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IN THE OCTOBER CRESSSET - - -

IN LUCE TUA ........................................ The Editors 3
AD LIB.: SUBMARINES? ............................... Alfred R. Loo man 7
A SUDDEN FURY ...................................... Alexander Winston 8
THE PAST: TEACHING AND PREACHING .......... Kenneth E. Shewmaker 11
VILLIAN AND VICTIM: HAWTHORNE'S ROGER CHILLINGWORTH ........................... Abigail Ann Hamblen 13
VERSE: TO A PORTRAIT OF A CHINESE EMPEROR ................................ Isabelle S. Gilbert 15
FROM THE CHAPEL: HONEST DOUBT ................ Herbert H. Umbach 16
ON SECOND THOUGHT ................................ Robert J. Hoyer 18
THE MUSIC ROOM: CARMEN. NOT A TURKEY ... Walter A. Hansen 19
THE THEATRE: MARGINAL NOTES FROM ABROAD ........................................ Walter Sorell 22
BOOKS OF THE MONTH ................................ John Strietelmeier 23
RIGHT SIDE UP ...................................... Kenneth Korby 23
LITURGICAL RENEWAL AND RELEVANCE ........ Heritage H. Umbach 24
THE FAITH OF ROBERT BROWNING ................ James R. Rinehart 25
THE GREAT ASCENT ................................ H. Samuel Hamod 25
COLLECTED POEMS .................................. Victor F. Hoffman 26
A MINORITY REPORT: THE TOTAL SURRENDER OF SELF ................................. Anne Hansen 27
SIGHTS AND SOUNDS: HOKUM: BUSTING OUT .............................................. O.P. Kretzmann 28
THE PILGRIM: OKEY-DOKEY FROM SPACE

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In Luce Tua

Comment on the Significant News by the Editors

A Comedy of Errors

Juan Marichal, star hurler for the colorful San Francisco Giants, attacked catcher John Roseboro of the Los Angeles Dodgers in the heat of the 1965 campaign with a baseball bat, a rather lethal weapon in the hands of a person temporarily gone mad.

Marichal claimed on the basis of some real evidence that Roseboro had intentionally nicked his ear with a return throw to the pitcher, strikeout artist Sandy Koufax, and that Roseboro with malice in mind had advanced a step or two in his direction with a dangerous mask in hand. Though Marichal had apparently "dusted off" both speedy Maury Wills and the dependable Ron Fairly in previous innings, umpire Shag Crawford, one of the best in the business, insisted that he had seen no evidence of bad blood in the Roseboro-Marichal relationships before this unfortunate incident, certainly nothing that might have provoked Marichal to barroom mayhem.

Roseboro, never thrown out of a major league game in his illustrious career but no Caspar Milk-Toast, escaped with only a two-inch cut on his forehead together with a sizable lump, fortunately only this after he had been hit at least two times on the head by the hot-tempered Dominican.

The two teams ended up of course with a lot of no-decision shoving in the middle of the diamond, some of the players honestly trying to fight in the loose sense of the term and some honestly trying to put a stop to the "lousy" affair.

For precipitating this comedy of errors, Juan Marichal was fined 1750 dollars and was suspended for eight days.

The Giants were hurt by this action on the part of the National League president, Warren Giles, since this penalty threw the consistent winner out of the pitching rotation for at least two turns, a dangerous consequence for Mays and company in the middle of a hot pennant race. Obviously John Roseboro was hurt and the penalty seemed inadequate to him for the injuries incurred, both to his body and to his soul. Yet he was lucky for his body and soul could have been moved to different surroundings. Nevertheless, for these injuries to his body and soul, Roseboro is filing suit against Marichal. Marichal was hurt for this penalty took money out of his pocket and, in spite of his half-hearted attempts at apologies, the event certainly injured his reputation, an important consideration for anyone earning his living at this sport.

The incident rocked the baseball world and has probably fired up the furnaces for the Winter Hot-Stove League. Baseball men, really dedicated to the American pastime, were disturbed for they had been bragging that scandal had not really touched baseball for a long time, and now this.

For days such as these that try men's souls, some sportswriters and sportscasters "gave off with the philosophy": "That's the way it is with American enterprise and competition. These are honest if aggressive spirits at play. That's why baseball is the great sport that it is. It's a great game and anything can happen when aspiring players come down to the wire of a pennant race." Others no-commented in their commentary: "After all, we don't know the facts. We've been around this game a long time, man and boy, and we don't know much yet—but we know enough to know that there are many sides to anything like this. We'll just have to wait until the facts are in."

General opinion around the leagues, however, holds that Juan Marichal "had gotten off easy." Ron Fairly probably represented the views of many players when he expostulated directly and quickly: "He should have been banned for life!" A well-known veteran of radio broadcasting in the Chicago area was sure that Kenesaw Mountain Landis would have excommunicated him from The Great American Church: "After all you don't go around hitting opposing players with bats no matter what the circumstances are. Roseboro could have been injured permanently, or even killed." The unwritten rules of the game appear to be: "Fists, Yes; Spiking, Yes; Tripping, Yes; Ear-nicking, Yes; But Weapons, No!" Obviously, the lines must be drawn somewhere.
The American Man is man for all that. You cannot blame him for wanting to participate in aggressive play. Like the boys on the beat say, it is more interesting and less dangerous than crime on the streets. Moreover, we just do not know what to make of the human race. First, it is Viet Nam. Then it is Berkeley and Los Angeles. And this.

How low can you get? There is always boxing.

The Word Was Made Flesh

Sometimes contemporary Christians are terribly glib about what they understand by the time-worn phrase, "The Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us."

It is a meaning, of course, that the Christian cannot accept on the basis of logic, reason, or the analytic and verifying devices of science and the scientific method. The mind of the Christian man simply cannot understand what his Christian faith tells him anymore than the mind of the American citizen can understand with his reason-apparatus what is meant by the shibboleths of American democracy. Test this under your microscope: "When in the Course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands, which have connected them with one another, and to assume among the powers of the earth, the separate and equal station to which the Laws of Nature and of Nature's God entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation."

In his Confessions, St. Augustine spoke to this dilemma: "But what mystery was contained within these words, 'The Word was made flesh,' I could not conceive ... who could conceive such things with any ease? Who could state them in any manner?"

The mystery of God and godliness is simply beyond our rational comprehension and demonstration.

The meaning for the Christian comes in the living. By the Word, the Word made flesh, and Christ the Word, many Christians do not simply and alone mean the books of the Christian Bible. They mean the living experiences that take place in the life of a Christian when he meets up with Christ in faith and life as he and the living, personal, historical Christ walk across the pages of the books of the Bible.

In these Christ-oriented experiences, say many Christians, faith moves into the spirit of human action. The Christian responds in his life to the divine call of love in the Cross and the Grave with an answering love, that is, as Brunner puts it, "... with the living response of his life, loving his neighbor and living in this love as a truly human man."

Accordingly, the Christian man is the Word made flesh in his community.

The American Middle Class

Webster's Collegiate Dictionary, Fifth Edition, defines the middle class as follows: "In England, people who have an intermediate position between the nobility or leisure class and the working class. It includes professional men, bankers, merchants, and small landed proprietors. Hence, a similar class elsewhere." In the Religious Factor: A Sociologist's Inquiry, Gerhard Lenski, the author, defines the middle class similarly: "...the term 'middle class' refers to professional men, proprietors, managers, officials, clerks, and salesmen and their families."

This class appears to be the fulcrum in the United States about which so much turns in our lives. A survey conducted by Fortune magazine asserted that almost eighty per cent of the population claimed to be middle class. A Gallup poll insisted on the same assertion to the tune of eighty-eight per cent. Since a great many of these persons who identified themselves as middle class were in fact lower class, these statistics also represent, at least partially, the aspiration or ambition drive of many Americans. They want to be middle class for this is the thing to be in these days.

Many readers of The Cresset will insist that "this is not a bad thing to be for this class has gained a reputation in America for charity, idealism, and altruism." They are the people who jet-propel charity drives, the Boy Scouts, the YMCA, and the United Fund. Many members of this class are reputedly willing to sacrifice their interests and advantages for the sake of helping other people, particularly the downtrodden and the oppressed, that a more just social order might prevail. But Lenski argues on the basis of substantial evidence that "...the liberalism of the middle classes is a cautious kind of liberalism which moves slowly and is unwilling to gamble much on any single plan or program." Members of the middle class do not wish to upset too much a society from which they have gained so many benefits. Without question they would disclaim any interest in a society that would ultimately minimize their satisfactions just to maximize the satisfactions of the downtrodden. "Here," says Lenski, "the middle classes generally act on the basis of self-interest as much as the working classes."

In addition to being mildly altruistic, members of the middle class are more regular in church attendance and more involved in religious institutions. To be quite certain, it is to the advantage of many middle class people to go to "the church of their choice." For them it is the cultural thing to do and it will not hurt their career patterns any. As a matter of fact, church attendance and membership in religious organizations often help the aspiring earn their gold stars on the promotional charts of business and corporate structures. Besides it is good for the "kids" to go to Sunday School.

The middle class people are as child-centered and education-directed as any group of people can be, especially those in suburbia and suburbia. The members of the middle class have learned the secret that Lenski talks about on occasion: "drop-outs do not fare as well sub-
The Ku Klux Klan — The Nefarious Past

Once upon a time, a long time ago, there was this group of people who dashed about the country-side, riding spirited horses and wearing white sheets. These persons were not very friendly even though some of them were leaders in church and community affairs and were good to their families. Some of them, many people claimed, were Protestant preachers. They were not friendly, one could tell, because they kept yelling dirty names like “Christ-killer,” “nigger-lover,” and “you lousy kraut-head” at some pretty good people.

These good people kept waiting for help like “Hi Ho Silver” and the good guys with the white hats and the silver badges. But help did not really come. The good guys failed to show up in most cases because this is not fantasy, this is not a T-V morality play. This is for real in real life where sometimes the good guys do not come too many and too often.

This is not a fairy tale. This is the Ku Klux Klan. This is the Ku Klux Klan, aided by a legion of non-members with deep sympathies and affinities like so many of our next-door neighbors and colleagues who talk, think, and act like members of the Ku Klux Klan.

There have been at least two major KKK organizations in the United States, one formed after the Civil War and one near the outbreak of World War II. In reality, a third organization was precipitated by the civil rights movements of recent years.

The first and original Klan, organized by young ex-Confederate soldiers to take up their leisure time, was eventually dedicated to perpetuating white supremacy. This nefarious program was executed by the spreading of hate, terrorism, and anxieties via the lynching of Negroes, by whipping them, by burning and castrating them.

The members of the Klan had made hatred and malice a way of life.

In 1915 this way of life was picked up again with vigor and vehemence under the guiding hand of William Joseph Simmons at Atlanta, Georgia. His outfit extended their wickedness to Jews, Roman Catholics, Germans, and other foreigners. In what amounted to gumming their noses at the Statue of Liberty who had asked for the world’s depressed and poor, the Simmons people went on a nativist binge of Americanism pure, primary, and simple. Like many other fringe groups in the United States, they mixed this all up with attacks on liquor and alcoholism, on evil and loose women, “dago” popes, rum and rebellion, revolution and Romanism.

They spoke against sin, always on their terms, and never according to the stance of love. Like wasps, they stood with stingers poised in behalf of whites, Anglo-Saxons, and Protestants.

The Ku Klux Klan — The Nefarious Present

In 1928 the KKK, after having changed its name to the innocent-sounding “Knights of the Great Forest,” went down hill and dissolved formally in 1944. At its dissolution it still owed the federal government five hundred thousand dollars in back taxes. From 1928 to...
1944 members of the Klan had also played “footsie-wootsie” with American Nazis.

After a temporary lull, and not being able to cure itself of bad habits, the Klan rose again, provoked without question by the new civil rights activity and protecting again, but of course, religion, Southern white womanhood, and integrity. With the resurgence has come a revival of old tactics, time-tested and “true”: murder, shootings, whippings, lashings, bombings, mutilations — almost anything that evil minds can create.

But even more devastating is what they have been able to do with the integrity of the court system. This is typified by the queer spectacle that passed for the trial of Collie LeRoy Wilkins, charged with murdering Mrs. Viola Luizzo, just lately out of Michigan and the human race. This is typified by the queer spectacle of the chief counsel for the KKK and the defender of Wilkins yelling nasty words in the courtroom against Negroes, Catholics, and Jews. This was going on for real — not in a bar, not in a brothel, not on the streets of skid-row, not in a stick-ball game on sixty-fourth street, not in the blighted areas — but in an American courtroom, at a trial.

