IN THE APRIL CRESSET - - -

IN LUCE TUA
WHERE DO WE STAND
AD LIB.: OMA
DUE PROCESS AND THE COLLEGE STUDENT
AN EXPERIMENT IN UNDERSTANDING
ON SECOND THOUGHT
FROM THE CHAPEL: REPENTANCE
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THE FINE ARTS: MARC CHAGALL AND BIBLICAL SUBJECTS
THE THEATRE: ABOUT POETRY, SUSPENSE, AND FAILURES
THE MUSIC ROOM: BUSONI AND RUBENSTEIN
A MINORITY REPORT: STUDENT EVALUATIONS
SIGHTS AND SOUNDS: CULTURE
THE PILGRIM: ON GREATNESS

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IN THE APRIL CRESSET - - -

IN LUCE TUA .......................... Arthur M. Weber .......................... 3
WHERE DO WE STAND ............................ Alfred R. Looman .......................... 5
AD LIB.: OMA ............................ Donald C. Mundinger .......................... 7
DUE PROCESS AND THE COLLEGE STUDENT ............................ Max L. Jabs & Albert Jabs .......................... 9
AN EXPERIMENT IN UNDERSTANDING ............................ Robert F. Hoyer .......................... 10
ON SECOND THOUGHT ............................ Mack Goeglein .......................... 11
FROM THE CHAPEL: REPENTANCE ............................ Reidar Dittmann .......................... 13
RETREAT FROM ANGUISH:
EDWARD MUNCH AND AASGAARDSTRAND ............................ Leon J. Tolle .......................... 15
WHAT IS THE UNITY WE SEEK ............................ Jack Matthews .......................... 16
WORDS FROM ANOTHER CENTURY ............................ Melvin G. Williams .......................... 20
DANTE: ETERNAL PILGRIM ............................ Richard H. Brauer .......................... 22
THE FINE ARTS: MARC CHAGALL AND BIBLICAL SUBJECTS ............................ Walter Sorell .......................... 24
THE THEATRE: ABOUT POETRY, SUSPENSE, AND FAILURES ............................ Walter A. Hansen .......................... 25
THE MUSIC ROOM: BUSONI AND RUBENSTEIN ............................ Victor F. Hoffmann .......................... 26
A MINORITY REPORT: STUDENT EVALUATIONS ............................ Anne Hansen .......................... 27
SIGHTS AND SOUNDS: CULTURE ............................ O. P. Kretzmann .......................... 28

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Comment on the Significant News by the Editors

Christianity and Crisis

The masthead of the February 21st issue (1966) of Christianity and Crisis was written into the record of history under this dull notation, Vol. XXVI — No. 2. For those in the know it was not a dull notation. It really represents volumes and issues of excitement and adventure inasmuch as it marks twenty-five years of arguing, debating, and criticizing of the contemporary scene on the part of this Christian Journal of Opinion.

Vol XXVI, No. 2 is The Twenty-fifth Anniversary Issue of Christianity and Crisis.

Twenty-five years of Christianity and Crisis, a theme Christians have been pushing for hundreds of years, call to mind some of its great editors and contributors: Reinhold Niebuhr, usually billed as its senior editor and spokesman; Henry P. Van Dusen, formerly president of Union Theological Seminary; John C. Bennett, currently president of Union and chief editor of the journal; Wayne Cowan, young and bearded, the energetic managing editor; Henry Sloane Coffin who presided at the birth of the journal while he was president of Union. The present editorial board includes such well-known people as Kenneth Thompson (political scientist and author of Christian Ethics and The Dilemmas of Foreign Policy), Harvey G. Cox (author of The Secular City), Johannes C. Hoekendijk (professor of missions at Union Seminary), Robert Spike (director of the doctor of ministry program at the University of Chicago Divinity School), and Roger L. Shinn (Niebuhr’s successor at Union).

Truly the magazine was born in crisis, as the years turned from the 1930’s to the 1940’s, and it addressed itself to one of the major crises in the world, fascism.

The Crisis

The major crisis for the editors of this journal was fascism and Reinhold Niebuhr made no bones about that: “As one of the midwives of Christianity and Crisis, I have been asked to reminisce about its past and speculate on its future. I can begin by stating that the name was given spontaneously because there was no question about the crisis that prompted the birth of this new Protestant journal... It was quite simply the crisis of Western civilization, posed by the Nazi threat to its moral and religious foundations. Hitler’s Fascist movement combined a pagan philosophy with a racialism and anti-Semitism that threatened the very existence of the Jewish minority in the whole of Europe.”

It was obvious in these years from the tenor and substance of the articles and the editorials that Niebuhr and Company were simply not going to let this crisis go unnoticed in the Christian community.

Finally, as we learned to our dismay and at the cost of much blood and tears, crisis led to crisis — to crisis — and we were in it, Christian community or not.

A necessary historical concomitant of the Hitler crisis in the opinion of the editors was the American state of affairs. Before the United States entered the war, people who wanted to aid the Allies were perturbed as much with American neutralism and apathy as they were with Hitler. This crisis, as Niebuhr puts it rather bluntly, “was manifested in the complacency and irresponsibility of American neutralism in the face of the Nazi threat to a common religious, moral, and political culture.” This theological realist attributed this neutralism to an American self-righteousness that claimed we were free as a chosen people, kind of God’s kingdom here on earth, free from the vices and corruptions of the Old Country. This self-righteousness was turned into a “neurotic isolationism.”

We simply were not going to be involved.

Christianity and Crisis talked to American Protestants, told them to get over their idealistic illusions and the idea that they were paragons of pacifism and perfectionism, and converted the sentimental idealists to Christian realism.

This Christian Journal of Opinion helped involve us in World War II in the name of Christian realism.
But Times Have Changed

The magazine simply does not take the same stand on Vietnam.

In The Twenty-fifth Anniversary Issue, John C. Bennett has written a short essay in explanation under this intriguing caption, From Supporter Of War In 1941 To Critic In 1966.

His beginning statement makes it very clear: "Some of our readers may wonder how it is possible that a journal founded in 1941 to support the war against Hitler and to combat pacifism in the churches can now be highly critical of the American Government's policy of belligerence with today's pacifists."

We do wonder. Bennett explains.

He says clearly and firmly, as always, that "the circumstances under which military power is being used in Vietnam are sufficiently different from those under which it was used to defeat Hitler to lead to quite different political and moral judgments concerning the issues raised by this war."

The differences Bennett sees are four.

Looking at the nature of communism, Bennett insists in the first place, that communism is "more open-ended," demonstrates more human qualities than did German fascism, is capable of "democratization," and it is not "permanent slavery." In Bennett's opinion, communism is not monolithic, can be cooperative, and, consequently, "competitive coexistence becomes politically and morally possible."

Bennett does not think that "such coexistence would have become possible under nazism."

In the second place, "The threat of communism is not primarily a military threat, as was nazism.” The communists, though obviously always ready to exploit war circumstances and to use military force, rely as much on taking advantage of "revolutionary situations" and "situations of disorder" precipitated by revolutionary movements. To compete with communists in this kind of world, the United States could and should develop wiser approaches to these revolutionary movements, educate themselves to some solid understandings of the emerging nations, and establish ways of handling indigenous revolutions without resorting to the arsenal.

In the third place, "The Munich analogy is misleading also because of the differences between what was defended in Europe and what can be defended in Asia."

In World War II we were defending nations that were already operating from positions of strength in the family of nations. In the main, the Western European countries we helped had been independent for a long time, had strong wills, and were far along the way to maturity, modernization, and "a high degree of social justice." The situation in Asia is different. There "are greater limits to what we can do with our military power to help countries to maintain their independence of communism."

We are white and western. We do not come with a completely fine reputation in human relations. We do not altogether understand the Asian situation because, by and large, we are caught in all the imprisonment, large and small, of our Anglo-Saxon heritage.

After World War II we could afford to leave Western Europe and we did.

But what is our responsibility in Vietnam? Does our responsibility extend to the creation of a nation in South Vietnam? That will take some doing and a lot of time. To keep South Vietnam independent will take a lot of American power and resources — and time. In spite of our extensive resources and power, whether we can maintain a position of strength is open to question.

Finally, Bennett insisted, and with an awareness of the awesome realities, that "our decisions today, unlike those of the Forties, must take account of the danger of nuclear war."

The imminence of nuclear war, it seems to us, is a good reason for opposition to escalation.

Christian realism, it would then seem, demands looking at nuclear war for what it is, a threat to the existence of the human race.

The editors of The Cresset feel that the churches, their clergymen and their laity, must speak to this problem. If they are unable to speak to this, then, pray tell, what are they able to speak to?

In the clear tones of judgment, John C. Bennett rounded up his explanations for the changes in the thinking of Christianity and Crisis by saying: "Those who speak with most conviction in favor of our Vietnam policy seem to us to be blind to many intangible factors in the Asian situation that could cause military successes to lead to political and moral defeats."

Christianity and Crisis: The Specifics

"Christianity and Crisis has not come to share the religious and ethical assumptions of Christian pacifism; we still recognize the necessity for the military ingredient in national power and the moral obligation to use power at times to check power... this is not to say we are advocating immediate withdrawal from Vietnam... we are on the side of those who keep pressing for the reduction of violence, for a negotiated end to the fighting and for a political settlement that will not depend upon the defeat of the other side. We have welcomed the President's emphasis on negotiations and his appeal to the United Nations, but these are accompanied by statements and policies that threaten to nullify them, especially in the context of commitments to the Saigon government. We deplore the resumption of the bombing of North Vietnam."

The Cresset
Where Do We Stand?

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Christians, faced as they are with the increasing complexities of life and differing viewpoints enunciated by various groups, must finally come to grips with the question of their own place in today's society. We believe that one of the focal points of attention will inevitably be Viet Nam and situations similar to it which, apparently, will confront us from time to time.

It is the historic position of The Lutheran Church that we support our government unless we can prove conclusively that the authorities are acting in violation of divine Law. The government of the United States has decided to halt further Communist aggression. (To argue that Congress has not formally declared war is to beg the question. To make any reply to Red attack contingent upon debate, filibuster, and political exhibitionism is to give the enemy an unthinkable advantage. These are times when the Chief Executive must have flexibility.)

Since a stand has been taken any Christian who fails to support the government must be able to convince himself that his authorities are actually flouting God's will. If he becomes so convinced he can exercise his Christian love by volunteering for non-combatant status in the armed forces and thus aid the wounded and the dying.

The case for the administration seems to be abundantly clear. Communism has not merely delineated its designs repeatedly but has, by its subjugation of a major portion of humanity, made evident that it means business. Christians, confronted by the alternatives of withstanding a ruthless atheistic foe many miles from home or awaiting his attack on their own territory will find their choice an easy one. They will not take lightly the fact that it could be better to be dead than have themselves and their children forced to be Red.

Clerics and others who oppose the administration express their opposition to war and killing and, implicitly, indicate that those who differ are war-mongerers. The fact is that all right-thinking individuals hate war. Some, however, prefer war to slavery.

It is difficult to understand why these latter-day prophets were so silent as the Reds took over one country after another. Their sudden interest in world affairs leads one to believe that they have been the victims of Communist propaganda or that they live in a dream world in which the horrors of Communism are non-existent.

