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THE POLITICS OF PROMISE

THE PROMISSORY NATURE of a political campaign has been underscored again in the campaign for the presidency of the United States. While there seems to have been some modesty in the making of promises, in contrast to the recent past where the coin of the campaigns seemed to be the inflation of promises for all good, the campaign of Jimmy Carter was characterized by the doubly effective combination of promise with morality. To make promises that include the promise of "morality in government" is almost certain to stir the hearts of a people who love morality, particularly the promise rather than the practice of it.

Morality that is linked to legal justice on the one side, and a healthy doctrine of original sin on the other side, should indeed stir the hearts of a people committed to the rule of law (rather than some form of the heroic "style") and to justice by the law (rather than an ideological tyranny that thrives on the multiplication of rules and pronouncements to govern how people shall or shall not behave).

For those Christians preparing for Christmas with an Advent season that concentrates its attention on the fulfillment of promises for the gracious establishment of a kingdom of righteousness, there might be an awesome wonderment at the way the politics of promise functions in American elections. Christian expectation of the King who establishes a government is tied to the pillars of judgment (justice by retribution under the Law) and righteousness (in this case, a rightness donated by him rather than achieved by moral of social action). While some Christians may confuse the advent of a "born-again" Christian to the presidency as the advent of the savior-king, most Christians will keep their heads and hearts clear enough to reject such identity.

But is it not more than passing strange that promises have become so necessary to achieving political power in our country? A politician can hardly acquire the office he desires without out-promising his opponent. For my part I thought we would have learned from the past forty years that when the delicate balance between promise and performance is shattered, we end up with volcanic energies unleashed for the bitterest kind of conflict among us rather than harnessed to the common good.

It is not so easy to change the means that have made possible certain ends. To acquire the office of presidency by promise almost necessitates governing by promise. The means have become the ends. Without promises there appear to be no means for stirring up hope. And without hope, there are too many energies that are, at best, potential. If hopes are not stirred to release energies, or if the energies remain only potential, there is not much chance for a people to work in common on specific problems that need solving.

In keeping of promise there is great pain. The promiser must pay. If he is limited in his power to buy up promise, he out to be chaste in promise making. If he imagines that he has no limits for keeping promise, he may become excessive in making promises merely because he is foolish and therefore the victim of his own gargantuan ego. He may, however, be cruel, for nothing is so cruel as to calculate the use of promises (containing within them as they do the pledge of the promiser to pay) to excite the hopes of people in order to extract from those excited the energies for his own maintenance of power. That use of hope is a far cry from governing by "the consent of the governed."

A king without promise may have the throne and he may exert power. But it is unlikely that he will have the hearts of those ruled; and it is unlikely that great streams of energy will be turned loose in the people.

But there are real energies in hopes, and hopes can be nurtured on promises. Hence, the manipulation of people by promises that are not intended to be kept, the excessive promises that cannot be kept, and promises that must be paid for in ways hidden from the payer, are among the most frightful tools for disheartening a people, making them bitter, and unleashing the very energy that has been generated into an engine for setting people against people and group against group in the mad scramble to imitate the aim of the governor.

This coming to power by promise, this stirring of hope and energy by promise, this expectation of promise sounds very much like the Advent theme of the Christian church. It becomes doubly important this Advent to assert the qualitative difference between the promises of the of the kingdom of divine redemption, promised to and carried for all nations by the Jews, and Jesus, the Fulfiller of those promises, and the kingdoms of our states. No matter how closely the Christian believers are united to Jesus Christ, there is an absolute noninterchangeability. Furthermore, if one or more of those Christians begins to confuse himself with the real King, the very judgment and righteousness of the Kingdom of Christ must be used to oppose the consequences of such confusion, in fact, to dispel such confusions with clear distinctions.

At the same time, the King who
Daley loved political power. With disarming simplicity he argued: what is the use of political power if you don't use it? Simultaneously, he himself never desired to go beyond being mayor of Chicago. Pat O'Malley of the Chicago Park District reported Daley to have said, “Nothing is greater than being mayor of Chicago.”

Some things about Daley's conception of power and its use are instructive. Daley's power in the city was anchored in the neighborhoods. He had a passion for neighborhoods. Although some critics have said that Daley never learned to cope with the suburbs, and some might add that he never learned to cope with the neighborhoods, he did follow his principle with single-minded passion. The neighborhoods are where the votes are; the neighborhoods are the arenas for service. Daley was a precinct captain who never left the precinct.

There was something salutary in Daley's stubborn resistance to the regula of the Federal Government's technique for manipulating the cities with its return of (diminished) funds to the cities. Federal courts have withheld money from the Chicago Police Department, the Chicago Fire Department, and the Chicago Public School System for failure to meet quotas in hiring. There can be no solid defense for the city holding certain of its citizens at a disadvantage with regard to work and education, but Daley's instincts were right on target. In the long range solutions to a more just life for the citizens of the city (and the nation), a more complete interchange of living from and living for each other, the neighborhoods will not only be the source of the energy for such change, as well as the arena for such interdependence; they will have to be protected from the avaricious and predatory lustrs of the central government. It is unlikely that Daley's power will be equaled by another. It is certain that not all Daley's policies are to be pursued. But it is equally certain that his instincts for the neighborhood, as the base of political power and the arena for service in the polis, were sound. That foundation and the action built on it are fundamental for the health and survival of our civilization. The example of Daley's stout resistance to the Federal Government's usurpation of such power base and service arena, and the illustration of Chicago's energy as a city, suggest that we learn something from his instincts and governance.

NOTES FROM THE EDITOR'S NOTEBOOK

NOVEMBER TIME IN THE RELIGIOUS life of our University community is time also to remember the death of faithful and honored Christians. It is a good time for such remembrance, as all know who have been tutored by the church's arrangement of her times and year. With the onset of Advent marking the life of hope and the birth of that One who came precisely into human life to carry the curse of death to death, the church teaches her children to mark the end time of life. Some whom we remembered this year do not need a comment, yet their lives and work nevertheless evoke one.

There was ERWIN J. BULS, associate professor of Geography. He was a quiet and steady man. For more than thirty years he went about his work as a stable colleague and a teacher of students. He had met his classes, as usual, on Friday; on the Monday following, he suffered a stroke and died. Sometimes in death we miss the big things; most often it is the little things that stab us with pain and grief. Many who have lived and worked with Professor Buls as a colleague will miss that meeting on the campus, he with pipe in hand or mouth, straight on his way to his work. Our high and majestic King, born ever so lowly for us, had a glorious thing to say about those who were faithful in the little things.

The Cresset
There was HERMANN SASSE, truly a doctor of the church, literally one of the pilgrim people. Sasse began his professional life with pastorates in Berlin and the surrounding area in the 1920s; he moved to the University of Erlangen in 1933; in the post-war settlement years, he emigrated to Australia, where he became a lecturer in Church History at Immanuel Theological Seminary (later Luther Seminary). He continued teaching there until his retirement in 1969. Sasse had also studied in America (Hartford Theological Seminary), and twice at Concordia Theological Seminary (St. Louis, Missouri), and twice at Concordia Theological Seminary (Springfield, Illinois, now located at Ft. Wayne, Indiana).

Sasse was a productive author. Nearly 450 entries are listed in his bibliography. Learned, and staunchly confessional in his theological understandings, Sasse knew how to be faithful to the Sacred Scriptures without falling into the style of reformed protestantism, especially that kind that in America called "evangelicalism." For one thing, Sasse was too churchly. Wilhelm Loehe had found in Sasse an apt pupil (and friendly critic). For another thing, Sasse was too sacramental. Again, as was the case with Loehe, Sasse could be called one of the great witnesses in our time to the Sacrament of the Altar.

Sasse's spirit as a scholar and as a Lutheran confessor showed itself in his engagement in confessional aspects of the church's life in Germany and in his participation in the World Conference on Faith and Order, as well as the Lutheran World Convention. Two volumes of his writings, In Statu Confessio, reflect both his learning and churchmanship.

The content of Sasse's writings, the orientation of his thinking, and his experience (both literally and spiritually) as a pilgrim, commend him to American Lutherans in their task of becoming American without ceasing to be Lutherans. Sasse's impact on the Lutheran Church of Australia (whom he served until his death in August) would indicate an outlook on churchly and theological issues that is salutary, not destructive. Unlike some of those who embrace Sasse as a champion, when he writes about the Sacrament of the Altar, he breathes the orthodoxy of one who has also used the Sacrament for his home away from home.

Sasse's scholarly care for his inheritance and his engagement of others in that care, not only made him a faithful steward of his own treasure, but it also impelled others to be more solicitous of their own. Thus, faithfulness and love joined hands. It would behoove us to listen to this pilgrim and learn from him. Indulgent and undisciplined craving to copy others, or worse still, the modish invitation that we both abandon our inheritance for something new, not only makes us unfaithful toward our own inheritance; it makes us un­loving toward others in the care of theirs. If we cannot or will not learn what Sasse learned, we shall be neither faithful nor loving.

And then there was MARTIN H. FRANZMANN, sweet singer of the Lutheran Church-Missouri Synod. Learned, diligent, hard working, poetic, and a courteous gentleman, Franzmann too was a pilgrim. He was a pilgrim who used the facilities of his travels for shaping the fulness of life that climaxes in being home. The Franzmann home was parabolic of that home which is, and yet is not, here. He relished the sights and sounds and smells of his world and his work. He seemed to me to move by a melody that did not here have its permanent rest. It was a melody clear in its singularity, rich in its polyphony, and sturdy as deep heaven itself.

His love of languages was nurtured by the classical training in the Wisconsin Synod. He trained himself in the use of that language (he told me he once spent a summer memorizing the Sonnets of Shakespeare) that is still a perplexity for many Lutherans. His lectures at Concordia Theological Seminary in St. Louis, Missouri were an experience in the good use of English as well as Greek. It was fitting that his retirement in England found him serving also as tutor in Westfield House for theological students of the Evangelical Lutheran Church of England.

My first meeting with Franzmann was in a course on the Letter of St. James. In his mighty attempt to show that the Letter of St. James was apostolic (that its message did not contradict the work of Christ and the apostolic message), Franzmann used the language the way our University organist, Philip Gehring, uses the Fred and Ella Reddel Memorial Organ in the Chapel of the Resurrection. Franzmann's language could be as sparse but evocative as Johann Bengel's, as rich and ornate as Carlyle's, and it could sting like the King's arrow in the heart of the King's enemies. How he popped our ears early in that course: "The Cross is forever the stumbling-block to sentimentality." It is too rare in professorial lectures that learning and truth are combined with a language that is rich and fat, like a great harvest, or delightful and hilarious, like a burst of joy. Franzmann often achieved that union; yet, it seemed that he accomplished that union best in his prayers and hymns.

Happily some of Franzmann's hymns are available to worshippers in the Worship Supplement. It may be that there he will nurture more worshipping confessors than he will through his writings, which seem to suffer a strange neglect. Franzmann's hymns and prayers express a large and sturdy spirit; they not only dance for joy, they zing with celestial energy. He makes the mighty and happy words of the good news about Jesus Christ enter the ear and heart with congruent sounds: the language sings the joy and the truth of the thing it carries.

We remember these people with gratitude and their families with compassion. We hope that these faithful rest at home in the song so sweet it would break our hearts were we to hear it naked now.
THE WORK OF J. D. SALINGER MUST BE SEEN and understood in the context of some more general theory about contemporary or recent literature because it differs so radically from what has come to be called modern literature. My own thesis about recent literature, that is to say, about literature which has been written during the years since the end of the Second World War, is that the best writers of this period have been trying to tell a slightly more positive or affirmative kind of story than most of the great heroes of the modern movement or period in literature were willing or able to do. Moreover, these contemporary writers have been attempting to move beyond the pathos, the doubt, and the despair at the heart of the Modern story in two major ways—Neo-Stoic and Christian. Unfortunately, it must also be said that not very many of these efforts have been successful. They just don't come off or make it as we say. They seem to cheat. But some of these attempts have been more moving and convincing than others. Ernest Hemingway's *The Old Man and the Sea* is the best Neo-Stoic example and J. D. Salinger's *The Catcher in the Rye* is the finest Christian example, with the possible exception of John Updike's *The Centaur*. In the Neo-Stoic method or strategy a profoundly humanistic kind of courage transcends despair by accepting or defying it. The Christian method or strategy tends to show that despair itself can be and often is a means of judgment and grace. In both methods, what has been so dark and negative about the pessimism at the heart of Modern literature is transcended and a new, if modest and careful, kind of optimism appears.

The Beatles' greatest song, *Hey Jude*, reflects and illuminates the present situation in literature exactly as I see it. The constant refrain is: "Take a Sad Song and Make it Better." My thesis is that contemporary writers are trying to do exactly that. They are taking a sad song—what I call the Modern story—and making it better. They begin in a Modern way and end in a Stoic or Christian way of moving beyond the Modern story.

J. D. Salinger's great first novel, *The Catcher in the Rye*, is by now generally recognized to be a contemporary classic. But there continues to be widespread disagreement concerning its exact meaning and power. Some readers and critics hold that it is still another and a very late example of a characteristically modern work of a highly negative or skeptical kind. Holden Caulfield is messed up at the beginning of the story and is in still worse shape by the end. He is slowly but surely undone.
by the acids of modernity and moves or is moved from one form of unhappy misery to another. Other readers and critics insist that the novel may be more profoundly interpreted as being an expression of the teachings of Zen. In the carousel scene near the end, Holden finally sees the meaning of the Buddhist Wheel of Life. My concern in this essay is to show that a specifically Christian kind of reading is also at least possible, if not necessary. From this somewhat novel but by no means merely eccentric point of view, Holden is a typically Christian tragic hero who is humbled as he is raised up. And the converse is equally true. There is a distinctly Christian “double reversal” at the end. He moves down at the end of the story to be sure. But he also moves or is moved up.

This effort to come up with a Christian reading of the story will be based upon three main arguments: that Holden’s tragic flaw is spiritual pride—at least in part; that his little sister Phoebe is an obvious Christ figure—or is at least the character in the story who performs a Christological function; and that there is a distinctly Christian kind of double reversal (both down and up) in the climactic carousel scene near the end. These are characteristic qualities or properties of a uniquely Christian kind of literary work. A minor, but still very important, consideration will rest upon careful theological interpretation of some of the novel’s central poetic symbols—the red hunting cap, the ducks in Central Park, the obsessive dream about being “the catcher in the rye,” and the carousel scene with its golden ring. But some more strictly literary analysis of the novel is necessary before such theological interpretation can properly begin.

One more point by way of introduction. Some readers may question whether an effort to come up with a Christian reading may not be too traditional or conventional to have much meaning or value for our time. I think that these readers are wrong. My principal reason for thinking so is that the particular understanding of the Christian faith itself which Salinger is consciously or unconsciously managing to express is radically contemporary and thus relevant.