Playing on words like strumming fingers on a banjo (nigger, whore, communist, mongrelization, Zionists that run niggers), this defense attorney, a representative of the American bar and of the American system of justice, kept on speaking, without any opposition to speak of from the judge, “Right down the line, one white man to another.” Over the defense counsel hung the shadow of the KKK, the current Klan Imperial Wizard, Robert Shelton, who seldom left the side of the attorney, without question his chief advisor and father confessor throughout this travesty on justice.

Finally, Americans appear to have a double standard of morals, condemning behavior in politicians that they take for granted in their own lives. Newspaper headlines indict the public official who buys a mink coat at a wholesale price, but many of the most indignant private citizens follow the same practice. We assume that the son of a business executive, even though he may be incompetent, will be given a job in his father’s organization, but we are incensed when newspaper columnists uncover a public official’s attempt to do as much for his son. In business this is regarded as “family loyalty;” in politics it is labeled “nepotism.” A Sherman Adams or a Bob Baker suffers near disgrace in public life for the very “wheeling and dealing” that we applaud on the part of the enterprising businessman. True, we have a right to expect higher standards of government officials, but we should at least be aware of the sacrifices we expect of them.

As the cold, leaden waters of the Atlantic Ocean closed over us, the Captain of the submarine turned to me and asked, “Care for a smoke?” I hope my disappointment wasn’t apparent when I noticed he was offering me a conventional cigarette while I was hoping for something with a slight sedative affect, say a pipeful of opium. For though I have been around the Navy for more than twenty years, this was the first time I had submerged in a submarine.

This incident occurred aboard the U.S.S. Piper, a submarine out of the base at New London, Connecticut as we ran through a series of exercises out in the Atlantic one day this past August. I was aboard just for a little experience, and I was more interested in the sensations that accompany diving, surfacing, and running submerged than I was in such minor details as how to fire a torpedo. I also wanted to observe the actions of the crew and how these compared with what I thought they should be, based on my only previous knowledge which comes from Hollywood movies featuring the German and British submarine services.

My first reaction was that the officers and men were incredibly young to be engaged in anything so dangerous as this. They were joking back and forth as we moved downstream from the base, and levity was general throughout the day. However, when the exercises were underway, all hands settled down to a matter of fact seriousness. But even then there was none of the tight-lipped solemnness I had noted in movies of British submarine crews, nor any of the hysterical vengefulness that characterized the German submarine crews in motion pictures. These were just thoroughly competent men so highly trained that delicate maneuvers became commonplace.

As soon as we were in deeper water, the submarine went into its first dive of the day. This began with the irritating honk of the diving horn and was accompanied by the sound of men hurrying to their stations and of hatches slamming shut. I was observing from the control room where an officer gave directions to two men sitting beside large steering wheels. These operate the forward and after planes which set the angle of the dive and the attitude of the sub in the water.

When the diving horn stopped, its sound was replaced by a loud swooshing noise as water gushed into the tanks. We headed downhill rapidly and I looked for something to hold onto. It was quiet now because we were running under battery power, but the silence seemed ominous as we continued downward. I tried to remember the depth of the Continental Shelf at this point and hoped we had plenty of room to spare. We levelled off eventually and began a quiet and smooth ride below the surface of the ocean. It was, surprisingly, a pleasant change, because the surface had been rough and the sub had bobbed around up there, but down below the only sensation was one of effortless gliding.

Later when we began runs for the firing of torpedoes at a target, a tug was pulling around the area. I moved to the conning tower where, through radar and visual sighting, they were getting a fix on the target. When asked if I wanted to see through the periscope, I accepted. The periscope came up smoothly under hydraulic power and I grabbed the cross arms to swing it around. The view was an exciting one. There was the target far in the distance and other ships and small craft were visible behind us. However, uncomfortably close to the eye of the periscope were the waves of the Atlantic and I realized again that I was underneath all of that water.

We stayed submerged through lunch which I ate in the cramped quarters of the wardroom. This little dining room seats eight, but only six comfortably. It was the cramped quarters which I found most difficult to become accustomed to, though the nuclear submarines, which I was aboard later that week, have much more room.

At one point in the afternoon, the Captain held an announced collision drill. First there was a loud noise, louder than the swish and thunk noise of a torpedo being fired, and the submarine shuddered. It was a perfect simulation of a collision and was made, I learned later, by forcing air out of an empty torpedo tube as water was forced in. Then came the sounds of bells ringing, horns honking, and compartment hatches slamming. Forced air hissed into the tanks pushing out the water— as we fought for buoyancy. I was sitting down when the drill started and I stayed put, trying to appear casual and as if this were a daily occurrence for me. When it was over I noticed I had two cigarettes burning.

When we surfaced and started back to port, I climbed to the open bridge happy to see the sunlight of late afternoon. To the occupants of every fishing boat, trawler, or pleasure craft we passed, I gave a nonchalant wave of the hand in the rather forlorn hope they might mistake this landsman for a seasoned submariner.
A Sudden Fury

By ALEXANDER WINSTON

This is written for anyone that finds it. I’m scared and I guess by the time anyone reads this — if anyone has to — I won’t care who knows it. It is 10:02 by my watch, which runs a little fast. The tapping has begun again. First it was down at the Parish House door, and the sound came right up the stair-well to my study. It made a dull, woody thud and the door rattled on its hinges, so I can’t mistake that. A few light taps like a summons, then the last one harder, as if to say “Come on out and I’ll give you that!” I pulled my study door shut and snapped the lock.

Whatever it is was moved off around the back of the building. Doesn’t it know where I am? The rhythm is always the same — three light taps and then the bludgeoned fourth. That is the one that hurts and I can’t tell from his voice that he was sort of thinking aloud over the telephone. “Something that will bring them in. Attractive you know. Well, here’s an idea,” he went on humbly, and I have learned that when Dr. Bellows is humble that means that his mind is made up. “You know Don Pinkley who has just come to the — what’s the name of it? — Church of the Brethren? He’s a whiz at music. He sings, he can play the harpsichord and the recorder, he even directs an octet that specializes in English folksongs. The old stuff, you know. He can probably do a buck-and-wing and play ‘Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep’ on the tuba at the same time. He’s a marvel! Now listen. We could get him to put on a musical program. How about that?”

“Swell!” I said. “Simply swell!” There was no doubt about it. He had hold of a first-rate idea.

“I’m glad you agree on this,” said Dr. Bellows, being humble. “I’ll be presiding over the ministers’ meeting, so maybe you’d better bring it up. I think it will go over big.”

“Except with Riley,” I said.

He chuckled. “Riley’s a good boy,” he said. “He’s just got to learn some of the facts of life.”

Our ministers’ meetings are held in a private room on the second floor of the Hotel Regal. It is not as good a hotel as the Olympian but that doesn’t really bother us. We have an arrangement to get a lobster roll, coffee and dessert for a dollar ten. Some of us could afford more but we go along with the other men.

We met together very jolly and clever during the meal, as we always are. Fletcher Riley brought his lunch in a bag, with a thermos bottle of coffee, and while there is nothing wrong with that, it clearly shows that he can’t afford to buy a lunch and I think this destroys his influence when the chips are down, so to speak.

Dr. Bellows had a story to start off the meeting. It wasn’t very funny except to him, but he enjoyed it immensely and laughed very hard and then sobered up and called the meeting to order. He said that the only piece of business on the agenda was the Reformation Service. It was a tough problem, we all agreed. The tired Baptist man, whose name I can never remember, looked tireder than ever.

I let them stew in their hopelessness a little while and then I proposed that Don Pinkley do a program of music.
I glanced around the table and saw their expressions of relief.

"What has that to do with the Reformation?" growled Fletcher Riley.

It was annoying even when we expected it. Fletcher is a trouble-maker. He is big and rawboned, rough and brusque in his manner. I have wondered more than once how long his people would put up with him. He has thick black hair never too well brushed and a square ruggèd face and hewn jaw. His big hands stick out from his sleeves as though they were never meant to be in a coat. He wears one of those turn-around collars. They tell me he likes to be called "Pastor." We sometimes refer to him as "Father" Riley, but this is only in fun, because even if he is a rough character and looks like he had just come from a rummage sale, he has a grin that lights him up once in a while. We respect him, and when he grins we even like him.

I looked quickly at Dr. Bellows. He is a good-looking man, as everybody knows, with a fine, thin nose which gets white along the ridge when he is angry. His nose was white. He ignored Fletcher and turned to Don. "What kind of music would you give us?" he inquired, judicially.

Don Pinckley, a small, dark fellow, said hastily, "The Reformation, that period, anyway." This seemed to me a perfect answer.

"That's not what I mean by the Reformation," Fletcher growled.

"You want a preaching service, I presume." Dr. Bellows was, I thought, being very patient. "Not necessarily. I just want to be reminded of what Luther and the others did." A silence settled. "Nobody will come to a preaching service. We've tried it." This from the tired Baptist man. And he was quite right.

"I don't care if nobody comes," grumped Fletcher. He was being very negative, and we were sure that negative thinking would not do.

"Tell us more of what you have in mind about the music, Don," I suggested.

"Well, you know the madrigal singers that I have been working with," Don replied eagerly. He had evidently been tipped off by Dr. Bellows so that he had given the subject some thought. Don is a very self-effacing chap and the way he began is an indication. He might have said that he organized the madrigal group and was its director as well as singing tenor in it, but he didn't. He just said he worked with them. "They have improved a lot, and ought to be an attraction," he went on. "Then you know the recorder students that my wife has. There are two of them, and my wife and I could play with them. I could bring my harpsichord. It is a very old type of instrument, Bach played one just like it, a little later than the Reformation, of course. We might have a soloist — in costume, say — and I know a string quartet that might do something."

We had to admire it. Most of us can't even read music, although Dr. Bellows is famous for singing hymns so loudly that he can be heard all over the church. But harpsichords, recorders, string quartet and madrigals (whatever they are) — it was dazzling! We voted it with considerable relief.

"Any other business?" asked Dr. Bellows.

"Yes," said Fletcher Riley. He was folding up his wax paper and putting it back in his sack. He took his time, brushing away the crumbs carefully with his knobby fist. Then he launched into quite a tirade.

"I vote no, and I want that entered in the secretary's minutes," he began. "What do you think the Reformation was — a party?"

He really burst out with this. We must have looked shocked, as we had a right to; anyway he lowered his voice and went on.

"Why, we're all sitting here this minute because of what those men did back there at the Reformation. They went to the stake for us, they were racked and strangled for us. They translated the Scriptures into our common tongue and gave the church back to the people. They defied kings and took cities. They were heroes, unafraid. Luther and Calvin and John Knox shook their fists in the face of the establishment. They were radicals. They were ready to stand alone with only God for company. When Luther nailed his theses to the door of St. Anne's in Wittenberg he did it in the face of the whole power of the church, in danger of life itself. He said he would enter Worms and speak even if there were as many devils in the town as tiles on the roofs. He took his hammer and smashed what had gone before so that he might build better. Oh, no, Luther didn't make the Reformation with a harpsichord. He made it with a hammer."

That is about what Fletcher said. Whether it has anything to do with what happened tonight is more than I can fathom. Dr. Bellows, his nose white, dismissed the meeting. No one paid much attention to Fletcher and he went out alone.

Since the service was in my church I put in some time this morning getting ready for it. We have such a heavy pulpit that we had to hire movers to get it out of the way. They brought it down the main aisle on rollers and stowed it in a corner of the vestibule. Then we put up the stage that we use for this sort of thing.

It certainly was an interesting program that Don Pinckley had gotten together. As we lined up in the vestibule a big cross (a little gaudy, in my opinion) was in the lead, carried by a freckled boy in a purple skirt and a big purple bow tie. He had been supplied, of course, by the Episcopal minister, who was present wearing a square black hat. Then came the members of the singing group in red robes with white collars. Next were the recorder players carrying their instruments. Finally the clergy, even Fletcher Riley. I was glad to see that he was a good enough sport to come. The narrator was Ed Lar­kin, from the bank.
I'd told the ushers to make a count, one usher for each of the center sections and one for each side, so that they wouldn't miss anybody. They reported three hundred and twelve, but I'm positive that more came in afterwards. When I told Dr. Bellows he just smiled and nodded because the processional hymn was beginning, but I could see that he was pleased.

Ed Larkin, opening the program, made it clear that all the music was from the period of the Reformation. That, I think, certainly should have answered any questions in anybody's mind.

