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A Hymn for Our Times

"Putting it bluntly, one reason that the changes are being made in the boards of trustees [of a number of Roman Catholic colleges and universities] is money. These colleges cannot continue to exist without state aid." — Father Leo McLaughlin, president of Fordham University.

"It is my personal conviction that the very nature of higher education is opposed to juridical control by the church." — Miss Jacqueline Grennan (formerly Sister Jacqueline), president of Webster College, which has formally requested the Vatican to relieve it of church ownership and control.

FAIR SIWASH
(t to be sung, vibrato, to the melody of "Fair Harvard")
Fair Siwash, thy sons to thy jubilee throng
And with blessings surrender thee o'er
By these structural changes (mere matters of form)
To realities none dare ignore.
O relic and type of our ancestors' faith
That has long kept their memories aglow,
Times have changed, and the budget has got to be met
So we have to go out for more dough.

We shall still sing the God from Whom all blessings flow,
But in cautiously secular terms.
For the courts will be listening in on our hymns,
As will many industrial firms.
And while God can no doubt, in His bounty, provide,
He does not hold the strings of state aid.
Meanwhile plant and equipment costs steadily rise,
And the faculty has to be paid.

And if that were not bad enough, there is the church
Which insists on juridical control.
What this means is not clear, but it seems to imply
That our work has some spiritual goal.

Par la splendeur de Dieu et la A.A.U.P.,
We must let all men know we are free —
Free from Law, free from Gospel, free merely to be
Fair Siwash, loyal to thee.

More Serious Comment

If the above venture into verse appears too harshly judgmental of those denominational college presidents who have concluded that the survival of their institutions depends upon minimizing or cutting the church tie, we can only say that, if time permitted, we could dash off another hymn which would be read with some degree of discomfort by church leaders and their people. Father McLaughlin is quite right when he says that the Roman Catholic colleges and universities cannot continue to exist without state aid. We have suggested that perhaps one solution to their problem is to go out of business. Why preserve the form after the substance has died? But if the church — Roman Catholic or any other — means what it says about "bringing every thought in subjection to Christ" it had better, before it is too late, start putting its money where its mouth is.

And if the church is serious about operating colleges and universities which do not shame it by their intellectual dishonesty or timidity, it had better pay some serious attention to the question which Miss Grennan has raised. We are not sure what "juridical control" implies within the context of Roman Catholic theology, but if it implies — as we suspect — that church officials claim the right to determine what Christian scholars may explore, or what conclusions they must reach, in their special areas of competence — then, obviously, the denominational institution cannot not be, in any real sense of the word, a university.

But we are not yet ready to write off the Christian college or university as a lost cause. There are, at least within the Lutheran tradition, theological resources that allow for complete intellectual honesty within the framework of a religious commitment. To the scholar, as to any of its other adherents, the Lutheran tradition says...
that men are saved by grace, and that they are there­fore free to take whatever risks their callings may impose upon them — including the risk of arriving at wrong answers. The church may, of course, properly claim the right to dispute these answers and even, in certain cases, condemn them as subversive of the faith. But what right has the scholar, Christian or otherwise, to demand free­dom from criticism? If he is a responsible man, he ex­pects to work in tension. All that he asks — and this the Lutheran tradition stands ready to guarantee him — is that he will be allowed to get on with his work. And that is enough.

The Katzenbach Commission Report

It would be asking a bit much to expect many Amer­i cans to read the 308 pages of the Report of the Pres­i dent’s Commission on Law Enforcement and the Ad­ministration of Justice, but it would be well worth the time of all of us to give serious thought to its most im­portant conclusions and recommendations.

The overriding conclusion of the report is that crime is the symptom of much more deeply-seated social dis­eases, and that the attack upon crime must, therefore, take the form of a vigorous attack upon these diseases. The Commission therefore rightly concludes that “war­ring on poverty, inadequate housing and unemploy­ment is warring on crime. A civil rights law is a law against crime. Money for schools is money against crime. Med­i­cal, psychiatric and family counseling are services against crime. More broadly and most importantly, every effort to improve life in America’s ‘inner cities’ is an effort against crime. A community’s most enduring protection against crime is to right the wrongs and cure the illnesses that tempt men to harm their neighbors.”

This conclusion is not likely to please that large ele­ment in our society which prefers to think of crime as a simple matter of individual choice. We shall no doubt hear much about how every man is the master of his fate and the captain of his soul and there will be the usual dirty cracks about sociologists and “bleeding hearts” who, allegedly, exculpate the individual by transferring the responsibility for his offenses onto society. To those who would criticize the report on these grounds we are tempted to say, “All right. Sell all that thou hast and go live in the inner city for five years.” One could do that, we suppose, without embracing a life of crime. We doubt that anyone could do that without learning to under­stand and sympathize with those pathetic outcasts of our society who have been crushed and distorted and de­humanized by their savage environment.

