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The

Cresset

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IN THE FEBRUARY CRESSET - - -

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The Cresset Vol. XXX, No. 4 February, 1967

In Luce Tua

Comment on the Significant News by the Editors

When Good Men Disagree

On the same Sunday afternoon in January we saw Secretary of State Dean Rusk and Senator Mark Hatfield of Oregon defending their opposing positions on the war in Viet Nam. Both men spoke soberly, temperately, and responsibly. Both men exhibited an obvious awareness of the moral dimensions of the war. Neither man could, by any extent of the imagination, be neatly categorized as a "hawk" or a "dove." And there we were, caught between the Senator, whom we consider a man of potentially presidential stature, and the Secretary, whom we consider one of the ablest and most dedicated men in public life.

Our first reaction, after hearing both of these men out, was to thank God that this creaky, sometimes corrupt political system of ours still has the capacity to raise such decent, intelligent, and thoughtful men to high public office. Despite all of the chicanery that goes on in the political world the great majority of our public servants do a better job than we deserve or appreciate. And many of them — Secretary Rusk is a prime example — do so at great cost to themselves and to their families.

Our second reaction was to wish that the kind of debate which the Secretary and the Senator are carrying on could be conducted at the same high level by their supporters on either side. The issues which confront us as a people — and this is particularly true of the war in Viet Nam — are not simple questions of right and wrong which neatly divide knaves and fools on one side from paragons of wisdom and good will on the other. There has been quite enough name-calling. What is needed is a sober re-examination of why we are in Viet Nam, what we are doing there, how we are doing it, and what alternative courses of action are open to us. These are not questions to be resolved by emotional appeals to national honor or to mankind's almost universal longing for peace. They are certainly not questions to be resolved by demonstrations or strikes.

There is a case to be made for pulling out of Viet Nam — if we are willing to sacrifice the confidence of our SEATO allies, if we are willing to leave those Vietnamese who have supported us to the tender mercies of the Viet Cong, if we are willing to write off our own wounded and dead as a bad investment, if we are willing to concede to the Chinese People's Republic the role of paramount power in southeast Asia. The price may be worth paying. But we must not delude ourselves into thinking that, by pulling out, we can buy a cheap peace. Senator Hatfield has counted the cost and is willing to pay it. We respect his judgment, even while we disagree with it. But we still believe with Secretary Rusk that the price is too high. And that is why we continue to support a war which we hate.

Housecleaning Time

If there is anything a journalist learns early in his career, it is that editors expect two things: 1) that he write something to fill the space allotted to him and 2) that he get it in by deadline. These would seem to be reasonable demands. But in an imperfect world it often happens that there is really no hard news to report. In such cases, it must be manufactured. In our country, the easiest way to manufacture news is to present one's own hunches as a carefully-thought-out forecast of the next election.

It is taken for granted that the ordinary reader will not stop to consider that the next presidential election, for example, will not be held for another twenty-one months and that during this time all sorts of things can, and probably will, happen. Men will die or be disabled by illness. Reputations will be made and lost. Former adversaries will make common cause against a third party. Deals will be worked out. Somebody's wife will divorce him. Somebody will say the wrong thing at the wrong time. The possibilities are endless.

With all of these imponderables to be taken into account, it seems to us singularly profitless to speculate about the identity of the presidential nominee of either party in 1968. And we think that such speculation can

become dangerous when it results in a premature build-up of candidates whose views on many vital issues are not yet formed, let alone known.

Worst of all, this complete absorption in the quadrennial presidential sweepstakes can and does distract our attention from more immediate and possibly equally consequential concerns. In our own state and in a number of others there will be elections of local officials this year. If it is true, as many political scientists say it is, that the level of official competence tends to decline with the level of government, we ought to be focusing our attention quite sharply right now on these local elections. A mayor may not have much voice in Viet Nam policy, but he has a great deal to say about whether organized crime will be allowed to operate in his community, whether slum landlords will be allowed to exploit the poor, whether the civil rights of all of the citizens of the community will be respected and enforced, whether parks and playgrounds are to have as high a priority as parking lots and junkyards. And the mayor, in turn, can accomplish only as much as he can persuade the city council to approve.

So the task at hand is to get our own houses in order. Next year will be soon enough to venture out into the wide, exciting world of presidential politics.

A Thorny Problem

One of our assignments this past month has been to sit on a faculty-student committee which is supposed to come in with some recommendations concerning the relationship of our university to Selective Service. We have not yet completed our work. It appears that, after we have explored all of the ramifications of the question, we shall not be able to bring in a unanimous recommendation. But already we all know that there is no simple moral answer to the problem. We have discovered, as the high-powered participants in the University of Chicago's conference on the draft discovered, that while it is possible to reach a broad consensus on the faults of the present Selective Service Act, it is not so easy to achieve even a simple majority opinion in favor of any one alternative to it.

Difficult, perhaps even insoluble, as the problem is, we have found the work of this committee much more rewarding than committee work usually is. We have had to get down to some very basic questions, two of which demand the making of moral judgments in the absence of any clear light from moral theology. The first of these is how to select most equitably the one draft-age young man out of three who is needed for the armed forces; the problem was much simpler in World War II when everybody who could meet the physical and mental standards was needed and, with few exceptions, called. But the second question is even more vexing, for it involves the use that will be made of whatever men are called up. Pure logic allows one to separate the issue of conscription in itself from the issue of the war in Viet Nam. But we all know that draft calls in the past two years have been increased because more men are needed in Viet Nam. There are many good, honorable, moral people who have arrived at a conviction in conscience that our involvement in Viet Nam is morally indefensible. From this they conclude that a system which provides the personnel to fight that war is an accessory to the crime. We do not share this view of our involvement in Viet Nam and we therefore have no serious reservations, on this grounds, about the system. But we are by no means disposed to dismiss lightly the deeply-held convictions of so many good people.

What we have so far chiefly gotten out of our service on this committee is a new respect for the depth of the wisdom concealed in St. Paul's statement: "We see through a glass darkly. . .we know in part and we prophesy in part." Perhaps the questions that are most worth asking are, in any ultimate sense, unanswerable. And perhaps it is just because that is the case that it is neither faith nor hope that finally remains, but love.

Neo-gnostics

We have a sprightly competitor on our campus called *The Lighter* which, with a fine disregard of the respect which is due to one's elders, calls itself "the literary-feature magazine of Valparaiso University." In its most recent issue it neatly one-upped us by publishing an interview with Father Malcolm Boyd, the Episcopal clergyman who has been much in the news lately because of his unorthodox techniques for conveying what he believes to be the basic content of the Christian faith.

There is a paragraph in this interview which we have re-read some half-dozen times to make sure that it says what we think it says. Speaking about the place of church organization in the present scheme of things, Father Boyd observed: "I was with three Missouri Synod Lutheran students not long ago whose only reason in going in was to be ordained and then shatter everything they know of the Church. This was their purpose to be ordained."

After three years in the army, nineteen in the academic life, and eighteen in an editorial chair, we thought that we were pretty nearly unshockable. But — perhaps it is a sign of being out of touch with the modern temper — we find it rather difficult to imagine how any decent person could accept a first-rate, heavily subsidized education from any institution *plus* the exemption from military service which he claims as a future servant of that institution *plus* the obligations which he assumes by an ordination vow — all with the purpose of shattering that institution. We trust that there is enough bravery in their bravado to prompt them to inform the officers of their local Selective Service Board of their intentions.

It may be, of course, that we have misread their words. Perhaps the emphasis was intended to rest upon those

words "everything they know of the Church." This would allow for the possibility that they were confessing ignorance of the real work which is being done, quietly and unglamorously and faithfully, by thousands of pastors and congregations. For while no one has been more critical of the institutional church than we have been, nothing in our experience tempts us to embrace that neo-gnosticism which would reduce the community of the faithful to cells of the spiritual elite. It has been our experience that God gets His work done through His community of sinful and obdurate saints — not always the way we would have done it, almost never as fast as we would like to see it done, but in His own way and at His own pace. And when He wants it reformed, it gets reformed — but not by cheats who think they are doing Him a service by violating their ordination vow.

Let us pray the Collect for the Ministry.

A Couple of Happy Happenings

We hope that our readers from other Christian traditions will pardon us if we take about half a page for some remarks about a couple of things that have recently happened within the Lutheran community of our country. Before we became a university magazine we were rather deeply involved in the affairs of the Lutheran community and, in the process, made some friendships which we continue to value highly. In obedience to the admonition to "rejoice with them that do rejoice," we would like these long-time friends of ours to know that we are rejoicing with them.

The happiest thing that has happened within the Lutheran community within our memory is the coming together of the three major Lutheran denominations in a cooperative agency called the Lutheran Council in the United States of America (LCUSA). While the Council falls far short of that fellowship of altar and pulpit for which so many Lutherans have been praying and working, it is at least a long step in the right direction. By its inclusiveness it testifies to the willingness of all of its members to ignore those differences which were chiefly ethnic in nature and to forget those animosities which resulted from the clashes of powerful personalities. At the same time, by its refusal at this time to make pulpit and altar fellowship a condition of membership it acknowledges that there remain genuine differences which must still be resolved in obedience to the prophetic and apostolic testimony. One of the chief purposes of the Council will be to provide a forum in which men of good will can get together in a friendly environment to try to understand each other better and, if possible, arrive at agreement on doctrine and practice. Meanwhile, while these discussions are going on, various agencies of the Council will be carrying on work which the three bodies can do jointly without compromise of honest differences.

The second happy thing that has happened is that the American Lutheran Publicity Bureau has offered its magazine, the *American Lutheran*, to the Council as a magazine for all Lutherans. With a new editor, Glenn Stone, and a new name, *Lutheran Forum*, one of the best-edited and most prophetic of all of the Lutheran journals should become a voice which will speak not only to all Lutherans but to Christians of other traditions. We wish it well. And we have a suggestion to offer it. Somewhere in its office there ought to be a place reserved for portraits of those editorial giants of the last generation — Ruff, Schramm, Ryden, Malmin — who contributed so greatly to the cause of Lutheran reunion. LCUSA must start by forgetting much of the past, but not all of it. Others have labored and we have entered into their rest. It would be the worst form of ingratitude to forget that.

The Manchester Book

The unfortunate quarrel over the Manchester book on President Kennedy raises a number of difficult questions, among them the question of where the boundary runs between the people's right to know whatever they consider worth knowing about public figures on the one hand and the right which even a public figure enjoys to some measure of privacy on the other.

Perhaps a prior question is that of where the wife of a public figure fits into the picture. Certainly a First Lady can not reasonably hope to escape the searchlight which plays constantly upon the White House. But the minute a president dies or leaves office, his wife or widow ceases to be the First Lady and, under our republican tradition, becomes just another citizen. Her comings and goings, what she thinks and feels — these may very well continue to be of interest to a great many people. The question is: Are these anybody's business but her own?

In the case of Mrs. Kennedy, the problem is complicated by the fact that she was apparently still distraught when she said some of the things which are quoted in the Manchester book. We can not help feeling that anything that anyone might say in such circumstances must be of more interest to the morbidly curious than to those whose chief concern is to develop the full historical record. Grief is a very personal thing, so personal that one ought to approach it very reluctantly, even by invitation.

But setting aside the particular circumstances of this case, the question remains: What boundaries define a public figure's right to privacy?

Our inclination is to broaden the area of privacy as far as possible without encroaching too far upon the raw materials of history. Subject to correction by the historians themselves, we do not think that it is the function of the historian to relay gossip; we take it that he has some more serious purpose than merely to satisfy the idly curious. There is very probably some valid reason for wanting to know as much as can be ascertained about the feelings of the Kennedys toward President Johnson. These feelings may someday help to explain

developments which are or will be of major significance in public affairs. We doubt that the grief-saturated outbursts of a President's widow serve any useful purpose in the public record.

We can, of course, understand Mr. Manchester's desire to do an honest job of reporting. Apparently he did just that, in keeping with the canons which presently govern the profession of journalism. Our quarrel, therefore, is not with Mr. Manchester, but with certain of the canons that are presently accepted as normative by our profession.

A Useful Euphemism

One of the few useful things to emerge out of the Viet Nam war is this wonderful euphemism, "credibility gap." It meets what the educationists call a "felt need," especially for us journalists. One of the great problems of our profession has long been how to let our readers know that public officials and government agencies are sometimes less than candid in their statements and pronouncements. Libel laws being what they are, one has to avoid such expressions as "barefaced lie." But "credibility gap" says much the same thing without giving the lawyers anything solid to work on.

Like all great discoveries, this expression suggests possibilities of expansion into other fields of use. For some twenty-five years, for instance, we have needed some term for the massacre of civilians in bombing raids. We suggest the term, "population implosion." It seems to us impersonal enough to suggest that it involves statistics rather than people, and set against the background of "population explosion," which we all agree is a bad thing, the term can actually connote a contribution to world peace and prosperity. Perhaps if enough people could be persuaded to think in terms of imploding the vast, hungry populations of China and India we would be on the way to a realistic solution of what has hitherto seemed an insoluble problem. And it would not require us to share any of our abundance with these people.

Perhaps we could even find some better term for this nasty little word, "war." We tried "police action" during the Korean affair, but the term never really caught on, perhaps because it still carried an implication of human beings being involved in whatever was going on. We do not pretend to have a fully satisfactory euphemism for war, but obviously what is wanted is something that would suggest that killing and being killed are, at most, only incidental to the thing, as broken collarbones and concussions are incidental to football. The right adjective, attached to the word "diplomacy," could do the trick. "Fully escalated diplomacy" is cumbersome and admits of too easy reduction to FED. "Inhibitory diplomacy" doesn't quite say it. There must be, someplace deep in the bowels of the federal bureaucracy, some wordsmith who can take the clue that we have thrown out and come up with just the right expression. We hope that he will get with it, because whatever we are about in Viet Nam threatens to go on for some time to come and we are all tired of hearing about the war.

