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Them Furriners

One hundred and ten years ago this Spring, our great-great-grandfather left his native village in the Kingdom of Hannover, crossed the Atlantic, came up the Mississippi and the Ohio, and settled in a Cincinnati slum. He was not a religious refugee nor had he been attracted to the United States by its Constitution, free elections, or free economy. He came because he was going broke on the poor shallow soil of northwest Germany and because he was fed up on the wars and revolutions of Europe. He landed in Cincinnati sick, broke, and unable to speak a word of English. To the solid citizens of old Cincinnati he must have been just another of “those Dutchmen” who were changing the whole tone of the town, one of “them furriners” who made the real, 100 percent Americans wonder what this country was coming to.

Great-great-grandfather’s several hundred descendants today live either in rambling old farmhouses or in ultra-modern ranch-style houses. They drive everything from Fords to Cadillacs. They shop at the A and P, brush their teeth with Colgate, and smoke the name brands of cigarettes. They have intermarried with English, Scotch-Irish, Scandinavian, Basque, and Italian stock. They worship in Lutheran, Methodist, Presbyterian, Campbellite, and Roman Catholic churches. (One even belonged, for a while, to the ULC.) Most of them vote Republican and a number of them have held public office. The family has supplied both law enforcement officers and individuals who provided work for such officers. It has furnished soldiers, sailors, marines, and airmen for three of our country’s wars and its most junior members today are enrolled in Cub Scouts, Brownie troops, Future Farmers, 4-H clubs, and various college fraternities and sororities. A few of the older folks can still get by in their Low German dialect. A smaller number of the younger ones can get by in the book German they picked up in college.

Like the solid citizens of old Cincinnati, great-great-grandfather’s descendants feel thoroughly at home in their communities and slightly uneasy at the thought that these communities might be changed by the influx of hordes of “furriners.” They will be watching to see what Congress does with the various proposals before it to liberalize our immigration policy. They will not be happy if the law is amended so as to allow a lot of “undesirables” into the country.

The Church Under Prosperity

One of the happiest reflections of our post-war prosperity has been the vast amount of new church construction in every part of the country. Much of this new construction, no doubt, represents long-overdue replacement of church structures that could not be replaced in the less-prosperous Thirties. A very considerable part of the new construction has been necessitated by the growth of older communities and by the founding of new communities. A smaller, but significant, percentage has resulted from migrations of population within metropolitan areas, particularly the movement of newly-prosperous church members from older sections of cities to newer neighborhoods.

As we say, it is good to see so many new churches. But at times we have been plagued by some questions which, perhaps, reflect nothing more than the suspiciousness of our Old Adam but which, nevertheless, we would like to get off our chest. So here goes.

Question 1: How “functional” is even the most functional of modern Protestant churches? Many a time we have trailed a proud pastor or deacon around his new church, made the proper appreciative noises about the ingenious lighting or the exciting carvings, and listened with as much interest as we could feign to the details of the financing, only to wonder how much sense it makes to erect such an elaborate structure for a maximum of perhaps five or six hours’ use per week. This may be just our way of raising the same question
Judas raised about the alabaster box of ointment, but anyone who has seen a Protestant church on a Wednesday afternoon, its paraments covered with dust cloths, might question the wisdom of tying up so many thousands of dollars in a structure of such limited use.

**Question 2:** *Where is the line between “soli Deo gloria” and a community showpiece?* This question gets really close to an impugning of motives, but we are asking nothing about other men that we have not often asked about ourself. For certainly every Christian has had the experience of setting out to do something—a job, perhaps, or a work of mercy—to the honor and glory of God, only to discover that his fat little ego was right in there grabbing all of the satisfaction and approval he could lay his hands on. We must confess to a suspicion that some churches constructed in recent years suggest some sort of clerical or philanthropic dream-fulfillment or some sort of congregational bid for prestige. Certainly one can hardly fail to be struck by the wide disparity between what Protestant parishioners acknowledge as “art” in their churches and what they display on the walls of their own homes.

**Question 3:** *What is the difference between relocating and running away?* This question is asked in all honesty because we think that it is important for every congregation to be able to answer, to its Lord and to the people of its community, when the question of relocation arises. The congestion of our downtown districts creates some very real problems for a congregation, particularly when its members begin to drift away to the edge of town or to the suburbs. But usually the evacuation of an area by the more prosperous means the intensive settlement of the area by people who are not only less prosperous but who desperately need the church’s spiritual and social work. It seems strange to compass land and sea to make one proselyte when we close the doors of our churches to souls equally needy whom the Lord of the Church has dumped on our doorsteps. Of course, some of these people are not white, but then neither was the Ethiopian eunuch.

**Question 4:** *At what point does our church architecture contradict our eschatology?* We are not sponsoring any movement to put our congregations under canvas or to gather the faithful into shacks, but it must be admitted that a sermon on “The Last Times” loses some of its sting when it is preached in a structure which was obviously designed to stand for several centuries. Of course, one doesn’t hear so much about eschatology nowadays, so maybe this question is not too important.

**Henry Wadsworth Longfellow**

Coming as we do from the State of Indiana—which the late Vice-President Marshall described as the home of more first-rate second-rate men than any other state in the Union—we feel obliged to say a few appreciative words about Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, whose 150th birthday many of us will be celebrating on the 27th of this month.

It is the fashion, just now, to snicker at Longfellow and his sing-songy verse and we are willing to grant that the snickers are more than half justified. What Longfellow’s detractors consistently overlook, though, is the essential role which the second-rate man plays in the arts. We are not talking now about the third- and fourth-rate man but about the second-rate man—the man who has great talent but none of the divine fire of genius, the man who can imitate beautifully but lacks the capacity to do anything more than imitate.

The function of such a man in the arts is to create a hunger which he can not satisfy. His works are a kind of half-way house to greatness. Like his great prototype in religion, Saint John the Baptist, the second-rate artist keeps pointing to someone else, someone whose shoe latches he is indeed unworthy to unloose but whose revelation awaits the coming of the fore-runner.

This, at least, was what Longfellow was to us. There was a time in our life when “Evangeline” was our idea of real poetry; but looking back now we can see that its real function was to prepare us for the thrill of first encountering “Arma virumque cano, Troiae qui primus ab oris.” Would we have been prepared for Vergil if we had never been set down to “This is the forest primeval”? We shall never know. The fact of the matter is that “Evangeline” was our half-way house to “The Aeneid”, as others of his works were to the whole great world of English and Norse literature.

And for those who, for one reason or another, never get beyond the half-way house there is much slimmer fare that they might feed upon than “The Skeleton in Armour,” “The Village Blacksmith,” “The Wreck of the Hesperus,” or “The Children’s Hour.” A steady diet of such fare might make one a prig, a sentimentalist, or a progress-worshipper, but at least it wouldn’t make him a relativist or a logical positivist. It takes a third-rate man to do that and when it comes to third-rate men our age has got them!
The Case of the Covetous Engineer

By ALFRED R. LOOMAN

One of the most active and profitable businesses today seems to be swindling; not on a grand scale, but with one or two swindlers and one victim. The bait the swindler uses is money, money that he says he has just found and not reported, or money that would be available and could be obtained somewhat illegally. You can read the story in any newspaper. The victim ends up putting in money of his own and gets an envelope of old paper as his return. It would take a great amount of gullibility or greed to fall for the swindler's simple story, though I do not underestimate the swindler's ability as a salesman.

Except when the victim is feeble or infirm, it is impossible to feel sympathy for him, because his motives—the acquisition of money or something else of value through not quite legal means—are neither noble nor Christian. How easily one can fall for a swindle was demonstrated by the Chief Engineer on our ship during World War II. He originally intended to swindle others, but ended up as the victim since he had worked himself into the right frame of mind.

Our ship was in North Africa when Naples fell to the Allies. We quickly loaded troops as reinforcements and sailed. Our Chief Engineer had heard the older and wealthier families in Naples were loaded with old masterpieces and, he felt, he could get one for practically nothing since the civilians would be desperate after a debilitating occupation by the Nazis. In other words, he felt that he could swindle one of them out of a painting.

We arrived in the Bay of Naples a few days later and were the first to thread our way through the shambles of sunken hulls in the harbor. We tied up to an Italian hospital ship that lay on its side next to the docks and only a few got ashore and then only for an hour. The Chief Engineer was one of those to go ashore but he returned, as all of us expected, empty-handed, having talked to the only civilians in sight, a group of water front urchins, none of whom owned any old paintings.

The First Lieutenant aboard, who had a running rivalry with the Chief Engineer, anticipated the results of the trip ashore and had started to do something about it before we had even reached Naples. In a copy of Life he found a full page picture which was an advertisement for Parke, Davis & Co., ran as one of a series on the history of medicine. This colored advertisement showed men in togas or ancient clothing and was just right for his project.

Taking the page to the men in his carpenter's shop, the First Lieutenant had his men make a frame and backing for the picture. Then small "worm" holes were drilled in the frame and darkened for age with carbon. Picture and frame were covered with old varnish. When the varnish dried it was heated until it started to crack. The final result, in a poor light, resembled a rather old painting.

Shortly after returning aboard that day, the Chief Engineer was approached by a carpenter's mate in a rather dark passageway. He pulled the painting from an old sack and delivered his story which had been well rehearsed. According to this story, the carpenter's mate had been ashore and had obtained the painting from one of the old wealthy families. He had paid for it in soap, cigarettes, and white bread with a little money thrown in. Since he didn't feel he needed a painting, would the Chief Engineer be interested in buying this masterpiece worth thousands for a mere $50? Indeed he would, and he paid cash immediately.

Eagerly, the Chief Engineer took the painting to everyone on the ship and gloated over his acquisition. Everyone seemed to be happy for him, or at least they smiled and in some cases laughed, for the true story of the picture was well known. Since he couldn't get the picture hung on the steel bulkhead of his cabin, the Chief Engineer displayed it prominently on his desk and talked of little else in the next week.

Well over a week later, when we had tired somewhat of the joke, one of the officers found the same advertisement in a different magazine and left the magazine, opened to that page, on a table in the wardroom. We were waiting when the Chief Engineer came in that day. He glanced casually at the ad as he passed it, walked on a few steps, and spun around. He grabbed the magazine, started turning a deep crimson, and began yelling for the First Lieutenant, whom he suspected immediately.

In this case the money was returned, but the Chief Engineer remained the butt of many jokes during his tour on our ship. The moral: If you are in the right frame of mind, and if you have no objection to getting something illegally, you are easy prey for a swindler.

FEBRUARY, 1957
Legal Morality And The Two Kingdoms

By ROBERT W. BERTRAM
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Every American Christian who is morally serious about the law of his land deserves two reminders: First, that being a Christian believer and being a good citizen, though he must be both, are two different things—and sometimes are two conflicting things; second, that being law-abiding and being moral are not two different things but are usually parts of the same thing. In other words, he must remember, first, that his life within God's creation and hence within human society operates according to principles which not only differ from but frequently conflict with the principles which govern his life in the holy Christian Church—even though in both realms the principles come to him from the same God. This is a reminder to keep unlike things distinct. The second reminder is about like things, which are often separated from each other though they should not be: namely, morality and law.

To pretend, as we Americans are doing, that what is moral is separable from what is legal is to frustrate morality and emasculate the law. It is to cut asunder what God has joined together.

I. THE TWO KINGDOMS

First of all, then, the reminder to keep unlike things distinct. The rules of the game which govern one's membership in the communion of saints are not the rules of the game which govern one's membership in the human race. It would be as incongruous to settle international disputes through the sacrificial crucifixion of a prime minister as it would have been incongruous to conciliate God and man with diplomacy or with deadly weapons. You could not conduct a successful business by selling all that you have and giving to the poor or by advising your disgruntled employees to consider the lilies of the field, anymore than you could secure the gifts of the Spirit through shrewd financial investment or collective bargaining.

