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Viva il Papal

On October 4, 1965, a slightly built, scholarly appearing, sunken eyed man, a Catholic, gathered up the emotions and attention of thousands of Americans, non-Catholic and Catholic alike. Billed as “The Pilgrim Pope” or “The Pilgrim of Peace,” Pope Paul VI spent fourteen or fifteen hours with us in the United States of America and then returned to his desk.

But in the short time he was here, he was busy. He talked to many of our important people like President Johnson, Secretary of State Dean Rusk, Governor Nelson A. Rockefeller, Mayor Robert F. Wagner, Francis Cardinal Spellman, and United Nations Ambassador Arthur Goldberg. In addition, he spent some time with the United Nations and conducted mass in Yankee Stadium.

Without question, most Americans were ready to welcome him and to have him visiting our shores. Actually he was greeted by the Americans as if he had just broken the existing home run record for one season, as if he had just done the world around several times as an astronaut, as if he had just swum the English Channel — or as if he had just been fired as the Supreme Allied Commander in the Pacific. What more could a visiting ecclesiastical dignitary ask? As a restraining note, however, we should remind Pope Paul VI that we do the same now and then for Billy Graham.

But why only one day? In one day not even the Holiest of Holy Fathers could become an adequate fall-time replacement in Yankee Stadium for the fading Yankees. This “in-and-out” business intrigues us a bit. At the present moment, and with a limited knowledge of the facts, we are also wondering why some commentators kept insisting that the Pope had come to the United States at great sacrifice. We simply do not buy that.

On the home front, this short and pleasant visit by Pope Paul VI will no doubt aid in improving the already good image President Johnson and the Democrats have with the Catholics and ethnic groups. Perhaps the Pope’s visit will enhance in a slight way a respect for religion which has been on the wane lately.

In a multi-cultured world, beset by many cultural and national conflicts, the Vatican Father was obviously trying to build some effective bridges from one culture to another. Though he does not command many divisions for world combat, he might have forced many national delegates and representatives at the United Nations and other world figures to think more seriously of peace and reconciliation. At least his was one more voice against the folly of waging war in a nuclear age.

We do indeed hope that prominent persons were serious in their comments: “tremendous effect in strengthening the U.N. and the cause of world peace” (a Chilean delegate); “may be just what the world needs” (President Johnson); “one of the most important statements ever made before the United Nations in its twenty years” (Soviet Foreign Minister Gromyko).

But to be quite honest, we believe that history demonstrates the need of more than simple one day shots.

Yet — however you look at this event — we are impressed again with the fact that we are standing on the cutting edge of history. And Pope Paul VI was there.

Lead Us Not Into Temptation!

During recent weeks a San Francisco grand jury has been investigating charges that some of the nation’s largest and most respectable corporations secured reductions in their property valuations through bribes to county assessors. The chief assessors in both San Francisco and Oakland have already been indicated. Taxpayer’s suits have been filed to secure payment of the escaped assessments. And persons in a position to know are quietly remarking that the practices uncovered in the Bay Area are by no means isolated occurrences. They are almost certainly right.

Property taxes are a major source of revenue for local government, and a significant expense for business firms and individuals. The taxes due are the product of the applicable rate and the assessed valuation. But what is the taxable value of real and personal property? There is no precise, objective system for determining this; con-
sequently, the judgment of the assessor is all important. The situation is made to order for bribery. Only the most naive will deny that bribes, favors, and other extra-legal influences play a large role in our property tax system.

It will be unfortunate if public indignation focuses exclusively on the parties involved in this well-publicized case. (None of the corporations, by the way, appears to have been aware of the bribes, which were tendered by an agent of local tax consultant firms.) The real culprit is the property tax.

When so much is left to fallible, corruptible, personal discretion; when arbitrariness is the rule and not the exception; and when the stakes are so high . . .

Need we draw the obvious conclusion? In such circumstances, the only means of securing a fair assessment may be by bribery. Or a political contribution. Or out-talking the assessor on his annual visit to the home. Or the discrete concealment of assets, in the knowledge that everyone does it and that rates are set high on the assumption that everyone will do it so that anyone who does not do it really goes to the cleaners.

There is such a thing as temptation too great to be borne.

The Office of The Presidency

The office of the presidency, the United States of America, is an office of power. The Constitution, the bible of American mythology and faith under whose rubrics we try to run this country (and a good part of the world), grants the office plenty of reason and opportunity for the display and demonstration of power. The office's reservoir of power is based on some of the enabling clauses in the constitution which we now emphasize with some editorial italics: "The executive Power shall be vested in a President of the United States of America"; "The President shall be Commander in Chief of the Army and Navy of the United States"; "He shall have Power, by and with the Advice and Consent of the Senate to make Treaties, provided two thirds of the Senators present concur"; "he shall nominate, and by and with the Advice and Consent of the Senate, shall appoint Ambassadors, and other public Ministers and Consuls, Judges of the Supreme Court, and all other officers of the United States, whose appointments are not herein provided for, and which shall be established by Law"; "He shall from time to time give to Congress Information of the State of the Union, and recommend to their Consideration such Measures as he shall judge necessary and expedient"; "he may on extraordinary Occasions convene both Houses, or either of them, and in case of Disagreement between them, with Respect of the Time of Adjournment, he may adjourn them to such Time as he shall think proper"; "he shall receive Ambassadors and other public ministers"; "he shall take care that the Laws be faithfully executed, and shall Commission all the Officers of the United States."

Even less than careful scrutiny reveals that these clauses, when taken literally and at face value, do not tell the reader much and, at most, are suggestive, sketchy, and skeletal. Relying nevertheless on clues, directives and indicators in the clauses themselves, contemporary students tend to classify presidential powers or functions according to at least six categories: 1. executive, 2. head of state, 3. commander-in-chief, 4. director of foreign affairs, 5. initiator and director of legislation, and 6. administrator of the nation's economic system and whatever else information of the state of the union might suggest.

To operate under these clauses and directives, the person occupying the office of the presidency needs to know more. The details of operation, implementation, and execution are not really laid out, certainly not articulated. The hows, the wherefores, the why's, and the how-to's are really not given. In short, the office of the presidency has not really been concretized in constitutional phraseology, no matter what the literalists, the constitutional fundamentalists, may say.

Concretizing The Office of The Presidency

To concretize the office of the presidency and to particularize it to changing historical circumstances is to interpret its power and powers beyond the meaning of mere words and sketchy outlines. This is being done in a number of ways.

It is being done by legislation. In the area of labor-management relations, the Taft-Hartley law gives the executive considerable authority and power of intervention into the processes of collective bargaining. With legislative sanctions like T-H in mind, modern presidents have not been very hesitant in imposing their wills, and perhaps even the will of the majority in the case of popular presidents, on this corner of the free enterprise arena.

It is being done with the aid of court decisions. In 1962, a federal court order mandated the admission of a Negro at the University of Mississippi after the state's governor had taken measures to prevent his entry. The president, the late John F. Kennedy, insisted on obedience to the law and to the court order with federal marshals and troops. Judicial words were given power with divisions under executive command. In The Politics of Democracy, a book worth several times its price, authors Irish and Prothro make this observation: "Little Rock, Arkansas, and Oxford, Mississippi, dramatically illustrate the exercise of presidential power to secure obedience to federal court decrees."

It is being done by administration and executive application of the law, the laws of Congress. Congress passes laws, very general in nature, with the conscious hope sometimes and the expectations that the executive, under whom the laws are to be executed faithfully, will fill in the details. This, to some degree, is what administrative and bureaucratic machinery does in its daily operations. Routines and procedures, and the interpretations
necessary to work the law into the exigencies of everyday living, are really executive applications of the law. We do not think this can be avoided, that it is desirable, and it becomes somewhat eccentric to suggest that laws can be enforced without this kind of implementation.

It is being done by majority rule. In the case of Franklin Delano Roosevelt, by way of a good example, it became increasingly difficult for his opponents in both parties to quarrel with the New Deal and to maintain their criticism of the war effort after “that man” had won more than the customary two terms of office. The resounding majority of LBJ does in many quarters and among many people constitute the “go-ahead” signal for an extension of presidential power and authority. And so now we have The Great Society which in no way vetoes the extension of presidential power. This trend is hard to stop or even to slow down since very few people in this day go around singing “The Public Be Damned!”

Where Are The Congressmen?

As we contemplate the power-domination of the current president with awe and fear, we keep asking ourselves: “Where’s Congress? Are the congressmen knuckling under? How can one man, no matter his capacity and power to persuade, convince so many congressmen to do thus and so? Where is the system of checks and balances we keep talking about?” Just how sure are we that we are talking about presidents when we talk about power-dominated presidents?

Perhaps the contemporary predicament does not lie in the office of the presidency! It is obviously true, say some students of this business, that Congress has abdicated by force of historical circumstances if by force of nothing else. Our representatives and senators, say even the mere spectators of the social scene, are no longer in good positions to do what they are supposed to do. In an age as complex and cumbersome as ours, it is argued, Congress, collectively or individually, finds it hard to maintain even a modicum of concentrated energy and resources for the task at hand. How can representatives and senators measure up to the energy in the office of the president when they are short-handed in terms of money and staff, when they are unable through no fault of their own to marshal the research and information necessary to adequate law-making, and when they are forced to commute back and forth to their districts at a frequent and rapid pace, at the beck and call of every dog-fight or precinct meeting? The constituents of our congressional representatives have more opportunity and inclination to be-devil our representatives, to get to them more quickly and easily than they get to the president, and, in general, to force them to become harried and frenetic personalities. The congressmen get on with the brokerage of interests while nagging and cantankerous critics and constituents lunge at them from very intimate range.

How can Congress create and maintain for itself an efficient role in the conduct of foreign relations and the fighting of wars? In the cases of war and domestic disturbances, the president as commander-in-chief is in a better position to direct and execute. As life in these areas become more tense and government becomes more complicated, congressmen, busy and awed by the ambiguities and contradictions of it all, give up easily, it sometimes appears, to the president of the United States. And the current president is not at all bashful about taking power where he can find it and using it whenever circumstances seem to demand — and that is rather often.

Our colleagues in the political science fraternity are taking notice of these dilemmas and are working at these problems with unusual diligence, and even enthusiasm.

The Republican Party

The Republican Party, revered and held in high esteem by our fathers and forefathers for the tremendous contributions it has made to the health of our nation, has not really been “with it” for a number of years. Almost, it seems, consciously and deliberately with much talk about devotion to principles, it has been in the process of alienating groups that count when the roll is called up yonder election booth. The Republican Party, the Grand Old Party in the minds of many, has for the moment become a political eunuch in pursuit of energy. At any rate, it has not been winning elections because it has been losing what it had once really owned — lock, stock, and barrel: the farm vote, the liberal and progressive vote, labor, some members of the business community, the Negro vote, and the immigrant.

The Negroes, to take the group in the news, have long ago given up the idea of voting for the Republicans as the party of Lincoln and emancipation. Today they find it hard to cast a kind eye, even with forgiveness as a high priority, toward a party that would not meet them halfway when the money was on the line. While the Democrats capitalized on the immigrant situation (also very much in the news) — taking in the Irish, the Roman Catholics, the Greeks, the Serbian Orthodox, the Jews, the Italians, and the Polish — the Republicans were reducing themselves to the Wasp Party (very much like the Democrats in the South), white, Anglo-Saxon, and Protestant. Eulogizing the role of the farmer and still clinging to the rural imbalance in rural-urban representation as if living in the honeymoon days of by-gone eras, the GOP failed to cast what they seemed to think was a seducing eye at the corrupt cities, those cesspools of discounted votes. Apparently not realizing that cities are here to stay, or having lost the will for politics, they also lost the city vote and, brother, that is some loss.

Since the days of Theodore Roosevelt, George Norris, and Robert LaFollette, the prominent GOP insurgents of another day, the liberal and progressive voters have become more and more disenchanted and, even worse, have moved into the Democratic Party. Out in Nebraska, George Norris sometimes observed that he had more trouble with the Republican National Committee than he
did with Nebraska Democrats. With respect to labor, these few words, penned by political sage Dayton David McKean (Party and Pressure Politics), speak a volume or two of political history: "The Republican Party has, at least temporarily, outraged labor by the Taft-Hartley Act. The alliance of labor — and it can hardly be called anything less — with the Democratic Party, which began in 1934, still continues."

