Stateville, and also submitted himself as a guinea pig with other prisoners in this research which resulted in discovering a cure for malaria. He read and studied books on psychiatry so that while working in the hospital with all types of patients he could better understand their needs and problems and thereby give better care. In the Sociological Research Office he assisted in studies dealing with parole prediction. He helped prepare a booklet for use by parolees explaining the conditions of parole.

During the time Leopold was incarcerated, the American prison system passed from the so-called industrial prison period through the World War II period, when prisoners contributed to the war effort, to the present era when all disciplines are used to help the prisoner readjust himself and gain self-respect. This new penal philosophy emphasizes the treatment of the inmate as a whole person by a valid classification system, better medical facilities, a suitable educational program and effective religious training.

Prisoners usually fall into either of two categories: they passively adapt themselves to the routine and monotony of institutional life and conform to its rules and regulations; or they continually rebel against prison authority and conditions. Consequently, when they are eventually released they are unable to adjust to the demands of the free society.

Leopold entered prison an immature, unremorseful individual. If the penal philosophy had not changed, it is doubtful if he would have ever made the proper adjustment for parole. Under the new philosophy he was treated as a human being; he was given an opportunity to improve his knowledge and skills; and he was entrusted with the responsibility of developing many worthwhile prison programs. He did not mechanically adapt himself to prison life nor did he attempt to rebel against its conditions and authority; wisely he was active and used his abilities to improve life for himself and his fellow inmates.

The author is a sensitive, brilliant individual who objectively reports what he subjectively experienced during his prison life. This book is a contribution to the correctional field since it clearly explains some of the factors and forces that aid in the rehabilitation of the imprisoned offender and those that handicap his readjustment.

This book is recommended reading for personnel and students in correctional work and for anyone interested in knowledge and insight into the prison community.

ANTHONY S. KUHARICH

THE LONESOME ROAD

By Saunders Redding (Doubleday, $5.75)

Saunders Redding has done it again. A few years ago this Professor of English at Hampton Institute, Hampton, Virginia, was sent by the Department of State on a mission to India. On his return he wrote An American in India, a fascinating volume in which he pointed out the fact that the people of India knew — even in painful detail — the hardships suffered by the American Negro in his long struggle for recognition and fair treatment on the part of his white fellow-citizens. Many of them had come to the conclusion that "American wickedness, documented by the treatment of the Negro community in America," is opposed, they said, "to the liberation and rise of the colored peoples of the world."

If the people of India knew the story of the American Negro and had drawn certain conclusions from his plight, then, surely, the people of America ought to know so that they might draw their own conclusions. Mr. Redding's present volume, The Lonesome Road, part of the "Mainstream of America Series," puts out by Doubleday, gives us ample material on the basis of which to think our doing. Though written by a scholar, this book is not for scholars only. Though written in impeccable English, it should appeal to literate Americans all over the country.

What do Negroes want? Negroes are "possessed of an abiding faith in democracy." And they want all the rights and privileges that the greatest democracy on earth has to offer. That they are willing to accept the responsibilities that accompany these rights and privileges is demonstrated by their faithful participation in all of our country's wars.

It is not true that Negroes are always increasing their demands, that if you give them an inch, they will want a mile. They have always wanted the mile! Witness the Negro, just escaped from slavery, speaking of the day when the "school house, the workshop, the church, the college" would be as freely accessible to the Negro children "as to the children of other members of the community." Read the early demands for "free speech, a free, unsubsidized press, manhood suffrage, and an end to distinctions based on color." If Booker T. Washington seemed to ask for less, you will have to remember (and Mr. Redding makes this crystal clear) that Booker T. Washington was never the acknowledged leader of the Negro people, but the only Negro leader whom the whites would acknowledge.

While this book places Booker T. Washington in proper perspective, it introduces you to Frederick Douglass, "the Negroes' acknowledged leader, clothed by them with an authority such as no single Negro has since acquired."

You will see a life-size portrait of Isabella No-Name, who later became Sojourner Truth, a tireless abolitionist.

Here you will find the strange history of Mound Bayou, Mississippi, a Negro Town founded in the midst of the most rabid advocates of white supremacy in the country.

Here is the epic of Daniel Hale Williams, a Negro surgeon who performed the first successful operation on a human heart, a doctor who had been moved to resign from the Negro race only to resind his resignation posthumously.

Here you will see W. E. B. DuBois, the Dean of Negro scholars, the thorn in the flesh of Booker T. Washington, and Paul Laurence Dunbar, the Negro poet who could sell only verse that was done in dialect and who wrote of himself: He sang of love when life was young, And love itself was in his lays, But, Ah, the world, it turned to praise A jingle in a broken tongue.

Mr. Redding gives you the story of Robert S. Abbott and his Chicago Defender, the rise and fall of Paul Robeson, and the epic of one Joe Louis, who had to convince his mother that "a guy can be decent and a fighter both."

