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THE CRESSET is published monthly September through June by the Valparaiso University Press. Entered as second class matter September 1, 1953, at the post office at Valparaiso, Indiana, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Subscription rates: One year—$2.00; two years—$3.75; three years—$5.50. Single copy 20 cents. Entire contents copyrighted 1959 by the Valparaiso University Press.
Herter for Dulles

Mr. John Foster Dulles had the unusual and rather macabre experience of reading and hearing eulogies which would normally have been reserved until after his death. We are probably only one of his many critical admirers who are glad that his days were prolonged at least long enough to allow us the opportunity to thank him for the intelligence and dedication which he brought to his job through more than six years of war and threats of war.

In a democracy, few public officials have the inner resources to accept both praise and blame with equanimity. Short-term popularity is, after all, a condition of survival in a system of frequent elections and short terms of office. There is no evidence to suggest that Mr. Dulles was capable of being diverted from his objectives by the seduction of flattery any more than by the threat of censure. At times, this very self-sufficiency was the most irritating thing about him to those of us who found it necessary to disagree with him. There seemed to be no way to get through to him.

Mr. Dulles, realist that he was, knew the prognosis of his affliction. As a man of deep religious faith, he had no doubt also learned to face the prospects not only with resignation but also with joy. The nation that he has served so well, will not, however, note his passing without sadness and some trepidation. Wise and devoted public servants are not so plentiful that we can lose even one of them without a feeling of deprivation.

In Mr. Christian Herter, fortunately, we have a secretary of state who displays many of the most admirable qualities of Mr. Dulles. What he does not have, and possibly can not hope to acquire during his necessarily short tenure as secretary, is the stature of Mr. Dulles. It was universally admitted that Mr. Dulles was not only the President’s spokesman, but his mentor, on foreign affairs. It seems unlikely that Mr. Herter enjoys such a full measure of the President’s confidence, or that he can ever hope to. But with Mr. Dulles out of the picture, Mr. Herter is undoubtedly the best available man for the job and he promises to be a good, if not great, secretary.

As far as the basic outlines of our foreign policy are concerned, the change in secretaries must be seen more as a personal tragedy than as a political event. In a situation such as the one in which the world has been involved for the past fifteen years, the initiative always rests with those who are aggressively determined to change the status quo. Our strategy has been, and will most likely continue to be, a defensive strategy, a parrying of Russian thrusts and feints. Any really basic change in our foreign policy would require our abandoning this defensive strategy in favor of some kind of aggressive strategy as, for example, taking positive action to liberate Russian satellite states or embarking upon a “preventive war.” Neither our own people nor our allies would support such an aggressive strategy. Mr. Herter will serve us best, therefore, if he cultivates the virtues which have already won him a great deal of respect: calmness, firmness, tenaciousness, and patience.

In Search of Freedom

Stanley Yankus, the Michigan chicken farmer, will presumably be on his way to Australia by the time these lines appear in print. His self-imposed exile is his way of protesting “government interference” in his freedom to choose what crops he would raise on his own land. His choice of Australia as his new home was based upon his guess that Australia’s policies promise a greater measure of personal freedom in the years ahead than do those of this country. This is a conclusion which, to say the least, seems inconsistent with the facts of Australian history and politics, but perhaps Mr. Yankus has information that we are not privy to.

In our part of the country, the Yankus affair has stirred up a great deal of heated controversy. Yankus has been described as everything from a reincarnation
of old Sam Adams to a crackpot with anarchistic proclivities. His most violent critics have had to admit that at least he has the guts to accept the consequences of his convictions. His most fervent partisans have had to admit that there is a mixture of naiveté and obtuseness in him that sometimes proves embarrassing to those who share his convictions.

Whatever he may be, crackpot or hero, Yankus has focused the attention of a great many people on the irrational, and essentially immoral, accumulation of laws and regulations which constitute our national farm policy. Yankus calls our farm policies "socialistic" because that is the dirtiest word he knows. We think that ethics and morality suggest dirter and more accurate words than does economics. A program which is designed to create scarcity of food in a hungry world, which penalizes production and rewards non-production, which is designed to maintain prices above true market value, which has the effect of encouraging the inefficient farmer in his inefficiency, which prices needed foodstuffs out of the market and piles them up in storage bins is only incidentally an economic monster. It is basically and radically immoral. It is a monument to the cupidity of certain powerful agricultural pressure groups and to the timidity of our lawmakers.

The Yankus solution is not a live option for most farmers who chafe under the unintelligible and sometimes contradictory directives that they receive from Washington and who are sensitive to the moral ambiguities of their situation. Australia is, after all, mostly desert. The solution, as we see it, is to accept the fact of the agricultural revolution which has been going on for at least a generation now; to recognize that the large-scale, mechanized, commercial farmer has doomed the little farmer as surely as the big supermarket has doomed the corner grocery; and to unshackle the agricultural economy so that changes in farm size and ownership structures can take place in an orderly, logical manner. Of course, we are not actually going to do any such thing, so perhaps for those few who feel strongly enough about the matter Australia is the only answer.

"Out of the Heart . . ."

The first heat wave of the season brought two separate but related acts of violence against Negroes in the South. There was, first, the lynching of a young man who was being held in the Poplarville, Mississippi, jail on charges of rape. A few days later, four white punks raped a coed at Florida A. and M. College, the state's college for Negroes.

It must be said that the overwhelming majority of Southerners deplore such acts of violence. Indeed, most Southerners have been sure that lynching, at least, belonged to an unhappy and nearly forgotten past, and have been genuinely hurt by Negro complaints that their women still live in fear of rape and that their women live in constant fear of unfounded accusations that might eventuate in lynching. "Must you be forever raking over a dead past?" has been the appeal of Southern moderates. "Can't you forget the past and try to see that things have changed in the South?" But the Negro wants to know how much things have really changed and if he suspects that the answer is, "Not much," he can hardly be blamed.

But let's not go marching through Georgia again. Negro men are being lynched daily, Negro women are being raped daily not only in the South but in New York, in Chicago, in Los Angeles, in Fremont, Nebraska, and in Valparaiso, Indiana. For "whose hateth his brother is a murderer," and "he that looketh upon a woman to lust after her hath already committed adultery with her in his heart." Hatred is not merely the prelude to murder; it is murder. And lust is not merely a temptation to adultery; it is adultery.

Now it is true that white people hate and lust after other white people, just as Negroes hate and lust after other Negroes. But such hatred, such lust has at least the virtue of being directed at individuals and, perhaps, evoked by something in the individual which invites hatred or lust. Hatred of the individual is murder. Hatred of a race or nationality or ethnic group is genocide, the crime for which we hanged a number of German and Japanese leaders not so many years ago. The illicit desire for a woman as an individual is adultery or fornication. The lust for females of a presumably sub-human species is bestiality or, to put it in the newspaper euphemism, "a crime against nature."

Every one of us who hates Negroes was an accessory before the act at Poplarville, and every one of us who has repeated the lie that all Negro women are promiscuous was an accessory before the act in Tallahassee. Instead of pointing an accusing finger at the South, this is the time for all of us to confess, with Thomas Jefferson, "I tremble for my country when I reflect that there is a just God in heaven."

Announcements

We are happy to announce the following meetings, scheduled for this summer, which should be of more than passing interest to our readers:


July 20-26: Tenth annual institute of the Lutheran Human relations Association of America, Valparaiso University.

August 2-4: Convention of the Lutheran Education Association and the National Lutheran Parent-Teacher League, Valparaiso University.

August 3-8: First retreat for Indian workers and the congregational approach to the Indian of the Lutheran Church, Minne-Wa-Kan Bible Camp on Lake Andrusia, Cass Lake, Minnesota.
In Praise of Rain

BY ALFRED R. LOOMAN

I like rain. As a result I am an object of suspicion among some of my friends. They look on rain only as something that gets them wet when they get out in it, or something that comes in large doses and floods the basement — very narrow points of view. What they fail to appreciate is that rain is dramatic and has many different moods, any one of which can be appreciated if you start with the right point of view.

Rain can be gentle, as anyone knows who has taken a walk on a warm night in late April or early May, when the rain is filtered through the young leaves and gives the land an aroma that is the very essence of Spring. In June or July, rain can be joyous when the drops fall through the slanting sun rays and fairly dance on the ground. Rain can be mysterious, as in the mists of late Fall.

But I must admit that the steady, cold, gray rain of November or January can be unpleasant when you're walking in it, though it can evoke such a pleasant feeling of comfort and security when you are inside looking out. While some feel a rain of this type is gloomy, I am not alone in thinking that it aids creativity and fills one with the desire to work. It is possible, however, for the steady sound of such a rain to induce one to take a short nap in place of starting on that well-planned work schedule.

Rain can be menacing. I remember as a small child standing on one of the levees that surrounded our town, watching the rain fall on the already swollen river. The relentless rain was a sure sign that the additional sandbags on the levee were still not enough to keep a flood from the town.

Rain can be a terror and never more so than in a storm at sea when the wind lashes the rain against the ship and the drops hitting the glass of the porthole sound like lead shot, drowning out even the sound of the waves hitting the ship's bow.

One of the greatest qualities of rain, however, is the ability to induce sleep. The most memorable experience I had in regard to this hypnotic quality of rain came when I was in grade school. A friend and I had pitched a borrowed tent in the hilly pasture land belonging to some friends for a few days of camping. We had finished an appetizing supper of lukewarm beans and canned fruit, aware that the clouds in the west as-

AD LIB.

JUNE 1959
The State of the Church in Central America

By Robert Hoeferkamp

_Lutheran Missionary in Guatemala_

In this study of what the Christian Church is doing in the total cultural context of a particular part of the world, we propose first to consider what is the Church at it appears in Central America, second what is Central America in its wildest ramifications, and third what the Church as thus conceived is doing in the Central America as thus described.

I

The Holy Christian Church, the pilgrim people of God, the Body of Christ, is not a statistically verifiable social group. Yet it exists in this world where the word of the Gospel and the Sacraments of Christ are in use, even though these at times can be scarcely recognized.

The One Holy Catholic Church is therefore to be found in the midst of ecclesiastical groups that are only too historically conditioned and limited. If we are to speak about the state of the Church in a given part of the world, we must perforce speak about the concrete denominational forms in which the Christian dynamic is variously at work.

The dominant form of Christianity in Central America, as in all of Spanish and Portuguese America, is Roman Catholicism with its peculiarly Iberian cast. It is often said that the Spanish church is a pre-Reformation form of Romanism. While there is much truth in this statement, it must be remembered that post-Tridentine developments have strongly influenced the Spanish church. The Society of Jesus, the forces of the Counter Reformation, the baroque cultural period, and ultramontanism have all made their imprint upon Spanish Romanism as it is seen and experienced in Central America. Up to the present time — and this seems also to be the informed opinion of Roman Catholicism in the United States — Hispanic Catholicism has proved incapable of meeting the huge tasks which confront it. Theologically sterile and utterly heteronomous in spirit, it presents the paradoxical picture of inflexibility and stagnant traditionalism in its monolithic approach to modern problems and simultaneously of surrender to popular piety and superstition.

For the past three-quarters of a century a number of Protestant groups, particularly in Guatemala, have been challenging the ecclesiastical supremacy of the Roman church and actively gaining converts. These Protestant groups without exception have their origins in the United States and so participate in the strengths and weaknesses of North American Protestant Christianity. The Protestants, or “Evangelicals,” as they like to be called, react with great vehemence to everything Roman in character; and it is undeniable that the church of Rome is defenseless in many respects when the Protestants begin their target practice. Most prominent in the modus operandi of Protestantism is its revivalism and consequent stress upon the “new birth” as an experiential datum. Protestants further insist upon a puritanical type of piety and ethic that has become the trade-mark of Protestantism in Latin America. A biblical literalism which gives rise to a number of eschatological vagaries dominates the rationale and practice of most Protestant bodies in Central America. North America Protestant missionaries, as a corollary to their radical religious individualism, appear to have brought with them a lack of concern for a biblical doctrine of the Church. This is evidenced in the religious fragmentation of Protestantism in these lands.

It would seem to this writer that these concrete forms of Christianity set up a number of false alternatives which neither side has so far been able to overcome. It would further seem that the invasion of Central America by another concrete form of Christian faith and life could be justified only by the intention and the ability to overcome these false alternatives and to incarnate a truly catholic Christianity. The writer believes that it is his denomination’s task in all humility and modesty to further the cause of “Evangelical Catholicism,” to attempt to influence the entrenched ecclesiastical positions of the existing denominations, and to be an instrument of the Holy Spirit for the further planting, nurture, and growth of the One Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church.