First off the singing group did two pieces from the eleventh century, and in Latin too, which was a little disconcerting after what Ed Larkin had just said. Don directed them and sang the tenor part at the same time.

Next the recorders tuned up, and Don was in that one too, playing a larger instrument than the three women did. All three of the women had on high round little hats that looked Egyptian to me and I am still not sure what they were for, but I presume that they were the kind worn by women in Luther's day. They played some dances of the period, and then what the program called a four-part round. It was very sweet, and I thought it touching that the two recorder pupils were older women.

Then the singers stood up again for a very gay English round song, "Hey, Ho to the Greenwood," which they seemed to enjoy as much as we did. After that they did a charming madrigal, a love song entitled "Weep, O Mine Eyes." The string quartet played next. It was a man and wife and two pretty girls, not their daughters however. One of the pieces was called in the program "Earl of Shattesbury," who no doubt lived about that time, though the only one I ever heard of was active in overthrowing Cromwell and his Puritans.

The Episcopal minister had the offering because he is well-known as a money-raiser. He took off his hat as a sign that he was going to speak of earthly things and he gave them a straight talk about how much it cost to print the programs and set up the stage. The only part that I didn't like was that he mentioned his three morning congregations. He really didn't have to do that. In the first place we all know that his eight o'clock communion service has only a handful. And his church building is small, so that having two other services doesn't mean much. My church seats three times as many, and that is why I have only one service on Sunday morning.

The real surprise was the soprano soloist. She had sort of been kept under wraps until her time on the program, when she appeared from a door back by the choir seats. She was a knock-out. Her long green velvet dress hooped out and swept the floor. Her bodice was very tight, and she had on a close-fitting hat that went down over her neck. That was to keep the neck warm in those cold, unheated castles. She had on an enormous amount of make-up, and so much blue-pencil around her eyes that it looked like she had run into a door. At least that is the way it looked from the front pew where the clergy were sitting, but I think that farther back it may have been just fine.

She sang a song about a "Beautiful Wife" which was in German, and that took us right back to the Reformation, and it was dated 1536, which was the year that Luther stopped fighting with the Swiss over the Lord's Supper. Then Don, whose versatility continued to astonish us all, joined her in singing a duet fittingly called "A Song for Two."

I'd heard a thumping of some kind early in the program, but while the two of them were singing the sound became quite distinct and there was no doubt about it. Someone was hammering somewhere. We have had trouble with the furnace and at first I thought workmen were in the basement, but it became evident that the sound was from outside the building, as though someone were hammering on the building itself. I half-turned around to see if any of the ushers noticed it and they seemed unconcerned, standing in the back of the church as though nothing was happening. I figured that the service was about over anyway and there was nothing I could do about it. The soloist departed, swishing her train, and we went into the recessional hymn.

Don had arranged a very interesting touch at the end. He had two Lutheran ministers take part in the benediction. They said the same benediction, only Adolph Reintz from the Evangelical Lutheran Church gave the benediction in German, and I thought this a fine touch that tied it right in with the Reformation. After that Karl Schwam, pastor of Immanuel Lutheran (which is a small church, but growing) gave the same thing in English. He has quite an accent, and I'm not sure that the people got it any better than in the German.

Dr. Bellows and I congratulated all the singers and the ladies who played the recorder, and especially Don, how versatile he was and what a gift he had; and also Ed Larkin who had read the narrative in his rich deep voice. We told him that he ought to be on radio or TV with a fine voice like that.

When everyone had gone I shut up the church and came over here to my study. I was hanging up my robe when it began. After about ten minutes I called up Dr. Bellows' house and his wife answered. She was badly scared. She said that Dr. Bellows had gone out on the porch to investigate a noise and hadn't come back. She couldn't hear a sound.

So here I sit. The rapping has moved around the building, up the driveway from the parking area, along the narrow Center Street side and down the long side on Elm Street. It is right under my study window now. It comes at intervals of about three minutes except at the doors, where it seems to stop and wait.

My watch reads 11:14. I'm going out because I don't believe in this sort of thing. However, I will go by the fire escape door, which is on the opposite side of the building from the sound of the — well, the hammer. I will leave this on my desk.
The Past: Teaching And Preaching

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G.M. Young once described diplomatic history as "what one clerk said to another clerk." The man on the street and scholars of other disciplines are frequently inclined to concur with Young's quip and even extend it to the field of history generally. More often than not, students emerge from history courses with a feeling of unadulterated relief at an ordeal survived; the layman will close the covers of a historical monograph and agree with Henry Ford that what he has been reading is a "lot of bunk." Surprisingly enough, many practitioners of the craft tend to confirm this dismal analysis. From time to time committees of the American Historical Association make studies of the state of American historiography and conclude that historians do not write very well, that what they write is not too eagerly read by the general public, and that something ought to be done about the situation. Thus, a recent American Historical Association report on "History and the Humanities" concludes that history has been "too little honored" as a profession and that its potentials for enriching human life "are consistently underestimated."

Perhaps in reaction to the kind of feelings described above and in response to the dynamic, revolutionary, ideologically tortured world in which we live, a substantial number of prominent historians are endeavoring to make history relevant and purposeful to the people of their own day and age. Frederick Merk, one of the profession's most distinguished members, prefaces his study of Manifest Destiny and Mission in American History with Santayana's dictum that "those who cannot remember the past are condemned to repeat it." When one puts aside Merk's masterful analysis, he knows that one of the writer's purposes is to convince the reader that the American mission has been and still is to be "the beacon lighting the way to political and individual freedoms." Even Crane Brinton, one of the most hardened skeptics of the profession, believes that history can teach and that the historian should accept the role of "counselor." In his presidential address before the American Historical Association in December 1963, Brinton argues that the notion that one cannot learn from the past is "surely nonsense in any partially rational world." He asserts, in a vein somewhat reminiscent of Santayana's dictum, that if modern man cannot learn from Clio's house, he may not learn at all.

Brinton's current notions about the didactic potentialities of history will give many contemporary academicians acute indigestion. Historians have long been wedded to a skeptical, formalistic view of their craft in which the gods are objectivity, wie es eigentlich gewesen presentation, and emotionally detached impartiality. The dominant trend among scholars has been, and indeed may still be, to adhere to the position that if history teaches us anything, it is usually the wrong thing; that history never repeats itself, only historians do. Nevertheless, Brinton's current pronouncement is symbolic of the present-focused, didactic emphasis which is noticeable in the writings of several contemporary scholars.

One can readily point to further examples of historians who are anxious about current problems and who believe that history can contribute to a more meaningful comprehension of the dilemmas of our time. In The Age of Reinterpretation, C. Vann Woodward, historian of the American South, observes that we are living in a nuclear age when a single bomb harbors more explosive fury than mankind has been able to inflict upon itself from the siege of Troy to the flaming ruin of Hitler's Third Reich. Woodward goes on to note that one would be "singularly deficient in historical imagination" if this reality did not effect the questions which one asks of the past. His conclusion, that the "present generation of historians has a special obligation," is in line with the professional concern of the other scholars whose views are under consideration. In his study of The Growth of American Foreign Policy, Richard W. Leopold, a prominent authority in the area of diplomatic history, subordinates the early period of American history and gives considerable attention to the "whys" and lessons of the recent past. His genuine concern for the problems facing the citizen of the 1960's, his solicitude for making scholarship relevant to the perplexities of the present, and his belief that history can provide a perspective with which one can better understand his own time, further illustrates the historiographical tendencies under consideration. The intellectual Zeitgeist of current historiography has some even greater surprises than the didactic trend in store for the interested observer. It is particularly important for the Christian to note that a few scholars, most of them figures of prominence, have begun to call for moral value judgments on the part of the historian. The ethical relativism of the historical profession has been with us for a long time; the fact that outstanding scholars are questioning its validity and meaningfulness is of great potential significance. John Higham, professor at the University of Michigan, enunciated his belief that scholarship is threatened by a moral vacuum in a recent article titled "Beyond Consensus: The Historian as Moral Critic." Although Higham's summons to arms is
decidedly obscured by an element of ambiguity, he is arguing against aimless relativism and for germane qualitative judgments based on the humanitarian value system of Western Civilization. He enjoins the scholar to criticize his subject on the grounds of its "intrinsic value as a gesture of the human spirit." 6 Samuel F. Bemis, one of our most distinguished living scholars and a specialist in the history of foreign policy, argues in a similar vein. In his December 1961 presidential address before the American Historical Association, "American Foreign Policy and the Blessings of Liberty," the clarion call is clear. Bemis urges the historian to put aside the foreign policy specialist in the history of foreign policy, argues in a similar vein. In his December 1961 presidential address before the American Historical Association, "American Foreign Policy and the Blessings of Liberty," the clarion call is clear. Bemis urges the historian to put aside the national neurosis of overindulgence in self-criticism and to take a firm stand for America's ideals and virtues. He believes that history is useful, that it fortifies judgment in dealing with present problems, and that it helps us to measure our hopes for the emerging future. He wants American scholars to take unequivocal stands for American values and ideals. 7

The most significant illustration of the tendency on the part of some contemporary authorities to view history as a moral enterprise is to be found in Page Smith's The Historian and History. Smith, who has written a prize-winning two volume biography of John Adams, believes that history molds character by providing man with models and examples. He criticizes the scholar's "whoring after objectivity" as being an escapist attempt to stand outside the historical process and make God-like pronouncements — the "vanity of all vanities." After contending that "history is not a scientific enterprise but a moral one," Smith enjoins scholars to make understanding and compassionate judgments on individuals and their actions, for the historian "is existentially involved in history, or he is nothing." 8

What we are witnessing, then, is nothing short of a potential intellectual revolution — an upheaval that could be of fundamental importance. Historians of no mean reputation are concerned about the status of their craft. Not only do they want people to read what they write, but they also want to write things that will affect the lives of individuals. The scholars that have been discussed are didactically orientated, and a few of them are calling for nothing less than historical moralizing. This constitutes both a challenge and an opportunity.

The problems and potentialities which are inherent in the historiographical trends under consideration have a particular relevance for the Christian scholar and educator. The golden age of free security from military and ideological catastrophe is moribund for Americans: they are concerned about the survival of their society and the ideals which it represents. What better opportunity could there be for the Christian historian to take a stand? Christian values form the moral and spiritual undergirding of Western Civilization. The Christian has a set of ethics rooted in the Scriptures and the fabric of Western society. Who is more admirably equipped to attempt the difficult and admittedly dangerous task of interpreting the past from an explicitly ethically-orientated frame of reference than the Christian historian? Indeed, what more exalted interpretive perspective is possible for the scholar than the ideals and principles of Christianity?

Can the past teach or preach? The problem of providing judicious answers to these questions constitutes both a challenge and an opportunity! Prominent authorities have taken tentative steps in the direction of formulating an approach for meaningful value-orientated analyses. The public should read their books and articles, appraise what they have done, and call for more and better efforts. The interested individual should recognize the current trends in historiography and aid in the formulation of a viable Christian approach to the serious process of enquiry into man's past which we call history.

NOTES

4 C. Vann Woodward, The Age of Reinterpretation (Washington, D.C., 1961), p. 20. This is an American Historical Association Service Center for Teachers pamphlet.

Can the idea of the university as a center of learning and free intellect survive in the age of bureaucratic structure, the age of the "multiversity?"... At a time when young people spend more and more of their lives in universities, is there not a need for new definitions and their rights, freedoms and responsibilities as students?... Will the rebellious students be able to provide a new social energy for this country, will they come to be a new source of ideas and commitment for a revitalized democratic radicalism?

Nathaniel Hawthorne, descendant of a long line of Puritans, understood the place of sin and guilt in the human personality. They were not to be explained away by any of the genial philosophies popular in his day (and ours), for he was conscious of them, insistently present in every life. And some of his most important pieces of writing — both novels and tales — take up the effect they have on individual lives. For he was almost clinically interested in the reactions of men and women to evil, and in their ways of dealing with guilt, whether by expiation, absolution, or camouflage.

The Scarlet Letter is a masterly description of the psychology of guilt, an anatomy of human evil. By virtue of his exquisite art, Hawthorne made it an enriching revelation of both the corruption of sin and the power inherent in mankind to triumph over it.

Of the three central figures in the drama, that of Chillingworth makes for our most fascinated interest, even while it repels us. Henry James describes him as a "livid and sinister figure," and it is as such that he lives for us, deformed as he is in body and twisted in mind. We watch him make his way through the story with his enigmatical smile and his smooth words, and we share the author’s revulsion.