THE NOVEL IS HIGHLY PICARESQUE IN LITERARY CONSTRUCTION. That is to say, it consists of a loosely-knit series of episodes and scenes and is told from the first-person point of view. It is the story of Holden Caulfield, a sensitive and precocious seventeen-year-old New York boy, who has managed to flunk out of his third prep school in a row as the novel begins. With a little money in his purse, he takes off from the Pennsey campus for New York City to spend a few days by himself in a hotel before he has to return home for Christ-
Holden begins to realize that he is a problem to himself and that he is his own worst enemy. His tragic flaw becomes spiritual pride or idolatrous impatience rather than suffering innocence and nobility.

In sharp contrast to the beginning and middle parts, the closing movement is at once happy and unhappy. Holden is trapped by his little sister Phoebe into receiving the gift of critical but understanding love. She is the instrument of judgment and the mediator of grace. In this sense and to this extent, the ending is specifically Christian because Holden is saved or redeemed even as he is judged. He is made to suffer and enjoy the distinctly Christian paradox of dying to live. He becomes a symbol of man's idolatrous impatience and of his dire need for forgiving love.

Some of the central poetic symbols in the novel are: The red hunting cap expresses Holden's desire to be a catcher as on a baseball team. This is why he wears the cap backwards. The cap is thus profoundly linked with the most central symbol in the story—his neurotic dream about becoming a catcher in the rye. The ducks in Central Park and his anxiety about what they do with themselves in the winter time express his compassion for helpless and vulnerable things—a sympathy that is made possible by his radical identification with them.

The final carousel scene with the symbolic golden ring at its center is meant to actualize the Buddhist Wheel of Life in accordance with the teachings of Zen. But I don't think that it is a symbol of anything. It is just a carousel going around and around in Central Park. If this be heresy, so be it. I think the symbol expresses the sense of dizziness Holden feels while he is crying happily in the rain as he also "flips out."

LET ME NOW HASTEN TO DOCUMENT AND illustrate my three arguments in support of a specifically Christian kind of reading: that spiritual price is Holden's tragic flaw; that his little sister Phoebe is a Christ figure; and that there is a double reversal at the end.

Holden's spiritual pride is expressed in scene after scene because Salinger is very careful to establish an ironic distance between Holden as narrator-protagonist and himself as author-writer. But there are three scenes where this tragic flaw finds realization most vividly. They are the scene with Mrs. Morrow on the train for New York, the scene with the obsessive dream about being a catcher in the rye, and the scene with Mr. Antolini, his old high school teacher. In the scene with Mrs. Morrow, Holden decides to butter up the mother of one of his classmates although he actually detests her son. This is phoney and presumptuous on his part. A more old-fashioned but as apt a word would be arrogant. In the dream episode, Holden makes a Freudian slip when he renders the line from a poem by Robert Burns. He speaks of catching rather than of meeting in the field of rye. He thus twists and distorts the meaning for his own proud and sick purposes. In the scene with his old high school teacher, Holden rushes from Mr. Antolini's apartment to sleep in Grand Central Station after an apparently abnormal sexual advance. He does this after the teacher has rendered himself available and has tried to give him some sage advice. Moreover, Holden himself falls into a cold sweat of guilt the moment he is in the elevator after he bolts from the room. This is because he feels—quite rightly—that he has betrayed Mr. Antolini just as he once failed his dead brother. But this failure is a moral and religious failure, not just a neurotic and compulsive kind of guilt. This scene is perhaps the most vivid actualization of Holden's spiritual pride in the whole novel.

In the context of all three of these important scenes, Holden begins to realize that he is a problem to himself and that he is his own worst enemy. His tragic flaw becomes spiritual pride or idolatrous impatience rather than piteous abnormality or suffering innocence and nobility. He is forced to see that he is unable to get out of himself what he so stringently demands and expects of others. He rapidly becomes a too proud rather than a too noble youth. He is riding for a fall. He asks for judgment, and we know that in the end he will get it.

Some readers may feel at this point that I have placed too much weight upon the specifically Christian motif of spiritual pride. This is not my intention, because I do not wish to deny the almost equally central modern skeptical motif concerning Holden's sickness. He has trouble with sex. He is bothered by religion. He worries about his dead brother. He has obsessive and recurrent dreams. He is indeed very sick. It is just that I am trying to stress the importance of the Christian motif for purposes of emphasis and as a much-needed corrective.

The scene where Holden tells his little sister Phoebe about his recurrent dream is obviously one of the most structural scenes in the novel. This is partly because it is, of course, the scene from which the title of the novel itself is taken. But it is also important because it is situated in the pivotal middle part of the story. It is in this scene that we become aware of the precise nature and full extent of Holden's sickness and pride. The scene also helps make probable his later plan to run away from home to a ranch out west: The dream is highly escapist in character.

* This phrase is widely used in mental hospitals. Most radically used, it has reference to the moment when a patient moves from neurosis to psychosis. But it is usually used in a milder way. Used in a milder way, it has reference to any kind of withdrawal from reality. These can vary in extent. It is obvious that Holden's withdrawal is of the milder kind.
"Whereas Holden had neurotically and vainly dreamed of preventing children from growing up, he now affirms explicitly that there is no way from innocence to maturity except in and through potentially tragic experience."

The scene begins with Phoebe’s critical question to Holden as to whether he actually likes anybody or anything. She asks him to name one person or thing he really likes. He can’t do it. Then, as Holden begins to tell her about his dream he quotes a line from the poetry of Robert Burns about the way a body catches a body coming through the field of rye. It is highly significant that his sister Phoebe quickly corrects him by insisting that the real line concerns a body that meets a body. That is to say, she insists upon using the distinctly Christian language of deeply personal encounter. The dream itself is about a crowd or swarm of children playing in a field of rye near the edge of a steep cliff. Holden keeps fancying himself as being the adult who catches the children as they are about to fall. This expresses his recurrent belief that children should not be permitted to grow up because the adult world is a phoney and compromised one. Moreover, it is not merely a neurotic and escapist dream in a Freudian sense because we are made to feel that Holden really knows in his heart of hearts that there is no way of moving from innocence to maturity except in and through tragic experience. The way up is the way down—in and through tragedy.

Between the dream of the catcher in the rye scene and the final carousel scene, Holden decides that he simply can’t make it anymore. He makes up his mind to run away from home, go out west to some ranch, and pretend that he is a deaf-mute. He says that if he ever marries, he and his wife will not converse. They will merely pass notes back and forth to each other. This is because he doesn’t want to say anything to anyone again. And, above all, he doesn’t want to hear anything from other people again. But he simply can’t do this; he must see his little sister Phoebe yet one more time. This is his fatal mistake because he finds her standing on the steps of the museum with her suitcase packed and her feet firmly and stubbornly planted. This poignant episode leads directly into the final carousel scene; this episode also makes it probable that Phoebe can be and do what she is and does in the closing episode.

It is, of course, possible to argue that the character of Phoebe is improbable onextrinsic grounds. From this point of view, it can be questioned whether it is possible for a ten-year-old to be a convincing Christ figure. But I think that Phoebe is probably even on extrinsic grounds. Some children are very wise in an intuitive sense or way and wisdom itself is not completely a function of chronological age. Jesus himself taught us to respect very young children, when he asked us to suffer little children to come unto Him or us, for that matter.

In the climactic carousel scene, Holden is watching his little sister as she goes round and round and as she reaches for the golden ring. This view elicits one of the most structural statements in the whole novel. The difference between this statement and the catcher in the rye dream commentary is a measure of the truly tremendous distance Holden has traveled—thanks to his sister’s many intercessions. As his sister reaches for the golden ring, Holden comments that this is the trouble with kids: they always want to reach for the golden ring. And if they reach out, they may fall. But you have to let them fall. The worst possible thing you could do is say anything to them about it. Whereas Holden had neurotically and vainly dreamed of preventing children from growing up, he now affirms explicitly that there is no way from innocence to maturity except in and through potentially tragic experience. It is this recognition or discovery that occasions the double reversal; Holden at once flips out and is redeemed or rescued by the sight of his little sister going round and round happily in the rain.

THE CLOSING EPILOGUE CHAPTER IS BRIEF and—I think—deliberately enigmatic. Salinger is trying to throw the climactic and extremely positive or affirmative carousel scene into more sober and realistic perspective since happy endings are still not fashionable—thank goodness. Holden says he doesn’t rightly know whether he will apply himself in school when he gets out or even whether he really wants to get well at all. But he also says that he somehow misses everybody he has told us about. So the ending is not bouncy and overly optimistic. At the same time, it must be said that it is not negative or skeptical either. In this connection, it is important to note that Holden is seeing an analyst and is clearly in a large mental hospital. But mental hospitals are not necessarily bad places to be—nor are they the end of the road. In fact, Holden will probably be in better shape when he leaves the hospital than he has been since the traumatic experience with his now dead brother. So the ending does not cancel out the redemptive transformation involved in the carousel scene. It confirms, complicates, and deepens it.

At the very end of the book, we have to put two questions to ourselves. Who turns out to be the real catcher in the rye in the end? My point is that Phoebe, not Holden, does. And what kind of catcher in the rye does the catcher in the rye turn out to be at the end? My answer is that the catcher turns out to be a very stubborn and critical but also loving and understanding one. Phoebe is stubborn and critical because she puts her little foot down on the steps of the museum and refuses to budge. She is loving and understanding because she
says quite simply: if you are going, I am going, too. She doesn’t say that Holden shouldn’t go or that he would be making a great mistake if he does go. Of course, it is not just Phoebe as a character who saves Holden. It is the objective reality of grace working in and through her. It is quite literally the hand of God, she is the instrument. This is why she is a Christ figure or at least the character in the story who functions in a highly Christological way. Every great Christian text has such a figure at its center, whether it be the fool in *King Lear*, Billy Budd in Melville’s final short novel, or Alyosha or Illyusha in Dostoevsky’s *The Brothers Karamazov*. Phoebe is thus a concrete and highly contemporary expression of a long and noble, an humble and humbling tradition.

If my analysis of the present situation in literature and my interpretation of *The Catcher in the Rye* are at all valid, there are a number of morals or implications for Christian writers, critics, and readers. In the first place, we should welcome these efforts to move beyond the Modern story because we have known for a long time that pathos, doubt, and despair are not the whole story or the only true story about life. In the second place, we should be aware of the fact that very few of these efforts have been successful and should be on our guard against works of literature that cheat by failing to face up to the Modern story or by moving beyond it only by moving over or around it rather than in it and through it. In the third place, we should be willing to recognize that the two most prevalent methods or strategies of moving beyond the Modern story have been Neo-Stoic or Christian in character. In the fourth place, we should be honest enough to admit that the Neo-Stoic way has been by far the more moving and convincing to date. In the fifth place, we should continue to seek for a more moving and convincing Christian solution to this problem. The development of a more powerful Christian method or strategy of moving beyond the Modern story but without cheating is truly one of the great religious frontiers of our time.

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**THE SHORT LIFE OF THE FIVE MINUTE DANCER**

I'm six hours absent all day long
like a weasel in winter in a tree
deaf to the world:
I drift in the haze latent, secretive
absently waiting to dance and do
for five minutes at a time.
You, my enemy,
Watch me last
for five minutes at a time.
Then watch me fade into
the six hour haze
Sniff the way I breathe
Deep in the haze
I'm fine
so fine in fact I'm fed through veins.
Now watch again closely
I'm the dark speck drifting in the luminous sky
The sudden recognition that all is not well
The restive hour that spends the day
The thing that will not scare
Until
I burst out to dance
for five minutes
I last the while in the grandest style
Watch me do for five minutes at a time.

BARRY WALLENSTEIN
SAINT PAUL, IN WRITING TO TIMOTHY ON the second occasion, gives him a charge to be “urgent in season and out of season,” watching all things carefully and enduring. Certainly if anyone can claim the discipline of constant endurance, it is that Christian of old, Dr. Samuel Johnson. No better example of constancy in the Christian spirit can be found during the eighteenth century, a century of religious doubt and skepticism, than our beloved versatile Dr. Johnson.

Although he was influenced heavily by the piety and religious example of his mother Sarah, it was not until college days at Oxford that he made a personal commitment, and that commitment came after his reading of William Law’s *Serious Call to a Devout and Holy Life.* Almost all critics of Johnson allude to this event as one of the most significant in his career, and appropriately so, because as Johnson himself says, “This was the first occasion of my thinking in earnest of religion after I became capable of rational inquiry.”1 And his memorandum of October 1729 verifies the serious effect of this reading: “I bid farewell to Sloth, being resolved henceforth not to listen to her siren strains.”2 The whole experience left Johnson with the thoroughly Protestant conviction that the gospels are sufficient to teach the way of salvation. Also, his concept of Christian charity as a universal and unbounded benevolence parallels that concept seen in Law’s writing. In fact, it is in his definition of Christian charity that we find the notable difference in Johnson and Law. The former had a much broader view of life than did Law. While Law preaches renunciation of the world, Johnson advocates and practices living in the world, as Christ suggested, but not becoming a part of the world. It is this that is so very outstanding about Dr. Johnson: regardless of his position in life, he steadfastly retained his Christian perspective and always stood his ground for Christian virtue.

Boswell, Johnson’s young friend and confidante and well-known biographer, assures us of his constancy in such matters: “Johnson’s *Prayers and Meditations* prove with unquestionable authenticity, that amidst all his constitutional infirmities, his earnestness to conform his practice to the precepts of Christianity was unceasing.”3 One has only to go to a few of the *Meditations* to see this. One of these written at Easter Eve 1761 outlines his purpose in living: “Yet hoping in God, I steadfastly purpose to lead a new life. O God, enable me, for Jesus Christ’s sake. My purpose is

To worship God more diligently.  
To go to church every Sunday.  
To study the Scriptures.”4

We note that Johnson attempted diligently to make his daily living reflective of his commitment. He was never wealthy, although he had become financially

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2. Ibid., p. 36.
4. Ibid.
independent with the 300 pounds gratuity from King George; yet, he was reckless about collecting monies owed him. Mrs. Thrale, a very close friend after his wife's death, said that concerning the poor, he really loved them as nobody else did—with a desire they should be happy. One of the most influential passages of Scripture on Johnson's life seems to have been Jesus' parable of the talents. That, combined with his sense of social obligation, gave Johnson a strong belief that one earned one's salvation in the dust and heat of this world; i.e., one put one's talents to use as best he could in the ordinary duties of "common life." Dr. Johnson's correspondence with Hill Boothby reaffirms this, for Miss Boothby, much like William Law, placed strong emphasis upon resignation. When Johnson accused her of being "too abstracted from common life," she admitted the charge:

It is true, I am abstracted from common life, as you say. What is common life, but a repetition of the same things over and over? And is it made up of such things, as a thinking reflecting being can bear the repetition of, over and over without weariness? I have found not; and therefore my view is turned to the things of that life which must be begun here, is ever new and increasing, and will be continued eternally hereafter.  

