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Happy Birthday to You

On September 21, 1859, six instructors and seventy-five students met in a plain wooden building in a woods southeast of the village of Valparaiso, Indiana, and that was the beginning of the Valparaiso Male and Female College, an institution which eventually developed into Valparaiso University.

The Cresset has bent over backward, ever since it became a publication of the University, to avoid every appearance of being a spokesman or a house organ of the University. In this policy the administration of the University, for obvious reasons, has heartily concurred. As a result, the relationship between the magazine and the University has been a very happy one.

But since centennials come only once every hundred years, we think that it would not be out of order for us to admit that we have a bit of a bias in favor of the University and to wish it a happy birthday.

The University deserves whatever good can happen to an academic institution, as we on The Cresset are in a special position to know. Every once in a while, someone gets hot under the collar about something we have said and fires off a hot letter to the president or board of directors, and we hear about it — but always as a matter of information and never as a matter of pressure. Presumably, if we got too far out of line, heads would roll, but it seems to us that there is a wider range of freedom for the intellect and the conscience at Valparaiso than there is at many a secular institution that prides itself on its academic freedom. Certainly we have been free to say, without let or hindrance, things which regularly cause some members of the University's board of directors to turn pale. Individual members of the Board have taken the time to write us, as their personal opinion, that we are nutty as a fruitcake. But we have yet to receive the first threat, or even hint, of any official action to censor us or silence us.

Now this, we submit, is not the sort of thing one takes for granted at a private institution which, like all private institutions, survives on the goodwill of its constituency. Almost every legitimate controversy has two sides, and what is the sense of circulating through one's constituency a magazine of opinion which might irritate or even offend a large number of potential contributors? What indeed, unless the University has confidence in itself as a university, and a very great deal of respect for the intelligence of its constituency?

So Happy Birthday, Valparaiso. We'll be glad to give you another plug in our issue of September, 2059.

Romanizing Tendencies

It is a curious thing that the Lutheran Church - Missouri Synod should have adopted, at the same convention, a resolution holding its pastors and teachers and professors to "teach and act in harmony with such statements" of doctrine as Synod might adopt, particularly the Brief Statement, and another resolution warning against Romanizing tendencies in the Lutheran Church. But, then, one of the dangers of slogan-shouting is that sooner or later one is bound to make a bit of an ass of himself.

The essence of the Roman system is not, after all, the distinctive dress of the clergy or the liturgy of its public worship, not even the significance of the Mass or the veneration of the Blessed Virgin. All these things, and whatever other doctrines and practices there may be in the Roman church, can be accepted by any Christian if he can once grant the basic premise of Roman theology: that there exists within the church an authority which can speak a final and binding interpretation of the Word. Rome, too, it must be remembered; accepts the Scriptures as normative for doctrine and practice. It insists only that the interpretation of the Scriptures is the prerogative of the Church, speaking through the Bishop of Rome. To entrust this papal prerogative to a corporate pope, whether it be a seminary faculty or the official board of a church or the triennial convention of the church...
is, it seems to us, a truly alarming Romanizing tendency.

Even more Roman in spirit, however, is the distinction, clearly stated in the resolution, between what a pastor may say in the pulpit and what he may say in conference. Until now, whatever the layman in the pew may have thought of his pastor’s intellect or sermonic skill, he could and, generally speaking, did take it for granted that the Word spoken from the pulpit had passed through the heart and mind and conscience of the preacher. This resolution makes of the Lutheran pastor a Roman priest. He has a theological “line” to deliver to his people, and any scruples about that line are to be aired only within the closed circle of the priesthood. In effect, the pastor ceases to be a servant of the Word and becomes the agent of the church. Why not take the next short step and require him to be celibate?

We thoroughly agree with the basic purpose of this resolution, to reduce doctrinal confusion in the church and ensure a certain degree of uniformity in its proclamation of the Gospel. But true unity of spirit cannot be legislated. And since we do not think that any element in the Missouri Synod really wants to enforce a legalistic unity upon the church, we suspect that this resolution is already a dead letter.

**Invitation to TALC**

One of the many wise and heartening decisions of the San Francisco convention was the one to invite representatives of the new “The American Lutheran Church” (TALC) to meet with Synod’s committee on doctrinal unity. Largely for geographical reasons, most of us are better acquainted with the brethren in TALC than we are with those in the ULCA, and the better we get to know them the better we like them, probably for the wrong reason: they are so much like ourselves.

This similarity is not merely a matter of doctrinal agreement, although it is that, also. The similarity cuts all the way down the line. The two major bodies which are merging in TALC are the Evangelical Lutheran Church and the American Lutheran Church — Norwegians and Germans. Some expert on microtechnique should make a study of the theological and cultural differences between the ALC and the Missouri Synod. As for the Norwegians, any denomination that is fortunate enough to include them in its fellowship is entitled to call itself evangelical. (But one has to become accustomed to their idiom; what they call a “late snack” is actually a four-course dinner washed down with huge mugs of very strong coffee.)

There are many of us who believe that actual organic union between Missouri and TALC is as inevitable as the friendship of David and Jonathan, and for the same reason: we are truly of one mind and one spirit, although neither of us is always fully aware of it. And that brings us to the major point of this editorial. It is a great and wonderful thing for two groups to arrive at a meeting of hearts and minds and consciences. But the church is a fellowship, a koinonía. We ought to be preparing for the day when the wall between us will finally be removed by already reaching across the wall — not yet, perhaps, with the right hand of church fellowship but with the warm handshake of personal friendship. It would be a great thing if pastors and people of the two churches got to know each other as people; if their young people might begin to do things together socially; if their people began to read each other’s publications and to bone up on each other’s background and history.

And then one more thing. The closer Missouri and TALC come to real unity, the more sensitive both must be to the hopes and fears of their sister denominations in the Lutheran family, especially the ULCA and the members of the Synodical Conference. It must be made perfectly clear that whatever degree of fellowship Missouri and TALC are able to achieve under the illumination of the Spirit is freely available, on the same terms, to any body that wishes to share it. That may take a bit of doing but, after all, the Spirit does still work in the Church, and who would want to define the limits of His power?

**A Clear and Forceful Witness**

One more comment on the San Francisco convention, or rather one more report which requires no comment except a heartfelt Te Deum.

By unanimous vote, the convention adopted a number of resolutions in the area of race relations which, if they are carried out on the congregational level, will set the Church in the vanguard of evangelical behavior in this difficult and touchy area. Among the resolutions adopted were the following:

“Be it therefore resolved that we take notice of the continuing opposition to these Scriptural truths (concerning the unity of the human family, the universal fatherhood of God as creator, the common sinfulness of man, and the universality of God’s love); that, in our preaching, we testify against it with such vigor as may be necessary to exhort and convince the gainsayers; and that we apply these teachings to the eradication of such racial and ethnic antipathies as may still persist in our midst.”

“Be it therefore resolved that we redouble our efforts to combat fiction with reliable facts about race and that we encourage our pastors, teachers, and professors to utilize every appropriate opportunity to combat ignorance and prejudice by stressing in our congregations, schools, colleges, and seminaries those truths about race which are in accord with sound theology and true science.”

To be consistent with our remarks of two editorials ago, we must admit that these resolutions, also, are only advisory and derive whatever force they have from their agreement with the Word. And that is perhaps the whole point of everything that we have been trying to say this month.
The waves of the Atlantic were black and choppy, and winds from the tropical storm, Cindy, blew their crests against the ship with a sound of lead pellets hitting a target. The ship’s helicopters were lost somewhere in a rain squall. The flight deck crew had taken refuge from the lashing rain on the rolling deck. I thought surely we would never take off from the deck of a carrier in weather such as this, but there we were, strapped in our seats, just waiting to race down the deck and into the air.

This was in July when I was on two weeks duty with the Navy, aboard the U. S. S. Saratoga, the newest and largest of the super-carriers in operation, which was now operating four hundred miles off North Carolina. While I had been aboard carriers before, I was not prepared for the size of this one.

The flight deck, standing ninety feet off the water, is 1099 feet long, or about three and a half blocks. At mid-ships, the deck is 252 feet wide and in all there are four acres of flight deck. From the keel to the top of her mast she is the equivalent of a twenty-five-story building. It takes size to handle the newer jets, the Crusaders, the Demons, the Skyhawks, some of which have a wing span of eighty-two feet, and all of which land at about 160 miles an hour.

Air operations went on day and, often, night. Four jets could be catapulted off within a minute and a plane can land every thirty-eight seconds. The new carriers with the canted decks permit landing and take off simultaneously. I watched hundreds of take-offs and landings, saw refueling in the air, watched planes fire rockets at the sled towed behind the ship, and caught the blur of some of the planes flying by at low altitude at a speed far beyond the sound barrier. But then my time was up, and since the ship was not under the tropical storm, but even then, upon occasion, we were flicked around as the shifting winds of the budding hurricane caught us. In a few hours we were landing in Jacksonville. I did not, as some may think, kiss the ground when we alighted from the plane, but I will admit I gave it a very loving look.

For twenty unbelievably long minutes we sat there with nothing to do but think. I was thinking this flight was impossible and soon we would be told to get off and wait for better weather. When this reprieve did not arrive, I took to studying the far from cheerful contents of my survival vest. In one pocket was a package of dye for signalling a rescue plane by day, in another was a flare for signalling a rescue plane by night, in another were CO2 bottles to inflate the vest “after you are in the water,” and still another pocket carried a supply of shark repellent. A small knife was included for which no instructions were given. This review did not take long, so I had ample time to review all the misdeeds of my life.

Soon we could feel the plane being rolled back on the flight deck to give her all the space possible for a take-off. The engines turned over, caught, and were soon roaring at full power. When the ship’s roll was just right we started off. I had one glimpse of the ship’s “island” and then we were over the edge of the flight deck and dipping 75 feet toward the angry waves that seemed, to me, to be reaching up for us. But the plane pulled out and up, and soon the ship was out of sight and we were on our way back to land. Flying back we stayed at low altitude, trying to keep under the tropical storm, but even then, upon occasion, we were flicked around as the shifting winds of the budding hurricane caught us. In a few hours we were landing in Jacksonville. I did not, as some may think, kiss the ground when we alighted from the plane, but I will admit I gave it a very loving look.
The Idea of a University

A University Must Be A Place Where Jerusalem And Athens Meet

By O. P. Kretzmann
President of Valparaiso University

Almost two decades ago a very naive young man said a few thousand words at his inauguration as the president of a small Midwestern college. The occasion was completely inauspicious. It was a dark, rainy afternoon, the student body of fewer than four hundred men and women had decided that Homecoming festivities were more important than a new president, and the appointed delegates from neighboring colleges listened with tolerant inattention. It was an occasion for freeswinging idealism. Such high and noble phrases as “pursuit of truth,” “community of scholars,” “center of learning and of faith,” “transmission of truth,” “the search for truth” came from the naive young man’s lips with more speed than weight. He knew all the answers to the mysteries of the educational process. He had read a few philosophers and a few more theologians. The application of their high principles to the day-by-day life of a little academic grove would be a simple and gracious thing.

Today, after twenty years, I return to the hour of the crime. From the ivory tower which I entered so glibly and blindly two decades ago I have seen a world in which clichés are no longer the comic overtones of immaturity but a tragic evasion of the dark facts of life and history. None of the phrases I used twenty years ago have lost their charm or their verity; they have merely returned hauntingly, to ask me to give them life and meaning, to measure their value and validity in a world which has flatly denied them. I have seen a century move from morning to afternoon in blood and sweat and tears. I have watched mankind acquire the power to commit corporate suicide. I have seen good little men locked in a deadly struggle with bad little men. I have seen my comfortable Western world become, steadily and alarmingly, an ever smaller minority of the population of my planet. I have lived for twenty years with a generation upon whom the ends of an age have come. Personally, I too have come to the quiet afternoon of my journey and the shadows now lie longer to the east.

Twenty years ago I affirmed my faith in the desirability, even the necessity, of a true university which would stand squarely and courageously in the Christian tradition. At one point I said: “There can be no doubt that the world of tomorrow [this was 1940] will be the scene of two battles. One will be fought with bombs and guns on land, on the sea, and in the air; the other, and, I suspect, the far more important, will be fought in quiet classrooms, in libraries, in laborato-
forces at work are all merely symptoms. The Christian university must know that beneath all these there is something else that will not be cured at conference tables or alleviated by collectivism or eliminated by more education, either in the humanities or in the sciences or in metaphysics.

A true university must recognize the fact that the present crisis is in the spirit of man. It is rooted in the meanings and values, intangible but very real, by which he must find his way between the eternities. Somewhere, about two hundred years ago, our Western world became a Christian heresy. The eighteenth century largely lost its faith in God; the nineteenth century lost its faith in man; and the middle of the twentieth century lost its faith in things. Some of the latter two may be good, but we are now in the convulsions brought on by our wrongness. This was too much loss of faith in too short a time.

Curiously enough, an analysis of our problems—the first step in the idea of a Christian university—leads basically to the question which is also at the heart of the educational process: “What is man?” On the answer to that question everything else depends. Our philosophy of history, of society, of economics, of education is finally rooted in the answer to that question. For a hundred years we have had, dominating and destroying, the biological, economic and political answers to that question. Only now there is the first faint sound of a better answer. Even the thoughtful secularist now says, “Man does not live by bread alone nor is he made for the State.”

Here is the first great task of the Christian university. It must clarify our thoughts and maintain our loyalties to the historic Christian answer to the question: “What is Man?” It will be inevitable that in a day of unprecedented confusion and fear such an answer will result in a majesty of power, an immovable loyalty, a serene faith, and a driving devotion to Him Who has made man for Himself and Who has placed upon man the burden and the challenge of the restlessness which comes when man is separated from His Maker. Man is made by God and for God—and any answer to the problem of his origin, nature, and destiny which says less than that is irrelevant. The Biblical concept of man—created, redeemed, sanctified by the Triune God—is the first essential element in the idea of a university.

The Theological Idea

It follows, therefore, that the idea of a university is basically theological. It would be most salutary for our obsolescent secularists to look again to the rock from which they were hewn. Beginning with the University of Paris and extending through the later medieval period, through the Reformation, both in Geneva and Wittenberg, through the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, the university was centered about theology. The university was the free daughter of both the Church and the State, responsible to both, but even more responsible to the disciplined and essentially theological commitment involved in the search for truth. This has now again been eloquently summarized at the dawning of a new age of faith in George H. Williams' scholarly little monograph, The Theological Idea of the University: “Truth is the truth, known or to be made known in the thrust and counter-thrust of open debate and untrammeled experiment. There is a truth which is taught and a truth which is caught—a truth which is a matter of grit in library and laboratory, and a truth which is a matter of grace. We who are Christians, of course, will never abandon the supposition that in the perspective of our Creator Himself there exists a unified field of truth; but we finite human beings—both believers and those untouched by faith—must continuously report back and mutually revise our findings on the several levels of inquiry.” Professor Williams' conclusion is especially timely and timeless: “We may be citizens, then, of three cities. Of Jerusalem, which is the church of all ages and climes, sustained by the love and tutelage of redemptive faith. Of Athens, which is the university where reason—that in us whereby we of all His creatures reflect uniquely the image of the Creator—is free to pursue its inquiries to the very brink of human perception; and of the City of Man, the free society, grounded in law which . . . safeguards constitutionally the rights of diverse voluntarist associations gathered within the City, including the rights and privileges of the two historic communities of scholarship and faith . . .”

Certainly one of the strangest developments in our recent intellectual history is the fact that the man of Jerusalem is now called upon to rescue the man of Athens from the modern prison of totalitarianism. The ancient battle between faith and reason, never very real, can now become a magnificent alliance. The man who has found his complete and ultimate freedom in the accepted fact of redemption now has “the unexpected assignment of defending the approaches to Athens” (Williams). Tertullian's famous query “What has Jerusalem to do with Athens?” must now be answered with a single word: “Everything.” The freedom of Jerusalem—rooted in God and His revealed will for the heart and mind of man—becomes the guarantee of the freedom of reason to pursue the truth, wherever the far country to which the quest may lead. The hand of the Church upon the university need not be inhibiting or deadening; it can actually be lifting and lifegiving. Even the freedom of the secular university depends ultimately upon the theological idea of freedom introduced into and maintained in the Western world by the faithfulness of Jerusalem to its God-given charter of liberty in Jesus Christ.

The Centrality of Jesus Christ

Here is the heart of the matter. Let Jerusalem and
of God.

ordered, informed and illumined by the aftermath of humanistic idolatry — the worship of man-centered, society-centered, race-centered gods — it is ultimate wisdom. In its shadows there is light and in its madness there is ultimate wisdom. "Scientia," human knowledge, is ordered, informed and illumined by "Sapientia," the wisdom of Jesus Christ, the highest gift of the Spirit of God.