And, of course, Republicans feel constrained to say something about the New Deal and The Great Society. Taking their pitch from the title of a well-known book, some Republicans we know like to talk about The Fall and Decline of the American Democratic Empire. However, while Republicans in high and low places express disgust with the welfare state in rhetoric and vocabulary, on the operational and "prudential" level they run to Washington with hands out as quickly as anyone else. While on the run to Washington and while delivering these anti-welfare state speeches, they, like Democrats and nearly everyone else, ask aid to construct harbors, bridges, airports, schools, dormitories, roads, hospitals, and medical facilities. They do not object when their youngsters receive national defense scholarships, when regular social security checks come to their parents, when the federal government sends help to tornado-struck or flood-engulfed areas, or when their youngsters eat federally subsidized lunches at school. Nor are people in high corporate places running away while the defense contracts are being negotiated. What would any of these people and our economy do if peace and disarmament were declared tomorrow?

The Democratic Party, not at all tight in the saddle, is riding the rest of the important trends of the twentieth century with formulas and procedures begun and exploited in the New Deal, and, we must say, a little worn, torn, and tattered with much use. In the language of main street, the Democrats can be had. But, the Republicans, following in the wake of the Democratic ship of state and with all their fussing about the New Deal and The Great Society, have not dared to plow the challenging waves of another ocean.

In a kind of unusual spurt, with Ike, the Republican Me-Tooers looked deceptively good in the fifties. A candidate with great popular appeal, General Dwight D. Eisenhower, won the presidency two times with amazing margins over the scintillating Adlai Stevenson, but with coat-tails too narrow to bring many politicians in with him. Many prominent Congressmen were staggering back to private lives (Ecton of Montana, Cain of Washington, Kern of Missouri, and Lodge of Massachusetts), while the General was marching triumphantly into Washington.

What bothers us is that the Grand Old Party has really not maintained any sense of rational, balanced criticism. It cannot forever hope to have an Image around, as a kind of holding company, when the Image does not bring in anyone to hold together. Writing for the Associated Press, columnist James Marlow insisted: "If the Republicans hope to stay alive, they'll have to find something to fight the Democrats about. They haven't yet." Nixon, Eisenhower, and Company have not really said anything analytical, critical, and constructive above the canting of a few phrases, that eternal affected sing-song about the values that make America strong, motherhood, integrity, and let us now keep America strong and quit counting names on tomb-stones at election time. And even here they are not frontrunners for they are being forced, at least for the time being, to give place to one of the great political evangelists of all time, a master of the pious phrase, Lyndon Baines Johnson.

Perhaps the Republicans are waiting for history to bring about changes, little realizing that time and tide wait for no man, not even for the Republicans.

**Bad Science and Poor Theology**

The university community has been aware for some time of the revolutionary new discoveries in the biological sciences which will permit man to control human personality and direct his own evolution in a way wholly without parallel in history or human imagination. Now Life magazine’s four part treatment of the subject has brought this matter to the attention of the larger public, pointing out the grave implications for many fields of thought, including religion.

Few chapters in the history of Christendom have been so sad as the warfare between science and religion. The Church has managed to alienate much of the scientific community for the wrong reasons; and those scientists still within the church, especially those who now stand on the new frontiers of science, are often very lonely men who face the ethical and religious dilemmas posed by new developments without much pastoral counsel. It is tragic and embarrassing that in some sectors of the Church the wholly obsolete question of evolution and Genesis is still kept alive, sustained by bad science and poor theology, with ruinous effects on the youth. Roman Catholicism, through its cautious acceptance of sound new biblical scholarship, its cultivation of moral theology, and its willingness to provide a home for frontier thinkers such as Teilhard de Chardin, is perhaps most favorably placed in Christendom to work through the new problems. The future of man is at stake in these momentous developments; the future of the church in an age of science will depend in large part, humanly speaking, on her willingness to forsake triviality and self-interest, and wrestle with tough new issues.
If the average housewife suddenly refused to accept labor saving devices, our economy would take a nose dive. Fortunately for business, housewives generally have accepted each innovation that means a saving in work or in preparation. The selling of equipment to take the hard work out of house keeping — the washer, the dryer, the vacuum cleaner, and a host of others — has met little resistance. But the sale of "pre" foods, pre-cooked, pre-cut, pre-mixed, has been much slower than the industry expected.

The American housewife has a touch of what amounts almost to a guilty conscience about making something in a manner that seems too easy, and that is why the "pre" foods have had a hard time catching on. The wife remembers the various steps her mother went through in preparing various foods, and it just doesn't seem right that she can produce a similar final product by merely adding water to the contents of the package and sticking it on the stove or in the oven. The thought must cross her mind that she is shirking her duty if she does not spend the same amount of time and effort as her mother or grandmother did in food preparation.

Something occurred to me a week ago, however, that leads me to believe that explanation may be too simple and that I may be falling into the error of underestimating women. Not long ago I came home with a quart can of a new product which can both clean and wax floors in one operation. My wife was not excited about it and refused to believe that it would work as advertised. She felt that to make a floor look its best it had to be scrubbed thoroughly before any wax was applied. This was the way it had always been done.

The can sat there unused and I became increasingly more curious. Would the preparation really live up to the results the manufacturer claimed for it? Overcome with curiosity I volunteered to try the one step operation in our back bathroom which contains about 12 square feet of linoleum. Just before I was ready to start work, my wife mentioned quite casually that it was a shame to wax the bathroom floor now since she planned to wash the walls and ceilings in there next week and the floor would get spotted as a result.

I was hooked, so I also volunteered to wash the walls and ceilings first, and I did. As my wife passed judgment on the freshly washed walls, she pointed out that it made the walls and ceilings in the back hall look a little dingy. It was back on the ladder for me and I completed the washing job in a rather large back hall.

At last I was set to try the new product which was going to save so much labor. It was not until I had the rags and pail ready that my wife reminded me to read the fine print in the directions on the can, which she had read earlier. To my surprise the directions said to scrub the floor on the first use of this new preparation if there had been a wax build-up. I saw no wax build-up, but my wife did.

After scrubbing the bathroom floor with an electric scrubber and on hands and knees (it's too easy with just a scrubber), I was elated with the stark cleanliness of the floor. So was my wife who congratulated me on the job but pointed out the contrast between that floor and the back hall floor. The back hall floor adjoins the kitchen floor, so, as you may have guessed, I ended up scrubbing both of them. Instead of twelve square feet, I scrubbed twelve hundred.

At last I had the opportunity to use the new cleaner and waxer combination, but by this time the floor was too clean to test the cleaning properties and I used it only as a wax, and what had started out as a five minute job had finally become a full day's chore. I hope I didn't put on enough wax to give the floor a wax build-up, because I am still planning to test that new preparation when the floor is sufficiently soiled to make such a test worthwhile.

To come back to the original point, could it be that the purpose of some of these ready made preparations is merely to get the husband intrigued and involved? My wife may have refrained from using the combination cleaner and waxer for reasons of conscience, but on the other hand, why should she use it when she could get all of those ceilings and walls washed, those floors scrubbed and waxed, without even opening the can? I am thinking of starting a campaign urging the manufacturers of such labor-saving preparations to state clearly on the label that the contents are to be used by housewives only and are not recommended for use by husbands.
Yankeephobia in Latin America

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For many years citizens of the United States gave little thought to the many countries of Latin America. The news media has not often reported events which compelled attention to that vast region. The typical American would read of drought in the Brazilian sertão, of earthquakes in Chile, or of an election now and then. The news of the latest cout d'etat would be shrugged off with tolerant good humor. He could scan a news item on coffee production or his emotions could be nudged tenderly by a release prepared by the United Fruit Company extolling its beneficent enterprises in the "banana republics." His impression was that Latin America had little strategic importance and, in terms of foreign affairs, the Monroe Doctrine and the Good Neighbor policy had long since merged into one.

Corrective Lenses

The recurrent crises of the past decade, climaxed by the recent military intervention in the Dominican Republic, have served as corrective lenses for the American view. Yet the Yankee image of Latin America continues to be astigmatic. With his mind's eye the average citizen of our country sees a population that is a Spanish-speaking equivalent of his own society, but with a somewhat lower standard of living and with a few more Indians around to lend flavor and interest. He believes that the peoples to the south share our democracy, our Western Civilization. If he thinks about it at all, the average American assumes that a basic friendship exists, that Latin Americans have much in common with us, that they like us.

It is not surprising, therefore, that when Vice-President Nixon made his official "goodwill" tour of the southern continent in 1958 and experienced a reception that was less than cordial in some quarters, Americans were alternately shocked, indignant, and confused to discover that such a thing as Yankeephobia existed and that it had existed for a long time. Since then Fidel Castro's verbal intemperance has immunized Americans to all but the most virulent attacks. Popular attitudes toward Latin America have become perceptibly more realistic and government policy has conformed to a greater degree to the social, economic, and political problems as they actually exist.

Moves To Understanding: Some History

Many exhortations to better hemispheric understand-
ing been ignored as provincials or treated as pawns in the international game of politics. Understandably this resentment has been directed primarily against that power which has treated the Western Hemisphere as its own preserve.

In terms of ordinary human relationships, the United States has remained prohibitively distant from much of Latin America. Despite the prejudices engrained by Mercator projections and hemispheric maps which ignore relationships to other land masses, Buenos Aires and Rio de Janiero are closer geographically (as well as culturally) to Madrid and Paris than they are to New York and Washington, D.C. The average literate Latin American rarely has the chance to go to the United States to see for himself what Yankees are like. His image of our country is more likely to be colored by his European contacts.

Although Yankeephobia has existed in Latin America for a long time, it does not, in most of its characteristics, predate our nation's revolutionary era. At that time many liberals throughout Spanish-speaking America hailed the new United States as a fount of advanced political ideas and practice. The process of disillusionment began after 1810 when Latin America experienced its wars of independence. That struggle was long and checkered by comparison to our own. Although public opinion in the United States, inadequately informed as it was, supported these efforts to achieve political independence, the government found that the realities of national interest and of international power relationships forced a cautious policy of neutrality. Understandably, many Latin Americans were disappointed. Nor could they comprehend the slowness with which Washington extended diplomatic recognition to their new governments.

In 1823 the famous Monroe Doctrine was promulgated. Several Latin American countries took its provisions seriously and sought their implementation through alliances. They quickly discovered that the Monroe Doctrine was only a paper tiger. After a few years some began to suspect that it was intended as a cloak to disguise American imperialist ambitions.

For the next seventy-five years evidence to support this contention piled up, especially in the decades following the Civil War, until President Theodore Roosevelt announced the policy in which the United States assumed the role of international policeman in the Western Hemisphere. To the Latin American, the Roosevelt Corollary merely made explicit the imperialism he had seen in the history of the Monroe Doctrine ever since President Polk had dusted it off to further his expansionist ends in 1845.

The immediate reaction to TR's corollary was mild but that which followed the consequent interventions and protectorates was another matter. The Dominican Republic, Haiti, Nicaragua, Cuba, Panama, Mexico, each experienced the might of the Colossus of the North. The American plea that circumstances allowed no alternative has fallen on deaf ears; all the Latin American saw was the bald exercise of armed might by a neighbor tremendously more powerful than his own country.

Few Latin Americans retain pleasant memories of American occupation, despite its achievements. Sanitation was improved, disease was reduced, roads and dams were built, and illiteracy was attacked. Above all, public debts were paid and order was restored. But domestic tranquillity was often imposed at the expense of democracy by the country that styled itself the Champion of Democracy. The instrument of force was the United States Marine Corps and/or an American trained constabulary or guardia nacional. Could it have been in some other way? Perhaps not. The fact remains that American occupation gave new impetus to nineteenth century caudillismo in the several countries involved. Latin Americans cannot forget that two of this hemisphere's most notorious dictators in modern times, Leonidas Trujillo of Dominican Republic and "Tacho" Somoza of Nicaragua, gained and kept power by means of the constabularies in their respective countries, just as they have sustained "Papa Doc" Duvalier in Haiti to the present day.

