IN THE FEBRUARY CRESSET - - -

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Journey to Camelot

With few exceptions, we Americans are descendants of dreamers and romantics. Somewhere back along the ancestral line most of us had this grandfather who looked about him upon the bleak landscape of northern Europe or the rocky slopes of the Mediterranean basin or the impoverished villages of eastern Europe and decided that it was not good enough, that there was more to living than merely getting by, and that it was worth the pain of self-exile and the perils of the long ocean journey to go in quest of that better land. For him America was not so much a place as a dream, the land beyond the setting sun, the golden land at the end of the rainbow.

Most of those who came experienced a reality shock which should have left them bitter and cynical, and indeed on the surface there is a great deal of bitterness and cynicism in our literature — reflecting, perhaps, our disappointment that what had seemed from a distance to be Camelot turned out, upon our arrival there, to be merely Pittsburgh. But beneath the surface we still cherish the dream. If Camelot is not there at the end of the journey, then it must be built when we get there.

President Johnson's name for Camelot is The Great Society. In essence it is the old dream of America the beautiful whose alabaster cities gleam undimmed by human tears. The State of the Union address was an eloquent and moving restatement of this dream. To take issue with the objectives which the President stated would be almost a form of secular blasphemy like criticizing the design of the flag. But a comment on the nature of the dream itself may help us to steer a middle course between a romanticism which is literally out of this world and a cynicism which prevents us from working toward a better, if not great, society.

This, then, needs to be said: that the American dream has always embodied many contradictions. We have wanted, with equal passion, the beauty of an unspoiled countryside and the freedom to build houses and billboards where we please. We have wanted our children to enjoy the advantages of college degrees, but we have not wanted them exposed to the intellectual and spiritual crises of learning. We have idealized the rural and small-town way of life, but we have deserted the countryside in droves to seek opportunity in the big city. We want an endless list of public services, but we want the tax rate kept stable or reduced. We see ourselves as rugged free enterprisers, but we call upon government the minute we feel the slightest threat to our security.

President Johnson's Great Society promises all of us something that we want. What needs to be debated in the weeks and months ahead is what it will cost — not in money, but in the sacrifice of those contradictory dreams which most of us cherish alongside the dreams which the President has so eloquently articulated.

"Give Me Your Tired, Your Poor"

If there is any one characteristic which the great societies of the past have shared, it is cosmopolitanism. The great cities of the world have been world cities and the great men of the past have been men who felt equally at home on a Virginia plantation, a London club, or a French salon.

About forty years ago we got cold feet and decided that cosmopolitanism represented a threat to our country, and so we closed the doors to many kinds of immigration, particularly from eastern Europe and the Orient. In doing so we broke with one of the greatest of our traditions, a tradition which the President hopes in some measure to restore in his new immigration bill. This tradition held that a man's nationality or socioeconomic level had nothing to do with his acceptability as a migrant to this country. What counted was his personal character, his ability to contribute to the development of this country through his work, and his desire to be one of us.

It may very well be that there is a limit to the number of people we can absorb into our society and our economy in any given year. If this be true, there is wisdom in setting an immigration quota. But if such a quota is set, we ought to use some better basis for setting it than country of national origin. Present law provides, in ef-
fect, that those nations whose people have shown least inclination to leave shall have the largest quota of acceptable immigrants, and that would-be migrants from impoverished or distressed lands are acceptable only in token numbers. If we really are interested in calling to ourselves the tired, the poor, the huddled masses yearning to be free we are certainly going about it in the oddest possible way.

Won’t all these “furriners” depress our standard of living? If we knew that this would happen, we might still have to take into account the moral responsibility of the very rich to the very poor. But there is no reason to believe that it will happen. Indeed, the very opposite might very well happen. The enormous productivity of our economy forces us always to be looking for or creating new customers, new consumers. Let the needy come and let them have the opportunity our forefathers had to make good in this rich new land. Then they will buy, everything from toothpaste to doctor’s degrees. This is how we did it in the past. Who knows? Perhaps it will work again today.

**Chaotic But Not Desperate**

The NBC correspondent in southeast Asia put it succinctly when he described the situation in South Vietnam as “chaotic but not yet desperate.” Chaotic it certainly is. Here is a land which is not yet a nation, full of people who are not aware of themselves as citizens, trying to wage a war which is really a terrorist campaign under leaders who are not a government. And in the midst of it all stand the symbols of our commitment — General Taylor and our “advisers.”

Presumably what would convert chaos into despair would be a policy decision by the North Vietnamese and their Chinese Communist friends to win the war, rather than merely prosecute it. Such a decision would, by its very nature, introduce an element of escalation into the war which could touch off a third world war. There is every reason to be sure that even such fanatics as Mao Tse-tung and Ho Chi Minh would stop short of such a catastrophic step, but there is a place also for some reasonable anxiety about the possibility of events moving beyond the control of those who seek to use them.

Meanwhile, we are left in as nasty a situation as we have been in since at least Korea. Unless the South Vietnamese can pull themselves together and build a nation under the pressures and tensions of the war, we probably can not win. Having committed ourselves as far as we have in a part of the world where “face” means everything, we can not afford to lose. And it seems unlikely that either the North Vietnamese or the Red Chinese would agree to an armistice based on the neutralization of South Vietnam, the “out” which would presently seem most attractive to us.

We shall, therefore, have to muddle through as best we can in South Vietnam, hoping for some break which we do not presently foresee. But perhaps we can learn something from what we got into there, something which it will be helpful and instructive to remember in the future.

Chief among the things we hope we may have learned is that even so mighty a nation as the United States is not omnipotent. We can not, for instance, prevent a people from racing to its own destruction, if this is what it is determined to do.

As a practical matter, therefore, our involvement in any of these Korea-type situations ought to be based exclusively on our own highest interests, and once we have determined that these interests are seriously threatened we ought to take all of the measures necessary to remove the threat. We hope that we will never again send advisers into any of these situations. If we belong there at all, let us send in the strength that is necessary to do the job. If we can afford to stay out, for Heaven’s sake let’s do so.

**Contempt of Court**

In British and American law, one of the rights of a person charged with a criminal offense is to be tried by an impartial jury of his peers. Impartiality does not imply that members of the jury have no prior knowledge of the case; it does imply that they have arrived at no prior conclusion as to the guilt or innocence of the accused.

Now take the case of a Lee Harvey Oswald or a Jack Ruby. Here an almost maniacally aggressive press had the good fortune to run up against an unusually loquacious set of police officials and the result was indictment, trial, and conviction in the newspapers and on television. As we suggested at the time of the assassination, there was at least the possibility that, had Oswald lived, he could never have been convicted of the crime alleged against him because he could never have been brought before a really impartial jury.

And what is true of the Oswald and Ruby cases is true, on a more local level, of most scandalous crimes. The papers have the alleged criminal’s story, often before he goes to the police with it, and for a week to ten days the news columns take the place of a court of law. The accused says his piece. The police and the paper’s own staff present the evidence against him. Experts are interviewed to establish motivation and/or sanity, neighbors are summoned as character witnesses, and by the time the accused finally gets in the dock there are few of his peers who have not come to some reasonably firm conclusions about his guilt or innocence.

This could not happen in England. Under British law, comment on a case which is sub judice constitutes contempt of court and exposes both the writer and his newspaper to a fairly stiff punishment. A bill will be introduced into the present session of Congress which would, in effect, adopt this rule of English law by providing for a fine of one thousand dollars for disclosing to the press information which has not been filed with
the court and which affects the outcome of a pending criminal action. The bill has the sponsorship of the prestigious U.S. Judicial Conference, which consists of the chief judges of the eleven federal circuits and representatives of United States district courts.

It can be anticipated that the bill will raise cries of Censorship, especially from that part of the press which thrives on sensation-mongering. That there is an element of censorship involved must, of course, be admitted. The question is whether an argument can be made for limiting one right for the sake of securing a greater right. In our judgment the right to an unprejudiced trial takes precedence over the right to sell newspapers and we hope, therefore, that the bill will pass.

**A Prudent Investment**

Last year, 71 per cent of all deaths in the United States resulted from heart disease, cancer, or stroke. In 1962, these three killers cost our economy 31.5 billion dollars for diagnosis, treatment, care, and lost work days, or about 5 1/2 per cent of the gross national product.

Last month the President’s Commission on Heart Disease, Cancer, and Stroke recommended spending 2.9 billion dollars during the next five years on an all-out drive against these crippling and killing diseases. The money would go for the training of more physicians and other health workers; for the building of more health facilities, particularly for care of long-term patients; for more up-to-date communication and coordination among health workers; and for more research.

The first question that the nation must ask, the Commission says, is what priority it wishes to give to human life and what price it is willing to pay for its prolongation. There is at least statistical justification for the view that, whatever priority we may be willing to give to human life, the death rate in the United States will always be one per person, so that there is little point to spending any large portion of our resources on what must prove to be an essentially fruitless undertaking. In a sense substantiating this view is the fact that the remarkable increase in life expectancy in our country and elsewhere in the world is almost entirely a reflection of greatly-reduced infant and maternal mortality; life expectancy for a forty-year-old today is not significantly greater than it was for his grandfather or great-grandfather.

Our own answer is that we would be ready to go with a 2.9 billion dollar flier these next five years and see what happens. There seems to be reason for guarded optimism in the field of cancer research. It is no longer unusual for patients to make almost complete recoveries from severe heart attacks and strokes. Even if life can not be significantly prolonged its quality can be improved if we can discover ways of easing the pain and reducing the invalidism which these diseases have caused in the past. How important this could be is suggested by the fact that fourteen million adult Americans have diagnosed heart disease and probably an equal number suspected heart disease; some 830,000 cases of cancer, 540,000 of them new, will be under treatment this year; and about two million Americans have survived strokes, most of them with severe disability.

God, through research and medicine, has given us the possible means to reduce, perhaps significantly, the sorrow and trouble to which man is born as the sparks fly upwards. Looked at in that light, 2.9 billion dollars seems a modest price to pay for a new quality of life for our people.

**Reflections on Berkeley**

Dating as we do from the goldfish-swallowing generation of American academic life we were mildly surprised at how exercised many of our contemporaries got over the recent disturbances at Berkeley. Youth, as we recall it, is a time of clicking the heels and snapping the fingers, and we might pause to consider the possibility that young folks who cut loose in defense of academic freedom and the right of self-expression are, on the whole, healthier than those of us who let off our steam in beer busts, fraternity hell nights, and the Saturday football game. At least their choice of capers lies closer to the heart of the academic enterprise than ours did.

Since many of our best friends are college administrators we would not, of course, want to encourage any budding Mario Savios who may be contemplating revolts similar to the Berkeley affair on other campuses, least of all our own. In a turbulent world there ought to be some place, secluded from the cares and concerns of real life, where men and women of gentle disposition can live out their days in peace and security, and in the past it has been the college which has provided that place. To bring the quarrels and dissensions of the real world into such a setting is not merely impolite; it is downright naughty.

In mitigation of the offense, though, it should be pointed out that the ideas which cause all of the trouble seldom originate with the students. More often than not they are direct steals from the college’s public-relations blurb or the president’s address entitled, “The Distinctiveness of Old Siwash.” In other words, they are intellectual formalizations in the students’ minds of what had never actually been intended to pass through any mind but had, rather, been aimed directly at the heart. (Students are notoriously weak at distinguishing between statements of policy and incantations and are forever citing incantations as statements of institutional policy. This explains the need for vice-presidents for student affairs.)

What is therefore needed, obviously, is not more rules limiting student conduct but fewer goads to student expectations. Let every college appoint one elderly professor on tenure as college or university soothsayer—the one man who, at all times and in all places, need do nothing but speak sooth (truth). Let him tell the students the real limitations within which Old Siwash (or,
for that matter, the State University of Gogmagog) has to operate — limitations set by state legislatures, by denominational clergy, by parents and large givers (the potential ones, not the actual), by accrediting agencies and state licensing officers, by the AAUP and the big foundations. It might be a pretty disillusioning experience for the young folks, but at least they would know what they are up against and might understand why there are probably not more than a score of colleges and universities in the United States that would dare to be in reality what they claim to be in their catalogues.