In this book you will discover A. Philip Randolph, a labor leader who talks like a college professor, the man who in "this first effort to win dignity and power for Negroes in the ranks of organized labor," first had to convince labor leaders that the cause of white labor and black labor was a common cause.
Finally you will meet Thurgood Marshall who, convinced that what's at stake in the struggle of the American Negro is the moral commitment stated in our country's creed, became the country's outstanding constitutional lawyer.

The Lonesome Road ends with the words Marshall uttered immediately after winning the Supreme Court's school-desegregation decision: "The war's not over yet. We've still got work to do."

The title of this book is not to intimate that Negroes have been all alone in their long struggle for recognition as human beings. From the very beginning they have had the help and encouragement of certain sympathetic white people. In the early days there were white abolitionists. White people were supporters of the Niagara Movement, the Urban League, the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. Still it is true that both black and white fighters for freedom constitute only a small minority of our total population, and the way they have to travel is THE LONESOME ROAD.

CLEMENCE SABOURIN

I WANTED TO WRITE A POEM
By William Carlos Williams (Beacon Press, $3.95)

This is the kind of book that we are always looking for and rarely find. In it we sit down with a remarkable poet and listen to him talk informally about his own poetry. Dr. Williams takes all of his books, written by him from 1909 to 1957, from the shelf and one by one discusses them. The conversation is all too short, but the effect is that of a long evening's visit with the poet, listening to him explain certain poems, chat about their origins and how they came into being, and, perhaps above all, reveal himself as a unique American poet.

It is important that the book was not, in the conventional sense, written; it was spoken. Miss Edith Heal met off and on with the poet and his wife over a period of five months. The three people talked, Williams remembering his boyhood desires to write poetry, Mrs. Williams taking his books from the shelf and reminding him of little trials and successes which he had forgotten, and Miss Heal asking questions and taking the whole thing down in writing. The result is fresh and spontaneous and reveals vividly the wonderful American speech (idiom) which has made Williams' poetry uniquely valuable.

Dr. Williams is an amazing man. He has been a physician in Rutherford, New Jersey, for almost fifty years, writing his poetry and fiction "after hours", sometimes gathering material for them as he made his rounds among his patients. His father was English, his mother Spanish, and he was educated in Switzerland as well as in this country. And yet, with this mixture of language tradition constantly about him, he has become (with Frederick Manfred) an active champion for the American idiom.

A prose work (highly poetical) written in 1925, In the American Grain, still stands as one of the classic statements about America. And his longest poem, Paterson, published in four parts from 1946 to 1951, is an American masterpiece which takes its place beside Hart Crane's The Bridge and T. S. Eliot's The Waste Land as one of the great poems of the twentieth century. In many respects Paterson stands first.

I Wanted to Write a Poem talks about these works, providing invaluable hints about their ideas, their style, and their place in Williams' life. Not only do we see a poet at work, with his creative process laid open to us, but we see the America in which he lived, the friends who worked with him and encouraged him. We glimpse a fascinating world occupied by Marlene Moore, Hilda Doolittle, Ezra Pound, Ford Madox Ford, Alfred Kreymborg, and others. And running through this world of poetry is the personal story, the intimate story of William Carlos Williams, one of the giants of this world.

People ask: Why is a poet a poet? The answer lies within I Wanted to Write a Poem.

JOHN R. MILTON

NAKED TO Mine ENEMIES
By Charles W. Ferguson (Little, Brown and Company, $6.00)

This biography, written by the senior editor of The Reader's Digest, traces the life of the real power behind the throne of King Henry VIII, Thomas Cardinal Wolsey. When young Henry came to the throne of England in 1509, Wolsey, twenty years older, took it upon himself to teach Henry the precepts and processes of government. Wolsey had come a long way since his beginnings in Ipswich, the son of a butcher. Continuing from Oxford, the priesthood, and finally from the court of Henry VII, Wolsey was already firmly established as Royal Almoner when Henry VIII ascended the throne. Wolsey obtained the King's favor through his abilities to negotiate with the monarchs of Europe. These achievements boosted Wolsey to his ultimate position of Lord Chancellor, Archbishop of York, and papal legate to England as a member of the College of Cardinals.

In Wolsey were combine the influential powers of both church and state. He held the whole of England and much of Europe under his lordly thumb. In constructing a satisfactory agreement between England and France, he obtained the respect of all Europe and his King on the Field of the Cloth of Gold. However, during a later negotiation between France and the Holy Roman Empire, Wolsey neglected a trifling duty that was later to cost him his power and position, as well as the favor of the King. This affair involved the marriage arrangements of a certain Anne Boleyn to a certain Irishman.

Mr. Ferguson is very successful in producing a medieval tone and setting in this biography through the use of a very correct "British" English and precise, detailed descriptions. Henry VIII, Catherine, Charles V, and Anne Boleyn are drawn in bold relief, but towering above them all is the proud, unbending figure of Thomas Wolsey. This book is definitely written for the more scholarly reader. The general reader would probably be bored and annoyed with the frequent interruptions in the narrative to make way for diplomatic and military explanations or descriptions of situations in general. On the other hand, a student of history or political science would find Naked to Mine Enemies invaluable for a description of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries at the dawn of the Renaissance.