But there is something even deeper involved in the problem of crime in our country. We can not put it into words, but we have felt it — most strikingly last summer when we returned to the States after nine months in England. There is, in our country, an air of violence, almost palpalable, for which we find it hard to account. Perhaps it is the steam from a melting pot which has not yet burnt our ancient animosities. Perhaps it is a relic of our frontier past when law was merely the whim of the best shot in town. Perhaps it is the fumes of frus­trated idealism. But it is there and it breathes from all of our mass media. Friends of ours who have lived abroad for extended periods of time say that they, too, have experienced this shock upon returning to the States. What can be done about it we do not know. But perhaps a beginning would be the recognition of the fact that we are not the nice, friendly people that we think we are and that we need to make some very basic improvements in the whole quality of our common life.

The CIA-NSA Affair

If nothing else that is good comes out of the disclosures of CIA involvements in the affairs of the National Student Association, they may at least help to narrow the “generation gap.”

There have always been good reasons for young people to be appalled at what they see in their elders — the slow erosion of ideals, the shabby compromises, the resorts to power when authority is lacking, the paralyzing cynicism, the preoccupation with money and the things money can buy, all of the things which Christian people gather up and lay at the throne of grace when they confess that there is no health in them. What has been lacking in the criticisms which young people of our day have leveled against their elders is any apparent understand­ing that such as we are they not only will be, but already are. They have mistaken the universal marks of the human condition for the peculiar characteristics of the generation of their parents.

The CIA-NSA contretemps may help at least our more sensitive young people to understand that we and they do not inhabit two worlds but that we are all in this thing together. To be human is to be confronted, at every moment of one’s life, with the necessity of groping one’s way through a maze of temptations and moral ambiguities. The kinds of temptations and ambiguities may vary from one year to the next, from one generation to another, but it is time somebody pointed out that the “generation gap” is not any great gulf which is fixed be­tween saints and sinners. Young and old, we are all, as Luther put it, “simultaneously saints and sinners” if we are Christians, merely sinners if we are not. And there is a Dominical prohibition against offering to remove specks of dust from other men’s eyes when we have great oaken beams lodged in our own.

It may even be that out of this new awareness of our common humanity there will grow a new spirit of com­passion, forbearance, and forgiveness between the gen­erations. Such a reconciliation could restore to our com­mon life a wholeness which it has lacked too long and for the lack of which both generations have paid heavily in loneliness and a sense of alienation. It could also, per­haps, stop the mouths of those who have profited by broadening the gap — the sensation-seeking journalist.
the huckster intent upon creating an exploitable market, the cult-makers who do not hesitate to fragment the community in order to gather a following. With unemployment rates as low as they presently are, it should not be impossible to absorb even these people, if they are so inclined, into some useful line of work.

**Twentieth-Century Elijah**

Those who think that God is dead and that His Church is a vanishing institution might take an hour off sometime to call the roll of those great spirits who, in our mean and bloody age, have spoken courageously and often at the risk of their lives for mankind. Not all of the names on that roll—perhaps not even a majority—are those of Christians. But many of them—and among them some of the greatest—are Christians. Of these, one of the very greatest is that of Bishop Otto Dibelius, who died full of years and honors early in February.

Bishop Dibelius was a twentieth-century Elijah whose calling it was to speak God’s word of judgment upon the Nazi Jezebel and the Communist Ahab. There were many others who, for various reasons, stood up to the Black and Red tyrants. But it was the greatness of Dibelius that he chose to fight with no weapon except the Word of God. His protest was not ideological, but theological. As he himself wrote in his autobiography (In the Service of the Lord, Holt, Rinehart, Winston, 1964): “there is only one criterion which is permanently valid: the will of God as proclaimed in the Christian Gospel. I was and am of the view that there is only one thing worth risking one’s life for—the establishment of a regime in which people are free to live according to the Christian Gospel.”

Unlike his martyred contemporary, Bonhoeffer, Dibelius was not called to seal his testimony by his death. But he experienced to the full the agonies, which can be worse than death, which a man feels when his highest loyalty requires him to act against the claims of lesser—but no less real—loyalties. Dibelius was a German through and through. He was proud of his country and of its traditions. He loved his church—not only the Una Sancta, but the poor, fallible institutional church which he served as pastor and administrator—and one suspects that he would have been content to serve it quietly, without disturbing the political authorities, if they had been willing to allow it to go about its work without interference. He was not, by nature, a man who enjoyed controversy. But he knew where his ultimate loyalty lay, and he would not compromise it.

Significantly, this spokesman for the conscience of the Church insisted that “sermons on morals, unrelated to the Gospel, should never be preached from a Christian pulpit. . . . Let those who feel themselves called upon to be prophets preach penitential sermons! We simple servants of God should preach in such a way that those who listen to us may always feel: ‘We are the Saviour’s joyful people!’”

This, we submit, is the faith that overcomes the world and brings down the mighty from their seats.

**The Draft Law**

Sometime before June 31, the Congress will either have to extend the present Selective Service Act or enact a new one. We do not envy Congressmen their task. Like the weather, the draft is something which everybody complains about but nobody does anything about—largely, it would seem, because nobody knows quite what to do about it.

