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Dorothea Lange, CROSSROADS STORE, ALABAMA, 1937. black and white photograph. Oakland Museum Collection.
Cover: Dorothea Lange, TRACTORED OUT, CHILDRESS COUNTY, TEXAS, 1938. Black and white photograph, Museum of Modern Art, N.Y.
Comment on the Significant News by the Editors

A Voice from Whittier

President Nixon's inaugural address was an eloquent plea for that which both the nation and the world need most: an end to shrieking and shouting and posturing and the beginning of a new, united effort to address ourselves to those problems and tensions and injustices which make life difficult if not intolerable for the great majority of the world's people.

Rhetoric, of course, comes fairly cheap. The poor, the black, the young, the lonely, the war-weary have all heard politicians expound their visions of the peaceable kingdom until they are sick of it. One President promises a New Deal, another a Fair Deal, another a Great Crusade, another a New Frontier, another a Great Society, and still men go hungry and young men go off to war and the poor live out their meaningless lives in cold, rotting, rat-infested tenements. Why should they expect any real change in their condition from a new President, whatever his party, who does not know, because he can not know, what life is really like in their world?

And yet, while rhetoric doesn't itself get the job done, the eloquent word may serve as an effective forerunner to the decisive act. It was with words that F.D.R. changed this country's mood from one of despair to one of hope. It was with words that Churchill turned the tide of battle. We are not suggesting that Richard Nixon is either an F.D.R. or a Churchill, but there was that in his inaugural address which spoke to the deepest longings of all of us, rich and poor, black and white. We do want to be brought together again. We do want to go beyond the letter of laws which have caught up with our consciences to a sense of community which will prompt us to deal with each other in a spirit which transcends the demands of law.

We have known Richard Nixon the politician. We have known Richard Nixon the clever operator. We had the feeling, listening to the inaugural address, that perhaps we were hearing for the first time a Richard Nixon who, having achieved his ambition, is now for the first time free to reveal himself for what he really is. It seemed to us that he was reaching far back into his own heritage for the style and content of his inaugural address, back to the gentle Quaker poet for whom his home town of Whittier was named. For there was, it seemed to us, underneath the President's words an echo of Whittier's lines: "Speak through the earthquake, wind, and fire, O still, small voice of calm."

It is this voice — so long and so conspicuously absent from our common life — that many of us long to hear, not as a lullaby drowning out the cries of the world's wrong but as a rational rebuke and alternative to those who insist that wrong can be righted only by deflecting it from one victim to another. And issuing from the lips of a man who grew up as a Quaker and whose most vigorous years were hobbled by defeat, it carries a certain ring of authenticity which we hope will be confirmed by the record of his administration.

Trouble in the Middle East

Even before it has had time to get down to serious negotiations over Viet Nam, the new administration is faced with a very grave situation in the Middle East where Arabs and Israelis have come once again to a point of hostility which could erupt into war. That the President is fully aware of the gravity of the situation is evident from his news conference comment that the situation in that part of the world carries within it the threat of escalation into a confrontation between the two great nuclear powers. By implication, he seemed to be saying that this must not happen.
Indeed it must not. And one long step that might be taken toward cooling the situation would be a joint declaration by the United States and the Soviet Union that the two powers do not propose to support either side in the event of a war. Such a declaration would, of course, have to be followed by actual behavior consistent with the declaration — a difficult thing to manage since certain vital interests of both countries are, as a matter of fact, at stake in that part of the world. But the overriding interest of both countries is survival, a fact which we are sure must be clear enough both in Washington and in Moscow.

We rather suspect that if both Israeli and Arabs were convinced that the great powers are not going to become involved there might be a greater disposition on both sides to settle their differences by negotiation. And surely it would be to their advantage to do so. This is a desperately poor part of the world and the money which is presently being spent on war and preparation for war could much more profitably be spent on developing (as Israel has done) its meager resources. Perhaps if the two sides would work out a political modus vivendi we and the Russians and other nations which have an interest in these countries could form an economic consortium to help them develop their human and physical resources.

But the first thing that has to be done is to make it very clear that we are not going to take sides in this brawl. We have had enough of war, more than enough. We do not think that this country will follow its leaders into another one.

A Six-Year Presidency?

While we are about the business of considering changes in the method by which we elect the President of the United States we might give some thought to a suggestion which has been frequently made — most recently by former President Johnson — that the presidential term be extended to six years and that the President not be eligible for re-election.

We think that the suggestion has much to recommend it. The physical and psychic drain of the office is such that five or six years is about as long as any man ought to be expected to carry it at one stretch. And the responsibilities of the office are such that a man should be free to give his undivided attention to it, without having to be concerned about mounting and carrying on a campaign for re-election.

An objection frequently raised against the proposal is that the one-term limitation would mean that every President would take office as, in effect, a lame-duck President; he would lose the clout within his own party which he presently enjoys as the leader of the party and its probable candidate in the next presidential election. This was once a valid objection, but since the adoption of the Twenty-Second Amendment (which limits the President to two terms of office) every President begins his second term as a lame-duck President. It would be our guess that the powers of the Presidency are great enough in themselves that they do not need any reinforcement by a threat to seek re-election.

A second objection which has been raised against the proposal is that we could get stuck with six long years of a weak presidency. But the present system offers us no protection from eight even longer years of a weak presidency. Some of our most ineffectual presidents were two-termers and one of them (General Grant) came very close to getting a third term.

Against both of these objections we would urge the desirability of allowing a President to go into office for one six-year term within which he would have to write whatever record he wants to go down in the history books. Freed both from the allurements and the threats of further political ambition, he could act with his attention focused on the long-range interests of the country rather than on his own political future. Lyndon Johnson did that in the last months of his presidency, and they were good months for him and the country. Perhaps we should give to his successors by Constitutional amendment the freedom of action which he gave himself by an act of personal choice.

Toward Denver - VI

It has long been a favorite maxim of the editor emeritus of this magazine that a church body can not, in the long run, rise above the level of its clergy. We agree. The kind of ministry which the church needs in any given generation and the kind of structures and programs which are needed to provide it must, therefore, be matters of high-priority concern when a church body meets in convention to engage in its proper business of working out strategies for being Christ's mission in the world.

The Lutheran Church — Missouri Synod is operating with a model of the ministry which has not been seriously modified in well over a century. This is the model of a godly, learned, masculine theologian-prince-bishop. There is, at least in our mind, no doubt that this model served us remarkably well in the past. We are not so sure that it is adequate to the present and future needs of the church.

The shape of the clergy must necessarily be patterned to the needs of the laity. The model with which we have hitherto worked was designed to serve a largely peasant Lumpenproletariat over which the pastor presided as bishop, J.P., schoolmaster, games supervisor, arbiter elegantiarum, and father figure; but the grandchildren of the peasantry are in many cases more sophisticated intellectually, socially, politically, and even theologically than many clergymen. And the Lutheran congregation is no longer a tiny German duchy under the governance of a firm but be-
nign autocrat; increasingly it has become a stop-over for rootless, mobile people who have little in common with each other, minimal commitment to a specifically Lutheran theology or polity, and little feeling of personal attachment to a pastor. One may regret these developments or rejoice in them, but one cannot ignore them.

In this new situation it may be necessary to redefine ministry and the role of the pastor within it. It may no longer be possible to run young men through one highly-integrated educational system; new avenues of entrance into the professional service of the church may have to be created. It may be time to recognize the need for specialization in the ministry, as we have long since recognized it in medicine and other professions. We may need to recreate an institution which will, as Springfield once did, cater for the man of late vocation and limited pre-professional background.

The key word in the whole previous paragraph is "may." We do not pretend to know the shape of things to come or what specific forms of ministry may serve us best in the future. But we would suggest that Synod, at Denver, authorize a thoroughgoing study of the ministry, the pastoral office, and the theory and structure of our present patterns of training for professional service in the church.

The Peculiar Institution

After almost twenty-two years on the faculty of a university, we would still hesitate to try to explain to anyone outside the academic world how a university operates. In many ways—among them the most significant aspects of its work (teaching, learning, writing, research)—the university approaches anarchy. Nobody is in charge. In other ways, the university is intensely and irritatingly bureaucratic; someone is always wanting a report on something or other and it takes six months of committee work to change the color of the paint in the men's room.

To the extent therefore that a university is faithful to its own nature and tradition, it can only be a frustrating place to those who look to other models for a clue to understanding it. It is this sense of frustration, we suspect, which underlies so much of the unrest among students and younger faculty members. How, they want to know, does one get things done? Who manipulates the levers of power? What are the procedures for translating ideas into policy?

There are no neat, clean, satisfying answers to these questions. Somewhere in the files there is, no doubt, a table of organization which somebody drew up several years ago for an accrediting inspection, and most likely it shows that all power is vested in a Board of Trustees which exercises its power through a President, whose position on the table of organization looks very much like that of the Reichsfuehrer in Nazi Germany. But an hour over drinks with any college president will serve to disabuse one of any notion that he is, or even thinks he is, omnipotent. Sometimes wistfully, sometimes profanely he will confess his own frustrations and even, if the drinks have been strong enough, his sympathy with those student activists who maintain that the whole structure has to be dismantled and rebuilt.

Once it has become apparent that the T/O is more a work of art than a model of reality, the temptation is to postulate some Establishment, some Inner Ring which actually calls the shots. But even the most cursory examination of the realities of university life will soon demonstrate the fallacy of this rationalization. It may indeed be true that there are individual students, faculty members, or administrators who carry a lot of weight in this or that aspect of the university's life and work, but few of them have any real influence outside some rather narrowly circumscribed area of interest and competence. Thus a man may dominate, let us say, the curriculum committee but carry no influence at all in matters of student life and discipline.

Well, then, what about seniority? Some very senior men are, indeed, seasoned politicians who have learned the art of getting things done. But many of the most senior men have no interest in or talent for institutional politics and can only under the most vigorous protest be dragged away from their books to a committee meeting. Cronyism? There is some of it, no doubt, in the university as in any organization, but in the areas of ideas and policies one finds himself, more often than not, tangling with his closest personal friends.

In other words, the university is a peculiar institution. In some ways it is a family, in some ways a community, in some ways a corporation—and yet in its totality both more and less than any of these more easily definable structures. It is perhaps the very peculiarity of the university which is responsible for so many of its present difficulties.

Creative Unrest

The student coming to the university from home and high school is accustomed to a situation in which there is some central authority who can give him a reasonably quick Yes or No to his requests and demands. In the home, it doesn't take a child long to learn that either Mother or Father has the final word. In the high school, the principal or the superintendent of schools is boss and the faculty are, in effect, merely employees. By comparison with either of these institutions, the university seems abstract, contradictory, and therefore frustrating.

On the one hand, the freshman university student finds himself thrown into an atmosphere of freedom such as he has never experienced before. On the other hand, he finds this freedom limited at various points by rules for which there is no apparent rationale. On
the academic side, he is expected to examine and weigh the views of the world's greatest thinkers from Hammurabi to Einstein. On the social side, he is expected to accept, without debate, the proposition that freshmen ought to be in their rooms by midnight except on weekends when they may be out until two a.m. He has read in the catalogue and he has heard from the president's address at the opening convocation that Old Siwash proposes to prepare him to live as a free man in a free society. But he sees little evidence that Siwash is itself a free society, at least for him. In classroom and laboratory, ideas and evidence are submitted to the arbitrament of reason. Outside the classroom, too often debate is crushed with that ultimate put-down: "If you don't like it here, why don't you go somewhere else?"

Worst of all, he has been told by parents, high-school counselors, and university administrators that he is no longer a child; that young men and women of his age are doing adult work outside the cloistered walls of the university; that he has come to an age when he must make decisions and accept the responsibility for their consequences; that the days of taking are over and the time has come to give of himself to persons and institutions and causes in which he has come to believe. But parietal rules keep him in statu filii aut filiae; paternalism protects him against the risks inherent in any actual gut decision; bureaucracy (administrative, faculty, and student) defines the limits of any meaningful involvement either in institutional affairs or in affairs off campus.

And the worst of it is that there is no clearly defined villain in the piece! Few presidents are tyrannical. Few administrators are insensitive. Few committees deliberately drag their heels. Few faculty members are unsympathetic. Few trustees have any inclination to interfere in the internal working of the university.

And so there is unrest. The newspapers sometimes give the impression that it is fomented by professional revolutionaries who have seized upon the university as the place to begin demolishing our whole social order. That there is a very small cadre of such agitators floating around the academic world is undeniable. But they are not the real villains in the piece, either. On most campuses, the most restless students are the best students, often those students who are most deeply committed to the stated purposes and objectives of the university, surprisingly often students who hope someday to return to the campus as members of the faculty or administration. They are not interested in tearing the place apart; they want some significant part—right now—in building it.