Aid to Denominational Colleges

The claims of four church-related colleges in Maryland were subjected to a close scrutiny by a circuit court early in December in a case testing the constitutionality of state aid to church-related colleges. The suit was filed by the Horace Mann League and thirteen Maryland taxpayers and will probably come eventually to the attention of the United States Supreme Court which, strangely enough, has not hitherto had any occasion to rule on the legality of such aid.

It would appear from the line of questioning pursued by the trial judge that one of the questions the denominational colleges must be prepared to answer is the question of the extent to which academic freedom actually exists on their campuses. Presumably the institution which exists chiefly to propagandize the peculiar views of a particular denomination is essentially a church agency rather than an educational institution and falls under the ban of the First Amendment. Three of the four Maryland college presidents felt free to assert that the academic freedom of their institutions was not in any way limited by their denominational affiliations. The fourth acknowledged that her college, maintained by an order of the Roman Catholic Church, was not free to advocate certain types of birth control, therapeutic abortion, or divorce.

At this early stage of the proceedings no one can, of course, predict who will be on the United States Supreme Court when this case reaches it, much less what criteria of judgment may lead the justices to their decision. It is not impossible, though, that the court may cut through the appearances of things to their reality and deny aid to those colleges and universities which are not truly free to be colleges and universities. This would be a difficult thing to do in one sense, for it would involve passing individual judgment on hundreds of church-related institutions. But in another sense it would not be so difficult: the principle that academic freedom is the identifying mark of a real college or university is easy enough to state and the most flagrant attacks upon this freedom by denominational leaders are, in most cases, matters of public record.

It is our own regretful conclusion that many, if not most, church-related colleges have been sailing under false colors and have been taking money both from parents and from the government under false pretenses — for they have not really been institutions of learning so much as denominational auxiliaries. We are happy that the Horace Mann League has raised this question in the courts and we hope that the question will receive a clear, quick answer.

Letter to MEC

Mississippi Economic Council
Jackson, Mississippi

Gentlemen:

We note with interest that you are in the market for a new image for the State of Mississippi and we would like to be helpful. Permit us, therefore, to offer a few suggestions.

1. See if you can persuade certain elements in your population to quit murdering people. While no one wants to get in the way of good clean fun, there are lots of folks in other parts of the country who consider murder bad taste, particularly when it is indulged in by peace officers and community pillars. Those of us who read the papers carefully realize of course that it is only Negroes and an occasional Jew that get murdered in Mississippi, but lots of people do not read the papers all that carefully and, especially up here in the North, there are some people who disapprove even of murdering Negroes and Jews.

2. Discourage the bombing of churches. You'd be surprised how negatively many people react to church-bombing. Even people who seldom step inside a church tend to feel that it stands for something essentially decent, perhaps even holy, and ought not to be wilfully damaged. It is felt by many people that it is especially nasty to bomb a church when there are people in it, for fear someone might get hurt.

3. Buy your people some new calendars. This year is 1965, not 1865. The Civil War has been over for a hundred years and you lost it — which means that, like it or not, the United States is a nation, not a league of nations, and its citizens have the same rights in Mississippi that they have in Maine or Oregon, irrespective of color or previous condition of servitude. This is not meant to sound as harsh as it probably does sound, but there is considerable feeling in the North that "our honored dead shall not have died in vain," and we get our dander up when some of your public officials drape themselves in what we still remember as the flag of treason and proceed to read us lectures from the writings of John C. Calhoun.

4. Join the human race. We know a lot of you individually — fine, decent people who wouldn't have to worry about your image if you didn't have this "thing" about the Negro. Come off it! The way the world is shrinking it won't be long until you'll have to come to terms with Dyaks, Eskimos, Bantus, Mongolians, Bulgars, and whirling dervishes. So why not start with the Negro?
Anyone who has waited out a delayed flight in an airport will appreciate the sense of frustration with a touch of doom that Tantalus experienced. The frustration that arises in the case of a flight delayed by weather comes from the practise of all the airlines of not telling the whole story. The passenger’s hope is kept alive by the possibility of imminent flight, because the information dispensed by the airline personnel covers only the next half hour. In other words, the fruit is right above his head, ready to grasp. Part of the frustration comes from the feeling that the airline personnel are not telling you all they know which you should know. The sense of doom arises from the feeling they are not telling you something you shouldn’t know.

A couple of weeks ago I was a victim of this airline practise. We were scheduled for a noon flight out of Kennedy International Airport on a foggy Saturday. It was impossible, when we passed LaGuardia Airport on the way out, to see anything of the field or the hangars and an early flight at Kennedy seemed highly unlikely. It was surprising, then, upon checking the bags at the airline counter to be told to be at Gate 9 by twenty minutes to twelve. The man who checked us in acted as if bright sunlight prevailed from coast to coast, though if he had looked out the window behind him he would have found his visibility limited to approximately ten feet.

His positive approach, however, heartened us all and we were confident of getting out on time.

Upon reporting to Gate 9 we were met by another smiling and confident airline employee who asked for our tickets — an encouraging sign — and then asked us all to be at the front of the terminal in ten minutes to take a bus to the airport in Newark, New Jersey, since our plane was waiting there to fly us to Chicago. The fruit which had been so close just eluded our grasp and left that rock teetering.

To anyone who has not experienced a bus trip in the winter between Kennedy and Newark it would be impossible to explain what true dreariness is. At one point along the way I summoned the energy to clear the steam off the bus window and was treated to a sight of the dismal New Jersey industrial flats that was so depressing I blew my breath onto the window to steam it up again.

Upon arrival at the Newark airport we were graciously herded to the gate where we were told our plane was waiting for loading. After a half-hour wait we walked out to the plane. The “No Smoking” and “Fasten Your Seatbelt” signs were lighted, a cause for great encouragement, so we buckled our belts and waited to taxi out to the runway. A half-hour passed and nothing happened, though the stewardesses had made several trips up and down the aisle dispensing magazines and smiles, but no information.

Our spirits rose when the captain came on the loud-speaker presumably to say we were now ready for take off. Not so. He said there would be a slight delay of a half hour and that he was sorry for it but would we please bear with him. We had nothing against the captain so we subsided in our seats thankful that he had at least turned off the “No Smoking” light. We sat there, our only view the Newark airport, which architecturally is on a par with county courthouses in Indiana, though it has, as an additional attraction, a coating of industrial grime.

When the captain came on again at the end of the half hour our spirits soared, but the fruit was not to be ours as yet. The plane had not been fueled, he said, so would we please obey the “No Smoking” sign which he had just lighted. To relieve you of some of the misery we experienced in one or two additional half hour segments, let me say that we did take off at four o’clock and landed safely in Chicago less than an hour and a half later.

Why do the airlines follow this tantalizing practise? When we checked in at Kennedy, did the man at the desk say, “You might as well hold on to your bag, since it’s obvious nothing is going to fly out of here”? He did not, but he could have. Did the man at Gate 9 say, “Your plane couldn’t land here but landed at Newark instead so we’re sending you over there to catch it”? He did not. Did the smiling and solicitous airline employee at Newark say, “Your plane is here but far from ready. Why don’t you have a leisurely lunch and wait until a few minutes before flight time”? He did not. Did the captain say, “It doesn’t appear that we will be leaving for two hours, not only because the plane isn’t fueled but also because Chicago is socked in and we couldn’t land anyway”? He did not.

I am convinced that all of the airline people knew from the start the whole story which we eventually pieced together. What I don’t understand is why they treated us like Tantalus and brought the water so close to our lips, the fruit so near to our grasp and left that rock teetering overhead.
The Fatal Flaw in “Young Goodman Brown”

By ENNO KLAMMER
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The background of Calvinistic Puritanism inherent in almost all of Hawthorne’s work would suggest a purely theological explication of his tales. However, Hawthorne’s negation of that theology forces one to seek elsewhere for a resolution to the problems he raises. Using Puritan New England as a setting more than as the underlying motif, in Young Goodman Brown Hawthorne has in reality painted a tragic figure in the classical sense. Young Goodman Brown is a man with a fatal flaw. He fails to achieve reconciliation as a result of his own pride and faulty logic as well as the inescapable conclusions to which Puritan logic compelled him when carried to its extreme.

Ghosts and Puritan Theology

The setting of Young Goodman Brown is in “Salem village” and not in the Salem of Hawthorne’s day. In that day the reality of witchcraft and specters exercised a brooding influence over the community. Indeed, the historicity of the witch-hunts and trials is unimpeachable. One factor which may be overlooked, however, is the admissibility of spectral evidence into the trials to assist in judging innocence or guilt. Levin cites Cotton Mather and Thomas Brattle that such testimony was admitted. And if the courts allowed such testimony (presumably under oath), how much more certain were the people in their common intercourse of the existence of specters. This particular setting in a historical situation of the past makes the tale and its application credible to Hawthorne’s readers.

Neither 19th century nor 20th century readers give credence to the existence of ghosts. They need not. They need only recollect that almost all the action of Hawthorne’s tale occurs in the mind of Young Goodman Brown — and he did believe. With the subtlety almost of an optical illusion Hawthorne transports the reader and Brown into an unreal world. Having entered the forest “which closed immediately behind” so that “it was all as lonely as could be” (1034), Goodman Brown himself conjures up the Devil with the remark, “What if the devil himself should be at my very elbow!” The actual moment of the Devil’s appearance is not described. He had come while Brown’s head was turned. Or he may not have come at all, for Hawthorne suggests that Brown imagined the Devil’s form by stating that Goodman Brown “beheld” the figure.

This same nebulousness of image exists again and again in the tale. Goody Cloyse is “a female figure on the path” in whom Goodman Brown recognizes her person. This apparition vanishes at the will and act of Satan after it has fulfilled its function(1036). Satan’s arguments may not have been Satan’s indeed, for they "seemed rather to spring up in the bosom of [Goodman Brown]" (1036). Brown hears voices, but the voices of the minister and deacon are disembodied. He is uncertain whom he sees at the witches’ sabbath, for he was bedazzled by sudden gleams of light flashing over the obscure field (1039).

Two devices, then, help Hawthorne make his tale plausible: belief in witches and specters was a part of history, and Young Goodman Brown experienced almost all of the action of the tale in his own mind. This latter point, incidentally, may be considered Hawthorne’s method of making the tale timeless, for all men or any man may have a similar internal experience.

Part of the setting certainly also includes Puritan theology. The sect claimed to be Biblically oriented, stressing particularly certain doctrines of Scripture which became peculiarly its own. The specific understanding of the total and utter depravity of man and nature finds an emphasis in Calvinistic Puritanism which other branches of historic Christianity do not share (though each also teaches a doctrine of original sin). Whether Hawthorne himself was sympathetic to such a doctrine is immaterial here. Cochran claims he was; Levy categorically denies it. It is sufficient that Brown believed this doctrine.

Together with the doctrine of total depravity must be considered the doctrine of double predestination — the doctrine of the elect and the damned. Followed to its logical conclusion, the doctrine cannot be one of hope. It must always, rather, instill doubt and lead to despair.

A third doctrine, though not exclusively Puritan, sheds light on Brown’s predicament. It is not the act alone which is sin; the thought and desire — nay, the will — to sin is as condemnatory as the deed.

The Fatal Flaw

The fall and the nature and effects of Goodman Brown’s sin are treated by Hawthorne as universals. Some emphasis has been given to the name “Goodman”, implying that the two syllables spell out a distinct allegorical meaning. More to the point, however, is the simple OED definition which identifies the term as an epithet commonly used to name a householder, a husband, or any man below the rank of gentleman but above the status of the peasant. Turner makes this observation, suggesting that “Everyman” could well be used in its place.

Cochran, urging that Goodman Brown’s journey is not by premeditation nor by pre-arrangement, regards the tale as a revelation of a typical journey from innocence into experience which all men must make.
Brown is a youth, and youth must sometime leave the world of pink ribbons and gentle lambs to enter the disquieting and mysterious realm of maturity.  