For our part, we are willing to accept the unhappy necessity of continuing to conscript reluctant young men for the armed forces. We hope that the day will soon come when this will no longer be necessary, but we do not yet see any signs of its dawning. We are also willing to accept most of the basic assumptions and procedures of the present Selective Service Act, but there are three misgivings which we would like to bring to the attention of those whose responsibility it will be to write the new law.

1. We believe that the present 2-S (student) classification all too often provides a refuge for the young man whose only real interest in higher education is to escape the draft. We do not see why the mere fact that one is in college should relieve a young man of the privileges and responsibilities of citizenship in a time of national emergency. (If there is no emergency, we have no business drafting anybody.) We therefore believe that the controlling consideration in the deferment of students should be the national interest, and that deferments should, accordingly, be granted only to those students who are successfully pursuing courses of study in fields which are presently in short supply or in which shortages are clearly imminent.

2. We question the validity of class rank as an adequate indication of a student’s academic progress and potential. Among the more than two thousand colleges and universities of the United States there is a wide range of standards, so that the student who falls into the lowest quartile in one of the Ivy League schools might well rank in the highest quartile in a school such as, for instance, Parsons College. Even within schools standards vary from department to department to such an extent that it is impossible to make a fair judgment of any given student’s ability and progress solely on the basis of his rank.

3. We believe that the new law should provide some safeguards for the legitimate conscientious objections of persons who, while not necessarily objecting to war as such, have come to the conclusion that a particular conflict is morally unjustifiable. In the Christian tradition, at least since the time of St. Augustine, the distinction between a just war and an unjust war has been accepted as one of the considerations on which the individual bases his decision as to whether he can participate in a particular war. “My country, right or wrong”
has, as Chesterton once said, about as much moral con-
tent as “My mother, drunk or sober.” It was the moral
absolute of the Nazis — for adhering to which we hanged
a number of them. We ought not to penalize our own
sons for refusing to obey it.

Professionals on Strike

In our state, teachers in two school systems are threat-
ening to strike for higher salaries. Several months ago,
the welfare workers in the county neighboring ours went
out on strike. Recently the organized members of the
faculty of Chicago Teachers College won salary in-
creases by threatening to strike. At this writing, nurses
in the hospitals under the jurisdiction of the Cook Coun-
ty (Chicago) Board are threatening to strike unless the
new county budget provides for substantial salary in-
creases.

What, many people are asking, is the world coming to
when professional people resort to the weapons of trade-
unionism to get what they want? Aren't professional
people supposed to be above this whole dirty business
dickering about wages and hours and conditions of
employment?

The answer is No. In our society, when the question
is asked: “What is So-and-So worth?” the answer is given
in terms of money — either what he earns or what he has
accumulated. Such a standard for defining a man’s worth
is, most of us would agree in theory, a wretched one.
In practice, it is the accepted standard. And the man
or woman who ranks low on the scale of income or wealth
lacks not only those material things that money can
buy; he lacks also that status which allows him a fair
hearing for whatever ideas he may wish to espouse. (Cf.
the ancient American proverb: “If he’s so smart, how
come he ain’t rich?”)

Furthermore, the past twenty-five years or so have
been marked by an insidious deprofessionalization of
the professions. In most large organizations today —
whether they be law firms, hospitals, churches, indus-
trial corporations, or universities — professional men
and women no longer “accept appointments”; they are
“hired.” They are not “colleagues”; they are “person-
nel.” In the academic world it is no longer any great
distinction to be a full professor. In the church the clergy-
man enjoys little respect and less authority. We have
seen registered nurses treated like charwomen by doc-
tors and we have seen veteran teachers bawled out in
the presence of their pupils by principals who are barely
literate. In these circumstances, where is that dignity,
even that false dignity, which should prevent the pro-
fessional man or woman from adopting the bargaining
methods of industrial and commercial workers?

Finally, the snobbish distinction between the profes-
sional man and other workers has largely, and happily,
disappeared from our culture. This is not to say that
we have achieved the Communist Utopia of a classless
society; we are perhaps the most class-conscious society
in the Western world. But the distinctions are not a mat-
ter of whether a man wears a white collar or a blue col-
lar to work. From this it follows that most white-collar
workers see no reason why they should allow consider-
ations of an outmoded snobbery to deprive them of re-
spectable wages, hours, and working conditions. We
can’t either.

Recessional

We always like to end this section of the magazine on
a jolly note, but our first obligation is to report and com-
ment on the hard news. And the hard news this month
includes an announcement by Her Britannic Majesty’s
Chancellor of the Exchequer that the Sceptered Isle is,
despite the violent objections and tearful pleas of all of
us who have known and loved her coinage, going to hit
the decimal road in February, 1971. Details of the new
currency may be obtained from “Decimal Currency in the
U.K.” Cmd. 3164. Available Sales Section price 50
cents. (If those last two sentences seem to be lacking
the kind of careful punctuation which our readers have come
to expect of The Cresset, complaints should be directed
to British Information Services, 845 Third Avenue,
New York, N.Y., 10022, from whose British Record we
have quoted verbatim.)

