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THE CRESSET
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**Comment on the Significant News by the Editors**

**Honeymoon’s End**

The tinder which President Nixon inherited was not of his gathering, but with every passing day it becomes more flammable. And if he does not want to be remembered as the President under whose administration it broke into a destructive conflagration he must move quickly to damp it down.

Mr. Nixon displayed both good sense and political savvy by refusing to get into any competitions for accomplishment in his first hundred days in office. Wisely, he chose a more cautious, low-key approach to the presidency. But caution is not, like chastity, an absolute virtue. There is a point at which it may cease to be a virtue at all and become assent to conditions which demand swift and imaginative action. We have yet to see whether Mr. Nixon is capable of this kind of action. Meanwhile he must be warned that if the action is too long delayed the initiative may be taken out of his hands; someone else may decide to toss the match which will set off the tinder.

The war in Vietnam is, of course, the most immediate and most difficult problem to which the new administration must find a solution — and quickly, if it does not want to associate itself with previous administrations in responsibility for that disastrous misadventure. That war has already cost two hard-liners — Senator Goldwater and former President Johnson — the Presidency. On the bare minimal level of purely practical politics, Mr. Nixon must know that his chances for re-election in 1972 are nil unless the war is brought to an end soon. And we don’t think that the American people, at least the majority of them, care very much one way or another how it is ended, just so it is ended.

The second most difficult problem that the new administration faces is that of defusing the threat of civil war. We are now in the process of becoming — and within five to ten years will have become — two nations, black and white, implacably hostile to each other and engaged in destroying each other. Our cities will become the battlegrounds for this war and not all of the tanks that the white majority can marshal against the enraged black minority will be able to maintain even the semblance of peace against the anonymous sniper or the furtively-thrown fire bomb. We must be brought together again, or we shall tear each other to bits. And time is running out.

Finally, there is the problem of poverty in a land of incredible abundance. We shall have more to say about this in a later editorial. But the prophetic word continues to speak its sober warnings: “For the oppression of the poor, for the sighing of the needy, now will I arise, saith the Lord.” It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God. We hope that our country may be spared that fate. And we hope that Mr. Nixon will not be the President under whom it comes upon us.

**The Unanswered Question**

It is not unusual for the state, in a murder trial, to settle for something less than the death penalty in order to get a confession and thus avoid the time and expense of a long drawn out trial. There is therefore nothing unusual in the circumstances under which James Earl Ray was allowed to plead guilty of the murder of Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. in return for a sentence of ninety-nine years in prison.

And yet the whole case leaves us and many other people with a certain sense of dissatisfaction. We are prepared to grant that all of the evidence points to the probability, amounting almost to a certainty, that Ray was the actual murderer. But a number of things, particularly his travels in the days following the assassination, make us wonder whether he was actually operating entirely on his own. It takes a considerable amount of money to do the traveling he did and he would be interested to know where he got it. And this is only one instance of a number of questions which we wish might have been answered in a more exhaustive open trial of his case.

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Dr. King was, in the judgment of many of us, one of the great figures of American history, surely destined to be better remembered than perhaps half of our presidents. We owe it to history, if not to ourselves, to document as thoroughly as possible all of the circumstances that surround his death. If it was indeed the purely individual act of one man, that point needs to be established beyond reasonable doubt. But if there are a fair number of fair-minded people — as indeed there are — who can not dismiss from their minds the suspicion that he might have been acting at the instigation of other people and with their support the possibility of a conspiracy needs somehow to be thoroughly explored and laid to rest. This has not been done. Perhaps it could never have been done to the total satisfaction of those who entertain such suspicions. But the almost precipitate closing of the case merely adds to the plausibility of a conspiracy theory. And the refusal of the prosecution to say anything more than that there was no proof of a conspiracy is not an adequate reply to those who believe that there exists a strong presumption of conspiracy.

The Justice Department has promised that it will continue to investigate the case, even though it has no evidence to suggest that there was a conspiracy. We hope that it will do so and that, at an appropriate time, it will tell us all that it has been able to establish as factual in the case. Until it does, a great many of us will have to reserve judgment on whether the tragic story of Dr. King’s murder was closed by the conviction and sentencing of James Earl Ray.

**All-Campus Conference**

On the Huntley-Brinkley report it was described as a riot by our black students. (This was corrected in a subsequent broadcast.) In the news media generally the impression was given that a small core of students — some suggested that they were egged on by “outside agitators” — had presented the university administration with an ultimatum. Telegrams and telephone calls came in from all over the country urging the president of the University to “take the Hesburgh line,” apparently from people who have not taken the trouble to read Father Hesburgh’s full and actually very moderate statement.

And then there was the situation as it actually was. The nearest parallel we can think of to anything which our readers may actually have experienced is a synodical convention. There were caucuses, endless committee meetings, parliamentary procedures which some understood and most did not, study documents, working documents, resolutions, the whole works. If the two major party conventions had been carried on with the same dignity and civility last summer editorial writers all over the country would have had harsh things to say about their dullness and lack of showmanship.

So on this morning after the adjournment of our All-Campus Conference, the question which is uppermost in our mind is whether the news media really understand and are able to interpret to the public what is going on on the campus these days. (We should say that there were a couple of first rate men who covered our conference who did a good job of it, allowing for the very limited space they were allotted for coverage of a fairly complicated situation.) We wonder how many people really understand what the present student generation actually means by “student power” and “the radicalization of the campus.” We wonder how often open and sometimes heated candor has been misrepresented as demagoguery. We wonder how many people are able, or willing, to make a distinction between hard-driving negotiation and irrational confrontation.

No doubt there are anarchists in the younger generation, as there were and are in ours. But what the vast majority of young people are concerned about today is human values. They believe in these values with a passion that is too often untempered by charity, but the great thing is that they do believe in them and, given the opportunity, are willing to work through established channels to achieve them.

**Amnesty for Draft Avoiders?**

Senator Edward M. Kennedy has proposed the establishment of a national commission to consider amnesty for young Americans who have fled the United States to avoid the draft.

We certainly have no quarrel with those young men who have chosen exile in preference to submission to what they consider not only an unjust but an immoral law. Many of us of German descent are Americans today because some remote ancestor chose to migrate to the New World rather than accept induction into the army of militarist Prussia. Voluntary self-exile has always been one honorable way to refuse obedience to bad laws.

But the ultimate test of any moral act is willingness to accept its consequences. There is a great difference between responsible protest and mere grandstanding. If a man decides that he has no choice but to drive the money-changers out of the temple (to take a familiar example), he must be prepared to go to Calvary. Or, to put it in more earthy language, he must be ready to put his money where his mouth is. The draft avoiders want to have their cake and eat it, too. We can not agree to such a demand.

For just as there is no cheap grace, there is no cheap sacrifice. Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. broke laws which he believed that the state had no moral right to enact. But he never denied the state’s right to put him in jail for violating its laws. So he went to jail, and by doing so forced a great many people to ask themselves, “What is wrong with our laws if they force a good man like that to rot away in jail?” This is responsible protest. This is the kind of protest that forces men to re-examine their
consciences and, perhaps, come to the point of insisting that the laws be changed.

As for the Selective Service Act itself, there is no longer any doubt in our mind that it is an abomination not only in its present form but in principle. If we are to live with this law for the indefinite future, the best counsel we could offer to any young man would be to emigrate. For if we are going to continue to supply the military with whatever number of bodies it may request, the long-term prospect for the United States is that it will become a Prussian-type military state. And this is not the reckless talk of some long-haired academic radical. This is a part of what President Eisenhower was trying to tell us in one of the most profoundly significant addresses ever made by an American president — his farewell address in which he warned against the dangers of allowing the policies of this country to be set by a military-industrial coalition. Ignore us, if you will, but listen to him. Before it is too late. Before one of our major exports becomes young men of sensitive conscience and the courage to act on it.

The New Day

We shall probably never understand what is really bugging the present generation of young people unless we take time out to reflect upon the new world which has come to birth in the past five decades. It is not just a matter of the wanton destruction of life that has taken place during this low and dishonest half century, although certainly anyone with any sensitivity to human suffering and death can hardly fail to become physically sick at what he sees night after night on the evening news. It is much more than that.

In the first place, there has simply been an enormous increase in the numbers of us since the end of World War I. There are half again as many people in the world today as there were in 1920, almost half again as many of us in the United States. So year by year each one of us has become a smaller fraction of the whole, so small that we tend individually to lose all personal identity in the swarming mass.

In the second place, technological changes have made it impossible for us to scatter out over the countryside. Perforce the great majority of us must live in urban centers where we are subject to all of the annoyances and irritations that are inseparable from life in a crowd. In the kind of urban culture we now have, people are bees in a hive, not free men and women. We are rubbed against and bumped against and caught in traffic jams and penned up in too-small offices and apartments. We do not know who lives next door to us. Indeed, as one of our writers has put it, "Nobody knows my name." What we have is not the privacy which men may enjoy in true communities but the isolation which men must endure in prisons.

In the third place, it is no longer possible to accept poverty and unemployment and certain illnesses as the inscrutable decrees of God or of fate. There are now things that can be done about these misfortunes and not only the young but also many of the concerned older people in our society are screaming, and will continue to scream, until what can be done has been done. And they will not be dissuaded by cries for "Peace, peace" when there is no peace.

And in the fourth place, there has been a communications revolution of such dimensions that few of us, young or old, has yet been able to comprehend its full significance. As a parent, we know only that our youngest son at fifteen has more information about what is going on in the world than we had in our middle twenties. And when people know, they begin to make judgments. This is what young people are doing today. We are personally prepared to thank God for it.

Saving the Poor

It has taken us the better part of our adult life to figure it out, but we finally have the answer to the question why the poor in this country of embarrassing abundance don't get fed. As has so often been our experience in the past, the answer when it finally came was almost absurdly simple: the poor don't get fed because they are in no danger of extinction. Like, for example, the alligator.

The alligator is an unprepossessing animal. It spends much of its time basking in the sun on mudbanks, rising from its torpor from time to time to seize any unwary bird or animal that comes within range. So undiscriminating are its tastes that it will even eat people. It also has bad breath.

But the alligator, which once flourished in the swamps of Florida, is diminishing in numbers. And this has aroused concern, not only among those who apparently see in the alligator a beauty which we are frank to confess we do not see, but also within high government circles. To dramatize this concern the Hon. Walter J. Hickel, Secretary of the Interior, made a special trip to the Florida swamps to assure those who are concerned about the plight of the alligator that, with the cooperation of the Governor of Florida, immediate and effective action would be taken to ensure the survival and proliferation of the beast. One could tell from the sober mien of Secretary Hickel that this was no idle promise, destined to be forgotten as soon as uttered. One sensed that the Secretary was ready to lay his job on the line for the alligator.

Meanwhile, what were we talking about? Oh yes, the poor. The poor, it appears, are in no danger of extinction. Indeed, there seems to be some evidence that their numbers are increasing. They thus do not command the attention of those volunteer and governmental groups who are concerned with the preservation of wildlife. As a matter of fact, with the exception of Senator McGovern and a few other bleeding hearts like him, they seem to have no influential friends at court. Indeed
some senators, particularly from the South, deny that they exist — at least in their own states.

It would seem, therefore, that the best strategy for the poor would be to reduce their numbers. This could be accomplished in a number of ways: by suicide, by cannibalism, by emigration to other countries, or by getting rich. At some point along the line then, presumably, the cry would go up: “The poor are in danger of extinction.” And then, perhaps, the Secretary of Something or Other would announce, in a firm, clear voice, “We must take immediate steps to save the poor.”