The word must, of course, come close enough to describing the reality that it won't suffer from too great a credibility gap.

The Poor Ye Have . . .

On the Tuesday before Christmas the Chicago office of the Office of Economic Opportunity announced that it would have to abolish something on the order of a thousand jobs because of a cut-back in its funds. The story did not rate very big headlines in the newspapers. And why should it have? What is new about the poor being the first to feel the effects of any economic pinch? It happens all of the time. And surely it is better to divert funds from the poor than risk delay in putting a man on the moon or completing the interstate highway system?

It is unfortunate, of course, that announcements like this have to be made so close to Christmas. It takes a bit of the glow off the season and makes one wonder whether that ten-buck check to the Salvation Army shouldn't, perhaps, have been hiked to fifteen. But there is the comforting thought that we are not as bad as Mr. Truman Capote. At least we don't throw $20,000 parties while millions of our fellow Americans starve.

And one has to be realistic about these things. Poverty is one of the means by which the process of natural selection operates to weed out the unfit and produce sturdy chaps like A. Lincoln, H. Hoover, A. Smith, and your obdt. svt. Viewed in this light, in the broad picture and over the long run, poverty can be seen as at least a necessary evil if not a positive good.

There are, of course, alarmists who claim that the poor threaten the stability of society. This claim does not appear to be substantiated by history. It is not the poor who rise up in revolt and trundle the better classes off to the guillotine. One of the saving side effects of real poverty is that it so dulls hope, so stifles initiative, so drains the energies of its victims that they accept their lot with little complaint. They get used to the idea that they are losers and make the best of their situation. It's when the poor begin to see some hope of a better life that they can become dangerous. So, obviously, the thing to do is let them alone.

Correction: God is said to have a special fondness for the poor. We should, as Christians, make sure that they hear this good news. A man can put up with a lot in this life if he knows that he has a chance at heaven. And a store-front church isn't all that expensive to rent.

Coup of the Year

Headline from the December 17, 1966, issue of the *St. Louis Lutheran*: "Risen Christ to Conduct First Services in New Church Sunday."

When our congregation celebrated its centennial, the best we could manage was Ozzie Hoffmann.

AD LIB.

The Annual Conference

By ALFRED R. LOOMAN

All over the United States at this moment, tens of thousands of people are gathered in scores of cities to attend the annual conference of an association to which they belong. It is probably called the National Association of Something-or-other, or, if they have been able to snag a few Canadians into membership, the International Association of Something-or-other. Whether it is a business, education, or professional association makes little difference, for all annual conferences are alike, even though the local committee has spent a year trying to make this one the biggest, best, and most different of them all.

The format is the same each year. All conferences open with a keynote speaker. Normally, this keynote speaker is not a member of the organization, but a man with a reputation as a speaker who also holds a fairly respectable title. More often than not, his talk will be an inspirational one based on the theme of this year's conference. He will speak well and say little. It will not be too apparent that all he knows about this association came from a quick reading of a brochure sent out by the national office.

The keynote speaker has one advantage. He is the only one who will speak to all those attending the conference, since everyone turns out for this opening gun; and never again, unless it is at the annual banquet two and a half days later, will the whole group be together again. The reason for this is that small groups begin to break off to go shopping, or sight seeing, or to attend a ball game.

A sizable core of the faithful will be present for most or all of the session, however, though the speakers from now on will probably be members of the association. They will be much more informative than the keynote speaker was, but in keeping with the old saying that "A prophet is not without honor save in his own country" they will not draw the crowd an outside speaker would. Most of the members know these speakers personally and have a good idea about what they will say.

At intervals between the speeches, the group will break up into smaller segments for seminars and buzz sessions. And so it will go for two and a half days, right down to the final session when the last person on the program will be the editor of the association journal who will plead once more and in vain for members to send in more news. The conference always ends with the annual banquet at which prime rib of beef is served.

Why are these annual conferences so well attended when they differ so little from one year to the next? Ask anyone who is about to attend one and he will tell you he is going in order to gather information and get new ideas. He may even be sincere in that conviction, having long forgotten how few were the new ideas at the last conference. Undoubtedly a few who attend do so because they welcome any chance to get away from the desk for a few days and to enjoy a change of scenery.

But most, I feel, attend because the annual conference furnishes them with an opportunity to get together with many others in their own trade or profession. Here are people who talk their language and who understand their problems. And if a man feels he is not understood or appreciated in his work back home, here are the folks who do appreciate him. In addition, the annual meeting gives a man the chance to exchange the gossip of the trade and to see old friends. The simile is not completely apt, but most attend conferences for the same reason wolves run in packs. They have a common interest and may be of help to each other.

It may not sound like it, but I am in favor of the annual conference, for I know that the effect of attending is a good one. A man returns refreshed and with a better perspective of himself and of his work. Whether it is the program at the conference or whether it is meeting with others which produces this effect I am not sure, but I would vote for the latter. One of the strange by-products of talking with fellow members is the impression one gains that there are many in the profession who are worse off than he is, and for some odd reason this is a comforting bit of knowledge.

The new ideas gained at the conference may not fit the local situation or work out at all, but the conference attender does return to his desk filled with zeal to do an even better job, a zeal that has a tendency to wane rapidly after a few days when the pressure of work takes over again.

. . . the best way of disposing of a girl with hair the color of ripe wheat is to hit that hair as hard as possible with a section of gas pipe. Buying scorpions to put in her bag or little known Asiatic poisons with which to smear her lipstick does no good whatever and only adds to the overhead.

—P.G. Wodehouse, *America, I Like You* (Simon and Schuster, 1956) p. 65

On Reducing Dropouts

By MARK C. ROSER
Pupil Personnel Department
Gary (Indiana) Public Schools

The problem of the school dropout is much in the consciousness of the public, national planners, educators, and others. There is a constant stream of research papers describing experiments to define and to reduce the number of school "dropouts." With the new stance of our national will as expressed in the Economic Opportunity Act of 1964 and the Elementary and Secondary Education Act of 1965, there will be added resources to deal with educationally "deprived" youth.

"Times have changed" is always a truism. What we are experiencing now perhaps that is new is the pace of change. As change always has an effect good or bad upon individuals, so change affects institutions. Schools have not escaped the tensions of the times. As with nations newly coming into the consciousness of the 20th Century so the "dropout" is a new challenge of no small dimension to schools. There are many reasons for this new challenge of schools and dropouts. For one reason the splendid isolation of the middle class school is disappearing.

The very number of youth out of school and out of work — with their growing realization of the inability to earn the benefits of our culture — demand the attention of local and national leadership.

The community of Watts also calls to our attention how, when these problems of social disorganization multiply, whole neighborhoods can be "dropouts" because of the deep and widespread feeling of alienation from the main stream of cultural benefits and graces.

At this writing many communities have experienced the impact of "Operation Head Start," "Occupational Preview," and other experiments with work assignments to upgrade the services of schools for deprived youth.

Some experienced people believe that we have entered a new age or a new cycle of consciousness about the role of schools and youth, and that out of this new attitude much more will be done to prevent the waste of youthful talents.

It is too early to identify main trends emerging out of the times with any degree of certainty. There are promising indications, however, that a more focused effort will be made by more schools in the country and more community agencies to remove barriers to successful school adjustment.

The factors associated with dropouts fall into two major categories: those that relate primarily to the personality of the students and those which relate to the structure and operation of the "school." Answers must be found to problems which occur in the interweaving of forces within the child and between the child and the "system" of the educational institution. It is not sufficient only to modify the personality of the troubled child and to expect optimum results if the milieu of the school is not changed.

The community planner, the social worker, the educational leader many times is something of an opportunist. In the strategy of significant interventions with major social problems many plans must be made on the basis of short-time goals and crisis intervention. Many of these so-called "crash" programs are of short life, but the impact on attitudes and shaping of further research is frequently of longer significance. The Detroit Schools' experiments with job-upgrading a decade ago for their school dropouts revealed many lacks in the school-pupil relationships which were reflected later in program changes.

The feelings of depersonalization or social alienation shown by many dropouts has led to experiments with such devices as case aides, team teaching, tutors, pupil personnel, and more counselors.

There are many other examples to show the value of continued experimentation with programs to meet the varied needs of youth.

Remedial measures to reduce school dropouts must be based on accurate psycho-social diagnosis of the conditions which result in early school withdrawal. Without sound knowledge of the causes of dropouts school programs can only be further wasteful. In some instances unwise programs can add more frustrations to already over-pressured youngsters.

To exhort, for example, a mentally deficient child to remain in a high school program totally unfit for his capabilities can only result in bottling up more tensions. Also, the minority child, who knows from experience that he cannot be employed in certain skilled jobs, will look with something less than enthusiasm upon the school counselors' efforts to get him into unrealistic work programs with the promise of later high salary.

It should be obvious that there is no panacea for the dropout problem. There is no one answer. Because of the multiplicity of factors no one approach should be used. Teaching reading skills to the non-reader, more counselors, modification of the cultural attitudes, ending de-facto segregation will not of themselves contain all the answers.

A realistic preventive program must be based on an accurate evaluation of cause and effect relationships within the child as well as knowledge of the community in which he functions.

Current Status of Research on Causes of Dropouts

At the risk of over-generalization we suggest that the "cause" of the lack of school adjustment can be grouped in the following categories:

1. Distortions of personality due to inherent physical defects, such as mental retardation or brain damage.
2. Distortion of personality mainly due to conditions of poverty and its related cultural conditions such as poor housing, lack of medical care, malnutrition, and lack of motivation.
3. Distortions of personality due mainly to lack of early home nurture such as family conflicts, role confusions, and divorce.
4. Inadequate schools; that is, schools which are poorly equipped physically, are under-staffed, fail to attract competent teachers because of low salaries; lack of adequate counselling services or special education facilities and communities with indifferent support for good schools.

Mental Deficiency and the School Dropout

It is a paradox that the national effort to provide more adequate measures to help the retarded child has been accompanied by a statistical increase in the number of school dropouts. For this reason there is at present no reliable method of accounting for the number of dropouts. The national average is estimated to be 30 per cent. In some school areas it is over 50 per cent.

Some states provide legal measures to exclude all children who have a tested I.Q. of less than 70. In the past these children did not count in the dropout statistics mainly because they were never enrolled in school.

Now that there is an increase in interest, finances, and skill to help the retarded child in the school setting, there are many more retarded children admitted and they are kept in schools through special education classes for longer periods of time.

There is much to be done to serve all the retarded children. In Indiana, it has been estimated that only about thirty per cent of the retarded are in special education classes in the elementary grades. The measures for aiding the retarded child over sixteen years are still less adequate.

It is obvious, therefore, that the percentage of dropouts who are in the retarded groups would be considerable. Even with extensive special educational programs the shortage of provisions for educational classes for youth sixteen years and older means that the retarded group will be a large percent of the dropouts.

Some example of the extent of retardation and dropouts is revealed by an analysis of 503 reported dropouts for the year 1963-1964 in the Gary School System. Each of these dropouts had a psychological evaluation and a social case study.

Of the total number of dropouts during the 1964-1965 school year, 59.7% were in the retarded group. They were given the California Test of Mental Maturity routinely administered at the second, fourth, sixth and eighth grade levels.

There is much more refined research pointing up the high correlation between mental ability and failure to continue in school. The reasons for this are obvious.

The child who early experiences a sense of failure with his peers must learn many psychological and social adaptive patterns to protect his ego and sense of well being. The refusal to accept educational goals is one of these ego-protective devices. Dropping out of school is, for many of these children, a step to preserve what little sanity or mental health they have left. This is particularly true in a school setting where there is little or no individualized counseling or special teachers.

It is apparent then that such children can easily express their frustrations in hostile acts against their environment or against themselves. Sex experiences for the girls and stealing or fighting for the boys become a self-adjustment mechanism. Efforts to simply keep them in schools without provisions for their special needs run the risk of only increasing their social disorganization patterns.

When these youth with mental defects also live in a lower social class value system, their adjustment problems become compounded. For many, the greater acceptance of their lower-class peers of indifferent educational values, relieves to some extent their feelings of alienation experiences in a competitive school situation.

The adjustment possibilities of the mentally retarded in the middle or upper class groups are greater. There is more stimulation in the home life, boarding schools are more accessible to the financially able parents and, in general, perhaps more care and protection, such as private tutoring and recreational camps, are provided.

The hard-core of the dropout problem is related to the combination of such factors as mental retardation with an over-all sense of lowered self esteem.

To meet this problem by simply raising the compulsory school age is futile and can compound the sense of frustration already experienced by these youth. Efforts toward school retention must be geared to the overall problem and not to any one aspect of the situation. For the group of slow-learning youngsters it is essential that they have teachers selected by training and temperament (sincerity, acceptance, patience, etc.) and a curriculum which gives each child a feeling of achievement and encouragement.

Some essential elements of a constructive approach to this problem of the "slow"-learning child are:

1. Early identification of the problem and a program of "treatment" by a team of specialists, doctors, teacher, psychologist, and social worker.

2. Early counselling with the family.
3. Programs of stimulation to begin at least by five years of age.
4. Sequences of special education classes staffed by qualified teachers.
5. Expansion of sheltered workshop for the sixteen to twenty-one year old group, job corps training, etc.
6. Special provisions for this group to be "useful" in the armed services of our country, or to be "drafted" for some type of constructive national or local community service.
7. Expansion of boarding schools, with emphasis upon guidance and social development.

The Dropout and Poverty

It has been said that this is the age of anxiety, the age of materialism, or the space age. The assumption is that each period of time may make a significant step forward into consciousness or achievement which sets the age off from other periods of time. In this sense, for many in this country the great discovery has been poverty. The poor, of course, were always aware of the deteriorating effects of poverty. In some ways their lot was enchanced by the prevailing attitudes[1] of the churches, by a social class structure which ignored or tolerated the conditions, and by the great mass of middle class people who never "saw" the poor from the super-highways.