It would be preposterous, would it not, to base the spiritual fellowship of Christians upon their sexual attraction to each other or their common ancestry or the fact that they inhabit the same country and speak the same mother-tongue and share the same national pride? It would be equally preposterous to base marriages and families and nationalities upon a Gospel which, like that of the Christians, makes no distinctions between male and female, Jew and Greek. A university which prepared its students for graduation by washing them baptismally and feeding them sacramentally would be as unthinkable as a kingdom of heaven which had to depend on a grading system, scientific method, artistic taste, and an honor code. What sort of government would it be which proclaimed that its kingdom is not of this world and always kept its sword in its sheath and based its judicial system on the forgiveness of sins and the love of one's enemies? It would be as misguided as a communion of saints which had to rely for its saintliness on law enforcement or a two-party system. Our theological forefathers knew what they were doing when they distinguished between an order of grace and an order of creation, a kingdom of the right hand and a kingdom of the left.

Saint Paul

The oppositions between these two orders, as Werner Elert has shown, is abundantly illustrated in the New Testament. It is Saint Paul's one and the same Epistle to the Romans which insists on the one hand that Christians are not to seek revenge but rather are to love their enemies and, on the other hand and almost in the same breath, insists just as emphatically that the state does have the right of revenge and the duty to wield the sword (Romans 12:14, 19 f.; 13:4). This antithesis is especially delicate if the judge who has to give the orders to wield the sword happens also to be a Christian; nevertheless, he has to give the orders. There is the case of the Nebraska judge who in the morning granted a divorce to a husband and wife and in the evening, at a congregational meeting, had to condemn their divorce and, exercising the office of the keys, had to vote to bar them from the Lord's Supper. The same Paul who wrote the Epistle to the Romans writes in another letter (Galatians 3:28) that there is no longer any distinction between the sexes and yet, in still other letters, movingly advances the cause of conjugal love (Ephesians 5:25 f.) and in good conscience justifies its physical expression (I Corinthians 7:4 f.). Paul announces too that differences between nationalities have been abolished (Colossians 3:11), still he proudly refers to himself as an Isrealite (II Corinthians 11:22). This is also the apostle who exalts the Christian's concern for the inner man (Ephesians 3:16), who praises the heavenly prize as the only one worth striving for (Phileippians 3:14)—the same apostle, nevertheless, who will not let the Corinthians forget that he himself works with his hands (I Corinthians 4:12), admonishes others to do likewise (II Thessalonians 3:8 f.), and finds a common
secular occupations Christ mentions in His parables fully secularized Church. And the worst thing about disastrous. Just try to live in the order of grace as scandalously wrong with these occupations—the architect (Luke 14:28), the banker (Matthew 25:14 ff.), the merchant (Matthew 13:45), the steward (Luke 16:1 ff.), the householder (Matthew 20:1 ff.), the farmer (Matthew 13:3 ff.), the fisherman (Matthew 13:47 ff.), the shepherd (Luke 15:3 ff.), the judge (Luke 18:2), the soldier (Luke 11:21), the prince (Matthew 18:23), the houswife (Matthew 13:33)—and how He announces salvation to a revenue agent (Luke 19:9) and marvels at the faith of a centurion (Matthew 8:10) without so much as hinting that they should forsake their offices. Still, this is the same Master who requires of His followers that for Him they must give up their occupations (Luke 5:27 f.) and their civic relations (Luke 18:22). The principles by which men govern one another in state and society, He says, are to have no place in the group life of His disciples (Mark 10:42 ff.), yet He commands them to support the government’s tax program and to discharge their obligations to the emperor (Mark 12:17). The Master and the disciples who, as He says, are hated “because they are not of the world” (John 17:14) are nevertheless quite at home at a party which, even by our standards, must have been very worldly indeed (John 2:11 ff.). Christ warns against accumulating wealth and yet in the operations of those who do accumulate He finds a model for those who seek the Kingdom of God (Matthew 13:44 f.). He sharply scolds His hearers for being anxious about food and raiment (Matthew 6:25 ff.) yet eats the food which is produced and prepared by just their kind of anxiety (e.g., Luke 14:1). He criticizes Jews for saluting only fellow-Jews and yet, paradoxically, His own method of shaming them is to tell them that therefore they are no better than non-Jews (Matthew 5:47), elsewhere He compares non-Jews to dogs (Matthew 15:26) and unbelievers to swine (Matthew 7:6).

Jesus

Not only in the epistles of Paul but also in the gospels, in the life and teaching of our Lord, do we find dramatic evidence of this opposition between the two realms. Think, for example, of the numerous secular occupations Christ mentions in His parables without His ever suggesting there is anything intrinsically wrong with these occupations—the architect (Luke 14:28), the banker (Matthew 25:14 ff.), the merchant (Matthew 13:45), the steward (Luke 16:1 ff.), the householder (Matthew 20:1 ff.), the farmer (Matthew 13:3 ff.), the fisherman (Matthew 13:47 ff.), the shepherd (Luke 15:3 ff.), the judge (Luke 18:2), the soldier (Luke 11:21), the prince (Matthew 18:23), the houswife (Matthew 13:33)—and how He announces salvation to a revenue agent (Luke 19:9) and marvels at the faith of a centurion (Matthew 8:10) without so much as hinting that they should forsake their offices. Still, this is the same Master who requires of His followers that for Him they must give up their occupations (Luke 5:27 f.) and their civic relations (Luke 18:22). The principles by which men govern one another in state and society, He says, are to have no place in the group life of His disciples (Mark 10:42 ff.), yet He commands them to support the government’s tax program and to discharge their obligations to the emperor (Mark 12:17). The Master and the disciples who, as He says, are hated “because they are not of the world” (John 17:14) are nevertheless quite at home at a party which, even by our standards, must have been very worldly indeed (John 2:11 ff.). Christ warns against accumulating wealth and yet in the operations of those who do accumulate He finds a model for those who seek the Kingdom of God (Matthew 13:44 f.). He sharply scolds His hearers for being anxious about food and raiment (Matthew 6:25 ff.) yet eats the food which is produced and prepared by just their kind of anxiety (e.g., Luke 14:1). He criticizes Jews for saluting only fellow-Jews and yet, paradoxically, His own method of shaming them is to tell them that therefore they are no better than non-Jews (Matthew 5:47), elsewhere He compares non-Jews to dogs (Matthew 15:26) and unbelievers to swine (Matthew 7:6).

The Price of Confusion

Any veteran Christian knows that, if distinguishing these two orders is difficult, not distinguishing them is disastrous. Just try to live in the order of grace as though it were the order of creation (and this has been tried as recently as today)—what do you get? A woefully secularized Church. And the worst thing about secularizing the Church is not that you replace her old gemuetlich fellowship with a now impersonal bureaucracy, nor that you recreate her churchmanship in the image of Madison Avenue and Wall Street, nor that you vulgarize her good name in the community, nor even that you render her children ethically indistinguishable from the children of the world. Worse still than this is that you burden her with a task which by itself is indeed noble and imperative but which in no case is the essential task of the Church of Jesus Christ: the task, namely, of making people decent and of making the world safe for decent people to live in. This is a task all right for school boards, for juries, for stockholders’ meetings, for married couples, for union locals, for private consciences, for non-Christian and sub-Christian religions. But a Christian Church which conceives this as her principal task is flirting with adult­ery and is no longer the faithful Bride of Christ. To be sure, the Church which had no concern for decency and safety would also be no Church. More than that, she could not make herself understood, she probably could not even survive, if she could not count on some measure of that concern within the non-Christian world about her. But—and this is the whole point—this concern for human decency and safety is not what makes the Church what she essentially is.

Men lay violent hands also on the other order, the order of creation, when as religious men they look to it for redemption, which is not its responsibility, and piously mistake it for the kingdom of heaven. But it is not the kingdom of heaven, anymore than it is the kingdom of hell. That is, its business is not to save men or to damn them. It is a kingdom of productive work. As such, it is not interested in men as saints or as sinners. As good men and bad men, yes. But goodness in this case is not righteousness, it is not the measure of a man’s standing in the divine creation, when as religious man he is and he stands condemned as for transgression which is wrong not relatively but absolutely. Perhaps on top of this he loses his job, the esteem of his fellows, and his own self-respect. But such condemnation, though it may proceed from an absolute norm, has here a purpose which is largely pragmatic: to restore the dishonest servant to honest service, to fit him once more for the useful opportunities and joys of creation. In point of fact, he may thrive better on sympathy than on condemnation. Charity is capable of both, of sternness as well as mildness, but charity is always the dear pragmatist. She has no interest in passing judgment, whether negative or affirmative,
simply for its own sake. She is interested in getting on with the business of creation.

But this magnificent business is spoiled when men with their misplaced religiosity distort the work at hand into a way of salvation. People are anxious to justify their existence (as if they were even authorized, much less able, to do so.) So they ponder the creative and creditable things they do—keeping house, writing term-papers, indulging appropriate worries, praying for virtue, befriending their relatives, reading the editorial page—and wonder whether all these things might not help to establish their personal worth. Meanwhile their pondering and their wondering plays hob not only with their composure and their digestion but with the Creator's time-table and with His whole bounteous plan for them.

This can happen to everyone. It can happen to professors. It does happen to the professor for whom teaching is no longer the privilege of working with the Creator but is instead a grim life of self-sacrifice by which the Creator-turned-Judge is now to be appeased. For him teaching is the pious ordeal by which his life shall be made to count for something. "And gladly teach" means for him "and meritoriously teach." If as the Psalmist says the great God is moved to laughter by the kings and rulers of the earth who take counsel against Him, then what must His laughter be when He finds Himself competed with by this new self-savior, the lordly professor. See him, armed with his terrible red marking-pencil, separating the sheep from the goats with the kind of humorless and austere inflexibility that should properly be reserved only for the Last Judgment. See him besride his platform as majestically as only he can who does daily battle with dragons like Darwin and Dante and Diesel and, oh yes, poor defenseless Descartes, or as he turns from his onslaught upon a quadratic equation or the third declension, still unbowed but bespattered with chalk dust, or as he leans back in the relaxed rumple of his tweeds while his students wait, pencils poised, for his next word and while he ponders—why the sophomore in the rear is whispering.

Or perhaps he is not the lordly professor at all, but the professor of terrible meekness, anxious to save himself by professorial flagellation. In this academic vale of tears, with its lethargic students and its distracting extra-curriculars and its insufficient pay and its elusive truths and its daily unfinished business and his own limited abilities—oh, his own so limited abilities—he spends himself in holy martyrdom, never complaining about a thing except about the fact that his colleagues are forever complaining. About nothing is he so certain as about uncertainty, and it is his supreme act of self-abnegation to dwell, with his upset students, in The Problem Insoluble. What makes the good class or the good dean or the good lecture "good" is that it confers upon him the wan hope that, perhaps after all, he may yet amount to something—that is, if the lectures will just hold out a little longer and if the students will please not lose interest and if the dean remembers his name. How hard it is for him to utter that superbly creative utterance, "So what"—without uttering it cynically or irresponsibly or without wondering nervously just why he did utter it. Even life's sheer delights, like humor and music and good drink and the joy of winning and the pleasure of twitting his friends and enjoying his wife—even these seem to be for him soteriological acts, projects he is under obligation to "be good at."

If this is the case with the professor—the professor, that is, who feels constrained to convert his profession into religious credit (and I chose the professor not because he is the favorite target but only because I happen to be familiar at first hand with his variety of sin)—then it is certainly also the case with all God's other human servants, from the mother to the paper-hanger to the comedian. No wonder they find the work of creation so taxing. No wonder the Creator, in His displeasure, threatens to put an end to the whole thing sooner or later—and promises to replace it with a new creation and new men.

Therefore

No wonder, then, that it is important to distinguish the order of grace from the order of creation. This is not the place, or at least the time, to speak about the opposite and equally treacherous danger—the danger, namely, of widening the distinction between the two orders into a separation, thus destroying their mutual dependence—or about the bearing of all this upon the American "separation of church and state," or about the ambiguous position of the historical Church which, like the individual Christian, has to operate within both orders simultaneously. Our purpose, you recall, was simply to remind ourselves to keep distinct two unlike things, the kingdom of the right hand and the kingdom of the left.

II. THE MORALITY OF LAW

Then there is the second reminder, to keep like things together. This is the forgotten truth that, within the natural order of human society, there is no hard and fast distinction between what is legal and what is moral. The law is but a means of applying and enforcing what is right. It is an extension of the ethical.

