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Comment on the Significant News by the Editors

Toward the Summit

It is not hard to understand President Eisenhower's obvious reluctance to take part in another summit conference. As Mr. Dulles pointed out years ago, Russian leaders since 1917 have all but destroyed one of the most valuable tools of diplomacy by making the ancient and honorable institution of the conference a propaganda device. This being the case, they can hardly expect the West to come to any conference with them in a spirit of trust and hope.

There are reasonable and honorable avenues of escape from the present apparent impasse in East-West relations. But they are reasonable and honorable only if it can be established that the Russians actually want peace and are not merely looking for another opportunity to one-up the West. We could, for instance, buy the Rapacki plan for a disengagement zone in West and East Germany, Poland, and Czechoslovakia if we had any reason to suppose that this plan was being set forth as an honest attempt to reduce the danger of war in middle Europe and not as a scheme for strengthening the Russian strategic position in that area. We would be willing to consider Khrushchev's proposal that separate peace treaties be negotiated with East and West Germany if it carried the proviso that the two Germanies would then be left free to determine their own futures. But we distrust the Russians even when they are bearing gifts and we think that the record of Russian duplicity over the past forty years is enough to clear us of the charge that we are of a naturally suspicious disposition.

As for Berlin, we agree wholeheartedly with the President that our position there is not subject to negotiation. We are as distrustful as anyone of a resurgent Germany, so our stubbornness on the Berlin issue is not that of a Germanophile. We just see no reason why we should yield any of the rights and privileges in Berlin that we managed to salvage from the over-generous concessions that we made to the Russians at the end of World War II. If there is a Berlin problem, it is of Russian creation. And if the Russians want to solve it, they need only do what we and the French and the British did: get out of Germany and let the Germans work out their own destiny.

President Eisenhower seems to have accepted the necessity of a summit conference as a gesture of friendship to our British allies. We can understand British fears that their small island would become a radioactive wilderness within hours of the outbreak of a general war, and we can see why they would grasp at any straw of hope for a settlement of differences which might lead to war. If a summit conference will offer them the least bit of hope and reassurance, we can afford the gesture. But there is no reason to delude ourselves with hopes that have no grounds in recent history or in the apparent present attitude of the Russian leaders. We do not foresee a general war in the predictable future. But neither do we foresee any easing of present tensions. We wish we did, but we don't.

Playing With Fire

When the cloud from a hydrogen bomb explosion rises into the stratosphere, radioactive particles are diffused through the stratosphere, eventually returning to the troposphere (the weather layer of the atmosphere), from which they fall to earth in rain. The precipitated radioactive material which occasions most concern is Strontium 90, which has an average life of forty years and which resembles calcium in its chemical properties. Strontium 90 is absorbed by plants and, when these plants are eaten by man or animals, it enters the body where it is absorbed, like calcium, by the bone tissue. An overdose of Strontium 90 may cause bone cancer or leukemia.

Other fission products pose equally serious threats, for even small amounts of radioactive materials in the
atmosphere may do damage to the genes, resulting, in future generations, in mutations, the great majority of which would be undesirable. Put more simply, increases in atmospheric radioactivity will increase the number of children born with hereditary birth defects.

Until recently it was assumed that the dangers associated with the release of radioactive materials in the atmosphere were at least partially offset by a slow rate of return of the fission products to earth. The fall-out from bomb clouds diffused through the stratosphere, for instance, was believed to return to the earth at a rate of fifty percent every seven years. On the basis of this estimate, it was believed that many of the short-lived fusion products would have decayed before they could return to earth. The seven-year figure has now been brought into question as a result of tests conducted in Nevada and the Pacific during the past three years. Maj. Gen. Herbert B. Loper of the Defense Department asserts that half of the radioactive material released in the stratosphere by a megaton-yield hydrogen bomb settles to the earth in only two years. Commissioner Willard F. Libby, of the Atomic Energy Commission, says that a re-study by the Commission indicates a rate of four years.

The layman is obviously in no position to judge among these varying estimates. He can, however, recognize the all-too-obvious fact that the experts are not able to agree among themselves— a fact which, in turn, suggests that perhaps we had better take a much closer look at what we are doing before we discharge any more radioactive debris into the atmosphere. Life on this planet lives within very narrow limits of tolerance and arguments that a little more radioactivity in the atmosphere won't hurt anything don’t impress the earth scientist who knows that a drop of just a few degrees in average summer temperatures would bring the glaciers back over large areas of the inhabited earth, that very slight decreases in rainfall would convert presently-productive lands into deserts, and that the loss of a few inches of soil would have disastrous consequences for the world’s food supply. The question, in other words, is whether we can afford to release any additional radioactive material into the atmosphere. And until that question is answered, prudence would dictate that we suspend atomic and hydrogen bomb testing.

"Issues at San Francisco"

We were interested in an editorial in the March issue of the American Lutheran entitled "Issues at San Francisco" because the staff of that magazine has a reputation for knowing what it is talking about and because, while its heart is in the right place, its reporting is always objective.

In the judgment of the American Lutheran editors, "inter-Lutheran affairs are not likely to be an issue at San Francisco" in June. Neither are the still-unresolved tensions within the Synodical Conference. Neither are proposals for doctrinal discussions with the National Lutheran Council. "The real issues confronting the Missouri Synod at San Francisco," the editorial says, "are internal," and then it goes on to mention the financial problem and the report of a committee which has been working on a study of the synodical structure.

We have no reason to question the accuracy of this forecast, but if it is accurate the situation calls for contrition and repentance. Finances and internal structures are means, not ends, and if there are problems in these areas the problems can be much more intelligently handled by technicians or specialists than by amateurs. The problems which the amateurs ought to be coping with are those which, by their very nature, are the business of every Christian: his relation to other Christians, his obligation to the non-Christian world, his duties as a light and a leaven in society, his responsibilities to the Truth, his relevance to the time and place to which God has called him.

There are tried and tested techniques for periodically mopping up accumulated deficits but the long-term solution to the problem of niggardly giving must be sought in theology and especially in that neglected branch of theology called eschatology. The search for some ideal internal structure can go on endlessly unless there is first of all some hard and prayerful thinking about just what it is that a church seeks to accomplish through its table of organization; and that, in turn, demands some very basic re-thinking of the doctrine of the Church.

This is a late hour in the history of man, and particularly of Western man. The best thing that could happen at San Francisco would be for the delegates to be made deeply and painfully conscious of the lateness of the hour and of the dimensions of the task which the Church is still called to do while it is still day. If we are going to talk about missions, let us frankly face up to the question of what a race-conscious church is going to say to the non-Caucasian nations which it seeks to convert. If we are going to talk about relations to other Christians, let us honestly ask ourselves whether our first concern is to safeguard the Truth or to preserve an old, well-loved, and extremely self-conscious denomination. If we are going to talk about the menace of rival ideologies, let us get clear in our own minds whether we oppose them on economic grounds or on theological grounds.

The proper study of mankind is not man, less still his institutional structures. The proper study of mankind is God— His ways and works and will. San Francisco would be a lovely setting for that kind of study.
One of my favorite publications is the seed catalog. It comes out in the month of February, and nothing is quite so satisfying, when the snow is heavy on the ground and cold winds are blowing, as looking at the pictures, in four colors, of fruits, vegetables, trees, and shubbery which I can grow in my own yard. All the specimens pictured are perfect. The tomatoes are plump and the right shade of red, the radishes are an ideal blend of pink and white, the trees are perfectly proportioned, and the shrubs grow thick and high.

Every year, before finishing the catalog, I resolve to try one of each variety pictured, and I have a mental sketch of my yard done over completely. Part of the pleasure lies in dreaming of outdoor work in the warm Spring weather, turning moist black dirt with a spade, and running granules of loam through the fingers.

Well, now it is May and time to do something about it. The prospect is slightly less pleasing, at the moment, and my list of items to order from the seed catalog has dwindled to a few packages of seed and a shrub or two. I fear my yard this year will look much the same as it did last.

One of the reasons for the diminished garden is that I have been disillusioned too often in the past by the difference between the picture of the item I bought and the final product. That beautifully formed tree full of leaves, which I ordered, turns out to be a package containing a small stick just a few feet high. The vegetable seeds produce food which is edible if not highly photogenic. Those flowers which were pictured with large and vari-colored blooms turn out to be rather dwarf-sized blossoms of one color.

One of the reasons so many people have gardens is that almost anyone can start one; it is the original do-it-yourself project. But the important thing about gardening is not just having the dream in February, but to have the ambition in May to start it and the fortitude in June, July, and August to keep it up. The person who has only the dream finds himself in May leaning on a hoe, hoping for the day when the ground will again be frozen and unworkable.

To maintain a garden you need the strength to overcome many hazards. First, the temptation to make the garden smaller this year comes about half way through the spading. And when the seed is finally in the ground, you are at the mercy of the elements. It takes a strong man to plant and replant seed which has been washed out by the heavy rain which came on the night the seed was planted. Even if the seed germinates, your garden, if it is like mine, is at the mercy of active children, careless dogs, and hungry rabbits. It is no wonder so many gardens are neglected after the middle of June.

But there are other frustrations in store for the eager gardener. These are psychological and much more discouraging. The worst thing that can happen to you is to live next door to someone with a “green thumb.” These people can grow anything with a minimum of attention and effort. After you have spent several days preparing a seed bed for your flowers and vegetables, the man next door comes out with a stick and some seeds. He pokes a hole in the ground with the stick, drops in a seed and covers it with his heel. In the next months you labor at your garden while he reads a book. Some of your vegetables and flowers are satisfactory, but not all came up. His garden is blooming wildly, the flowers are perfect, and the vegetables look like the pictures in the seed catalog. I don’t understand it, but I do know it can drive you wild.

Then there is the fellow who has all the equipment. It can make you feel completely inadequate to stand there with your rusted spade, a hoe with a cracked handle, and a rake with missing teeth, and watch him use his power cultivator and nineteen different implements, plus a panel-truck-load of chemicals. Strangely enough, the difference in your two gardens is negligible in the final results, so if you can outlive the original embarrassment, this type of frustration isn’t so bad.

Despite these set-backs and frustrations, most of us start a garden each year. There must, therefore, be some satisfactions involved in raising a garden, and there are. In the first place, in the early days of Spring the garden gives you an excellent opportunity or excuse to be outside exercising. The feel of the warm sun on your back, the balmy breezes, and the appearance of newly-turned earth are experiences one always enjoys.

Then, too, gardening is creative, for you take these insignificant looking seeds, drop them in the ground, and out come beautiful flowers and tasty vegetables. Even if your vegetables are far from perfect, they will taste better than any you could buy, and the greatest taste thrill is to eat a radish, a Spring onion, or a tomato which you have just pulled from your own garden.
The Question of the University as a Community
A Suggestion from the Theology and Philosophy of Paul Tillich

By ROBERT P. SCHARLEMANN
Instructor in Philosophy
Valparaiso University

To describe the task and nature of an academic community is in itself formidable. To try to do so on the basis of a system of theology and philosophy which is so intricately worked out as that of Harvard's University Professor Paul Tillich is a task doubly formidable. Moreover, the fact that Tillich, as the world's ranking Lutheran-Protestant theologian, unceasingly shatters the Lutheran tendency to complacency and self-preoccupation complicates the task even more. But one has, in any case, the consolation that David is said to have given himself as he marched out to meet Goliath: "At least, the target is big enough."

In looking around for a title, one might have first thought of something like, "Tillich's views on Lutheran education." But that would be impracticable, especially because his conception of Lutheranism and his references to it are made not in view of its American type, which he probably regards as non-genuine, but rather of the German type. The American type is, like American culture in general, still characterized by the "happy backwardness"1 of its precritical stage.

Hence the title above. The title should indicate that this article is not just a reporting but an intentional interpretation and application of the views of Tillich as theologian and philosopher. I do not pretend that Tillich has said everything which is in this article; I do, however, think that the content of it is in basic harmony with his expressed views. But I would urge the reader, as a safeguard against misunderstanding, that he should read all parts in view of the other parts and of the whole of the article.

Furthermore, this essay has arisen not out of the curiosity of seeing where Tillich's views might take us but rather out of the conviction that if a church-related university hopes to survive as both, university and religiously-oriented community, one of the few major alternatives open to it is a view like that of Paul Tillich. Indeed, I am convinced it is the only alternative open to Lutheranism, now that such formerly claimed advantages of the church-related college as its familiarity and attention to individuals are rapidly becoming the property of the 'secular' institutions as much as of the 'Christian' ones.

1. Double quotation marks around single words or phrases enclose expressions which Tillich uses; single quotation marks enclose words which I am using in a modified, emphasized, or quasi-technical sense. The problem of a 'Lutheran university' is like that of a 'Christian philosophy.' In one sense, both cases are impossibilities. If philosophy is conceived to be one which serves the demands of a fixed statement of the Christian faith, it is not philosophy and it is not Christian except in a distorted way; for it has been the conviction of the Christian Church from the beginning that in Jesus the "universal Logos" appeared. Similarly, if a Lutheran university is conceived as one at which the presumed or actual demands of a denominational theology are imposed upon the academic activity, then it cannot remain simultaneously a university, serving the quest of pure reason, and denominationally Lutheran, serving the demands of a church organization.