Pan Americanism: Hardly

An assumption basic to the Monroe Doctrine as well as to the current policy of our government is that the countries of North and South America have a common interest, that Pan Americanism is a fact rather than a hope. This concept, rarely challenged in the United States, has never enjoyed anything like universal acceptance in Latin America. From the first it was opposed by such a notable figure as Simon Bolivar. This man espoused Pan Hispanic-Americanism in its place. According to this view it was necessary for the Spanish-speaking republics to act together in the pursuit of their collective interest which was assumed to be out of harmony with the interests and goals of the United States. Some form of union or united action which would exclude the United States has often been proposed. There was considerable opposition, for example, to the invitation that was finally extended to the United States to attend the first inter-American conference, held in Panama in 1826.

The Pan Hispanic attitude received a great impetus by the experience of Mexico in the 1840's when it fell victim to the surge of American expansionism. Propelled by a curious compound of land hunger, racism, chauvinism, and misguided religion known as Manifest Destiny, the United States acquired half of Mexico's national territory. The war with Mexico left that country's treasury bankrupt and its people physically and psychologically exhausted. It destroyed what little political stability Mexico had in those years. Inevitably it transmuted Latin American attitudes toward the United States. Thus, a century ago Francisco Bilbao of Chile could describe our country as an "Anglo-Saxon boa constrictor," as an impetuous, audacious colossus which was har-
monizing its heterogeneous elements to "attain the possession of Olympus, which is the absolute domination of North and South America."

More fuel was added to the fire by the American filibusters, the most famous of whom was the self-styled "Grey-Eyed Man of Destiny," William Walker, whose adventures in Baja California and Nicaragua were notorious. The fact that the United States government failed to take effective steps against the filibusters was ample proof to many Latin American minds that they were secretly agents of our government.

In the wake of these experiences, and in reaction to the Gadsden Purchase and the Ostend Manifesto, a series of treaties were negotiated during the 1850's to implement Pan Hispanist ideas. They might well have succeeded had it not been for a revival of Spanish imperialist ventures in South America and the Caribbean. Today, a century later, the idea is by no means dead; latter day versions of it can still be found in current anti-American propaganda.

Yankeephobia: A State of Mind

As a consequence of the cumulative historical experience, Yankeephobia becomes a state of mind. Perspective is lost and justice fades as the Yankeephobe assumes the United States to be the source of all that is undesirable and evil in Latin American life. His prejudice serves as a filter which strains out the good he may hear or experience with respect to the United States. But the bracero problem gets through to him, as does Bobby Baker, Governor George Wallace, and crime in the subways of New York.

But there is more to the psychology of Yankeephobia than that. It also consists of innumerable reactions to minor irritations. Sometimes, for example, American propaganda publications have been too rich for Latin blood. The physical properties of these materials have often been blatantly superior to what the reader has been accustomed, and for that reason have caused him to resent the American wealth and power they represent. Quite understandably the Latin American will also bristle at the distortions of the news and the condescending style of journalism to be found in magazines like Time. And he may vent his frustrations in abuse for the United States because he may understand that our country appears to be the only nation able to provide the outside help his government must have if real economic and social progress is to be made.

Many other irritants abound. In recent years criticism of the vulgar, loud, ill-mannered American tourist in foreign lands has become cliche. Perhaps of greater significance in Latin America has been the behavior of Americans living there more or less permanently. Their widespread refusal to learn Spanish has been particularly offensive, as have their self-imposed, exclusive Yankee ghettos. American business representatives have often created the impression of being inferior culturally and intellectually, not only to the educated classes of Latin America, but also to their British and French counterparts. Latin Americans have frequently come into contact with Anglo-Saxon prejudice against Negroes and Indians. This has been a continual source of friction in the Canal Zone and Panama with its extensive Negro population. Similar resentments have been stimulated by the apartheid policy of the United Fruit Company in Central America. To the Latin American mind attitudes of racial superiority convey a distinct odor of fascism.

The Latin American of the educated classes is sensitive to the many judgments that have been made in the United States about the anarchy, corruption, tyranny, and destitution that has plagued his part of the hemisphere. But he too has read history. He is not unfamiliar with the extraordinary corruption of the Tweed Ring and with the record of Tammany Hall through the years. It is not hard for him to view President Grant as a North American caudillo. He has some knowledge of the cynical manipulation of the electoral process in 1876, of the destitution that reigned in Hell's Kitchen and other slums less famous, and of the vast racial prejudice that has contaminated this nation's soul. In his opinion the American must be possessed of extraordinary ignorance or have an infinite capacity for self-deception or hypocrisy to stand in judgment, for example, of Brazil's prolonged record of slavery, the caudillismo of Venezuela's Guzman Blanco, or the racism of the cientificos of the Diaz regime in Mexico. In this respect, Yankeephobia resembles that of the famous Spanish literary figure, Salvador de Madariaga, whose anti-Americanism seems to be a response to the deep-seated Hispanophobia he finds among English-speaking peoples.

Yankeephobia: A Cultural Phenomenon

Yankeephobia has also been a cultural phenomenon. Ever since the first English colonies were established in the early seventeenth century, the Spanish in America were acutely aware of religious differences between them; they recognized that Virginia and the other colonies were at least in part a Protestant effort to contain a Catholic empire. However, it was not until the latter part of the nineteenth century that cultural Yankeephobia bloomed into full flower. In response to the guiding genius of Ruben Darío of Nicaragua, Latin American literature experienced a rich, nationalistic development. The poets and novelists of this Modernist movement, as it was called, drank deeply from the well of Pan Hispanism. They repeatedly emphasized the spiritual unity of Spanish America and they urged eternal vigilance against the grasping, alien civilization to the North. The United States was often compared to a gigantic octopus which was extending its tentacles southward to the small southern republics and strangling them one by one. The Colossus of the North was Anglo-Saxon, springing from northern Europe, Protestant, materialistic, greedy, crude.
barbarous, and hostile to art and cultural development. By contrast their America was Latin, southern European in origin, Catholic, idealistic, humane, spiritual, and culturally refined. Unless the Latin republics stood firm in some form of Pan Hispanic union, they would ultimately fall victims to the diabolic game being played by the United States behind the facade of the Monroe Doctrine.

While some of the most extreme expressions of literary Yankeephobia may be found in the writings of Venezuela’s Rubino Blanco Fombona, it was Jose Enrique Rodo of Uruguay who gave it its classic expression in his Ariel, written in 1900 following the Spanish-American War. Taking his symbolism from Shakespeare’s The Tempest, Rodo equated the refined idealism of the Latin American aristocracy with Ariel, while Caliban, brutish and crude, was identified with North American materialism and utilitarianism.

The youth in particular were exorted by these cultural nationalists to maintain and develop their heritage of Latin civilization. The alternative was to be absorbed culturally by dynamic Anglo-Saxon power. They feared the imposition of Anglo-American institutions upon their society. They saw them as products of another culture and, while they might very well be appropriate in the United States, Latin Americans felt that because of differences in thought patterns and social values they could be destructive and inefficient when transplanted to their lands.

Literary Yankeephobes were strongly anti-democratic, culturally speaking. They insisted that the arts could not prosper in a society committed to the doctrine of equality. A tyranny of mediocrity was inevitable in a democratic society; utilitarian standards and values would reign unchallenged. This kind of criticism of America, common a half century ago, has largely disappeared today among our good southern neighbors. But it rang the same bell being sounded by current critics of mass culture in the United States. America was and is vulnerable to such attacks because it has been a middle class society. While Latin American society has been dominated by its aristocracy, from the vantage point of the cultured upper classes of Latin America, Anglo-American society did indeed appear crudely materialistic. But a two-fold development has taken place. As American democratic society, in its prosperity, has produced ever larger numbers of “highbrows” and genuine intellectuals, it has also acquired a new crop of home-grown critics, who, like James Fenimore Cooper a century ago, anxiously fret over the quality of culture in a democracy. Meanwhile, as Latin America’s social and economic revolution experiences success, its society has become increasingly urban and middle class. In some respects it resembles that of the United States at the time Rodo wrote his famous piece. Ariel is becoming Caliban and Caliban is struggling upward to the level of Ariel. Today Latin American masses share the desire for material things as they recognize an emerging cultural eminence in the United States.

Cultural Yankeephobia sometimes encompassed a fear of freedom of religion. Many Latin Americans saw it as freedom from religion. At best, they thought, it would promote indifference. Some seriously questioned if morality could be maintained in their society without the sanctions of an established Roman Catholic Church. Religious freedom also was associated with the aggressive expansionism of Manifest Destiny. In it they recognized a strong pseudo-religious strain which they identified with Protestantism. Some Americans who had participated in that movement were convinced that it was God’s will that they should bring their superior political, economic, and religious institutions to the less fortunate, benighted, anarchic peoples to the south and west. Inevitably such attitudes evoked negative reactions.

In more recent times many Latin Americans have resented the proselytism of Protestant missionaries. They conceive of their society as Christian, more Christian perhaps than that of the United States. In their opinion the admirable enthusiasms of these men ought to be directed to heathen lands where they might do some good.

**Yankeephobia: The Economic Factor**

While the cultural content of Yankeephobia has tended to subside in recent years, the opposite is true of the economic factor. Although the lands to the south have been important to American trade patterns ever since colonial times, it has been only in the twentieth century that economic penetration in the form of capital investment and loans of all kinds has achieved massive proportions. Economic imperialism achieved its crassest form in the Dollar Diplomacy of the Taft administration. While Americans have debated the question of which came first, the dollars or the diplomacy, there has been little doubt in the mind of the Yankeephobe. Marxist propagandists in particular experience little difficulty in attributing the political and social ills of the Latin republics to the intrusion of American capital. Standard Oil, to cite one example, is easily blamed for the Bolivian defeat in the Gran Chaco War of the 1930’s. And so it has continued to the present day.

The monocultural quality of most Latin American economies increases the vulnerability of the United States to charge of financial imperialism. Because of excessive dependence upon the production of one commodity, economic stability is difficult to maintain. As the biggest buyer of Brazilian coffee, Bolivian tin, or Chilean copper, the United States is reproached for its failure of stabilizing the fluctuating world prices of these and other commodities.

Of course other countries have also invested heavily in Latin America. Both France and Great Britain were more extensively committed at the turn of the century than was the United States. Yet these countries have escaped the abuse heaped upon America because of the
Monroe Doctrine. The Venezuelan boundary controversy and the interventions in Haiti and the Dominican Republic have amply demonstrated that Latin America could rest securely behind its prohibitions. At the same time history has also demonstrated that the Monroe Doctrine offers no comparable protection against the Colossus of the North.

History gives another twist to Yankeephobia as an economic phenomenon. In the collective memory of Latin Americans the record of foreign economic exploitation is one that is traced back to the beginning of the colonial period when the Spanish began their prolonged raid on the resources of the New World. As the Spanish gachupin was removed from the scene, his historic place in the criollo catalogue of hates has been taken by the Yankee economic imperialist. In this respect also the American has suffered from the xenophobic character of the Latin heritage.

Old Attitudes: New Dress

Recent United States policy in Latin America has received much favorable publicity. President Kennedy’s Alliance for Progress has been acclaimed as a major step in a new direction, as a positive program which has a potential for harmonizing the interests of both Americas. Yet not all Latin Americans would agree. They see the same old attitudes and goals, but in a new dress. Just as thirty years ago cynics saw Franklin Roosevelt’s Good Neighbor policy as a cover-up for continued dollar diplomacy — a Peruvian described it as Mrs. Monroe dressed up as a Quechua Indian — so today recent American policy is described as a jumble of inconsistencies based upon a pre-occupation with power factors and a corresponding failure to act in accord with democratic ideals.

To the Latin American, history abounds with evidence to support his contention that national interest alone guides United States foreign policy. In 1895 the United States was willing to risk a war with Britain as she took Venezuela’s part in the Guiana boundary controversy; just a few years later national interest led to a reverse policy as America abetted the Panamanian insurrection against Colombia. Later, when the crisis of World War II necessitated favorable relations, much was done to curry Latin American favor. But during the Truman and Eisenhower administrations Latin America was shunted aside once more as strategically unimportant in the world struggle with Communism. Proven methods of continental consultation and cooperation were largely abandoned as the United States tended to act unilaterally, as in the old days. Though many of the republics felt a desperate need for help if real economic and social progress was to be made, what American aid they received was of the kind that sustained the power of the dictators.