Here then is the story of the Fall as consisting not so much of the acquisition of guilt as of the loss of innocence. Askew warns that one must not assume that the fall of Hawthorne's characters removes them from God's grace. He maintains that the fall of Goodman Brown is human and psychological rather than specifically theological and that such a fall is fortunate (felix), "... for it is only through this psychological development that one finds any joy or fulfillment." And though such a fall may be troubled (culpa), Askew maintains that in Hawthorne's tale the trouble is more valuable than the disaster of those who do not succeed to the vision and growth.  

Nevertheless, one must still acknowledge that the fall is also theological, for Goodman Brown "fell" from blind acceptance and obedience to a position where he was challenged to operate independently. He fell from faith — Faith to skepticism, cynicism, and doubt, and the lack of or loss of faith is a cardinal sin in religions which teach its necessity.  

Just what was Goodman Brown's sin? Some have suggested sexual infidelity. Perhaps Connolly most clearly states the case. Turner, however, is more to the point when he argues that the effects of Brown's sin are more interesting than the sin itself. But the question continues to plague the reader. Depending upon his religious orientation, the reader could easily establish the "sinfulness" of all the people of Salem village and at the same time justify Goodman Brown. But as Levin points out, "the story is not about the evil of other people but about Brown's doubt, his discovery of the possibility of universal evil." Doubt was the sin, not knowledge, for Levin goes on to show that had Brown known for certain that all those people had been in the forest, he would not even have treated them as civilly as he did the rest of his life.  

Coupled with doubt stand naivete and pride. Early in the tale it is suggested that Young Goodman Brown has been certain of his personal faith only a short time — he has been married to his Faith only three months. Howard Fast in The Winston Affair shows how those are most vulnerable who never have allowed themselves to experience doubt, for, failing to face the possibility of doubt, they have prepared no real defences against it. Goodman Brown's pride in his own abilities and in the certainty of his religious knowledge led to his downfall. It never occurred to him, as Connolly suggests, that the catechism he had learned from Goody Cloyse (because of its sternness and the doctrine of double predestination) taught him NOT the way to heaven but the way to the devil. There was a "world of meaning in this simple comment" [he had said: "that old woman taught me my catechism"](1036), but Goodman Brown's unassaulted pride failed to catch that meaning.  

That pride, as Miller finds, caused Goodman Brown to misjudge the people he knew. We are not told whether Faith resisted, but strong hints are given that she did. Yet Goodman Brown believes she fell! He has fallen victim to faulty logic: if all but one are sinful, then all must be sinful; if those who are at least as good as Faith are wicked, then Faith too must be wicked.  

It is just this faulty logic — this fatal flaw — prompted by Goodman Brown's conception of self-immunity from doubt, which in reality constitutes the "sin" of Goodman Brown with all its consequences. In terms of Hawthorne criticism, one would call it the excess of head over heart, the proud exaltation of one's unreasoning reason over the humble, hopeful, helpful heart which has its reasons — for believing — which reason cannot know. Matthiesen's comment applies dramatically to Goodman Brown: "... the thought that all other men are evil can become such a corrosive force as to eat out the life of the heart."  

Living Hell  

The heart need not be corroded. Reconciliation is possible. The survival of all Salem and of Faith indicates this. Cochran, in fact, suggests that this very survival indicates the availability of Faith to all men in response to the general Gospel invitation to "enter in."  

But before faith can become alive there must be confession. Miller apparently has put his finger on an idea which can be seen in much of Hawthorne's work. "Hawthorne," he says, "is an analyst and critic of the society that demands so much of a man that he can achieve what is demanded only through hypocrisy, and that blinds itself so thoroughly to the power of sin in the lives of even its best men that it denies them the ritual and balm of public confession." Hester Prynne lived out a daily confession, and she survived. Arthur Dimmesdale's final confession brought him a form of reconciliation. Faith's "joy at sight of [Goodman Brown]" (in spite of her earlier pleas and subtle hints of warning: "... may you find all well when you come back") suggest a form of confession — that she knows she is not perfect but that this does not daunt her nor dampen her love — and a form of reconciliation. The continuing existence of the entire citizenry would indicate that they had come to some sort of rapprochement with their condition.  

A third possibility exists in what Levy calls the educative effects of sin. "Sin was not necessary for ultimate good but could be, if man learned, the occasion for a more profound good. As long as man did not cynically surrender to his own despair, as did Goodman Brown, he could attain an insight beyond the sin." The education which sin can give is hinted at by Askew who, taking his cue from "The Maypole of Merry Mount", states that "those who have 'truly loved' and fallen accept one another and full responsibility for their love and union."  

Young Goodman Brown failed to achieve reconciliation. Though faith-Faith may have been available to all, it—she was not available to him. Though the ritual of public confession may have been balm for the troubled...
The Civil War and America's Destiny

By ROBERT HARTJE

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From the darkness of the battlefield, rising above the groans and agonizing pleas, comes a harsh, choked-up cry from a dust-covered blob of flesh, once a human face: "Oh, my God! Why have you forsaken me?"

In another field, miles away, shot and shell are still falling, and the bright sunlight of the day is blurred by smoke from black monsters as they pour forth their missiles of death. The cool fragrance of late spring is blighted by the sharp pungent odor of gunpowder. Bloody water and mud appear where a cool pleasant stream had flowed. This is war. This was war on the American continent one hundred years ago.

Before the flaming guns of an attacking army the citizens of a gallant capital city recoiled and sometimes wavered but remained in their town even before the fiercest of fighting. Men and women in the streets laughed at the enemy balloons that hung limply in the air east of the city, but each day these new menaces seemed closer, more threatening. Across town Mary Sullivan, plying her trade as usual in her "shanty," also succumbed to the excitement of the moment, robbing one of her male visitors of more than $1,000 in cash. Escaping from the jail to which she was confined for her misdemeanor she was finally recaptured later in the day, at the "shanty," engaged in her usual occupation. This, too, was war.

Devil's Den, Bloody Pond, the Crater, the Hornet's Nest, unromantic terms and places made romantic by the passage of time, in reality all symbols of the horror caused by the irrational behavior of what might otherwise have been rational beings. But wars are not fought by rational beings. As the Germans used to say, reasonable armies would run away. Reasonable people would never have endured the ordeal of Richmond in the summer of 1862 or of Vicksburg a year later.

The American Civil War was a power struggle, as complex in its confusing results as in its overall causation. Born in "an act of violence," our young nation again resorted to war in its march toward maturity. It may have taken a war to make Americans respected citizens "among the peoples who have lived in interesting times and who have paid an extravagantly high price for this experience." It was the yokels at Concord, irrational beings all, who applied their trigger-fingers to their muskets and initiated the long, hard struggle for independence. It was fired-up secessionists at Charleston who gave evidence that few had heeded Jefferson's reasonable "fire bell in the night" warning when they fired on Fort Sumter. The first irrational action helped
create the Union; the second began the test of whether this great experiment could endure. From the first act the American people emerged, blessed by God and by nature, awed by their own success. In the conflagration that followed the second, “the American people, the rightly favored children of God, were suddenly reminded of their humanity and mortality,” just as they would again be reminded in the twentieth century by Pearl Harbor, Heartbreak Ridge and Sputnik.

The Fascinating "Game"

As we face the Civil War from a century’s vantage point, can we as a nation, again standing on the brink of war and destruction, look to this war for anything positive in the search for truth and understanding that we must continuously pursue? This seems the proper time to raise such a question, for all about us there is evidence of prostituted concern for this period in our history.

In my own front room my children play at war, the older ones at a card table, the game board presenting them an opportunity to reshape the outcome of the battle of Gettysburg to their own skill and daring; the younger ones half-hidden under Confederate caps, their muzzle loaders of Civil War vintage flashing defiantly across the room. Tiny glass replicas of Civil War minutiae stare at us from our shelves. The presses of newspapers, magazines, and book companies run day and night to add to the steady stream of publications that now touch on nearly every phase of the war's history. Even the American sports scene could not remain unscathed by the Civil War theme, and one can hardly refrain from wondering why flags once waved before charging armies must now be unfurled from the hands of frenzied fans in a congested stadium. Bruce Catton, who should question this quickened interest, now says that the Civil War has taken on "the pattern of the strawberry festival, productive of a syrupy sentiment that hides from view the immense realities that deserve remembrance." "It has become a light-hearted celebration that leaves us feeling that the whole affair was nothing more than a regrettable, but now vastly entertaining, misunderstanding between people who were never really angry about anything in particular."

We think of the Civil War as we do of the coming World Series or the Saturday gridiron battle, though one must still ponder on the feelings of some mother or wife of Southern blood sacrificed on the altar of Mars when we see a University of Mississippi cheerleader dressed as a dashing Confederate captain, leaping up and down spasmodically before a huge television audience, including me, as his team pushed successfully against its opponents' goal line.

We who help perpetuate the view of war as a fascinating game must now stand reprimanded. We have twisted a part of our history that may well have meaning that we must grasp if we are to survive today's world. Reinhold Niebuhr once said that there are moments in history that are more than mere historic moments — in them a whole course of history may be fulfilled. In them the seeming chaos of the past may achieve its meaning, the partial and particular aspects of life illuminated to become parts of a complete whole. This may well be the meaning of our Civil War — but not in refought battles, deified generals, or romanticized novels.

What It All Meant

Though it may be easily overdramatized, the Civil War does represent much in the explanation of the American Experience. It was the first major interruption in that process of material and social construction with which the Americans had been occupied since the founding of the colonies. For the first time this nation had to turn from the relatively simple task of building a new civilization and deal with human problems of a more complex nature and on a profounder spiritual level. North and South, possibly like East and West today, had developed too deeply divergent social ideals to be settled by the usual Anglo-Saxon methods of argument, compromise and peaceful adjustment. It came as a real shock to American complacency that our Constitution could not solve all our problems and that real misery and suffering could exist among a people so richly blessed. Threats of dissolution had been numerous since the birth of the new nation, and obviously no government could run forever under this perpetual threat of disunion.

Then the Civil War represents tragedy, human tragedy on a scale that the Americans had never before known. Can we possibly imagine the heartbreak on the homefront at the news from the Shiloh battlefield? Did not mothers sob for lost sons at Cold Harbor just as they did a century later at Iwo Jima? There is little pathos more poignant than brother against brother! There was tragedy in personal loss, in the stifling of American democratic development, in the effect the breakdown of union must have had for young nations standing on the sidelines who had applauded the American Experiment. It was tragic because it was war, and war is one of “the most desolating and repulsive exhibitions of human power and cruelty” that man can devise. It was tragic because in its wake there appeared holocaust of hatred, racial and sectional hatred, that brought a politically oriented Freedman's Bureau instead of a “Point 4,” a Union League instead of a Marshall Plan, military districts in lieu of a united nation.

Despite its limitations, America nineteenth century war offers much to the student of History. No better era in American history exists in which to test our concepts of the nature of this country's history. More writing and research have been done on this period than on any other, thus leaving us a wealth of material for study. Since the American Civil War stirred emotions that "combined rights, causes, and encroachments in a permanent pageant of the past," it presents a panorama of American thought. "When all is said and done," tren-
chantly wrote Marc Bloch several years ago, "a single word, 'understanding,' is the beacon light of our studies." From the vast source material of the Civil War there certainly must be more than just a vain hope of "understanding."

What It Says Today

But knowledge alone is not enough: the question of ends, of what to do with knowledge remains. We are again living in a critical period of history, again the house is being divided. Now the division is between peoples, not in different sections of the same country, but between people living on different social levels in respect to possessions and opportunities. We are involved in a Cold War and a world revolution. In this twentieth century struggle we as a nation claim our historic role as defenders of democracy, for freedom, for the equality of all men, despite twenty million people at home who are still insulted because of the color of their skin. The animating principle of American nationality has been the belief that the average man can be trusted with freedom and responsibility, that he does not require the guidance of an authoritarian Church or a privileged aristocracy or bureaucracy, and then whenever he finds adequate opportunity for exercising initiative, hidden talents and energies will be released for constructive purposes.