It is only in Jesus Christ that belief in the existence of God as a philosophical or scientific truth becomes truly religious, an act of reverence. His appearance in time and His life in eternity demand a total commitment of mind and heart which alone can make a man or a community truly religious in the Christian sense. It follows therefore that the idea of a university requires a unique emphasis on worship, both private and corporate, as an essential part of the life of the academic community. Here is the place where reverence and commitment are nurtured, become visible and audible, and flow back into the intellectual life of the university as a life-giving stream of divine power. Reverence for God and His work in Jesus Christ results in love for one's fellowman, in a divinely given love of liberty, in reverence for all truth. Nothing has been more disastrous for university communities than the false and artificial divorce of the life of the laboratory and the library from the life of the chapel. When all is said and done the college chapel, as the symbol of the reigning Christ, is the great center of the university's wholeness of purpose and its unique and monumental commitment to values beyond the boundaries of our humanness.

Conflicts and Tensions

Inevitably, this emphasis will result in certain tensions. Like the Church, the university lives in two worlds. It moves "zwischen den Zeiten." It is forever becoming, not being. A great part of its life is the life of faith, the substance of things hoped for. Living "sub specie aeternitatis," it stands forever poised between two worlds, the physical, visible, temporary, imperfect; and the spiritual, eternal, everlasting, perfect. It uses the second to determine its attitude over against the first. It lives forever under the dynamic of dawn.

Inevitably, too, this communal commitment poses very real problems for the individual member of the community, especially the teacher. He is, by definition and destiny, perennially involved in the existential dialect between involvement and detachment. Athens draws him toward detachment; Jerusalem demands involvement. Obviously, there will be varying degrees of the latter. There will be less in the physical sciences and much more in all the disciplines that concern man, especially the humanities. Here the truly Christian university can proudly engage in what Kierkegaard called "passionate thinking." It becomes less cold, less abstract, less "objective." Kierkegaard notes: "All Christian knowledge, however strict its form, ought to be anxiously concerned ... the high aloofness of indifferent learning is, from the Christian point of view, far from being seriousness; it is, from the Christian point of view, jest and vanity." This is the major reason why the truly Christian university can be the home of the liberal arts at their highest and best. It pursues their teaching and learning under a dynamic of love and faith which can change them radically from a mere quality of the mind to an imperative for action in the world. Since they are known and communicated in love they represent high learning transmuted by the alchemy of personal involvement. Under this view the university becomes as no one else the high follower of the Man Whose love for man flowered into magnificent expression amid the cold traditionalism of the synagogue.

Perhaps all this means that the university under the Christian imperative and orientation is merely the Church in action at a given point in its total responsibility. Curiously, this is an almost forgotten truth. For several centuries there has been a determined and misguided effort to drive a wedge between the Church and the university. We have been told that they are really opposed to each other, that they are always at war and that the life of one endangers the life of the other.

Now it is perfectly true that there have been repeated and bloody battles between certain universities and certain churches. Universities which originally were daughters of churches and were supported and nurtured by them have disowned their parentage in the name of freedom. Often these conflicts have left intellectual and spiritual scars which mark both the
churches and the universities to this day. It is equally clear, however, that all these alarms and excursions have been the result, either of tragic misunderstanding, usually on both sides, or of bad thinking and bad theology, also on both sides. In the academic community a wandering scholar has drunk too exclusively of the heady wine of Athens, has broken truth into little fragments discernible only by the methods of the laboratory and has become contemptuous of the truth to be found in Jerusalem. In the church — in its empirical form as a given denomination — the normal pattern is that its leaders have substituted single threads of tradition for the centrality of Jesus Christ, have set up doctrinal standards which have never been in the mainstream of historic Christianity, and have elevated tenuous theologizing above the clear, clean words of Holy Writ. At times, the resulting chaos has been almost comic. When bad theology and bad intellectualism meet, the air is filled with dismaying irrelevancies and flying strawmen. The Evil One is the only one who has been edified.

Confrontation and Confession

In contrast, there is the university which considers itself the Church in action on certain vastly significant frontiers, particularly the frontier of confrontation and confession. Here “church” and “world” can meet, both at their highest and best. The university is the last home of examined faith and examined science. The Cross throws its light over the thought patterns of the age. There are inevitable tensions and conflicts but they are continuously being resolved in an atmosphere of alliance which is born of a profound respect for the totality of truth, whether it be found in Aristotle’s “Ethics” or in the Gospel according to St. John.

Again it must be emphasized that there is nothing inhibiting or negative in this process. It is admittedly difficult — largely because of a latent and continuing unwillingness both in the university and in the Church to examine and re-examine the habitual assumptions which undergird all the disciplines of the university. A valid faith cannot live at the expense of truth; and truth will never compel the abandonment of an examined faith. Both live most fruitfully when they dwell together in humility, devotion, and discipline.

This is the great tradition of the university that stands squarely and honestly in the mainstream of Christian history. As I have indicated earlier there is a singular timelessness about its life and work which makes it uniquely able to rise above the winds and tides of mere humanism, to escape the prison house of the senses and the sin-imposed chains of reason. As a part of the Church it views the life of the individual and of society as a parenthesis between two eternities. It considers the parenthesis important, even great and beautiful; but it never forgets that its ultimate meaning depends on what has gone before and what will come after. With reverence vital and fellowship real it can face the world with unmatched power and dignity. Within its walls Jerusalem and Athens can meet, and their meeting can kindle a light which is like the morning sun over a world darkened so long by the heresy of an exclusive emphasis.

ORIENTATION

Someday we shall know better,
The heat, the dust, the noises of this day
Will gradually fade away.
Then in the light of earth’s greatest scientist,
Time, who reveals the heart-core of every matter,
We shall see clearly, understand purely, the eternal significance
Of lust, love; life, longing for more.
’Til then, banish all hopes of complete objectivity —
Only the dead are not fully involved;
Always, behind every comparison,
Self-love, self-hate will mar your conclusions.
Therefore, judge not, and you shall not
Waste precious life on worthless trifles.

JOHN C. COOPER
Valparaiso University, 1859-1959

By John Strietelmeier
University Editor

Valparaiso University as we know it today is the third in a succession of institutions of higher learning that have occupied the hilly site on the southeast side of the city of Valparaiso, Indiana. The nucleus of the present campus was acquired by the Lutheran University Association in 1925 from a board of trustees which acted as custodians of the once-great university which had been created by Henry Baker Brown and Oliver Perry Kinsey. Mr. Brown, in turn, had begun his school, in 1873, in a building which had originally housed the Valparaiso Male and Female College, a Methodist liberal arts college, whose history dates back to 1859.

The first term of the V.M.F.C. began on September 21, 1859, when six instructors and seventy-five students met for classes in a temporary wooden building which was replaced the following year with a handsome brick building. For two or three years, the College's future looked promising. But enrollment losses occasioned by the Civil War and by the establishment, soon after the War, of a public school system in Indiana doomed the College and by the summer of 1871 the trustees had no alternative but to discontinue classes for a year while they looked about for some new source of support. Their search was unsuccessful, but they did succeed in keeping the charter alive and in holding onto the college property. Thus the corporate identity of Valparaiso University goes back unbroken for a century, although its educational work was interrupted for a period of two years.

From its Methodist founders, today's Valparaiso has inherited the land on which most of its older buildings stand and a tradition of co-education which is among the oldest in American colleges and universities. Legend also credits the early Methodist presidents with having set out many of the trees on the Old Campus, but there are no documents to support the legend. The Valparaiso Male and Female College would probably have joined hundreds of other long-since-forgotten local colleges in oblivion had not one of its displaced students, Ira Hoops, happened to land in the little town of Republic, Ohio, where there was a normal school at which he could continue his education.

Mr. Brown's School, 1873 - 1900

The mathematics instructor at the Northwest Normal School was Mr. Henry Baker Brown, 26 years old and full of wild ideas about what American education needed. His educational philosophy rested upon two basic propositions: (1) that education should be practi-
to take calculus without having had algebra or analytical geometry. But it should be pointed out that the student assumed full responsibility for any inadequacy in his background.

The whole tone of campus life reflected the poverty and the limited backgrounds of the students. Amusements were simple ones, and even these occupied very little of the student's time. For one thing, the typical Normal School student was not inclined toward what he would have called "frivolity," for another thing the occasional student who was thus inclined was not allowed to stay around long enough to make any converts, and for a third thing the work at the School bore all the earmarks of what would today be called a "cram course."

The school year in 1880 consisted of five ten-week terms. Tuition ran between seven and eight dollars a term and board was furnished at prices ranging from two dollars to $2.40 a week. Students flocked to Valparaiso, attracted by the quality of its teaching, the spirit of democracy which contrasted so strikingly with the snobishness which infected the typical college of that day, — and, of course, by the low cost of learning and living which Mr. Kinsey's managerial genius made possible. In the last years of the nineteenth century, enrollments ran between three thousand and 5500 and the Normal School was, in everything but name, a liberal arts college with a number of attached professional schools. True to their policy of honest advertising, the proprietors took steps to call the School what it had become. In 1900, the Normal School was rechartered as Valparaiso College.

"The Poor Man's Harvard," 1900 - 1919

Valparaiso College (rechartered in 1907 as Valparaiso University) was something unique in American higher education. Its income derived entirely from tuition which, as late as 1906, was only fifteen dollars per twelve-week term. Its student body was the most cosmopolitan in the nation; many of its students were immigrants, barely able to speak English but fiercely determined to make good in their new land of opportunity. Instruction was offered on every level from the primary to the post-graduate. There was no debt.

True, older and more prestigious institutions looked askance at the freshman upstart whose alumni liked to call it "the poor man's Harvard," but Mr. Brown and his associates were much too busy managing the institution which they had built, and planning future expansion, to worry about what other college administrators thought of them. If the Valparaiso graduate left something to be desired in the way of savoir faire he took with him certain attitudes and skills which would be useful to society and, hopefully, profitable to himself. Believing that the world could use a lot more of the sensible, capable sort of graduate that Valparaiso was producing, Mr. Brown and Mr. Kinsey laid plans to develop their university in an orderly way with a view toward eventually transferring ownership and control of it to a self-perpetuating board of trustees who would operate it in the public interest.

These plans never materialized. In 1912, Mr. Brown suffered a stroke which left him incapacitated until his death in 1917. His young son, Henry Kinsey Brown, was brought into the management to represent the interests of the Brown family and soon became involved in basic policy disagreements with Mr. Kinsey. Death and retirement cut deeply into the veteran faculty which had built the University, and the War brought enrollments tumbling down from an all-time high of almost five thousand students in 1915 to less than two thousand in 1919.

Mr. Brown's death in 1917 brought the issue of ownership and control of the University to a head. The Brown family was unwilling to consider any plan to change the proprietorship structure, and Mr. Kinsey found it impossible to continue working with Henry Kinsey Brown. On May 1, 1919, Mr. Kinsey announced his retirement and the disposal of his interest in the firm of Brown and Kinsey to the Brown family. At the same time, Henry Kinsey Brown assumed the presidency of the University. And for all practical purposes the Old School — the school of Brown and Kinsey — was dead.

A Time of Troubles, 1919 - 1925

The University as Mr. Brown and Mr. Kinsey had fashioned it was, perhaps, too perfectly adapted to the needs of a particular age to survive the passing of that age. It would, therefore, be less than fair to ascribe all of the University's many difficulties in the years immediately following Mr. Kinsey's retirement to inept leadership. But there can be little doubt that the men who succeeded Mr. Kinsey in the presidency were inadequate to the needs of the University in the critical years between 1919 and 1925.

President Brown tried to save the situation by remodeling the University along lines suggested by the novels of F. Scott Fitzgerald. His successor, Dr. Hodgon, projected a great new industrial university which would be supported by wealthy individuals and large industries. Presidents Roessler, Bowman, and Evans inherited the wreckage of these policies and faced up to the unpleasant fact that the University could not hope to survive without the support of some kind of constituency. These were shabby and painful days for the University. She was for sale — no reasonable offer refused. But nobody wanted her — not the church bodies that were offered the opportunity to buy her, not the state of Indiana, not the Moose or the Elks, not even the KuKlux Klan which was then going strong in Indiana and which for a while was very much interested in buying her. And so the best her harried administrators could do was hold her together until a buyer could be found. But by 1925 there had been such an unhappy convergence of misfortunes upon the hapless University
that it is probable that the University would not have opened its 1925-1926 academic year had it not been for the sudden and unexpected appearance of a purchaser. That purchaser was the Lutheran University Association, a newly-organized association of Lutheran pastors and laymen, mostly from Fort Wayne, who had a great deal of faith, a few thousand borrowed dollars, and no idea at all of what they were getting into.

A New Beginning, 1925 - 1930

Valparaiso University officially became a Lutheran university when it opened its first academic year under Lutheran administration on September 28, 1925. But for the first year or two it was Lutheran in name only. Two streams of history met in the reorganized University and until the eddies calmed the Lutheranism of the institution was to be more of a hope than a reality. The first of these streams was the still-vigorous tradition of economy and democratic education which the University inherited from the Old School. The other stream can be traced back to the founding of a little Lutheran college in Perry County, Missouri, in 1839. The founders of that college had hoped that it would attract general students as well as theological candidates. This hope did not materialize, and the college ultimately became Concordia Seminary in Saint Louis. But the hope never quite died, and about the time of the First World War it burst into life again as young Lutherans in increasing numbers began to go off to colleges and universities where they ran up against teaching, particularly in the natural sciences, that did not easily fit into the pattern of Lutheran orthodoxy.

Not everyone agreed that the purchase of Valparaiso University by the Lutheran University Association was the fulfillment of this hope. German Lutherans are a tidy people, and what was left of Valparaiso University in 1925 was one of the untidiest spots in the New World. German Lutherans are also a frugal people, and the prospect of spending millions of dollars on what appeared to be a highly speculative venture did not arouse any wild enthusiasm in the church. But German Lutherans are also a stubborn people, and the particular crew of German Lutherans who controlled the Lutheran University Association had got it in their heads that it was their Christian duty to build a Christian university, and so they proceeded to do so.

The sparkplug of the Lutheran university movement was the Rev. John C. Baur, a hard-driving, tough-minded, often irascible promoter. The first Lutheran president of the University was the Rev. Dr. W. H. T. Dau, a genial and elderly scholar much respected in the church both for his scholarship and for his ability to use the English language. The combination was a personal misfortune to both men, but a blessing to the University. Working toward the same goals, despite personal differences, Pastor Baur and Dr. Dau addressed themselves to the two problems that demanded immediate attention: 1) the creation of a specifically Lutheran way of life and thought on campus, and 2) the achievement of academic respectability through accreditation.

The first of these problems was not solved in Dr. Dau's day, and it has not yet been solved. Presumably it never will be solved. For Lutheranism, at least in the confessional sense, refuses to speak without clear warrant from the Scriptures. As a result, it permits and even approves a tremendous range of opinion on social and political and economic matters; it approaches all man-made theories, hypotheses, and "laws" with the kind of "show me" attitude that is usually considered the monopoly of the natural scientist; and it submits most matters of personal conduct to the judgment of the individual conscience. Lutheran theology prohibits the creation of a Lutheran equivalent to Thomism, and therefore a Lutheran university can never present a neat, orderly intellectual front to the outside world. Lutheran theology also prohibits the imposition of arbitrary limits on the personal freedom of student or teacher, and therefore a Lutheran university can never attract the attention of the outside world by its "we don't smoke and we don't chew and we don't go with girls who do" attitude. "The Kingdom," Lutheranism insists, "is within you," and perhaps the only unmitakable mark of a Lutheran university is the fact that men who have nothing else in common intellectually or socially or politically dare to trust each other because they see each other as individuals who by faith have died with Christ and now live in Him. But you can't go around telling people that because it sounds too much like a cliche.

The second problem, which at first had seemed the more difficult of the two, yielded quickly to an all-out offensive on the part of the administration, the faculty, and the board of directors. By the Spring of 1929, the University and all its colleges and departments were fully accredited by the North Central Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools and, for the first time in its life, Valparaiso University was academically respectable under the standards set by the American academic community. Accreditation did not, however, mean that Valparaiso had "arrived." It meant only that the new administration had persuaded the North Central Association that they knew what they were doing and that what they were trying to do was academically respectable. Now the problem was one of persuading the church to provide the students and the funds needed to enable the University to realize its potential. Both came slowly, distressingly slowly. But they came, and one by one devoted scholars were persuaded to cast their lot in with the University. Some of those who came at this time, and a few who loyally stood by the University in her time of troubles, are still on campus, still waiting for "the emergency" to end so that life can settle down to some sort of reasonably comfortable and secure routine. But one suspects that they would retire if that ever actually did happen.
With accreditation an accomplished fact, Dr. Dau felt free to retire from the presidency. Pastor Baur, who had twice previously served as acting president, was asked to serve as chairman of an executive committee to carry on until the election of a new president. In May, 1930, the Rev. Oscar Carl Kreinheder was elected president of the University and, on October 26 of that same year, formally inaugurated.