While President Eisenhower pinned medals on the caudillos who seemed to represent stability and a firm anti-Communism, Senator Allen J. Ellender of Louisiana could say, after enjoying lavish Trujillo hospitality, that the dictator of the Dominican Republic was the sort of leader we need more of in Latin America. Meanwhile the longtime Aprista leader of Peru, Haya de la Torre, a firm advocate of democratic socialism, was looked upon with great suspicion as a dangerous radical. Latin America was confronted with the paradox of support for the feudal ruling classes and caudillos who opposed the very ideals America has symbolized historically. When Romulo Betancourt came to power in Venezuela the second time, he got America backing, not because of his devotion to democracy and to social reform, but because he was an implacable foe of Castro’s Communism. The fact that his politics resembled Haya’s seemed beside the point.

From this point of view the Alliance for Progress also is looked upon as mere political expediency. Democratic idealism or genuine friendship or humanitarianism is at best secondary to the main object of heading off Communism in the hemisphere. What is more, attractive and desirable as Alliance aid may be, it has been used as a club to keep the southern republics in line. For example, at the Punta del Este conference in 1961, Secretary of State Rusk informed his Latin American colleagues that failure to support his resolution to expel Cuba from the Organization of American States would have a decidedly negative effect on the likelihood of Congress to vote economic aid. It is significant that six republics refused to knuckle under, and that the most populous and powerful nations, i.e., Brazil, Mexico, Argentina, and Chile, were counted among them. Many Latin Americans have been hesitant to back the United States in its Cuban policy. They recognize the crying need for social and economic change; they are therefore reluctant to inhibit Cuba’s revolution, even though they recognize it as a perverted one and want none of it for themselves.

Anti-American polemicists also find Cold War blackmail in the Alliance provision that the recipient nation must first meet certain prerequisites of a social as well as an economic nature. The criticism points up the dilemma in the aid program. The United States has finally come to realize that the advocates of social progress like Frei of Chile, Belaunde of Peru, and Leoni of Venezuela, must be supported. But if aid is made conditional on social progress, the controls evoke hostility. On the other hand there is ample evidence to suggest that if it is left uncontrolled, the help will never reach those for whom it was intended.

Perhaps the most volatile fuel for the Yankeephobes is to be found in the continuing racial tensions in the United States. Fifty years ago Rubino Blanco Fombona excoriated America for its racism. He wrote that there was indeed equality and liberty in America, the equality of slavery to the policeman, who is the tyrant of North American cities; the liberty to hunt Negroes with sticks, stones, and rifles; the liberty to treat these citizens of the United States, these men...
whose lives are guaranteed by the Constitution of the Model Republic, as wild beasts who will dispute with white men the possession of the earth.

The Latin American wonders how it is possible for the norte americano to have a sincere understanding of his multiracial society. His melting pot is more than one of white national groups. America’s continuing discrimination against Negros, Orientals, and Mexicans convinces the Yankee that American idealism is counterfeit, that in the fight with Communism the Yankee is most concerned about his bulging wallet, that freedom, equality, liberty, and respect for democratic processes are mere words to disguise the avid pursuit of power and wealth.

In conclusion, it is appropriate to observe that Yankee-phobia is also the product of American imagination.

Like any human being, the average American wants to be liked by others and is hurt, if not confused or resentful, when he discovers that he is not. He therefore often sees animosities where they do not in fact exist. He feels that he is misunderstood and that the ill-will he experiences is not justified. And he is right. For Yankee-phobia like all racial hatred and national animosity is largely based on half-truths, misinformation, and inadequate information. But it has not been our purpose to determine if Yankee-phobia is justified or if the Latin American interpretation of history conforms to reality. Instead an effort has been made to explore its rocky ground and to discover in an elementary way what it is and why it has come into being. Only through an understanding of Yankee-phobia will it be possible for Americans to take effective steps to oppose it, to neutralize it, or to eliminate it.

Tramonto

Cold air comes from the beach
dark-stitched with first arcs,
beyond mist of rolling hills
where curling fog floats spreading.

Waters break in turmoil
over eddies, across seeding weeds;
shimmering curls of foam
edge the ocean tide.

Willows are shadows in the distance
gulls skimming low touch sand,
gazing at waters’ thin gleam
where shoals bob floundering.

Between sky and sea
a last red flash of setting sun
falls away when darkness like smoke
blots visibility.

—D. M. PITTINELLA

On Second Thought

When we speak of the future of the church in a world undergoing change, we mention the great need for men who are “theologically trained” to provide leadership as our professional clergy. Of course we need them, because the work that faces us is long and difficult and vast. But we have not yet adequately defined our need for them. Even the word “trained” is inept, bringing to mind the dog conditioned to heel on command and commit no nuisance. In spite of the curriculum of homiletics, liturgics, dogmatics, symbolics, hermeneutics — all rooted in a culture that is passing — this cannot be a true picture.

Training does not in any way guarantee the gospel. Multiplication of knowledge and of skill does not in any way affect the heart. It is as easy for the trained clergyman to forget the gospel in his professional function as it is for the untrained to neglect it in his ministry as a layman. The fact that a man is a clergyman and ordained does not in itself indicate the capacity to lead the church. We do not need him to set the layman straight, and we cannot depend on him to do it. Our dependence on his training militates against his setting the layman straight because both his fellow clergy and the laymen credit his statement with truth by virtue of his training. This is a non-sequitur.

What the church does need is the man filled with the Spirit of his God. He alone can set the layman and the clergy straight, for he alone remembers that all men are judged alike by God, and all men are called to grace alike. It may be that being trained and being filled with the Spirit go together, but it is accidental. All history shouts the fact that being filled with the Spirit is as likely — perhaps more likely — among the untrained, the non-professional.

The church’s sickness may be due to the fact that the man filled with the Spirit does not come to the fore in the congregation. Not only the public functions of the ministry, but all leadership is placed in the hands of the professional clergyman, without question and in bland dependence on his training. The laymen who do stand out are his courtiers, amateur assistants to his professional work. The Spirit goes His quiet humble way among the children and the silent listeners who pray and love and suffer.
"After this I looked, and behold, a great multitude which no man could number, from every nation, from all tribes and peoples and tongues, standing before the throne and before the Lamb, clothed in white robes, with palm branches in their hands, and crying out with a loud voice, 'Salvation belongs to our God who sits upon the throne, and to the Lamb!'"

Revelation 7:9-10 (RSV)

"O Almighty God, who hast knit together Thine elect in one communion and fellowship in the mystical body of Thy Son Jesus Christ, our Lord, grant us grace. . ."

From the Collect for All Saints Day

When I was growing up in a midwestern Lutheran parish, we didn’t observe All Saints’ Day on the first day of November. In fact, we didn’t observe it at all. I’m not at all sure why, but I am sure that we didn’t. Perhaps it was because we were busy celebrating the Feast of the Reformation the day before. Perhaps it was because we didn’t want our attention to the saints to be mistaken by “outsiders” for some form of saint worship. Perhaps it was because we had, for a time, forgotten our very real connection with God’s saints who went before us. But now all that has changed, and we seem to be unashamed to post on our church bulletin boards our service schedule for All Saints’ Day. In fact, many among us seem to find greater opportunity for edification in the All Saints’ Day theme than in a Reformation rally.

Beginning with Saint Stephen and Saint James, the brother of John, the Gospel of Jesus’ Christ has left a bloody trail of witnesses. These people of “The Way” were witnesses (martyrs) already in their lives, and their witness did not end until they had written it boldly in their own blood. Then there were the Saints Peter and Paul and Polycarp and a whole multitude who sealed their faithful witness in their blood. These saints of God were beloved by their brethren in a hundred little congregations, and their day of blood-witness was remembered regularly on its anniversary. God was blessed, in these worshipping assemblies, for the victory which He had won in their lives and for the witness they had left in their final hour as they faced the cross, the sword, the burning-stake and the lion’s den. These were the saints of God, and as their number multiplied it became increasingly impossible to commemorate their martyrdom on a day set aside for each. Thus, a day for all saints became the day to replace the many separate commemorations.

As time went on it was realized that not only the faithful who had given their final witness in blood should be remembered, but also those departed whose witness (martyrdom) was written in the common sweat and toil of daily Christian life. They also, it was remembered, are in that “great multitude which no man could number, from every nation, from all tribes and peoples and tongues standing before the throne and before the lamb, clothed in white robes.” Their robes, too, are those washed in the blood of the Lamb of God. They are the ones who carried us to the Baptismal washing. They are the saints who taught us to say “Abba Father, Amen.” They are the saints who showed us what it means to carry the name of Jesus upon our foreheads and the mark of His cross upon our breasts. And now, when they have died in the Lord and are forever with Him, we shall bless God for their faithful witness to us and praise Him for His victory over the Evil One in their lives. They are a part of us, for what they commended to us from Jesus Christ has become a part of us. They, with us, are God’s elect, “knit together in one communion and fellowship in the mystical body of . . . Christ our Lord.”

For all the saints who from their labors rest,
Who Thee by faith before the world confest,
Thy name, O Jesus, be forever blest.
Alleluia! Alleluia! (L.H. 463)

All Saints’ Day has, therefore, come down to us as a day to remember all of those who have confessed their faith in the Lord Christ to the end of their earthly lives. We remember them, not so much to praise their memory as to join them in giving the praise to Him who has effected their salvation. We join their song before the throne of the Lamb, “Salvation belongs to our God who sits upon the throne, and to the Lamb! . . Blessing and glory and wisdom and thanksgiving and honor and power and might be to our God forever and ever!’ Amen.” If we catch the spirit of what we are doing when we join in this song of the Church Triumphant, it can be a truly wholesome thing for us. It can make us aware that the Church of Christ is not bound by a given generation (or three or four) but stretches across all the boundaries of time. Our portion is with the One Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church before (and after) it is Roman, Lutheran, Anglican, Presbyterian, or something else. Ours is a unity with all those who have gone before us in the faith: a unity which we have often denied but which the Lamb on the throne has established forever. What we hold in common with this multitude is God’s rescue, sealed by Christ the Lamb, in his cross and open grave.
In this moment of unity with all the saints there is not time for a discussion of our many differences in confessional formulation. There is only time to rejoice in the unity which has been given; only time to praise the Lamb.

But when we have finished remembering all God's saints who have completed their earthly witness, and when we have joyfully confessed our continuity in their faith and victory, there remains yet another consideration which we cannot neglect. We must consider all those saints who feebly struggle with us today. The Apostle Paul gives us little license for reserving the category of "saint" for the dead. For him it is more often the living; the ones faltering in Galatia, struggling in Colossae, suffering in Philippi and quarreling in Corinth. These are the saints of the Most High; the ones struggling at Valparaiso University; the ones who assemble in Detroit; the ones who call themselves Vatican II; the ones in Smalltown, U.S.A. or a village of South India, and the ones who hold high the name of Lutheran, Methodist, or Baptist. These are the saints of God and of His Lamb; the ones who give a cup of water to the needy in Chicago; the ones who identify with the oppressed in Alabama; the ones who write about relevancy and quarrel about doctrinal formulations. These, too, are God's saints, and are gathered in white robes around the throne of the Lamb, washed in his blood. They sing with us, "Salvation belongs to our God who sits upon the throne, and to the Lamb."

There is much to consider in what we are saying here. If we would make All Saints' Day the day for remembering our unity in Christ with ALL the saints, then we dare not neglect any of the living and struggling saints. All Saints' Day is a time to pray for all these, our brethren, who bear the mark of Jesus' cross in their daily calling. It is a time to confess to the Lamb and to one another that we still have not learned how to live in that precious unity which He has given us in His holy Body, the Church. It is a time to seek new ways to express and rejoice in the unity Christ has given us. It is a time to join hands in new ways with all the saints and to bear the rescuing love of God in word and act into the dark corners of the towns, cities and countries of our world. All Saints' Day is a day to make us "eager to maintain the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace. There is one body and one Spirit, just as you were called to the one hope that belongs to your call, one Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of us all..." (Eph. 4:3-6).