**Toward Denver — VIII**

*When is a person rightly prepared to receive this Sacrament (the Holy Eucharist)?*

Fasting and other outward preparations serve a good purpose. However, that person is well prepared and worthy who believes these words, *given and shed for you for the remission of sins*. But anyone who does not believe these words, or doubts them, is neither prepared nor worthy, for the words *for you* require simply a believing heart.

— *The Small Catechism* by Martin Luther, a Contemporary Translation (Augsburg Publishing House and Concordia Publishing House, 1960)

The Holy Eucharist is a means of grace. It may not properly be denied to anyone who needs it, desires it, and is capable of receiving it. On this we are all agreed.

There is honest disagreement within The Lutheran Church-Missouri Synod on the question of who is capable of receiving it. And this disagreement, in turn, reflects differences of judgment on what it means to believe. For many Lutherans, the term *belief* carries so many intellectual connotations that they feel compelled to deny the Eucharist to young children on the same grounds that the Anabaptists adduce for denying Holy Baptism to infants.

But what, then, do we make of our Lord’s words about “these little ones who believe in me”? And what judgment are we prepared to pass upon the faith of a child who sings right lustily, “Jesus loves me, this I know, for the Bible tells me so”? Is he merely mouthing words and, if he is, do the words mean anything less to him than does his father’s confession of faith in one Lord Jesus Christ who is of the same *substance* with the Father? We had better be careful with this equating of a believing heart with a comprehending or assenting mind. It could drive us to deny Baptism to infants and the Eucharist to simple Christians who are unschooled in the subtleties of the Greek texts of the New Testament and the Ecumenical Creeds.

We do not think that the Eucharist, if we take it seriously as a means of grace, ought to be used as a kind of puberty rite, as a symbol of intellectual maturation, or as anything less than one of the ways by which God empowers His people to wrestle victoriously against those principalities, those powers, those rulers of the darkness of this world which are bent upon destroying His work. And this battle does not begin at age fourteen. It begins at the moment when a child can say (and mean it), “Not Thy will but mine be done.” As a parent we can testify that this is a very early age indeed — much earlier than our present age of first communion. Perhaps we ought to consider the possibility that, by denying our children this means of grace, we are in fact offending little ones who believe in Jesus Christ. If that should be the case, it would be far more serious than refusing the fellowship of the altar with adult brethren.

**DDE, 1890-1969**

Dwight D. Eisenhower died only eight years and two months after he had left the presidency, but the Eisenhower years seem already remote, a kind of outlier of some earlier America of which we know only from the history books. And when we said good-bye to him, we were at least dimly aware that it was not only a well-loved man who had died but the personification of another and gentler America.

General Eisenhower was anything but the simpleton that some of his critics would have had us believe. But there was about him a simplicity which was genuine and which won him a measure of affection unprecedented in our history. He believed in God and family and duty and honor and country — all in a way which the sophists of his day and ours find faintly amusing at best and utterly ridiculous at worst. And he gave us eight years of quiet, honest, progressive government at a time when we were weary from war and close to paranoia from the suspicions generated by McCarthyism.

In retrospect, it is easy to fault Mr. Eisenhower as President for not having attacked more aggressively than he did those deep-seated troubles which have come to the surface and turned our national life upside down in the past eight years. But to every thing there is a season and his years in office were not yet the time when any President could have anticipated, let alone channeled, the many revolutions which were seething below the surface of our outwardly peaceful national life. What he did see he dealt with wisely and effectively. What he did not see was what very few of us see even today with the evidence all about us. And it could be argued that some of the evils that have come upon us might have been averted if we had had an Eisenhower in the White House these past eight years.

In any case, it is neither as general nor as President that most of us chiefly remember Dwight David Eisenhower. We remember him rather as a kind of national father figure — not brilliant, perhaps, but wise; not so much a leader as an example; not the man of the hour but a man for all seasons. And we are all in some measure aware of the fact that with his passing something indefinably good has been lost to us as a people and as individuals.
The after-dinner speaker's lot is not a happy one. For that matter, neither is the listener's. Yet in thousands of towns and cities tonight, speakers will rise, view the debris on the tables before them, and launch out on some subject of limited interest to the groups they are addressing. The worst possible time to talk is right after dinner, and to make a speech before a group which shows signs of after-dinner drowsiness requires more than the average amount of courage.

I am not referring to talks made before groups which already have a friendly interest in the speaker and his subject, but rather to those forced talks which are completely unrelated to the purpose of the gathering. We seem to feel some compulsion to inflict a speaker on ourselves at every dinner, regardless of his subject or the overall object of the meeting. As a result, organizations of homemakers hear talks on bee keeping, businessmen learn about the speaker's interest in new fertilizers, and farmers listen to addresses on antique collecting.

Dinner committees work on the principle that the dinner will not be a success unless there is an after-dinner speaker. Another principle they operate under is that the farther the speaker's topic is from the interest of the group, the better everyone's conscience will feel. I have noticed in church that the congregation gives closer attention to the Gospel, which is in story form, than they do to the Epistle. The other suggestion is that the speaker save his main points until after he has said "In conclusion," because that is when the audience will start paying attention again.

The problems for the conscientious after-dinner speaker commence with the dinner itself, and the first one is how much to eat. Most speakers feel tension before they speak if they are trying to perform at their best. They are not in the mood for a meal at this point, since the tension may turn the food into acid indigestion or cramps, neither of which is helpful to a speaker. He knows, however, that he must eat a certain amount or his hosts will think he is passing judgment on their choice of menu. And if the food is prepared by a volunteer women's organization, he would do well to clear his plate or his reputation will be shot down by the ladies in the kitchen.

But while eating he must also establish some feeling for the group so he can decide whether he is supposed to be entertaining or educational. Then he must submit to the introduction by the master of ceremonies, an introduction which will be read word for word from the biographical sketch submitted by the speaker or, worse, one in which the m.c., a frustrated speaker himself, will attempt to anticipate the speaker's remarks, thus robbing him of his main points or forcing him to give a speech he never intended giving.

Books on public speaking help very little at such times. They work on the assumption that everyone is a born speaker or else they spend so much time trying to build up the novice speaker's courage that they never get around to content. I have a couple of suggestions. One, the speaker should fill his talk with stories and anecdotes if he wants to keep the attention of the audience. I have noticed in church that the congregation gives closer attention to the Gospel, which is in story form, than they do to the Epistle. The other suggestion is that the speaker save his main points until after he has said "In conclusion," because that is when the audience will start paying attention again.

The listeners suffer too. Sitting on folding chairs, which, if they are made of metal, get harder as the evening progresses, or if made of wooden slats begin to pinch, they are forced to sit sideways if they want to see the speaker, and this is a difficult position to hold for any length of time. One of two conditions obtains in the case of the tables. Either they have been cleared completely, leaving no water glasses or ash trays, or they are not cleared at all so that the view speaker and listeners get is that of a vast pile of dirty dishes stained by beet juice and melted Jello.

Add to this depressing picture the listener's tendency to become drowsy after eating an evening meal and then estimate the attention span of the audience. Perhaps the worst place to be sitting during the after-dinner speech is at the speaker's table, for this group of officers and dignitaries is expected to show signs of unflagging interest and attention throughout as an example to the audience.
The specific responsibility which has been given to me is to speak about the Christian in the world of business and the problem of business ethics. This is part of the concern of the Church for the Christian's life in the secular world. Over this specific area holy men have wrung their hands in frustration and confusion, liberal scholars have written and spoken with derision and scorn, and righteous saints have despaired of improvement or progress. The Church has often limited her voice to directions for moral behavior by the Ten Commandments which, when applied in a casuistic fashion, are either irrelevant or limited. Too often the Church has remained silent — motivated perhaps by a false dichotomy between what is secular and divine, what is spiritual and profane, and what is human and worldly. On the other side, businessmen have replied, equally mistakenly, that business is business; the Church's role is purely a spiritual one; and a dichotomy does in fact exist. The result has been a relationship often built upon money, and the only dialogue takes place through the collection plate.

The establishment of some unification, both of interest and concern, needs to be made and can be made if one accepts some fundamental premises.

1. Business is an indispensable part of man's existence and is rooted firmly in the creation of God. The role of the businessman within society, viewed from a functional point of view, is the maintenance of community and the preservation of life.

2. The Christian fulfills his calling as a Christian in business in the same way as a person does in any other activity.

3. The ethics of being a Christian in business are the same simul justus et peccator — a tension ethics, as for any other Christian in the world.

**The Basis in Creation**

The function and activity of the businessman is rooted firmly within the creation of God. One cannot confuse the kingdom of creation and the Kingdom of God, or hope to structure the world by standards of behavior and a basis for action upon those utopian criteria which describe the ethics within the Kingdom of God. Although the individual businessman conducts his business functions as a member of the Kingdom, the Christian imperative of love is an insufficient guide, and the New Testament is limited as a manual of conduct. The ideal ethic which our Lord proposed in the Sermon on the Mount is not meant to provide a blueprint for the structure of economic and business activity. In the Sermon on the Mount, you will recall, our Lord seems to have denounced almost every activity of business. "Lay not up for yourselves treasures on earth" — and the banker groans with his volume of financial assets. "Take no thought for the morrow" — and insurance companies seem to be contravening God's word with their concern for future prudence and foresight through insurance coverage. "If any man will sue you in law and take away your coat, give him your cloak also" — and the demands for payment seem to be against charity. The world of business cannot and does not operate with charity and without regard for the law. It has a concern for retained earnings and self-protection against eventualities and risk, and an adherence to a pricing system where one pays for what he wants. The Sermon on the Mount is not a prescription for the world of creation, but a description of the ethics of the Kingdom of God. These sayings were announcements of the Kingdom: "It has been said of old — but I say unto you." They are paradigms of the Kingdom of God and ethics of the Kingdom. They cannot form the structure of economic activity or of business relationships in a fallen world.

The world of God's creation does not conform to the ethics of the Kingdom, for the world has yet to be redeemed in its perfection. Business is not, and cannot be, the Church.

Luther, by a stroke of genius, saw the difference and proposed a doctrine of the two kingdoms, distinct yet both under one God. God is Lord of creation as well as of redemption and sanctification as our Trinitarian confession asserts. He is in essence Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, which requires explanation in philosophical terms, as the Council of Nicea asserted. Expressed in terms of activities or functions, God performs the work of creation, of redemption, and of sanctification. The Church is part of the latter two activities of God. The businessman's functions are rooted in God's creative activity. The psalmist could speak of the unity of God — "the earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof," but the unity of God is expressed in different ways. The activity of redemption does not remove the Christian from his search for bread, the need for activity and work, or the necessity of providing for his existence.
Business is rooted in the needs and wants of God's creations, and is a partner with God in supplying man's physical needs for daily bread, human protection, and the preservation of life.

Business is part of the order of creation, of God's activity in creation, and of the order and structure of a world behind which God operates, moves, and acts. This creation of God is more than grass, rivers, mountains, and geography, created some time ago in the beginning. It consists of human institutions, organizations, political groups, economic organizations. It is composed of politicians and businessmen, of cornstalks and machinery, of workers and oil wells. Creation is contemporary — as well as historical. The Christian sees this present world as part of the creation of God. God has had a part in making the totality of human society with its economic and social organizations which occupy time and space. Luther saw these as masks or larvae behind which one finds God. Faith in God means to accept the totality of His functions — creation, redemption, and sanctification. The Christian businessman, through faith, sees his role within this context. His prayer also — “give us this day our daily bread” — reminds him of the need for thankfulness.