To subject the teaching and research of a university to the 'requirements of the faith' or to confessional formulations uncritically received is, in the word Tillich adopts, "heteronomous" subjection. Heteronomy is the subjection of reason to something which claims to be reason's Depth; in religious terms, it is the subjection of creatures to false gods who claim to be God. The Depth of reason is that which "precedes" the structure; it is always manifest but never exhausted in any rational structure: as manifest it is Ground, and as inexhaustible it is Abyss. If, therefore, the 'requirements of faith' or of confessional statements are placed outside reason, as happens when, for example, it is claimed that there is a point at which the critical question of reason is presumptuous, they, because they are 'outside' of reason, parade as reason's Depth. But the claim of a formulation or of a way of understanding the faith to be beyond reason is a false one, and if it enforces its claim with political or social power, it subjects reason heteronomously.

Thus, when a revivalist demands a certain kind of experience (a feeling of remorse) as prerequisite to salvation; or when a Fundamentalist demands the repetition of certain statements as prerequisite to faith; or when a theologian demands the unconditional acceptance of certain denominational formulations: that demand is heteronomous. For it in effect equates a certain structure (an experience; a statement; a way of expressing) with that which is beyond structure, the Depth of reason. In effect the preacher or the theologian in such cases proclaims that God is to be found in this experience and not in that one ('You...
cannot be saved unless you feel remorse”), or in this way of speaking and not in that one, or in this formulation and not in that one.² But on what basis can that be proclaimed, except on the basis of an arbitrary elevation of a finite thing to the level of the infinite and divine?

In the long run, heteronomy leads to rebellion and destruction. Reason reasserts itself against the false claim, and prophecy testifies against it as idolatry. If, therefore, at a Lutheran university, whether by a required special statement of faith or just by a vague but effective kind of feeling of friendliness and the demand to be ‘nice,’ the attempt is made to impose upon the various disciplines limitations in their quest and statement of truth, it is not possible that such an institution would be able to be at once a university and a servant of the limiting claims. The fact that an institution would be able to be at once a university and must, directly or indirectly, deal with Christianity’s message.

Similarly, a Lutheran university is possible and actual in the sense that there are de facto colleges which have been founded and nourished on a Lutheran substance, however minimal and amorphous; institutions which at some point in their history consciously decide for or against that tradition — if not in theory at least in practice. Some of the material that an academician on such a campus uses is directly or indirectly influenced by Christianity. In that sense all Western philosophy is Christian. It may, indeed, be intentionally anti-Christian, as in the case of Nietzsche, but it cannot be pre-Christian or non-Christian as could Greek philosophy and Jewish religion, for even the Anti-Christ is dependent upon the appearance of the Christ. With Christianity came a New Reality and a new way of experiencing reality; and unless philosophy arbitrarily restricts itself to a special area or to a special method, it employs material from a Christian culture and must, directly or indirectly, deal with Christianity’s message.

Again, however much an academician on a Lutheran campus may have in common with one on a Roman Catholic campus, the difference in “destiny” remains: the Lutheran is heir to (e.g.) Luther’s reception of Revelation through his experience that he could lose the church without losing the Church and, by implication, that he could lose faith without losing Faith; whereas the Roman Catholic tradition at one point rejected that radical experience, even though the very manifoldness of the Roman tradition would leave room for an approximation of that experience.

Again, an Anglican (say) can be unLutheran without being anti-Lutheran, but one who is conscious of the Lutheran tradition as he receives it in his denomination, cannot be unLutheran without by that very fact being anti-Lutheran; that is to say, he must decide for or against a concrete Lutheranism whereas an Anglican is able to — and probably will with thanksgiving — ignore it. Even if a Lutheran chooses to ignore his Lutheran tradition, that very ignoring constitutes a rejecting of it in practice, though not in actual assertion.

The further question beyond that of the possibility of a Christian or Lutheran university is the problem of the relation of the various disciplines of the university: of the natural sciences, the historical sciences, and the arts to philosophy and theology.

². A caution: This does not mean that all statements of religious truth are of equal value, but rather that they have their own criterion (see Section III, D, 2).
A. As far as the natural sciences are concerned, there is no common ground between them and theology and philosophy which would make possible a synthesis between them and Christian theology or philosophy. There cannot, therefore, be a conflict between ‘science and religion’ or ‘science and ontology,’ just as there cannot be a synthesis between them. A physicist at a Lutheran university works in the same way as a physicist at a non-Lutheran one. As physicist he is concerned with a realm of beings which he approaches cognitively by means of his special methods. But philosophy and theology are concerned not with a special realm of beings or with a special method but with Being itself. The natural sciences are concerned with the structural laws that determine reality; philosophy and theology are concerned with the structure of Being itself, or of Reality as a whole.

Now, indeed, it can happen and has happened that there have been conflicts and attempted syntheses between science so-called and religion so-called and philosophy so-called. But where they occur, they are conflicts (syntheses) either (a) between the hidden philosophy or theology of the scientist and the open theology or philosophy of the theologian or philosopher; or (b) between the hidden science of the philosopher or theologian and the open science of the scientist.

Thus, if a natural scientist insists that the Genesis account cannot be true in any sense simply because all scientific verification points to an evolutionary development and not a creation out of nothing, then he has uncritically extended his method beyond its proper scope and in so doing has become a philosopher. He maintains, in other words, that his methodology is universally applicable in the discovery of what it means to be. Against such “methodological tyranny” philosophy would reply, “On what grounds do you interpret being a single method?” If, furthermore, the scientist not only makes his method universal but does so with passion and “ultimate concern,” then he speaks also as theologian. Against the content of that ultimate concern theology would protest: “It is a false god.” —

In any case, the scientist’s conflict with the Genesis account of the origin of the world is not a conflict of his science against philosophy and theology, but of his philosophy or theology against another one’s.

Contrariwise, if a theologian maintains that the evolutionary account of the origin of man cannot be true because it is refuted by Moses who wrote Genesis at the inspiration of God Himself, then he imposes a foreign methodology upon an empirical science. In so universalizing his method, he speaks as a philosopher, and philosophy must ask for the grounds. In such a case, the conflict is between the hidden science of the theologian and the open science of the scientist; or even between the hidden philosophy of the both of them. In that situation, science will demand its rights against the “science” of the theologian; philosophy will insist on an adequate analysis of being; and theology will protest against the idolatry of the individual theologian or group of theologians.

Again, when religious writers or ‘Christian physicists,’ knowing of the insights of microphysics which have overturned some hypotheses about the calculability of the universe, use them in order to make room for miracles and human freedom, those writers and physicists have no justification for their procedure, neither from the standpoint of science nor from the standpoint of faith. Such a procedure is as disgraceful and misleading as it is unnecessary. It is a mistake that a ‘Christian physicist’ is one who keeps current with physics in order to find the most recent loopholes into which to place God’s works, as though one could locate God by locating the newest hole in the dike which He is for the moment stopping with His fist — until the engineers come along to repair it.

B. What holds for the natural sciences, holds also for the historical: there can be neither conflict nor synthesis between them and theology or philosophy, and, where such occur, they are between the various histories (hidden or open) or the various philosophies or the various theological theologies in the individuals involved in the conflict or synthesis.

History is concerned with facts — what actually happened. And it has its own methods of discovering, according to varying degrees of probability, what actually did happen. Thus, the historical question as to whether Jesus was born of a virgin is answered in terms of probability like any other historical question, as, for example, that of whether Caesar actually crossed the Rubicon in 49 B.C. The historical question as to whether a man called Jesus was crucified or whether he actually did what the writers of the New Testament say he did is, again, answered in terms of probability on the basis of factors like a critical evaluation of all available documents. And even if the probability is 100,000 to 1 that the account of the crucifixion is correct, it is still possible that further evidence would be decisive in establishing the opposite probability; namely, that the account is erroneous. It is for that reason that the attempts to found theology on the “historical Jesus” behind the Gospel accounts cannot be successful.

The historian as such is concerned with establishing the probability or improbability of events. When, however, he interprets those events; when he decides which of the infinite number of happenings is historically relevant; or when he makes assertions, implicit or explicit, about the significance of those events for human nature—then he approaches the properly philosophical task. Let us imagine, for example, that the evaluation of historical documents leads a historian to the conclusion that the tomb in which Jesus lay dead was in actuality probably not empty — notice that his

3. We can let pass the question whether there is a ‘Lutheran philosophy of basketball’ or what the Valparaiso University Crusaders crusade for.
conclusion on either side remains in the realm of probability —, if he then goes on to assert, “Therefore, the Christian religion is false,” he has gone beyond the boundaries of historical assertions; he has made an assertion which is at least philosophical, in that it implies a universal criterion of the true, and which may also be theological if it is the expression of ultimate concern — if, that is to say, he rejects Christianity’s claim in the name of another ultimate. Where that happens, the philosopher must again raise his critical question and the theologian must bear witness for or against the “ultimate concern” expressed or implied: for it, if it points to the true God, the Depth of reason, the Ground of being; against it, if it is a false absolutization of that which is not absolute.

Contrariwise, if a theologian should maintain that the tomb on Easter morning must in actual fact have been literally empty because, if it were not, his denominational confessions would be in error, then he is making an assertion which is at once philosophical (because it implies a universal criterion of the true) and also theological (because it contains an ultimate concern).

The fact that there are conflicts and attempted syntheses between science and religion, or history and philosophy, or, more recently, history and theology, points to a final characteristic of the distinction between these realms of knowledge: none of them is ever separate or “pure.” Every scientist has at least minimally a “vision” of the “universe and man’s predicament within it” or of “the totality of being” which consciously or unconsciously “determines the frame of his thought”; he cannot divorce himself from that total view completely, and when the view is conceptualized it is philosophy. Even less can the historian divorce himself from a view as to what is historically significant or what facts are relevant to the development of history; when that view is conceptualized, it is philosophy. This fact, that the various disciplines can be distinguished as elements in the actual work of the scientist, philosopher, etc., but cannot (and should not) be separated; or that the properly scientific, historical, etc., element may be predominant in the work of anyone but never be pure and exclusive, is the reason why supposed conflicts between science and religion (or philosophy), or history and philosophy (or religion), are so frequent.

C. Like science and history, so too art has no common ground with theology on the basis of which to establish a Christian or Lutheran art. But the reason for the lack of common ground is different in both cases. History, science, philosophy and theology all belong to man’s cognitive approach to reality (the former two being concerned with special realms, the latter two with reality as a whole); the arts belong to the realm of man’s aesthetic approach to reality — they seek to express primarily beauty rather than truth.

Nonetheless, art does have cognitive elements. And it is in respect to those cognitive elements that one speaks of a Christian art. There is a religious substance in culture, and culture (of which art is a part) is the form of that substance. In other words, art expresses indirectly and unintentionally what religion does directly and intentionally.

Thus, if one analyzes Picasso’s Guernica, one can formulate the cognitive elements in it; namely, the view of reality as fragmentary and meaningless. Such a formulation of that view does not communicate what the work of art communicates, for art opens up a dimension of reality that cannot be opened in any other way except through art. Art speaks, as it were, its own language which cannot be fully translated into statements about it. The statements that are made about the work of art or its subject express the cognitive element in it and not the properly aesthetic. But when the assertions are made by one who analyzes art’s “style,” then they can be judged from the standpoint of reason and of faith, for they give a clue as to how present-day man understands himself and his world. From this viewpoint one can analyze novels like Marquet’s Point of No Return (as it portrays the disappointment that follows not from false calculation but from misplaced faith); or Auden’s Age of Anxiety (as it echoes the superficial and mechanical nature of reality as it is experienced); or Kafka’s novels like The Trial (as they symbolize the anxiety of guilt); or even Pasternak’s Dr. Zhivago (as it opens up the ultimate meaning in the meaninglessness of the present situation). A conceptualization of the meaning of the “style,” as when one asserts, “There is finally no meaning in nature or history,” is a philosophical assertion and must be judged from the standpoint of “pure reason.” When the assertion is made with ultimate concern, it is theological and must be judged from the standpoint of the genuine Ultimate.

The artist as artist creates according to the norms of his art, though the norms need not be static ones; and art cannot be rejected by the theologian on the grounds (say) that it ‘does not teach justification by faith.’ It may indeed happen that the cognitive element in an artist’s work might be formulated as the assertion, “Man is justified by grace through faith,” or even as the rejection of that assertion. In the former case the artist has found ultimate meaning in a Lutheran symbol; in the latter case he has rejected a Lutheran symbol in the name of some other ultimate. If the former (or even the latter) happens without violence being done to the autonomous norms of art, then such an artist can be called a ‘Lutheran artist,’ (i.e., an artist influenced by Lutheranism), able to express aesthetically what he also expresses religiously or philosophically in affirming (or even rejecting) a concrete religious symbol. But, in any case, as far as his art is concerned that affirmation or rejection is unintentional and indirect.
D. Finally, there remains the question whose answer has been indicated at a number of points in the foregoing: that of the relationship between philosophy and theology. Both of them deal with reality as a whole, and it may seem that there is, therefore, no difference between them. In one sense that is correct; in another it is not correct.

1. Philosophy does indeed have a theological element always present in it as well as a more properly philosophical one; and the reverse holds also. For that reason, although theology and philosophy can be distinguished they cannot be separated in actual procedure. The theological dimension which is present in every philosophical system is to be found in that revelation of the ultimate ground and meaning of human existence, that self-manifestation of ultimate reality, that "mystical a priori," out of which the system has grown. An experience of the ultimate which has the "character of an ultimate decision about the meaning of reality" is at the base. The philosophical element, which grows out of the theological base, is an application of that intuition of being in a systematic way — however fragmentary it actually be — into an indefinitely large number of areas of life and thought. In principle, the application is made into all areas of reality; in point of fact, it is limited by the range of experience and capabilities of the individual philosopher. The theological element is to put it differently, the "vision" which gives the impulse; the philosophical element is the reflection upon the many sides of what was 'seen.' For that reason philosophy and theology, especially in their more creative forms, are "carried on by people in whom the passion of an ultimate concern is united with a clear and detached observation of the way ultimate reality manifests itself in processes of the universe." The element of detached observation and the element of ultimate concern are mutually corrective; they are correlative.