So it’s good-bye to the threepenny bit and the shill-
ing and the florin and the half-crown and the crown
(which doesn’t exist) and the guinea (which doesn’t
exist, either). Happily, the pound remains, as do also
the penny and the halfpenny, but it will be a drabber
pound than the pound we have known and loved. Cash
it and you will get no assortment of silver pieces that
clink reassuringly in the pocket. What you will get is a
lot of cupro-nickel and bronze coins that will most prob-
ably make a kind of clonking sound and remind you that
you are basically a small-change sort of chap.

There will, of course, be some compensations for this
loss. One will no longer have to carry a notebook around
to figure out a 15 per cent tip on a dinner check (cheque)
amounting to one pound, six shillings, four penny
halfpenny. On the assumption that there will be fewer
of those enormous pennies in circulation one can look
forward to less frequent replacement of pants pockets.
But even with the compensations, one can’t help recall-
ing those lines about all our pomp of yesterday being
one with Nineveh and Tyre.

Gladstone, thou shouldst be living in this hour. Eng-
land hath need of thee.
Except for the balmy breezes, it is more difficult now than it once was to know when Spring arrives. All kinds of signs, dramatic and traumatic, served as harbingers of Spring years ago, but those I remember best have long disappeared. Other signs may have replaced them, but if they have, I am not acquainted with them.

The first sign of Spring when I was a boy came when we were allowed to change from long underwear. This, I recall, was usually around Easter, regardless of the date Easter fell on in any particular year. This change to underwear that didn’t itch was a dramatic one, and one that made us look forward to Spring with longing. Now boys are no longer afflicted with woolen longies, though they wear something called thermal underwear for winter sports, so this sign has disappeared.

The next sign of Spring brought with it a call to adventure. Who would be the first this year to take a dip in the swimming hole? It was seldom an individual but rather a group that took the first plunge; and skipping a class or two in high school to do it was considered a justifiable class absence. Once that dip was taken in frigid water, we knew Spring was here or on its way, and we also knew it would be another month or two before we had the courage to take the second dip. This type of Spring foolishness is no longer practiced, if only because it is next to impossible to find an unpolluted body of water to swim in.

Another sign of Spring came on that day when, without pre-arrangement, every boy showed up at school with a bag of marbles and all the girls brought a ball and jacks. This was a clear sign the frost was out of the ground and soft enough to draw a circle. Before that activity began however, a couple of days were spent in swapping marbles. Most of the trade was in colorful taws, though one could get ten commies for a taw if he were interested in trading down. I haven’t seen boys playing marbles for years. Many mothers claim the knees of pants are made better these days. I don’t think that’s necessarily true; it’s just that boys aren’t getting on their knees to play marbles anymore, and by their failure to do so have lost another sign of Spring.

But there were many signs of Spring around home, too, and these were sufficiently traumatic to make everyone aware of the season of the year. The major one of these was Spring housecleaning. Almost on signal every housewife began a major internal overhaul of her home. Rugs were hauled out to the line for beating, mattresses were lugged outside for airing, and bedclothes flew from every window, giving every house in the block the appearance of a battleship flying its pennants. Floors were scrubbed and the furniture received a heavy coat of polish.

It was not only the activity which was memorable, but also the odor, which consisted of floor wax, the even more acrid furniture polish, and stronger yet, stove blacking, for this was the time the stove in the parlor got cleaned out and blackened up, not to be used again until Fall.

This was a hard time for mere men and boys. Although they did the heavier carrying and beating, the women did most of the cleaning. But while undergoing this wrenching experience, housewives tended to be a little close-lipped and shorter-tempered. The male is notoriously slow in recognizing changes in women’s temperament and even when he does notice the change, he doesn’t know how to respond to it. So for the few days of this furious activity, things were somewhat on the strained side and no one dared mention that the quality of the meals was slightly below par.

But at least we knew that Spring was here, and this sign too is gone, for that type of housecleaning is no longer necessary what with different types of heat and power cleaning equipment which can keep a house clean throughout the year.

Another of the less pleasant signs of Spring was spading the garden in the back yard. When my grandfather was around, that activity started even before Spring, since he insisted that potatoes be planted on St. Patrick’s Day regardless of the weather on March 17. This practice struck me then, as it does now, as highly superstitious and surprising in my grandfather, not only for that reason, but also that one so up on Lutheran doctrine would even recognize something called St. Patrick’s Day.

If all of these signs are gone, how do boys know that Spring is here? I suspect, if boys are still boys, despite their haircuts, they have other ways of knowing and follow a completely different line of activities than we did. On the other hand, it is not too unbelievable that some never know that Spring is here until it is gone, and then only because they recognize their TV fare is made up entirely of summer replacements and reruns.
Albert Schweitzer was a great humanitarian. Innumerable men and women in all parts of the world have been inspired by his example. No one fortunate enough to have known this universal and towering figure will ever forget him.