Mr. Ferguson spent six years compiling the information and writing his book. He has achieved an accuracy and authenticity worthy of the highest praise.

One last comment on Wolsey. He amassed all of this political and religious power to cover up a strong feeling of insecurity. When he lost the King's favor, he was left naked to his enemies, stripped of his vestments of influence. Perhaps both Wolsey's goals and the reasons for his downfall can be summed up in his own rueful remark — "Had I but served my God as diligently as I have served my King. . . ."

JANICE BRASS

LIVE AT PEACE WITH YOUR NERVES
By Walter C. Alvarez, M.D. (Prentice-Hall, $4.95)

This is a detailed treatment of the psychosomatic and somato-physiological factors in human aches, pains and miseries. It purports to present a clinical method which is "almost the first practical working application of the psychosomatic theory". Readers of newspaper health columns and of magazine mental hygiene articles will recognize the central theme of this theory — that every organic illness has a psychic repercussion, and every emotional upheaval a physiological concomitant.

Basically, the Alvarez method prescribes a leisurely relationship between patient and physician — with time to talk. Emphasis is placed on the need for the patient's understanding of his own psychosomatic relationships involved in his illness. With such understanding the battle is considered half won. Then the patient is to receive from the physician "intimate and precise advice in the art of living". When the patient puts such advice into practice, psychosomatic symptoms are to disappear.

Psychotherapists will find this formula...
too pat and too directive. The effectiveness of advice as a cure for emotional difficulties is open to serious question, even when the advice is overtly followed. The whole problem of extrinsic versus intrinsic motivation arises, as does that of substitute symptoms. There is no denying, however, that even a mere recognition of the emotional factors in organic symptoms is a tremendous step in the right direction. Add to that the author’s insistence that the patient not only needs to talk about his worries, without fear of ridicule, but also usually is intelligent enough to understand psychosomatic implications and a good case has been made for this book.

The physician-author draws upon fifty-three years of medical practice — twenty-five of them at the Mayo Clinic. He has several popular medical books to his credit, five of them at the Mayo Clinic. He has written a column for eighty newspapers, and is editor of two important medical journals.

This book has all the earmarks of another medical best seller. Chatty non-technical style, innumerable anecdotes, short chapters, bold-type topic headings, terse and simple summaries, all contribute toward making reading practically effortless. The reader may learn no physiology and little psychology. He also may fail to find the complete peaches and cream of the author envisions. But so universal are nerve-cholericism, living the reality which it rightfully possessed. Riders of Judgment is the living West.

J ohn R. M ilton

PLEASE DON’T EAT THE DAISIES

By Jean Kerr (Doubleday, $2.75)

As one of her own children hinted, Jean Kerr may tell a pack of lies about her, domestic tranquility — or lack of it. If so, it’s at least an extremely funny pack. Among other talents, Mrs. Kerr has a flair for straight-faced, understated narrative of everyday events; a mere chronicle may develop into a three-ring circus of the incongruous. There’s more than that, though; her writing ranges all the way from the near slapstick with appropriate cliches to murderous parodies on detective stories a la Mickey Spillane, and on the French-school-girl novel.

Since a wide variety of subjects is treated in almost self-contained chapters, the book is a boon to “snatch readers.” Mrs. Kerr gives her version of why she became a writer, the acquisition of a house to meet the needs of a growing, and somewhat unordinary family, evenings at the theater with her drama-critic husband, and much more. But the author is at her best in the chapters devoted to her children. What every mother has been through brightens into a hilarious Age of Treason. Her straight-man dialogues with juvenile literatists, victory over child psychology, and descriptions of school plays send one looking for someone to read aloud to.

But even if you hate books by mothers about children, don’t go away. Mrs. Kerr has written a little book that sits well amid the comedy of TV and Hollywood. There’s no moral; it’s meant for laughs — snide snickers and guffaws alike. It’s light; it’s flippant, it’s funny. Enjoy it.

ALAN GRAEBNER

NEW ORLEANS SKETCHES

By William Faulkner (Rutgers University Press, $4.50)

Here are collected sixteen sketches William Faulkner wrote in 1925 during a six-month residence in New Orleans and published in the New Orleans Times-Picayune. The volume also contains a group of very short sketches of type characters called simply “New Orleans,” which were published in the January-February, 1925, issue of the Double Dealer, a New Orleans literary magazine.

Although some of these sixteen sketches have small intrinsic worth, a few of them, notably Jealousy, Sunset, and The Liar, are first rate tales. The majority, however, are invaluable for their notable prevision of motifs and techniques Faulkner was to develop with more art and complexity in his novels.