Minimal versus Ideal

Professor Edmond Cahn, in his recent excellent book, The Moral Decision, notes that one of the ways Americans commonly distinguish law and morals is to say "that the law enforces only those minimum standards of moral behavior that are indispensable for com-
munity existence, whereas morals deal with standards suitable to an ideal human being" (39). But, as Professor Cahn rightly protests, is the law really as "minimal" as all that and so unconcerned with the "ideal"? His own answer (and we heartily concur) is No. One wonders, for example, just how many members of Alabama's White Citizens' Council would concede that the Supreme Court's ruling on segregation represents "those minimum standards of moral behavior that are indispensable for community existence," and just how often, in their murmurings against it, they have referred to it as "idealistic." Surely they would agree, though none too agreeably, that the law is capable of embracing the ideal.

There is another reason for this conclusion. If a community's moral ideals should happen to hover above the reach of its laws in a given generation, there is still every chance that, with enough time and a broad enough consensus, those ideals will wind up in the next generation on the community's law books. Duties which at an earlier time were merely moral duties have a way of changing, through subsequent history, into duties which are legal as well as moral. Many of the things which you and I and our parents formerly construed as just unethical have by now become not only unethical but also illegal. There was a day not so long ago when an employer could get by without giving assistance to the unemployed, and perhaps have only his conscience to answer to. Nowadays he would also have to reckon with a statute which requires him to pay mandatory contributions to unemployment insurance. His moral duty has become also his legal duty. Formerly a broker, in advising an investor, may have deceived the investor regarding the present condition of the market, and perhaps the only thing wrong with that at the time was that it was not decent. Today it might also be not very legal, and the broker may find himself in trouble with the Securities and Exchange Commission. Listen to the searching way in which that commission's chairman recently condemned this sort of deception. Quoted in last November twenty-ninth's Chicago Daily News, he said: "It has been the position of the Commission that if an uninformed investor could be reasonably deceived, the manner of the fraud is immaterial, whether it takes the form of a direct lie, or a half truth, or a question, or an innuendo; this has been sustained by the courts." As a moral judgment, not to say a legal judgment, this can hardly be said to be merely minimal.

To hermetically seal off ethics from the law as though the one dealt with the most and the other with the least, is to forget that what was exclusively ethical yesterday may well become both ethical and legal tomorrow. Pessimists may try to explain this away by saying that the former moral duties have merely lost their old appeal and now in their weakness have to turn for help to the strong arm of the law. Is it not just as likely that what has taken place here is a rise in the moral level of the law itself?

External versus Internal

Another popular distinction between law and morality is the one which says—and you have heard it before—that the law deals only with men's external behavior whereas morality is concerned with their internal motives and intentions. This distinction, too, is much too neat. In a court of law, as I understand it, it is frequently necessary, in order to establish guilt, to ascertain a person's subjective mental status. In a case of homicide, for example, does it not make considerable difference, not only morally but legally, whether the killing had been malicious and whether it had been premeditatedly malicious? Similarly, in questions of contracts, of dispositions in a last will, of tax evasion, it is often essential to the court's ruling to know just what the testator had in mind, or whether there was actual intent to defraud, or whether the evasion was "willful." These are largely questions of moral intention. The point is, they are also legal considerations.

Furthermore, quite apart from the law's passing judgment on a man's intentions, there is the matter of the law's influencing his intentions. It is remarkable how a speed limit sign not only will cause a driver, externally, to reduce the speed of his car but also may instill in him, internally, a heightened respect for local pedestrians. What is legal is not external to what is moral. The law is not apart from but a part of morality.

So Then

The order of creation may be markedly different from the order of grace, but it is still the order of creation, ordained by a wise and just and bountiful Creator. Within this order, this kingdom of the left hand, His ordaining hand—though it be His left one—works unceasingly not only in the meek and gentle private moralities but also, and perhaps most amazingly, in the public moralities of our legal institutions. If we sometimes have difficulty finding Him there, it may be that we do not sufficiently expect to find Him there. The man who ignores the law's divine origin and authorization, conjures with it flippantly or seeks to outsmart it or exploits it for evil ends, is ultimately not only lawless but godless. The man who remembers its origin—especially the Christian who remembers that its Creator is also his Reconciler—discovers in the law not only deep obligation but also new opportunity for his gratitude.
The Theatre Season

From Shakespeare To Bert Brecht

By WALTER SORELL

Drama Editor

The first half of the Broadway season was characterized by a dearth of good new scripts and a great variety of outstanding productions of older and newer plays. In other words, the past theatre months were dominated by the actor, director and, above all, the scenic designer. However important all three may be, it is the word and the idea it stands for which decides weight and worth of any play, from Shakespeare to Bert Brecht.

It is quite some “Happy Hunting” for Ethel Merman as an American widow who wants to outdo Grace Kelly and, while purchasing a royal husband for her Philadelphia daughter falls in love with her own buy; and “The Bells Are Ringing” for Judy Holliday as an employee of a telephone-answering-service with a ready-made Santa Claus smile, spilling the milk of human kindness wherever she goes or for whomever her telephone bell tolls; and there is Walter Pidgeon as “The Happiest Millionaire” who can afford his eccentricities at the audience’s expense whirling to the sounds of wild jazz music and boxing his way through two acts of false sentiments and homespun philosophy. For all of them ring the bells of the cash register, as they do for Rosalind Russell’s “Auntie Mame” and “Li’l Abner” who, while trying to deflate some Americanisms and to reduce our world of science and politics to its blown-up size, is somehow stripped of the comic of the original Dogpatch world. Even Michael Kidd’s choreographic genius cannot animate Al Capp’s cartoons, since a character’s life can never be superimposed, it comes from deep within.

It seems that so far during this season no dramatist was really successful in transposing one medium into another. Henry James whose novels have lent themselves to some great stage plays, went on a sitdown strike with his “Wings of the Dove” which, adapted into “Child of Fortune” by Guy Bolton, seemed clipped of all its sinewy strength. It actually turned into an unfortunate dramaturgic problem child with unwanted parodic elements.

Also Lillian Hellman, whose slate as a dramatist is unblemished, has not quite succeeded in turning Voltaire’s “Candide” into a faultless comic operetta. And this in spite of the help of such a poet as Richard Wilbur; such a formidable lyricist as the late Johnny Latouche; and such an expert musician as Leonard Bernstein who wrote a wonderful score for it.

That it does not quite hit the mark—and it certainly towers high above all other musicals with the exception of “My Fair Lady”—must be due to the fact that it stumbled over the difficulty of making an epic idea dramatic. But still is a worthwhile intellectual feat in terms of a musical with its bitter and biting comment on life. As a free adaptation of the original, it poured too much water from the well of the Great White Way into Voltaire’s Gallic wine with quite some dilution. Candide, the gullible young man who cannot cope with life because he was indoctrinated with an absurd philosophy of life, turned into a romantic hero. This 18th century satire on optimism is led to a positive, almost Faustian conclusion when his hero and heroine settle down to the necessities of life, ready to fight for food and shelter in mutual assistance. And Bernstein’s finale is a fine musical apotheosis to life. But it seems one cannot tamper with Voltaire unpunished.

Dramatists for the Mass Media

The stage differs from the radio-and television-drama in its three-dimensional depth; in its living immediacy; in its direct contact with its audience. We have learned that the world and stage can be equated, and we ask more from the stage than a photographic copy of life.

Arch Oboler, famed for his radio scripts, wrote a sincere play with an incisive theme as to its timeliness. Unfortunately, he failed. “Night of the Auk” takes place in a rocket ship coming down to the earth from a successful landing on the moon. Technologically triumphant, as expressed by a wonderful set. Man utterly defeated, as expressed by the events. One member of the crew was left dying on the moon, two more are thrown into the void of a planetary night, one commits suicide, and two survive to find mankind erased from the earth by nuclear bombs.

Everything is magnified as if it came through an amplifier of Mr. Oboler’s thoughts. The words are turgid, the tenor of the whole play rhetoric. The plot was dead before the two surviving actors could find out that mankind, including their audience, has become extinct.

Robert Alan Aurthur has made a good name for himself as a TV writer. He will have to try again to conquer the legitimate theatre. His “A Very Special
The Greeks wrested from their belief in man's inescapable fate their great tragedy "Oedipus Rex." Shakespeare was no longer sure whether

"As flies to wanton boys are we to the gods;
They kill us for their sport,"
or whether we are the makers of our own destiny. He wavers between the notion that "a divinity shapes our ends" and that we sow the seeds of our own destruction, as so many of his villains do, and defeat ourselves without the intervention of a higher power. The 20th century knows too much of heredity and psychology and the social machinery to be able to believe in the great tragedy: Freud laid bare—at least seemingly—the mysteries of our selves, and the magic of the theatre only works if we do not see the trapdoor before it opens.

Yet modern man is nevertheless victimized by his own failure to cope with himself. His tragic flaw is, on the one hand, his guilt toward the world he helps to build, his freedom to act and his inability to do it the right way; on the other hand, it is the magnified awareness of himself which leads to his realization of being alone, of not belonging. This feeling of alienation is the great trauma of our time, and Eugene O'Neill is the dramatic poet of its ensuing conflicts.

"I will always be a stranger who never feels at home, who does not really want and is not really wanted, who can never belong, who must always be a little in love with death!" says Edmund, the younger brother of the Tyrones, family, who is the autobiographic image of O'Neill. We feel the tragic, self-inflicted doom of man in these words, an outcry of despair when man seeking some form of faith, yearningly stretching out his hand, only finds a vacuum or hatred instead of the warmth of another hand. Edmund is not so much doomed by his diseased lungs as by his awareness of futility, by his groping through an intellectual dark for some light. We know that he will survive his physical ailment since O'Neill did, who, confined to a hospital bed in the early years of his manhood, emerged from it as the impressive playwright he is.

This is the one play O'Neill had to write, a "play of old sorrow, written in tears and blood." He had to write it to cleanse himself from haunting thoughts of accusation and self-incrimination before his death. He had "to face my dead at last and write this play—write it with deep pity and understanding and forgiveness for all the four haunted Tyrones."

In this "Long Day's Journey Into Night" we see these four members of a family gradually take off the layers covering the core of their selves, as one peels a fruit only to discover that its sweet meat is full of worms. James, his elder brother, is a grandiloquent wastrel and drunkard who will never find peace and an aim in life. His father is a miserly actor with a dream about Shakespeare and greatness, but who had sold himself to cheap entertainment and second-rateness, whose poverty in youth had made him a frantic speculator in real estate, a man who neglects his family but squanders his money in conviviality, who insists "on secondhand bargains in everything." Edmund's mother tried to build a home for her family and, failing in it, finally escapes into forgetfulness with the help of drugs and criminal doctors who "will do anything to keep you coming to them...They'll sell their souls! What's worse, they'll sell yours, and you never know it until one day you find yourself in hell!"

When the curtain rises we find the family in a jocular mood of deceptive niceness. When the final curtain falls, we have witnessed the desperate soul-searching of people tormented by the truth of their lives.

It is a domestic tragedy whose major theme is expressed by one thought which reappears in such variations: "The past is the present, isn't it? It's the future, too. We all try to lie out of that but life won't let us," says the mother, while Edmund phrases it differently: "Who wants to see life as it is, if they can help it?" To escape their guilt they try to put the

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Sean O'Casey wrote that "to see the transfiguring nobility of tragedy, in as near the Greek sense as one can grasp it, in seemingly the most ignoble, debased lives. And just here is where I am a most confirmed mystic too, for I'm always trying to interpret Life in terms of lives, never just lives in terms of characters. I'm always acutely conscious of the Force behind (Fate, God, our biological past creating our present, whatever one calls is—Mystery certainly) and of the eternal tragedy of Man in his glorious, self-destructive struggle to make the Force express him instead of being, as an animal is, an infintesimal incident in its expression."