At the first mention of him there is a faint foreboding of disgust. It occurs when Hester Prynne, undergoing punishment for her adultery, stands on the scaffold before the assembled townspeople holding her child, the "A" flaming on her breast. The events of her life pass before her mind’s eye during those terrible hours. And among her memories are those of an elderly, misshapen man, "a pale, thin, scholar-like visage, with eyes dim and bleared by lamplight." She remembers that “those same bleared optics had a strange penetrating power, when it was their owner’s purpose to read the human soul.” We draw back in distaste, wondering what connection such a personality can possibly have with the tall, handsome young woman who is being ceremonially defamed.

Very shortly we found out the great significance of the description, and we follow that deformed scholar through the whole story, watching with absorbed interest as he makes those words live. Indeed, while the woman is still standing on the platform, she sees him suddenly appear from the wilderness, and as he stands looking, “a writhing horror” goes twisting over his features, “like a snake gliding swiftly over them.” Thus the ultimate agony comes to Hester, for this is her elderly husband, arrived in time to witness her open disgrace. Many months before he had sent her to Massachusetts Bay Colony, planning to follow when he had completed his business.

There had been a long delay for him, and in the meantime Hester had found love and its consummation.

His first move, after the recognition, is to establish his residence in the colony and to assume a false name, pledging Hester to secrecy. His method of so pledging her is to threaten the life and reputation of her lover if she does not remain silent about her husband. He does not yet know the lover’s identity, but he will. And when he does, he shall avenge his wrong: “I shall seek this man as I have sought truth in books; as I have sought gold in alchemy. There is a sympathy that will make me conscious of him... Sooner or later, he must needs be mine!”

So he takes up his search, soon discovers Arthur Dimmesdale, and sets about possessing him. The pale young clergyman with the voice and mien of an angel is accompanied more and more by the stooping, bearded Chillingworth, who is known to be a physician. It is obvious to all that Dimmesdale is sick, and so the two lodge in the same house, that the doctor may be near his patient. From the first the old man watches, watches, watches, for almost at once he fixes on the minister as the man he is seeking, and he wants proof. There are long walks together, long conversations, with Chillingworth probing, probing: “...a sickness, a sore place, if we may so call it, in your spirit, hath immediately its appropriate manifestation in your bodily frame. Would you, therefore, that your physician heal the bodily evil? How may this be, unless you first lay open to him the wound or trouble in your soul?”

The proof comes in a strange way, a manner that would be entirely out of place in a rigidly realistic novel, but which is perfectly in keeping with Hawthorne’s romance. Coming into the clergyman’s study, Chillingworth discovers Dimmesdale sound asleep in his chair, and, advancing stealthily, opens the ministerial robe and finds some sign on the flesh, a sign that sends the elderly scholar into a paroxysm of delight. The guilt has been revealed, and from that moment on, the young man is in the power of the old. At this time we are not told just what the sign is, but we know it is unmistakable, and we know that Chillingworth does not doubt its message.

From now on he carries out his revenge in ways described only in hints, but in such appalling hints that we shiver at the mere mention of them. He becomes, we are told, “not a spectator only, but a chief actor, in the poor minister’s interior world.” This is an avenger cruel and subtle beyond belief, and Arthur Dimmesdale walks in continual suffering without realizing just who is responsible for it. He despises the elderly physician — from his beard to his most casual acts — and does not know why, only strives to root out his odium, thinking that his own
wretched secret is the sole cause of his misery. Day by day he grows physically weaker; day by day he comes closer to mental unbalance.

Dimmesdale is not an admirable figure, and it is decidedly unpleasant to see him going about the town beloved, adored, while Hester is despised, ostracized. His very pallor is despisable, and the way his hand flutters to his heart whenever he is stirred. In agony over his deception, he loathes himself for letting the woman he loves bear all the shame of their mutual guilt. Yet he lacks the manhood to come forward and confess. He has many excellencies of character, but they are all cancelled out by the fact that he is the weakest sort of moral coward. "Poor, miserable man!" says Hawthorne, and we feel a real pity in his words. "What right had infirmity like his to burden itself with crime?"

All the while Hester goes calmly about the business of living, alone, except for her child. Her skill at needlework earns food and shelter for the two of them, and in addition she often gives of her services in the nursing of the sick. She is the same passionate Hester who had earlier given herself to young, forbidden love, but she learns to discipline herself, to temper her whole being to a fine hardness. She achieves strength and serenity.

But she never ceases to love. When she can no longer bear the sight of Dimmesdale's suffering, she seeks out her former husband to plead that he show mercy, telling her former husband to plead that he show mercy, telling her he has suffered. And all, all, in the sight of his worst enemy! He has been conscious of me. He has felt an influence dwelling always upon him like a curse. He knew, by some spiritual sense, — for the Creator never made another being so sensitive as this, — he knew that no friendly hand was pulling at his heartstrings, and that an eye was looking curiously into him, which sought only evil, and found it. But he knew not that the eye and hand were mine! With the superstition common to his brotherhood, he fancied himself given over to a fiend, to be tortured with frightful dreams, and desperate thoughts, the sting of remorse, and despair of pardon; as a foretaste of what awaits him beyond the grave. But it was the constant shadow of my presence! — the closest propinquity of the man whom he had most vilely wronged! — and who had grown to exist only by this perpetual poison of the direst revenge! Yea, indeed! he did not err! — there was a fiend at his elbow! A mortal man, with once a human heart, has become a fiend for his especial torment!"

It is worthwhile quoting this speech in its entirety, for it is a key-passage in the study of Roger Chillingworth. The wronged husband has been transformed into a devil to prey upon the man who has sinned against him. When Hester begs that he purge himself of his hate, and for his own sake forgive, the old man tells her sternly that it is not in his power to do so. Everything is fated to go on as it is now, the suffering, the hideous twisting of personality.

He is a master-creation, this small, deformed figure, armed with hate, erudite and vindictive. He is fully worthy to stand as a symbol of Evil. But it is interesting to note that most of his savage effectiveness derives from his human vulnerability. For Roger Chillingworth is more than a monstrous villain; he is also a pitiable victim of life, as much a victim as Hester is, or Dimmesdale. Without being sentimental we can feel profound pity when we turn back to his first conversation with Hester.

Up to the time he had married her, he says, "I had lived in vain. The world had been so cheerless!" And there is real pathos as he tells of his heart-hunger: "It seemed not so wild a dream, — old as I was, and sombre as I was, and misshapen as I was, — that the simple bliss, which is scattered far and wide, for all mankind to gather up, might yet be mine. And so, Hester, I drew thee into my heart, into its innermost chamber and sought to warm thee by the warmth which thy presence made there!" This is no fiend speaking; this is a tired old man whose life has been full of much that did not satisfy, and who, in trying to find happiness, achieved only searing disappointment. In the beginning, we are told, he had been pure in heart and of a kindly temperament; the overthrow of his dreams — Hester's incredible betrayal of his trust and love — is like a corrosive. Classically, Satan is a fallen angel, and Roger Chillingworth, a devil now, has once been something quite different.

And so, become a fiend, Roger Chillingworth lives for revenge, feeding on his desire, and he seems to achieve it. The pale young clergyman is shaken, though his suffering is not apparent to most save that he is a blank, dull countenance, out of which the life seemed to have departed. The pale young clergyman is shaken, though his suffering is not apparent to most save that he is "haggard and feeble," with a "nerveless despondency in his air." Death is all that is left for him, and even death is "too definite an object to be wished for, or avoided," the end for him can only be insanity. The good-man-turned-devil has done this; he has gained his revenge.

But it is, after all, not final, for he is defeated. Hester and Dimmesdale have certainly sinned and just as certainly they have paid dearly for their sin, each in solitary anguish. But in the end they are too much for the elderly husband. They triumph: Hester's strength and the young minister's confession and death on the scaffold take away the other's victory.

"Old Roger Chillingworth knelt down beside him with a blank, dull countenance, out of which the life seemed to have departed."

"Thou has escaped me!" he said. "Thou has escaped me!"

With this scene before us we may see The Scarlet Letter as the story of the failure of evil, the overthrow of Satan, the possibility of man's spirit rising purified by the suffering of the conflict. Milton's Adam, after the Fall, being shown the future of mankind, ransomed by Christ, exclaims.

The Cresset
Oh goodness infinite, goodness immense!
That all this good of evil shall produce,
And evil turn to good; more wonderful
Than that which by creation first brought forth
Light out of darkness!
And Dimmesdale, in his death agony, cries out that God is merciful: "He hath proved his mercy, most of all, in my afflictions . . . By sending yonder dark and terrible old man, to keep the torture always at red-heat!"
But here is another pitiful story of Roger Chillingworth, the "dark and terrible," who, blighted by pain, corroded by hate, becomes the instrument of Divine Mercy. In the end he is only a broken old man, left with the ruin of his revenge, as he had been left earlier with the ruin of his love. He is the villain of the drama, but he is the victim, too.

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To A Portrait Of A Chinese Emperor

Although we never really met,
Alone, we two sit tête à tête.
No living eyes, have seen a guise
That might have proved you otherwise
Than generous and sage and great.
In your Chinese robes of state,
Your dignity is well conserved,
And too, a staid serenity.
None know you vain or harsh or false,
Or guilty of obscenity.

Captured in your noblest mood,
All who view you deem you good.
Fifteen centuries have seen
Nought but merit in your mien.

Were I portrayed within the moment
When on my face no vices foment,
I too, might win proud reputation;
But only up against the wall,
Where I am not myself at all —
Merely decoration.

—Isabelle S. Gilbert
"Lord, I believe; help Thou mine unbelief." Mark 9:24

Scripture condemns the doubts which seek to set aside God and His commandments. There is, however, another process of learning to believe. It ranges all the way from intellectual inquiry to the depths of despair whereby the repentant soul finds the road back to God!

A great faith is occasionally hammered out on this anvil of temporary unbelief. As Tennyson phrased it, "There lives more faith in honest doubt, believe me, than in half the creeds." Such a doubter in the Old Testament was Gideon. Instructed by the angel, he questioned whether Jehovah really was with the Israelites. Still, Gideon did face thousands of well-equipped troops with a mere 300 men armed only with pitchers, lamps, trumpets — and faith born of honest doubt. The Lord was in control of also this situation in spite of (or because of) Gideon's doubts and subsequent doubting of his own doubts!

Another example of living faith comes into focus through the request of the sick lad's father to Christ, the Great Physician who alone can heal also these doubts: "Lord, I believe; help Thou my unbelief." Instead of praying that I shall experience no doubt, only certainty, I should rather petition for a strengthened belief that can well be tested in the crucible of witnessing for Christ. This road, so different from blind faith, is not smooth; but then, neither was the road to Calvary!

"Lord, give us such a faith as this; and then whatever may come,
We'll taste even now the hallowed bliss of an eternal home."

Thus arises the question: Do YOU really believe in Easter? Oh, I am not talking about the sentiment — about the music and the memories and the mute witness of the lilies. I am talking about the shattering question, "If a man die, shall he live again?" and about the Easter answer to the question, "Because I live, you also shall live!" Of course, we believe as long as death seems far away. Death has little reality for us while we are young or in good health or both.

But for a great many of us who might not be unduly concerned at firsthand, death has a terrifying secondhand reality. Right now someone may be approaching the valley of death's shadow — someone whose life means everything to us. Or else death may have struck very recently and very near, robbing us of an accustomed presence and causing a wound which is just beginning to scar.

Yes, it is hard to believe, e.g., in Easter. The nearer our fear or our loss, the harder it is, and the more inclined we may be to sympathize with Thomas the Doubter.

At first glance, Thomas does not seem to be cutting a very good figure. The synoptic Gospels merely list his name among the Twelve. The Gospel of John is more explicit but hardly flattering. Thomas is first shown at a conference of the apostles in the province of Perea where they have taken refuge after the first threat of hostility from the authorities in Jerusalem. Suddenly a messenger comes to tell Jesus that his friend, Lazarus of Bethany, the brother of Martha and Mary, is dying. Jesus is ready to go at once, but the apostles restrain Him. "Master," they plead, "the people were but now seeking to stone you, and are you going there again?" But when they cannot persuade him, they yield to his self-confidence. Only Thomas takes the dark view. "Let us also go," he says, "that we may die with him."