A Period of Consolidation, 1930 - 1940

It was Dr. Kreinheder's misfortune that he came to the presidency at the worst possible time, in the midst of the Great Depression. His administration was almost wholly preoccupied with drives, campaigns, "efforts," and solicitations which, despite the best efforts of the president and his staff, accomplished little more than keeping the University solvent at a low level of subsistence. This was in itself, however, no small accomplishment in those difficult days, and, in spite of the financial strait-jacket, the Kreinheder administration left a record of substantial progress: the curriculum was reorganized to conform to the best accepted models, the old campus was given a general face-lifting, the present departmental structure was established, able faculty members were retained and added. The sacrifices which were made by members of the faculty and administration during these trying years prompted one of the University's friends to describe it as "a place that consumes men." One of those whom it consumed was President Kreinheder.

To the unavoidable trials of these years was added a time-consuming and emotion-ridden controversy over "the dance question." The University offered no courses in social dancing, but each year it registered a considerable number of young Lutherans who had danced back home and expected to continue dancing at Valparaiso. Since there was a great deal of concern in the church about the allegedly libidinous stimulations of the modern dance, the University exercised strict chaperonage over the dancing of its students. But criticism continued and finally the board of directors, reluctantly and after several postponements, imposed a ban on dancing. The result was exactly what the new administration expected: dancing was driven from the campus to other places over which the University exercised no control. And most of those who had found it "impossible to support the University so long as it tolerated dancing on its campus" found other reasons for not supporting it when dancing was banned. From the outset, therefore, the dancing ban was a dead letter and after a few years it was lifted.

Toward the end of the Kreinheder administration, things began to look up. Money began to trickle in, faculty salaries were given a little boost, enrollment held steady after several years of decline, and funds were on hand to build the first building to be constructed under Lutheran administration: a badly-needed gymnasium. Ground for the new building was broken September 29, 1938. Ironically, it was not to be given to President Kreinheder to preside over the dedicatory ceremonies. By May, 1939, exhaustion and the effects of diabetes had so weakened him that he offered his resignation which the board finally and regretfully accepted the following July. The dean of the faculty, Dr. Walter George Friedrich, was asked to serve as acting president pending the election of a new president.

In the spring of 1940, the Rev. O. P. Kretzmann, executive secretary of The Walther League and editor of The Cresset, was elected president of the University. His acceptance was announced at the following commencement.

A Lutheran University in America, 1940 -

The present chapter in the history of Valparaiso University begins on a damp, chilly afternoon, the afternoon of October 6, 1940. The world was once again at war, the University had become dispirited by new financial and enrollment reverses brought on by the 1938 recession, and the acoustics in the new gymnasium, where the president was to deliver his inaugural address, were bad. Against this background, and with a diction that combined the most distinctive elements of Harvard English and the Brooklyn patois, the young, red-headed new president delivered his inaugural address.

The effects of this address were immediate and electrifying. During the long years when every new day brought a new threat to the University's survival, those who were close to her had been drifting toward an attitude of defensiveness. Now, suddenly, they were called to go on the offensive:

Only the school with a Christian orientation can today stand before the rising generation and say: We have something to offer you which you can find nowhere else. Others may try to make men scientific; we must do that — and make them wise. Other may give men knowledge; we must give them that — and understanding. Others may try to make men useful; we must do that — and we must make them noble. We are not asking you to come to an ivory tower to escape from the realities of life or to a market place where the voices and minds of men are confused by the immediate and material things of life. We are able to give you the fellowship of men and women whose respect for truth is not vitiated by doubts concerning its reality and permanence. We are able to offer you a school which recognizes the supreme dignity and worth of the individual human being.

Above all, we are deeply committed to the recovery of the one great fact which our wayward world has forgotten: the reality of God and the individual's personal responsibility to Him, a responsibility which can be met only by the fact of the atonement, and the re-establishment of an inti-
mate relationship with the Ruler of the universe through Him who once entered the stream of time in order to tell men that they could know the truth and that it would make them free. We can build here a school whose greatness is the greatness of freedom under God, the greatness of the free preservation and transmission of truth, the greatness of an intelligent and dynamic application of a militant faith. It is our destiny "to enter into the labors and sorrows of the world in order to carry into it the flame of a faith truly free from the world."

This is pretty familiar stuff by now, and perhaps it was not terribly original when it was first spoken. But sometimes how a thing is said, and in what setting it is said, are as important as what is said. There was something almost presumptuous about this emphasis on greatness when the burning question at the moment seemed to be the question of sheer survival. It was perhaps the new president's audaciousness, as much as anything else, that won him the confidence of the faculty and the loyalty of the student body.

The new administration got off to a fast start with a three-pronged attack on what were considered at the time the three major problems of the University: sagging enrollments, the uncertain financial situation, and the possibility of offering some of its work in Chicago. All three problems were well along toward resolution when Pearl Harbor blew all plans through the roof and plunged the University into another crisis. Between December, 1941, and October, 1943, five hundred men left the campus for service with the armed forces, and by April, 1944, enrollment was down to 382 students, of whom 234 were women. Reconciled to the fact that the war would continue to claim practically all of the men students, the University set about making the campus more attractive to women. In the fall of 1943, the Lutheran Deaconess Association set up its training program on the campus with six students. That same fall a course in home management was introduced, developing eventually into a department of home economics. A year later, the first courses were offered in sociology and social work.

Among the few men left on campus during the war were a number of remarkably tall young men who, because of their height, were not acceptable for military service. Billed as "the world's tallest team," these young giants dominated the nation's intercollegiate basketball scene during the war years and brought the University considerable publicity.

While the war dragged through its wearying final months, the board of directors and the administration laid plans for meeting the expected huge increase in enrollment at the end of the war. In 1944, a huge tract of land only two blocks from the campus was bought for the development of a new campus. One by one, properties were bought up for conversion into student housing. But events moved faster than the board could act. Already by the fall semester of 1945 enrollment stood at 742. A year later it was up to 1,106. By the fall of 1947, it was up to 2,067. Eventually, it leveled off at around 2,300.

There were essentially only two alternatives open to the University at this time. It could have limited enrollment to some comfortable figure of perhaps 750 to 1,000, or it could — as it did — attempt to serve everyone who applied for admission and could meet its standards. If it had followed the first course, there would have been no immediate budget problem but in the long run the University would probably have lost the support of the church. For why should members of the church support a university which is unwilling to serve its young people? The second course meant taking a deep breath and hoping for the best. It meant scrounging for sleeping rooms, overtaxing classroom facilities, greatly enlarging the faculty, and deficit financing. President Kretzmann felt that there was actually no real choice at all. "We must," he said, "expand or die." And so the University expanded.

The surprising thing is that it took only two or three years for the University to become accustomed to its new size and complexity and to re-establish much of the small college atmosphere that many had feared would be lost forever. Two new dormitories on the new campus helped to relieve the housing situation, daily chapel exercises kept the University community aware of its common identity, and a feeling of being in on the beginnings of something big and exciting sent faculty and student morale soaring. One of the consequences of this wave of optimism was the re-establishment of a college of engineering in a building designed and constructed by students.

By 1950, however, the University was beginning to feel the effects of several years of deficit financing, plus the ravages of the post-war inflation. And so it called a temporary halt to further expansion while it set about consolidating its gains of recent years. This period was necessarily a short one, though, for the growth which the University was experiencing was the normal growth of a healthy organism, and any attempt to slow it down or stop it could only have produced a monster.

In 1955, the Lutheran Church - Missouri Synod conducted a special collection in its congregations on behalf of five "non-official" agencies, one of which was Valparaiso University. From this collection, the University was allotted $2,500,000 for debt reduction and the construction of a much-needed chapel-auditorium. Meanwhile, the federal government had set up an arrangement under which colleges and universities could build dormitories with federal funds on a long-term mortgage arrangement. Shortly before the Synodical drive, the student body had come up with a plan for building a new student union out of student fees. The result of it all was that, from 1954 on; there has not been a day when something was not a-building on the new
The newest building of all, scheduled to be dedicated this fall, is the Henry F. Moellering Memorial Library, a gift of the Moellering family of Fort Wayne.

In a sense, all this building has been incidental — incidental to the real purpose of the University, which is to discover and transmit truth from one generation to another. How well or how poorly the University has done this job is not for a member of its own staff to say. Indeed, no one will know the answer for another generation or so. But if it has failed, it is not for lack of trying. It would be hard to conceive of a challenge greater than that of building a genuinely Lutheran university in a country where Lutherans are still numerically few and denominationally divided. But over every classroom lecture hangs the sobering warning of the prophet: "Behold, I am against the prophets, saith the Lord, that use their tongues and say, He saith." Valparaiso University still consumes men, not because salaries are conspicuously low or work hours unusually long, but because teaching and learning at a professedly Christian university subjects one to the sanctions of the law against taking God's name in vain. One has to do his best, in fear and trembling, and the longer one teaches the more clearly one realizes that his best is not good enough.

President Kretzmann has often observed that the history of American education has been one of institutions begun under the sponsorship of the Church which have gradually drifted from the Church into the vast sea of secularism which has engulfed the life and thought of the past century. No one who is engaged in the work of the University in its centennial year can be unaware of the danger that Valparaiso might follow this same easy but dreary course in its second century. But offsetting this fear is the lively hope that perhaps the world, especially the Western world, has been called back to sanity by the threat which has been posed to its very survival by the great and widening gap between man's capacity to make things and his ability to control the things which he can make. "The place of high religion in a nuclear age," President Kretzmann has written, "is greater than ever before. We are riding a rising tide. Our contemporary religiosity can really become religion. Our emphasis upon 'Conscience and Competence' is increasingly relevant. And there is really no miracle about this. This is God working in history. And all that we have to do — in intelligence and goodness — is to try to keep up with Him."

**CAMPUS CHAPEL**

*A poem written for the dedication of the Memorial Chapel of Valparaiso University, September 27, 1959*

> Heroic walls — now blessed high —
> The answer to our fathers' faith
> And to the myriad prayers
> Of all the faithful of Christ's realm.
> It is not given everyone to build
> The Temples of the glory of our God —
> Not David's hand, or many a kingly soul
> Between, has had the chance —
> But we are called — we face the challenge
> Of a weakened age with rock and steel
> To symbolize — however faint —
> The strength and power of our God
> The mammoth walls and ponderous beams —
> The use of stone and steel
> And wood and glass and all the other means,
> Are but to build a shelter
> For the deathless love —
> The softness of a Father's heart —
> The waiting, longing glory of the Saviour's hands.
> God, grant we build it well
> As unto endless days we shape our faith
> And rest our hope on promises
> Of temples and of mansions there with Thee.

Amen.

A. R. KRETUMANN

September 1959
Human Freedom in a Lutheran Theory of Education

By ROBERT W. BERTRAM
Head of the Department of Religion
Valparaiso University

I. Freedom of the Teachable Learner

Christian education, which paradoxically invites people to believe and be what they are inherently incapable of believing and being, seems a contradiction in terms. One of the first ingredients any education requires is a teachable learner. But that is the very ingredient, apparently, which Christian education has to forego. Then, what educational prospects could there be for a Gospel whose hearers are themselves unable to understand it, unable to want it, unable to believe it, unable to live by it? People, to be educable at all, have to be treated not as puppets but as responsive subjects, as persons who are somehow free — free to harbor interests, free to make sense of their experience, free to accept obligation and acknowledge failure, free to ponder alternatives, free to be persuaded. If education is unthinkable without that personal freedom and yet if people, being what they are, are not free but enslaved, what chance could there be of educating them to Christianity?

The fact is, though, that the Church does go about its educational tasks as though people were indeed educable and, therefore, in some sense free and responsive learners. To bring fearful men to honest recognition of their tragedy, to transmute their cynicism into repentance, to tax their intelligence with an incredible Gospel and persuade them at the risk of their survival to trust it boldly, to sustain them against all odds in unwavering faith and hope and love — all this is, to put the matter modestly, an educational enterprise. It addresses the learner’s profoundest interests and engages every power of his soul. It assumes that he in turn is somehow a teachable subject, not an automaton to be manipulated against his own will and judgment but a conscious self who responds thinkingly and approvingly from some inner life-center. It assumes, in brief, that he is somehow a free person.

On the other hand, this same human being is exposed, by the very Gospel he adopts, as having been anything but free. He comes to faith and persists in it, as he himself confesses, not by his own reason or strength but by the power of Another, the Holy Spirit. Then, how speak of him as free, as responsive, as teachable? Martin Luther, while his solution is neither original nor exhaustive, might offer some help.

II. Free Will

The term “free will,” Luther says in effect, might mean nothing more than that a man is free to be what he is, free to act in accordance with his own nature. It means simply that his existence is determined by that basic premise of his life, that animating first principle, that root religious conviction, which defines his essential self. This definition of free will is religiously neutral, for it describes Christians and non-Christians alike. It makes no judgment as to whether the human self which is being asserted is even worth asserting. It is this ambiguous, minimal freedom which, Luther agrees, is available to every man, be he believer or unbeliever.

Luther seems to be saying that what defines a person’s essential self-centre, at least for theological purposes, is that person’s basic religious assumption. Psychologically, this basic assumption is a function of those powers which represent man’s highest endowments (dona), his reason and his will (ratio et voluntas). The basic assumptions from which men operate can be reduced to two: fides and the opinio iustitiae — Christian faith and the assumption of self-righteousness. The non-Christian’s existence is rooted in the latter. The Christian’s existence, since he is simultaneously a sinner, is rooted ambivalently in both.

It should be noted that, even in the case of the non-Christian, the iustitia civilis which he achieves — his humane and cultural goodness, which deserves serious credit and which frequently puts Christian performance to shame — is not just an accident in his behavior but flows, at least in part, freely and consistently from his basic assumption, however tragic and perverse that assumption may be on theological grounds.

Furthermore, when Luther acknowledges “free will” in this religiously neutral sense, he proves thereby that he is not a naturalistic determinist. Our behavior as human beings is not merely the result of the myriad, previously existing, efficient causes — atmospheric pressure, our emotional or gastric condition, the demands or threats of our fellows, the burden of our own pasts — which converge upon us and mold us. No, we are also free to survey alternatives which at the moment are only future possibilities, and free to act upon these simply on the ground that we find them to be reasonable. It is true, the basic assumption from which we make our subsequent choices is not itself an option which we are free to take or leave. But given that basic assumption, we are able to make free and rational choices consistent with it. This sort of freedom is available to men whether they are Christian or not.
III. Opinio iustitiae

What is the basic religious assumption which defines the essential self of the non-Christian person? It is what Luther calls the opinio iustitiae or, in its more highly developed form, the opinio legis.

By the opinio iustitiae Luther means the inbred, universally human conviction that a man is good enough, at least potentially, to justify his existence, that it is up to him to establish his ultimate worth on the strength of his good work and life, that he has it within his moral and religious power to be deserving of his life and of the divine favor.

This opinio is not the same thing as saying, simply, that righteousness is the prerequisite of life. That Luther would say, too. He does not deny that, in order for a man to have “life” — the only life which is appropriate for a man, namely the life from God — he must first have “righteousness,” God’s kind of righteousness. What Luther does deny, yet what all sinners like himself assume, is that this righteousness which alone furnishes the ground of life can be a righteousness of their own making and doing. It is this universal assumption of self-righteousness which constitutes the opinio iustitiae.

Lex

In actual human experience, though, the opinio iustitiae seldom if ever appears as blatantly and baldly as this. Seldom do men say or think that they, as they now stand, are perfectly and sufficiently righteous or that their claim to life and to God’s favor lies entirely within their control. Their experience is too obviously, too inescapably, haunted by evidences of sin, devil, death, curse, guilt, and divine wrath to allow them to be completely sanguine about their own inherent righteousness.

The one factor in human experience which, perhaps more than any other, threatens the complacency of the opinio iustitiae is that factor which Luther calls the “law” (lex). By hounding a man, especially the sensitively religious man, with its innumerable and inescapable demands, it at least dampens his self-assurance.