Sean O'Casey is a poetic dramatist although he writes without caring for any rules and laws, in fact, often flagrantly denies having ever heard of a playwriting technique as laid down by Aristotle or Brunetiere. But whatever he writes, he does with gusto and with a whirlwind of rhapsodic words, full of eloquent meaning and poetic imagery.

As the two staged readings of his autobiography proved, he is, even in his prose a dramatist, simply because he seems to love people and to hate their follies and weaknesses. He is not a learned man. But a born poet need not have studied to make his thoughts sing and accompany their melody with the music of his emotions. O'Casey mingles low comedy with the pathos of tragedy, biting satire with the romanticism of man's great dreams, as if it were of one breath. He can stop the action of his plays for any length of time (which would be fatal for any other dramatist) and have one of his characters ramble into a fancy world all his own. He can get away with murdering his own plays from a technical viewpoint because he has the power of poetry at his fingertips, the laughter of a universal humor, the radiant warmth of a great human being.

All this is in his "Purple Dust" which was now staged at the Cherry Lane Theatre by Philip Burton with the necessary love and understanding for O'Casey. He wants to say in this play that city people make fools of themselves when they discover their love for the country, that life lies in the present and not in the past and that the true nature of love is stronger than any bank account. There is nothing novel in these themes until one sees them unfold in the frolic fracas of O'Casey's "Purple Dust."

A New Ladybug

O'Casey proves that prose can be perfect prosody and that you do not have to write verse to be a dramatic poet. Robert Thom, a dramatist of great promise, presented his "Children of the Ladybug," a play in verse, at the Poetry Center of the "Y" in concert form. In this staged reading the poetry had the better of the drama. The verses had a fine metallic sound, but they seemed somehow without the pulse-beat of life, the tremor of the emotions they expressed was not fully perceptible, the echo of the inner conflicts was drowned in the cascades of well welded phrases.

This verse play deals with a topic very similar to O'Neill's "Long Day's Journey Into Night," with the tragic dissolution of an American family caused by the lack of love between wife and husband. Again self-centeredness leading to destruction. But when it comes to the cataclysmic end, when the wife goes for a swim to the beach with her son's friend early at sunrise to give nature and also her own physical desires
their due and when she fails to return, we remain unmoved. Her drowning does not seem enough motivated. Although the play has brilliant moments with some wonderful writing, it never quite came to life, at least not in this reading.

**Fairy Tale and Angels**

Jean Cocteau's "The Eagle Has Two Heads" has lifted them in a fascinating off-Broadway production. It failed on Broadway ten years ago when Tallulah Bankhead appeared in the difficult part of The Queen who shelters and protects her would-be-assassin. She falls in love with him and he responds to her feelings with equal passion. When they find out that the powers of the social machinery governing both their lives comes between their love, that they are mere captives of the world surrounding them, they escape into death.

Did Cocteau want to say that love is stronger than politics, that life is only worth living through the unification of the I and You? As done on Broadway with Miss Bankhead it was a heavily overdone melodrama. But "The Eagle Has Two Heads" can only live on stage when its delicate fairy tale-like quality is stressed, when it is produced with an imaginative flair for Cocteau's irrealities. The new off-Broadway production with the excellent young actress Colleen Dewhurst as The Queen comes close to it.

"Thor, With Angels" is one of the minor opuses of Christopher Fry, originally written in 1948 for the Canterbury Festival. It deals with the conversion to Christianity of a Jute patriarch who returns from a battle with the Saxons, bringing with him a British prisoner who is a Christian. The Broadway Chapel Players presented it in a moving performance for the first time in New York under Bill Penn's skilful direction. There is the dais with the altar serving as stage, the atmosphere of the pulpit, the light of the setting sun peeping through the church windows, looking down on a few props hinting at a rock, at a stable—but then the almost bare stage is enlivened and overflooded with Christopher Fry's florid language and his message speaking of peace that man can make with himself and God. These performances are enlightening and elating Sunday vespers in verse.

(This is the first of two articles by Mr. Sorell on the Broadway season)

**CAMPFIRES**

The shine
Of fire is wine
About the timberline
To those who try the sharp incline
Of any Western alp or apennine.

Around
From peak and mound
Night shadows waver. Sound
Contracts to horses grazing. Bound
In wooden chains the campfire makes the browned,

Hot meal.
The stars, white steel,
Glow down. Men stand or kneel
In cooking smells and smoke. They feel
The stillness and the cool, thin winds that wheel,

And die,
And rise, and sigh.
The dark, the flame, the high,
White peaks, green slopes, blue air. The cry
Of far night rovers wailing to the sky.

The light
Of fire in night
Is manna to the sight
Of weary men beneath the bright,
Sharp shine of planets in the stellar height.

—SAMUEL M. SARGENT

February, 1957
The Fine Arts

Symbols And Signs In Seals

By A. R. Kretzmann, Litt.D.

In a day which seeks to sever its relationships with a traditional past, there are still myriad opportunities which demand a definite sign or symbol. Trade marks, type-faces, and many other devices, are used to identify immediately certain objects and products. Colleges, Universities and Seminaries sometimes have seals of deep and lasting significance; others are completely non-descript. In the urgency of early and poverty stricken organization, a poor seal is often adopted and then adhered to out of simple loyalty rather than in deep and lasting significance. Courageously many of our Institutions have faced up to the problem and have demanded, for themselves, seals which accurately symbolize their place and purpose in the Church or the Community. We submit herewith four samples of recently designed seals which have a purposeful significance.

Seal No. 1 represents Concordia Teachers College at River Forest, Illinois. Almost one hundred years ago the College adopted a very simple seal, showing an open Bible and the reference in German to St. John 8, verses 31 and 32. Without changing the basic and glorious truth there stated, the seal was redesigned to carry a portion of the motto in the outside border and the four-fold implications of the complete motto on the four sides of the diamond surrounding the name-sym­bol of the Saviour in the very heart of the seal. The men trained at Concordia River Forest are dedicated to truth, discipleship, freedom and the Word. The objective of the College in supplying men and women who will carry these principles to the four corners of the earth, over land and sea, is significantly emphasized by the four crosses set on the stylized waves surrounding the name of the School.

Seal No. 2 is slightly older and was done ten years ago for Concordia Teachers College, Seward, Nebraska. Since Seward, Nebraska lies almost in the shadow of the great State Capital at Lincoln, the famous Carl Milles statue of “the Sower,” which surmounts the tower of the Nebraska State Capital, was incorporated in the seal. The statue is flanked on either side by the Alpha and Omega with crosses to symbolize the service of the men and women of Seward in sowing the seed of the Word of God throughout the world.

Seal No. 3 is the Great Seal of the Lutheran Church, Missouri Synod. It was designed in a Synod-wide com­petition some years ago. The center of the seal is a shield with a Cross of the Saviour and the first creed of the Church, “Jesus Christ is Lord,” on it. Twelve rays around the head of the Cross symbolize the Twelve who preached the Gospel of the Cross in all the world. The three stars on the shield signify the three Ecumenical Creeds which are the basic confessional treasure of the Universal Church. The three crosses signify the heart of all three creeds—faith in God, the Father, God, the Son, and God, the Holy Ghost. Alongside of the shield and running behind the center of it are the three great evangelical emphases—Sola Scriptura, Sola Gratia and Sola Fide. Directly alongside of the shield on either side will be found six stars for the specific Lutheran Confessions. The rest of the center portion of the seal is occupied by a symbolic vine and branches. This was the symbol of the Old Testament Church as shown in Isaiah, and of the New Testament Church, as emphasized by Christ, “I am the Vine, Ye are the Branches.” At the base of the shield is set the word Concordia and the date 1580 as a reminder of the Book of Concord as the collection of all Lutheran Confes­sional writings to which the clergy and all members of the Church are pledged in both ordination and confirmation. Beneath that appears the familiar Luther’s Coat of Arms as an identifying mark of adherence to the principles of the great Reformer.

Seal No. 4 shows a completely local and temporary emphasis in a seal. This seal was developed for the Centennial Convention of the Lutheran Church, Mis­souri Synod, in Chicago, 1947. The seal of the City of Chicago which is tripartite because of the confluence of two rivers was simply inverted and on the junction was placed the symbol of First Saint Paul’s Lutheran Church where Synod was founded, set against the back­ground of the globe to show how the Church had expanded from its humble beginning at St. Paul’s into a world-wide Crusade for Christ. The dates 1847 and 1947 are found in the upper left and right corners. Between the branches of the river below are found the words from Psalm 27 which were written into the record by the first secretary of Synod: “The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear?” This entire seal is worked out in the form of a shield because that has been from time immemorial, a sign of strong, unified faith.

The Cresset
What think ye of Christ? (Matthew 22:42)

It is safe to say that no other character in man's long history has evoked so much discussion as has our Lord Jesus Christ. It is almost unbelievable what a mass of fact and fancy has been woven around the simple story of His life as we find it in the Bible, what supposedly profound theorizing has been spun around His person and His work from the very beginning of Christianity to our own day.

Nobody today would deny His existence, but there have been those who have "treated Him like any other historic character"—and have produced some downright blasphemous portraits. Using what he believed to be "strict historical method," the German theologian, David Strauss, robbed Christ of every echo of divinity and reduced Him to a myth, a sort of composite character created by the Evangelists, who ascribed to Him all of their idealized dreams of the expected Messiah. Using his imagination very freely, the French skeptic, Renan, created a Christ Who was a dreamy-eyed romantic Who was never meant for the reforming role which He mistakenly attempted. And in our own day, the dramatist George Bernard Shaw, in one of his in- terminable prefaces to a play, and with a ghastly con- descension, portrays Jesus as a convivial Bohemian!

But there are those who see in the character of Christ something uniquely beautiful and have written some lovely things about "the manhood of the Master." The modernist, the liberal, the Christian Scientist, and the Unitarian have praised Him for His great love, His courage, His loyalty, His high moral code and scale of values. He was "a great teacher," "a profound philosopher," "a practising psychologist," "centuries ahead of His times." One looks in vain, though, for Christ the Savior, true God and true man, Who came to save sinful mankind by His death on the cross. And so, however attractive and true these portrayals may be, they do not show us the Christ we know.

For the Christ we know claimed to be much more than man and thought it not robbery to be like God, indeed, to be God. He said some strange things, maddening to the Scribes and Pharisees: "I am the Light of the world," "I am the way, the truth, and the life," "I am the bread of life," "I am the water of life," "I am the resurrection and the life." He forgave sins, and they asked, "Who can forgive sins but God?" They wanted to stone Him when He claimed eternal existence: "Before Abraham was, I am." And He made the most incredible statement ever made by a sane man: "All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth."

He proved His statements about Himself beyond the shadow of a doubt. By His word He healed innumerable sick. These were not mere neurotics, functionally ill. The Gospel record says that some of these had been lame or blind from birth. By His word He stilled a tempest and the people, properly impressed, asked, "What manner of man is this, that even the winds and the sea obey Him?" He did what only God can do; He raised the dead. Nor were these merely comatose; Lazarus had been four days dead and was already subject to decay. Once more, people were duly impressed, as people certainly would be today if the rumor of a resurrection were to be proved genuine. Said they, rightly, "God hath visited His people!" And finally, setting the seal of authenticity upon all that He had ever said or done, He rose from the dead and appeared to many, not as a vision but in the substantial form of flesh and blood, so that the doubting Thomases of all ages will always find it impossible to explain away His actual physical reappearance after death.

The meaning and purpose of His coming is simply expressed by Him: "The Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost." He came to suffer and to die for our sins. The Almighty God, His heavenly Father, had willed it that way before the world began. This is the everlasting mystery of the Gospel—the incarnation and suffering and death of the Son of God. It had been clearly foretold by the prophets. It had been foreshadowed by every bloody sacrifice commanded in the Old Testament, for "without the shedding of blood there is no forgiveness of sin." The Christ, we know, humbled Himself to the shameful death of a criminal upon the cross.