There is a difference of opinion as to how deeply the schools should be concerned with "welfare." Is it not the main role of the schools to "educate" children? With the mounting pressures of the many-sided demands to meet educational goals it is understandable there is little time left over for school administrators to concern themselves with the larger problems posed by the social settings from which the children come.

Yet, "no man is an island" — and neither is a school. The challenge is still an ever insistent one. Schools are only a part of the child's life. For schools to ignore the homes and culture from which the child comes is to blind them to the real and vital needs of children which, if not satisfied, will ultimately threaten individual communities, if not our national survival.

It should be self evident that the sheer lack of food, clothing, or money to pay for the incidental, but real, expenses of the schools does effect the child's school adjustment.

A careful analysis of the Gary Schools' 503 dropouts shows that poverty was a significant cause in 58 per cent of the cases of leavers. The problem of the child and the slums is well documented by many studies, of which Dr. Conant's[2] is outstanding. There is evidence too that rural poverty has a greater incidence than urban.

Even with the clearly established facts about the relationship between economic deprivation and school dropouts, it will not be an easy task to shift educational leadership into the larger welfare concerns. It is obvious, however, that the interest and assistance of the educator must be marshalled to change existing patterns so as to guarantee each child freedom from the restrictions of material deprivation. For many, our public schools are in no sense free.

The school lunch program in this country is a case in point. The National School Lunch Act of 1946 made it possible for the schools to receive, without cost, surplus foods. The food was contracted by the school to be distributed "free or at reduced cost."

The 1960 White House Conference reported that only about 31 per cent of the schools take advantage of this potential supply[3] of lunches to needy children. Schools availing themselves of this surplus food for their school lunch program usually charge about 35 cents for a 50 cent lunch. Even this reduced lunch charge is beyond the reach of many indigent families. As a result, children from families with a high income can take advantage of free surplus food, but the poor cannot. The effect of adequate food for elementary children is illustrated by a study of sixth-graders before and after a free school lunch program. In one year's time school absenteeism was reduced 51 per cent.[4]

Another economic barrier facing the school system is the pattern of charging book rental fees. Many school systems of this country charge a book rental fee for school books. The A.D.C. budgets are supposed to cover the costs of these fees. Yet, social workers report that 75 per cent of the A.D.C. budgets are less than necessary for standards of health and decency. There is not enough money for rent, food, clothing, and other necessities. As a result there are many children becoming stigmatized for failure of their parents to pay book rental costs. The pressure of middle-class attitudes prevailing in many schools leaks through on the helpless child, usually through an office clerk assigned to "collect the book rental." It has not been uncommon for some schools — reacting to administrative pressure — to send children home with notes not to come back until the book rental is paid.

Aside from some noteworthy exceptions there have been but few school expressions about the problems created by these economic barriers.

Perhaps when we realize the hidden costs, for example, of athletic fees, class rings, class books, etc., which are impossible for many youth in the poverty group to meet, we will understand why many prefer to drop out and seek work. For many a sensitive teenage boy and girl, life in the city jungle, out of school, is preferable to being poor in school where life can be more competitive and sometimes even more cruel.

At the present time there is a significant shift in school circles about some of the school's responsibility in the area of deprivation. There are many current studies about the effects of lower class values, ethnic differences, etc., on education. In 1964 a group of scholars representing several disciplines assembled at the University of Chicago for a research conference on education and

cultural deprivation[5] concluded that "When children learn that their basic needs cannot be adequately provided for in a dependable way, they too often adopt a fatalistic attitude which generalizes to alter their patterns of living. Their ability to cope with environment — to see light ahead — is impaired. Such passivity and defeatism (and possibly hostility) steming from need privation is learned by the child from both the realities of living and from the parents who, through their daily behavior, communicate a general attitudinal orientation.

"That children should struggle to learn under such handicaps should be regarded as a serious indictment of school regulations and community morality.

Recommendations

1. "Each child should be assured of an adequate breakfast to help him *begin* the learning tasks of the day. Each child should also be assured of a mid-day meal. If these meals cannot be provided by the home, they should be provided by the school or the community in such a way that no child feels a sense of shame or special distinction.
2. "Each child should be given appropriate and frequent physical examinations by nurses, doctors, and dentists to determine special needs with respect to fatigue, disease, dental, visual, and hearing problems. If these health services cannot be provided by the parents, it is the responsibility of the school and community to see that they are taken care of.
3. "No child should be subjected to feelings of inadequacy and shame because of lack of necessary clothing. If these needs cannot be provided by the parents, it is the responsibility of the school and community to see that each child is adequately clothed."

Personality Distortions And the Dropout

In most studies of dropouts emotional instability was noted as a consistently large factor. Karvecus[6] in his study of the "delinquent" noted that about 25 per cent of them could be identified as "psychiatric" problems. To Lichter,[7] on the contrary, his study of dropouts suggests more had definite internalized personality problems.

The words *"acting out" child*, the *neurotic*, the *mentally ill child*, the *emotionally disturbed*, are words that do not easily lend themselves to exact definitions. Exactness, however, is most desirable and necessary if we are to define the problem and provide appropriate remedial programs.

A review of the literature of emotional problems and dropouts suggests that many of the findings depend upon the particular discipline which made the study. It is a question yet to be finally answered whether we are dealing with the sociological framework of culture as the chief cause of dropouts, or whether it is emotional illness in a psychiatric sense.

The trend in the schools to use specialists such as the psychiatric consultant, the school psychologists, social workers, pupil personnel counsellors is increasing in this country.

The role of each of the specialists is still not too clear. The school counselor may be concerned mainly with "educational" counselling. The emotionally disturbed child may then be shunted to the psychologists for "testing." The social worker comes into the team picture for a social diagnosis and treatment recommendation. The idea of psycho-social treatment is still rather nebulous in the usual school setting, with some noticeable exceptions. Maximum help is given the child when all the disciplines work as a team.

Larger school systems have special programs, classes, schools, teachers, and consultants to help the emotionally disturbed child and his family.

For example, there were in the 1962-1963 school year a total of 189 special classes for emotionally disturbed children in the public schools of New York State. More than two thirds of these classes, with an approximate enrollment of 1,600 children, were in New York City.[8]

Obviously the mentally ill child has difficulty in learning to read, to adjust to the demands of the social climate of the school. The child with deep psycho-social problems will show symptoms of withdrawal, refusal to conform, school phobia, etc. If psychosomatic symptoms are included, the percentage of children with mental hygiene problems is estimated to be 20 per cent. Glassberg[9] estimates that of forty elementary pupils, two will spend some time in an institution for treatment of a psychosis, five will need psychiatric care, ten will have their marriage terminated in divorce, and many will find it necessary to consult doctors for functional disorders.

There is still considerable question as to which treatment approach is most efficient. Should schools hire more reading specialists? More school social workers and psychologists? And should they hire a psychiatrist? If so, what training should he have?

There is a trend in our national thinking which argues that schools, because of their contacts in depth and scope with families and children, have to find more efficient means of reaching the emotionally disturbed. This will mean more child guidance centers located in the schools with competent psychiatrists, psychologists, and social workers on the school pay rolls.

Much of the "treatment" of the emotionally disturbed child, both in its curative and preventive aspects, would then be under one management. Classes for the emotionally disturbed, the retarded, the brain damaged would be under the aegis of professional personnel. The use of outside mental health clinics could be minimized. More home care could be utilized for some children; state hospitals would be reserved for the severely mentally ill child.

As schools improve their mental health climate and

as they reach early more mentally ill children, the rate of school failures and dropouts will be reduced.

It is also obvious that much more in the way of experimentation about "treatment" needs to be done. The many schools of thought concerning therapy tend to confuse the mental health services and prevent experimentation where experimentation is most vital.

It may well be that out of the team approach with educators, psychiatrist, social worker, and psychologist new means of reaching these disturbed children will evolve. There are many hopeful signs of this new outlook in many centers. The stimulation of the Head Start program with the pooling of the skills of so many disciplines certainly should produce new insights into how to meet the children's needs.

The Role of the School

Schools are faced with a complex task. Education first should be accessible to all. The experiences offered in school should not only be structured in terms of knowledge gained, but must also be calculated to produce the good citizen. To serve the educational needs of the children means that the schools have a mandate to help all youth achieve the good in their life and society. The retarded, the ill, the culturally disadvantaged must all be given education opportunities in keeping with their talents.

A phase of the dropout challenge is the challenge of bringing about significant changes in school climate, school training centers, and sources of financial assistance. The necessity for school changes has been stated as follows: "The task of changing the schools of the U.S. from a selective system which rewards and finally graduates only the more able students to one which develops each individual to his fullest capabilities is a difficult one . . . what is needed to solve our current as well as future crisis in education is a system of compensatory education which can prevent or overcome earlier deficiencies in the development of each individual."[10]

The above premise becomes more pertinent as it is realized that 75 to 80 per cent of the dropouts in the cities are Negroes, Puerto Ricans, Mexicans, or southern mountain white people. One of the reasons given is that the customs and language of the middle class, on which our education system is based, are frequently alien to these people.[11]

Educational leadership has not been unaware of the problems and across the country many excellent experimental programs are in effect. The NEA in 1965 issued a statement of policy on the teaching of the disadvantaged. Essential to this policy was the stated conviction that "The essential precondition for teaching disadvantaged children is a deep understanding of the causes of their behavior — Teachers need a sufficient sense of security not to take personally the outbursts of a pupil, even if directed against the teacher himself. The only reaction likely to be helpful is one void of a need to retaliate or to defend one's self esteem."[12]

Concurrent with the heightened interest on the part of the public, plus the implementation of the national will to apply more financial resources to the local schools, there is a variety of programs for the disadvantaged. New York has long experimented with the "600" schools. The "New Horizon" programs are being tried in many areas. Lane County, Oregon, has a summer camp program for potential dropouts. Here the youth are given opportunities they may not have at home, such as proper diets, wholesome recreation, and an opportunity to engage in a productive activity.[13]

There is evidence that much can be accomplished by school leadership to motivate total community action to help children while in the elementary grades. Wilmington, Delaware, illustrated what can be done to halt social blight through education. By focusing the work of many social agencies at the school level, teacher turn-over was reduced, learning rates were improved, and there was a drop in Juvenile Court referrals.[14]

Melbourne High School in Florida, in an attempt to remove feelings of frustration by encouraging students to learn at their own rate, removed all grade barriers.[15] A new form of education as a result of "no grades" developed. Each student follows a curriculum linked to his personal achievement rather than his chronological age. The program replaces the stops and starts in education and provides continuous advancement and constant learning. The analysis of the effects of this approach will have to await further study.

With all the new approaches in schools, more pupil personnel services, work programs, more adequate family services, skilled teachers, imaginative curricula, nonsegregated schools — with all of these, the dropouts will be with us for a long time.

It will require a monumental change in society's attitudes to adequately equipped schools to remove poverty and remove unconscious rejection of minority groups and socially deviant. We need to see that the slums child, the "poverty" child, the retarded child has a rich potential for life even though he will not produce "work" in the current and acceptable meaning.

We need techniques to develop creative altruistic people who are young or old, quick or slow, dark or white.

Friedenberg feels that unless we can accept completely the lower class child and his circumstances[16] as a reality with a potential for growth, there isn't much chance for the dropout. He doesn't believe there will be much change for a long time.

On the contrary we would like to believe that our country for the first time can guarantee that each child and his family can live above the poverty line. As his material needs are met the child has a better chance of becoming more of a social human being. The socialized person learns not only "self help" but values his capacity to help others. It is only on that structure that we can envision with hope the onward course of the slow evolutionary process of developing the complete physical,

social, and spiritual man.

As we marshal more of our national resources and professional skills to serve youth, the dropouts should become fewer in number as well as less socially useless.

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The Old Wine

By LEE BRIAN

The old neighborhood was now a park — two blocks away the freeway cut through a tangle of old warehouses, shops, abandoned street car sheds — and on either side the grassy slopes contained flower-clustered squares which in April blossomed with jonquils, roses, myrtle, and filled the air with a variety of sweet scents, of which the most dominant clearly was honeysuckle. Not even the streets remained — Market, Harold, Liberty, Beacon — and their names existed only in past records of the city. When Joel came back in search of the two story house on the corner of Frankfurt and Dresden, where he was born, he found this garden spot. Nothing else.

There was no evidence that once a neighborhood had existed here with its congeries of shops and churches, where people exchanged greetings and were within reach of the grocer and baker, and where they felt safe against marauders.

Joel's grandfather had moved here before the turn of the century and had opened a shop a few blocks away; here was the beginning of a comfortable business. A few years later in Vilna, where he married a neighbor's daughter upon one of his periodical visits home, he was already hailed as another *landsman* who had gone to America and made good. In time his wife bore him two daughters and a son; each married so that in the course of the years there were nine grandchildren, of whom Joel was neither the youngest nor the eldest; and it was his luck or misfortune (depending on how one looked at the matter) that he was away at day camp that morning when a battle broke out between two rival underworld gangs of the city. One powerful overlord decided to give battle in his foe's own territory, but his intelligence staff was faulty in its reports. The site should have been one block over on Warsaw Avenue. Only after several houses had been thoroughly machine-gunned was the mistake discovered. There were eighteen dead on the block, and all of Joel's family — for the members had gathered for Shabbos dinner — perished.

The brutal killings made sensational newspaper headlines, and elaborate efforts were made to apprehend the killers. The process took years. Of the numerous criminals involved, some were caught, tried, sentenced; others were caught, tried and freed; still others were never caught.

JOEL WAS EIGHT when the massacre occurred and as the sole survivor he came into various legacies. A distant cousin raised him, and at eighteen when he was ready for college, he already knew in every particular the account of the killings. But these details were like the old legends that one hears first as a child and to which he returns again and again, always finding in them deeper and more meaningful facets about which to ponder. It was not only his personal legend; it had crept into popular histories of the period, and as is the case with many legends, the story contained contradictions and confusions within itself.