She condemns ordinary social pleasures as frivolous, and pleads with Dr. Johnson to devote his writing to more important things:

How I should rejoice to see your pen wholly employed in the glorious Christian cause; inviting all into the ways of pleasantness; proving and displaying the only paths to peace! When ever you have chosen this most interesting subject of Religion in your Rambler's, I have warmly wished you never to chuse [sic] any other.  

It seems clear that Johnson did not agree. To him, her outlook was too lacking in Christian charity. Johnson was always anxious to make salvation as inclusive as possible, citing for Miss Boothby in particular scriptural texts that stressed Jesus' interest in all mankind, the "sick" especially. Johnson felt the responsibility of being as helpful as possible to others and at the same time accomplishing something. In Rambler number 71 he reminds us of his devotion to duty:

As he that lives longer lives but a little While, every man may be certain that he has no Time to waste. The Duties of Life are commensurate to its Duration, and every Day brings its Task, which if neglected is doubled on the Morrow. But he that has already trifled away those Months and Years, in which he should have laboured, must remember, that he has now only a Part of that of which the whole is little; and that since the few Moments remaining are to be considered as the last Trust of Heaven, not one is to be lost.  

WITH THIS KIND OF DEVOTION, JOHNSON exercised a great influence directly and indirectly upon the whole of his contemporaries. He refused to isolate himself as many like Miss Boothby thought he should. Being a man of versatile interests, he became intimately associated with men and women from all walks of life, many of whom were free-thinkers, some of them, like Boswell, libertines. But rather than the "world" influencing and changing him, Johnson changed the "world." Nowhere is his influence noted more distinctly than in Thomas Carlyle's comment that it is especially impressive to see someone of Johnson's stature wholeheartedly identify himself with Christian faith and Christian standards in such an age as the eighteenth century.

Johnson was a focus figure at weekly gatherings at Mrs. Thrale's salon or at The Club or at Dilly's. Sir Joshua Reynolds also gives witness of Johnson's steady commitment, when he declares that he would never suffer the least immorality or indigence of conversation to proceed without a severe check. Skeptics of Christianity like Wilkes and Foote were constrained to keep their mouths bridled. He was known to be a regular parishioner at St. Clement Danes Church, often humbly kneeling with a poor person at the altar-rail.

There was no figure better known in London streets than Dr. Johnson. He was everywhere ubiquitously holding his own against all negative opinions on religious matters. A person in our day can have nothing but tremendous respect for one so dedicated to living the Christian faith. Idler number 41 illustrates his dedication extremely well:

These are the great occasions which force the mind to take refuge in Religion; when we have no help in ourselves, what can remain but that we look up to a higher and a greater Power? and to what hope may we not raise our eyes and hearts, when we consider that the greatest power is the best?  

The precepts of Epictetus, who teaches us to endure what the laws of the Universe make necessary, may silence, but not content us. The dictates of Zeno, who commands us to look with

6. Ibid., p. 58.
indifference on external things, may dispose us to conceal our sorrow, but cannot assuage it. Real alleviation of the loss of friends, and rational tranquility in the prospect of our own dissolution, can be received only from the promises of Him in whose hands are life and death, and from the assurance of another and better state, in which all tears will be wiped from the eyes, and the whole soul shall be filled with joy. Philosophy may infuse stubbornness, but Religion only can give Patience.8

As Johnson once told Boswell when asked about the nature of man’s approaching his death, “It matters not how a man dies, but how he lives.”9

It is this concern for daily upright living which Law’s writing impressed upon Johnson many years earlier, and certain events in his life provide the reader ample evidence that Samuel Johnson was sincere. From his Letters we find two excellent illustrations. One is written to James MacPherson January 20, 1775:

Mr. James Macpherson—I received your foolish and impudent note. Whatever insult is offered me I will do my best to repel, and what I cannot do for myself the law will do for me. I will not desist from detecting what I think a cheat, from any fear of the menaces of the Ruffian. . . . But however I may despise you, I reverence truth and if you can prove the genuineness of the work I will confess it. Your rage I defy, your abilities since your Homer are not so formidable, and what I have heard of your morals disposes me to pay regard not to what you shall say, but to what you can prove.10

Macpherson had published a number of narrative fragments purported to be translations of an ancient poet named Ossian. Johnson, expressing disbelief, suggested exhibition of the original manuscript, which met with a rather threatening letter from Macpherson.

Another letter indicates both Johnson’s concern for honesty and also his willingness to forgive. He writes to Dr. William Dodd on June 26, 1777 concerning the charge against him of forgery:

Dear Sir,

. . . Be comforted: your crime, morally or religiously considered, has no very deep dye of turpitude. It corrupted no man’s principles; it attacked no man’s life. It involved only a temporary and reparable injury. Of this, and of all other sins, you are earnestly to repent; and may God, who knoweth our frailty and desireth not our death, accept your repentance, for the sake of his Son JESUS CHRIST our Lord.11

ALTHOUGH MUCH OF HIS WRITING IN MANY different subject areas and forms indicates his moral stand in the Christian faith, his Prayers and Meditations provide us with the most direct examples of his attitudes. One record made on Good Friday April 2, 1779 shows what concern Johnson had for employing his entire life in the Christian faith:

Last week I published the lives of the poets written I hope in such a manner, as may tend to the promotion of Piety.

In this last year I have made little acquisition, I have scarcely read anything. I maintain Mrs. Desmoulins and her daughter, other good of myself I know not where to find, except a little Charity.12

It is this concern for daily living that is seen so well in another of his meditations, this one dated August 12, 1784:

. . . And while it shall please thee to continue me in this world where much is to be done and little to be known, teach me by thy Holy Spirit to withdraw my Mind from unprofitable and dangerous enquiries, from difficulties vainly curious, and doubts impossible to be solved. Let me rejoice in the light which thou hast imparted, let me serve thee with active zeal, and humble confidence, and wait with patient expectation for the time in which the soul which Thou receivest, shall be satisfied with knowledge. Grant this, O Lord, for Jesus Christ’s sake. Amen.13

This concern for active zeal and humble confidence so well characterizes Samuel Johnson. A man of the world—a man of science, of letters, of religion—a truly versatile giant defending his faith strongly as he worked diligently to prove himself worthy of life. Truly he is able to say with Saint Paul in his admonition to Timothy, “I have fought the good fight, I have finished the race, I have kept the faith.”14

12. Ibid., p. 1119.
13. Ibid., p. 1120.
YES, SHE MIGHT HAVE BEEN A REFORMER, had she been able to walk the streets of London! Elizabeth Barrett was an invalid, confined to her bedroom for twenty years, until Robert Browning lifted the latch and held to her lips the elixir of hope, which strengthened her will. She suddenly discovered that it was not really a spinal injury that held her in thrall, but a weak will, a shrinking heart. Love was the only medicine that could enable her to walk to a cab with her Scottish maid, Lily Wilson, and her pedigreed Cocker Spaniel, Flush, the dog that Virginia Woolf celebrated in a short novel.

How could she have learned so much of London streets from a bedroom window? In Rome, she wrote “A Song for the Ragged Schools of London,” wrote of

Ragged children, hungry-eyed,
Huddled up out of the coldness
On your doorsteps, side by side,
Till your footman damns their boldness.

Patient children — think what pain
makes a young child patient — ponder!

Wicked children, with peaked chins.
And old foreheads! there are many
With no pleasures except sins,
Gambling with a stolen penny.

How could she know the thoughts of “The Runaway Slave at Pilgrim’s Point”?

I am black, I am black!
And yet God made me, they say!

I am black, I am black!
But, once, I laughed in girlish glee,
For one of my color . . .
. . . looked at me,
And tender and full was the look he gave —
Could a slave look so at another slave?

He said ‘I love you’ as he passed!

We were black, we were black,
We had no claim to love and bliss,

They wrung my cold hands out of his,

Mary Graham Lund has had poetry published in The Cresset.
Robert Browning, twenty-six years after his wife's death, wrote a prefatory note to a collection of her poems, refuting some misstatements regarding her education. She was a Greek scholar, whose tutor had been the scholarly Hugh Stuart Boyd, who "was also a writer of fluent verse." Three Petrarchan sonnets dedicated to him were published in her 1850 volume of verse, subtitled, "His Blindness," "His Death," and "Legacies." In a later poem she dedicated another poem, titled "Wine of Cyprus, to him—but the wine was the poetry of the Greek poets—Euripides, Plato, Theocritus, Bion, Pindar, Aeschylus, Sophocles, and "the noble Christian Bishop," who had taught her to think and to see within the hearts of men and women and children as they "grow into thought," crying "Liberty"—"Truth"—(A Rhapsody of Life's Progress, Complete Works, p. 378).

Her novel in verse, Aurora Leigh, raised a storm in Europe. Samuel Butler, then twenty-one, sixteen years before his first Novel, Erewhon, made him famous, proclaimed, "I detest it" (Robert Browning by Betty Miller [London: Murray, 1952], p. 269). But it was soon in the fifth edition (p. 196). Why? Because she spoke of a world "Half-brutalized/With civilization" (Complete Works, p. 23). A world where

\[
\text{... rich men make the poor, who curse the rich,}\\ 
\text{Who agonize together rich and poor,}\\ 
\text{Under and over, in the social spasm}\\ 
\text{And crisis of the ages. (p. 24).}\\
\]

Because she recognized sex?

\[
\text{Girls blush sometimes because they are alive}\\ 
\text{...}\\ 
\text{... They have drawn too near the fire of life (p. 31).}\\
\]

Because she proclaimed,

\[
\text{I comprehend a love so fiery hot}\\ 
\text{It turns its fiery veil of august shame,}\\ 
\text{And stands sublimely in the nude... (p. 51)}\\
\]

Because her heroine confessed,

\[
\text{My mother sold me to a man last month (p. 59).}\\
\]

Because she cried out, like a modern feminist,

\[
\text{I would not be a woman like the rest,}\\ 
\text{... (who) hearing she's beloved, is satisfied}\\ 
\text{... I must analyze}\\ 
\text{Confront, and question.}\\ 
\text{There the reformer speaks (p. 173)!}\\
\]

At the end of time this will happen: when the souls of air, dust, stone, plants, creatures and men stream toward the gate and all the words and sounds and letters signing sounds crown the sky, when everything seeks gate and passage through the sky, in a place of the world, a point in air where no one looked an angel appears. Other angels surround him—some no bigger than fleas, but white and whose wings beat loud as thunder; some the size of men and women, robust and smelling of work and long flight; some big as stars, showering the dark sky with threads of light. One angel tears the tongue from a man's mouth, another buries living sinners in dust, a third drops a ship on a courtyard filled with thieves. But this angel does not move with the other angels toward a distant point singing they fly. This angel will roll the heavens together and so stands still, his eyes burning, his jaws shut against the strong and growing stink.

Skilled in knots and cloth, a sail-maker or one who coils baskets from plaited straw, he begins to twist the universe. He bends to his knees and winds and furls the air. As he winds he names God from the least name to the most secret and when he says the last the world becomes a snail shell, the moon and sun at the rim, the planets and stars clustered in tight swirls at the center.

The angel smiles and enters the shell coiling backward like a snail and comes out years later where the snail would, horns on his head, himself a snail now who drags the heavens slowly toward the Lord.

JERRED METZ

November/December, 1976
Proclaim to the strongholds in Assyria and to the strongholds in the land of Egypt, and say, "Assemble yourselves upon the mountains of Samaria, and see the great tumults within her midst." "They do not know how to do right," says the Lord, "those who store up violence and robbery in their strongholds." Therefore thus says the Lord God: "An adversary shall surround the land, and bring down your defenses from you, and your strongholds shall be plundered." . . . "Hear this word, you cows of Bashan, who are in the mountain of Samaria, who oppress the poor, who crush the needy, who say to their husbands, 'Bring, that we may drink!' The Lord God has sworn by his holiness that, behold, the days are coming upon you, when they shall take you away with hooks, even the last of you with fishhooks. And you shall go out through the breaches, every one straight before her; and you shall be cast forth into Harmon," says the Lord.

AMOS 3:9-11; 4:1-3

My brethren, show no partiality as you hold the faith of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Lord of glory. For if a man with gold rings and in fine clothing comes into your assembly, and a poor man in shabby clothing also comes in, and you pay attention to the one who wears the fine clothing and say, "Have a seat here, please," while you say to the poor man, "Stand there," or "Sit at my feet," have you not made distinctions among yourselves and become judges with evil thoughts? Listen, my beloved brethren. Has not God chosen those who are poor in the world to be rich in faith and heirs of the kingdom which he has promised to those who love him? But you have dishonored the poor man. Is it not the rich who oppress you, is it not they who drag you into court? Is it not they who blaspheme that honorable name by which you are called?

If you really fulfill the royal law, according to the scripture, "You shall love your neighbor as yourself," you do well. But if you show partiality, you commit sin, and are convicted by the law as transgressors. For whoever keeps the whole law but fails in one point has become guilty of all of it. For he who said, "Do not commit adultery," said also, "Do not kill." If you do not commit adultery but do kill, you have become a transgressor of the law. So speak and so act as those who are judged under the law of liberty. For judgment is without mercy to one who has shown no mercy; yet mercy triumphs over judgment.

JAMES 2:1-13

INII

Fall is for all—with all that beauty.
And parents—and sleep—great gifts.
And a Baby in a Manager.
And all of us here have experienced love—and we have had food—good food—all we need.
"The best things in life are free"—and for everyone, and all that exhibits the generous, impartial ways of God.

Cause for a thanksgiving sermon?—Not quite. In the middle of such a reflective mood, James interrupts: "Someone with 'class' comes into the room and we say, 'Sit up here!' Someone with less than 'class' enters and we say, 'All right, but stay over there.'" James implies there are some persons to whom we play up, to whom we bow and scrape. He notes that those very people whose recognition and presence we crave are likely to be the ones who subordinate us—that's another word for "put down" or "oppress." And, James concludes, while we bestow special favors on these and neglect others we become guilty of partiality. So much for James.

Old Testament writer Amos sees a resemblance between people who curry the favor of the rich and advantaged, and a particular group of women in his community whom he called "cows of Bashan" who would lounge about, ordering their men around: "Bring on another drink."

Amos tells them to put their cocktails down and gather on the mountain—or out on the balcony of their high-rise—and look down and see the people who take to the streets with clenched fists and angry words, the people who have been oppressed so long they can't take any more of it. Amos takes note of people who haven't looked at those conditions, who quickly turn the newspaper to the sports page or comics, who snap off the TV reports, who speed past the centers of tension on the concrete expressways that shut off from view the people there who are trying to survive their difficult and impossible situations.

Amos adds, It is easy for the balcony people to overlook their "inventory" as they sip their drinks of forgetting—an inventory for dealing with the troubled and oppressed people. Amos audits the inventory quickly and assesses it as "violence and robbery." These people are bankrupt of care and love; they can only deal with the oppressed in a tough and rough way and let them have as few of God's good things as possible. Partiality has moved in.