Yet even in His deepest humiliation there were flashes of His deity and His power. He threw His captors backwards with the words, "I am he," when they told Him they sought Jesus of Nazareth. But He submitted because it was their hour and the power of darkness, the beginning of His passion. He could answer the high priest's question whether He was indeed the Christ, the Son of God, with a firm affirma-
tive and a prophecy: “Thou has said: I am. Hereafter shall ye see the Son of Man sitting on the right hand of power and coming in the clouds of heaven.” He could answer Pilate’s question: “Art thou a king then?” with a decided, “Thou sayest: I am a king.” Even of His death He could say: “No man taketh my life from me. I lay it down of myself.” He died in possession of His full powers, voluntarily laying down His life when His work of salvation was finished. This is the Christ we know—Omnipotent God, Lord of life and death, Perfect Man Who fulfilled the Law of God for us. God the Father had given Him a name which is above every name, and we bow the knee in humble reverence and gratitude before Him. So the authors of the Bible picture Him, not following cunningly devised fables. So we, by the power of the Spirit, believe in Him, and are not at all impressed by the babblings of “the latest fruits of scholarship” that would rob Him of a shred of His authority, His power, His glory. We know Him alive and ever present, as He promised He would be. We call upon Him in the day of trouble, and He hears us. Constrained by love of Him, we attempt to follow in His footsteps and to become more Christ-like in our lives. We live in Him, and hope to die in Him, committing ourselves body and soul into His merciful hands, trusting implicitly all of His promises of our resurrection through Him. Faith will turn to sight, and we shall live eternally with the Christ we know.

He [Jesus] was like some terrible moral huntsman digging mankind out of the snug burrows in which they had lived hitherto. In the white blaze of this kingdom of his there was to be no property, no privilege, no pride and precedence; no motive indeed and no reward but love. Is it any wonder that men were dazzled and blinded and cried out against him? Even his disciples cried out when he would not spare them the light. Is it any wonder that the priests realized that between this man and themselves there was no choice but that he or priestcraft should perish? . . . Is it any wonder that to this day this Galilean is too much for our small hearts?

—H.G. Wells, The Outline of History (Garden City Publishing Co.)

Letter from Xanadu, Nebr.

BY G.G.

Dear Editor:

I’m sorry to hear that you got some complaints about my Christmas column. I thought that J. Romney Beall was considered pretty hot stuff. At least I can understand him.

I’ve tried reading some of the guys you recommended and I’ll tell you straight out that I’m lucky if I can get past page ten. Just about the time I think I’m catching on bam! comes a whole paragraph of German or Latin or Greek and I’m lost. Or else it’s just the same old stuff about how sinful people are, which is nothing new to me because I’ve memorized the catechism, too. You say that Beall isn’t much on theology. I wouldn’t know about that. But I do know that I feel all good inside and all pepped up after I read his stuff, and if you lived in the kind of rat-race a business man has to live in nowadays you would be thankful for anything that could give you a lift, too.

Sometimes I feel like giving up this column. It looks to me like what you guys want is a nice, dull, respectable magazine that people will ooh and ah over because it’s full of stuff they can’t understand. Well, let me clue you. The average layman today isn’t going to waste his time plowing through a lot of dull theology. He’s out doing the real work of the church—raising money, serving on boards and committees, organizing programs for his Men’s Club, giving a hand with the Scouts, carting his wife and kids around from one activity to the other. You just try throwing yourself wholeheartedly into the life of a live-wire congregation nowadays and see how much time you have for arguing theology. You’re lucky—might lucky—if you can find the five minutes for evening devotions.

Sorry I got all het up, but maybe it’s just as well. It seems to me that some people are always trying to make religion harder than it has to be. As far as I am concerned I got all of the theology any layman needs out of the catechism and my job now is to put my faith into practice. But to do that I’ve got to have some inspiration now and then and what difference does it make who inspires me as long as I get inspired?

Regards, etc.

G.G.
Mozart a Master of the Art That Conceals Art

BY WALTER A. HANSEN

Every day I realize more keenly than ever before that music is an inexhaustible art. Every day I have constantly growing disdain for those scholars, so called, who try to make the world at large believe that music has revealed to them all its millions of secrets.

Has anyone ever plumbed every depth and scaled every height in the works of Mozart? No.

Mozart has given us some of the great marvels in music. At the moment I am thinking of Don Giovanni, The Magic Flute, and The Marriage of Figaro.

Not even the mighty Johann Sebastian Bach could write with more fluency, fluidity, pertinence, and limpidity of expression than Mozart. Can you show me anything in music that represents a greater amount of amazing craftsmanship than one finds at the end of the second act of Don Giovanni? Here three orchestras play at the same time. You hear the beautiful minuet, a rustic quadrille in double time, and a waltz. This is far more than a trick. Listen carefully and, in addition to the minuet, the quadrille, and the waltz, you will hear some of the instruments tuning up. But this portion of the opera is by no means limited to the or­chestras. The singers, too, take part. Mozart is a great master of the art that conceals art.

I am not trying to detract from the imposing stature of Bach. For many years I have been dumbfounded by the skill exemplified in this master's Chromatic Fantasy and Fugue, in the Pascaglia and Fugue in C Minor, in the Italian Concerto, in the Goldberg Variations, and in many other works. But I cordially detest the blind and completely one-sided Bach worship one encounters in some circles—especially the type of worship that is found on a none-too-thorough study of his sacred music and a pitifully flimsy acquaintance with what this mighty genius accomplished in the secular domain. Show me a so-called Bach specialist who believes he can speak and write properly and authoritatively about the master's sacred music without a well-grounded knowledge of what Bach bequeathed to us in the secular field, and I guarantee to show you a fraud.

The more diligently one studies Mozart, the more one is overwhelmed by the many miracles this man could perform. Think of the overture to The Magic Flute. Think of The Magic Flute in its entirety. Note how masterfully Mozart combines comedy with tragedy. Think of the delightful The Marriage of Figaro. Do you think it is easy to compose music—great music—for a comedy? Try it.

Listen to Mozart's Sonata in F Major, for Piano and Violin (K. 377). If you do not know this composition, become acquainted with it. Hear it again and again. It is full of downright miracles. Listen to the Jupiter Symphony. Then tell men, if you dare, that even the great Bach was a greater master of counterpoint than Mozart. Listen to the Symphony in G Minor, a work which more than one competent scholar has called perfect in every detail. Listen to Mozart's chamber music, to his piano concertos, to his violin concertos.

Have you ever stopped to think that in the far-flung domain of music there are no greater masters of the bewitching art of what is known as chromaticism than Johann Sebastian Bach, Richard Wagner, and Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart?

By the way, do you think that Ludwig van Beethoven got the first theme of the first movement of his Eroica Symphony from the introductory music to Bastien and Bastienne, a delightful little Singspiel which Mozart composed when he was only twelve?

SOME RECENT RECORDINGS

VERDI AND TOCCANINI. Selection from Nabucco, I Lombardi, I Vespri Siciliani, La Forza del Destino, Rigoletto, Otello. Verdi's Hymn of the Nations, composed in 1862 for the International Exposition in London and recorded in 1943 for a film produced by the Office of War Information, is included. This two-disc album will prove to be a significant chapter in the history of music. Toscanini was one of the greatest Verdi authorities. RCA Victor. —FRANZ BERWALD. Symphony in C Major (1845) and Symphony in E Flat (1845). Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra under Igor Markevitch. Tuneful symphonies by a composer (1796-1868) almost unknown even in his native Sweden. Decca. —MAURICE RAVEL. Trio in A Minor. GABRIEL FAURE. Trio in D Minor, Op. 120. The Beaux Arts Trio (Daniel Guilet, violin; Bernard Greenhouse, cello; Menahem Pressler, piano). Superb playing of two beautiful works. M-G-M. —ANTON BRUCKNER. Symphony No. 4, in E Flat (Romantic). Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra under William Steinberg. A fine performance of a work by a composer whom I consider great. Capitol. —RICHARD WAGNER. Dawn and Siegfried's Rhine Journey, Prelude to Act III of Tristan und Isolde, Prelude to Parsifal. Detroit Symphony Orchestra under Paul Paray. Excellent readings. Mercury.
RELIGION

AN HISTORIAN'S APPROACH TO RELIGION

By Arnold Toynbee (Oxford University Press, $3.00)

This volume of Mr. Toynbee, based on the Gifford Lectures delivered in the University of Edinburgh in the years 1952 and 1953, is another of his searchings into the relationship of the religious character of man to the civilization that he produces. Both for the historian and the religious practitioner the book is fascinating. Mr. Toynbee's massive studies permit him to draw pictures and conclusions that few others would dare to draw. In fact one wonders at times if they are not a bit overdrawn.

From the first pages of this book and even more upon concluding it one feels like ancient Plutarch. Amidst the welter of religions in the Roman world he too tried to find the essence. His works are interesting reading too. But Plutarch found himself in a religious sense "a jack of all trades and a master of none." While Mr. Toynbee claims that this is the "historical point of view" in him speaking, one wonders if he too is not wandering with Plutarch in the vast lore of the world's religions, but finds no place to lay his own head.

The book is divided into two parts. The first deals with the emergence of the higher religions from the lower forms. This is pretty much an outlined rehash of what he already accomplished in his Study of History. Part two deals primarily with the spread of the Christian faith, its outreach, and the reaction of the world to it. In the midst of all this we detect the mind of Mr. Toynbee attempting to disentangle the "essence" of all religion.

Aside from the objections we have to the author's continuing adherence to a developmental conception of the history of religion which at times sprouts in statements that are in the worst tradition of the "comparative religion school," we feel he has shown rather adequately that religion does form the very basis of civilization. This should offer much food for thought to the modern secularist mind. If the great battle today is between secularism and the spirit, Mr. Toynbee has dealt a telling blow for the side of religion. This should offer much food for reflection.

One of the most interesting aspects of this book is the manner in which Mr. Toynbee avoids the overloading of his page with references. This author is not the叠加istic historian who must give us a magnitude of references to any question he raises. Toynbee refuses to permit God to do something he cannot do. "We cannot do something of which we are not aware."

The basic attempt seems to be to get all self-centeredness out of each religion. But like the Hinayana that he takes to task Mr. Toynbee falls into that very self-centeredness. By taking all that is unique out of Christianity for example, he takes out all that is the historical action of God in Christ. God no longer is God! Mr. Toynbee refuses to permit God to do something "unique." Furthermore, it seems to me that there is nothing more "mythical" about an explanation of history given in terms of prophecy and fulfillment, than in an explanation that derives meaning from an evolution into "higher religion." Both leave many questions unanswered.

For the bigot and the sectarian perversion of Christianity that maintains that sinful man can fully understand and systematize sinless truth, this book should be a broadening experience. But for the "having not seen yet believing" Christian, who is honestly searching answers to religious-historical questions concerning the Christian faith, this book gives no answers. It does deepen insight.

There is a challenge in this book however! The challenge of the continuing Reformation. According to Mr. Toynbee the Church failed once in the thirteenth century. It must not fail again today, as a world fed up with the answerless voice of technology, looks once again to her spiritual teachers. We must most certainly not be found worshipping our own organization or our own way of expressing the faith. We must communicate. We need to use the world's new found "original sin" and the broadening outlook given our generation by technology to inform our faith and teaching. On the other hand we dare not feel the pull toward unity of the faiths that we forget that Christ is today still Lord of the world, and most certainly Lord of the Church. If this book leaves us with this challenge, it has served a noble purpose for us.

For sermon-makers Mr. Toynbee's analysis on the Parable of the Sower should give much food for thought. The "Annexe" were most interesting, and the book has a fine index.

WALTER OTTING

THE CATHOLIC APPROACH TO PROTESTANTISM

By George H. Tavard (Harper, $2.50)

One wishes when he lays down Father Tavard's slender volume that he might write a more favorable review of a work of such obvious good will. The very concern he demonstrates is neither a common nor vital factor in American Roman Catholicism, and one is frequently reminded that it is a reworked translation coming from the French Church. Apart from a more marked attempt at historical and theological accuracy when describing Protestant positions the volume is oriented toward the traditional Roman Catholic position which sees the Roman Communion as the one, infallible institution of salvation on earth, and reunion means ultimately return to something they and their fathers had misunderstood, the deposit of faith held by the teaching Church.

