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Too Large or Too Small?

The federal budget runs to 1249 pages of small type. It may be doubted whether even one citizen in a hundred thousand has read all 1249 of these pages, much less examined the memoranda written in support of each of the items in the budget. But the budget has touched off a ground-swell of indignant criticism, and congressional mailbags are bulging with demands that the budget be cut.

The same mailbags which bring these demands for cuts in the budget bring also request after request for services already provided by the federal government or for additional services which would require additional allocations of federal money. Here is a group that wants to honor the twenty-fifth anniversary of the plastic water pistol. They want a few thousand dollars to do it up right. Here is a group that wants further research into the cause of baldness and falling hair. They want half a million. And so it goes.

Who gets what for what is finally a policy decision. Ultimately such decisions are made by Congress, and more particularly by the House of Representatives to which the Constitution grants the power of appropriating money. It is not, therefore, altogether improper for the President to request the Congress to do the job of budget-cutting if cuts are to be made.

But if any really significant cuts are to be made—by which we mean cuts that could be reflected in a substantial tax cut—they are not going to be made by lopping off a couple hundred thousand here and a couple hundred thousand there. In a budget which runs close to 72 billion dollars the cutting will have to be done on a billion-dollar scale. And until we face up to that fact we shall get neither a cut in the budget nor a reduction of taxes.

For many years, the budget item which has irritated us most has been the interest on the public debt. The figure this year runs something in excess of six billion dollars, or about $37.50 per capita ($185.00 for a family of five). This is interest on money which we have borrowed, mostly in the past 25 years, and which we have done practically nothing to repay. It is our contention that if we can not or will not repay it in a period of general prosperity one may properly ask when, if ever, we propose to repay it. And if we do not intend to repay it do we propose to continue to pay at least six billion dollars a year in interest?

We do not enjoy paying taxes. But we would be a lot happier to pay them, and even to pay higher taxes, if we could see somewhere off in the future the prospect of a really substantial tax reduction. We do not see that prospect in any budget which makes no provision for a reduction in the national debt. We see, instead, constantly mounting interest charges and a disastrous inflation of the currency if we should be forced again into a period of heavy borrowing.

Our suggestion, then, offered in all seriousness, is that the budget be increased by roughly five billion dollars in a serious attempt to liquidate the public debt over a fifty-year period. Alongside this should go, as a matter of ordinary responsible administration, a reduction in all such expenses as can be reduced without serious curtailment of necessary programs and services. Perhaps (we do not know) such reductions might run to two or three billion dollars, in which case the net increase in the budget would need to be only two or three billion dollars. Meanwhile, for every five billion dollar reduction in the public debt we reduce interest charges by 150 to 200 million dollars annually. This is a much more substantial saving than has been proposed by some of the newspaper cuties who object to Lyndon Johnson's government supplied Cadillac ($8,226.57) or the Commission on Fine Arts ($35,000) or even our membership in the United Nations ($29,603,337).
Who Shall Act?

The last three presidents of the United States have been either ill or well-stricken in years or both at the beginning of their last terms of office. There is some reason to believe that the nature of President Roosevelt's illness was such as actually to incapacitate him for a period of perhaps six months prior to his death. President Eisenhower appears to be fully capable of discharging all of the duties of his office, but in view of his age and the nature of the illnesses from which he has recently suffered there is sufficient reason to be concerned about what would happen if he were to be incapacitated for an extended period of time. Speaker Rayburn's comment that we have gotten along all right all these years without having made any provision for the possibility of the president's incapacity is neither historically accurate nor intelligent. Only the grace of God averted the disasters that might have overtaken us during the months when James A. Garfield lay dying in New Jersey and Woodrow Wilson lay paralyzed in the White House. Indeed, in Wilson's case, one may wonder whether disaster actually was averted.

It is not a pleasant thing to talk about what should be done in the event of the president's incapacity because no one desires anything but continued health and strength for President Eisenhower. And yet intelligent foresight ought to prompt us to make some provision for the president's incapacity, no matter who the president might be. For in the absence of such a provision the president's powers will pass to someone and that someone could well be a relative or subordinate of the president, rather than the Constitutionally-designated vice-president. It may be worth remembering that during President Wilson's incapacity many of the duties of his office were apparently discharged by Mrs. Wilson, and that at the time of President Eisenhower's heart attack there were charges that Mr. Hagerty was making decisions which ought to have been made by the president.

The crux of the problem seems to be to provide some means for the temporary delegation of the president's power without opening up the possibility of the president's being eased out of power by unscrupulous men. Since the danger of this sort of thing happening is a conceivable danger, prudence would seem to dictate that the question of the president's capacity be brought under the widest possible scrutiny. The Constitution already makes provision for such scrutiny in cases where the president is alleged to have misconducted himself in office. The impeachment procedure provides for indictment by the House of Representatives and trial by the Senate with the chief justice presiding. Certainly no one would want to suggest even by implication that an examination into the president's ability to act should in any way parallel impeachment proceedings, but the safeguards which have been set about the impeachment process might be sufficient to minimize the risks involved in finding that a president has been incapacitated.

Our suggestion, then, would be that the Constitution be amended to provide that the Congress may, by joint resolution, petition the Supreme Court to declare that the president is incapacitated and that during the period of his incapacity the vice-president shall act as president. The Court would then, summon expert testimony before deciding the question. If it then found that the president actually was incapacitated, the Court would order the vice-president to assume the presidential powers during the period of the president's incapacity or for six months, whichever period should be shorter. If, at the end of the six months, the president should still be incapacitated, the order could be renewed for another six months' period. Such a procedure would keep the question of the president's capacity under continuous scrutiny and would, at the same time, give full legal authority to the acts of the acting president.

How're You Feeling?

We could never have been a doctor. All we need to do is look at a list of symptoms and they pop out all over us. And apparently there are a lot of people like us. We know one man who, in the past five years, has suffered from a long list of wholly imaginary ailments—heart trouble, acute appendicitis, colitis, shingles, cancer (of the stomach, of the rectum, and of the throat), lumbago, and polio. During his wife's pregnancy he suffered from morning-sickness and felt strange movings in his stomach. His next big crisis will probably be the menopause.

On behalf of this man, and millions of suggestible types like us, we would like to plead for a moratorium on these self-diagnostic checklists that appear in practically every magazine and newspaper that we pick up. We don't doubt that these checklists have done a real service in getting people who need medical care into a doctor's office. We can't help suspecting, though, that they have gotten still more people who don't need medical care into a tizzy.

We have had considerable success in persuading people that they ought to brush their teeth twice a day and see their dentist twice a year. Perhaps the time has come for an all-out campaign to persuade people to see their doctors twice a year as a matter of routine and more often if they have any reason to suspect that something is wrong. Such an emphasis upon positive health measures would greatly reduce the likelihood of anyone's developing an incurable condition and, perhaps more importantly, it would reduce the vast amount of sheer neurotic fear which paralyzes so many people.
One of the rites of Spring has been missing in recent years and we can be grateful to modern advancement in equipment for it. This is the annual orgy formerly waged against dirt by all housewives, and it was known as Spring housecleaning. The old fashioned Spring cleaning has just about disappeared and I have yet to meet a man who ever experienced it and who regrets its passing. Obviously the lady of the household doesn't miss it, either, though it was a period of almost a week each year in which she reigned supreme.

Fortunately it is no longer necessary to turn a house upside down in order to clean it. Modern heating methods don't add as much dirt to the house, and modern equipment and new cleaning aids on the market can keep a house clean throughout the year. Many of the activities formerly carried on during Spring housecleaning still go on, but they are spread throughout the year and are not so noticeable.

One good feature of Spring housecleaning was that it served as a sure sign that Spring was here and here to stay. Housewives had an instinct that told them the exact week in which they could start and thereafter expect no more snow or cold weather. Either every woman was born with this instinct or watched for the first signs of cleaning on the part of the neighbors, because everyone seemed to be engaged in the same pursuit at about the same time.

The words, "I'm going to start Spring house cleaning tomorrow," struck terror into the hearts of the male members of the family, but there was no defense against the annual practise. When the husband returned home the next noon, he walked into a home he couldn't recognize, for cleaning required a complete upheaval.

The bedrooms were stripped. Mattresses and pillows were hanging from upstairs windows or lying on newspapers on the porch roof. The clothes lines were filled with bedding and winter clothes, hung up for a good airing. All of these items would be turned at least once so that the sun could strike every part of the surface.

Husbands did not play a major role in the cleaning except for lifting a few of the heavier pieces of furniture. What furniture was not stacked by the time he reached home would be stacked in a corner before he left and he would, by that time, have rolled up the rugs and laid them on the lawn or else over a clothes line. The rugs and the mattresses would get a good beating with a carpet sweeper before they were brought back in.

In the meantime, the wallpaper was cleaned and other walls scrubbed, all floors would get a going over with scrub brush and soap. All curtains were taken down and the lace curtains from the parlor, after washing, were set out in the sunlight on stretchers. Windows were washed on both sides until they shone. The reek of furniture polish filled the air.

All of this went on for almost a week and it was a very upsetting experience. It meant a tremendous amount of work for the housewife but it was particularly unpleasant for the men. Most men don't care for such a complete and sudden change, and it was a complete one. One's home was not a castle during Spring housecleaning. Nothing was in its right place and husbands suffered from a vague foreboding that this wasn't their home and that they were an unnecessary adjunct of the place at best.

Meals during house cleaning time were either missing, off-schedule, or sketchy and with the wife working so hard, there was no possibility of complaining. The house was chilly with all of the windows open for several days and the husband's favorite chair was under a stack of other furniture. When there was no lifting to be done, husbands were relegated to a corner where they would be out of the way. There, they shifted uneasily from foot to foot, wanting to be helpful but not knowing how.

Perhaps the most disquieting part of the whole Spring cleaning to the husband was the psychological effect of finding that he had, for the time at least, been supplanted as head of the house. The wife was definitely in charge of every phase of this operation and she gave the orders. The meekest wife turned into a hard boiled sergeant for this annual event and that fact was particularly frightening to many a husband. But all of this is substantially changed now and the old fashioned Spring housecleaning is gone. The change was gradual but just about complete. Speaking, I feel sure, for all men, the parting with this method of housecleaning was without tears.

May, 1957
Principles of Lutheran Church Music

By Kantor Willem Mudde

Executive Secretary of the Synodical Committee for Church Music, The Netherlands; Chairman of the Lutheran Workers’ Group for Church Music.

More than a century ago—in 1844, to be exact—there appeared in Neuendettelsau, Germany, a booklet which continues to be of topical interest. In fact, it is only in our time—a time in which there is in the Church such a longing for the Church—that this booklet, which was reprinted in 1947, is revealing its peculiar significance. It is, in Lauerer's words, “the Song of Songs of the Church,” the tripartite song of praise by the Lutheran village pastor, Wilhelm Loehe, entitled Drei Buecher von der Kirche (Three Books About the Church).

In this—also from a literary point of view—so beautiful document Loehe speaks first of all about the Church as such—the Church as it is gathered from all nations of men, the communion of saints in which God's glory reigns, the only one among all of the communities of this world which can fully satisfy. He speaks of the Church which was established for the sake of our full salvation. Behold the Church, says Loehe, it is the very opposite of loneliness, it is a blessed communion!

“Blessed is he who is one of the millions of whom each one possesses Christ fully and entirely, and with Him heaven and earth!”

Then Loehe speaks of the churches, the churches in which the Lord of the Church unfolds His thoughts of love and spreads them to all countries; the visible churches distinguished and set apart by their different creeds but united in their joint profession of Baptism, of the Creed, of the Ten Commandments, of the Lord’s Prayer, of the Psalms and many a passage of Holy Writ—a unity which is often purer in the ears of the hearers than on the lips of the teachers.

Finally Loehe speaks of the church which he served and which he loved with all his heart, the Evangelical (i.e., Lutheran) Church, to which the Lord of the Church, in a time when all kinds of novelties and abuses had crept into the church and when attempts at reform had already been made from various sides, sent His servant, Martin Luther; the church which had been born out of a purely ecclesiastical reformation—one of the reasons why he loved it so much. This reformation, says Loehe, is partly finished and partly still unfinished. It is unfinished as to the ecclesiastical awareness within the church, in its life and its work. In these respects the church of today is still far from regaining the purity of the church of the first centuries. “May the Lord and His Spirit reform us here!” But the reformation is finished as to its doctrine, which is wholly Scriptural and is faithful to the immortal truth. It is a beautiful, often even a striking picture which Loehe paints for us of the Church—the Church which, despite its still unfinished reformation, we contemporary Lutherans love with him.