The second time Thomas says something for the record is at the Last Supper. Having long accepted the worst, he appears grieved — and peevish — at the Master's attempt to comfort him. Jesus is talking about His Father's house with many rooms where He is going to prepare a place for His friends. Assuming that the apostles understand, He says, "You know where I am going and you know the way." But Thomas interrupts, "Lord, we do not know where you are going; how can we know the way?" The poetry of Jesus seems wasted on Thomas. He wants prose — plain, literal prose.

Thus far Thomas has revealed himself as a forerunner of our contemporary existentialists — looking for the worst, finding it, and then facing it. But in the Easter scene his desperate courage becomes sheer despair, just one step removed from blasphemy. Having missed the evidence which Jesus had given the others, and rejecting it as not only unlikely but impossible, Thomas cries out, "Unless I see in His hands the print of the nails, and place my finger in the mark of the nails, and place my hand in His side, I will not believe!" There he is at the bottom of the slough of despond, doubting everything except his own doubts: a man who has died with Jesus but will not rise with Him.

Can we excuse such conduct by an apostle? Perhaps our first task is not to excuse but to understand. I have a theory — farfetched, but not lacking in plausibility. Thomas was called Didymus, the Twin. In fact, the name "Thomas" is a transliteration of the Aramaic word for "twin." What happened to the other twin? There is no clue in the Gospels; but let us suppose Thomas had a
twin brother who died in the full flower of youth just before Thomas met Jesus. Suppose that this twin brother had been literally half of Thomas' own life — a friend and companion whose death left Thomas in that tragic state which all of us have to experience sooner or later. He was alive, but had no further interest in life. He went about his business; but his mind was not on it nor his heart in it. Then, into his emptiness came Jesus of Nazareth!

Imperceptibly, almost in spite of himself, Thomas transferred his love to Jesus. The Master whom all His friends came to know as "a friend who sticks closer than a brother" became for Thomas a twin brother — the one whom no one would dare take away from him. It may not be accidental that we have so few authentic, recorded words of Thomas. He probably had little to say. He was content to follow Jesus around, worshiping Him with all his buried and risen love, ready to defend Him against anyone or anything — chiefly against death.

But Thomas was a realist. Having experienced the power of death, he was not able to forget it. He knew that here on earth death always wins in the end. He was agonizingly aware of the Master's mortality, but quite deaf to the music of His promises. Thus, when the others were ready to take Jesus at His word with the relative unconcern of people who had never clashed with death head-on and been left bleeding and bruised, Thomas showed a more perceptive, more heroic courage: "Let us go," he said, "that we may die with him." He was ready to die with Jesus because he would not live without Him. Having half-died in the death of his brother, he did not wish to outlive Him who had more than taken his brother's place.

But Jesus kept turning the knife in the old wound. He insisted on repeating the promise which Thomas knew no mortal man could fulfill. In fact, it seemed unkind even to make such promises in the hearing of one who so well knew, the awful finality of death. "Lord," he burst out at the Last Supper, "we do not know where you are going; how can we know the way?" But what he meant to say was, "Lord, I know where you are going. Like my brother, you are going to your death, and I want to go with you. So please, do what you must; but stop consoling us when you know that there is no consolation."

I am certain that the apostles were provoked with Thomas. They resented his throwing cold water on their confidence in Jesus, or rather on the "all will be well" attitude into which their dependent, immature faith so easily degenerated. They regarded Thomas' question at the Last Supper as uninspired and ill-timed. They were not particularly surprised when Thomas did not join them after the crucifixion. They could not blame him for having deserted Jesus. That they all had done. The fear of death — so abstract and unreal when all is well — comes into its own when there is a real threat to life, marshalling an army of instincts at the service of survival. The apostles had all deserted. Ironically, Judas was the only one who had the courage — and the required self-loathing — to follow Jesus into death. As for Thomas, he might be somewhere contemplating the same tragic course. He had never been a gracious companion to the others. It was not surprising that he did not seek their company now.

Then Jesus appeared to the apostles — only a few hours after His first appearance to Mary Magdalene. Ten were present to witness the impossible. Ten testified to the miracle of Christ's victory over sin and death. Did they go out looking for Thomas to tell him the news; or did they wait until, led by some instinct, by some stubborn hope lodged deep below the level of consciousness, he groped his way back into that upper room to find there a circle of light and a chorus of praise? We do not know. All we know is that with his accustomed honesty, courage, and agonizing despair, he rejected their witness. His cruel words must have hurt himself more than they hurt the others. For them they were only blasphemy. For Thomas they were a creed — the creed not of a skeptic but of a mortal man trapped in his mortality — the creed of a twice-dead man whose only hope was that death would soon try for the third time and bring him at last the end of grief and the release of oblivion. This is all anyone might hope for before that first Easter Day!

Thomas was only more forthright in his recognition of the facts of death — more uncompromising with wishful thinking — more proudly wedded to his own integrity in the face of death. The other ten had the easy part now. They had seen the dawn which Thomas had not seen. It behooved them ill to be impatient with him.

But Jesus was not impatient. He had not forgotten that Thomas was the only one who wanted to go with Him to the side of Lazarus, not because he thought that all would be well, but indeed because he knew that nothing would be well. Nor had Jesus rebuffed Thomas for questioning Him about His destiny. Instead, He had responded with one of the greatest summaries of the principle of our Christian faith: "I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life." No, Jesus never lost patience with Thomas — simply because He valued honest doubt more than He valued blind belief. For belief can be blind. Gullibility, superstition, and prejudice are all close kin of belief. The lazy acceptance of out-worn theories uneervingly enthroned as dogmas has lent respectability to man's inhumanity to man, has retarded the progress of human betterment, and has kept the spirit of man in a prolonged, unlovely infancy. But God grants to every generation men and women who will not believe just because it is the thing to do, but who will question and probe and search, not because they lack faith but because they seek a bigger faith in a bigger God.

Thomas would not believe on anyone's say-so (even Christ's) but he was capable of faith. For faith is personal trust with unflinching honesty and with courage to accept not only the best but the worst. Thomas did not really want to test the risen Christ crudely and literally. He wanted to believe in the Resurrection more than anyone, but he wanted Jesus to welcome investigation.
There is hardly anything more foolish and self-defeating than to try to protect Jesus—or the writings in which He is presented to us—from the scrutiny of sincere seekers or even from the irreverent sleuthing of scoffers. Sincere seekers will always find more than they have come for. Scoffers will often stay to pray. Only the uncritical, anxiously protective and egotistically possessive "believers" stand to lose anything at all. They stand to lose their little dogmas and puny self-respect, while the Lord shows Thomas His wounded hands, and Thomas sinks on his knees whispering, "My Lord and my God!"

Thus Thomas the Doubter became Thomas the Apostle, not in spite of his doubts but thanks to his doubts. Far from rejecting him, Jesus granted him the extraordinary honor of a special appearance. He knew how badly the world needed Thomas. He knew that only a converted skeptic can convert skeptics. The mind of the masses is always for sale to the highest bidder; but the mind of a man who insists on being an individual in all the awful loneliness of individuality, is not for sale at all. But this is the man Jesus wants the most: the scholar and scientist who will pursue truth wherever it may lead: the citizen of the world who accepts all his fellow citizens as persons rather than as bearers of convenient labels; the humanist whose curiosity and compassion encompass everything human but who hungers and thirsts for meaning beyond this brittle life so precariously set between a shrill, small cry and a deep, gasping sigh.

Have you lost a twin — someone in whose death half of you seems dead? Are you afraid of the "lonesome valley" for someone you love, or perhaps for yourself? Are you unable or unwilling to be comforted by springtime, romantic immortality, and the expensive trickery of the undertaker's art and craft? Then take Thomas. Take the doubter who went all the way, and rest your faith in his faith. Take that kneeling figure surrounded by the radiance of the Risen Lord. Say with him, "My Lord and my God!" Then hear with him the tender, final beatitude uttered by our Lord: "Blessed are those who have not seen and yet believe."

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**On Second Thought**

One of the shibboleths of our day is inerrant verbal inspiration. Those who uphold the concept regard it as a *sine qua non* of faith: if we have not an inerrant Bible no one of us can be sure of the truth in what he believes. We must have an authoritative source, or the foundation of faith is shaky.

Apart from all other considerations of the validity of the argument, there are two epistemological fallacies in it. First, the statement that the Bible is inerrant is itself an article of faith, since it cannot be logically proven. The fact that it has not been substantially disproven is irrelevant. That demonstrates the quality of our faith rather than the quality of the Bible. Even though all men everywhere were to believe with full conviction that the Bible is inerrant, its authority would not be increased. It would remain a source of faith only through faith, given by God.

Second, the inerrancy of the Bible as an objective truth is not available, for no man can know the objective Bible.

If I were to fix the meaning of the Bible for my grandsons and say this is the inerrant truth, I would be forcing them to believe me and not my God as He speaks to them. They must be permitted to say I have erred on the basis of their study of the text, or I have denied the inspiration of the Bible. If I accept what he has said as authority I do not believe that God has spoken through my Bible.

If the best my grandfather knew is open to error, if the best that I can say is certainly to be questioned for error, then what does the doctrine of "errorless" mean? It certainly does not mean that in the Bible we have found an errorless truth. It is useless for us to argue whether the doctrine is true or false. It is an impracticable doctrine, it cannot be used. As a conclusion of faith it may be a strength, as a dogma of teaching it is open to almost blasphemous abuse. And those who speak most strongly for an "errorless" Bible are probably most near the abuse.
Is there a composer to whom I should devote special attention during the month of October? I do not have to search long, for on October 25, 1838, Georges Bizet, a great master, was born in Paris. June 3, 1965, marked the ninetyeth anniversary of his untimely passing. He was only 37 years old when he died.

I know well enough that some of my friends and many of my enemies will exorcize me for speaking of Bizet as a great master. Let them have their say! Let them consign me to the outer darkness of crass ignorance for praising the man who gave Carmen to the world! I am sticking to my guns.

Those who fill good paper and long-suffering ears with the modernistic balderdash that passes for music these days will exclaim, "Carmen is trite! Let it die and be buried! This opera is not in tune with the times in which we live!"

Fiddlesticks! If I were a composer, I would like to be able to write a work as wonderful in every way as Carmen. Then I would be assured of immortality in the world of music.

Instead of using the word "balderdash" a moment ago, I almost borrowed an expression from James Gibbons Huneker and spoke of today's tripe as "psychical dandruff."

I am a Bachite, a Handelite, a Mozartite, a Beethovenite, a Brahmsite, a Wagnerite, a Debussyite, a Bartokite, a Straussite, a Ravelite, and an -ite of numerous other kinds. Why, then, should I not be a Bizetite?

I have heard and reviewed many performances of Carmen. Some of them have been magnificent. Some have been good. Some have been decidedly mediocre. Some have been infested with vermin. But even a verminous presentation of this opera cannot divest it of its lasting beauty.

Carmen has been called a perfect opera. I agree heart and soul.

Why do I like Carmen? To me the story on which it is based has long since grown stale. But even though the tale is thin soup by this time, the music is perennially fresh and exhilarating. I say this in spite of the fact that the exciting Habanera is not a product of Bizet's own pen. He appropriated this melody from another composer, and he had every right to do so. What of it?

Composers who shed their psychical dandruff all over the tonal landscape of today should stick their noses into the score of Carmen and wash their heads with the music it contains. If they are not hopeless addicts of flabby, colorless, undistinguished, lean, vapid, and tendentious-

ly avant-garde writing, they could learn a profitable lesson or two from this music. If they are not caught without hope of rescue in the vast whirlpool of the mediocrity that is almost universal these days, they could. I am sure, profit from sharp, reverent, and protracted attention to Carmen.

Some of those who write about music today have acquired the habit of overworking the word "chestnut." Carmen is often called a "chestnut." But so are Beethoven's symphonies, Rimsky-Korsakoff's Scheherazade, Handel's Messiah, Wagner's music dramas, the operas of Verdi, the symphonies of Tchaikovsky, and numerous other classics. Although these works and many like them may be "sure-fire chestnuts" to the ears of some of those who call themselves music critics, I believe that the frequent use of this term is an affectation pure and simple. More often than not it serves as a blanket to cover a deplorable lack of vision. After all, thousands of those who attend concerts and listen to recordings long to hear such compositions again and again. Furthermore, just as many thousands make their first acquaintance with these works when they go to concerts and hear recordings. Must one deny them this right and privilege merely because critics with a burning desire to be ultrasophisticated have an inordinate fondness for the word "chestnut"? One of these days I shall begin to froth at the mouth at the mere mention of this hackneyed term. In fact, I almost boil over when I put the pestiferous word on paper.