Since most of the sketches deal with New Orleans types — a race track tout, a bootlegger, a restaurant keeper, an Italian immigrant cobbler — only two or three of the stories portray the class of rural or small town characters who people the legendary Yoknapatawpha County of Faulkner’s major novels. Among these characters are the innocent, up-country Negro of Sunset who comes to the port city with his meager savings and his old shotgun with the naive intention of catching a ship for Africa. He is cheated, shoved about, and finally hunted down with rifles and machine guns as a mad killer, because in his bewilderment he had fired on cattle and men he mistook for the wild animals and aborigines of Africa. Another of the sketches, The Liar, has as its setting the country store with its whistling, story-telling porch sitters. This motif Faulkner was to develop fully in The Hamlet, in which Will Varner’s store at Frenchmen’s Bend is the focal point of that novel. The most impressive feature of these sketches, however, is that throughout them one can see already the inner sympathy with the aspirations and the disappointments, with the pain, the joy, and the grief of the human heart which characterize Faulkner’s mature work.

The general reader will find these sketches enjoyable despite their uneven quality. To the growing body of amateur Faulkner students this book will be a very desirable acquisition. Carvel Collins has added an illuminating introduction.

ICE PALACE

By Edna Ferber (Doubleday, $4.50)

The plane approaches the northernmost settlement on the North American continent. The boy from Nashville, Tennessee—destination Distant Early Warning installation—is bluntly assured by Christine Storm: “You’ll love it. You’ll get used to it in no
time." He won't love it. He will loathe it. No power less majestic than that of the United States Government could keep him there for twenty-four hours.

Miss Ferber's heroine knows that nobody can help loving Alaska, because life there is obviously so much more worthwhile, even if more difficult, than elsewhere. It must be this type of rather naive enthusiasm which, on a national level, has so often irritated our European critics. And yet enthusiasm and vigor are prerequisites to the growth of a new culture; possibly even to its survival. This is especially true in a country where, as one individual says, "there is a constant battle against stupendous natural antagonists — cold, ice, snow, vast distances, few humans. The proportion of insanity is high here. Claustrophobia, I must be this type of rather

The girl have for a log cabin next door to a

of invaluable assistance to the local Chamber of Commerce. She is exuberant, beautiful, wrapped for ten months of the year in a pure white fur parka ("pronounced 'parky', I don't know why"). She lives by choice in a log cabin next door to a fourteen story glass and steel apartment hotel. The girl was orphaned as an infant, and has been brought up by her two grandfathers. Grandfather ("Czar") Kennedy is one of the last robber barons. He and his cronies have for fifty years plundered Alaska for personal gain. Having achieved wealth, he now prepares to take over political control in case the Territory gains statehood. The other grandfather, with the carefully contrived name of Thor Storm, has also lived there for half a century. He loves Alaska. He has painstakingly gathered information and is writing a book about this vast country, with its challenges and opportunities for orderly development. As the perspicacious reader has doubtless guessed, the shrewd, predatory Kennedy and the intellectual, gentle Storm, have quite different hopes and plans for their one granddaugher. What those are, and the choice she makes, form the story.

It is probably inevitable that the two old men who embody two diametrically opposed philosophies of life should remain to some slight extent types. Perhaps it is not presumptuous to say that the author's own convictions are often expressed through the role of Thor Storm. As for Christine, she is a character somewhat improbable but wholly credible, with one exception: No young women, no matter how uninhibited, is likely to make a habit of regaling every newcomer from Outside with the story of her mother's gruesome death, followed by the almost equally painful story of her father's death.

As always in a Ferber story, complete individuality is attained by many minor characters. This skill in characterization is due in large part to the author's possession of an ear acutely sensitive to speech. Her dialogue is superlative. It gives to the book a ring of utter authenticity.

Remember the indignant cries which tore the welkin over the Lone Star State following the publication of Giant? There will be no such reaction from reading Ice Palace, for in this book present-day Alaska is portrayed with complete sympathy and admiration. In fact, the Territory's Chamber of Commerce owes Miss Ferber fully as great a debt of gratitude as does the fictional Baranoff CC to her fictional heroine. Greater, perhaps, for Miss Ferber is not a native Alaskan. She shows us a land where the most wild incongruities are commonplace. It is a territory whose beauty and immensity of natural resources are awe-inspiring. Her book also makes very plain the necessity and urgency for statehood, without whose prerogatives ruinous exploitation cannot be checked.

Don't let the preceding paragraph frighten you. This is no travel pamphlet or political treatise. It is a novel, and a good one.