2. The only criterion, then, of the philosophical assertion is the judgment of pure reason. Pure reason is, of course, never actualized; it is a "place" which is no "place." But it is approached, and it is partially realized in all rational structures. A philosophical assertion cannot be rejected in the name of a particular science's methodology (as, for example, that of empirical verification), for that methodology is itself only a partial and incomplete realization of reason. Neither can it be rejected in the name of a theological truth, for theology is properly concerned with pointing to the Depth behind the structure while philosophy is concerned with the structure itself.

Furthermore, the criterion of a theological assertion is the adequacy of its interpretation of a religious symbol. And the criterion of the truth of a religious symbol is its power to express an ultimate concern as well as its own lack of ultimacy. Theological truth is, therefore, not irrational or illogical; rather, it uses logical structure to point to the Depth beyond the structure. Thus, the theological paradox is not illogical; it is rather correctly placed as that point which is the "boundary situation" of logical structure.

3. In the realms of essential being, philosophy and theology may diverge insofar as it is possible to make objective assertions about the essential nature of things without being "involved."

In the interpretation of existence, however, philosophy and theology may diverge insofar as it is possible to make objective assertions about the essential nature of things without being "involved."

From the foregoing we can see the possibility of a university as a community of faith. It is that institution where reason in all of its structures as well as the ideal of pure reason is served; where, moreover, the areas of knowledge are unified (not summarized) conceptually in philosophy and symbolically in religion; and where, finally, the religious symbols used are such that they do not tyrannize but rather appear as fulfillment and answer to all legitimate claims of the various endeavors.
Dietrich Bonhoeffer: The Cost of Discipleship

By Theodore J. Kleinhans
Chaplain, 53rd Fighter Group
U. S. Air Force

It was not a normal conversation — between the bronze statue and the German student. But then it was not a normal situation, there in the harbor of Barcelona, on an autumn night when the golden leaves of the chestnuts skipped across the cobblestones, and the sheen of the moon painted its trail over the waters.

Dietrich Bonhoeffer, twenty-two, lolled against the pilings, enchanted by the night. And atop the column, Christopher Columbus peered out through the darkness, as if he had been there since 1492.

It was a one-sided conversation. Was the German trying to bring Columbus up to date? They did not talk so much of the world’s problems as of those which Dietrich knew best — of his new job as vicar of the German flock in Barcelona, of his doubts and fears from the seminary, of the shadows of poverty and greed that were as common in Barcelona as in Berlin, of his hopes for the future.

With German thoroughness he was a theologian, a graduate of the University of Berlin, and it was difficult to see the world through any other glasses than those of a theologian. There in the slums of the Gothic Quarter, the disease and dirt and hunger made his stomach turn, that God and man would stand for such suffering. And when he thought of the cathedral, with all those shrines where one could hang an image of a heart or foot or kidney, in the hopes of a quick cure, he wondered whether he could even class Spain as Christian.

But when it came to a vote, he had to admit that Germany was no better than Spain. Though his own people were not so naive or superstitious, neither were they more religious. Columbus, being neither a Spaniard nor a German, nodded.

It was Columbus who ended the chat. “After all, Dietrich,” he confided, “look how old I was before they gave me the Nina and Pinta and Santa Maria. You — you’re scarcely twenty-two. Fresh out of school. And already you want to discover America. No, no, I mean — well, how would you put it? Bring your people back to God?”

Dietrich Bonhoeffer stirred from the timbers, tipped his hat gently to his friend, and trekked off into the night.

The Bonhoeffers had long been a family of note. Dietrich’s father taught psychology and neurology, first at the University of Breslau and later at Berlin. The eight children were a joy for any parents, lively, quick-witted, fond of music and the arts, wholesome good fun.

Dietrich may well have fallen in love with theology because of the stories of his grandfather, who was the private chaplain to the Kaiser. In any case he began reading for the ministry when he was fourteen. By the time he entered Tuebingen three years later, he was an up-and-comer. At Berlin, too, where professors of Harnack’s stature sat at the podiums, the name of Dietrich Bonhoeffer carried weight. At graduation his first book was ready for the press.

Everyone knew that young Dietrich would make a good instructor. But he was not yet ready to teach. Instead he was off to Spain and to the parish of Germans in Barcelona — engineers, tradesfolk, students, sailors. A year later he came back to Berlin as a lecturer in dogmatics.

The Scholar

In the midst of his work came the chance of a scholarship. At Union Seminary in New York his first book had found willing ears. He sailed for America. For a year he roamed the shelves of the library and the streets of Manhattan. He got as far afield as Mexico, on the grounds that the more he knew of the world, the more he would know of the world’s need for God. But he was not merely a wanderer. Work, work, work, was his motto. Ora et labora. In three years he turned out three books.

The Berlin of the early ’50’s was not the Berlin he had known in his teens. Even before Hitler came to power, Dietrich recognized National Socialism for the brutal evil that it was. He was somewhat of a conversation piece among the other theologians, who were quietly hoping that the political troubles would soon pass. Dietrich wanted to help them pass. Meanwhile he busied himself with his lectures and flung himself into an intriguing sideline — chaplain to the students at the Technological College.

The platform of the Nazis did not lie buried, for anyone whose eyes were open. Bonhoeffer’s were. He took to the printed page and the radio waves to denounce them for what they were. And his objections were not political, like so many, but religious.

One could not rob non-Aryans and call it just. One could not replace God with a Fuehrer. One could not use the Church as a platform for propaganda. One could not take the gods of German folklore and substi-
tute them for Jehovah. One could not steal a boy from his parents and kill his soul.

As the Nazis moved into the University, Bonhoeffer moved out. He insisted there could be no compromise. Not to resist meant being silenced, and silence was not the part of the Christian.

"Discipleship," he wrote, "is a visible act, which one holds high before the world — or else it is not discipleship. That's why discipleship is as obvious as a light in the dark or a mountain on a plain. Fleeing for safety is the denial of the call. And the church of Jesus Christ that wants to remain out of sight is no longer the confessing church."

For Germany and for the world these were stirring days. Foot by foot the outlook of the Nazis wormed its way into the life and thought of all Germans. Even the Church was not safe. With Hitler riding ever more firmly in the saddle, the pastor in the pulpit had to speak with caution, or be a marked man.

Church conferences like those at Barmen condemned the new order for its open opposition to God. Hundreds of clergymen put their names to statements and petitions. In time the voice of these loyal pastors grew into the Confessing Church. They opposed all who were sympathetic to Hitler, especially the "German Christians."

At twenty-seven Dietrich Bonhoeffer did not yet have the age or experience to put him atop the heap of the Confessing Church. Yet with his vast learning he was certainly in the front rank. And he had one vast advantage over others — his foreign friends, his contacts outside Germany.

To show the outer world what was happening was among the reasons he was eager to serve a congregation of his countrymen in London. For a year he not only ministered to the little flock but moved in the highest circles of Anglicans, winning friends in Church and government. His voice was a respected one, and outside Germany he was one of the first to point out what might happen if Hitler were allowed to run rampant.

The Confessor

But London was too far from Berlin to keep the young professor happy. He wanted to fight at the front, not at the rear. He came back to Berlin. By 1935 the Nazis had infiltrated the universities, and the leaders of the Confessing Church no longer felt that their students should be trained by those sympathetic to National Socialism, with all it stood for. They organized a seminary.

That the school was not authorized no one minded. Though the Gestapo knew of its activities, Hitler was not yet secure enough to squash it. Bonhoeffer became its director and guiding light. More than once, on the sandy shores of the Baltic, he and his students were forced to flee — from Finkenwalde to Schloenwitz to Sigurdshof. The Nazis could padlock the buildings as much as they liked. They could not silence the Word of God.

Perhaps there was no time quite so happy for Bonhoeffer as in Pomerania, in the simple villages of peasants and fishermen. With a score of students, he lived a full life, with classes in the shadow of a giant beech or fir, like a modern Aristotle.

The youths who sat at his feet worshipped him. That they came so far for their training, at a school that was not even a school, was his greatest tribute. Bonhoeffer, however, would have said it was not a tribute to him, but to God, that the hunger for His Word was so compelling.

To raise his voice at every chance, Dietrich served faithfully on the Youth Commission of the World Council of Churches. This gave him the chance to live a few days each year in Switzerland. There he could cultivate Karl Barth, who was now writing of Hitler with such vehemence that the Nazis had banned his books.

When the Gestapo interfered with the churches, they no longer acted under wraps. More than one local pastor had been jailed or threatened or killed. More than one synod had been interrupted. Bonhoeffer did not pull any punches. "When they attack the Church from the outside," he wrote, "it's exactly the same as if they were attacking the very body of Christ."

The crisis in the Sudetenland made the plans of Hitler clear. What he had promised in Mein Kampf was no mere promise. He would back it with bayonets. He would never stop at Czechoslovakia.

For Bonhoeffer this was the crossing of the Rubicon. The young professor plunged even deeper into the fight of the Confessing Church. In his sermons and writings he talked of a fight to the finish. Don't succumb, he told the Church, if you want to call yourself a Church.

From his Lutheran background Bonhoeffer might have put up with injustice, at least for a time. His personality was that of a pacifist. When he was younger, he had even wanted to visit Mahatma Gandhi. But now he leaped into battle.

Through his sister and her husband Hans von Dohnanyi he joined a circle of liberals, whose motive was to oppose Hitler. A year earlier Dietrich might have fought solely with weapons of the Church, but now that the picture was clear, it was not merely a matter of saving the Church but of saving all Germany.

When he saw what Hitler was doing, he could think only of a man obsessed, a man who was the embodiment of the Antichrist. "When a crazy man races through the streets with a car, is it my job as a Christian pastor only to comfort or bury those who have been run down? Must I not also jump out and try to stop him?"

As the shadows of the war lengthened, Bonhoeffer's friends in London and New York knew that he was a
marked man. As one who had much to contribute to the Church, his life ought not to be risked. They arranged a series of lectures at American universities. At first Bonhoeffer was thrilled by the invitation. But he had not been in the United States more than a few months when he began to feel as if he were a traitor.

The time my church needs me, he kept telling himself, is now. Not after the war. And if I sit out the war in America, who am I to tell my people what to do? And back he went.

For the first two years of the war, Hitler floated on the wings of his blitzkrieg and the power of his panzers. What little opposition he had on the home front was meaningless. He could overlook it. Bonhoeffer was not even summoned to don a uniform. He spent his time either for the Confessing Church or for the liberal Opposition.

All the same his comments and movements were not unnoted. Early in the war he made a trip to neutral Sweden, where he and the Bishop of Chichester, an old companion of his days in London and long a friend of Lutherans, traded information. Had there been an early and reasonable peace, the backing of the churchs would have proved useful. But this was not to be.

As the battle grew bloodier, and the open bombing of cities snatched for the jugular vein, Bonhoeffer was more and more torn in his conscience. What should a Christian pastor do? What should a Christian nation do? Was it morally right to try to kill Hitler, now that he was clearly a madman and a tyrant?

On the one hand there was the commandment—"Thou shalt not kill." On the other was the whole future of the race. As Caiaphas had once phrased it, "Is it not expedient that one man should die for the people, and that the whole nation perish not?"

His friends objected that this was the false philosophy which brought about the death of Christ. But Bonhoeffer pointed to the verse which followed—that Caiaphas did not speak on his own account, but because he was high priest. In other words, it might be wrong. But it was a question of lesser evil for greater good.

The Prisoner

On April 5, 1943, Dietrich Bonhoeffer was no longer free. Early in the morning the Gestapo raided his parents' home. They took him in handcuffs to the prison at Tegel. In the outskirts of Berlin he began his long imprisonment.

For Bonhoeffer the iron bars did not make a cage. His body could be imprisoned, but not his spirit. There was no shutting off of the warmth of his soul. Among the warders and sweepers there was a rivalry to help smuggle out his letters and poems. Pastors and students bombarded him with tokens of friendship—cigars, candy, flowers, notes, books. In Tegel at least, he was allowed to write, and the long hours of quiet to a mind so stored with ore were a blessing in disguise.

Earlier in his life he had been a theologian. Now that there was time for more, he also became something of a philosopher and poet. But even in his prison he did not lose himself. His first concern was for his fellow prisoners. Could he arrange a service at Christmas or at Harvest Festival? Could he give private communion? Could he comfort those who were condemned to hang?

Officially he was allowed none of these, but in practice his jailers were wont to wink an eye. Though he was not really permitted to write, in terms of the regulations, the censor made sure he had paper and ink.

And when the letters came—the poems, the chapters of his ethics—his parents and friends often hid them away between the tiles and the roof, where they would be safe from the Gestapo. If with a change of guards he could not mail his writings, somehow or other, during his half hour in the courtyard, one of the janitors would volunteer to deliver them.

The first year of his imprisonment was hardly a curse. What he had always loved as a boy he could now rediscover at leisure. How an ant could carry a twig three times her size. How a titmouse built her nest. How one could chant the old plainsongs of Palestrina. How the autumn leaves of the beech first yellowed at the top and then flowed down over the whole tree.