One can only regret that Father Tavard has not limited himself to certain specific doctrines in describing a possible approach between the Confessions in order to give us an analysis and possible program. His journalistic style precludes any honest grappling with issues as one finds this, for example, in Karl Adam's One and Holy. Father Tavard has not taken pains to present the doctrine of justification by faith alone or the Lutheran doctrine of the Church, both of which are misrepresented here. He certainly does not present the whole story of the significance of Humani generis for Roman Catholic discussions with Protestant theologians. Have Roman Catholic ecumenists been able to take with the necessary seriousness the ecclesiastical and theological traditions of their separated brethren? A far more searching, more honest, and so more charitable exploration of the theological

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position of each communion involved will be necessary before more fruitful discussions can be conducted.

**READINGS IN PHILOSOPHY OF SCIENCE**

Arranged and edited by Philip P. Wiener (Scribner's, New York, 1953)

*Readings in Philosophy of Science* contains fifty essays which reflect the basic assumptions, the structures, and the methods of the various sciences. The last ten essays are devoted to a philosophical analysis and synthesis of the entire knowledge of the sciences.

Dr. Wiener has selected the essays from works of the outstanding men in science. Included are articles by Einstein, Planck, Heisenberg, and Norbert Wiener on physics; by E. S. Russell, S. S. Stevens, and Freud on psychology; by Whitehead, Bertrand Russell, and C. S. Peirce on mathematics; and by Weber, Mannheim, Popper, and Stark on the social sciences. Most of the articles have been written by living scientists, but included also are the works of notable scientists of the past, from Hippocrates to Darwin. An analytical index helps the reader compare such fundamental notions as causation, objectivity, and verification which are common to the various sciences and are variously defined among them, and references suggest ample material for further study.

The selection of articles is admirably balanced, historically and topically. The essays are grouped to acquaint the reader with the basic problems of the philosophy of science, and Dr. Wiener makes no apparent attempt to favor any one school of thought. Although a few selections presuppose a familiarity with technical language, the average college student should be able to read most articles with little difficulty. *Readings in Philosophy of Science* is recommended especially to teachers of the sciences; it lends vocational perspective and impresses upon the reader the significance of his own field of study within the whole of knowledge.

Frederick Acker

**THE PRIVATE DEVOTIONS OF LANCELOT ANDREWES**

and

**THE RULE AND EXERCISES OF HOLY LIVING**


These two most recently published volumes in the World Devotional Classics series ably present the intimate meditations of two distinguished Anglican preachers of the Seventeenth Century. Renowned for his patristic learning and himself bishop successively of Chichester, Ely, and Winchestercer, Lancelot Andrewes was first on the list of Church of England clergymen appointed in 1604 to make the Authorized Version of the Bible. The other writer, Jeremy Taylor, chaplain to Archbishop Laud and to King Charles I, became after the Restoration in 1660 the bishop of respectively Down, Connor, and Dromore. His literary fame rests on the combined simplicity and splendor of his prismatic style.

Specifically, the deep sincerity of Andrewes in his book of personal prayers that were never intended for publication, is best shown in its dominant mood of repentance. You feel as if you have unlocked the doors of a sanctuary within which you perceive a saint kneeling in fellowship with God because he hungered after righteousness. You begin to appreciate what it can mean to pray without ceasing. This newest edition is based on Cardinal Newman's English translation of Volume One from the Greek and on John Mason Neale's English translation from the Latin. Because, as Andrewes says, "Prayer is the guardian of the sleeping, the confidence of the waking," he touches upon all areas of the prayer life and illuminates them with Bible references: e.g. preparation for praying; prayers for the week (as fashioned after the first chapter of Genesis); morning and evening prayers; confessional prayers; prayers of depreciation, of penitence, of intercession, and of thanksgiving; and some prayers for holy communion. Like David, this Christian echoes the earnest desire to be cleansed from sin: "Save me as a brand plucked out of the fire."

Both books bring home into your heart the gospel inspiration of a time-hallowed classic of the inner life. Consider Taylor's devotions. As a forerunner of his companion volume called *Holy Dying* (1652), the *Holy Living* (1649) is a sequence of refined sermons in simple paragraphs that exhort eloquently to an upright life. As the shepherd pipes to his flock, Jeremy Taylor admonishes all followers of The Lamb of God. He emphasizes that literally every action should have a devotional touch. By revealing his own rugged, spiritual personality which was able to transcend the political turmoils of his century, and especially by his profound insight into virile and realistic Christian experience, he inspires us today no less than when 300 years ago he counselled men in holy attitudes. Representative topics are the care of our time; purity of intention; the practice of the presence of God; sobriety and temperance and chastity; humility and modesty; faith, hope, and charity; reading and hearing the Word of God; festivals and fastings; prayer; alms, and the like. Here I quote no representative passage because the polyphonic prose suffers when separated from its full context.

My experience in editing John Donne's religious writings make me doubly aware of the significance of Dr. Kepler's reliable and effective scholarship. Worthy of lesser notice are the compactness of format, namely the pocket size with rounded corners; the easy legibility of print that is helpful for reflective consolation; and the economical price for quality products.

Herbert H. Umbach

**PURITANISM IN OLD AND NEW ENGLAND**

Alan Simpson (University of Chicago Press, $3.00.)

The discipline of the Walgreen Lectures at the University of Chicago has forced a distinguished company of scholars to compress their studies of American institutions into four afternoons. Maritain's *Man and the State* and the Mead-Ellis-Glazer studies of American Protestantism-Catholicism-Judaism typify the finest in parallel excursions into religious fields in this series.

Alan Simpson tried to squeeze the marrow of Puritan divinity and humanity into four such lectures and has now been permitted the luxury of some expansion for publication. Original consensus found the oral tradition successful; the written document preserves its flavor. It could with profit be a first purchase on Puritanism for any library.

The day is long past when the blun­nessed blue-law picture of Puritanism prevailed among scholars, but the afterglow of the economic interpretation still needs balance. To counter this Simpson takes seriously the religious thrust, viewing the Puritans as elect spirits, separated by conversion from the mass of mankind, convinced that God was using them to revolutionize history. "Puritanism never offered itself as anything but a doctrine of salvation" and its converts were in all classes. Simpson also corrects Perry Miller's one-sidedly intellectualist dismissal of the Puritan heart. It is difficult to argue with the balanced character of his approach or judgments.

The closing chapter on the Puritan tradition alerts its heirs to enduring problems in our national political life. In a year in which the Clements and Langlies have again invoked all that is Moral as being in league with their parties and programs in a pattern of black/white antithesis Simpson scolds the Puritan tradition for overlooking the gray:

The conviction that righteousness ought to prevail, with its tendency to make the Puritan's own moral character a test of political fitness, and with its pressure to turn politics, which
MEDITATIONS FROM KIERKEGAARD

Translated and edited by T. H. Croxall (Westminster, $3.00)

Though one might have reason to suppose that the works of the unique "authorship" have stood complete—and the great works are before us in a certain bewildering array—there is no substitute for his own searching and demanding exploration of the state of affairs. The most thoughtful of these works is the famous "good" story that is used to illustrate his particular view of the Church year, the second part of which is devoted to the parables and their meaning. The third is based on the Sermon on the Mount, the fourth concentrates on Biblical personalities, and the fifth covers general topics.

These Meditations are helpful, if one does not expect more of them than they can render. They cannot vie with the justly famous "parables" or Training in Christianity. Here Kierkegaard himself examines what it means to be a Christian in a Christian society; there is no substitute for his own searching and constructive analyses. However, these Meditations present certain gems, remarkable insights into Biblical material, that richly reward by their penetration; preachers may find considerable inspiration in these newly-translated selections. However, they will hardly encounter Kierkegaard himself, with his sustained and demanding exploration of "that individual." Yet though there is no substitute for the great classics and the painful path of the Stages one may hope that also here many readers may encounter the Eternal.

FICTION

THE TRIBE THAT LOST ITS HEAD

By Nicholas Monsarrat (Sloane, $4.95)

Nicholas Monsarrat, who wrote The Cruel Sea during the time of great public interest in the wartime Atlantic convoys, now turns his attention to another timely subject—the unrest in Africa. For the setting of The Tribe That Lost Its Head he creates the island of Pharamaul, a British protectorate since 1842, located off the southwest African coast. He peoples the island with one hundred twenty thousand Maulas and U-Maulas, some white settlers, a village priest, the local staff of the Scheduled Territories Office and their families.

As the novel opens, Dinamaula, recent Oxford graduate and chief-designate of the Maula tribe, is returning to Pharamaul to claim his inheritance after seven years of education in England. We are led to believe that all would have gone well had it not been for a yellow journalist, Tulbach Browne of the London Times, who arrives to cover the story of Dinamaula's return. When this master of invective and innuendo distorts his interview with Dinamaula for the sake of a "good" story and fills his series on Pharamaul with half-truths, he begins a disastrous chain of reactions.

A Parliamentary Question on the island's state of affairs brings a flood of telegrams. The Resident Commissioner at the native capital, disturbed by reports of Dinamaula's proposed reforms, treats the incoming chief like a naughty schoolboy and gives him no chance to explain. The Regents and the tribe, when handed the same kind of treatment, rebel.

To make matters worse, Browne's poisonous reports bring other disreputable journalists to the island to fan the sparks of discontent into murder and rioting. Into the scene rushes Father Hawthorne, who arrives to cover the story of Dinamaula's return. When this master of invective and innuendo distorts his interview with Dinamaula for the sake of a "good" story and fills his series on Pharamaul with half-truths, he begins a disastrous chain of reactions.

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Everything finally gets completely out of hand as a result of the external meddling and internal bungling, and the tribe loses its head both literally and figuratively.

Although there is much to be admired in this book, there is also much to be deplored. Some of the characters, e.g., the village priest, are memorable; the majority never come to life. The natives, on the whole, emerge as sub-humans with no personality whatsoever. Mr. Monsarrat rightly condemns the journalists in his story when they resort to sensationalism for the sake of salability. It is most disturbing, therefore, when he becomes guilty of the same offense. Only an eye on sales could account for the unnecessary juiciness of some of the novel's scenes. Furthermore, the bad taste he displays in handling of the massacre, murder, and crucifixion at a place called Calavaree is appalling.

The author's approach to the problems in Africa is not new. Briefly, it is that there is no simple answer to Africa, that it will take time and education to reach the goal of a genuine black-white partnership, that the pace of Africa must be kept in mind. One of the civil servants sums it up when he observes: "It is not the pace of Europe, and God forbid it should ever be the pace of America! But it is a pace which we have always had to follow, in our colonial affairs. If we delay freedom, there is an explosion. If we hurry it, there is disaster."

CARLENE BARTLETT

STORIES

By Jean Stafford, John Cheever, Daviel Fuchs, William Maxwell (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy, Inc., $3.95)

This collection contains fifteen stories by four of the best short story authors writing today. All but two of the offerings have appeared in The New Yorker, some quite recently, but all are sufficiently good to merit another reading.

Each author is represented by one or more stories with characters and backgrounds which he or she has exploited successfully in these and in other works. Jean Stafford with Adams, Colorado, a community toward which she displays considerable ambivalence; Cheever with the residents, permanent and temporary, of St. Botolph, Massachusetts; Maxwell with small-town characters, and Fuchs with some rather different inhabitants of Hollywood.

The characters are usually sophisticated though they vary widely in degree. The writing does not. It is consistently sophisticated, lucid, and interesting.

GENERAL

KIPLING: A SELECTION OF HIS STORIES AND POEMS

Edited by John Beecroft (Doubleday, $7.50)

This admirable two-volume collection, illustrated by Richard M. Powers, contains Kipling's most significant work in prose and verse. The best of his four full-length stories, Kim, is given in full. Critics consider this his one wholly successful contribution to the novel. Although the plot of this picaresque yarn is loosely woven, the story is memorable because of its striking descriptive passages and its genial evocation of life in India. Kimball O'Hara, the little Irish vagabond, and the aged lama from Tibet present an unforgettable picture as they tramp through the bazaars and along the Grand Trunk Road, meeting adventure after adventure.