As our forebears died to keep us free so Christians will be ready to lay down their very lives if necessary to preserve freedom for the generations to come.

The time for debate is over. In the forefront of those who close ranks behind our President in these difficult days will be the people of God. To do less is to violate the letter and the spirit of the New Testament.

Rather than expecting too much of the composer, the church's primary error is that it expects too little. It expects too little theologically. The church's expectations are low because it often ignores the fact that the Christian composer is a gift of the Spirit to the church and that the "new song" which he brings is a useful and needed gift of God to the church as it praises its Creator and edifies its members.

The Federal government is getting so large, we tend to think it is also invincible, and that an individual has no chance against its power, but then we are such conformists we never really test the might of the government. It was a pleasure, then, to learn, not long ago that the government had been tested, and if not stopped, at least momentarily confused by an elderly lady.

This lady was no ordinary opponent. She is a hale and hearty 84-year-old who is known affectionately throughout a good part of Lutheranism as Oma. You may credit the growth of the Lutheran Church to its educated clergy and its enlightened laity, but never underestimate the power of those matriarchs of the Church like Oma, who, when others wanted the Church to move right, left, or backwards, kept it moving forward and on an even keel.

Oma had never applied for Social Security but she did want to apply for Medicare, so on the appropriate day she reported, with a relative as a companion, to the dark, dull room on the third floor of the Courthouse where she had a several hour wait for an interview. As everyone who has had military service or any dealings with the government knows, the government is always one-up on an applicant before an interview or form-filling session, because the interminable waiting period has reduced him to a state of eager acquiescence.

Finally, Oma’s turn came and she seated herself at the interviewing desk where a very pleasant and accommodating lady was in charge. The sides were drawn. On one side was the interviewer whose full title was Professional Interviewer, Social Security Administration, U.S. Department of Health, Education, and Welfare, United States Government, and on the other side was Oma who had no title but more than made up for this lack with an aura of quiet dignity.

No problem was encountered on question one which asks for name and whether the applicant is male or female, but question two provoked difficulties. It is concerned with date of birth and proof of age. When convinced the fact that she was sitting there in the flesh did not constitute proof she had ever been born, Oma produced a family Bible in which her birth had been entered. The interviewer picked up the Bible and before disappearing with it, mysteriously announced it had to be “certified.” Presumably the certification dealt with the notation on Oma’s birth and not the contents of the Bible.

When the interviewer returned, she started on a series of questions which were wildly improbable for anyone such as Oma who has not lead the type of life the government feels everyone has lead. There were questions on whether she had worked for the railroad industry on or after January 1, 1937 and whether she had filed for railroad retirement benefits. It was when the interviewer was asking what branch of the military service she belonged to on or after September 7, 1939 that Oma broke in with “No, his right name was Otto.”

After the interviewer retrieved the pencil she had dropped upon hearing this announcement, she asked what the remark referred to and Oma explained that earlier she had given her father’s name as Raphael, but had just remembered this was a name he had signed when he wrote poetry and his given name was really Otto. From this point on the interviewer was never in charge of the interview and she became even more shaken after question eight.

Question eight asks for the names of former employers of which Oma had none. Here the interviewer made the mistake of saying, “Oh, I see you have never worked, have you?”, which brought an immediate response: “Never worked! Young lady, I have raised eight children; I have 17 grandchildren and 11 great-grand-children. I used to iron 20 shirts without a coffee break, and today I work harder than anyone I know.” The interviewer was completely convinced.

Timidly the interviewer continued and got quick responses to questions 10 through 14 on former federal employment and whether Oma was covered by the Federal Employees Health Benefits Act of 1959.

Then came question 15: “Are you now, or have you been during the last 12 months, a member of . . . a Communist-action organization, a Communist-front organization, or a Communist-infiltrated organization?” So confident was the interviewer of an immediate negative reply, which she had always received from citizens who know the penalty for a “yes” answer, she had almost marked the “no” column when she realized Oma hadn’t answered. Oma was mentally reviewing the organizations of which she was a member so she would be certain her reply was an honest one.

Her companion, who through sheer will power had kept from breaking down at several points in the interview, now leaned over and said, “Remember the Benefit Society.” Oma thought about that for a moment and decided the Society was clean and so she answered “no.”
Due Process and The College Student

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The title "Due Process and the College Student," if taken literally, assumes the presence of the rule of law on the American college campus. Due process is inherent in the rule of law. Historically in the Western world "due process" was developed as a protection for subjects against an arbitrary and irresponsible government. It was not a device which justified insurrection and rebellion, but its purpose was to nurture order by guaranteeing to the people substantively just laws and procedurally just administration of the law.

The task of this paper is to indicate areas in which both substantive and procedural due process are applicable in the relationship of the college to its student body.

The issue is a significant one in higher education. In a democratic society colleges exist for the enrichment of society and for the promulgation of the human ideals. It would be a betrayal of their mission if colleges were to ignore the elementary canons of justice. Furthermore, they are aware of this fact. Paul Wooldring, writing in the Saturday Review of Literature (September 11, 1965, p. 77), quotes Lipset and Seabury as follows:

Universities are probably more vulnerable to the civil disobedience tactics than any other institution in the country precisely because those in authority, whether administration or faculty, are liberal. Due process in college is vital because as educators we are dedicated, by temperament and profession, to the ideal of justice. A second reason for its importance today is that due process is normally invoked by a small number of students, that is, a minority within the student body which is frequently critical of our society. It is essential that individuals or small groups be protected and their rights not disregarded or ignored because they are unpopular, critical or "abrasive." I repeat: justice is an ideal that is prerequisite to democracy, and the free universities in a free society must jealously defend and extend its existence.

II.

Colleges, like other contemporary social agencies, have become progressively more organized and institutionalized as they have attempted to serve an increasingly larger number of students and to extend their range of services. As a consequence, there has been a drift away from the warmth and intimacy which has traditionally been associated with the university community. The nature of the college is changing and the traditional concept of the faculty is also undergoing redefinition. As a result, problems of administration have become complex. The situation is complicated by a zeal within con-

temporary students for direct involvement in educational, political and social policy. This has raised questions involving not only the students' rights on campus and in academic affairs, but also in the extramural affairs, especially the civil and political rights areas. The contemporary college is wrestling with this problem.

The traditional areas in which the college has exercised authority over student life include the following:

1. Student Conduct. The relationship between college and student, especially freedom of expression and protection against unjust grades and evaluation. Procedures and regulations involving attendance, graduation requirements, conduct on campus and the use of university facilities are further examples.

2. Students Extramural Organizations. The right to organize and use college facilities for activities related to the educational purpose.

3. Student Government. The establishment and operation of a student government and the delegation of authority to deal with significant questions of student life.

4. Student Publications. Freedom to exchange information and ideas.

5. Student Discipline. The student's right to a fair procedure in alleged social offenses.

6. Honor System. A student-enforced alternative to the faculty proctor examination system.

7. Academic Records. Protection against the abuse and improper or harmful disclosure of a student's academic record or his personal or disciplinary history.

III.

These are important areas of life for the college student. At this moment, popular student opinion questions the authority of the university in many or all of these areas. University involvement in the social, extramural life of its students is a logical extension of the principle of in loco parentis. A sizable segment of university people and students seriously question the viability of the in loco parentis principle. There is some belief that since parents are not even in loco parentis, it is unreasonable to expect universities to assume this responsibility.

In the areas listed above, the minimum requirements for due process on the American campus include the following:

1. Students shall participate in the establishment of rules and regulations which govern student life on the campus.

April 1966
2. Rules governing student extramural and social life as well as the academic regulations should be published, circulated and available to the entire academic community.
3. The student who commits an offense should be apprehended in a fair and reasonable fashion.
4. The accused student shall have fair judicial procedures. This frequently involves some student participation in the judicial mechanism.
5. The presence of an appeal mechanism; that the "convicted" student shall have some recourse other than the Dean of Students or a Vice President for Personnel, and that he may appeal to the President and ultimately to the Board of Control.

Of special concern to students who are active in civil rights movements or in foreign policy protest demonstrations is what is commonly called "double jeopardy." I think that technically this is a misuse of the constitutional expression. However, it is in current usage among students. The basic complaint is that the offending student is penalized by two authorities, civil and academic, for the commission of a single offense. Campus opinion holds that a student should not be penalized by his college for his off-campus political activities. The college community generally accepts this position. The American Civil Liberties in a brochure entitled "Academic Freedom and the Civil Liberties of Students in Colleges and Universities" makes the following statement:

In their non-academic life, private or public, students should be free from college control. On the other hand, the college should not be held responsible for the non-academic activities of its individual students . . . No disciplinary action should be taken by a college against a student for engaging in such off-campus activities as political campaigns, picketing, or participating in public demonstrations, provided that the student does not claim, without authorization, to speak or act in the name of the college or one of its student organizations.
The arrest and conviction for offenses which involve moral turpitude or are of a criminal nature, is, of course, another matter and may result in the disqualification of a student for college.

IV.

Contradictory forces are present. On the one hand the over-zealous attention to procedural due process in an academic institution can be an impediment and obstruction to the realization of the true substantive mission of the university: transmission of learning, research and service. And yet when a student's academic career and life is at stake, elementary fairness demands careful respect and protection of the student's procedural and substantive rights. Perhaps the following paragraph written by Nathan Glazer, appearing in the New York Review (February 11, 1965, p. 22), expresses one faculty point of view on this question:

The faculty is not interested in exercising student discipline over liquor, sex, cheating and other things that they are happy to leave in the hands of the administration. Nor do they relish devoting endless time to hearings in which students and administration are represented by lawyers, and in which any normal lay intelligence finds itself overwhelmed by legal technicalities and political in-fighting . . . Faculty discipline would become another cog in the committee system that uses up faculty time and helps prevent student-faculty contact.

Cumbersome and complex disciplinary machinery is distasteful to many of us because it infringes on the time we normally dedicate to teaching and research. But as attendance at college becomes more of the accepted pattern of American youth, the importance of due process on the campus can only increase. The danger is always present that people in authority, faculty and administration, may act in an arbitrary and discriminatory fashion. Procedures must be present to require those who are in authority to be held responsible.

It is refreshing, however, that in the main, the college will function because of the mutual respect and tolerance that exists among students, faculty and administration, and because mature, responsible and reasonable people have dedicated themselves to the task of learning and study. The academic community is and must remain personal. Rules and regulations must not interfere with the educational objectives and students must always have the guarantee that they will have the right and opportunity to be treated as individuals.

V.

In conclusion, I feel we must recognize that we are now living in a litigious age. I think that it is a litigious age for primarily two reasons:

1. The interest in our civil society for the preservation of civil rights and the extension of civil rights logically leads to a student awareness of the necessity of individual rights and their extension and application into the university community; and

2. As the university attracts a more intellectually oriented student with a higher academic capability and with a keener awareness of social questions, the logical result of this new breed of student is a demand for a greater amount of freedom and involvement, not only in his social and extramural life on campus, but also in academic policy. It is safe to say that university paternalism is dead and that the student will demand procedural safeguards and expand his influences in university policy decisions.