His letters to his parents pictured what love he had known. At Christmas he yearned to be with them. He missed the clean tang of the Advent wreath, the cinna­monic spiciness of the stolen, the rollicking laughter of the youngsters, the happy singing round the crib of the Christ Child, the musty aroma of the candles.

But he knew they would miss him even more. "I don't have to tell you," he wrote his mother, "how much I miss you. But then for decades you have given us such wonderful Christmases that their memory is powerful enough to lighten even so dark a Christmas as this." . . . "And that Christ was born in a stall because there was no room in the inn—all this a prisoner can appreciate even more than one who is free, because the fellowship with Christ leaps over all boundaries of time and space. Even the months of imprisonment lose their meaning."

By the summer of 1944 a group of generals was seriously plotting to kill Hitler, the plot that came to be known as the 20th of July. The bomb that was to snuff out the Fuehrer's life only wounded him in the leg. The whole machinery of the plotters went crashing to smithereens.

For the Gestapo the 20th of July was the last straw. So far in the war, Hitler had tolerated opposition. Now everyone was suspect—officers, diplomats, teachers, malcontents, even the families of those who were accused. In the dragnet thousands of suspects were hauled off to prison. One had only to be an intellec-
tual, or to be a friend of one, to be carted away.
Though Bonhoeffer had been imprisoned long before the 20th of July, many of his associates were directly implicated. More than that, with the third Reich falling in pieces about his ears, Hitler grew daily more maniacal. What was harmless in 1940 was now a capital crime. By the autumn of 1944, Bonhoeffer was transferred from Tegel to the chief security center on the Prinz Albrechtstrasse.

With bombs falling on all sides, not even a prison was safe. The walls of the Prinz Albrechtstrasse came tumbling down. The prisoners moved to the concentration camp at Buchenwald. But the approach of the Allies and the rain of bombs scattered the prisoners again and again. By now the very air breathed of desperation, of mad irresponsibility.

The Martyr
When he arrived at Flossenburg at the end of March, 1945, Bonhoeffer knew that he must soon drink his bitter cup to the dregs. He worked while it was day. The commandant gave him permission to hold services, there among the families of those who had opposed the Fuehrer. Ten days was all he had at Flossenburg. Hitler had too many scores to pay before the Allies came. It was Himmler who signed the death warrant.

There in his cell, with a noose about the neck, Bonhoeffer lifted his face to the heavens and welcomed his Maker. He did it with the same sense of venturing which had marked his every breath. “Each man,” he said, “has his own portion. One man God will deem worthy of great suffering. He will bless him with the gift of martyrdom. Another he will not allow to be tempted more than he is able.”

THE CHAMPION
His shell was knit with steel, denser
Than a yard of ocean floor,
And though his eyes looked nowhere, there
Were times I thought his face had crashed
Into a shovelful of stars.

His desk had been a neighbor since
Last fall when he first sat there like
A gorge at dusk which no one guessed
How wild with winter it might be,
Until one day when robinshadows
Blushed and stained their shapes on grass
I chanced to ask if he would like
To see next Saturday’s track meet.

At first I thought he had a mind
To say he’d come along; but no,
He could not or he would not go.
Yet it was not his No I marked,
It was the way that he declined.

For when I made this friendly move
His face unlocked and apriled like
A peony; and then there flashed
Like sleet ing rain across my mind
An understanding insight that
Revealed the secret in his eye:
Metallic as the pair of braces
Which had forged his steel shell.

ROBERT EPP
"Sweet Bird of Youth," the latest Tennessee Williams, will be the last of his plays of violence if we can trust his public avowal. "I think that the phase of violence in my plays has just about come to an end," he said in a recent interview, "I'm not attracted by violence as much as I was."

In "Orpheus Descending" the hero was torn to bits by dogs; in "Suddenly Last Summer" he was killed and partly devoured by Spanish urchins while the heroine was threatened by mental castration through brain surgery. In his latest play, Williams has toned down the violence a bit, restricted it to one incident on stage when the Heckler is kicked to death, to the mentioning of the castration of a Negro boy and the same fate waiting in the wings for our hero when the final curtain falls. He has also toned it down by sweetening it with poetry, that inimitable prose-poetry of his in which he makes us read between the lines of life. There are the familiar Tennessee Williams ingredients, the four D's: dissipation, degradation, doom, and destruction. The woman: a movie-star who cannot age gracefully, who wants to hold on to youth and glamour — and tries it with dope and with buying young men for illusion and sex hunger. The blackmailing gigolo: a frustrated boy, who wants to regain the lost innocence of his youth and his sweetheart. When she was fifteen, this girl — no doubt symbolically called Heavenly — gave herself, body and soul, to this boy and still loves him years later when he returns to claim her. But meanwhile she has become a high-class strumpet and he a gigolo. Surgery had to be performed on her, depriving her of her womanhood; and her father, the "Big Boss" of the South, racist and villain with a capital V, who had prevented their marriage when they were young and innocent, because the boy did not seem to be good enough for her — this incarnation of dictatorial brutality is now out to "get the boy" and to have him castrated.

It is a stark melodrama and, in Elia Kazan's production, even more so since he has a knack for whipping up emotions to the point of hysteria. Geraldine Page as the aging motion-picture star has risen to awe-inspiring greatness as an actress. Paul Newman is the gigolo and gains human depth — but in the last act.

The play is daringly written, and only such a craftsman as Tennessee Williams can get away with omitting an obligatory scene as vital as the final meeting of the two lovers, with having his characters tell the audience their past life in page-long asides — one of the first
don'ts you are taught in a playwriting class. These breaches of the rules are effective because the writing is effective, and good writing knows no rules. During these monologues the other person on stage would often freeze, but then suddenly get a word in edgewise. The villainies and depravities depicted in this play are monstrous. There are only two decent persons in a cast of more than twenty: the Heckler who, as the symbol of resistance to evil and of self-sacrifice, gives the play a more universal importance; and Aunt Nonnie, who has humanity and understanding for love and life that need not be plunged into vileness and violence.

Tennessee Williams, like a good boy, promised publicly that he has done with this kind of plays. God bless him. He is a good writer, a poet at heart, and if he keeps his promise we can expect some really great plays from him.

A different kind of excitement is generated by the "Royal Gambit" in the little off-Broadway Sullivan Street Playhouse. A German dramatist, Herman Gressieker, has written a bold play which does the same to the conventional form and strict structure of playwriting intellectually that Tennessee Williams did in a more emotional way. He took as central figure Henry VIII. You would not believe that one can still write an electrifying play about Henry VIII and his six wives. Gressieker did because he gave this figure a fourth dimension. He sees in him the symbol of modern man as he developed from the Renaissance to our scientific age, and demonstrates it in three acts and historic phases while showing his domestic troubles.

In the main, Herr Gressieker wrote a thesis play in which he proved how modern man has learned to rationalize his actions and sins ("It was my royal obligation to test your fertility," he has Henry say to Jane Seymour when he is about to leave her and exchange her for another woman). The author tries to show how modern man has invented his new brand of conscience. The most interesting facet of this dramatic discussion between six women and a weak man is the intellectual depth which rests with the women. Henry VIII is used as a catalyst, and all the dramatist has to say is echoed by the female characters. Luckily, there are six of them. For Hermann Gressieker has a lot to say, and a great deal of it — in the excellent adaptation of George White and in a skilful production staged by Philip Lawrence — sounds stimulating and exciting.
From the Chapel

The Heavenly Teacher

By Jaroslav J. Pelikan
Associate Professor of Historical Theology
The Divinity School
The University of Chicago

"The Counselor, the Holy Spirit, whom the Father will send in my name, he will teach you all things, and bring to your remembrance all that I have said to you."

Anyone who is engaged, as all of us are, in the process of teaching and study must frequently ponder the deeper meaning of the process. What it means to teach and what it means to learn is a question with which we all must deal, however superficial our answers to it may be. A Christian university exists in order to deal with that question from the special perspective of the Christian faith and tradition. A chapel on the campus of a Christian university exists in order to provide that perspective.

Now the season of the Christian year in which we gather today is peculiarly appropriate to the consideration of what it means to teach and to study. For the Holy Spirit, whose coming this Pentecost season commemorates, celebrates, and promises, is cast in the role of the Heavenly Teacher. More even than our Lord Jesus Christ, it is the Holy Spirit who is said to teach God's faithful people: for our Lord Jesus Christ carries on His teaching ministry through the presence of the Holy Spirit among God's faithful people. As the text says, "The Counselor, the Holy Spirit, whom the Father will send in my [Christ's] name, he will teach you all things, and bring to your remembrance all that I have said to you." Hence we who are engaged in the process of teaching and study have special reason to reflect upon the power of Pentecost.

Thus it is as a teacher and a student that I speak to you teachers and students about that Teacher whose students we all are. And that is the first observation we must make about the difference between the Heavenly Teacher and the university professor. We can never outgrow the Heavenly Teacher. Part of my function as a professor is to make my students outgrow me. Part of my temptation as a professor is to make my students into disciples and to prevent them from ever outgrowing me. A professor, like a parent, must often experience the pain of seeing his pupil grow up and not need him any more. Yet we know that to make you into disciples would do violence both to you and to us, and therefore we bid you to transcend us and to go beyond what we have been and done. Any teacher who does not know what I am saying would do well to consider the demonic possibilities of the teaching process in which he is involved.

Refusing to let you outgrow me is demonic because there is only One from whose fullness we have all received, grace upon grace. When Jesus said to His disciples, "Neither be called masters, for you have one master, the Christ," He was pointing them beyond the process of teaching and growth to the inexhaustible riches of divine wisdom and knowledge. It is to these riches that this Pentecost season also points us, asking us to pause amid our teaching, research, and study and to meditate upon the one Teacher who is always more ready to teach than we are to learn. From His school we can never be graduated; for that which He provides is no mere information about a sacred history, but a participation in the primordial Rock from which we are hewn. Professors may offer new courses, but the Heavenly Teacher offers us a grounding in the very Foundation of our being. That is why we can never outgrow Him. What He gives us is nothing less than the life and breath of God, without which we cannot live, much less learn! Outgrowing the Holy Spirit would be like outgrowing life, for He is the Lord and the Giver of life, as the Church confesses.

Because we can never outgrow the Heavenly Teacher, we can always expect to learn something new from Him. Jesus promises in the text: "He will teach you all things." The Holy Spirit is the Ground of novelty in the Church. He opens new vistas of experience and excitement in the Christian life. Over and over in the history of the Church, when it seemed that the winter would never end and that all life in the Church had succumbed to organizational, dogmatic, or secular cold waves, the Spirit blew over the face of the deep as He had over the primeval chaos; and suddenly, as in the days of St. Francis, the whole Church began to thaw under the springtime of the Spirit. New insight into the mission of the Church; a new dedication to the unity of the Church; new zeal for the holiness of the Church; new recognition of the relevance of the Church — these and other new mornings have dawned in a sleepy Christendom, and continue to dawn, because the Holy Spirit is there to teach us all things and to lead us into all truth.

But when the Holy Spirit teaches us something new, we discover that it is actually a deeper insight into something ancient. The text says that the Spirit "will
teach you all things, and bring to your remembrance all that I have said to you.” The interesting quality of this Teacher and of His teaching is that it is, in St. Augustine’s words, “ever ancient, ever new.” We may believe in letting bygones be bygones, and therefore we may find ancient history quite dull. But this ancient history, the record and proclamation of the deeds of God in Jesus Christ, has the power of renewing the forms in which we try to capture it. In our Lord Jesus Christ there dwells the fullness of God’s power and wisdom, but at no single point do we grasp His fullness. Because the Spirit always has more to say to us than He has already said, the hearing of the Word of God continues to produce happy surprises. The teaching Spirit takes us by the hand and leads us into the garden of God, where we continually find flowers we never dreamt of before. The sayings and parables of Jesus speak with a freshness to every new generation of believers, as though they had never really spoken to anyone before.

Above all, it is the meaning of the Cross of Christ that is “ever ancient, ever new.” The Holy Spirit is God at work, making the Cross of ancient history a part of our history. He shapes our life and thought to conform it to the pattern of the Cross. Then, when we know that we dare not trust in ourselves, the Spirit teaches us to find in the Christ of Good Friday and Easter the ever new Hope of God’s help and deliverance. For the curious thing about Christian hope for the future is that it, too, is a dimension of Christian memory. As St. John’s First Epistle describes this dimension, “Beloved, we are God’s children now; it does not yet appear what we shall be, but we know that when He appears we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is.” The fulfillment of the Christian future is actually the realization of the Christian past. The Heavenly Teacher thus gives us novelty and hope as He brings to our remembrance all that Christ has said to us and done for us.

So if you have learned much from your teachers and hope to learn still more from them, pay heed to the Heavenly Teacher, who can instruct both them and you. And if you are bored with your teachers and persuaded that all you ever get from them is the same old stuff, listen to the Holy Spirit as He fashions this same old stuff into new shapes—shapes that are still congruent with the shape of the Cross. And if you are at the point where you are teaching more than you are learning and are afraid that the professional grind is wearing you down or robbing you of your intellectual substance, come to be refreshed at the Fountain that never runs dry. Upon this great University, then, and upon those who teach and study here, let us invoke the noble prayer of the Occidental Church, ever ancient and ever new:

Veni, Creator Spiritus!

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**Letter from Xanadu, Nebr.**

*By G. G.*

Dear Editor:

I’ve been so busy trying to patch up this implement dealers squabble that I haven’t had time to keep up with anything else, so much as I hate to do it I’ll have to bother you with more details on our troubles.