We suspect that these students are the most valuable single untapped resource of the university. Given some meaningful voice in the process by which the university constantly re-evaluates and re-defines its values and goals, they have something incalculably significant to contribute. How this contribution can be institutionalized is a matter that may legitimately be debated and will, no doubt, require different forms on different campuses. But the principle seems to us clear enough: student power, responsibly used, is not a threat to the university but a too long neglected component of that interplay of forces which makes the university such a peculiar, and magnificent, institution.

**Letter to the FBI**

Gentlemen:

I am writing in the hope that you can do something about the harassment to which my wife has been subjected over the past three or four years and which is beginning to drive her up the wall. This harassment takes the form of sudden and inexplicable appearances, in various parts of our house, of strangers (often grotesquely attired) who materialize apparently out of nowhere while she is doing her household chores and offer her advice on better, cheaper, and more efficient ways to do them. I cite the following examples as typical but by no means exhaustive of these incidents.

On several occasions, my wife has attempted to clean our range. Usually, since this is intrinsically a messy operation, she wears something old and tattered — hardly the sort of thing she would want to be caught in by an unexpected visitor. But every time she gets near the ruddy range this chap appears out of nowhere with a kind of sneer on his face and a pitch about getting her husband (me) to buy her a self-cleaning range.

She has trouble every time she tries to wax the floors, too. There she is, down on her hands and knees with her hair in her eyes and this guy comes floating in on some sort of plastic shield. He doesn't think much of the wax she is using and he tells her that his wax will do the job better and last forever and put her one-up on all of the neighbors. How does he get in? That's what baffles us.

The weirdest character that we have to contend with, though, is a kind of Superman-type who comes zooming into the kitchen every time my wife is trying to wrap something to put away in the freezer. He is pushing some sort of product called Glad Bags. As far as we are concerned, he is also invading our privacy. But what can we do about it?

I would appreciate it if you would have one of your men look into these incidents. So far they have been merely annoying. But like my wife says, if science has developed some mysterious technique to make it possible for salesmen to seep through the walls or materialize out of nowhere, how can we be sure that muggers and rapists and other criminal types haven't got ahold of this technique? So she's scared, and to tell the truth I don't like to leave her at home by herself under the circumstances. So can you — will you help us?

Respectfully,

Omar Potts
It was in Falmouth, England, that I missed my ship for the first time. This was during World War II and the Navy has a tendency to frown on people who miss their ship, particularly in war time. In addition, the realization that one has missed his ship and is more or less on his own in a foreign country gives the individual concerned a rather sinking feeling.

This incident came to mind recently when I was reading one of the many articles that have been appearing in newspapers and magazines on what was happening in World War II twenty-five years ago. And it was twenty-five years ago, March, 1944, that this incident occurred.

Our ship and two other Navy ships put into Falmouth after maneuvers, preparatory to the Normandy landing, had been completed in the south of England. We had spent several days there and expected to be there many more. So liberty was granted that day at one o'clock. However, another officer and I found an excuse to leave the ship a couple of hours early, since we wanted to visit a charming fishing village, called Mousehole, on the Cornwall coast, which was two and a half hours away by bus.

We caught a bus for Penzance and changed there to a smaller bus which could squeeze through the streets of another fishing village, named Newlyn, but stopped outside of Mousehole where the streets were too narrow for the bus to navigate. There at a small inn, the Lobster Pot, we spent the afternoon on the balcony, which extends over the small harbor and which has a marvelous view of Mount's Bay and the fishing boats with their colorful sails. It was a warm, bright day and we were completely relaxed, particularly since we were unaware of what had been going on in Falmouth.

Returning to Penzance in the late afternoon, we came across four other officers from our ship. After a pleasant dinner we tried to catch a bus, only to find that the last one had left. With some persuasion, we induced a taxi driver to take us to Falmouth. Since Falmouth is built on hills which slope down to the harbor, it is not visible until one comes over the crest of the hills. When we did, our first view was of the harbor — completely devoid of ships. We asked the driver to stop, and then the six of us maintained about five minutes of deathly silence while we reviewed our sins.

As we found out later, liberty had been granted at one o'clock, but at two the ships received orders to sail for Gourock, Scotland, at five. A hundred men of the non-liberty section had been sent ashore to round us up and only the six of us were missed, as were six men from the Shore Patrol who did not make it back in time. In that five minutes of silence, I was keenly aware of the fact that my friend and I had left the ship early and that Mousehole was ten miles beyond the limit we were to travel on liberty.

By the way, if you are wondering how I can remember these details, I should mention that I made notes on any non-military incidents that occurred in my years at sea and brought the notes back home with me since they would not have gotten through the Navy mail censor.

But back to Falmouth. The only U.S. installation there was a small Navy office. We shook out the duty officer, who told us what had transpired and who gave us railroad tickets and assigned us rooms in hotels and the small B.O.Q. I stayed in the room of an officer who was asleep when I came in and was still asleep when I left early in the morning, a man who may still wonder who used his razor and shaving cream that day.

We caught an early train the next morning, arrived in London in the late afternoon, and, on the premise that little worse could happen to us if we delayed, stayed over and spent the next day in concentrated sightseeing and in experiencing a buzz-bomb raid. That night we caught the Aberdeen Express for Edinburgh, changed to a train for Glasgow, caught another train to Gourock and then a boat out to our ship, which was anchored in Loch Long.

As the twelve of us came up the gangway, badly in need of shaves and rest, we were greeted with a variety of poignant remarks by our shipmates, who were hanging over the rail. We arrived at two in the afternoon, and those of us fortunate enough to be on that day's liberty section made the five o'clock boat to Gourock.

But as soon as we arrived at the ship, the officer of the deck told us the Captain wanted to see us in his quarters, a message we had anticipated receiving. However, since liberty had been granted that day in Falmouth, there was little he could do, and so he did nothing but caution us. I had been elected spokesman for the group, an office which I did not appreciate until several months later, when that experience came in handy on the day I returned to the ship after having missed it a week before in France.
The Christian College in a Post-Christian World*

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By a Christian college I mean one that takes Christianity seriously; one that is genuinely concerned about clarifying Christian truth in a changing world; one that is convinced that it has a distinctive contribution to make to higher education; one that exemplifies the Christian life at its highest levels. This is an ideal, of course, and no school has ever lived up to it. But this is not important; what is important is that such schools exist and that they endeavor to make this ideal a reality.

The term post-Christian is not so easily defined. I do not know exactly what it means. I am using it merely because it has gained some currency, especially among intellectuals. It implies that Christianity is on the way out, at least in its present institutional forms and functions. It is conceded that it may survive indefinitely as a vestigial remnant, but hardly as a vital, dynamic force. Compared with the influence they exerted in the past, priests and other ministers of religion are pretty much ignored nowadays. Their place is taken more and more by specialists trained in scientific methods, particularly in the behavioral sciences. The implication is that the long domination of Western culture by the church is coming to an end and that the world now shaping up may well be characterized as the post-Christian world.

It will not come as a surprise when I say that I do not share this view, for that is what you expect me to say, considering my background. And in this you are right. But there is more to the matter than that. It is true that we cannot get away from our past, but it is also true that we can examine our past and either approve of it or disapprove of it in whole or in part. So when I say that I do not share the thinking behind the term post-Christian, I hope this is more than mere prejudice. To me at least such an evaluation suggests that the term post-Christian reflects a misunderstanding of man's nature, of his history, and of his basic needs.

Having said that, however, I must hasten to add that the term post-Christian is not altogether without foundation in fact, as a little test may demonstrate. We may apply two simple criteria.

A Secularized Culture

The first criterion is the measure of influence which the church exerts in the world today. We can go right down the line through all the areas of modern life. Take government, for example. To what extent does government pay any serious attention to ecclesiastical authority? We can forget about the communist governments; they could not care less. As for governments in the so-called Christian West, except for lip service and an occasional nod of recognition, they too go their own way regardless of ecclesiastical sanction. In fact, one of the cornerstones of our own government is neutrality in religion. Or take business. To what extent is Wall Street guided by Christian truth? Not to such an extent that it makes the headlines. The headlines speak rather of impersonal relationships, of a fiercely competitive and acquisitive society, restrained by law but hardly motivated by Christian love. Or take the arts. There was a time when all of the arts were in the service of Christian truth, some more, some less — music, drama, painting, sculpture, literature. Their main themes today have to do with man's hopeless, existential predicament, not with the good news of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Or take education. To what extent are the great educational establishments of the western world concerned with Christian truth? To be sure, there is some concern, and it has been growing of late, but it is of minor significance in the overall business of higher education. Or, finally, take morals and ethics. To what extent does modern man allow his conduct to be determined by the past? Why should the Ten Commandments, handed down by some ancient nomads, be allowed to restrict human behavior today? What has the Sermon on the Mount to do with the realities of the twentieth century? But enough of this. It ought to be obvious that our culture has come to be thoroughly secularized.

Reversed Assumptions

The second criterion is even more revealing. As one thinks about the 450 years since 1517, one is overwhelmed by the vast gulf separating our generation from the generation of Martin Luther. One way of measuring that gulf is by comparing basic issues and questions which troubled the mind of sixteenth-century

man with basic issues and questions troubling the mind of twentieth-century man. Just to list the differences is enough to shock one into an awareness of the width and depth of that gulf. What was it that troubled the soul of Luther and his generation? It was questions like these: What must I do to be saved? How can I be sure that God loves me and that my sins are forgiven? What does it mean to live the Christian life? What is a sacrament? What is the nature of the church? Where is the seat of authority — in the Papacy, in tradition, in the Bible, or in the individual? What is Christian liberty? And so on through a long list of related questions.

Now these questions were perfectly natural in the sixteenth century. They reflect certain basic assumptions. There was the assumption as to God — His being, His justice, His love, the Trinity. There was the assumption as to divine revelation. It was taken for granted that God has revealed Himself — in creation, in the Holy Scriptures, above all in the Word made Flesh. There was the assumption as to Jesus Christ. A universal Christendom believed Him to be true God, begotten of the Father, and true Man, born of the Virgin Mary. There was the assumption as to the destiny of man. Life was more than sensuous, existential experience. It was a pilgrimage through this life in preparation for the life to come. There was the assumption as to the place and authority of the church in the world. The church was expected to show the way through this vale of tears. And there was the assumption as to the finality of the Christian religion; it was the one and only true religion, the supreme, definitive, self-revelation of God. If there were disagreements about these assumptions, they were not so much disagreements as to the assumptions themselves but as to their implications.

Observe now how different in this respect 1967 is from 1517. There are no such common assumptions in our culture, which is at once extremely individualistic and extremely pluralistic. Modern man, if I may use this clumsy abstraction, simply cannot have empathy with his sixteenth-century counterpart, with his concern about the transcendent, with his sorrows and his joys. If modern man thinks at all about such things, his questions are likely to reflect assumptions which are the reverse of those of a Luther or a Calvin or a Knox. As to God, modern man wants to know why we need God in the first place. As he understands it, God is a symbol for the unknown. As the unknown becomes known, thanks to the progress of science, the need for God disappears. As to religion, modern man asks what religion can do for him that science and technology cannot do much better. He understands religion to be a hangover from the age of superstition and magic. As to Jesus Christ, he knows only too well that the scholarly search for the Jesus of history behind the Jesus of the Gospels has ended in failure, and so he concludes that Jesus has little or no historical reality. As to the Christian message, he knows something about demythologizing the New Testament, and so he is sure that no one knows what Christianity is all about. All of which ought to make it quite clear that the term post-Christian is not without some basis in fact.

One who takes Jesus Christ seriously cannot be pessimistic about the future of the church. He calls to mind certain assurances of the Master: “On this rock I will build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.” “Lo, I am with you always, even to the end of the world.” He remembers that the church has been in trouble before. He knows that at other times other moderns predicted the imminent demise of the Christian faith. As he reads the record, he doubts that there ever was such a thing as a Christian age. The late Roman Empire is referred to as the Christian East of the Christian West, but the Empire passed away while Christianity moved on. The Middle Ages are usually thought of as the Christian age par excellence, but they too came to an end while the church moved on. The faithful remember that the New Testament says something about a final apostasy, and what they see all about them is not altogether unexpected. So they go their way, puzzled, disturbed, but not dismayed, singing with confidence as they go:

Though with a scornful wonder
Men see her sore oppressed,
By schisms rent asunder,
By heresies distressed,
Yet saints their watch are keeping,
Their cry goes up, “How long?”
And soon the night of weeping
Shall be the morn of song.