II

The Central America in which the Christian Church finds itself working is a blend of the Spanish and the Indian culture. Surface impressions reveal that the Indian has cast into the melting pot of Central America his own passivity, melancholy, fatalism, and profound distrust of strangers. The Spaniard has contributed his intense individualism, his formal courtesy, and above all his personal sense of pride and honor. There can be no doubt, however, that the Spanish strain is the predominant element in the spiritual and cultural life of the Central American. It has been said that Spain is more African than European in character and that Spain is a bridge between Occident and Orient. This truth can be applied, mutatis mutandis, to Spanish America. On the surface occidental customs and culture are the order of the day; yet a peculiar subtlety, evasiveness, and duplicity that stem from the Orient.
credulity, shrewdness, garrulity, and common-sense speaking and paradoxes that exist in the Spanish soul. This earthiness sums up the character of the great illiterate Don Quijote and Sancho Panza, epitomize the tensions that humble the foreign observer. The popular mind loves high-sounding oratory and heavily florid writing. The small but influential class of Spanish-American artists, writers, and intellectuals do their best put into words a love of beauty and an esthetic appreciation that humble the foreign observer. The popular mind loves high-sounding oratory and heavily florid writing. The small but influential class of Spanish-American artists, writers, and intellectuals do their best to provide for the masses. Particularly in the case of the older generation of intellectuals and writers one gains the impression of hothouse characters who are superficially brilliant lovers of form. They toy around with themes of greater or lesser import but do not dig down into the real substance and complexities of the subject at hand. At the same time there are writers, artists, and intellectuals who shed the dilettante attitude and want to come to grip with basic problems. In university circles, for example, there appears to be a rather intense interest in present-day philosophical existentialism. To be sure, the intellectual life of Central America is provincial and limited in scope when compared with that of cosmopolitan centers like Mexico City and Buenos Aires. But the mental and spiritual climate is certainly more bracing than that of many a large North American provincial city. Time and again one is impressed by the utter vitality of the Central American as he tilts Quijote-like with the universal human problems — for the Hispanic spirit is catholic and universal in sweep.

It is a commonplace to observe that the Latin American is the moral antipode of the Puritan and that he leads his life with an uninhibited naturalness that is the envy as well as the despair of his critics. But it is to be feared that the natural joi d' vivre of the Central American often knows no bounds and suffers a demonic perversion. Many surface habits of conduct and speech give the appearance of a devout attitude toward life. Nevertheless, there is little or no visible correspondence between popular piety and basic morality. The way you live your life is not the Church's business, nor is it God's. At best, religion appears to be the object of a sublime esthetic or ecstatic experience which has not the remotest bearing upon conduct over against the neighbor. The thoroughgoing sexual promiscuity and con cubinage which are found on all levels of society, no matter what their historical, economic, and sociological antecedents may be, are an index of the alienation from God which is the fundamental religious fact of Central America. The intellectual classes have been estranged from the church of Rome for many years. The positivism of Comte was most influential in Latin American intellectual circles during the past century; secularism and naturalism appear to be the pousto of most of these people at the present time. However, one observes that influential and at times well educated people go through the motions of popular piety; but there appears to be no effort on their part to make these religious practices meaningful for daily living, nor do they attempt to arrive at a comprehensive Christian world-view.

The political instability of Latin America in general, and of the Central American republics in particular, is a matter of common knowledge to most newspaper readers and television viewers in the United States. What appears to be lacking in this country is an understanding of the reasons which underlie the explosive nature of politics in the lands to the south of us. Only in this century are the Latin American republics beginning to recover from the ills of centuries of Spanish misrule. The mestizo nations to the south of us have no historical tradition of democratic self-rule upon which to draw; this experience they have been gaining only in recent decades. During the centuries that Spain ruled Central America as one political unit, the geographical barriers among the various sections of the isthmus impeded communication and contacts. After independence from Spain was secured, the various petty local customs, jealousies, and prejudices caused the union of Central American states to break up into the five small independent republics which still exist today. The political history of all these five countries has been extremely turbulent; one of the most prominent features of this history has been the chauvinism and exaggerated individualism of each country. This localism of the Central American continues to stand out today in bold relief, although sentiment for an eventual union of the five countries is making progress.

The Central American countries are predominantly agricultural in their economy, but industrialization is beginning to take hold, particularly in a small republic like El Salvador. In Guatemala many Indians and near-Indians have been virtually serfs on the large coffee plantations, and the owners of these plantations constitute the ruling moneyed class of the country. It is a generally known fact that their huge monetary profits are sent out of the country for deposit in foreign banks, and thus the country is deprived of the capital which it needs for its own development. It is only natural that the callousness of these classes to the country's needs should have produced a violent reaction among the more sensitive members of the younger generation. Surely this is one of the reasons why militant communism has appealed so greatly to the younger
endeavoring to set forth clearly the Evangelical dynamic context of Central America? Many people of diverse viewpoints agree that the fundamental problem of Central America is moral, and even religious, in nature. What is the Church doing to raise the moral level of the populace? Roman Catholicism, it would seem, is simply overwhelmed by this problem. It rather futilely tries to dam what even secular critics call the swelling flood of immorality and godlessness that is engulfing Central America. Within the past five years a great upsurge in Roman Catholic activity has been observable, for example, in Guatemala. The hope that Rome will be more effective in combating amorality and making the Christian ethic more effective in society would appear to depend upon the degree to which North American and especially European tendencies within the Roman church can overcome the traditionalism, fanaticism, and sterility which are the bane of Rome in Latin America. Revivalistic Protestantism, as already noted, puts mighty forces into motion in order to raise the moral level of its converts. It seems that the undeniably higher moral plane of Central American Protestants is already a leaven actively working for good in Central American society. Surely the fruits of this will be more evident in the future. Evangelical Catholicism is also interested in contributing toward the moral uplift of society in Central America. It is endeavoring to set forth clearly the Evangelical dynamic for the Christian life and to avoid the twin pitfalls of antinomianism and legalism. Far from wanting to legislate on morals to society at large, it will encourage Christians to commend the Christian life in word and deed to people living outside its immediate sphere (remembering constantly that the Christian is both righteous and a sinner and that consequently no Christian life-witness can ever be completely “pure”). And it will encourage its Christians as responsible citizens to work toward the establishment of better moral conditions in society at large.

In the intellectual circles of Central America Roman Catholicism appears to be impotent. There is little or no original theological writing in the Spanish language in Central America. In recent years the various teaching orders have been especially active in establishing schools in Guatemala City, the largest city in Central America. Whether a Roman Catholic laity vitally interested in its faith and its relationship to cultural life will emanate from these schools remains to be seen. Here, again, the stimulus for a more effective witness to the intellectual world depends upon a theological and religious renewal in Central American Roman Catholicism. In the past Protestant work has often appeared anti-intellectual and anti-cultural. It can be definitely stated that revivalistic Protestantism has not appealed to cultured, artistic, and intellectual circles. Nevertheless, Protestant work at the grass-roots level is probably having and will continue to have an effect on the intellectual life of Central America. Evangelicals seek to remove illiteracy among their members in order that they might be able to read the Scriptures. A living knowledge of the Bible among rather broad sectors of the population will surely exert a profound influence on the moral, intellectual, and cultural life of Central America; and the fact that a considerable number of former illiterates can now read will also make itself felt in the social and political life of those countries. The field for Evangelical Catholicism’s influence on the intellectual life of Central America is wide-open. Its concern for true catholica can be expressed in an effort to appeal to the mind as well as the will and emotions of the people and in an attempt to reclaim for the Christian faith influential, educated sectors of the population for whom Christianity has long since lost all dynamism and relevance. It appears that the principal means of implementing this concern is the production and translation of a suitable literature. For example, why would not the apologetic works of Karl Heim in Spanish dress, published by an influential house, evoke a sympathetic response from intellectual circles?

Because of the prominence of its dogma of transubstantiation in the religious life of the people, Rome continues to foster a peculiar type of estheticism in the artistic life of Latin and Central America. But as far as this observer can judge, the religious art, poetry, and music influenced by popular Roman Catholicism are overwhelmingly cheap and tawdry. Here again the basic need of a spiritual and theological renewal in Roman Catholicism is the necessary presupposition for the production of a higher quality of religious plastic art, music, and literature. The rather open revulsion to Protestantism on the part of the dominant social
and intellectual groups in Central America probably occurs largely on esthetic grounds. One aspect of Protestant work which appears to have consequences for the cultural and artistic development of Central America is its emphasis on congregational singing. Apart from the sensationalism and unhealthy individualism of both text and tunes of Protestant hymns, the very fact that people are singing in groups with enthusiasm may lay the foundation for a better appreciation of music in general among large sectors of the population. Evangelical Catholicism, with its emphasis on the reality and importance of the Incarnation and its simultaneous awareness of the danger of and the popular longing after idolatry, would appear to have at its disposal the resources necessary to stimulate the production of art forms and objects informed by a catholic Christian spirit.

It is significant that within the past few years the archbishop of Guatemala has repeatedly castigated the moneyed classes, which are traditionally allied with the Roman church, for their vices and social uselessness; but these rebukes do not appear yet to have touched a sore spot in their collective or individual consciences. There is probably some awareness among the Central American clergy that the traditional alliance between the Roman church and the land-owning aristocracy has not served the best interests of the church. But if the more advanced social doctrines of the papal encyclicals of past years are to be implemented in the policies of the Roman church in Central America, it is probably necessary that the influence of foreign, chiefly North American, clergy be felt. And there are signs in the wind that this is increasingly the case. Protestants have worked for the most part among the poverty-stricken masses. This writer believes that Protestant teaching on the religious nature of the calling and on the necessity of work has tended to produce visible results in the economic and social improvement of many Protestant families. But on the basis of isolated cases which he has observed, he would report that in the second and third generations of Protestants the economic and social byproducts become easily disengaged from the religious dynamic. Evangelical Catholicism is interested in the economic and social progress of the Central American peoples as a result of the Christian witness, although it should perhaps be more aware than others that it is impossible to posit a simple cause-effect relationship between Christian dynamic and desirable social and economic results. The writer's denomination has sponsored a simple, quite effective grass-roots agricultural program in Guatemala (and also

has plans to carry forward a discontinued medical missions program). As expressions of Christian love, as means to implement the central Christian message in word and deed, as the concrete reflection of our Lord's concern for the whole man and of His certainty that the future Kingdom will embrace all aspects, also the bodily and physical, of this world, these programs will bear fruit, perhaps in unexpected and unimagined ways, in the economic and social amelioration of Central America.

The Roman church is quite alert politically and makes both subtle and brazen attempts to influence politics with a view to its own advantage. Within the past five years an outspokenly Roman Catholic political party, the Christian Democratic, has been formed in Guatemala. As the clerical party it has by no means become the leading political group, but it is not without influence in the congress and the government. It is understandable and natural that the Protestant people have always supported the anti-clerical parties, which were the official government political parties from 1871 until 1944. These ant clerical parties tended to the political right, for all the strong-man dictators in Guatemala within the past eighty years have officially adopted the anticlerical line. One settled belief of popular Protestant piety is that a "Christian" should stay out of politics because it is a "wordly" sphere and because political activity in Central America tends to be corrupt, violent, and evil. Evangelical Catholicism will want to emphasize that government is a good work by which God uphold the fallen world (even though it is often difficult after a series of revolts and coups d'état to determine which government comes from God!), and that it is the Christian's obligation to work for good government. All denominations will have much to do in the future to encourage their members to weather the very real dangers of Central American political life by taking part in politics.

Let the Church be the Church! This well-known slogan best describes the course which the Church should steer as she attempts to relate herself to the reality that is Central America. But "relate" she must, for "being the Church" does not mean to exist in a hermetically sealed compartment called "church." It means rather to pay attention to the concerns and needs of the men to whom she is the instrument of reconciliation with God and with one another. It means to send Christian people back into their callings, where their vertical and horizontal reconciliation may take on visible form.
Georg Buechner, whose “Wozzeck” inspired the atonal genius, Alban Berg, to write an opera which is often referred to as the outstanding operatic work of this century — Georg Buechner should interest us in more ways than one: as a congenial writer who only a century after his time began to be really appreciated and understood; as a tragic literary figure who, through his premature death at the age of twenty-three, left a great promise unfulfilled; and, last but not least, as a political person who shows great similarity to the disillusioned leftists of our time, the Arthur Koestlers and Ignazio Silones. It is on this latter account that today we may come closer than did his contemporaries to the understanding of Buechner’s personality.