"But America as a civilization," writes Max Lerner, "has been far removed from the great type-enactment of the Christian story, or the disasters of Jewish history or of the Asiatic empires: it has not suffered, died, been reborn... Its great tests are yet to come." Can it be that the Civil War, the Great Depression, the current affluent society are and have been challenges — possible preparations for things to come?

Thus it may be that the American Civil War "in its blind, brutal, and all but unendurably expensive way... did accomplish something." It built a nation destined for world leadership; it restored for a moment the semblance of the dignity of man when during its course of years it brought on the freeing of the slaves. But more than anything the Civil War testified to the continuous struggle in America for what must be a basic spirit of liberty. Men in both armies recognized this spirit but all had difficulty defining it. Invading Yanks were surprised at the tenacity of the fighting Southern non-slaveholders who believed they were victims of aggression just as much as the slaveholders. Johnny Reb was shocked at the fighting ability of the Northern invader who also represented the spirit of liberty. What is this spirit of liberty that both sides accepted? Abraham Lincoln may have expressed it in 1865 when he spoke of "malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right..." The great Captain in Gray may have expressed it when he told his soldiers to lay down their guns and go home to rejoin the Union. To our own generation the late Judge Learned Hand seems to have given flawless expression to this spirit in a speech that he, too, made during the raging of war, World War II:

The spirit of liberty is the spirit which is not too sure that it is right; the spirit of liberty is the spirit which seeks to understand the minds of other men and women; the spirit of liberty is the spirit which weighs their interests alongside its own without bias; the spirit of liberty remembers that not even a sparrow falls to earth unhedged; the spirit of liberty is the spirit of Him, who, near two thousand years ago, taught mankind that lesson it has never learned, but has never quite forgotten; that there may be a kingdom where the least shall be heard and considered side by side with the greatest.

The Civil War was indeed a human tragedy on a scale that we had never known before. But for all its blindness, brutality and expense it did cause men to search their souls. In their search they left much unaccomplished. The triumph of industrialism and the increasing population have destroyed the concept of democracy as it existed in the early agrarian economy. The harmful effects of race prejudice are still deep and lasting. In a world approaching unification, the international results of color prejudice are likely to be even more far-reaching and more damaging to the nation guilty of it.

But like those before us, a proper study of the Civil War should bring more than just "understanding," it should confront us directly with this spirit of liberty in which we as a nation have so much invested. Certainly as we view this great tragedy in our history we can say with Bruce Catton: "Somewhere in these centennial observances there must be a time for sober reflection; for contemplation of the fact that freedom is a magnificent possession and an undying responsibility... The centennial does demand our remembrance, but the act of remembrance demands something of us all..."
Children's Prayers

By ALEDA RENKEN

Long ago, when the children were little, I saw an article in the paper that I have thought of many times since. Not because of the thing itself that happened, though that was horrible enough, but because of something that was said by a child.

It happened during the time when so many children were being found (or not found until they were suffocated) in abandoned refrigerators. In the account that I read, a little boy of six and his sister of five were found alive and told of their terrifying experience.

What impulse led them into this refrigerator I don’t remember, but I do recall that when the boy found he could not open it from the inside he said to his sister: “I’m afraid we are going to die in here. I think we should pray: Do you know a prayer?” His sister said she did not know any prayers, and the boy said desperately: “Can’t you think of anything with God in it?” His sister finally said: “The only thing I know is ‘God Bless America.”’

Faced with death, the two children sang that song.

Here were children utterly unprepared for tragedy. The boy at least knew that somehow prayer might help, but did not know what to say or how to say it.

Of course, this is an extreme case: few children find themselves alone, faced with the knowledge of death, at any time during their growing years. However, there are many lesser things that frighten them; and if they do not know where to go for help when human help is not around, what a panic of utter hopelessness they are plunged into!

In this modern day when baby sitters put children to bed night after night, sometimes even a different baby sitter every night, with no prayers said at bedtime and no sense of the security that a father or mother at the bedside gives, it is a marvel to me that any teen-ager grows up to be wholesome and well-balanced.

In our own childhood, prayers were as much a part of our life as eating and drinking. There were prayers not only before and after meals and at night but also during the day, when something confronted us that we felt we could not handle.

Maybe we prayed more than necessary. Whenever a severe storm hit during the night we would all be called downstairs and my father would pray. I often think how ridiculous we must have looked - all the girls in their long-sleeved, high-necked nightgowns, with hair done in two neat braids, sitting on the divan like a row of solemn ghosts. Papa always with trousers pulled on over his night-shirt, and Mama in her kimono. But we did have a sense of security.

Since my sisters were older they had much more complicated prayers than I had. They had one hymn to a melody from the St. Matthew Passion that I thought was the most beautiful music I had ever heard. Even now when I hear it I am back again in that hot little bed-room with stars watching me through the dormer window and a far-away whippoorwill giving background music. My own song after the “blessing prayers” was the hymn, “Abide With Me”; and while I could not grasp all the meaning, I still loved it. The words, “when comforts flee,” meant to me a series of heavy-flowered comforters flying away, and a feeling of utter desolation and coldness.

As kids will, we even developed a rivalry in our praying. One time we spent a week visiting an uncle and his family. My uncle was a minister and had three children just about the same age as we were. The first night we went to bed, we were placed in adjoining rooms. Out of courtesy to us, we were to say our prayers and sing first because all of us going at one time would not be very conducive to devoutness and concentration. Did we go to town? We went through our entire repertoire to impress them, and my oldest sister even did a few solos of some hymns the rest of us did not know. Finally, we were exhausted and hoarse and sure that they could not hold a candle to our lengthy devotions.

After our last hoarse and croaking “Amen” they began. They went through more “blesses” than we ever dreamed of. They prayed and prayed and then they sang and sang. They must have known every song in the hymn book. We were humiliated and embarrassed and feeling not too religious. I believe those girls would and could have gone on all night had not our parents come in and put a stop to it. We also had a little talk the next morning on not being sincere in our prayers.

Looking back now, I’m sure that we overworked this prayers business and didn’t know how to be sincere about it. We’ve tried to correct this with our own children. To prevent too much thoughtless “babbling” we have encouraged our children to “make up” prayers as a sort of conversation with God, to pray for a sick playmate or relief from drought or too much rain; for others instead of first for ourselves. This doesn’t always work out either. Our youngest had a few simple chores for which he alone was responsible. One of them was to always secure the chicken house door before he went to bed, since we often had so much wind during the nights. One time while I sat by his bed listening to his “blesses” I became conscious of that chicken house door banging and slamming like mad in the wind. I know the little fellow noticed it too, but he kept on glibly with his prayers and ended with: “And please keep the chicken house door from blowing off.”

This almost threw me but I managed to say: “Do you think it’s right to ask God to do the things that are yours to do, which you neglected?” He thought about that for a minute, then replied: “Well, I reckon that He kinda likes to think about little things like chicken house doors for a change, instead of wars and big things like that.”
Then there was the time, too, when the littlest girl's sister reported that "Susie is still praying: 'Please God, make the war over soon,' and the war has been over for two years. I think something should be done about her modernizing her prayers, God must be awful bored and disgusted, because he cleared up that war business two years ago."

Granted that some of the children's ideas on prayers and God are not too orthodox, at least they have a warm conviction that there is Someone who is "standing by" to talk with when things get too difficult for mere people to handle.

Children need the communion of prayer while they are growing up: it forms a built-in sense of security then and later in adult life, that is immeasurably comforting in the difficult hours that come to all of us, regardless of our age.

Germany's New Breed

By ANNE JORDHEIM

Is today's youth in West Germany really growing up in an era of demoralizing materialism, without ideals and without a purpose? Some of our leading American magazines seem to think so. They could not have met the same Christian young people as I did last summer: serious, open-minded, well-informed, and concerned. As I talked with them, they gave me ample proof that a nucleus of young German people with high Christian ideals and a definite purpose exists even today. Germany's future church leaders will undoubtedly spring from this group.

When I left Nazi Germany during the last war, I did not expect that upon my return for a visit twenty-two years later I would encounter a new generation of young Germans with whom I could talk and chat on a common wavelength, and with whom I would share my interests, past and present, to a far greater extent than with their elders. These young people reconciled me to the fact that, as far as they were concerned, Nazism is so dead that only the ruins of the bombed-out houses, now overgrown with wild flowers and crabgrass, are left as reminders of it.

Stemming mainly from Christian homes, these young Germans are first and foremost the children of Confessional Church pastors. Their parents had — openly and underground — fearlessly fought the Hitler regime. Others came from anti-Nazi or non-Nazi families. Also, there were among these young Christian Germans those who, no matter what their home situation might be, have found their way of life within the staunchly Protestant, mainly Lutheran, youth organizations, such as the CVJM (Christlicher Verein Junger Maenner or Maedchen, corresponding to our Walther Leagues or Lutheran Leagues, though part of the World YMCA and YMCW).

I am purposely using the word "Christian" instead of "Protestant" or "Lutheran" when describing these young people. Although I naturally had less contact with them, there is a similar type of fine young Catholic people in West Germany who cooperate closely with their Protestant brethren.

It seemed significant to me that wherever I met these Christian young people in West Germany, they were always occupied, useful, and very busy.

At the Kircheniag (Church Rally Day) in Dortmund, they did all the work from carrying suitcases for middle-aged ladies like me to scrubbing floors of the meeting halls. Always polite and friendly (what a change from the Hitler youth times!), they acted as guides, sang in choirs, played the Posauten (brass instruments), served the food, and directed the traffic for hundreds of thousands of participants.

I was very much impressed by a group of volunteer first aid workers, ages sixteen and over. "Die Johan­niter" (Protestant) and "Die Malteser" (Catholic), gave help to those who needed it, side by side. Since it was very hot, many people fainted or fell ill during the meetings of immense proportions. These first-aiders were so well trained and efficient, that I, as an old nurse, visited them in one of their emergency tents to pay them a sincere compliment. Of course, they were pleased. But when they heard that I came from America, their captain stretched out his hands towards me as if to plead, "Please, promise me to tell your people that we are not a neo-Nazi organization. We are just a group of Christian young people who wish to be of service to others!"

During a month's speaking trip through West Germany I met many other young Christians. Not one of them have I seen lounging in front of TV. They were working in church libraries. They poured the coffee at church gatherings. They ran my slides through a projector. (Of the fifteen talks I gave only twice did an adult do this job!) They interviewed me for their church newspapers. And they sat with me and enjoyed an American film, "The Lilies in the Field," which their pastor had recommended to them from the pulpit.

"Why can't our film industry ever produce anything faintly resembling this one?" they sighed.

Teenagers sang and played for me upon my request and on their own initiative. Because their parents often were too busy, young people took me sightseeing. They were always anxious for a good, long discussion.

Without attempting any kind of generalization, obviously these are not the so-called average West German young people. They are the cream of the crop, or, as one American church leader put it when I asked him what he thought of the Christian young people of Germany.
They are our hope for the future!"

I have not found one teen-age marriage among them, although there has been a rise of such marriages in West Germany lately, especially among the agricultural and non-white-collar working population.

The teenagers do not do any steady dating. Everything is done within a group. Besides, they have so many other interests and activities that marriage is merely a silent wish for a future life; an education should come first. Many Christian young people do one year of diaconic service in church institutions. If possible they like to take a trip abroad to widen their horizons.

The good life of the present-day West German Wirtschaftswunder has not lulled the Christian young people to sleep. Quite to the contrary, it has created in them a defense reaction. This can readily be seen by some of the topics which are chosen for lectures and discussions at church functions, organizational meetings, and at Protestant academies. This good life has challenged the young people into giving more service than ever before; for example, to underdeveloped countries and to East Germany. There are always ample opportunities for youth groups to be actively helpful.

Among this nucleus of Christian young Germans is a very strong ecumenical feeling. I was amazed at how well informed the young people were on matters pertaining to churches other than their own. On my trip I often spoke on The Lutheran World Federation Assembly in Helsinki, Finland, and showed many slides. The young people, rather than the older ones, were able to identify most of the Lutheran world leaders. And did they put me on the spot many times with intricate questions like this one: "Could you please explain to us what the authorities in Helsinki decided on how justification by faith could apply to our modern every-day life?"