O blest communion, fellowship divine
We feebly struggle, they in glory shine;
Yet all are one in Thee, for all are Thine.
Alleluia! Alleluia!

(L.H. 463)

The churches have a further reason for joining the war against poverty in the fact that among their own membership are persons of wide-ranging economic status. Though this may be lost sight of in large and generally "prosperous" congregations, many members of inner city and rural churches struggle with inadequate income and living conditions as a daily experience. This makes of the churches' anti-poverty warfare, a struggle to be waged together by fellow Christians who live both above and below the poverty income line.


November 1965
On September 30, 1965, the United Church Women of Gary, Indiana, in cooperation with the Young Women's Christian Association of Gary, conducted their Third Annual Mission Institute around a theme that has been laying at the hearts of their general programs for a long time, LAITY IN MISSION.

**Laity In Mission The Theme**

The day began at noon for them with a short essay and discussion on *The Christian's Role In Gary*. In this discussion, speaker and audience made some points to one another: 1) promulgating the Gospel, a matter of self-authenticating faith, in a highly scientific age where proof and demonstration are so important, becomes rather difficult; 2) the role and structure of the church, any church, are changing under the ricocheting trends of the twentieth century; 3) perhaps it is more practical and effective to demonstrate the significance of the Christian faith and the personal Christ by life and conduct than it is to attempt so many wordy explanations of what the Christian stands for; 4) in line with this sacrificial love on the part of Christ the churches of Gary owe as much and more of an obligation to the people of Gary generally as they do to their various households of faith; 5) the concern of the man of faith must be as much for the body of the Gary citizen as for his soul; 6) the love of man under his compulsions of faith goes to the total man, to the whole personality.

**Visiting The Churches: Their Perspectives**

After this discussion period, and the handling of a few organizational matters, these fifty or so women boarded a chartered bus and visited five of Gary's churches where one of the pastors at each church led discussions with these women about the significant doctrines, themes, and activities of his church. The churches visited, stretching from the center of the city to the suburbs, were City Methodist Church, Gary Full Gospel Tabernacle, St. Augustine's Episcopal Church, St. Mary of the Lake Parish, and Temple Israel. All of the pastors had something to say about church architecture, precipitated naturally by the fact that three of these congregations were housed in new buildings, that one was a large and monumental building established along with the city of Gary in the early years of the twentieth century, and by the fact that the other was in a re-building program.

Each woman was operating with background material and data, a mimeographed summary of these churches and their work, containing among other matters the basic beliefs and thrusts of each church. The City Methodist Church nailed itself down as a Protestant congregation "with a specific emphasis on the 'heart strangely warmed,' and social concern and action." The Gary Full Gospel Tabernacle (whose minister had handed the women a concisely written statement of sixteen fundamental doctrines) presented its case around the Bible as inspired, infallible, and the final and ultimate Word of God; the Trinity; the deity of the Son; the regenerating work of the Holy Ghost; the Resurrection; and around heaven and hell.

With seemingly less of an emphasis on doctrine and matters of biblical interpretation, St. Augustine's Church through its rector emphasized formal worship a great deal, in fine and frugal fashion, and, without shame, insisted that its worship and faith were "liturgically and traditionally Catholic (not Roman Catholic)." St. Mary of the Lake Parish was represented in the summary by this statement: "One God, creator of Heaven and Earth; Jesus Christ is the True Son of God; Mary is the Mother of God; the Resurrection Christ; Forgiveness of Sins; and the Existence of Heaven, Hell, and Purgatory." The faith-network of Temple Israel was stated quite simply: "One God and bases its precepts upon interpretation of what is commonly known as the Old Testament."

As you can readily see, the women were tossed to and fro during this afternoon from churches and pastors who were very fundamental and orthodox Christians to churches and pastors who were liberal and humanist; from people who insisted on the Trinity to people who accepted one God; from people who made much of heaven and hell to some who actually refused to take immortality very seriously; from those who accepted Christ as God to those who looked upon the Christian Messiah as a good man. And so on.

**Visiting The Churches: Relevancy**

One of these churches, the Methodist Church that had emphasized warmth and social concern was running a program for Spanish-Americans: for drop-outs; for those who wanted to learn English; classes in budgeting and home economics; Bible classes; music; 4-H; recreation; remedial reading; and, in general, provisions for people who are enmeshed, sometimes beyond hope, in the restricting human predicament. Their full-time director of the Spanish-American project also looked into matters of relief, welfare, and security for these people. Going at this from another perspective, the Roman Catholic Church emphasized the role of the laity in this
manner: "All the activity of lay people, whether properly secular or religious, is raised to a supernatural level by the character conferred in baptism. As the council says, Christ gives the laity a share in His priestly function of offering spiritual worship for the glory of God and the salvation of men. All their works, prayers and apostolic endeavors, their ordinary married and family life, their daily occupations, their physical and mental relaxation, if carried out in the Spirit, become, in the words of St. Peter, 'spiritual sacrifices acceptable to God through Christ.' Together with the offering of the Lord's body, they are offered in the celebration of the Eucharist. Thus the laity consecrate the world itself to God."

The bulletin of St. Augustine's Church for the fifteenth Sunday after Trinity contained announcements to this effect: "TODAY IS THE FALL INGATHERING OF THE UNITED THANKOFFERING by the women of the Church. This offering which is collected twice a year is used for the urban programs sponsored by the Women in National and Diocesan Projects"; "THE RECTOR'S DISCRETIONARY FUND comes from the offerings given the first Sunday of each month and at the 7:30 masses. This fund is used by the Rector for emergencies and for charitable and educational purposes and for meeting private needs of people in distress." At the Pentecostal tabernacle, the pastor laid out the spectrum of the church's activities: prayer groups, benevolences, the youth, missions, evangelism, finance, and the Book of Acts as a guide to their activities. But more than anything he emphasized with considerable pride and joy their radio and publishing work, their programs for Indians and the deaf, and their Bible study projects for prisoners. The Rabbi at the Temple Israel emphasized that his view of the kingdom of God really meant the construction of a better world in which to live. The members of his Temple, we know from personal experience, are working very hard at the fulfillment of just this aspiration. This is one of the important prayers used in their services: "May the day soon come when Thy kingdom of righteousness will prevail over all the earth, when selfishness and bigotry will vanish from the minds of men, when tyranny and oppression will cease, and all the families of the earth will recognize the brotherhood of their common humanity. Then shall justice flow as a mighty stream and righteousness as a river of many waters, to enrich the fields of human endeavor and give gladness to the lives of men. Then shall Thy presence be in the hearts of men, and Thy love shall lead them forever and ever. Amen."

Comments

This kind of varied experience, going from one extreme to another, was bound to force comment, and that too was varied. "Young people seem to be bothered most by the Trinity and immortality." "It's hard to know these days what to say, do, and believe." "What's all this churchly stuff about, this being particular about holy water and all that kind of stuff?" "That man! He doesn't believe in immortality. Well! You can't make sense of the Christian religion without that." "Precepts and the life of the mind? Why doesn't he set up an educational building instead of a House of God?" "How can you leave Christ and immortality out of your religion." "Yes, but like they say, it can all get to be a mystery." "Don't you wish you had a library like this at your church?" "What an interesting and exciting afternoon this has been!"

It was that kind of afternoon, exciting and interesting. But it was more. They could see here all the potential for conflict and cooperation, for both agreement and disagreement.

But many of them marked it down as another turn in the road toward understanding, if only minimal understanding.

'We will not win our war against poverty,' President Johnson said, 'until the conscience of an entire nation is aroused.' But this is just the problem... How do you arouse the conscience of a fabulously rich nation about the poor?


November 1965
Collect

A Collective Prayer of the Faculty

Lord, we offer these petitions:

For our students we pray:
Grant our students the insight to know that they will learn at our pleasure and the wisdom to recognize that education must be a contest between the student and professor.

Help them to recognize all those barriers which make it impossible for the faculty to accept them as equals in a learning situation, and to accept those barriers without a murmur.

Give them the maturity to conform to our set of standards.

For us as faculty, we pray:
Lord, protect us from students with a thirst for knowledge and from students who ask questions.

Lord, protect us, as we protect ourselves, from students who think differently.

Lord, protect us from change.

Lord, protect us.

For our administration we pray:
Illumine the minds of our administrators so they may have, if no more, at least half the insight that the faculty does into the problems of the college.

May they recognize the fact that any trouble we may cause them is only for the good of the college.

May our administration recognize the sterling qualities of our institution and leave things pretty much the way they are.

May they further acknowledge the need for security and not ask us to expose ourselves.

For these and for all other things that we know are right for us, we ask in Thy name.

JAMES E. FRITSCHEL
Wartburg College

The Cresset
When I consider it, I am at a loss for words. Yet I can- not join wholeheartedly in every panegyric dealing with his far-reaching accomplishments.

Let me begin by saying in all candor that I do not see eye to eye with those scholars who speak of Schweitzer as a great theologian. His conclusions about the significance of Jesus of Nazareth are by no means completely original in every respect. To be sure, they reveal unmistakable sincerity and seriousness of purpose; but to a large extent they are a repetition of what many other students of theology said and wrote again and again before his time.

It is far more important to emphasize the clear-cut fact that Schweitzer strove with all his might and to the best of his extensive knowledge and learning to live the religion he embraced. He was not a lip server. Although one may disagree with some of his conclusions, one has no right to question his sincerity.

For many years to come some students of history will be bound to ask whether Schweitzer’s greatness as an utterly selfless benefactor of poor, ignorant, sick, and downtrodden human beings exceeded his greatness as an outstanding authority on Johann Sebastian Bach. To me this question is purely academic and altogether futile. Who can answer it?

This is not the place to enlarge on Schweitzer’s role as a humanitarian. It is my primary purpose to say a few words about him as a remarkably erudite trailblazer and torchbearer in the vast Bachian domain.

It would be nonsensical to speak of Schweitzer as the greatest Bach scholar in the world. No historian of music worth his salt would have the temerity to make such a sweeping statement. On the other hand, it would be downright cheap to minimize or look askance at his significant achievements in this field.

Schweitzer was a fabulously industrious man. “When Schweitzer was serving for a time as pastor in Strasbourg,” one of his close friends told me, “I sometimes had occasion to visit him at night. On more than one occasion I found him sitting at his desk with his bare feet immersed in ice cold water. Why? He did this to keep sleepiness away after many hours of hard work. He was studying theology, medicine, philosophy, and music with the deepest eagerness and concentration. His exceedingly robust constitution prevented him from becoming ill as a result of the measures he took to ward off sleep.”

Did Schweitzer become one of the world’s greatest organists? In one sense he did; in another sense he did not. His technical dexterity was by no means on a par with the agility achieved by many other organists of recent times. Yet Schweitzer’s playing was distinctively authoritative. He did not resort to the breakneck and completely indefensible swiftness of pace that characterizes the performances of many organists of our day. Some will say that this must be ascribed to a lack of the necessary technical ability. This, I believe, is true. But it is equally true that Schweitzer knew how utterly un-Bachian the tempos employed by numerous organists called Bach specialists are. The instruments of our day make high speed possible. In fact, they facilitate and even invite it. But Bach himself would turn in his grave if he could hear how tastelessly and how cruelly many performers go beyond a properly disciplined pace. In other words, Schweitzer strove to be truthful in his playing. He was not an exhibitionist. Nor could he have been an exhibitionist if he had acquired the agility many of our present-day organists have at their command.

Schweitzer was too great and too honest to indulge in vapid sentimentalism when he played the works of Bach. Organists and choir directors should take many leaves out of his book. Furthermore, they should learn, as Schweitzer did, to pay close attention to the wonderful structural aspects of Bach’s music. They should strive to acquire some of his vision and at least a modicum of his sense of style.

The mighty prophet who passed away a few weeks ago has taught us much about the fascinating tonal symbolism employed by Bach. Perhaps he fantasized here and there. Perhaps he gave his imagination free rein where there can be no positive proof. But in the long run this is irrelevant. Schweitzer did open up entrancing vistas, even though some of those vistas were bound to be, shall I say, fictitious.