Vocation and Service

The Christian in the world of business, like a person in every other activity, is in an existential situation before his God. He confronts his creator through His creation, and this means the forms, structures, and institutions of our society. He confronts his redeemer behind the masks of his Church or, in theological terms in, with, and under. He is moved by the Holy Spirit which act as it wills, and leads people to different functions, roles, and activities.

In the immediacy of his confrontation with God, the Christian has only one calling — that of being a Christian. He is not called to a secular job, but to an obligation of service, a life of faith, and a personal destiny. Within this calling, however, he has placed upon him other obligations and duties.

The doctrine of work calls him to joyful service and to purposeful activity within creation. He accepts the dictum of St. Paul: “He who will not work, neither shall he eat.” The gift of redemption, however, is that he can undertake his work with joy and not in sorrow.

His calling motivates him to a personal stewardship of his gifts, given to him by God, which directs his use of these things in competence and development. Out of thankfulness to God, he serves in some vocation in this world. Set free from working out his salvation with fear and trembling in this world, he is free to view the world as an opportunity for Christian service. With his knowledge of the world and his competence, skills, and abilities, he is able to serve, and led by faith he knows where. But in order to serve he needs to have some purposeful activity. In order to serve he requires competence. In order to serve he has to participate. In order to serve he needs to see this day as that which the Lord has made — and to rejoice and be glad in it. He rejoices and is glad for the gift of redemption which has set him free to work and serve.

This meaning of the calling and purposeful activity out of thankfulness makes it possible for the Christian to see this world as opportunity. This world is an opportunity for service, for the upbuilding of community, and for the establishment of justice. To see the world as opportunity means to see the forms, structures, and organizations of this world as places for action and for work. The significant dimension of the modern businessman is that he sees the world as opportunity. To these kinds of people the Church must learn to speak — of service and of the meaning of the Calling in a life of action.

Here the Church has often failed because she has created a dogmatic gap which sees the world as an obstacle to be overcome, rather than as an opportunity to be exploited. A dogmatic gap arises because she has asserted that God is only a dogma to be believed, rather than a Spirit to motivate. The incarnation as a historical event is so closely guarded as a historical incident that we have ignored the effective immediate power of both redemption and sanctification. The sins of the fathers which have been laid upon the third and fourth generation are the sins of the unique event becoming the universal, the burden of a history which determines the present, and the sin of the dogmatic assertion. The Christian businessman in his struggles within creation as he tries to fulfill his calling looks for a living Lord, rather than a historical Jesus. He pleads for a living Lord who understands power, how to use it and live with it, rather than a soporific Jesus leaning on a staff beside the still waters. The nature of the world in which the Christian businessman fulfills his calling is a world of the organization, or relationships between structures, culture, and various systems. His role demands the management of large organizations, the exercise of power over people as well as property, and the search for goals. His motivation is profit, but it is much more. Profit is a means for the maintenance of a social and economic structure — the organization upon which people depend for social and personal satisfactions. The businessman operates within society, and his tools become accounting systems, business firms, production lines, capital and finance, and power. He requires money to exist within society. As he exercises power he changes people's lives, he modifies the structure and form of our relationships, and he becomes a dynamo of social changes. As a Christian, his life is more than the quietistic life of the soul; it is the world of power, of opportunities, and of systems. The measure of his success is physical, not spiritual, and where he is without action he is not a businessman.
The Tension Ethic

A Christian ethic, grounded in the sense of calling, and rooted in the participation in God’s creation, must be related to this kind of world. An ethic which concerns itself solely with man’s soul, which focuses upon the individual, which glories in non-conformity, and which lauds the basis of individualism, is insufficient for this kind of management world. There is need for a Christian ethic which recognizes man’s freedom in this world and yet does not confuse freedom with license, or freedom with anarchy.

The Christian businessman by the very nature of his function has the most complex role of all. He cannot take refuge in the professional standards of a profession; he cannot be content with an ethic which speaks only of personal morality; he cannot neglect an ethic which recognizes that he fulfills his role within the total creation of God.

But how do we expect businessmen to behave? What are the ethical dimensions of service, the calling, and stewardship?

1. He needs an ethic as a Christian and as a businessman which includes the highest standards of personal morality and of personal righteousness. These may be expressed as adherence to the Golden Rule, or the Ten Commandments, as guides and standards for Christian conduct or for the Christian to love as God has loved us. A larger dimension to his ethical concerns is required. The Christian in business needs to observe in addition the ethics of competence, the ethics of community, and the ethics of justice.

2. The ethics of competence demand that society and the world have every right to demand that business perform its functions well. Business must apply technology, search out new products, utilize the resources which have been provided, and produce goods and services. These are necessary for the preservation of life and the provision of daily bread. The Christian businessman is motivated to this by a doctrine of work which calls him to purposeful activity; by a calling which leads him to the world as opportunity; and by a meaning of service where his service is a functional division of serving by doing his part to make it possible for life to exist and to be maintained. His ethics must relate to the performance of activities and the utilization of competence. He adheres to an ethic which relates to the maintenance and accomplishing of goals and objectives by himself as well as others. Education cannot be secured and the process of education cannot continue if professors do not teach, if students do not study, and the administration does not manage. The continual process of creation requires that appropriate functions and responsibilities be carried on by those to whom the responsibility for these functions and responsibility is given.

3. There is need for an ethic which leads to the maintenance and preservation of community. One does not create community by seeking to establish the perfection of the Kingdom of God. The Christian’s concern for community does not involve him in learning through faith the kind of things to burn, destroy, or demolish. It leads him rather to recognize the functions of organizations, structures, and relationships within which people select their goals, choose alternatives, and express their preferences. Business operates within a system of relationships of legal procedures, cultural norms, and organizational relationships. These exist because they serve a function for people. Good ethics demands a respect for the system of relationships, for example within the political system by which people select those who will rule over them; the observance of due process by which people’s dignity and rights are observed; submission to the legal structure by which we settle disputes; and adhering to the cultural norms by which people express their values in music, art, and literature.

Good ethics requires not only the preservation of structures but the observance of processes. How can individuality be preserved if my goals are interfered with by power or force of coercion? There are means by which we express our values and choices for goods and services, for highways over refrigerators, or war over peace, or peace over war, or guns over butter. The economic system is basically a way by which we determine how we will settle disputes; select the things which we want; and make our choices. We can change the structure of our economic system by law, by cultural values, and by organizations. Business ethics must include an allegiance to the way by which we go about these things and the processes by which we accomplish our goals. A businessman does have power. He holds the power of money, the power of jobs, the power of prestige and status. In the exercise of that power one can expect the businessman to observe the ethics of the use of power in community, and the ethics of the process of choice and of structure.

4. There is an ethics related to the ethics of justice. The structure of justice in human relationships in the world of creation is the Ten Commandments. There can be no real community unless man is protected in his property, in his name, and in his possessions, whether real or intangible. The Ten Commandments provide a guideline for justice. Yet justice is never total; it is always partial. It is always something worked out in compromise, frustrated in its executions, and piece-meal. The Christian businessman has a passion for justice in human relationships and between one man and another. We have to start talking about the ethics of power. My property provides me with power in the economic area; my knowledge in the social and educational sphere; my status in the social sphere; and my access to legal counsel of power in the legal sphere. The Christian businessman seeks justice in power as he seeks justice with power.

If we think that the businessman is acting unethically, let us accuse him for the right reasons. Let us not decry
the lack of ethics in business because the businessman is concerned with money, property, organizations, and production. Let us not accuse them of being unethical because he builds great organizations and operates them; because he needs profits in order to exist and to function; because he bargains with unions over wages; because he seeks better products and sells them through advertising; because he is part of a structure with which we may not agree.

Let us accuse him for the right reasons. Let us accuse him along with others in all professions because of his immorality and lack of respect for the human personality. But let us accuse professors and students for the same kinds of immoral conduct. Let us accuse him along with others for destroying community by using his power to destroy human rights, for interfering with the processes by which people seek what they want; for bringing about a tyranny of power, whether expressed through money, social status, or political process. Let us accuse him for being unconcerned with justice among people as they forget the simple meaning of protecting every man in the use of what is his own. Let us accuse him along with others for destroying our political, social, and human institutions which we have established to express our preferences and goals by means other than legal, due process, or by accepted procedures. Let us accuse him along with professors, students, politicians, and individuals who refuse to accept due procedures; the organizations, and institutions which serve purposes and functions within society which neglect the accepted means and procedures by which we resolve disputes and seek our individual goals; which make a god of the organization, whether social, political, or economic; and which forget that competence in the order of God's creation means to serve in the sphere of opportunities and who forget the present world of creation behind which God operates. Let us accuse him along with others of forgetting that justice is accomplished in compromise, and the Christian ethic is an ethic of tension and of process. Let us accuse him and others of overextending their function within society or of becoming the Church.

The unification of the divine and the holy comes about as holy men see their calling within the creation of God and through decision-making make real the ethics of being a Christian. Ethics is always more than a quietistic holiness which is unrelated to the world of God's creation. This is His creation. We are part of it, the businessman along with many others. This is God's world, God's community, and God's calling. But the businessman, along with everyone else, is lost unless he sees this world as an opportunity for service, a place to build and maintain community, and a place in which human relationships are to be structured with justice.

On Second Thought

In the reciprocal mouthing of cultic cliches, we are all inclined to stand on habit alone. We talk with great vehemence and conviction, and our conviction rests on custom without thought. We do not take the time to consider that standing on the other side may be more meaningful to us. Habit is a comfortable place to stand because we have a guaranteed audience standing there with us.

Almost all of the "Christian" statements against the Russian form of government cite their official atheism as principal reason. Yet among all the reasons Christians have to oppose Communism, its atheism is the very last and least.

Consider the record. The Communist East says, "We are not on the side of God," and they are right. The West says, "God is on our side against them," and we are wrong. The East says that religion is an opiate used by the rich to subdue the poor, and they are at least historically right. The West says it is the function of the church to legitimate the culture and to create moral citizens, and we are wrong. The East says, "We recognize no God, we operate only on human terms with human destinies," and they are right. The West says, "In God we trust, we are one nation under God," and we are wrong. Both sides use police and tanks and bombs to achieve their national purposes, but only the West claims that God has sent us to use them.

We have this general picture of God who blesses us in the West. The prophets would call that idolatry. It is more specifically anti-Biblical than anything the East could say. I cannot understand how it is possible for a church leader in the West both to oppose fellowship with other churches and to support a government God against Communist atheism.

I am not a pro-Communist. I think the philosophy on which Communism is based is archaic and stupid. Their sociological stance is ridiculous. Their economic theory is unworkable. The whole system is pragmatically impossible. They have been, they are, and they will be unable to live by the lights they pretend to follow. These fallacies, and not the official atheism, have led the Communist governments into terrible violation of human rights. These faults, and not official atheism, have stunted economic growth and killed laughter in the streets.