Joel was always struck by these contradictions — the number of people dead, their ages, their link with the gangsters (for some improbable corollary of the legend had it that the old man, Joel's grandfather, had once belonged to the gang and was bound to it by various financial transactions), their seeming inability to flee the doomed house once the machine-gunning started.

In other particulars too legend and folklore took the place of history and with time even became history. Joel, always trying to restore the scene as it must have been on the day of the murders, was drawn to the parkway by the sense of unreality that he felt whenever he remembered who he was.

The parkway was lovely. Trees — oaks, maples, elm — had been planted along the walk, and some designer had placed clusters of violets and marigolds in diamond-shaped blocks at various intervals. It was April now, but flowers blossomed in all seasons, even winter. And there was a bronze fountain, Pan, from whose mouth

water cascaded in delicate sprays.

Joel could not tell exactly where the house stood, for the place was criss-crossed by paths and one-way streets and approaches to the freeway.

Early morning rain had washed the dust out of the air, and from every direction came a smell of seeds and buds. Joel closed his eyes and tried to visualize the life of his people. The house he had pictured so often in his mind was filled again with the comings and goings of his kin. There were preparations for the Shabbos, the smell of food, all the joyous hurly-burly of noisy and close family life.

HE SAT DOWN on a stone bench and as he did so he idly noticed an old man with a long white beard that curled at the corners. The old man wore a black coat that hung loosely about him and a wide-brim hat; he was now peering at Joel with that half-anticipatory look that strangers bear when they are on the verge of approaching someone in public. Joel waited a minute, then when the old man did not venture any closer to the bench, he turned his attention to the oaks; but each time his gaze came back and he felt the old man's scrutiny. Finally he got up from the bench, as if to remove himself from some fantasy of the moment, and walked along the gravel path to the top of the terrace. Below the traffic sped by, and now the wind blew up swirls of tiny sand grains that hit his forehead.

He leaned over, half-mesmerized by the speeding cars, and his gaze was caught. Then in the next moment he felt a slight touch on his shoulder. He turned not without a flash of intuition that there was something impending. The old man was directly at his side.

"No! No!" The old man held the raised palms of his hands to Joel in a gesture of horror. His accent was thick, clearly East European. "There is danger," he cried.

Startled by his approach, Joel looked at him, and yet in the moment he could not help marvelling how the old man had seen with a special insight into his mind.

The old man, for his part, now that Joel had come away from the railing, seemed calmer. "It is one thing," he said, "to speculate on death, that is to say, upon bodily dissolution, but one should not deliberately expose himself to the danger of death."

Joel looked around. Somewhere in his line of vision was a large mass of color: rose bushes, covered with grape-like buds, moved in the breeze.

He was less than a few yards from the incline. He caught himself. Had he been so close? He was terrified at the direction of his subconscious will. Without replying to the old man, he stepped back, but not without the thought crossing his mind: Who was there to mourn him? It would be as simple as returning to nature. And why not on this April morning? Would there be a more suitable time?

The old man now seemed lost in some private contemplation. "The sun," he said, "is back again. And for now I have finished with concerning myself with certain problems of the Law."

"The Law?"

"Law," said the old man, as if he had answered Joel's question. And then when he spoke again he lapsed into the Talmudic singsong that, though Joel had never heard, he immediately recognized as if it were a melody that he had learned in his infancy and then forgotten, but never really.

"Rabbi Jacob Mollin has said that there are occasions when a man may pronounce *Kiddush* over a cup of old wine rather than a new one. But others — one must especially mention Rabbi Isaac B. Sherpeb — say that one may press out a cluster of grapes and pronounce *Kiddush* over the juice, since the juice of grapes is considered wine in certain circumstances." He waved his hand, like an old seraph himself with the bees booming about his head, Joel thought, remembering some lines of suitable verse that he had read.

"Look," said the old man. He waved his hands. "Who can dispute it? The birds tell us that spring has come." He sniffed delicately, as his fingers curled the fringes of his beard. His nostrils picked out the fragrance. "On such a day if an old man leaves his place of study, how can the young neglect to heed its call?"

And then as if to fortify his words, the wind blew the mingled scents of honeysuckle, newly-cut grass, and freshly moistened earth into the air. Joel saw the old man's lips move. Was it a prayer? He listened and heard the words of a blessing.

"What is your prayer?" he asked.

"Shall I not offer a prayer that you are restored to me?"

NOW THE WIND CARRIED PERFUMED SEEDS. The smoke of a thousand car-exhaust pipes faded into the air and Joel caught a glimpse of the blue sky.

"At first," said the old man, "I could not understand. . .how you spoke such perfect English."

"You do not know me," said Joel. "We have never seen each other before."

"Aha." The old man's eyes above the beard were brimming now in their old man's juices. "You were an infant. You can remember nothing — how I carried you in my arms. . .after my daughter was buried in the rubble."

"The rubble?"

"Lodz. The doomed city. One should thank the Blessed One on high that you have no memory of man's cruelty to his fellow-man. Yes, an infant in arms. And when the guard called halt, I ran faster and faster. Then he shot. The killer. I tried with my body to protect you from the bullet."

The everyday noises came and went around Joel's ears. Poor half-demented old man, he thought. Aloud he said: "You take me for someone else."

"It was God's will," said the old man. "I thought the shot had entered your little heart. And in my grief I cried out to God." And now, remembering, he moved his head sadly. "Thank God I have found you."

Joel looked at the old man's beard that glimmered pure white in the spring sun. "But the child was dead, surely," he said.

"So they tried to persuade me later in the village. But who can probe the designs of the Almighty! The boy I carried from the doomed city into the New World was not dead. You stand before me — alive, by your presence sanctifying the Living God."

For a second Joel thought he could see his grandfather standing before him. But the image went out of his mind soon enough. "Why did God let them die? Tell me," he cried, and there was more passion in his voice than he had thought himself capable of bringing out. "Tell me and I'll feel whole again."

The old man peered at him with his watery, half-shut eyes. "God had nothing to do with death. It was man — man alone is responsible." He gathered his sleeves. "Why should we linger? Let us bless the fruits of the spring." He spoke a clear prayer.

"I can hear the shots ringing out."

"You have an imperfect ear," said the old man. "That is water gushing from the fountain." And he pointed to the impish Pan, from whose mouth now came colored sprays of water. "It is winter snow, purified. Let us drink, like others, and sanctify God's name."

People were holding out paper cups to catch the water or else cupping their hands and shrieking with pleasure at the chill of the water.

A thought crossed Joel's mind. He knows, of course, he knows that I am not his kin; and he contemplated his own course of action. He could simply walk away, leaving the old man forever. They need not meet again. But did Joel think he could stay away from the park? Let him go to the far stretches of the world he must come back to the spot where death had destroyed his family and had brought him to this semi-mad old man, who shouted blessings at life.

Still the problem remained: What should he do with the old man?

For his own part, the old man had taken Joel's hand into his own, as if to guide him through the open paths between the trees to the fountain.

It is two-thirds of the way through a lecture that the sog period comes and contact may go. The great thing here is for the lecturer to try to make himself believe that he is revealing something tremendously important at that moment: and if what he is saying is, in fact, padding and dished-up old facts from a text-book, he must speak it as if practically every word is as positive as it is profound. If it is some dead phrase like "basic difference," they say the word "basic" with a slight pause before it as if it had never been used before.

—Stephen Potter, *Potter in America* (Random House, 1957), pp. 161-162

On Second Thought

By ROBERT J. HOYER

The word "witness" comes up too often in our church talk, without definition. We are told to witness to our faith. We say that we want our children to be effective witnesses. But we speak as though there were only one meaning to the word, as though everyone knows the meaning.

The most accepted meaning is verbal. We witness when we say that Jesus died for our sins and rose again for our hope. By extension our witness includes all the words of the Christian faith, from the creation to the parousia. To witness means to say the teachings of the church.

There is also an action content in the word. That ordinarily means living such a good life that men will be impressed and listen to our words. To witness means to gain a hearing for the teachings of the church.

We are not witnesses to the fact that Jesus died and rose again. We accept the witness of His apostles for that. It happened long before any of us came on the scene. When we witness our faith, we bear witness to what is, as we see it. We witness to the reality of today, as indicated by the fact that Jesus died and rose again. All men live under the identical judgment of God, and mercy is the only way out. That's the way things are, whatever the burden we place on the words "God. . . judgment. . .mercy." There is no difference, for all have sinned. . .being justified freely by His grace.

If we say the words of the past, and act contrary to the reality of the present, we have said nothing. If we say Jesus died for our sins and act as though our neighbor's faults still stand against him, we have given no Christian witness. On the other hand, if we act in the light of undifferentiated judgment and unconditioned mercy, we have borne witness to Jesus Christ even though we never mention His name. Not everyone that saith the name Jesus Christ beareth Christian witness. He is the truth of judgment and grace, we live in Him by living in that truth.

There may be valid witness in our pious words about Jesus. But most of our witness is in our words about other men and in the way we talk about ourselves.

Written on the Margin of Time

By WALTER SORELL

When reading this column you will have made your first steps into the new year — and so will have the theater. May it be for all of us a step in the right direction.

The theater certainly needs our good wishes. With the season half over, one cannot refrain from sighing over its dullness. But could it be that our senses have become dulled? The other day a Columbia University study disclosed that Shakespeare has fallen out of favor among freshmen. Walter Kerr of *The Times*, now the most powerful critic and dictator (against his will), welcomed the two British comedians, Michael Flanders and Donald Swann, back to New York, thanking them for their refreshing humor, "At the Drop of Another Hat," and for brightening the Broadway scene. They certainly are enchanting, but how poor must everything else be if two such clowns in dinner jackets — their light and lightning wit is based on intellectual integrity — can do so much for us.

With the merger of three newspapers the already previously precarious balance of giving the public a fair account of what is going on in the theater has become far more seriously endangered. Arthur Miller, President of the PEN Club, declared that it no longer made any sense to have one man's taste decide the fate of a play. *The New York Times* promised to have a second reviewer write a Sunday piece about each play. But if the damage is done on a Wednesday — knowing by now the public's conditioned reaction to what *The Times* critic has to say (the afternoon papers trail far behind in shaping opinions) — even a very good Sunday review by another writer may only cast doubt on the judgment of both reviewers and *The Times*; and a merely so-so review will not help save the play. The only way out is to lower the price for tickets, to lure the youth into the theater, to create an atmosphere of excitement (as the off-Broadway show "America Hurrah!" generated), and to re-educate the public. Because a public which relies on the critic for guidance in its judgment is eavesdropping on another person's heartbeat to gauge its own pulse.

Those with a great interest in the arts have recognized the low standard of criticism and have recently arranged for several panel discussions on criticism with the purpose of finding out what is wrong with it and what can be done to improve it. Having participated in one of them, I can assure you that a great deal is wrong with it and that there is little that any discussion on the highest or most practical level can cure.

I visualize that first came the artist's creation in all its explosive abundance, its burst of beauty and waste of wisdom. Then, and much later, the critic came down from Mount Olympus with his commandments, codes and credos. Only in a moment of creative despair, of doubt in himself as an artist, could the artist in man have provoked the appearance of that policeman, prosecutor, and judge in one person who called himself critic. He cleverly chose this epithet from the Greek *kritikos* whose meaning is "able to discuss."

In the beginning he must have been a teacher who had the ability to discern and verbalize his impressions and thoughts. In our age, however, in which art has lost its hallowed purpose of being an act of gratitude toward God for our heightened awareness of being and has become a commercial transaction between a producing craftsman and a consuming humanity, the critic turned into a middleman who lives on supply and demand, which he helps stimulate. He may put on the hood of the historian to explore the present through the eyes of the past; he may rush from a performance to his newspaper to get his copy ready by midnight; or he may talk shop in a trade paper. Essentially, he is a one-way interpreter who tries to explain the language of the artist to the understanding of the reader.

I expect him to enter the theater with a feeling of awe and the awareness that something of God lives in every creative attempt. There should be a sense of humility in him that something emerges into existence from non-existence. He must realize that the purpose of art is to be, its only function to give itself to whoever can see in it whatever this particular work of art means to him. The critic must try to feel his way into each work, to sense the artist's intention, and with every curtain going up he will have to adjust himself to the work he criticizes.

Ideally, the critic should have left the imprint of the day with his coat in the cloakroom — more so than any other spectator. He should not sit there with his arms and mind crossed, but with eyes and ears open, with the attentive curiosity of a child and with the wisdom of the aged and experienced amateur (i.e., lover) of the arts. He should want to embrace his object with absolute freedom and be completely free from any absolutes. He is out to explore what feeling qualities are embodied in form and content, what the work means to him and what it may mean to the man next to him. In trying to find this out, he should be guided by principles but not by theories.

In England and on the continent it has become an accepted custom for the critic to be able to read the play before he sees it. One of our producers wanted to introduce this idea for the opening of Pinter's most fulfilled play, "The Homecoming," whereupon a storm broke out in the theatrical teapot. Should not the critic face the play with the same surprise of newness as the audience? Will reading the play not prejudice him and cause him to make comparisons between how he imagined the script to be realized on stage and how the director visualized it? Such arguments are feeble. If he has integrity, his judgment will function on several levels. The better his information, the better his judgment. T. S. Eliot pointed out that the most important qualification of any critic is a "very highly developed sense of fact" and his task is to put "the reader in possession of facts which he would otherwise have missed." Eliot spoke of a literary critic, but the same — and in a far more drastic manner — holds good for any critic of the theater.