In the modern world, with human endeavor increasingly specialized and compartmentalized, it is well-night unprecedented for a single human being to practice so vast a range of vocations. Schweitzer functioned as theologian and pastor, as a physician active in all fields of medicine, as philosopher and author, as musicologist, organist, and expert on early organs, as architect and construction engineer. He proved himself a master of all these trades in the course of the fifty-two years that he headed his jungle hospital. Yet he was, at the same time, the kind of gardener and agriculturist who came to know every plant, tree, and animal, placing them all under his personal care and protection.

**Son of Alsace**

His life, when we look back upon it, forms a magic circle. He grew up in the Alsace, near the borders of Germany and France. As a boy in the village of Guenschbach, the personal attributes of modesty, frugality, and uprightness in manner were impressed upon him. In his father's parsonage, the word of God was ever a living reality. He was required to do his duty without stint and to stick to a set daily schedule. All these traits became the warp and woof of his very being.

He well recognized this continuity. At an advanced age, Schweitzer noted: "It is striking how the thoughts and themes of my youth, by continuing to resound to this day, have come full circle and now give the finishing touch to the symphony of my life." The American novelist and playwright Thornton Wilder, remarking that men regarded emotional and sentimental. When he realized these lines, but they dare not admit it lest they be considered emotional and sentimental. When he realized this, Schweitzer pledged himself never to allow his sentiments to be dulled, never to become indifferent to the events around him, even if he should for that reason be labeled emotional and sentimental.

While he was still a child, he undertook to include all living creatures in his evening prayer: "Dear God, protect and bless everything to which Thou has given breath, guard it from evil, and allow it to sleep in peace." This concept he visualized in his earliest youth. It evolved into the conception of "reverence for life," which forms the basis of the Schweitzer outlook and philosophy.

As a boy, he was eager to be accepted as "better" than the other peasant kids. Like them, he wanted to wear no overcoat in winter — merely mittens, wooden clogs, and a peaked cap. When his companions scoffed...
that his strength had been built up by the good beef broth his mother served in the parsonage, he refused to touch the soup from that day on. Definitely, he did not want to be considered a stuck-up rich kid.

His love of music, and his gift for performing it, began to show when he was only nine years old. He extemporized songs and hymns that he sang to accompaniment. Bands affected him deeply, and choral song almost swept him off his feet.

His great love of truth soon emerged, as did a sound sense of realism in formulating critical appraisals. Even when studying the Bible, Schweitzer did not mute the critical approach that he applied to all things. In writing about it later, he commented: “I recognized quite early that I would have repudiated myself by quenching the flame that had been kindled within me, forsaking my ardent for what is true and serviceable.”

Nature he loved above all else. In his high school studies at Mulhouse, a provincial town some distance away from his village, history and the natural sciences were favorite subjects. At the same time, he was an omnivorous reader. By devouring the papers, he strove to learn about politics and to form his own judgment. He was intrigued by every opportunity he could find to discuss the issues of the day with relatives, friends, and teachers. Rather often, as he himself notes in recalling those days, he engaged in endless and heated discussions simply for the sake of debate.

Albert Schweitzer was fond of seeking out churches that stimulated profound devotion by providing beautiful choir music and a decor conducive to the proper mood. For divine service to be a true experience, he held, there should be a symbiosis of sermon, chant, organ music, and prayer.

In Guensbach and many other Alsatian localities, Catholics and Protestants held services in the same church. Schweitzer set great store by such a spirit of openmindedness and understanding, considering it a matter of grace and a portent of things to come. To him, it was an admonition that true Christians should participate in preparing for a future of religious harmony. Throughout his long life, he held aloft the ecumenical concept of “una sancta ecclesia” as a proper goal of Christendom.

The Call

The confrontation with Christianity was foremost among issues that concerned Albert Schweitzer while he was a university student. In 1893, after graduating from high school, he enrolled at the University of Strasbourg to study theology and philosophy. Later he transferred to the University of Paris and, in the time he could spare from his academic obligations, continued his study of the organ under the great Charles Marie Widor. Already in that period, Schweitzer gave organ concerts in a number of cities.

In 1899, Schweitzer concluded his academic work in philosophy with a paper on “The Religious Philosophy of Immanuel Kant”. He became assistant pastor of a Strasbourg church and, the following year, qualified for a doctorate in Protestant theology with a thesis on “The Problem of the Lord’s Supper on the Basis of Scientific Research in the 19th Century and of Historical Reports.”

Only two years later, in 1902, the University of Strasbourg appointed Dr. Albert Schweitzer a university lecturer in theology. Such an appointment was a coveted distinction and the first step in the hierarchy of a university teaching career. A new faculty member’s inaugural lecture is an important milestone in such a career and closely watched by the academic community. Schweitzer’s theme on that occasion was one which he afterwards elaborated into his famous work, *The Quest of the Historical Jesus*.