THE WINTHROP WOMAN
By Anya Seton (Houghton Mifflin, $4.95)

Anya Seton has written almost six hundred pages about Elizabeth, niece and daughter-in-law to Governor John Winthrop of the Massachusetts Bay Colony. There is not a dull page in the lot. This is not a pseudo-historical novel. It is accurate in every possible detail, differing nowhere from any historical or biographical fact either previously known or ascertained by the author in extensive search through contemporary records and writings. Naturally, this is not to say that the author has added nothing. John Billings, to what extent she has taken advantage of the novelist's prerogative is probably known only to her. Was Elizabeth, for instance, actually in love with her cousin, John Winthrop, for most of her adult life? Miss Seton says in her Author's Note: "... I felt that this woman, with her passionate loves, dangers, tragedies, and courage, lived a life sufficiently dramatic without fortuitous inventions. Mine has been a job of recreation and interpretation, 'putting the flesh on the bone.'" Possibly, then, there is extant some indication of this attachment between Elizabeth and John. Real or not, it is quite in keeping with their characters as delineated by the author, and therefore acceptable.

Elizabeth early earned the disapprobation of her Uncle John. As a child, and throughout her whole life, she rebelled against blind obedience to convention, in a time when unconventional behavior bore even greater penalties than it does today. She married Harry, John's handsome, ne'er-do-well second son, against his father's wishes. After Harry's death, as meaningless as his life, had occurred, Elizabeth was persuaded by her uncle to marry Robert Feake. This kindly, somewhat effeminate man suffered at times from delusions, and finally became insane. Elizabeth divorced him and married William Hallet. This divorce and third marriage were largely responsible for Elizabeth's disrepute, although many of her contemporaries were already convinced that any nonconformist was of necessity a pernicious character.

Our heroine was born in 1617, and lived in England until 1631, when she emigrated with other members of John Winthrop's immediate family to the colony of which he had been named governor. A greater change in manner of life can scarcely be imagined. Those who survived became imbued to the hardships and dangers which everywhere beset them. Elizabeth's life was further complicated by the antagonism of acquaintances, the estrangement of her oldest daughter, and the greed of her son-in-law. The Governor, while doing what he could to keep the Winthrop name from damage, looked ever upon his niece with coldly disapproving eyes. Suspected of heresy and accused of witchcraft, she was forced from the colony, and eventually from all of New England. She and William Hallet became Dutch citizens. In what is now Greenwich, Conn., they carved for themselves an estate from land bought from the Indians. Some years later, Peter Stuyvesant signed a treaty giving the English jurisdiction over this property. Inasmuch as Elizabeth's divorce from Robert Feake was not valid under English law, and her belated marriage to Hallet was therefore not recognized, she again left her homestead to start anew, this time on Manhattan Island. After five years there, the Hallet's home, barn, and fields of growing grain were burned by rampaging Indians, in a reprisal raid aimed primarily at the town of New Amsterdam. By a freak of circumstance Elizabeth and her family were allowed to live. Presumably only a few months before her death (no exact date is known) Elizabeth had once more to establish a home. She bought a small house in Flushing. It is the purchase of this house, in October, 1655, which affords the last record of her.

Elizabeth was never able to worship the legalistic and venal deity whom the Puritans called God. Following some slight association with Anne Hutchinson, she began to feel that there might be a God of love completely ignored by the established church. With death imminent, she experienced, according to Miss Seton, an illumination which left her convinced of the beneficence of God, and afforded, for the first time in her tempestuous life, complete peace.

While this gives the novel a "good" ending, it does seem out of character. On this one point, perhaps the author has let sentiment outweigh evidence.

Reading this book is a completely painless
method of acquiring knowledge and understanding of the era in which Elizabeth lived, for Miss Seton has put the flesh not only on the bones of her heroine, but also on the bones of a whole period of history. She has re-created superbly the spirit of manners of two worlds: that of Charles I, and that of Puritan New England.

The best reason for reading this novel is simply that it is an absorbing story.

Dorinda H. Knopp

THE SILK-COTTON TREE
By Esther S. Warner (Doubleday, $3.75)

African-born Hagar had been raised by white missionaries and trained as a nurse; she was considered to be more like the whites than the darks. Yet Hagar felt no close ties with the mission people until she met Huldah Larsen, the nurse from Luowny. When Huldah took her back to her own station, Hagar realized that this energetic white woman was different from the others, and that she possessed the understanding and feeling that were so necessary for work among the Africans. Luldamah, as she was affectionately called by her people, was getting old and would apparently soon be forced to retire. She herself, however, had another desire — to continue working until she died on the job. Hagar was ready to help her achieve this ambition; and achieve it they did, although not in a generally accepted manner.

A country which has existed for so long without the ways of the white man is not willing to change all of its customs immediately. Esther Warner's novel successfully portrays the conflict which arises when members of two foreign cultures come together. The voodoo and the leopard men were not always ready to give in to religion and medical science. Many of the old ideas no longer in constant use (such as twins being a curse) appear as folklore in The Silk-Cotton Tree.

This book, although it is at times startlingly frank, does contain humor and human interest. And, since it is written by a woman who has lived in Africa, it presents an understanding picture of that continent in the near-present day.