Loehe finds beautiful words for its catechism, for its preaching, for its liturgy, its pastoral work, its hopes and its expectations for the future. And striking indeed is his description of the Lutheran Church as “die einigende Mitte der Konfessionen,” i.e., “the unifying center of the creeds,” standing in the middle between the Roman Catholic and the Reformed creeds, since the Lutheran Church does not in any of its dogmas advocate an extreme point of view but rather provides everywhere the one and only possible synthesis of the conflicting views taught by the different churches.

If one takes, for example, the doctrine of the Sacrament of the Altar, says Loehe, one finds that in the Roman form of this Sacrament the heavenly good crowds out the elements while in the Reformed one of the elements crowds out the heavenly good. But in the Holy Communion of the Lutheran Church both are present in wonderful unity, as Christ ordained it.

Or, to take another example, if one considers the doctrine of the free will and predestination, one will recognize that the champions of predestination attach too little importance to man’s will, while the Pelagians tend to minimize the ordinances of the Sovereign God. The Lutheran Church, on the other hand, while avoiding overly-subtle or one-sided reasoning, shows how the ordinances of a sovereign God can be squared with the doctrine of the free will without falling into the heresies of predestination or Pelagianism.

These two examples will serve to illustrate a general truth: that whereas other theological systems operate to divide the Church, our Lutheran confessions provide a rallying-point around which divergent views may be reconciled and united.

Lutheran Church Music "die einigende Mitte"

It was to this wonderful booklet, this concluding chapter, and particularly to this beautiful characterization of the Lutheran Church that my thoughts wandered as I was pondering how best to direct our think-
ing to the treasury of Lutheran church music. For does not Lutheranism in its church music illustrate what Lohe says? Does it not reveal itself once again as "die einigende Mitte," the unifying center? Has it not demonstrated its unifying power in the field of church music as well?

It is the glory, and at the same time the blessing, of the Lutheran Church that in its reforming process it also restored congregational singing. In this respect the Reformed Church has followed its lead. But whereas in the Roman Catholic Church choral singing remained the norm in music and the Reformed Church restricted itself to congregational singing for one voice only, the Lutheran Church recognizes and acknowledges both. It has brought congregational and choral singing into wonderful harmony, since it wants both of them to give voice to the song of praise, the new song, or, in Luther's words, "the new song of the new Kingdom, of new creatures, of new men, born not of the

Loehe says? Does it not reveal itself once again as "the singing Church." Together they laid the foundation into wonderful harmony, since it wants both of them to give voice to the song of praise, the new song, or, in Luther's words, "the new song of the new Kingdom, of new creatures, of new men, born not of the Law or of works, but of God and the Spirit, and who are and work only wonders in Christ Jesus our Lord."

"The Singing Church"

If, then, with this picture before us, we enter into the treasury of Lutheran Church music to acquaint ourselves with the basic origin of its contents, we notice on the entrance gate—a true triumphal arch!—a name-plate. And the name inscribed in bold letters on this plate is: "The Singing Church." This is the name of honor of the Lutheran Church, the name by which it is known in all parts of the world, the name of which it is proud. It is its first and second name! Two strong nails fasten this name-plate to the gate and have kept it in its place for many centuries. And what are these nails? The singing Christianity of the Lutheran pastor and the Christian cantorship of the Lutheran cantor! First among the pastors stands Martin Luther, the man who, in Melancthon's words, taught us the Gospel anew. And first among the cantors stands the arch-cantor, Johann Walther, Luther's "dear friend and composer at Torgau." Together they set out to make the Church a singing Church. Together they laid the foundation for it.

Luther's Christianity was a singing Christianity: His basic principle was:

Sing unto the Lord a new song; sing unto the Lord, all the earth!

For God has made our heart and mind cheerful through His beloved Son, Whom He has delivered for us for our redemption from sin, from death and from the devil.

He who believes this in earnest can not be silent; he must cheerfully and joyfully sing and speak about it so that others also may hear and come nearer.

Luther believed this earnestly and he regarded his belief as a dynamic rather than a static concept, a restless rather than a quiet thing. "Faith will not rest," so he testifies, "and will not cease working. It goes forth, speaks and preaches. Yea, out of great joy it goes even further. It sings beautiful and sweet psalms, cheerful hymns to praise and thank God joyfully and at the same time to wake men up and to teach them in a useful way." Faith gives birth to songs of praise. The hymn is the logical consequence, the natural result of faith; and therefore the song of praise, according to Luther, belongs among the notae ecclesiae, the distinguishing marks of the true Church.

Besides the Gospel, the two Sacraments, the power of the Keys, and offices and the Cross he mentions also the public praise of God as a characteristic of the Church (Schrift von den Konzilien und Kirchen, 1539): "...the holy Christian people are recognized outwardly by their prayer and their public praise and thanksgiving to God. For wherever you see and hear the Lord's Prayer being prayed or taught, or Psalms and Hymns being sung according to the Word of God and the true faith, you will know for sure that you are among holy and Christian people of God." And in his Foreword to the September Testament (1522), Luther says: "The word 'Gospel' means glad tidings, joyful message, glad news, joyful shouting, of which one sings, speaks, and rejoices." The Hallelujah was called by Luther "the perpetual voice of the Church." And just as the living voice of the Gospel "does not consist in reading or writing books, in meditating or philosophizing, in 'Winkelmesse' or 'Privatandacht', in whispering or murmuring, but rather must be shouted from the roofs and on the streets, so likewise must God's Word not return empty, evoking only concealed and silent devotion, hearing without speaking, mute singing of the heart or murmuring of lips. Rather it must return as a loud voice which is heard outside so that the world may hear that the Word of God inspires us to thanksgiving and singing." If, therefore, the Church wants to be a true church, it must be a singing church.

Luther worked zealously to make his church a true church. To this end, he contributed an ample share of himself. The flame of Luther's poetry was kindled, as Professor Kooiman has put it, by the stake at Brussels, the capital of Charles V's hereditary lands where, on July 1, 1523, two Augustinian monks from the Netherlands were burnt to death. When Luther heard about these martyrs he gave birth to his first hymn: "Ein neues Leyd wir haben an, das wold Got unser herre." This first hymn was followed by 35 others—some of them adaptations of existing songs, some of them original. All of these, although they were not all intended as such, have become church hymns because that is what they were by virtue of their personal, yet objective, spirit and because everything that the poet expressed in
them as his personal experience was, in truth, the confession of the entire Church.

But although the Reformer was called the “Wittenberg nightingale” and was praised as the master singer of his age, he did not consider himself qualified to build the Singing Church entirely by himself—and so he called upon others for help. Beginning with Speratus, who in 1524 helped him publish a first hymnbook (the “eight-hymn-book”) in order simultaneously to inspire others who “can do it better,” this circle of Lutheran pastors who became his emulators has grown to an impressive size. Here, indeed, the words of Julius Smend are wholly applicable: “No Franz Schubert or Karl Loewe, no Robert Franz or Johannes Brahms, to say nothing of even more recent ones, have so instilled in us the desire to sing as did Luther.”

Among these cantors there were some whose contributions died with them since they placed themselves apart from the community, expressing in their pious lyrics only their personal distress or joy. I am thinking, for example, of the Pietist poets whose hymns were pious monologues, arias rather than church hymns. I am thinking also of the “virtuosi of personality.”

But among those who were inspired by Luther there are also those many to whom we shall be forever indebted, whose names have become immortal—those who have given our Church songs that will never die, songs that may be mentioned in the same breath with Luther’s since they sprang from minds which were as much filled as was Luther’s with the central doctrine of justification by faith and with the typically Lutheran ideal of the community. In this connection I think, to cite just one example, of Paul Gerhardt, the representative of the Wittenberg school in his age, who, though he wrote his poems (in Blume’s words) with “the blood of his heart,” never let his personal feelings dominate over the eternal facts of salvation and Luther’s doctrinal thoughts.

Together these singing Christians built the Singing Church and together they wrote the beautiful documents of Lutheran concepts of faith and experience which we possess in our hymnbooks.

The “eight-hymn-book,” the Erfurter Enchiridion, the Teutsch Kirchenamt, the hymnals of Klug and Babst were followed by many others until the stream of songs and hymnbooks had grown so great that it simply had to overflow its banks, fertilizing the land to the left and to the right. Many a Lutheran hymn has made its way into Roman Catholic hymnals and a great many have found a lasting place among the songs contained in the supplement to the rhymed psalter of the Reformed Church. Nowadays there is virtually no hymnbook in which the Lutheran song is not represented, for all churches wish to share these treasures.

Did not Loehe express it strikingly? “The Lutheran Church stands in the middle of the creeds. It is the ‘einigende Mitte’, the unifying center.”
fronts: against Rome and against the "Schwaermer" (fanatics), against those who embraced the aesthetic and against those who recognized in music nothing more than the esthetic.

To understand this, one must not only know Luther but also, and particularly, the musical concepts of Luther's day. One must have submerged himself in the thinking of the age with respect to music in order to discover that Luther's standpoint regarding the arts was a totally new, a reforming, an evangelical standpoint.

Elsewhere, in an article entitled "Luther and Church Music," I have dwelt in greater detail than is possible in this discussion on this important question. Briefly summarized, this article showed that Luther's well-known statement that music is a gift and a present of God rather than of men (a statement which nowadays hardly strikes us as sensational) amounted in essence to a polemic against the world around him.

First, there was the world of the Roman Catholic Church in which the musical concepts of antiquity still survived. In Luther's day, music was still seen primarily as a branch of science, a subject for Aristotelian philosophizing by the Arts faculties of the late-medieval universities. It belonged to physics rather than to metaphysics, i.e., to the realm of nature rather than to what is above and beyond nature. Such thinking was in strict conformance to the universal religious education ideal of the secularized church of those days and was reflected in the exclusive preoccupation of its church music with natural tonal splendor, as was also noted by the Council of Trent in its deliberations on "the abuse of the sacrifice of the mass."

Luther came out against this secularized—basically even pagan—approach to music when, in his Foreword to Rhaw's "Symphoniae Jucundae" (1538) he expressed the thoroughly Christian thought that "from the beginning of the world [this art] has been given by God to all men and all creatures and has been created together with all." Is not this the reformer speaking rather than the esthete—the reformer who radically rejects an unChristian, though common, idea?

Surely here is no esthete speaking but a theologian, the theologian who in his Small Catechism begins his explanation of the First Article of the Creed with the words, "I believe that God has made me and all creatures," to which tenet the Augsburg Confession reverted in proclaiming the Most High the "Creator and Preserver of all things, visible and invisible."

If we take into account the fact that in Luther's day humanism was making rapid headway we will be even less surprised in finding in his pronouncements on music more than the merely esthetic. For whereas humanism would imbue life with a new spirit, with scientific-artistic interest thus leading to the pursuit of science for science's sake, and whereas its spiritual sister, the musical renaissance, aimed at liberating music from its bondage, thus leading in effect to art for art's sake, Luther "would like to see all arts, and especially music, in the service of Him Who has given and created them," and therefore preached music's permanent and fundamental attachment to the Gospel. To the collection of late medieval personifications of abstract concepts he added for the first time in history a "Frau Musica," of which figure Lucas Cranach the Younger and Jacob Lucas the Elder have even carved woodcuts. Indeed, this was Luther's vision of music: a maid, a handmaiden, a servant, rather than a slave of the Gospel—a servant of the source of Christian freedom which is, after all, the only true freedom.

Can it be said, then, that in his turning against the musical concept of antiquity and in his emphasizing of music's divine origin and in his insistence, against humanism and the musical renaissance, that music must serve Him Who created it Luther was really an esthete? Or does he not rather, in all of his pronouncements on music, reveal himself as a thorough reformer, a true theologian?

Luther's Theology of Music

But, as has been said before, Luther fought on both fronts. He fought also against the Aberggeistlische who would banish all polyphonic music from public worship; against those who, while regarding music as God's gift and the worshipping of its Creator as its goal, would keep music outside the walls of the church, outside the service, because they feared—as Calvin did—that the congregation might be distracted from the Word.

Against these critics Luther takes an equally emphatic stand, the stand, once again, of the evangelical Christian who has experienced the richness and the power of this gift of God. For Luther, music was not inferior to any other gift of God. It was as much a part of his life as his daily bread or his work. Precisely because he was not an esthete music was far more important to him than just a cultural luxury. It stood in the very center of his life, and there it wielded its power—its tangible, vital power. Did he not feel this power whenever temptations beset him and he found renewal of strength in singing "Christum wir sollen loben schon"? In Gurlitt's words, music was for Luther "a weapon in his struggle against the spirit of melancholy." And it was precisely because music had for him the same power as theology—that is, to make the mind quiet and cheerful and to chase away the devil—that Luther put music on a level with theology. For Luther, music is an instrument of the Holy Spirit Who, he says, praises and honors this noble art as the instrument of His own ministry—an instrument which calls forth the good, disciplines men, and helps fortify their faith. Anyone who regards music at best as a means
to “support the proclaimed Word as an expression of the emotion evoked by the Word” (Brunner) will have to rid himself of “a great deal of ballast before he can gain even a faint understanding of how Luther perceives so close a connection between music and the work of the Holy Spirit as to see in music even an agent of the Holy Spirit” (Oskar Sohngen). But for Luther this close connection lies in the divine origin of music which makes church music to him a holy cause—*musica sacra*.