It was a period of upheaval and transition in which Georg Buechner grew up. He was born in a small German town on October 17, 1813, one day after Napoleon started the decisive battle near Leipzig. But the dream which the French Revolution had generated was not yet dead. On the contrary, it lingered on and led to the renewed attempts at freedom in 1830 and 1848. In Germany, particularly, it was kept alive underground through the police-state methods of the many principalities which then constituted Germany.

In the beginning, the author of “Wozzeck” and “Danton’s Death” was a revolutionary romanticist, imbued with liberal idealism. But as things were at that time he saw in revolutionary means the only chance to secure freedom for the suppressed peasantry and working class. Buechner realized that the fruits of the French Revolution were rotting away in the hands of those who had harvested them. The people, the real people, who had fought on the barricades for their freedom, had none of that freedom left. In France as well as in Germany the “bourgeois” had sided with the remnants of an absolutistic aristocracy. And in 1830, when he saw liberalism defeated everywhere, he must have felt like the radical Robespierre in his “Danton’s Death” into whose mouth he put, five years later, the words: “Away with a clique that has stolen the clothes of the dead aristocrats and inherited their sores!”

In spite of a triumphant police who had succeeded in suppressing all revolutionary attempts and gagged the liberal spirit, Buechner and a strong minority of students at the German universities were unwilling to accept defeat. In 1834 Buechner founded the “League for Human Rights,” fashioned after the Parisian model as it then still existed in Strasbourg. He had little hope for any intellectual or the bourgeois. The penniless peasant was the only one who he thought was capable of rising against his oppressors. At that time Buechner wrote his “J’accuse,” the indictment of a regime which in the Duchy of Hesse-Darmstadt repeated the mistakes of the France of Louis XVI. Buechner’s pamphlet, “Der Hessische Landbote” (“The Hessian Courier”), was secretly printed and distributed by him and his co-revolutionaries, among whom were students, poets and pastors. But the reaction of the peasantry to this inflammatory pamphlet was cool. Most of the peasants handed the pamphlets over to the police. It did not take long to track the revolutionaries down. Betrayal among themselves and cowardice did the rest.

When, in the fall of 1834, Buechner came home to Darmstadt, he was bitter, his hopes shattered, his strength broken. His best friends were behind iron bars. Where he had hoped to see the fire of freedom kindled he found only sheepish submission. Nauseated by the pettiness and meanness which surrounded him everywhere (even in his father’s house), by the festering wounds on the body of the state, by the corruption and brutality he witnessed, he locked himself into his room and plunged into the study of medicine. But, about that time, he also read a great deal of Shakespeare and many contemporaneous presentations of French history and literature. Life had taught him a bitter lesson and an intimate study of Thiers’ “French Revolution” must have added to his disillusionment.

In January, 1835, he began to write “Danton’s Death.” In less than five weeks of feverish work the play was finished. It was done in an exciting and macabre atmosphere, in Darmstadt, in his father’s private laboratory — his father was a well known physician — among clattering skeletons, phials, and medical tomes. From the street came the regular rumbling of marching boots, the patrolling police. Reports of new arrests reached him daily. Twice in these five weeks he was cross-examined at police headquarters. The son of the renowned physician, Dr. Ernst Buechner, was still permitted to go home, however. But he knew only too well that the police were playing cat and mouse with him. They were merely delaying his arrest to break his spirit.

But his spirit was never broken, as attested by many of his letters during the next and last two years of his life which he spent in exile in Switzerland. He remained a true liberal to the very hour of his death, believing in the betterment of man and the world through a republican democratic government and the eradication of poverty. His concepts of government, of social and economic equality prove him a modern revolutionist.
man, for as Ortega y Gasset has put it, "every modern man knows in his heart that he must be a liberal."

What had been broken by then, however, was his faith in the revolution per se. His personal experiences and, even more than these, his painstaking study of the French Revolution must have made him doubt that revolution was the right way to "help the great mass of people to the sunlight of freedom," as he had hoped to do. At the time he decided to write the tragedy of Danton, he badly needed a forum, a means through which to speak to the people. He drew his self-portrait with the creation of the revolutionary man who fought for freedom and justice on the barricades, but then realized that the revolution had gotten out of hand and that human lives and the hard-bought freedom itself were being victimized by the brutal force of dogmatism. Danton-Buechner became a disillusioned revolutionary in the course of the revolution. No match for the merciless steel-cold Robespierre, he was sickened by the bloodshed he had helped to start. And Danton is Buechner's spokesman when he says: "I'd rather be guillotined than guillotine. I've had enough of it, why should men fight each other? We should sit down side by side and have peace. We're sick alchemists."

Buechner wrote in a letter to his fiancee: "I have been studying the history of the French Revolution. I felt as if annihilated by the horrible fatalism of history. I find in man's nature a terrifying uniformity, in human relations an unavoidable power given to all and to none. Individuals are so much foam on the wave, greatness is mere accident, the strength of genius a puppet-play, a ridiculous struggle against an iron law; to become aware and to understand this law is the highest to be achieved, to master it is impossible... My eyes have become used to seeing blood. But I do not want to be the blade of the guillotine. The 'must' is one of the curses with which man is baptized. The saying: it must needs be that offences come, but woe to that man by whom the offence cometh — is horrible. What is it in us that lies, murders, steals?"

This is an important letter. It shows Buechner's identification with Danton. He feels the necessity of action which he himself helped to bring about, but he is thrown into utter bewilderment and shudders when he sees its inevitable consequences, or, as he says, "the horrible fatalism of history." He realizes that a certain pattern of action and reaction governs the political process ("The social revolution has not yet come to an end," his Robespierre claims) and that the individuals, even those who actively participate in this process, are little more than "foam on the wave." They may dance on the surface for some time and thus be carried ashore, or be at once buried by the impetus of the next onrushing wave.

But Buechner not only deals with the tragedy of history in "Danton's Death," with the eternal conflict of liberty and authority, with man's political hopes and defeats, with his strength in fighting for freedom and his weakness in then losing it to a handful of men who, by sheer force of fanaticism, find full justification for their reign of terror in a dogma. Buechner is too great a dramatist and poet to ever editorialize. Although he is preoccupied with the historical-political tragedy, he sees it through the tragedy of man as pitted against the great must, the curse with which man is born. Trying to probe the meaning of life and human existence, he feels that we are — as individuals — the victims of an iron law of which we may become aware, but which we are never able to master. And in our futile struggle against it we find ourselves isolated. Danton says at the beginning of the play that "we are very lonely," but Robespierre, the dogmatist of revolution, the grave-digger of individual freedom, also experiences his tragedy of loneliness: "They are all leaving me — all is waste and empty — I am alone." But Robespierre's greater tragedy, the tragedy of any other dictator, lies in his fear. Julie, Danton's wife, says of Robespierre and his hangmen: "They trembled before him [Danton]. They kill him out of fear." Even if he had wanted to halt the slaughter, the necessity, the must, always triumphant, would have forced him to go on. "Away with them!" Robespierre says; "Quickly! Only dead men never return."

Buechner's three plays, with one exception — "Leonce and Lena," a sharp-witted whimsical satire on the aristocrats — show very few signs of the romantic age to which he belonged. He actually is an anti-romanticist in a romantic era. While, for instance, the artificial creation of "Homunculus" in the second part of Goethe's "Faust" has all the earmarks of romanticism, Buechner, about the same time, created in "Wozzeck" the character of the "Doctor" who is already sharply profiled in an expressionistic-realistic manner. And so is Wozzeck himself, the symbol of the inarticulate, of the tortured creature inevitably caught in the intricate meshes of social structure and of his own helplessness. "Wozzeck" could easily have been written in the Germany of the 1920's. It was this modern outlook on life, this twentieth century characterization of Wozzeck which appealed to Alban Berg and still does to the audience of our day.

It is a pity that no Broadway producer has yet thought of staging "Danton's Death," but it must be said that Eric Bentley published it in his series, "From the Modern Repertoire," in the excellent translation by Stephen Spender and Goronyw Rees, and that John Gassner considered it important and representative enough to include in the three-volume set of his "Treasury of the Theatre." Any production of "Danton's Death" would convince us that is a powerful dramatization of one of the greatest tragedies of modern man: the plight of the liberal mind. But the most startling thing about it is that this drama was written for us in 1855.
The Theatre

Failures and Refound Friends

By Walter Sorell
Drama Editor

The new craze is to convert television plays into stage plays. But these two media, different in more than one way, do not easily blend. The latest adventure in this misdirection was undertaken by Shimon Wincelberg who had written a good sixty-minute-drama for the little screen, "The Sea is Boiling Hot," which he expanded to the play, "Kataki." In the last days of war, an American and Japanese soldier meet on a deserted island. The Japanese has a bayonet and the unarmed American becomes his prisoner. It is obvious that they will finally help each other, find their humanity and understand what separates them. When the United States Navy comes to their rescue, the Japanese commits hara-kiri.

A seemingly dramatic plot which suffers on stage from the obvious lack of communication: the language barrier. The visual medium of TV could easily make us forget all this. The American talks incessantly, and this monologue dilutes his personality, and the lines he is made to say become thinner and thinner. Ben Piazza gave this colorless person an even more colorless shape. What Mr. Hayakawa said whenever he said something was Japanese to me.

I am not sure whether Pearl S. Buck has not written one good book only: The Good Earth. I know she has brought out innumerable volumes since. Her invasion of the stage was a valiant attack that failed. But in "A Desert Incident" she has chosen a great subject, if not the most urgent subject matter of our time: the moral responsibility of the scientist. But the play loses itself in a thermonuclear atmosphere of sex and jazz. Although it was a deplorable failure dramaturgically, it was an honest attempt to cry out that man must be preserved. Unfortunately, most of us do not seem to be aware that this is the drama of our time. This theme is bigger than life, and it can only be hoped that its reality will not make other attempts obsolete to reduce it to a stage play.

To catch life in its entirety on stage has always been the dream of the dramatist. Thornton Wilder was one of the few who succeeded in doing so. "Our Town" was revived at the Circle in the Square by a miracle man of the theatre, Jose Quintero, whose staging gives it the magic that is inherent in Wilder's script. The informality created by the Stage Manager (excellently played by John Beal) and the idea of speaking about the eternal questions of life telescoped in the insignificant everyday events in Grover's Corners lift the play onto a high poetic level. "Our Town" has never received a better, more understanding production than on the arena in the Village Square.

The difficulty and greatness of the theatre lie in the writer's vision of how to catch a glimpse of eternity as well as in the director's and actors' abilities to make it seem real. Hal Holbrook's impersonation of Mark Twain is the rare feat of an actor who can make you believe that he is the great humorist. Mark Twain becomes so much alive in this performance that if he didn't look and act the way Mr. Holbrook recreates him, he certainly ought to have.

Tennessee Williams is probably the most powerful dramatist of our era in spite of the sensationalism that creeps into his work time and again. When all is said and done, when we have sufficiently lashed him for the dirt and violence, for death and failure running as a continuous thread through his work, we are still left with more vision and poetry than many another writer can ever conjure up. "I Rise in Flame, Cried the Phoenix," is an engrossing one-act play in which he shapes the essence of D. H. Lawrence in a short death scene. It was beautifully produced in ANT'A's Matinee Theatre Series with Viveca Lindfors as Frieda and Alfred Rayder as Lawrence.

Hume Cronyn's and Jessica Tandy's "Triple Play" in the Playhouse also features a Tennessee Williams one-acter, "Portrait of the Madonna." It was written as one of the first attempts of a growing playwright in which he sketched the image of his Ur-Blanche who later emerged as a fully developed figure in "A Streetcar Named Desire." Jessica Tandy reminds us in this play of her great characterization of Blanche, and through it this evening grows beyond its actual orbit into the land of memory.

Such productions keep the hungry flame of good theatre burning and make us forget those short-sighted attempts to cash in on our need to be carried away from the actuality of life into a greater reality.
Then, when he had finished speaking, he said to Simon, "Push out now into deep water and let down your nets for a catch."

Simon replied, "All right, Master! We've worked all night and never caught a thing, but if you say so, I'll let the nets down."