Stephanie Umbach

THE GREengage SUMMER
By Rumer Godden (Viking Press, $3.50)

This story is narrated from the point of view of a thirteen year old girl, one of five English children; and that of their mother becomes dangerously sick. This happens just as they arrive at the inn in Northern France where they have made arrangements to spend their holidays. They acquire there a champion named Eliot, an Englishman of exaggerated Jekyll and Hyde personalities. By his kindness and consideration, he earns their affection. But, innocent as they are, the children become easily aware of a mystery concerning their friend. The puzzle is finally solved in a burst of violence. Ironically enough, Jekyll-Hyde provides the means for his own undoing by yielding to his most generous impulse. The children, brushed by evil, but not injured by it, are wiser and, temporarily at least, sadder.

Another book of Miss Godden's shows children who are products of the London slums. There is a vast difference between them and the middle-class children depicted here. This family is provincial but not ignorant. Their strained pecuniary circumstances are of relative unimportance beside their wealth of love for each other, of individuality, of budding beauty, of latent artistic talent. These children seem at the same time more mature and less sophisticated than their American coevals. They are shy, but possess self-reliance and good sense. Perhaps these latter are the qualities which account for the legendary national ability of the British to "muddle through."

In setting and atmosphere, this book is the type of thing which several English women writers seem to do very well indeed. The happenings in a small French village, set in the green and gold of the Champagne countryside, carry an aura of mystery, a mounting sense of portent, which cannot fail to intrigue the reader. No one will lay the book down only partially read.

Here, as elsewhere, the Godden prose is a cause of pleasure to the reader.

Dorinda H. Knopp

SCENT OF CLOVES
By Norah Lofris (Doubleday, $3.95)

Scent of Coves is an absorbing story of a love marriage to an employee of the great Dutch East India Company. The first third of the book concerns itself with the bleak and rather gloomy life of Julia Ashley until she is fourteen years of age. She is buffeted around from the time she is an infant, when her parents are murdered by Cromwell's soldiers; sent from England to Ireland, there to be picked up by a Dutch sea captain. She was brought to his home in Holland where after a brief time he was killed and she was sent to Klostock orphanage. Her life in the orphanage is almost unbearable and after rebellion on her part for the mistreatment of another orphan she is brought to the Home for Company's Daughters. "The Daughters were now all picked girls, and properly trained."

After a year of training she is married by proxy to Pieter Vosmar, son of a wealthy spice planter and journeys to the Island of Rua. Here, as mistress of the wealthy plantation, Julia encounters mystery, love, and horror. She lives in luxury and has everything she wants — except freedom.

This is an absorbing novel with vivid descriptions of characters and events. One is completely engrossed in the plot which has several unexpected twists.

Helen Mae Olson

PEACE RIVER COUNTRY
By Ralph Allen (Doubleday, $3.75)

We never do reach the Peace River Country in this book by Ralph Allen, but one has the feeling that perhaps the next stop may bring the Sondern family a little closer to their dream.

Each of the characters is vividly portrayed. While one feels a great deal of pity for the mother and her two children who must pick up and leave a community as soon as the father comes to town, one also has a great deal of compassion for the father. He tries desperately to straighten up, but inevitably falls back into a drunken stupor. The mother bravely keeps her family together by washing, baking, and finally as a caretaker in a hospital.

It seems that most people are very kind to the Sondern family, and they are taken in without too much suspicion or question. Each member of the family seems to make a place for himself in the community before they all have to move on to the next.

Much of the drama is centered around trains and railroad stations in the prairies of Canada.

Helen Mae Olson
A Minority Report

On the Making of Strange Bed Fellows

By Victor F. Hoffmann

The special committee of the Senate for the investigation of improper labor-management activities has interrogated prominent persons from both labor and management for interminable months. Sometimes the hearings become as noisy as Jim Rivera of the White Sox riding and jockeying the American League umpires.

With much fanfare, labor leaders of the Beck and Hoffa variety tried to create the impression of an innocence and purity that was not there, at least not according to the court that found Dave Beck guilty of a number of misdemeanors. Nathan Shefferman, for years preached to the writer of this column as the apostle of labor-management love, was forced to confess that he “packaged” his loves with the sweetness and light of bribes, nylon favors, and many kinds of illegal and immoral cooperation. In fairness, Shefferman has not yet been found guilty by any court. Will he ever be brought to court? Lately he has found comfort in anonymity.

In more recent days, the CIO-UAW (the AFL-CIO-UAW?) has provided most of the headlines. Walter Reuther, the man in charge of the UAW, has been the star actor. Reuther, quick as a steel trap and as sharp as a razor, lapsed at times into long and demagogic tirades. The remarks of Reuther and his colleagues were often ill-advised. For example, the attack on the clergy by one of the UAW leaders was a definite error in tactics and strategy — even though most of the preachers this columnist knows are less than loving in their attitudes toward unions.

Senator John L. McClellan, Democrat from Arizona, has not been particularly impressive; he has not been acting as a great, impartial, fair American statesman. He acts very much like a man who makes the law and the rules of the game, who insists on hearing and sentencing at the same time, and who, in the final analysis, appears to be preaching for votes from his anti-labor constituents in the great and sovereign state of Arizona. At best, he appears to be a “white collar” demagogue. As a member of the Democratic Party, this columnist wishes that a Democratic gentleman could have been raised to the chairmanship of this special committee. But that is the way it is, it is, it is.