I’m just beginning to realize that our real troubles are a lot deeper than I thought they were. What’s really happened is that a couple of factions have developed and the leaders of these factions just plain don’t like each other or trust each other. So no matter how you try to phrase any kind of statement or agreement, you just can’t get the two groups together. Time after time, we’ve gotten up statements that ought to satisfy both sides, but you always get the same come-back: “There’s nothing wrong with the statement the way it stands, but you guys understand it altogether different from the way we understand it.” So then it’s back to the desk and try to work up some statement that can’t be understood more than one way.

I’m beginning to think that maybe these guys are expecting more than words are able to do. I’m no English teacher by a long shot, but doggone it! I know that you can misunderstand anything if you really want to. Like when we were first married, my wife changed her hair-do one day and I told her I liked her new hair-do and she burst out crying and said: “If you didn’t like the way I’ve been doing my hair why didn’t you say so?”

So this last week or so I’ve been trying to dope out what’s really back of all this squabbling and I’ve come across some funny situations. I’m sure that both sides are sincere but I don’t think that their differences really have much to do with religion, like they say they do. I think what irritates both sides is differences in the sizes of their stores, and differences in the kind of communities they come from, and differences in the amount of education they’ve had, and differences in the way they talk. I think that down underneath all the talk, the real differences are between one faction that thinks it is considered and treated like a bunch of hayseeds and another faction that thinks it is considered and treated like a bunch of stuffed shirts.

**Regards,**

G.G.
The Ascension and Session of our Lord are two of the great events which have occupied artists of every kind from the very beginning. Illustrated here is a very modern conception by Hans Mettel done just four years ago. It appears in the Chancel wall of the Lutheran Church of Saint Matthew in Frankfurt. This Church was destroyed during the war and restored under the very able direction of the great German architect, Ernst Goerke.

The entire wall is made of river sandstone. The figure is cut into the back wall. In spite of the great height of the figure (27 feet) the artist kept the strength of the wall as a wall through the simplicity of the entire conception. A study of the entire composition shows how the altar is still preserved as the center point of the entire Cultus. By setting it free from the wall, it becomes a part of the whole movement in the chancel.

Utter simplicity is one of the most difficult things to achieve in any artistic work. In less than fifty lines, the artist has achieved both strength and vigor along with a plasticity which is tremendous. If the picture is viewed through half closed eyes, the full value of this plastic form becomes apparent. The throne, the halo, the book, all have their separate value even while they strengthen and frame the whole composition.

The difficulties of copying in an interesting fashion become daily more apparent as we see almost every bit of good work which is done across the country imitated in some way. Great churches, great chancels, great windows, are fair game for the unoriginal. What they cannot produce through a genuine spiritual energy, they copy with a very fruitful and compensating zeal. What the original artist produced through privation and lack of acceptance, they capitalize on because they are only followers who pick up acceptance and convert it into gain personally.

With His Ascension into Heaven, Christ sent forth men to preach the Gospel to every creature. This includes every medium. The artist can no more deny a “message” than can the preacher or the musician. Graphic art is the visual aid which the Gospel needs in order to reach our time before the evils of mediocrity completely destroy the good which is the soul of a man as God gives him utterance in the arts.
Felix Mendelssohn was only thirty-eight when he died. He was a master of elegance and refinement in his writing. Curiously enough, some of the music he composed while he was still in his teens has far more intrinsic worth than much of what he wrote in later life.

You are undoubtedly familiar with the sprightly Scherzo from Mendelssohn's Octet for Strings in E Flat Major, Op. 20. But have you ever heard the octet in its entirety? Mendelssohn was only sixteen when he wrote this fine work. Arthur Winograd has made an excellent arrangement for string orchestra, and under his direction the Arthur Winograd String Orchestra gives an admirable performance of the octet. As you listen, you will realize anew that the Scherzo is a masterpiece, and you will agree with those who maintain that the rest of the composition is a marvel of elegant writing (M-G-M).

On this disc Winograd presents another work from the pen of Mendelssohn. I am referring to the Sinfonia No. 9, for String Orchestra. Mendelssohn was only fourteen when he wrote this magically constructed composition. For a long time the Sinfonia No. 9 was kept in a large collection of Mendelssohn juvenilia in the Berlin State Library. Since the end of World War II this famous institution, which is located in East Berlin, has been under the rigid control of the Soviet Union. But some of Mendelssohn's compositions have been brought out on microfilm. Among them is the beautiful Sinfonia No. 9. Here the craftsmanship of the fourteen-year-old composer is nothing short of amazing. In later life Mendelssohn never excelled the eloquent sweep which makes the first movement a thing of gripping and unalloyed beauty.

In all likelihood you have heard Aram Khatchaturian's concertos for the violin and the piano. These two works have won widespread popularity. I believe, however, that his Symphony No. 2, which was written in 1942 in commemoration of the October Revolution, is superior to his two well-known concertos.

You know, of course, that Khatchaturian's Saber Dance, from the ballet titled Gayne, is filled to the brim with elemental power. But I consider the second movement of his Symphony No. 2 even more exciting than the Saber Dance. Strangely enough, Khatchaturian, a citizen of the Soviet Union, makes use of the ancient Dies irae in the third movement. To me the entire work is brimming of strength. I say this in spite of the fact that I have never been a Khatchaturian enthusiast. The State Radio Orchestra of the USSR gives an excellent performance of the Symphony No. 2 under the direction of Nathan Rachline (M-G-M). This is a premiere recording.

It is always stimulating to hear David Oistrakh, the renowned violinist of whom the Soviet Union has every right to be proud. With Lev Oborin at the piano Oistrakh gives an ideal reading of Edvard Hagerup Grieg's melody-laden Sonata No. 1, for Violin and Piano, Op. 9, which was written when the man who is sometimes called the ablest composer since Chopin was only twenty-two (M-G-M).

Some Recent Recordings

JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH. Herr, so du willst, from Cantata No. 73; Doch weichet ihr tollen, from Cantata No. 81; Der Friede sei mit dir; Welt, ade! Nun, Herr, regiere meinen Sinn; Hier ist das rechte Osterlamm, from Cantata No. 158; Aechz;en und erbaermlich Weinen and So sei nun, Seele, from Cantata No. 13; Ja, Ja, ich halte Jesum feste and Meinen Jesum lasst ich nicht, from Cantata No. 157; Es ist vollbracht und Jesu, deine Passion ist mir lauter Freude, from Cantata No. 159. Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, baritone, with the Choir of St. Hedwig's Cathedral and the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra under Karl Forster. Stirring presentations by one of the greatest singers of the present time (Angel). — TOMAS LUIS DE VICTORIA. Officium defunctorum. The Netherlands Chamber Choir under Felix de Nobel. I have never heard a finer choir. Victoria, of course, was a great master (Angel). ECHOES FROM A SIXTEENTH-CENTURY CATHEDRAL. Vere langues, by Victoria; Hodie Christus natus est, by Jan Pieterszoon Sweelinck; Alma Redemptoris mater, by Giovanni Pierluigi da Palestrina; Agnus Dei, from Palestrina's Missa brevis; Ave, vera virginitas, by Josquin des Prez; Super flumina Babylonis, by Palestrina; Kyrie, Sanctus, Benedictus, and Agnus Dei, from Missa secunda, by Hans Leo Hassler; Cantate Domino and Dixit Maria, by Hassler; Exultate, justi, by Ludovico Grossi Viadana; Diffusa est gratia, by Giovanni Maria Nanini; Ave Maria, by Victoria. The Roger Wagner Chorale under Roger Wagner. Excellent presentations of masterpieces out of the long ago (Capitol FDS).
RELI GION

JESUS AND HIS COMING

By John A. T. Robinson (Abingdon Press $4.00)

You pay the price of this book and you will still be getting a lot for nothing. The author has done a good job in pointing out the problems in the Biblical testimony about Christ's second coming and in setting forth an exposition of his own which is worthy of real consideration.

What the previous generation accomplished in the rethinking of First Things, this generation is doing now in the area of Last Things. Eschatology is in the forefront of theological debate today. This book is a major contribution to that debate.

Robinson is concerned with Christ's second coming. He attempts to determine how far back this idea goes. He tries to show how this expectation arose. In what form does it owe its origin to Jesus Himself?

The distinctive element in eschatology which interests the author here is "the expectation of the coming of Christ from heaven to earth in manifest and final glory." He insists that this is only one aspect of the Biblical testimony about last things. To deny that Christ promised to come again is not to deny the rest of the testimony. He isolates four emphases that are part of the Scriptural testimony but not intimately connected with the second coming. They are the Day of the Lord, the Last Judgment, the Ingathering of the Elect, and the End of the World.

These four elements are all part of eschatology of the Old Testament. They simply stand, whether Jesus is part of them or not. However, it is just this added thought, that the Messiah would come twice, which interests the author. This idea is not part of the traditional Jewish hope. Robinson admits that Jesus taught all the traditional aspects of Jewish thought. So the problem is not "a Parousia hope or a completely realized eschatology" but rather, assuming that Jesus accepted the traditional teaching of the Old Testament, just what part did He expect to play in this event.

Robinson begins by considering the actual expectation of the early Church as it is formulated in the Creeds. He notes a number of problems in connection with this expectation. This forces him to an analysis of the expectation of Jesus Himself. He shows to his own satisfaction that Jesus expected to be "vindicated in glory" and that He taught that His advent was a unique visitation of God confronting man with a crisis which demanded decision. The remainder of the book is an attempt to show how the church came to understand Jesus as predicting His own return.

The discussion of how and why this took place is fascinating and speculative. Robinson claims that Jesus looked on eschatology as an interpretation of present history. He saw history in the context of the end. His interest was a moral one. The Johannine phrase "the hour is coming and now is," connecting the present with the future, expresses most adequately the thought of Jesus Himself before the Sanhedrin when He said, "From now on you will see . . ." The coming of Christ is everywhere as much of the future as the past.

The author claims that Jesus never taught this "second" coming. His coming, rather, inaugurated the exaction which continues from then on and is vindicated through His resurrection, ascension and ruling of the Church. Robinson is not debating Christ's coming but is suggesting that His coming is already begun and is continuing. It is not a coming which, "having happened," is also still "lying in the future."

This "from now on" was divided by the Church into "now" and "not yet." The same interest in chronology that took the prophetic eschatology of the prophets and changed it into the apocalyptic of the later period is seen at work on the sayings of Jesus.

Any person who gives serious attention to the Biblical testimony about last things must admit that there are problems galore in the material. The value of this book is that while Robinson explodes many of our cherished formulations, he does an honest and intelligent job of understanding the hope of the New Testament. He finishes his work with a presentation of the Christian hope which not only does justice to the Scripture but also leaves the twentieth century Church with a hope which is still "imperishable, undefiled, and unfading."

WALTER W. OETTING

GENERAL

Euripides IV: Rhesus, tr. Richmond Lattimore; Suppliant Women, tr. Frank Jones; Orestes, tr. William Arrowsmith; Iphigenia in Aulis, tr. Charles R. Walker

(University of Chicago, $3.95)

This is the fourth volume of plays written by the Greek tragedian Euripides to be published in translation under the aegis of David Grene and Richmond Lattimore. These two co-editors and their able collaborators in the series, "The Complete Greek Tragedies," have now produced translations of all the plays of Aeschylus (in two volumes) and of Sophocles (also in two volumes) and of fifteen of the nineteen tragedies attributed to Euripides. The latest translations, like their predecessors, are accurate and faithful to the original Greek, their poetic style is both lively and dignified, and the languages is modern and idiomatic.

Of the four dramas the Orestes is likely to make the deepest impression on the reader of today. This negative tragedy of turbulent violence was composed by Euripides just before the complete collapse of Athens in the long Peloponnesian War (431-404 B.C.), when the Athenians, embittered and disillusioned and filled with forebodings of impending disaster, seemed to be yielding to a philosophy of nihilism. Herein we have a classical precedent of the type of violent drama and novel that appeared in rapid succession in our country and abroad during and immediately following World War II. And the flavorful translation of the Orestes in the current idiom makes the comparison the more striking.

As would be expected of the book's publisher, the University of Chicago Press, composition and typography are excellent, almost impeccable in fact. However, fuller punctuation would at times result in reader comprehension of the thought. Furthermore, though scholarly introductions preface each of the plays, within the dramas themselves there are unfortunately no explanatory notes that would make intelligible to the uninitiated layman the frequent references to obscure persons, places, and events, an understanding of which would render his reading more satisfying and enjoyable.

Text-editions of this and all other volumes in the series are available also as low-cost paperbacks.

EDGAR C. REINKE

THE ART OF TRAVEL: Scenes and Journeys in America, England, France and Italy from the Travel Writings of Henry James. Edited with an introduction by Morton Dauwen Zabel

(Doubleday Anchor Books, $5.50).

Henry James has long been established as one of the greatest English (or American) novelists, critics, and letter-writers. And now is also clear that he was one of the greatest of all travel writers, though even the most devoted students of James have generally overlooked the fact. Morton Dauwen Zabel has brought together and carefully arranged the best of James's travel writings (originally published between

THE CRESSET
of the international theme, which is one of Henry James's unique contributions to the modern novel. In these essays one finds not the ordinary travelogue, but the James of the novels, capturing the essence of foreign places and evoking their atmosphere. In Florence, for instance, he describes a line of sallow houses, of extreme antiquity, crumbling and mouldering, bulging and protruding over the [Arno]. (I seem to speak of their fronts; but what I saw was their shabby backs, which were exposed to the cheerful flicker of the river, while the fronts stood for ever in the deep damp shadow of a narrow medieval street.) All this brightness and yellowness was a perpetual delight; it was a part of that indefinably charming colour which Florence always seems to wear as you look up and down at it from the river, and from the bridges and quays. This is a kind of grave radiance—a harmony of high tints—which I scarce know how to describe.