In its union with the Word, music is a tremendous force. It does not distract from the Word, not even when it unites itself with it, but rather points toward the Word. It is a plus, a surplus. It opens the way for the Word in the hearts of men, where it then evokes faith in the Word.

*Bis orat qui cantat*—“he prays doubly who sings”—is not only Augustine’s conviction. It is a conviction which Luther fully shares. And because music “enlivens the text” it can become the “vestment” for putting on the holy Word of God, for praising and glorifying Him through it.

But it was not only because he saw music as a gift of God, as an instrument of the Holy Spirit, that Luther opposed the Abergeistlichen. It was also because he saw music quite decidedly as the handmaiden of its Creator, called upon to serve the Lord.

If this be the task of music, then where can it be better accomplished than in the place where the congregation gathers to serve the Lord? If God’s Word really moves us to thanksgiving and singing, and if this song is so charged with emotion as to seek expansion, to branch out into many voices, to burst out, so to speak, into the free space of polyphony, then where can this music render better service than in worship? And if God’s Word really is to return as a loud voice, and if it does so in the artistic form of contrapuntal voices, then whence will it return more directly and spontaneously than from the place where He is present in Word and Sacrament?

Indeed so decidedly does Luther turn not only against the secular approach to music in the Roman Catholic Church of his day but also against the concepts of the Schwaermer that he even accuses these latter of being still entrapped in the theology of the Law, of having remained rooted in the Old Covenant without having yet attained to an understanding of the New Testament. By this he means an understanding of the basis of Luther’s musical concept: the Gospel, of which one “speaks, sings, and exults,” and of which one certainly may sing in many voices at the place where it is proclaimed to men.

**Luther’s Successors**

And so it is on this evangelical ground—and not on some esthetic ground—that Luther’s Singing Church has been built. And if Christian singers (the evangelical cantors led by Johann Walther) have joined singing Christians (the evangelical preachers led by Luther) in supplying the needed building materials, they were impelled to do so by one and the same spirit and they proceeded from identical conceptions of the Church and its music. To demonstrate this it is necessary only to show what these pious and industrious cantors have composed in the field of church music and to listen to what they have had to say about their work and its ministry.

Note, for example, how Johann Walther in his *Lob und Preis der loeblichen Kunst Musica* (*Praise and Glory of the Laudable Art of Music*) supports Luther in his fight against the un-Christian musical concepts of his day. Hear him, too, proclaim the intimate relationship between music and theology:

> Sie ist mit der Theologie Zugleich von Gott gegeben hie Got hat die Musik fein bedeckt In der Theologie versteckt!

Hear how for Walther music was also a power against the spirit of melancholy and how he characterizes it as “holy, divine, praiseworthy, and pious.” Hear him tell the critics of music that “music will remain with God forever, expelling all other arts.” Hear Walther’s song of praise reach a climax in the description of his pious expectations for the future, the expectation that according to Scriptural prophecy in God’s coming Kingdom all arts and sciences will become superfluous and music alone will suffice. This is why he perceives a mystical connection between our earthly music and its heavenly counterpart, between our imperfect, provisional music which is no more than a “help” and the perfect, definitive music of which he says that “there the kernel will be fully revealed.” Hear how this first Lutheran cantor closes therefore with the words:

> Drumb lasst uns auch nu heben an Und Gott den Herren mit grossen Schall Und Seinen Namen loben all Amen, Amen, das Wahrheyt sey Dazu uns Gott gnad verley.

And then hear how Walther’s music reflects his evangelical belief, how in his motets the chorale has become the *cantus prius factus*. Just compare these motets with the madrigalian arrangements of his contemporaries! And note how in his polyphonic tapestry of voices the tenor has regained his medieval role of carrier of the *cantus firmus* which imparts to Walther’s music its “typically Lutheran tenor-mindedness,” as Gurlitt calls it. Note how the chorale, with the Word it proclaims, sparkles in its pure Gothic polyphony like a jewel in a golden setting.

This evangelical approach to music was followed by other later singers of the Lutheran Church. Martin
Agricola, the first Lutheran school cantor and the first to write a music handbook in the vernacular, implores his contemporaries to stop writing and composing secular texts and melodies and to prove themselves worthy of the Art which "together with the highest treasure, the Gospel, was beyond any doubt ... bestowed on us Germans from above." Agricola also followed Luther in introducing a "Frau Musica" whom he called a "Frewlein zart" (tender maid) or a "hodseliges Junckfrawlein" (sweet maiden).

In the age of Lutheran Orthodoxy and Mysticism such cantors as Schuetz, Praetorius, and Schein used the means of the Italian High Baroque to present a musical interpretation of the Scriptures. At the same time, "firmly rooted in the traditions of their own church" (Blume), they transformed the formal tools of both Roman Catholic and secular Italy in a true Lutheran spirit, thus giving birth to a music which is "Lutheran confession become tone."

Then there was the manner in which Samuel Scheidt, called by Mehl "the father of Lutheran organ music," succeeded in adapting the atmosphere of Sweelinck's secular organ music to the church. It was Scheidt's liturgical thinking which turned out to be the melting pot through which the musical heritage of our Dutch organ master had to pass. Read his Foreword to the third volume of the Tabulatura Nova and note how he virtually sanctifies secular forms in his chorales.

And finally there was the greatest of all Lutheran cantors, Johann Sebastian Bach. Bach's art has more to it than its artistic perfection, its abstractness, and the piety of its creator. It has churchliness! As Professor Van Der Leeuw has observed, this aspect of Bach's music can not be comprehended against the background of a vague general religiosity or mysticism; rather "Bach was an orthodox Christian for whom dogma was not a dead or arbitrary form. He lived in and for it. And his Christianity was decidedly Lutheran!"

Yes indeed, they lived out of one and the same source, these preachers and cantors. They were carved out of the same wood, these singing Christians and Christian singers of the Lutheran Church. And the cantors were no more interested in attempting to sneak the esthetic into the church than the preachers were interested in inviting it in. For what has been said of the great architects of the old cathedrals—i.e., that they erected them from the choir upwards—applies also to the truly great architects of the Singing Church. The starting point of all of their musical thoughts and writings was the belief in Him Who had revealed Himself to them in the Word and the Sacraments.

Those who are unable to detect in this music—which the Lutheran Church not merely tolerated but eagerly used to praise and worship God—anything but the esthetic may well ask themselves whether their understanding of the nature and the power and the significance of music is not far inferior to that of Luther. And they might ask themselves whether they have not perhaps been far too absorbed in a musical world where the concert hall stands in the center and where music is a competitor to religion and where church pews have been replaced by easy chairs in which music is merely "enjoyed." To put it even more strongly, those who are unable to see in liturgical choral song anything but an esthetic pastime and who accuse Luther of having failed, as they claim Calvin did not, to depart very far from "pagan mystical ritual," should seriously examine whether in their dread of estheticism they are not, in fact, prisoners of estheticism themselves.

The Reformation of the Liturgy

It was from this reforming evangelical approach to music, from his awareness of music's tangible power especially when united with the human and the divine word, that Luther proceeded also in instituting his liturgy which, again, constitutes the unifying center of the creeds based as it is on an attitude of evangelical eclecticism. There is a rejection both of the Roman Catholic traditions (since we betray Christ if we rely on the Mass) and also of the other extreme to which Zwingli, for example, had come (since we betray Christ also if we banish all ceremonies altogether). True, the Christian can do without ceremonies, Luther says—but not the sinner. But is not every Christian also a sinner?

Church music as practised in the Lutheran Church under Luther's liturgical directives consists of three complexes:

1. Unisono chanting by minister and congregation of the Ordinaries and the Propers which have their origin in the Gregorian Chant.
2. The reformed, evangelical church hymn.
3. Polyphonic singing by the choir, which can go hand in hand with either of the first two.

I will not deal here with the unisono liturgical chanting of the Ordinaries and the Propers, although it would be interesting to show how Luther (who occupied himself with it so intensely and competently) created something entirely new here—a Western dialect, so to speak, of the Gregorian in which melismatics and group melodics have made room for consistent syllabics, a dialect which was for a long time the common language of the Protestant Church, particularly in its Passion and Oratorio music. It was in use up to the time when Bach severed the last connections with the old church modes and found, for the Scriptural parts of his Passions, the mode which conformed to the Baroque will of self-expression. This liturgical chant, especially insofar as it was intoned by the minister, has since been largely discontinued, while of the liturgical chant of
the congregation we retain only a few remnants, and frequently not the best ones at that.

Nor do I consider it necessary to speak about congregational hymn singing, which is not at issue at the moment and certainly not here. I only wish to remark, in addition to what I have already said, that beyond any doubt the congregational hymn always was the most important form of church music and always will be. Great was its impact in the days of the Reformation when it was spread abroad by leaflets which had an effect outside the church analogous to political pamphlets. In those days the congregational hymn attracted the hearts of thousands with its magnetic force and it revealed itself as a "germ of explosive power" (Smend) after it had been assigned a place in the liturgy where it virtually took the old Ordinary to pieces and produced the typical Sung Mass of the Lutheran Church.

Throughout history, the hymn has been of paramount importance as the symbol of the unchangeable Word of God, as the token of the pure doctrine, as the Alpha and Omega of church music, as the reason (as Bachmann puts it) why "all musical output since the Reformation has breathed a Protestant spirit."

The Place of Polyphonic Music

But the problem of today, the burning question at the moment, is choral singing, and I shall now try to fill in the gaps in my previous argument as to whether polyphonic church music is not actually just an esthetic matter and nothing else.

As I have said before, the Lutheran Church in Reformation and immediate post-Reformation days combined choral singing with both of the other two forms of church music, i.e., with the singing of hymns by the congregation and with the liturgical chant of minister and congregation. I shall discuss first of all the relation of choral singing to congregational singing and I should like to point out at the outset that, contrary to common belief, it was not intended that the polyphonic choir should lead the congregational hymn. Such leadership was provided by the precentor and his single-voice boys' choir. Rather, the hymn was sung antiphonally between choir and congregation.

In Lutheran public worship, which is a "holy drama, full of life and movement" (Loehe) and in which every member of the congregation is "both giver and receiver" (Althaus), the ancient and typically liturgical Alternativpraxis (the antiphonal singing of choir and congregation) was held in honor. Choir and congregation stimulated and admonished each other. And the newly-founded (not merely "taken over"!) voluntary church choirs entered into closest relations with the re-born chant of the congregation. The choir, as part of the congregation entrusted with the charisma of singing, was assigned a task in the execution of the congregational hymn, which actually was its grandfather. (In passing, it should be noted that this was true before hymns had been mutilated beyond recognition by the lopping off of their heads or tails or even killed altogether by the cutting-out of their hearts.)

And then, with respect to the liturgical chant of the congregation, the Lutheran choir was continuously in contact with the liturgy because it sang portions of the liturgy in its many-voiced way either along with the congregation or on behalf of the congregation. And even though it drew its material largely from pre-Reformation sources, and though the Lutheran cantors themselves contributed only scant original work to this field, it is nevertheless an established fact that this contact was an essential element in the liturgy, especially in the immediate post-Reformation period.

In later times, however, the Lutheran Church choir oriented itself predominantly to the liturgical intonations of the minister. With this so-called altar chant it has always been in contact in the sense that it participated with the minister in the singing of parts of the Gospel and the Epistle. While Luther had originally chosen for this portion of the service the simple lectio-tone which could also be sung by a boys' choir, it is nevertheless evident from numerous editions of polyphonically-set Introits, Gospel texts and other Scripture selections that were published toward the end of the Sixteenth Century that the choir had soon found a place in the Proclamation of the Word as well.

In short, in Lutheran worship—which, according to Luther's well-known definition, is nothing but a talk between God and His congregation—there is in fact no part which can not be sung by the choir. It can take its place alongside the minister so as to clothe the word of reconciliation in the vestment of Music (Luther's metaphor), and it can just as readily join with the congregation to impart to the congregational responses the greater force of polyphonic expression. In Lutheran worship, where music is used as God's gift and handmaiden, it is, in Althaus' words, "Leib" (body); that is, the embodiment of God's Word and of the words of prayers—the embodiment of worship.

If now, from this middle position of the Lutheran Church I turn from viewing the Roman Catholic position to look at the opposite side, I see before me three groups.