And when they had done this, they caught an enormous shoal of fish—so big that the nets began to tear. So they signalled to their friends in the other boat to come and help them. They came and filled both the boats to sinking point. When Simon Peter saw this, he fell on his knees before Jesus and said, "Keep away from me, Lord, for I'm only a sinful man!"

For he and his companions (including Zebedee's sons, James and John, Simon's partners) were staggered at the haul of fishes they had made.

Jesus said to Simon, "Don't be afraid, Simon. From now on your catch will be men."

So they got the boats ashore, left everything and followed him.

—Luke 5: 4-11 (Phillips Translation)

The calendar on page 3 of The Lutheran Hymnal designates the 29th of June as Sts. Peter and Paul Day, which, according to ancient tradition, is the date of their martyrdom in the city of Rome. Remembering the high esteem in which the martyrs were held by a Church still under persecution, we can readily understand that this day was chief among the commemorative festivals. For Sts. Peter and Paul were the greatest witnesses of the faith: Peter because he was leader of the original twelve; Paul because he was the specially chosen apostle to the Gentile; both of them because they had something to do with the capital city of the Empire. So the Church, in order to prepare the people for the annual remembrance of their deaths, directed that this Gospel be read on the previous Sunday—which in this present year is exactly what happens, except that Sts. Peter and Paul Day itself is largely ignored.

Very appropriately, then, the text has to do with our Lord's call of certain men into the apostolate: James and John, presumably Andrew, and, of course, Peter. It might seem therefore that any treatment of it would be proper only before a congregation of clergymen or theological students. But, while there is no denying that ministers are full-time fishermen for the Lord, it is also true that any Christian has some part to play in the men-catching expedition of the Church. So the text has something to say to all of us, and what it says is pretty important.

The first thing is to pay attention to what God is saying. For the people on the beach of Lake Gennesaret, this seems to have been easy. The Son of God was speaking with authority. He knew what He was talking about. He was the incarnate Word, whose words were wisdom and life. To us, however, this divine teaching is filtered thru the imperfect man who is our pastor or somebody else's pastor; and there's the problem. It's hard to distinguish between what God says and how the preacher says it; it's hard to discover the Word of God in words that come from the mouth of an ordinary man. Yet this is the arrangement the Lord has made. He did not remain physically in this world, teaching people at lakesides, on mountain slopes, and in temple courts. If He had, only a few hundred of us at a time could listen to Him, unless He got on a television network. But this is never quite the same; there is more to the process, however, than just listening. If what God would say to us does penetrate into our uncomprehending minds, the next step is obedience. "Push out now into deep water and let down your nets for a catch." At this point we almost invariably raise objections. We think of all sorts of reasons why we should not do what the Lord says. One of them is that we have done it before and nothing has
happened. "We've worked all night and never caught a thing." Maybe the trouble is that we've been "going on our own," without His guidance and blessing. But whatever the record of the past may have been, the thing to do, when Christ gives us directions, is to stop arguing and carry them out. It is no doubt particularly important for people who are qualified to do some thinking, men and women of intellectual ability, to learn this humbling lesson. The better mind a man has the more he is likely to raise objections to the Word of God. If this Word is clear, let him shut his mouth and say, "But if you say so." Let him submit to the will of God. Let him say, "I don't see any sense to it. It seems to me a waste of time and effort. Nevertheless, since you say so, since it is You, Lord, who commands, I will do it!"

The result of such obedience may well be amazing. It was on Gennesaret; they caught so many fish that two boats began to sink with the weight of them. It is the same with us. The Christian who prays discovers that things happen in consequence of it. The man who gives finds that he cannot out-give God. The disciple who yields himself to the service of Christ reaps the reward of such surrender. These results are always surprising to us. We had no idea that the thing would work so astonishingly well. That is to say, we had only a faint idea of the bountiful goodness of God before we actually put His Word to the test. You may give intellectual assent to what the preacher says; you may speak the Creed; you may not dissent from any of the teachings of the Church. If you stop there, you have only a kind of academic faith, as did the nobleman whom our Lord told to go home, that his son would get well. It was only when the man did go home, and found that his boy had taken a turn for the better at the precise hour when Jesus had spoken to him, that "he himself believed, and his whole house." There is no faith so solid as that which rests on personal experience. And personal experience of the truth comes only in consequence of our obedience to the will of God.

Now the will of God, whatever it might mean for us personally, is preeminently this for all of us, that we participate in the redemptive task of the Christian Church. "From now on your catch will be men." Under God there is nothing so important as men, and nothing so essential to their well-being as their inclusion in Christ's Kingdom of grace. Therefore this task is for the faithful and obedient disciple the primary consideration. As we go about our business in this world, therefore, there are always people with whom we work and with whom we live, and for clergy and laity alike the salvation of these people dare never be subordinated to any other interests. Sts. Peter and Paul caught some fish for the divine Fish; who follows in their train?

Letter from Xanadu, Nebr.

By G.G.

Dear Editor:

Well, if you get a call from the airport to come and pick me up, don't be surprised. Homer is getting married next week-end, as you know, and from the way the Missus and Trudy are acting you'd think they were the ones that were goin' down that lonesome road. If the ladies' garment industry doesn't show a sharp up-turn this month, it won't be because of any drop in sales in Xanadu, Nebraska.

The wedding is going to be in Seward, where the Schtunks live. I suppose Old Man Schtunk will really put on the dog, Pamela being his only daughter and this being probably the only chance he'll ever have to be a big shot. Of course, he has it to do with, so I guess it's his business. But he wouldn't have to be so doggoned obvious about it. Him and that Imperial of his! And his Missus is just as bad. She's the mink-and-diamonds type and she belongs to the Book-of-the-Month Club.

I'll be interested in seeing what the Schtunks give Homer and Pamela for a wedding present. We're giving them a color TV set, and I'd like to see them top that. In fact, I'd like to see them come anywhere close to it because even with my discount this thing set me back three hundred smackers, which is probably more than Old Man Schtunk has in the bank the way he blows his money as fast as he makes it.

It'll be a relief to have this wedding out of the way and Homer safely married off. Homer never has really given us any trouble, but the way kids are nowadays I was always worried that he might get into some kind of trouble like getting the wedding and the christening in the wrong order. You never know what these bookworm types will do if they get in with the wrong crowd. But it looks like we're safe now.

We're going on from Seward out to the coast. We'll see the sights, and then get to San Francisco in time for the synodical convention. I'm not a delegate this year, but I sort of want to be around to see who gets elected to the Board of Directors. I had a letter from a preacher up in Michigan asking whether I would serve if I was elected and I wrote him that I didn't see how I could refuse to serve if asked, so we shall see what happens.

Regards,

G.G.
I shall never forget the first time I heard Ignace Jan Paderewski in the flesh. I was all agog. Throughout my boyhood days I had read much about this famous master of the piano, and I was just as eager to see him as I was to hear him play.

When my dream came true, Paderewski was in his fifties. His huge mane was no longer reddish in hue; it had turned snow white. To me his eyes seemed to dart fire as he bestrode the stage, sat down at the piano, struck a few chords, and then launched into an unforgettably impressive performance of Ludwig van Beethoven’s Sonata No. 30, in E Major, Op. 109.

Paderewski was in a class by himself. Years after I heard him for the first time I reviewed one of his concerts. I recall him as a venerable old man — and a venerable pianist. By then he had spent his fortune for Poland and had served for a while as prime minister of his native land. Although he was no longer as robust as he had been, the ravishing beauty of his tone was still there. Can anyone ever describe or analyze the matchless quality of the typically Paderewskian tone? I shall not even attempt to do so.

My recollections of Paderewski became more vivid when, a short time ago, I received a disc on which another venerable pianist gives a hauntingly beautiful performance of Beethoven’s Sonata, Op. 109 (Angel 35705). I am referring to Dame Myra Hess. She, too, has a tone that burns itself into one’s memory and defies adequate description or analysis. Her exposition of the sonata is just as impressive as the reading given by Paderewski when I heard him for the first time. Perhaps it is even better; for when I heard Paderewski, he sometimes let false notes slip into his playing. In this respect he was like the renowned Anton Rubinstein and the equally famous Fritz Kreisler.

Beethoven’s Sonata, Op. 109 departs in more than one respect from strict orthodoxy in the matter of structure. But what a masterpiece it is! The third part is a theme with six variations. Deep grief pervades the melody and sears itself into one’s heart. From what I know of Beethoven’s painstaking way of writing I can picture to myself the master as he constructed and polished this haunting theme in the sweat of his face. Then I think of the toil he must have spent on the variations.

For centuries the trill — sometimes called the shake — has been a frequently employed ornament in music. It can be used with striking effectiveness and eloquence. Often, however, it is showy and commonplace. But the trills which Beethoven put into his Sonata, Op. 109 have point and pertinence. They require consummate technical skill, and many pianists never learn to play them properly. Dame Myra plays another awe-inspiring work from the pen of Beethoven. It is the Sonata No. 31, in A Flat Major, Op. 110. This composition contains a fugue which some ladies and gentlemen of learning have described as an outpouring that departs willfully from the rigidly defined rules of orthodoxy. But what do I care about orthodoxy when I can hear a fugue like this — a fugue which is Beethoven’s flesh and blood? The great master once said, “Nowadays a fugue must contain a poetic element.” Beethoven was true to his convictions when he wrote the fugue that is part of his Sonata, Op. 110, and Dame Myra’s performance is as poetic as the fugue itself. In fact, her exposition of the entire sonata is something that can result only from deep-reaching knowledge and thorough understanding. Could the great Paderewski, mighty though he was as a musician and as a pianist, have done better? I do not think so.

Some Recent Recordings

MOTEST MOUSSORGSKY. Boris Godounoff. A superb recording — on four discs — of a Russian opera one need not hesitate to call great. Boris Christoff, one of the outstanding bassos of the present time, sings the roles of Boris and Varlaam. The Choeurs Russes de Paris and the Orchestre de la Radio-diffusion Francaise take part in this memorable performance. Issay Dobrowen is the conductor. The opera is sung in Russian. Fortunately, Nicolas Rimsky-Korsakov’s revision is presented in the recording. This makes for better theater than can be achieved when the original version is used. Capitol-EMI — MICHAEL GLINKA. A Life for the Tsar. A trail-blazing Russian opera. Although it reflects Italian influence to some extent, it abounds in elements that are distinctively Russian. Here, too, one has an opportunity to revel in the artistry of the great Christoff. The Lamoureux Orchestra and the chorus of the Belgrade Opera take part in the performance. Igor Markevitch is the conductor. The opera — recorded in a three-disc album — is sung in Russian. Capitol-EMI.
Always the Same Lord

By ADALBERT RAPHAEL KREITZMANN

"Look on the heart by sorrow broken
Look on the tears by sinners shed;
And be Thy feast to us the token
That by Thy grace our souls are fed."

Arrange and rearrange the thirteen of the holy night. Each artist had his own problem; each Christian has his own idea. Facing this page, we have two modern conceptions out of the past decade which work with the age-old theme and give it new dimensions. The upper one is the relief on the bronze doors of the tabernacle in Saint Don-Basco Church in the hills of Bavaria. It was completed in 1956 by Siegfried Moroder. The lower one is an oak reredos set on the retable of the main altar in Heiligenbronn in the Black Forest. The carving is done by Karl Rieber under the direction of the architect, Alexander Goetz. It is part of the extensive renovation which was necessary in order to restore the altar in this church.

Two problems confront the artist who tries to picture the Last Supper. The first is always what to do with all the faces and hands which must appear in an attitude of reverent quiet. Note the emphasis on the hands and the position of the heads in the lower representation. The upper panel has virtually done away with this difficulty by having only a few hands visible and only the heads showing.

The other problem is the handling of the prominent individuals of the story. The figure of Christ, the Judas figure, and the position of John leaning on the breast of Jesus have made special difficulties. Moroder and Rieber both put Judas at the extreme outside, one on the right and the other on the left, identifiable always by the money bag. John, on the other hand, is always nearest to his Lord, always in an attitude of loving adoration.

Beyond these two that are involved in the Gospel discussion, the others are mere figures.

Cranach, the younger, one time explained the reason for this anonymity by saying that only so could he find his own place at the Lord’s Table and identify himself as one of the Lord’s chosen ones.

No doubt, endless years of research have gone into the study of Leonardo’s “Last Supper.” Countless years will continue to be spent on the mystery of the night in which our Lord was betrayed.