These factors, headlined on radio and television because they are more obvious and sensational, hide a bitter struggle going on behind the scenes. (At least, this is being reported by some Washington journalists. A good account of the grappling away from front-stage has been reported by Carleton Kent of the Chicago Sun-Times.) Though the interim report of the Senate committee has branded Hoffa and Company as a “hoodlum empire,” that “hoodlum empire,” angered and seeking vengeance because of a Reuther who led the move to expel the Teamsters from the AFL-CIO, has nevertheless been used by certain members of the committee as a source of information, information designed to be detrimental to Reuther and the UAW.

According to Kent, the Republican members of the committee are perfectly willing and happy enough to receive “usable dirt” on Reuther for “Most political observers here remain convinced, despite denials of the Republicans on the committee and other party leaders, that the GOP hopes to develop Reuther as the whipping boy for the 1958 congressional campaign.” The Republicans, so the story goes, know that Reuther can be used as an offense tactic to substitute for the defense that can not be made with respect to the recession of 1958.

The Republicans are in trouble and some of them know it. The recession — whether it is called a recession, a depression, or a plateau, or the bottom of the prosperity cycle — has put a lot of people out of work and such a situation works adversely to the party in power. This “whatever it is” is not the fault of the Republicans any more than war is the fault of the Democrats — but a lot of unemployed people and a lot of Democrats and lot of independents do not see it that way. The Republicans are using an old device to meet adversity: they have erected a straw man, Reuther and the UAW, to deflect attention from the embarrassing problem of a recession. Goldwater is a case in point: he needs Reuther badly. For a long time, Goldwater’s chances at the next election were gradually being soaked up in the Arizona sands.

Goldwater figures to revive his dwindling hopes by creating the Reutherized “bogey-man” who will come to Washington — if the Democrats are elected. Why, he will socialize everything in sight! Everybody knows he is a communist.

Politician, take care: you are falling to low estate! Lord, how long?
The building of the bridge at Kitulgala — in far-off Ceylon — had been completed. Age-old ceremonial rites designed to exorcize evil spirits had been performed by the native priests and the village devil dancers. “Now,” the headman confidently assured producer Sam Spiegel, “the spirits will preserve your bridge for all time.” He did not know, of course, that this splendid structure had been built solely to be destroyed in the shattering climax of Mr. Spiegel’s magnificent film The Bridge on the River Kwai (Columbia, David Lean).

Mr. Spiegel, one of the most distinguished and successful independent producers in the motion-picture industry, once ruefully remarked, “I think that I have coined a ponderous phrase. It is ‘the authority of authenticity.’” “But,” he added, “authenticity is necessary to convey the entire emotional experience of a story. To simulate the experience in a Hollywood studio is possible, but it would not evoke in an audience the same experience as the real thing.” In keeping with his convictions, Mr. Spiegel has taken his camera crews to the far corners of the earth — always, it must be said, with notable success.

Produced at a cost of $3,000,000, The Bridge on the River Kwai is authentic in every detail. Since it was impracticable to produce the film in the jungle country of Malaya described by Pierre Boulle in the novel on which the picture is based, Ceylon was selected because it closely resembles the original locale. Every effort was made to produce with complete fidelity the prison camp in which British prisoners of war lived, and the conditions under which they were forced to work as slave laborers on the infamous “Death Railway” — so called because in the course of its construction more than 100,000 British soldiers perished from hunger, exposure, exhaustion, or disease.

It was not difficult to enlist the support and the cooperation of the British and the Ceylonese governments, but it was another matter entirely to win the approval of the government of Japan. Finally, however, Mr. Spiegel convinced the Japanese officials that the picture was not intended to engender hatred and bitterness against the Japanese, but that its high purpose was to point up the appalling cost of war in human suffering, in human lives, and in material resources. It seems to me that the film does portray with crushing effectiveness the terrible cost and the utter futility of war. In addition, however, it reflects the magnificent strength and the invincible courage of the human spirit when it is pitted against evil forces that endeavor to degrade and to enslave. This is a penetrating study of the irony and the madness of war. Surely, from time immemorial men must have looked on the horror and the chaos of war and echoed the words spoken by the British physician in the closing scenes of The Bridge on the River Kwai. Gazing on a hideous scene of death and destruction, the doctor, in his anguish, repeats over and over again, “Madness! Madness! Madness!”

The Bridge on the River Kwai is a memorable film. It may even be, as many have said, one of the great films in motion-picture history. Small wonder, then, that in addition to many other honors, it won no less than seven Oscars when the Academy Awards were made in March — including the award as the best picture of 1957. Alec Guinness received an Oscar for his superb portrayal of the heroic Colonel Nicholson, and David Lean’s brilliant work was rewarded by the Academy Award for the best direction of the year. In addition, there were Oscars for the song which bears the film’s title, for outstanding cinematography, and for the screen script written by M. Boule.