Volume one also includes sixteen selections from the justly famous Jungle Books, inhabited by such characters as Mowgli, the boy who was sheltered and nursed by a wolf; Kaa, the big rock python; Shere Khan, the murderous Bengal tiger; and the filthy, despised monkey people. Though designed primarily for children, these tales still appeal to all ages. Among the ten
Just So Stories are "How the Whale Got His Nostrils," "How the Camel Got His Hump," and "How the Leopard Got His Spots.

Puck of Pook's Hill, a series of fantastic tales which introduce the reader to important epochs in England's history, concludes the first volume.

The second volume comprises twenty-seven short stories, fifty-eight poems, and Kipling's autobiography, Something of Myself, written late in life. The short stories, many of which have lasting merit, continue to appeal to a wide class of readers. Some of them, such as "The Man Who Would Be King," appear in numerous recent anthologies for high school and college students.

Kipling will be longer remembered for his verse than for his prose. Although some of his themes are now dated, his facile versification, his tremendous vigor, and his plain, robust diction continue to delight readers who prefer comprehensible and explicit statements to intellectual subtleties. The exotic "Mandalay," as Donald Heiney says, "will go on as long as there are amateur tenors."

During the twenty-five years before World War I Kipling was England's most popular writer. In 1907 he won the Nobel Prize for literature. But during the past thirty years it has been fashionable to disparage his work. F. A. Waterhouse attacked it as decadent and superficial. Kipling's blatant imperialism has drawn the most fiery criticism, epitomized in Max Beerbohm's well-known caricature of a little bespectacled man in a helmet, blowing a tin horn and vigorously waving the Union Jack. Lionel Johnson inveighed against Kipling's "agitated declamation" and accused him of bragging, blustering, protesting, and shrieking about England's glory.

This virulent denigration of Kipling seems, however, to have spent its force. The most notable of his recent champions is T. S. Eliot, who praises Kipling's "consummate gift of word, phrase, and rhythm." "There is no poet," says Mr. Eliot, "who is less open to the charge of repeating himself." Kipling's diction has certainly enriched the English language, and some of his epigrammatic lines have become household sayings, quoted even by non-literary people, e.g., "The female of the species is more deadly than the male." Characters such as Tommy Atkins, Fuzzy Wuzzy, Gunga Din, and Danny Deever have impressed themselves imperishably on the public consciousness. For all readers who like Kipling's salty style, his ingenious rhymes, and his surging rhythms, we heartily recommend these two handsome volumes. E. H. Essig

This Hallowed Ground

By Bruce Catton (Doubladay, $5.95)

The Civil War books continue to roll off the presses. The number published in 1955 was estimated conservatively at five hundred, and signs indicate that this figure may have been surpassed in 1956. Of this staggering amount of effort devoted to a single subject, painful little has resulted in anything of real significance. As a matter of fact, Bruce Catton and one or two other books seem to have a corner on the market. In this book, Pulitzer Prize winner Bruce Catton has applied his special talents to make the whole Civil War and all of its ramifications understandable, readable and interesting.

The story begins five years prior to the firing on Fort Sumter. The author gives a brief but illuminating insight into the tensions, attitudes and provocations which were to reach a climax in a bloody war, and change for all time the history, outlook and destiny of the American people. The story develops like a series of storms—Bull Run, Shiloh, Murfreesboro, Fredericksburg, Chancellorville and Vicksburg—each one of greater intensity than its predecessor, until the ultimate and inevitable fury of thunder, lightning and rain of death is unleashed at Gettysburg, where "this hallowed ground" forever symbolizes the end of an era and a way of life. The South, now on its knees, was still capable of delivering staggering blows. Its final efforts—nearly successful—to turn defeat into victory, were expended at Chickamauga and Missionary Ridge. Thereafter, it could only delay the inevitable ending. It did this for nearly eighteen months and, although it paid dearly to keep alive a little longer the dying Confederacy, it exacted a fearful price for its ultimate doom.

There is more—much more—to this book than descriptions of battles. The brief but numerous references to the generals who mastered the military engagements can be precipitated into excellent biographical sketches. There were generals who were strong and weak, competent and incompetent, hesitant and aggressive. The roster includes names like McClellan, Pope, Halleck, Fremont, Rosecrans, Thomas, Burnside, Sherman, Hooker, Meade, Jackson, Longstreet, Bragg, the Johnstons, the tenacious Grant and the incomparable Lee. It is a story, too, of fighting men, their unbelievable military naivete and their unbelievable courage. Sparkling anecdotes and comments drawn from the histories of the innumerable regiments that made up the Grand Army spuce up the entire picture. It is a story of politics and the home front, of bureaucracy and ineptitude. The undercurrents of scission are kept constantly in mind, and of particular moment is the discussion of the slavery question. Always just beneath the surface, it did not break through as the central issue until the later years of the war. Then it became the rock on which the Confederacy could be anchored or upon which it would be smashed.

Mr. Catton's ability to make fact as exciting as fiction is rare indeed. Although he begins with a fascinating subject, I have read enough Civil War books—fact and fiction—to convince me that good subject matter alone does not guarantee a finished product of quality. The author develops his theme slowly at first and then, with increasing momentum, brings it to the cathartic climax at Gettysburg. He is able to convey to the reader every emotion inherent in the situation. He can make him feel disdain, respect, hope, despair, pride, sadness, tragedy and relief. He has unusual talents for describing battles and, together with maps that are simple yet accurate and precise, these descriptions leave nothing to the imagination. They are unencumbered with confusing detail and there is a complete absence of military jargon. Relatively speaking, the last year of the war is given rather cursory treatment. There my be two reasons for this: A desire not to prolong the book unduly beyond the climax which occurs a little past the halfway point, or a feeling that it had been treated adequately in Mr. Catton's Stillness at Appomattox, a book devoted exclusively to the Army of the Potomac after Grant took personal command. Although I recognize merit in both of these, I do not consider them complete justifications for this brevity, for it was during this period that the dying Confederacy was thrashing about, dangerous to the last, and that Grant's philosophy of warfare was most in evidence. The same brevity and the same criticism are true of his description of Sherman's march. It is true, of course, that to cram the entire Civil War into a single readable volume of reasonable length is a feat of no little magnitude. With the rare exceptions mentioned, Mr. Catton has done an admirable job.

This is a book for Civil War devotees—experts and amateurs—and, in particular, for all Americans interested (as all should be) in their historical background. The period covered is brief. Its implications and effects were tremendous. The reader will gain a new insight into the ordeal by fire through which the nation dedicated to liberty and equality passed in the mid-nineteenth century. There will come a realization that there was a great deal more at stake than which side would win which battle. These were four crucial years, perhaps the most significant in the
history of the nation. Mr. Catton is aware of this and has done remarkably well in making his readers aware of it. The book is part of the Mainstream of America Series and the best of the group that I have read.

TREASURY OF WORLD LITERATURE
Edited by Dagobert D. Runes (Philosophical Library, $15.00)

As this eclectic compiler says in his Foreword, "A treasury of literature ... represents one man's choice of creative writing taken from the vast reservoir at his disposal. Thus, what is inspiring to one may seem dull to another, and quite frequently shallow waters appear to have profound depths to one who is distant."

Usually there are two necessary problems connected with any anthology: its editor's norm and the book's scope. In this omnium gatherum the quality of selection is geared to polite or middle-brow culture inasmuch as, except for drama, the entire range of our world's writings is drawn upon for representation. That is precisely the word, representation. Overly ambitious? Consequently prose predominates over poetry. I wonder why the name of the translator is not listed for the English version respectively of foreign works. Effective literary understanding needs this identification of the middle-man; sometimes it makes a big or a valid difference in establishing the authentic textual meaning. A simple classification by types of literature would assist the reader's choice better than the merely alphabetic sequence of authors does.

Concentration upon a few significant areas, multum in parvo, is normally preferable to diffusiveness. For instance, who can glean more than a fleeting impression of the complex Melville novel Moby Dick when he is offered excerpt parts of only 3 (possibly not even the best) chapters for a total of 6 pages? Such a sample could inspire a reader to go ahead with the entire epic independently; in our "pre-digested" times I doubt that so casual an acquaintance with a "solid" work would bear such fruit.

A volume of 1450 pages is awkward to hold, expensive to buy, and perhaps too fragmentary in other than the short story materials. Quantity of pages, moreover, seems to plague the proofreader; e.g. an important line is unfortunately transposed on page 8.

Assurance of reliability in using sources is given in the list of acknowledgments. Ambitious Dr. Runes (Ph.D. from the U. of Vienna) is the former director of the Institute for Advanced Education and has edited scientific journals. His intention here is good, but the diversity of his achievement leaves something to be accomplished in an eventual revision of this copious book.

Herbert H. Umbach
To the Editor:

As a CRESSET reader for a number of years, I have been pleased with the greatly increased circulation which you have claimed in recent issues. Perhaps these numbers have increased because others have appreciated, as have I, the objective so frequently expressed by your editors—to make Christianity relevant to all of the practical affairs of life.

This grand objective acknowledges a tremendous responsibility. And it is because I believe you have been abusing that responsibility, that I am compelled to write this. Over the past months I have become increasingly dismayed about the shallow poetry within your section, "Comment on the Significant News by the Editors." It appears significant, parenthetically, that you do not label these "comments" as opinions, nor do you label them individual opinions by affixing the writer's name thereto.

Your comment entitled, "All is Calm, All is Bright" in the December, 1956, issue, however, is beyond dismay. A careful number of rereadings unmistakably yields your position that we "in the West" ignored a Christian duty in failing to war in Hungary. Further, that our position as against Hungary is equivalent to those who "passed by upon the other side."

Now, I would not for a moment deny a writer, a magazine or an editorial board the right to choose whatever attitude they may in relation to public affairs. But when you establish the framework of your noble objective referred to above, and purport to write within it, you no longer appear to express only private opinion; you give that opinion the sanction of Christianity. And I violently object to this type of intellectual imprimatur.

When you attempt to demonstrate the truism that Christianity is relevant, you must (whether you will or not) assume the further responsibility of a proper application of Christianity, assuming the full risk of having all of the facts. You must be competent as well as relevant for you to be entitled to be heard.

It does not appear to me that "the West" has a Christian duty to exchange a million or more innocent lives for ten thousand innocent lives. I would agree that there may be such a duty in exchanging one for one, at least if the first is mine. And somewhere between the extremes, for some reason, the duty begins. It is not the point in between, but the reason with which you confront yourself in the application of Christianity.

In a return to war politics, England and France probably erred in Suez, but in refusing to do so in Hungary, the West did not, if you are prepared to accept the axiom that Christianity and modern war are incompatible.

In the application of this axiom, many things will hurt. But its studied and consistent application may, just may, permit sanctions other than modern war to develop and be respected. I do not contend that the one sanction is better (or worse) in Christian effect than the other. What I do contend, however, is that anything less than war is an improvement and, in the opinion of many, a necessity for the reasonable survival of civilization.

It is high time that something other than war politics should be tried. And I am gratified that the President evidently has a clearer understanding of this than your unnamed poet. War may yet be inevitable. But it seems to me that, within your editorial objective, you should be one of the last to declare it so in any given instance.

W. F. SCHROEDER
Vale, Oregon

In running our editorials unsigned, we follow what has come to be almost universal practise in American newspapers and magazines.

It is our belief that the knight, the crusader, and the man-at-arms are figures deeply imbedded in Christian civilization and that the power of the sword extends not merely to the maintenance of domestic order but to the execution of justice wherever it is suppressed or denied. We recognize that there is a stream of pacifism in the Christian tradition. We believe this to be a heresy.

The editors attempt to speak "in His light," but we would be the first to admit that we see this light through a glass, darkly. This, we believe, must be the tragedy of anyone who attempts to make the Faith relevant to the affairs of this world.

—The Editors
A Minority Report

Should Politicians Get In Line and Keep in Step?

BY VICTOR F. HOFFMANN

Political parties, many scholars maintain, are the result of freedom. Parties can only exist where free governments operate, where the form of government is representative, and where the philosophy is democratic. This makes sense. Freedom gives opportunity for choice and the presentation of many alternatives. The alternatives might present a choice of issues, personalities, or of class consciousness. Very often an alternative is chosen for the sake of opposition per se. A number of persons will always group themselves around any one of these alternatives and will organize. Political parties result. At least, this is one side of the picture.