As all young people throughout the ages, the young Germans are impatient with their elders. They wish for many changes, even in the traditional hierarchy of the many different German Landeskirchen, which are often so well-organized that a democratic form of church life could be easily hampered.

The young people feel strongly that their own sphere of activities is too narrow. They long for greater freedom, for wider spaces, for more open-minded people around them. And they are tired of hearing their elders talk about the war years and about how they had to suffer. They openly reproach their parents and teachers for — as citizens of a cultured nation — having tolerated the rise to power of a man like Hitler and all the dreadful consequences thereafter. A good example of how the Christian young people feel today is that some of them work voluntarily in Israel as a Bussaktion (an act of repentance) for what had happened to the Jews in Europe under the Nazi regime.

Again, as all young people throughout the ages, they wish to do things better than their elders. That this can only be accomplished on an ecumenical basis is crystal clear to them. Therefore they are so anxious to travel and meet other people and see other lands. In their opinion it was a step in the right direction that the West German universities opened their portals wide for foreign students from all over the world.

It was encouraging to see that, not quite twenty years after the fall of the Nazi regime which glorified the Germans as the superior race on earth, there seemed to be very little racial discrimination in West Germany today.

Every year a fair cross-section of young Germans gets a chance to live, study, perhaps also work in the United States. This is as it should be. Most of these youngsters are selected on grounds of scholarship. They are asked how often they go to church — which may give a wrong picture to their American hosts, since the emphasis on attending the Sunday morning service is not as strong in Europe as in America. They are not chosen on account of their various other church activities.

Recently a Midwestern couple complained to me about the apparent neo-Nazi tendencies a German scholarship student of their town exhibited. Needless to say, one cannot make agreeable political viewpoints a condition for accepting a foreign student.

Still, I am convinced that a member of the fine, sincere nucleus of young Christian Germans would have much to contribute to a host country, and in turn would be able to enrich his own church, his own community, perhaps even his own country.

More and more churches in America are sponsoring or will be sponsoring exchange students from all over the world, including West Germany. They might be interested to know that such young people as I have described in this article actually do exist.

It might be possible now to praise the confessors of other obediences without supposing that we compromised our own; as, for example, both Donne and Dryden are acknowledged to be sincere when the one submitted to the Church of England and the other to the Church of Rome. It might be possible to "exchange" our ignorance, even if our decisions and certitudes must remainabsolute. Those definitions apart, what is there anywhere but ignorance, grace, and moral effort? Of our moral effort the less said the better; grace is always itself alone, and demands only our adoration; and therefore it is between our ignorances that our courteous Lord might cause exchange to lie, till the exchange itself becomes an invocation of the adorable Spirit who has so often deigned to instruct and correct the Church by voices without as well as within the Church.

Edward Albee may have written a more important play than he himself is aware of since he referred to it in an interview as a metaphysical mystery and, at the same time, a conventional "Dial-M-For-Murder"-type of mystery. I certainly cannot go along with the latter, and as to the former the focus should be shifted from the mystery to a morality play with strong metaphysical overtones. Still better, "Tiny Alice" could be described as an existentialist ritual.

It is symptomatic of the shallowness of an age hungry for information and not enlightenment, for definition and not illumination to corner the playwrights in the Sunday issues of the Times and Tribune to explain their plays. The greater the hack, the more eloquent will he explain himself away. The poet sees the danger in depriving his play of its essence by denuding its mystery.

Albee's new play is ornamentally baroque in its over-abundance of symbolism, and its language is often equally unrealistic. But in these seemingly un-theatrical words lies the dynamic power of drama. All five actors are symbolic figures. They are archetypes rather than human beings. The constant flight of the human being from its own transparent humanness probably contributes to the alleged illegibility of the play.

True, it is a play crowded with too much meaning. Albee attempted to write his Faust, Erster Teil, the Faust of our time. Satan, in the shape of the Lawyer, tempts his former schoolmate, now His Eminence the Cardinal, with a gift for the church of one hundred millions, to be repeated each year for the next twenty years. That the two men have loathed each other even as boys in school is a playful addition to sharpen the contrast. Between good and evil? No. In an almost Shavian first scene we are told that the hand that demanded to be kissed is ready to receive the gift without questioning whose soul is being sold.

We soon learn that the mystery behind all this is time — and ageless Money using the female sex as a pretext to devour man's innocence, or time — and ageless Sex using money as a pretext to corrupt and consume mankind. The symbolic victim of man in general, and the male in particular, is Julian, a lay priest and secretary to the Cardinal. He was never ordained because Faith meant being to him, and his entire being revolted for six years which he spent in a mental institution against the rampant concept of man making God in his image. In the institution he suffered from hallucinations. When questioned whether he ever slept with a woman, he tells of a hallucination in which he lay with a female inmate who believed herself to be the Virgin Mary. Julian is uncertain whether the act was real or imagined.

The woman thought she gave birth to a child. But all the examining doctor could find was a cancerous growth. Does Albee want to say through this little veiled corrupt image of the immaculate conception that the Catholic Church is a cancerous growth, or man per se?

The questioner who evoked this tale is Miss Alice, the richest woman in the world, so rich as a matter of fact that she is money incarnate, that everything is hers and therefore nothing as she proves by pointing out that there is one chair in each room reserved for her use only. She is a pawn in the hands of her own power. The Lawyer-Satan is her lover, of whom she wants to get rid, but who is a part of her, and thus she cannot help being a partner in the eternal conspiracy against the pure and innocent in man. She is Lilith. She tempts and devours Julian, the male. She must possess and destroy.

In the final scene Julian is asked to accept. Simply to accept the fact of man's utter aloneness, the nothingness of life, the futility of rebellion against the Establishment. He is exorted by the Cardinal, who tries to make him realize that he was chosen for a great task. He is warned by the Lawyer to accept his sacrificial role. But Julian understands what is happening to him as little as existentialist man understands.

All we can do, Albee says, is to accept. Everything is accidental. We are born and die. The world is full of wonders, and everything is reduced to meaninglessness. Christ — as the eternal sacrifice — lives in all of us. The Lawyer shoots Julian. It is a predestined accident. For a moment Miss Alice remembers her role as the mother-in-the-woman. She comforts the dying Julian in the position of the Pieta, without shedding a tear. She still is a part of the inexplicable conspiracy which is life. She leaves with the devil, the Cardinal with the money.

There is one more character in the play: Butler, who is the butler of Miss Alice. He could also be called the Common Man. He had once shared the bed with Miss Alice, probably when she was still more human, and now sees to it, as the common man he is, that everything runs smoothly in her castle. He is the last one to leave Julian. He is the only one to kiss the crucified man goodbye as he shouts: "Oh God, oh Alice, Alice, why do you forsake me?"

The castle is the world within the world within the world. Are not here the gods quarrelling — the gods made in man's image — and man merely imitating them? Is not Alice once a giantess and then again a pigmy in a Wonderland called world? Yes, more than only Lewis Carroll's world seen through a telescoping looking glass is in Albee's play. There is a touch of Duerrenmatt's grotesque sadness and of Sartre's No Exit panic.

Edward Albee may have written a more important play than he himself is aware of since he referred to it in an interview as a metaphysical mystery and, at the same time, a conventional "Dial-M-For-Murder"-type of mystery. I certainly cannot go along with the latter, and as to the former the focus should be shifted from the mystery to a morality play with strong metaphysical overtones. Still better, "Tiny Alice" could be described as an existentialist ritual.

It is symptomatic of the shallowness of an age hungry for information and not enlightenment, for definition and not illumination to corner the playwrights in the Sunday issues of the Times and Tribune to explain their plays. The greater the hack, the more eloquent will he explain himself away. The poet sees the danger in depriving his play of its essence by denuding its mystery.

Albee's new play is ornamentally baroque in its over-abundance of symbolism, and its language is often equally unrealistic. But in these seemingly un-theatrical words lies the dynamic power of drama. All five actors are symbolic figures. They are archetypes rather than human beings. The constant flight of the human being from its own transparent humanness probably contributes to the alleged illegibility of the play.

True, it is a play crowded with too much meaning. Albee attempted to write his Faust, Erster Teil, the Faust of our time. Satan, in the shape of the Lawyer, tempts his former schoolmate, now His Eminence the Cardinal, with a gift for the church of one hundred millions, to be repeated each year for the next twenty years. That the two men have loathed each other even as boys in school is a playful addition to sharpen the contrast. Between good and evil? No. In an almost Shavian first scene we are told that the hand that demanded to be kissed is ready to receive the gift without questioning whose soul is being sold.

We soon learn that the mystery behind all this is time — and ageless Money using the female sex as a pretext to devour man's innocence, or time — and ageless Sex using money as a pretext to corrupt and consume mankind. The symbolic victim of man in general, and the male in particular, is Julian, a lay priest and secretary to the Cardinal. He was never ordained because Faith meant being to him, and his entire being revolted for six years which he spent in a mental institution against the rampant concept of man making God in his image. In the institution he suffered from hallucinations. When questioned whether he ever slept with a woman, he tells of a hallucination in which he lay with a female inmate who believed herself to be the Virgin Mary. Julian is uncertain whether the act was real or imagined.

The woman thought she gave birth to a child. But all the examining doctor could find was a cancerous growth. Does Albee want to say through this little veiled corrupt image of the immaculate conception that the Catholic Church is a cancerous growth, or man per se?

The questioner who evoked this tale is Miss Alice, the richest woman in the world, so rich as a matter of fact that she is money incarnate, that everything is hers and therefore nothing as she proves by pointing out that there is one chair in each room reserved for her use only. She is a pawn in the hands of her own power. The Lawyer-Satan is her lover, of whom she wants to get rid, but who is a part of her, and thus she cannot help being a partner in the eternal conspiracy against the pure and innocent in man. She is Lilith. She tempts and devours Julian, the male. She must possess and destroy.

In the final scene Julian is asked to accept. Simply to accept the fact of man's utter aloneness, the nothingness of life, the futility of rebellion against the Establishment. He is exorted by the Cardinal, who tries to make him realize that he was chosen for a great task. He is warned by the Lawyer to accept his sacrificial role. But Julian understands what is happening to him as little as existentialist man understands.

All we can do, Albee says, is to accept. Everything is accidental. We are born and die. The world is full of wonders, and everything is reduced to meaninglessness. Christ — as the eternal sacrifice — lives in all of us. The Lawyer shoots Julian. It is a predestined accident. For a moment Miss Alice remembers her role as the mother-in-the-woman. She comforts the dying Julian in the position of the Pieta, without shedding a tear. She still is a part of the inexplicable conspiracy which is life. She leaves with the devil, the Cardinal with the money.

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The second act loses some of the dramatic urgency that runs through the play. Not even such an impressive ensemble (William Hutt, Eric Berry, John Gielgud, John Heffernan, and Irene Worth) nor Alan Schneider's staging could make us forget it. But against this flaw towers the rare experience of a challenging and convincing drama. Alice means truth. And “Tiny Alice” is the big truth of all times and of this season.

On Second Thought

By ROBERT J. HOYER

A certain man valued his home and possessions so highly that he purchased and trained a watch dog to guard it. Carefully he taught the dog to recognize each of the venerable heirlooms passed down to him by the fathers. The dog learned to know the place of each piece. In his mind the whole became one fixed and integrated pattern; if any least part of it were altered or any piece removed, the house would be no longer perfect.

Year by year the watch dog did his efficient duty. He growled his contempt at those who lived in houses less perfectly designed and filled, warning as they passed that his master’s house must remain untouched. When guests came, he carefully separated them from the children of the household, so that none should ever take on himself the power to touch and change. And the word spread and the wonder grew that one household was being preserved blameless and inviolate in the midst of a changing world. It was the symbol for security, it was the hope of the fearful and the anchor of the storm-distressed. The watch dog took the credit to himself and increased his zeal in watching.