The aristocratic outlook, which need have nothing to do with blue blood or solid bank balances, seems somehow linked with the eccentric outlook, at least sufficiently often to be noticeable. Years ago in my college days I had a friend who came from a distinguished Peruvian-French family. His father, a small, dapper gentleman of remote demeanor and exquisite manners, I knew very slightly. But I feel nonetheless that I knew him very well, and only from one anecdote. My friend and his father lived in a modest hotel suite. Day after day small objects, cufflinks and the like, kept disappearing from the old gentleman's chest of drawers. The sneak thief could not be traced. Finally the aristocrat from the Andes dealt with the matter once and for all. He left a note in the top drawer reading *Petty thief, I despise you!* There you have eccentricity at its most winning. It seems to involve the whole man. It stops just short of the unbalanced. Its noble quixotism has its own offbeat sanity.

—Clifton Fadiman, *Any Number Can Play* (World, 1957), p. 123

Thoughts About Peter

By ANNE SPRINGSTEEN
Associate University Editor
Valparaiso University

I've been thinking a lot about Peter —
Simon Peter — the Rock —
You know the one —
The apostle who puts us at our ease
Bumbling and fumbling all over Galilee.
He's a real kind of person —
Makes me look pretty good.
Not that I pretend to be better, of course,
But at least, I'm no worse.

You remember what happened that night...

> So the other disciple, the High Priest's acquaintance, went out again and spoke to the woman at the door and brought Peter in. The maid on duty at the door said to Peter, "Are you another of this man's disciples?" "I am not," he said.

And what happened then?...

> The servants and the police had made a charcoal fire, because it was cold, and were standing round it warming themselves. And Peter too was standing with them, sharing the warmth...The others asked, "Are you another of his disciples?" But he denied it: "I am not," he said.

And if that wasn't enough...

> Shortly afterwards, the bystanders came up and said to Peter, "Surely you are another of them. Your accent gives you away!" At this he broke into curses, and declared with an oath, "I do not know the man."

Doesn't that make you wonder about Peter?
How could he?

He was there
At the picnic
For the five thousand;
He saw it happen.

He heard the words:
Our Father...
Give us this day our daily bread...
Forgive us...as we forgive those...
He learned the prayer
First hand.

He walked on water
For a step or two.

He was there at the final meal.
He ate the bread.
He drank from the cup
And stood up shouting his great declaration:
"I don't care what the rest of them do,
I'll never run away!"

> And then came the cock that crowed
> And the Man who looked
> And the tears...the bitter tears...

Suddenly
I don't want to think about Peter anymore.
He has become
A very uncomfortable friend.

Like a mirror
He stretches across the front page
Of every newspaper I read.

Two thirds of the world
Exist on one third of the world's goods.
Figure that out — it's simple arithmetic!
It's obvious where I fit in the picture,
And yet I haven't the faintest notion
Of how to plan a picnic
For a crowd like that.
It is an impossible situation.

> I am in the courtyard
> When in the courtyard
> Do as the people in the courtyard do.
>
> "Are you another of this man's disciples?"
> "I am not."

One half the children in the Middle East
Will die before their sixth birthday.
From all sorts of things — but mostly hunger —
Hunger...starvation...nothing to eat...
This is no mid-morning slump
When I can hardly wait till lunch.

> I warm myself by the fire;
> I am afraid to move away
> From its comfort.

"Are you another of his disciples?"
"I am not."

A baby died last week in Chicago
From pneumonia and malnutrition.
And the rats came and chewed at the baby.

The rats!
In my own neighborhood
The rats are eating the people
And the people are dying for food!

In the courtyard
Around the fire
Everyone is looking at me.

"Surely you are another of them.
You talk with his words."
"I do not know the man."

Dear Jesus,
How could I?

I who stand with arms full of gifts —
Life in my body —
Your life —
You gave your life to me.
Your broken body
Is my daily bread.
I eat your bread.
I drink from your cup.

And I promised,
Lord, I promised
That I would never run away...

And now the cock crows at me;
The Man looks at me;
And I must cry...bitterly...
Or die...

But Peter...where did he go after the tears?

Fear nothing,
You are looking for Jesus of Nazareth
who was crucified.
He is risen; He is not here.
Go and give this message to his disciples
and Peter...

Morning came and there stood Jesus on the beach... Then the disciple whom Jesus loved said to Peter, "It is the Lord!" When Simon Peter heard that, he wrapped his coat about him and plunged into the sea...When they came ashore, they saw a charcoal fire there, with fish laid on it, and some bread...

Jesus said,
"Come and have breakfast."

After breakfast Jesus said to Simon Peter,
"Simon, son of John,
Do you love me more than all else?"
"Yes Lord."
"Then feed my lambs."

A second time he asked,
"Simon, son of John, do you love me?"
"Yes Lord."
"Then tend my sheep."

A third time he said,
"Simon, son of John, do you love me?"
"Lord, you know everything.
You know I love you."
Jesus said, "Feed my sheep."

Then he added, "Follow me."

Peter followed.

And now the dusty sandals
Make a footprint in my house.

Must I follow too,
With my pitifully few loaves and fish?
Will that really help,
In India, in China,
Or even Chicago?

There are hard questions to be asked
And terrible lessons to be learned.
And always the risk
The frightening risk of losing
The loaves...
The fish...
And myself...

Lord, you know everything.
You know I love you.

Keep me awake to hear the crowing cock.
Keep me close that I may see you look at me.
Keep me alive with your daily bread.

Call to me every morning,
"Come and have breakfast."
Call to me every morning,
"Follow me."

Yankee Musician

By WILLIAM F. EIFRIG, JR.

The search for a national music in the United States has been abandoned. Musicians express themselves as citizens of the world, not as native sons. A composer's style is either his own or of a school that is international. It was not so in the first decades of this century. Composers in our adolescent country were anxious then to establish themselves as Americans in the councils of musicians. Horatio Parker and Edward MacDowell sought by the quality of works written in a standard Germanic idiom to earn the esteem of Leipzig and Berlin. Others attempted to graft native folk material onto the stock of French or Russian impressionism. Arthur Farwell's *Navajo War Dance* and Henry Gilbert's *Negro Rhapsody*, however, are remembered only by the historian. Jazz was a unique American product. But when it had been exported to Europe and assimilated into avant-garde experimentalism, America found it had given up its genuine colloquial speech for a homogeneous, though international, language.

One is tempted to speculate on the course of events if musical America had been less concerned with European approval and more interested in the work of Charles Ives. The current favor which meets his music is more than musical antique-collecting; it is touched with regret for an American music that might have been.

Charles Edward Ives was born in Danbury, Connecticut, on October 20, 1874. He died on May 19, 1954. Ives was seventy-one when he first heard a work of his played by a full orchestra. The neglect his music endured was due as much to its radical nature as to the composer's chosen isolation from the musical activities of his day. Ives's father, a Danbury bandmaster, taught him to be acoustically adventurous and his first compositions displayed a characteristic Yankee ingenuity. A fugue in four keys baffled Horatio Parker at Yale in 1894. For Ives, though, no other course was possible. "I found I could not go on using the familiar chords only," he said, "I heard something else." Not mere novelties, though. Ives concerned himself with the feelings produced by the sounds. There is in most of his pieces an evocation of the spirit found in the writings of the New England transcendentalists and in the scenes and places of his boyhood. But the popular or even vulgar elements in his music and the daring experiments with polytonality and polyrhythms were too much for the American musical tastes of the day.

Upon his graduation from Yale, Ives resolved to become creatively independent by making himself financially independent. His success as a partner in the insurance firm of Ives and Myrick allowed him to devote evenings, weekends, and holidays to composing without threat to livelihood. He not only felt no regret for his business career but even viewed it as a positive value. "My work in music helped my business and work in business helped my music."

But it is not this romance of an eccentric New Englander that holds our attention. If its merits were merely biographical, Ives's music would have lost its attraction for our ears by now. It is rather his passionate devotion to the creation of a substantial art that sets Ives apart from most of his fellows. An art which has its roots in the living of people and in their doing has a substance, Ives would say, that differs from that kind of artistic entertainment which is manneristic. This musical Yankee once conceived of a compositon contest in which the prize, rather than $1000, would be a field of potatoes, where the composer could dig and come to understand what substance in art is!

Ives insisted that a substantial art cannot be exclusive and his music provides adequate demonstration of what he means. In his symphonies, sonatas, songs, and orchestral pieces one meets almost the whole body of American folk and popular music: psalms of New England congregations, revival songs of camp meetings, barn dances, Stephen Foster tunes, and patriotic songs. "Just as I am" appears as a main theme in the *Third Symphony*. "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean" is heard in the *Second*. The Scottish songs and Beethoven's *Fifth* as played on the Alcotts' parlor piano are the substance of a movement in the *Concord Sonata* "No element of music, no matter how unpopular, is left uninvited — all possible elements are included, and not only included but made warmly welcome in the musical fabric. It is music not of exclusion but of inclusion" (Henry Cowell in Ives's biography).

In making America's folk and popular music the substance of his music, Charles Ives did not imitate but assimilated the whole of a musical heritage that belonged to him by birthright. His care for substance in musical art and his eagerness to include all elements from the music of a democratic society are the hallmarks of Ives's music, and these he has given to those who would be American composers.

Abstract Expressionism: Gestural Painting

By RICHARD H. BRAUER

"...At a certain moment the canvas began to appear to one American painter after another as an arena in which to act — rather than as a space in which to reproduce, re-design, analyze or 'express' an object, actual or imagined. What was to go on the canvas was not a picture but an event." Harold Rosenberg, 1952

A painting "must be a feast for the eyes." Eugene Delacroix

Many of us today feel a deep need to increase within ourselves the sense of our own individuality and identity. For we live in a world where grades in school soon show most of us that we belong, in one way or another, to that great grey group called "average". The worlds of government, work, and even at times that of the church then standardize us to fit into their set patterns. Furthermore, in our leisure time, and almost without our realizing it, Madison Avenue TV shapes what's left of our likes and dislikes, our ways of behaving with others. Changed so much into numbers and types, it seems our lives are lived without us.

One corrective to this quandry is the much maligned "my-five-year-old-brother-could-do-as-well" abstract expressionist painting. Perhaps no other painting has ever asserted so vehemently the validity of the individual creative act, or so heightened our consciousness of individuality in the creative process. The unpremeditated gesture, derived from the automatic drawing of such surrealists as Miro, can, like handwriting, unmistakably reveal the artist's individuality. His difficult-to-censor "touch" responds directly to the particularities of his muscle movements and his feelings of the moment. The strokes of gesture painting are as unique as one's signature.

The marks produced can also reveal the traces of action on a surface. Delicate dancing lines were made by delicate dancing movements; broad, slashing lines, of necessity, were made by broad, slashing actions. Such paintings and drawings stressing gesture invite the beholder not only to match marks on the picture surface with the movement required to put them there, but also to open himself up to the force of immediate sensations that the movement, the shapes, the mediums of themselves can arouse.

While variations of gestural painting rose about the same time throughout the western world, the most characteristic and influential developed in New York. It was there in the late thirties and early forties, that Jackson Pollock and a number of other American artists became convinced that the types of art then in vogue in America — the various forms of American Scene realism (such as the paintings of Thomas Hart Benton), and the hard edge cubist abstractionism (such as the paintings of Stuart Davis) — would not serve to express their own feelings, or achieve their own ambitions for a painting style that would challenge the whole tradition of modern painting in the western world. They were helped to this vangard position by the influential presence in New York of the many prominent European surrealist and cubist painters who had fled warring Europe in the late thirties and early forties.

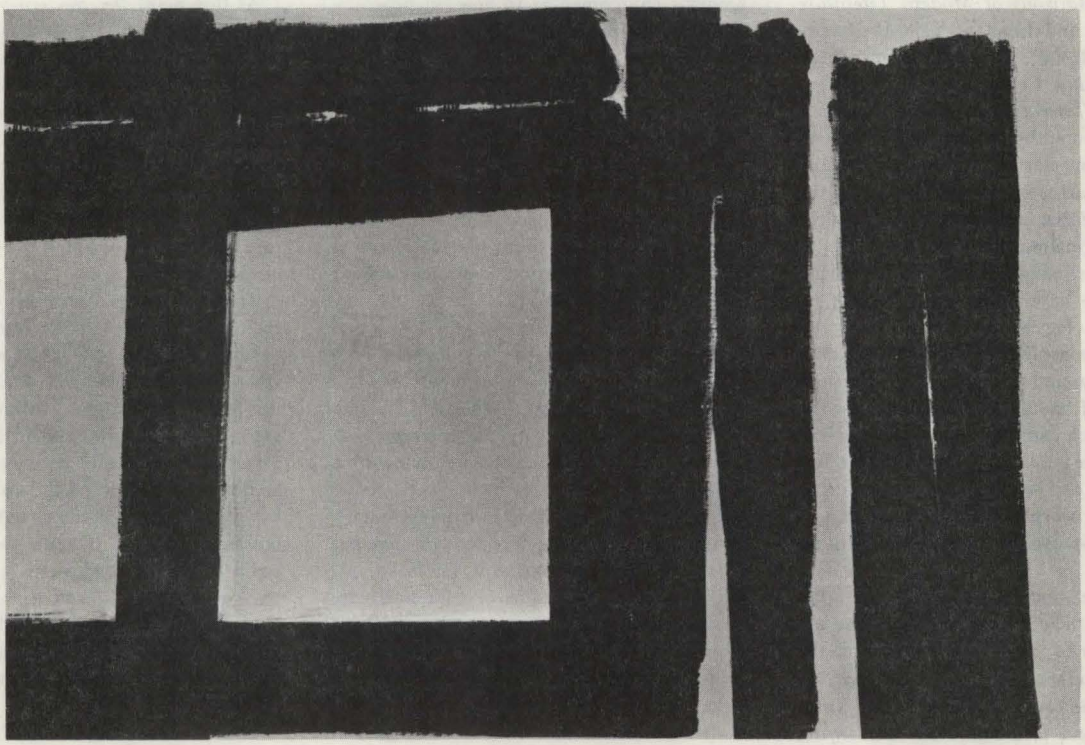
Of the three artists represented here, Jackson Pollock (1912-1956) is by far the best known as the chief innovator of abstract expressionism. His innovation grew out of many influences. After a somewhat rootless and rebellious childhood and youth in the West, he came to New York in 1929 and studied painting from Thomas Hart Benton, a painter of violently stylized American scenes. By the early 40's Pollock had also absorbed and adapted the theory of surrealist automatic drawing to create frenzied, fragmented, and heavily pigmented images of mythical and archetypal creatures of love and death. By 1947 he had evolved his mature style of dripping, flinging, and spattering paint, and the need for huge canvases to make the most of this technique came about. All subject matter seemed to him inhibiting; he dared to go ahead without it.