The official atheism does not bother me. Even though it causes oppressive action against the organized program of the institutional church, it may be a boon to Christians. The follower of Christ in the Communist East must trust in the Lord rather than in the police. He must hope in mercy rather than in tanks and bombs. He will hear Jeremiah gladly, instead of falsely picturing himself in the army of Joshua.
Siege without Shelling

By LA VERN J. RIPPLEY
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Twenty-one years ago this year Karl Viktor Hagen, a native of New York City, died when his C-47 transport plane crashed into the mountains of Western Germany. He became the first victim of the Berlin airlift. Today a soaring monument in front of Berlin's Tempelhof Airport perpetuates the names of all the seventy-two airmen — thirty-one Americans — who gave their lives during the eleven-month Berlin blockade. It was during that period of siege that professors and students dropped out of the old Humbolt University in East Berlin to found the Free University of West Berlin. Born during the airlift in the candlelight of nine cold rooms in the West sector, the Free University today offers scholarships from the Berlin foundation “Airlift Gratitude” to all children of the fallen heroes. Shortly after America's first fatal crash claimed the life of Karl Hagen, his first son Anthony was born. Today the Free University awaits him.

The Berlin blockade began on June 24, 1948, at the climax of a series of lesser restrictions placed on ground travel. Mumbling about “technical difficulties,” the Russians cut off all surface transportation through their occupied zone — halting the flow of food, coal, milk, and even the electricity which was generated in the Soviet sector's power plants. What no Russian bargained for was the Allies' performance of the impossible.

In a matter of hours after receiving orders, a U.S. Air Force squadron stationed at Anchorage, Alaska, became airborne. With brief stops at Great Falls, Montana, Westover Field, Massachusetts, and the Azores, the squadron landed just forty-eight hours later on the big Rhein-Main Air Base at Frankfurt, Germany. In less than a half day the giant C54 transport planes were braving lightning, clouds, and Russian radio jamming to airlift cargo to beleaguered West Berlin.

The American decision to leap the blockade came through a declaration by General Lucius D. Clay, who ordered the airlift into action. The whole idea seemed ludicrous — planes could never supply two million people. But they did! So magnificent was the technical achievement that when the blockade was lifted the Luftbrucke (literally the air bridge) had hauled more than 2,300,000 tons of supplies into West Berlin. That figure represents more than one ton for every living person in the city. Throughout the whole of “Operation Vittles” (the British called it “Operation Carter Paterson,” the name of Britain's largest parcel delivery service), there were 277,728 flights made at an estimated cost of $130,000 per day.

During each of the 320 blockaded nights, blazing floodlights illuminated Tempelhof Airport, once the largest airport in the world. (The British used the smaller field, Gatow Terminal.) Its runways were never empty. When one set of wheels reached the end, others were already pounding down. Meantime back in Frankfurt, a sad, somber colonel briefed each set of crews. They had no regular work hours. On two trips and off four; three crews to each plane; each made four round trips every day. Lines and lines of trucks snaked around the edge of the field loading the planes. At three-minute intervals, the transports ground up through the atmosphere and roared toward Tempelhof, at designated speeds and precise intervals.

It became a standard quip that whenever a motor would sputter crew chiefs would say, “If you run out of gas, I can throw in a shovelful of coal.” Coal alone represented nearly two-thirds of the tonnage delivered. As soon as the blockade was announced Berlin authorities began rationing. They had a mere thirty-four days supply at the outset. Lighter foods, such as dehydrated milk and potatoes, helped increase the capacity of the transports. But how do you dehydrate other paraphernalia such as generators and the coal to run them? Eventually former bombers were pressed into service to carry 110-pound bags of coal which could be dropped without landing. One co-pilot who hit rough weather found his bags had shifted and the plane began listing to port. Retelling about it he laughed, “We could never have landed that plane or we would have ended up down below shoveling coal.” Dropping sacks of coal through the bomb bay shortened the flying time required for the 550-mile round trip from Frankfurt.

West Berlin's flow of electricity was severely restricted. Housewives got current only from four to six in the morning, but gladly rose to do the ironing at that ungodly hour. An American living in Berlin at the lifting of the blockade dubbed the period the “lampshade era.” Everyone, it seems, was coming home with a lampshade. The simple fact is that, during the siege, nobody had enough light to care about shading it.

In those pre-Wall days West Berliners could still enter the East sector. Occasionally they bought food and smuggled it out. As usual, black marketers operated and successfully filtered some building and heating materials through the checkpoints. Throughout the sum-
mer and fall the bulk of the foodstuffs kept arriving by the planes which continued to dump some five thousand tons of supplies daily, five hundred tons more than the declared minimum needed. As winter approached the weather grew foul and the coal requirements climbed — but then so did the deliveries. Gas works functioned, but only coal could fire the turbines and most home stoves still burned only coal or wood. Whatever trees survived Berlin’s wartime symphony of flames encountered a second ordeal during the cold winter of the blockade.

The lives of West Berliners under such circumstances took on strange appearances. The only well-stocked stores in West Berlin were the antique shops. Families crammed them with silver platters, Meissen statuettes, mis-matched demi-tasse cups. Cupboards of family keepsakes were pawned or sold to put food on the table and fire in the stove. To a city nearly liquidated by bombs during World War II there were no extras. Barely enough tinned meat, flour, sugar, lard, and potatoes arrived. Desperately needed construction material did not. One American soldier quartered with the occupation forces nicknamed the billets “Westchester-on-Wannsee” because of the markedly superior standard of living the troops enjoyed.

The Russian choking process began as early as March of 1948 when Russian officials took measures to curb rail traffic from Berlin to the Western zones. In April there were suspensions of scheduled trains, and in May barge traffic through the Soviet zone ground to a halt. Finally, on June 12, they closed the Autobahn bridge across the Elbe river, ostensibly for repairs. Then the Allies announced the West German currency reform a few days later; the Russians suspended all access to West Berlin, explaining that precautions had to be taken to prevent Western Marks from spilling over into East German territory. The blockade probably was a last ditch Russian effort to sabotage the blue prints for a resurgence West Germany. More than likely, Stalin figured on getting a deal in exchange for lifting the barriers. Perhaps in the back of his mind was the desire for a lesson too; that a nation’s influence is only as great as its technical and moral capability to exert it. Its power must be kept in line with commitments. If it is, a nation is exercising a solid diplomacy. If not, a nation’s foreign policy quickly washes away.

Berliners learned the most, even though they also suffered the most. At least 300,000 went unemployed for the winter. Factories had to shut down either for lack of raw materials or of power. Fear nourished fear. When a vicious editorial in the Soviet sector’s Taegliche Rundschau headlined, WHEN THE HEAD IS OFF YOU DON’T CRY ABOUT THE HAIR, Berliners wanted to leave the city immediately. But in a late June rally, over 70,000 listened to speakers defy the Russians: “Berliners remain free; it will never be Communist... Berlin has become an example for the entire freedom-loving world. What Berlin and German democracy need are proofs from the world, proofs of their confidence by action.” The West furnished the action and the Berliners delivered the proof — by their inaction, by refusing to leave their bedeviled city.

Wit and imagination flourished in the little cabarets and theatres of West Berlin where actors appeared in costumes of paper and scraps of cloth. But these shows were always good and crowded. West Berliners also visited the Old Opera House just across the sector line. Political jibes and jabs fluttered through the streets and into the popular German nightclub acts. In one of them, actors played a skit in which a pilot was flying East German officials over to buzz West Berlin. Communist boss Walter Ulbricht asked, “What do you think, Otto (Grotewohl), will they be happy to come to our side if I drop them a candy bar with greetings from us?” The make-believe pilot interrupts quipping, “They
would be much happier if I dropped the two of you — and forget the greetings!"

On May 12, 1949, the barricades were opened. The first train arriving in Berlin had its locomotive and cars festooned with sprigs of green. Waving crowds massed to meet the puffing lifeline. After this first breath of spring, floods of trains, trucks, and barges began to disgorge. Hopes were fulfilled at last.

But the decision on the part of the United States to remain in the German capital had been an unusually grim one. If they had abandoned West Berlin, all indications are that Europe itself would later have been swallowed up. On the other hand, opening the blockade held all the implications of an ultimatum, after which a bloody war with the Soviet Union could have ensued.

But by doing the impossible, by literally creating the third alternative, the United States demonstrated to Europe and the world that it was committed to their problems. At a crucial time in history, America had written its message in the skies of Germany: that the United States had the willingness to give its word and the prowess to keep it.

If it had ended there the Berlin blockade would remain just another astounding feat in history. In retrospect, however, the Berlin affair takes on far-reaching implications. For today, the same policy of limited reaction remains in force—a policy which was etched into the world’s conscious twenty years ago by U.S. squadrons over the mountains and heaths of Central Germany. In Korea and Vietnam, even perhaps during the Cuban missile crisis, the United States Government has tried to repeat what it did two decades ago in Berlin—namely to create the third alternative. Sadly it has again been successful.

Auction

He started at the rear of the house with the tools—while the ladies gathered near the front porch to sift through the personal things; all around the house the furniture had been arranged, and after seeing the naked, shamed inside (which they had sat in for years), the older women found rockers in the front to sit in, and they rocked easily.

The men showed up for the tools. Standing close to the wooden benches and tables, they looked a convention of trainmen in their striped coveralls and train caps. The coveralls gaped at the sides showing blue denim shirts, or long underwear. Their burnt-red races screwed up into funny looks as the auctioneer approached: his one stump arm carried the black glove at a hammer angle—the men joked and looked away, they had already felt the length of the sledges, or tested the bite and grip of saws and piliars—sideways glancing at him with nods, wanting the saw for 25¢—joking at the running words that spilled like an organized waterfall behind the frame house—The others waited with foot raised on bumpers of shining new pickups—watching but not bidding—they come at auctions—"Who's moving?"
"What's he sellin?"

"Why that's all right, tho I've got one already..."
As the seller of things moves around the house the men trail off, pushing the mowers, hefting guiltily the long wrenches, then the long line of canned goods and brown crocks, pickles watched by sharp-nosed women.

And the late ones stand against the Hi-boys stacked in front—the rocking women rock and don’t complain that they can’t see; The muscled man in front is buying glasswear; he doesn’t nod for it, but he buys the glass for his shop on the Milford Road:

When the letters and scissors and beads and buttons are gone in the one box; and the round German pictures for frames—the rockers go—and the old women go home to bake, and to wait—then the small boys jump through the flower beds at tag, and the station wagon lumbers over the ditch with the bed springs sticking out—and the talley sheet is figured inside on a card table that didn’t sell.

JACK TRACY LEDBETTER

The Cresset
Donne's Atonement Conceit in the Holy Sonnets

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In his *Holy Sonnets*, John Donne casts God in dramatic roles: "rise and for thine own work fight" (*HS II*); "batter my heart, three person’d God" (*HS XIV*); and, "thou/Dost woo my soul" (*HS XVIII*). This "strong element of dramatization," in J.B. Leishman’s words, receives much critical praise. Clay Hunt finds "superb dramatic power" in the poems. Leishman writes of *HS XVIII*: "Donne has magnificently dramatized a situation" by "raising to the highest pitch of drama . . . what theology tells him is the reality of his situation . . ." However, Leishman’s critical praise often implies a faulty corollary: that Donne’s "genius" and "characteristic ingenuity" explain why he casts God in dramatic roles in the *Holy Sonnets*. An investigation into Donne’s theological background suggests a contrary view, the thesis of this study: that Donne uses dramatic roles for God as a conceit which he gleaned from his theological reading; and, that Donne’s "theological conceit" consistently connotes the Atonement, the unifying motif of the Holy Sonnets.

The nature of Donne’s theological conceit becomes clear by comparing Donne’s sonnets to Edmund Spenser’s "An Hymn of Heavenly Love" and Robert Herrick’s "His Creed." For Donne, God must

- Divorce me, untie, or break that knot again,
- Take me to you, imprison me, for I,
- Except y’enthral me, never shall be free,
- Nor ever chaste except you ravish me.