Although Bizet admired Wagner and undoubtedly learned much from the German master, it would be ridiculous to call Carmen essentially Wagnerian in character. Although some scholars have charged that this opera is not intrinsically Spanish in character, one should not forget that, as the late Hugo Leichtentritt put it, "in art the authenticity of material is less important than the power of suggesting it to the listener's imagination," and that "this power Bizet possessed to a very high degree."

One can and should call Bizet a great master on the strength of Carmen alone. He composed other operas, to be sure; but they fall far short of the undeniable greatness exemplified in Carmen.

Thirty-one presentations of Carmen had taken place when Bizet passed away. Some biographers have contended that the work had been a failure and that deep-felt chagrin brought on the composer's untimely death. But this is undoubtedly wrong, for Carmen had not been what one would refer to today as a "turkey." It is more likely that absinthe hurled Bizet into his grave.
"One must remember that a painting before being a cavalry horse, a nude woman, or any sort of anecdote is essentially a plane surface covered with colors arranged in a certain design." Maurice Denis, 1895.

"Copy nature stupidly." This was the instruction given students of the French Academy of Art at the turn of the century and against which most of the leading twentieth century artists rebelled. Henri Matisse (1869-1954) was one of those artists.

At first Matisse’s work was so good in the academic style that in 1896 he was elected to the Societe Nationale, a somewhat liberal academic group of which Rodin was also a member. However, around 1898, while in his late twenties, Matisse became acquainted with impressionist and post-impressionist art; and by 1906 when he was thirty-seven he had become the leader of the "Fauves," the most revolutionary movement in painting all the time.

The “Fauves” emphasized intensity of formal qualities—lines, colors, composition—at the expense of subject matter. This emphasis was often discussed by Matisse: "What I am after, above all, does not consist of the passion mirrored upon a human face or betrayed by a violent gesture. The whole arrangement of my picture is expressive...Simple colors can act upon the inner feelings with all the more force because they are simple. A blue, for instance, accompanied by the shimmer of its complementaries acts upon the feelings like a sharp blow on a gong...I see this torso as a single unit first...No lines can go wild; every line must have its function...Anything that is not useful in a composition is detrimental...I paint to translate my emotions, my feelings, and the reactions of my sensibility into color and design. This is done with the most elementary means so that purity and brilliance will not be diminished."

Matisse’s approach can be seen in the works here reproduced. To draw the swan, he rowed close to a group of them. While he was drawing, one of the swans attacked him and he had to fend it off with an oar. Matisse made an extremely detailed, shaded drawing of the attacking swan. Then through tracings and many revisions, he gradually simplified it to the single line etching seen here. Surprisingly, the resulting etching has a fresh, uncorrected look. Yet each line seems counted and savorcd; the flat, overall pattern is securely calculated and refined. Although the anatomy is incorrect, the lines and pattern express the swan’s clean vigor and weightlessness with maximum impact.

As one can see, Matisse had a deep feeling for the objects he depicted. In fact, he never abandoned subject matter for total abstraction and often had clarifying things to say about the problems of representation. "The simplest means are those which enable an artist to express himself best...Even when he consciously departs from nature, he must do it with the conviction that it is only the better to interpret her...In the leaves of a tree, the great difference of form that exists among them does not keep them from being united by a common quality..."

Thus there is an inherent truth which must be disengaged from the outward appearance of the object to be represented...Exactitude is not truth."

This conscious use of abstract formal qualities to express essentials of subject matter can be used to good effect in the Church. In 1951 Matisse designed the Rosary Chapel. The high nave interior—fifty feet long, twenty feet wide, and sixteen feet, nine inches high—is all white. The seven stained glass windows—having plant or leaf forms derivative of the tree of life—send a soft play of blue and green light throughout this interior, and is accented only by the three black line murals, one of which is the fifteen foot high St. Dominic seen here. The overall effect is pure, serene, and joyful.

Matisse’s art is one of economy of means coupled with utmost intensity for pleasurable expressions: an art which, at the very least, can remind us of the inherent power of the visual language. This reminder is important because, to better experience modern art, one must come to terms with the tact that shapes, lines, textures, colors, and their interaction can carry a powerful impact, independent of the subject they may serve to represent. Matisse said, "A work of art must carry in itself its complete significance and impose it upon the beholder even before he can identify the subject matter." In other words, the core of meaning in a work of art lies largely in its visual structure. This structure is the essence of the language of vision.
SWAN-POESIES by Stephane Mallarme, etching, 1932. Courtesy of the Art Institute of Chicago.
Even for those who do not subscribe to the notion that the theatre is the better of the two possibly best worlds of unreality in which we now seem to live, the Drottningholm Court Theatre is a fascinating place to visit. The royal house of Sweden not only gives its country and welfare government the necessary figure-heads to represent them; one of the recent princes has achieved fame as a painter, and the new town hall, an impressive building, indeed, shows signs of his art. Today’s King of Sweden is one of the foremost archeologists of our time, and one of his early predecessors, Gustav III, crowned in 1771, was theatre-minded and, more than that, was an accomplished playwright and actor who once during a royal “festival” of two weeks’ duration played not only the leading parts in several comedies, but also five tragedy parts. On that occasion he had to memorize not less than 2,500 lines of Alexandrine verse. (Certainly, repertory theatre in the truest sense of the word!) But it wasn’t his memory that made King Gustav III memorable. At a time when French baroque theatre and literature were dominant in most countries of Europe, including Sweden, it was Gustav’s initiative and artistic genius that created almost single-handed a national (Swedish) theatre and laid the foundation for an indigenous literature. The Swedes proudly refer to the Golden Gustavian Age, a glittering epoch in which the Royal Academies of music, painting, sculpture, arts and sciences were founded as well as the Swedish Academy of Letters which nowadays is responsible for picking the annual Nobel prize-winners in literature.

Six years after his coronation King Gustav made the theatre in Drottningholm the center of his histrionic ideas of what good theatre — and good Swedish theatre is. All this has become history as much as King Gustav’s assassination during a masquerade which inspired Scribe to write a play about this incident and Auber and Verdi their operas. What is so fascinating about the Drottningholm Court Theatre is the fact that it is the only theatre of this period still intact and still being used. It is a baroque theatre par excellence. And each summer from May to September, eighteenth-century operas, ballets and plays are performed. Everything is authentic there, nothing has been changed — except for the yellow-tinted electric bulbs where once wax candles were found in the chandeliers and wall brackets. The auditorium with its 350 seats rises steeply in tiers and is brilliantly blended with the stage into a single architectural unit. The stage covers half the actual length of the entire theatre building, it is sixty-two feet deep, fifty-five feet high, and over eighty feet wide. It makes many of our Broadway stages appear as miniature editions of what they ought to be.

The simplicity and ingenuity with which all the technical problems were solved by the Italian theatre mechanic, Donato Stopani, who, almost two centuries ago, built the intricate wooden stage machinery, still in good working order today, is rightly admired by every modern theatre expert. Underneath the stage, a giant windlass operated by four men changes the entire scenery in the incredibly short time of ten seconds, while thirty feet up in the fly-gallery a bewildering forest of ropes, pulleys, cogs and rollers work with the efficiency of our technological age, lowering and hoisting tabs, curtains, sky borders and backdrops. The wings of the stage hide the theatre’s original store of more than thirty complete eighteenth-century stage sets. Painted by famous artists of the time, they are beautifully preserved, unique masterpieces of scenic art which at that time, as ours today, was a period of transition from baroque and rococo to the neo-classic and romantic styles of stage architecture. (Are we perhaps moving from the baroque stage of existentialist thinking and the rococo-esque flights into absurdity towards a modern neo-classic and twentieth century-romantic style? There are blue spots on the still-clouded sky.)

The audience at the Drottningholm Court Theatre is puzzled by the fact that the house lights are not dimmed when the curtain goes up and the performance begins. But thus was the custom in that fire-dangerous age of the eighteenth century. To add more authenticity to it, the members of the orchestra, the usherettes and program-sellers appear in eighteenth-century costumes and powdered wigs which are a part of the original stage wardrobe.

With impeccable taste and a great sense of history, each year’s programs are made up of baroque and rococo operas, ballets and plays. The spirit of Gluck, Mozart, Pergolesi, Purcell, Beaumarchais, Noverre — it is here more alive within the framework of their contemporary reality than anywhere else today. My readers may forgive me this excursion into the past and my badly concealed enthusiasm. After having read of our astronauts’ successful orbiting the world for eight days, it was a great relief to be able to escape for two hours into a past of powdered wigs and the world of an illusion built by an aristocratic elite that, at that time, danced with closed eyes, refusing to accept that the final curtain was to come down over their existence. I sat there with wide-open eyes gazing at the miracle that was their world of illusion.
The Christian Stance

The World Upside Down

By Paul G. Bretscher (Concordia, $2.50)

Chad Walsh thinks that in this book Professor Bretscher shows strong indications that he is joining the small and desperately needed company of Christian authors such as C.S. Lewis and J.B. Phillips which has found new words in which to express the everlasting Gospel. This is probably saying a bit more than the book warrants, but not too much more. Professor Bretscher has written a book of singular grace and power, a book which holds the reader and makes him reluctant to come to its end.

The book is a series of reflections on the Beatitudes— the Beatitudes as our Lord spoke them and as the world has re-phrased them. Its purpose is to show that the world has not merely mistaken our Lord's words but has quite literally written a set of Beatitudes which directly contradict His. The calling of the Christian, in such an upside down world, is to walk right side up in the grace which God supplies.

Professor Bretscher is the father of nine children and some of his most telling examples of the world upside down are drawn from the common, everyday things that happen in the home. A quarrel over who is entitled to use the bicycle illustrates the demand and need for justice which makes it so difficult for man to believe that the merciful are blessed. A struggle between two of his children for possession of the Rice Krispies illustrates what need for victory over another which is one of the consequences of our inability to believe that they are blessed who mourn.

A depth which one finds in Professor Bretscher's writing which is almost absent from Phillips' and which one does not always find in Lewis' is His Lutheran emphasis upon the full damnatoriness of the Law. He will not allow for a world which is slightly tilted or a bit askew. He sees the world and its people not merely as alienated from God but in active rebellion against Him. Therefore it must not be merely tapped back into position; it must be turned upside down.

At the same time, Professor Bretscher sees the world— even the fallen world— as God's creation, still marked by signs of its divine authorship. He does not fall into the heresy of asserting that the natural is evil. Evil resides not in nature but in the will of man. It is this will which has to be turned upside down as the beginning of that restoration of all things in Christ which is the promise of the Gospel.

Perhaps it is because Professor Bretscher takes the Law with full seriousness that he can find such remarkable joy and hope in the Gospel. For this is basically and above all else a book of joy and hope — written, in spite of its seriousness, with good humor and many a light touch. Only occasionally does a note of preachiness creep in, a weakness which can reasonably be allowed an author who, for most of his professional life, was a preacher.

On the basis of the Beatitudes, Professor Bretscher gives a chapter apiece to eight human needs as our Lord understood and ministered to them and as the world conceives of them and tries to satisfy them. These eight are dignity, joy, security, ambition, justice, wisdom, peace, and conformity. What he has to say about these needs will very likely strike the non-Christian reader as a lot of nonsense. The surprising thing is how often a Christian reader experiences a sharp twinge of conscience as he is reminded that he has been living and thinking and hoping and fretting in the upside down world while, all along, he thought that he was right side up. This is not, therefore, a book to be recommended to those who are comfortable and want to remain so. But it has much to say to anyone who is aware of a void at the center of his life.

JOHN STRIETELMEIER

Liturgical Renewal


Almost everyone is for relevance. Most of these same people, if they do not consider the very topic irrelevant, are for a relevant liturgy. Leslie Brown, Archbishop of Uganda, deals with this topic in the Zabriskie Lectures (at the Protestant Episcopal Seminary, Alexandria, Virginia) for 1964. This book has the strength and weakness of being printed lectures: there is a directness of address that makes for verve; there is a presupposed intimacy that one does not necessarily accept in a book.

By "liturgy" the author means a "form of corporate worship." When he speaks of "the liturgy" he means the "act of worship of the assembled people of God, of which the Sacrament of the Eucharist forms the centre, but which includes the reading of the Scriptures, the proclamation of the Gospel, the intercessory prayers, the confession of faith, and the praises of the Lord as well."