The Church College in Trouble

And there are hopeful signs, some of them in strange places, that Christianity is once again entering upon a period of renewal. But while the saints are keeping watch, they know that the church is in trouble. And those of us who have been long and intimately associated with Christian higher education know that the church-related colleges and universities have already come upon difficult times. Not only are there those who insist that such institutions are an anachronism in the “post-modern” world, there are also many factors at work — economic, political, social — which make it increasingly difficult for them to survive even physically.

This brings me to the heart of the matter. If I were to reduce what I have to say to a thesis, it would be to the effect that the Christian college, far from being passe and without a future, seems to me to be more relevant today than ever before. Indeed, it may yet come about in this age of revolution that any real reformation and any real renewal will have to draw its dynamics from the Christian college as another.
The Relevance of the Church College

Allow me to suggest five reasons for believing that the Christian college is no less relevant today than in the past.

1) More than its counterpart in higher education, the Christian college is likely to cultivate a sense of history. Whatever it is that makes man unique — memory, reason, judgment, imagination — it is what it is because man is essentially an historical being; because the past, even the remote past, far from being dead, is very much alive in the present; because man's nature, however, defined, is unthinkably apart from his history. One is tempted to say that man's nature is his history, and that the proper method for the study of man in his uniqueness is not the method of natural science but the method of history.

Now what is it that stimulates a sense of history on the campus of the Christian college? The answer is obvious. The Christian college is Christianity at work in higher education, and Christianity is preeminently an historical religion, not a system of abstract, unembodied truth. Its thought revolves about pivotal persons and events in the experience of the human race; above all, about the person and work of Jesus Christ. The challenge of Christianity is not to embrace an intellectual, philosophical system of thought but to remember "the rock from which you were hewn, and the quarry from which you were digged," to live in a personal relationship with the Jesus of history, who is also the Jesus beyond history. Because of its very nature the Christian college cannot but cultivate a keen and profound sense of history. If nothing else, this alone justifies its existence, whatever the cost, because knowledge at its best is always self-knowledge, and self-knowledge is necessarily historical knowledge. The question as to the nature of man can only be answered historically, and the answer must include what happened at Bethlehem and at Calvary.

2) The Christian college is likely to be the most faithful interpreter of our cultural heritage. The importance of this can hardly be exaggerated, if we really believe that there is something in Western civilization worth preserving. To preserve it we have to know first of all what it is, how it differs from nonwestern cultures, what its essential components are, which of its factors or aspects are worth preserving. It has always been one of the functions of liberal education to study our cultural heritage, to evaluate it, and to cultivate whatever is best in it. Increasingly in the century, however, the educational emphasis has been on the immediate, the practical, the vocational. As a result, our heritage is largely forgotten and hence increasingly misunderstood. And yet it is alive and at work in the behavior of modern man. Unfortunately, too often it is the evil in our tradition that finds expression rather than the good, which confirms the dictum that those who do not know the past are doomed to repeat it.

Again we ask, what is it that gives the Christian college an advantage? Why is it likely to be a better keeper and cultivator of our way of life? And again the answer is obvious. Christianity has played so large and so essential a role in the development of our way of life that Western civilization is inconceivable apart from the Judeo-Christian tradition. No other component of our past has had such a long, unbroken continuity. Arising in the ancient Near East, merging with Graeco-Roman culture, constituting an essential element in our medieval background, and being a prime molder of modern Europe, the Biblical tradition has always been at the heart of what the world refers to as the Christian West, and thus it is also at the heart of the Christian college.

If history is fundamentally the study of man as man, if it is primarily concerned with the thought of man, if it consists in rethinking human thought, it is necessary to bring to the study of history an empathy, an experience which enables one to understand the past from within, to relive it by rethinking it as though the thought of the past were one's own thought, as indeed it must be. This ability is not everyone's possession, and no one possesses it in more than limited degree. But if it is likely to be found more in one place than in another, it ought to be on the campus of the Christian college. It is here, if anywhere, that one may expect to find a profound personal concern transcending a merely scholarly concern with the sweep and profundity of man's thought through the ages, because to the Christian intellectual the past has continuing vitality, a distinctive insight of the Christian understanding of history. It is not surprising, therefore, to find that with few exceptions the foremost interpreters of our cultural heritage have been intellectuals within the Christian tradition.

3) Because of its sense of history and because of its preoccupation with the study of the Western tradition, the church-related college, more than its counterpart, is likely to emphasize education rather than training, the liberal arts rather than professional skills. This is not to say that there is anything wrong with vocational training. On the contrary, the kind of world in which we live demands men and women with highly diversified and specialized skills. Liberal arts colleges are aware of this, and they have done their part to meet this demand. But training and education are not the same thing, although there is no education without training. Training is for making a living, education seeks the more abundant life. This is not just a cliche. The reality and importance of this distinction is becoming very clear in an affluent society like ours.
An educational program which professes to be Christian cannot be satisfied with anything less than the education of the whole man. As Jesus increased in wisdom and stature and in favor with God and man, so a truly educated person is one in whom the physical, the intellectual, the social, and the spiritual are equally cultivated into the wholeness of an integrated personality. One of the tragedies of our time, despite all the emphasis on education, is the great number of fragmented personalities in whom the physical or the intellectual capacity is overdeveloped to the neglect of social and spiritual needs. Aristotle would no doubt shudder at the very possibility of the kind of broken personalities who are the victims of overspecialization. The Christian college must be a voice in the wilderness calling for the education of the whole man, who alone can be truly free and truly creative.

(4) Because of the current explosion of knowledge, the Christian college is likely to assume increasing importance in the life of the church, from which it draws its own life. Break-throughs all along the frontiers of science and technology are almost daily occurrences, notably in astro-physics and in biochemistry. A few weeks ago radio and television were broadcasting news of Russia's putting a space-craft on Venus and of our own space-craft sailing around the moon, both of them relaying information back to the earth. And no one batted an eye! While it is not within the province of science to produce world-views, no world-view is acceptable which contradicts the knowledge accumulated by science. Since Christian truth exists within a changing context of human experience, it is necessary constantly to clarify it so that it may be understood more profoundly and completely. This is a very difficult task, especially when Christian truth has long been associated with world views reflecting the limited or erroneous information available to earlier times. This task calls for a thorough knowledge of scientific progress as well as of Christian truth. While this aspect of the life of the church has been primarily the concern of the theological seminary, it may well be that in the years ahead the church will have to look increasingly to the Christian college for the continuing clarification demanded by expanding knowledge. It is here, perhaps, better than anywhere else, that scientists and theologians can participate in the kind of intercommunication so essential to both theology and to science.

(5) In the years ahead the Christian college is likely to become increasingly important as the demand grows for lay leadership of the highest quality. One of the most significant educational achievements of our time is the elevation of the pew to the level of the pulpit, to say the very least. Indeed, in many segments of the church the level of theological education is far below that of the secular professions. But even where there is no serious gap between these two, what the pulpit will need more and more is a pew that has at least the capacity to understand what it means to clarify and communicate Christian truth to a culture in transition, that can participate in the dialogue between faith and reason, between the church and the world, between the old and the new. This calls for minds trained to think intelligently, minds that are not prisoners of the moment or the victims of passing fads, minds that are open to all that is new and not closed to anything that is old. I am not suggesting that such minds can be formed only on the campus of the Christian college, but the Christian college ought to be an ideal environment for the forming of such minds. And this, too, is justification enough for Christian higher education.

**Integrity and Excellence**

You may have noticed that I have used the adjective "likely" to modify each of the five reasons for believing that the Christian college will have an important place in the so-called post-Christian age. This modification implies a condition: integrity of purpose and excellence of performance. The Christian college must not be a refuge for the weak and the timid, and it must not be a congenial place for the frivolous. By integrity of purpose I mean that it knows what it is doing and that it believes in the rightness of its cause. By excellence of performance I mean that it does its very best within the limits of its resources. The church-related college needs a fresher, brighter image. It must be true to itself and not try to be all things to all men. It must not be a mere carbon copy of secular schools. Its ideals must be understood and shared by students and teachers alike. In a word, it must be a community of scholars committed to living the Christian life creatively at the highest levels of faith and reason. But it needs more than an attractive image. It needs vastly more material support. Of one thing it can be sure: mediocrity will be penalized by diminishing support, excellence is almost certain to be rewarded by increasing support.

Because ours is the most rapidly and radically changing society of all times, it is more difficult than ever before to describe the shape of things to come. The unprecedented explosion of knowledge is accompanied by an unprecedented explosion of population and an unprecedented explosion of new problems around the globe. Indeed, there is something apocalyptic about these times, something inspiring both fear and hope as new heavens and a new earth begin to emerge. This is no time to abandon the Christian college, our best line of communication reaching all the way back to the sources of our culture. If ever Christian higher education needed intelligent, mature appreciation and generous support, that time is now.

March 1969
Love and Sex in Taylor Caldwell's Novels

By MARY GRAHAM LUND

In a recent issue of McCall's (October, 1967), Harriet Van Horne deplores the shallowness of love (sexual love) in the modern world. Despite the fact that it is endlessly discussed in books and magazines, on radio and television, in "group-therapy" meetings in church parlors and university lounges, the depths of love are never reached. What makes a man, or a woman, cling to one individual through the vicissitudes of a long life, and even after death? None of the clinical facts brought out in open discussions with such casualness can answer the question.

Miss Van Horne, in the next to the last paragraph of her article, "The Sexual Revolution" (pp. 46 and 150), quotes one of the most poignant statements heard on a television documentary: "A lot of people ... need love desperately and sex ... is destroying them." They find sex destructive because they have not grown beyond the first (and lowest) phase of love, the merely animal. Dr. Viktor E. Frankl, describing the meaning of love, describes "three possible attitudes, corresponding to the three phases, or layers, in the structure of man: 1) the sexual is the most primitive — one enters another human being physically; 2) the erotic — one human being enters into the psychic structure of another (sometimes called "infatuation"); 3) the loving attitude, which may be the end stage of an infatuation — a spiritual relationship with another human being, concerned with that person as unique and irreplaceable. "True love is its own warrant of permanence," Dr. Frankl asserts. "It can outlast death" (The Doctor and the Soul, Bantam Books, pp. 107ff).

Taylor Caldwell, in her epic novels, explores love in all its phases; nymphomaniacs, sadists, masochists, and other perverts may be found in her pages, but she also explores the heights and depths of true love. Two of the titles in her gallery of literary "Guernicas" contain the word "love": Let Love Come Last (1949) and A Prologue to Love (1961).

The Man Who Loved as Well as He Could

In the first novel there could not have been a less auspicious beginning for the happiness of the lovers: William Prescott, a man in his thirties, a man who has climbed rapidly to financial success from the deepest poverty, a man psychically scarred by lack of love in his childhood, adopts a baby boy left on his doorstep because it amuses him to do so. There is a slip of paper pinned to the child's blanket — "His name is Oliver." As the story opens, Mr. Prescott appears in a newly industrialized country town, with Oliver and a nursemaid, and occupies a hastily contrived suite of rooms in the only hotel. He presents himself at the door of Miss Ursula Wende, a spinster schoolteacher whose scholarly father had died recently, and tells her he wishes to buy a piece of land she owns. A few days later, he proposes marriage, telling her frankly that he doesn't believe in love between men and women, that he wants to marry her because he thinks she would be good for Oliver and could manage a big house. He tells her the wedding will take place as soon as the house is ready, and hastens the construction of a monstrous mansion, gaudily furnished, without consulting the tastes of his bride-to-be. Ursula decides that she loves the man, despite the fact that he has done so many things to offend her. She continues to love him after their marriage, but hates the big house and deplores the way he spoils the four children she bears him, and the fact that he no longer has any love to spare for Oliver.

Ursula watches as his children turn against him in hate, even while he wrecks his business to secure their financial future, watches as Oliver comes to his rescue, though unthanked and ignored until the very end. She realizes at the end of his life that he has loved with all the power he had to love, and she now loves his memory, the essence of his being that had become a part of her.

The Woman Who Learned to Love

Prologue to Love begins with the portrayal of a ten-year-old child's obsessive love for a father who neglects her, leaving her in the care of underpaid servants until she develops an abnormal love of money, then plunging her into a maelstrom of fashionable life for which she is totally unprepared. Her education is supervised by an aunt, her dead mother's sister, who is supported in luxury by her lover, John Ames, Carrie's father. Carrie is confirmed in her belief that money is needed to maintain dignity and secure happiness. Yet she is in love with Tom Sheldon, the only person who had ever recognized her as an individual. He had been her playfellow when she was "that poor child" Carrie Ames in
a village school. She cannot permit herself to love him for she knows he despises her father.