(*HS XIV, 11. 11-14*)

But for Spenser, God’s reconciliation has little to do with His acting in the present; rather, the reconciliation or atonement is a past and static event:

- In flesh at first the guilt committed was;
- Therefore in flesh it must be satisfied.
- Nor spirit, nor angel, though they man surpass,
- Could make amends to God for man’s misguide,
- But only man himself, who self did slide.
- So taking flesh of sacred virgin’s womb,
- For man’s dear sake he did a man become.

(*11. 141-147*)

Herrick, too, emphasizes the pastness of God’s act of atonement. In "His Creed," Herrick confesses:

- I do believe the one in three,
- And three in perfect unity;
- Lastly, that Jesus is a deed
- Of gift from God. And here’s my creed. (*11. 13-16*)

In contrast to Spenser’s and Herrick’s notions of the atonement, Donne’s lines portray God’s action as a present, dynamic force. For Donne, the atonement demands present imperative verbs: "batter," "burn," "divorce," "ravish," "break," "blow," and "bend." But for Spenser and Herrick, God’s act of atonement is described best with nouns: "amends," "entire affection," "love," "deed," and "gift."

Theologians recognize the conceptual difference between a God who acts, who "batters," and a God who has been acted upon, a "satisfied" God. Gustaf Aulen, in *Christus Victor*, identifies the two concepts with two great doctrines of the atonement. The notion of a "satisfied" God (Spenser and Herrick) finds its first formulation in Anselm of Canterbury’s *Cur Deus homo*, according to Aulen. In briefest outline, Anselm argued that man owed God satisfaction for sin. Since he could not pay, God became man to pay the debt, thus answering the question *Cur Deus homo?:* Obviously, Spenser and Herrick reflect Anselm’s doctrine of the atonement, the dominant doctrine during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Donne, however, draws upon an older tradition which Aulen calls the "classic" or "dramatic" theory of the atonement. Aulen finds this "old mythological account of Christ’s work as a victory over the devil" substantially different from Anselm’s doctrine; unlike Anselm’s "satisfaction" emphasis, the "central theme of the ‘dramatic’ theory is the idea of the atonement as a Divine conflict and victory; Christ — *Christus Victor* — fights against and triumphs over the evil powers of the world." Clearly, Donne expresses the "dramatic" view of the atonement rather than the "satisfaction" theory common to Spenser and Herrick. He came upon theological and literary precedents for his atonement conceit in at least three sources: the writings of St. Paul, of the early church Fathers, and of Martin Luther.

Sources of the Theory

St. Paul’s epistles, for which Donne confessed a "spiritual appetite," contain so many references to the present, dynamic action of atonement that Aulen finds the "classic" theory “essential to Paul’s thought.” St. Paul writes that God “must reign till he hath put all enemies under his feet;” “. . . He is able even to subdue all things unto himself; “the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God.” Just as St. Paul’s God
“reigns” and “subdues” in the epistles, so Donne’s God “fights” and “o’erthrows” in the *Holy Sonnets*.

The writings of the early church Fathers provided Donne with a second source for his atonement conceit. Donne knew the Fathers’ writings well; he claimed to have “digested the whole body of Divinity” of Rome and Canterbury, an assertion which William R. Mueller says “one could hardly deny.” In his reading of “the homilies of our Fathers,” Donne met again and again the “dramatic” theory of the atonement. For example, Donne records his impressions on the “vehemence, the force of the Holy Ghost” after reading a sermon by Irenaeus. No doubt the Fathers strongly influenced Donne’s conception of the atonement, especially if Aulen is correct in his assertion that “the ‘classic’ idea of the atonement is the dominant view of the Western as of the Eastern Fathers.”

But a more contemporaneous source for Donne’s atonement conceit lies in Luther’s writings. William R. Mueller documents Donne’s theological debt to Luther. Many of Donne’s theological arguments, Mueller points out, “developed through calling on the testimony of Luther. . . .” Thus, “Donne was . . . familiar not only with the Old and New Testament records . . . but also with the extension of . . . doctrine enunciated by Luther.”

Donne lists Luther among the “sounder and more Orthodoxal Divines who teach us what to embrace and follow.” Since Luther’s writings are nothing less than, in Aulen’s words, “a revival of the old classic theme of the atonement,” Donne must have found in them powerful and suggestive material for his theological poetry. The drama of “God acting” must have been apparent to Donne in reading Luther’s works. Examples are numerous: “The Devil would rather run through a fire than stay where Christ is.” In his commentary on *Galatians*, Luther adds dialogue to the drama: “By faith in Christ a person may gain such sure and sound comfort, that he need not fear the devil, sin, death or any evil. ‘Sir Devil,’ he may say, ‘I am not afraid of you. I have a Friend whose name is Jesus Christ, in whom I believe. He has abolished the law, condemned sin, vanquished death, and destroyed hell for me. He is bigger than you, Satan. He has licked you, and holds you down’” Luther’s hymn, *Ein feste Burg*, reveals a similar dramatic content: “. . . But for us fights the Valiant One / Whom God Himself elected.” Such similarities between Donne and Luther are not meant to suggest that Donne was only a lyrical Luther; they are pointed out only to establish that Donne’s repeated expression of God-in-action, his atonement conceit, is not a parentless creation of his “characteristic ingenuity,” as Leishman puts it, but rather has identifiable theological and literary ancestors.

**Significance for Interpretation**

And these ancestors make a difference in the interpretation of the *Holy Sonnets*. Donne’s use of his atonement conceit is consistent with the ancestry of the conceit; whenever he casts God in a dramatic role, he does so within the context of the classic, dramatic theory of the atonement. For example, his phrases “divorce me” and “burn me” never stand alone as simple metaphorical statements in the *Holy Sonnets*; rather, as an atonement conceit, they imply and assume a purpose; “divorce me” to make atonement, “burn me” to make atonement. The theological significance of the atonement conceit thus becomes a sort of ground bass upon which the rest of the sonnet builds and by which the sonnet is unified. In each of the following examples, the theological meaning of the conceit dictates the development of the sonnet: HS I, “Repair me now” (conceit) so that “I rise again” (atonement); HS II, “for thine own work fight” (conceit) so that “I do see / That Thou lov’st mankind well” (atonement); HS V, “burn me, O Lord, with a fiery zeal” (conceit) which “doth in eating heal” (atonement). However, Donne uses his atonement conceit most extensively in HS XIV, quoted here for convenient reference:

Batter my heart, three-person’d God, for you
As yet but knock, breathe, shine, and seek to mend.
That I may rise and stand, o’erthrow me and bend
Your force to break, blow, burn, and make me new.
I, like an usurp’d town t’other due,
Labor t’admit you, but O, to no end!
Reason, your viceroy in me, me should defend,
But is captiv’d and proves weak or untrue,
Yet dearly I love you ’nd would be loved fain,
But am betroth’d unto your enemy.
Divorce me, untie, or break that knot again,
Take me to you, imprison me, for I
Except y’enthral me, never shall be free,
Nor ever chaste except you ravish me.

In the first quatrains, Donne portrays the work of God the Father in the atonement: like a tinker, God should “break, blow and burn” the faulty pewter vessel of the heart in order to “make me new.” The work of God the Son in the atonement comprises the second quatrains. Like a military leader, Christ must win back the “usurp’d town” which has been betrayed by “reason . . . weak or untrue.” In the third quatrains, a woman implores God the Spirit to “Divorce me . . . take me to you . . . ravish me.” The woman’s sinful betrothal to the “enemy” must be broken, the bride must again be made “chaste.” Thus, the Spirit must perform His work of sanctification. The act of atonement by which the bride is again sanctified is the union implied in the word “ravish.” Luther uses a similar analogy: “As the bride loves her betrothed, so also does Christ love us . . . The Bride can be satisfied with nothing; the only thing she wants is the bridegroom himself.” This love is fulfilled, Luther writes, “in the marriage union of faith.” And so for Donne, too, the atonement is completed in final sanctification.

HS XIV, then, may be read as a passionate account of the work of atonement — Creation, Redemption,
and Sanctification, in respective quatrains — by the “three-person'd God.” In the midst of such disparate images as a tinker, a besieged town, and a captive woman, Donne achieves artistic unity largely through the use of his atonement conceit. Much more can, of course, be said in explication of this most complex sonnet. But a recognition of Donne's atonement conceit provides a useful key to unlock new insights into the beauty and significance of the Holy Sonnets.

NOTES
4. Leishman, p. 264.
5. Leishman, p. 257.
7. Aulen, p. 4.
10. Holy Bible, KJV. Citations are from 1 Corinthians 15:25, Philippians 3:21, and 1 Thes. 4:16, respectively.
13. Quoted in Mueller, p. 76.
15. Mueller, p. 36.
16. Quoted in Mueller, p. 98.
17. Aulen, p. 102.

The Home

The hot morning sun
sucked the shadow
off the wide-board porch where the old woman rocked;
the bustle in the house
was noisier than necessary
but she rocked the same for all of the talk
that hung heavy on the August air.

From her porch she could see the ladies
gather across the graveled street, their heads
bonneted and bent in the trellis shade.

Her long bony hands tightened
on the smooth brown rocker arms;
she shuffled her feet on the porch
and lifted a yellowed handkerchief
to her throat, then let it drop
to her lap;
The sun spun in a mazy light
white motions in the beams that struck
the hot roof of the pickup that
bumped the ditch and rolled to a stop
at the porch.

The driver smiled a wide
clean smile and said
"Mam"
as he leaped the steps and banged
through the screen door;
The Old Lady tried to say something,
as he jumped the steps, but he moved
too fast in the sun, his face blurred in the
web of years that held her in her chair—
The ladies in the shade
looked up as the family
started out the door, formal,
like an odd parade;

they marked the ties, the old
blue suit, the fans, the brooch—
and how they passed the chair but
turned in awkward angles to look before
they got in cars.
The old woman rocked
and rubbed one hand upon
the other;
and felt she ought
to tell them of her dresses
that they folded in the truck—
and the ladies on the swing
cried "hush," and "come out
and see now" to others in the house
across the street—
The son came up the steps.
The chair rocked, but slower;
and turning once, she saw the neighbor's
cat lying quiet in the gladiolas watching
the soft brown birds dancing
in the bird bath—

and she kept looking at the cat
and the birds as she was lifted from
the chair, her back held firm
by long, strong arms; her head
against his chest, the world
moving around her as she
watched—

And all the world there was
sat quiet across the street
as the trellis vine stirred slightly
in the darkness of the porch.

JACK TRACY LEDBETTER
The Abuses of Power

By WALTER F. STROMER
Assistant Professor of Speech
Cornell College

When we say “power corrupts,” most people think of politicians. We recall Charles Beard’s statement that one of the lessons of history is, that “Whom the Gods would destroy they first make mad with lust for power.” Few of us who are well educated and reasonably verbal would imagine that education and verbal ability may confer power which also has its dangers as well as its virtues. To use with restraint the accumulated knowledge and the rhetorical skill we possess is an obligation sometimes forgotten in dealing with those less sophisticated than we in the tools of oral discourse.