The event that set Schweitzer on an entirely different path occurred in 1904, when he picked up the tract of a Protestant missionary society which had its headquarters in Paris. An article that caught his attention dealt with the distress of the wretched black population dwelling on the banks of the Ogowe river in French Equatorial Africa.

Schweitzer had been deeply moved by the plight of the Negro ever since he had spotted, years before in an Alsatian textile town, a memorial to Admiral Bruat by the famed French sculptor, F.A. Bartholdi, who also created the Statue of Liberty. He was struck by Bartholdi’s portrayal of an oppressed native in that colonial era. Schweitzer, coming back to the statue repeatedly, pondered the lesson of the sculpted figure yearning for freedom and human dignity. “The Negro face on that statue, with its melancholy and pensive features, spoke to me of the misery on the Black Continent,” he was to recall much later.

It was indeed as if a call had gone out to him when he read the article in that missionary tract, a call to become a doctor in the wilds of Africa and thus to help the natives in their misery. He heeded the call, formulated a plan to translate the call into reality and, without ever looking back, embarked upon carrying out the plan he had adopted. As he said: “I heard the call of Jesus and followed it.”

From 1905 onward, he studied medicine while continuing to serve as a pastor. The thesis he composed in 1912 to obtain his M.D. degree was entitled “The Psychiatric Study of Jesus, Exposition and Criticism”. But he did not let his medical education and his pastoral duties restrain him from delving as deeply as before into an array of religious and philosophical problems.

Research on the life of Christ remained among his chief preoccupations. The message of Jesus, he showed, can be understood only as part of Jewish eschatology in his time, when the end of days and the miraculous advent of the Kingdom of God seemed at hand. His research into the mystique of St. Paul, the Apostle to the Gen-
tiles, was pursued just as intensively. Dr. Schweitzer pointed to Judaism's eschatological concepts of that era as being among the motivating forces behind the sacramental doctrines of St. Paul and behind his doctrine of redeeming salvation. Always, the world of the Apostle remained close to the thinking of Dr. Schweitzer, who kept returning to an examination of St. Paul's theology and philosophy, notably to the Pauline Letters.

Schweitzer also completed a major study on Johann Sebastian Bach that delineated the composer's masterful musicianship and demonstrated the essential unity between the textual and the tonal parts of the cantatas and Passion oratorios. For half a century, Schweitzer's two J.S. Bach volumes have remained a standard work on the great musician. In addition, Schweitzer found time in his busy Strasbourg years to author another standard work, The Art of Organ Building and Organ Playing in Germany and France.

Africa
Together with his wife Helene — daughter of Prof. Bresslau, who was a well-known historian at Strasbourg University — Albert Schweitzer transplanted himself to French Equatorial Africa. In April 1913, they arrived at Port Gentil to begin the new life he had chosen. At the Lamberene Protestant Mission, he established a hospital.

In his book On the Edge of the Primeval Forest, Dr. Schweitzer describes his first four years in Lambarene. From the beginning, it was his principle to make the natives feel at home in an atmosphere familiar from their own villages. The patients therefore came to the hospital compound with healthy members of their family. They brought their household utensils and their domestic animals. Everyone and everything remained in the compound until the patient had been cured and was released.

Under hospital rules, the patient's shelter, food, and treatment were free. No one was barred from admission, be he black or white, a leper or insane, suffering from tuberculosis or encephalitis. In this hospital without restriction or specialization, whoever was capable of working had to lend a hand. In that way, the patient felt himself to be one of the community and not a recipient of charity. Friends of Schweitzer who visited him in Lambarene, and guests who came to stay for a shorter or longer period of time, had to participate in the day-to-day work of running the hospital. It was expected of them.

Dr. Schweitzer was a firm believer in the benefits of fixed daily schedules. He introduced it in Lambarene, and to this day it continues in the same pattern. Everyone must abide by it, and Albert Schweitzer himself was the first to conform. In this as in other respects, he set the example. He planned everything that was done. He drew the blueprints for houses and bridges. He laid out the vegetable garden, the fruit trees, and myriad other projects.

The Alsace was a German province when Schweitzer first went to Africa. As a native of Alsace and thus a German citizen, he was detained first in Gabon and later in France during World War I. In those years of involuntary exile from Lambarene, he studied the religions and philosophies of the world and completed his work on Culture and Ethics. After the end of the war, he lectured at the universities of various countries on religious or philosophical topics and gave magnificent organ concerts.

It made Albert Schweitzer happy that he was able to apply his wide range of talents to raise money with which to repay the debts he had incurred, first to construct and equip the hospital in Equatorial Africa and then to accumulate funds designed to expand it. In 1924, Dr. Schweitzer once again set out for Lambarene, where he spent almost all the rest of his life laboring for the welfare of his African patients. Every two or three years, he tried to journey to Europe. Revenue from the lectures and organ concerts he gave there was used to finance the operating costs of the hospital.