Whether its drinking or some other indulgence that lulls us into apathetic numbness, the shoe fits the Valparaiso foot too, doesn't it. It's easy here to forget the poor and trampled, the people who get shafted by sharpies in business and harassed by the welfare system and bullied by the wrong kind of cops and the same kind of prosecutors and judges. Well insulated by books and papers and sports and social activities and dates, it's easy for us to become preoccupied, forgetful, and ultimately apathetic.

"But we have our faith"—the faith that looks to Christ and says again and again, "Father, forgive us our trespasses"—and that's good. But James has another word: "I will show you my faith by my works . . . for faith without works is dead." The command of our Lord that we love is not merely a statement of near-impossible objective; it is also His generous bestowal of the power to share the love with which He has loved us, made possible by a cross.
So this is the time for us to put the drinks and other things that dull our sensitivities aside, and look around right here, and realize that there are troubled people here and in the town of Valparaiso and Gary and Chicago; on Indian reservations, and in Ireland and South Africa and Chile and Asia. And beginning here, where charity is to begin anyway, share the love we have been given — impartially — in this room, out there beyond these walls — wherever we can — with overly-busy profs and nervous frosh and gritchy seniors and weary custodians, and anxious parents and lonely grandparents back home.

And the impartial Christ of our faith becomes more than words to us — and to all who see us.

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I NEED TO REMEMBER THE HUNGER OF OTHERS

For the food, Lord, thank You!
But to be really frank with You,
I’ve grown tired
of certain kinds of food, Lord;
and often what’s before us to eat
looks very much
like what I’ve had before —
only.

There are times when I’ve had dinners
that I call
the best meal I’ve ever eaten;
and that’s a cause for gratitude,
and I call it
a regular thanksgiving.

Sometimes when I’ve missed a meal or two
(and I admit: That seldom happens!)
or when I’ve worked long and hard,
I’ve gotten so hungry I didn’t care what I ate:
Anything would taste good.

I need to think of such experiences
so I can begin to be aware
of what it is to be hungry,
and can be reminded of hungry people —
the people I often forget.

I need to be mindful
of children with empty eyes
and protruding stomachs;
of mothers with bony arms
holding hungry babies
to their sagging, empty breasts;
of old men standing in line
at “gospel-kitchens,”
willingly being converted for a bowl of soup;
of little groups in foreign lands
waiting for a mission truck
to come with cups of rice
or milk, hoping there’ll be enough
to go around.

I need to remember
the children of the crowded cities
that beg at theater doors
for old, cold popcorn;
or men who dig
through garbage cans of restaurants
to find the scraps men left behind
on their plates.

I need to remember
children crying in the night,
wracking to hunger;

I need to remember
mothers who weep because,
going without food themselves,
they still do not have enough
for their hungry children;
fathers who chafe in shame
and frustration
because they cannot provide
what their families need.

My need for remembering these
is not merely to chastise myself,
as if feeling bad can somewhat pay
for my sins of
forgetfulness,
ingratitude,
thoughtlessness,
selfishness,
and neglect.

My need for remembering
lies in my need
to see Your goodness,
and my need for Your call to serve,
that I may open my eyes
and ears
and heart
and self
to see those
who wait on You.

The eyes of all wait upon You,
O Lord;
You have opened Your hand
with enough to satisfy
the desire and hunger
of every living thing
in due season.

We have reached out and received.
But our garbage, our throwaway, and waste
speak clearly
and tell us how we have forgotten
those who still reach out in need —
for whom it is past due season.

Lord, forgive;
awaken;
help us to love, to share, and to work;
to meet the hunger of others,
not in words and speech
but in deeds and in truth.

Amen.

Der arme Jona schwamm inzwischen im Meer herum mit lauter Fischen.
Da plötzlich teilten sich die Wogen.
Es kam eingrosser Fisch gezogen.
Dem hatte Gott der Herr befohlen,
den nassen Jona heimzuholen.
Sein Maul war gross wie eine Tür.
Das sperrt' er auf und sagte: "Hier!"
Er saugte den Propheten ein.
Der rutschte in den Bauch hinein.
Dort sass er glitschig aber froh:
denn nass war er ja sowieso.
Da hat er in des Bauches Nacht
ein schönes Lied sich ausgedacht.
Das sang er laut und sang er gern.
Er lobte damit Gott den Herrn.
Der Fischbauch war wie ein Gewölbe:
das Echo sang nochmal dasselbe.
Die Stimme schwang, das Echo klang:

DER GANZE FISCH WAR VOLL GESANG.

– from Biblische Balladen zum Vorlesen von Klaus-Peter Hertzsch Radius-Verlag Stuttgart, 1968.
One day God came to Jonah, a Holstein herder, and his herd of Holsteins. The cows were scared but curious; Jonah was just scared. He started edging down the road. Jonah's cows all got up and stuck their necks over the fence. They wanted a good look at the hand in the sky. They had never smelled a clean hand before.

"Jonah, go to Nineveh, that great city, and cry against it, loud, like I am shouting at you now," said God.

"Why me?" Jonah shouted.

"Because it will do good for Nineveh and it will do good for you too," God roared back.

The cows were impressed by the loud voice. So was Jonah, who ran off in the opposite direction.
Jonah heard the shouting voice behind him as he ran past his house. He forgot to pack a suitcase. He forgot his shoes. He forgot his Holsteins. Even though Jonah got tired because he was a little fat and lazy from his easy job, he kept running. He was used to talking to his cows, but he was not used to a hand talking to him from the sky. Jonah did not like people very much; he really preferred to shovel cow manure. He had heard of the great, huge Nineveh and did not want to go there at all.
About the time Jonah couldn’t hear God’s shout anymore, the whole sky lit up behind him. Then he heard thunder boom—one crash after another. Electricity ran down the barbed-wire fence next to him. Jonah smelled God’s breath in the air. He trotted up a hill and looked back.

God had made a fist. Lightning was trickling from God’s clenched fist, and the curious Holsteins were stiff from shock. Jonah thought God must be very angry. Then he thought the cows would be mad too if they ever woke up. Then he imagined how the cows would kick him in the rump if they ever saw him again. So Jonah snuck to Joppa instead of going to Nineveh.
Joppa was a quiet town by the Mediterranean Sea, with nice houses and a water tower. But Jonah was scared and tired and did not like all the people. While he looked for a ship, he was thinking about his cows and how they would kick his rump. Then he thought about God’s hand and voice.

A breeze was blowing the Joppa smoke out to sea. A storm was coming up from the land Jonah had just left. The storm would blow Jonah faster away from Nineveh. So he was not unhappy or too afraid to be on a ship, under full sail, leaving his cows and the hand of God behind him.

Jonah was glad to get into the hold of the ship that smelled like a barn because it had animals and grain in it. He fell asleep and dreamed about mountains of cow manure and about his angry Holsteins following him along the shore. Then he dreamed that the Holsteins were kicking him back and forth and he was rolling between them.

God had caught up with the ship and threw a wind at it. The ship was breaking apart, and the sailors were
getting ready to die. Each one was praying to his own God while they threw out the ballast.

They found Jonah down in the hold asleep with the animals. "Get up you lazy bastard," they shouted, "and pray to your God for help." Jonah was sick; he threw up in the hold and staggered to the deck. There he told the sailors how he had run away from the hand of his God and from his Holsteins.

PLATE 3C

They figured out that God wanted his Jonah back and was going to get him. So they prayed to Jonah's God and asked Jonah's God what to do with him. Jonah threw up again and got it all over his clothes. Jonah's God made the sailors think they should throw Jonah off the ship. He did not want to go, but four of them grabbed him and pitched him into a wave.

PLATE 3D

God opened his fist and spread his palm over the sea and quieted it. The waves stopped. The sky cleared. Jonah sank to the bottom and got caught in the seaweed. Then he broke loose and rose to the top. Jonah dogpaddled in a circle while he wondered what to do.

Meanwhile God tapped a whale on the forehead to get her attention and told the whale where Jonah was dogpaddling in a circle. "Swallow him gently. I don't want him hurt," God told the whale. Then God diluted the whale's gastric juices so Jonah would not be dissolved like a fish.
When Jonah looked up and saw the whale swimming at him with its mouth open, he quit dogpaddling in a circle and began to Australian crawl in a straight line away from the whale. Jonah tested the salty water and wondered what it would taste like to the whale. He looked over his shoulder into the whale's wide-open mouth. The whale did not smell like a Holstein, and Jonah still smelled like vomit.

Then the whale lowered her lower jaw and gently lifted Jonah onto her tongue. The tongue felt like a cow's tongue, only rougher. The inside of the whale's mouth smelled like a fish store. Clusters of plankton were preceding Jonah down the whale's alimentary canal. Jonah did not feel right being on a whale's tongue and smelling like a dead fish.
The whale started to swallow. Jonah put down his head, pointed his toes, and closed his eyes. There was a squishing and a sucking noise like Jonah had never heard before. He felt like a piece of cheese. He felt like his clothes were going to come off.

Then he was in a warm spongy little space. Jonah thought it seemed familiar, but didn't know why. There he stayed. For hours. The only sounds inside the whale were elemental life sounds. Jonah didn't know it, but God was recycling him.

"The hand," thought Jonah, "has hold of me. It tried to drown me in the ocean, and it wrapped weeds around me. Now I think I have made a big mistake. Cows and cow manure are not all the world is made of. I did not know I was so alone." And Jonah thought other things like that for three long nights and three long days.
The hand of God again came to the whale. God told the whale to follow him, and the whale did—right up to the shore. God reached his finger deep into the whale's mouth. He tickled the whale's throat. The whale threw up Jonah all over the beach.

Jonah was covered with slime. He blinked his eyes because the light was very bright. The boom of the surf and the seagulls' cries frightened him. He had begun to like it in the whale and had even started calling her mother.

The whale backed carefully out from the shore. Jonah felt deserted and lost and frightened. All the new courage he had found inside the whale disappeared. He wondered which direction to go to get back to his dear, lovely cows.
“Moo.” He thought he heard it again: “Moo. Moo.” A dream? Then again and louder. “Moo.” Jonah squinted his eyes and looked down the beach. Marching toward him in a phalanx were his Holsteins. Jonah staggered to his feet. “O brave new world,” he shouted and stumbled toward the cows.

“Turn around. We can go home,” he cried. But the lead Holstein’s eyes glittered and her gait was martial. Jonah ran to her, threw his arms around her head, and kissed her nose. The cow belched in his face. Then she spun him about and kicked him a mighty blow in the rump.

PLATE 6 C

“What the hell,” Jonah grunted. The cow kicked him again. Jonah stumbled forward and stopped. The cow kicked him again. Jonah started walking. God had inducted the Holsteins into his army. The Holsteins, who were still angry with Jonah, did not mind serving God.

Jonah was finally headed toward Nineveh. The Holsteins marched down the beach behind him. The hand pointed the way. And mother whale followed near the shore, wondering deep in her brain, “How will my son do now, now that he’s going to be a star?”

November/December, 1976
I CHERISH THE MEMORY OF
the once famous Peking Opera. Its
performers were excellent actors,
dancers, mimes, and singers. Their
programs were based on ancient leg-
endary material. But what poetic
concepts they contained! Unforget-
table the scene of two men fighting
and in their struggle searching for
one another on a brightly lit stage
while pretending the room was pitch
dark. Or a scene as simple as this:
A girl wants to be rowed across a
lake to meet her lover. There is no
lake, no row boat, no oar—only an
old ferryman and the girl—and what
an exciting, delightful crossing it
was!

Meanwhile a rather insignificant
Chinese actress, Tshiang Tshing,
rose to prominence as Mao’s wife
and the guiding spirit of a cultural
revolution which, in the fury of its
rise, buried the past as if it had
never existed and wiped off the mem-
ory of the people the philosophy of
Confucius. Mao-tse-tung rewrote
some of the old poets. I have no way
of judging his poetic power, but the
few translated examples I have seen
make me feel that he did not reach
the poetic insight of a Li-Tai-Po,
for instance. Mao’s widow may now
be imprisoned or even hanged by
his successor, but her concepts of
the arts as a means of political prop-
aganda continue.

The Shanghai wing of Maoism,
leading as a radical group, sent
a troupe abroad which, crisscrossing
Europe, stopped in Zürich for two
performances. There was a great
deal of dancing and singing, but
whatever was done had only one
raison d’être and function: to sig-
nalize the triumph of the Chinese
revolution. All themes serve to
underline the people’s heroic strug-
gle. The smile of victory is frighten-
ingly uniform and, as make-up on
the dancers-actors’ faces, defeats
its purpose. Even the beautifully
poetic images of Nature—which we
know from the great paintings
of the past—are included in this
political postcard naturalism.

Many aspects of artistic expres-
sion are propagandistic. Expressing
the torturous thoughts and the
hopes of man throughout the cen-
turies, the artist has served the idea
of improving man’s condition. It
was always done in its historic
setting. Sophocles’ Antigone and
Bach’s oratorios were promoting
something. So were the artistic
deeds of the Dadaists. No mind
functions in a vacuum, let alone the
creative mind. However autobi-
ographical a work may be, it cannot
be severed from the era in which
it was created. We cannot deny
something without acknowledging
its existence. If the cultural revolu-
tion in China is indicative of what
may be in store for man everywhere,
then the finality in the extinction
of all past accomplishments would
make life unbearable. I cannot
help envisioning a period in man’s
history in which everyone has his
function in society as a human being
whose daily needs are properly
cared for. But I also cannot help
seeing this individual with a book
by Confucius in his hand and de-
bating the merits of his thoughts
as much as those of Mao-tse-tung.

* * *

AN ARCHITECT LIVING AT
the Lago Maggiore showed me in
his villa some beautiful parts and
pieces of what were once objects
used and cherished in a Roman
home and then apparently dis-
carded. He excavated them on a
little-known hill near Rome and
advised me to go there with a shovel
and dig for broken remainders of
the past. It is as enlightening as
it is frightening to think that pieces
of yesterday’s garbage heaps may
assume meaning as an objet d’art
in the home of tomorrow’s man.

* * *

I WAS DEEPLY IMPRESSED
by the paintings, drawings, and
sketches which the Swiss painter
Ferdinand Hodler made of the
woman he loved, Valentine Goda-
Darel, between 1908 to 1915. She
was his model and friend. She had
a child from him. She received
his utter devotion. When she fell
fatally sick, he portrayed her in
all the stages of her physical decay
to the very moment of her death.

What prompted this artist to do
such an unusual thing? Was he
driven by his love and despair for
someone so dear and close to him?
Or did he want to take this cancerous
devil by its horns and fight him in
his rage with pen and colors? Or
was it resignation coupled with
utter cynicism? It must have been
painful for a man with the sensi-
bilities of Hodler. But could it not
have been that at a certain point
the fascination with death over-
whelmed him, that the madness of
the artist got the better of him and
he had to avail himself of the unique
chance to annotate the process of
dying?

That there must be two sides to
each coin has always puzzled me.
And so has man’s Janus-face ever
horrified and amused me.