What shall a Christian do with these representations of the Lord’s Supper found in churches, homes, and schools throughout Christendom? Shall they be merely the graphic account of an historic event of the greatest possible importance to the history of mankind? Or shall these pictures really become an invitation to the Eucharist? No picture of this kind ever is an end in itself. It has no detached existence. As soon as our Lord is represented, every picture, as well as every bit of spoken Gospel, in hymn, or sermon, becomes an involvement. We are no longer simply hearing or seeing; we are involved. We are no longer hearing about, or looking at, the event pictured. We are actually spectators and audience now.

Church art comes up to its true destiny only when some measure of this understanding begins to work its way through into the consciousness of the beholder. Our horizons are continually expanded and our eyes lifted up when we join the choice company that come here and see our Lord. You may multiply your experiences with pictures and sermons and poems a thousandfold but until you enter into them and they become a part of you, you will have missed the involvement which can make life splendid and holy and happy.

New artists in new lands will find new ways of involving their own people in all these great truths. The people must feel that these are disciples from their ranks and the Lord come to reach them, and then the identification is complete and happy and easy.
**BOOKS OF THE MONTH**

**GENERAL**

**LAND BEYOND THE NILE**

By Malcolm Forsberg (Harper and Brothers, $3.95)

Malcolm Forsberg found himself in Ethiopia in 1932 because of a chapel talk he heard at Wheaton College during his freshman year.

This book is a fascinating adventure entertainingly told; but it also exhibits a practice of faith that we do not often have the opportunity to observe so markedly in our country.

Ethiopia's delightful climate and the favorable attitude of the government contributed greatly toward easing the lot of the missionaries. "Social, racial, and color distinctions were going into the church melting pot. There would come out of it no slave, no bond, no free; all would be one in Christ." (Might it be that we can learn something from Africa?) However, much of the work in Ethiopia was "up hill" both literally and figuratively speaking.

Roads were practically nonexistent. From Addis Ababa it took Mr. Forsberg thirteen days in the saddle to reach his mission at Gamo. Building a home, raising food, carrying water from a stream several miles away had to be fitted in with learning the language (Amharic has 252 characters in its alphabet), conducting reading classes with neighborhood children, and preaching near and far. There were no modern conveniences. Even the nearest doctor was a week's journey by mule back. The medical books on their shelves seemed to take the earnest reader up to the critical point and then advise, "Call the Doctor."

Several events make interesting reading, though probably they were not too much fun at the time. At a feast in a governor's native hut, two half-grown lions were brought in for entertainment. The lion tamer carried only a piece of split bamboo as restraint. On seeing the agitation of the guests the governor said, "They won't hurt you. They have just been fed." If one more exception when calling on some native people, Mr. Forsberg was offered one of the two stools in the room. When his wife started to sit down on the other, the lady of the house cried, "Don't sit there," and pulled the stool out from under Mrs. Forsberg, who landed on the floor. Taboos, especially those degrading women, were basic to the Ara culture.

On the whole, everything had been going well until Mussolini began conducting "a civilizing mission to Ethiopia." During the evacuation, they had to travel by night because during daylight descent Ethiopian soldiers were plundering all they could while they could. One night the road was so dark that they stumbled along a dry river bed for some time before they realized they were no longer on the road. Five days of travel by mule back with little food and water, no shelter, and Mrs. Forsberg five months pregnant seemed beyond human endurance. When they reached Soddu, another mission station, Mr. Forsberg writes, "It was good to eat . . . it was good to rest . . . it was good to be clean . . . it was good to be." From Soddu Station military planes flew them to Addis Ababa, their departure point for the States for their well deserved and much needed furlough. The Italians did not insist that the missions close; they just made it impossible for them to stay open. They confiscated all mission property "for political and sanitary reasons."

The Forsberg's first child was born while they were on furlough. There was a technicality about the Ethiopian marriage which made it illegal. So on their third anniversary, the Forsbergs, with their nine-months old child in attendance, were married again.

In the fall of 1938, the time for their return to Africa, Hitler was rattle sabers. They prayed, by the radio, that a European war might not prevent their return to Africa. After the meeting of Chamberlain and Hitler, the announcement of "peace in our time" blared forth. Uneasy peace though it was, they sailed for the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan in December, 1938.

The Sudan was not the Africa of the efficient servant, luxurious tropical fruits, and markets bulging with meat and eggs that Ethiopia was. The missionaries' struggle that first year was hardly less grim than that of the natives.

In Khartoum, marketing had to supply their needs for the next eleven months for roads were closed from May to December, the rainy season. Another language must be learned, another house built. The natives at Choli were among the most backward of the Africans.

Mona, the man destined to become their first and only convert in five years, came to them because he could not work while his baby was tiny. He explained, "It will make him tired and he might get sick and die." Since he couldn't work, he came there to sit. He could wash the clothes but he couldn't wring them, for that would be like wringing the baby's neck. This was Mona's first Christian contact. He progressed from a naked, superstitious native to the leader of the church. At the time missionaries were forced to flee again when the Italians were warring in the British Sudan, Mona held the church together and even expanded it.

The Uduk tribe, formerly classed as an anthropologist as one of the most primitive of Africa, now showed evidence (by psychological testing) of some very high IQ's — and even more remarkably, fear, a basic emotion in primitive people, was not found in a certain group of these people. These were the "believers." Twins were no longer buried alive for fear of the Evil Eye. Marriages had become more meaningful, the spread of syphilis had been curbed. The Uduk were even asking to learn Arabic so they could tell the Arabs what the Lord had done for them.

The book closes reverently and sincerely with the benediction by Mona, "Now unto him that is able to do exceeding abundantly, above all that we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us, unto him be glory in the church by Christ Jesus throughout all ages, world without end. Amen."

Lois Simon

**ETHIOPIA TODAY**

By Ernest W. Luther (Stanford University Press, $4.00)

Ethiopia, a land well known to the Ancient Egyptians, is not so well known to our modern world. Mr. Luther, an economist, interprets the country largely in terms of its economy — although about one-third of the 152 pages cover other areas of interest. Since it is "a country of great diversity in its topography, its climate, and its people, language, and customs," a discussion of economics would be difficult without showing the impact of geography, politics, religion, and sociology on the country's economy.

An error, unfortunately near the beginning, alerts the reader for other inaccuracies. He refers to "the invasion of Islam in the fourth century." However, as far as the reviewer could ascertain this was the only error.

Ethiopia entered its "Dark Age" at the time of the Mussolini invasions. Only recently has it begun to emerge from the darkness under the leadership of Haile Selassie. His distinctly modern mentality is in strong contrast with the tradition-mindedness of most of his countrymen. Under the Emperor's leadership, the first constitution was drawn up and promulgated in 1931. New schools were opened. A new anti-slavery law was decreed. The Italian campaign interrupted progress in
1934. This book is the story of how Ethiopia has developed politically, economically, and socially since it was given a new lease on life following the final defeat of the Italians in January, 1942.

There are many handicaps to overcome, for example: (1) Transportation has been a major draw back. About the only access to the outside world is by air; there are no navigable waterways; and the country is criss-crossed with steep ravines and mountainous terrain rising in places to 15,000 feet. (2) Almost one-third of the land is desert or otherwise unproductive. (3) Methods of agriculture are primitive. (4) Some of the tribes are dangerous. The men of the Danakil tribe must kill and mutilate another male in order to demonstrate their manhood and prove their eligibility for marriage. (5) An ancient system of land tenure and servdom retards progress immeasurably. (6) Extreme conservatism, even backwardness, of the Ethiopian Orthodox Church contributes to retarding political and economic advance. (7) Despite formal adherence to religion by the majority, sorcery and witchcraft are still respected and engaged in, sometimes even by priests of the Church unofficially. (8) Bribery and corruption are common. (9) Due to many factors, there are inefficiency and in-terminable delays in the machinery of government. (10) The average Ethiopian is content with his lot and sees little reason to change his ways.

Ethiopia is emerging slowly, however. The first Ethiopian physician recently completed his studies abroad and is now employed at one of the hospitals in Addis Ababa.

This book should be enjoyed by those interested in our backward areas and in their development. The account is documented and indexed, making it helpful to the student. Each day brings a new realization of the necessity to learn more about the rest of the world. It is necessary not only for greater harmony but even, possibly, for our very survival.

Lois Simon

HORSEFEATHERS AND OTHER CURIOUS WORDS

By Charles Earle Funk and Charles Earle Funk, Jr. (Harper & Brothers, $3.75)

Did you know that bambino is not only the Italian diminutive form for infant, but also (from the Greek root bambaino, to stutter) indicates the prattle of a child? So says Dr. Funk senior, a famous dictionary editor whose lifelong interest in word origins and connotations led him along unexpected byroads that turned up many an amusing story. Some seventy-five miniature drawings have been provided humorously by Tom Funk, and a total of more than six hundred such odd origins are here summarized (not alphabetically) in this unique book, completed by the junior C. E. Funk after his father's death.

The range is, e.g., from the familiar lotus-eater to the colloquial hunky-dory. To sample only the letter H category as listed in the copious index, here a philologically-minded reader will find information on such things as hellbender, highbinder, hogwash, hoky-poky, hopscotch, hornswoggle, lugger-mugger, and bushpuppy. This book's title deserves special mention: "Horsefeathers," I learned from... old-timers of New England and New York in the building trade, refers to rows of clapboards laid with butt edges against the butt edges of shingles or clapboards so as to provide a flat surface over which asphalt or other shingles may be laid.

Years ago Brewer's Dictionary of Phrase and Fable explained mythological figures, world superstitions and strange customs, common words of old cant plus modern slang in everyday use in the English-speaking world. Horsefeathers and Other Curious Words is an appropriate companion volume, recommended by the Library Journal "for that much-abused man in the gray flannel suit."

I suspect that the contagiousness of investigating this branch of semi-cultural curiosities sometimes led these lexicologists to indulge in educated guesses or, at least, in entertaining speculations. All about words? Yes, to be sure! But not under oath. And exactly here is where the fundamentally serious purpose is fortunately enlivened by a folkloristic sprightly manner throughout.

Herbert H. Umbach

EZIO PINZA

An autobiography, with Robert Magidoff (Rinehart, $4.95)

Ezio Pinza was a hearty, uncomplicated man whose superb natural gifts and lifelong devotion to the art of singing carried him to world-wide fame as leading basso of his era. His stellar accomplishments in both opera and musical comedy were unique; other opera stars have deserted the stylized American operatic scene for more popular musical fields, but none with the resounding success of Pinza. More than this, he became through the role of Emile de Becque in South Pacific a national symbol; his portrayal, at 57, of the virile, attractive French planter's conquest of the much younger American girl (Mary Martin) gave new hope to untold legions of middle-aged male Broadway fans. The autobiography quotes drama critic George Jean Nathan as saying that "Pinza has taken the place of Hot Springs, Saratoga and hormone injections for all the other old boys in town." So an account of Pinza's life would have as its prospective market not only music lovers but also a sizable segment of musical-comedy audiences who saw in Pinza something not connected with music.

The autobiography will probably satisfy this latter group of readers more completely than the serious opera fan. There are, of course, many references to Pinza's great operatic years, with some pleasant and amusing stories of his relationships with some opera great names like Toscanini, Walter, Bori, Rethberg, Votipka and many others; there is even what might be called an expression of Pinza's artistic credo. However, there is little in this book of what one usually expects in reading an artist's life: not just details and stories of the life of the artist, but also some thoughts on the state of the art. While the nature of Pinza's personality may have something to do with this approach in his autobiography, the more basic reason is that Pinza did not have an intellectual approach to music. His autobiography does not mention any direct contact with composers until his musical comedy debut, and by his own admission he seldom went to concerts. Not that he didn't take his work seriously; he was known for the authenticity of his acting as well as his convincing vocal style, and he thought deeply about each characterization. But Pinza was master of the performance art, and concerned himself little with the creative aspect of music.

The literary style of Magidoff seems adequate for the type of book that this is. It is chatty and informal, and full of anecdotes. There is an epilogue by Pinza's wife, Doris, telling of the singer's last days and death in May, 1957.

It is good to have a tribute in print to Ezio Pinza, whose personal exuberance and dignity and artistic integrity have helped to give opera a good name in a strange land.

Philip Greffing

OOOH, WHAT YOU SAID!