Many Americans are proud of the freedom which has provided diversity and factionalism. That is why this country is so great, they say. Why, over in those countries they cannot think the way they want to! These people often make a fetish of this factionalism as if it were a part of the Gospel truth and point with evangelical fervor to the warfare of the Federalists and the Anti-Federalists, of the Hamiltonians and the Jeffersonians, and of the Republicans and the Democrats. If you want to be a great man, I guess, disagree and fight with every person you meet for, you see, this is in the tradition of good old American competition. If you beat your brother around the cutting corner, do not feel badly. He will understand that part of the tradition.

This spirit of factionalism has taken over to considerable degree within each of the two major parties in America. This spoils the stereotype that the Republicans and Democrats constitute two large giants converging upon one another. There is no real unity from top to bottom in either party. There is no real line of command contrary to the average picture of machine politics. The national parties, particularly, are really loose aggregations of state parties and local organizations. Moreover, the private in the political army “doesn’t give a hoot” one way or the other.

Because of the spirit of factionalism in America and because of the divisions within each party, it has been rather difficult to make the parties stand on policy and principle. Some Americans have also said “that’s the trouble with politics and politicians, they don’t stand for anything.”

This set of affairs constitutes one of the problems of all government: the problem of liberty and order. Many political scientists, perhaps with eyes cast to the more controlled party system of Great Britain, have been suggesting that now is the time to make a move toward a more responsible two-party system. Such a suggestion was made by The Committee on Political Parties of the American Political Science Association in its report of 1950, “Toward a More Responsible Two-Party System.”

The report is really saying that freedom and the consequent factionalism are fine but things have to get done. Things get done in politics, suggests the committee, by organizing policy, people, and operations. If the party has a platform, devices must be created and employed to maintain that party’s loyalty from top to bottom to that platform.

During the past several weeks, Paul Butler and the Democratic National Committee have made attempts to bring the party members in both houses of Congress closer to members of the party outside of Congress. The national chairman organized an Advisory Committee on a fairly permanent basis. The focus of the party responsibility to be created would be on the current legislative program.

The move is based on some basic assumptions, more specific than the mere creation of party responsibility. In explicit terms, it was suggested that “the Congressional leadership was not always right.” It seems obvious, too, that Democrats outside of Congress are afraid that the control of and the rallying point of the Democratic Party might move from Stevenson and the presidential focus to the Congressional Party. That probably means that Democratic leaders outside of Congress, all protestations to the contrary, take a dim view of resting the fortunes of the whole Democratic Party on the shoulders of Rayburn and Johnson. The members of the committee have suggested that the party in general and the Congressional members in particular should keep “faith with the position taken in the 1956 Democratic platform,” especially with respect to restrictions on the filibuster technique. I feel that the Advisory Committee is also interested in putting some of the conservative Southern Democrats that occupy important official and unofficial roles into places of less importance.

FEBRUARY, 1957
What is a critic? I recall that Channing Pollock once described critics as "legless men who teach running." This is a scathing verdict—a verdict which tempts those who undertake the difficult task of critical appraisal to scurry for cover. Since such an escape is denied me at the moment, I shall be bold enough to set down my impressions of the SIGHTS AND SOUNDS I have seen and heard in recent weeks.

High on my list of outstanding TV programs is The Jazz Age, presented by Project 20 on NBC TV. This excellent documentary—with a narrative completed by Fred Allen just before his death last March—portrays the high spots of the turbulent 1920s. This was the frenetic decade in which pleasure-mad Americans embarked on a nationwide spree commonly known as "making whoopee." Remember?

The events depicted in The Jazz Age were selected from actual film records made as these events occurred. The music, the manners, the morals, the fashions, as well as the famous and infamous personalities of one of the gaudiest eras in our history, are recalled in this forthright presentation of a fabulous chapter in our recent past.

Equally noteworthy and equally impressive was the Festival of Music, a program telecast in color by NBC on Producers Showcase. Here some of the most brilliant stars of the music world displayed the sterling artistry which has won them worldwide fame. It seems to me that programs such as this clearly demonstrate two things: (1) that TV can perform a vital and far-reaching service in stimulating interest in the fine arts, and (2) that there is an audience for such programs.

Recently NBC observed the thirtieth anniversary of its founding with a weeklong celebration in Miami, Florida. Only thirty years have passed since Americans in twenty-eight cities heard the first radio programs broadcast by NBC. Today NBC is made up of 207 TV stations with 188 radio affiliates and net earnings of $159,000,000.

At a special anniversary dinner 700 persons heard Robert Sarnoff, president of NBC and son of David Sarnoff, the corporation's founder and first president, express his hopes for the future. Mr. Sarnoff is convinced that in the not-too-distant future the TV viewers in the U. S. will switch to color television. "At our sixtieth-anniversary convention," he said, "I expect to be talking about television signals which span the globe. My subject then will be: The World—in Color." In view of the giant strides made by TV and radio in a brief span of thirty years, will anyone be rash enough to question or dispute Mr. Sarnoff's optimistic prediction? I doubt it.

Mr. Sarnoff also announced an important development in educational TV. He revealed that in 1957 NBC will produce three special educational programs each week during the school year. These programs will not be available without cost to all educational TV stations in the U. S. but will be kinescoped for classroom use in repeat telecasts. In producing these programs NBC is to be assisted by leading educators and by the Educational Television and Radio Center at Ann Arbor, Michigan. The cost has been tentatively estimated at $300,000.

In keeping with the current mania for transferring tried-and-true literary works and dramas into musicals, Charles Dickens' immortal A Christmas Carol appeared in two separate musical versions during the holiday season. The first of these presentations—book by Maxwell Anderson, music by Bernard Hermann—was seen in Shower of Stars on ABC; the second, titled The Stingiest Man in Town, was colorcast on the Alcoa Hour by NBC. Although an imposing array of talent was assembled for each production, somehow these musical versions failed to add luster to a story which has long been a perennial favorite with young and old.

It seems to me that no program devised exclusively for our entertainment and relaxation matched either in interest or in importance the presentation of the history-making events featured on newscasts, panel-discussion groups, and other TV programs. The unrest resulting from segregation in some parts of the South, the complex problems which still plague the Middle East, the tragedy which has engulfed the valiant people of Hungary, the holocaust resulting from forest fires in our western states, the havoc wrought by wind and water, the review of the great and small issues of the day which help to shape not only the present but the future as well—these constituted a challenging and continuing human drama of unusual appeal and far-reaching significance.

A number of outstanding films are being shown at present. Friendly Persuasion (Allied Artists, William Wyler)—adapted from a series of stories by Jessamyn West—is noteworthy for its beautiful De Luxe Color photography, for fine acting by a notable cast, and for its simple, warmly human story of the problems of conscience which confront a Quaker family in wartime.

THE CRESSET
DETACHED
Perhaps if, in some way, I could detach
Myself from common circumstance and time,
I might, alone, soar upward to unlatch
A door of virgin artistry and rhyme.
Released from tentacles of ambient thought
Which are forever twining round my brain,
It may be I should plunge through oceans fraught
With wisdom now beyond my power to gain.

Or, free of the pandemic trends and moods
Which seem to form my living counterpart,
Would I be, rather, stripped of wonted foods
Fulfilling hungers of the mind and heart,
And find myself a strangely muted bell
In vacuums approaching very hell?

Lori Petri

THE DOWER
Not of the cloud
Nor yet of earth, a music wanders.
This is the song the joy-god squanders
Low or aloud.

Just when we close
Our eyes, or wake, or great thought catches
The breath, we hear it, but in snatches,
And then it goes.

But yours the dower
To hear it whole, at will. Your straying
And listening looks, your flame-like swaying
Proclaim your power.

Geoffrey Johnson

FATHER TO DAUGHTER
These blue-fibered hands
Have bent steel,
crushed rock;
Have kneaded cement,
split the earth;
Have inflicted pain,
these crusted hands
Knowing naught but strength.

Yet you, pink blossom
of my loving,
Mollify them
to your body's trust:
In the cradle of
this strength for you
Silken petals the pistil cup.

E. W. Northnagel

FINGERS ON THE HARP
Well seasoned are the grains of heart and song,
Amid the furrows of Celestial soil;
A pool for melody to swim upon,
Invites repose from shaken worlds of toil.
The soul is plucked to hold a dream unveiled,
Transposed from tears it lingers in the air;
For every hour that a burden trailed,
Majestic fingers weave Allegro there.

David Livingstone Lantz

ONCE IN BITTER WEATHER
Once on a dark day,
Once in the winter,
Once when the wind blew
Sharp as a splinter,

I found a grey quill,
I found a feather
Lying on a hill trail
In bitter weather ...

Then I heard a far sound,
Strange as anything,
Of wild geese north bound —
Long before spring!

Donald Manker

FLAMINGO IN THE SKY
Dawn is a flamingo in the sky,
She stretches her pink feathers wide,
The world and I could never find
As beautiful a place to hide.

—Marion Schoebeliein
TALK AND SOLITUDE

A February rain, stormy interlude between winter and spring, beat against the windows.... It was only a small company, and no one was sitting up straight.... That was important.... Nothing significant was ever said by anyone who was sitting primly in a chair with both feet on the ground.... Only a bill collector or landlord sits that way....

For a few moments time and wind had brought us together from the ruts of living.... There was talk of many things, of life and the inconstant year, of war and peace, of little problems and final matters....

Inevitably the conversation drifted to the comparative values of talk and solitude.... The wisest among us said that there must always be a balance between them.... One of the strange marks of modern living is our fear of being alone.... We have forgotten that the last deep realities of life are not found in a crowd.... We have lost the habit of solitude....

It is true, of course, that there is much good in good talk.... The world would be less wise if Socrates had not loitered in the market place at Athens.... The world would be less happy if there had been no Mermaid Tavern for great conversation when the Good Queen reigned and England was England.... The world would be poorer if Samuel Johnson had not talked, or Coleridge, or Lamb.... Beyond all these there is always the picture of the little company that wandered around Galilee and Judea many years ago and listened to the greatest talk ever heard on earth.... Speech from the company of heaven in the solitude of earth....

A few months ago H. L. Mencken died in Baltimore at the age of 77.... The news story brought a few nostalgic moments... now reflected here.... One of the reasons for his power and influence was his remarkable style.... He was often imitated, but never successfully.... Essentially a good style must be the perfect expression of the man.... Even the slightest artificiality destroys its power.... The more distinctive a style is, the more delicate is the line which separates it from the artificial and unreal.... I thought of that some time ago when I saw the following paragraph from The Glamor of Dublin, by D. L. Kelleher, which describes the death of Stella, whose unhappy star crossed the path of Dean Swift: "Such a night with clouds falling from the stars like hair unbound, and a lamenting wind moping and wandering over the city till even he shudders in that lamplit room, poring strangely over his papers, noting down and stopping with a start to drop his pen and strike with his palms upon the table and recover from an agony and so write again. Here in his dean's house, now fallen to be police station, is Swift, the satirist. Swift, the vitriol-tongue, who can burn a parliament away with a phrase, Swift, whose fame all envy but whose self there is none more to love. For over there by those torches and tapers they are laying her deep tonight in the Cathedral corner, out of his reach entirely now who has tortured her with riddles too long. No music at the end nor sunlight streaming through a painted window, no plumes but the smoke-wreaths of the pine, no tender organ notes to dim the dry coughing of the older clergy, and the 'clatch, clatch' of shovels struck into the clay. So lay her down and leave her to the pitying dark, poor Stella who has been beguiled and baffled and wrecked by this intellect and enigma of the awful Swift. And for him as he drops his head upon his crossed palms while the lamp gutters out on the deanery room a little pity too! For, colossus of his day, yet does malign Fate strike him down with a fearful physical ill. And from his gloom and his secret hide, ye kind stars! and pass quickly, telling it not to his neighbors, thou lamenting wind!"

One more note on style.... Our prize for graphic speech this month goes to the announcer who, a few nights ago, introduced the "Danse Macabre" as a "jam session in a graveyard."....