* * *

The Cresset
THE SPACE SURROUNDING a sculpture is as important as the work of art itself. The monuments of emperors and generals have always been placed at a focal point of city streets and squares. Poets and thinkers were more often forced into a hidden corner of a garden. Too little thought has been given to this matter. Too many statues have been put up for no good reason. They have become remainders and reminders of the past, of bloody battles and involuntary heroes, testifying to the follies of man. But the “other” sculpture, born of creative imagination, carries meaning and purpose we long for.

Sculpture is arrested movement and therefore directed outwards from its center. Since Rodin evoked a within-ness in the stone, we have learned to envision the interaction between space and stone as much as between us, the passers-by, and the work of art itself. The monuments between us, the passers-by, and the sculptor are as important as the sculptures themselves. Too little thought has been given to this matter. Too many statues of emperors and generals have become remainders and remainders of his work. The monuments have been put up for no good reason. Poets and thinkers were more often forced to this matter. Too many statues have been put up for no good reason. Poets and thinkers were more often forced to pass by, and the monuments have been put up for no good reason.

Henry Moore’s approach to sculpture is of a different nature. What he is looking for is the stone's within-ness, the truth to material, the creation of strength without losing sensitiveness. In other words, to him stone should look like stone, not imitate flesh and blood and that within-ness of which Rodin has become the uncontested master. Moore aims at an organic form in which the component parts must act as antithetical masses and “turn an inert block into a composition which has a full form-existence, an air-surrounded entirety,” as he said. He is not looking for beauty but for an innate vitality; he wants his work to be more real than nature, not so much express life as the significance of life.

It matters much where and in which way his work is shown. The city of Zürich bought his large bronze sculpture “Sheep Piece” to be put up in the gardens along the lake. On this occasion a mammoth show of his work was exhibited and the lawn and paths at the lake were turned into a Henry Moore park. The artist came to place each piece where he thought it would best melt with the world of trees, grass, and flowers around it. There were his reclining figures, the intertwining shapes, King and Queen, his family motifs, and, in a huge tent with one side open to the lake, were his smaller bronzes and drawings which I appreciated most. How those giant stone visualizations out there in the glaring sun paled at the sight of those delicate brush strokes, pencil and pen lines, those gloomy drawings done in dark crayon or those dramatic and colorful sketches in India inks and water-colors! Henry Moore will be remembered for his big figures, no doubt, as the stigma of his imagination. If one could only make people see that easily the wonders of his craftsmanship!

* * *

I READ IN THE PAPERS THAT the once famous singer Lotte Lehmann died in her California home. As a young man I often passed her house in a lovely village outside of Vienna. I saw her last performance of the Marschallin in Der Rosenkavalier at the Met and witnessed her final appearance in New York's Townhall in a cycle of Lieder.

It was in those days that she wanted to have a few last photos in the costume and make-up of the Marschallin. She walked up the stoops of the brownstone house on 56th Street on Manhattan's Westside where the Viennese photographer Trude Fleischmann had her studio. Lotte Lehmann took each step with deliberate hesitation, waited a moment before she rang the door bell. Soon the lights were put into focus while she sat at a small dressing table in front of a mirror putting on her make-up. The costume, the make-up of the Marschallin: they evoked images of the many times she sat at such a table onstage singing the line: “Manchmal stehe ich auf mitten in der Nacht und lasse alle Uhren stehen. . . ." (Sometimes in the middle of the night I get up and make all clocks stop. . . .) She had to touch up her make-up to erase the traces of her tears. “You look marvellous! Hold it!” “Toscanini once called me the most beautiful invention of God,” she thought while the camera clicked into her sad smile.

* * *

I FIND MORE AND MORE solace in music, the older I get. Before the turn of the century Hugo von Hofmannsthal—who wrote the libretto to Der Rosenkavalier and became internationally known as the man who gave Salzburg its Everyday—wrote in a theater review: “People are rather tired of having to listen to talk. Words deeply nauseate them: because the words have stepped in front of the things. . . . Therefore, a desperate love awoke for all the arts which are practiced in silence: music, dance, and all the arts of acrobats and jugglers.” At the early age of sixteen Hofmannsthal was discovered as a great poet. A year before his death, in 1928, this great poet wrote in an essay on The Egyptian Helena: “I shy away from words. They deprive us of the best.” Lately I have often caught myself running away from the typewriter and escaping into the world of acrylics and operas.

Paul Hindemith's Cardillac at the Zürich Opera was somewhat more than an impressive production. It was composed in 1926, in the era of the Neue Sachlichkeit, one of Hindemith's early works, one that is most concise and expressive as well as rarely seen. The theme of this opera is borrowed from one of the scurrilous stories of E.T.A. Hoffmann, and as a theme it is close to Hindemith's heart: the loneliness of the great artist and his inability to part from his own creation which he considers a legitimate part of his self. Thus, we face onstage a mysteriously grotesque situation when the famous goldsmith Cardillac—the story takes place in the 17th century of Louis XIV—feels compelled to retrieve the work he must sell and takes possession of it again by murdering the buyers of his products.
It is a fascinating concept of the extreme case of an outsider who lives beyond all social morals and, seeing his greatness reflected in his creations, demands to be measured with different eyes. To save himself he must bring himself to justice at the very end.

Hindemith's exciting music creates an expressionist drama which was almost flawlessly realized on Zurich's opera stage. Gunther Rennert has become well-known as an imaginative opera director in the last decade, and he gave this version a visual image of great power. The eeriness of this bizarre theme, reminiscent of the Dr. Caligari ambiance, was fully achieved in the geometrically stylized grouping of the chorus at the beginning of the opera and its denouement. The singers were more than conscious of the demand put on them to act as much as to sing. The complexity of the music heightens the psychological difficulties of the various parts. To avoid the inherent romantic aspect in this work, the dramatic confrontations in play and music were underlined and given a surrealistic touch. However different this work is from Alban Berg's Woesteck, also a product of the 1920s, they both prove to me that opera can be drama par excellence.

* * *

It may be indicative of the arts scene everywhere, but it is certainly true of Zurich: the legitimate theater limps behind all the other art forms. There are no new dramatists of any significance, and the productions of well-known plays are in the hands of directors who do not seem to trust their dramatists nor their audiences.

Strindberg's Miss Julie, for instance, was turned into a surrealistic play between three people and a dancing troll figure of which Strindberg never thought and which plays a kind of silent master of ceremony, indicating what is to happen onstage and cutting the dialogue into bits with illegible sound effects. Another case in point is the appearance of the Schauspielhaus of Cologne at the Theater 11 in Zurich, with a production of Goethe's Ur-Faust.

Hanswerner Heyme, the director, intends to grasp such a classic work "precisely in its historic aspects" and to point at the essentials of what the play discusses in the framework of its time, as he expressed in the playbill. (As an aside: Playbills in the European theater mostly are beautiful documentation of the play, the author and his time; to read them is worth the entrance fee and, more often than not, compensates for a bad performance.)

This Faust production is full of gimmicks, borrowing ideas from Peter Brook's stage concepts here and there. The set is the most unconventional and surprising element, whereas the acting follows the conventional directions of a provincial performance. The set permits simultaneous acting on a wide-open stage in sophisticated simplicity.

In Rome you are supposed to do as the Romans do. It may be wise advice. But what the Romans did in Zurich's Thearena is not the thing to imitate. Similar to the production of Ariosto's Orlando Furioso which, some years ago, took the theatrical world by surprise (and was also seen in the States), the Teatro Libero di Roma presented a play called Masaniello. In the play, the audience standing around the flexible playing area is nolens volens participating in the role of the people in the drama. The people rise against their Spanish rulers in Naples—the time is 1647—only to turn against their own leader Masaniello who misuses his power, is declared insane and killed.

I have always felt awkward in such an open-space production, either because I do not like to be compelled to play a supernumerary in any play, or because the acting of the performers is so excellent that it hurts to realize what a poor ham I am. The latter was not the case in this production. The Romans acted as you see them act on the Italian streets, in coffeehouses, or in their homes. They were true to themselves. Therefore, it did not come as a surprise that, above all, the street-singers would enchant the audience most, disguised as populace.

The Neumarkt Theatre presented a young German dramatist, Franz Xaver Kroetz, who, together with Peter Handke (better known in the Anglo-Saxon world), is considered the most important dramatist of the post-Hitler era. I have difficulties in warming up to his supra-realistic way of writing; it lacks the bigger dimension I have come to expect from any theater experience. The two monodramas presented demand too much from any actress. First, she is a young woman who, with her illegitimate child, goes by train to see her lover. He, as it turns out at the end, may not be there at all. In the second play she is an older woman who, left to herself by her children, faces the last trip to an old-age home and the long waiting for death.

The themes are in their everydayness little more than cliche. I could not help thinking of Beckett who, in his monodramas, is able to catch the macrocosmic terror of life in a tiny segment of human drama. Kroetz is no Beckett, and there is a feeling of a feuilletonistic creation, something one sees daily everywhere, if one has only learned to see and read in the faces of man about the "little" tragedies of life which are as big as life itself. Life, put on stage as it is, pales compared with its reality. When we turn away from its very reality and wait for the curtain to rise, we do not necessarily want to escape reality, but we must ask for a touch of greatness in this world of make-believe, of otherness. We want to see hope looking through our tears, we want to experience an inner freedom sounding through our laughter. In short, a bit more than the reality of the daily day. We long for the poetic feeling that, figuratively speaking, forces us to kneel and give thanks for being, in the eyes of God, what we are and what we try to be.
JIMMY CARTER'S PROSPECTS

JAMES A. NUECHTERLEIN

IT'S STILL A LITTLE DIFFICULT to assimilate: we have placed in the White House one who speaks in Southern accents of the need to put more love in our politics, who confesses himself as born again, and includes himself among mental adulterers. No one with any serious knowledge of Jimmy Carter doubts his intelligence or ability, but in not a few minds there lurks the suspicion, vague but persistent, that we may have elected our first weird President. Whatever else he is, Mr. Carter is not a standard brand politician.

It is above all his religiosity that sets Carter off. Americans do not object to religious faith in their leaders; they in fact feel more secure with politicians who can without excessive embarrassment make the proper pious noises to that guiding Providence, benevolent but decently distant, who is presumed to direct the affairs of the Republic. But Jimmy Carter means it. He prays, by his own count, upwards of twenty times a day. He is an orthodox, traditional, committed Christian, one who is not, except when speaking to Playboy magazine or Norman Mailer, either ashamed or reticent to boast of it. He believes and confesses that Jesus Christ is his Lord and Savior.

What complicates matters is that Carter is also a political liberal. To Northern secular liberals, Carter's style of fundamental Christianity is normally associated with redneck reaction, and they are made uncomfortable by his, to them, unlikely combination of populist politics and evangelical religion. John Kennedy's Catholicism was acceptable because it was never put on public display and had no discernible effect on his political substance or style; Carter's ready avowal of his religious beliefs and their obvious influence on his entire life and thought strike many liberals as a potential threat to their conception of the separation of church and state. When liberals argue that faith is a private matter they mean by that, among other things, that people ought not to speak of religion in political discourse, except, of course, to affirm the transcendent value of religious toleration.

Yet if in his religion and certain personal characteristics Carter has been an untraditional sort of candidate, he is orthodox enough in his politics. His liberalism is noteworthy only for its extreme caution; his candidacy began in the political center of the Democratic party spectrum and edged slowly to the right after the conventions as President Ford began to catch up. By the end of the campaign, the relationship between Carter's speeches and the distinctly liberal Democratic platform had grown noticeably distant: there is no clear liberal mandate in his victory.

In the end, the election seemed to hinge on which of the candidates would provide the most dependable and unifying leadership for America. It is for that reason that Carter almost lost. In the primaries, his centrist politics and his appeal to trust and decency ("I will never lie to you; I will never mislead you") struck a responsive chord and distinguished him from the other Democratic contenders. But in the general election, that approach found Carter playing on Ford's ground and to his strength. The President who had presided blandly
but benignly over the bicentennial celebrations could not easily be defeated where the issue was secure and honest leadership.

IT SEEMS CLEAR ENOUGH that America's mood is basically conservative. After an extended period of turmoil and catastrophe, the nation desires a season of tranquility and healing. Of all the possible Democratic candidates, only Carter appealed enough to that desire to have a hope of winning. Those liberals who would have preferred a reversal of the Carter-Mondale positions on the ticket would in such circumstances have found themselves after November 2 with the sole consolation that their defeat had come in a noble cause. Any Democrat to the left of Carter would have lost states to Ford in the South that could not have been compensated for elsewhere. The only possible exception to this analysis is Governor Brown of California, whose politics and appeal are so idiosyncratic as to render predictions about his national electoral prospects extremely problematic.

All this notwithstanding, Jimmy Carter did win the election and he is plainly more liberal than Gerald Ford: to that extent, the election was a victory for liberalism. More than that, the Democratic party now has clear control over both the legislative and executive branches of government, and for a very long time the Democratic party has been the political vehicle for American liberalism. The world's oldest continuing political party contains a broad range of interests and ideological perspectives, but since at least the 1930s the dynamic element in the party has been its liberal wing.

LIBERALISM IN RECENT years has been a movement in search of itself. The Democratic party has at times seemed near to self-destruction in its inner conflict over constituency and philosophy. The struggle for definition can be characterized in various ways: perhaps the division is most simply expressed as the New Deal versus the New Politics. The New Deal created the basic regional, racial, ethnic, religious, and class coalition that normally controls the Democratic party and which retains enough vitality to have provided Carter his narrow margin. The original New Deal issues had to do with economics and social welfare, and so long as those issues predominate, the coalition hangs together, however precariously. In recent years, however, increasing numbers of liberals have shifted their focus to new concerns: foreign policy, race, women's liberation, crime and punishment, quality of life, the state of the environment. On these New Politics issues, the coalition dissolves in hopeless division and disarray.

It was Carter's good fortune that the social/cultural issues which brought disaster to George McGovern in 1972 were less in evidence this time around. The end of the war in Vietnam meant the elimination of foreign policy-related conflicts among the Democrats. No more long-haired protestors, no more flag-waving hardhats. The critical substance of politics moved beyond deciding whether or not to place a flag decal on one's car window. Inflation and then recession overshadowed remaining cultural divisions and had the unifying effect among liberals that economic issues traditionally do. Best of all for the Democrats, of course, there remained the memory and legacy of Watergate. With Ford vulnerable both as the pardoner of Richard Nixon and the reincarnation of Herbert Hoover, the real surprise of the election is that he ran as strongly as he did.

Despite Carter's victory and the continued electoral health of the Democratic party, the contradictions within liberalism remain. As noted, only Carter could have carried the South for the Democrats, and without the South there can be no long-run restoration of the New Deal coalition. One can expect that the Republicans will continue to make political inroads in the so-called Sun Belt region. The New Deal coalition was grounded in economic deprivation, and if the general trend of postwar prosperity continues, that coalition will correspondingly shrink in size; the Lou Harris poll indicates that it already constitutes less than half the population. As the coalition is further eroded by prosperity, it will become increasingly vulnerable to division on social/cultural lines. It will take all of Carter's skill to maintain his majority.