Schweitzer’s biography of Bach is enlightening and authoritative. Even though it cannot be called the last word, those men and women who seem to be at pains to belittle it are to be pitied. Our anger will not change their view. Schweitzer’s work on Bach is a classic in its field. Is it likely to become dated? By no means in every detail. Some of the epoch-making works in the domain of historiography have become dated in this or that respect. Yet their value remains. They are, to quote Horace, monuments “more lasting than bronze.” So is Schweitzer’s contribution to the study of Bach.
The Fine Arts

The Gift to Be Simple

By RICHARD H. BRAUER

"Have nothing in your house that you do not know to be useful or believe to be beautiful." By an "accumulation of useless things not only are beautiful things kept out, but the very sense of beauty is perpetually dulled and ground away." William Morris

Because of mass production techniques more "useful objects" are available to more people than ever before. This is a mixed blessing. For unless we become very discriminating, we will soon find ourselves overwhelmed with THINGS, most of which are unnecessary, take a great deal of our time, care, and money, and bring very little that is basically beautiful into our lives.

Since the things we own often tell us and our neighbors who we are more than they perform practical functions, the desire for the usual middle-income, middle-class equipment becomes confused with real need. The new housewife thinks she is nothing unless she has a sofa; the lone couple must have their $4,000, six-passenger car. The Shakers called such activity "pride of possession" or "vain show," and perhaps they were right.

The Shakers were members of a communal Christian sect that reached its largest membership in the early nineteenth century. They found artistic expression in furniture construction, rather than in painting and sculpture. In an effort to find spiritual oneness with God and with each other, Shakers developed an emphasis on the qualities of purity and perfection. Given this spiritual inspiration, the Shaker craftsmen refined and developed their furniture from that of the crude pieces of the late eighteenth century New England countryside to those shown on these pages. "Superfluities"... pieces that might give the user a feeling of self-importance... were rigorously avoided in favor of furniture that satisfied a genuine use. To the Shakers, "Beauty rests on utility," and maximum utility promotes perfection.

For instance, this rocking chair was made for resting and reading, and almost all its parts serves those purposes. The tall rear posts and slats provide support for the full back and head; the mushroom shaped endings of the arm posts affords a good grip for the hands; the twenty-inch wide front of the seat with the braided tape surface gives generous and flexible seating; and the rather short rockers allow a gentle motion. Sometimes foot rests and back mats were used with these chairs. The high desk, also reproduced here, was assigned to two trustees at once, so the bottom third is divided into a double row of drawers, and the middle third has two doors that pull downward, forming slanted writing surfaces. To minimize the problem of cleaning, the desk is built flush with the floor and with smooth, unornamented surfaces.

To the Shakers perfection also implied flawless efficient workmanship using appropriate materials economically. The desk was made of common pine, whereas the more heavily used chairs and stands were often of hard maple and cherry. Joints were solidly and beautifully made, as in the fitting of the rockers into slots in the chair posts. Consistent with such sound construction was a disciplined economy of material. The simply shaped, lathe-turned posts of the chair are only slightly larger than an inch in diameter; the slats are less than one quarter inch thick. The result was a very light chair. Most regular chairs weighed less than five pounds and could be hung on wall pegs when the floor was being cleaned.

Perfection also meant visual harmony, order, and unity. Although the trustee's desk is large, the overall trimness of its shape, the subtle patterning of drawers, doors, and pulls, and the restrained and varied grain detailing give it an unexpected interest and grace. Of the three pieces here reproduced the candlestand seems to depart least from strict satisfaction of structural requirements. The craftsman allowed himself no arbitrary ornamentation, yet this piece is the most exciting to look at. The parts have been reduced to the absolute minimum and then so subtly refined that their shapes and relationships seem inevitable. The top floats above the

stem, which in turn sinks securely into legs that spring slightly up and out with geometric precision...so lightly that they barely reach the floor.

In their book *Shaker Craftsmanship*, Edward Deeming Andrews and his wife Faith write: "Emanating from a Shaker room of the older time is an air of serenity, humility, and holiness...qualities medieval yet bright and in a sense modern." They go on to say something I would like heartily to endorse, "More and more in America will there be people of limited means but educated taste, who will want their homes free from the complexities of useless embellishment, who will seek a union of practical convenience and quiet charm. Simple essential needs, not the whims of commercial manufacturers or the economy of over-production will increasingly dictate the kind and quality of furniture to be used. Such furniture like that made in the early Shaker settlements will be flawless but inexpensive."
The new season opened with William Hanley's play, "Mrs. Dally." Mr. Hanley was one of the promising talents of last season when he introduced us to the character of Mrs. Dally in her first act (Mrs. Dally Has A Lover) dilemma in which she tries to escape her miserable marriage and to something of her life, i.e., a greater mess than she is in. How does a middle-aged, misunderstood woman escape the boredom of her existence? She takes a lover who could be her boy. Why does all this happen? Because she has no child, her only boy having drowned at the age of three in a swimming pool where her husband - referred to as brute - neglected to look after the child while flirting with a "dame."

Mr. Hanley added some substance to the cliche-ridden idea and the not-too-badly written dialogue. He also wrote a second act to match the first. After having seen her with her lover trying to convert this simple young man to the higher (read: poetic) things in life, we now find her in the new second act with her husband, an athletic man who is so short-tempered that he doesn't mind breaking a chair to get a point across. (Brute, you see!) However, recognizing the hollow pretentiousness of his wife he reduces her to her real stature, namely to that of the little, untalented night club entertainer she once was.

Mr. Hanley knows how to present a character in a certain way, only to unmask him slowly as a different man. In this soap opera procedure we learn that the "brute" sent his wife flowers for her birthday, went to the library to read Shakespeare and is such a "brute" because he suffers day in, night out (when he sees some "dames") from his bad conscience, from realizing that he murdered his son. Mr. Hanley has here a perfect case for television or good material for a C-movie. The fact that Arlene Francis plays Mrs. Dally underscores this point.

Coming from London to New York, as I did, one cannot help noticing how much better the state of the theatre is over there as to the choice of plays being offered. The quality of acting which is incredibly superior to ours and as to the comforts that make theatre-going a real pleasure. Well, we have one advantage over the Londoners: the New Yorker busses and subways run the whole night, and you don't have to rush home after the theatre, you can sit together with your friends and discuss what you have seen. Unfortunately, what you may have to say about such a play as "Mrs. Dally" can be said between the theatre exit and the next bus stop.

Even the minor effort of a new London playwright, Pauline Macaulay, is far better than Mr. Hanley's soap opera technique. The comparison is justified since she, too, had only written for BBC previously. In her first play, "The Creeper," she brought together a few eccentricities and created, during the first two acts, an exciting pastiche in which the wit of James Thurber and Charles Adams seem to have met to concoct a plausible story of incredibilities in which a millionaire, in his eccentricities, is forced to sanction the murder of a psychopath whom he employs as a companion. In the third act, Miss Macaulay breaks the mood since only a pedestrian solution occurred to her. The acting, led by Eric Portman, was superb.

And it was even more impressive in the new play by John Osborne, the "Inadmissible Evidence," in which the 27-year-old actor, Nicol Williamson, impersonated a young lawyer who is unable to cope with his private life, with his marriage, his duty as a father and cannot even go through with his little affairs with his little office girls. His clients with their marriage problems are, of course, dramaturgically used as reflections of his own troubles. It is written as a tour de force, as a three-act monologue with the other actors more or less cueing him. If not an impressive work, it has a fascinating structure and holds your interest from the first to the last minute.

It may easily be that one day Harold Pinter will be considered the English counterpart of Samuel Beckett. Pinter is able to listen into his characters and can make the pauses and gestures to be articulate. He loves to allow in the fowlness of man and his relationships and to create an eerie terror of our (non-)existence. In his new play, "The Homecoming," — by many critics considered his best — he shows the triumph of naked sex drive, with the woman on the throne, the whip of her femininity gently cracking over the heads of three men at her feet, men who want to use her as a horizontal money-maker. This play functions on many levels, and so it may be difficult for some of us to accept it. It has the haunting quality of a mad world rotten in its core, the animalistic heartbeat beneath a thin veneer of civilization. Pinter's obnoxious characters, weak in their strength, strong in their weaknesses, are subhuman, but, strangely enough, compelling in their fully visualized reality. The play will come to Broadway, and I may then come back to it. Wedekind gave us his Lulu image at the turn of the century. Pinter's facsimile of it, under the name of Ruth, has all the ruthlessness of the 1960's.
On the Theological Front

Bethany Press in St. Louis has produced a single-volume church history which should not go unnoticed, The Church and Its Culture. The author is Richard Pope who teaches church history at Lexington Theological Seminary. Pope was trained in Chicago under the great historians who taught in the Divinity School of the forties, and his work reflects the critical training as well as the concern to study the church in her relationship to culture that is the established tradition at that school.

We shall note some defects in this book, but this should be prefaced by an appreciation. Many works in theology are announced for the general educated reader; often this is simply a signal that the author has settled for something less than the careful craftsmanship of the scholar. This church history is also sent to the educated reader and it fulfills that promise as few such works have. This is owing to a clear style, almost wholly free of theological, historical or journalistic jargon. Further, the author is a graceful writer; his own broad culture suggested many appropriate literary allusions and citations. Minor slips (e.g., "a phenomenum", p. 144) are so rare as to be arresting. Unfortunately the price is rather high ($4.95 for 600 pages). An inexpensive edition would fill a serious need.

Pope's concept of the church is of a simple fellowship of forgiven and forgiving people, in whom midst dwells Jesus Christ. This is a Protestant history, but a churchly one which consciously sidesteps most of the Protestant traps. Because the author avoids a perfectionist understanding of the church, there is no period in which the church fully fulfills her mission, but because Christ is always present among his disciples, there is no period in which the life of the church is extinguished. The rise of the ancient catholic church, particularly the Imperial State church under Constantine and his successors is treated not as the fall from an earlier purity, but as a response to a new situation. In the case of the Constantianian church. Pope sees that this new situation confronts the church with the demand and opportunity to meet new responsibilities, particularly in connection with establishing a just social order. Since Constantine the church has continuously faced the problem of the conversion of its own membership. This is an observation which might be usefully developed by all who worry about the values of an established Christendom, also those observers of the American scene who wonder how to understand the American established religion. The author displays a genuine appreciation for the interior culture of the church, her life of worship and artistic expression. A church building is theology made concrete, he notes, in a rich discussion of church architecture.

The early church and the Reformation, particularly the Anabaptist movements, are perhaps the best chapters. There is a fine appreciation of monasticism, particularly its influence on the Western attitude toward manual labor, but for a Protestant he certainly neglects the significance of the mendicant preaching orders. In the modern period many questions of selection and arrangement plague any historian. Pope does not, in any case, adequately deal with the competing ideologies in the West. Throughout the work there is a tendency to subordinate the role of dogma and theology more than is necessary; perhaps his rather shabby treatment of Augustine and the dismissal of Pelagianism is a signal that the deeper waters of theology are not satisfactorily sounded.

From Augsburg Press we now have a companion volume to the symposium, The Papal Council and the Gospel, which presented a pre-Vatican II Protestant-Lutheran statement of hopes and expectations by a variety of Lutheran authors. It was a notable volume, Dialogue on the Way, (1965, $4.75) edited by George Lindbeck, now provides a set of mature reactions to the first three sessions of the Council, and should be very helpful in preparing the way for a final evaluation.

The first part of the book contains the best brief summaries of each of the sessions we have yet seen; the second part consists of evaluations. The contributors are Lutheran and throughout the book the homogeneity of this viewpoint becomes evident. There is a heartening vitality in the Lutheran response to the Council's voice. Shared memories, shared dogma, shared concern for the reality of the life in Christ, shared pastoral interest: each of the partners in the conversation seems to be holding something in trust for the other. This is not to say that disappointments from the Lutheran side are not freely and frankly expressed. Paul VI, despite his moving initial address to the Protestant observers at the beginning of the second session, has not replaced John in the affection and confidence of the observers. In a fine and moving summary, Bishop Dietzfelbinger related how all were warmed in the glowing sparks when the pope held forth Christ as the light of the world and His Gospel as the criterion for the Council's work. Other kinds of sparks have been ignited by unfavorable papal interventions and claims.