A new hospital compound was started by Dr. Schweitzer in 1926. Over the years, buildings with accommodation for six hundred patients were put up. The fame of Dr. Schweitzer's hospital, and that of his medical and humane pioneering in general, has spread throughout the world. Hospitals and schools, children's villages and refugee centers all bear his name as a tribute to the inspiration instilled by the "grand docteur," as the natives in Africa called him.

Reverence for Life
The Alsace was a German province when Schweitzer first went to Africa. As a native of Alsace and thus a German citizen, he was detained first in Gabon and later in France during World War I. In those years of involuntary exile from Lambarene, he studied the religions and philosophies of the world and completed his work on Culture and Ethics. After the end of the war, he lectured at the universities of various countries on religious or philosophical topics and gave magnificent organ concerts.

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Reverence for Life
For a proper understanding of Albert Schweitzer's practical Christianity, it is necessary to examine in some detail the concept of reverence for life, that focal issue of his thinking. In a profound study of the major religions and their underlying philosophies, he had divided them into two groupings — pessimistic creeds that negate the world and, on the other hand, basically optimistic faiths that affirm the throes of human life and its essential goodness.

Human progress, he found, is due primarily to an ethical outlook that affirms life and does not deny the world. In one of his books, he traced the outlook of Christianity from the earliest times to the 18th and 19th century in this fashion: "Early Christianity did contain elements of workaday ethics, it is true. Yet the dominant theme was preparation for the end of the world and, for that reason, the challenge of improving the world evoked little interest. In was only at the threshold of modern times that the Renaissance, the Reformation and the Enlightenment brought changes in Christendom which set free the dynamic strength that arises from affirming the world and the essential goodness of life. Only then did it become possible to struggle effectively against ignorance, cruelty and injustice."

As for philosophy, Dr. Schweitzer observed that it
had been treated, in the course of the past several centuries, as an intellectual exercise that lacked positive impact on the conduct of human life: "The philosophers occupied chairs at major universities and lectured to academic audiences, but had little influence on public opinion or on the political elite of the day."

Albert Schweitzer, on his part, strove for an amalgamation of philosophy, ideology, and ethics, for a symbiosis directly relevant to life. The A and O, for Schweitzer, was always the search for truth, spiritual freedom, and wholehearted acceptance of rationality. To achieve the goals of society, he urged that thought, feeling, faith, and action should form an integrated whole. Man is good, he observed, when he shows mercy and compassion, when he helps others, when he preserves life and quenches suffering. It is evil, by contrast, to feel no compassion, to deny the ties that bind us to all living creatures, to inflict suffering and death upon them.

The basic sentiment of reverence for life arises, so Dr. Schweitzer teaches us, from contemplating the world and securing true insight into ourselves. Once we serve other living beings, great joy falls to our lot. Only in that way can we, in the course of our terrestrial pilgrimage, become real human beings bearing a light that will illuminate a multitude of others and help them onward.

In a letter which Albert Schweitzer wrote to me on May 11, 1963, he described how the concept of "reverence for life" had grown in his mind, and recalled the circumstances under which the term first occurred to him: "It is certainly strange that other thinkers did not take it up before me. The philosopher Kant, while he came very close to the idea, allowed himself to be deflected by his pedantry. Schopenhauer, too, was on the right track, but he remained on the surface and did not go into it deeply enough. Only St. Francis of Assisi advocated the same idea, and at that time mankind had not yet advanced far enough to take his message seriously."

Albert Schweitzer, like Saint Francis before him, wanted to protect every living creature. Without distinguishing between higher and lower forms, he applied the principle of "reverence for life" to all of them. The habit of ranking animal lives as more valuable or less valuable was, to him, merely a subjective criterion that, in effect, measures animals by their greater or lesser usefulness to humans. Yet who can determine the role which any living creature, and be it the smallest among them, plays in the larger sphere of things?

To him who abides by reverence for life, all life is God's. We dare not presume to make across-the-board distinctions that would tend to downgrade and condemn any kind of living creature. Man may make such a decision only when a life must be sacrificed for the sake of another life. He has to assume responsibility for the life that was sacrificed. By acting with this responsibility in mind, so Dr. Schweitzer believed, human beings can remain in spiritual tune and harmony with the universe.

For Albert Schweitzer, even the ants were valuable and beneficial creatures that loosen the soil and help to bring air as well as nutritious matter to plant roots. The ants, too, thus perform a necessary task in the larger sphere of things. Schweitzer would not stand for anyone trying to brush ants from his table or his clothes. On such occasions, he was apt to say: "Those are my ants and not yours. I'll decide what to do with them."

Wherever Albert Schweitzer walked or stood, animals accompanied and surrounded him — his dogs, his cats, his parrots, native hogs, antelopes, goats, chickens, pelicans, gorillas, chimpanzees. For each of them, he had an encouraging word and some tidbit to eat. The animals were able to sense the aura of love and sympathy that emanated from him. It spread like a magnetic wave to domesticated animals, to the beast of the field and the fowl of the air. In Lambarene, natural solidarity between man and animal did evolve.