Yet he may have as good a chance as anyone to keep liberalism together and perhaps even provide it a new surge of vitality. If there is to be a resurgence of liberalism, it will, judging from the current national mood, have to come in moderate guise, and Jimmy Carter can offer that better than anyone else on the political horizon. His position on economic issues is liberal centrist; on social issues, he seems personally rather conservative, but not so much or so actively so as to antagonize important groups in the Democratic coalition. During the campaign, he showed impressive skill at meeting the political desires of Blacks and Northern liberals without unduly antagonizing the white South or the working class.

He also—and more importantly—appears to possess the personal qualities necessary to effective leadership. Carter's is not a charismatic personality, but he has a good sense of self, one that can inspire trust and confidence. The public may be in an uncertain, contrary, and basically conservative mood, but at the same time it is clearly looking for firm and self-confident leadership and direction. We are not yet an ungovernable people: given the right leader, the public will follow. Carter may uniquely meet the current national need: moderation in policy but decisiveness in action.

ONE OF CARTER'S STRONG points is his sense of the need for positive attitudes in politics. He never wears of reassuring Ameri-
cians that they are a good and decent people and that they require above all a government reflective of their high public virtue. There's a lot of eyewash in that, and one expects a rather more skeptical view of human nature from a Southern Baptist who claims deep familiarity with the writings of Reinhold Niebuhr. Yet the psychological understanding behind such talk is as sound as its literal truth is dubious. Carter recognizes the deep need of the American people to think well of themselves collectively. After the consecutive traumas of the past dozen years or so, Americans have lost much of their confidence, and any hope of positive national accomplishment must rest on the restoration of civic morale.

There has been entirely too much negativism and moralistic breast-beating in recent years, especially on the Left. Vietnam and racial crisis produced an understandable but ultimately self-defeating guilt-mongering that needs finally to be left behind us. The bicentennial celebrations aroused among Americans a cautious reawakening of hope and affection for their nation, despite the stern admonitions of the liberal intellectuals that the occasion must be used instead for the most severe and skeptical moral stock-taking.

Carter inherits that new mood and hopes to build on it: he understands that nations, like individuals, are more likely to behave decently when they have a positive self-image. Carter is one of those rare liberals utterly unashamed of straightforward patriotic appeals. His own moralism is wisely directed to behavior and not creed, and it is always firmly upbeat in emphasis. He might well be able to make more of the new mood of confidence than could any other of our political leaders.

None of this will be easy, however. The pressures on Carter to act against his own instincts will be intense. He owes political debts for his election victory — particularly to Blacks and to the labor unions — that might force him beyond moderate positions on policy questions. More generally, his centrism on issues and style will be tested by the Northern liberal intellectuals, whose influence in the Democratic party is so much stronger than their numbers alone would indicate.

We may soon witness a repetition of the situation John F. Kennedy experienced: steady and increasing criticism from the liberal wing of the party to the effect that the new President is not doing enough. If Carter is as moderate as this analysis supposes (though it can reasonably be expected he will take some dramatic symbolic liberal action early in his administration), he will likely find himself, like Kennedy, highly popular with the general public but only moderately so with the most articulate segment of his party.

CARTER'S DIFFICULTIES

with the left wing of his party could turn critical if certain tendencies in left-liberalism become dominant. At least some liberal intellectuals feel strongly that the time has come to move significantly beyond New Deal positions on economic issues. These people argue, for a variety of reasons, that it is now necessary to take seriously the limits-to-growth approach to the political economy. Like John Kenneth Galbraith, they foresee a situation of semi-permanent wage and price controls and a much larger measure of public economic planning. Many of them suggest that a no-growth economy will require in equity a fundamental shift in emphasis away from equality of opportunity and toward equality of condition. Such a transition in policy would entail efforts not simply to eradicate poverty but significantly to redistribute the national income. Should this movement gather momentum, it could create the gravest problems for Carter and for the Democratic coalition.

Yet there are limits to the pressures the Left can apply. In the crudest political terms, Carter need simply remind the liberals that there is no place else they can easily go. It is unlikely in the extreme that Eugene McCarthy, or anyone like him, can mount a serious political threat to Carter.

It is true, of course, that Carter has himself displayed occasional tendencies towards a populist approach to politics not inconsistent with redistributionist arguments. Yet Carter's populism has to date remained wholly rhetorical and emotional. His policy proposals do not hint of the genuine populism of a Fred Harris or even a George McGovern. Carter's appeals to the People and against the Interests are not simply cynical, but they are meant less to indicate policy directions than to convey the new President's symbolic identification with Americans in the generality and not with particular pressure groups. There is little evidence that Carter will do what so many liberal intellectuals have done: forget that America is predominantly a middle-class country, and not a society divided, as the populist imagination suggests, between the very rich and the very poor.

ONE IS LEFT, THEN, WITH the overall impression that Carter's situation and prospects are generally promising. If he is half as shrewd a politician as he appears to be, he could do very well indeed. There remains but one troubling worry: Jimmy Carter's strength could be his weakness.

As noted at the outset, Carter is a man of undoubted ability, but certain doubts persist concerning his personality. It is not that he lacks character; it is rather that he has almost too much of it. He is a strong man, and like many strong men a deeply private one. For all his talk of a strong personal relationship with the American people, he is very much a loner. There is something almost cold in his isolation. The smile turns on and off in patterns inappropriate to the words being spoken and oblivious to external signals. One senses a wholly interior standard of decision-making and judgment, and an absolute lack of need for reassurance from others. Garry Wills has summed it up nicely: "Nothing scares Carter; and that scares me."

Me too.
The Great Thanksgiving of
the Inter-Lutheran Commission on Worship:

IT IS THE CHRISTIANS’ SUPPER
AND NOT THE LORD’S SUPPER

GOTTFRIED G. KRODEL
Professor of Church History and History
Valparaiso University

Luther: We know, however, that it is the Lord’s Supper, in name and in reality, not the supper of the Christians. For the Lord not only instituted it, but also prepares and gives it himself, and is himself, cook, butler, food, and drink.

Zwingli: The Eucharist is never bread or the body of Christ but the action of giving thanks.

A 20% discount is given to bookstores.
THE FINAL CHAPTER ON WHEN YOUR SON DIES

ALBERT E. JABS

"YOUR SON IS DEAD." THESE were the words uttered by the chief physician at the Birmingham Medical Center in Birmingham, Alabama. It is now a little over a year. What has happened? What has transpired as a result of the death of one of the family members?

These lines are being written a few yards from the Paul Tillich Park in New Harmony, Indiana in the Barrett Gate House. This structure, built in 1814 by the followers of George Rapp, has served as a temporary domicile for various national and international church leaders.

This setting is an ideal location to put the finishing touches on a manuscript that has tried to deal with death in a personal and professional way. New Harmony has both the solitude and stimulus necessary for writing and reflection.

It is no surprise that Paul Tillich's last remains were placed here on Pentecost 1966—the same park which he dedicated three years prior in 1963.

Between June 3rd and June 4th my son cried out in the middle of the night that he had a sudden headache. My wife immediately responded and attempted to meet his needs or anything else deemed necessary. After a harrowing night, she proceeded to contact the doctor and call me back from a conference which was being held in New Harmony. I then joined the vigil and with our emotions swirling back and forth, we attempted, with the local physician, to deal with the crisis. After a few days of literal death and life journeys, our son was transferred to Columbia, South Carolina. At this time relatives began to respond, and the entire community became galvanized and alerted to the death and life drama that was being played out in our family.

Following a few days in Richland Memorial Hospital in Columbia, South Carolina a decision had to be made as to the next step in the battle for survival. We concurred with the chief physician in his suggestion that Dirk be flown by special plane to the specialized medical center in Birmingham, Alabama. In that flight—with the physician, nurse, pilot, my wife, and our son—the rain squalls along with the entire atmosphere created a kind of surrealistic suspension between heaven and hell. We still fought for his life. Our prayers agonized over the fact.

We arrived in Birmingham and within that day and night the spirit slowly left his little limp body. The purchase of a little boy's casket, the flight back to Columbia, South Carolina, the funeral with all the little Cub Scouts standing in strict attention, and his final resting place in a country cemetery, near where we often went on our Saturday fishing excursions, complete those events of some thirteen days in June 1975 when a much beloved son died and was buried.

Reactions to such a crisis will vary. It is as close to your own death as you can experience. With such a supreme test as death, you are what you are plus a little more. You can't remain the same. You will either grow in faith or sink into cynicism and utter despair. I remember reading about death and life experiences of Paul Tillich at the decisive battle of the Marne in World War I; they shook his life as nothing else did. So will death in a family.

SOME SOCIAL COMMENTATORS suggest that a loss of a son or a daughter will precipitate a marital breakup which has unresolved elements of guilt and anger displaced to the spouse. These strains can and do appear.

In times of sorrow, you can do many things. Elizabeth Kubler-Ross has been very helpful in her pioneering studies concerning the various reactions of denial, anger, guilt, bargaining, and depression that the dying go through. Scriptural readings, the loss of friends, pastoral support, selective reading can all be part of the therapy of dealing with the loss of a loved one.

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My own personal reactions to the death of my son threw me into an intense period of introspection, reading, traveling, and searching out of meaning as to what appeared to me as an absurd event—the death of my son.

Albert E. Jabs, an associate professor in the Social Science Department at Voorhees College, Denmark, South Carolina, received his BS from Valparaiso University in 1958. The following article is offered as one of the continuing series on Christian understanding of marriage and family life.

November/December, 1976
A good speaker once spoke about the rhythm of life as periods of advance and withdrawal. Whenever we move beyond the brink—so to speak—we then need or require a period of consolidation or rest. The death experience in my family made the surrounding local environment intolerable. While my spouse found solace and comfort in the family, it had an opposite effect on me. Therefore, I left for a camp experience in North Carolina, a trip to my boyhood home in Connecticut, and another journey to a Lutheran Human Relations meeting at Valparaiso University, before returning to the local scene in Newberry, South Carolina.

Considerable animosity or unrecycled anger had to be worked out. I saw the public image of South Carolina as a state with poor health facilities as a good target for the sublimation of this hidden anger. Well-meaning sympathizers also became recipients of this displaced anger. (How could they really know what it means to lose a son?)

However, life must still go on. My work as an Associate Professor of social studies at a predominantly black institution of learning in Denmark, South Carolina became the laboratory for the working through of the bereavement process.

**THERE ARE A NUMBER OF things one can do when faced with a devastating loss. While one will have bouts with despair, cynicism, self-pity, anger, indeed, the whole gamut of emotional feelings, the lesser thing one can do is to stay and wallow in one of these foregoing states. I found strength in the dynamic and strength-giving words of people in Scripture, in individuals living and dead, and above all in Christlike trust that neither death nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor things present, nor things to come, nor powers, nor height, nor depth, nor anything else in all creation, will be able to separate us from the love of God in Christ Jesus our Lord. That is heady stuff. But this is precisely the holding power that kept me and my family going.**

There were some practical things I did in working through the bereavement process. The helpful suggestions of two Lutheran leaders in South Carolina (Dr. George Anderson and the Reverend Rudi Ludwig) gave impetus to my inclination toward writing about the experience. Thus I began the manuscript that concludes with this final chapter.

Talking through the events with certain people became very helpful. This kind of catharsis further stimulated me to record my observations in writing. The motivation to examine the literature on death was increased greatly. The Karen Quinnlan case in the matter of legal death also became an issue of much interest. Strong convictions began to emerge concerning the denial of death in our society. I began to note the consequences of this denial for our citizens. My convictions were strengthened when a lady with the biblical age of four score, who was visiting in New Harmony, related to me that this denial constitutes a problem in particular for the people of her age group. With this in mind, I explored and read with avid interest the work of Elizabeth Kübler-Ross. The various reports that circulated concerning her investigations that death feels good, that people are fully aware of the moment of death, that the “dead” float painlessly and calmly out of their bodies, the sense of wholeness, and that a loved one assists them in the transition, became more than mere sentences. While there are still some perplexities for me in her findings, her positive affirmations of life after death certainly join the Resurrection statement about Christ as written by both John and Paul.

The libraries of Newberry College and Columbia Lutheran Seminary were ransacked to find what they might contribute to the filling of the vacuum. O. P. Kretzmann’s benediction on sorrow and joy were also very helpful in filling the empty space that a loss always creates.

Fresh impetus was given to reaching out to people who were elderly, or those who had experienced a similar loss of a child, a spouse, or a job.

One senses that if one’s life assumes sharpened purpose, then the life and death of a loved one will not have been in vain. One wants time to move swiftly—so that this too may pass—yet it is unwise not to work through the bereavement process with renewed hope, strength, and growth.

Visits to the cemetery should not be too frequent; and while little, supposedly unimportant things about the past life suddenly become momentous, it is good to relocate clothes and other things in order to establish a more healing psychology.

While I sometimes brooded about wars, the problem of suffering, death, sin, and decay, and why children die, I knew that my attention must shift to new sights, new experiences, new friends, and maybe even a change of work location. This all was undergirded by a faith that now had to be lived—not just spoken or analyzed.

**WE LIVE IN A TIME WHEN an interest in eros and thanatology is growing—or at least more seems to surface within the media about these subjects. Some people write with spurious authority on the matter of death. They never have seen a person die nor have they had the experience of a death in the immediate family. I disregard what they say—generally. Yet, people through various age levels do have an interest in the subject.**

Physicians themselves may lack understanding of the supportive role beyond that of medical care. The public is virtually ignorant in this area and the media generally are rather obtuse and fatuous in their presentation of the areas of violence and death for public consumption.

While there has been a noticeable increase in the number of death education courses, much still re-
mains to be done in this area. Taboos and unresolved guilt, according to Dr. Ross, may account for at least one-third of people who are treated for mental illness. The matter of dying, death, and grieving is a suitable subject—if taught by a mature teacher—for most curricula. Students are concerned about death—their own and others. We must assist them in dealing with the experience of death in a more responsible manner.

It may be more true than not, that the fear of the extinction of the "I" can drive one to creativity or madness, but the death experience does alter one's perceptions. It becomes either an occasion for sinking into despair or an occasion for growth. Each hour of each day of each week becomes valuable in and of itself for opportunities to serve others.

Rollo May was a long-time friend of Paul Tillich. Paul was "Paulus" to Rollo May. Quite often their conversations would drift into the subject of death. In fact, under the earlier direction of Tillich, May, as a student of anxiety, emerged on the national scene as somewhat of an authority on the subject. I would be a little uncomfortable with their understanding of God's revelation in Jesus Christ. I cannot deny the value of the work of both Tillich and his student Rollo May for thinking about the perspective that art and other cultural artifacts have about death. But they drift too far into the mode of an existential perspective on death. It must be stated that this observation comes primarily out of May's book, Paulus, and may be premature.