So there is much criticism of Rome in this book; there is little optimism about papal curial intentions. Yet the changes already made are striking and portentous. Edmund Schnelle contrasts earlier negative pastoral statements about the World Council, even so recently as when Roman theologians were not allowed to enter the city limits of Evanston in 1954, with the new ecumenical spirit; a remarkable shift in presuppositions. Possibly the most interesting chapter is Vilmus Vajta's analysis of liturgical changes. He suggests that the new biblical orientation, the new pastoral concern may be a kind of time-bomb in the way it will provoke future dogmatic developments. If the observation holds that the law of prayer eventually becomes the dogmatic law — itself responsible for many of the Mariological developments in Rome — the new liturgical accents could well produce the new wine that will strain the old wineskins. Perhaps this is already how one should understand the storm over recent Dutch eucharist theology which the papal office has warned against in its most recent encyclical.

From time to time we call our readers' attention to significant issues of journals. The recent (Vol. XII, no. 3) issue of the Lutheran World is such an instance. Entitled "Toward Anglican/Lutheran Encounter," it not only opens up a long-needed conversation between two branches of Christendom so alike and yet so different from each other, but importantly, this issue blazes new paths in the method of inter-church conversation. The results are excellent. The German historian who is probably most understanding of British history, Martin Schmidt, writes a sensitive description of how the separate histories of Anglicanism and continental Lutheranism account for the differing accents and viewpoints of the communions. Then, a German Lutheran bishop and an Anglican bishop each relate how he understands his task of maintaining the apostolicity of the church. Finally, an Anglican bishop-theologian, Stephen Neill, writes of his experiences as an Anglican teaching theology in a Lutheran land (Hamburg), matching this, Franklin Sherman, an American Lutheran scholar, offers his reflection from a four year assignment teaching theology at Oxford, England. This is a fascinating issue, and one is struck by the enormous amount of work which lies before us in simply understanding the historical experience which produces a church and a theology different from one's own. Perhaps the two most interesting articles are the reports by Neill and Sherman. Both are frank and critical. Neill is disappointed by the level of parish life in Germany, the archaic form of the church, the inadequate liturgical life, the discrepancy between the industry invested in preaching and confirmation and the results achieved. He admires the zeal for theology, but does not notice satisfying results. All this is said with affection and some qualification. Sherman's article is possibly the most valuable in the issue. He offers a very thoughtful analysis of British church life, though he does not comment as fully on the state of the parishes as did Neill. He is fascinated by Anglicanism as the last great example of Constantinian Christendom that has not yet heard about the post Christendom period. Sherman shows a great deal of sympathy for the special opportunities which Es-
We must abandon old ways of thinking and outworn principles. Events have rendered them obsolete.

How readily we nod assent when we hear those familiar phrases. Who, after all, cares to be guilty of anachronistic thinking? But how often are those words anything more than an empty rhetorical device, a question-begging tactic used by one unable or unwilling to discern the relevance of time-tested principles and procedures? When the affairs of men stand at crisis, are we no more than ever in need of the accumulated wisdom of the past? But in just such moments men seem most eager to jettison the lessons of history and to sail without ballast.

The explosion of an atomic bomb over Hiroshima in August of 1945 marked just such a crisis in human affairs. Man’s new-found capacity for death and destruction managed to appalling even a world still caught up in the carnage of World War II. And within a few short months of that event, statesmen, scientists, and clergymen had begun to enunciate the new principles and to outline the new institutions that would have to be accepted in the Atomic Age.

War was now unthinkable; it would have to be outlawed. National sovereignty was now obsolete; a world government would have to be created. So the arguments ran. And almost invariably the pronouncements that appeared in the early years of the atomic era began with the axiom that some new calculus had now to be perfected, for the past was no longer a reliable guide.

Two decades have elapsed. War has not been outlawed. National sovereignty is more alive than it ever was, and the United Nations—a feeble substitute for world government to begin with—is limping woefully. Yet the globe still spins, and the dire consequences which were predicted if we failed radically to amend our ways have proved not so inevitable after all. Some would say we have been “lucky”; and they’re right, of course, for events are never completely within our control. But is it not also true that old ways of thinking and outworn principles have proved surprisingly equal to supposedly impossible tasks?

In The Irreversible Decision: 1939-1950 (Macmillan, 1965, $2.45, 306 pp.), Robert Batchelder has lucidly chronicled the events and the thinking leading up to Hiroshima and the flurry of soul-searching that followed. This is not an axe-grinding study; unlike most other writers who have surveyed portions of this ground, Batchelder is eager neither to exonerate nor to condemn.

With admirable brevity and clarity he illuminates the alternatives actually faced by scientists and American policy makers and shows why they chose as they did. For example, the alternative most suggested after the event, a demonstration bombing, was carefully weighed in 1945, and rejected for reasons that Batchelder (himself finally critical of the decision) manages to make convincing.

After the war, scientists and churchmen took the lead in calling for a new world order that could accommodate the realities of the atomic era. Batchelder’s objective recitation of their proposals points up, for us with the advantage of hindsight, the mistaken nature of the assumptions from which these proposals usually sprang—such as the assumption that all future wars would be nuclear wars.

But most importantly, Batchelder has shown that long familiar political-ethical principles and diplomatic skills do still have relevance, and that the crisis quality of those years was occasioned largely by men’s eagerness to discard such traditional wisdom. The climax of the book is reached in chapters sixteen and seventeen. Here Batchelder shows how political considerations were submerged during the war in favor of a single objective, military victory. The demand for unconditional surrender was both symbol and slogan of our political bankruptcy. If war is to be a rational tool of policy, it must be fought for limited ends. It is limited ends that make limited war possible. We have been slowly relearning this ancient political and ethical truth, a truth well known to old-fashioned statesmen, but sadly forgotten in the years of World War II.

The last paragraph of the book merits quotation:

RICHARD BAEPLER
"The role of the American churches from 1946 to 1950 was primarily to reflect and reinforce the inadequate ideas about war held by the American people. Inadequate and dangerous concepts should not be reinforced, but challenged. We need a new ethic that will provide relevant restraints upon both the ends and means of warfare, and will encourage the discriminate and responsible exercise of power — political, economic, and military — in support of enlightened and creative national goals. The development of such an ethic for the nuclear age is surely one of the most urgent tasks confronting both moralists and statesmen today."

That may seem to be in contradiction to the argument pressed throughout this review. But in fact it is not. For Batchelder clearly maintains that an adequate new ethics will prove to be a restatement of older principles, a recapturing of the truth enshrined in traditional concepts that were too quickly dismissed as obsolete.

The reader who completes The Irreversible Decision could do no better than to continue with another paper cover book that appeared this year, Peace and War in the Modern Age: Premises, Myths, and Realities, edited by Frank R. Barnett, William C. Mott, and John C. Neff (Doubleday Anchor, 1965. $1.45, 421 pp.). This is a meaty volume of selections from the recent writings of a wide range of authorities on war and diplomacy, including Hans Morgenthau, Dean Acheson, Dean Rusk, Arleigh Burke, and many others less well-known but equally knowledgeable.

Uneven quality must be expected in a book of this sort. The third of the six parts, on "Communist Ideology, Strategy and Tactics," drifts too often into empty Communist-lashing, and is barely redeemed by the incisive comments of Charles Burton Marshall on the Cuban crisis.

But for the most part, the book is solid analysis and cogent argumentation. Admiral Burke's contribution on "Power and Peace" is, with the exception of a few internally inconsistent and somewhat puerile paragraphs entitled "The Confrontation Is Absolute," a masterpiece of scholarly reasoning. The need for a flexible strategy is stated with exceptional clarity by Paul C. Davis. Walter Hahn is excellent in "The Mainsprings of Soviet Secrecy." Raymond A. Moore's reconsideration of the United Nations should be required reading for both friends and foes of that troubled institution. "Richard V. Burks' examination of Eastern Europe compresses a wealth of vital information into a few well-reasoned pages."

In "How Monolithic was the Monolith?" Robert V. Daniels effectively demolishes a number of myths that still hobble United States thinking on foreign policy. And Hans Morgenthau, in "Peace in our Time?" comes like a clean blast of brain-clearing air through a suffocating room.

The careful reader will detect disagreements among some of the contributors. But the book nonetheless displays a unifying theme, suggested in the subtitle: The premises upon which our cold war thinking typically proceeds are too often myths that need to be countered with realities. And without a single exception, the writers are persuaded that traditional wisdom about war, its causes, its means, and its ends, has much more to say to us today than we have been able to appreciate.

Here is a book not just for reading, but for reflection. Along with the Batchelder study, it deserves the careful attention of all those still willing to learn from the past. When a man falls in water over his head, this is a crisis. To forget about swimming at such a juncture and insist upon flying is not wisdom. The correct word is panic.

PAUL T. HEYNE

Stoner

By John Williams (The Viking Press, $4.95)

One of the most intense frustrations in reading modern fiction is in trying to determine whether the novelist thinks his characters are typical or unusual. Of course, even a so-called typical character may be exaggerated, without doing any particular damage to truth. Indeed, we generally say that art must heighten life in order to illuminate it, or else we could take real life as final and have no need for fictional life.

There was a time when we understood the exaggerations to be just what they were. But what does one say about Holden Caulfield? More than a full generation of young readers has now accepted Catcher in the Rye as both legitimate and accurate portrayal of the typical teenager. Yet, those of us who are supposed to come in contact with typical teenagers through our teaching and counseling have never met Holden.

Or, is it really true that Brooklyn is peopled largely by the kind of character we meet in Selby's Last Exit? If not, where are the other people? Current fiction, with its emphasis on the sordid and the formerly unprintable, would have us believe that the foul-mouthed and the perverted rule the world. Obviously, this is a hangover from the many recent obscenity trials; the novels are amateurish celebrations of a new freedom. But we are still left with the question of contemporary reality.

John Williams, author of three novels and two books of verse, and himself a professor of English, has written in Stoner that professors are better off than those who are outside the university, "in the muck." They harm no one, say what they want, and get paid. Or do they? The salaries are low, the freedom of speech in the classroom does not extend to departmental meetings, and psychological harm would be the chief academic disease if the professors did not grow thick skins.

Williams' novel takes William Stoner from birth to death, a matter of sixty-five years in 278 pages. Clearly his approach cannot be realistic in the sense of detailed treatment. The difficulty comes in determining whether Professor Stoner is a caricature, and the novel therefore comic. To one who is familiar with academic life, Stoner's experiences are often much too true. The jealousies in graduate oral exams, the struggles for power within the department, the relegating of the poorest teacher to the position of director of freshman English — these are unfortunately accurate. The context, then, although exaggerated, is true enough. The problem is Stoner himself.

Stoner is a humble and dedicated teacher who merely endures the university on the practical level, although he almost worships it as an abstraction. The university is at once a refuge from the outer world and noble institution. Yet, very little that is noble occurs within its walls. Stoner in particular is defeated at every turn, but he shrugs off his defeats and marches on to retirement. Only once does he fight briefly, but he does not follow up his advantage. Only once does he partake of love: for a while he ignores his unbelievable wife and finds satisfaction with a mistress. "In his forty-third year William Stoner learned what others, much younger, had learned before him: that the person one loves at first is not the person one loves at last, and that love is not an end but a process through which one person attempts to know another."

This seems reasonable enough, at least partially, but Stoner finds this love in an interlude and it does not help him much through his next twenty-two years. The major theme of this novel is, in fact, somewhat obscure, although the novel itself is not. Most of Stoner's love is passive. His attitude toward his colleagues is one of good will. He is almost a vegetable, albeit with a mind capable of directing research. When he dies he had little or nothing behind.

We are back now to the question: Is Professor Stoner a highly unusual man, or is he intended to be typical of university professors, especially of English? If the former is true, the novel fails, because we are not that much interested in Stoner as a person. If the latter is true, heaven help us, for we are lost. Perhaps that is the theme, but I do not think so. It seems, rather, that John Williams, a very gifted craftsman, has let his craftsmanship get in the way of his statement. Treading a narrow line between the comic, the grotesque, the stereotype, and the summary biography, he has failed to provide the direction and emphasis which the reader needs in order to understand the author's intentions.

Stoner is, nevertheless, a competent novel and an interesting story. Its faults simply point up the difficulties of achieving literary reality in the mid-twentieth century.
A Minority Report

Homecoming?