First of all there is a group of stern, dour Protestants—a group which wants nothing to do with us since it tells itself (and perhaps others as well) that we are making ourselves guilty of "the pursuit of the esthetic." This group feels that in our reformation we stopped halfway and have made no headway since. With this group I have already dealt in this article, noting that the Lutheran approach to music is most certainly
evangelical, albeit not Calvinist. This group can not be expected to move in our direction in the near future. It is marking time or, as I said earlier, it is sitting in an easy chair “enjoying” music.

Next I see a group which is moving toward the Singing Church. Its vanguards are already encamped on our borders. To this group we can already extend our hands. And true friendship does not need many words to express itself.

And finally I see a third group which is also moving toward us but which has run into some difficulties on the way. Not that it has tripped over the stumbling-block of our alleged estheticism. Such a thing would be far below its level. No, what gets in its way is a theological barrier. It does not agree with our answer to the question of whether the choir may act in the role of the minister or in the name of the congregation. Along with the first group, it answers this question in the negative and raises, for us, the question of the ministry.

The Ministry of Music

Why, then, does the Lutheran Church answer this question affirmatively and why does it—be it noted—base its answer upon the doctrine of the holy ministry?

The answer: because the Lutheran Church takes a reformed and Biblical view of the ministry.

The only office in the church which the Lutheran Church regards as mandatory on Scriptural grounds is the ministry of reconciliation, the ministerium verbi. Werner Elert correctly points out in his Der Christliche Glaube that this office derives its right to existence from the express will of our Lord Himself. However, the title of the office, as well as its various subdivisions, are institutions of man; so that under varying conditions of time and place it may be exercised by persons bearing different titles and it may likewise be subdivided, for practical reasons, at the discretion of the congregational pastor.

Now one of the cardinal facts of Luther’s Reformation was that he restored this office to the congregation by investing the congregation with the general priesthood of believers. Against the clerical priesthood of Rome Luther set the restored evangelical insight that all baptized Christians possess the rights and duties inherent in the priesthood—and this by virtue of Christ’s eternal High Priesthood. Any one who has “crept out of the baptismal font,” Luther asserts in a letter to the clerical nobility (1520), may glory in having been ordained to the priesthood, bishopric, and papacy.

For the sake of good order, however, Luther adds, citing Paul (I Cor. 14:10), only he may publicly exercise this office in the church who has been called to it. And the condition for such a calling is the possession of the necessary gifts. For instance the minister, unlike the deacon, must possess the gift of teaching—a gift which, Elert says, should not be understood as the purely human ability to teach or speak in public but rather, in the Pauline sense, as a charisma (a special gift or power bestowed by the Holy Spirit for use in the propagation of the truth and the edification of the church).

Well, then

- - - if one believes with Luther that music is a gift of God, an instrument of the Holy Spirit given to men as a charisma and
- - - if one believes that we set an arbitrary limit to the Scriptural idea of the ministry when we identify it too closely with the office of the minister and
- - - if one agrees with Althaus that the spoken word is weak in comparison to “das Ueberschwelenche des Sinnes” (the effusiveness of the heart) and that the sung word more forcefully expresses the dynamic nature of the Word,
- - - then he will be prepared to grant that just as a congregation calls a man to exercise the ministry of the spoken word on their behalf, so the congregation may set aside others who possess the spiritual gift of music and delegate them to exercise this ministry. In both cases, it is the same ministry, for there is but one ministry—the “ministry of reconciliation.”

And so the Lutheran Church, which has always regarded the song of praise as one of the distinguishing marks of the true Church, has established and maintained church choirs throughout its history. Nor does it make any sense, in the Lutheran view, to ask whether the congregation does not lose something when the choir speaks, preaches, and teaches in its name. What does it lose when the minister does these same things in its name? But the ministry is one office, however many may share in it. Any attempt to introduce a hierarchical pattern of rank into the ministry is, in Lutheran polity, unreformed, unbiblical, and unevangelical.

Congregation, minister, and choir—these three form in Lutheran polity a perfect unity, a trinity. None of these is more important than the other, none less important. And if it is the chief purpose of the liturgy to proclaim the Word of reconciliation, then it is in principle immaterial just who is doing the proclaiming at any particular moment in the service. As Praetorius says, Lutheran worship consists not only of a good sermon but also of good singing.

Nevertheless (and this is a point on which I must dwell for a while in conclusion) the Lutheran Church has imposed certain limits on the role of music in the church, just as it has imposed certain limits on the roles of the pastor and the congregation. The reason is simply that no one servant of the ministry can be superior or subordinate to the other two. While it is true that the Lutheran Church considers it possible to
conduct public worship without a minister present, and while it is true that the choir could, as a matter of necessity, sing all parts of the liturgy unassisted, the role of all three must, for the sake of good order, be clearly defined. Just as there ought to be fixed, stipulated times and places for public worship, so there must also be a fixed and stipulated order of interplay whenever and wherever such worship takes place. There must not only be order in the ministry itself; there must also be order in its administration.

The Dangers Involved

Now someone may point to periods in the history of the Lutheran Church in which church music tended to dominate its entire liturgy, periods in which Luther's "Frau Musica" appears to have been totally emancipated and to have played the role of queen rather than handmaiden. One may even remind us that this trend reached its zenith (or nadir) in the period of the greatest Lutheran cantor of them all, Johann Sebastian Bach. And this is true. Therefore, if we now set about rebuilding the Singing Church from its ruins we shall do well to take this lesson of history to heart.

But let us remember that there are other periods of Lutheran history which have lessons to teach us and that history still has another important lesson to offer.

Certainly we must be aware of the danger that a mighty development of church music could again lead to a short circuit between liturgy and church music. But quite apart from the fact that this danger is not a real one at the moment, there is a lesson to be drawn from the history of the Lutheran Church that church music can not, after all, do without the tension which caused that short circuit in the past. Just as all life is nurtured by tensions, so does a living church music need the tension between itself and the liturgy—the tension between liturgy's proclamation and its own testimony, the tension between the law imposed on it from outside and its own intrinsic law. And this intrinsic law is, in itself, a paradox, for on the one hand church music can not be art if it really wants to serve, and on the other hand it can not serve if it is not true art.

Indeed if, in this era of tensions in every field, we undertake to bring about a renewal of church music—and this is no small matter for it concerns the church itself—then we must bear these two lessons in mind. Then we must proceed from the principle that while there certainly will be no danger whatsoever if we abandon church music there will, on the other hand, be no church music if we do not risk any danger.

What Loehe found to be a distinguishing mark of the Lutheran Church—namely, that she does not hold extreme viewpoints—will also have to hold good for our church music. It must also steer clear of extremes. It must be neither slave nor master. It must speak neither the language of our grandparents nor what we presume will be the language of our grandchildren. It must wear neither the formal dress of "art for art's sake" nor the rags of degenerate art. Its task is the same task that Lutheranism faces as a church: to seek the unifying center.

Loehe also said (I cited his words at the beginning of this discussion) that the Lutheran Church in all of her endeavors manifests a wonderful synthesis and reconciliation of the elements of truth which are contained in the opposing views of her neighbors. Well, then, if these be Lutheran then the basic principles of Lutheran church music is that it must be Lutheran church music.

GRASS MOON

How shall you answer the importunate question
Or how avoid the hunter,
Now that spring seems once more certain
And winter over?

How will you defend yourself against April
And the night of the grass moon,
Leaning out on your window sill
Awake, alone?

DON MANKER
VERSE

EPICURUS IN HIS GARDEN

Prophecy does not exist, and even if it did exist, things that come to pass must be counted nothing to us.

Diogenes Laertius, The Life of Epicurus

Ah, stuttering spark. With students gone,
At last I walk alone—ah, spark—
I, these sputterings atoms, one small world
Still may tell the tale of larger worlds.

I must have walked around this way
A thousand days; and yet a thousand years
Of walks have still not told the tale at all
Or better than I have told: Pleasure is all.

To them have I said: Vain is the word
Of one philosopher that does not heal
The sufferings of man. And I have seen
His sufferings—prescribed—and seen.

But when my lamp is dead, life a legend,
My voice no longer shattering atoms—then,
Some men will rest in this, my pretty garden;
But some may strive in one diviner garden.

Will it be Love? Still nothing's ever new
And long lost worlds have never thought of Love.
Vain are the words of one philosopher —
Vain is Love in the tale of this philosopher.

Pleasure is all: yet men will know of Love,
Will trace these shallow bones and pace in Love;
Ah, shuddering thread, my pretty truth,
I die—and fear a greater truth.

—ROBERT KUSCH

OLD SALT

One sailor of the many I saw ther, slouched stark
on a bench at the point over a cliff—steep

Below, the spout and spigot of the spume
mumbling like an old man talking to himself
or with the siren whispers of some lure never named
spreading back in shells of foam broken soon
on the next smoothly incurving swell then cast high
into idiotic gestures—like ours—never twice the same

Ahead: sleeping on in the false honey of late afternoon

a sea ... and ships!—cutters, barges, liner and cruiser or
simply a single sail—what whitely can it matter still?
I could tell him far gone in desire to be on one of them.

But closed to him the sea, and closed the land. Not again
would his sight swing to this side having only scorn
and spurnings for such puzzled purity as his.
Once I was a you, lifted on a tide unseen of tears
(so long ago, I can remember all to well)

Now my own ships are swallowed by the sun;
my eyes stare into other eyes equally unseeing here;
Mine, too, another urge, unwhispered of the name,
unable to join you in your sea-longing, even, any more.

—FORREST ANDERSON

EVENING

the meadows swirl around me in a haze
of color spinning
vaporous scent.
from gardened deeps
I come like deer
leaping --
following wild tracks

out of mysterious shades
I come
scattering
sunlight
on wings that whirr
in an emblazenment

—ANTONI GRONOWICZ

THE MERRY MONTH OF MAY

The sun glows, and the wind blows
Rare manna from the bough;
Thrush and merle ripple, bat and ball triple
The joy in meadows now.

A man walks with a flower stalk's
Gay unconcern at mouth;
He rolls it and lolls it, he looses, controls it
And cocks its blossom south.

As blithe of state and lithe of gait
He tosses Time defiance
As the winds bear they know not where
Grey clocks of dandelions.

—GEOFFREY JOHNSON

May, 1957

15
From the Chapel

No Faith of My Own

By Richard P. Baehler
Instructor in Religion
Valparaiso University

Therefore, since we are surrounded by so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight, and sin which clings so closely, and let us run with perseverance the race that is set before us, looking to Jesus the pioneer and perfecter of our faith, who for the joy that was set before him endured the cross, despising the shame, and is seated at the right hand of the throne of God. (Hebrews 12:1-2)

Many Americans still talk about “rugged individualism,” even though most traces of it have all but disappeared from our standardized society. Whatever the merits of such an outlook may be, it is not possible to carry individualism to its logical conclusion. The reason why we fall in love, join clubs and generally like to be where people are is owing to our nature as social beings. We cannot be individualists in an isolated sense because we need each other. The big social and political movements of our time (Communism, Nazism, Fascism) can be understood in part as expressions of this built-in desire to exist within a group that is larger than the individual.

Part of the experience of becoming a Christian is to be drawn up into a group that transcends all other groups. At the beginning of the Christian era the new believers in the Christ were aware of this change, and sought to express the new reality in which they participated by the phrase, “Body of Christ.” In this way they could speak of their one-ness with the Savior and with the community of the redeemed. In their mutual charity, concern and worship they exhibited this unity.

There never has been a time in the Church’s history when the awareness of the corporate nature of the Christian’s life has been totally absent. From his pulpit in Wittenberg Martin Luther could never tire of telling his parishioners that just as they must die for themselves so they must believe for themselves. And yet this was always spoken in the context of his hymn: “We all believe in one true God.” The Church’s hymnody has been at its best when it reflected the fact that Christ died for us, not just for me. “Salvation unto us has come.” The people of God have drawn great courage and strength from the conviction that they were not alone, but that they believed and lived in the company of the faithful, who could sing and pray together, and grow by helping each other.

As a result of the disintegration of our society into many unrelated social groups, we have a hard time thinking about the corporate character of God’s Church. To do this requires deliberate concentration and the gift of insight and faith. But we are part of the one, holy, catholic, and apostolic Church. We are either drawn into this community through the Gospel or we are not Christians at all.

This should have much significance for us. We are part of a great company of believers who for two thousand years have shared the same faith, and who march together. We march in their midst, with St. Paul and St. Augustine and St. Gregory and St. Thomas and Martin Luther; with our great-grandparents, with all the little saints who in various shades of understanding have shared the faith. We sing the same songs, confess the same creeds, see the same heavenly city. We wear the ancient vestments they wore, we use the ancient symbols and share in the same liturgies they devised. We were baptized into their fellowship and through their missionary work. The faith we have is not one which we invented or decided upon. It was there long before we were born. It was given us through them, through the Church, and that faith is not our own for it is shared by all.