By Arthur Kober with drawings by Frederick E. Banbery (Simon and Schuster, $3.50)

A FEW QUICK ONES

By P. G. Wodehouse (Simon and Schuster, $3.50)

SUPERMANSHIP

By Stephen Potter with illustrations by Lt. Col. Frank Wilson (Random House, $3.00)

These notes are being written by a reviewer who, at latest count, had ingested 4,400,000 units of the best penicillin on the market within a space of forty-eight hours. If any man therefore have reason to boast of his earnestness, we have more, for these penicillin units don't just sit around wishing they were back in a piece of moldy bread. Forgetful of the past and uninter-
ested in the future, they live only for the present and for the one job that they know how to do, which is killing bugs.

It bothers us a bit that this vast army of penicillin units should be working so single-mindedly on behalf of one whose earnestness is a transitory condition and who will, all too soon, be back to a way of life which can hardly commend itself to any sober-minded person or penicillin unit. But there it is. Unchastened by our sufferings, we still think that the hymn writer who so that those three serious-minded of his would have had to take described this earth as a how to do, which is killing bugs. put a big red quarantine sign on his door spared himself the worst of them if he there it is. Unchastened by our sufferings, hands to keep assorted fruit juices within the sweet singer of the Bronx; bufoons of our generation: Arthur Kober, who introduced us to the conceptual framework of Gamesmanship, the art of winning without actually cheating, later expanded via Lifemanship and One-Umphanship into a Weltanschauung which claims adherents throughout the English-speaking world. In Supermamanship, Potter brings us up to date on work in process at College has recently moved into new quarters, a description of which may soften the atmosphere is controlled. The roof is justified logically. But by the end of this WHO IS HIDING IN MY HIDE-A-BED?

Wodehouse, whose age is just at the point of intersecting his golf score (both are in the middle seventies), made a last contribution to English letters a generation or more ago with his creation of the perfect butler, Jeeves. Age has not, however, withered, nor, for that matter, custom staled his infinite variety. His latest collection brings us up to date on the domestic crises of the Bingo Littles, the financial machinations of Oofy Prosser, the changing fortunes of the widespread Mulliner clan, and the romances of Sidney McMurdo. Old friends of the Bingo Littles may be amused by this vignette of Bingo, the father: “Emerging with a shudder from this unpleasant reverie, he found that Algeron Aubrey [his small son] had strayed from his side and, looking to the southeast, observed him some little distance away along the beach. The child was hitting a man in a Homburg hat over the head with his spade, using, it seemed to Bingo, a good deal of wristy follow-through. (In hitting men in Homburg hats over the head with spades, the follow-through is everything.”)

Potter is, of course — Potter. It was he who introduced us to the conceptual framework of Gamesmanship, the art of winning without actually cheating, later expanded via Lifemanship and One-Umphanship into a Weltanschauung which claims adherents throughout the English-speaking world. In Supermamanship, Potter brings us up to date on work in process at College has recently moved into new quarters, a description of which may soften the regrets of those who find it hard to think of alma mater as anywhere but 681 Station Road:

“Totally untraditional, it is sheathed in concrete while one whole side of it is half glass, or looks vaguely like it. Look at it from Siemann’s the tobacconists and see how colour and atmosphere are given by reflection only, in the glass sheeting, of signals and telegraph poles, tautly upright, and as counterpart the yellow smoke-plumes from the engine-funnels. Indoors you can say the atmosphere is controlled. The roof is wide open to the sun, and there are days when definite sun-bathing is possible, which will be more generally enjoyed when our plea for smokeless fuel in Essential Products, Ltd., our nearby factory, has met with some response, or our letter is at any rate answered.”

The staff, too, has seen some changes. Three noteworthy additions are Cornelius “Corny” Sticking, whose essence has been captured by Effie Weeks in the comment: “Such a wonderfully unfrightened head!}; The Lawrenceman, “small, pale, intent, serious, with rather large plastic features in a small face, and a big dark beard, round and soft and soggy” who could counter the most unarguable statement with Slow Withdrawn Look and the use of some all-around-the-compass phrase like, “Does then the destroyer hate the destroyer?”; and Yeovil’s answer to the Angry Young Man, Irwin Cannery, the Mild Young Man.

Announcement is made in this book of the availability of Yeovil Jubilee Pamphlets entitled “Superbaby,” “The Great Vice Versa” (Town Versus Country), “How Stands Reviewmanship Today?”, “The Man-Ship of Memoirs,” and “To What Extent is There a Virtual Superlecture?” Sections on “Recent Work in Established Gambit- fields” and “Ploys in Progress” will be especially interesting to practicing lifemen who want to keep au courant with the rapid strides that are being made in the field. “Superyule” is a section which even the non-Lifesman might want to read for self-protection.

PEACE

THE IN AND OUT BOOK

By Robert Benton and Harvey Schmidt (Viking, $1.95)

First there was “highbrow,” “lowbrow,” and “middlebrow,” and then Nancy Mitford came along with “U” and “non-U,” both systems of grouping people and both causing comment and interest. Taking advantage of this interest we seem to have in classifying ourselves and in conforming with the “in” group, the authors have developed their own system of IN and OUT, a big spoof of all classification systems, and a lot of fun.

Their determinations of what things are IN or OUT are completely arbitrary and the reader will have difficulty in trying to outguess them. Why Russia, wearing the same suit every day, and Maria Schell are IN, and Africa, Italian shoes, and Oscar Hammerstein II are OUT is impossible to justify logically. But by the end of this thin volume, a crazy pattern emerges of what might be in IN or OUT.

For those who may not see the humor in all this, particularly for those whose names are mentioned, the authors have announced that suing for libel is OUT.

WHO IS HIDING IN MY HIDE-A-BED?

By Ann Warren Griffith (Simon and Schuster, $2.95)

This hilarious little volume has only the vaguest connection with a Hide-A-Bed, a name which the publishers carefully point out is copyrighted. The author, apparently, chose the title because it has an intriguing sound and promptly forgot it thereafter. The book is really a collection of essays, several of which have appeared previously in various magazines. With sprightly clev-
ersness, Mrs. Griffith attacks advertising, architecture, pulp magazines, slick paper magazines, radio, television and beauty salons that promise miracles. She manages to describe with great wit her annoyance with various aspects of modern confused living. Especially delightful are the chapters titled: “Menumania,” “Gentlemen, Your Tranquilizers are Showing!” and “Frosh Fads,” which previously appeared in The Atlantic under the title, “For Whom the Bell Clanks.”

The last part of the book is devoted to some personal antipathies shared by many readers, such as her dread of dentists, the frustrating complexities of a laundromat, her inability to trap a mouse, and the nuisance of having a surname beginning with a letter near the end of the alphabet. For real enjoyment, these essays should be read slowly and only one at a sitting. They also are suitable for reading aloud if the reader will pause frequently for laughter.

HELEN MAE OLSEN

ROCKS ON THE ROOF
By Jim Backus (Putnam, $3.50)

In the field of entertainment Jim Backus is a well known personality. To millions of Americans he has numerous guises: the voice of the bumbling little cartoon character, Mr. Magoo; the Judge in the very popular domestic life TV show “I Married Joan”; the subtle rich boy of radio, Hubert Updyke the Third; and occasionally a guest on the “Jack Paar Show,” where, incidentally, his book received a plug towards popularity. He has also starred in numerous comedy shows, starred on his own radio show, and played many roles in motion pictures.

Mr. Backus, in his mellowing years, has sat down with his chief collaborator, Henny Backus, his wife, and reminisced their backstage, public, and personal lives. They have produced a very delightful book for those who know how to get fun out of life and have the financial resources for such fun. For those who just enjoy light, whimsical literature, it is here in Rocks on the Roof. And those who enjoy reading other persons’ real life experiences—their rewards, fortunes, and acquaintances—will also enjoy Rocks on the Roof.

RALPH STARENKO

FICTION

PLOWSHARE IN HEAVEN
By Jesse Stuart (McGraw-Hill, $4.50)

Back in 1839 the editor of the Charleston, S. C., Mercury wrote in an editorial that if America ever succeeded in creating an original literature it would be not general but sectional in character. He gave it as his opinion that such an original American literature would “spring up in nooks and corners, deriving its power and worth from its being characteristic not of the nation but of its own circumscribed home.” If the thoughtful young editor who penned those words were living today, he would without doubt recognize in the stories of Jesse Stuart the fulfillment of his literary prophecy. For Mr. Stuart writes with knowledge and affection and sensitivity about the people of a small, circumscribed area of rugged hills and verdant valleys in the northeast corner of Kentucky. In writing of the people of that country of the Big and Little Sandy Rivers, Mr. Stuart has made a permanent contribution to contemporary American literature equaled by only five or six other living authors.

Mr. Stuart’s latest book, Plosworth in Heaven, is a collection of short stories—stories poignant and moving because they deal with love and pride and honor, with pity and compassion and sacrifice, and with courage and hope and endurance, without which, as William Faulkner said when accepting his Nobel prize, “any story is ephemeral and doomed.” Among the recurring themes are family pride and loyalty, deep attachment to the home and ancestral acres, love of the soil and joy in the seasonal rhythms of nature, courage in facing physical danger, and fortitude in the face of death and heartache. The attentive reader notes in many of the tales a fine respect and affection for elderly people: for shrewd old Grandma Shelton, for example, and for independent old Alec, and for resolute, eighty-year-old Birdneck Dixon, who sold his body to a medical school but nevertheless arranged affairs so that his bones would rest in the land he had tilled for sixty years.

The bodies and the spirits of Jesse Stuart’s Kentucky hillmen are compounded of tough, enduring elements. The men are of heroic stature: Big Sandy Bill, the logger captain, for instance, who could outshoot, outfight, and outwin any man on the Big Sandy River; Old Op, who at seventy-seven could still do any two men’s work with ax and grub hoe; and Tim Sixymore, who stood six feet seven inches and weighed over three hundred pounds, and whose bull-neck broke six of the county’s good ropes before the seventh finally held and hanged him for his crimes. There is humor, too, in these tales—the easy, robust, earthy humor of folk long accustomed to traditional ways and intimately at home with their locale and with one another.

Jesse Stuart handles skillfully a number of different moods in this book. There are robust, rollicking stories such as “The Chase of the Skittish Heifer” and “How Sportsmanship Came to Carver College”; there are tales full of shrewd good humor and sly comment on the natural pomposity of man, such as “The Wind Blew East” and “Before the Grand Jury”; and there are sensitive, gentle stories of the pathos and vague yearning of youth, such as “Love in the Spring.” Mr. Stuart consistently and very successfully employs the narrative technique of the first person narrator, a character within the story who has observed the action he relates or has participated in it to a limited degree. This device gives the reader a sense of immediacy and authenticity, but still permits the necessary distance to give full play to the author’s shrewd irony.

In Plosworth in Heaven Jesse Stuart has created at least a half-dozen fine and enduring stories. More than a dozen of the total twenty-one will bear up well under the test of repeated reading.

PARRISH
By Mildred Savage (Simon and Schuster, $4.95)

The setting of this novel is the tobacco growing section of Connecticut. The principal character, Parrish, is an eighteen-year-old adolescent closely tied to his mother. The period is 1948 to 1953. Parrish quickly becomes involved in the competition between the tobacco growing tycoons. Sala Post, a gentee, feudal landowner is engaged in a losing battle with Judd Raike, an aggressive newcomer. Parrish wavers between the two while he is learning the business of tobacco farming. The action of the novel follows the cycle of farming, and many colorful details of social and agricultural events supply the background.

Parrish develops from an insecure youth to a man with a purpose during these five years of his life. He joins Sala Post in a desperate alliance to survive against the machinations of the unscrupulous Raike, who, quite incidentally, becomes Parrish’s step-father. Raike is unbelievably cruel, power-seeking, and domineering. In contrast, Post is equally unbelievably mild-mannered, refined, fair, and honest. Both Raike and Post have beautiful daughters who supply the romantic interest of the novel. An ironic twist to the story is that the upright Post’s daughter becomes an alcoholic and an unhappy wife while “Villian Raike’s” daughter develops into a fine, upstanding young woman.

The end of the novel shows Raike’s daughter hurrying home from Europe to marry the hero and share his life as a tobacco farmer. The author does not seem to be concerned with the fact that they are step-brother and sister. The hated step-father becomes Parrish’s father-in-law and his mother becomes his step-mother-in-law. Mrs. Savage will have to write another novel to extricate them from this dilemma.