Seventy-two people show up for the precinct caucus of the Democrat party in a small town. Sixty are faculty and wives from the college on the edge of town; twelve are non-college townspeople. The college crowd is prepared to nominate a chairman. It does. He is elected. That is legitimate; they have a majority. A resolution is proposed which has already been circulated among the college group. In the discussion, a townsman asks a question. He is deftly put down by a doctor of philosophy. Sixty are pleased; twelve are beaten into silence. They are not free to speak, for what man with twelve years of schooling and only spare time to devote to political affairs would try to match wits and words in public with the Ph.D. who has several hours a day to spend perusing three newspapers and a dozen magazines?

The voters’ assembly of a church, all men, is discussing the question of whether or not to admit women to voting membership. It is seldom done in this denomination. Finally a member of the voting assembly who also happens to be the president of that church’s college in that town gets to his feet. “I should like to point out . . .,” and which factory employee or grocery clerk will challenge an ordained minister who is also president of a college? In this case there is one. A man of slight build, with a tremor in his body and in his voice due to cerebral palsy, states his case. “When I was in Chicago, our church there debated this issue. We decided to let women become voting members. A member of our voting body at that time, and a strong advocate of this proposal was none other than the Rev. Dr. Otto Kleinstern, the President of our Synod.” The resolution was passed. Had it not been for the accident of one small David armed with courage and one stone, the power of the educated Goliath might easily have prevailed.

A thousand people have come to hear a lecture by an eminent child psychologist. He discourses for an hour on problems of parenthood and child rearing. Then the meeting is open for questions. The fourth question comes from a man down front. He is in his twenties. He has been conversing in whispers with the young woman beside him. His question, “Doctor, what should you do with a child who is always tearing up magazines and knocking ash trays off the end tables?” The good doctor stares hard at the couple and then demands, “How old is the child?” “Three years old,” says the young man and his wife nods. “Three years old,” bellows the specialist in human relations, “Who should have better sense, the child or the parent?” That puts an end to all meaningful questions. Knowledge has triumphed over courtesy.

To a college campus comes a man who has spent a quarter century as a newsmen and radio speaker. He has visited Viet Nam several times in years past. He has recently met with leaders in both halves of that country. He has just completed a book on our war there. In his speech he overwhelms the audience with his knowledge of facts, his reference to personal experience and personal acquaintances, and his forensic ability. During the discussion which follows, he fields questions like a champion. When a student asks a question which challenges the point of view taken by the speaker, the expert delivers a three-minute refutation that fairly flattens the student against the back wall. After that, all of the questions are of the “Would you care to comment further . . .” variety. Again, knowledge and rhetoric have triumphed, but the free and equal exchange of ideas has been sadly vanquished.

At the Ambassador Theater in Washington, D.C., a meeting is sponsored by the “Artists of Conscience.” The celebrities include Robert Lowell, Dwight McDonald, and Norman Mailer. The stars and the attending satellites are there to give vent to their anti-war sentiments. Toward the close of the evening, according to David Wakefield in The Atlantic, Mailer makes a final appearance and warns the audience that they will see how the press distorts things when they read the paper the next day.

Then he reached his finest moment of bravery. He said he knew there were reporters from the daily papers in the audience, and that they were chicken, and he challenged them to come upon the stage and confront him right then and there. No one went forward, and this showed how brave Mailer was, because there he was standing before an audience that
largely regarded him as a hero, and he is a professional debater and amateur boxer and can yell louder than anyone and outcuss anyone, and yet not a single reporter wanted to walk up alone and engage in battle with him, a battle that would be of Mailer's own whimsical choosing before his own crowd. He stood there proudly, his stomach pushed out and his tousled head thrown back and one hand thrust jauntily into his pocket, and one hand holding his mug. Fearless. 1

Hopefully few who consider themselves truly educated would make such a crude display of their advantage. Yet the temptation is always there, to silence a student with a question which he can not possibly answer, to impress a less educated opponent with polysyllabic words and parenthetical expressions fluidly rolled off the tongue, or to end a discussion with an enigmatic all-purpose quotation by one who is famous.

Those of us so fortunate as to be better educated in facts and in rhetoric than our fellowmen have more power than we know. We have a responsibility to use that power for the good of the society which gave it to us. We also have a responsibility to restrain that power, to use it sparingly and with charity, in the presence of those who lack our rhetorical lustre but whose feelings are as eloquent as our own.


From the Chapel

"He Ascended into Heaven"

By JOHN STRIETELMEIER
Managing Editor

And when he had spoken these things, while they beheld, he was taken up; and a cloud received him out of their sight. And while they looked steadfastly toward heaven as he went up, behold, two men stood by them in white apparel; Which also said, Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven? This same Jesus, which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manners as ye have seen him go to heaven. — Acts 1:9-11

If our Lord had had a good public relations man, He might never have made the mistake of ascending into Heaven on a Thursday. For Thursday is a week-day, and we have a kind of informal understanding with God that if we keep Sunday mornings clear for Him He will not interfere with the serious business of life during the rest of the week. We make an exception, of course, during Lent, when God is in trouble and needs a little moral support, but it all comes out all right on Easter, and after that everything should get back to normal. After all, we can’t be spending every evening in church.

Perhaps it might be different if Ascension Day actually said anything to us. But what practical value is there in being reminded of an event which, if you get to thinking about it at all, merely gets you to wondering? To a bunch of simple-minded Galileans it might have seemed plausible enough that a man could start rising up from a hill-top, zoom up through some clouds, and end up in heaven. But we are not simple-minded Galileans. A man at the University of Chicago calculated several years ago that if our Lord had made his ascent at the speed of light, He should still be visible. Project Mercury has posed even more difficult problems.

Of course, we believe that our Lord ascended into heaven. We say so every time we recite the Apostles’ Creed. But then, in religion we have to say a lot of things that don’t make any particular sense. That’s faith, which, as one man has defined it, is a “tenacious insistence upon the truth of the improbable.” With a little practice anybody can be a Christian. All you have to do is say what the book says, whether it makes any sense or not.

The book says that “he was taken up; and a cloud received him out of their sight.” The book says, “He ascended into heaven and sitteth on the right hand of God the Father Almighty.” So we recite what the book says and don’t ask questions. After all, as Damon Runyon once put it, a man who asks questions merely gets a reputation for asking questions. And that kind of reputation doesn’t help anybody get ahead in the world or the church.

And so, if we observe Ascension Day at all, we follow the ancient custom which dates all the way back to the very first Ascension Day. We sit gazing up into heaven — not quite believing and certainly not comprehending what we see. Why is this Jesus whom we thought we knew so well acting so strangely? Where is He going and why is He going?

A cynic might suggest that He went away to avoid being crucified a second time because, judging by what has happened these past two thousand years to His followers, this is man’s universal response to the presence of God in their midst, and, indeed, this is what men have consistently done to our Lord’s mystical body, the Church. For that reason, if for no other, we may dismiss any sentimental wishes that our Lord had remained among us with His visible presence. The chances are too great

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that we ourselves would be running with the howling mobs that would be demanding His crucifixion.

The New Testament gives us two answers to the question of why our Lord went away, and these two answers are actually two facets of the same answer. There is, first of all, our Lord's own statement on the night in which He was betrayed: "It is expedient for you that I go away; for If I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you; but if I depart, I will send him unto you." And the two men in white apparel tell the disciples: "This same Jesus, which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen him go into heaven."

These two testimonies agree in one. Ascension Day was not an end but a beginning, not a withdrawal of God from His world but the prelude to His coming in a new and more powerful way. For Ascension Day looks forward to Pentecost, to the sound as of a rushing mighty wind and the new baptism with tongues like as of fire. A new age was about to dawn, an age which we call the Christian Era but which we might more properly call the Age of the Holy Spirit. It had its beginning in the coming of the Holy Spirit. It will have its end in our Lord's return in glory and judgment. This is the age in which the Church, as our Lord's body, and we ourselves, as its members, fill up the sufferings of Christ, receiving from the Comforter that comfort in all our tribulation which enables us to comfort them that are in any trouble, by the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God.

Book of the Month

THE VICTORIAN SCENE (A Picture Book of the Period 1837-1901) is the title of a volume compiled last year by Nicolas Bentley, who is famous in a number of fields, and published by George Weidenfeld and Nicolson. He is well-known as an author of three "thrillers" and several satirical works, and the slogan "Nicolas Bentley drew the pictures" has appeared in more than 60 books, including works by Hilaire Belloc, T. S. Eliot, and Damon Runyon.

In a note on the end-papers of The Victorian Scene it is stated that Bentley is a collector of Victoriana and an ardent amateur of the Victorian domestic era. Only an author of his calibre could have completed this book so successfully.

Embellished with hundreds upon hundreds of illustrations and reproductions, in color and in black-and-white with engravings, cartoons, advertisements — the list is too long to give here — the volume must be seen, studied and handled to appreciate its full scope and intensity.

The Victorian era has always been a theme of endless fascination, whether approached from the view of the historian, the economist, the student of social problems, or the philosopher who seeks for answers to the problems of today in the scene of the past.

In his introduction, Bentley states, "It was said long ago that history is a pageant, not a philosophy. There are histories of philosophy, of course. There are even those who read them. This reconnaissacne of the Victorian social scene is not meant for the instruction of such learned minds. It is meant for those who prefer history in the form of a pageant."

But I have many quibbles with the book, it is with the penultimate phrase of Bentley's introduction. I believe that The Victorian Scene can offer a great deal to a "learned" mind.

The historical pundit, or philosopher, who sets himself apart from a work of this character, could in effect garner a great many things from this book, and may, perhaps, obtain a clearer insight into the significance of past events than he now has.

"History as a pageant" is definitely the most succinct description of the book. I would add that if history texts in the elementary and secondary schools of our nation, and yes in our colleges and universities were of the calibre of this book, then instruction in this field of learning and knowledge would be far easier for the professor and much more fascinating for the student.

I am fortunate enough to possess quite a number of historical works, which include biographies and historical fiction, but I know of only one book that is in any way comparable to Bentley's volume. That book is Roger Butterfield's The American Past (which we reviewed in July, 1967). Every bit and item of The Victorian Scene is carefully handled. Even the "dust jacket" of the book is a work of art, so much so that I have preserved the front and back covers by cementing them into the blank pages at the beginning and end of the book.

I have indulged in this practice for many years. Often the dust-jacket, or the end papers, carry illustrations or little items not to be found in the body of the book.

It is indeed tempting to quote from the book, but I shall confine my efforts in this direction to one pertinent remark: "Throughout the Victorian era, leisure was seen as a reward only to be expected for a fair day's work. . . . Looking back on the Victorians' achievements. . . . it would seem that there is still something to be said for the meaning which they attached to leisure."

HERMAN C. HESSE

The Cresset
Who are the poor? It is hard to say these days inasmuch as even people in the know — people who maintain programs for the poor, people who have planned anti-poverty projects, people who research poverty — differ on their definitions of poverty.

In *The Affluent Society* (1958), John Kenneth Galbraith figured an annual cash income of one thousand dollars to be the poverty line. In a report to the Joint Economics Committee of Congress (1959), Robert Lampman set twenty-five hundred dollars (for a family of four) as his poverty line. Leon H. Keyserling (in *Poverty and Deprivation in the United States*, 1962) made four thousand dollars (for a family of four) the point at which to separate the "haves" from the "have-nots."

Obviously, "the differences in these estimates" within just a few years (according to Deborah I. Offenbacher in "The Proper Study of Poverty" on which this column is based in large part) "can hardly be explained by changes in the American standard of living during that short period." One can account for these differences, asserts a study by the New School for Social Research and the Twentieth Century Fund, by assuming that our definitions of poverty depend on the complexities of who we are, when and where we are. Differences in definitions and estimates depend also on the purposes for which the differences and the estimates are made.