As I sit at a Harmonist table, writing these concluding lines for a final chapter to a earthly life of eight years and several months, I reflect on a number of publications representing different categories of response or thought to the problem of death. They are as follows: The English Bible, a small brochure on Comfort for Days of Sorrow: Death and Western Thought by Jacques Cheron, Paulus by Rollo May, Death and Dying by Elizabeth Köbler-Ross, and a brief statement on my son's death which appeared in the South Carolina Lutheran soon after his passing.

In these aforementioned categories or thought frames, my search began approximately one year ago. My reading and thinking has moved within such an intermixture of writings. Cheron's book on Death and Western Thought, supposedly the first comprehensive study of the great philosophers in the matter of death, came across like an empty stone. As a matter of fact, when your last hour comes, books like Cheron's become an object of loathing and perhaps a suitable object of the various stages of anger which the Ross book enunciates.

The anxiety of the philosopher, of our media, of Rollo May, and yes, Paul Tillich, comes through in the face of the great unknown—the great unknowable of death. As one meanders through the beautiful Paul Tillich park in New Harmony, Indiana, the words of "Paulus" need repetition at this point: "He who tries to be without authority tries to be like God who alone is by himself and like everyone who tries to be like God—he is thrown down to self destruction—be it a single human being—be it a nation—be it a period of history like our own."

Rollo May and Paul Tillich were together at the 1965 Conference on Death at Lake Forest College. In retrospect, if I could have attended, as well, and had experienced then what I have now, I would have told May the psychiatrist and Tillich the theologian that when all has been said and written and when death's door begins to open for us, I must confess with Luther in his last moments that we are merely beggars, and that the words of Christ as recorded by John and Paul are the words and belief by which my son died, by which the Church has always taught men should die, and finally words by which you and I should die.

This is all that there is—but it is everything.
University of North Carolina, the state of his birth, Polk returned to Tennessee to read and practice law in Columbia, his hometown. Polk's rise to political prominence included election to the Tennessee General Assembly and to the United States Congress, the attainment of the chairmanship of the House Ways and Means Committee, and designation as the first "partisan" Speaker of the House. Always an avid Jacksonian Democrat, he sought and won the governor's mansion of Tennessee, but subsequently suffered two election campaign defeats for that office. In 1844, therefore, he became the first "dark horse" candidate for the Democrat presidential nomination to oppose Henry Clay, the hated Whig. Once more a victor, Polk moved in the presidency with sure, firm strokes. His administration from 1845 to 1849 is famous for the peaceful settling of the Oregon boundary dispute and the resort to war "by act of Mexico" to settle the Texas problem.

In the years covered by these volumes Polk was in the early stages of his political ascendancy. The problem of selecting significant correspondence, therefore, was not a serious problem for the editors; but it will be in future volumes. The majority of the letters, very nicely arranged chronologically, were written by others to Polk and largely came from the Polk papers in the manuscript division of the Library of Congress. Their publication in this series is sponsored by Vanderbilt University, the National Historical Publications Commission, the Tennessee Historical Commission; and the Polk Memorial Association.

There are reflected in these letters many interesting facets of political life as well as commonplace realities of Jacksonian society. Polk, for instance, wrote to "Gen'l" Andrew Jackson in 1826 with information from Congress which served as briefings for Jackson's presidential campaign (vol. I, pp. 51-53). And the grit of Jackson's personality is revealed in his confession to Polk that, "I have no disguise with my friends, but am not in the habit of gratifying enemies" (vol. I, p. 64). Although there are many trivial items reproduced, these volumes include, especially volumes II and III, letters from significant politicos like Roger B. Taney, a workhorse for the Jacksonian connection in the Bank war, who later became the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court.

From this correspondence an image emerges of Polk as a serious, hard-working congressman interested in administrative detail and sensitive to the mundane concerns of his constituents—the life-blood of a political party. He appears, however, to be more spritely than the dour personality or mechanistic political party functionary that critics have often depicted him as; instead he is capable of spirited composition concerning political matters, most noticeable when addressing Jackson, his mentor.

The editing work on this correspondence is excellent—superb craftsmanship. These volumes are handsome additions to the published Polk literature. They contain a modest, informative preface, helpful—but not cluttered—notes, a table of contents, and an index. When used with the magisterial biography of Charles G. Sellers, these letters will help historians approach a definitive picture of James K. Polk.

DEAN KOHLHOFF

THE LIFE THAT RUTH BUILT.

I saw Babe in action for the first time while vending "ice-cold rootbeer and orange-crush" at The Old Roman's Baseball Palace of the World in September, 1920. Comiskey Park was jammed. Present was the Boys' Band of St. Mary's Industrial School, where the Bambino had received his elementary education, learned to write his calligraphic signature and how deftly to sew a collar on a shirt. Present too was Xavierian Brother Matthias, who had given Bambino his start in baseball at the Baltimore institution. I myself was there not so much to sell pop as to behold the then powerful White Sox with Cicotte crush the Yankees, 15-5. Early in the contest, while statuettes of Babe at bat were being sold in the stands, he clouted a fly into the left-field bleachers, barely foul, and the crowd gasped; the next pitch he gobbled into the same corner, barely fair, and the crowd roared. Smelser's story of the series that included this game I read with nostalgia.

The author underscores the importance of 1920 as the year that opened a decade in which the craze for The National Game reached its climax. This was the era of Prohibition, of hootch and whoopee. It was also a dynamic decade, teeming with exuberant optimism. Introduced in 1920 too was the "stitched golf-ball," made-to-order for The Sultan of Swat precisely at the right moment. Ruth's drawing-power was enormous. Thousands upon thousands of his frenzied worshipers came out just to see him take his gorgeous full-swing and upper-cut the ball out of the lot. Fifty-four times Ruth came through in that historic year, and by the time he hung up his spikes as a player for the last time (1939) he had realized a goal, to complete twenty seasons in the majors, play in ten World Series, and hit 700 home runs.

Smelser's illustrated biography is chronological, spiced with humor, and captioned with classical quotations. His style is attractively vig-
orus, marred only when he allows himself to fall into the trap of the dangling participle. Here is Professor Smelser, a scholar at Notre Dame, at his literary best: “Americans are like Romans in that smallness and delicate proportions appear only to a few; most of them like bigness, magnificence, weight and space. They have good taste in such matters. The voice of the republic is not a pontifical blessing from a high window or the cry of an imperial herald in a palace court. It is the voice of a crowd, best heard in its spontaneity in a ball park.”

Of Ruth’s memorable home runs there are excellent descriptions of the three belted in the fourth World Series game at St. Louis in 1926; the record-breaking no. 60 off Tom Zachary in Yankee Stadium, September 30, 1927; the “called-shot” off Charlie Root in the World Series against the “nickle-squeezing” Cubs in Wrigley Field in 1932; Babe’s decisive blow with a man on in the first All-Star exhibition at Comiskey Park in 1933; and his last three, hit for the Boston Bees in Forbes Field, May 25, 1935, the grand finale “over the triple-deck clear out of the ball-park in right center”—as forty-year old Babe hobbled around third, pitcher Guy Bush tipped his cap, and in return the Champ saluted and smiled.

There were two Ruths, the one honored by Smelser as “Xaverian Brother George.” This was Mr. George Herman Ruth, generous and kind, who sympathized with all human suffering, particularly of orphans crippled or bed-ridden in a hospital; these he would give autographed balls and encourage with hope and cheer. He actively supported charities. He established the Babe Ruth Foundation to assist needy children. He helped promote American Legion baseball. To Dorothy, an adopted daughter, and Julia, daughter of his second wife, Claire Hodgson Ruth, he was a good father. Lyn Lary, whose boy Mr. Ruth sponsored as godfather, called him “a great man.”

The other Ruth is Smelser’s “Baltimore waterfront slob.” Babe’s parents, of mostly German origin, were George Ruth, Sr., Lutheran and bartender, and his part-Irish and sickly spouse Kate, born Schamberger, a Catholic. In 1902, at the age of seven, Babe entered St. Mary’s. He was taken there by his father, of whom the moon-faced scion was the image, because of “incorrigible or vicious conduct.” As he approached the entrance, hand in hand with his sire, Little George wept and wanted to go home; but after his “graduation” in 1914 Ruth credited Brother Matthias, “the greatest man I ever knew,” with saving him from the penitentiary.

Only during his last playing years did Peck’s Bad Boy succeed in ridding himself of two vices, gluttony and turpitude. Paul Der ringer provided this menu of Babe’s regular dining-car breakfast: “a pint of whisky, mixed with a pint of ginger ale in a pitcher of ice, followed by a porterhouse steak, four fried eggs, fried potatoes, and a pot of coffee.” Ruth’s misconduct on and off the field repeatedly resulted in stinging fines and suspensions, handed down even by Landis; after his physical collapse and operation in 1925 and, later in the same year, his fine of $5,000 for “breaking training rules,” his first wife, Helen Woodford Ruth, now a neurotic, became estranged from her husband. Nor could Babe get along with his managers, Bar row, Huggins, McCarthy. Huggins he despised. On one occasion, during an argument with Huggins on a train, Ruth (6.02 ft. and 215 lbs.) contemptuously picked up his frail, 5.04 ft. manager and dangled him over the railing of the rear platform.

Ruth would publicly repent of his poor conduct and break down in tears: “I was a babe and a booz.” Though forgiven, his failure to become manager of the Yankees or other teams left him embittered and again in tears. To Frazee Ruth was “one of the most selfish and inconsiderate men that ever wore a baseball uniform.” Smelser labels Babe a “Christian hedonist,” an intriguing oxymoron.

Prior to his sale to the Yankees by Frazee in December, 1919, Ruth had become the leading pitcher in the American League, with 89 victories in four full seasons. In three World Series the brilliant southpaw had hurled a record twenty-nine and two thirds scoreless innings. He had a hard fastball and a good curve and change-up. Had he not, because of his slugging, been converted into an outfielder in his last year with the Red Sox but continued on the mound for twelve or fifteen more years, Babe just might have equaled the record—416 wins chalked up by The Big Train, Walter Johnson.

When comparing Ruth with Cobb, Smelser gives the nod to Babe. In 1936 the Baseball Writers of America, 226 eligible voters, all of whom must have seen both play, conducted the first poll of baseball’s Hall of Fame: Ty received the highest number of ballots, Babe the second highest. Waite Hoyt recently named the tall and trim Georgia Peach the greatest “bat manipulator.” The Behemoth of Bust, the greatest hitter. Ty’s varied records of twenty-three seasons (1905-28) are staggering. His scientific baseball, played with fiery abandon, yet polished finesse, appealed to meticulous students of the game, until 1920 an elite majority. Thereafter the crowds found Babe’s explosive wide-open style more interesting; they loved him for his home runs and to the very last (1948) rewarded him, as “one of the boys,” with their affection. Fans who favor the designated-hitter rule will vote for Ruth; Cobb is likely to number his supporters among those who do not.

The World Series of 1925 exhibited a nice balance of power-hitting, neat bunting, daring base-running, tight pitching, and aggressive fielding. It was a grand show. But Smelser might also agree that somehow baseball’s most exciting play, the
inside-the-park home run, should be made to occur less rarely. The author's description of Casey Stengel's dramatic game-winning four-bagger within the park in the World Series of 1922 is simply delightful. In 1916, at the side of my father, I saw Joe Jackson, with Eddie Collins on first, at the bottom of the twelfth smash a similar game-ending drive (Sox 3, Browns 2); as the graceful natural-hitter, Ruth's model, slid into the plate safe in a breath-taking hairline decision, he completed the most thrilling round-tripper that I have ever witnessed. If its occurrence could become a reasonably anticipated feature and not remain an accident, the inside-the-park home run should be a tonic for the game. But any suggestion that balls hit fair directly into the bleachers or any other translation is to be greeted with a howl that would be heard, like an accident, the inside-the-park home run of 1925, "around the world."

EDGAR C. REINKE

THE HOLY BIBLE: AN AMERICAN TRANSLATION.

To render a modern translation of the Bible today into any language, with the mountain of manuscripts available, is a gigantic task for any committee. To produce a modern translation that attempts to be faithful to that mountain of material is a severe test of genius and scholastic ability. For one person to do the job is almost impossible. Nevertheless, the late Dr. William F. Beck not only scaled the mountain, he, in staying faithful to the material, has produced a translation that is not only quite accurate, but does speak in the language of today. In his own words, "I have done my utmost to make my Old Testament like my New Testament the most accurate on the market, in regard to the best text, the most thorough lexicographical, grammatical and archeological guidance."

His credentials as a scholar and theologian have equipped Dr. Beck for translating Holy Scriptures and have put him up above the ordinary practitioner of God's Word. Included in his background of theology, Greek, and Hebrew, are science, psychology, and philosophy. Among his works are Bible stories in picture form, plays, Bible study aids, a textbook on New Testament manuscripts, and a harmony of the Gospels. His career as a scholar and educator brought him to teach at Concordia Seminary, St. Louis, where he remained until his death in 1966.

To judge Dr. Beck's translation or any other translation is to lay it alongside of the originals, as well as alongside of other versions, and by comparison measure its relative strengths and/or weaknesses. The driving purpose behind Beck's translation was to help others understand the Bible. Thus he devoted his life to simplifying the English Bible for people of all ages. To see whether Dr. Beck succeeded or not for tomorrow will be a matter of time. Whether he succeeded for the present is a matter for us to judge.

We bear in mind that this work is a translation and is to be treated as such. It is not a paraphrase which sets its own principles and operates within its own limitations. Accordingly this translation must be measured in the light of the originals, to be tested for fidelity to the text and accuracy in its reproduction. Secondly, this translation will also be measured in the light of other translations for common agreement or for difference in critical areas. Without becoming too technical we would say that Dr. Beck has produced a careful translation that is neither precipitous in production nor unscholarly in content. His research involved working with both the Hebrew and Greek manuscripts to produce the most reliable text possible. He worked with the recent findings of newly-discovered papyri, the dramatic Qumran scrolls, and a research of periodicals offering lexicographical, grammatical, exegetical, and archeological materials. He attempted to arrive at the closest shades of meaning possible for the text. This alone is a yea-man's task, one hardly expected to be done by a single individual.

By Dr. Beck's own admission no translation is ever perfect. The same is true of An American Translation. Nevertheless it appears extremely accurate and reliable. To be sure, occasional words or phrases had to be changed, such as his use of love for grace, the Greek, charis. (Beck would say modern man does not understand "grace.") Accordingly Dr. Beck invited review and critical examination by his peers, so that through revision the best in time would be offered. In the second printing some of these revisions have been included.