For whom and for what is the liturgy relevant? If, as the author says, "the liturgy is primarily the means by which God is believed to communicate with his people and to speak his word; it is also the response of God's people to what he says," then the liturgy is relevant for the family of God, for their life as that new organism brought into being by the new birth. It follows from this that the liturgy's relevance cannot be tested by its apologetic success. For the author the chief problem for a relevant liturgy seems to be finding "intelligible language." This is the problem both in the modern, technical world, and in the world of the church living in the new nations, the problem of indigenization. For his discussion on the "Nature of Liturgy" the author uses as resources the Montreal Conference, Section IV on The Nature of Christian Worship, Vatican II's Constitution on the Sacred Liturgy, and the Lambeth Conference of 1958.

The obvious mission flavor and evangelization emphasis make this work timely. Archbishop Brown is in a good position to speak on these matters. In addition to his long experience in Africa and India, he was chosen as the first Convener of the Liturgy Committee of the Church of South India, which produced the Liturgy for that church. In Africa he was given charge of the compilation of "A Liturgy for Africa." The text of this liturgy, together with its introduction, comprises the last 20 pages of the book, making it a most valuable section of the book.

The author notes three factors which ought to force the church to re-examine the liturgy: (1) the evangelistic motive; (2) the movement towards Christian unity; and (3) the new findings in biblical studies.

The discussion of the liturgy of the Church of South India, with cross references made to "A Liturgy for Africa," furnishes the reader with much needed and scarce information, as well as insight into the theological and liturgical thinking of the author.

Most readers will concur heartily in the author's stress on the need for re-examination of the liturgy for its use among the younger churches of the new nations. The liturgy must express the church's mission nature. It is the insertion of confusion, however, to conclude from this that the liturgy is the chief tool for evangelization. The liturgy is for the family of God; it is the organic exercise of the Body of Christ for edification. In the resurrection the church will still worship. She will not evangelize. There is a deadly appeal in turning the liturgy into the chief evangelization instrument. In like manner, the church is also engaged all day long in the apologetic task, with the same seriousness as she engages in the work of evangelization. But to turn the liturgy into the chief tool for apologetics is folly. The liturgy is not relevant to unbelief. To criticize it for failing to speak relevantly to the men of unbelief is like criticizing a jug for not having a good cutting edge. Even if one were convinced that the only way in life is to cut, and for this reason spent time sharpening his knife, even he must have a container for holding water to moisten the grindstone. Jugs do hold water! Why not consider
the relevance of the liturgy at that point which is appropriate to the task of the liturgy? Does it, with wholeness and integrity, guard the treasure of the Gospel from legalism and from syncretism? Does it offer opportunity for the priesthood of God to know and live that holy catholicity which is predicated to the church by the Gospel? Does it guard the eschatological end-point which furnishes here-and-now vigor for the work of edification? On these points the author reflects the general ecumenical failure to take the Gospel with radical seriousness.

The author reflects the reformed understanding of the place of the Law of God in the life and liturgy of the church. As a result, in "A Liturgy for Africa" the Decalogue plays the same role it has played in other Anglican liturgies since the Second Prayer Book of Edward VI. Isn't this question the nerve center for a discussion of the relevance of the liturgy? Isn't the real issue of relevance the issue of keeping the Gospel functioning for and among the people of God, liberating them from wrath and death, enlivening them from the deadly legalism which finally sees the Gospel as a way of making ultimate some form of legal relationship to God?

Kalb's study, although published originally as volume III works on the history and theology of Lutheranism, comes to grips much more seriously with this more central, more relevant issue. Like Brown's book, Kalb's volume arises from the problems of reorganizing the liturgy in modern times. Kalb's concern is that the reorganization have a solid theological basis. While the Reformation period has been explored extensively on the nature and practice of Christian worship, the period of Orthodoxy has not. Kalb's study is aimed to fill this gap.

Theological activity in our time tends, to a large extent, to lump together things of different kinds, failing to distinguish different purposes. Confusion of categories is common. Orthodoxy, too, had its problems and blind spots. "Lumping" was not one of them. As C. S. Lewis has reminded us, every age has its blind spots, but not the same blind spots. We can see the gaps of a former age. By the same token they help us see ours.

Kalb's study is competent and should prove helpful to us to strive for clarity. With his help we should be able to avoid blindly repeating the blind spots of the past. His study has three main sections. In the first section he reviews the struggle of Orthodoxy to define the essence of Christian worship, to pick up and be faithful to the strong Reformation emphasis on faith as the true worship of God. But this very emphasis in Lutheranism raises serious problems about the form of the divine service. Part II discusses the form, its necessity and foundation. Let every one who has been stressing the need for taking creation seriously consider this chapter in Kalb. This section also contains material on "church and ministry," "preaching" and "sacraments." Perhaps one of the most significant chapters in the section discusses "The Adiaphora." The controversy around "indifferent things" became sort of a touch-stone for Orthodoxy.

The second section of the book discusses the relation of essence to form in the divine service. This chapter contains a discussion of the "unio mystica" (felicitously designated as "the sacrament of union") and a consideration of the movement to reform the liturgy. This discussion of Pietism is solidly helpful, and the description of the struggle in which Pietism emerged the victor should be helpful in our own consideration of the reforms of the liturgy. This chapter in turn considers the church as the living body of Christ, active in the world with a missionary prefersstion for the poor.

Beyond this, however, is the valuable theological insight concerning Orthodoxy's failure to distinguish clearly between Law and Gospel in such a way as to work out a theology of worship that is faithful to the freedom and power of the Gospel. Is it not fruitful to consider Orthodoxy's struggle to define the locus of worship, settling finally to root it in the Decalogue? To say this is not to detract from the doctrinal orientation of Orthodoxy's theology of worship (worship is for the praise of God), nor to minimize the redemptive emphasis in worship (worship is for the salvation of man). Finally, distinctions made by Orthodoxy may be helpful to show what sort of tension a Lutheran theology of worship must maintain as it is confronted with the need for reformation in the worship life of the church. The most helpful signal to us today will be the direction we can receive when we see Orthodoxy's failure to ground the theology of worship in the proper distinction between the Law and the Gospel. Legalism and formalism are not only deadening; they are impoverishing. The Gospel can be obscured and people robbed of their life and freedom. And those who will not learn from the errors of the past are doomed to repeat them.

Concordia is to be commended for making the book available in English. Criticisms of the work are limited. The distinctions between private/public confession and general/specific confession, (p. 132) perpetuate a confusion. A private confession can be general or specific. The contrast to private is public, not general or specific. A note from the translator would have helped the reader understand why there are (at times) inconsistencies in translation. Why should "Lehre" be translated "theory" (p. xiii) in one place and "theology" or "teaching" in others? Would there not be more clarity (and faithfulness to the idea) in translating "Predigt" (p. 82) as "word" or "preaching" or "proclamation" rather than "sermon"? The editorial notes in the English translation furnishing particularly textual and historical clarification or corrections are an asset.

There can be no doubt of the value of the work for the present hour. The demands placed upon Lutheranism (especially) in this time of liturgical renewal and reformation make it not only imperative for her to understand her own past, but also for her to have reverence and humility as she learns from the zeal and insight of her fathers.

KENNETH F. KORBY

The Faith of Robert Browning

By Hugh Martin (John Knox Press, $1.50)

This paperback is essentially a non-sentimental appraisal of the main chord in Robert Browning's poems and letters, a critically realistic study which shows that Browning was no easy optimist.

After analyzing the Poet-Prophet role, plus the influence of Elizabeth Barrett as Browning's wife, Dr. Martin discusses Browning's interpretation of such topics as the eternal purpose, God in Christ, the mystery of evil, man's destiny after death, and the reveries which Browning was fond of putting as epilogues at the close of his volumes. The Ring and the Book rates a chapter of its own.

Drawing upon the wide acquaintance with religious poets that enabled him to edit A Treasury of Christian Verse, Dr. Martin concludes that Browning's faith rested in love as the key to the meaning of life and that he saw life itself as a probationary period or training school provided by God. The sorrows and evil in our world underscore the ultimate love of God as revealed in the Christ—a believer's attitude which links Browning with, e.g., John Donne, Edward Taylor, and T.S. Eliot.

HERBERT H. UMBACH
some methods of development may be more expedient than others, there are not quick, easy solutions.

Heilbroner carefully exposes the shackling causes of poverty. The "vicious circle" of circular causation reveals the magnitude of the difficulty of breaking the bonds of squalor and penury.

Underdeveloped countries are primarily agrarian. The farms are notoriously small and inefficient, which leaves the peasants on the very margin of subsistence. This points up one of the fundamental causes of the lack of progress, for since the farmer is unable to produce more food than he and his family require for consumption, he is unable to sell in the market in the cities. This in turn means that industrial development cannot take place in the urban areas, for the food is not available to feed the industrial workers who would be needed to man the machines. Nor can farming be made more efficient, for the farmer does not earn enough to buy plows, fertilizers, and other equipment. Before industrial development can be realized, the farmer must produce a surplus.

Heilbroner explores further the restraints on the development process. The Malthusian principle of population plagues the poverty-ridden countries to the point that incomes instead of rising tend toward a subsistence equilibrium. The bare marginal existence of the farmer makes him skeptical of the Westerner's innovations for fear that failure would mean starvation. His lack of education, his traditional-mindedness and his non-money orientation create a milieu totally incongruent with economic and social development. Moreover, an antiquated feudal system still reigns supreme, effectively stifling incentive, subjugating the majority to the will of the minority and in general maintaining the quite undesirable status quo.

One of the chief merits of Heilbroner's book is the general caution the author exhibits in not being too optimistic about the prospects of mitigating poverty in the backward countries. From the following passage the Gargantuan proportions of the underdevelopment problem clearly emerge.

... economic development over the next decade or two cannot substantially better the lot of the world's miserable. We have seen that the net effect of the last decade of development has been to raise the average monetary income in the backward areas by one dollar a year. If the most sanguine forecasts of the UN economists are justified, that improvement can be increased to two dollars within five to ten years. Over twenty to thirty years, the rate of yearly gain might climb to as much as ten dollars. To be sure, this rate of improvement will be much faster in some countries, such as Mexico or possibly Brazil, and much slower in others, such as Saudi Arabia or Ghana. Nevertheless, taking the underdeveloped world as a whole, the upshot of another generation of effort, on a scale far more intensive and effective than today's, will still be a panorama of life not markedly different from that which characterizes these areas today. (p. 120)

Heilbroner does suggest some positive steps that may be taken to perhaps expedite the development process. Social and economic reforms are essential. Tenant-landlord relationships must be severed. The high population growth rates must be lowered. Education and scientific know-how must be disseminated on a broad scale. And above all, enormous sums of capital formation must occur. Tractors, plows, fertilizers, hydroelectric power, steel, and industrial machines and equipment must be amassed.

Heilbroner argues that most underdeveloped nations will probably lend themselves to more rapid economic development under a more centrally planned orientation. The inference is that socialism and communism are perhaps in a better position to galvanize the people of the poorer regions on to higher levels of economic achievement than capitalism. The author suggests that a more authoritarian approach seems to produce higher rates of economic growth. Although there is no unanimity on this point, even among the experts, one must commend Heilbroner for his intrepidness in calling our attention to the weaknesses of capitalism in dealing successfully with the problems of underdevelopment.

An awareness of these weaknesses should enable us to better cope with the setbacks that capitalism has been suffering in the backward regions of the world.

The author recommends numerous ways that the United States can assist the underdeveloped countries. The United States can promote more liberal trade arrangements.

Tariff barriers could be lowered or discontinued altogether so that underdeveloped countries can sell more to us. This would give them the dollars they need to buy machines and tools. The United States can also grant more foreign aid to the backward nations and encourage private firms to invest abroad.

The author has not avoided the controversial issues. For example, I am sure his remarks about the deficiencies of the capitalist system in handling the problems of underdevelopment and his exhortations for an augmented flow of foreign aid into the backward nations provide sufficient latitude for debate. Yet, the layman should have no difficulty in comprehending and appreciating the present struggle of the underdeveloped nations for economic and social development as well as the implications of this struggle for the more highly developed regions of the world.

JAMES R. RINEHART

Collected Poems

By Elder Olson (University of Chicago Press, $6.50)

Professor Olson's years as a major literary critic have left a significant mark on his collected poems. Having valued the classical tradition in criticism, his poetry reflects an excellence in certain classical rhetorical qualities, namely: Inventio (to find what one should say), Dispositio (to arrange what one has found) and Elocutio (to clothe with language). The poetry is of the intellect and, though the images many times are those of a lyric poet, they are always precisely tempered and framed in the structure of a critical rather than passionate intellect. The poems therefore do provoke intellectual consideration.