Our text points to the fact that in every moment of our lives we are surrounded by this grand community and fellowship. As a runner takes courage from the shouts of the crowd, as a football team is energized by cheering from the sidelines, so are we attuned to the voices of our fathers and brethren. For through their voices and deeds God’s Spirit works in the Church. From our words and actions, our brothers and sisters derive the wisdom, faith, insight, information and strength for their race.

It is important that we try hard to recover our sense of the Church. She must become a reality for us that shines through the brokenness of our living and gives our lives a unity and direction that can be found nowhere else. Here alone is found forgiveness for our sins. Here alone is found meaning for our lives, the

The Cresset
true source of renewal. Here alone the troubled rivers become still waters.

As we worship the Lord of the Church Who through His sufferings and death created this new community for Himself, to be His Body, let us take courage from the cloud of witnesses which surrounds us. Let us receive the faith which sees the vision of the glorious company of martyrs and saints moving as a splendid army through history, singing glorious hymns of praise to their Creator and Lord. Only the Church belongs to the ages, and in her service alone is salvation.

TO THE FREE WORLD

(From the Hungarian Dead)

Grieve not for us. Remember, if you will, some men within themselves alone transcend their small beginning and their tragic end and we are of them. In our last release of misdirected effort, we found peace greater than any you have ever known, who do not understand the glorious feeling of wild truth, reeling...

Care for our living, but please do it gently. Kindness can be a cruel and terrible thing when it lacks understanding. Do not touch minds torn, hearts drenched with our embittered glory. Spare them your questions—and your oratory. Be quiet now. Give them your silent things. Words only bruise. The sun, the stars, the rain alone can heal...

Thanks for your good intentions. If, among us, there are those few who had expected more the fault is ours. Nor do we question why some men dare but to live, others to die. (We believe to do it nobly is still wise.) Look to your own, your individual soul where the reflection of our hallowed carnage is left forever now, to make you whole...

The only thing that we have left to give you we offer calmly now—for we forgive you...

LUCILLE L. ZINK

Letter from Xanadu, Nebr.

By G. G.

Dear Editor:

I've been dreaming up an idea which I think may turn out to be a real gimmick for raising the level of stewardship among our people.

My idea is to get our people to thinking of themselves as stockholders in the world's biggest and most important business, The Kingdom, Unlimited, and to think of their contributions as purchases of shares of stock in the business. Maybe then they would be able to see that all of the good things in this life are something like dividends—directly related to the investments they have made in the business.

I think the idea could be carried further, too, and improve the level of leadership in our congregations. What we could do is vote shares, the way they do in stockholders' meetings. All we would have to do is total up everybody's contributions at the end of the year and allow one vote for, say, every ten dollars invested. That would be one way of making our people put their money where their mouth is. And it would give the better elements a little more to say about congregational business than they have now.

In talking the idea over with some of my buddies here, the only real objection that anybody could think of is that it wouldn't be quite fair to the woman stockholders who, of course, are not allowed to attend congregational meetings. But I think we could follow the pattern of business on that, too. We could let the women assign proxies to their husbands or fathers or sons or whoever and that way they could have some voice in the business and we would still be keeping our doctrinal position intact.

I'm really pretty thrilled about this idea, and so is Rev. Zeitgeist, although he says we had better wait for some sort of official sanction before we go ahead with it in the congregation. What I would like to know from our readers is whether they can think of anything in the Bible that might stand in the way.

As far as I can tell, we are free to organize our congregations any way we want to, as long as they are democratic, and I'm pretty sure the New Testament doesn't have anything to say on the matter, but it's been a long time since I read the Old Testament and there may be something there.

MAY, 1957
The Church of the Nativity, Bethlehem

By A. R. Kretzmann, Litt.D.

In the Fourth-Century Church of St. Pudentiana in Rome, there is a Mosaic picture believed to represent the Church of the Nativity in Bethlehem. Strangely enough, this led to a continuing search for the appearance and general structure of what was possibly the first truly great Christian Church.

In Bethlehem was one of the great natural shrines of Christianity. The Cave in which Christ was born was known and respected throughout the centuries, but no adequate Church or building had been set over it. Hadrian, according to St. Jerome, set up a temple of Venus, and Bethlehem was the center of a Festival of Adonis for centuries. In about the year 300 these practices were abolished by Constantine the Great.

With the defeat of his colleague Licinius in 324, Constantine became the sole ruler of the Roman world. He quickly decided that Christianity could furnish the spiritual basis for a preservation of the empire. Churches were ordered to be built and enlarged and grants were made from the imperial treasury for this purpose.

The first Church of the Nativity in Bethlehem was built in pursuance of this policy. Early writers divide the credit for its building between Constantine himself, and his mother, the Empress Helena. Helena was a zealous convert to Christianity, and visited the Holy Land as a pilgrim about the time of the Council of Nicaea in 325. Constantine had already ordered Churches to be built in Jerusalem at the sepulchre, and another one at Mamre at the side of Abraham’s oak. A letter of Constantine’s has been preserved, and the historian of the pilgrimage of Helena tells of her devotion in following the footsteps of the Saviour, adding that she left a memorial of her piety in two shrines, one erected on the mount of the Ascension and the other at Bethlehem, over the cave of the Nativity. A little later, as a memorial to his mother, the Emperor “enhanced the artistic achievements of his mother with gifts of gold and silver treasure and embroidered curtains.” The Old Church of the Nativity may fairly be attributed to Constantine and his mother alike, the gift of piety and of policy in approximately equal measure.

The eastern end of the great basilica, directly above the cave, was a self-contained octagonal structure, in the center of which three steps led up to an altar around which there was an opening cut into the roof of the cave large enough to expose to view the place of the Nativity itself. The rim of the opening had a railing around it. This part of the church seems to have been about one-third higher than the roof of the nave in general. A wide opening with steps leading upward connected the nave with the octagon at the east end of the basilica.

The excavations of 1934 revealed this pattern very clearly and showed not only the steps going upward to the octagonal chancel and shrine but also narrower flights of stairs leading down to the cave of the Nativity itself.

The church and its forecourt lay at the east end of a long street which formed the main axis of the town of Bethlehem and was used for pilgrimages and processions on the holy days and high Christian festivals. This church of Constantine and Helena stood for more than two hundred years. Then a disaster, of which history has strangely left no record, caused its complete demolition and reconstruction in the form it retains basically today.

Most of this information is taken directly from Dr. R.W. Hamilton’s book, prepared for the government of Palestine Department of Antiquities and published in Jerusalem in 1947.

By this time, many of our readers will have discovered that the basic plans for the big Chapel at Valparaiso University and the Guild Chapel, in its present setting, have all been taken from the general scheme of this oldest church erected in Bethlehem in honor of the Nativity of our Lord Jesus Christ. The happy conception which gave the Chancel, as the exalted place of Word and Sacrament, a special prominence by lifting it up above the nave and drawing the eyes of the Congregation upward into it, was followed with great success in planning this part of the Valparaiso Chapel also. The setting within the chancel of the new Valparaiso Chapel will also be reminiscent of this earliest church for the communicants will kneel around the great altar in the midst of the chancel.

Thousands of miles apart, Bethlehem and Valparaiso have this same common denominator—the First Church, and this latest one, desire only to honor the name of Him Who came to be the Saviour of the whole world.

The Cresset
FIG. 2. SUGGESTED PLAN OF CONSTANTINE'S CHURCH AND ATRIUM
Everyone interested in great music and in what makes it great should read and study Heinrich Schütz: His Life and Work, by Hans Joachim Moser.

Hereafter Moser's work has been available only in German (Baerenreiter-Verlag, Kassel und Basel). Soon, however, you will be able to procure it in a translation into English by Carl F. Pfatteicher, of Philadelphia. The book will be published by Concordia Publishing House, St. Louis. While preparing and revising Dr. Pfatteicher's manuscript for publication I have had an excellent opportunity to study in detail a large amount of the music handed down to us by Schütz and to bask in the wide-reaching scholarship of Moser, one of the most erudite musicographers of our time.

Schütz was born in Koestritz in 1585. He died in Dresden in 1672. Moser was born in Berlin in 1889. Sagittarius, as Schütz is often called, spent a number of years in Venice as the favorite pupil of Giovanni Gabrieli (1557-1612), who was a nephew of Andrea Gabrieli (1510-86) and a colleague of Claudio Monteverdi (1567-1643). The wonderful lucidity which characterizes his music doubtless stems in large part from what he learned during his student days in Italy.

But the crystalline clarity of Schütz's writing never drove out or choked what one must call unmistakable solidity of expression. Schütz, you see, had something in common with Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, whose music combines Italian lucidity with Teutonic sturdiness. Unfortunately, his works are not known as widely today as the compositions of Mozart and Johann Sebastian Bach; yet those who are acquainted with his music do not hesitate to mention him in the same breath with these two masters.

In fact, Sagittarius was one of the great forerunners of Mozart and Bach. He was a mighty prophet, and Dr. Pfatteicher's translation of Moser's biography will prove that students of music will enrich their knowledge and their lives by digging and delving in the music of Schütz.

For almost sixty years Sagittarius served as Kapellmeister at the court of the Elector of Saxony. In his youth he had mastered the art of composing madrigals. He had learned how to paint in tone—with voices as well as with instruments. I myself do not believe that even a Bach or a Richard Wagner—both of whom often resorted to vivid symbolism in their music—excelled Schütz in enabling the listener to do what Lawrence Gilman once spoke of as seeing with one's ears.

I shall mention only two examples of Schütz's uncanny skill as a painter in instrumental and vocal tone. His setting of the parable of the sower (Symphoniae sacrae III, 1650) contains a striking illustration at the words hundert-hundertfaeltige Frucht. Here, as Moser points out, one stalk of grain outgrows the other.

In some respects Schütz's Musikalische Exequien, written as funeral music, presents a prototype of what Goethe did in the second part of Faust. We are aware of the hovering of the angels and of the restlessness of the mortals. At times Schütz's writing suggests staticism; at times it conjures up dynamism. I wonder whether the section of the Musikalische Exequien to which I am referring ever caused Moser to think of the impressive prolog to Arrigo Boito's Mefistofele. There are points of striking similarity as well as of clashing dissimilarity. The Musikalische Exequien harks back in more than one way to the mystery plays.

The compass of Moser's deep-dredging scholarship is awe-inspiring. His German is often cumbersome; but Dr. Pfatteicher, whose Oxford American Hymnal has been called "the finest hymnal published in America, if not indeed in the English language," has succeeded in making the translation flow more smoothly than the original. I have come to the conclusion that Moser, whose Musik Lexikon I have at my desk as I revise Dr. Pfatteicher's manuscript, is often keener than the eagle-eyed Philipp Spitta, who usually weighed and winnowed with the greatest care and discernment, and that his learning has more depth than one finds in the brilliant but sometimes superficial and arbitrary erudition of Alfred Einstein.

SOME RECENT RECORDINGS

HEINRICH SCHÜTZ. Musikalische Exequien. The Munich Schütz Choir and outstanding soloists, vocal and instrumental. A stirring presentation of this great masterpiece (Deutsche Grammophon Gesellschaft, Decca). — GIUSEPPE VERDI. Aida. Herwa Nelli, as Aida; Eva Gustavson, as Amneris; Richard Tucker, as Rhadames. The NBC Symphony Orchestra. Chorus under the direction of Robert Shaw. Conductor: Arturo Toscanini. Taken from the broadcasts of March 26 and April 2, 1949. Although the recording does not match what can be achieved today, this is an important historical document. Toscanini had no equal as a Verdi exponent (RCA Victor). — JOHANNES BRAHMS. Symphony No. 1, in C Minor. The Symphony of the Air under Igor Markevitch. I have never heard a more truthful exposition of this wonderful outpouring (Decca). —
This book deals with the major categories of Kierkegaard's thinking. The author does not attempt a historical exegesis of Kierkegaard but rather presents a re-proclamation of Kierkegaard's message for our day. It is no criticism, therefore, to say that there is much of Kierkegaard that is not in this book. It is thus at all times an expression of Heinecken's own position. But since Heinecken has been definitively influenced by Kierkegaard, an understanding of Heinecken's theology provides a first-class introduction to the thinking of Kierkegaard. The book thus serves a double purpose and will be of interest whether one has read Kierkegaard or not.