Co-starring with Mr. Guinness are William Holden, Jack Hawkins, James Donald, and Sessue Hayakawa. These fine players are impressive and wholly convincing in the roles assigned to them. The supporting cast is exceptionally well chosen, and the technicolor photography is glowingly beautiful.

The Brothers Karamazov (M-G-M, Richard Brooks) is a dark, violent, and intensely dramatic film. Although it lacks the depth and the perception of the great Dostoevsky’s monumental exposition of the eternal struggle between good and evil, the picture is well worth seeing for its fine acting and for the exquisite Metrocolor photography. Yul Brynner, Maria Schell, Claire Bloom, and Lee J. Cobb are the principals in a notable cast.

Other fine films being shown at present include A Gift of Love (20th Century-Fox), a run-of-the-mill tear jerker; Bonjour Tristesse (Columbia, Otto Preminger), adapted from a shallow, repulsive, and morbid tale from the pen of the precocious French writer Francaise Sagan; and Cowboy (Columbia, Delmar Daves), an offbeat western which attempts to present a realistic picture of a cowboy’s way of life in the turbulent days of the early West.

In the line or two of space still left to me I want to register a vigorous protest against the Mike Hammer series on CBS-TV. Here we have a total disregard of all moral or ethical values.
SOLILOQUY

A few moments ago the clock struck midnight... I listened a little more thoughtfully tonight, since it was marking the beginning of another birthday.... This is the way birthdays should begin — in the quiet of midnight.... The clock on the shelf, the trains rumbling in the distance, the glow of the lamp, the candle before the cross on the wall, the book that has slipped to the floor, the night beyond my window — I am still surrounded by the symbols of life and time.... But for a moment they are only symbols.... Time tonight to touch the reality beyond.... To catch the strains of an everlasting Sanctus....

In the physical world we must be near a thing to see it clearly.... In the world of the spirit, however, we get our truest view of things when we are farthest removed from them.... Life and the world are always smaller than we think, but we must get away from them before we see how small they really are.... Our failure to do this is the curse of our time.... Not war and strife and hate, but the nearsightedness of men which makes near things look important....

Christian men and women have thought and written much about the comfort in the thought of eternity.... No one in our generation has yet written a good book on the immunizing value of it.... Somehow we must again care less for what others think or say and more for what we look like in the light of the Beyond....

In this light the royalty of our dreams, no matter what the years may bring, remains inviolable.... Only in our failure to do this lies the sorrow of growing older.

AND HISTORY

Crowded into the file are scores of quotations from writers on the meaning of history.... An important subject in our time.... What is history? A straight line moving up or down?.... Or a series of concentric circles?.... Or a spiral in which certain situations occur and recur, but never quite at the same level?.... A few years ago Mr. Ralph Adams Cram aroused much attention with the theory that history moves in cycles of five hundred years.... No civilization is able to carry the weight of its own mistakes longer than that.... Perhaps.... A few years ago the Chicago Daily News presented some quotations which have a bearing on the question....

“The whole country teems with seditious publications.... and unless the sensible and honest part of the community is active in counteracting their effect, the form of our government may easily be subverted....”

“Soldiers, I lead you into the world’s most fertile plains. Rich provinces and large towns shall lie at your feet; it is there you will find honor, fame, and riches. Soldiers of the Italian army, will you fail in bravery and persistence?”

“The rumor of an imminent invasion seemed to be credited here yesterday, and even confirmed.... It is now said that the attack will fall upon the coast of Essex and Norfolk.... All troops are in movement.... The regulars are concentrated at the points exposed to the greatest danger.... Attention is still being paid to the possible projects of the enemy in Ireland....”

“When England realizes the seriousness of the game she is playing she will be forced to give up the blockade.... I really do not know what preventive measures she can take to protect herself from the terrible danger that hangs over her. How foolish is a nation that has no army and no fortifications, and yet risks invasion by a force of 100,000 picked men. That is the masterpiece of our flotilla. It costs money; but we need only six hours to be masters of the sea — and England ceases to exist....”

“The continent is now subdued. The whole of it, Russia excepted, has fallen before the arms of one nation; and that nation is our implacable enemy. To see so many of the works of centuries swept down, one upon another, like the pines of America yielding to the force of the hurricane.... to contemplate this picture the heart sickens within one.”

The editorial writer points out that these items are statements of William Windham in Parliament, February, 1793; Napoleon, to his troops, March 27, 1796; The London Post, October 11, 1803; Napoleon, June 9, 1805; William Cobbett, December 4, 1806.... So what? The editor of the News believes that “from history we learn that we learn nothing from history.”.... Not quite.... The past may serve as a warning or a challenge — but it must serve.... While it may be true that we have not yet learned to make the experience of the human heart cumulative, the task is in itself not impossible.... History speaks, and we must hear....