However, what is probably even more remarkable is the ingenious way in which a human being seems to be able to domesticate this law, to assimilate it to his own proud purposes, and to exploit it — of all things — as a tool of his own opinio iustitiae. This opinio, we have said, seldom appears in its naked boldness. Instead it disguises itself, even to its owner, in the respectable terms of the law. He does not say, even to himself, I am righteous enough to justify myself. Rather he says, If I can love God and my neighbor — and I must — then I can justify myself.

Opinio iustitiae + Lex = Opinio Legis

Where does the self-righteous man get his notion of righteousness? And where does he get the notion that righteousness is a divine obligation? He gets these from the law. He extracts from the law at least two of its ingredients, its content and its obligatoriness. These two ingredients he now incorporates into his pride, into his opinio iustitiae. “Righteousness,” he learns from the law, means loving God, loving neighbor, etc. This gives content to his notion of his own righteousness. The law’s “thou shalt,” its oughtness, is likewise absorbed by his opinio so that it now reads: That I should love God and my neighbor in order to justify myself is nothing less than a divine command, a holy obligation, which to deny would be blasphemy. So opinio iustitiae plus the law’s definition of righteousness plus the law’s obligatoriness equal the opinio legis.

At least in those religious people with whom Luther was most familiar, the opinio legis was the sophisticated, working form of the opinio iustitiae.

The way in which the sinner constructs the opinio legis illustrates what we previously called his “free will,” his acting in accordance with his own basic religious assumption. That assumption, the opinio iustitiae, reaches out to even that element of his environment, the holy law of God, and adapts it to the requirements of his self-center.

As the sinner responds to the law so he also responds to the Christian gospel, from the determinative self-center of his opinio iustitiae. When this gospel announces to him, for example, that men can be justified only by the mercy of God without any good work of their own, he must, because his basic assumption demands it, repudiate this gospel as untrue. Moreover, not only can he not believe this gospel, he cannot even understand it, except on his own terms. For example, proceeding from his own basic assumption that a man is under orders to merit divine favor by obedience to the law, he must conclude that the gospel of justification by grace alone will dangerously weaken men’s religious obligation and make light of God’s justice. This understanding of the gospel is also an instance of his “free will.” It is a conclusion which flows freely and consistently from his own basic assumption.

The Law, A Trojan Horse

However, this law which the sinner mistakes as a source of religious help, God now employs as a “hammer” to smash the sinner’s self at its very foundation, that is, at the level of his basic religious assumption. The law which, it seemed earlier, the sinner had managed to domesticate is actually God’s foot-in-the-door, a Trojan horse, by which God has gained entrance to the sinner’s very religiousness in order to subvert it at its core.

God accomplishes this subversion, first, simply by intensifying the law’s demands. “Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and with all thy soul and with all thy strength and with all thy mind, and thy neighbor as thyself.” “Thy words are spirit and life. Thou shalt pass away, not one jot or tittle of the law shall pass away.” “Ye shall be perfect even as your Father in heaven is perfect.”
Just because God demands all that He does and reiterates His demands with unyielding insistence, the sinner’s opinio legis is driven not only to failure but eventually to self-contradiction. On the one hand, his opinio iustitiae impels him to hope for a sufficient righteousness of his own, through fulfilling the law. But on the other hand the law itself insists that to be righteous he must hope not at all in himself but in God only. So the more zealously he nourishes a self-centered hope, the more glaringly he frustrates any God-centered hope. And the more desperately he tries to restore his hope in God, the more his despair reveals his hopes as selfish.

But the law turns out to be more than stern commands. It is also always something of a taunt. When it commands the sinner, for example, to love his neighbor, it is saying in effect, “So you claim to be good enough to justify yourself — just try and prove it, if you can, by loving your neighbor as you ought.” When Saint Paul quotes Leviticus to the Galatians, “He who does them shall live by them,” or when Christ advises the insolent lawyer, “Do this and you shall live,” Luther interprets their advice ironice and sees in it “a certain irony or scorn”: “Ja, du bist iustus! ja, thut’s!” (“Yes, you’re just all right. So do it already.”) So also with all the laws commands: “Ja, thue es nur.” (“Sure, just do it.”) See for yourself how righteous you really are. In the very same breath when the law commands a sinner to be concerned with no one but God it immediately commands him to give account of himself and thus plunges him back into a concern for himself and his own worth. Lex semper accusat. The net result of this persistent legal taunt is that the sinner is finally, frontally, presented with the ability of his own basic religious assumption, his assumption of self-righteousness.

That Dubious Freedom

Meanwhile, the Creator God drives this sinner to go on living out the role which, by virtue of his nature, he is bound to live out. So it is not enough to say simply that he has “free will,” in the sense that he is in a position to act in accordance with his own nature. Actually, he seems to be hounded and enslaved into being who he is. What becomes increasingly clear to him is that this sort of freedom is exceedingly dubious. What he is, it now appears, is the very opposite of righteous. He is in fact inimicus Dei, the enemy of God. What is worse, God Himself emerges as the wrathful Enemy.

IV. The Sinner’s Freedom and The Law’s Pedagogy

It is true that the sinner together with all that he thinks and wills is bound fast by his fundamental life premise, the opinio legis. Thus he is unfree even to understand, much less want, a trust in God’s mercy alone. On the other hand, it is equally true that he is free at least in the sense that his thinking and willing do stem from a fundamental life premise. To this extent he is a responsive subject, a self. It is he who believes or disbelieves, he who wills. This is of considerable significance for the law’s pedagogical function: To enable sinners to know themselves. In order to achieve this self-knowledge in them, the law must address them as teachable subjects who can be appealed to with commands, questions, threats, blame, even discursive argument, and who can respond consistently to such teaching from their own self-centers. So, even to apprise a man of his religious enslavement, he can only be dealt with as a free — that is a self-consistent — subject.

Of course, a sinner is a sinner whether he knows it or not. His enslavement does not depend on his acknowledging it. Yet it is the law’s task as pedagogue to see to it that he does know and feel he is a sinner. Granted, one of Luther’s first intentions in speaking to Erasmus about God’s “necessitating foreknowledge” is his concern to show that the sovereign truth about us men lies not in what we may happen to think about ourselves, however piously we may think it, but rather in what God knows us to be. Hence we cannot change our fundamental identity, we cannot even want to, except as He provides for that in His previous judgment about us.

It is a fact, nevertheless, that this doctrine about God’s foreknowledge has been revealed in Scripture. It has been revealed for our learning. Therefore, it is not enough for God to know who we are, even as slaves. He wills that we, too, should know how determinative His knowledge about us really is for our destinies. But precisely as we come to learn this, our very destinies may be changed. Paradoxically, God adjudges us to be slaves whether we know it or not, but as we do come to know it, we may well be on our way to becoming something very different from slaves, also in His sight.

In any case Luther says that the pedagogical function of the law is to show a man how enslaved he is by his basic religious assumption, the opinio legis. Yet, as we have shown, this opinio operates at the center of the man’s existence and gives all that he thinks and wills the peculiar quality of his kind of self. This opinio legis, then — apart from its religious liabilities — does perform a significant psychological and educational function. It is that organizing principle within the sinner’s psyche which allows the law to address the sinner as a free — that is, a self-consistent — subject, a subject who can respond to the law’s teaching from some organic and meaningful center. The law addresses him as a person, as a self-identical ego, and it is his opinio legis which gives him his identity.

The Law’s Personal Appeals

This is borne out in the law’s actual pedagogical procedures. It employs devices which could only apply
to a responsible, teachable, deeply personal subject.

For example, the law’s characteristic method is not to tell the sinner point-blank in didactic, declarative statements that he is a sinner but rather to incite him to this knowledge indirectly through imperatives and demands and obligations, on the assumption that he will then make the painful discovery for himself. Much of Luther’s own law preaching seems to be not so much an announcing to sinners what they do not already know as it is an interpreting, an explicating, of what they previously should have encountered in their Anfechtungen, their worries, guiltiness, and remorse.

It is instructive in this connection to note what Luther means by the word “know” in the phrase “to know ourselves as sinners.” Knowledge in this case is a knowledge at first hand, a learning by doing. More accurately, it is a learning by trying and failing. It is as clinical and as intensely experiential as any knowledge could be. A sinner learns that he is an enemy of God by actually being driven, under the law, to an explicitly felt resentment.

Furthermore, it is typical of legal self-knowledge that it involves not only propositional descriptions of human sin and divine judgment but, more intimately, an encounter between persons, between the Accuser and the accused. But propositional knowledge there is, too. Luther’s teaching of the law proceeds through highly intricate discursive devices, always on the assumption that the sinner who is being encountered by such argument is rationally capable of following it and of feeling pinched by it. This kind of learning can be sustained only in a creature who is free, in the sense that he is a self-consistent subject who responds from an integrating personal center.

**That Glorious Freedom**

When the sinner is dealt with under the educational auspices of the law, he is conceived of as free and as a person also in another sense. He is eligible — not on the strength of his own worth but on the strength of God’s mercy in Christ — to be a candidate for that new and higher freedom, the glorious liberty of the sons of God. To be sure, for the sinner who is only under the law this spiritual freedom is but a future possibility. Still, it is this possibility which provides the Church with her highest pedagogical goal, even when her pedagogical methods seem to be only those of the law. In other words, in that very act in which the Church exploits the minimal psychological freedom of the slave in order to confront him with the truth of his enslavement, she purposes eventually to inaugurate him into that other truth, the truth which alone will make him free indeed.

**V. Fides**

The basic religious conviction which animates the Christian as believer, namely his fides, is something very different from the conviction which animates him as sinner. What his new life assumes is that God, now merciful, has effectively purged his sinner-self through the vicarious Cross, that the law’s accusations are now as invalid for the believer as they were for his Substitute, and that the Substitute’s righteousness and life in turn accrue to those who trust Him.

Just as in the case of the sinner’s opinio legis, so the believer’s basic assumption, his fides, functions logically to integrate all his experience, thought, and life into a coherent worldview. For example, in the light of the basic assumption of justification by faith the same suffering and deprivations which would have been construed by the opinio legis as threats now appear as the privileged bearing of the Cross of Christ. The formerly strenuous obligations to be charitable and cheerful and useful now become opportunities for returning thanks to a merciful God. The fearful assaults of the Devil lose their terror and, sometimes at least, provide occasion for joking. The Scriptures divulge meaning where previously they had been only puzzling and obscure. Old theological terms like sin, man, church, righteousness, Jesus Christ, acquire new definitions. The “whore Reason” is transformed into ratio illuminatione fide. And those logical oppositions which do still remain, even in the world-view of the wisest Christian, promise to be resolved in the resurrection.

1. *Yet Not I*

However, one important distinction — perhaps the most important distinction — still remains. In the case of the sinner, his basic religious assumption, his opinio iustitiae, was his self-center. But in the case of the believer, his fides — insofar as it is his at all — is not his self-center. His new self-center, his animating life-principle, is not so much his faith as it is another Self, the crucified and risen Jesus Christ. This Christ has been not only imputed but also imparted to the believer as the “Christ who lives in me.” He is the constant Advocate with the Father in whose advocacy the believer’s prayers are harmonized. He is the Head in whom the believer and all believers are embodied as the Church. He is the risen Lord who has sent His Spirit to lead believers into all truth and to testify of Him to them and through them. Faith, in other words, is not only an act of conviction, not only a basic assumption, but “the hand which grasps Christ,” the “adhesive” by which a sinner clings to his alter Ego, to the only righteousness and life which avail in his stead before God.

It does not follow from this substitutionary character of Christ, however, that the believer’s self is simply absorbed into that Christ without remainder, as the mystics might have hoped. Paul is still Paul and Peter is still Peter. The believer, in other words, is still a human person with his own identity, his own acts of will and intelligence, exercising his own characteristic responses. That is, with our earlier understanding
of freedom, he is still a free and responsive and teachable subject — even as a new man in Christ. For that reason he is appealed to by means of all the usual pedagogical devices of language and gesture, question and answer. His faith is "coaxed" and "exercised" by admonition and precept and example. He employs memory and reflection and hope, even logical distinctions and persuasive rhetoric. He is fortified by palpable reassurances like the elements in the Sacraments, by the "conversation of the brethren," by the Word spoken *viva voce* rather than in the static tones of the printed word.

Still, as Saint Paul says, "I live, yet not I but Christ lives in me." To which Luther replies:

But who is that 'I' of whom Paul says, 'Yet not I'? This is my 'I' who still has the law and is bound to do its works. This is my person who is still separated from Christ. This person Paul rejects, for 'I' as a separate person from Christ belongs to death and hell. Then who is the 'I' that lives? The Christian. Paul therefore, as he lives in himself, is entirely dead through the law. But as he lives in Christ, or rather as Christ lives in him, he lives by another life. For Christ speaks in him, works in him, and exercises all the functions of life in him. I cannot teach, write, pray, or give thanks, without those organs of the flesh which are necessary for performing these functions. Still, these functions do not originate in my flesh. They are given by God from above.

I would be only too happy to explain this more fully — if by some means I could.

TIME

Time is the shortest distance from a star
To greening meadows where the daisies are:

Between vibration of a lily-bell
And shout of Autumn in a hazel-dell.

Time is the space between impending doom
And Christ-like wrestling in a rock-ribbed tomb,

Triumphant rising from a prison wall
To prove eternal life to one and all.

Time is a golden wind that shakes the grass
To browning stubble under feet that pass:

Or is a moment winged with love and truth . . .
The fulfilled dream between old age and youth.

Time is the mortal measuring cup we know
Through which all human limitations flow:

Or fleeting glimpses of eternity
By which we measure immortality:

Time is fulfillment of a present heaven,
From magnitude of self-less love that's given.

*Stella Craft Tremble*
Shakespeare in Summertime

By Walter Sorell
Drama Editor

It is, no doubt, an interesting phenomenon that Shakespeare should have become the playwright for summer festivals. There may be two different reasons for this. It is always safe to produce the greatest dramatist of them all who, as no other poet of the theatre, captures the conscience of his audience and can "make the weeper laugh, the laughier weep." Producer, director, and actor feel on safe grounds with the bard. On the other hand, it is Shakespeare who is most open to interpretations of all sorts, whose scope is so wide and whose depth so unfathomable that many feel they can tamper and experiment with him.

All this seems to be borne out by the many summer experiences which Shakespeare's plays had to go through. A report from London lies before me and speaks of a company from Howard Payne College in Texas which was the big success of the International Festival of University Theatre held in Bristol. Their production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" was apparently done in "Texan style" as the report mentioned some incongruities caused by the transplantation.

It looks to me like a cow-boyish conception to arm Bottom and his rustics with guns (as was reported), but as long as the poetry of the play is preserved I would accept even such a cosmetic operation which borders on blasphemy. As a matter of fact, I can imagine that such rape of Shakespeare's spirit may find the loud approval of the public. But applause is often deceptive.

A "Twelfth Night" production at the New Art Center Theatre in Boston was also cheered, although it seemed to one viewer that, in spite of its good intentions, it failed. This play is a gay comedy designed to form part of the festivities of Twelfth Night. Its humor weighs light, its merriment appeals to a carefree mind that throws overboard all sophistication, that likes its gaiety mixed with a little mischief.

Its many allusions to music and dance have misled Herbert Berghof, its director, to strive for a "music and dance extravaganza" of this comedy. His intention was to put the emphasis on movement, and on the gayest and most boisterous scenes. He began each act with dance and music to set the mood, extended the musical interludes and made a little dance scene out of Sir Andrew Aguecheek's boasts that he "can cut a caper." Mr. Berghof is an intuitive and clever director and he must have had something new and daring in mind when he split the part of the fool Feste into three personalities, the speaking, singing, and dancing fool. He made use of Russell Oberlin's fascinating voice and called on Geoffrey Holder for the part of the dancing any. He also had Mr. Holder sing and Mr. Oberlin clown and move. But as it can easily happen with split personalities, there wasn't enough of it for so many, and the original character of Feste was almost lost in his dancing and singing alter egos.

In striving for such an extravaganza it seems that Mr. Berghof was not extravagant and daring enough to make his idea — no matter what we may think of it — pay off. Neither Mr. Oberlin nor Mr. Holder contributed enough to warrant the changes, and the fact that Alvin Epstein as Feste appeared perfectly capable of doing the job for all three defeated the idea. True, Mr. Epstein's vocal abilities are no match for Russell Oberlin's wonderful countertenor. On the other hand, Mr. Oberlin has not yet the acting ease needed for Shakespeare. Mr. Holder played himself, moved in his usual nonchalant elegance, but could not conceal that he had to improvise his existence in the play. Shakespeare's actors were good dancers, and Alvin Epstein moved with competence no less than that of Geoffrey Holder. At least, he had the advantage of finding motivation of his dancing movements in the words he spoke. It seemed that Shakespeare was on his side.