The reader who is unfamiliar with Kierkegaardian terminology will find the latter half of the author's statement of purpose unintelligible:

I have attempted in particular to call attention to that which was Kierkegaard's sole concern: to make clear what it means to become and to be a Christian. I have tried to clarify those points at which Kierkegaard is particularly vulnerable and most apt to be misunderstood: that Christianity is an absolute paradox, that God is absolutely other, that dread (anxiety) is the constant concomitant of man's freedom, that despair is man's sickness unto death, that truth is subjectivity, that Christianity is suffering and that it is an 'existential communication'. (p.vii)

Particularly this sort of reader will appreciate the fact that Heinecken knows how to clarify the questions and problems which underlie the Kierkegaardian terminology in commonly understood terms. This is a good book. It is well thought through and clearly written. It is highly recommended to the reader who wishes an introduction either to Heinecken, to Kierkegaard, or to both. No one interested in understanding contemporary Lutheranism thinking will be able to avoid coming to terms with it.

The author has clearly indicated the principle by which he desires this book to be judged. (p.8ff.) He asks that Kierkegaard be understood on his own ground and in the light of the issues as he faced them. Such a choice is an Either/Or; either Hegel or Kierkegaard; either Martensen—or Kierkegaard. The choice is for or against the gospel and the justice of the author's request is self-evident—as long as it remains a matter of historical judgment. It is quite another thing, however, to say that this is the same choice which is demanded of the reader of the book today. Insofar as the issues are still the same—and the reader will recognize just how often they are, e.g., either Kierkegaard or Peale—it is an Either/Or. But since Kierkegaard's time new issues have arisen which Kierkegaard did not have to deal with, but which the author must deal with. And it is here that the difficulty in writing a book of this kind, which presents both Kierkegaard's and Heinecken's thinking, becomes apparent. Whatever one may think of holding that Christ is equally contemporaneous with every generation it is certainly not true that Kierkegaard is thus contemporaneous. We must therefore ask whether the fact that we would have chosen to be on Kierkegaard's side in 1850 against Hegel and Martensen means that we must be on Heinecken's side in 1957.

Heinecken is aware of this difficulty and he tries to build the bridge between Kierkegaard and our generation by stating that the proper purpose of studying Kierkegaard is "solely to distinguish between the law and the gospel." (p.351,Ep.383) Therewith he also hopes to build the bridge between the situation of Kierkegaard and the situation of Luther. But law and gospel was not explicitly discussed as a theological problem at the time of Kierkegaard. Certainly there is a sense in which it is true that all theology is a coming to terms with the distinction between law and gospel and that Kierkegaard himself was wrestling with this most central problem as relatively few of his contemporaries and as none of his opponents were. But it was not his conscious and primary purpose to lead us to an understanding of this distinction; and his own solution of the basic problems involved does not justify the statement that "Kierkegaard is only saying to this generation what Luther said to his," thus putting Kierkegaard's work on the level of a second Reformation, and saying that "it is impossible to go back again beyond Kierkegaard." (p.17).

We shall examine these two claims for the material presented in this book: 1) Kierkegaard's message, as Heinecken presents it, is essentially identical with the proclamation of Luther to his generation; 2) through understanding Kierkegaard, or even Heinecken's presentation of Kierkegaard, we shall learn how to distinguish law and gospel.

The book's one structural weakness is that the author does not introduce the discussion of the proper purpose for reading Kierkegaard until the end of the book, and even then he does not explicitly define his key terms, law and gospel. We are told that the gospel is against the law, for the law allows no possibility of forgiveness. (p.117; 346.) And Kierkegaard is quoted: "Law is so terrifying because it seems as if it were left to man to hold fast to Christ by his own power, whereas in the language of love it is Christ that holds him fast." (p.354) Such a law would be a legalized gospel, and these statements indicate a difference between law and gospel. We must now ask what significance this law has for becoming a Christian.

For Luther the law was part of the word of God. It was the revelation of God's wrath and the exposure of man as sinner. As such, the law played a decisive role in a man's becoming a Christian. For Heinecken, on the other hand, the knowledge of sin is achieved not by the law and the revelation of God's wrath but rather by the revelation of God's unconditional grace. "So a man does not know himself to be a sinner when he becomes aware of the imperfections and weaknesses of his finitude, but only when he has encountered God in Christ as the one who accepts him unconditionally." (p.73.) Similarly on page 213: "Thus there must be that clear conception of that God of boundless love who accepts the sinner, before there can be a real consciousness of sin..." (See also page 184, lines three to six, and footnote number three on page 119.)

Heinecken is making the point that sin is the total personal relationship of the sinner to God and that sin, therefore, is not to be restricted to individual acts. Heinecken's denial of the status integritatis and of the historical fall (pp. 166, 175f.,
180 ff., 218) is not essential to his doctrine of sin, but it is part of his understanding of history. The Lutheran Confessions, at least, are still able to acknowledge the fall as history and yet treat sin "existentially". Beyond this, however, Heinecken makes the point that the knowledge of sin is worked only through the revelation of God's grace. That was the position taken by Agricola, a position with which Luther emphatically disagreed. The discussion of this point was carried out in the latter half of the nineteenth century between Theodosius Harnack and Ritschel. This discussion centered around the reality of God's wrath as revealed in the law and the consequent validity of the preaching of the law. In our own generation Karl Barth and Werner Elert have disputed at length on other aspects of the same basic problem. These discussions, too, have raised their Either/or's. But the alternatives which they pose were not the alternatives with which Kierkegaard in his time was confronted, hence he cannot seriously be faulted for having failed to choose between them. Heinecken, however, is confronted with these alternatives which the newer theologies have brought to the fore, and he cannot escape—as Kierkegaard might have—making his choice. As a matter of fact, he does indeed seem to have made his choice. For him, it seems, there is no authentic revelation of God Himself which can at the same time be honestly called a revelation of God's wrath. There are, to be sure, occasional references to God's "wrath" and to His "holiness" (pp. 103, 342.). However, whenever the author speaks of God's "self-impartation", he does so always in connection with the "personal encounter." The New Testament at least speaks of a revelation of God's wrath as an encounter without self-impartation.

It follows that when God's grace is "hidden" God ("in and for himself"!) (p. 80.) is unknown; when God is revealed His grace is revealed. (pp. 117ff.) Luther knows of another hidden God. He is the God whose mercy is hidden, but whose wrath is revealed. In this revelation of His wrath God also reveals Himself and does not simply remain the "unknown other" (p. 87). It is then questionable whether Kierkegaard's understanding of "Anfechtung" as the encounter with the "holy and [primarily] the loving God" (p. 319ff.) is really more penetrating than Luther's understanding of it as the encounter with the God whose grace is hidden and whose wrath is revealed. For this reviewer Luther's exegesis of the story of Abraham and Isaac as a suspension of the Gospel is also far more penetrating than Kierkegaard's understanding it as the suspension of the ethical (p. 243ff.) (cf. Werner Elert, "The Christian Ethos," pp. 253-264 for a thoroughgoing criticism of Kierkegaard's position on this point; also Der Christliche Glaube 3, S. 146 for a criticism of Kierkegaard's concept of faith from the viewpoint of Luther's understanding of law and gospel.) With respect to the law and the wrath of God, Kierkegaard is not saying essentially the same thing to his generation that Luther did to his on how one "becomes" a Christian.

Luther at any rate knows an unresolved paradox between law and gospel, wrath and grace, a paradox which does not come through in this book. The christological paradox in this book remains therefore on the level of the finite versus the infinite. For Luther, as for Saint Paul, the absolute paradox consisted in this that the holy incarnate Son of God became sin for us.

Kierkegaard died just at the time when theologians were beginning to come to grips with the problem of law and gospel. He could not transcend his own historical situation, nor can we learn the proper distinction between law and gospel from him. This book, like Kierkegaard himself, stops at the point of explicitly coming to grips with the law-gospel problem. Both this book and the Kierkegaard writings must therefore be regarded as theological stages on life's way, still leading up to but not having attained to the central Either/Or of law and gospel. For the proper distinction between these two terms we must go back to Luther, "beyond" Kierkegaard. But precisely because we must go beyond Kierkegaard we also are required to pick and choose among Kierkegaard's answers. We can accept much of what he says without binding ourselves to his understanding of revelation, history, and original sin.

Heinecken has served theology well by centering our attention on the essential theological point involved. One can only hope that the author will provide us with an explicit presentation of his understanding of the distinction between law and gospel. He would thereby have completed the basis for the most necessary discussion of "what it means to become and to be a Christian."

ROBERT SCHULTZ

RELIIGIOUS

THE BOOK OF REVELATION: A NEW TRANSLATION OF THE APOCALYPSE

By J. B. Phillips (Macmillan, $2.00)

Mr. Phillips finds himself in the good company of Martin Luther and John Calvin in not quite knowing what to do with the Book of Revelation. But having now completed his translations of the other books of the New Testament, Mr. Phillips was faced with the necessity of doing as much as he felt he could do with the Apocalypse so as to complete his work. The result is the least "original" of the Phillips translations, a fact which Mr. Phillips recognizes in his preface where he confesses to "not having done much beyond removing some of the obscurities of archaic language."

It may be presumed now that we shall shortly be getting a complete Phillips translation of the New Testament and we would advise readers to await the publication of the complete work rather than invest in this one book. Pastors and Bible students might, however, profitably buy this book just for the preface, for it has some very interesting things to say about the style of the Apocalypse and the probable circumstances under which it was written. Phillips has a much more intelligent surmise concerning the origin of the book than the "subversive document" suggestion of some of the more recent commentators.

CREATION AND EVOLUTION

By Russell F. Mixter (The American Scientific Affiliation, 107 W. Plymouth Ave., Goshen, Ind., Fifty cents.)

This little monograph provides refreshing reading in a controversy which usually generates more heat than light. Dr. Mixter, a Professor of Zoology at Wheaton College, Wheaton, Illinois, here treats the subject in a brief, objective way. Although a Creationist, Dr. Mixter does not forsake the scientific method in support of his conclusion. Such treatment is somewhat rare in recent publications taking the same line.

The pamphlet is quite easily read and should be interesting and understandable to the layman. Some of it will be objectionable to the conservative theologian. It is a pity that more evidence and a more complete argument is not given of the Creationist's side of the controversy since brevity here might be cited as an indication of weakness.

This booklet is highly recommended for all who would like a brief, concise presentation of the controversy by a truly Christian scientist.

THEODORE C. SCHWAN.

EAST IS EAST: Hinduism, Buddhism, Christianity, A Comparison

By Peter Fingesten (Muhlenberg Press, $3.00)

In this day of revived interest in world religions, Peter Fingesten has challenged the popular notion that "we're all heading for the same goal by different pathways the various religions suggest." His theme is that the eastern world of Hindu and Buddhist thought, long respected as the reservoir of profound religious and philo-
sophic genius, differs sharply from the basic ideas of western Christianity in matters involving man and the world around him. And further, the Hindu-Buddhist traditions lack the vitality which Judeo-Christian ethics, Roman law, and Greek philosophy have supplied in bringing the western heritage to its dominant position in the universal quest for Truth. The author develops this assertion by first sketching certain highlights in the history of eastern and western culture, and then devotes the second portion of the book to a comparison of Christianity with Buddhist and Hindu concepts on the basis of the respective sacred texts.

Although the stated intention is to compare, not criticize, the selections quoted from the non-Christian texts reveal the author's bias that Buddhism is largely irrelevant and Hinduism tends inevitably toward an incitement of the lower rather than the higher passions of man. The principal value of the book lies in its claim that basic divergencies do exist between east and west, but its glaring defect lies in the easy identification of Christianity with western culture and the assumption that Hinduism and Buddhism can be adequately compared with Christianity on terms which hardly transcend the moral category. No well-informed Hindu or Buddhist would be content with the scope of treatment given to the respective religions, and the perceptive Christian might likewise feel that by omitting any adequate discussion of the implications of incarnation and atonement the real depths of his religion have also been left untouched.

F. DEAN LUEKING

THIRTY YEARS A WATCH TOWER SLAVE,
(Th e Confessions of a Converted Jehovah's Witness)

By W.J. Schnell (Baker Book House, $2.95.)

"It was in the year 1954 that William J. Schnell wrestled with God in prayer for an entire agony filled night. As morning light broke he arose with peace in his soul, and a song in his heart." According to the author, this was the point at which he left the Jehovah Witness group after having served it energetically and actively for thirty years.

The author stresses the approach of the Watch Tower Society as to its method of organization, development and attraction to new members rather than stressing the doctrinal approach of the Jehovah Witness group.

The approach of the Jehovah Witness group according to the author is one of complete dominance over the lives of the members. Each member must serve the group according to the specific directives of the leaders. Mr. Schnell indicates that the motives of the leaders are directed toward selfish purposes and are not concerned with the welfare of the members of the organization.

Perhaps the most interesting sections of the book are those dealing with the events of the author's life, relating how he was taken to Germany by his Lutheran parents at an early age, how his life was spared in World War I, and how as a result of God's protection in difficult days he decided to serve God the rest of his life. He came into contact with members of the Jehovah Witness group and decided that the best way to serve God was as an active member of this group.