The English text is quite readable and understandable to the modern American. One wonders, however, why Noah's Ark in Genesis is described in modern standards of measurements, while in Jeremiah 40 the "cubit" is used. Modern equivalents consistently would mean more to the modern mind than old forms of measurement (cf., the use of denarii in the New Testament also). Other phrases to which we have romantically grown accustomed, such as "Lord of hosts" in Psalm 46:7 which is rendered "Lord of armies," or, "He has regarded the low estate of his handmaiden," which is translated "He has looked kindly at His humble servant," in the Magnificat, Luke 1:48, may seem shortchanged in the beauty of expression, although they are technically accurate. In reality these are more trifles than anything else.

What is important is that the lay person has a translation that is reliable, useful, and usable. It expresses the Word and the will of the Lord. Through a reading of An American Translation all will be able "to have God talk to the hearts.
of people in their language of today and tomorrow. It is almost unbelievable that a single person in this day and age could accomplish what Dr. Beck has done. Nevertheless, the results speak for themselves.

It is said that the main reason for translating Holy Scriptures into a common language is to lead people to Christ and His cross. For that reason the cover of An American Translation bears the ancient Greek word for the cross, stauron. "The Savior, crucified for us, is the reason why the Bible was written and why it is here translated." May we all look to that Lord and that cross, and in His Word find peace.

WILLIAM H. OTTO

THE EMANCIPATION OF ROBERT SADLER

THOUGH WRITTEN BY MARIE CHAPIAN, The Emancipation of Robert Sadler is the story of his life as he himself tells it. It is one of the most fascinating biographies I have ever read, and for over a period of more than fifty years my professional life has kept me in close touch with the life of our black citizens.

The book jacket presents a succinct summary of the first part of the book under the title of SLAVERY

"Robert Sadler was born the tenth of eleven children on June 27, 1911. His parents were very poor. When he was still a child his mother died and his father soon remarried. The stepmother insisted she could not tolerate the presence of the children, so one day Robert’s father sold him and his two sisters to a nearby plantation owner. Thus began his almost incredible story of torment and anguish as a black slave half a century after the Emancipation Proclamation."

Miss Billie, the 15-year-old daughter of Master Tom Billings (names are changed by the author) a cotton farmer, took an interest in 5-year-old Robert and, as the weeks passed, grew more and more distressed at her father’s having bought him as a slave. At first she threatened to run away if he would not take Robert back home. When Master Billings continued his cruel treatment of Robert, Miss Billie threatened to commit suicide. Although furious about it, Master Billings took Robert and his 13-year-old sister Pearl back to their father’s and stepmother’s shanty after they had been his slaves for about five months.

Before long, because of the antagonism of the stepmother, at first Pearl, and soon thereafter, Robert, were sold again, and now were slaves at the Sam Beal (name changed by the authors) Plantation. Robert was assigned to the “Big House” to care for the immediate premises, to bring in wood daily, to light and to keep burning the several fireplaces throughout the house and, of course, the wood-burning cookstoves in the kitchen where food was prepared for Beal’s family, the many white guests, and the white overseers in charge of the many black field hands. Although Robert could see and smell the food prepared and served in the house, he himself could have none of it. He was given the meager and miserable food fed to the field hands.

By word of mouth and the inhuman treatment Robert received, he was continuously taught that black people have no souls, that they are just like animals, and the one purpose of their existence is to serve the white man.

In the presence of Robert, Juanita, one of Beal’s young daughters, asked her mother, "How come Robert’s skin is dark and ours is white?" (The child-like innocence of Juanita reminds me of our eldest son Paul when he was six and his brother was two. Paul was told when leaving for school one morning that “Jesus is going to give you another brother or a baby sister today; and your father will meet you after school to tell you about it.” When school was out, Paul was the first child to emerge. He rushed to the side of our Model T Ford, climbed in, and asked the important question: "Is it a baby sister or a brother?" When he learned that he had another brother, he asked the further question, “Is he white or colored?”)

Robert was forbidden to visit the slave quarters. Nevertheless at every opportunity – usually late at night or very early in the morning – he would sneak off to the quarters to identify himself as much as possible with the slaves. Whenever he was caught in the act, as well as on other occasions, he was beaten unmercifully.

Master Beal continually added to Robert’s daily chores. It wasn’t long after the boy had arrived at the big house that he was given the responsibility to “mind” two-year-old Anna. This relationship between Robert, the slave boy, and Anna, the master’s daughter, continued, and one day when Anna was about six years old she said, “Robert, when I get big, will you marry me?” What a shock this could be to those in our white society who are inclined to drag the red herring of interracial marriage into every discussion of the race issue with the old, stale question, “Would you want your daughter to marry a Negro?”

Though Robert yearned for an education, he was not allowed, even as all the slaves on the plantation, the rudiments of book learning. But the day had now arrived when Anna was to go to school; and she had already determined the course she wanted to follow. She couldn’t think of being separated from her friend Robert.

In the early weeks of attending school, Anna awoke in the morning complaining dramatically of a stomachache or other illness, but as soon as the buggy was gone she would recover. When Master Beal learned about her absenteeism, he ordered her to go to school, sick or not. She cried pathetically, causing her fa-
...ther to ask what would make her happy. When Anna said she wanted Robert to go to school with her, he reluctantly consented, “Jes once.”

Anna’s infatuation with her slave companion would make for curiously humorous fiction. But it is not. It is rather a part of a sane and sober biographical sketch which Part I of The Emancipation of Robert Sadler brings to the reader’s attention.

Where are we in race relations more than a hundred years after the signing of the Emancipation Proclamation and almost as many years after the adoption of the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth Amendments to the Constitution? Part II of the book may give us a clue. It is entitled:

**FREEDOM**

About the end of the first quarter of the century the economy of the Beal Plantation was evidently sagging, and the slaves sensed this. Some of them, including 14-year-old Robert Sadler, escaped to a nearby town, Anderson, South Carolina, and from there to freedom. Not long thereafter Beal had lost all but a few acres of land, and all the slaves had been freed.

Four years after Robert had gained his freedom, he tells us, “I walked back to Anderson... I was like hundreds of other blacks who had grown up under slavery. I was set free in a world that had no room for blacks. . . . I was no longer a slave, but I wasn’t free either” (italics added). He wasn’t free to gain a livelihood and to plan his life for a new and happy future. He was a young teenager with almost no book learning and no skills that would help him to carve out a good life in a free, industrialized society—excepting the skill he had learned, at least under certain circumstances, to avoid the lash of the plantation taskmaster. Soon the depression years of the thirties had arrived. It wasn’t then, nor is it today, merely a cliche that black people are “the last to be hired and the first to be fired.” It was and is for them a potent reality. It didn’t take many days for Robert to learn this. In the search for lasting and gainful employment he went from Anderson, S.C., to North Carolina, to Florida, and later to Detroit and many other places, but to no avail.

On one occasion a friend of Sadler told him of a job opportunity at Vero Beach, Florida. The company hiring the men would pay their train fare in advance, to be deducted later in easy stages from their wages. Sadler and his friend went. Vero Beach is described in the book as “one big, underdeveloped forest; swamp, sand and ocean was almost all there was to it.” One day, says Sadler, “I was sent to a different section of the land to work. ‘Watch out for those rattlers,’ a worker warned me. . . . I was in a spot all by myself when I heard a rattling noise. I turned and saw the biggest, longest, and fattest snake I had ever seen. . . . I screamed frantically, and some of the men came running. They tore at that snake with their hoes and killed it. Then they dug up its hole and found about twenty little baby rattlers which they killed too.”

“On payday we found that the train fare had been deducted, which was a violation of the agreement that said they would wait to deduct the fare for at least three pay checks.” Sadler and his friend left Vero Beach with little money. It took them two years to get back to South Carolina. Such was the “freedom” of young Sadler.

Throughout the period of Robert Sadler’s life described in the book under the title “Slavery,” and also increasingly so during the period entitled “Freedom,” Sadler was conscious of the presence of God. During the third period of his life he was not only conscious of God’s presence; he was engulfed in it, as the title of the third section of the book indicates:

**MINISTRY**

Those interested in the charismatic renewal will do well to read the whole book, if for no other reason than to find the context in which Part III, *Ministry*, is found, for this section of the book is like a chapter all its own, taken out of the yet incomplete story of the charismatic renewal. To be more precise, this section is more like the story of classical Pentecostalism which had its origin around the turn of the century.

Referring to the black people of Anderson, S.C., where he had many friends, Sadler said:

Very upsetting to me were the number of cults that black people were trapped in. Charlatans who professed to be God, or God’s “prophet,” were exploiting the people. . . . Witchcraft, voodoo, and Satanism are very dominant among the black people of the South.

I wanted so much to help my people. I cried out to God night and day for them. I wasn’t afraid of the white man. I refused to bow and say, “Yes, Cap’n, No, Cap’n.” But many of the people in Anderson were still doing it. They didn’t know they were supposed to be free.

*Someday, Lord, I prayed, I’ll be in a place where I can help people. Black people and white people. I’ll be able to tell them the truth. I’ll be able to carry the gospel of love to people. Oh, someday, someday, Lord, it won’t be like this* (italics added).

Sadler says God’s response was:

“Do you love me, Robert?”

“Yes, Lord!”

“Will you help my people, Robert?”

“Yes, Lord!”

“Will you feed the poor, clothe the naked, comfort the mourning—?”

“Yes, yes, Lord!”

“Will you go without food? Without a place to sleep? Will you be content with want as well as abundance?”

“Oh, I will, Lord!”

“Will you trust me?”

“Yes, yes, I’ll trust you, Lord!”

“Robert, go. Minister in my name. I am with you.”

Sadler narrates examples of how God led him in a unique ministry.
He tells, for example, how the Lord spoke to him in a vision and told him to go to Marion, Ohio. When he got there he found the beer garden he had seen in the vision. He parked his car, set up his organ on the sidewalk in front of the beer garden and began to play and sing. (With great zeal and industry and seemingly without professional assistance, according to the account in the book, Robert Sadler had learned to play the piano and then the organ, a portable one which he had purchased and which he took with him wherever, according to his testimony, God led him.)

A young woman burst out of the beer garden and shouted at Sadler, “You’re making a lot of racket! What are you, a religious nut?” He reached for her hand, and, shaking it, said, “Do you have a favorite hymn?” Her face crumpled as she said, “Ohhh….” Sadler began playing “The Old Rugged Cross.” “How did you know I like that song?” she asked, and confessed to being an alcoholic. Two friends of Sadler who were with him took the young woman with them to their home to live. He adds, “She was delivered from alcoholism and eventually got a good job. Today she is married, has a family, and teaches Sunday school. … Jesus gave her a new life that afternoon in front of a beer garden.”

In the early fifties Sadler was asked to hold meetings in St. Louis. While there he was asked to come to Mineral Point, a town of 300, about forty miles south. There was a small run-down church in the town. The congregation had no pastor and asked Sadler to come and minister to them, but told him they had no money. “I don’t want your money. I just want to help you.” The first night he ministered to them, “the people seemed cold and distant. I felt there was a spiritual wall between us.”

The next night he “started the car up,” to go to his meeting, and left the motor running while he went back into the house. When he came out, the car was rolling down the hill toward a swamp. Unable to catch up with it, he watched it sink half way into a tangle of weeds and mud. “And suddenly I began to laugh. A song came to my mind and I began to sing:

I’ll say Amen to Jesus,
Amen all the time,
It’s Amen when in sorrow,
It’s Amen, rain or shine.

I stood by the swamp for about 15 minutes, praising the Lord, laughing and singing.” An old couple saw what happened and heard Sadler’s response. That night the little church was filled. The wall of coldness was broken down. He stayed there three months, cleaning the church building, painting it, etc. At night he held meetings. Sadler became the pastor of the church and for five years travelled back and forth from his home in Bucyrus, Ohio.

On another of his mysterious journeys back to Anderson, S.C., the place of his birth and slave-days, Robert Sadler took a white minister from Aurora, Illinois, with him. On the way, Sadler says the Holy Spirit told him to take the next exit on the highway. As he did, his companion said, “Hey! You took the wrong turn.” Sadler paid him no heed. Soon they came to a swamp and the end of the road. Sadler says the Lord told him to “get out of the car and take those clothes in the back with you.” — People had given him boxes of used clothing, shoes, used toys, canned goods and small household items to give to needy people on his trips.

Sadler noticed a run-down shack about 200 feet from the road. When he came to the shanty, he found an old man, dirty and sickly, sitting on a chair. “Would you be needing any clothing?” the sick man was asked. When Sadler’s minister companion came looking for him, “he found me,” says Sadler, “talking to the man about Jesus.” The two men remained with this backwoods family several weeks, nursing and nourishing them back to health, helping to supply them with many needed items and all but rebuilding the old shack. They also made a clearing to get a car through to the house.

One day during their stay at this place, the minister friend took a walk in the nearby woods. When he returned, his face was swollen and red, evidently from crying. He hugged Sadler and “broke down in sobs.” “Oh, forgive me,” he cried. “I have never been so touched and blessed in all my life.”

Sadler said the Lord moved him to leave his car with the family. The man was most thankful because he could now get work in town. The two ministers took a bus back to Ohio.

The climax of this story is described by Sadler in these words: “We were at a meeting in a church outside of Minneapolis, and a young man came up to me and said, ‘The Lord told me to offer you my camper.’ He told me I could have it for very little. After speaking at some churches in the area, I had $100, which I now offered to the young man. ‘I’ll sell it to you for $100,’ he said. So I left Minnesota driving a fancy, home-made pickup camper. It was like driving a little house around with me. I thanked God with all my heart.”

Fantastic? Incredible? Almost! — not merely the immediately preceding anecdotes, but the whole story of Robert Sadler. And if we say The Emancipation of Robert Sadler, especially Part III, is fantastic, incredible, then we must say the same of both the Old Testament and the New Testament Scriptures, for they are replete with the fantastic, the incredible. In fact, the fantastic and the incredible is so commonplace in the Holy Scriptures that to delete the same would be comparable to throwing the child out with the bath water.

To get the full impact of The Emancipation of Robert Sadler, one must read the book in its entirety. And this is to be recommended to both young and old.

ANDREW SCHULZE
NOVEMBER WISH

to live well inside the season
to perform a just act
to perform a just act alone
to be more severe in my punishment
to improve

November
a hat on a sitting thing with
blue trousers, white shirt
a grey vest, and the hat blows off.
Does it get up after the hat?
Does it, stern faced, take charge?
And does it realize the man
and does the man mumble
as a wishing man will,
and wish after hats
and wish after hours
and wish for the general good?

Is November good?
Will the true speaker step up?
Will the self declare itself?

BARRY WALLENSTEIN

ADVENT CALENDAR

Bread yeasts its own time.
Limbs bud, then flower, leaf to fall.
Breasts prime, thighs round.
Eggs, seed begin to flow,
hair too, and birthing
sound another rhyme — no reason.
All we can do is nothing.
Simpler the better.

Such inner rhythms mime
the growing season
of our hidden climate.
Winter wonders forward.
We chime and calendar our knowing ways,
windowing days along the tomb
until — sublime —
the secret heavens rush to bloom.

J. BARRIE SHEPHERD