She accompanies her father on a trip around the world in 1879, and receives many offers of marriage, one from a British peer. John Ames dies suddenly in Switzerland, and Carrie learns something of his past. His father was David Ames, the noted artist, who had deserted his family for his art. It frightened Caroline Ames to think of herself as an heiress to millions. She must have children to inherit her father's wealth. His will required it. Otherwise his fortune would revert to Melinda, her Aunt Cynthia's child.

Caroline employed her cousin Timothy to look after her interests and married Tom Sheldon, who refused to touch her money. He and his father, both master carpenters, had established a construction company that was doing well. He could, indeed, keep his family in luxury. But it was never really a family, he thought bitterly when past middle age. "They are not my children, but Carrie's heirs," he said to himself, as he read the news of Billy Sunday, Lillian Russell, Jack Johnson, Aviation, Taft accused of being pro-Negro in the matter of Booker T. Washington. He read about the antics of the outrageous suffragettes and the speeches of a man named Roosevelt. It was 1910.

Tom Sheldon's daughter Elizabeth was working at a typewriter, acting as her mother's confidential secretary. Carrie Ames was now a power in the land, a money power. She owned the Boston Morning Enquirer. She could elect a senator, or defeat him. And she now boasted of a proud descent! True, her father had been a poor boy, but his father was the noted artist, David Ames, who was the youngest son of a British peer. But she couldn't buy Elizabeth the man she loved! She could buy her, a suicide, buried in sacred ground. She could buy her son Ames at least partial sight by using her millions to have a German doctor released from an internment camp. She could rescue Amy, his wife, from alcoholism. She could console another daughter-in-law, who complained that her husband didn't love her by confessing how she had deprived her children of love when they were babies. She was able, at last, to love her sons, but she could not expect them to love her. But perhaps the most important thing was to give love. It had taken her a lifetime to learn that. Her husband had known it from the beginning.

The "Wife in Name Only"

Another man who loved a woman who was unable to return love is portrayed in Melissa (1948). Geoffrey Dunham understood how Melissa Upjohn had been psychically scarred by her father's selfish love for her. The scene opens in the drawing room of the Upjohn family just after Charles Upjohn's funeral. Geoffrey is about to read the will—a will that leaves Melissa a monstrous task, the editing of her father's manuscripts, finished and unfinished. Geoffrey is the son of Upjohn's publisher. He asks Melissa to marry him, knowing well that she is still a prisoner of love for her dead father. But he has loved Melissa since she was fourteen and he was thirty, a love that had in it a great compassion. He had tried to rescue the girl from her father's selfish love during his lifetime. He would continue to try to save her from his ghostly embrace.

Melissa, living in a dream world with her father's memory, accepts Geoffrey's offer of marriage from a sense of duty—she needs his money to carry out her father's wishes. Miss Caldwell treats the reader to page after page of "black comedy" as Melissa enacts the "wife-in-name-only" role dear to the hearts of Nineteenth Century novel readers. It seems impossible that any woman could be so stupid, as Melissa, or any man so long-suffering as Geoffrey, but the art of the novelist makes it all credible through the manipulation of such characters as a fatherly butler, a motherly lady's maid, a villain in the person of a sister-in-law and a Don Juan who loves her. This novel ends happily, on the "lived happily ever after" note.

An Inverted Love

In the first novel she wrote, the ninth published, This Side of Innocence (1946), Miss Caldwell introduces a "happening"—in the category of illicit love that causes confusion in family relationships. The adulterous love of Jerome Lindsey and his sister-in-law Amalie is not merely a fleshly love—there is a strong spiritual kinship following upon a mad infatuation. Their sin brings suffering to a number of people. Miss Caldwell has made Jerome a more admirable character than Alfred, against whom he sins. Perhaps Alfred's son Philip, though innocent, suffers the most tragically. But the love in his heart, as in Jerome's, spreads into the community, setting up hospitals and libraries and other facilities for the factory workers. The hate (inverted love) that ruled Alfred and Dorothea almost destroyed them and injured others. The knowledge of the tree of life brought them no enlightenment. The title of this book is taken from the essays of Charles Lamb—"This side of innocence" refers to the time following the expulsion from Eden.

The Highest in Spiritual Love

About the time Miss Caldwell was writing this novel she was rewriting, for the third time, that one of her books which has probably been the most widely read, Dear and Glorious Physician. She tells us that she wrote the first draft at the age of twelve, the second at the age of twenty-two, and the third about ten years later. Her fourth draft was published in 1959. In this great religious epic, Miss Caldwell depicts carnal love in the or-
gies of the Roman patricians, and the very highest in spiritual love. Luke loves two girls who die virgins, and his last great love is the Mother of God Herself, whom he visits in Nazareth for many weeks to listen to her story of the life of Jesus. After he says farewell, he looks back. Her aspect is incredibly beautiful and full of peace, "and intrepid, and the street was desolate no more."

**Intrepid Love**

"Intrepid" is a good word to describe one of the greatly loving women that Miss Caldwell portrays. May Barbour, who appears in her first published novel, *Dynasty of Death* (1938), realizes soon after her marriage that her husband is a thoroughly evil man, selfish and ruthless and vengeful. Earnest makes a fortune selling munitions factory. May soon realizes that he married her solely for her money, — married her while he was infatuated with her cousin Amy, who is now his mistress, since her husband, Martin Barbour, was killed in battle, probably by his brother's bullets. May does not hate Amy! She pities her for her weakness, and exerts herself to protect both Amy's children and her own from her husband's selfish love. She uses all her will-power, all her brain-power, and the deepest resources of her spirit to save them. She enlists the help of her uncle, Gregory Sessions. She kept a tight hold on what money she could salvage, and in crisis threatened Ernest with divorce, with exposure of his affair with Amy. She does divorce him later, but only to give him a chance to marry Amy, whose children have all deserted her. Just as Ernest's children have all repudiated him. After Amy's death, May returns from Paris, where she has been living with her son Godfrey, a musician, to nurse Ernest in his last illness. There are no children at his bedside. He has earned their hate or their indifference.

**Accidental Happiness**

In *The Strong City*, published in 1942, now in its fifth printing by Pyramid Books, Miss Caldwell presents a number of strong-willed, stout-hearted women who are able to cope with men who are money-mad, lustful, selfish, and ruthless. There is Irmgard Hoeller, fresh from Germany, with a slow, correct English, and a Valkyrie-like beauty that makes her cousin Franz Stoessel eager to possess her. When he kissed her, "the careful design of his life was washed away . . . in a dark roaring of passion and desire . . . Tomorrow he would tell her that they could never marry." It was his design to marry the boss's daughter and thereby rise to power and riches.

Tomorrow, Irmgard obtains a position as nurse and lady's maid to Mrs. Schmidt. It is Ernestine who hires her — a frail, repressed woman of thirty whom Irmgard admires for her courage as she stands up to Matilda, the housekeeper, who, it is evident, thinks she is also the keeper of the boss's wife.

Ernestine smiles apologetically at Irmgard when they are alone, and tells her it will be one of her duties to protect her very sick mother from "that woman." Irmgard is immediately caught up in a passion of devotion to the sick woman that her husband calls a "mewling cat" and to the frightened Ernestine, who is being forced into marriage with Franz Stoessel — even to Baldur, the boss's crippled son, who has love and compassion for everyone, even for his father. It is he who pleads with Ernestine not to interfere in their father's affair with Matilda. He understands that lusty man's need in a houseful of weaklings.

Irmgard conceals the fact that she is to bear Franz Stoessel's child, and helps Ernestine prepare to become his reluctant bride. She nurses Mrs. Schmidt, and is kind to Baldur, who loves her and proposes marriage. When she can no longer conceal her condition, she accepts money from Franz and hides herself in the country with his mother, who is now a widow. Her aunt Emmi had always hated America, a country which allowed a poor man "no dignity." It had killed her husband, that scholarly, mild man — killed her Egon. It must not kill her grandson, which her wicked son Franz had irresponsibly fathered! He should never know he had a son! Franz must never learn that Irmgard had found refuge on the farm. She told him that she had gone back to Germany. Not that he was likely to give his cousin much thought, now that he was married to that pitiable rich girl whom Irmgard had loved. He would be living in luxury with that sickly girl and their two scrawny children, when he wasn't whoring in the gambling house of that red-headed amazon they called Mrs. Chisholm. Emmi knew her son well. She had found out that he had detectives searching for Irmgard.

Ernestine died in giving birth to her third child. Her brother Baldur had made life tolerable for her all these years, had concealed from her Franz's infidelities, and excused his absences. When Franz and Baldur are told that Ernestine is dead, but that her little girl lives, Baldur says softly, "You have been a bad husband, and you are a bad father. . . you are. . . quite a thorough swine, Franz. But you brought my sister the only happiness she ever had. . . Her happiness was accidental, yet I thank you for it." A year later, Baldur brought Franz the news of his mother's death, and told him where Irmgard had been hiding. "I think she would like to come home to you now," he said kindly.

**The Unloving Mother**

In *The Wide House* (1945), it is a woman who almost
destroys her children because she will not accept the responsibility of loving them. Janie Driscoll, at nineteen, had married a seventeen-year-old ballad-singer, almost against his will, and produced four children in ten years, at which time her minstrel died, as caged birds will. She promptly packed twenty trunks, wheeled her mother into handing over a draft for fifteen thousand pounds, and took ship for America, planning to marry her cousin, Stuart Coleman. That gentleman side-stepped the honor, but through the years he played the role of father to her children, much as Baldur had done with those of Ernestine, who had been helpless in a passive sort of way. Janie was helpless in the emotional storms that misdirected all her actions. The book is breathtaking black comedy when it is not tear-jerking tragedy.

Stuart helps Janie's children recover from her slaps and kisses, her penitence and her tirades, and leads them to some recognition of their ambitions and desires. Angus, the eldest, frustrated in his wish to study medicine, driven to a mad grasping for money to support his mother's extravagance, in the end fulfills his destiny by becoming a mission monk in a leper colony. As he walks along the sandy beach from the ship, he sings one of the songs his young father had composed, "A Hymn to the Morning Star." Bertie, his mother's favorite, escaped from her kisses into alcoholism, and then to the army and to death. Robert became a successful lawyer, with a compulsion to protect his brother Bertie, and his sister Laurie. Laurie had her mother's drive and her father's genius. Stuart saw to it that she had a sound musical education. At the age of twenty-three, she had sung in grand opera in Munich and Dresden and New York. In her home town, she sang her father's songs, songs that had never been written. She married Stuart, who was twice her age. He would never try to tame her. She would sing when and where she pleased, and when she wished, she would return to him. He sat in his garden, watching his only child, Mary Rose, who was dying of leukemia, and thought of Angus among the lepers, of Bertie dying for the "blackamoors," protesting that they were men, of his friends who were spending their fortunes and risking their lives in the Underground Railroad, of a man named Lincoln running for the senatorship in Illinois and defeated by a man named Douglas, of Janie in her elegant house reading erotic novels and drinking herself into a stupor, — and read Laurie's last letter, ending, "I am always with you, darling."

**The Heights and Depths of Love**

To read one of Taylor Caldwell's historical, psychological novels is like watching one of the new films, where people wander through forests, streets, along crowd-ed beaches, or in lonely canyons, climb snow-crested mountains, row boats on swift rivers — while lightning plays or the moon deftly dances, or the sun blazes in noonday glory, or blushes at evening, or giddily holds back the dawn.

Faces emerge, a girl shyly kisses her lover, while in the background Hitler screams. A man dies with one mangled arm upraised, a woman plays a piano. Beethoven. A crucifix. An old man with a hoe. Two children running along the beach. A man coughs up his lungs in a crowded slum where the smoke from great munitions factories shuts out the sun. A physician bends over the shattered limbs of a child whose eyes are balls of flame. Mountains rise gleaming with virgin snows as a Jewish maiden recites the Magnificat to her Aunt Elizabeth. St. Luke, whom St. Paul called "the beloved physician," is listening to her tale. He is seated among the gleaming pots of a lowly kitchen in Nazareth, while Lucifer, clothed in flame and night, stands with folded wings that gleam like carved basalt.

A girl turns from her lover, screaming in terror, as another man — a father? An uncle? A tyrant? The waters rise boiling along the beach. Lightnings rend the mountains. Great trees fall. A woman gleaming with jewels laughs raucously. A boy of twelve tries to protect his baby sister from the maniacal rage of their mother. A laughing Lilith lures men to their doom. The sons of the gods tempt the daughters of men to engage in sinful orgies in lights that move like the changing shapes of a kaleidoscope. A scientist with hypnotic powers freezes them in their lewd positions while the drums — Miss Caldwell uses music and art, drums and colors, history and science to call men back to God, to their duties as men, hoping to help them recapture innocence, to return to the garden of their primal happiness.