He was employed in the headquarters of the German branch of the Watch Tower Society at Magdeburg. He helped organize the work in Germany and Poland. In 1927 he came back to America and became Ex-actor, or Zone Serv ant, in Ohio and Penns yl vania. He helped foment riots in Ohio and was active in more than five hundred court battles, some of which were taken to the Supreme Court. After thirty years of intense activity as a member of the Watch Tower Society he left the group.

This book is an interesting account of the activities of the Jehovah Witness approach. The author might have devoted more space to the anti-Christian approach of the Watch Tower Society.

G E N E R A L

DAYS OF THE PHOENIX:
THE NINETEEN-TWENTIES I REMEMBER

By Van Wyck Brooks (Dutton, $3.95)

In 1920, Van Wyck Brooks settled in Westport, Conn., and this book, the second of an autobiographical series, is a chronicle of his life there and that of his artist friends between 1920 and 1929. Most of the information covers his friends, among whom were Sherwood Anderson, Lewis Mumford, Hendrik Van Loon, Louis Untermeyer, H.L. Mencken and many others who became associated with one or the other of the literary magazines, The Seven Arts or The Freeman. While Mr. Brooks assesses the contribution to literature of this variety of literary figures, he also reveals the human side of these authors.

In this era, the 1920's, the American writer came of age; he no longer followed the European precedent but set out on his own. Of the prominent authors resident in America, a number settled in the Westport area or made it a second home. Brooks was in a position to observe this microcosm and, as a result, he has much to say here on the literary climate and the problems of the American writer in the Twenties. He was also acquainted with most of the expatriates and why they were living and working abroad and he gives his judgment on their contributions.

In a most unusual last chapter, the author describes his breakdown in 1929 and his nightmare existence in American and European sanitariums over a period of the next few years. These years are covered briefly by snatches of frightening recall, but the factors leading to the breakdown are never made clear.

RAISING DEMONS

By Shirley Jackson (Farrar, Straus and Cudahy, $3.50)

In general, one shouldn't talk about one's children—other people either have them, or they don't. In Miss Jackson's case the more that is said about her four children, the more enjoyable she and they become. We have been reading magazine articles by Miss Jackson for some time, and always with a pleasure very much akin to glee. It is only fair to say that we were smiling before we even opened the book.

Miss Jackson (in private life, Mrs. Stanley Edgar Hyman) talks about her two houses: first, a brief look into the old house, inside which were "all the millions of things we possessed as a family"; then, the decision—aided by the grocer, the mailman, and Mr. Cunningham at the gas station—to move to the big white house with the crooked gatepost. She introduces you to her family:

Laurie is a small-town mayor, inadequately informed and positive, Jannie a Games Mistress with a bright voice; Sally is a vague stern old lady watching the world with remote disapproval, and Barry a small intrepid foot soldier, following unquestionably and doggedly. There are sometimes a couple of nervous creatures hovering in the background, making small futile gestures and tending to laugh weakly. Their function is, of course, unmistakable. They are there to glue the heads back on dolls, sharpen pencils, and pay out weekly allowances.

Miss Jackson tells you just how it is in a house with four children and only two parents. (And it is possible that only two parents with four children will believe these things.) Altogether Miss Jackson writes a thoroughly delightful book. Somewhere in these pages, perhaps more than once, she will hit the nail right on your head. There are no brooding maladjusted people here; no dark corners of psychosis to untangle. There are only rainy days, and lost sneakers, and trumpet lessons, and dogs and cats.

With great pleasure we recommend this book to everyone. If you have not spent much time around children you will be amused and incredulous. If you are becoming addled from too much familiarity
with children, this is your reprieve. Read it any time, but to get the full benefit of the soothing knowledge that your family isn't really odd, and these things happen to families all the time, wait for that time when you feel like Miss Jackson did on this February day:

I got to feeling that I could not bear the sight of the colored cereal bowls for one more morning, could not empty one more ashtray, could not brush one more head or bake one more potato or let out one more dog or pick up one more jacket. I snarled at the bright faces regarding me at the breakfast table and I was strongly tempted to kick the legs out from under the chair on which my older son was teetering backward. I could not think of anything to serve for dinner which was not dull, or tasteless, or unusually full of bones.

**ANNE SPRINGSTEEN**

**THE NEGRO AND SOUTHERN POLITICS**

By Hugh D. Price (New York University Press, $3.00)

This book is required reading for every precinct committeeman, Democrat or Republican. It ought to be well-thumbed by every potential presidential candidate. Finally, it should be—but won't—carefully studied by everyone who supports white supremacy advocates.

Here is a careful, thoroughly documented study of Negro voting behavior in Florida, originally prepared as a thesis at the University of Florida. Dr. Price's conclusions apply to voting behavior in other Southern states, too, since both experiences and voting statistics in these states are used as controls.

The conclusions of the study are startlingly simple. "So long as no pressing race issue is involved, Negro voters in Florida seem to be swayed by the same general factors as are the white voters, or by the endorsements of local Negro political leaders that in turn are closely allied with local white leaders. A statewide Negro bloc vote in a primary election is likely only if there is a clearly perceived difference in the candidates' racial attitudes or if there is a *chance consensus* among all the various local Negro leaguers." (Italics are the reviewer's)

In the meantime, though, segregationists will continue to spew hatred and venom, forgetting that simple truth. Before the 1952 presidential election pictures of Vice-President nominee Sparkman shaking hands with Negroes were widely circulated in rural Florida areas. Those areas still returned the widest percentage of Democratic votes. As one Florida Negro eloquently declared: "The law prohibits [the white man] from going into the voting booth with you. He can offer you a million dollars for your vote, but he can't get it unless you give it to him."

**ALFRED P. KLAUSLER**

**ALBERT SCHWEITZER: THE STORY OF HIS LIFE**

By Jean Pierhal (Philosophical Library, $3.00)

M. Pierhal's book might serve as a preliminary introduction to Schweitzer's life and work. It recounts the events of Schweitzer's childhood in the small Alsatian village of Gunsbach, his career as a theological and philosophical student in Strasbourg, brief mention of his work as an organist and the author of a classic study of Bach, his subsequent undertaking of the attainment of a medical degree again at Strasbourg, and, finally, his struggle to set up a medical mission station at Lambarene in French Equatorial Africa! M. Pierhal also mentions briefly Schweitzer's theological and philosophical point of view as well as his reactions to two world wars and to the modern world in general.

Unfortunately the book is, I think, a too simple introduction to Schweitzer, for it sidesteps all serious intellectual analysis of the development and content of his thinking and, on the other hand, is also devoid of any complete historical presentation of Schweitzer's life. On the whole, it is merely a brief account of the framework of facts, names, and dates which constitute the outline of his life and of the honors which have been bestowed upon him. It is, furthermore, a somewhat strained English adaptation of the German, *Albert Schweitzer: Das Leben eines guten Menschen*. Indeed, it is the German title which serves as a key to the author's point of view, for he seems to have attempted to say merely, "Here is a good man." Now, we all know this or at least most of us do. Whatever our reaction to Schweitzer and the principles for which he has come to stand, we cannot deny his monumental mentality, the dedication which has underlain his commitment to and sacrifices for the cause of both the missionary task and peace, and the real value of his life and work. Nevertheless, friend or foe, we would wish to see each of the many aspects of Schweitzer's life, his intellectual development and his thinking developed more fully.

**SUE WIENHORST**

**THE NEW WORLD OF THE ATOM**

By James Stokley (Ives Washburn, $5.50)

This book is very nearly what the jacket claims for it: "The complete story of man's harnessing of atomic energy, its uses in war and peace, present developments throughout the world, and what lies ahead." However, the style is more encyclopedic than that of a story. It is largely organization and condensation of material obtained from written sources rather than reporting of observed events and phenomena. For only one incident does the author allow himself the luxury of painting the scene: the exciting and dramatic account of the initial operation of the first self-sustaining atomic reactor at the University of Chicago.

As this reviewer read the book, he got an uneasy feeling that the author did not understand some of the basic significance of the more technical aspects of the subject.

This criticism is no reflection on the author's reporting ability, and the book does not suffer seriously except in a few instances where heavy reading is made even heavier. If the reader can get through the first few pages, the rest of the book should prove interesting if taken in small amounts. There is too much detail for easy, quick consumption.

This book should prove helpful, again as the jacket indicates, to the layman who wishes more details than he can get in an elementary book but does not want the extremely technical and exhaustive conference proceedings.

**T. C. SCHWAN**

**THE CLASSICAL TRADITION**

By Gilbert Highet (Oxford, $2.95)

Economy-minded readers will welcome the publication of this already well-known book in a paperback edition. Originally published in 1949, it has now passed through a fourth printing, a remarkable achievement for a work of its kind, especially in these days of prohibitive costs. Numerous reviews of Mr. Highet's account of our classical literary heritage and its influence on the literatures of Western Europe and America appeared in professional journals and lay literary-magazines shortly after his volume had first been released by its publishers. Another detailed appraisal at this late date should therefore be quite unnecessary. Suffice it to repeat with others that the author, who is Professor of the Latin Language and Literature at Columbia University, has rendered an enormous service in presenting us with a *Leitfaden* of imitative Greco-Roman literature that extends from a time as far back as A.D. 700 down to the very recent year 1949, a gift that is absolutely unique and for which all literary students, laymen as well as scholars, will remain profoundly grateful.

True, some critics have at times impugned the soundness of Mr. Highet's scholarship, at least in matters involving minutiae. Any such strictures, however, even if valid, would become relatively trivial in view of the tremendous contribution
that Mr. Hight has made. For not only has he written an extremely valuable book of almost encyclopaedic proportions (totaling 763 pages), replete with footnotes and bibliographic references, and in a delightfully engaging and informative style, but he has also accomplished much more: By bringing scholarship down to earth and making it pertinent to contemporary society, Mr. Hight, who is possibly the outstanding humanist in our country today, the Gilbert Murray or Sir Richard Livingstone of his generation, has once again forcefully demonstrated that "the culture of Greece and Rome, still living and fertile, still incalculably stimulating, can be communicated to the modern world—the world that it has already, not once but twice and thrice and oftener, saved from the repeated attacks of materialism and barbarism" (p. 500). Several years ago some German scholar (was it Werner Jaeger?) made the thoughtful observation that for the past fifty years we have all been enjoying, consciously or otherwise, the accrued interest of our classical legacy without a commensurate conservation of the original capital. When one reflects that it is exactly during this half century that our world has suffered two frightful wars, and that many are now apprehensive of a third global conflict that may be annihilating, one wonders whether this steady neglect of capital has been altogether wise.

EDGAR C. REINKE

ATLAS OF EUROPEAN HISTORY

Edited by Edward Whiting Fox with the assistance of H.S. Deighton (Oxford, $7.00)

One of the ablest social scientists we know has often said that "geography without history is superficial, and history without geography is unintelligible." For both the geographer and the historian the appearance of this beautifully-done atlas is an event of real importance.

Maps can be either among the most meaningful or among the most meaningless tools available to the scholar. In the past, one of the most irritating defects of "scholarly" maps has been their cluttered nature. One got the impression that the compiler felt constrained to demonstrate his acquaintance with his area by including as much detail as he could possibly get into the space available to him. As a result, too often the major contribution which he might have made—an illumination of the relationships between man's works and their environmental settings—was altogether obscured.

The editor of this atlas has wisely chosen to keep detail to a minimum so that the truly important historic-geographic relationships might stand out most clearly. This absence of clutter, coupled with an aesthetically-pleasing photo-relief technique of presenting physical features, makes this atlas not only a work of sound scholarship but also of high craftsmanship. It is the best work of its kind we have seen in almost two decades of observation.

FICTION

THE SCAPEGOAT

By Daphne du Maurier (Doubleday, $3.95)

A solitary, scholarly Englishman, on holiday in France, becomes involuntarily entangled in the affairs of an accidentally encountered Frenchman. John resembles Jean physically to such an astounding extent that, tricked into impersonating the Frenchman, he is accepted (except by the dogs) as being indeed the Comte de Gue. He is unable to ask questions without betraying himself as an imposter. His position is fantastically complicated by the highly unusual relationships existing among members of the de Gue family—a house divided against itself.

The reader shares the anxiety and concern of the Englishman as he gropes his way cautiously through the morass of tangled emotions and dismaying situations in the domestic and business affairs of the family, determined to do what he can to ameliorate some of the results of Jean de Gue's appalling selfishness and callous cynicism. During his week's impersonation, he comes to love the family and to care about the fate of the workers in the small glass foundry on the estate, the hereditary family business which seems doomed.

This is a well told story. The reader's interest is sustained by the action and also by the skillful building up of suspense, of mood and atmosphere, which is practically the trade-mark of a du Maurier novel. It is a Literary Guild selection.