By VICTOR F. HOFFMANN

The local newspaper (The Vidette-Messenger, October 7, 1965) announced the Valparaiso University Homecoming with a curt headline, SET U HOME-COMING PLANS.

With a bit more flamboyance perhaps, a billboard on the new campus pinpointed the parade theme, BEST OF BROADWAY, for the V.U. natives.

Even before that we noticed some tell-tale signs: wood, wire, paper, paint, and sometimes mostly debris being gathered ostensibly for parade floats and house decorations; professors being asked to serve as chaperones, on occasion mainly to watch the alumni as much as the students; notes and letters from friends and former students who want to drop in for a visit; students muttering about "trying to do too many things at one time"; complaints about instructors who sign before and after work when the university puts the student under such terrific social pressure; faculty people muttering about "how can you teach in these circumstances"; and friends of ours with the offices of the police and the sheriff wondering how it will all come out.

Valpo's MAC for the year, Man about Campus, was chosen, reigned in quiet dignity, and certainly "with no sweat" as he sat in class discussing the role of reason in Plato's Republic.

Classes during the week before this invasion of alumni were a drag. Classes on Homecoming Friday were an academic bust. Not even deans and instructors were quite with it. But, in the majority of cases, not necessarily because they were getting ready for a big weekend. Homecoming, you see, has become in part an intrusion upon the lives of some very busy people. Alumni will recognize that the academic community is no longer the last refuge of the country gentleman. We are having less and less time for these events.

This year even all this was complicated by a World Series that fell upon this week and contributed to its frustrations and cacophony, very most certainly the antonym of harmony.

The festivities opened in the Student Union lobby on Friday (October 8, 1965) with alumni registration, amidst some noise and gaiety of old friends meeting again after a time away from one another. We even noticed some enemies of by-gone days shaking hands with one another. Later on in the afternoon a crack cross country team, star-studded with a judicious mixture of competent sophomores and tried veterans, ran first in the Crusader Classic to which major Lutheran colleges and universities from across the nation had been invited. The Alumni Association held its annual meeting later in the evening. While the alumni meeting was in process, Astrud Gilberto, a bossa nova singer, and comedienne Joan Rivers to whom, it is alleged by her own publicity, many funny things just happen, demonstrated their versatility in the university gymnasium where many funny things are bound to happen.

Somewhere and sometime during this weekend, almost by sufferance, a Queen gets crowned, kissed, and gets to lead the Homecoming parade. There was also a fireworks display, and the deans hoped that this would not go too far.

Beginning at 10:30 a.m. Saturday, the Homecoming parade moved from main street in Valparaiso to the university football field for the shedding of some blood and some vicarious indulgence in hostility expressions on the part of the spectators to the tune of the national anthem and "Hail To The Brown and The Gold!". In this parade there were floats of all kinds, some obviously hastily arrived at, some were attempts at the sublime and others simply caricatures. Into this parade poured a sheriff’s posse with twenty-one horses, ten visiting bands plus the V.U. Crusaders band, cheerleaders, majorettes, the Queen’s float, and a number of other features. The heart of the Homecoming was a grudge football battle between V.U. and Butler University, a friendly enemy that has given the home team a "whacking" now and then. We won.

In the final event of Homecoming, sorority girls raced competitively in “Little Le Mans,” a race of go-karts sponsored by a fraternity with a creativity that we will expect from them in the classroom, now that we know. "And this is education?" a bystander said to his family.

But what he saw and heard, as has been implied, is quite deceptive for we think that Homecoming on a college campus is declining in significance. Alumni might look upon this event as a return to the bosom of the Alma Mater, and we certainly understand that and hope that this is true, but students and professors are beginning to have their doubts about all the hectic activity and preparations for such an event when so many other goals and ideas are beginning to predominate in their lives and minds. Homecoming, furthermore, is in competition with so many other events that bring alumni and friends to campus.
What’s New?

By ANNE HANSEN

For nine seemingly interminable weeks viewers tuned to NBC heard the following earthshaking admonition: “Celebrate NBC Week — a week so big it takes eight nights!” During this same period CBS urged us to “fasten our seat belts” while we examined the new programs they had scheduled, and ABC begged us to “turn on the excitement” as we followed their fall lineup.

The great week of revelation has come and gone. All I want to know is “What’s new?”

With the exception of a few programs that may have some merit, the new crop of shows promises — or shall I say threatens — to be even worse than the mediocre and boring programs we saw last year. There is a distressing lack of freshness, originality, and genuine artistry. Evidently producers and sponsors have come to the conclusion that feature programs must be as inane as the commercials which make us look like a nation of idiots. Probably I should have said “suckers,” for we surely are making a valiant effort to underscore the aptness of the statement made famous by P.T. Barnum as we meekly and unprotestingly accept the tawdry and hackneyed fare doled out to us by the major networks.

It’s time to lodge a vigorous protest.

In a recent issue of TV Guide Edith Efron presented the opinions and conclusions expressed by a panel made up of writers, producers, and executives. After an exhaustive exploration of the subject “Can TV Drama Survive?” the panelists agreed that the artistry, the creativity, and “the genuine spark of the individual” which distinguished TV in its earliest years has been “traded in for polished mediocrity.” The diagnosis? “The world of TV drama is whimpering and dying today, and everyone, in and out of the television industry, knows it.” The prognosis? Death, unless the disease that is destroying the dramatic art form on TV can be checked.

The underlying causes of the present sorry state of television are listed as the restrictive Code of the NAB network censorship, the unremitting attacks made by various pressure groups, the ever-present threat of Congressional hearings, and the stultifying tyranny of the rating systems.

The bright spots in TV viewing have been the newscasts, the news specials, and the documentaries. The programs devoted to the historic flight of Gemini V, NBC’s absorbing White Paper on U.S. foreign policy since the end of World War II, ABC’s documentary on Viet Nam, and the excellent news specials on CBS were welcome oases in the vast wasteland of the airwaves. There is a bit of cheering news for the months ahead.

The major networks have announced special presentations devoted to music, drama, art, history, and world affairs.

Bright autumn sunshine enveloped me in a warm and welcome glow when I stepped from the theater in which I had just seen Darling (Embassy Pictures, John Schlesinger). For two hours I had been immersed in a sordid, acrid, and caustic commentary on the moral climate of our day, and it had left me feeling chilled and disheartened. Specifically, Darling concerns itself with the manners and mores of English society. But only the most naive person would fail to discern its applicability to society in general. Every form of human depravity and corruption is depicted in Darling. Love, compassion, and the human and spiritual values that give purpose and meaning to life are almost entirely absent. And yet it would be unfair, in my opinion, to label Darling as just another cheap sex picture. I believe that it was intended to be a social document which enables us to take a good, long look at ourselves in this age of alleged sophistication. One must point out, however, that Darling is a bit shallow and often too carefully contrived.

Julie Christie, Dirk Bogarde, and Laurence Harvey are outstanding in the fine cast. The direction is excellent. London, Florence, and Capri are beautifully photographed in superb color.

Help! (United Artists, Richard Lester) is a mad but entertaining concoction of fun, excitement, and fantasy. But for all its madness, it also emerges as a telling spoof on the ubiquitous cloak-and-dagger thriller. Britain’s famous foursome does not pretend to take itself seriously. The Beatles leave that to the screaming American teen-agers. It will be interesting to see where they go from here. They are under no illusions. They know that fads come and go. As a seasoned movie-goer, I wish that all the pictures seen by our children and young adults were as clean as the films made by the Beatles.

Movie-goers who have not read Joseph Conrad’s classic tale of the gradual and subtle erosion of a man’s character and honor may be content to view Lord Jim (Columbia, Richard Brooks) as a colorful adventure yarn. But those who were edified by Conrad’s “tragedy of a man who could not make up his mind” will find the film a less than satisfactory substitute. Read the book!

All I can say about The Sons of Katie Elder (Paramount) is that the scenery is magnificent.

Why Bother to Knock?, an English production, leads one to ask, “Why bother to see such nonsense?”

The plot concocted for Once a Thief (M-G-M) should have been laid to rest long, long ago. And this may well be the film to do it.
The Gentle Furies

And so I finally went to the hospital. . . . The three doctors involved never had believed me when I said that countless ages had waited for what I was going to do next week and that I had go to on . . . and on . . . They solved the problem by having a secretary call me: "You room is ready for you. The doctor will give you your pre-operative shots at 5:00 p.m." . . . When I frantically asked: "How long will I have to stay there," she said. "That is not my problem. . . ."

And so at 3:00 p.m. on a cloudless autumn day I fell into the hands of three nurses whom I now know as the "Gentle Furies". . . . At first I thought that they were called to be my slaves and that I was really in command of the situation . . . I seemed to be, but by the third day I found that the balance had shifted, subtly, but definitely. . . . a clear example of authority stemming from superior knowledge. . . . Of course, the situation should have been clear from the beginning. . . . After all, this was my first bout with whatever ailed me. . . . For the ladies in white, however, I was only the latest of hundreds of similar wretches who had come and gone— all with the same aches, the same fears, the same silly questions. . . . When Fury No. 1 said, "No breakfast for you this morning," or "Go to the bathroom," I soon knew there was a finality about these decisions which was almost supernaturally authoritative. . . . I just lay back on my pillow and started to think about the mystery of the Holy Trinity— even the Nicene Fathers must have had stomach aches. . . . Perhaps they even did their best work with a nurse, symbol of authority, standing over them. . . . At any rate all earthly matters had now been fitted into their proper, secondary place. . . . I became overnight pathologically submissive. . . .

I soon discovered that I had entered a world all its own— in language, customs, rituals, rites, traditions. . . . Time was measured by pills, washing, bed changing, the doctor's arrival, more washing and meals fit for a king— with ulcers. . . . Behind it all, of course, was the ebb and surge of life and death, pain, healing, suffering, darkness and light, both physical and mental. . . . No wonder that my schedule changed almost imperceptibly to correspond with the ancient cycle of the sun. . . . There was something cosmically liturgical about it . . . breakfast at dawn, dinner at sunset and sleep before a tentative harvest moon had come over the rooftops. . . . There may have been midnight oil around somewhere, but it was no longer for me. . . . And I was "222-cataracts" . . .

I must emphasize, however, that this substitution of numbers for names was not the reflection of a cold, impersonal approach. . . . Not at all. . . . Their interest could not have been more real and warm. . . . What they were saying was that the name of the individual did not matter at this moment in his life. . . . His identity was determined by the four walls which contained and held him and the particular organ which had brought him here. . . . There was an intimate realism about this which made me proud even after just five days to be known only as "222-cataracts". . . . This gave me a fixed identity in time and condition which I had never known before. . . . It was so easy to put my head into another room with no formal introduction, no historic background, no titles— just "222-cataracts". . . . and the dim figure in the corner would answer: "Kidney stones— and they hurt like hell". . . . Only much later I learned that despite his volcanic language, the brother with the kidney stones was a good Methodist— momentarily on leave of absence from Calvinist restriction.

The Three Gentle Furies assigned to me were experienced pros. . . . All had families of their own and whenever I complained of any pain they proudly told me about Johnnie's allergies, Elsie's bad teeth, and the bald spot on Alice's head. . . . In less than a week I developed a proprietary interest in these unseen small fry. . . . They seemed to be a hovering choir of little angels ready, at any moment, to sing (and cry) louder than I possibly could. . . .

Footnote: Perhaps I have presented a distorted picture of the life and work of a "Gentle Fury". . . . But one night when sleep would not come, I saw the page of the recording angel which is devoted to her life and work. . . . It is an astonishing assortment of little things— there is the cup of cold water which our Lord Himself hallowed eternally. . . . There is the cool hand on a hot brow. . . . the soft step. . . . the quiet voice, "Let me help you". . . . the watchful eye under the dim lamp in the corner as you fight for sleep. . . . the patient voice, "The doctor will be here in a moment." . . . the final maternal. "Now just go to sleep". . . .

All these little things, I know, will be written on a celestial page. . . . and the very last sound before the Throne will be the voice of one of the Gentle Furies: "Lord! Who? Shall I stand before thee? Me?" And the answer will come, warm and unbelievably lovely: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren ye have done it unto me."