In Suffolk

The bicycle indeed... may perhaps, without difficulty, be too good for the roads. Those of the more devious kind often engender hereabouts, like Aristotelian tragedy, pity and terror...

Or, a cathedral tower staircase curls upward like the groove of a cork-screw, and gives you at the summit a hint of how a sailor feels at the masthead.

Sometimes he does not attempt to describe the place at all, but instead gives his own impression, as at Mount Vernon:

If asked what we should think of it if it hadn't been, or if we hadn't known it for, Washington's, we retort that the inquiry is inane, since it is not the possessive case, but the straight, serene nominative, that we are dealing with. The whole thing is Washington—not his invention and his property, but his presence and his person. In his travels James is constantly aware of his moral situation. He weighs the advantages and disadvantages of travel and states that the "ideal should be to be a concentrated patriot"; but having been brought up an inveterate traveler he spends his life making a virtue of being a "cosmopolite"—i.e., of "living about" and appreciating the sanctity of the habits of people of many places. The sensitive traveler, or the true cosmopolite, according to James, is forever testing his own objectivity and his own moral values. In just the same way are James' fictional heroes and heroines called upon to face moral tests, which most often take place in an international situation.

The development of James's philosophy is emphasized by Professor Zabel's excellent arrangement, which permits us to read first the early American travel sketches (grouped together as "The Sentimental Tourist"); then the sketches on England, France, and Italy; and then, in "The Return of the Native," sketches on America after an absence of twenty-one years. In these last essays one becomes aware that James has retained during all his years of expatriation an abiding loyalty to America, but not a blind loyalty. His years away have made it possible for him to view America with all the objectivity and fresh interest of a foreigner. One of the most significant impressions made upon him is that of the great numbers of immigrants—aliens like himself, but unlike himself, for they are not "cosmopolites." James's moral superiority not only to these aliens with "their note of settled possession," but also to the insular native Americans who felt disppossessed by the immigrants, is evident here:

We (note the first person plural), not they [the immigrants], must make the surrender and accept the orientation. We must go, in other words, more than half-way to meet them; which is all the difference, for us, between possession and dispossession.

The publication of this book should increase (if possible) the stature of Henry James. It also increases the impressive list of important works by Professor Zabel.

Marilyn Buehrer Savenon

SHAW ON THE THEATRE

Edited by E. J. West (Hill and Wang, $3.95)

Like the children born shortly before World War II who remember nothing but war, cold and hot, I was raised at a time when it was almost impossible to keep from stumbling over George Bernard Shaw in one form or another. If it was not a newsreel of his grotesque form in knickerbockers and billed-cap, capering for the camera-man, it was his mephisto beard and beady eyes peering out from an illustrated magazine article damning something or other.

Even to a child it was apparent that this personality was one impossible to ignore, but one which no one took really seriously. The former Cassandra of the theatre had turned into the buffoon of British letters. Perhaps he really characterized himself accurately when he wrote "... one of those persons who use a certain superficial reasonableness and dexterity of manner to cover an invincible obstinacy in their own opinion."

A reading of Mr. Shaw's plays leads the unwary into a facile analysis that resembles one given of a clown-poet—what a clever thing for a clown to be able to do — not, what a funny man that poet is. The plays sometimes really do indicate the man, depending upon the perspicacity of the reader, and of course, upon the play. More than one of the plays seems disjointed, unnecessarily kaleidoscopic and impertinent.

Professor E. J. West nicely destroys all the quick summings-up of Mr. Shaw, mostly by letting Mr. Shaw speak for himself—something he did most of the time anyway. There is not an editorial comment in this little volume, leading one to believe that Mr. West would not presume to paint over the self-portrait already perfectly clear.

We are indebted to the Editor for these forty-nine articles covering fifty years, not just for their collection, but for their selection. The old comment about the fifty million monkeys eventually writing all the books in the British Museum could easily have referred to fifty Bernard Shaws. The sheer volume of his writing is astounding, and one wonders whether he ever set down his pen.

Beginning with his appendix to The Quintessence of Ibsenism, running through such little lectures as How To Make Plays Readable, On Cutting Shakespeare, and How To Lecture On Ibsen to historical reflections on playwrights and actor-managers he worked with at the turn of the century, Shaw manages to comment on almost everything even though this book is supposedly limited to theatre subjects. In the most simple observation on theatre production, Shaw's quick mind and immense grasp of many fields lead him into comments upon sociology, phonetics, censorship, art, and philosophy. The only thing he does not discuss in this series of articles seems to be vegetarianism, although he mentions throwing things at an actor and limits those missiles to cabbages and turnips.

One starts this book with interest perhaps, but also with a slight condescending smile. One finishes it with a deeper appreciation of the brilliant and agile mind that formed its pages. One observation almost impossible to avoid, however, is the noticeable difference in quality, seriousness, and purpose between the articles written before the twenties and those written during and after that time. Certainly old, but never senile, the later Shaw seems to look back with a certain wistfulness at the brilliant playwright, author, critic, and lecturer he used to be. He himself observed that the playwright Shaw seemed so remote as to be almost a different person with whom he no longer had anything in common.

A comment by the noted critic Mary McCarthy seems to sum up the picture that these articles present: "There is something about Shaw that compels one's admiration and at the same time elicits pity. He took
his intelligence and common sense for genius, even while he knew better..."

DONALD C. MULLIN

THE GANG: A Study in Adolescent Behavior

By Herbert A. Bloch and Arthur Niederhoffer (Philosophical Library, $6.00)

Recent publicity concerning the vicious activities of delinquent street gangs has focused attention upon this aspect of modern life that is becoming a major problem. Headlines have underscored the development of gangs with flashy names, armed with home-made weapons, engaging in intergang warfare and terrorizing citizens by their vicious attacks and aggressive vandalism.

Society has tried to solve this problem by stringent police action, additional recreational and group agencies, youth workers in our crime-ridden neighborhoods, slum clearance, and vocational schools, all without success. These approaches have met with failure because they fail to take into account the causes responsible for the existing condition.

An eminent sociologist and a sociologically trained police officer have attempted to advance an explanation of gang behavior that may point towards at least partial alleviation of the problem. This book is the result of their careful and intensive study of adolescent groups and gang behavior. It can be studied with profit by policemen, social workers, teachers, clergymen, parents and others who are vitally concerned with this growing menace to society.

This volume is divided into four parts, the first dealing with the "limitations in our understanding of adolescent groups and the gang," the second with "adolescent behavior in a wide variety of primitive and modern cultures," the third with "contemporary findings in Sociology, Psychology and Psychiatry in respect to modern gang and adolescent phenomena," and, last with a "study of a lower class delinquent gang."

In the first section, the authors point out the lack of information available concerning gangs and the inadequacies of the existent explanations of their behavior. They refute the popular fallacies that gangs are highly mobile, peculiar only to economically deprived and lower-class areas, and solely responsible for the growing rate of delinquency. Studies reveal that delinquency is found in all socio-economic levels, though it may be handled privately when middle and upper-class adolescents are involved.

The most valuable insight of this book is the hypothesis that during the transition period from childhood to adulthood adolescents in all cultures strive to attain adult status and satisfy basic emotional needs. When society denies them this chance to prove themselves, they spontaneously form their own group structure and develop their own customs, folkways, mores, language, and rite of passage. The gang structure apparently satisfies their deep-rooted emotional needs that the larger society does not meet. The gang boys attain status, prestige, wealth, power, and acceptance within their peer group. Their anti-social behavior reflects the decline of self-awareness and the devaluation of the human self characteristics of the modern world. The ways of the gang are often a perversion or exaggeration of the dominant middle-class values prevalent in our society.

The authors stress the point that the prolonged adolescence of today's youth gives rise to the vicious behavior described. The positive suggestion advanced is that young people in their late teens should be given a share of civic power, responsibility, and acceptance into the adult world.

The case history of a gang that operated successfully indicates the amount of ability among the group that could be profitably channeled into a more productive and socially acceptable direction. The gang boys evolved a division of leadership, responsibility, and labor that utilized the talents of the members to the best advantage. Only after a great expenditure of time, energy, and money were the police able to dent the esprit de corps of this well-organized group.

Though the authors do not offer a final solution to the problem, they give strong evidence of what efforts will be necessary to curtail the anti-social activities of the predatory gangs.

ANTHONY S. KUHARICH

GIVE ME THE WORLD

By Leila Hadley (Simon and Schuster, $3.00)

No one searching for a world shaking philosophy or an understanding of fusion and fission should take time to read Give Me The World. But those who have neither time nor desire to travel to remote corners of the world (at times under very trying conditions) may travel vicariously through the adventures of Leila Hadley.

As Mrs. Hadley states so well, "You don't travel for the sake of duplicating the conveniences and experiences of your home, and you expect, while traveling, a certain challenge to your adaptability." Much of her journey was aboard a 63-foot schooner from Singapore to Bombay. The book is never dull, but at times it moves too slowly for the impatient reader. Many of the deeper thoughts are veiled in simple accounts, such as the time the waiter in Bombay apologized profusely because guests must limit themselves to only four courses due to a food shortage. It was only through the morning paper that Mrs. Hadley learned that the waiter had referred to "a terrible and widespread famine in the south of India"; and again when her ayah became angry when Mrs. Hadley gave some coins to a beggar. The ayah explained: "His mother cut off his arms when he was a baby just so he could have an easy profession"; and in describing a stage setting in Bangkok she writes "some of the blossoms — paper, of course; real ones would have been too ordinary — fluttered out to the audience . . ."

Life takes on a different meaning when one returns to our high standard of living after two years away from it. One of the crew's reactions to changes and progress is expressed in, "What is all this hi-fi business anyway? Are people as crazy about it in New York as they are here?" People I know will sit and listen all day to an electric razor or a vacuum cleaner or anything as long as it's on hi-fi."

The book contains much interesting, even if useless, information.

LOIS SIMON

OF LASTING INTEREST

By James Plasted Wood (Doubleday, $3.50)

In 1916 DeWitt Wallace, son of the president of Macalaster College, St. Paul, Minnesota, spawned the digest idea in a privately financed annotated bibliography entitled, "A Selected List of Publications of Value by the Government and State Experiment Stations." Out of this self-sold success he expanded the idea, thinking that the public would buy a magazine of condensed popular readings. In six years (February, 1922) he had created Vol. I, No. 1 of the publication that was to become the most read magazine of all time.

All this generated a chain reaction that snowballed into a gigantic publishing venture that has yet to slow down. Hindsight tends to balloon the growth of the Reader's Digest but statistics, in this case, are hard to thwart. Currently, Reader's Digest is picked up 168 million times per month . . . 32 million readers do this back-breaking task . . . world circulation is 21 million copies (57% in the U.S.) . . . there are thirty different editions in thirteen individual languages. It takes a hundred editors and 2,500 employees to produce the magazine each month. At present, total potential circulation can expand to only fifteen million monthly in the domestic issue since the special presses in Dayton, Ohio, can turn out but half a million copies per day. As in the past, Mr. Wallace and his staff will jump this hurdle with the same deft skill they have used to surmount sizeable obstacles as they guided this "Topsy" over 37 years.

Mr. Wallace's feeling of the need for an easy-to-read, accurate condensation of the topical articles of the day apparently left him alone in the field. No publisher seemed interested. Rejections were numerous; one was monumental. No less a
giant in the publishing field than William Randolph Hearst became a famous rejector when he said he could not take it on, because the Digest could never exceed 300,000 circulation and such a puny project was of insufficient magnitude for the big Hearst empire to twiddle with. As a result, Mr. Wallace published the magazine privately, soliciting subscribers solely by direct mail. Today, the Digest's selling force is composed of twenty million pieces of direct mail and forty thousand subscription salesmen.

Of Lasting Interest, the story of the phenomenal little Reader's Digest, includes a cozy profile of the founder and his wife, who is as much a part of the Reader's Digest story as is Mr. W. himself. Individual chapters cover the events leading to such major decisions as the sale on newstands (1929); inclusion of original articles (1930); publishing of original signed articles (1933); first full book condensation (1934); decision to go overseas (England in 19.8); creation of a foreign language edition (1940); and the momentous move to accept advertising for the U.S. edition (April, 1955).

No few words are penned in behalf of the rather unusual employer-employee relationship at the Digest's Chappaqua headquarters. Fringe benefits are plentiful and generous, but Mr. and Mrs. Wallace skipper a taut ship.

This book, like the Digest, is an easy reading "inside" story of the Horatio Alger of the magazine publishing business. It contains over fifty illustrations of the people of the Digest and the classic surroundings in which they work. James Wood has researched his subject well and transmitted it to his reader even better.

For Reader's Digest fans this book is a must. It answers all the questions they have been asking themselves for years.