DORINDA KNOFF

BACH AND THE HEAVENLY CHOIR

By Johannes Ruber, translated by Maurice Michael (World Publishing Company, Cleveland and New York, 1957, pany, $3.00.)

In this charming novel, Ruber, a German writer, has attempted to create a "modern papal legend." It is the story of a sensitive and intensely musical Pope who attempts to elevate Johann Sebastian Bach to the station of a saint. The much loved Pope with such a singular purpose consults the Lutheran clergy through the Bishop. He indirectly brings about a change in the life of the contemplative daughter of this clergyman.

A simple tale, the story is almost unbelievable at times but the reader feels that the author is purposely creating a myth. The narrative sweeps to its climax in the tense debate which evolves over the canonization. The Pope, while presiding, spellbinds the assembly with his playing of a Bach partita.

That the proposal never became reality, that the Pope died before succeeding in his desire, these seemed logical conclusions to this fairy tale.

JOSEPHINE L. FERGUSON

PNIN

By Vladimir Nabokov (Doubleday, $3.50)

Professor Pnin is the type of man who could live in the United States for a hundred years without understanding any more about the country or without losing his heavy Russian accent. For the Professor, the tragic hero of this humorous novel, is a Russian émigré out of a now-broken mold, a man who cannot adapt to new surroundings, and a man so unworldly that he would be equally out of place in his own country.

In a series of humorous vignettes, Nabokov tells of the mis-adventures of the Professor who teaches in a northeastern college. Long before his wife has left him and when his son comes to visit, he is almost a stranger. The politics of a small college campus are incomprehensible to Pnin and this, plus the fact that he has inflexible standards, finally leads to his being fired.

While this is a humorous novel, it is also a heart-breaking one. One wants to be the protector of the pathetic Professor so badly, and one wants to defend a person so lovable and so completely detached from everyday life. Even if this were not such an entertaining novel, it could be read with delight because of the fluid prose style Vladimir Nabokov possesses.

* * *

In recent weeks, the editors have received a number of paperbacks which may be of interest to our readers. The best of these are the following:

The Mill on the Floss by George Eliot (Pocket Library, fifty cents);
The Mayor of Casterbridge by Thomas Hardy (Pocket Library, thirty-five cents);
Forgive Us Our Trespasses by Lloyd Douglas (Pocket Books, thirty-five cents);
Something of Value by Robert Ruark (Pocket Books, seventy-five cents);
Caste and Class in a Southern Town by John Dollard (Doubleday Anchor, $1.25);
The Future of an Illusion by Sigmund Freud (Doubleday Anchor, ninety-five cents); and
Man in the Modern Age by Karl Jaspers (Doubleday Anchor, ninety-five cents).

MAY, 1957

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"Cinderella" a Brilliant Success

By ANNE HANSEN

Although centuries have passed since Charles Perrault gave the fairy tale about Cinderella to the children of France, the story of the little cinder maiden who became a princess has not lost its charm or its appeal. It has remained a favorite with children of all ages and of many lands. In commenting on the new musical adaptation of Cinderella, Oscar Hammerstein II said: "Richard Rodgers and I knew that it was a story everyone loves. We needed only justification to retell it. Putting it to music provided that justification."

It did indeed. In their first venture into the field of television the famous team of Rodgers and Hammerstein has scored another brilliant success. Their musical version of Cinderella is as delightfully engaging as lyrics, lilting melodies, lavish settings, expert direction, and fine singing by a splendid cast can make it. Cinderella was telecast by CBS.

As I write this column, I am looking forward to another musical account of Cinderella, to be presented on April 29 by the Royal Ballet—formerly known as the Sadler's Wells Ballet. I am sure that it is safe to predict that the world-renowned Royal Ballet will give a magnificent performance. This is a Sol Hurok production.

During his long career as an impresario Mr. Hurok has had many triumphs in the legitimate theater, on the concert stage, and, more recently, in the relatively new medium of TV. One of the most noteworthy is the searching, forceful, and imaginative presentation of Romeo and Juliet, superbly telecast by The Old Vic Players of London. Each member of the notable cast merits special commendation for an outstanding performance. Claire Bloom and John Neville portrayed Shakespeare's star-crossed lovers with sterling artistry.

Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne are well known to everyone familiar with the American stage. Through the years this eminent husband-and-wife team has carved out an illustrious career in the legitimate theater. On April 1 the Lunts made a highly auspicious TV debut in The Great Sebastians, by Howard Lindsay and Russell Crouse. Although The Great Sebastians is a sparkling comedy, it also strikes a telling blow for the cause of freedom. Produced on Broadway soon after the death of the great patriot Jan Masaryk, the play speaks for those who live under the dark shadow of fear and oppression. Miss Fontanne and Mr. Lunt were wholly convincing in the roles they created on Broadway, the supporting cast was excellent, the direction was swift-paced and sure, and the settings were attractive and effective.

For me The Hostess with the Mostest, presented by Playhouse 90, was decidedly disappointing. Shirley Booth is an accomplished actress, and she made a valiant effort to inject life and substance into her characterization of the nation's most widely publicized party girl. But the material for a really impressive play just was not there.

There were compensations for the annoying cold which kept me at home three Sundays in a row. This gave me an opportunity to see This Is the Life in the new format adopted some time ago. My sincere congratulations to those responsible for the change. They have greatly improved the presentation.

Now for a brief look at the movies.

Full of Life (Columbia, Richard Quine) is thoroughly delightful entertainment. Judy Holliday is charming as the young mother-to-be. John Conte is excellent as the perplexed prospective father, and Salvatore Baccaloni, famed basso buffo of the Metropolitan Opera Company, gives a superb portrayal of the grumpy and autocratic Papa Rocco. This is a tender, warmly human comedy with many serious and searching overtones.

For several months huge billboards begged passers-by to be sure to see The Incredible Shrinking Man (Universal-International). So I did so—to my sorrow. This is a real horror film cloaked in scientific verbiage. It purports to tell the story of what happened to a young man who was exposed to atomic radiation. Some of the trick photography employed to create optical illusions is startlingly realistic. Some of the tricks are transparent and unconvincing. Skip it!

The Wrong One (Warners, Alfred Hitchcock), based on an incident from real life, is an exciting suspense film.

Here are two run-of-the-mill westerns: Gun for a Coward (Universal-International) and The Big Land (Warners).
The mail with respect to "A Minority Report" has picked up lately. Mail—whether in defense or in attack of a column—usually pleases the columnist.

It is fair to report that I do not receive much mail that defends the positions I take.

This is not to say, however, that all the mail comes from enemies. Quite the contrary, some of my friends damn with faint praise. Some of my friends have referred to me and my positions somewhat like this: "Hoffmann, you're a nice guy—even if you go overboard for the Democrats, labor unions, Negroes, Jews, Americans for Democratic Action, one-worldism, and all those fanatic groups." Members of our faculty and some of my students, to be sure, joshingly refer to me as some kind of ideological sport—an eccentric (that's the word).

My father once gave me a sound piece of advice: "Son, you don't have to explain your ideas and stands on issues either to your friends or your enemies. Your friends understand and ask for no explanations. And whatever explanation you give will not be enough for your enemies."

For the record—my father is a Republican and I am a Democrat—but we still are father and son. What is more, I still remain an advocate of all these fanatic groups.

Friend and foe alike seem to be pretty excited about the recent labor investigations. The sins of the Teamsters' leaders ought to be proof, some of them have been saying to this columnist, that the liberals who support labor and the unions are really pseudo-liberals and are after all "chasing their own tails."

BUT—do we close the doors of the church when the treasurer absconds with the funds? Do we pass laws for the elimination of banks in Illinois when the thread of corruption leads from the office of the state auditor to prominent people in a prominent Chicago bank? Do we eliminate charity agencies when we detect a social worker that has run off with an already married psychiatrist? Do we ask for the liquidation of colleges and universities because an instructor fornicates with a student? Are we going to ask for a mass-massacre of the human race because "all men have sinned and come short of the glory of God"?

If you and I were going to support only the perfect human beings and the perfect cause, there would not be much to support. I cannot choose my friends that way because I hate being lonely. And I am no prize package either, I hasten to add.

Regardless, Beck, Brewster, and Hoffa have stepped over the bounds of human decency and are on a real tough spot. All of us should keep in mind, however, that none of these men have been proven guilty as yet in a court of law. Congressional committees are not courts of law regardless of what McCarthy and McClellan might think.

Nevertheless, what has been presented to us thus far in the way of evidence seems mighty conclusive. Evidence has been brought forward that has not really been countermanded: slush funds, cars for girls, refrigerators, borrowing from union funds, conspiracies with local government, agreements with men in high places of industry.

For all of this, there really is not much excuse. Reuther, Carey, and Meany know this and have said so publicly.

There will be some possible sidelights to all this. We all know that some local governments seem to be involved. Nathan Shefferman, a labor-consultant representing employers in negotiations, appears to have played the game from both sides. The Teamsters have dealt with Fruehauf Trailer Company of Detroit in events that have also involved the Brown Equipment and Manufacturing Company of New York. Some persons must remember that the Teamsters gave their proxies to Avery in the Montgomery Ward struggle several years ago in order to get their first nation-wide bargaining agreement with Montgomery Ward. Young lawyer Kennedy has come to Chicago to ask some representatives of management a few important questions.

Some years ago, Eric Johnston, formerly president of the U.S. Chamber of Commerce, gave this testimonial to Beck at a dinner honoring Beck: "I had a key to heaven And you didn't have one too, I'd throw away my key to heaven And go to hell with you."

The big question now is: "All aboard—who's all going?"
MILESTONE

This morning when I awoke I suddenly realized that another birthday was coming over the horizon of my remaining years.... For a few moments I rested quietly seeing through the open window the indecision and hesitancy of early morning and early Spring.... The new day was not yet quite born and the new season was still a matter of intuition rather than something to be felt by the senses.... A good time—a gracious interlude—for thought about some ultimate matters... above all, the acceptance of the marching years....

Perhaps I should say "bittersweet" acceptance.... There are some bitter things about the thronging years which all the books on "How to Grow Old Gracefully" cannot brush away.... The moments when the spirit outruns the flesh, the fleeting harbingers of dissolution manifested in new aches and wandering pains, the sudden telephone call about a friend who has left my way, the evidences of the sere and yellow leaf all about.... But most biting of all is the reflection of the stain of time in the mind.... A few days ago I sat with a good friend in a distant city.... We were talking about a movement in education which is largely sponsored by the younger generation.... In a seething illuminating moment he said bitterly: "Those young upstarts. Those whippersnappers!".... Suddenly I knew that I could leave at that moment.... The problem under consideration would be forever beyond the calm touch of intelligence and wisdom.... The gulf of the years had become bitter and beyond bridging....

And there are other bitter moments.... Some time ago I was talking to a group of students when I suddenly realized that they were listening only because I was so much older.... What I was saying was palpable nonsense, but they had been trained to give respectful attention and they were going through the ordeal as gracefully as possible.... That can be bad, very bad, for it befogs the channels of communication between the generations.... How can I ever tell if they are listening because I have something to say, or if they are merely remembering, with a mannerly boredom, that I was born thirty years before they were?.... A sobering, dismaying situation.... It makes the process of self-examination, of inward probing for sense and truth, supremely important for my generation.... else there will be only black windows between us.... the distant, half-heard sound of a voice from an exhausted well....

And yet the sweet outweighs the bitter.... There is a growing attunement to the little things, the daily things of living.... perhaps because one knows that their number is becoming less.... Stephen's happy laughter over a rabbit running across the road, the stillness of winter nights and the murmur of summer evenings, the staying voice of a good friend, the charm of long familiar music—all these are better now because I have heard them more often than I shall.... There is an arc of glory over them which dims the sight but lights the heart.... The momentary hurt is not so great because it strikes a scar that has been healed by a Hand greater than mine and a Love longer than life....

I find this new sweetness especially in the nature of my dreams.... The turmoil and storminess of the restless dreams of youth is now gone and, more often than not, these upsurges into the conscious reflect a peace which I was promised long ago by One Who knew that obedience and peace are the twin daughters of faith.... Last night, for example, there was the vivid dream of a great plain and a mountain road rising from it.... The road had to be climbed, I knew, but there seemed to be no hurry about it, since the time of the journey was not in my hands.... And so I walked slowly, stopping to see this flower and to admire that tree, hearing the music of the mountain and its far echo from the plain.... The hours seemed no longer the world's hours, but heaven's.... At last I saw an angel at the end of the road, waiting with pen in hand, to write something in a book and on my brow.... I found myself hoping that it would be the single word "Inasmuch".... but just before I came to the angel, I awoke.... It was not yet time.... This is the sure, heavenly sweetness of the years... whose length is uncertain but whose end is sure....