Due process on the campus will be in a stage of continuing definition and must be extended to all parties in the educational process, including those who might be called "irresponsible rebels."
An Experiment In Understanding
A Private View of Public Versus Private Education

By
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From a vital interest in the relative merits of private or Lutheran education in comparison to public or secular education, the authors, as brothers from a common Lutheran heritage, feel compelled to present a synthesis of their thinking which stems from wide teaching experience in both public and Lutheran educational institutions. The authors' collective experience in public schools comprises two years of elementary teaching, four years of high school teaching, three years in a secondary school principalship, and one year of teaching at a state university. In Lutheran education, two years of teaching service in a Lutheran High School and one year of service as a professor in a Lutheran University have been compiled.

The young adult of today needs a perspective of wholeness. He must encounter the 20th century's concatenation of events within and without the classroom. This reality should be structured by the teacher with the end view of bringing wholeness and perspective to the young adult.

The fledgling student in both Lutheran and public educational environs is confused about changing morality, the knowledge explosion, proliferating values, wars, social upheavals, and the like. He doesn't know how to make any sense out of life, or what role to play in resolving these issues, or even how to establish an armistice with the inexorable circumstances which threaten to engulf him. The younger generation needs to learn to engage these pressing problems with clear vision, steadfast courage, and sensitivity of heart. The teacher must guide the teaching encounter in such a way that students will come to grips with these challenges.

One of the authors recently implemented a philosophy of "vital encounter" by transporting his entire senior economics class by bus to a major slum area in Cleveland, Ohio. To readers acquainted with the Lake Erie Port, the Hough Area needs no introduction as a notorious breeding place of crime and moral disintegration. In this case the teacher created a class climate conducive to optimum growth by student involvement.

Following a pre-arranged schedule the class embarked on its trip to the Hough Area Slums shortly before 9:00 a.m. Upon arrival in the Gospel Center, which is maintained as a mission outlet by the Lutheran Church-Missouri Synod, the group of students heard a general orientation by the local minister. In conjunction with this talk the class witnessed a group of poverty stricken people receiving clothes and shoes for immediate use. After this exposure the students ventured forth on a street-by-street tour of the most destitute areas.

A direct confrontation with 20th century maladies is essential to perform the necessary surgery to ameliorate such deplorable conditions. The significant question is: Will Lutheran education or public education meet the challenge of contemporary life?

In one sense the public schools are not equipped to prepare young people to perform the surgery that needs to be done. Although many public educational institutions claim adherence to the philosophical position that the whole man should be educated, far less than this ideal is actually achieved. Public education is circumscribed by fears of sectarianism. The failure to help youth to cultivate mature values which are inseparably linked with sound decision-making seems to be the chief shortcoming of public education.

History teaches some valuable lessons about moral and spiritual values. Knowledge without mature values is a rather ineffectual remedy for human problems. In fact, warped values tend to create human problems. Germany was one of the best educated societies of the world, and yet the German culture gave rise to Adolph Hitler. Lenin, the demonic visionary of modern Communism, and Marx, father of Lenin's ideas, were both men of considerable erudition. The trails of history are littered with the skeletons of men and societies in which erudition was the idol of the day. Great civilizations have fallen not because of intellectual deficiencies but because of the deterioration of values. Does our society have a "Golden Calf"?

Our forefathers founded a great nation on moral and humanistic principles. Thomas Jefferson, no champion of sectarian education, nonetheless, believed very strongly that moral or spiritual principles should undergird a democratic society. It cannot be denied that public education is reasonably successful in conditioning intellectual skills as an instrument of technological and material progress. But what is public education doing to counteract the moral and spiritual nihilism that imperceptibly corrodes society?

Lutheran education, while not slighting intellectual excellence, is in a particularly strategic position to teach moral and spiritual values and nourish the mature com-
mitments that young people need to pioneer the critical surgery that today's human problems demand. The latest population statistics report that over half of the United States population is under 25 years of age. The initiative must be seized by Lutheran educators. The opportunity for dynamic leadership in the educational world is now more crucial than ever before. Lutheran educators must energize a philosophy of dynamic Christian humanism in education.

The life of Jesus offers an excellent illustration of the kind of leadership needed to solve the human problems that beset our society and the world. Jesus exemplified a creative activism, a sharp contrast to the nihilistic activism that pervades many educational institutions today. He found the religious and intellectual leadership of His day to be sterile, negative, and oppressive. Jesus spearheaded a creative revolution, a living Christianity based on positive, constructive values. Thus, education-
al leaders ought to infuse more "living" Christianity in education.

Are we as Lutheran educators contemporaneous with Christ? Are we to give credence to the God-is-dead notions that have wide currency in certain circles today or are we to engage those who maintain that God is dead in the classroom? It takes manhood for Christ and means circulating in the forgotten worlds of today — in both the imagination of man's mind and in the darker works that he creates.

At this juncture of our professional lives we see that a daring commitment is necessary — very necessary. Can this commitment thrive in public schools or in Lutheran schools? As the reader, you answer this question. Unless you have the commitment of a contemporaneousness with Christ, you will not be successful in meeting the complex educational problems of the latter part of this century.

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On Second Thought

By ROBERT J. HOYER

The Lenten series was on the ten commandments. The preacher pointed out that we broke those commandments, one by one, and nailed our Savior to the tree. We who broke the law crucified him who broke no law, ever. Right. Or is it? That's not the way they saw it when it happened.

Jesus was crucified by men who kept the law and honored it. They did it because he broke the law, and they were afraid he'd destroy its influence. They told Pilate "We have a law, and by that law he ought to die, because he made himself the Son of God." It's still a thought to rouse horror in the heart of a faithful Jew — who knows that God is One, and has been commanded to have no other gods. The major charge against Jesus was blasphemy, the vain misuse of God's name. As far as men could measure in the rational categories of a court of law, the charge was correct.

Jesus broke their laws of the sabbath so often that it seems from the record that he baited them with it. And there were hundreds who could testify that he said: "He who loves his father or mother more than me is not worthy of me." To a nation deeply concerned with family life, hearing the echo of the words of God commanding us to honor father and mother, this was rebellion.

They knew that anger and hatred were forms of breaking the command against killing. But Jesus in evident anger made a whip of cords and drove men out of the temple courtyard. Even worse, when they asked him to cite his authority, he refused to make any legal defense. Apparently, no one accused him of sexual immorality. But everyone in Jerusalem knew what kind of women followed him. "If this man were a prophet," they said, "he would have known who and what sort of woman this is who is touching him."

In the guilt of laws we have broken we have no hope except in his forgiveness from the cross. But we crucify our Lord when we try to escape the need for that forgiveness by keeping the law. It is not by keeping the law — as if we could — that we stand before God, but in His grace alone. We will never claim that grace while trying to establish our moral righteousness under law. Repentant knowledge of total incompetence is the only way to claim it.

Everything the preacher said was right. There is a danger to our faith and hope when we violate love by breaking the commandments. And there is a vaster danger to our love when we violate faith and hope by trying to keep them. Whichever way we turn we are in danger. Wretched men that we are, who shall deliver us? Thank God, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Through Him alone.
Psalm 25:6,7. “Be mindful of thy mercy, O Lord, and of thy steadfast love, for they have been ever of old. Remember not the sins of my youth, or my transgressions; according to thy steadfast love remember me, for thy goodness’ sake, O Lord!”

For many centuries now the Christian Church has set aside Lent as a season of humility and repentance. Fine. But what do we mean by “humility and repentance?” Frankly, Christian humility as seen in the Scriptures is often confusing. If I judge St. Paul or St. Peter or even St. John (when they were at their best, not their worst) to determine how humble they were, I find myself having to either junk the most popular understanding of humility today or conclude that they were, indeed, a rather conceited bunch. Martin Luther would be worse, if anything. Then I look at Psalm 25, a “humble” psalm of repentance, and the confusion is complete. The psalmist obviously is in some kind of grave trouble—beset by enemies from within (guilt) and without (probably some warring neighboring tribe). So he approaches his God. But how? Does he try to impress God with his humility, his remorse, his repentance? No. Instead he takes special pains to remind God who and how God is.

Most Christians would agree, at least in theory, that repentance is a most difficult thing. Yet it seems to me that it is too easy for us to forget the big reason why it is so difficult. If I have observed correctly, it would seem that we are inclined to think repentance is difficult because it is hard to “feel sorry enough.” Indeed, in practice, “being sorry enough” and repentance seem to be synonyms for most of us. Now, contrition is an important part of repentance, but it is only a part, and it is most certainly not the main part!

Incidentally, even though contrition is not easy, I believe it is definitely the easiest part of repentance. This may surprise you, but it really shouldn’t. It is hardly a difficult thing for people to be disturbed because of the guilt they bear. This is the very reason we are becoming masters at running away from our guilt. We’ll work harder and longer, play harder and longer, drink harder and longer. But ultimately we tire in this horrible race against guilt, and we are broken and crushed under the judgment of God. Note here that this is much more than “feeling sorry.”

It is because our mistaken understanding of contrition (i.e., “feeling sorry”) is so comparatively easy, that we logically go on to emphasize this part of repentance the most. Thus it is sadly true that a good share (if not the bulk) of the usual Christian observance of Lent centers not on the Gospel of Christ, but on letting him “get even” with us for all the suffering we made him go through by making us agonizingly “sorry.” When the Gospel is preached, it is quite often preached as judgment, or Law, and thus ceases to be Good News despite the traditional Gospel-words. And, of course, to make sure Christians have no joy during Lent, we are all supposed to pretend for a while that Easter never happened.

The horrible result of all this is that we work so hard at feeling sorry that we forget the heart of repentance. We approach God with the “now-am-I-sorry-enough” attitude, often destroying God’s offered mercy in the process...taking comfort not in God’s mercy and forgiveness so much as in our own great personal bereavement.

Let’s take a case in point—Moses’ and God’s conversation following the golden calf episode (Exodus 33). The Lord talks things over with his servant, Moses, telling him that, despite his people’s terrible idolatry, he would keep his promise to them:

“Depart, go up hence, you and the people whom you have brought up out of the land of Egypt, to the land which I swore to Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, saying ‘To your descendants will I give it.’...Go up to a land flowing with milk and honey; BUT I WILL NOT GO UP AMONG YOU, LEST I CONSUME YOU IN THE WAY, FOR YOU ARE A STIFFNECKED PEOPLE!”

Now what would you do at that point if you were Moses? I would probably have immediately run down the mountainside and called for a conference with the people. I would have told them God’s intention to abandon them. And I would tell them to don sackcloth and ashes...to do nothing but weep and lament for as long as necessary to convince God that there has never been or will be a more “sorry” people in all the world, so that he might possibly change his mind.

But do you know what Moses actually did do? Now, of course, he did return to the people, telling them the terrible news. And they surely were terrified and sorry. But Moses went straight back to God and made two amazing requests. He said, “If you won’t go, we don’t want to either.” And he said, “Lord, remember that this nation is your people.” Now here is a man with a king-sized nerve! The Israelites had just brutally destroyed their part of the deal (i.e., covenant) with God through their idolatry, and now their leader, Moses, approaches God with the request that he would, nevertheless, hold himself to his part of that deal. What
unmitigated gall! What reckless daring! What colossal nerve! What amazing faith!!

It is such “amazing faith” that is the chief part, the very heart of true repentance...not “being sorry.” It is the faith of a Moses which would audaciously remind God, “It’s your covenant, Lord!” It is the faith of a Canaanite woman who wouldn’t take the subtle hint of being called a dog by Jesus, but who instead (as Luther noted) dared to “trap Jesus in his own words!” Or, it is faith like that of the author of Psalm 25. Remember his prayer?