RICHARD H. LAUBE

ENGLISH SATIRE

By James Sutherland (Cambridge University, $3.75) 

English Satire is a printing of the Clark Lectures given by Professor Sutherland at Cambridge in 1956. The subject is a broad one; and the six, fairly short lectures are, on the whole, exploratory — it is almost impossible for them to be otherwise — rather than definitive. Those who look here for a new theory of satire will not find it. The opening chapter distinguishes satire from comedy according to the difference, in authors, between moral indignation and abused tolerance. The writer of comedy "accepts the natural and acquired folly and extravagance and impudence which a bountiful world provides for his enjoyment" — Shakespeare watching Falstaff is the arch example — the satirist, in contrast, is extraordinarily sensitive to the gap between the actual and the ideal. Satiric expression is for him catharsis, a "spontaneous, or self-induced, overflow of powerful indignation." Satire is distinguished from comedy, further, in that it is the art of the medium, using such devices to persuade as simplification and exaggeration. These distinctions, which are delivered with great finesse, are valuable but are, at the same time, too familiar to provide a thoroughly fresh insight into the subject. Some of the most stimulating comment occurs, almost incidentally, later in the work: in the chance comparisons of satiric and romantic writers and in the discussion of the mock heroic, where the convention allows eighteenth-century authors to indulge a fancy which is not Neo-classical in spirit. Such points as these, however, Professor Sutherland has considered more fully in his Preface to Eighteenth Century Poetry.

The treatment of major authors in a work of this kind must be, inevitably, somewhat disappointing. Analysis of the works of Jonson, or Swift, Pope, or of Shaw, to take a modern example, is less penetrating than it is in some recent, more specialized studies; although Professor Sutherland's readings have a fine cogency and a fine discrimination of quality and tone from author to author.

The excellence of the work lies especially and primarily in its ability to convey, within a short space, the whole history of English satire — in prose and in verse, in novel and in the theater — and, also, its continuity from Sir Thomas More to George Orwell. The satiric tradition is felt as a leaven in English life since the sixteenth century. Professor Sutherland's art, in the final analysis, is the art of the fisherman. He has drawn in his nets and the fish are displayed — from the porpoise to the herring, and there is an occasional shark. His book is, moreover, an example of what the English university lecturer can do extremely well, that is, without losing the attention of the scholar. to address himself more particularly to the literate layman.

J. E. SAVESON

BEACHCOMBERS OF THE AFRICAN JUNGLE

By Joeh Shalomir (Doubleday, $4.00)

If you care to "live dangerously" while sitting in an armchair, Beachcombers of the African Jungle will be your guide.

You can live with the Bushman, even witnessing their initiation rites, and be doubly thankful that you may be considered an adult without experiencing these tests of manhood. A short visit in a South African gypsy camp or with a circus troupe should acquaint you with peoples and ways quite different from those of your everyday acquaintance. Gypsy psychoanalysis as a basis for fortune telling is summed up...

"always safe to assume that men were ambitious, had missed some golden opportunity, were looking forward to other golden opportunities, and were eager to travel. All single women . . . wanted to have handsome and successful husbands and handsome and duly loving children . . . all women whatever their ambition wanted to be sought after, and it was always good to reassure them about this for the future . . . not possible to outrage the modesty or credibility of those who came to have their fortunes told."

Even after a two-months stay with the "true pygmies," you will leave reluctantly in spite of the fact that their special delicacy is "c certain ants, worms, and caterpillars roasted in banana leaves and fried in palm oil." These people, so primitive they did not even make bark cloth, were "the most relaxed people" the author had ever seen. "They asked for little: shelter, fire, food, and love."

A visit with the cannibals proved to be safer than later involvements with the officialdom of civilization. "It was a fact cannibals would not eat the flesh of white men as they did not find it palatable. I hope this tact was as well known to the cannibals as it was to us," the author writes. You will be in most danger when you offend them by refusing their hospitality — a young tender child offered to you for a meal.

There will be other minor calamities such as pitching your tent, unsuspectingly, in the path of safari ants; watching an associate being torn to pieces by crocodiles; and running out of food and water while lost in the jungle. But I'm sure these will not spoil your journey.

Happy reading!

LOIS SIMON

THE PIG IN THE BARBER SHOP

By H. Allen Smith (Little, Brown and Company, $3.95)

H. Allen Smith, in his prologue, relates the experience of his first haircut in Mexico. The encounter occurred in Taxco, a small town in southwestern Mexico. As Senor Smith was sitting in the barber chair enjoying real Gringo treatment, a herd of pigs came tripping down the main street and a lone squeezer darted into the barber shop, scurrying frantically to and fro trying to make an exit as fast as he came in. The barber and his wife insisted the encounter was very unusual and had no trouble making enough apologies. That it had occurred once was enough for Senor Gringo Smith to develop an unusual affection for Mexico and a resolve to return and write about its many misconceptions, contrasts, and contradictions.

An interesting feature of the book is that
it is written in a day-to-day diary form beginning January 8 and terminating April 1. During this time span Senor Smith records varied types of experiences ranging from lunatic taxi drivers to the neglected plumbing situation. In between these experiences are accurate impressions of the people, descriptions of prominent terrain, and his love for Mexican food. He discusses topics of general interest such as the causes and cures of the dreaded Montezuma's Revenge, the derivation of the word Gringo, the tourist approach to bull fighting, and the curse words that are used in every spoken sentence.

Characters encountered by Senor Smith vary from Cantinflas, the great Mexican comedian, to the properly shaped Denise Darcel; from Van Heflin, who saw the water dance, to Don Quixote, the fabulous guide of Mexico City. The outstanding character was Carlos Campo, a sit-down comic who was S-nor Gringo Smith's remarkable, lovable, and trustworthy guide. He was so trustworthy that Senor Smith entrusted all the financial transactions to him without taking inventory during the entire tour of Mexico — a most unforgettable character.

The Pig in the Barber Shop is light in prose, warm in spots, and of tremendous value for those contemplating a tour of Mexico. At intervals, however, it fails to hold the reader's interest because the book is written in diary form and the day by day encounters detract from the continuity of normal events. But H. Allen Smith has a real love for, and understanding of, Mexico, and eloquently conveys this to the reader. "I know by now," he concludes, "the feeling that inspired the lines written a long time ago by Anita Brenner. 'For the dust of Mexico on a human heart corrodes... But with dust of Mexico upon it, that heart can find no rest in any other land.'"

RALPH STARENKO

ARTIST'S LIFE
By Angna Enters (Coward-McCann, $5.75)

Angna Enters is one of the rare artists of our time who excel in more than one way. She is a unique mime and dancer, a painter of considerable stature, and a writer who has turned out essays, novels, autobiographies and plays.

The days are gone in which an artist rises to such formidable format in three arts, and there is something almost anachronistic about her — certainly in the way she has kept a diary covering the last three decades. The result of it is this stimulating, informative book.

"I never have shared that aesthetic illusion which believes possible a pure objectivity without comment," she says, and her new book is a wonderfully written collection of comments on the arts, on her life, on her personal development as a threefold artist; and is, at the same time, a book of insight into the world and the many people whose names carry weight in the arts. This is a rich record, very personal and, probably because of it, of universal meaning. From its pages emerges a personality of stature and integrity.

WALTER SORELL

THE MILLIONTH CHANCE
By James Leasor (Reginal, $4.00)

The story of the British lighter-than-air R101 is not nearly as familiar as that of the German Graf Zeppelin or our own Akron and Maciron. To be the world's greatest airship, the R101 became the tragic offspring of the forced wedding of politics and experimental work.

Although seemingly bogged down in unnecessary trivia and details, the pace of the story quickens as even limited flight trials disclose serious defects in the craft and the need for further experimentation and modification. But political expediency prevails and the R101 sets out on its maiden flight from England to India. The sense of impending doom established early in the account meets its flaming realization shortly after the R101 crosses the channel.

The story takes a curious twist as the government's continuing bungling and incompetence is revealed in its investigation of the fiasco. Apparently a medium in conversations with the voices of the men in charge of the airship is able to present a more complete picture of the events occurring on that fateful night and the causes of the tragedy than the government investigators themselves. These conversations vividly reveal a tale of heroic endeavor against insurmountable odds.

T. C. SCHWAN

THE PROCESSION
Poems by Khalil Gibran
Edited and Translated from the Arabic by George Kheirallah (Philosophical Library, $2.75)

To those who have enjoyed Khalil Gibran's best known work, The Prophet, this book will be of special interest, for the translator has also included a sketch of his life. To those not familiar with his writings, the book will be an excellent introduction to his literary productions. The poems consist of a dual discourse between an old sage, "worldly-wise and ripened by experience," and an enthusiastic youth who sings the harmonies of nature, with nature's ways winning out over the ways of man. The following quotation from two poems, under the heading "Of Life and Sorrow," is characteristic of the tone of the poems. The sage ends his poems, "The saddened soul with sadness hides/Its secrets, and the gay, with thrill." The youth retorts, "In the forest no one sorrows, Nor is one downcast by grief./Zephyrs carry but compassion/When they whisper to the leaf."

Kahlil Gibran is also known for his painting and sculpture (he studied under Rodin). He was born in Lebanon and came to New York at the age of twelve, where he lived, except for four years in Lebanon and two in Paris, until his death in 1931.

DELLA MARIE BAUER

FLYING SAUCERS AND THE STRAIGHT-LINE MYSTERY
By Aimé Michel (Criterion Books, $4.50)

So you don't believe in flying saucers; but then, you haven't read this book. The author has documented in detail the more important and significant sightings of "unidentified flying objects," from the multitude of sightings reported in France during the Autumn of 1954. Frequently associated with these sightings were reports of "the stopping of automobile engines, extinguishing of headlights, . . . paralysis of the human body, heating of objects to the point where damp materials were desiccated and
organic substances such as wood and grass were charred, violent agitation, and magnetization of ferrous-metal objects."

Discovery by the author of a curious pattern of straight lines when the sightings are plotted on a map helps discredit such critical claims as mass hallucination, reflection of a searchlight on cirrus clouds, etc., and establishes (in Mr. Michel's opinion anyway) the phatasmagoria as being caused by something real.

T. C. SCHWAN

FICTION

THE GREAT PRINCE DIED

By Bernard Wolfe (Scribner, $4.50)

In this fictional reconstruction of the assassination of Leon Trotsky in 1940, Mr. Wolfe is struggling with a problem that faces all historical novelists: the facts of history by themselves are obvious and somewhat dull; they are enlivened only by the flesh-and-blood people who created those facts. How to rebuild these people so that they are meaningful and in context — out of bald reportage, out of chance remarks heard by witnesses, out of pure imagination — is the problem the author of The Great Prince Died has solved adequately but not brilliantly. Even the external fact that he himself was a secretary to Trotsky for eight months in 1937, though it is inspirational, is small artistic help.

What Mr. Wolfe has finally come up with is an over-poweringly articulate collection of intellectuals who spout realms of political theory at one another, whose minds wrestle with ideology even while their bodies are wrestling in bed, and who cannot commit themselves to collecting butterflies during a picnic without speculating on the struggle of butterfly-mass versus butterfly-individual as they brandish their nets. Mexican or Russian or American, all display the polished, theoristic minds of dedicated revolutionaries. Perhaps this technique of weighty thought and dialogue is the only possible method of handling the background of conflict between Trotsky's ideals and Stalin's reality, the only way to know men and women in an uneasy situation, whose personal interests are subverted by ideologies; yet one cannot help feeling that beneath the talk and the politics and the analyses of the October Revolution are real human beings waiting to be discovered and exploited for genuine, non-Marxist reasons.

The author himself may have felt this. His real success in the novel is Paul Teleki, bodyguard to the exile here named Victor Rostov. Certainly Teleki is politically committed to Rostov's beliefs; his remarkable history of sufferings in Bulgaria, Spain and Siberia is more than motive enough for such commitment. But he is still more deeply, humanly involved with Rostov the great prince, and the revelation that his hero has a flaw — though that flaw relates to politics — is a final personal disillusionment for Teleki which is dissipated only by the post-assassination anti-climax of the novel itself. For the rest of the characters — the secretary Emma Sholes, the student David Justin, the police General Ortega and Jacques Masson, the traitor and murderer — they move woodenly about to fulfill their historical roles. Mr. Wolfe's efforts to humanize them are artificial, if not plainly contrived out of patent case histories of behaviorism.

How closely does the death of Victor Rostov parallel the death of Leon Trotsky? The author supplies an appendix to answer such questions; it is an unnecessary postscript if the reader is to consider the novel as fiction, an insufficient one if the book is intended to be read as history.

ROBLEY C. WILSON

STICKS IN THE KNAPSACK and Other Ozark Folk Tales

By Vance Randolph (Columbia University, $3.75)

That inveterate collector of Ozarkiana, Mr. Randolph, has done it again; this time with 97 additional on-the-spot gleanings and transcriptions. Here, then, we have more of the Ozarks' own hillbilly brand of tall-tale humor (See my Cresset April, 1953, review of Who Blowed up the Church House? and October, 1953, review of The Devil's Pretty Daughter). This time the Notes for parallels in European culture are by Ernest W. Baughman and the earthy illustrations are again by Glen Rounds.

Backwoods humorists believe there is no harm in "sawin' off a whopper" now and then. The formula consists of a whimsical portion of cracker-barrel philosophy added in varying amounts to a substantial degree of drollness, idiomatic understatement, broadness reminiscent of Restoration comedy, and wryness that is unmistakably the spirit of this special mountainous area in southwestern Missouri, northwestern Arkansas, and northeastern Oklahoma. Wit and wisdom abound in the quaint but robust expressions of these folk and their descendants who have had but little to do with the outside world for more than a century. Self-contained, the hillman's perception and imagination have developed, in such isolation, an impressive oral lore as an unique record (almost impossible to find in print, except for Randolph's compilations which further include The Talking Turtle and We Always Lie to Strangers and Ozark Superstitions) of his thoughts and experiences. Indeed this is the country where a man would rather lie on credit than tell the truth for cash!