For these paintings Pollock unreeled sometimes fifteen to twenty foot long canvases on the floor, took cans of house paint, sticks, thick brushes and in very rhythmic movements dropped and spattered line after line after line of whipped, delicately but very energetically formed webs and interlacings achieving an active all-over effect.

In the classic abstract expressionist manner Pollock found himself in working with vigor and vitality back and forth in and out, his whole body in a living situation of immediate action and reaction. It is a kind of crisis of decision, choices, improvisatory dealings with the unexpected and accidental, with essentially all moves remaining for all to see. The artist takes full responsibility for his decision and choices because every move is with reference to himself and how — precisely — it matches his feeling and his whole being that he brings to the moment. He is not helped by subject matter, tradition, or systems. In fact, his own habit and dullness of response tends to be his biggest enemy.

A painting like *#Two* engulfs the viewer. He is brought close to the painting to follow the details of lines and spatters and, when that close, even peripheral vision looses the edges of the canvas. There is no sense of ground or sky. The lines whip and slash, over and under, sideways and around until surprisingly all the violent irregularity and splatters and traceries merge into one overall pulsating textural field, which many find

NUMBER TWO, Jackson Pollock, 1949. Oil on unsized canvas, 35 1/8" by 15'. Munson-Williams-Proctor Institute, Utica, New York.



PAINTING # 7, 1952, Franz Kline, oil on canvas. 57 1/2" x 81 3/4". The Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum Collection.

suggestive of the galaxies or the microcosm.

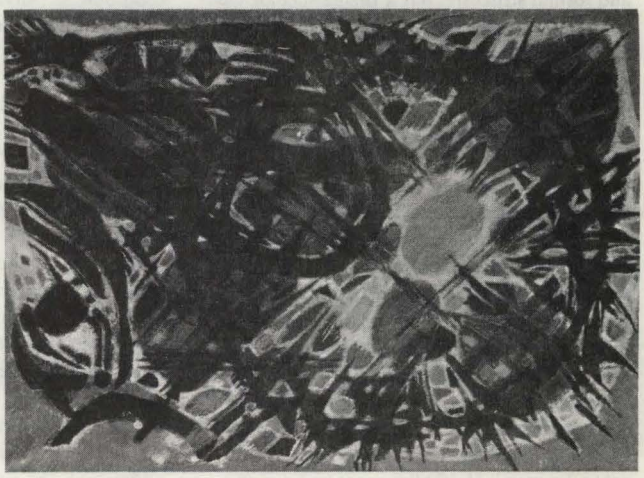
Of a different mood is Franz Kline's painting #7. Raw, bold, broad — an aggressive interplay of abrupt, disconnected strokes of black bars that seem to push to the bottom, top, and sideways, giving the resulting white shapes a resisting action, locking the whole industrial looking configuration in place. The coarse, unevenly matt and glossy housepaint appropriately remains aggressively what it is.

Alfred Manessier's painting also uses automatism, yet it is in active interaction with what the Americans would call subject matter. Manessier, a devout French Roman Catholic, paints in response to psychological impulses centered around the artist's meditation on a Biblical theme.

Such a non-objective use and impulsive application of lines, colors and textures brings a new intensity to the expression of the Christian experience.

The American gestural painting of mural proportions and raw non-traditional materials brought American painting into world leadership in the late '40's and '50's. Some unusually rewarding and enduring paintings resulted, but among other things it brought a fresh awareness of the validity of the individual creative act in our time.

CROWN OF THORNS, Alfred Manessier, oil on canvas. Collection of Museum of Art, Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh.



The Center Will Hold

Nathan A. Scott Jr., a prolific writer and professor of theology and literature at the Divinity School of the University of Chicago, has produced another substantial and intriguing book on the relationships of theology and literature, *The Broken Center: Studies in the Theological Horizons of Modern Literature* (New Haven and London: Yale University Press, 1966, $5.00). By Scott's own declaration, *The Broken Center* continues his work on *Modern Literature and the Religious Frontier,* authored by him in 1958, in which he managed successfully "to search out and explore those areas of interrelationship in the modern period that united the literary and the religious imagination."

In Scott's estimation many of our contemporary writers have unavoidably become involved in theological questions. How can they really run away from them? More than that, theology and contemporary literature are in need of one another and must for the survival of each carry on cross-fertilizing dialogues with one another. Surely both theology and literature can be helpmates in the task of analyzing the world's current circumstances and can be co-partners in the carpentry of reconstruction.

At any rate, both theology and literature are strong in their contentions "that the anchoring center of life is broken and that the world is therefore abandoned and adrift." Continuing the cry of William Butler Yeats in "The Second Coming," both are saying that the center is not holding, things are really falling apart, and "Mere anarchy is loosed upon the world."

With Conrad Aiken (*Time in the Rock*) theologian Nathan Scott admits to looking for a theme in the theology and literature of our day that is more than the analysis of words and formal structure, but a theme theological in character and purpose. With this in mind, Scott virtually makes a statement from Aiken's *Time in the Rock* his text for two hundred and thirty one pages of solid analysis and delightful prose about what is happening in our world. His text: "We need a theme? then let that be our theme: that we, poor grovellers between faith and doubt, the sun and the north star lost, and compass out, the heart's weak engine all but stopped, the time timeless in this chaos of our wills — that we must ask a theme, something to think, something to say between dawn and dark, something to hold to, something to love."

It is above all fair to say that Scott's theme is Christian, that he really wants it to be Christian in an age that some have marked as post-Christian. He really wants to say something Christian, something Christian to hold and love. He says it well in the last paragraph of this book: "I suggest that we had better not be in too much of a hurry to agree with the new generation in American letters when it is inclined to assign itself to some not-so-brave world that is believed to be 'post-Christian.' Nothing, of course, could be more futile than the kind of debate that sometimes goes on amongst churchmen as to how, in programmatic terms, the literary imagination in our time may be 'rebaptized': for such a work is work for the Holy Spirit, and the Spirit bloweth where it listeth. But, strange and unmanageable as its workings may sometimes be, at least we can pray for rain."

What anyway is wrong with the world? What do our theologians and writers say, specifically? In what particular manner does Scott ring the changes on Yeats and Aiken? He does and quite well.

Scott's exegesis begins with the isolation of writers. In a statement paraphrasing Melville, Scott says: "Like the members of Captain Ahab's crew, we are. . . 'nearly all islanders,' none 'acknowledging the common continent of men, but each *Isolato* living in a separate continent of his own.' " Whatever keeps modern writers apart in style, technique, and points of view, they are brought together "in their common awareness of their isolation," cut off from the sustenance of "vital and helpful traditions." Contemporary writers find it hard to write, Scott insists, in the face of "yawning question marks," find it hard to write well and significantly while in the midst of debates over basic premises. In the past, it is asserted, organic unity, communion, and all the rituals that tie men together have given artists "coordinating analogies, key metaphors, myths, and symbols which, in flowing out of the funded memories and experiences of his people, could well serve [them] as instruments for the full evocation of the human condition." Modern artists come close to squandering their talents of "imaginative power" on quests for truths and beliefs, the construction of new values, and new ways of making sense of human experience and the human condition.

And there might be some argument from the members of that contingent who think that storm and stress produce the artist.

Regardless, the dilemma is: unable to rely on common traditions and orientations, the contemporary writer has been forced to rely on his own individual resources and thus "to draw from himself everything that forms and orders his art." This individuality, now cut to the extreme, has become eccentricity, idiosyncrasy, and sometimes makes modern writing hard to understand. The reader does not understand the writer and writers do not understand writers as they steer "their lonely, separate courses through the spiritual void of our time." Moreover, the "positivistically oriented secularism of modern culture" has neutralized significance so that one man's experience is as good as another man's. To understand another, it seems, one must have the same experiences and that is well-nigh impossible without a common tradition.

At this point the modern writer becomes an incurable Romantic in a self-reliant quest for first principles, carrying with him much baggage "from the great Romantics of the nineteenth century." Somewhere, and this is what it amounts to, man and men must find their souls in human opposition to "the dangerous implications of the scientific worldview," to "the metaphysical void of his culture," and to customs that dry up the sparkle of the dew drops.

The artist, thrown upon his own resources, soon knows himself "to be fated by the logic of [his] culture to bear, alone and unassisted, what Wordsworth called 'the weight of all this intelligible world.' " Man in quest does arrive at the unknown and at the inexplicable regressive. And half crazed perhaps because he does not understand the visions even if he has seen them. It is some comfort no doubt, but small comfort, to know that others "will begin at the horizons where [the Romantics] have succumbed" in their fateful tasks of "*improvising* perspectives and principles in terms of which a shape and significance may be given to the immense panorama of modern existence."

This Romantic side flows into Existentialism, whose representatives claim that modern man has been devitalized and dehumanized. Man has simply become a function in a world of machine-like systems and an abstraction of scientific, technocratic, and analytical minds. Where both God and man are dead, alienation and estrangement take place plus madness, hell, and "the Way of Rejection." To be in this kind of world, as Helmuth Kuhn put it in the title of a well-known book, is to have "an Encounter with Nothingness."

Nathan A. Scott Jr. adds all this up to a chapter titled "The Name and Nature of Our Period-Style."

The basic themes of Chapter One are not really disrupted in Chapter Two, "Mimesis and Time in Modern Literature," except as these dilemmas of the human condition are accentuated while Scott places us under the vocation and obligation of living under time's shadow, that is, the annulment of time and man's knowledge that ultimately "he shall die." Facing the inevitability of death, man in time becomes acutely aware that he is a creature, finite and contingent — and transient. Transient because he is living as "a being-toward-the-end, toward death, toward that point beyond which [he] shall be no more," but also toward a future with its promises of

realized intentions and expectations. But as a creature of time man is also what he has become. Behind him stretches all of past history so that all of time lives in the present. Man's life in time, and under the shadow of death, is "radically historical," historically imprisoned. As a creature of time, made by time and history, man still has the capacity to make time somewhat in his own image and to shape the forces of history. Here and now, with some strength though not ultimately prevailing, man as a strong historical person can grapple with his troubles, wrestle with his opportunities, and make his responses. And for all of that, it seems to me, that is not too bad.

However, in our day something has happened, something unfortunate to my way of thinking, to man's sense of time. And Scott dwells upon this in some magnificent interpretations, magnificent perhaps to me because I have not been thinking of these matters lately. Modern methods, as Scott's interpretation goes, have forced events upon us in a mass production manner, "an oppressive closeness and overwhelming shiftiness of events, an excess of details and complexities in every single event." In the whirl of events, in "the kaleidoscopic boundlessness" of these events, the mind of man cannot find its focus. The pilgrimage called life has really become Grand Central Station — and how can there be pilgrimage in that? Time "has lost all coherence and has become a swamp of insignificance and meaninglessness.

Consequently we live a life of double exposures so that everything seems the same and different, once and for all time, present and remote, that is, simultaneous.

So what now?

Contemporary artists are reaching for their kind of eternity, a disregard of time. They do not want to be worried about time. How do they go about disregarding time? Returning to an aging Yeats who felt that "exhaustion. . . had overtaken the whole of Western civilization," Scott suggests one reaction to the situation: "And, as [Yeats] contemplated the progress of his own decrepitude and the demise of traditions that had once held civilization together and given it unity, it was borne in upon him even more depressingly that in the realm of nature and history no achievement is ever decisive, that human life itself and all the moments of culture are subject to the iron laws of cyclical process that bring everything inevitably to dissolution and decay." And Altizer would understand, for where God is dead and the human spirit deflated in the cacophony of events life simply becomes discordant music that goes around and around and over and over again, and where it comes out nobody will really ever know. From era to era, from generation to generation, time becomes a kind of timeless sameness. This is Spengler's refrain: spring, summer, fall, winter — then the same thing all over again, in another civilization perhaps — spring, summer, fall, winter. And, insists Scott, as he plays on the theme of *The Myth of the Eternal Return* by Mircea Eliade, this "accomplishes the suspension, as it were, of time, and permits [man] therefore to refuse history and to rescue himself from the meaninglessness of profane time."

Even the novel that refuses "to accommodate itself to the sequences of empirical time" is really looking upon time as man's "misfortune," relentlessly beating out a rhythm of man's fear of time, a fear of life and death, a fear of time and eternity — just to live in the self-deception of the eternal present. People, you see, really want time to stand still, want life to go on forever. In literature, as Scott coins a phrase from Maritain, this represents a form of angelism, "the refusal of the creature to submit to or be ruled by the exigencies of the created natural order." In such moments, according to Scott, some people like Proust [*Remembrance of Things Past*] "believed it is possible to seize, isolate, immobilize for the duration of a lightning flash a fragment of 'pure time,' a time that is altogether outside the scope of the ordinary fractures and discontinuities of historical time."

In the third chapter, "The Bias of Comedy and the Escape into Faith," Scott remarks rightly with a quotation from Silone (*Bread and Wine*): "In the sacred history of man on earth, it is still, alas, Good Friday." This seems obvious from Chapters One and Two. It appears that men like to write and talk about events with an emphasis on tragedy. Scott, however, is willing "to explore the resources of another kind of radicalism altogether — namely, the radicalism of comedy."