But moth and rust corrupt, and time takes its toll of everything. The day came when the eyes of the sons of the household were opened to the dust which had gathered, the tarnish and corrosion and structural strain, the feebleness of appliances unfit to use the powers of the day. When they turned to the task of cleaning and polishing and strengthening the household, the watch dog turned his back on the world to threaten the children of his master. In pride he had transferred his loyalty from his master to a state of things.

What shall the lord of the household do? He will give his watch dog to another household. He will free his sons to restore the mansion. And he will only hope that they will not mar the strength of the past in their bitterness against the growling watch dog.

MOVING ON

The miners died in the spring,
But still I moved on,
Past the pools of gaslight,
The caverns echoing their names
In silence.
I moved on past them
Into the summer heat,
Where I placed my tired feet
In a little pool of pond water.
I forgot the gas fumes,
The empty caverns,
Because one day I saw a bird,
Against the whole sky and wind,
And he still sang.

—BARBARA BECKER

THE FINER FRENZY

Too much sunshine on the head
bakes it to insensate lead.
Too much logic, too much light
vitiates Homeric sight,
blinks a Blakean incision,
blurs the mystery of vision.
Veils of Vishnu, shade these eyes!
Foil my tinsel of surprise,
wave my retina good-bye,
shake below my camera eye!

—A.L. LAZARUS
From the Chapel

Inasmuch

By ANNE Z. SPRINGSTEEN
Associate University Editor
Valparaiso University

"I was hungry ... thirsty ... a stranger ... naked ... ill ... in prison ..." Matthew 25:35-36

Is there a child in your midst?
A young one -
A youthful dabbler in experiences;
Apprentice to each,
Willing friend to all,
A looker-upper
Into the high world of adults;
With eyes that listen,
Ears that gather foul and fair
Into a mind
That twists and turns and shapes itself
On each new moment;

Defiant believer in miracles and dreams -
Is one of these within your reach,
Watching? Waiting?

Look at him
And dream together;
Dream large dreams together,
Real dreams.

No fairy tales please — no games.
Witches and bogey men and shining white armor —
That’s out!

Ring around the rosey
And tit for tat;
You scratch my dog
I’ll scratch your cat —
Forget it!

This young one knows the stars.
He has already booked passage
On a trip
To the moon.
He’ll leave you standing there some day,
Flatfooted, with your mouth
Hanging open!

There are no cartoon characters
In his dreams anymore;
No fairy godmothers,
And very few magicians.

He’s listening and looking now,
Wary and alert
For something real —

A dream that’s worth the fight.
He's felt the Devil's acid brush his eyeballs:

That woman — that bitter, lonely woman —
Whose hand will stroke her hair?

That boy who stole a watch —
Whose feet will walk to jail?

That child, alone, at night, outside —
Whose door will open to give warmth?

These people — beaten, insulted, and accused —
Whose lips will speak on their behalf?

The young one waits and watches:

Seeing hands — tight-fisted, useless, eaten away with the leprosy of possessions,
and other hands — locked and frozen in prayer;

Seeing feet heavy with the lead of pride,
and other feet — stubbornly scurrying inside the church;

Seeing doors, barred and double-bolted with fear and selfishness,
and other doors, beneath great steeples, too quickly closed;

The young one
Watches and waits.

He needs a hero.
Give him One.
Give him a Man —
A bloody, beaten, dead hero.
Give him the Cross
With which to dream real dreams.

He needs a hero.
Give him One.
Give him a King,
The One who says:
"To Hell with hate
and fear
and greed
and death.
"I live! I live in you!"

The young one
Hears
Hands that speak in mercy.
The young one
Sees
Lips that offer love.

For God's sake let it be your hands
your feet
your lips

Now — NOW —
While he can still see and hear.
Nabatean inscriptions from the First Century before Christ point to the fact that there was a sacred mountain on the Sinai Peninsula evidently so venerated because of the giving of the Law on Mount Sinai.

One hundred twenty years ago it took Constantine von Tischendorf twelve days of arduous travel by camel to cover the two hundred ten miles from Suez to the cloister of St. Catherine at the foot of the Sinai cliffs. Today it is only an unpleasant eleven-hour trip by jeep. It will be a sad loss to the whole world when the tourist helicopter begins its service within the next year. This will be a great loss to the visitor to Sinai because the trip through the mystic wilderness is an unforgettable experience.

Coming down from Suez you pass through Abu Senna on the Red Sea and then continue through a wadi, past the ruins of the City of Faran and the Aaron Chapel for the best and easiest approach. The cloister of St. Catherine lies a mile high between steep cliffs. In this area the Egyptians of both kingdoms mined copper, turquoise, and malachite. The Christian history of Sinai seems to date back to some hermits of the third century. At the beginning of the fourth century, communities of monks are spoken of at Faran, Raithiu, and at the foot of Mt. Sinai. The inroads of the Saracens in later years left Sinai untouched because of its isolated situation.

Around 324 the Empress Helena visited the monks and built them a church and tower. Between 548 and 564 Justinian built a fortress on the site, according to an inscription, and then, dissatisfied with the vulnerable position beneath the high cliffs, had the architect executed.

The decline of the monastery began to take place around the eleventh or twelfth century and continued all through the years until 1844, when Constantine von Tischendorf discovered the so-called Codex Sinaiticus there.

A wall, approximately eighteen feet high, surrounds the entire monastery area. In the main church of St. Catherine, the wall in front of the apse shows the burning bush and Moses receiving the tablets of the Law. As is customary in many of the presentations of the area, and in many icons, Mary is shown in the burning bush. Behind the main apse is the Chapel of the Burning Bush as shown in the accompanying illustration. It may be entered only after one has removed his shoes. In all likelihood this original little chapel was built through the generosity of the Empress Helena. An ever burning light beneath the altar marks the place where the burning bush had its place.

Interesting sidelight of the services here is the call to worship through the Kymandra, a wooden gong that sounds in very hushed tones throughout the place.

Part of the treasure of St. Catherine is a collection of almost two thousand icons which are the envy of the whole eastern world. The newly organized and well-cataloged library contains many manuscripts, including the new Cyrus Sinaiticus discovered by the Englishwoman A.S. Lewis in 1892.

From the cloister a stairway of three thousand steps leads upward to the mountain of Moses. The irregularity of the steps makes the ascent very tiring. At a height of 7,615 feet, the Moses Chapel is found. The view from here is completely unsurpassed. Looking down on the wild landscape of deep wilderness canyons of blood-red rock is an unforgettable experience.

It is almost certain that here, amid the endless silence of the wilderness, we are face to face with the oldest Christian art and architecture in the world. It is an interesting and highly sobering experience.
One of the Greats

By WALTER A. HANSEN

Have you ever heard the great Pablo Casals play or conduct music from the pen of Johann Sebastian Bach? If you have not had this experience, you have missed something that is exhilarating, thrilling, and uplifting.

Since Casals has had no less than eighty-eight birthdays, there is little likelihood that you will ever have an opportunity to see and hear him in the flesh. But recordings of his sterling artistry are available. To me they are pearls of great price.

*Casals at 88* is the title of a television program which I listened to and watched with rapturous attention. Here the great master plays his cello, converses, and conducts. He reveals extraordinary learning, musicianship of the highest order, and judgment as solid as the Rock of Gibraltar. Casals wears no man's collar. His convictions are founded on deep and far-reaching knowledge, and he expresses his beliefs with refreshing candor and unmistakable fearlessness. He neither toadies nor cringes.

It is not my purpose at this time to write a biographical sketch of Casals, for you can read about his career in encyclopedias and histories of music. But I do want to say at least a little about his towering stature as a master in the field of music.

At one time or another I have had occasion to discuss Casals with some of the most prominent musicians of our age. Every one of them sang this man's praises with unqualified enthusiasm. Twenty or more years have elapsed since a world-renowned artist told me, "The three greatest living musicians are Fritz Kreisler, Georges Enesco, and Pablo Casals." I did not argue the point, even though I am congenitally reluctant to use superlatives and consider it unwise in the extreme to measure musicians either can or should lay aside every trace of subjectivity. The enjoyment of a work of art is always a highly personal matter. So is that dangerously illusive and frequently deceptive something that is called understanding. Those who regard Dvorak as one of the minor luminaries on the vast musical firmament will attack me for what I say about his *Cello Concerto*, and those who consider Bach little more than a dry-as-dust master of counterpoint will assail Casals for revering the Cantor of Leipzig as the greatest composer who ever walked the earth.

Although Bach has nothing whatever to fear from his avowed enemies, he continues to suffer much at the hands of those who pay him lip service simply because he happened to be Bach. It is men like Casals — and they have always been few and far between — who actually honor this giant as he deserves to be honored. Listen carefully as Casals plays Bach's magically constructed works for solo cello! He does not romanticize this music. He does not becloud it with sentimental expressionism. His readings are straightforward. Pay special attention to his accentuation. Note how masterfully and tastefully he manages what Hugo Riemann called agogics. Casals is not a ritardando fiend. He does not believe that every melody must be concluded with what pseudo musicians consider an impressive and wonderfully effective deceleration of the pace.

Although I have never had an opportunity to interview Casals, I have read and reread comments he has made on composers and musicians. When I want something to buoy me up, give me a special thrill, and add to my understanding as I strive to learn more about the tonal art and its practitioners, I replay a recording made while Casals was rehearsing Schubert's *Unfinished Symphony*. This disc never fails to bestow two blessings on me. In the first place, it brings me face to face, so to speak, with one of the most sensitive musicians of all time; in the second place, it shows me the insipience of those who frown condescendingly on Schubert's music from the empyreal heights of their self-ascribed omniscience.

At one point in the television program Casals and his wife come to Budapest. A particularly impressive scene shows them in the home of Zoltan Kodaly, the famous Hungarian composer. While seated at table they talk about some of the world-renowned figures in music. When Igor Stravinsky's name bobs up, Casals states in all frankness that this famous man has written much that does not call forth his admiration. But he does not underestimate Stravinsky's remarkable gift. When the Russian-born composer's many styles of writing come into the conversation, Kodaly echoes the master's disapproval with the pithy remark that Stravinsky is like a dressmaker. This was a statement after my own heart.
Books of the Month

A Significant and Useful History

Few denominations have been as self-conscious as has the Missouri Synod. Some months ago we reviewed the history of Missouri Synod missions produced by Dean Lueking. This was one of several substantial, first-rate critical studies of the denomination. Now Concordia has come forth with another volume which has been in preparation for many years, a collection of readings in the history of the Missouri Synod. Moving Frontiers (Carl Meyer, ed., $8.50). When we first heard of this planned volume we thought it an irrelevant and pretentious project, analogous to the kind of Missouri Synod language that identifies the "fathers of the church" with the early denominational leaders of the Synod. It is now clear, however, that a genuine history of Christianity in America will not be written until each denomination undertakes its own responsibility to understand its rise and development on American soil.

Such a task is neither pretentious nor dull, if done well. American church history is thus revealed as full of fascination and originality. Consider, for example, the many unique social and religious experiments undertaken in communal enterprises in the early history of our country. In Moving Frontiers we can read the pertinent documents disclosing the outlines of the German Lutheran community in the Saginaw River Valley. I don't know any studies done on the subsequent history of this community, but there must be several important stories here. We have for the first time in English now the Constitution of the Frankenmuth community. The church and the community are closely intertwined, though the constitution protests that they do not want to withdraw from the state government; neither do they want to submit their litigation to strange courts. Thus the community constitution.

The document is headed by that good German and Lutheran slogan: God is a God of Order. Then the "law of love" is called upon to guide the community in regulations concerning such diverse items as road-building, the making of sugar in the open woods, damage caused by cows and pigs, the confining of boars from the Feast of St. James the Greater until October, the election of community and church officials. In the closely connected Model Constitution for Saginaw Valley German Luthers, presumably drawn up by Loehe himself, under the first article concerning doctrine and the church we read:

Our pastors and teachers preach and teach German exclusively. It is our earnest resolve to be German and to remain German. We are founding a perpetually German congregation.