HELEN MAE OLSON
**ESPRIT DE CORPS**  
By Lawrence Durrell (Dutton, $2.75)

Lawrence Durrell presently is engaged in the ambitious project of producing five interrelated novels, three of which, *Justine*, *Balthazar*, and, last month, *Mountolive*, have been published. In between the second and third of these, he found time to dash off a completely different type of book, *Esprit de Corps*, subtitled "Sketches from Diplomatic Life," a delightfully boisterous series of mishaps in the foreign service, which, while fictional, are partially based on his own earlier experiences as a press officer attached to a British legation.

All eleven episodes are short. They are told by a character named Anthrobus, a very proper and serious foreign officer, to Durrell, the press officer. The setting for most is the British Embassy in Belgrade where Sir Claud Polk-Mowbray is ambassador *extraordinary*. Much of the humor arises from the inability of the Yugoslavian Communists to understand anyone from the West, let alone the peculiar types who inhabit Western foreign offices.

Every one of the anecdotes is hilarious and good for a dozen laughs out loud. Among them is the account of a train trip from Belgrade to Zagreb arranged for the Diplomatic Corps by the Yugoslavs to illustrate their efficiency with machinery. The three coaches of the train are gaudily painted and filled with elaborate wood carvings, but the coach has a thirty-degree list and is held up by the other two. The engine, abandoned by an American film company, is held together by wire and is manned by a crew consisting of "some very hairy men in cloth caps who looked like Dostoevsky's publishers." That the harrowing night trip was far from delightful is indicated by the refusal of the entire Corps to make a return trip on the train. Then there is the story of two maiden ladies who publish the only Western newspaper behind the Iron Curtain. Unfortunately, they never recognize news, publish anything anyone tells them, and are at the complete mercy of a composing room crew that understands not one word of English and brings out headlines such as "The Balkan Herald Keeps the British Flag Frying."

Among the fascinating characters who fill these stories are the Information Officer whose bouts with the bottle land him in some peculiar situations; the Embassy butler, who suffers from terrifying visions, usually during formal dinners; the Naval Attache who longed for the sea and who set the whole Corps adrift in the Danube; and the Cultural Attache who wished a variety of persons dead and who had a way of giving Fate a hand when necessary.

This is one of the most pleasantly funny books to appear in years.

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**THE BIG CITY**  
By Alex Atkinson and Ronald Searle  
(Braziller, $3.95)

In a well-blended mixture of humor and pathos, Atkinson presents 24 imaginary interviews with residents of the big city, which, in this case, is London but could be any large city. The sub-title, "The New Mayhew," indicates the technique he is using, for Henry Mayhew, a founder of *Punch*, for which Atkinson has been writing the last ten years, published a book in 1851, based on interviews with London's poor, revealing the deplorable conditions under which they lived in the then most important city of the world.

Following Mayhew's pattern, Atkinson has imagined the results of interviews with today's city residents. He plays the role of innocent recorder and lets each subject tell his story in his own words. One difference between this book and Mayhew's is that this one contains a great deal of humor. But while humorous in intent, this collection of interviews results in a strong commentary on the "new rich" and the "new poor."

By telling of their work, their leisure habits, their home life, and their problems in their own words, most of those interviewed tend to sound foolish and, at times, ridiculous, though not for long. The author never intrudes and never robs a subject of what little human dignity he may still possess.

It is the careful balance of humor and pathos that makes Atkinson's book powerful and extremely interesting. He can let an underpaid minor executive, entertaining clients in a night club on a company expense account, sound silly, but in the next moment, when this man has a fleeting and depressing thought of the meagre meal that his family is having at home, he becomes a pitiful but more human character.

An equally underpaid vicar of a London parish reveals many idiosyncrasies in his behavior, but it is soon apparent that these habits forced on him by poverty. And so it goes with an aging actress who lives a lonely life in two small rooms waiting only for a recall to the stage; the aging exile, formerly an important figure in his own government, living alone and without hope in a strange land; the duke who is too poor to hold on to his castle, unable to sell it, and untrained in any profession that can provide him with a living. We see, as the interviews continue with a railway worker, a literary man, an orphan stenographer, an income tax man, and a dozen others that each is an object of humor and a subject for pity.

The drawings of Ronald Searle, which accompany each interview, are as penetrating as Atkinson's prose and well worth the price of the book in themselves. In combination, these two have produced an effective indictment of modern civilization in a most interesting manner.

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**CLAUDELLE INGLISH**  
By Erskine Caldwell (Little, Brown, $3.75)

_Claudelle Inglis_ is a dull novel. It is a short novel — 208 pages — but story, theme, and characterization are spread thin over those 208 pages. In a "conversation" with M.I.T.'s Professor Carvel Collins published in the _Atlantic_ (July, 1958), Mr. Caldwell is quoted as saying that the short story is "the best form of writing there is [because] you have to concentrate it so much." The story of Claudelle might have made a creditable short story; it is much too scant (as Mr. Caldwell treats it) for a novel.

The story concerns the short, unhappy life of Claudelle Inglis. Eighteen year-old Claudelle has been ecstatically happy for a couple of years giving herself wholly to her young lover, Linn Varner. Then Linn goes off to Army duty. After his first fond letters, he writes less frequently, and then not at all. Finally comes the brief note saying he is going to marry someone else, someone he has met near his camp. Within a matter of hours, the dazed Claudelle abandons herself to a demonic search for love-happiness, seducing every man in her crossroads town and the surrounding farm area of north Georgia. Not many days later she is shot to death by one of her lovers, the Reverend Horace Haddbetter, who blames Claudelle for the loss of his virtue and the loss of his job. Minutes afterward, genial, grinning Linn Varner appears out of nowhere and walks up on the Inglises' front porch in his army uniform to explain that he didn't mean that, really, about marrying somebody else. He has changed his mind again, and wants to marry Claudelle after all; right now, in fact. But Claudelle's dead.

This colossal irony fails utterly to convince the reader. It is too patently contrived. The reader is deliberately led to believe one thing so that the author can surprise (trick?) him with another. True indeed it is, as Mr. Jonathan Daniels said in his published greeting, "Happy Birthday, Dear Erskine!" that "God in Georgia and elsewhere moves . . . in a mysterious way," but the job of the literary artist is to provide proper artistic motivation for events and actions, as well as to develop _artistically_ probable and consistent characters. Mr. Caldwell unhappily accomplishes neither in this novel. (Perhaps the goal that Mr. Caldwell has set for himself of writing a novel a year is too ambitious?)
Quality Programs Need Support

BY ANNE HANSEN

Staggering and ever-mounting production costs have taken a heavy toll of serious TV programs. Recently I read that Playhouse 90, too, is operating at a deficit. This is a matter of real concern for every viewer who has treasured the high standards of artistry that have characterized Playhouse 90 presentations. It seems to me that it would be nothing short of tragic to permit this fine program to be discontinued for want of adequate financial support.

The success of Playhouse 90 must be attributed to the creative ability and the tireless energy of the far-sighted producers, the dynamic directors, the gifted writers, and the talented players who have had a part in the presentations. Naturally, not every Playhouse 90 offering has been equally distinguished. There have been disappointments along the way. I need only to point to The Velvet Alley and to the pedestrian production of For Whom the Bell Tolls, both seen during April. But there have been many truly memorable programs. In recent weeks we have had Judgment at Nuremberg, a powerful, spine-tingling, and deeply moving re-enactment of a dark chapter in recent history; The Day Before Atlanta, a page taken from our own War Between the States; and Dark December, set in the crucial period when the German forces launched a desperate surprise attack during the last months of World War II. John Crosby, the well-known TV critic, has called Playhouse 90 a "national asset" and a "cultural treasure." I am in complete agreement with Mr. Crosby.

The past month — April — saw other outstanding programs. Sir John Gielgud, one of the most accomplished actors of our day, appeared with fine success in Terence Rattigan's biting satire, The Browning Version (Show of the Month). Sally Benson's homespun tales of family life in the first years of this century came to life in Meet Me in St. Louis (CBS), a charming musical play. Viewers who recall the superb World's Fair settings of the 1945 film version of Meet Me in St. Louis undoubtedly missed the unusual background. Here in St. Louis the local CBS station presented a special preliminary showing of authentic pictures from the files of the Missouri Historical Society. Personally, I found this far more exciting than the actual two-hour live show.

In two-hour-long installments Desilu Playhouse presented The Untouchables, a grim social drama set in the stormy and lawless era when Al Capone ruled gangster-ridden Chicago. Hallmark Hall of Fame assembled an all-star cast for Eugene O'Neill's comedy Ah, Wilderness!

The Bell Telephone Hour presented a fine program devoted to music and the ballet, and Gene Kelly appeared in a special hour-long variety show. As always, we saw many noteworthy newscasts, to keep us informed about the significant — and the trivial — developments at home, abroad, and in space. Finally, by way of Dave Garroway's Today, viewers were enabled to visit Paris in the spring and to make a fascinating tour of the fabulous city which is as old as civilization and as young as tomorrow. This is the first in a series of overseas journeys via International Television. Plans have already been made for taped telecasts from Italy, Denmark, and the USSR. Watch for them!

Why do motion-picture producers so often distort history? Why do they devote months of painstaking research into the life of a famous person and then discard facts for fiction? This has always been a source of annoyance to me and, I am sure, to many other moviegoers. Although The Naked Maja (Titanus, United Artists, Henry Koster) purports to be a biography of Fransisco Goya y Lucientes (1746-1828), the film actually bears little resemblance to the true life story of the famous Spanish painter. The performances of Ava Gardner, as the Duchess of Alba, and Anthony Franciosa, as Goya, are as weak and inept as the cliché-ridden script.

The frequently told tale of the sinking of the Titanic is recounts with documentary simplicity in A Night to Remember (J. Arthur Rank, Roy Baker). Adapted from Walter Lord's book, the film vividly re-creates the events and conditions that led to the sinking of an "unsinkable" ship on her maiden voyage. Imitation of Life (Universal-International, Douglas Sirk), adapted from the novel by Fannie Hurst, is what is known in the industry as a four-handkerchief film. In other words, it is an out-and-out tear-jerker, and as such it leaves me cold. The emphasis here is on bathos, not on pathos.

Alias Jesse James (United Artists) stars irresistible Bob Hope in a delightful, laugh-packed spoof on the ubiquitous western outlaw.

No name on the Bullet (Universal-International, Jack Arnold) features Audie Murphy in a suspense-filled drama with an unusual twist to set it apart from the routine horse opera.

Starlet Sandra Dee appears in two recent releases: Stranger in My Arms (Columbia), a sticky, sudsy melodrama; and Gidget (Columbia), a preposterous bit of stupidity which, appropriately enough, rhymes with fidget. I did!
Politics, it has been said, is the pursuit of power, and policy (such as laws, court decisions, executive orders, and elections) is the expression of power.

This contention makes a lot of sense if we begin our understanding of politics with what the people want.

This much is true: many, many people in our society want many, many things and for many of these things they will exert a lot of power and influence. Moreover, people with strong desires will seek power in the political system to assure the granting of their desires.

This really means that strong-minded and strongly motivated citizens want to "stack the political cards in their favor." Even in the solemn solitude of the election booth as the voter stands there with his naked conscience, as the boys in headquarters like to say, the citizen is voting his desires and his prejudices.

Consequently, law and policy more often than not are the reflection of who is strongest in the social system. The desires of the stronger are incorporated into major legislation.

No law, then, is neutral, for it represents a victory or victories over competing and conflicting claims. By the same token, it must be remembered, these opposition claims never die. The opposition in normal circumstances keeps fighting back. It hopes to change the power distribution the next time around.

In this sense, politics really is a matter of "who gets there the fistest with the mostest."

Without serious question, politics cannot be understood without some critical attention to "who gets what, when, where, and how."

The Constitution, avowed by some to be a sacred document giving place only to the Scriptures, was really formulated in the politics of our earlier days and really emerged from a power struggle of significant intensity. The life of the Constitution has not been any different for it is being interpreted every day according to who and what wins the political power plays.

Many groups today, both liberal and conservative, are fighting to make the constitution say what they want it to say, that is, to "stack the constitutional cards in their favor."

This has happened because the constitution does not really explain itself. It can be interpreted, and how it is interpreted is important to the wants of many, many people.

And how it is interpreted depends on whose wants ride the pole position in the race for power. How it is interpreted does depend on who is a judge or a justice in the system, on who has appointed whom to the Supreme Court, and on the general caliber and tone of judicial administration. The significance of these statements is reflected in the five-to-four decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States.