The poor might well retaliate to all this agonizing over definitions and estimates with a "to heck with it." After all, feel most of the poor, what really is the big difference between one thousand and twenty-five hundred dollars, between one thousand and four thousand dollars. When one gets that far down on the economic ladder, it really does not make that much difference. It is a "tough go" in any of these cases. At any rate, it is better to help than to define.

The poor more often than not are not in a position to argue and in most cases will not argue. Yet they know that they are in trouble. So, they repeat over and over again, "A fig on your definitions."

Nor dare the non-poor sit around in endless defining sessions while the poor suffer in need and deprivation. After all, a person ought not sharpen a knife forever; at some time he must get around to cutting bread with it.

In addition to all this, there is a tendency to define poverty only in economic terms. Offenbacher points out in a work already cited that a definition only according to economic terms "tends to obscure other components in the status set of the individuals or groups to which the designation 'poor' is applied." She refers, for example, to "a young medical student who earns $1,500 a year from odd jobs around campus." In economic terms he is hardly a poverty case for he had more going for him than the average poor man who falls into the fifteen-hundred dollar category. He has more potential in his situation and status than the average miner in West Virginia. "Similarly," adds Offenbacher, "the poverty of an elderly Negro couple whose adult children can hardly support themselves and their families is very different from that of a white couple with the same annual income whose children, friends or relatives may be able to provide such extras as clothing, a pleasant vacation, or financial assistance in times of illness."

Other discriminating variables interpret the picture. Agencies and organizations responsible for the welfare of the poor have paid more attention to and devoted more resources to families with young children, to the unskilled and the illiterate, to the workers who could possibly be returned to the labor market, and to creating opportunities for those who are possibly "on the make." Consequently they have consigned many other poor to positions of secondary interest, e.g., the aged and the aging, the handicapped, the ill, the broken down pauper, and the transient.

Then, too, many people, especially our urban leaders, define poverty according to the troubles they have in running the city. At this very moment in history, public officials in our metropolitan and urban centers have often tried to "buy" their way out of conflict by offering ill-planned and ill-managed programs to our angry black friends. In the process, they have only made a large share of the blacks angrier by this subtle paternalism. Elinor Graham, a political scientist, made just this point in *The Politics of Poverty*: "Public officials in the large urban centers have . . . found their authority threatened and severely shaken by a ground swell which they had to appease in order to survive. Something had to be offered the angry Negro segment of the population of the populace. . . In other words, the Negro must be viewed as 'poor,' as deprived of services which the government can provide," which the government must provide to save itself.

Thus the definer becomes part of the problem.
Music

You Get Just What You Expect

By WILLIAM F. EIFRIG, JR.

The month's reading fortuitously brought into juxtaposition one day two sources quite different from each other but both teaching the same lesson. In the afternoon hours of the working day there was the scholarly study and at the child's bedtime a beautiful tale. To quote from them in extenso here may be regarded by the uncharitable as merely a means to fill up the page. They are, however, pertinent enough to bear quotation, and perhaps focussing the reader's attention on the salient passages is an act creative enough to merit the byline.

Robert Donington, English musicologist, has condensed a lifetime study of musical performance practices and conventions into a volume, *The Interpretation of Early Music* (London: Faber & Faber, 1963). The introductory chapter ought to be required of all students. Having read, marked, learned, and inwardly digested it they would be freed from most inhibitions, illusions, and confusions about their roles in musical processes. Donington writes of a time when the performer was expected to make the music his own with much less respect for the written text and much more reliance on spontaneous expression and improvisation than we should normally expect now. To recapture this sense of spontaneity is the most important single factor in our search for an adequately authentic rendering. Contrary to some modern opinion, there is nothing unimpulsive, nothing dry, about an authentic rendering of early music.

There has never been an age of unqualified serenity or unqualified passion; these are two extremes of human experience which the art of living consists in more or less successfully reconciling. And the art of music, like the plastic and literary arts, very largely consists in showing how they can be reconciled. It is this reconciliation of opposites achieved by the composer in his music which is so necessary for our interpretation to carry faithfully into effect. All great music achieves it, but not all in the same way. The solutions to the equation are various in the extreme; but not the elements in the equation. Pain and joy, suffering and delight, adversity and triumph, and more particularly the bittersweet triumph of accepting adversity as part of our human lot: these are the ingredients, and we all mix them differently according to our manner of experience.

The same insights is found in Hans Christian Andersen's tale *The Nightingale*. Here it is given memorable form though it is no less true for being stated simply nor more true for being corroborated by Donington's studies.

The story is well-known. The Chinese emperor prizes the nightingale, the most beautiful thing in his beautiful empire. She is supplanted in the fickle favors of the court by a mechanical reproduction of gold and jewels. The dying emperor is unconsolated by the machine, which has broken its mainspring, but revives as the real nightingale charms away the terrors of death by its sweet song. Some of Andersen's lines become the more cogent read after Donington's thesis.

The two birds are made to sing a duet. So they sang together, but it didn't turn out very well, for the Nightingale sang in her own free way, while the artificial bird's song was stilted and mechanical. 'The new bird is in no way to blame,' said the music master. 'It keeps perfect time and obeys all the rules of my special method.' Then the artificial bird sang by itself and had just as great a success as the real one. And it was so much more beautiful to look at! The music master was loud in his praise of the artificial bird and said it was much better than the real Nightingale, for its outer covering of diamonds concealed the most delicate and intricate mechanisms. 'You see, ladies and gentlemen, the artificial bird sang by itself and had just as great a success as the real one. And it was so much more beautiful to look at! The music master was loud in his praise of the artificial bird and said it was much better than the real Nightingale, for its outer covering of diamonds concealed the most delicate and intricate mechanisms. You see, ladies and gentlemen, the real nightingale is totally unpredictable; she sings on the spur of the moment, and there's no way of knowing what you're going to hear. Whereas with the artificial bird everything has been regulated beforehand. You get just what you expect; there are no surprises! The mechanism can be logically explained. You can take the bird apart and examine the intricate wheels and cylinders, how one minute cog fits into another, causing it to sing. It's amazing what human skill and ingenuity are able to accomplish!

And then the balanced speech of the real nightingale when the recovered emperor threatens to smash the copy:

"Don't do that! said the Nightingale. "It did the best it could! Keep it with you. I can't settle down and live here in the palace, but let me come and go as I like. I'll sit on the branch outside your window and sing to you so that your thoughts may be serene and joyful; I'll sing of happy people and of those who suffer; I'll sing of the good and evil all around you which is kept hidden from you; for the songbird flies far and wide.'"

If there is a moral here, perhaps it is this: beware of music masters!
The Theatre

The Case of . . .

By WALTER SORELL

It has always puzzled me that trials on stage are such sure-fire theatrical material. Since my young days when I saw "The Trial of Mary Dugan" in the twenties I have never seen a courtroom drama fail. Undoubtedly, this must have to do with the fact that courtroom dramas are theatre per se, with two antagonists facing each other in a dramatic dispute about an issue which may be murder and yet have no such universal meaning as the closed hearing before the Personnel Security Board of the Atomic Energy Commission in the case of J. Robert Oppenheimer.

Courtroom dramas are theatricalized theatre. "In the Matter of J. Robert Oppenheimer" is at the same time a documentary play, slightly fictionalized only through selection, some shifting of evidence from one day to another for purely dramatic purposes, and undoubtedly through conscious emphasis of certain points. This documentary investigates very vital questions of our time. The world being split in two major camps as it is, life has become most difficult for those stigmatized as liberals. But the liberal tormented by his own doubts about what is right or wrong when the question actually is right or left is, through the nature of his dilemma of being, a rare specimen of conscience. Moreover, being — because of his heightened sensibilities — a bit more human than human, he can easily become a case of guilt by association.

The weightier guilt — as if guilt could be put on a scale despite the classic image of Justitia, but she is blindfolded and never aware of what she is weighing all the time — well, the weightier guilt discussed in this fascinating play is the guilt of the scientist whose only allegiance can be to himself, i.e., to his conscience, and not to the state. Scientists cannot help but explore and discover, not in order to make the world a better place to live, but to make life more exciting and thus growingly more dangerous, to better and ease our existence only to make it more complicated. Brecht dramatized the inner conflict of the scientist in man with the man as scientist in his "Galileo" and Duerrenmatt treated the same topic in a bizarre manner in "The Physicists."

In Kipphardt's play Oppenheimer demonstrates the dilemma of the nonconformist who feels forced to make his own little compromises with himself, of the enthusiast of the laboratory who realized too late that his brain child will be taken away from him and fostered and reared by politicians. The scientist never makes the final decision that triggers human calamities, but he must advise his government where the triggering may be most effective from a scientific viewpoint, i.e., create the greatest harm and suffering. He is at times indeed confused who the enemy of his country is and he may act foolishly in protecting a friend. His human-all-too-human existence and the pressures of necessities which he hardly understands and whose existence he tries to deny are his drama and the courtroom drama of Heinar Kipphardt.

Kipphardt does not hide his partiality. He skillfully builds up the emotional struggle (or rather life did it before him) between the loyalties such a scientist as Oppenheimer is exposed to, resulting in the drama of his humanity pitted against the inhumanity of the outside world, going by such names as reality or Realpolitik. The result is an unforgettable evening in the theatre. The only act of nudity occurring is the baring of a man's emotions and the world's ugly nakedness.

Being a documentary play, it probably seemed logical to its author to apply at least one Brechtian concept. He has each figure stepping out of the courtroom atmosphere and addressing the audience while editorializing his point of view. It worked fine until, at the very anticlimactic end, Oppenheimer — our hero — is made to talk to us. By that time we have become totally engrossed in his life; we are so overwhelmed by his personality and humanness, having rooted for him all the time, that the actor impersonating Oppenheimer is in his Brechtian way intruding on our feelings for Oppenheimer when the actor tries to explain what no longer needs any explanation and remains one of the inexplicable tragedies of our time anyhow.

Under the direction of Gordon Davidson the ensemble of the Lincoln Repertory Theatre put on stage the best play and best production of all their seasons. The acting was unified and flawless. Whenever I will think of Robert Oppenheimer in my future life, I will always see in front of me the slightly stooped, pipe-smoking figure, that expressive face with its knowing and tortured smile of Joseph Wiseman. What more and better can one say about an actor?
I can no longer go into my studio, close the door and work. It is not soundproofed against the cries of children, nor sealed against the smoke of burning buildings or the tear gas of police...

Anonymous artist quoted by Whitney Holstead

We don't associate (enough) our fullness with someone else's hunger.

Connie Parvey

In 1966 many Los Angeles artists created a Peace Tower sixty feet high holding four hundred anti-War panels. In January, 1967, six hundred New York artists participated in a Week of Angry Arts against the War in Vietnam. Last August, the violence in Chicago surrounding the Democratic convention provoked artists to expression in three exhibitions there: the Richard J. Daley exhibition, the Response to Violence in our Society exhibition, and Violence in Recent American Art exhibition. Almost as though the house were on fire and they had to choose between saving art or life, the artists were scrambling to make their art save life.

It seemed irrelevant to them to provide affirmations of beauty and wholeness and spirituality. Instead, in general, their aim seemed more to create a greater awareness of twentieth century society. Certainly the artist can help us to become more aware of our system of society, more conscious of its varying effects on human values and social justice; to experience new insights into mass living, the wastefulness of war and luxury; to lay open through the senses and feelings more of the many complexities and ambiguities and levels of our life today.