She seems to admire Lucifer as much as Milton did. He appears as a philosopher in her latest book, *Dialogue with the Devil*, as he explores the madness of the "New Breed" of men who would iron out individuality and make love universal rather than personal. "One cannot love mankind," he says (p. 114). "One can love (or hate) only individuals." The archangel Michael, in a letter to his brother Lucifer, describes Heaven as a place where there is always eternal youth and endless speculation, and love is forever active.
You're hardly with it today if you talk about "the moral of the story." That kind of talk went out with *Ten Nights in a Bar Room*. Certainly a writer like Edgar Allan Poe is never accused of being moralistic or Puritanical, anymore than, say, James Baldwin is. Poe, in fact, has been called everything from a lus to a psychopath. Never a Puritan. It takes only a superficial reading of his poems and stories to discover vampires, necrophiles, schizophrenics, neurotics, and people whom he calls just plain mad. (Just as it isn't difficult to find homosexuals, prisoners, and paranoids in James Baldwin's stories.) Horror and terror (by Poe's own admission), isolation and disintegration — these are his favorite subjects. No wonder that one literary critic insists that Poe anticipated Freud by nearly a century. Even today, when Poe appears at the drive-in theaters contemporary mothers shudder. After all, Freud in color isn't exactly uplifting, though he may be revealing.

In the light of all this, it may seem rash to call Poe a Puritan. Even so free a thinker as Walt Whitman declared that Poe's poems were "almost without the first sign of moral principle." And yet, in at least one of his stories, I think that Poe draws on the Puritan ethic and shows as deep a concern for moral conduct as his well-known "moralist" contemporary, Hawthorne.

If the Puritan moral code is concerned with punishment as the just reward for sin, if the Puritan moral code asserts that each sin is its own punishment and that therefore hate ruins the human soul, then Poe in at least one of his stories is a Puritan.

That story is "The Cask of Amontillado."

To recap the story: The narrator, Montresor, has been offended a thousand times by a man called Fortunato. When Fortunato adds insult to injury, Montresor vows revenge. One evening in the height of the carnival season, Montresor lures Fortunato to his wine cellar deep in the Montresor catacombs, there ostensibly to have him taste a little amontillado. Instead of leading Fortunato to the cask of wine, Montresor leads him to a deep cavity in the catacombs, chains him to the wall, and plasters him up. Montresor leaves with Fortunato's cries for help ringing in his unheeding ears; he insists that Fortunato's bones have not been disturbed for half a century.

This is no simple revenge tale of horror with Boris Karlovian effects. The narrator, Montresor, is not psychologically unbalanced and there's nothing wrong with his nerves. He is a normal human being with no signs of an infected will, a sick body, or a diseased intellect. In addition, he is morally very sensitive. He deliberately makes a moral judgment (his enemy deserves punishment) and takes justice into his own hands. His problem is with his soul, not with his subconscious. He is obviously not a personality warped by grudge-bearing.

Here is a problem the Puritans would have recognized. With their feet firmly placed on Mount Sinai, the Puritans based their lofty moral ideals on the Mosaic decalog, insisting that God had spoken clearly, unalterably, and uncompromisingly in the Moral Law. What He had explicitly forbidden was hate — hate of God, hate of man. At the same time, the Puritans were realistic about what man could expect to accomplish morally. Edmund Morgan, a biographer of the famous Puritan John Winthrop, observes, "They (Puritans) knew ... men were moral cripples, incapacitated forever by Adam's fall. They might be kept from murder but not from hate. . . ." They could and did punish murder by law. Hate, undetectable, could require no public hanging but it deserved condemnation.

It took a writer like Poe to show the subtle effects of hate on a man's heart. I'm sure the Puritans would have liked "The Cask of Amontillado," for they would have recognized it as a kind of moral parable in which the murderer condemns himself out of his own mouth; in which the victor is his own victim; in which the punisher is punished by a moral blindness (worst punishment of all!) that prevents him from seeing that he has actually descended into a moral catacomb from whose hellish confines he can never escape.

While the story begins at dusk, it ends in blackest midnight. In this bleak interval a sinister but "just" crime is committed — murder. The damp, nitre-encrusted catacombs into which the two men descend make the victim's cough grow worse but make the victor's heart grow sick. Montresor justifies his crime to himself by convincing himself that he has a religious motive for murder:

I must not only punish but punish with impunity.

A wrong is unredressed when retribution overtakes its redresser. It is equally unredressed when the avenger fails to make himself felt as such to him who has done the wrong.

This looks like a classic case of mistaken identity: the murderer thinks he is God and puts himself in the justice-seat. He's on a divine mission in which he claims to punish "for the love of God." Vengeance belongs to him and he will repay. The words he uses — *punish, retribution, redresser, avenger, wrong* — all belong to the realm of the moral, to God himself. Now when one
human being thinks he is doing the world a favor by removing another human being whose presence has become intolerable, when one human claims to hate divinely, then he's in for real soul-trouble.

Montresor turns to his coat of arms for his authority: "A huge human foot d'or, in a field azure; the foot crushes a serpent rampant whose fangs are imbedded in the heel." What an ironic recall of Genesis 3:15 with its salubrious allusion to the Savior who will crush evil. Montresor regards himself as a righteous serpent-crusher. What he does not realize (but what Poe makes the reader see vividly) is that he gets more than a fang-marked heel out of this encounter — his soul comes out deep scarred.

In a day when no one bats an eye at murder (except perhaps the one who is being murdered), in a day when hate seems the only justifiable response to unjust and intolerable fellow human beings, in a day when the hate ethic is eloquently preached, Poe and the Puritans have something to say. Although no one would be foolish enough to stump for a return to Puritan moralism or to run to Poe for a cure for hate, surely Poe and the Puritans talk loud and clear about what happens inside a hater. And hate isn't exactly obsolete. James Baldwin in *Notes of a Native Son* really says the same thing: I saw nothing very clearly but I did see this: that my life, my real life, was in danger, and not from anything other people might do but from the hatred I carried in my own heart. . . . Hatred, which could destroy so much, never failed to destroy the man who hated and this was an immutable law.

Technically "The Cask of Amontillado" ends with a benediction, "In pace requiescat!" It would be more correct to call it a malediction. While the catacombs and this Christian invocation of peace recall and suggest the burial of a Christian by a friend, there is a wry twist here. The good will asserted by Montresor in the first paragraph and invoked in the last paragraph is fake. The reader, who now knows the nature of Montresor's soul — and of all human souls — recognizes that Montresor has officiated at a double death. For half a century Montresor and his guest have been walled up in the depths of their own private crypts; only the second death — the spiritual death of the hater-murderer, the death to love — is the worst. And that's "the moral of the story" that's worth talking about.

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**On Second Thought**

"Judge not, that you be not judged." There's a hard, fast line if there ever was one. But it's impractical. If we can't call someone wrong, how can we ever find out who is right? We have to condition the hard fast line, and say that it means not to judge falsely, or judge harshly, or judge and punish, or judge as though we were God.

If we did not judge, then all manner of error could be taught and practiced among us. If we did not judge, we'd have to let everyone do just as he pleases. If we say that a statement is wrong, we must say that he who makes the statement speaks falsely.

Perhaps. Yet the Christ examples another way. What you do with sin is forgive it. What you do with error is oppose it with the truth. It may not be possible to practice that in the whole community of man, but then Christ pointed out that those who were in the Way were not of the world. We are supposed to be different, or there is really not much reason for our being as a church. We do not prevent error, or judge the erring. We teach the truth and we call the erring.

A dictator who fears for his power must censor and forbid the statement he judges to be false. But we who live in the power of God do not fear. Love has cast out fear. Love, not judgment. The judgment of our God has already classed us with the erring and His grace has forgiven us. We do not need to fear because both judgment and grace have already been accomplished.

I do not know what the words may mean, practically. I do know that I have no right to change them just to fit my practice. I cannot for the sake of practice decide that God does not mean what He says, and on my own authority begin to distinguish between the good and the bad.

I can do what I want to do, in Christ. I can forgive the man who does what I recognize as wrong, just as I forgive the man who does what I consider right. I can hear and try to understand him who speaks what I call false, just as I hear and try to understand him who agrees with me. I can try, and when I fail I can know that I am forgiven as I forgive those who trespass against me; that I am heard in the measure that I hear.

Judge not that ye be not judged, condemn not that ye be not condemned. Forgive as you are forgiven, and hear as you are heard. That is not all of the Gospel, but it is truth without which there is no Gospel.
Three Poems

By ALICE LOTVIN

Underprivileged Students

"Ess Double-you A En.
SWAN."

The dark faces darkened.
Eighteen years times ten,
Almost two centuries shared
Among them
Dumb, devoid
Of even hearsay about whites
Feathers, impossible curves
On a lost pond,
Or of ducklings anything but doomed

Let alone of Leda
And all those.

Big Sur River

Big Sur River small, real
touchable outside my window.
I arrange the table center-cabin,
riverward, three chairs around
a box of Ritz crackers
for company.
The river like diamond cubes
rattling through the trees
old pot and one cut in the kitchen
brewing morning chinatown tea
the only good out of San Fransisco.

River secreted in valley womb
up on the road last night I heard
you, entering the redwood clump
in full blackness
blundering to the wrong cabin
never having seen a redwood
or really a river.

This one speaks trout and time,
swimming holes of summer
water colder than the air.

With Child, Today

Rocks under glass pass like Bentleys
over the private roads
of another country,
rich women with big dogs swim by
solitary people wintering in cabins
doing necessary repairs.

At the edge of the wooden bridge
the sign Private Property and a chain.
I rent my cabin by the day.

Driver of cars am I
Smasher of rabbits
Grinder of woodchuck
Bleeder of bird,
Dog butcher of the world
Am I, driver of steel
Into warm fur wanting
Only to cross over to woods.

Yet I give life
Incubate, feed,
Breathe, purify;
Seed in me sprouts finger—
Nails now, nerves tomorrow,
I being rain and sun
And human baggie all in one.

I have heard
Women like me commit strange acts.

Three boys in black laugh, plotting
To workover the old synagogue
Groovy with swastikas and flags.

What can they know about all that?

Yesterday a mother
Replaced her son's heart
With an empty Pepsi bottle.

I am a driver of steel,
Maker of life.
Very, Very Good and Horrid

The label "Made in Japan" used to produce a negative reaction in one's mind; it very often suggested cheapness and poor imitation. In recent years we have grown to recognize it as a sign of high quality in everything from motorcycles through cameras, electronic equipment, and string musicians to poetry.

Two recent publications call to our attention two Japanese verse forms of ancient origin and current popularity. Like the two states of the personality of the "little girl who had a little curl...", one book is "very, very good" and the other is "horrid"; the reviewer in yoking the two together does not suggest that they are of equal strength.

Robert H. Brower and Earl Miner in Fujiwara Teika's Superior Poems of Our Time (Stanford, $5.00) have produced a splendid successor to their magnificent Japanese Court Poetry. The book is a complete translation of the Kindai Shuka of Fujiwara Teika, one of the greatest of Japanese poets and critics, with an extensive, scholarly, and very readable introduction and appendix by the authors discussing Teika, his time, his work, and the verse form with which he dealt.

The Kindai Shuka, written by Teika in the thirteenth century to furnish advice and standards for aspiring poets, was composed of two parts. The first was a short critical essay discussing the state of poetry in Teika's time and the second a sequence of eighty-three poems which were assembled to teach by example the standards set out in the essay. The illustrative poems, drawn from the full range of Japanese poetry up to Teika's time but with emphasis upon the preceding three centuries, are of the verse form known as tanka or "short poems." It is a form limited to thirty-one syllables in five lines of five, seven, five, seven, and seven syllables respectively, and characterized by what we have come to admire in Japanese poetry—an ability to state so much so well in so few words under strict formal limitations.

The individual poems themselves are a delight to read and ponder, and while they were written by many poets over hundreds of years, Teika has, through the use of subtle techniques of subject association and progression, formed them into a beautifully unified whole which can be read as a long poem of over four hundred lines. The reader, however, will not need the strength of this unity to draw him from the beginning to the end; he is simply carried through them by their delicate beauty.

Of course it is difficult to translate Japanese poetry into English and retain its essence as well as its formal characteristics such as line and syllable count. Professors Brower and Miner, however, have excelled in doing this and in addition have extensively annotated the poems with explanations, elaborations upon translation problems, and, most useful, notes analyzing the techniques of progression and unification used by Teika.