It was a star-studded production, Siobhan McKenna was Viola, Zachary Scott, Orsino, Fritz Weaver, Malvolio, Tammy Grimes, Maria, and many more glittering names never found the tongue to do honor to the Shakespearian verse which, particularly in this play, can exist only in a poetic atmosphere. Since Mr. Berghof was preoccupied to catch a great deal of extraneous gaiety, he lost most of the play's poetry.

The youthful Shakespeare overlooked a great many dramaturgical details in "Romeo and Juliet," but when he told this most passionate love story of two reckless youngsters, he held it together with poetic rapture and the glowing fire with which he believed in their fate. When rapture and fire are missing, it becomes implausible. This happened to Jack Landau's version with which the fifth season of the Shakespeare Festival in Stratford, Conn., opened. The pace his direction set was too slow, the mood too cold and austere. Inge Swenson's Juliet had all the means of great passion, but Richard Easton's Romeo failed her. And there is no good Juliet without a good Romeo.

(This is the first of two articles on "Shakespeare in Summertime.")
From the Chapel

The Nakedness of Our Inadequacy

By The Rev. Martin E. Marty
Pastor of the Lutheran Church of the Holy Spirit
Elk Grove, Illinois

Now he told a parable to those who were invited, when he marked how they chose the places of honor, saying to them, "When you are invited by any one to a marriage feast, do not sit down in a place of honor, lest a more eminent man than you be invited by him; and he who invited you both will come and say to you, 'Give place to this man;' and then you will begin with shame to take the lowest place. But when you are invited, go and sit in the lowest place, so that when your host comes he may say to you, 'Friend, go up higher; then you will be honored in the presence of all who sit at table with you. For every one who exalts himself will be humbled, and he who humbles himself will be exalted.'"

Luke 14: 7-11

Parables are simple stories. But life is complex, and parables point to this complexity. Interpreting parables is difficult; in the midst of many mistakes I have come across a principle of interpretation which I am ready to present seriously to professional Biblical scholars. It is this: never rest content with a solution to a parabolic riddle until you have first settled with at least two attractive premature solutions. Never feel confident that you are at dead center until you have been wooed by some eccentric attractions. Seldom does this principle speak so directly as it does with the parable which our Lord addresses to us this week.

On the surface, all is simple. We are in the closing cycle of the church year, and the Gospels point to aspects of Christian character. This week, it happens to be humility, following in the steps of the Humble One, who came not to be ministered unto but to minister. So far so good. All is simple, so long as we read it as a lesson in etiquette for the Kingdom of God — it is, then, so easily solved and so easily dismissed.

And as a harmless bit of Amy Vanderbilt advice it is most attractive. Look at the story on the face of things. It discusses protocol; Jesus sets the instance at a marriage feast — a forbiddingly formal affair. His rough and tumble disciples may have needed a lesson or two: finesses, to the eyes of a country boy in a tuxedo, may still be exposed as closhoppersy by his sophisticated cousin. Chicago rehearsed protocol for weeks to greet Queen Elizabeth II last summer. We did everything just right. The British papers thanked our city for its rousing, roustabout greeting, which in midwestern fashion — dispensed with all protocol. So practice how to sit, where to sit, so that you will not be exposed at the heavenly banquet — is this the point of Jesus teaching?

To what does this head start tempt us? Viewed as a chapter in a Gospel of Etiquet it is a chapter for self-advancement and self-enhancement. Evidently status-seeking did not have to await a twentieth century prophet like Vance Packard; it existed long ago. Location of reclining seats at ancient banquets was a precise art. I, too, own commentaries, and they can tell you which of three people on a couch held highest rank. And, in terms of the parable, which of the three if he presumed was most likely to be removed to the edge where the stale cigarette butts stagnated the dust-plush corners of the couch. No, says Jesus, don't seek a high place, or you will be nudged unceremoniously to the bottom and experience public shame. So what do we do?

Misinterpretation No. 1: Calculate. this is the gambit of the religious man, who is shrewd enough to be humble so that he can be proud of his humility and thus be advanced. He is not a new type. They used to call them, as they paraded past Jesus, Pharisees. Isn't this what today we would call, in, say, Bonhoeffer's terms, the religious man? Inwardness, a pious stance, a publicly plaguing conscience, a blue-veined-hand inhumanity, a dilettante personality type, ("Aren't you just fascinated by religion?") are the prerequisites. God cannot help but notice such a humble man — all men do. Advance! Go to the top!

No, says the Christian faith; this denies the nature of Christian humility which is in its most profound instincts opposed to calculation. Aspiration of this sort is dishonest. The Prodigal Son dare not kneel and then look over his father's shoulder to see how the roasting of the fatted calf is coming along. You cannot sneak up on God.

Miscalculation No. 2: Play it safe. This is the gambit of the American, who is shrewd enough not to be involved in the extremes of the parable. Maybe he is a newer type, because the parable makes no direct provision for him. In what I trust is still current parlance, he plays it cool; he is the relaxed pragmatist, who knows what is useful in the parable. He has a head on his shoulders; he can size things up. Why take the risk of heading for the head table and losing all? He knows there are seats at mid-distance where there is still status and prestige and comfort; not in the spotlight but also not behind the posts and off behind the cigar.
smoke. Here is a typical religious solution for our day: avoid profound commitment and risk. Know personhood by subtraction; assert the semi-positive through the semi-negative. No, says Jesus, authentic personhood and authentic humility are the requisites.

*Interpretation.* There may be others, here is mine. The parable has nothing to do with etiquette. It does not talk about masks but about persons; it does not say how to act so much as it says what to be. God will dispose as he will, no matter what personality type He is forced to work with. Because he is what he is, the man of humility takes the bottom seat. Calculator No. 1 immediately spots the risk: suppose he is not elevated — what good did his humility do him? Calculator No. 2 can underscore it: you should have played it safe. God didn’t even notice him — and now the party’s over!

All these calculations and miscalculations are rendered unnecessary and meaningless if we interpret this not as etiquette but in the context of most of Jesus’ parables. Then we see it with the sharp ring of urgency; it is told, as it were in a hurry. Theologians would say it has an eschatological ring; it sounds as if the end of things is at the end of the parable! Viewed in this light, what is the message? Jesus is dropping a hint not how we must act but what we must be at the end of things is at the end of the parable! Viewed in this light, what is the message? Jesus is dropping a hint not how we must act but what we must be at the Heavenly Banquet, where newness, newness of the New Creation breaks in upon our routinized and patternized lives. He is concerned not with the presentation of our selves through masks but with the nakedness of our inadequacy and the reduction after our pride is annihilated through His law. Pride defeats its own ends; it confronts and encounters others’ pride. Humility has its own reward; it is part of the life hid with Christ in God.

Such humility is born of the faith which trusts in God who is Father of Jesus Christ and which responds by taking life in stride. Jesus walked this way, and he found a place. On a gallows. “He humbled Himself, even to death on a cross.” Amen.

*P.S.* There is a sequel. There had been no calculation, no self-seeking. “Wherefore God has highly exalted Him . . .” Paul, an early commentator, adds the ethical note: “Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus.” Let it; and, again: Amen.

**WANDERER’S NIGHT SONG**

*Over all the summits*

Is peace,

*In all the treetops*

You feel

*Scarce ly a breeze.*

In the woods the little birds are still.

*Just wait, soon*

You too will rest.

JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE

*Ty. by CHARLES GUENTHER*
News of the death of Ernest Bloch (1880-1959), whom many competent critics have called the foremost Jewish composer of our time, conjures up thoughts about other Jews who achieved distinction in the art of composing.

One thinks of Felix Mendelssohn, who gave up the faith of his fathers and embraced Protestantism. He was a master of elegance. Furthermore, he had uncommon skill as a melodicist. But he did not reach the highest peaks. Mendelssohn became great. Yet it would be wrong to speak of him as one of the greatest.

Ignaz Moscheles was the first Jewish musician to become famous in Europe as a pianist and a composer. His piano studies are still valuable, but one could easily dispense with the other compositions from his pen.

Pompous and influential Giacomo Meyerbeer — his real name was Jakob Liebmann Beer — wrote a large amount of drivel. Now and then, however, a valuable inspiration made its way into his mind. Some of his operas are still performed.

Anton Rubinstein won lasting fame as a Titan of the piano. His compositions are unimportant. Most of them have gone the way of all flesh.

Karl Goldmark wrote a delightful work called Rustic Wedding Symphony. But this well constructed composition, tuneful though it is, seldom graces the orchestra programs presented in our land. It deserves a better fate.

I cannot see eye to eye with those who decry the compositions of Gustav Mahler as futile and long-winded. Mahler, a past master of the complex art of orchestration, had much to say, and he said it exceedingly well. I set great store by his symphonies. He was not Jewish by birth, but he became a Roman Catholic.

Paul Dukas was an uncommonly able craftsman. His The Sorcerer’s Apprentice is one of the most engaging symphonic poems ever written.

Arnold Schoenberg was a mighty revolutionist. He spawned many an imitator. But did Schoenberg ever devise a single melody one cares to hum, sing, or whistle? There is still much ado about his twelve-tone row. Although some composers try to glory on its coattails, they rarely, if ever, reach the halfway mark. Music has much in common with mathematics, but it is relatively easy for mathematics to smother music. Schoenberg did his best work before he fell in love with pet theories.

Mario Castelnuovo-Tedesco is prolific. His music contains many admirable qualities.

I have often wondered how long the works of Kurt Weill will last. Here was a composer who spurned the very thought of writing for posterity. Maybe this attitude toward his art was prophetic.

Darius Milhaud is clever and daring. He provokes thought. His compositions give me much pleasure.

Aaron Copland has been lucky. Some of his writing is excellent. But Copland has a tendency to regurgitate Igor Stravinsky, who, by the way, is not a Jew.

I consider George Gershwin a genius. His Rhapsody in Blue is a classic. I wish I could have written it. Gershwin was by no means a craftsman of the highest order. But what a wonderful gift of melody he had! Those who sneer at him should take heed lest the history of music sneer at them.

Louis Gruenberg wrote The Emperor Jones, which is a fine opera, and an excellent violin concerto. Has he gone into a decline?

I have never been able to cultivate a fondness for the music of William Schuman. David Diamond has unusual skill, and in my opinion the richly gifted Leonard Bernstein has far more ability as a conductor and a pianist than he will ever be able to acquire in the domain of composition.

I still consider Geneva-born Ernest Bloch the ablest Jewish composer of our era. His Schelomo, for ‘cello and orchestra, is a masterpiece. In his music one hears many echoes and reminiscences of the traditional music of the Jews. Yet Bloch did not play the role of a historian or an archeologist when he composed. His music does not strive to prove anything; it strives to be honest and beautiful. It is both. Bloch was not only the outstanding Jewish composer of our time; he was one of the outstanding composers.

Some Recent Recordings

Dedications happen all the time all over the land. You look and wonder. What is this which we have copied and fitted into the mold of our mind? Or what have we fashioned to fit yesterday’s fantasy?

There was a time when everyone was sure that beauty was a prerequisite of dedication. Then came the confusion of prettiness and sweetness with beauty and the dedication lacked its glory. Today the discipline of meaning makes us very conscious about what we dedicate. Dignity, simplicity, strength, significance, all have a new meaning of their own in our day and time.

“Let only that be dedicated to the glory of God which has a deep new meaning. Give God only that which is new and fresh and filled with large graces and great loves.”

The Valparaiso Memorial Chapel has had its choicest tributes from the most sincere people. Those who are always captivated by frippery and froth, or by tradition and sentiment, have come away with a vague wonder. This was like a new idea to them and they insisted you must not force a new idea into the hollowness of their aesthetics. Windows had always looked different and altars came in another shape. Church interiors were only for sitting, not kneeling. Windows were made to look like old oil paintings with a light behind them. The floors should approximate the “wall to wall” luxury of the new housing development for there must be no trace of the fact that the road to heaven is steep and hard and that the church is built upon a rock. Always men are more concerned with acoustics than attention; with comfort than with consecration; with appearance rather than with appropriateness.

The West window of the Chapel is only a fore-runner of the strong splendors which await the worshipper and the viewer as the chancel moves to completion. You study hard under the hand of Thorn Prikker. The accompanying illustration shows a beginning, made almost fifty years ago, of a kind of vigorous movement working with structural lines to call for a powerful grouping. One would imagine that every woman who ever did a stitch of embroidery would have in her the understanding of utterly new forms, but, strangely, and almost weirdly, they hark back only to prettiness and forget that beauty moves with their needles and their threads and their good eyes and hands. We dedicate for meaning!
Luther biographies through the years since the Reformation by both Catholic and Protestant writers have certainly not agreed with one another about the man as a person, as well as his role as the Reformer. About 1883, however, because of an improvement in research methodology, both Catholic and Protestant writers were forced to examine their sources more critically. The former who had been prone to place more emphasis upon the sources of Esmor, Cochlau, Eck, and other Luther enemies than upon Melanchton, Amosdorff, and Mathesius of Luther's own group, have become more cautious and less abusive; the latter have been forced to give up the traditional Luther with all the mythology that had grown up in Lutheran circles. After the more comprehensive biographies of the great man had been written emphasizing the Luther after 1517, more emphasis was placed upon the "young" Luther. Articles and books appeared from the pens of men like Scheel, Holl, Ritschl, Koehler, Schubert, and Neubauer. The classics have without question been Henri Stroh's The Religious Revolution of Luther to 1515 (1922); Heinrich Bohmer's Der Junge Luther, (1925); and Otto Scheel's Martin Luther, (3rd ed. 1930).

Probably the first attempt to look at Luther from a psychoanalytic point of view was that of the theologian-psychoanalyst Rev. Oscar Pfister, lifelong friend, student, and associate of Sigmund Freud. In a book entitled Christianity and Fear, Pfister devotes a chapter to Luther along with articles on Zwingli and Calvin. To the list of classics about the "young" Luther we need to add Erik H. Erikson's recent publication Young Man Luther — A Study in Psychoanalysis and History, W. W. Norton and Co., 1959... temporarily. We say temporarily because Erikson approaches the subject of young man Luther from a "psycho-historical" view grounded in a certain psychoanalytic way of looking at people and events, and the validity of Erikson's conclusions about the "great young man" are dependent upon the validity of a psychoanalytic theory which has laid hold of him.

Some friends and admirers of Luther will no doubt chuck Erikson's book aside with the opinion that, after all, psychoanalysis is but a comparatively primitive science; is but a theoretical system of human behavior resting on certain assumptions which include at least these important notions (when looking at the theory from the point of view of people suffering psychic distress): that such psychic distress and disturbance is derived from unsolved intrapsychic conflicts; that these conflicts are in most part unconscious; that they are related to (or rigidly determined by) early childhood experiences and represent inadequately resolved conflicts of a psychosexual nature; that prior to the acute stage of stress these conflicts were handled in various ways, configurations, and patterns of behavior which made up the personality character of the person; that because of greater inner and outer stress this balanced personality structure shows signs and symptoms indicating the possibility of a complete disorganization of personality; that treatment procedures need be applied to restore balance within the personality selected from an armamentarium of therapeutic procedures ranging from chemicals to counseling on various levels including psychoanalysis.

Other readers and fans of Luther will cast the book aside and penetratingly inquire which school of psychoanalytic thought does Erikson espouse when he submits his book "A Study of Psychoanalysis and History" as there are various points of view among the several schools in existence. These differences are not found solely in the area of extraneous matter but also in the basic assumption provinces. To those confronted with these and similar thoughts on the subject of psychoanalysis and Luther, we would like to refer to pastor-psychoanalyst Pfister in his remarks about it all in his preface of looking at Luther from a psychoanalytic point of view.

Nobody can expect that the problem of reformation in the religious sense be solved by the sole use of psychological categories and considerations. But it is equally incontestable that without such methods the scientific question has simply to be abandoned and that the convenient but unscientific adoption of intervention from the beyond without any psychological basis becomes necessary. Psychology cannot burden itself with the uncritical acceptance of intellectual miracles of this kind any more than astronomy and biology have resource to physical miracles and deny the existence of a natural nexus merely because the church desires it. Psychology has to operate with all the greater care since its original material — even when, as in the case of Luther, its volume is enormous — is necessarily less ample than when it directs its study on living men. There are certain important intimate events of which the biographer must remain ignorant, and we are consequently compelled to work deductively.