Other paragraphs in this constitution read:

Announcement for confession is to be made personally to one's own confessor one or several days before confession. (X 79)

As a body we practice private confession and desire private absolution. (X 80)

Our pastor partakes of Holy Communion with us and receives it from his own hand. The confessor he chooses absolves him and performs whatever other care of the soul may be necessary for him orally or in writing. (X 81)

Apostasy from the confession necessarily includes leaving the community. We are founding a political commonwealth which consists only of Lutherans. (XII 88)

Thus, in a simple denominational collection of readings we have an interesting slice of American history; but the significance and usefulness of this work goes farther yet. Denominational history often serves propagandistic interests, and does this by ignoring the context of the history. In this book, however, significant contextual elements are made available. We note especially the valuable materials on early nineteenth century Germany, much of it appearing in English for the first time. Given the renewed interest in the nineteenth century, some publisher could put out a broad collection of such readings with considerable profit. Another contextual feature of this selection is the inclusion of documents which reveal how people outside the denomination were viewing the Missouri Synod, particularly in its earliest stages. These include viewpoints which seem eminently sober but hardly flattering to Synodical pride; salutary reading, this. Particularly poignant is Wilhelm Loehe's last letter of farewell, which reveals his wounded feelings about what he felt were haughty and sectarian attitudes in the leadership of the Missouri Synod.

One of the most interesting chapters describes the process of Americanization. What a fertile field for the historian of immigrations! There is, for example, the language question. In 1887 Synod is declining to allow formation of an English Mission District, on the grounds that, according to the constitution, the Missouri Synod is purely German. From a 1911 document we learn that only three per cent of the members of the Synodical Conference used English alone. Then comes the World War, in 1918, for example, the Governor of Iowa issues a proclamation advising the citizens of the State to use only English in public and religious meetings; those who cannot understand English should worship in their homes. Among the various groups and institutions opposed by writers of this period were the YMCA and the Sunday School. One of the reasons given in opposition to the Sunday School is that Sunday is designated as a festival day or a day of rest, not as a school day. The automobile is also seen as a diabolical device, luring people away from church through the pattern of Sunday morning joyrides. And so the various spokesmen of Synod try desperately to deal with that most vexing phenomenon, the process of change.

For the first time, the famous series of twelve theses, called A Statement, appears as a prominent part of the denomination's history. Issued just twenty years ago this fall, the forty-four signers of this document launched their appeal for greater evangelical practice within Synod and in relationship with other Christians. These theses crystallized a ferment which had begun a decade or so earlier; they still read well. Thesis six, for example, is never more pertinent than in the increasingly fluid church situation today:

We affirm the historic Lutheran position concerning the central importance of the una sanctu and the local congregation. We believe that there should be a re-emphasis of the privileges and responsibilities of the local congregation also in the matter of determining questions of fellowship.

Finally, the famous editorial of the Lutheran Witness on the Cleveland Convention (1962), entitled "Turning Point," is presented to document the current situation of the Missouri Synod, implied in the title of the book. It is a joy to read such a book, exhilarating to come into contact with the sources. Here one stands on solid ground. The sources are linked together by brief introductory narrative.

Martin Marty has edited a small volume for Concordia Publishing House, Death and Birth of the Parish ($3.50). Three young Missouri Synod ministers have examined their areas of specialty — rural, suburban, and urban parishes — from the standpoint of the frequently aired question: Is the parish obsolete? What can be done, if anything, to revive the parish?

The intentions of this volume are modest and well fulfilled. Marty's introduction is the most brief yet comprehensive introduction available to the current literature which discusses the mortal remains of the parish. His analysis is mellow and fair; he allows for the, is never more pertinent than in the increasingly fluid church situation today:

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Economic Problems and a Familiar Essay

The paperback tide is still rising at an exponential rate. The standard guide to paperback books in print was a handy pocket volume just a few years ago. Today many publishers distribute their own house directories and the day is fast approaching when we shall need a guide to paperback guides. The college boom is responsible for much of this. All those well-healed educational statistics, ready to be coerced in herds at the drop of a professor's recommendation, are more temptation than publishers can bear.

The discipline of economics was hardly represented in paperbacks just a few years ago. Today it gasps in the flood. We must all rejoice when classics are made available in "Books, a genuine symposium from a great diversity and a great multiplicity of materials. The best thinking and research is represented. Although the selections are almost invariably brief (and usually condensed), the cogency of the original remains. Too often pasted-together excerpts on controversial issues merely inform the reader that disagreements exist — something he knew already. Not so with the books cited here. From the opening page the reader is engaged in debate. He is invited and enabled to consider the questions for himself and to draw conclusions from some of the best evidence and theoretical suggestions available. It is an exciting and worthwhile intellectual journey.

Each book begins with an excellent synopsis by the editor: the terrain to be traversed is carefully mapped, the approach and conclusions of each contributor briefly indicated. Then the discussion begins. One detailed summary must do service for three. In Mansfield's Monopoly Power, George Stigler leads off with the case against big business and the late Sumner Slichter immediately follows with a defense. Other authorities chime in, including Joseph Schumpeter and John Kenneth Galbraith, to argue in turn that oligopolists waste resources, that monopoly can and does promote innovation and growth, that technological progress requires bigness, and that there is no demonstrable correlation between bigness, innovation, and research.

Two brief selections very ably represent the ancient liturgy. Twentieth-century man, for example, is bombarded on every hand by the sensuous. Freedom and ecstasy seem to be identified with living in the satisfaction of one's senses. The liturgy is restrained and restraining upon man. The TV set pushes for the quick point — the one-minute commercial, the fifteen minute "complete news of the day." The liturgy moves slowly and subtly. Modern communication has practically no ability to convey agreed-upon symbols. The liturgy is rich in symbolism and requires imagination on the part of the participant. Modern communication moves directly to the point, is primarily machine oriented, the liturgy is mostly nature centered. (121)

This passage, somewhat abstracted from its context in the book, has often passed through my mind as I participated in correct but interminable liturgical services. I wonder if the contemporary liturgical movement, so rich with possibilities, might benefit from a more active exploration of current mood, style, and tempo in its creative efforts at reconstruction.

RICHARD P. BAEPLER

"Every now and then," according to Joseph Wood Krutch, "someone regrets publicly the passing of the familiar essay." But fortunately for us, it has not passed completely. Joseph Wood Krutch is still among us.

"Perhaps what disappeared with the familiar essay," he suggests, "was not merely a form, not merely an attitude, but a whole subject matter. For the familiar essay affords what is probably the best method of discussing those subjects which are neither obviously momentous nor merely silly. And, since no really good life is composed exclusively of problems and issues, the reader may himself consider it with some of the most important aspects of their lives or those lives are impoverished to a degree which the members of any really civilized society would find it difficult to understand."

There is no simple cure for what Shaw once called the greatest waste, the waste of life itself. But cure begins with diagnosis, and Joseph Wood Krutch may be the outstanding diagnostician of our time. The questions upon which he reflects in his familiar essays may not be "obviously momentous"; but they are momentous nonetheless. The reader who has never had the pleasure of conversing with Mr. Krutch now has an admirable intro-
and anomie, appear nowhere more vividly deep and striking in an age of rootlessness Krutch is an experience. of culture in a sense that no other art form can claim, or his poignant protest against man's political activism and in his defense of the discussion of cliches (they have their place), tution to preserve what is genuinely human in man emerges both in his protests against moral theologians of the Middle Ages meant that every polemical instinct in the reader is disarmed. Occasionally one finds a perceptive social critic who obviously loves mankind. Joseph Wood Krutch is one of that most rare species.

The essays are grouped into four sections: Manners and Morals, Writers and Writing, Theater, and The World We Didn't Make. But through every essay in each of the sections runs a coherent point of view. And it is this point of view which seizes the reader before he has gone very far and makes him realize that there is far more to be seen than he had ever imagined.

Joseph Wood Krutch simply refuses to be stampedede. But he is not a non-conformist, rejoicing in his idiosyncracies. For an idio-

syncracy is etymologically a private mixture; but Mr. Krutch appeals unwaveringly to the public forum. Not to the public consensus, for that is today the captive of real idiosyn-

cracy. His appeal is to humanity, to civilization, to things as they are, to nature itself.

His good sense, which is perhaps what the moral theologians of the Middle Ages meant when they made prudence a paramount vir-
tue, comes through in such unlikely places as his "Confessions of a Demi-Bourgeois," his discussion of cliches (they have their place), his appreciation of the theater as the matrix of culture in a sense that no other art form can claim, or his poignant protest against man's treatment of the wilderness. His determina-
tion to preserve what is genuinely human in man emerges both in his protests against political activism and in his defense of the novelist against philosophers. His roots, so deep and striking in an age of rootlessness and anomic, appear nowhere more vividly than in his essays on nature.

There is far more in this collection than a review can even suggest. For Joseph Wood Krutch is an experience. If You Don't Mind My Saying So is a book that the reader will want to give to his friends. Otherwise they could hardly be friends.

PAUL T. HEYNE

WORTH NOTING

OVER THE COUNTER

By Sheila Turner ( Holt, Rinehart and Win-

ton, $3.95)

In this day of the sophisticated book, it is a joy to find a fiction work as delightful as Over the Counter. Authored by an English-

woman, set in rural England, and filled with charming English folk, it is a volume to be put on that list of books which deserve to be read a second time.

The story has no real plot. Rather, it is an account, set down in month-by-month diary form, of a year spent in operating a village store. Mary Braid, a widow with a twelve-year-old daughter, and her brother Jim Better-
ton, a Navy veteran with a tin leg (a World War II memento), know absolutely nothing about storekeeping when they purchase the shop in Lower Barley, a village built around the pond in the center of the Green, and consis-
ting of three hundred inhabitants. During the first day on the job, the villagers must help them to locate stock and to learn prices. But soon the people become individuals, as Mary and Jim learn their stories and abilities — from quaint, eighty-seven-year-old Mrs. Crabtree who has buried three husbands, can write backwards, and spends her share of the Pools winnings on a New Year's Eve party for the entire town, to Miss Phyllis Brown who, along with her sister Emily, makes hand-woven woolens and raises dimin-
utive dogs named Fairy Fuchsia, Fairy Frivo-

lous, and Fairy Fantasy (but which are secret-

ly called "rats" by the townspeople). And on walks with her shaggy sheepdog Bumble, Mary becomes acquainted with the beautiful and fertile land surrounding Barley. Before long the happenings of the village, all of which pass through the village store (such as the ad-

vance of foot-and-mouth disease which threat-

e ns the Guernseys on John Carrick's dairy farm; the peculiar repair work begun by the Rural District Council; and the French gigolo imported by Mrs. Frohyster-Slink after her husband's desertion); are of prime interest to Mary and Jim, and they in turn are fully ac-
cepted by the town. Their decision to give up the store after a year, but to remain in Bar-

ley in new capacities, makes a happy ending for Jim, for Mary, for the young couple who long for independence in England instead of Australia, and for the reader.

That Sheila Turner is an experienced writer is evident in Over the Counter, her first book to be published in America. Her characters are warm and human. Her descriptions of village, shop, and countryside are realistic. The use of a Guy Fawkes Day celebration and the annual Barley's Glory, the meetings of the Women's Institute plus such terms as telly, bonnet, and paraffin, make the book nicely British. We hope that more of Miss Turner's novels will be published in this country.

STEPHANIE UMBACH

KENNEDY WITHOUT TEARS

By Tom Wicker (Morrow, $2.50)

In this little (61-page) appreciation, Tom Wicker, White House correspondent of The New York Times, tries to read the real John F. Kennedy into the record before the myth-
makers take over completely. In this attempt he largely succeeds, but in succeeding he violates his title, for it is the real JFK, rather than the tragic hero of the legend-makers, that some of us find it hard to recall without tears. It is the man, rather than the myth whose death, remembered, still brings those surges of futile indignation which so many of us have felt so often since November 22, 1963.

The Kennedy whom Wicker remembers is the Kennedy we remember — the reserved and graceful man, the gentle ironist whose wit was most often directed at his own foibles, the cosmopolitan whose style concealed the pain that was his almost constant companion, the statesman who thought of himself as a politician, the working liberal who liked Barry Goldwater and Everett McKinley Dirksen and was cool to Chester Bowles.