A measure of such art is its degree of authenticity, the effectiveness of its form in heightening our sense of truth. Unfortunately, by all accounts, most of the art shown at the exhibitions just mentioned was relatively ineffective kitsch. Small, oversimplified truths, stereotype points of view, ineffective form was and is more the rule than the exception. I suppose that is another way of saying that great art is rare. It is perhaps best therefore for the beholder to experience with thanks that authenticity which was achieved rather than to bemoan the many failings.

The works reproduced on these pages are not, to my knowledge, from the shows mentioned above, but their intentions are also those of social comment. It is interesting to see that they have all abandoned traditional "fine art" techniques and materials for those of the more public arts of the mass media. They are techniques that communicate to almost everyone, including people having little experience looking at art. Cartoon techniques are prominent; actual objects from the world of mass production and mass consumption are used; meticulous, idealizing commercial art techniques sometimes are resorted to; and finally the photographic image appears constantly.

To involve oneself in the sculpture, White for Purity, is to experience for a while an almost artless but acid image of modern Christianity. On exhibition as a headstone at the end of a white, coffin-like box, the all-white, conventionally proportioned cross seems bland and innoxious. Coke bottles are embalmed in white on the four arms as emblems of ease (nothing more daring than soft drinks!) and the top is spiked by a fancy white Jello mold. There are a few spots of pure color on the cross, the largest being the burning red light bulb in the center. This light has a serious, aggressive, angry intensity belying the surrounding quietude. In the overall, the work evoked in me the sense of an inner vital faith neutralized by a culture-ridden facade, or worse yet, a faith prostituting to death.

Rather than to propagandize for a point of view, The Truck is more an attempt to characterize that quality of ordinary loneliness that we so often experience while going through the night in a machine. It has overtones of tenderness and associations that reward reflection.

God Really Loves America Best has a more ominous quality and its reference is more generalized. Obviously Keinholz doesn't feel that mass produced, machine-age America is the best of all worlds. Instead, for him it is more like a caged monster. To make the work, Keinholz used an electric fan (to be plugged in) with an oscillating head, removed the blades, placed the fan into an old Canada Dry case, shaped two plaster Paris legs with

Roy Lichtenstein, Atomic Landscape, 1966. Oil and synthetic polymer paint on canvas, 14 x 16 1/4". Dorothy Herzka, New York.


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antler claws and flocked the fan and the whole inside of the box black.

*Human Dignity* is perhaps the most outrageous work here. It is hard sell propaganda. A staff sergeant in Vietnam, labeled white garbage, is nailed to a white cross. In sordid teenage comic-book style the artist has used unrestrained, lurid, fluorescent night-club colors, slick outlines of artificially sexy blobs, and the most offensive stereotypes of the "yellow peril." For Saul, apparently there are no ambiguities about the rottenness of the war in Vietnam and so he equates the cheap, easy, horror thrills of the "comics" with the tragedy of Vietnam.

*Atomic Landscape*, also painted in a short hand, comic strip technique, is in black lines with blue dots on a white canvas. The enormity of a brutal, unclean nuclear explosion has been reduced to a pretty convention, implying I suppose, that that is the only way most of us can bear to think about such an event.


Beyond the Law

By DON A. AFFELDT

Norman Mailer, the Literary Lion, Leftist Leader, and rumored candidate for Mayor of New York, has made a film. Two films, to be precise. The first, by all accounts which reached my ears, was a disaster. The second, Beyond the Law is something else again. But what?

The film is a diary of one night in the life of an unnumbered New York City precinct station, and of its boss, a crusty cop named Francis X. Pope (played by Mailer, who also co-produced and directed the film). The story is nothing much: an odd lot of criminal types is assembled at the station house for interrogation by Pope, his lieutenant Rocky Gibraltar (played by co-producer Buzz Farbar), and other old hands. The only other basic scene in the film shows Pope, Rocky, and another vice-squad detective in their off-duty hours that night in a bar.

The production wasn't much either. Shot in four days (or nights: shooting began at midnight and persisted until dawn) on a budget of $60,000, the production schedule bears faint resemblance even to that of the film's cinematic cousins. John Cassavetes' picture Faces, for example, took four years and $400,000 to produce, in part because of the freedom given to the actors to improvise on the script. Yet Mailer's picture is wholly improvisational as well. According to Rip Torn, one of a very few professional actors to appear in the credits, Mailer simply asked him to come on as a motorcycle bum. The rest was left to the genius of the moment. So it was with the other parts.

What possible artistic good can come out of such a haphazard aesthetic technique? To answer that question, and to discover the point of the film, it is helpful to compare it to another picture of the cop-genre, Frank Sinatra's recent The Detective. Now here is a film you might expect something of. Big screen, color, big stars, careful script, location shots, the works. Yet, as a film, it was one of the most upsetting and appalling cinematic perversions I've ever witnessed. But I think I didn't understand why I reacted so negatively to The Detective until I saw Mailer's version of the same basic stuff.

For Mailer has captured an important truth about cops and criminals — or, if you will, about the law and society — which Sinatra explicitly denies. Mailer sees, and shows us, that outside of the narrow and finally artificial confines of the law and its procedures there is not as much difference between cop and criminal as we like to suppose. For that matter, there is not as much difference between the best and the worst of our citizens — ourselves — as we might like to think there is. Indeed, Mailer suggests that there is no difference, apart from the fact that one man is on one side of a dividing line, and another man is on the other side. That, plus the suggestion that dividing lines are altogether arbitrary, shows that all men are brothers under the skin, and that what is one man's meat is meat as well for everyman.

Sinatra, on the other hand, never gets beyond the law, and hence says nothing very important about the nature of man — and indeed, if what he does say is taken as articulating the nature of man, says what is simply false. And not only false, but injurious. For if a man be told to comfort himself in the fact that he is not as other men are, what will be the limit to his arrogance, and eventually to the harm he will do his brethren? The mistakes of thought and policy which issue from this source can affect even the most humble and well-meaning men. Was it not some such habit of thought as this which allowed Dwight Eisenhower, a good man and a great general, to turn over the foreign policy of a country to a man who, as an instrument of policy, fostered programs which have led the world to teeter on the brink of nuclear disaster, and to refuse to recognize the festering plight of millions of his countrymen until it was nearly too late? If your cap is set for the Grand Aggressor, the Embodiment of Evil, you can fall into a good many of your own horrors while retaining your righteous pose.

What is the difference between cop and criminal? However you state the difference, the similarities are worth attending to, as we should all recognize in the aftermath of Chicago. If Mailer's film had only uncovered that truth and put it before us, it would be worth its $60,000 and more. But as a parable of the realities which underlie so many of the distinctions we commonly impose upon the world, the picture suggests an even profounder point. That all of this could be done in four loose nights of even looser shooting is surprising and revealing. What it suggests is that if the thought is right, it will find its way out of even the most flawed execution. But if the thought is wrong, no amount of gloss laid on in Universal City will do the trick.

Now a lot can and needs to be said in defense of the distinctions we impose on the world. I have not said that these distinctions serve no purpose, or even that value determinations made in accordance with them are bound to be (somewhat) mistaken. What we need to do, of course, is bear in mind what purpose is served by a given distinction, and take care lest we operate with distinctions in disregard of the purposes they serve. Failure to do so can result in more than mere philosophical muddles. It can bring guilt, fear, despair, and just plain evil. Checking our thoughts and beliefs — at root — is not an easy matter. But can thinking and believing beings be obligated to do less?
Minor Anniversary

Forty-eight years ago last Christmas I, a callow youth from the ghetto of New York, went to Perry County, Missouri, to spend Christmas with Grandpa Hueschen, pastor of a parish twenty miles in each direction from the white church on the hill where he had served for forty years. Grandpa had not really invited me, but Perry County was nearer the Seminary than New York by 1100 miles and my total cash was what was left over from Dad’s salary of $125.00 a month (plus heat, light, one dollar for baptisms, two dollars for weddings, and for funerals whatever the survivors would shell out, hand-me-down clothes for a burgeoning number of kids, and an occasional nickel or dime from a penitent Vorsteher.) I had to go to Perry County or celebrate Christmas on South Jefferson Avenue in St. Louis. I always knew that the singing angels would never get that far.

So there I was — a hick from New York and my first glimpse of what we call a “rural congregation.” I shall never forget it — the short dark days of a Missouri winter — Grandpa putting on his boots to visit Deacon Schweinestall (who only had a cold but was trying to cure it with Missouri corn liquor which in turn was hard on his ulcers) — Grandpa at the desk near the stove writing his sermon for Christmas Eve — the annual meeting of the congregation on New Year’s afternoon (a preview of Armageddon) — the slow cadence of life and death — “Grossmutter Himmelhoch kann nicht mehr lange leben — hoffenlich gibt’s nicht Schnee.”

From those days I have retained my respect and affection for the brother who has what we call a “rural congregation.” The difference is not nearly so great now and there are cars and paved roads and — God help us — radio and television. Even today, however, I envy the brother whose white church is on a hill, whose parking lot is loose gravel, and whose Christmas Eve services are guarded by a white star whose course is no longer wandering over the grey hills of Bethlehem.

What interests me today, after all these years, so long ago and far away, was that Grandpa seemed to be uniquely aware of this nearness to ultimate things and final realities. When he came out of the sacristy on Christmas Eve (in a worn black robe and spotless Baeffchen) he would cast a special kindly look at the deacons who sat solemnly beside buckets of water militantly ready to douse the first candle that showed signs of collapsing or expiring. These — from the starry eyed kids to the Kirchendiener who was pumping the organ — were his people, his mysterious souls clothed in glory and honor, come to bend a willing knee to the King of Kings and Lord of Lords who had known the smell of the stable and the lowing of oxen calling for warmth from the cold of the night.

Perhaps I shall return there again — Grandpa at baptisms holding his new lamb with a steady hand — Grandpa in confirmation classes trying hard to translate the German theologians into acceptable English — Grandpa being thoroughly Lutheran, in act and thought, from his beautiful ecumenicity (he went to see Mike, the Irish drunk in the village, regularly for almost a year) to his great compassion for all the strange ways the hearts of men go crying down. Just now, I confess, all these memories are brought to life by an article in the Lutheran Standard that congregations and pastors like Grandpa are not yet gone: “The ALC has a particular stake in these areas. One district, S. W. Minnesota, reported in 1966 that it had 176 churches in open country or in towns under 500. It had an additional 77 churches in towns of 500-2499 population, 33 in the 2500-10,000 bracket, and only 10 churches in cities of 10,000 and over. The urban Illinois District reported 70 congregations in open country or in towns under 500; 37 in towns 500-2499, 32 in towns 2500-10,000, and 111 in cities of 10,000 or more (53 of these in cities 100,000 or more population.”

So — a deep affectionate bow and a warm Ave to the brother whose church is on a high hill among the fields of corn and wheat growing to the glory of God. A sympathetic salute to the brother in an urban setting — with two secretaries, a social worker, and a youth ministry — a brother who deserves our desperate prayers — a brother who has become an executive (an administrator like me). But let there be now an equally warm Ave to Grandpa Hueschen’s successors whose quiet understanding work will be known — gloriously known — in the final harvest. They are — bless them — closer to the great Amen to the anguished riddle of life.

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"All the trumpets sounded for him on the other side"
PILGRIM’S PROGRESS
On the Front Cover: An Untitled Collage by Jerry Noll, 1969