However, one misses in the poetry of Olson a singing that takes place in the classical poetry of the dignified Horace and is requested in the critical writings of Demetrius and Longinus and continues to be requested and rarely granted in the best of Western poetry. Professor Olson does keep himself from a trap that many other poets fall into, that of being emotional and lyrical to a fault. But perhaps he has gone too far in the other direction.

H. SAMUEL HAMOD

October 1965
In Neurotics in the Church, Robert James St. Clair, a Presbyterian minister, points out one of mankind’s persistent dilemmas: saving one’s life while losing it.

This dilemma is demonstrated, as he tells it, in the case of an alcoholic: “In undergoing treatment he infers that he has been too preoccupied with self. He must forget himself. He must lose himself by being devoted to something or someone else. Very well. He then tends to an obsequious attachment to employer, talented person or relative. When he is shunned or abused he returns to bitterness and berates himself for having been so dependent. Now he resolves to stand on his own two feet. His arrogance further alienates him, and he continues where he left off with his drinking. Now what shall he do?”

Two factors predominate in this man’s case. Devotion to objects or persons outside of himself to overcome his preoccupation with self ended in self-condemnation because the new kind of relationship simply provided another form of insecurity. There is little security in servile attention to outside objects and persons if it amounts toawning, cringing, and cowardly fear. At least in alcohol one can forget the problem.

His pursuit of self-confidence, his resolution to stand on his own two feet, to overcome his alcoholism, resulted in arrogance. There is little security in making exorbitant and exaggerated claims about one’s self. He cannot find himself in self-deception. The alcoholic is and remains in this case a neurotic who cannot handle the dilemma.

In the estimation of St. Clair, this case forces some basic questions upon us. “How can he lose himself when he is already lost? How can he be self-assertive and aggressive without becoming a little tin god? How can he gain possession of himself and surrender himself at one and the same time? How can he surrender his self without becoming fawning and servile? How can he be poised and self-reliant without turning toward arrogance and detachment?”

The Christian is forced to handle the ball because he keeps sounding the signals so much about this problem. The Christian Gospel does call for total surrender of self. God, says the Christian, had this in mind when he fashioned man. Here was to be the meaning of life. “The human being,” according to our Presbyterian pastor, “was created to expend himself through a wealth of spiritual, physical and mental resources.” In giving of himself, man, God’s creation, “... enhances the intrinsic qualities of something or someone else, and brings to fruition in another entity that which is worthy, true, good, and beautiful.” Captured by his devotion to some thing and by his love for some one person, he is forced to expend himself. Translated into specific Christian terms, the Christian, captured in faith and devotion, and in surrender, to the historical personage of Christ, expends himself in a healthful and self-realizing life.

There is always, however, the person who makes of this total surrender of self “an unconditional surrender.” Unconditional surrender may become a curious combination of self-abnegation and Pharisaism. The argument proceeds like this for unconditional surrender: “What do you preach? Self-surrender? I have surrendered myself without stint. Love for others? My whole life is devoted to love. Being accepted? I am dependent upon God for acceptance, without reservation. Vicarious suffering? How often I have felt the pain of another and suffered for him! The cross symbolizes my life. Service for others? My one thought is a completely unselfish life, holily and trustingly dedicated to the good of others.” What is he? A Pharisee? A complete egocentric? Must he, can he, completely submerge himself, practice self-effacement, and exhaust his personality? Or has he simply thrown in the towel to let life push him around? Where is the realization of a self in this, touched by the blessing hand of Christian love and faith?

“What do you preach? Seat-surrender? I have surrendered myself without stint. Love for others? My whole life is devoted to love. Being accepted? I am dependent upon God for acceptance, without reservation. Vicarious suffering? How often I have felt the pain of another and suffered for him! The cross symbolizes my life. Service for others? My one thought is a completely unselfish life, holily and trustingly dedicated to the good of others.” What is he? A Pharisee? A complete egocentric? Must he, can he, completely submerge himself, practice self-effacement, and exhaust his personality? Or has he simply thrown in the towel to let life push him around? Where is the realization of a self in this, touched by the blessing hand of Christian love and faith?

“Now what shall he do?” The Christian shall remember that the surrender of the total self to God does not mean self-effacement or the destruction of the human personality. God’s love in the Christian sense does not demand that man become less the man, or less human. The God of the Christian recognizes the potential of man, does not want man to lose it, and, in fact, rescued it by the Cross-Grave Atonement. Life becomes worth living even where evil, imperfections, and hostilities prevail. With all his imperfections, the Christian man is God’s created and redeemed creature in God’s scheme of things, his agent to aid in carrying out the work of the world. Moreover, where the Cross and the Open Grave promulgate full forgiveness, there is really nothing for man to be fearful and guilty about. He gets love, insists the Christian, “... from a God who loves perfectly” even “... when he is loved imperfectly.”
It is not my intention to sound flippant when I say that art is literally "bustin' out all over." Can this be ascribed to the widely heralded "cultural explosion" in our land? This eager observer of the sights and sounds of our times finds it difficult to believe that Pop Art, Op Art, Bubble Gum Art, and Camp have anything at all to do with art or culture. And the current fad for the Discotheque and what can only be described as non-music dances of remote tribes in distant parts of the world, we, as a "civilized" people, considered these frenzied twistings and gyrations as evidence of a lack of culture. Now their popular counterparts — the watusi, the frug, the swim, the Freddie, to name only a few of the new dances — are accepted as evidence that one is really "switched on." For those of you who are still "fish" (squares), "switched on" is the new expression for "hip." Since youth has its own special appeal and a certain softening charm, it is one thing to see young people engage in these vigorous gymnastics; but when older generations indulge in such activities, they merely make themselves ridiculous. I know! I know! I am a poor bystander who cannot tell what is "fob" or "gear." These are the new synonyms for "cool," which is now passe. By the time these words appear in print another "flap" in popular lingo may be in vogue. Who can say?

I saw no evidence of art or culture in Harlow (Paramount, Gordon Douglas). Based on Irving Shulman's highly controversial book, the film presents the story of the late Jean Harlow in a manner that is as boring as it is tasteless. If we are to believe many reputable persons in the motion-picture industry, Mr. Shulman's biography of the ill-fated star is completely false. Only a sense of duty kept me in my seat to see the conclusion of this cheap claptrap.

William Wyler must be numbered among the ablest directors in the history of the cinema. He has three Oscars to his credit, in addition to eight nominations for this coveted trophy.

The Collector (Columbia, William Wyler) has already added new laurels to this veteran director's impressive list of honors. Samantha Eggar and Terence Stamp, co-stars in the film, received the Best Actress and Best Actor awards at the 1965 Cannes Film Festival. The Collector, adapted from a novel by John Fowles, is a taut, gripping, spine-tingling tale of terror, suspense, and madness. Mr. Stamp and Miss Eggar are altogether convincing in the taxing roles of the psychopathic collector of butterflies and the unsuspecting young art student who suddenly finds herself a prisoner in a dark and windowless cellar. Under Mr. Wyler's expert direction the action moves inexorably to a harrowing climax. Some viewers may be repelled by the unrelieved tension of The Collector. Others may find it to be a rather shallow probe into the workings of a disordered mind. But no one will be bored. This is not suitable entertainment for children or for highly impressionable adolescents.

Von Ryan's Express (20th Century Fox, Mark Robson) is well made and generates a fair amount of suspense. Unfortunately, the film sacrifices the harsh, violent impact of David Westheimer's absorbing book for sheer Hollywood hokum. I have often thought that had General William T. Sherman lived in this era, he would have expanded his pithy and frequently quoted appraisal of war to include many of the war movies that are palmed off on hapless movie-goers.

Genghis Khan (Columbia) bypasses history in favor of what is best described as a Mongolian horse opera. A blatant disregard for historical facts and overemphasis on sex, violence, rape, and nudity, combine to make this one of the most meretricious films released this year. The name Joan Crawford automatically lends prestige to a picture. It is regrettable that this gifted actress squandered her talents on what, at best, is only a grade B horror show. I Saw What You Did (Universal) is just that.

The members of a fine cast give their all in Shenandoah (Universal), a four-handkerchief tear-jerker to end all tear-jerkers. I am sure that I know what General Sherman would have said about this so-called "epic" of the War Between the States.

Do yourself a very special favor by skipping A Very Special Favor (Universal), which is just another contrived and artificial attempt at comedy, with dialog and situations that are in extremely poor taste.

Since I shall be flying to California on August 19, I shall not be able to include a report of the flight of Gemini V in this issue.

It is tragic beyond words that while we prepare to take another significant step into the future, the events of the past are taking a terrible toll in human life and property. Unless every citizen, whatever his color, accepts the responsibilities that go with the franchise, we may see a proud people engaged in the terrifying spectacle of destroying itself.
Okey-Dokey From Space

The conversation between the Houston Space Center and Gemini V riding high over Guam was a little one-sided. . . .Something had gone wrong with Circuit E-2 on the space craft, and the ensuing conversation was Sanskrit to me. . . ."Your ohms up? Your T-R right? Your power E-3 S-A — voltage down? — and so on." . . . As always, I listened fascinated. . . .Here was man at his boldest since the Tower of Babel — not only reaching for the sky but soaring in it, out into the spinning worlds known only to God. . . .imagined only by St. John and Dante and Blake. . . .I was enthralled. . . .Then suddenly the disembodied voice from Houston, "Gemini V, do you read me OK?". . . .There was a moment of silence. — then the voice of Astronaut Conrad from the stars and the eternal void: "Okey-dokey. . . ." No Homeric phrases, no Miltonian language — just "okey-dokey". . . . With a jolt my soaring thoughts returned to the world of the Beatles, the losing White Sox and the freshman co-ed. . . .

Astronaut Peter Conrad was instinctively and curiously right in falling back upon a simple, colloquial word . . . .Clearly there are moments in life and history — now more than ever before — when all human language is totally inadequate. . . .What new words can I find for moonlight dreaming on dead leaves, the long receding cry of a locomotive in Montana, or a weightless human soul traveling through space at 17,000 miles an hour? . . . And since there are no words for these things, we fall back on one of three ways of escape — the language of poetry with its mystic edges, the speech of mathematics, or the safety of the colloquial "okey-dokey". . . .What else can we do? . . .Man’s reach has now so clearly exceeded his grasp that we must now have an interval of silence, a moment of wonder, or as the television announcers say: "A brief pause while stations identify themselves. . . ."

So what is left to us? . . .The colloquial "okey-dokey" is clearly a temporary device to hide the real terror and beauty of our condition. . . .All that is left is the language of poetry and the new speech of mathematics. . . .Eventually the language of the astronaut will have to become like the language of Dante in Hell — or in Paradise. . . .

Is it not true that despite our towering deeds, our age always hovers on the edge of inarticulateness? . . . Our music is dissonant and our literature stammers from the gutters of life. . . .In the name of tolerance we have become unsure and unquiet. . . .Perhaps our last word to our time will be a laconic — and at the last moment a sobbing — "okey-dokey" of acceptance spoken to what we have substituted for God. . . .

I find this curious feeling of pending tragedy especially in such a bitter taste of the acids of modernity in a part of the Theatre of the Absurd as the haunting "Waiting for Godot." The story itself is deceptively simple. . . .Two hobos are sitting under a leafless tree toward evening waiting for Godot (whoever He is). . . .Nothing really happens — a boy comes to say that Godot is not coming — an idiot crosses the stage — the hobos talk — and the play ends in a whimper of disappointment — Godot is not coming. . . .

There is really nothing new or striking in all this until you suddenly begin to realize, as you read it or see it, that we are laughing with a suspicious wetness in our eyes and an ache in our hearts — for this is what we are and what we shall be in our cosmic humanness and our cosmic loneliness. . . .playing around in a kind of cosmic vaudeville, waiting and waiting for the unknown Godot who carelessly sends us a little boy to tell us that we must wait even longer — that there is tonight no way out of our foolishness — that we shall be here as who we are and who we shall be — and Godot is absent and silent. . . .that we are united to a waiting world in a strange marriage of laughter and tears — a world marked by a single leafless tree and the falling of evening — a world of dis-inherited children to whom no longer what has been and yet what is coming belongs — aware of the bitter truth that life is always on the edge of the absurd and that the awareness of its irrelevance is next to Godliness. . . .

Surely the astronaut over Guam is much greater than the hobos sitting under the tree at dusk — and yet all are caught in the same web of ambiguity. . . .And perhaps it is significant that the leafless tree against the twilight sky looks strangely like a Cross. . . .