"This ability to do things well," Kennedy once said, "and to do them with precision and with modesty, attracts us all." Perhaps, in an age when make-do is as good as well-done, when vagueness is valued as highly (or as little) as precision, and when everybody has or is his own PR man, it was this flair for the right thing rightly and modestly done that attracted us to President Kennedy. He was gold in an age of brass and we should have known — the poet had warned us — that "nothing gold can stay."

JOHN STRIETELMEIER
A Minority Report

The Beloved Community

By VICTOR F. HOFFMANN

In criticizing the contemporary Christian church, many analysts, including members of the establishment, are insisting that the modern church become relevant to its environment. In adopting this perspective, these critics are suggesting that religious people begin to inform and inspire the fields of politics, business, taxes, labor unions, and the like.

There are in turn critics of this point of view. They ask irritating questions. When did Christ really talk politics? When did He sit in on tensions between masters and slaves? Did He argue for the abolition of slavery? When did He help people in high places to clear up the tax structure? When did He go to divorce courts in behalf of any husband or wife?

A short, quick, and blunt answer to these questions is: Christ did not spend much time with the solving of these problems.

Some interesting ideas on these matters have been amplified in The Christian in Politics (Oxford University Press, 1962) under this chapter title, “The Legacy of The Early Church.” The author, Walter James (editor of The Times Educational Supplement, London), keynoted this chapter by saying: “One is bound to confess that the teaching of Christianity seems far more clearly directed to the sphere of personal relationships than it does to the business of politics.”

Instead of talking politics or business, Jesus spoke at length about the Last Judgment. Instead of predicting the future, the weaknesses and strengths, of the next administration, He preached about the coming of the Kingdom of God. Instead of talking about the lasting qualities of some permanent political programs, Christ pointed out that the earth would pass away at the coming of God’s kingdom. While Christ’s followers waited and prepared for the coming of the Kingdom, they disdained the idea of Christ’s coming to “bail out” the Jewish political community. Instead of establishing a kingdom of bread, jobs, and circuses, these Christians, writes Walter James, established a community of love. In short, while waiting for the divine day of judgment, these Christians spent their time loving God and man. The author describes their loving in this manner: “Love [was] the order of this community. Love God: love your neighbor. This was the [whole] of the matter: everything else follows and is included. It is not possible to love God without loving your neighbour and if you love God nothing else matters.”

Indeed, says James, Jesus behaved after the manner of love. He loved the poor and demonstrated His concern for them. He relieved the depressed and gave sight to the blind. He raised the dead and aided the needy. He drove out devils and fed the five thousand. In love He showed concern for the body and the soul. Never did He pass by on the untroubled side of the road. More than that, He gave His life as the supreme sacrifice for the other guy. This was the final, consummate act of love in the community of love.

Jesus and His followers were so busy carrying out these acts of love, they had no time to talk politics. According to Walter James, “. . . the value of salvation was infinitely greater than that of anything else.” For the Christ-follower of those days, building the hopes of life and death on anything else was certainly laying uncertain foundations on sinking sand.

Consequently, with almost casual indifference, these Christians took the world and circumstances of life as they found them. With that kind of attitude, these early Christians were in no mood to reform the world. They simply wanted “. . . to change relationships between themselves, to live in their small communities.” They looked upon themselves as people of little importance except that they believed they were in the world to love God and their fellowman. To be quite certain, the words of Jesus gave Christians no real justification to change the social world or the forms of government. Jesus was neither a reformer nor a revolutionary. Coming with the simplicities of love and poverty, Jesus came only to seek and save the lost, to heal the wounds of body and soul.

But He and His followers saw the need of government and encouraged all to obey it. They “. . . accepted Roman power as maintaining an ordered frame of existence.” In maintaining this ordered frame of existence, the Romans “. . . kept things steady outside” so that the Christians could prepare themselves for the coming of the Kingdom and develop their Christian relationships of love.

In spite of everything that has happened in and to the world since the death of Christ, many Christians would agree with Walter James: “We have, however, still a long way to go before we can determine what relevance, if any, Christianity has in the political field.”

But hardly anyone would deny the value of establishing some communities of love.
Everyone talks about the movies, but no one does anything about them. (Apologies to Mark Twain!) For at least 20 years we have been engaged in a war of words with motion-picture producers. We have protested against violence, perversion, vulgarity, brutality, distortion of facts, and ever-increasing emphasis on sex and nudity in many films. To what end? What have we accomplished? Nothing. Absolutely nothing.

It has long been customary to open new film releases on Christmas Day. This is an obvious device to assure capacity audiences during the weeks when students are home from college, and grade and high school pupils are on vacation. From personal experience through the years I know that children and teen-agers do flock to the theaters during the holiday season. It needed only a glance at the advertising for the new shows to impress upon me the fact that at least in our area managers have not been either impressed or intimidated by the battle of words over suitable films for the young, or even good films for the mature.

First there is Sex and the Single Girl (Warners, Richard Quine), an inane, nauseating concoction as dull as ditchwater and twice as dirty. Next we have Kiss Me, Stupid (United Artists, Billy Wilder), even more inane and certainly far cruder in form and presentation.

The Pleasure Seekers (20th Century-Fox, Jean Negulesco), a bit tame by comparison, was advertised by this catch question, "Where do good little girls go when they want to be bad?" Last of the thoroughly meretricious films is Pajama Party (American International, Don Weiss), which held out as its selling point the promise that "it's like a beach party without the beach." This is one in a long series of "beach" parties — a series which never had any merit and has gone steadily downhill even from such a low starting point. It is a crashing bore and requires more patience and stamina than I have.

I know all the excuses producers, directors, players, and exhibitors are wont to offer in defense of such films as Sex and the Single Girl and Kiss Me, Stupid. The movies have "grown up," they say, and these are "mature" pictures for "adult" entertainment. Unfortunately, merely growing older does not necessarily make one either mature or adult. Nor is delinquency restricted to juveniles. It is hard to believe that the prominent directors and the famous stars who have a part in these and other equally sordid films do not recognize them for precisely what they are. Of course, they do. But the sound of the cash register at the box office is music in their ears. And then there are always the big, fat salary checks!

The Americanization of Emily (M-G-M, Arthur Hiller) has aroused mixed reactions from audiences and critics alike. Some have acclaimed it as a brilliantly satirical indictment of the stupidity and futility of war, while others have felt that the savage cynicism of Emily is cruel and in poor taste — an adverse criticism which has both justification and merit in my opinion. One must commend the fine acting and the expert direction; but the subject of war, with its staggering cost in lives and suffering, just does not lend itself to the cheap horseplay to be found in the film.

Marriage—Italian Style (Embassy Pictures, Vittorio de Sica) has been chosen as one of the 10 best foreign films released during 1964. This is a sensitive study of life. It is frank, poignant, caustic, often hilariously funny, and at times extremely and unnecessarily earthy in intimate detail. Taken in the context of the European concept of morality, one can justifiably label this adult entertainment. Here we have at least a measure of artistry on the part of the players and the director. This raises it far above the films I discussed earlier.

On the lighter side we have Father Goose (Universal, Ralph Nelson). In spite of a grim wartime setting this is largely froth, with a carefully contrived plot and a completely predictable climax.

Walt Disney's Emil and the Detectives (Buena Vista) is an engaging detective yarn designed to please both the young and the not so young.

Goldfinger (United Artists, Guy Hamilton) will have special appeal to the legions who have followed the fabulous exploits of Secret Agent 007 with avid interest. Like its predecessors, it is well made, action-packed, and full of fascinating mechanical gadgets. It is also completely unbelievable and decidedly vulgar, with a regrettable emphasis on sex, sadism, and violence.

During recent weeks television presented these exceptionally fine documentaries: Casals at 88, Segregation: Northern Style, and Royal Ballet (CBS); The Decision to Drop the Bomb and Battle of the Bulge (NBC); and The Nobel Prize Awards (ABC).

Dignity, simplicity, beauty, and reverence characterized Child of Bethlehem, a special Christmas program presented on This Is the Life, the award-winning series sponsored by the Lutheran Church-Missouri Synod.
The Cross and Prayer

Can anyone imagine even for a moment the incredible burden which the prayers of all mankind must place upon the heart of God? It all began thousands of years ago in a garden in the cool of the day. Then prayer rose from the lips of kings, patriarchs, and prophets, from the children of the Covenant, from wise men kneeling before a Baby in a cave. At last the flood of prayer crested for a moment in a single lonely prayer: “Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do!”

Then, however, it really began! Day by day for two thousand years, first from the depths of caves and catacombs where the followers of the Way were compelled to hide, then rising into light, swelling, spreading, surging over the earth, in the first lisplings of childhood, in the solemn celebrations of the Church, from hut and hovel, from palace and hospital, in the last confessions of the dying, from ten thousand times ten thousand ransoméd ones, day by day, hour by hour, minute by minute the prayers of stricken humanity have come to the heart of God. While a boy was asking for a bicycle, an old man was begging for relief from the pain of cancer.

And God hears them all and answers them all! Sometimes His answer is Yes. Sometimes His answer is No. Most often it is, “Wait a little while.”

Can you imagine now what a burden all of this is, even for the heart of God? But this is not yet the whole story. For God there is no time — past, present, or future. There is only the eternal Now. And so yesterday’s prayers still beat with today’s urgency upon His heart and tomorrow’s prayers are already present before Him — all of them begging, pleading, crying. Over all the watersheds of history, in all the crises of human life, from all of us who are or have been or will be on this earth there is this great river of prayer emptying forever into the heart of God. You can see why the topic of this column, “The Cross and Prayer,” requires a real effort — not to understand (for that is impossible), but just to imagine, to think, and to see.

For it is and remains a mystery. The Power which spins the comets and the stars through incredible space and whirls the infinitesimal particles within each atom, the Power which pulses in the sun and the rain, in life and in death — this Power can be approached and will listen when I ask for relief from pain or forgiveness for the careless gossip I spoke yesterday. Not all of the religions of ancient Greece and Rome, not Buddhism or Confucianism or Hinduism or any other of man’s countless religions ever dreamed of such a thing.

Why not? Because they lack Jesus Christ. The man Jesus hung upon a cross and died with a prayer on His lips. By that death and by that prayer He became the great, single voice in the Universe which supports our prayers, for “there is one God and one mediator between God and man, the man Christ Jesus.” On our knees we are never alone; there is always this other great Voice speaking for us and with us, the voice of the man who has earned the right to pray for us, to be our mediator, because He gave His soul into death and rescued us from a silent, voiceless, prayerless life by His prayerful death: “Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.”

Here, then, is the divine answer to this great mystery: the Cross has given us the power to pray, a Person to pray with us, and a Mediator to pray for us.

Let us bring this down to the Twentieth Century. All sensitive observers agree that modern man’s thought is full of a sense of darkness, of the fragility of life itself, of man’s finitude, of the unpredictabilities of life and history. In a phrase which some have used to define our age, modern man is racked by anxiety.

Why this conspiracy of darkness and fear? Why this cosmic loneliness? There is only one answer and only one thing to do. Tonight, today, tomorrow, somewhere, sometime you must come to see a Man die, and by knowing why He died you will enter a new and lovely world — a world where you can be good with God, where you can be poor with Christ’s poor, despised with Christ’s despised, accounted foolish for His sake, and yet by His grace accounted so good that He becomes a beggar for your heart and the power in you that will enable you to pardon the unpardonable and love the unlovable.

Over against all this our great problem is indifference. Men really do not care very much about the thorn-crowned figure on the Cross. They offer Him a little lip service. They go to Lenten services haunted by the gallant figure of the lonely Sufferer, and they bring out of the church a vague, uneasy feeling that He knew something which life and time have taken away and the strange faith that there is still in Him a relentless energy, a far hope and a continuing vision of righteousness, goodness, and love which we have never really known.

This is the beginning and end of history. It is really all very simple. When you say your prayers today, try to remember that your voice now reaches the heart of God because a Man died on a Cross to make it all possible.