Not “Be mindful of how awful I am and how sorry I am because of it, O Lord” (even though he was awful and sorry),
But “Be mindful of your mercy, O Lord, and of your steadfast love, for they have been ever of old!”
Not “Remember my sinful youth and many transgressions (which I can never forget)”,
But “Don’t remember these things, Lord...if you would remember something, please remember your steadfast love; remember your goodness, O Lord!”

In other words, “fearful cowering” is not the essence of repentance; it is courageous faith...the faith of a son who has tasted his father’s goodness.

I suppose by now you have been perceptive enough to notice that what I have been saying thus far is hardly new, let alone heretical. Indeed, what I’ve been suggesting is what you’ve most likely been doing for many years. The trouble probably is that we become completely unaware of what we are in fact doing, and this removes much of the joy of the faith from us. It was probably when you were quite tiny that your mother or father first taught you to repent: “Father, forgive me for Jesus’ sake.”

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

RETREAT FROM ANGUISH:  
Edvard Munch and Aasgaardstrand

By REIDAR DITTMANN  
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As a youngster I used to spend summers in Aasgaardstrand, an idyllic town on the western shore of the Oslofjord, some seventy miles south of the Norwegian capital.

In the 1930's, when my family vacationed there, the town's popularity among artists and members of the social set was already very much on the decline, and when I have returned to it within the last few years — and I do go back there whenever I can — I have found only a drowsy hamlet in which a few patrician villas, not very well kept, and an excessively large hotel furnish mute testimony to the glory of the past, while streets almost devoid of traffic and a commodious but half-empty yacht basin lament its obscure present.

It is not only in a sentimental effort to recall the carefree days of my childhood that I keep coming back to Aasgaardstrand. What I want to recapture more than that, I think, is the memory of a man I used to see, so remarkable in appearance and manner, an artist whose paintings, though universal in spirit, reflect the soothing provinciality of the town.

Those who make it a point to visit the small town now pay little attention to the obvious signs of decay. They come, as I do, with a specific purpose in mind and usually proceed first to the pier by the yacht basin, observing from there the softly undulating shoreline where mounds of boulders and sandy beaches alternate as far as the eye can see. Then they look toward the town itself where giant elms are spreading their generous crests above dignified white villas and casting their shadows across sleepy lanes; and if they find all this — the boulders and beaches, the elms and the villas — so strangely and movingly familiar even though they may never have been in the town before.

From the pier they walk the steep hill past the quiet hotel to a humble, termite-ridden cottage — its dull yellow walls brightened by white eaves and window trim — and walk solemnly, almost reverently, into the small, dimly-lit rooms that once housed Edvard Munch, Norway's greatest artist and one of the foremost exponents of expressionism in the world of painting.

So, despite its subdued and sedate present, Aasgaardstrand occupies a significant place in Norwegian cultural history as the town that provided peace and comfort for a mentally ravaged artist who sought its tranquility many years ago — long before its period of popularity — in an effort to recover from a serious nervous breakdown.

Edvard Munch was born in Central Norway, far from the sea. Aasgaardstrand was neither his birth place nor his childhood home. Rather, it was a haven he had searched for and found, and forever after all his landscapes, whether painted in Germany or France, in Oslo or far south on a rugged coast facing the North Sea, recall the only place he truly loved, the village whose gentle contours, often contrasting sharply with the subject he intends to portray, become a significant leitmotif in his works.

Trained in the period of naturalism and maturing through his exposure to French impressionism, Munch in turn broke with both movements and developed an art in which he attempted to express thoughts, emotions, and dreams — the multitude of intangible forces that determine man's cycle from birth to death.

Stimulated by personal experiences and penetrating momentary visions, he gave expression to these forces in paintings that reveal a conscious rejection of existing boundaries of artistic principles in favor of a presentation of man in an uncompromising, disturbing, and largely non-symbolic manner — first with preponderent emphasis on the anxiety and agony of human existence, later, when the artist seems to have arrived at a more balanced point of view of life, in boldly composed and exuberently colored canvases depicting the seething energy inherent in spring, growth, and harvest.

In the years of his manhood a recluse and a celibate, Edvard Munch initially attempted to play his part in the radically emancipated Bohemian type of life that characterized intellectual and artistic society in Europe in the decades preceding the change of the century. For this reason, a degree of notoriety was attached to his name when in 1892, at the invitation of the Berlin Union of Artists, he brought fifty major canvases to the German capital for his first important exhibit outside Norway. No sooner had the exhibit been opened to the public than it was closed by the authorities "in the name of decency and honest artistic pursuit."

Before this drastic event had taken place, the Oslo public had reacted similarly to his paintings, and a critic described Munch's works as saturated with "bizarre madness, delirious moods, and feverish hallucinations," while another took issue with his technique in the magnificently tender and sensitive canvas *Sick Girl* and characterized it as "a worthless study, a half-erased sketch, an abortive attempt."

The negative public reaction to the works of his youth undoubtedly contributed to the artist's decision to withdraw from society. However, the symptoms of this coming withdrawal are already present in these very can-
vases, and the prelude to the spiritual and mental crisis he experienced in the years 1904 to 1910 is played with piercingly dissonant chords in such works as The Shriek, Death in the Sick Room, and the self-portrait from 1895.

Much in these early works is reminiscent of other artists. The uniquely grotesque features of some of Munch's paintings may recall works by Hieronymus Bosch, and therein lies perhaps the "bizarre madness" noted by the Oslo critic. The agony that seems to burst out of all control in a Munch canvas is a feature he shares with Goya. Much more notable, however, than these possible influences from artists of a relatively remote past are the obvious technical references to Gauguin and Van Gogh. The stylized figure composition and radical juxtaposition of colors through which Gauguin focuses attention on the elemental, almost primeval emotional quality of his subject, and the twisting and twirling curvilinear features that charge Van Gogh's canvases with an almost unbearable dynamic tension — these techniques are also part of Munch's approach to painting. However, his agonized statements extend beyond the deeply personal, subjective expressions of his great and immediate predecessors and take on the character of passionate interpretations of universal human suffering. In The Shriek, where the diagonal pier juts into the canvas like a lethal dagger and the agitated shoreline conspires with the turbulent sky to create a relentless spiral of unspeakable terror, the face that protrudes from the painted surface is neither male nor female but mennesket — man — in frenzied fall into the abyss of madness, caught in a fin du siecle maelstrom of spiritual and moral disintegration.

Although traveling extensively in Europe in the 1890's and the first half decade of the twentieth century and gaining wide recognition in avant garde circles, Edvard Munch continued to view the world as essentially hostile. With the coming of spring he would usually return to the fjord town he had learned to know in his youth where in the soothing familiarity of the total environment he could lick his wounds and regain a degree of equilibrium.

"Have you walked along the beach in Aasgaardstrand and listened to the murmur of the fjord?" Munch asked his friend Rolf Stenersen many years later. "Have you seen the evening light when it fades into night? I don't know a place on earth that has such beautiful twilight moments as Aasgaardstrand. Isn't it sad to realize that I have painted everything that can possibly be painted down there? To walk around in that little town is just like walking among my own paintings."

Edvard Munch immortalized the town by depicting its contours — shoreline, trees and houses — in numerous important paintings from the 1890's and early 1900's. When viewed chronologically, these works seem to reveal the artist's gradual progress toward recuperation, from the terrifying, almost audible canvas The Shriek via The Dance of Life, People on the Beach and Melancholy to the serenely beautiful Girls on the Bridge. By following in his pictures this steady progress one finds it easier to understand that the haunted artist who painted The Shriek in 1895 two decades later could produce a work of such monumental human triumph as the mural The Rising Sun.

Edvard Munch never stayed for long periods of time in Aasgaardstrand. After 1910 he lived for a while on the rocky southern coast where the decorations of the Festival Hall of Oslo University — among them The Rising Sun — originated. Then, on a fertile island on the east side of the Oslofjord, he painted Man in the Cabbage Field, Spring Plowing, and The Grain Harvest. But soon he moved again, this time farther up the fjord, "away from fields and meadows, cows and pigs," as he reasoned to Rolf Stenersen, and settled on a barren piece of land which possessed a single redeeming feature: an unobstructed view across the fjord to Aasgaardstrand. Finally, in 1916, he purchased an expansive property in the hills above Oslo and took up permanent residence there. Yet, whenever the pressure of life built up within him and approached the unbearable he would pack up his paints and canvases and return to the beaches and boulders by the murmuring fjord, to the elms and the villas, the shady, crooked lanes, and the termite-ridden cottage behind whose walls he might relive his frugally measured moments of happiness.

Munch was an old man when I used to see him in our summer town back in the 1930's. I was just a youngster but knew well that the tall, handsome man with the sharply chiseled facial features was a national monument. As he walked by, his head high and his eyes distant, I always sensed in a childlike way his greatness and instinctively stopped and turned around to follow him with my eyes until his figure disappeared behind the wall of a house that jutted into the narrow lane. He seemed so odd, I thought, so indecisive — ill at ease.

Now I know that his distant eyes probed greater depths and scanned broader vistas than most of his contemporaries could comprehend; that the age of anxiety in which he lived and whose interpreter he was, is an enduring age which still is with us. Is his ultimate vision, then, manifested in the ever-recurring theme of man in anguish or is it rather found in the transfigured tranquility of boulders and beaches washed smooth by summer waves and winter storms? Or must we perhaps stand underneath the boldly conceived and magnificently executed Rising Sun that floods the University Hall with the blinding primeval light of the day of Creation to find a valid answer to the riddle of Edvard Munch's ultimate vision?
What Is The Unity That We Seek?

By LEON J. TOLLE
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For a moment, join St. Matthew and me in a dream: It is the last moment of a myriad, million, billion days. Out of the smoke and flame of a divinely wrought cataclysm comes a terrible voice which speaks, separates, and creates the ultimate disunity of all mankind. The good guys are told to stand at the right, and the bad guys are told to stand at the left, separated like boys and girls at a nine-year-old's birthday party. The moment is tense. For the poet, at least, time and space are at the edge of unimaginable oblivion. The nations of the world stand awestruck in silence, awaiting their destiny. It is the moment of judgment. Now surely this is the ultimate in drama. It is surely the moment of eternal importance and significance. It certainly is no ordinary soap opera!

But awesome and impressive as the scene may be, it is to the dialogue that I would call your attention. When offered a substantial inheritance from the divine family, the righteous have a few questions to ask: “When saw we thee hungry and fed thee? Or thirsty and gave thee to drink? When saw we thee a stranger and took thee in? Or naked and clothed thee? Or when saw we thee sick or in prison and came to thee?”

And then a moment later, strikingly enough, the damned ask exactly the same questions! It is as if all through the history of the race, thunderballing through the ages to the very last moment in time, mankind still asks “what were my opportunities”? It seems, regardless of our responses in life, we always have trouble recognizing the chances when they come.

The damned, who stand to the left of the Son of Man in the dream, are so alienated from one another that they cannot see each other’s need. But the righteous, who stand to the right of the Son of Man in the dream, are so separated from the world of common, natural things that they do not see that in these ordinary things of life is planted the seed of Heaven.