Within the theorical system selected essentially Freudian with a good bit of the social and cultural schools of thought mixed therewith — Erikson offers the reader an approach to Luther both interesting and provocative. Erikson's approach is that of the scholar. Interestingly enough psychoanalyst Erikson opens his book with a discussion of Luther's "fit in the choir" at the monastery of Erfurt, an event of questionable historical veracity but nonetheless acceptable within a psychoanalytic point of view for the purpose of developing the theme Erikson has chosen to discuss, namely, Luther's search for identity as a person. Quoting from the professor (Scheel), the priest (Denifle), the Danish psychiatrist of biological orientation (Reitel), and the psychoanalyst (Preserved Smith whom Erikson correctly disavows as such), Erikson comments on their interpretation of this event to lead into his own thesis that what Luther is supposed to have uttered during his fit "I am not" is the clue, at least in part, to the core of the young man's conflicts, contributions and later conquests. "I am not what my father said I was and what my conscience in bad moments tends to confirm I am." (p. 38) Elaborating on this thought elsewhere in his book Erikson says: "As I tried to orient myself in regard to Luther's identity crisis by studying those words which promised to render the greatest number of facts and references for independent study, I heard him, even again roar in rage, and yet also in laughter: Ich bin's nit!" (p. 29)

Using the more reliable biographies of the young man Luther, Erikson presents to the reader this central theme: for him (Luther) the struggle between

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destruction and construction would be fought out on theological grounds. Existential justification was his chosen text, and he applied it to the hometown level of his father as well as the cosmic level of the church." (p. 109)

The theological problem which he tackled as a young adult of course reflected the peculiarly tenacious problem of the domestic relationship to his own father; but this was true to a large extent because both problems the domestic and the universal were part of one ideological crisis: a crisis about the theory and practice, the power and responsibility, of the moral authority invested in fathers; on earth and in heaven; at home, in the market place, and in politics; in the castles, and in Rome. But it undoubtedly took a father and a son of tenacious sincerity and almost criminal egotism to make the most of the crisis, and to initiate a struggle in which were combined elements of the drama of King Oedipus and the passion of Golgotha with an admixture of cussedness made in Saxony. (p. 77)

One is, of course, here reminded of Freud's classical Oedipal theme. About that Erikson forges this reply:

To this we would reply that certainly we would ascribe to Luther an Oedipus Complex, and not a trivial one at that. We would not wish to see any boy — much less an imaginative and forceful one — face the struggles of his youth and manhood without having experienced as a child the love and the hate which are encompassed in this complex; love for the maternal person who awakens his senses and his sensuality with her ministrations, and deep and angry rivalry with the male possessor of this maternal person. We would also wish him with their help to succeed, in his boyhood, in turning resolutely away from the protection of women to assume the fearless initiative of man. (p. 73)

On one occasion the unconscious ego mechanism of "projection" by which man's infantile configurations, constellations and conflicts therein are applied to cosmic levels, Erikson refers to as historicification. But it means the same thing.

Psychoanalyst Erikson does not drop off into an abyss of "reductive naturalism" in the sense that Luther's conflicts, contributions and conquests are "nothing but" projections of infantile configurations with conflicts upon the cosmos about him. On occasions Erikson might appear to have fallen into the meaningless pit of the genetic fallacy. But it is only an appearance due to the emphasis he places on leading the reader into taking a look at the conceptual probabilities psychoanalysis offers the world toward a deeper understanding of man. Erikson, as objective as he might want to be, hides not his feeling of warmth for the great young man. Erikson loves Luther.

On one occasion, Erikson differentiates between Luther's "earthly father" and his "heavenly father" (p. 58) calling to mind pastor-psychoanalyst Pfister's penetrating point in this area that there is a difference between the two ideas that god is father and God is Father. While the former may be empirically observed on occasions in a patient undergoing psychoanalytic treatment, the latter cannot be disproven in any way psychoanalytically — nor can it be proven either. On still another occasion Erikson in commenting on Luther's first Mass says: "We have quoted Luther's statement that as he celebrated his first Mass he was overcome by the feeling that he had to face God directly without a mediator. We must now discuss his other impending encounter; the one with his earthly father ... the attempt of the biographers to separate the mystic presence of the Eucharist and the oppressive presence of the father is invalid in view of what happened later that day, and forever after." (p. 144) On still another occasion when looking at the Staupitz-Luther relationship, Erikson says: "But what guided Staupitz beside an educator's astuteness? On his deathbed he is supposed to have said that he loved Martin with an affection surpassing that of woman." (p. 169) Or in plain language, Erikson asks the reader to take into account the latent homosexual attachment mentor Staupitz had toward the young man Luther in addition to an educator's interest in and concern for a promising scholar and churchman.

Perhaps both motivations are of truth — referring for a moment to the attachment of Staupitz to Luther — but to emphasize the primitive impulse, the homosexual attachment, at the total and partial exclusion of the other, the mentor's concern, certainly distorts the holistic view of the relationship and is not of science. The seed of the rose is not the same thing as the blossomed bud. If the seeds of Staupitz's attachment to Luther were homosexual in nature on one level, but through transformation became the rose of a genuine mentor's concern, one can hardly say that the "educator's interest" is the same thing as the latent homosexual impulse.

Twice Erikson in tone says "I am not concerned with the validity of the doctrines which laid claim to him." (p. 32) Whether one is able to talk about the validity of thought, theological or otherwise, from a psychosexual point of view as Erikson so forcefully does, and then claim a neutral and non-concerned attention toward the same thought, theological or otherwise, is a rather remarkable feat. Psychoanalyst Erikson has done this in a most remarkable way in Young Man Luther. But we think in so doing that he has missed an essential point regarding Luther, his theological foundations and "system" which Luther on many occasions disclaimed as his own. Luther's theological thought was essentially an extraction; was induced-deduced from the data of the Sacred Scripture which "young" Luther as well as "old" Luther held to be, not his revelation but the REVELATION. Luther laboriously worked through to the conclusion that the Aristotelian Scholasticism erected by the Roman church of his day was neither valid nor reliable as a source of Divine Truth for faith and life. Only in "the Word," "Word of God," "Holy Writ," "Word of Christ," and the many other ways Luther described this source of faith and life — could there be surety and certainty about man's relationship to God. That the breakthrough to the theological axiom of "justitia dei ... est fides Christi" occurred on the toilet in the tower at Erfurt (and we believe it did in reviewing the evidence Erikson has marshalled) is of interest and does not have psychoanalytic relevance. We think that it is significant too, but the significance lies in the fact that the relevance on the tower-toilet was not out of Luther himself, but only an awakened understanding of what the REVELATION had always contained concerning the human situation and the relationship of people in that situation to the Divine.

In no other work does Luther state more clearly his position on the matter than his "Commentary on Galatians." The notes of the Commentary date back to 1513 when, at the age of thirty, Luther began working and lecturing on the trilogy of Psalms, Romans and Galatians. The Commentary was completed in 1531. Of all the books of the REVELATION, the epistle to the Galatians was his favorite, and interestingly enough, from a psychoanalytic point of view, Luther once said in a table talk, "The Epistle to the Galatians is my epistle. To it I am as it were in wedlock. It is my Katherine." Looking at this statement of Luther about a book of the REVELATION alongside Erikson's remark that in the Bible Luther found a mother, one could readily erect an interesting Oedipal theme around mother-Katherine-Bible. "I think that in the Bible Luther at last found a mother whom he could acknowledge; he could attribute the Bible a generosity to which he could open himself, and which he could pass on to others at last a mother's son." (p. 268) That the content of "Holy Writ" supplied Luther with maternal needs is no doubt of truth. That the "Sacred Scriptures" has for centuries supplied man with maternal needs — paternal, fraternal, and sororal also — might
be of truth too. Perhaps herein lies a clue to the appeal the “Word” has had, and continues to have, as a Book of Life and Faith for people, namely, the “taking in” of the Divine message through familial symbolism.

Provocative, interesting, and stimulating is this book by Erikson. But more too. We think psychoanalyst Erikson has opened a new area for research and study for the Luther scholar, both in the particular province of Luther himself as a person whom Erikson fittingly describes as the person who had to do the “dirty work of the Reformation” and in more general area of the Reformation itself. We hope Erikson continues to write more, not only about the “young” Luther, but also about the “old” Luther.

HERBERT P. FRITZE

RELIGION

GOD AND THE SOVIETS

By Marcus Bach (Crowell, $4.00)

This book is little more than a trav­
elogue with a lot of peripheral piffle about the religious nature of man. If you begin with quite a bit of Bach (Marcus, that is), and some little sentiment about “The Lord God of America” and even less of the Soviets, you will come out with this book.

Our short journey through Russia takes us into St. Isaac’s Cathedral in Leningrad, which is now a museum, and to Kharkov, where we hear “the litany of sewing ma­
chines” in what used to be a church. These are contrasted with churches like the Cathedral of St. Nikolai in Leningrad and the Troitsa-Sergieva monastery in Zagors­
ki which are still open for worship. And always the haunting comment of the Rus­
sians, “The future of religion is up to the people.”

Bach interviews many people. When he asks the tourist guide questions about the Unseen she answers, “I really never analyze things that way or think in such terms.” This might bother you until you remember that many Americans would reply in the same way. Only in Russia it’s “the thing to say!” A young science student tells him, “Christ is a myth!” Such ignorance of history also exists in America. Another tells him, “I feel no need for Church or religion.” I too have been told this often, right here in the community where I live. Bach went to Russia to find out if a country can really be a-thi­sic. Can a people be unconscious of the divine? I read his book, but I’m still not sure whether he knows any more now than when he left.

What about the conflict between Chris­tianity and Communism? (What about the conflict between Christianity and capital­
ism?) He was told by every priest he}

interviewed that there is separation of Church and state, the people are free to worship, the churches are open, the church is on its own and what it will do depends on the people. But each time he records these interviews Bach inserts his comment that he doesn’t quite believe them. So . . .

He noticed that there are no church groups “as we know them in America,” no young people’s groups, laymen’s movements or missionary activities, or Sunday Schools. The state owns all church property. But all of these things are true in other areas of the world — the “Christian” world.

Communism teaches that man can con­trol history if he can control material, and it also knows the ethical imperative that all men are brothers. The “presence of God” is no longer useful. It is quite ob­vious in this book that Russians are being taught this and believe it. However, and this is a far more crucial question, are the Communist leaders still loyal to this athe­
istic reasoning of their teachers, or are they coming to realize that maybe Marx was at least partially wrong? Are they learning enough history to realize that the historic organizational churches are never per se to be equated with believers, or what would we call “The Body of Christ”? And will this finally make a difference in the relationship of “God” and “the Sovi­ets”?

WALTER W. OETTING

GENERAL

THE YEARS WITH ROSS

By James Thurber (Atlantic, Little, Brown, $5.00)

Harold Wallace Ross, founder and first editor of The New Yorker, had an ulcer, a morbid conviction that the whole uni­
verse was one gigantic plot against his adoles­
cent, a suspicious and irascible nature, and an almost total ignorance of the arts. He also had an intuitive knowledge of the English language that was at once the marvel and the despair of the best writers of our generation, most of whom at one time or another had written for him.

James Thurber, who knew Ross as prob­ably no other person ever knew him, has written a loving and fascinating appreci­ation of the man whom many of us con­sider the greatest of all editors. In the pro­cess, he has written a delightful ac­count of the first twenty-five years of The New Yorker, for Ross was The New Yorker during the quarter century of his editorship and it may well be that the magazine is still running on the momentum of those years.

The strange thing is that almost every­thing The New Yorker is Ross was not.
Of the dozen or more portraits that hang in the Cresset office, only two are of people who have not been on our staff. The one is Dr. Martin Luther. The other is Harold W. Ross.

Hellenism: The History of a Civilization

By Arnold Toynbee (Oxford Press, $4.50)

The thesis of this latest book by the great English historian-philosopher is stated most explicitly in the closing paragraph: "In the field of politics, a revival of the Hellenic worship of idolized local states is, today, the dominant religion of the West and of a rapidly Westernizing world. It is only thinly disguised by a veneer of Christianity, Islam, and other higher religions. The tragic history of the Hellenic world shows that this form of idolatry is a ghost . . . that we harbor at our peril."

When Augustus inaugurated two centuries of peace and prosperity in the Mediterranean world, a political concord was achieved that was unfortunately four centuries overdue, says Toynbee. He traces the rise of Hellenic civilization from the Minoan and Mycenaean cultures through the Homeric heroic age to the 6th century B.C. economic revolution in the Aegean. This change-over from subsistence farming to specialized production resulted in the creation of city states, and the unseating of the old hereditary aristocrats. The new polis provided its citizens with a social environment that stimulated the production of enduring works of art, literature, science, and philosophy. But it brought endemic warfare and civil strife as well. The Greeks never came to accept the necessary surrender of individual state sovereignty to a sort of Panhellenic union in order to match the expanding economic order. The Persian attack in the 5th century forced cooperation in self-defense, but this golden opportunity foundered in the aftermath of discord that engendered the Peloponnesian War. Alexander's Macedonian Empire in the 4th century, and the Pax Romana were later failures to achieve similar goals. To Toynbee, the parallels are obvious — we are failing today in the post-war era to match our economic one-world with an equivalent political and legal structure.

The description of Christianity's rise among the Hellenes is an intriguing part of the book, though by no means an unfamiliar story. The Greek search for a satisfying substitute for the Olympian religion led them beyond "man-worship" into Neoplatonism and into various attempts to import Eastern cults to fuse with their own cultural and moral concepts. Many Christians today still fail to appreciate the extent to which the simple message of Jesus was transformed by the technical terminology of the Greeks into its present systematic creed.

Toynbee does not attempt to give a comprehensive account of the Greek achievement or even an assessment of its most characteristic forms, as does Edith Hamilton's The Greek Way or C. M. Bowra's The Greek Experience. In fact, he uses the term "Hellenic" in a manner many scholars would dispute, and defines "Hellenism" as a single civilization lasting till the 7th century A.D. To bring together all that history and all those peoples over such a vast area and time span, and to impose a single dominant idea (man-worship or city-state worship) provides a thought-provoking essay, but one which raises more questions than it answers. As always, Toynbee stimulates the imagination by marshalling evidence from sources that force the reader out of stereotyped historical patterns. But when he closes the book he has the feeling that the argument has been too pat, the parallels with contemporary events a bit forced. The central question of the rise, breakdown, and eventual fall of the Graeco-Roman world remains as elusive as ever.

Common Sense and Nuclear Warfare

By Bertrand Russell (Simon and Schuster, $2.50)

The Devil's Repertoire or Nuclear Bombing and the Life of Man

By Victor Gollancz (Doubleday, $2.50)

Add two more books to the growing list of impassioned pleas for nuclear sanity! They have much in common. The authors are both British intellectuals. Both are convinced that humanity is in imminent peril. Unless some bold and imaginative proposal is forthcoming that can halt the atomic arms race, they predict the utter doom of our civilization. Both reject as absurd the argument that the deadly weapons now at our disposal will long serve as a deterrent to aggression. Both refuse to exalt "the free world" while damning the Eastern Powers. In the ideological conflict they attempt to appear neutral. Along with men like C. Wright Mills they believe it is sheer lunacy to speak of the military necessity of developing more missiles and preparing for massive retaliation.

Philosopher and Nobel Prize winner Bertrand Russell is not a pacifist by reputation or temperament. When America had a monopoly on the atomic bomb, he was willing to use the threat of war to compel Stalinist Russia to cooperate in the internationalizing of the uses of atomic energy. Today he is imploring the nations to renounce warfare. Drawing on the ideas expressed in his widely publicized correspondence with Khruzhchev and Dulles he outlines specific steps that might lead toward disarmament and the establishment of an International Authority. (For another approach to world peace compare Tom Slick, Permanent Peace, A Check and Balance Plan, Prentice Hall.)

"As a proponent of a "qualified neoplatonism," Victor Gollancz quotes profusely from various poets and religious teachers to prove the reality of "Spirit." To him "the bomb is the triumph of matter, its fate divorced from spirit and become wholly evil." (p. 132). The worst effect of totalitarianism in his opinion has been its "attempt to mechanize spiritual man: to reduce him, in the highest degree possible . . . to the status of a material aggregate . . . " (p. 103) With his outspoken belief that man's struggle is essentially spiritual Gollancz unabashedly advocates unilateral nuclear disarmament. Only such a daring "spiritual" action, he insists, can break in on the vicious circle of materialism and redeem the world from self-destruction. As much as he detests oppression of any kind, he admits that he would prefer Soviet occupation to annihilation. And whatever we might decide for ourselves, what right he asks, do we have "to choose non-existence for those who, in the years ahead of us, might have been born into life?" (p. 141).