This book is a must for every student of Oriental literature and for anyone else who would like to bestow upon his spirit a special treat.

Hints in Haiku (Philosophical Library, $4.95) on the other hand, is an unfortunate book. It is reviewed here only because some of the thousands of haiku lovers in this country may judge the book by its cover (bearing the word "Haiku") and buy it by mistake.

The book is a hodge-podge of miscellaneous compositions which the author hints are haiku (these constitute the largest part of the book), discussions of Zen, poetry, and Christianity, theorizing on politics (some fuzzy and general, some dogmatic conclusions from little or no evidence), and general comments and observations on friendship, love, pacifism, and life in general.

There is no preface or introduction, so there is no way of knowing what the author planned to do; and whatever he has done is a bit of a mystery to the reader at the end because there is no continuity to the book and no transition from one part to another. Of course we fault the author for this, but we can blame ourselves too if we were not prepared for this by noticing that the book was published by the Philosophical Library, whose books so often leave the reader wondering whether anybody other than the author and the typesetter read the manuscript.

The book, one must assume, is supposed to be about the presently popular Japanese verse form, haiku, on which Japanese poets have been working for centuries. The haiku has several formal requirements. First it must contain neither more nor less than seventeen syllables, though some of the great haiku poets composed in English, but if their departure from accepted form is to be explained by the fact that they were conceived in Japanese and are difficult to translate into English, one need only refer the author to the excellent collections from Peter Beilenson's press, the Peter Pauper haiku series, or to the fine works by R. H. Blyth. The author might also, for example, compare his own translation (p. 23) of a haiku by Issa with the translation by Harold Henderson at page 129 of his excellent little book, An Introduction to Haiku, and see who comes closest to the original form and spirit.

Henderson has said that "in the hands of a master a haiku can be the concentrated essence of pure poetry." Nowhere have I even called the contents of this book "poetry," because poetry, whatever it is, is something more than lines of words written on pages so as to leave wide margins. Very often that is all we find here. One thing does impress the reader: Norimoto Iino is an enthusiastic and sincere person with a sensitive spirit; surely he is capable of writing within the limits of the haiku form and of giving evidence of the truth of the famous statement by the ancient poet and critic, Ki no Tsurayuki: "(Japanese) poetry has its roots in the human heart.

JACK A. HILLER
Worship, Wisdom, Law and Prophecy
in the Hebrew Kingdoms

Not a few students and members of Christian parishes have been introduced to the world and thought of the Bible by the old Clarendon Bible series. Since this is a specifically British publication, it is natural that the preponderance of these has been of English background, but it is safe to say that many American Christians, too, have made use of and found great help in this publication. The New Clarendon Bible series undertakes a similar task as the old, but in the light of the predominantly used RSV translation, and the mass of new information, especially of an archaeological sort, which illuminates the text of the Scripture. The present volume (The Hebrew Kingdoms by E. W. Heaton, Oxford, $5.95) is dedicated to those texts of the Bible which come from the period of the "two kingdoms," often referred to as the Divided Monarchy, the period beginning with the death of Solomon in the latter quarter of the tenth century B.C. The four and a half centuries after Solomon's death have been of great significance in the growth of large parts of the Old Testament.

After an introduction in which the author provides an overview of the life of the surrounding peoples in this period, chapters are devoted to the historical documents in the Bible from this epoch, the nature of worship, the development of wisdom, law, and prophecy. Thus, the diversity of tasks placed upon Israel in her calling under Yahweh is studied.

The introduction should be very helpful to the student who desires a quick orientation to the peoples and cultures with which Israel was in contact in the age of the divided monarchy. Heaton draws upon the Ugaritic texts from Ras Shamra to show how Israel not only received architectural and agricultural influences from the Canaanites, but also inherited from the latter "a distinctive cultural legacy" (p. 29). Israel's new experiments with city life in this age are traced largely to the Canaanite legacy. Concomitant with this was the development of private enterprise and one-sided ownership of property in a society tending increasingly toward feudalism and exacerbating the grievances of the afflicted classes. Into such a living social situation came the prophets, and it can safely be said that many will read them much more meaningfully and realistically with the valuable social analysis Heaton provides in the introduction.

In this section, too, the Aramaeans are carefully discussed. Represented in the Bible by such monarchs as Ben-Hadad and Hazael, the Aramaeans were a people with whom both the northern and southern kingdoms had affiliations in this period. To learn more of them is to be put into a better position for understanding such prophets as Elijah and Isaiah. And, again, the rise of Assyria is discussed, an important and yet catastrophic movement for the kingdoms of Israel.

In a sub-section devoted to the religion of Canaan, Heaton attempts to illustrate how tenaciously certain ideas took hold in Israel which in actuality threatened Yahwism as confessed in the older, semi-nomadic age of Israel's history. Such motifs as the kingship, the holy hill of Zion, and the popular belief in the inviolability of the temple are all traced to Canaanite influence. The prophets challenge the extremities and questionable corollaries of these ideas, putting much more emphasis on obedience and the conditional character of the covenant.

In Chapter II the author provides a helpful introduction to the primary historical documents in the Bible for this period, the two books of Kings. This chapter will assist the reader in being introduced to one of the fruitful areas of Old Testament scholarship, the study of Kings. The Books of Kings are not simply historical reporting, but are history written from the viewpoint of a provocative theology. Chapter II begins the author's procedure of following closely the biblical text of Kings, and providing notes on the interpretation of the text. Here the reader can begin to follow with an RSV Bible at his side.

In the third chapter, on worship, the author discusses the three great annual feasts of Israel, including the Passover. His remark that the roots of the Passover are in Arabia (p. 138) may stimulate some readers to follow up on this subject. The significance of sacrifice in the Old Testament and certain parallels from Canaan and Phoenicia are discussed. Here, once more, a selection of different types of psalms is treated with notes on the texts of each.

Chapter IV treats the wisdom literature, whose roots, according to the author, go back to the Solomonic era. Particularly interesting is his discussion of the usage of wisdom forms by the prophets, and here a significant number of examples are given from the prophets. The author's treatment of the personalization of Wisdom in Prov. 8 seems to be too negative. The selected biblical sections interpreted are helpful.

No part of the Old Testament needs more careful attention than the meaning of law in the revelation to Israel. Chapter V pulls together much of the research done in this area, and presents an insightful discussion of the nature of law and its function in parts of the Old Testament.

The final chapter, on the prophets, discusses what the author terms the "independent prophets" over against the "institutional prophets." This is a helpful discussion on the tensions between prophets within the Old Testament itself. Biblical sections which are treated cover Elijah, Elisha, Amos, Hosea, Micah, Isaiah, and Jeremiah.

The book is generously sprinkled with vivid illustrations from the Iron II period of Palestinian archaeology (900-587 B.C.). These are well selected and placed, and add greatly to the book's usefulness. There is also a helpful chronological table and a good bibliography of supplementary reading at the end of the book.

Questions could be raised about interpretations at a number of points. On p. 36 the author follows the views of the excavator at el-Jib that the pits he found in a certain section of bedrock were "wine-vats." This interpretation has not met with general agreement, and Palestinian archaeologists such as de Vaux and Lapp have raised serious questions about it in their reviews of the excavation publications. The relation of the Old Testament to the Ras Shamra texts also allows for considerable differences in the interpretation of these data. As a rule, Heaton follows a careful course and his presentation can consequently be used with confidence by the non-specialist reader.

At some points the book offers some suggestive insights. At the particular time that this review is being written, Heaton's observations on reformers, revolutionaries, and radicals may be relevant. "The reformer seeks to introduce change, while maintaining continuity with the existing tradition; the revolutionary seeks to overthrow tradition and substitute something entirely new; while the radical seeks to uncover the roots of tradition and abandon everything which does not spring from them directly" (p. 58). In this meaning, the author writes, the prophets can best be seen as "radicals." In any event, the relation of the prophets to some of the contemporary concerns of Christians needs closer definition. This volume of the New Clarendon Bible may help some in that respect.

WALTER E. RAST

The Cresset
Worth Noting

What is the Question?

By Harry N. Huxhold (Concordia, $2.95)

The practice of Christian meditation and reflection is seemingly being extinguished by today's crushes and crunches. Only rarely do people find quiet times to sort out the values and commitments which direct their lives.

Compounding the situation is the fact that when occasions for meditation do present themselves good materials often are not at hand. Although materials are not necessary for meditation, they are often useful. Sadly, many traditional materials do not seem designed for meditation at all. Either the "thought for the day" is so neatly packaged for quick consumption that a person is not even aware that he has ingested something potentially meaningful for him, or the devotion often seems wordy and irrelevant. In fact not only do many traditional devotions fail to comfort, strengthen, or provide insight into the nature of the Christian faith, they may even work in opposite directions, transforming doubt and fatigue into skepticism and despair because the materials simply do not ring true to the experiences of the reader. Nothing is more disheartening than receiving lengthy answers to misunderstood or unasked questions.

If Cresset readers feel this analysis is somewhat reflective of their own experiences, they will appreciate what campus and parish pastor Harry N. Huxhold has done in What is the Question? In a slim volume of thirty-nine "devotional dialogues" Huxhold has developed a devotional style which has the capacity to be relevant, meditational, and devotional. Rather than beginning with a Biblical passage and trying to find applications to the contemporary scene, Huxhold initiates the dialogue by allowing contemporary writers to state the questions people are raising today. Typical of those called upon to formulate the question are William Golding, Arthur Miller, T. S. Eliot, Albert Camus, Truman Capote, and John Updike. Huxhold has culled out pertinent Biblical statements dealing with the same problems. Usually two or three short Biblical passages are included in each devotion.

The dialogue between the ancient and modern points of view must take place within the mind of the reader. Sometimes the modern and ancient complement each other; at other times they provide alternatives. The reader's responsibility is to meditate on the different meanings that are given to life, and search for the truth, as it is experienced in his own life.

The brief readings are not prefaced or explained except for the title of the devotion which is in question form. Most adult readers will find that the excerpts have their own integrity and are meaningful even out of context, although many readers will be familiar with the various contexts.

What are the questions Huxhold has picked out? Typical are "Fear Whom?", "Does Absence Make the Heart Grow Fonder?", "Why Should Anything be Important?", "Is Everything a Sin?", "Is it Easier to Conform than to Revolt?", "Who is Ready to Die?"

What is the Question? is not a missionary tract, designed to convert; it is devotional literature written for Christians. After the dialogues there are free verse prayers written by the author to allow for prayerful dialogue with God. The prayers help to bring the dialogues into focus, although often the prayers have a way of stimulating further reflection.

For those who seek the meanings of life and who prefer being led into all truth What is the Question? should prove a good devotional source. What is the Question? deserves wide enough use to enable the publisher to correct the typographical mistakes on pages 81 and 82 in a second printing.

JAMES ALBERS

More Literary Essays

By David Daiches (The University of Chicago Press, $7.50)

The trouble with a good book of lively essays, such as this one with its fifteen different topics, is this: precisely where to file or classify it on one's bookshelf? For here is the rare kind of "alive" prose which averages twenty-five pages per article, fluent though occasionally rightly learned, topical to begin with (as the individual and properly identified origins reveal), but rapidly fanning out into universal conclusions, wherefore the intellectual reader will want to keep this book available for ready reference. Just possibly the overly-modest title More Literary Essays could imply a natural bent of Scotch whimsy (although the over-all effect herein seems short on humor): is the comparative degree in the first word to be taken literally, i.e. these are more literary than the earlier book's contents titled Literary Essays? Or, if simply additional reflections of the gifted author's principal interests, then why not pep up the heading's appeal? It seems to me that these well-written materials deserve a brighter flag to sail under.

Characteristically, the long tradition behind many things which the University of Chicago publishes is its hallmark of superior selection; in this anthology, David Daiches meets the high standard readily. His previous publications, some twenty books creative and critical (e.g. The Novel and the Modern World; Robert Burns; John Milton; A Critical History of English Literature; Critical Approaches to Literature), reveal sensible as much as sensitive attitudes which are substantiated by easy association of relevant ideas.

Now, what are the discussion topics in the second volume of his collected speeches and writings? The earlier subjects ranged from primitive Scottish literature all the way to the New Criticism, and notably presented a consideration of the poetry of Dylan Thomas, plus a critique of the translation techniques of the Hebrew portion of the Bible. It is the custom of Daiches to use whatever tools or approaches lie readily suited to his varied themes, such as analytical, psychological, historical, philological, or linguistic methods. I find this sequel compilation to be a worthy extension of its humbly erudite predecessor — in its objectives, its use of resources, its dignified achievement. For practical reasons, I shall single out a representative few subjects, three of them complete with footnote reference.