Now this is a switch, but Scott makes sense, much sense, and explains it with definition. In tragedy man tries to obstruct and to resist "whatever it is that would destroy his dignity and bring to naught his highest purposes." The man of tragedy is a hero who sacrifices anything, even his life, "to reach his goal." Our hero keeps pushing himself to the exercise of the impossible — he wants to live "at the difficult and perilous limits of human capacity." The tragic man comes to naught: 1. he is not at home in heaven; 2. he apparently cannot understand this absurd world. He has an abiding city Nowhere.

The clown understands the problems of the tragic man, has a vein of tragedy himself in his life, but he sees some other possible interpretations of the matter of life and death. At first glance, at second glance, the clown looks to be not much more than a simple little man — irrelevant, unconcerned, less than ambitious, the tramp, the hobo, unpretentious, and insignificant. For most of us his name is Charlie Chaplin. The clown does not really want to be much. He is not pursuing status, affluence, and prestige. Why fight life with the pretensions of man? It is simply the function of the comic man "to be an example of the contingent, imperfect, earth-bound creatures that in truth we really are, and it is also his function to awaken in us a lively recognition of what in fact our status is." The comic does not wish to be more than a human. He has no wish to be pure will, pure intellect, a disembodied Platonic man, or even an angel. The clown is not unduly bothered "by the messiness of things, the bedragglement of the world." His motto is: why not eat before you grieve? The comic indulges in the knowledge that a kind of joy comes after the humiliation that comes in knowing that "the arrogant millionaire" does not have enough money to fight the law of gravitation for he too cannot avoid slipping on banana peelings.

So why not accept the world in human terms for, as Aristotle suggested in another connection, man is neither angel nor beast.

In his delightful section on "The Bias of Comedy" Scott almost makes one forget that there is nevertheless something to this business of tragedy. Actually, however, Scott cannot stay away from the theme of tragedy, is almost obsessed with it. In Chapter Four, "The Tragic Vision and the Christian Faith," Scott continues to demonstrate that man has become a question mark to himself, that he wants to pursue the question, and always discovers that his category of self-interpretation is that of tragedy. It is also the lot of many current artists, after tiring of linguistic and logical analysis and attention to prosaic form, "to be attentive to the inner and outer insecurities of man's lot and to the background of danger against which the human drama must be enacted." Some of our clergymen would do well to learn of these artists how to talk about man's sinful condition.

Tragedy is collapse, disintegration, futility, drift, and metaphysical rebellion. Wherever the tragic man goes he experiences "irreconcilable forces," "clashing antinomies," "tensions and antogonisms that are ontological as well as moral," the sundering of "the spheres of man's self-experience and of ultimate reality." Yet, man's greatest tragedy is that he is human. Some weaknesses of man can be alleviated or remedied, but man he is and man he remains. Man is a finite human being and finitude he cannot cure. This is the haunting melody of Scott's book: "The tragic story is then, a story of man besieged by hazard and diversity, and of man standing at last amidst shipwreck and defeat: on some forsaken heath or ash-heap the tragic man comes finally to see himself as outmatched and overborne by the terrible, voiceless Mystery of the world. And at this outer extremity of his existence, as he remembers the misery and ruin he has suffered and as he contemplates the irremediably tragic structure of reality, he cries out with Prometheus,'Behold me! I am wronged.'"

Nevertheless, Scott wants to hold and believe that "whatever threatens or imperils the human enterprise is believed ultimately to be set at naught by the sovereign purposes of God: no ache, no wound, no woe, can be beyond God's power to heal and save."

And thus the book goes on in Chapter Five, "The Crisis of Faith in the New Theology and the Promise of Grace in Poetic Art"; in Chapter Six, "Faith and Art in a World Awry"; and in Chapter Seven, "Society and the Self in Recent American Literature."

Yet in all these Good Friday circumstances, as ably depicted by Scott, despair, skepti-

cism, and despondency have not completely victimized modern man. Somewhere healing and reconciliation will be found.

For one thing, despair can become courage and an affirmation of humanity. To despair is to give awareness of being alive. The religious community, therefore, though having trouble with its faith and giving an attentive ear "to our poets and novelists and dramatists," may get some idea of "the reconstructive role that may yet be played by modern negation and denial," the courage to despair in Tillichian terms that is really an affirmation of humanity. Here Scott is true to his aim "to search and explore those areas of relationship in the modern period that unite the literary and the religious imagination, whether in a state of accord or of tension."

To those who would assassinate time and "the structures of concrete historical time" Scott raises the God of Barth who would not be Barth's God "if He were only eternal in Himself, if He had no time for me." By and through His Incarnation God makes us to find meaning in time and not in some "Platonic timelessness." Certainly the New Testament does not know "anything that genuinely approximates the Greek contrast between time and eternity." God meets us here and now, "*in* the world and *in* time."

If Christ is God Incarnate in the world, it does mean that "the human soul" is involved in the affairs of this world and he cannot assassinate time, he cannot rise above it. Unlike Plato we do not find it too bad that our spirit has been caught in this body. In his faith, then, the Christian is actually making according to his faith a set of "historical responses to God's self-manifestation in history."

Paradoxically enough, and Scott makes this point clearly, while modern artists are trying to escape time and to rise above it, the modern Christian is making a deep and unswerving commitment to the historical realities. In these aspects modern Christians have found affinity with some modern artists — O'Casey, Williams, Joyce, Cary, Hemingway, Camus, and Auden.

And even the clown is theological for he tells us "that we are finite and conditioned, and therefore subject to all sorts of absurdities, interruptions, inconveniences, embarrassments — and weaknesses." It is Christian when a clown's ire is aroused at a man's insistence "that he can simply fly away" from the things of this world. It is Christian too when the Christian, like a clown, joys in the things of this world and in "the irrevocable temporality of the human condition." And this is something that could be said only of a clown: "The mud in man, the lowermost point in the subway is nothing to be ashamed of. It can produce. . .the face of God. . .To recall this, to recall this incredible relation between mud and God, is, in its own distant, adumbrating way, the function of comedy."

Still and all, the Christian is more accustomed to the Cross. Like the artist he knows that a good part of life is to have life's body broken under the vicissitudes of this world. According to Bonhoeffer, and according to Scott, "Man is challenged to participate in the suffering of God at the hands of a godless world." Without question, you see, the tragic vision, part of the repertory of the literary artist, is also a fundamental part of the faith and life of a Christian. So being Christian is wrestling with this kind of a world, having your back broken by the world, seeing God in your neighbor, and doing right by one's fellowman — "this is all."

Penetrating into the world, the Christian becomes aware of the hiddenness of reality, is lured by and to the transcendence in the routines of life, and there becomes a kind of poet. In the so-called realities of the human universe we feel mystery, myths, and wonder about human relations and the human condition. So "on the threshhold of the *Mysterium Tremendum* the theologian and the poet begin talking to one another. Coming down from the transcendental and the metaphysical heavens, the theologian must learn some things about this world. He can learn, if he learns well, from the poets, the dramatists, and the novelists." And what is in the end availing, the Great Mystery, "is the fact that, in this rich and fecund Mystery, at every point we are met by [the risen] Christ whose grace is offered not as a means of escape from the world but as power to transform us and all [of] life." And Scott adds: "Thus, in the full spectrum of Christian experience, Silone's words, 'In the sacred history of man on earth, it is still, alas, Good Friday,' finally have to give way before the majestic message of Easter morning: 'If God be for us, who can be against us? He that spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all, how shall he not with him also freely give us all things?' "

All in all, Scott is arguing that the theological-literary dialogue will bear fruit in the sense that somehow the center will hold and we all will have something to say to one another, something to hold, something to love.

And perhaps just here is Love come down to earth: "And my wife and children do each day offer the environment in which all self-doubt is finally swallowed up in the mystery of companionship and love — and this is the best gift of all."

VICTOR F. HOFFMANN

Fathers of "Evangelical Catholicity"

"A Library of Protestant Thought," a collection of sources of Protestant theology published by Oxford University Press, aims to supply students of religious thought with representative writings which illuminate the history of Christian faith in its Protestant expression. The series is presently in its eighth volume. The critical reception of the previous volumes, excepting that on Melanchthon, has been good. Each volume centers about a theme or a personality, and the editor supplies introductions and notes for the writings he has selected. All documents are in English or English translation.

The eighth volume, *The Mercersburg Theology* (1966, $7.50), holds particular interest for us. It is edited by James Hastings Nichols, one of the finest American church historians. Through his work we may now study key writings of John Nevin and Philip Schaff, the two young theologians who taught at the tiny German Reformed Seminary at Mercersburg, Pennsylvania, and for a decade (middle forties to middle fifties of the last century) led a most creative and fascinating theological movement with a significance far exceeding its provincial setting. Together they explored and developed the notion of "evangelical catholicity," which has been revived in our time.

Philip Schaff is, of course, a well known figure, wholly apart from his Mercersburg decade. Only his contributions from that period are included in this volume, but these are obviously important in his own development. Above all it is John Nevin, unlike Schaff reared and trained in America, whose writing we may now study. The selections chosen by Nichols are carefully designed to lead us into one facet after another of this movement. Here is the fascination of these documents: every great issue on the frontiers of theology and churchmanship is dealt with, and these issues are much the same ones we face today. Their development was abruptly terminated by the Civil War in this country and similar events in Europe; the ecumenical movement has revived their discussion.

Although the Mercersburg theology was out of the mainstream of pre-Civil War American theology, it can first and best be understood as an American expression of a movement of European Christian thought of considerable significance. No one has adequately studied this movement as a whole. I refer to the remarkable flourishing of high church theology which can be found in every European country, associated with names such as Grundtvig, Loehe, Moehler, Khomiakov, to mention a few. From the Oxford Movement in England to the great Slavic thinkers who sought to renew the Slavic Church there is a resurgence of interest in the Church itself as an object of theological activity. Within every major Christian tradition in Europe this movement grew, having in common an interest in tradition, liturgy, ministry, and the general relationship of the church as a community with the culture in which it lives. There are notable variations in the combinations of interest, but the shared emphases are much more impressive than the variations.

The development is sustained by the new attempts to write history in such a way that full account is taken of continuities as well as discontinuities, an attempt which finds symbols and models taken from the world of biology or organic life as most relevant to an elucidation of the historical process. Thus there is a shared concentration by these theologians on the problem of doctrinal development, and development of piety, an interest which lays the groundwork for almost all significant contemporary ecumenical theology. We are, in fact, dealing with an important chapter in the history of the ecumenical movement, hitherto underestimated in histories of that movement. Modern Roman Catholic thought now consciously identifies itself with the work of Johann Adam Moehler, the great German Roman Catholic participant in the movement we are describing, although he was anathema to most of his contemporaries in the Church of Rome.

The ecumenical character of this theology, then, derives not only from a common interest in the nature of the church, and the new possibilities seen in the idea of development, but also in a common defense against the attacks which were mounting against the Church. These attacks ranged from the historical-critical onslaught on the Scriptures to the broader offensive of rationalism and its particular form of 19th-century anti-Theism. Finally, the modern liturgical movement must surely find its roots here. A great deal of work was done on the liturgy and on the theology of the liturgy, for not only is the liturgy one of the great instruments of continuity in the life of the church; it is one of the significant means by which the consciousness of the church as to its very nature and being is sustained. It follows from the liturgical emphasis that Eucharistic and Christological theology will move to the center of discussion, supported by patristic study.

Scholarship has not yet traced the extent to which these movements relate to each other across the national traditions or the degree to which the emphases arise at different places and times, more or less independently. Owen Chadwick's great study of Cardinal Newman's thought proves that he developed his notions independently of the simultaneous German development. So with the Mercersburg men. Schaff certainly learned his theology from the German universities, and especially from high church Lutheran theologians. When, at the age of 25, he arrived in the States to meet his young, new colleague John Nevin, they were mutually surprised to learn that each had been traveling different paths to a similar position. Nevin appears to have learned some of this from Coleridge, but more from the philosophical idealism he had been studying and especially from his own application of organicistic thought to such biblical ideas as the New Adam, the New Creation, the Body of Christ, etc.

This movement now took root on American soil, a fragile plant in the Pennsylvania mountains during the mid-forties of the last century. Here we encounter an instance of the great undeveloped wealth open to American church historians, the interaction between the theology brought by immigrants and the native churchmanship which swept down the mainstream of American life. A revealing, glaring light is suddenly thrown on American theology when Mercersburg thought is juxtaposed to the mainstream. American thought was sterile. Old textbooks handing down scholastic doctrines of a decadent sort, feeding by its own dessication the anti-intellectualism of revivalistic theology yearning for experience of new birth. Churchmanship was everywhere activistic, preoccupied with the practical tasks which consumed the church's energies. Mercersburg reveals how far from the catholic mainstream this "Puritanism," as it came to be disdainfully called, had veered. The Lutherans, too, were yielding their creeds and liturgies in the fervor of revivalism and in the face of practical demands. Indeed there was ecumenical activity among these "evangelical" groups, cooperation in certain practical tasks, but Mercersburg calls this into question by pointing to the degree of theological erosion thus entailed. Certainly the fantastic spawning of new sects and denominations, some of them purely in the interest, it would appear, of an ecumenical new beginning, seemed to confirm the Mercersburg judgment.

Some of Nevin's most penetrating writing deals with the fallacies of sectarianism. He excoriates the illusory character of "Bible alone" theology, the right of private judgment, and reveals in a most brilliant passage the way in which each sect absolutizes its own special experience into a new tradition and becomes subject to the manipulation of a few despotic church leaders, ending with the worst sort of popish tyranny (p. 103).

One of the fatal weaknesses of the High Church movement generally in the 19th century was the extent to which it was tied to conservative political thought in its general antagonism to radical, unhistorical thought and action. More than anything else this probably forced this theology to go underground until it would appear again in our day, linked indeed with a new social concern. The collection of Nevin's works in this volume does not enlighten us as to his social views. Perhaps he was too preoccupied with the internal affairs of the Church to deal with this. He does refer to "humanitarianism" as one of the arch-enemies (p. 193) of the times. The meaning of this reference is not clear. It must be said that general American Christianity was at this time much more vigorously involved in affairs pertaining to the public welfare.