Whether the judges or justices are explicit about the matter or not, their views will inevitably mirror the perspective of certain pressure groups or power blocs in the nation. As a matter of fact, they have won positions on the bench (whether by appointment or election) by virtue of these views. Accordingly, any court decision by a judge or justice is bound to represent a power victory over competing claims. Here, too, the cards are stacked.

Lawyers who deal with local judges on a day-to-day basis know about these things. The lawyers know which judges will act in a given direction on domestic relations cases, who give easiest divorces, who will decide against the wife, and who are tough on non-support cases. Which judge operates thus and so in juvenile delinquency cases is common knowledge to even the less alert lawyers in the community.

Judges, justices, and lawyers — very often thought of as dispensing impartial justice from the Olympian summits of honesty and integrity — are not without prejudice and without obsessive compulsions about what they want and do not want.

This state of affairs has prompted authors Irish and Prothro to comment in *The Politics of American Democracy*: "The politics that produces a law is more basic than the content of the law."

This state of affairs, moreover, is not unique, and is not confined to the political system. Power, power conflict, and the pursuit of power are substantial aspects of the so-called "ivory-tower" institutions like the church, the university, and the local P.T.A.

The political scientist who is on the way to understanding the power processes in the political realm is on the way to understanding what goes on in other areas.

Power is pursued everywhere and by everyone.
VERSE

HAIL, FELLOW
Was it you I glimpsed in the noisy night,
Speckled with flame,
Skimming darkly by in the orange burst
Of the shell that greeted me as I dove to take
A hurried look at the ground?
Was it really you? I'd not the time to wave
With so much on my mind.
Don't be offended, please.
And later, another day, in a grey whirlpool of sky
When the starboard engine failed and someone called
Way back in the fuselage.
Was that your voice?
I couldn't understand then, too busy, and I hope
You'll understand.
I try to be polite.
It's awfully funny how our paths have crossed,
Or almost did, and often I've the feeling that
I only missed you by a compass hair.
But cheer up, boy,
We're bound to meet one day.
E. M. NIGHTINGALE

SPRINGS OF GALILEE
If Galilee means country full of hills,
It also means the place of leaping springs,
Where purity of tumbling water spills
Away from all those dusty city things,
Jerusalem may wail before its fall,
But Galilee goes everywhere with words
Of hope - divinity was heard to call,
And light came lightly as a flight of birds.

The young child dreamed long blues of Esdraelon,
And found the Jordan far to brown and slow.
He planned a River that goes leaping on
Across the world, like hill streams in wild flow.
The sun and clouds were playing gladly there,
The dream of Galilee goes everywhere.
MANFRED A. CARTER

NEIGHBOURS
Hollyhocks and haystacks —
Let me have both together
About my garden's edges
In friendly summer weather —
Tops of heads by elder hedges,
Gentle mothers in straw hats,
Daughters frilled and pink, in eager chats
Nodding, sauntering till the sun must go;
And dusk has secrets none must ever know.
And moon and star come out, and also fail
To probe the mystery of their whispered tale.
GEOFFREY JOHNSON

LAMPS OF MEN
Should gold stop flowing from the sun and stars wax
silverless,
And diamond dress of waterfalls turn jet, wide lakes of
moon
Be evil-dark as deep lagoon, and only patterned gray
Suffuse the rain, no ray of saffron light — the caverned
seas
Devoid of blossoming — dull ancient quays loom spider-
dim;
A silent street's long asphalt rim — cold gallery of snow —
The houses mute, no glow of moulten fire in window-
panes,
The trees — old beggar-ghosts in lanes — the flowers in
darkness lost:
O western ways of light, now tost into a demon pit
That holds unlit the lamps of men condemned to
slowly walk
On sunless paths that mock his faltering steps and
only serve
To weight the minds that blindly curve toward sudden
brittle hope;
The lonely minds that sway and grope for buried
agate hours
Now empty of gold, devoid of russet, pearl and ruby
flame —
What are the frozen syllables that sound your empty
name?
ORIAN DE PLEDGE

BEHIND THE TWILIGHT GLASS
Late worker, I look down, watch pass
Slow shapes behind the twilight glass:
The field-game matches have been won;
These linger as if musing on
The peace that follows marathon.
Else drumbeat of finale hour
Bade city furl the whip of power:
The props and apparatus roll
From sawdust circles players stroll
To an exacting goal.
Calm orders pull of earth be less:
The autos glide — their gentleness
Disturbs not what the workday bought
So dearly, ending now has wrought
Continent of thought.
More than evening interposes:
All where the glassy twilight closes
Walk without malice, blasphemy
A wistful ghost come back, I see
Race of kindlier humanity.
GRACE HIRSCH
Dear Editor:

One of the obvious epiphenomena of our current (or recent?) renewal of interest in things religious in the United States is the premium placed upon youth in the ministry. It is no doubt true that the ministry today is a young man's field in a way that is true of no other learned profession. Abundant evidence bears out the fact that the typical Protestant congregation in our country today desires, and when possible, demands, the services of a relatively young cleric. One of the trusted officials in the Church to which I belong (Augustana Lutheran) estimated some time ago that the age of 40 is the chronological watershed which does much to determine whether or not a given candidate will be considered by certain age-conscious congregations.

This, in my opinion, is a very serious problem, and I believe that I, by virtue of my age (37) and my position (college professor of Religion) can write about it without assuming an axe-grinding posture. I am convinced that this problem ought to be ventilated more than it has been and if this discussion will provide impetus in that direction, I shall consider my effort well worth the time involved.

Let us face the question squarely. Why do many (indeed most) of our congregations want a younger pastor? Is it simply because the people in the pews insist upon seeing a full head of hair at the altar, and the fresh, innocent bloom of youth in the countenance looking down upon them from the pulpit? Is it a sine qua non that their pastor be able to go a full, fast nine innings in the annual parish-picnic softball game — or that he roll a steady 170 in the church bowling league? Could it be that there is something subtly insinuating about the fact that “athlete” rhymes with “Paraclete”?

It is true of course that physical charm and athletic prowess are some of the potential attributes of youth even in the ministry, but does that answer our question? It seems to me that one should be able to build a much stronger case for the appeal and the value of the judgment, wisdom, the broadened and deepened outlook that come to pastors only with experience and maturity. The readers of this journal will no doubt agree. But even though there is so much to be said for the fruits of maturity in the ministry, the hard fact yet remains, that the typical congregations prefer to call a youthful pastor.

Again we ask, why? Surely the matter is more than physical. A pastor should be well and healthy, of course, in order to do his best work, and many men have proven that it is possible to be as robust at 55 as at 35. But if it isn’t merely a matter of physical appearance and endurance, and if it is true that many vital pastoral virtues come only with the passing of the years (if at all), then why the accent on youth?

There must be a somewhat rational answer to this ecclesiastical conundrum, and I think I know what it is. Right or wrong (and I would like to know which), I have come to the conclusion that the pastor’s attitude is the basic element in this matter. I put the finger there because the corroborating corollary is obvious: the modern American congregation wants a pastor who is enthusiastic, who has dynamic qualities, who is “on fire for the Lord” (or at least his own people).

Noah Webster defined “enthusiasts” as people of “keen and ardent interests.” Isn’t that a pretty good description of the neophytes laboring in the Lord’s vineyard? Through long years of college and seminary the “student” has dreamed of the day when he will be turned loose upon the world and its problems — collar on backward. In the practice sessions before ordination (summer supply, a year of intern work, perhaps), and in the years immediately thereafter, he proceeds to deal with his people and their problems in a manner typical of enthusiasts. And what is the usual result? Isn’t the “young chap from the sem,” or the recently ordained man in his first parish, almost universally loved and listened to? And why? What do these young men, taken together, possess that is unique? I suggest that this something is their great enthusiasm, their earnest zeal for the tasks set before them. At any rate, so it often is (there are notable exceptions, of course), and I wonder if it is not precisely this type of situation which congregations wish to make permanent.

But now let us face another, perhaps deeper, question. If our church people, by and large, prefer energetic and inspired under-shepherds, why don’t they call the clerical enthusiasts who also possess the knowledge and depth and spiritual maturity accumulated through long years of faithful (if unspectacular) service? That would seem to make for a perfect combination. Or could it be, perhaps, that the enthusiasm which comes with the bright ribbon around the Certificate of Ordination does not always wear so well through the “long years of faithful service”?

As I have observed, both in my own group as well as in others, there is much genuine enthusiasm in the ministry, and this quality is by no means confined to the younger men. At the same time, however, one can also discern a considerable amount of sadness in the ministry; some men even become bitter and cynical. In other words, there is sometimes a serious lack of that all-important quality — enthusiasm. And someone’s sliderule has determined, apparently, that this quality departs from most clergymen sometime in their late thirties.
But why should this be? Why shouldn't every pastor (all things being equal) forever be a Galahad in Geneva gown, leading his people in one inspired charge after another? Yes, why not? Why does that evocative Geneva gown, leading his people in one inspired charge after another? Yes, why not? Why does that evocative Gene Lund Moorhead, Minnesota

Dear Editor:

Can it be that we have scholars who write criticisms before making a thorough study of the subject? Why do many self-styled intellectuals feel that they have condemned a discipline to perdition when they label it "practical?" None of them would be willing to list "philosophy, religion, ethics," and government as impractical — and neither would I.

Does my worthy colleague of "A Minority Report" think that he will find the whole answer to his posed questions ("Where did I come from?" and "What am I going to do when you die?"") in philosophy, ethics and religion? Or might it be that part of the answers...
Memory in Ivy for Commencement Week

As I write this, a tentative moon rests on ivy that rustles reminiscently on the wall across the quadrangle... Notes from the chapel organ quiver on the moon's beams... Mullioned windows... For the rest, a deep quiet as that of forgotten dreams... Weeks of emptiness have banished from the nooks and corners of the quad the last echoes of hurrying feet... What is it that lives on in places like this when every living, breathing thing has taken leave?... We can usually whip up a little temporary Alma Mater enthusiasm for class reunions and alumni days... But it must be whipped up notwithstanding... The trouble is that it can never be the same when once we have gone out... We come back not as we left, but as the world has made us... And the world always comes along... To sit down at midnight where it has no business... And to look over our shoulder at something it does not understand... For the things we dreamed and talked of when we belonged were anti-world... It was not a question of what the world had done to us — than which there is no more common topic at class reunions — but what we were going to do to the world... And tarnished principles never make good pillows... (But not bad mirrors.)...

But come along on a night like this... If you listen gently, the disembodied voices of the stones will come to you... They whisper of high courage in a world of compromise... Strains of the De Profundis mingle with the Trisagion... Even a few sentences of a Latin lecture trickle from yonder medieval rainspout... And get tangled up with a Gaudeamus Igitur... Perhaps the voices will make you sad... Perhaps they will make you jittery... But they must make you think... In places like this men dare to hew to the line... and don't even watch the chips... Without variation they sing their songs in high degree... despite the consciousness that the world will rewrite them in a lower key... Matthew Arnold once said that a place like this was the home of lost causes... that broken and bruised dreams came here to rest... But these are the only causes that are finally not lost... Their warp is of the eternal... their woof of the infinite...

On a night like this you may make some irrelevant observations, too... There is no wind in the quadrangle, but the little breezes chase each other up and down the vaulted arches of the entrances... Afraid to come in... You notice how the students walk... No grass in the angles of the footpaths... The philosophers of Athens lost something when they ceased being peripatetic... What is the relation between walking and thinking, anyway?... A subject for a deep essay, there...

Places like this have a curious and charming way of perpetuating customs of the past even though the peculiar circumstances which gave rise to the customs no longer exist... They say that in Christ Church, Oxford, there were at one time, long ago, one hundred and one students and promptly at nine o'clock the bell in the tower would ring up the entire student body with a stroke for each... The bell still rings one hundred and one times every night... and at nine o'clock... But the nine o'clock curfew is history, and the student body now numbers far more than the hundred and one...

But we have almost lost our way in the mazes of moonlight of the quadrangle... This one happens to belong to a school that stands for a towering religion... And we suspect that the voices of the night, but barely audible now, are only the faint echoes of the voices of men who have gone out into the bypaths and highpaths of all the continents... They walk the valleys of the world with the reflection of Judea's hilltops in their eyes... Theirs is a cause that is never lost...