Christian theologians may object that men like Gollancz and Schweitzer have made a man-centered reverence for life, rather than obedience and love for God, the highest good. But surely there is something amiss when churchmen are unmoved by the prospect of 500 to 750 million casualties in a global catastrophe, while the unorthodox and non-Christian are agonized by the situation, plead for reconciliation, and suggest concrete steps to relieve the tensions and remove the threat. Gollancz was shocked by the slap-dash comment of the Archbishop of Canterbury that after all "each person can only suffer so much." "For my own part," he says, "I prefer the naive and humane reactions of many an agnostic or atheist." (pp. 122,123.)

Gollancz disturbs the reader further by providing verbatim excerpts from letters he received from a Hiroshima victim of the dreaded "radiation disease." His "devil's repertoire" refers to general aphorisms and exclamations which people make as excuses for evading their responsibility, e.g. "You can't apply Christianity to politics" or "We don't want emotionalism, we want reason."

Ralph L. Moellering

The Great Sioux Uprising

By C. M. Oehler (Oxford, $5.00)

Discussions of Indian warfare in the last half of the nineteenth century are usually dominated by the defeat of Lt. Col. George Custer on the Little Big Horn in 1876.
However, we tend to forget that Custer's battle was only one of a series of incidents making up a long and sometimes colorful, sometimes dismal and tragic, war between the Western Plains Indians and the white settlers and soldiers. Most easily forgotten is the beginning of it all. It was a small beginning, hardly indicative of the later results. Four young Wahpeton Sioux from the reservation in southwestern Minnesota returned from a hunt with no game. To pass the time they spoke loudly of their courage and dared each other to show defiance to the white men. Out of this natural and youthful bravado came chaos: five white settlers dead, excitement among the reservation Indians, declaration of war, massacres resulting in at least 800 deaths in Minnesota. And this was just the beginning.

The first act began August 17, 1862. The show did not end until 1890. On the stage, by then, had appeared cowards, heroes, atrocities which could hardly be described, deeds of endurance and bravery which now seem hardly believable, and, of course, the material of a thousand television shows. And all of this just a few short generations ago.

The struggle of the Great Plains has already become a kind of romance in American history, but Mr. Oehler laboriously builds a detailed case which takes most of the glamour out of the story. He otherwise contributes little that is new; but the book is still valuable as a brief compendium of the existing materials. It reads like a roll call of events and names, and the drama is frequently missing. The style is clipped and factual, listy and terse. So many names of people are involved that the narrative is difficult to follow. And yet the objectivity is reassuring and the pain-staking search for the many ramifications is rewarding. Although the narrative cannot be read easily as a story it is good for reference.

Perhaps the most disappointing thing about the book, however, is its constant emphasis upon surface facts and its lack of explanation or understanding. This is unfortunate, because Mr. Oehler apparently has the ability to understand but merely chose to do otherwise in an attempt to be factual. His speculations at the end of the book are reasonable and interesting. But he seems to enjoy more the laconic telling of gruesome little incidents. For example, much of the material in chapter six (concerning killings and atrocities) is unbelievable; yet Mr. Oehler reports concisely, with an eye open for the lurid details, and with no attempt to understand the behavior of the Indians. He fares somewhat better in his treatment of the bungling Sibley.

If the reader is willing to do a great deal of thinking on his own, and a little further research, he will profit from reading The Great Sioux Uprising. It is worth the effort, both historically and culturally. The epic of the Indian wars is rapidly being forgotten, and the lessons learned are going with it. Mr. Oehler gives us the chance to refresh the memory, go over the details, learn the lesson and evaluate it for ourselves.

John R. Milton

The Angry Scar: The Story of Reconstruction 1865-1890

By Hodding Carter (Doubleday, $5.95)

When Pulitzer-prize winning Mississippi journalist Hodding Carter writes of his native South and its problems, he deserves and usually receives nationwide attention as the voice — all too feeble now — of liberal Southern opinion. This book, the most distinguished to date of the new Mainstream of America series, is an absolute must for any American perplexed and alarmed by the deterioration of race relations in the 1950's.

The reviewer did not reach this conclusion immediately. At the start, the volume seemed too much a rehash of Southern apologism not basically different from the politically-biased, sectionally-strident Tragic Era by Claude Bowers back in the 1930's, and far less penetrating than the unforgettable Mind of the South by W. J. Cash in our own time. But as the story unfolds, and particularly as Carter moves beyond and behind the basic textbook information, the true quality of The Angry Scar becomes ever more apparent. The last hundred pages especially, where Carter looks at the 1880's and the 1890's, are perhaps the best brief recitations of the aftermath of Reconstruction since The Road to Reunion.

For the specialist in this period, there is the disappointment of weak bibliography and the total absence of footnotes. This is not cited for the usual pedantic reasons, or as an attempt to seize upon some possible note of criticism, but only because the wealth of quotable quotes, many seldom seen before, is so abundant that the teacher's immediate reaction is to want to move into the background works for further study. At the very least, the editors could have made the task easier by a chapter-by-chapter delineation of sources.

Almost a century has passed since Lincoln's assassination gave power to the Radical Republicans, "the only real social revolutionaries ever to achieve great power in the United States." Animated in part by ideological hatred of Southern aristocrats, imbued with a notion of a racially egalitarian society, the true Radical pursued three primary goals: (1) the elevation of the Negro to full political equality regardless of qualifications, (2) punishment for the leaders of the Confederacy, (3) creation of a new order dominated by the Republican Party and the Negro. From this beginning stems the whole unsavoury picture of a decade of desegregation.

Carter sees no valid reason for departing from long-established facts. No amount of revisionism could write away the grievous mistakes, though in all fairness he gives credit to both temporary and lasting achievements of the era in public education, social welfare services, taxation, and judicial reforms. But even had the constructive record been far better, Radical Reconstruction would still have failed because of the refusal of the whole South to accept the new status of the Negro. This was the principal and only needful reason.

When the zealots gave way to piratical politicians and plunderers, the North as well as the South sickened of the excesses, and sympathy shifted to the whites. The absence of a lasting program for the material rehabilitation of the freed Negro was another contributing factor.

The character sketches cover familiar ground, but are admirably written; indeed, in some respects unforgettable. Though the author's obvious sympathy lies with Andrew Johnson, Wade Hampton, and the moderates, he attempts to give Thaddeus Stevens, Sumner, Ben Butler, and a host of carpetbaggers and scalawags their due. Equally noteworthy are the sketches of various classes: the plantation aristocrat, the yeoman farmer, the poor white. All in all, there is no topic of any relevance that has not somewhere received at least a few lines or a paragraph showing that its place in the total picture has been carefully considered.

The story of the rise of Jim Crow is perhaps a good example. Strange as it may seem today, the Negro was not denied segregated access to most public facilities in many parts of the South until the late 1880's. Schools and churches were consistent exceptions, and the latter largely out of preference by the colored people themselves. The Negro's status was not determined by statute but by locally accepted usages until the contest between Bourbons and Populists convinced both sides that Negro support which both courted was dynastic. The elimination of the Negro as a voter led to his social isolation also. Carter quite correctly ties this in with the upsurge of Anglo-Saxon racism at the turn of the century.

The South abounds in paradox. Much of it was settled early in the colonial period, yet even today it remains the principal frontier region because for nearly 300 years it geared itself to a primitive agriculutral economy resting on Negro slavery. It is the most homogeneous of American sections as regards the European melting pot, yet it still contains the largest unassimilated racial group. Southerners have an abiding love of the land, but it is land that has been most cruelly treated. They are
the nation's greatest churchgoers, but blatantly ignore the brotherhood of man because of special reservations tacitly accepted by nearly everybody. They are famous for courtesy and hospitality, but violently antagonistic toward anyone who dares criticize their peculiar way of life. They are supreme individualists, yet on racial matters regimented and strongly conformist. In crimes of passion and toleration of violence they lead the entire country. In short, a fascinating nation within a nation, and a people whose troubles we must in all conscience learn to appreciate as well as depreciate.

WILLIS BOYD

GREAT COMPANIONS
By Max Eastman (Farrar, Straus, and Cudahy, $4.75)

Max Eastman's Great Companions is a collection of reminiscences of better days, criticism of his friends, and self-adulation played against the diverse background of famous men and women. In an "Explanatory," Eastman re-defines "compadre" as a manner which will stop most readers before he begins dealing with his subjects. The length or brevity of his acquaintance with these companions, ranging from dozens of years to a few short hours, apparently causes Eastman no discomfort in including them in his volume of name-dropping.

For the most part he follows a simple formula in setting up his subjects as great, but alas, straw men before he batters them down and emerges victorious even from the arsenals of their special abilities. In so doing, he places himself in the unlikely position of within 312 pages having outwitted E. W. Scripps of Scripps-Howard fame in a business deal, straightened out Albert Einstein on causal determinism, outfought Ernest Hemingway in a publishing office brawl, caught Bertrand Russell in an error of logical development, and taught Sigmund Freud the difference between the Unconscious as a concept and the Unconscious as an entity.

Only his mother, Annis Ford Eastman, and his teacher, John Dewey, escape unscathed among the other eight subjects, but one is left with the feeling that this is only because it was their happy fate to have never really tangled with Max Eastman.

Eastman is well-known as a philosopher, lecturer, reporter, translator, editor, and prolific writer on politics, economics, history, and literary criticism as well as being a poet and novelist. Without a doubt, he is a capable craftsman, and despite an acute infection of "Larrea" in the first 250 pages, the book is readable.

G. L. PENK

POINTS OF VIEW
By W. Somerset Maugham (Doubleday & Company, $4.50)

SOMERSET MAUGHAM has announced that with Points of View he will end his long and prolific career as a writer. The list of his works now includes fifteen novels, some nineteen plays, two volumes and more of short stories, nine books of essays, and four books of travel. A reader must feel more than a little respect for an octogenarian adding a final collection of essays to such a list; and respect comes easily in this case because of the eminently well-bred tone of the writer. The time is after dinner, the hour for port, the hour in which the host displays the curios of his cabinet; and one does not complain if the biscuits with the port are siccative and if the whisperings of the voice do not lead very far beyond the exquisite enameled of the figurines.

The pieces of virtu are for the most part pieces of biography, although three of the five essays purport to be on broader literary topics. "The Three Novels of a Poet" are the novels of Goethe, whose genius Maugham considers, as the title of the essay suggests, to have been ill-suited to the novel form. Egoist that he was, Goethe lacked empathy, a necessary ability to step into the lives of his characters. But Maugham is drawn to the subject through reminiscence of his student days in Heidelberg: The Sorrows of Werther, Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship, and The Elective Affinities are associated fondly in his mind with the Koenigstuhl, the plain of the Neckar, and conversations about first love, literature and art, free will and determination. Factual synopses of the novels are but imperfectly joined in the essay to the detailed account of portions of Goethe's life. The instinct in Maugham's mind for savoring the quality of a life here vies with and subdues the fainter instinct for savoring the quality of a literary work. And so it is also with "Prose and Dr. Tilletson," an essay in which Maugham performs a useful service in familiarizing a larger audience with a figure whose contribution to the development of modern prose style recent scholarship has underlined. Tilletson's influence in the pulpits and on such figures as Dryden and Swift in ridding prose of its earlier seventeenth-century ornateness inspires Maugham to add his own praise of the plain style. "If you are concerned with the subject of your discourse, the bread and butter rather than the jam, you will be more persuasive if you eschew ornament." Three-fourths of the essay is given to recounting Tilletson's career — his preference under Charles II, his archbishopric under William and Mary. The Restoration milieu is sketched in deftly. "The Short Story" has a larger proportion of critical comment, not of a kind, unfortunately, to please most critics, for it is not very instructive either on the history of the short story or on craftsmanship within the genre. Some of its comments on Henry James, moreover, will make James' admirers livid. After referring to James' "convoluted style," "his long-windedness," "his amusing pomposity," Maugham asserts that his characters "have neither bowels nor sexual organs .... Presumably he did not look upon himself as a realist." James would surely have replied that the test of realism is not anatomical. But if such comments are distantly splenetic and imperceptive, others are in better humor; and one readily succumbs to the amusing parody of a Jamesian story. In this essay Maugham seems to hit his stride as he recapitulates the biography of Chekhov and the intimacies of Katherine Mansfield.

The two remaining essays are the most satisfying for different reasons. "The Saint" is an Indian swami, the Maharshi, whom Maugham met in India in 1936 and of whose life he gives a rounded impression. The success of the piece is due undoubtedly to the fact that here there is no need to join literal biography to discussion of a literary work. Maugham frames the asceticism of the Maharshi with a clear exposition of Indian religious thought, although some readers — other than those who have no taste for martinis — will scarcely forgive, in his explanation of Isvara, Maugham's "flippant" comparison of the evil in the human mind to Noilly Prat, the "necessary component of a dry martini." The "Three Journalists," actually four, of the final essay are French writers of memoirs: Edmond and Jules de Goncourt, Jules Renard, and Paul Leautaud. The journal is something that Maugham understands very well even as he understands the excessive egoism that makes writers journalists rather than novelists. Moreover, there is the clearest connection in this case between literature and biography. Maugham's particular talent for purveying the exotic to readers in whom there is nothing of the exotic serves him well whether he is describing the intimacy of the Goncourts with Princess Mathilde, the niece of Napoleon, or the disgusting childhood of Jules Renard, or Paul Leautaud's passionate courtship of his mother. In reading this book, one has a tendency to reflect on more of Maugham's work, for in these essays his mind is spread out to reveal its gift for ferreting the realistic, if curious, detail, its culture and its urbanity, but also its marked limitations of insight and critical acumen. One understands the current estimate of Maugham as a novelist: a continuer of the naturalistic tradition, a craftsman in prose, but a writer without poetry or philosophy; a mind liberally endowed with fancy but not with imagination.

J. E. SAVESON

THE EDUCATION OF THE INDIVIDUAL
By Alfred Adler (Philosophical Library, $3.50)
What do we mean, Professor Adler asks, by this cherished concept of our free society: "The individual is an end, not a means"? He suggests what he thinks we should mean through a series of "meditations" growing out of his observation of life from early childhood in Imperial Vienna through years of teaching in America as a scholar in comparative literature.

Adler had purposed entitling his book "Man at a Given Moment," for he would have us see in each person — as he is at this moment — the complexity of his past, his potentialities, and his relations to all others; the moment is in time but also timelessly. So we come "to understand the business of establishing a person as a person."

Adler views with mixed humor and tenderness the individual's misgivings about himself and his temptation to bolster himself by complacency and snobbery. But "if he is an end, so are the others, he is their equal. He is not more an end than they nor less so." In receiving attention "the individual does not stifle the growth of others . . . . As his observers allot more "space" to the individual, they, the observers, "occupy" more "space" in their capacity as humanly competent observers and become assets to mankind. By devoting our energies to an appreciation of the individual's uniqueness, we learn about the individual but also about others."

He warns of the "socialist" fallacy of beginning with the generalized concept or class instead of the individual. Instead of studying "the" adolescent girl, one might better concentrate on such timeless moments as the experience of the individual Nausicaa or Kriemhild. "Progress in learning how to love one person, is progress in learning how to love mankind. Or, as Hoelderlin expressed it: 'Our hearts cannot sustain the love for humanity if there are no human beings whom it loves.'"

Planners, solvers, and snobs regard the individual in only aspect — the one relevant to their immediate purpose; if this is not satisfactory to them they would ignore or liquidate him. But we should strive to become aware "that somebody exists, in his own way, not in my way, and that I can be quite sympathetically aware of this person's existence in his way."

Alice R. Bensen

W.E.B. DuBois, Negro Leader
IN A TIME OF CRISIS

By Francis L. Broderick (Stanford University Press, $5.00)

The term "Negro Leader" as applied to Dr. DuBois (pronounced Du-Boyce) requires qualification. In the height of his activity (as editor of Crisis, 1910-1934), he was propagandist rather than scholar, irritant rather than builder. His bitterness, cutting sarcasm, and disrespect of any opinion that differed from his own brought him into frequent conflict with others who fully shared his ultimate goal of full and uncompromised citizenship for the Negro. In fact, aside from the sparkling wit of his editorial writing, the most remarkable thing about his editorship is that it survived as long as it did, for the leadership of the N.A.A.C.P. frequently found the direction of his thought in conflict with the announced methods and goals of the Association whose magazine Crisis was supposed to be.

His passion for his cause, coupled with resentment and suspicion of the white man, often marred the clarity of his thought. For years he espoused the pet idea of building a complete segregated Negro economy, in boycott against the white man. After 1940 he fell into the trap of equating "white" with imperialism as the criterion of evil, and "black" with anti-imperialism as the criterion of the good, thus manifesting a pronounced sympathy with the propagandistic goals of Russia. Prominent as he has been in the Negro cause during the first half of our century, his life hardly encapsules the progress of the Negro in that period, for he was often ahead of his times, sometimes behind, almost always out of step. There is room for argument as to whether he did more to aggravate the problem of race than to solve it.