People interested in the history of the liturgy will appreciate Nichols' inclusion of the attempt, guided by Schaff, to write a new American Reformed liturgy, using patristic and Reformation sources. It appears to have been the first such attempt in America to work this out with theological awareness.

We are, therefore, indebted to the editors of the series for producing this volume. Lutherans will find this book particularly important. Not far from Mercersburg in Pennsylvania was Mt. Airy, and some time after the movement gets underway, Charles Porterfield Krauth will be in the vanguard of those Lutherans seeking to "save" Lutheranism from "puritanism" and "Americanization." In his writings Krauth will say that no American theologian is superior to Nevins. Krauth, in turn, was found on all the bookshelves of older Missouri Synod pastors who were looking for guides in Englishing Lutheranism.

RICHARD BAEPLER

WORTH NOTING

The Classic Cartoons

Edited by William Cole and Mike Thaler (World, $8.95)

There was this chap who used to go about advising people that, if they had two coats, they should sell one and buy a book. I have long wondered what book it was he had in mind. I think it possible that he may have been thinking about something on the order of this thesaurus of the great American, British, and continental cartoons.

There are some three hundred cartoons in this collection, among them examples of some of the best work of such all-time greats as Charles Addams, Peter Arno, Jules Feiffer, Fougasse, Rube Goldberg, John Held, Jr., Osbert Lancaster, Virgil Partch, George Price, Gerald Scarfe, Ronald Searle, James Thurber, and H.T. Webster. The connoisseur will be happy to know that among the cartoons included are Addams' skier whose tracks widen but continue when they encounter a tree; Arno's man drowning in a shower stall; Robert Day's "For gosh sakes, here comes Mrs. Roosevelt!"; Carl Rose's "I say it's spinach, and I say the hell with it"; William Steig's "People are no damn good"; six of the inimitable Thurber's best; H.T. Webster's "The Timid Soul"; Bruce Bairnsfather's "If you knows of a better 'ole"; and a great many undescribable cartoons which first appeared in *Punch*.

These are times that try men's souls. One could do far worse in arming himself against the alarms of these parlous days than laying out the $8.95 that will make this collection all his.

JOHN STRIETELMEIER

Editor-At-Large

Henry F. Schricker

By VICTOR F. HOFFMANN

Henry F. Schricker is dead. He was buried on the last day of 1966 at the age of 83.

In a state where a horse-and-buggy constitution prevents a governor from succeeding himself in immediately successive terms, Henry Schricker was elected governor of Indiana twice, in 1940 and 1948. That has not happened very often in Indiana. In fact, Schricker was the first to pull this political hat trick in over one hundred years of Indiana politics.

Though slight in figure and small in stature, he had virtually become the Paul Bunyan of latter-day Indiana politics.

But not quite.

For some reason he could not win the big one, the race for United States Senator from Hoosier-land. Strange it was, for he conquered almost everything else in his life.

Born of poor parents on August 30, 1883, in North Judson, Indiana, barely a spot in the road, he scrambled between school and his father's store, working and learning — but learning mostly about Democratic politics from his German father. Talking incessantly on occasion like a busted German sausage, but quietly in a manner not at all like his German ancestry, he gave political speeches already in his teens and became deputy county clerk at 21.

I once introduced him to a political audience to fill in for a late George Mennen "Soapy" Williams and Schricker spoke for an hour without prior notice in clear and articulate fashion as if he had been preparing for two or three weeks.

His vocational life was made up primarily of a parade of small town jobs: manager of a bank in Hamlet, Indiana; newspaper editor and publisher at Knox, Indiana; and manager of a bank at Knox, Indiana. Though he later became affiliated with large town business enterprises, these detours never once took the small town out of Henry F. Schricker. To complete the small town circle, he married Maude Brown, the daughter of a doctor in Knox.

The Schrickers were really small town all the way: friendly, human, concerned, fearful of bigness, worried about "our youngsters," and so on. Just within the last year one of my student friends visited the Schrickers at their home in Knox, Indiana. In typical small town style, the Schrickers welcomed him, talked to him for several hours, and "Mother" Schricker increased his caloric intake with coffee, cake, and cookies. The student was made a Schricker fan for time and eternity.

Defeated twice for minor political offices, he made state senator in the 1932 landslide for Franklin Delano Roosevelt. He represented his small towns with unusual dedication. Small town he was, small town he stayed — and fortunately, for there is where he found his strength in an Indiana that has been somewhat reluctant to move to wider and contemporary horizons.

The first time I ever saw Henry F. Schricker face to face was shortly after he had made Charles Skillen, another small-towner and a boyhood friend, his state party chairman. In typical Hoosier small town style, Schricker and Skillen batted the conversational ball about a bit, talking about going barefoot and chasing girls and how Democrats were God's chosen people and all that. Skillen preceded Schricker in death and is the only man I know who had the gall to die while he was talking to his doctor.

The *Vidette-Messenger* (Valparaiso, Indiana), a small town newspaper, spoke well of Schricker and as lovingly as a Republican paper ever can: "A friendly little man who always wore a white hat, Schricker had kept in touch with the rank and file of Hoosier voters through his eight years in the Statehouse. By visiting farm picnics and small town church meetings, Schricker became well known and well liked over the state." With a chaw of tobacco in his mouth, with a tip of his white hat, he could at any time have sold hat pins to bald-headed babies. He was a charmer and sincerity bubbled out all over him, mainly because he was truly a sincere man.

With this charm and political "savvy," and though spending very little money, he defeated a wealthy Republican for governor in 1940 in a Republican year and came back in 1948 when Truman had a tough time to win by a wide margin of at least 140,000 votes. Backstopped by his experience as lieutenant-governor from 1936 to 1940, he became an admirable though conservative governor. In Indiana a politician can hardly be anything else, preferably conservative if a choice has to be made.

To his everlasting credit, Henry F. Schricker was both. At any rate, he was liberal enough to nominate Adlai Stevenson.

We will hold both of them in our memories.

Black Pajamas in the Parlor

By DON A. AFFELDT

Last night the Marines surprised and captured eight Viet Cong in my living room. Our boys smoked them out of a tunnel and held them there at rifle-point before my eyes. My wife, brave soul that she is, didn't miss a stitch in the sock she was darning throughout the skirmish.

Television coverage of the current war affords a new dimension to the human experience, and a dimension that promises to be vastly significant. Unlike other television programming novelties, war coverage promises to cut through the shields of sensitivity so crucial to our psychic well-being. I can watch *Combat* or see *Is Paris Burning?* without becoming utterly unraveled just because I know that what I see is fiction, even though it might claim to depict fact. But when fact itself is reported with the intensity of fiction, and when I am obliged to face the facts daily, weekly, monthly, yearly — then I can't comfort myself with my usual pacifiers. I have got to come to terms with the thing itself, with the war. And there seem to be three paradigm ways to do this.

I can commit myself to support of the war effort. This reaction is both natural and common. When one daily sees our boys fighting, being wounded and killed, and slogging it out in the ghastly terrain of Southeast Asia, one must be callous indeed not to feel sympathy for our soldiers. Right or wrong, whether they should be there in the first place or not, they're there, and they're dying — and that's just a fact that has to be reckoned with. So the tribe pulls together in support of some of its members. That our chief means of keeping in touch with our soldiers is watching their exploits on TV is doubly significant if we lend credence to the observations of Marshall McLuhan. This current comet on the intellectual horizon (concerning whom I will have more to say in future columns) points us to the fact that television is a cool medium, having low definition, which invites a high degree of participation on the part of the viewer. In the context of watching a war on television, an implication of this view of the medium would be that one is encouraged by the medium itself to identify with the warriors shown. Natural tendencies to support one's country's armed involvements are thus reinforced by the very means of presenting these involvements.

A second reaction to television coverage of the war is opposition to this country's war effort. Though we may feel urgings to cheer on the soldiers who wear our colors, we are simultaneously confronted with the acts themselves which our boys are called on to perform. One cannot tenably hope for maximal effectiveness in a bombing raid over North Vietnam and at the same time hope that nobody or nothing is hurt by that raid. The point of war is to kill and destroy; a "humane war" is not a war in which no one is killed and nothing destroyed, but rather a war in which ends are rationally chosen and means are carefully calculated to serve those, and only those, ends. But because war by nature involves *some* ends of killing and destroying, that in us which hates destruction and slaughter is given play. To the extent, then, that one fixes his attention on what is being done, rather than who is doing it, he feels horror; and since good coverage of the persons who are fighting involves some mention of what they are doing, television confronts us with war itself, as well as *this* war. To be sure, the networks try to be tasteful in the presentation of the war; that is, they try to spare us the pain of having to look too directly at what vengeance this war is wreaking on the countryside and the populace — but now and again we catch a glimpse of the unspeakable ugliness of it all. And just that glimpse, furnished by the media, is enough to trigger the moral outrage of some of our citizens. By showing us what's happening there, television has doubtlessly helped to increase the ranks of war-protesters, and has probably encouraged the populace to be more tolerant of these deviate patriots than it otherwise might have been.

The tension between the urge to support the war effort and the urge to oppose the war effort results, in a significant number of cases, in a sense of numbness and indifference to the whole thing. This reaction too is fostered in large part by the media. It's a part of our life, our supper-time routine. They're after VC Charlie every time I reach for the potatoes, so at last I become no more excited about the search-and-destroy missions than I become excited every time I reach for the potatoes. We've got to live, after all, even if there is a war on; we've got to keep up with our domestic programs even if we are spending two billion dollars a month in Southeast Asia. And how can I be expected to react differently to the war coverage than to *Combat*!, which comes on five minutes later? So we push the war out of our minds, letting it come back only long enough to trip a cluck of the tongue in a passing conversation or a fragmentary feeling of futility when we seriously look at what we see.

But the last chapter is yet to be written. The merciful time lag required to transmit the film from Vietnam to my living room gives me *some* distance from the event itself. What will happen when we get live coverage of the war? What will save me then?

The Pilgrim

"All the trumpets sounded for him on the other side"
—PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

By O. P. KRETZMANN

The Pastors' Pastor

A few words to preachers and all who know preachers. They have a tough row to hoe these apocalyptic days and we should stand by them.

The key man in our "hierarchical" structure ought to be the circuit counselor. And I would add that the chief function of the counselor should be that of a pastors' pastor. The good counselor must, therefore, be constantly aware of the fact that the difficulties of a brother are all spiritual and theological. There are many reasons for this. Our theology of the Church is too vacillating. There is a constant swinging of the pendulum between emphasis on a) the Una Sancta Ecclesia, b) Christendom, and c) our denomination. It is difficult to find any consistency even in Luther and the fathers of our own denomination on this particular question. Perhaps the best approach is the clear statement in Article VIII of the Augsburg Confession.

As a result of this lack of clarity in our theology of the Church, we have an unclear theology of the ministry. It is based on a) a mixture of selected Scripture passages, particularly in the Pauline epistles; b) the democratic idea (confined largely to America); and c) an extension of the doctrine of the universal priesthood.

The divine mandate to the ministry is the Gospel — "Doctrina, gratia, et justitia fidei." The call to the public service of the Church is based on the dominical command, "Go ye." The pastor is not primarily a servant of the Church, much less of the congregation, but of the Word. His task and dignity come from the Word, to which and to Whom he must be obedient. This is basically the Lutheran understanding of the holy ministry. Every Sunday morning my brethren say: "I, as a called and ordained servant of the Word" — and not of anything else in the world.

We have no clear theology of obedience. We know that we are bound in obedience to the Word, but we are often at a loss as to how this obedience is to be worked out in the human situation. Luther says: "Four things which guarantee order in the Church — doctrine, discipline, sacraments, and useful ceremonies." (Note the word "discipline.") Calvin fully agrees, basing his approach on Ephesians 4:11-13.

Why all this emphasis on a theology of obedience? It is perfectly clear that our loss of this virtue in the holy ministry makes the counselor's job exceedingly difficult. We have given undue attention to a dubious emphasis on freedom and some form of democracy. This we have absorbed by osmosis from the atmosphere which surrounds us. It is therefore necessary for us to find a solid theological undergirding for the problems and opportunities of the modern ministry if we are to cope with the two great problems of the modern world: loneliness — the sudden recognition of being children of the "diaspora" — and preaching the Word to a hostile culture.

Often the pastor is torn by existential tensions between the inherent value of human pursuits, on the one hand, and their apparent ultimate insignificance, on the other. I suspect that it is because of this tension that so many pastors today show an increased interest in eschatology. More than anyone else in time and space, the pastor is *in* the world, but not *of* it. The ultimate mark of dead orthodoxy is always "denying with our lives what we would not think of denying with our lips." And this is our problem.

My observations of the ministry incline me to the view that the dangerous years are between the ages of thirty and forty-five. Somewhere during these years the cold, chilling realization dawns that we have not lived up to our early dreams at the seminary — and that we probably never will. We begin to know that we are not Jeremiahs come to judgment.

It is at this particular point that the counselor ought to enter the life of a brother with spiritual consolation and theological strength. He can do much to salvage the years that remain of his brother's ministry on this earth and make them vital, challenging and happy.

So much of this he can do simply by reminding them of what they already know: that their fathers in God were Isaiah and Jeremiah, Peter and Paul, Irenaeus and Polycarp and Augustine and Luther. He can reassure them that their labors are indeed not in vain in the Lord because it is only for the sake of the Gospel which He has given them to proclaim that the world continue to stand. He can comfort them with the certainty that, despite all the anxieties and evil in the world, the flames on our altars will not gutter out, and the lights in the sanctuaries will not be quenched by flood or storm. With such a reminder, such a reassurance, and such comfort our sad and disappointed brother can live, and gladly work, in the reflected glory of the Master whose free and happy slave he is.