The analysis of modern Scottish poet "Hugh MacDiarmid: The Early Poems" (reprinted from a 1962 Festschrift) deserves mention here because it is one of the few published critiques in this relatively restricted area of world literature, particularly by a fellow Scotsman. "Myth, Metaphor, and Poetry" (the June 1961 G. H. Edmonds Memorial Lecture before the Royal Society of Literature) does not present a theory, but thinks out loud on some of the ways in which they (these three technical terms) can helpfully be looked at by someone who is concerned to account for the kinds of excitement and illumination we get from poetry.

The separate pieces on "Carlyle and the Victorian Dilemma," "Language and Action in Marlowe's Tamburlaine," "Some Aspects of Milton's Pastoral Imagery," "Imagery and Meaning in Antony and Cleopatra," and "Misunderstanding as Humour: an Aspect of the English Comic Tradition," or "Yeats's Earlier Poems: Some Themes and Patterns" speak forthrightly as specified. Of subtler nature are my two favorites, the one on Twain as a Deist (here called "Mark Twain as Hamlet"), the other on the powerful influence which Lincoln as both man and legend had upon Whitman ("Lincoln and Whitman").

Other essays evaluate Sir Herbert Grierson as Daiches' most influential teacher; "The Book of Job" as an illustration of Modern Higher Criticism at work; "Presenting the Bible" as an exegetical study of a section of The Anchor Bible; and "Cultivated Innocence" in the form of an expanded, 1965 book review of Tony Tanner's The Reign of Wonder: Naivety and Reality in American Literature. Where else, today, can you discover so much variety of humanistic appeal within 274 pages?

HERBERT H. UMBACH
Josquin des Pres

By WILLIAM F. EIFRIG, JR.

Is there yet anyone who has not yet learned that ours is an age of transition? Every part of our vocabulary assumes change, revision, obsolescence, and disintegration as the bases of thought.

And it will not do to remark that every age has been in transition. Most generations have new hands dealt to them at their appearance on the scenes of history. We live with those for whom the rules of the game are being remade.

At least twice in western history a musician happened into similar revisionistic times and by force of his personality and creative will held the before and after together in artistic expressions complete both to the aesthetic judgment and the reflective mind.

The more recent of the two giants standing, like the Colossus at Rhodes, astride two eras was Beethoven. His earlier counterpart was Josquin des Pres. The first name is known to even those unacquainted with the sounds of his music. In the second instance, however, the obscurity of the name matches the remoteness of the music. Undoubtedly this is because our world is so immediately post-Beethovenian. Historical accounts, though, assure us the Josquin was every bit the equal of the later master in Renaissance estimation.

The earliest editions of printed music included a preponderance of Josquin's masses, motets, and chansons. Luther apparently revealed his own good taste rather than any prophetic insight when he acclaimed Josquin the finest of all musicians. Only a few pedants raised voices of criticism and then not for any lack of skill but because the master's creations would not fit their categories and rules. Josquin des Pres, born about 1440 — died 1521, is the summation of a medieval past and the source of a modern future.

The medieval tradition of music-making reverenced authority even as did all of medieval thought. The pre-existence of idea is assumed in most important works. Musically the foundation of the composition is the cantus prius factus, the melody given the composer for the addition of other melodies. Frequently this was a melody from the repertoire of sacred chant, though later medieval expansions of technique allowed for the use also of secular tunes. Composing consisted literally in the "placing together" of the cantus and other melodic lines invented by the musician. The variety of forms employing this principle and the degrees of complexity which the art of counterpoint achieved are summarized in Josquin's works.

The pre-existent tune in his works functions not only as foundation but permeates all of the voices until a homogeneous thematic texture results. All forms of composition are found — cantus firmus, parody, and paraphrase. An awesome virtuosity is demonstrated in works like the mass in which a borrowed secular tune is placed on successive degrees of the scale in each movement, causing it to alter its modal configuration, even while the whole remains in a single tonality. Josquin writes music in several parts wherein each voice derives its part from the same tune but proceeds in a different meter from its neighbors. A form of motet, archaic before Josquin's time but preserved out of a sense of reverence for tradition, makes its last appearance in some works of the Renaissance master, the foundational melody intoning solemnly while accompanying voices weave their polyphonic embroidery about it.

Even in some works representing the culmination of the older tradition and in works written concurrently with traditional forms the foundations of new musical procedures are laid. As the cantus prius factus more and more comes to permeate the whole of the texture its function as formgiver and corner-stone lessens. The borrowed tune becomes thematic material subjected to the musician's will and imagination. Abandoning the structure imposed previous to the act of composition meant adopting new structural principles. Josquin, not only but more successfully than his contemporaries, established thematic successions as formal determinants. No longer was music a structure of rhythmic units combined in mathematical relations but a procession of melodic ideas expressing linear thought. The new motet was a series of overlapping imitative sections, one thematic idea concluding its polyphonic development even as the next sounded its first statement. For the sequence of chords predetermined by the notes of a cantus prius factus Josquin substituted a harmonic rhythm characterized by broad chord changes animated by contrapuntal lines of melodic and rhythmic interest. Harmonic progressions become clearer and more orderly. The lowest voice serves to identify the functions of the chords, and the voices, released from the limiting obligations of contrapuntal structure, are free to multiply for dramatic purposes, the harmonic structure independent of polyphonic realization. Finally, the expressive potential of music is placed in the service of language. The rules for good musicianship are very like those for rhetoric, and music becomes dramatic.
"I don't really believe in love," Andy Warhol once said. Warhol is the pop artist and avant-garde moviemaker who has contributed quite a bit to the misunderstanding of art and the excesses of nudity on stage. I think that this admission is crucial and revealing if we want to find an explanation for our new-found stage freedom. Since we are in the midst of this worldwide rage of shedding our fig leaves, we may not easily find the answer.

For more than two thousand years sex has been one of the few great themes in theatre and literature. Since Phaedra and Medea it has been the cause of human catastrophies and the humor of entanglements. However, it was not sex in the nude, and we mostly called it love, sometimes passion. Now we denude, unmask, unromanticize love, pooh-pooh passion, and castrate both with the same nonchalance as we castrate stage characters (as done in a play at The American Place Theatre recently). In "Sweet Eros" the heroine has no lines and clothes. Kidnapped, strapped to a chair, stripped, she is exposed to the sick gibberish of personified self-hatred. The erotic wish fantasy of the author finally makes the girl go to bed with the man (in classic tragedy she would have stabbed him, the only logical conclusion, but nowadays submission and the feeling of futility triumph). "Dionysus in 69" rapes Euripides's "Bacchae" and tries to involve the audience in its оргiastic excesses (we have to become part of the act and proudly call it "audience participation"). In the newest sensation, "Geese," two naked women and men make love to each other on stage in non-hetero-sexual fashion.

All this will pass, I'm sure. In retrospect all of these vexing and perplexing experiences in the theatre will be considered a phenomenon of a confused period. This is the only thought that still keeps me going to the theatre in the hope that one day I will be able to go to the theatre again to see theatre.

There are still a few conventional plays around. Julie Harris in "Forty Carats," a French boulevard comedy about double standards, is quite amusing. The play isn't sufficiently seasoned or fluffy, depending on how you like such dishes, but keeps you entertained. After leaving the theatre you tell yourself "So What!" and you go to Lindy's to talk about Nixon, de Gaulle, the moon, and at best about another play, or what's happening to our theatre now. If you are in a nostalgic mood you can see the musical, "Dames at Sea," a pleasant parody of the musical films of the thirties mainly and almost a copy of the originals. (I fleetingly remembered that the thirties were the days of Munich with its "Peace in our time" and the beginning horrors of the concentration camp.) But the show is camp and as long as we are talking about it, there is the composer Harvey Schmidt and the librettist Tom Jones, who are celebrated for a touch of lightness and theatre magic ("The Fantasticks" is theirs). They came up with another light piece with music, "Celebration," the music pleasant, the story land, and the whole thing leaves you with a similar taste in your mouth and mind. I could have taken my little niece to see it or one of those proverbial "tired businessmen" (if I only knew one), but I'm almost sure he would have asked afterwards half jokingly, half reproachfully: "But there was no one in the nude?"

We easily become conditioned. What the rage of the new plays will do to us or has already done is forcing upon us a new kind of taste of a more daring nature. Of course, we shall always welcome such plays as "Hadrian VII" which has come to Broadway with the inimitable McCowen as Fr. Rolfe's fantasy pope. (I reviewed it last summer from London.) We will need to see such plays as Sean O'Casey's "Cock-A-Doodle Dandy," not one of O'Casey's best plays, but hopefully in a somewhat better production than the APA put on on the Lyceum stage. We will demand to see a play like Slawomir Mrozek's "Tango," about which I also wrote from London two seasons ago, and which, though better done there than here, is exciting, stimulating, and entertaining.

But very soon even the serious and important plays will absorb and retain some of the flavors of the new which, at the moment, is upon us with its revolting and nauseating excesses of nudity and sex. True to the Hegelian concept, the traditional theatre will have its face lifted, but while doing so keep not only its shirt but also some more garments on. Now the day can no longer be too far away when nudity and perversion for the sake of nudity and perversion will finally have gone the way of all flesh and the theatre will return to a new meaningfulness.
Documentary Photography

By RICHARD H. W. BRAUER

For me this is better propaganda than it would be if it were not aesthetically enjoyable. It is because I enjoy looking that I go on looking until the pity and the shame are impressed upon me unforgottably.

Glenway Wescott

The photographer must force the facts to tell the truth.

John Szarkowski

When I was a child our family snapshot albums were the most absorbing picture books in the house. The pictures were taken, for the most part, with Mother's Kodak box camera, and were of a size that made the heads in the inevitable, massive, clan-togetherness pictures not much larger across than one eighth of an inch.

Pictures of people are all they were. People posing in wedding dresses, confirmation suits, bathing suits; in front of cars, houses, bicycles, sleds, Christmas trees; with teachers, preachers, great aunts, cousins; on first, second, fourth, eighth birthdays; on picnics at Columbus Park, on vacation at the lake. Looking at the early albums, we kids could never understand why mother and her friends took seriously the fashions they wore; especially the I-just-fell-into-the-lake-with-my-dress-on bathing suits. More sobering and melancholy for us was finding out that such-and-such a person, looking very young and real in the photograph, was now dead; or realizing how young Mother and Dad once looked.

Albums like ours are commonplace in the twentieth century. They serve as a modest record of a family's changing appearance and passing experience. But now that Mother and Dad are dead, their neat albums will be dispersed and eventually thrown away by a subsequent generation. The pictures will be discarded, not just because the then distant people and events will seem unremarkable, but mainly because the photography itself is unremarkable. Needless to say, those photographs are not at a high level of photographic achievement and expression. However, documentary photography such as that of Dorothea Lange (1895-1965) can embody penetrating aesthetic power. The heightened insight and quality of experience her work often offers make such photographic expressions a treasure to all humanity and to posterity.

Since its beginnings in the nineteenth century, photography (the making of permanent images with light) has taken its place alongside painting, drawing, and printmaking as a major approach to making pictures. Inherent in photography, however, is its special potential for giving the overwhelming impression that its imagery is a literal, objective record of the surface appearance of the physical world; the feeling that its picture is a "faithful witness" to particular fleeting moments. For instance, Dorothea Lange's visual "documentation" of a cluttered, makeshift storefront; or of an unending, lifeless plain; or of the private anxiety of an impoverished mother surrounded by her dependent children — these photographic "records" give the viewer the sense of having a first-hand encounter with the destitute rural America of the thirties. Painting and drawing could never have achieved that compelling sense of naked truth and undoubted reality. Photography therefore has freed painting and drawing from trying to make purely visual records; freed them for the expression of those personal perceptions or the creation of those non-objective images more uniquely suited to the powers of painting and drawing.

Nevertheless, it cannot be stressed enough that the photographic image is still simply a visual abstraction of the visible world and does not match the way we see in actuality. In our encounters with the physical world we use all our senses at once. This sensory impact is modified and filtered by our past experiences, habits, abilities, imagination, feelings. Furthermore, we see the world in motion and in color. We see slightly around close objects because our two eyes are about two and one half inches apart. The area of our eyes' field of vision is different from that of most camera lenses. We do not see everything in our vision in equally good focus; our peripheral vision is blurred. As a matter of fact, in a photograph so much is missing and changed from our actual experience of "reality" that we often do not recognize someone we see in person whom we have seen previously only in photographs. On the other hand, the lens's ability to define equally well all the minutest details in view as in Crossroads Store, and the photographer's decision to isolate one section of the vast visual scene as in Tracted Out — these qualities of photographic abstraction forces the viewer to attend to the scene in ways he would not were he to see it only in "real" life. Photography then, can reveal and extend our awareness of the familiar world around us. A cartoon pictured a mother introducing her little girl to a friend. "What a lovely child," remarked the friend. "That's nothing," enthused the mother, "you should see her photograph!"