And so we go, in the Church or out of it, all through our days in a separated, fractured, weeping world. And all our aching hearts desperately cry for something — some power, or principle, or truth or law — or perhaps someone — some hero, or leader or champion who can put it all together to make it make sense.

Now to these aching hearts, to this burned-over, eroded world, God gives His Christ. Christ in whom all things live and have their being: Christ in whom all things are brought together and made one.

But to the millions of tear-filled eyes and to the starving babes, to this polluted and poverty-stricken world, the Church gives the variety of her costly temples, the abundance of her apologetics, and the jotting and titling of her metaphysical speculations. But, even there, to that abyssal apostasy, God gives His Christ. So, we can talk today about the unity we seek, because the Unity seeks us.

Now unity in the Christian sense is above all else unified. There are no kinds of unity in the church although we are often caught talking about unity of doctrine or belief, unity of action, or organizational unity. But there is no special unity of faith, or order, or polity; there is no unique unity of fellowship, or good deeds, or tradition which can stand before the oneness of Christ which is pre-eminent over all these things.

Rather Christian Unity is of a piece. The Unity which seeks us, binds us together in the Church but it binds us also to our brothers who are not in the Church and it binds to the natural order all around us.

You are quite familiar with this motif. The Adam and Eve story testifies to the unity which exists between God and man and nature, for when the relationship between God and Adam was broken, Adam’s relationship to the Garden he was commanded to keep was broken too.

When Jesus died, the Gospel writer says that the created order reacted as the sun darkened and the earth quaked.

Nearly every Sunday in the Nicene Creed we confess that Christ is He “by whom all things were made.” And, in the Eucharist, God’s Grace is given under ordinary creatures of the world, called bread and wine. And, as in the dream, redemption is inextricably unified with such ordinaries as food and drink, clothing and hospitality, healing and comfort, and the least of the brethren of men.

Now — see it clearly — the two greatest Christian movements of the age — the Ecumenical Search for Unity Among the Churches and the Search of the Church for Her Proper Mission in the World — are both the same persistent call of God for us to return to our obedience: to return to the cosmic Unity of which Christ is author.

What excitement that should cause us here: To know that redemption is working in the world co-mingling with the Creation to reclaim the world for God. To know that you, the learned Church, are called to this apostolate, that you are called to rebaptize all the knowledges of man — sometimes with your sweat, sometimes with your tears, and yes, sometimes with your blood. And, in the world, where you meet the Darwins, Freuds, Einsteins, Marxes and John XXIIIs be prepared for some surprises.

And what freedom we have to assume the ecumenical stance! To decide what is really essential and to let the other fellow decide that too and with him do what we both know is good, enjoying the world, laying it with
love, bringing order to chaos; to ugliness, beauty; to sickness, healing; to loneliness, visitation; to bondage, freedom; to strife, peace; to sorrow, strength: and to darkness, light. And know that sheer enthusiasm is not enough, it will take genuine technical competence to restore the garden of the Lord. Know, too, that this sickness, healing: To loneliness, visitation: To bondage, love, bringing order to chaos; to ugliness, beauty: to sickness, healing; to loneliness, visitation; to bondage, freedom; to strife, peace; to sorrow, strength: and to darkness, light. And know that sheer enthusiasm is not enough, it will take genuine technical competence to restore the garden of the Lord. Know, too, that this sickness, healing: To loneliness, visitation: To bondage, all of words entails are simply remarkable. Consider the section in "Mammalia" titled, "Hoofed Quadrupeds (Ungulata)." First Division: Thick-skinned quadrupeds: embracing the elephant, rhinoceros, hippopotamus,
horse, swine, hyrax, tapir, etc." I like to think of the nine and ten year old scholars "embracing" such elephantine, rhinocerotic and hyracid terms as Mr. Willson trotted before him: "verdure," "infusoria," "palmated," "annelidans," "karroo," "sward" and "ruminating."

If we are likely to be impressed by the vision of school children standing in recitation and sending forth learned sounds from their innocent throats, our admiration should be tempered by at least two considerations. The first is that (as the "progressivists" would be the first to point out) the mere ability to repeat whole pages of orders, classes and genera does not in itself indicate much of an understanding of the material. "Infusoria" and "kaddoo" can be as meaningless as "do, re, mi, fa, so" in those first lessons given for children to learn the names of the notes in the scale. Secondly, the information itself (in spite of the fancy nomenclature) is pretty elementary in comparison to the vocabulary, if not in comparison to the ages of the learners. Furthermore, in terms of modern science, a lot of the information is simply inaccurate. In Willson's Fourth Reader, the old business of the ostrich hiding its head when it becomes alarmed is included, albeit in a rather hesitant manner. In the above-mentioned material on thick-skinned quadrupeds, a picture of an elephant is given; and a very strange picture it is. Since it is the reproduction of a drawing, I suppose the work can be called inspired, rather than merely accurate. At any rate, the head is recognizable; but the back is long and sloping, like that of a quarter horse, and the hindquarters are a stunning anomaly — thick and bellows-shaped, like the massively sagging pants of a pensive clown. A curious beast to be released into the jungles of an untutored mind.

In the last analysis, these are not overwhelmingly important objections, when one considers the purpose of the book. Words are remembered best when they make sense — when they are understood — and I for one like the idea of nine-year olds uttering the words "ruminating" and "palmated." To be sure, the utterance alone is not enough, but in the learning of any discipline, a vocabulary is simply indispensable. The words are never anything less than the first great stride toward understanding a science or a field of scholarship. And as for the inaccuracies, these are of two kinds — those of oversimplification and those of error. The first is always necessary for the instruction of children in complicated matters, and the second is obviously and easily remediable.

For the really striking quality of Marcius Willson's old-fashioned book, however, one must turn from such things as the advanced vocabulary and the high demands upon factual knowledge made of these children, and come back to the moralistic character of the book. Here is where the modern reader will face something which appears at once very strange and very familiar. The hypocrisies of the Victorian era seem still to be with us, but in reality they are not. They have been replaced by other hypocrisies.

There is one passage in Marcius Willson's book which he himself apparently wrote, since it is ascribed to no other writer. Regardless of its authorship, it affords quite simply — for all its artlessness — some very good reading. This section is titled, "Three Lessons of Industry," and beneath the title there are three pictures, side-by-side, showing an oak tree, a small boy studying at his desk and a coral reef. Underneath these pictures is written

1. How very small is the little plant that springs up from the acorn, and how slowly it grows! and yet, by growing a little each day, and year by year, it finally becomes a mighty oak; and the birds sing in its branches, and many cattle repose in its shade.

2. There are little coral insects that begin to work away down on the bottom of the ocean: they build there cell after cell, one upon another, like little grains of sand. But day by day, and year by year, these little insects keep cheerfully toiling on, never stopping to rest or to play, until, at length, their rocky dwellings reach above the water; and in this way beautiful islands are formed, and men go and dwell on them.

3. "Little by little, and lesson after lesson, I will gather up the knowledge which I find in books, and in the world around me," said a thoughtful boy. And by learning a little every day, and learning it well, he became, at length, a wise and useful man, honored and respected by all who knew him.

I don't know whether you paused, as I did, at that part about the little insects toiling "cheerfully." That is a bit excessive, to be sure. But the first passage, particularly, has for me some of the simple beauty of the Psalms in the King James version. And when I read that this young scholar grew into a "wise and useful man," I am ready to sign almost anything.

But what is it to be wise and useful? From the context in which this phrase appears, it is evident that these words both refer to moral, cultural qualities, for it is said of our hypothetical young scholar that he was "honored and respected by all who knew him." And, though we must allow a certain diversity of views concerning them, these words do not come flying to us out of the darkness, but carry with them echoes and associations. Wisdom, for instance, does not reflect mere knowledge, or expertise, but a richly human understanding. It is a moral as well as an intellectual habitude. It is an environment of heart and mind, a versatility in adjustment wedded to a consistency of character or principle. It is above all, an ability to cope with life and to govern oneself. Wisdom happens only after the accumulation of experience and the weathering of good and bad seasons. It is the result, as well as the manifestation, of many things — a clear head, a healthy acceptance of life, the courage to be responsible for what one does, a sense of the reality of others, and — let us not forget — industry.

Where does wisdom end, according to the above definitions, and usefulness begin? Clearly, the two qual-
ities blend together, and I'm not so sure that the question needs answering with anything that sounds like certitude. The Victorians did not lack self-confidence, and their definitions of "wise" and "useful" would surely sound smug and self-righteous to our troubled ears.

But there is importance simply in the fact — not that the children of the 1860's were given satisfactory definitions of wisdom and usefulness — but that they were such words, along with countless examples of wise and useful acts, showing what it was believed men should and could be. If these children grew up in educational strait-jackets, and if they marched through their early years in some kind of lock-step, they nevertheless learned very early that wisdom and usefulness were very great and abiding ideals of human conduct. No matter how much corruption, ignorance and sloth he found in the life around him, or in himself, a graduate of the 19th century American elementary readers had a notion of what these things were — knew what to call them and knew they were meant to be despised.

After studying these old readers, I decided to look at some modern fourth grade textbooks, and here again I was surprised. One of the differences I had anticipated was in the matter of "heroes." I had heard, and read, that modern textbooks extolled the average man, and child, presumably in the service of helping most people adjust well to the facts of their lives, since, by definition, most people have only mediocre talents and intelligence. But in the books I consulted, this wasn't entirely true. Although the majority of the stories might indeed have glorified the average in human behavior, there were nevertheless stories about heroes. In one modern fourth grade textbook, for example, I found stories about Washington, Lincoln, Benjamin Franklin, the Wright Brothers and Annie Oakley. There were also fictional tales about "The Amiable Giant," "Paul Bunyan," "Chanticleer," and "The Ugly Duckling," along with stories from Aesop and Alice in Wonderland.

By contrast, the heroes in the 19th century readers were mostly Biblical — Moses, David, Elijah and Jesus. Lincoln, of course, was not a likely inclusion; and the Wright Brothers were even less likely.

In some respects, the modern reader is as moralistic as the older one. While the old book inculcates with a directness that sometimes abuses good sense, the modern book tends to sugar coat the most tepid truisms of good will and tolerance. A group of children are pictured playing on a city sidewalk. One of them is unquestionably a Negro, however he is somewhat bleached and depersonalized, just as the white children are. They all, in fact, look a little like fixtures in the window of a clothing store.

One might not expect to find the racial theme in one of Willson's books, but in the Second Reader, an unidentified "Miss Mary" goes to the kitchen to instruct "Susan" in the baking of pies. There is a picture of the scene, and in the text following the picture, one finds the question, "Is Susan a white woman?" Clearly, she is not. A few lines further down, the following passage appears:

What has Susan on her head? Are her arms as white as Miss Mary's? Is her face as white? Are her hands black? Yes, but they are as clean as they would be if they were white.

In all fairness, it must be said that the modern readers are unquestionably happier, more enjoyable books. Obviously books that are separated by a span of a hundred years cannot be compared too closely in either content or approach. Still, they are somewhat comparable in terms of rationale and principle. And it is in such perspectives that texts of today reveal something quite extraordinary.