But Dr. DuBois must be credited also with many a solid idea. As early as 1906, for instance, he proposed federal aid to education in the South. There is often tragedy in the death of an idea, and at the death of this one this reviewer stands in tearful mourning. The South of 1906 struggled with poverty, and the Negro was an economic liability. If ever and in any place federal aid to education was needed and justified, it was there and then. One can only speculate, of course, as to what the progress of integration might be today if such a proposal could have been reality, even on a segregated basis, for just one generation. But DuBois's was a lonely voice in that era, and today it is too late.

For all the criticism which may be leveled against him, the times called for a propagandist, whose voice would unceasingly demand that the Negro become both a man and a citizen, and that he fight until America allowed him to be both. In such a role DuBois was outstanding. His leadership consists in the large hand he had in creating the atmosphere in which the present generation of Negroes has matured.

Mr. Broderick has performed his task with scholarly competence, perceptiveness, and objectivity. The book is thoroughly documented, and a fine index gives it added reference value.

Paul G. Bretschler

Fiction

The Seventh Day

By Hans Hellmut Kirst (Doubleday, $4.95)

Novels of war demand a large canvas treatment, and Hans Hellmut Kirst's eighteen principal characters are bordered by NATO Supremo Headquarters, the UN Assembly, West Berlin, and a hide-away in southern Bavaria. Catalyst and background for this far-ranging novel is the beginning of World War III.

The many threads which constitute Kist's urgent novel of the potentially near-future are an American journalist and the Army Commander of Berlin and a variety of German nationals, including a physicist with the key to multiplied destruction, a world financier, a statesman, their women, and two couples falling in love as the world falls around them. Unfortunately, the story often cannot be seen for the characters as their triumphs and tragedies, sometimes related but as frequently not, are episodically presented between flashes from NATO Headquarters, the UN, Moscow, the White house, and hydrogen bombs.

From the opening quotation, "We are nearer than ever to world peace," to the throwing of a small stone which eventually leads to an atomic deluge, the story plods doggedly toward the inevitable end. As a chronicle of both man's humanity and inhumanity to man, judiciously mixed between East and West, Kist's novel attempts to escape politics for an examination of human strength and frailties. The author's style of journalistic understatement lends credence to kindnesses and courtesies even between enemies, heightens the horror of what people have been and are capable of doing to one another, and dramatizes the power of massiveness, machine or human, to mangle and destroy its own creator or controller.

Appraisals of this book will be sharply divided into pro and con camps. Despite the contradiction, both might well be correct. There is so much here that almost any statement about the book could be valid. It has faults and ignores with abandon classic rules of construction, but at the same time it is genuinely intense and compelling to an extent not often found in modern writing. Few readers will be able to resist reading just one more chapter at each sitting if only because of the possibility that this frightening spectacle may be fact rather than fiction tomorrow or the day after that.

G. L. Fenk

The Mystic Masseur

By V. S. Naipaul (Vanguard, $3.50)

In an introduction to this novel, Lord David Cecil says it "bubbles and sparkles
with life and gaiety,” and he backs his opinion with a few quotes from the book. Since I respect Lord Cecil as a sincere critic and a learned man, I would like to think these quotations are all he read of this novel, for it will be difficult for most readers to find this sparkling gaiety.

Not that this is a dull or uninteresting novel, for it is entertaining and, at times, humorous. The story idea is an amusing one of a Hindu “scholar,” Ganesh Rasumair, who lives in Trinidad and who fails as a teacher, as a masseur, and, almost, as a mystic. Finally, and almost by accident, he does succeed as a mystic and, eventually, as a politician.

The weakness of this first novel by V. S. Naipaul, who is himself a Hindu living in Trinidad, is that it is slow starting and requires patience on the part of the reader. Later, when the pace is faster and the story most interesting, the novel ends. The high points are in the development of two characters, Ganesh and his father-in-law, and in the description of the Hindu community in Trinidad.

THE NORTHERN LIGHT

By A. J. Cronin (Little, Brown, $4.00)

This book bears the usual Cronin format of a struggle between good and evil and, as usual, after many tribulations, good triumphs. The setting is the customary English city. The hero is a dedicated newspaper man who is threatened with ruin by an unscrupulous competitor. In fighting to preserve the family newspaper he owns, the hero’s family is dragged into the battle, family secrets are exposed to the public. He is subjected to blackmail and intimidation and almost loses the newspaper to which his father and grandfather had devoted their lives before him. Against the odds of political power, wealth, and lack of ethics the hero wages a grim battle. The story moves inexorably on its way which leads to a tragedy and the final denouement of the hero’s victory and forgiveness of his former adversaries. For the reader who likes Cronin and enjoys obvious little tales, this book would be a good choice.

HELEN MAE OLSEN

BLIND AND DEAF OLD WOMAN

Her old spotted skin
Dried in the city’s steel
To dust
To the earth’s most durable black

And her timeless waiting in her frail body
Coated in huge dingy woven wool

Her beggar’s cup extended in blind rattlings
Charity
Charity
Charity please

The quiet bent curiously uncolored woman
Who sits on 43rd Street
Across from the Indiana Theatre
Shaking her tin cup
Shaking her tiny bent cup for life and lifts
Charity mister miss

There are no pencils she sells
No rubber bands nor candy
She has nothing to give in return for cash
But silence and grotesque love

When she folds up her canvas stool
And shuffles away
Eternity turns forever silently in her empty fist

No charity in her timeless waiting
Who knows that she can never die

CLARENCE MAJOR
The World Brought Home

The use of videotape and jet transportation have made it possible to record a program in any city in Europe and to telescast that program in the United States within twenty-four hours. This remarkable accomplishment has been brought about through the facilities of Intercontinental Television, a mobile television unit conceived executed, and directed by David A. Lown, a veteran of twenty years in radio and television. An American-made truck, custom-built at a cost of more than $50,000, forms the backbone of the IT mobile system. This unit carries three RCA cameras, an Ampex Video tape recorder, a power generator, and highly complex electrical equipment. Additional properties, including facilities for personnel, increased the total cost of the first IT unit to approximately $300,000. Recently IT acquired a second unit —a German-made bus designed and equipped to serve either as a standby for the original or to be used in the production of the large number of transoceanic programs planned for the coming year. American networks and independent producers rent IT at a cost of $5,500 per day. This fee includes the services of an eleven-man crew of technicians.

Intercontinental Television has another project under way. The company is planning to build a videotape depot — including a “line translator” — in Geneva, Switzerland. Since in the American TV system each picture frame is made up of 525 lines, while in Europe the number of lines varies from 405 to 819, the Geneva unit will be used to translate any European lines into the American pattern and vice versa.

Many fascinating programs via IT have been scheduled for the 1959-60 season. CBS will present the 1960 Olympics from Rome. Person to Person is preparing to interview world-famous personages in their native countries and to guide TV viewers through seldom-seen areas of foreign lands. IT itself is at work on a series of documentaries based on the lives of the towering figures of the past. Since global television has been predicted for the not-too-distant future, it may well be that tomorrow’s viewers will be able to “stay at home and see the world.”

We turn now to a brief survey of some of the films released in recent months. Compulsion (20th Century-Fox, Richard Fleischer), adapted from the novel by Meyer Levin, presents a tense and compelling dramatization of one of the most shocking crimes of the turbulent 1920s. Acting and directing merit unqualified praise, but the philosophy expressed in the film leaves much to be desired. Some of the psychiatric premises are utterly ridiculous. This is a dark and ugly picture of moral depravity and spiritual starvation. It is not to be recommended for children and teen-agers.

Anatomy of a Murder (Columbia, Otto Preminger) should likewise be restricted to adult audiences. Although it was on best-seller lists for many months, the book, written by Justice John D. Voelker, of the Supreme Court of Michigan, under the pseudonym Robert Traver, is without real literary merit. The story is brutal and sordid, the outcome of the trial is a travesty on justice, and the courtroom testimony, even though couched in proper and objective medical and legal terminology, must be distasteful to the discriminating moviegoer. The acting is outstanding, and the direction is excellent — a waste of fine talent on shoddy material. I know, of course, that many will declare that this is “adult” entertainment. But is it? The reaction of a sniggering audience indicates that it is not.

Fred Zinnemann must be ranked with the ablest directors of our day. He has had the courage and the vision to bring to the screen delicate themes and controversial subjects. Although Mr. Zinnemann has often declared that “the public is the final judge” and “that pictures are made for the public,” he flatly refuses to sacrifice good taste, sound moral values, and artistic integrity to box-office demands. The Nun’s Story (Warners) underscores the fine qualities and the superb artistry we have learned to associate with productions directed by Mr. Zinnemann. Based on Kathryn Hulme’s moving account of the real-life experiences of a Belgian nun, this is a poignant story of dedication, abnegation, and spiritual turmoil. Sister Luke, the remarkable woman portrayed with brilliant success by Audrey Hepburn, now lives in Los Angeles. She uses the fictional name given her by Miss Hulme, and when her health permits, she still engages in nursing.

Pork Chop Hill (United Artists, Lewis Milestone) re-creates a brief page from the last days of the Korean war with powerful and honest realism. This is war.

The Horse Soldiers (United Artists, John Ford) is for those who are willing to sacrifice historical facts for slick-paper fiction.

North by Northwest (M-G-M, Alfred Hitchcock) bears the stamp of a master craftsman. Good entertainment for idle hours.

The World, the Flesh, and the Devil (M-G-M, Ronald MacDougall) gets off to an exciting start but then gets bogged down by the demands of a ridiculous plot.

For comedy relief we have Say One for Me (20th Century-Fox), It Happened to Jane (Columbia), and A Hole in the Head (United Artists).
A Minority Report is being written on August 2, 1959. It is being written on a bright, quiet Sunday afternoon in Valparaiso, Indiana. To most readers of The Cresset, there is nothing unusual in this set of circumstances.

However — for the writer of this column, for his brother and two sisters, and for their immediate relatives and friends — this Sunday, the tenth Sunday after Trinity, is a landmark of considerable significance.

On this Sunday, our father, the Rev. Victor W. Hoffmann, Sr., is retiring officially from the Lutheran ministry.

From 1914 and Concordia Seminary (Springfield, Illinois) to 1959 and a flourishing parish in Fremont, Nebraska, is forty-five years, forty-five years in the active parish ministry.

But there is more here than forty-five years. These forty-five years emerged from the traditions of German Lutheranism, from the mandates of a clergyman father, and from Nebraska parishes that have been isolationist and insular in politics, in social relationships, and in theology.

Forty-five of these years were shared with a red-headed pepper-pot, a Scotch-Irish-Welsh combination we call Mother. “Us-kids” then are German-Irish-Scott-Welsh. This, I daresay, explains a lot of things.

To put it mildly, a lot of things happened to the Church in these years. The Church my father represents has in these forty-five years become an organizational leviathan that is trying madly to adjust its theology and ethics to Bigness. This church has gone from a state of German Lutheranism to American Lutheranism. Though it has moved into the mainstream of American life, it has “sometimes left its oars to home.” Consequently, this church has not always spoken clearly to the problems of politics, business, international affairs, the organizational man, and related areas.

During these years, there have been a lot of side-shows: arguments about birth control, dancing, life insurance, working in taverns, and engagement; debates about merger, unionism, the lodge, Boy Scouts, and the chaplaincy. During these years, there were groups and individuals who insisted that these were not sideshows. (And there will probably be letters in protest to these statements.)

In these years, my father has seen the Lutheran Church — Missouri Synod move into Walther League work, the creation of a Lutheran university, the Lutheran Laymen’s League, the Lutheran Women’s Missionary League, the Lutheran Hour, and a host of auxiliary movements and organizations.

And the America to which my father preached has also changed. Two world wars, a great depression, population explosions, urbanization, industrialization, invasions of outer space, contraptions in orbit, and Jack Paar — all these represent and have resulted in important changes. During these years, my father has said what he has had to say through various means of expression and communication: the pulpit, the written word, radio, television, and flannel-graphs. He has seen discipline go from the paddle through John Dewey and back to the paddle again.

There have been tragedies too: the St. Louis Cardinals have just never won enough pennants for Father; Max Carey was never given a fair chance as manager in the big time; and martinis should never have replaced Bach, baseball, and beer.

All along he confessed that most of us became involved in too many sideshows. Man was the only thing that counted and he counted only as he related himself to God. God-in-Christ-to-man — here was the big scene on the big stage. The conduct of my parents was always arranged under the direction of this central theme. To be Lutheran was important but not as important as being Christian. And to be very sure, in my forty-odd years with the two of them, I learned that they were stubborn about these perspectives. In the age of Dale Carnegie, this stubbornness has on occasion been very refreshing. My father never rode six fences at the same time. He took a spot and there he stood until someone convinced him that a move was worthwhile. This is also refreshing, even in academic and ecclesiastical circles.

Parenthetically, I might add: the Helmers, my-inlaws, are now resting from the labors of a full life. They too think about the way my parents do.

And it just happens that on this day of all days our children came home from Sunday School with talk about Elijah and Elisha.

As Elijah drifted into the sunset of life, he asked Elisha: “Ask what I shall do for you before I am taken away.” To this, Elisha replied: “I pray you, let a double share of your spirit be on me.”
From and To

The effect of religion on life and living depends very largely on the maintenance of the divine balance between the prepositions "from" and "to". As we wander about the world we see too many people whose religion is a running away from something rather than to something. To become religious because of some disappointment, or boredom, or surfeit of pleasure, or overdose of sorrow may be a beginning, but it is a long way from the end. Ways that merely turn aside often end nowhere. Is it perhaps true that too much of something rather than to something would not be able to bear the sharp, white light of truth in the relations of men with men and nations with nations? Obviously, religion begins there. A turning away from sin, redemption from sin, death, and the devil. That, however, is not the end.

In the story of the Prodigal Son the "from" is in the words "When he came to himself," the "to," in the words "I will arise and go to my father." The final purpose of Christianity is to bring men home again.

Luther knew that when he wrote "My Lord Who has redeemed me from all sin, from death and from the power of the devil - that I may be His own and live under Him in His Kingdom." The balance between "from" and "to" determines our attitude over against the world. It may be a vale of tears, a valley of dry bones, a place of mourning, a little dream, but you cannot put it in its proper place by merely condemning it or running away from it. That world, with all its wrongs, must be pointed to something. The Christian life is a royal progress from evil to good, from lies to truth, from despair to hope, from doubt to faith, from weakness to power. Perhaps, too, that is one reason why we are so impatient with those who profess Christianity but look with contempt upon the Church of God. Throughout the centuries the Church has been the leader in this march. She has carried the banner. She has lifted men from earth to heaven. The Church of 1959 needs more men and women who think less of themselves and more of Him Who thought everything of us. Men and women who will search their souls for defects and search His soul for power. They, and they alone, can approach the business of living properly. They live no less energetically because they live somewhat absently, as a man might work at night looking for the sun. And it will come. It will come.

Anatomy of Lying

Lying has always been one of the favorite pastimes of humanity. In truth there are some philosophers who hold that the human race as it is constituted today would not be able to bear the sharp, white light of truth in the relations of men with men and nations with nations. It is, however, also true that it has remained for our age to organize lying as it never has in the long story of men's lies. Lying has become a fine art. Today it has more machinery at its disposal than ever before. With his natural tendency toward lying, man has promptly seen the tremendous possibilities in the new means of transmission of lies.

Of late we have been compelled by circumstances to make a cursory study of the technique of lying. The following points present a tentative anatomy of lying. Undoubtedly some of our readers have made a closer study of the subject and can fill in the obvious gaps in this study.

1. Lying, in order to be effective, must not be entirely untrue. It is much better to indulge in half truths. Never tell an outright lie. Point out, for example, that there are some powerful Jews in Wall Street, without laying yourself open to contradiction by saying that Wall Street is dominated by Jews. Half truths are much more potent than downright lies.

2. In order to gain entrance for lies, be sure to use capitalized catch words which automatically create an emotional reaction in your audience. Examples: Fascism, Communism, Liberty, International Jew, Democracy. If those words are used often enough, almost any lie will be possible.

3. To lie efficiently, it becomes necessary to choose your emphasis. This is closely related to our first point and might also be called generalization from a few isolated instances. Example: A leading American journal featured a series of articles intended to demonstrate that the Catholic Church has Fascist tendencies. This may be true, but the argumentation of the articles belongs under the anatomy of lying. On the basis of a few isolated examples, the writer attempted to indict the entire Catholic Church.