A good example in this newest book is "What Cows Do on Christmas," which asserts: "Them old folks didn't have no education, and they believed all kind of things that people don't take any stock in nowadays. So they told their little boy about it, and he thought they was telling the truth."

HERBERT H. UMBACH

CARAVAN FROM ARARAT

By James P. Terzian (Muhlenberg Press, $3.50)

There are so many nice, moral, utterly Christian men and women in the world today — all of them writing nice, moral, utterly Christian books — that we must at times find it odd to look about us and find that the old earth rolls on in a condition of frightful, irreversible crisis. Either we shall have to be optimistic and admit that the journey toward Brotherhood and love is a slow one, but steady; or we shall have to be pessimists and conclude that the world of realized Christian ideals belongs to the writers, and that it is a purely literary invention, like hyperbole.

Caravan from Ararat is a problem case. It is neither quite realistic nor quite idealistic. It contains all the flaws of the kind of thoughtless piety which freshmen bring to college. It is sentimental, it is bathetic, it is middle-class moral, it is ridden with virtuous cliches, it is even a bit of a tract. In spite of all these faults, it manages to be pleasant and satisfactory reading. As far as I can discover, it is pleasant and satisfactory for no other reason than that events take place precisely as we would like to see them take place. Mr. Terzian's characters are simple, friendly men and women — and children — with no sophistication and no pretensions. They help one another in ways calculated to warm the most frigid heart. Their needs and their philosophies are basic. They are, in short, likeable in nearly every way imaginable.

Not one of them, by the bye, is a Christian.

The single exception is a young missionary from Boston, an aloof mother's boy named Orrin Thatcher, returning to America from the Near East on board the disreputable steamer Maid of Athens. Packed in steerage with hundreds of Greek, Turkish and Armenian emigrants, he makes his reasons for returning to Boston clear. He is a failure as a missionary; he lacks the common touch, is offended by suffering and superstition, can only bully his flock into Christianity while he holds his Bos­tonian nose. The rest of the tale is transparent: it turns on his own conversion by close association with those he has been educated to convert. The moral? In matters of religion, the soft sell is better than the hard.

ROBLEY C. WILSON, JR.

MAY 1959

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The mere matter of living, no matter how merely one lives it, involves the liver in many uncomfortable situations.

People who are alive and alert soon discover that they are not alone in this world and that they are not kings upon the hill.

About us there are many things with which we must always reckon: the winds and rain, cyclones and tornadoes, the heat and the cold, disease and injury, crisis and depression, Berlin and Washington — and taxes, but most of all death.

But more annoying than anything else is the presence of people, lots of people and so much of the time.

From relatives and friends to people you have never seen before or to people you have only heard of, all of them can be very irritating.

If people were only like we are, there would be less irritations in this world. Ain't it so?

In what manner do people irritate us? In the first place, a lot of people irritate us simply by being people and by being around us. Many persons irritate this writer by doing hardly more than this. He simply cannot point to any reasons for the irritations. One just does not get on with these people. Perhaps this is hatred by intuition or by mental telepathy.

Persons who are apt to irritate one as much as anyone are your immediate relatives. Your wife and children are around so much of the time in conditions and circumstances where the weaknesses of all parties concerned seem most obvious.

Then there are people who have different ideas or disagree with one's basic points of view. This includes almost anyone, wife and children included, who may be in total agreement with your basic outlooks.

In a democratic society, the accent is on factors like these. We like to say about our role in democracy that we live by agreeing to disagree. We like to say that we emphasize free enterprise, competition and conflict. This, we say, is the lifeblood of our existence.

It is also true, however, that such a life nurtures fears, many fears. We usually nurse these fears along as much as we can. We become so accustomed to our fears that we feel done in when they disappear. This is a fundamental part of the insecurity with which so many of us work.

We are afraid that people will not like us. We are afraid that we are not doing things like everybody else and we fear that we ought to. We fear that we are not happy when we are at peace for after all we are restless until we rest in the arms of God. We do not want to be irritated and we do not wish to irritate others. We are afraid of irritation and we are concerned when we are not irritated. We are afraid of failing at the things that we wish most to do and achieve.

We are afraid, afraid, afraid. Sometimes we are just sick, sick, sick.

Writing to this point in an editorial, Life magazine (March 30, 1959) said: "The new school of 'existentialist' psychologists finds that there is one basic and ineradicable anxiety at the root of every human psyche — a normal, built-in fear, a sense of distortion, estrangement, homelessness or guilt which seem to be a part of human nature."

In addition, our fears sometimes suggest to us that life really does not mean very much. It is as if we were really members of a beatnik generation who converse in a series of unconnected words: cloud, today, the first century, worm, man, schmoo, roo, soo, and on and at.

Sometimes we do fear that we live on a meaningless segment of unconnected events.

But really, we want to be protected against such things, our fears and meaninglessness.

If we cannot find meaning, we very often protect ourselves by defense mechanisms. If there is no meaning, at least we can find false facades. The round of life often becomes one big masquerade party. By habit and custom, by imitation and a hundred other devices, we drill ourselves to put on the masks, to give the set responses in times of crisis. During debate, argument, trouble, cold wars and hot — we feel comfortable when we are able to give the same responses. It is a comfortable substitute for uncomfortable thinking.

More often than not it is designed to be intoxication against our fears.

Even reading Scriptures and the Holy Books and the quoting of Bible passages give us that comfortable feeling of having been over this territory before. This often gives us the comfort of solution.

Christian or not, the meaning of life comes hard.
Sights and Sounds

Susskind and Sevareid on TV

By Anne Hansen

In an article in a recent issue of Life David Susskind explains his deep interest in an entertainment medium which he has often denounced in vehement terms. Television, declares this brilliant young "egghead of show biz," is at present "in an entertainment trance at its lowest level." This state of affairs, he is convinced, is not only deplorable but entirely unnecessary.

Mr. Susskind, a veteran of the legitimate theater, sets no reason why there should be any conflict between culture and commercial success, and he firmly believes that mass entertainment media need not be bogged down "in a morass of mediocrity." Describing himself as "an intellectual who cares about television," Mr. Susskind tells us that he is determined to bring to this demanding and challenging new art form the qualities he believes to be essential to show business: "showmanship, scope, and excitement." He has applied himself to the task with characteristic vigor and determination. He not only helped to organize Talent Associates of America in New York City but has been active in its program and management.

Mr. Susskind has many excellent TV productions to his credit, including the recent delightful presentation of Sir J.M. Barrie's What Every Woman Knows and his own regular Sunday night program, Open End. After months of planning and negotiation he completed arrangements for a TV adaptation of W. Somerset Maugham's famous The Moon and Sixpence. Although the film has been completed, the showing has been scheduled for late spring or early fall release. In addition, he is the proud producer of Rashomon, one of the hit Broadway plays of the current season.

TV Guide continues its intensive examination of the state of television. In an article titled The Rock Candy Mountain Eric Sevareid, chief Washington correspondent for CBS News, presents the fourth in a series of articles devoted to this engrossing subject. Mr. Sevareid does not mince words in his appraisal of current trends and conditions. He declares that TV has failed to claim its birthright as "the most intimate and powerful medium" science has yet devised for human instruction and inspiration. He makes a strong plea for programs which truthfully and convincingly depict, not only the past history of our nation but the contemporary scene, both at home and abroad, as well. This astute student of national and world affairs is convinced that "in spite of surface appearances, the deepest mood and instinct of Americans today is not in the direction of the cheap and the superficial; it is in the direction of the serious and the fulfilling."

Is Mr. Sevareid right? If so, how can this high purpose be achieved? Not, he believes, by government regulation of programming or by pay-TV but by public pressure. And that means us — the viewers.

Spring was ushered in by a wide variety of special TV programs. On NBC we saw Mary Martin in two special hour-long presentations on Easter Sunday, an outstanding Bell Telephone Hour of Music, and Art Carney's The Sorcerer's Apprentice. CBS greeted the new season with America Pauses for Springtime and Swing into Springtime.

If, as Mr. Sevareid believes, the mood and instinct of Americans today is not in the direction of "the cheap and the superficial," Lonely Hearts (United Artists, Vincent J. Donehue) and Some Like it Hot (United Artists, Billy Wilder) should be dismal failures at the box office. Both films are cheap, superficial, and without any artistic merit.

Several years ago Alan Burgess wrote a deeply moving account of the adventures of a remarkable Englishwoman. The Small Woman presented the life story of Gladys Aylward, the English servant girl who heard a clarion call to become a missionary to the Chinese. It is a story of incredible heroism, great personal sacrifice, dedicated service, unquenchable spirit, and unflinching determination. In The Inn of the Sixth Happiness (20th Century-Fox, Mark Robson) Ingrid Bergman plays the interpid Miss Aylward with radiance, simple dignity, and quiet strength. Curt Jurgens and the late Robert Donat are wholly convincing in leading male roles, and the supporting cast is unusually good.

Two films from the Disney Studios are designed to bring delight to the young in years and the young in heart. Sleeping Beauty (Buena Vista) seems to me to lack something of the charm and appeal which marked Mr. Disney's earlier re-creations of age-old folk lore. The Shaggy Dog (Buena Vista) presents the amusing, fanciful, and utterly preposterous tale of the man who changed himself into a dog.

Here are the new westerns. All are big, bold, and filled with violence, conflict, and magnificent natural scenery! Rio Bravo (Warners, Howard Hawks), The Hanging Tree (Warners, Delmar Daves), and These Thousand Hills (20th Century-Fox, Richard Fleischer).

The Sheriff of Fractured Jaw (20th Century-Fox) is an offbeat western filmed in Spain.
Other Birthdays

May 7, 1901: Recently I saw a picture of myself taken a few months after this date... Even then I was looking at the world with that vacant, wondering stare which has not changed much with the passing years... Of course, I did not know that Queen Victoria had died three months earlier and that her dying marked the end of a world that I would never see... I did not know that my century would be the century of the great wrongs, of hard agonies, of pain beyond imagining... 1901 was a quiet morning with the twentieth century just flexing its muscles and no knowledge of what the hard, bitter day would bring... Probably a good time to be born... at least I could say fifty years later that I had lived, however briefly and unconsciously, in a world whose best description is the word "Victorian"...

May 7, 1911: This birthday I celebrated in bed... Four weeks earlier I had skated into the path of an ice wagon on the streets of New York and the result had been a leg beautifully broken in two places... With the murmuring spring of old New York beyond my windows I read books and more books... Stevenson, Cooper, and Scott freed me from the pain beneath the plaster cast, and I knew the charm of far frontiers and strange places... A man with a withered arm was on the throne of Germany, a young Calvinist named Woodrow Wilson was president of Princeton University, and a boy, Adolph Schickelgruber, was misbehaving somewhere in Austria... Of all these, of course, I knew nothing... Indians and Long John Silver and the Lady of the Lake were infinitely more important and more near...

May 7, 1921: It was spring in St. Louis... with the singular languorous charm which comes to that latitude for a few weeks each year... The air was warmly redolent with the touch of Boltz's slaughter house east of the old Seminary on Jefferson Avenue and the rigors of a theological winter were forgotten in the excitement of baseball and the glow of a romantic moon over Benton Park... The German Kaiser was in exile, the former president of Princeton University was a dying man, broken by the hard isolationism of a small group of "willful men," and Adolph Schickelgruber was painting houses somewhere in Germany... Yet it was a good time to be alive... We had bidden a confident farewell to war, the world was safe for democracy, and we were returning to normalcy.

May 7, 1931: I celebrated this birthday with a lonely dinner at Tony's Grill in an alley in Springfield, Illinois... But the lonelines was only momentary... Up the street were my two rooms filled with books, and beyond them was the old Seminary where I was sharing my meagre theology with a group of eager, friendly young men... Luther, Schleiermacher, Harnack were daily companions and the word looked stable and good... True, the echoes of October, 1929, were beginning to eddy into my room and Schickelgruber had become Hitler and was making strange noises in Munich... There was a Hooverville of shacks beneath the rail-road bridge at St. Louis, but prosperity was just around the corner and the haggard twilight of the thirties was not yet upon us... I had a good baseball team and the annual game between the two seminaries was a masterpiece of non-theological tensions... Life was good, though touched now and then by the melancholy of waning youth...

May 7, 1941: Six months earlier I had come to the small Indiana town where these lines are written eighteen years later... I celebrated my birthday with a speech to my fellow-citizens... The topic was "No Man is an Island"... Haltingly I pointed out that we could not ignore the night coming down over Europe, that the bell was tolling also for us, that men were being tortured again for their beliefs, and that there were dark evils in the lands where great dreams had once been begotten, evils which we could not ignore... My words were not well received, and I came home through the spring night lonely and afraid... There were shadows on my campus, and they came from greater and blacker things than oaks and elms... And yet it was a good birthday... Once more I was among young and friendly men and women... Upon them the ends of the world had come, but I was sustained by their gay and gallant courage.

May 7, 1959: Now the three-score mark is not far away... I have seen many things since May 7, 1901... much dark cowardice and some heroic sanctity... much noise and tumult and some peace... much sin and some holiness... And as another birthday comes, I find that the sum of it all, beyond my life's failures and the world's pain, is a small word of gratitude to Him... Who during all these years, has called me to come down from the sycamore tree, and to follow Him. And with that I am very content...