I mentioned that today's books are "unquestionably happier, more enjoyable books," and it is indeed this sunny quality that impresses a reader after he turns from grim parables of a Willson Reader. Our modern books are filled with bright, colored pictures showing cheery children having fun. If they are learning something, very good (and beyond doubt, much can be learned from them), but the obvious thing about the pictures and the stories is the good times these kiddies are having. It has to be this way — one hears the writers and editors of such books saying — because school books have to compete with TV, plastic toys, moving pictures and candy and other sweets in unheard-of quantities. And they are right. Just like his parents, a modern American child is in the seemingly enviable position of having vast numbers of people knocking themselves out trying to get them to have fun — to enjoy themselves a little more — to cultivate new forms of entertainment and pleasure.

It is scarcely surprising, then, that the modern school books I looked at did not hint at the fact that life is anything but sunny afternoons, indulgent parents, policemen, balloon men, zoo attendants, bus drivers in a world which is filled with amity and concern for others . . . a world where kindness and hospitality are no less dependable than the laws of gravity. The stories are exclusively about good guys, and one wonders how a nine-year-old child can reconcile the adventures he reads about in school with the dirty-faced kid next door, the cheater-at-marbles, or the bus driver who is fed-up with kids and loses his temper.

In this regard, Marcius Willson's old books are dramatically different. In the Second Reader, there are stories about "an Angry Man" and "a Railroad Thief," both of whom, you may be sure, get their come-uppance. The Railroad Thief's name is Tobin — which intrigues me, for some reason; but the real villain of the Second Reader is a fellow with the marvelous name of "Lazy Slokins." This villain is the protagonist of a number of episodes that constitute what is almost a full biography of wickedness and sloth. He is shown first as a lazy schoolboy who mutilates and neglects his books (according to the evidence, there must have been many Slokins in those days). Then Slokins appears as an even lazier young man, who, in the midst of the narrative, elicits this exasperated and quaintly worded aside: "Why don't
he get up and go to work?" Eventually, Slokins becomes a drunkard, and finally a thief, after which appears "The Robin's Temperance Song."

A hundred years have turned Slokins into a colorful sort of rogue, and neither the illustrations of his epic story nor the bilious suggestiveness of his name help the matter. Still, in the context of the times, this was deadly serious business. Anyone who knows the history of 19th century America understands that drunkenness was, indeed, an appalling problem, and he doesn't have to be an abstainer to think so.

But this, of course, is another matter. The importance here is the fact that the miserable history of Slokins was told, moralized upon and footnoted in these pages. It is possible that such stories as this only helped teach vindictiveness and moral snobbery to the young of a genus that needs no training in such skills. But it is also possible that children reading about liars, thieves and drunkards were nourished and edified to realize that the world of books was, after all, concerned with all of the life around them.

It was in such a context that they were meant to see Slokins, who had not grown into "a wise and useful man, honored and respected by all who knew him." And as they could believe in the reality of Slokins, whose kind was present in villages and cities throughout the land, so they could believe in the reality of those ideals by which the man's failure was measured. They were sturdy and inspiring ideals, and they must be seen against a background of strife, confusion and darkness . . . a background of "reality." We still have need for such yardsticks, for Slokins still abides with us, even though he might not smell of rum or wear a slouch hat and dress in 19th century breeches. He still abides with us, but he is not represented in the textbooks our children read. One has to go back a hundred years to the sort of schoolbook Marcius Willson made for that sort of realism.

If one would define the crucial problem of the 16th century as the problem of religion and the crucial problem of the 18th century as the problem of truth, it could be said that the crucial problem of the 20th century is the problem of the state. The decisive question on which everything depended for 16th century man was the decision between the contending religious forces. Later the decisive question became the belief in the supremacy of reason and the truth which reason can supply over all other values and standards. It has been left to the 20th century to place the state and man's political decision in the center of his existence. The conflicts of our age are not religious, if religion is to be interpreted as relating man directly to God, and they are not in the realm of truth or science. All these matters are now subordinated to the state. Right, orthodox, wise, and true is the man who holds the accepted view of the state, even though everything else about him may be questionable.

DANTE: Eternal Pilgrim

By MELVIN G. WILLIAMS
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Dante Alighieri has been history for a very long time, for he was born seven hundred years ago in 1265 and died 56 years later in 1321. With him has gone his medieval world of Ptolemaic science and intense religious exuberance. No one who has been nurtured by a society of Newtons and Einsteins, Faulkners and Sartrres, Barths and Tillichs, can ever hope to regain the perspective that dominated Dante's mind. Nor, perhaps, would he care to.

Yet Dante's *Commedia*, known to the English-speaking world as *The Divine Comedy*, is still very much alive even in a world which rejects his theology as quickly as it casts aside his politics and cosmology. For though we are almost literally worlds apart from its locale, we need not be fourteenth-century Roman Catholics to appreciate it, any more than we need to accept the Olympian gods of Homer to enjoy *The Iliad* and *The Odyssey*.

Nor must we be historians. Dante's own age is richly portrayed here, it is true, but mere history can be found much more easily elsewhere in a form more direct and more accurate. Read for its history alone, *The Divine Comedy* becomes little more than a clutter of footnotes about popes and politicians, lovers and moneylenders, saints and sinners, most of whom are of only the slightest interest today.

Nor must we destroy our twentieth century personalities and surrender our own convictions by trying to be historically objective in order to see the world as the poet's contemporaries did. No, we need not force ourselves into what Coleridge has called the "willful suspension of disbelief." For if we read properly we see *The Divine Comedy* not as belief but as drama.

The familiar opening scene of conversion begins as the poet, "midway along the path of life," finds that he has strayed from the straight way into "a dark wood." The way back to light leads, clearly enough, up a steep hill whose summit is the light of heaven — God's light. Yet because the three beasts of worldliness block his ascent, the traveler cannot complete his own conversion, even though he has turned toward the light and seeks its source.

This is only the recognition scene. In order to achieve salvation he must take the long route: a descent into the humility of the Inferno for a recognition of sin, a climb up the hill of purification in Purgatory for the renunciation of sin, and only then a joyous ascent through the blessings of Paradise. Without divine intervention he would have remained far from his goal.

Such a trip through hell and purgatory to heaven should in itself be enough to interest almost anyone, whether he prefers to read the account as a spiritual excursion or only a topographical one. But more than its cosmic proportions make this book great. At the center of its success lies the realism of the characters and situations Dante describes.

His method is that of the tourist who comes home after a long trip with hundreds of slides and almost as many stories of all the things he saw. Dante the poet tells at length what Dante the traveler viewed on his journey, as if he wants to be certain that his readers believe he really was an eyewitness, even when the spectacle is as fantastic as some of those in the Inferno.

"I stood still to look at the crowd," he seems to recall at one point, "and I saw a thing I would be afraid merely to relate without more proof, if it were not that I gain safety from conscience — that good companion who sets a man free under the armor of knowing he is blameless. Absolutely I saw — and I think I see it still — a body walking along without a head . . . ."

In another place he "saw" serpents so terrible that the "recollection of it still curdles my blood." And still later, down in the very depths of hell, he tells how "I saw a thousand faces made purple by the cold. As a result, frozen streams make me shudder, and always will."

In purgatory and heaven, too, if seeing is believing, Dante has made his trip come alive.

Yet eyesight, however often it is mentioned, is not the only sense impression the traveler offers his readers. Smell, touch, and taste are also used to lend credibility to the experience. He hears the lamentations of the wicked, feels the comforting breezes along the way up the Mount of Purgatory, and delights in the heavenly music of Paradise. He weeps and shouts, is joyful and compassionate — and we follow him as a real man among other real men, not as an allegorical dreamer among legendary heroes. Insofar as *The Divine Comedy* tells of the trip of a Florentine poet to worlds beyond our own, it is a vivid account.

But travel, of course, is not nearly all that Dante intended his poem to be. Instead, that part of it was to be primarily a sort of bait to lure the interest of his readers to his truth. As he writes early in the work, "Let this be a testimony that will keep every man from error." We are invited to read the poem first on the literal level as a journey, next on the personal level as historical and spiritual autobiography. But deepest is its allegorical level as an excursion into the capabilities of a human soul. A man is seeking God, and finds Him!

Yet if we are honest we must confess that it is only on the academic level of monographs and dissertations that the allegory continues to have much force today. It is easily shown how many of the more than six hundred books which have been written on Dante in the last three decades have been devoted at least in part to probing the
subtleties of allegory, or to attempting to prove him a precursor of Luther or a Thomist philosopher. But no matter how compelling they are, themes do not make poets.

It is the realistic narrative, the vivid words, the lively characterization — not the allegorical “truth” — which account for the phenomenal sale in the United States of over a million copies of John Ciardi’s translation of The Inferno as a Mentor paperback, and the absolutely unprecedented sale of a serial, magazine-sized edition of the entire work which kept 300,000 Italians breathlessly waiting to buy each of the one hundred weekly installments as they began appearing last year. Even the Milan publisher was amazed to find The Divine Comedy outselling such newsstand favorites as true confessions magazines and spy thrillers.

For the modern world the lesson has failed. In over six centuries The Divine Comedy has had no noticeable influence on the history of western thought, in spite of its notable literary prominence. The Roman world empire has vanished, and its Christian ideology has been replaced by a secular pluralism in most areas. Moreover, Dante’s hell — instead of being a frightful object lesson — is for many readers the most fascinating division of his work, and it is richly funny in a macabre sort of way. There is real comedy in the indignity of many of the punishments, as when, for example, a pope is portrayed with his head buried in the sand and his hairy legs wiggling convulsively above him. There is mischievous understatement as Francesca da Rimini describes the occasion of her sin. She and Paolo were reading the legend of Guinivere, and when they came to the passage where Guinivere was kissed by her lover, Francesca says simply, “That day we did not read farther.” The weird monsters, too, make The Inferno a scary horror show (complete with color scheme) which we can enjoy, confident of being able to “take it” and then escape back to our own comfortable world.

Purgatory should, of course, be spiritually more meaningful, since here are found hope and sorrow mixed, and since there is a purpose for all the suffering. But its characters are not as well differentiated as those in hell and they are less interesting psychologically. And Dante’s heaven is frankly boring, even with all its grandeur. Its catechism is elementary, its theology is antique, and its personalities are all alike.

On an ideological level, then, Dante is a failure — a thought which would surely be a frustration to him now. Yet he himself anticipated such a rejection. “If you cannot see my goodness,” he once counselled, “at least attend to my beauty.” This advice readers have followed for centuries. It is this beauty which caused T.S. Eliot to declare, “Dante and Shakespeare divide the modern world between them; there is no third.”

This future man, whom the scientists tell us they will produce in no more than a hundred years, seems to be possessed by a rebellion against human existence as it has been given, a free gift from nowhere (secularly speaking), which he wishes to exchange, as it were, for something he has made himself. There is no reason to doubt our abilities to accomplish such an exchange, just as there is no reason to doubt our present ability to destroy all organic life on earth. The question is only whether we wish to use our new scientific and technical knowledge in this direction, and this direction cannot be decided by scientific means; it is a political question of the first order and therefore can hardly be left to the decision of professional scientists or professional politicians.