If the documentary photographic image is a visual abstraction created with human control and expressive judgment, the medium then can be made to serve high aesthetic ambition and ability. In documentary photography this ambition, however, can best be realized when the presence of the photographic artist's judg-
"In a squatter camp at the edge of the pea fields. The crop froze this year and the family is destitute. On this morning they had sold the tires from their car to pay for food. She is thirty-two years old." (D.L., unpublished notes, from the Dorothea Lange catalog, the Museum of Modern Art exhibition)


The children. Chance, I suppose, is something of a factor but, as others have remarked, chance is a factor in all art. Yet there seem to be some artists that get all the luck. George P. Elliott said it nicely: "She (Dorothea Lange) made herself accessible to the operation of grace."

Dorothea Lange's goal was not to achieve beauty but rather to make visible persuasive truth. For many people she has often achieved both. Certainly her photographs are light years away in aesthetic, historical, and expressive qualities from the "snaps" in a family album. Reviewing the exhibition of Dorothea Lange photographs (organized by the Museum of Modern Art, N.Y.) recently shown at Valparaiso, the student reviewer wrote; "Even today, her pictures have an almost stunning effect on the viewer... Dorothea Lange's work is a powerful testament to a time which cannot, and must not, ever come again."
For several years the religious communities of Milwaukee have been working hard at the problems of urban life. Some of the religious communities have organized their urban activities along denominational lines working through denominational federations, denominational strategy councils, and the sending out of denominational metropolitan ministers under denominational colors. Certain denominations have banded together for common purposes, e.g., the Greater Milwaukee Council of Churches which has been constituted basically as a Protestant voice in urban affairs. The Greater Milwaukee Conference on Religion and Race attempts to represent the broad spectrum of religious communities on the basis of individual memberships coming from the Jewish and Unitarian communities, from the Catholic and Lutheran persuasions, as well as from the basic Protestant faiths.

As can be surmised, though each religious group doing its "thing" makes for vital contributions to the moral, spiritual, and physical health of metropolitan Milwaukee, at a certain point each religious community doing its "thing" leads to proliferation and duplication of efforts, to fragmentation and frustration. In general, this state of affairs has led to the conclusion by nearly all the denominational leaders of Wisconsin that the fundamental complexities of urban and metropolitan life are of such a nature that no one religious community or aggregate of religious communities can handle and master them alone.

In short, in this situation, some kind, almost any kind, of ecumenical venture would stand Milwaukee in good stead for the road ahead. Accordingly, the religious leaders of Milwaukee and of Wisconsin have been meeting with one another to discuss the possibilities of creating a new structure for the metropolitan mission in metropolitan Milwaukee.

The structure contemplated would be headed by a Cabinet made up of representatives from the denominations and the denominational executives, from the religious conferences and councils, from the denominational federations and/or their welfare-social action commissions. The function of the Cabinet is to make policy in behalf of all religious groups represented on the Cabinet in their cooperative address to urban affairs. All representation will be voluntary in that each group comes in on its own terms. They will cooperate only where they desire to cooperate. In other words, cooperation will in no way demand the curtailment of any group's theological perspectives and cultural patterns.

It is anticipated that the Cabinet will meet regularly, at least once a month, to determine policy for the functioning of the apparatus and for the mobilization of resources. At the same time the apparatus contrives to bring together a heterogeneous religious population for discussion, debate, fellowship, and understanding. The apparatus will also consolidate resources for whatever cooperative measures are necessary to achieve social justice in the metropolitan Milwaukee community: money, office space, manpower, equipment, and other reservoirs of potential strength.

The focus of the consolidation is to be implemented in a single secretariat made up of one executive director, a director of communications, one office manager (who will also serve as receptionist), a secretarial pool, one central office, and one centralized budgeting and accounting system. This administrative complex will "ride herd" on the basic functions of the structure.

The function on which the structure will focus in the first instance is the obvious, the integrating and interlocking function. The synthesis procedure is necessary to coordinate the efforts of so many groups. Consequently, the interpretive function constitutes a high priority under which the religious communities will interpret themselves to one another, will school all religious communities in the necessity of social action, and will interpret Milwaukee and the religious communities to one another. Certainly such an inter-faith agency would be devoted to programmatic efforts in areas like housing, jobs, education, police-community relations, funding, public relations, and a monitoring system. All of these functions would involve member groups in lobbying, social engineering, and research. A high priority would be given to training and education. A large share of the latter would be dedicated to congregational renewal and maximum feasible citizen participation. And lastly, wherever possible, the member groups would work together in the priestly services, e.g., mental health programs, prison chaplaincies, and institutional missions.

From where I sit and work, the contemplated structure presents an exciting prospect for metropolitan Milwaukee.
I spoke recently in these pages about the rights of criminals. I want now to look at how some television programs depict criminal rights. This inquiry is of some importance, on the assumption that what is produced for TV, or what is popular on it, tells us something about producers and viewers.

Dramatic programs shown on television vary widely in their treatment of criminal rights, as might be expected. Law-oriented programs, such as Judd for the Defense, are generally scrupulous in presenting points of law, and give careful attention to procedural details. The old Perry Mason show did this, and it perhaps explains why Raymond Burr, the star of the show, so frequently was invited to address assemblies of practicing lawyers. Police programs too are usually sensitive to the portrayal of criminal rights. There was some talk after the recent Miranda and Escabedo decisions of the Supreme Court about whether police programs on TV would still be credible — particularly since a common plot device is to have important information come out after prolonged police grilling of the suspect. Writers quickly discovered how to handle this problem, however. When the suspect is apprehended, he hears a quick, litany-like recitation of his rights, which more often than not he promptly waives, allowing the interrogation to begin as nicely as before. Dragnet, Adam-12, and NYPD use this maneuver. Felony Squad was more inventive: here criminals usually managed to get themselves shot before arrest, thus obviating a break in the action for the offering of Constitutional amenities.

There is one program, however, which not only never observes the established American standards of criminal justice, but actually thrives on an explicit repudiation of those standards. The show is Mission: Impossible and it is perhaps the most interesting and well-done adventure show on the tube. And it is enough to give any morally sensitive person scruple-convulsions every Sunday night.

The show is a chronicle of the Impossible Mission Taskforce, which is composed of four men and one of the most beautiful women on TV, Barbara Bain. Each week this group is instructed by a self-destructing and impossibly located tape as to what "the Secretary" wants them to do. The Taskforce sometimes appears to be part of the CIA and at other times part of the FBI, leaving one in doubt as to whether it is Melvin Laird or John Mitchell who is putting it up to its nasty tricks. We'll never know who it is, either, for if any member of the Taskforce is killed or captured, "the Secretary will disavow any knowledge" of the group. Since, therefore, nobody in Washington is ever going to confess about these agents, it appears to be of no consequence just how the Taskforce goes about its work. Its means are limited only by its imagination, and that is vivid indeed.

We have, then, a group of inventive people charged with a mission that under normal circumstances would be impossible to complete. But why do these missions seem so impossible? The reason is very simple: Though the point of the mission is immensely desirable and always moral, the means required to attain that end are such as no law-abiding or civilized man could in good conscience use. The working arsenal of the Taskforce embraces forgery, impersonation, lying, stealing, contrived murder, extortion, wire-tapping, framing, torture, and other assorted ills. Each of these, in turn, involves the most sophisticated technique of modern technology and psychology. In fact, the program presents itself as a hymn to the scientist and psychologist whose discoveries can lead, in the right hands, to world peace, extermination of the Mafia, advancement of America's dreams for the world, and other good things. With inventions and insights so clever, and aims so lofty, what matter is it that conventional sensibilities about human rights and dignity should in the process be so badly bruised?

The moral code exemplified on Mission: Impossible embodies enough subtleties of reasoning to delight even the most Orthodox theologian, yet charts a course as simple and straightforward as a Calvinist homily. Murder by Taskforce members is never permissible, though contriving a situation which will ensure other people's killing someone is entirely acceptable. Physical torture cannot be performed by the Taskforce, though the most depraved and ghastly mental tortures may be meted out at will. On the other side of the ledger, the Taskforce always wins, and great evils to mankind are always just barely prevented. Besides, the victims of the Taskforce machinations had it coming to them in the first place. Justice is done, all is forgiven.

I need hardly remark that this modus operandi would show its true revolting self if ever we were to discover that the Secretary had made an error, that his information about the subject of the plot was mistaken. But a man should be revolted by these goings-on quite apart from the worthiness of the ends they serve. Yet many people seem not to be, judging from the vast popularity of the program.

This fact should serve to warn the Supreme Court that protecting the rights of the guilty, accused, or suspected among us will be no simple matter.
Moving Day

In our journey through life (an original phrase) we are often prone to forget that woven into our trip between the eternities there are smaller, occasional, somewhat haphazard excursions between various spots on our planet. . . . briefly, we move. . . . Very few of us remain in one place for more than a small part of our total journey. . . . especially in these restless and rootless days. . . .

Perhaps this is a good thing—this periodic pulling up the roots of routine. . . . I am going through it now. . . . It is a strange process, nostalgic, painful—and yet remarkably healthful. . . . One goes through closets, desks, drawers, shelves, corners—and one finds strange things, often sharply reminiscent of other and better days, of half-remembered friends, of all the inevitable baggage of the years. . . .

That scrawled poem at the bottom of odds and ends—why did I ever want to keep that? . . . Those dim notes for a dim sermon—did I imagine that they might be prized as an original some day? . . . That unsigned birthday card—who sent it and why did I keep it? . . . That single sock in its proper place—what happened to the other one? . . . There are a thousand problems and only a few answers—and most of my time this rainy day is devoted to long looks out the window, trying desperately with all my heart and mind to remember. . . .

Now and then something rings a lonesome bell. . . . In a yellowing notebook I find the following sentence, barely legible: "Wearying, he changed his tune and won the praise of little men—but now and then at dawn a trumpet blew which only he could hear." . . .

I dropped the notebook and looked at the rain fluttering against my window. . . . Suddenly I remembered him. . . . The best in our class, destined for great things, but slowly, surely eroding under the pressure of new things and present honors. . . . I remembered an old saying: "It is much better to stone our prophets than to crown them with roses. The roses stifle them; the stones drive them out into the desert to think." . . . I remembered his roses. . . . They were beautiful. . . .

On the other side of the crumpled sheet there is an ode for someone whom I have completely forgotten:

A hungry cancer will not let him rest
Whose heart is loyal to the least of dreams

There is a thorn forever in his breast
Who cannot take his world for what it seems
Aloof and lonely must he ever walk
Plying a strange and unaccustomed tongue
An alien to the daily round of talk
Mute when the sordid songs of earth are sung
In a tattered notebook I find short sentences—interesting only because they reflect the ideas which I considered important forty years ago: "Twilight thinking—sharp lines disappear and differences merge together." . . .

"The history of the future will be written
Not as the loud have spoken
But as the mute have thought."

And a note on a forgotten professor: "He discusses futile questions by faulty methods" . . .

Largely, however, these notes from a far day reflect the "Weltanschauung" of an amateur Werther in the roaring twenties. . . . Pages drip with tears—for lost friends, unfaithful ladies who broke my plastic heart. . . . The mood of a bad past, sad memory, no future and no hope. . . . "The slow dimming of the years and the creeping paralysis of time" . . .

Now another rain is drumming against my window and I know, so many years later, that something lost can return even under the long stress of troubled years and the numbing blows of all the unbearable things that men must bear. . . .

And here—again from a worn notebook—a few juvenile lines to a lady whose name I have forgotten. . . .

"Two, they say, shall dream a dream together
But only one shall trace it to the end
Now you are gone, a gypsy on a highway
And I am left with lonely fires to tend"

"You have forgotten lamplight has warm magic
And hearths are sweet when dusk blows down the land
But when the star is safe within your pocket
Full well I know its prints will bruise your hand"

"Then you will come, the long adventure over
Brave banners down, a supplicant from pain
And I, who watch through ever-lengthening evenings
Shall smile to hear dim music in the rain."

You think it's silly? So do I—but it did not seem so on a day of autumn rain in 1921. . . . Something lost has not returned. . . .