The Fine Arts

Marc Chagall and Biblical Subjects

By RICHARD H. BRAUER

When Israel came forth from Egypt
The house of Jacob from a people of strange language
Judah became His sanctuary
Israel His dominion
The sea saw it and fled
The Jordan turned backward
The mountains skipped like rams
The hills like young sheep. Psalm 114:1-4

The whole creation is on tiptoe to see the wonderful sight of the sons of God coming into their own. Romans 8:19

One of the few major artists of the twentieth century to concern himself with Biblical subjects and illustration is Marc Chagall. Chagall was born of devout Jewish parents in 1887 in the White Russian city of Vitebsk. As Marc participated in the symbolic religious rituals of the Hasidic Jewish ghetto, and as he, for eight years, daily studied the Bible at one of the Jewish elementary schools, the Bible stories became for him as familiar as family events, and the Bible heroes became equally real.

Ghetto life was often hard. Because he was a Jew, Chagall's father could not get much education, and so spent his life in hard drudgery as a laborer in a warehouse. Being Jewish, Marc could not get a permit to go away to art school. In the face of such difficulties, Hasidic Judaism stressed that the essence of life was not the hard exterior fact of the ghetto world but the more significant interior truth of their spiritual relation to God. This relationship was experienced more through emotional, poetic intuition than through intellectual reasoning.

For instance, if the breath of Jehovah gives life to every object, perhaps all objects in God's creation have a quality of being and of responsiveness that transcends their merely rational appearance and parts. One of the Hasidic Rabbis said, "There is no grass without its guardian angel in the sky which drives it saying: Grow!" The psalms reinforce such an attitude when the psalmist says that the sea flees and the mountains and the hills skip.

For Chagall, the world beyond reason and appearance could not be evoked by the logic of academic realism. Rather, he turned to simple, naive representations of objects, illogical placement for symbolic meaning, and free use of colors and lines for emotional expression.

Some of these qualities can be seen in the two works here reproduced. CROSSING THE RED SEA is not a panorama correct in all details about clothes, site and tribal organization "proving" that this miracle could be done. Rather, the people are Vitebsk Jews with stocky, shapeless bodies in a somewhat neutral, abstract setting. Yet God's violent power against the enemy and His gentle care for His people is vividly portrayed.

The Israelites and the Egyptians form a diagonal path through the Red Sea from the bottom right to the top center. The effect is not so much of going off into the safety of a distant shore, rather it is one of going up into the vault of heaven where gently and protectively hovers the angel of the Lord. The Israelites seem to move with informal quietude, the white space on both sides separating them from the water, and the opaque balls of cloud blocking them from the violence of the Egyptians. In contrast, the Egyptians form a tangle of arms and heads and weapons. The water is engulfing them. Silhouetted against the cloud are some defiant gestures but none nearly as powerful as that of Moses holding up his staff. The figure of Moses is the largest, darkest, and fiercest in the picture and many of the Israelites, following the pointing of the Angel, look back at Moses to see the anger and violence of God acting in their behalf.

WHITE CRUCIFIXION, was painted while Hitler was persecuting the Jews. Christ wearing a prayer shawl, is painted as a Jew with the inscription, Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews painted above. Around Him Jews are hunted and murdered, their homes overturned, their houses of worship and Torah burned, while their elders wail in the sky. Christ is not pictured as the Son of God, but as the epitomy of Jewish martyrdom.

Chagall's treatment of Biblical subjects demonstrates the powerful expression of spiritual meanings possible when the artist is not limited to photographic realism.  

The Irish are poets. When my wife thought it was time that I part with the death mask of the "Inconnue de la Seine," which was hanging above my desk for years, and threw it into the garbage can, it was resurrected by our Irish superintendent and, the next day, hung on the wall above the garbage cans with its enigmatic smile. No doubt, the Irish are born with a sense of poetry. Brian Friel's play about a young Irishman on his way to America, "Philadelphia, Here I Come!" is disappointing because of its lack of poetic insight. His dialogue does not come close to that of Sean O'Casey or any other Irish playwright of the past. He juxtaposes two civilizations, the impoverished Ireland and the affluent America, well enough, and his device of presenting his hero through our Irish superintendent and, the next day, hung on the wall above the garbage cans with its enigmatic smile.

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There is a need for a theatre of homespun obviousness, as the success of Frank D. Gilroy's "The Subject Was Roses" proves, or William Goodhart's "Generation" which seems to live on Henry Fonda's popularity. Also, there is the need for the suspense drama, probably for those among us who like to go to bed with a mystery story (I suppose, to be put to sleep more quickly and pleasantly). The theatre is a tribunal when it aspires to discuss moral issues of vital importance. The courtroom drama is that strange genre which brings the excitement of "judgment on earth" to the stage by pretending to be lifelike and by disguising as a morality play of sorts. Strangely enough, it rarely fails to entertain. If well devised, it creates the pleasant tension which is there when you try to solve a puzzle or when you are surprised by the unexpected turns and twists on stage.

So far this season was blessed with four examples of the who-done-it and how-will-it-end play. "The Right Honorable Gentleman" and "The Playroom" — successes in London — failed despite the fact that there was sufficient suspense. Apparently it did not generate enough interest, and it may have been that the audience felt somehow cheated and considered the suspense devices cheap tricks. Frederick Knott, who wrote "Dial M for Murder" fourteen seasons ago, approached this genre from a different angle with his "Wait Until Dark." The story concerns a blind girl who is trying to cope with three strangers who keep hanging around in her apartment in Greenwich Village. She doesn't know that they are after a doll in which $50,000 worth of heroine has been hidden. The first two-thirds of the play lacks suspense, is more or less a game of hide-and-seek, but apparently intriguing enough to amuse. The excitement is left for act three. It is all there with the obligatory complication in the most crucial moment. But finally Mr. Knott failed to come up with a fascinating solution.

The English import of "Hostile Witness" is the better of the two plays. It was written by Jack Roffey and has the famous movie actor, Ray Milland, in the lead, whose accompanying gesturing and miming is more impressive than his diction. He is a well known barrister in this play and accused of murder from its very beginning. Since it is obvious that he will finally be found innocent, the play generates enough suspense to carry you to the end. In the guessing game of who has done it, you are, of course, looking for the most innocent character in case you know the tricks of the trade. Well, don't look for him. Otherwise, you are cheating yourself and deprive the author of his pleasure to come up with the most surprising surprise. The majority of the actors are from London. And those English actors can act! There have been enough failures recently whose financial losses could have sustained a repertory company for a whole year. Great hopes had been attached to Irene Kamp's "The Great Indoors" which certainly was full of surprises and probably intended to say a great deal. There was a German anti-Semite who lived in a town in the southern United States. He turned out to be a Jew. There was a Negro youth, proud of his race, and a German youth, proud of being Jewish. By now, you may have guessed that both boys turned out to be the sons of the German anti-Semite. Another promising author, Oliver Hailey, failed us. His "First One Asleep, Whistle," vacillated between sophistication (vide title!) and commercialism, and it plunged into nowhere.

I have always considered it a dreadful business to write necrologies, particularly when one sees one’s words in print next to the photo of the deceased who is always shown smiling. I don’t know whether all these playwrights keep smiling after their failures. They probably go on working. And this is how it should be. There is one obituary which I delayed talking about because it saddened me beyond anything I can say. Not because it was a failure. (Every artist has the right to fail as much as every critic has the right to be wrong.) No, but because of the kind of failure it was. I’ll delay discussing it until next month. I’ll be over the pain by then that it is Tennessee Williams.
The Music Room

Busoni and Rubinstein

By WALTER A. HANSEN

Two intensely fascinating articles in recent issues of Time have prompted me to devote this column to Ferrucio Benvenuto Busoni and Artur Rubinstein, who must be numbered among the greatest pianists the world has ever seen.

Busoni died in 1924. The 100th anniversary of his birth took place on April 1. Rubinstein observed his 80th birthday on January 28.

Although I never had an opportunity to meet Busoni, I heard him in recital a few years before his death. It is completely safe to say that Rubinstein does not have even a faint recollection of me, but I shall never forget an exciting little chat I had with him about 12 years ago.

Even in my boyhood days I used to be filled with awe whenever I read about the fabulous career and the extraordinary pianism of Franz Liszt. I wondered whether the world of music would ever again see an artist like him, and I regretted hundreds of times that I had never been privileged to hear him play. But Liszt died before I was born. Besides, he never came to this country. I had to be content to read about him and to hear and study many of his compositions.

When I heard Busoni, I involuntarily asked myself, "Could Liszt have been any better as a pianist?" My answer was no. But Liszt was able to combine striking showmanship with his artistry. Busoni lacked this ability. Nevertheless, his wizardry at the keyboard was so dumbfounding that Liszt himself, I believe, would have praised and even envied him.

Although I cannot name every composition Busoni played when I heard him, I do have a vivid recollection of his exemplary and altogether electrifying performance of Ludwig von Beethoven's last piano sonata and of the of his exemplary and altogether electrifying performance which he presented his own fiendishly difficult transcriptions of some of Liszt's piano versions of Niccolo Paganini's caprices. Neither his flowing mane nor the fact that he frequently lifted his buttocks from the bench he was using distracted my attention. I noticed all this, of course; but I was held spellbound by his indescribably comprehensive mastery of the music and of the piano. Busoni combined logic with brilliance and overpowering expressiveness.

I dislike the use of the superlative degree when speaking about musicians. Nevertheless, I find it impossible to contradict Rubinstein's statement that Busoni was "the greatest pianist of his time." What about Rubinstein himself? Is he the greatest pianist of our time? I cannot answer this question with a categorical yes, but I do not hesitate to speak of this man as a giant among the truly great pianists of our age.

The first time I heard Rubinstein in the flesh, he began his program with Busoni's wonderful transcription for the piano of Johann Sebastian Bach's Chaconne, which is a part of the Partita in D Minor for the violin alone. Here, as Hugo Leichtentritt put it, Busoni "transformed the music into a grandiose structure far more impressive than Bach's original version for violin solo, limited as it inevitably was in its polyphonic possibilities." Rubinstein did full justice to this magnificent masterpiece.

I have heard many famous pianists play Chopin's Sonata in B Flat Minor—the sonata with the heartrendingly poetic funeral march. To my thinking, Rubinstein outstrips them all in his overpoweringly eloquent performance of this lastingly wonderful composition for the piano.

Does Rubinstein's pianism rise to greater heights than those reached by Vladimir Horowitz? I do not know. Yet Iventure to state that Horowitz has a larger amount of dumbfounding technical skill at his disposal. Rubinstein, like his famous namesake Anton—to whom he is not related—sometimes strays from the straight and narrow path of accuracy. He himself, I am sure, will be the first to admit this. But just as I never had an opportunity to hear Liszt, so I never could have attended a concert presented by the mighty Anton Rubinstein, who died shortly after I was born.

Now I must stress one fundamental difference between Busoni and Artur Rubinstein. Busoni devoted himself assiduously to the art of composition; Rubinstein is not known as a composer. To be sure, Busoni's stature in the field of creative writing is far more interesting than it is appealing. Yet he was an intellectual who strove, albeit unsuccessfully, to blaze new trails. To my thinking, he often put new wine into old bottles. Rubinstein is a bon vivant. He is a great artist who has swayed millions of listeners. The world of music will always hold him in high honor.

Pianists are indebted to Busoni for excellent transcriptions of some of Bach's organ works, and those who are eager to improve their technical agility will do well to devote time and careful attention to his ingeniously devised finger exercises. In my opinion, everyone interested in music should bear in mind what he wrote about Mozart. This composer, he said, "is the most perfect specimen of musical genius ever known." Whenever I think of this statement, I invariably remember that Artur Schnabel, another famous pianist, once said that Mozart's sonatas are too easy for children and too difficult for artists.

April 1966

25
I teach at a university that has its fair share of enterprising students.

The latest enterprise initiated by some of these lively students is a program of evaluating professors and their courses.

This is done at the discretion of the professor on a purely voluntary basis.

The heart of the evaluation is a questionnaire, constructed by the students, and handed out to the students in the classes of cooperating instructors.

The questionnaire deals with the nature of the textbooks used in the class, the competency of the teacher as a lecturer and discussion leader, the kinds of tests and essays demanded by the professor, the speed and manner with which written work is returned, and the significance of the emphases made in the classroom. Here are some of the specific questions: Are the objectives of the course clear? Has the course given you an adequate understanding of the specific area of the discipline? Do you feel that the purposes outlined in the objectives are fulfilled? Do the questions (on examinations) require of the students a fair degree of reasoning?

Why should students push such a project?

One answer given to this question assumes that the students have gone too far in that they are interfering with the prerogatives of the instructor. Comments I have heard to this point: Who do these students think they are? How can they know enough to make such evaluations? After all, students are not really in a position to make such evaluations because of their basic immaturity, lack of background and experience, and because of their minute understandings.

I feel quite certain that some instructors object to such evaluations because they do not like to have their authoritarian personalities tampered with, because they do not want to face up to criticism and to themselves, and because they do not want to do the re-tooling that is necessary after honest criticism.

Another set of answers assumes that course and teacher evaluations are a good thing whether or not the students are always in a good position to make such evaluations.

I take the latter view.

1. I believe that every possible measure should be taken to evaluate the teaching process, especially in view of the fact that very little evaluation is being made nowadays on college campuses. In line with this, it seems abundantly clear to me that teachers qua teachers are getting by with much featherbedding, that teachers who emphasize research and writing are doing very little good teaching, and that all of us teachers ought to be taking some good and critical looks at ourselves.

2. I believe, therefore, that students' evaluations of instructors may alert the teacher to a conscious awareness of his role as teacher, to a conscious awareness of himself as a human being in the social interaction process, to a conscious awareness of himself as an intellectual.

3. I believe that the student should have a voice together with many other voices to say something about the education he and his parents et al are paying for.

4. I believe, furthermore, that the community in academic community involves participation of this nature on the part of all students in the community. Teacher and student are in the learning process together. Classroom lectures are no longer unilateral statements from on high, from the majestic heights of wisdom inhabited only by teachers and instructors — with special celestial corners for the Ph.D. crowd.

5. I believe that the students in their evaluations with all of the weaknesses mentioned above will at least point out some of the basic, glaring weaknesses and failings of the instructors. I should say that where I am being criticized in this process the students by and large were right though sometimes the weaknesses in the course have been beyond my control. Like the students I operate in a system that sometimes corrupts good teaching. But I have been taking my licks in this game of criticism and as often as not the criticisms have been merited.

The implications of these questionnaires are awesome: they suggest that the instructor program his objectives, purposes, ideas, and the ramifications of his discipline into his course; they suggest that the instructor construct his assignments and examinations according to rubrics of reasonable length and approach; they suggest that the professor act as a critic on all student work; the questionnaires suggest that the professor give insights and stimulation for the student to go it alone; and these instruments suggest that the professor be available for outside discussion and aid.

This is a tough job.

But students must also keep in mind that these questionnaires are for them a form of "putting up or shutting up."
Although I had heard magnificent performances of Giuseppe Verdi's Othello, I had never seen a stage presentation of Shakespeare's classic drama. Consequently, I was delighted to have an opportunity to see Sir Laurence Olivier in the role of the Moor of Venice. Some critics have said that Othello (Shepperton Studios, England, Stuart Burge) cannot be classified as a motion picture, since it was filmed during an actual performance presented by the National Theatre of Great Britain. Obviously there is merit in this statement. Since the action must be limited to the elaborate settings constructed in the Shepperton Studios, the scope of the camera is circumscribed and lacks mobility. But I am sure that even the most captious critic will agree that this is far and away the most successful of the productions photographed directly from stage presentations. One must regret that, although millions of dollars are readily available for the making of films that are utterly lacking in artistic value, funds were not available for a full-scale motion-picture production of Othello.

Sir Laurence's interpretation of Othello has been widely acclaimed by many critics here and abroad. His characterization of the jealous and tormented husband is not only uniquely his own but is truly magnificent. Frank Finlay's Iago seemed to me to be the acme of subtlety. Here we saw an archvillain who cunningly concealed his hatred and jealousy under the guise of friendship and fidelity, while he coldly and ruthlessly perfected his plot to destroy Othello. Maggie Smith, who appeared with fine success as Desdemona, has been nominated for an Academy award as the best actress in a supporting role. The work of other players in the large cast was not consistently good. Some were excellent; others were less than adequate.

One of the great joys of the occasion was the fact that the Bard's lines were read with complete naturalness and with exemplary clarity. I saw Othello in the company of close to 2,000 high school pupils. How did these young adults react to the play? They were quiet and attentive most of the time. Traffic in the aisles was negligible, and the consumption of food and drink was surprisingly moderate. Apparently Sir Laurence's blacker-than-black makeup was as startling to them as it was to me. But when the shock wore off, as it did, one could lose oneself in the action on the stage. The entire performance had great vitality and forcefully underscored the relevance of the subject matter to any age and any culture.

Speaking of culture, what is happening to ours? The films I have seen recently cannot be classified as contributions to our culture. I was comforted — since I do not want to be out of step with the times — to read that Abe Burrows, a veteran of the theater, is deeply distressed by the new "total theater of shock and raw language." I doubt that anyone who knows anything about Mr. Burrows will call him a sissy or an ultraconservative. He has had a brilliant career as a writer, as a producer, and as a director.

When I see a new film, I am always interested in audience reaction. Two of the pictures I saw recently elicited very little reaction from the audience. Lord Love a Duck (United Artists, George Axelrod) is what is called black comedy. This is the story of a boy who is mentally ill and of his influence on the lives of those about him. Obviously it was George Axelrod's intention to lampoon practically every phase of American life, including the educational system, love, religion, greed, drinking, and even marriage. The result is a disturbing mixture of caustic satire, sardonic humor, irreverence, tragedy, and sheer horror. This is funny?

Repulsion, a foreign film directed by Roman Polanski, takes us into the dark world of a psychopathic girl and the fantasies that torment and ultimately destroy her. Polanski, the young Polish director whose Knife in the Water was widely acclaimed, has fashioned his tale of horror with great skill and with spine-tingling effectiveness. But this film is filled with so much horror, pathos, and tragedy that once again the viewer is not only repelled but is almost overwhelmed. Here again the audience sat in stony silence.

The silver screen is practically crawling with spies these days. Our Man Flint (20th Century-Fox, Daniel Mann) is just one of a number of parodies on the cloak-and-dagger theme. This time our superhero is concerned with a science-fiction plot designed by villainous forces to destroy or to capture the world. The theme song for this nonsense should by "Anything James Bond Can Do I Can Do Better and Bigger, Yes, and Hokier Too."

Where the Spies Are (M-G-M) is simply a dull rehash of a theme that has been done to death.

No one could be in doubt about audience reaction to Never Too Late (Warners, Bud Yorkin). The viewers loved every moment of the film. Sumner Arthur Long's amusing play scored a hit on Broadway, and it is safe to predict that the picture will be a box-office success. I doubt that anyone would call Never Too Late a play of outstanding literary merit.

April 1966
On Greatness

Suddenly there was an announcement from the little box in the northwest corner of my room that Rubinstein was about to play Beethoven’s Sonata in F-Minor (the Appassionata) ... I have long felt that of all contemporary pianists, even including Horowitz and Richter, Rubinstein is the greatest. ... But here, as so often, I was again confronted with the mysterious question: Why? ... Why greatness anywhere, anytime? ... What are the necessary ingredients — in a souffle, a singer, a pianist, a writer, a painter, a teacher, a mother ... even a priest. ... I tilted my post-modern chair and tried to draw the problem into my consciousness ....

Gradually my wayward mind turned back to a dark, cold November night almost twenty years ago when Kirsten Flagstad — now dead a year — came to our forlorn Indiana campus. ... We could afford to have her come because her fee reflected the fact that she was beyond her absolute prime and sang under the shadow of the rumored Nazi involvement of her husband. ... it was her last American tour. ...

But the great voice was still here. ... It came now, however, as one critic said, from nearer the heart. ... It has survived war and hate and the erosion of the years ... I talked with her for a half-hour behind the curtain of our ancient auditorium because the crowd was slow in coming over the roads and streets heavy with snow ... As I remember, we touched on many things — war, the evil of Nazism, music, the coming of winter to Oslo, her triumphant Wagnerian roles — especially her early Sieglinde, and above all, her Isolde — the strange ways of opera conductors ... and the sad death of kings ...

The signal lights blinked, and I left the stage to sit in the front row no more than twenty feet away from her immortal voice. ... She began slowly with a few simple Lieder ... one could tell that she needed a warming-up period ....

Then suddenly something happened ... I sat up straight and listened with my whole being for I knew, beyond thought, that I was only twenty feet away from greatness. ... What really happened is hard to tell ... one of life’s little resurrections ... a certain ultimate surge of power, a nearness to perfection ... an awareness that this music and this voice were far beyond the gray level of human experience. ... Her eyes were closed now because the audience did not matter now. ... This was a communion on a different level — a mystic and mysterious rapport between the singer, the composer and the perennially ineffable in life and history. ... Once more I was aware of that hushed moment before the applause when an audience draws itself back into a world of snow and boots and furs ... Very probably few knew where they had been. ... It was enough to know that they had been elsewhere and were coming back with a cosmic nostalgia for things unseen and seldom heard ...

Perhaps this is the final measure of all true greatness ... The surge into life of a new dimension — a fourth, fifth, sixth, and on into infinity ... this gentle shattering touch of the infinite. ... I looked out of the window into the gray winter day. ... In all these years when had I touched this ultimate experience? ... In Luther on the Psalms ... Tchaikovsky’s Pathetique — as close as the Russians have come to the truth about life. ... John Donne’s sermons — which often come from his own cloud of unknowing ... Bach’s D-Minor, a study in unearthly contrasts, and, of course, the B-Minor Mass — the drawing of a simple creed into listening distance of the Golden Gates. ... Hamlet on the platform of Elsinore, listening for the football of the supernatural ... the coming of dusk over St. Mary’s in San Francisco — the near beating of dark wings at the edge of the Western World ... Flagstad singing far from home on a winter night ...

I had come full circle. ... As I turned back to the desk I remembered that thirty years ago Dorothy Kissling had said all that I was trying to say: Thine altar candles light the night, The hosts of heaven dissolve and pass, In the abundance of thy light, I see the world as in a glass —

All time in every hidden thing That was, and is, and is to be, All mysteries past imagining A moment stand revealed to me; And not as I have known before I know them now, but as they are, Bright motes and dark and nothing more Against the shining of thy star ...

So Kirsten Flagstad died a year ago. ... May she rest in the peace which our world was never able to give her ...