Great love and care were lavished upon the orphans who had found shelter in the hospital compound. Many of these children became the particular charge of individual nurses and lived with them in the nurses' rooms. Often, the nurses also kept homeless small animals in the same rooms. The hospital was never without infants who had arrived in so frail a state that they could not by themselves stand, walk, eat, or even drink from the mother's breast. Generally, this was a consequence of malnutrition due to hunger and of the habit by African mothers to nurse babies for too extended a period. These young patients were fed artificially with a solution of dextrose and dried milk. Many a time I saw such infants lying in their cradle next to Dr. Schweitzer's writing desk in the pharmacy. All this was part and parcel of a practical application of reverence for life.

Schweitzer cautioned me, and also addressed the same admonition to many newsmen: "When writing about me, do not be content with describing me as a physician who authored books and gave organ concerts in addition to curing the sick. You should rather underscore that I translated into everyday reality my philosophy of reverence for life. This I consider my major contribution."

On December 1st, 1959, as Schweitzer prepared to return to Lambarene after what proved to be his last voyage to Europe, he gave me this message over the telephone from Guensbach: "This trip has taken me through six countries. None of my previous visits was quite so strenuous as this one, but neither was any of them quite so intense. The greatest pleasure was to observe how my concept of reverence for life occupies so significant a place, in the hearts of people everywhere. It will not be forgotten. This is a happy realization and makes it easier to say goodbye."

In a letter from Lambarene dated December 6, 1963, Albert Schweitzer referred to one of the last addresses by Pope John XXIII, who had mentioned that the commandment of reverence for life was making its way in the world, and remarked that this gladdened him greatly.
Albert Schweitzer’s attitude was ever a reflective, positive, and active one. By making steadfast use of that approach, it becomes possible to remain in close touch with new currents of thought, and open-minded toward them. Then one can resist, as he did steadfastly, the standardization of thinking that is fostered by the mass media.

The profound artistic and religious power diffused by the music of Johann Sebastian Bach was cherished by Dr. Schweitzer. In the realm of literature, he discarded works that convey no ethos and neither educate the reader nor sharpen his sensibilities. For failing to measure up to those standards, he passed over authors who had adopted a wholly pessimistic outlook, among them his own grandnephew Jean-Paul Sartre.

Dr. Schweitzer also set his face against types of sport that violate human dignity and trifle with the principle of reverence for life. Of boxing matches, for example, he disapproved because lasting injury can be inflicted. He abhorred the torturing and hounding to death of animals in bullfights, and detested all sports in which horses or dogs are subjected to undue strain and exhaustion.

Because of his concern for safeguarding mankind and human culture, Dr. Schweitzer was absolutely opposed to nuclear armament. After making that point in unequivocal terms when he was awarded the Nobel Prize for Peace in 1954, he repeated it in a 1957 address against atomic tests. In the spring of 1963, he expressed his appreciation to President Kennedy for having concluded the Atomic Test Stop Agreement with the Soviet Union.

**Man Among Men**

Though he dwelled in a remote corner of Africa, Dr. Schweitzer knew many of the world’s leading personalities and exchanged letters with them. The roster of his distinguished and notable friends included Albert Einstein, Romain Rolland, Bertrand Russell, Stefan Zweig, Dag Hammarskjöld, Archbishop Soederblom, President Eisenhower, President Theodor Heuss of West Germany, Queen Elizabeth of Britain, Belgium’s former Queen Elizabeth, and a great number of Presidents as well as Cabinet Ministers, particularly of the African states.

To those who had gained his friendship, Dr. Schweitzer always remained faithful as a friend and indefatigable as a writer of personal notes. His vast correspondence kept him busy right up to the end of his days. Every mail brought more than a hundred letters. Many of them he answered himself in his delicately rounded handwriting. When the task of replying became entirely too much and quite impossible to cope with, girls on the hospital staff might act as secretaries, but Dr. Schweitzer read everything that went out and often added a few words of greeting.

As a rule, though, he himself penned the epistle in painstaking detail. Always, he haggled bags filled with unanswered letters when he traveled by boat. To him, correspondence was in all-important medium for carrying on, even over long distances, the dialogue with friends that was essential to him. He liked to say that, by exchanging letters with a correspondent, he felt as close to him as if he had met him in person. That, too, was part of his reverence for life.

He found time to listen to anyone who sought him out, and did not like to see strangers turned away. Once I was in Guensbach and watched two overland buses that had journeyed from Holland. The unannounced passengers wanted to meet Dr. Schweitzer, to experience his presence. When one of the friends in his entourage tried to shunt them off, Dr. Schweitzer grew angry and snorted: “Don’t try to protect me from strangers and don’t meddle! You shouldn’t interfere in another man’s personal affairs.” To explain his irritation, he later told me an episode from his life that, after many years, still perturbed him a good deal.

He had been the guest of a family in Geneva and expected a clergyman friend for a talk. As it happened, the pastor arrived shortly after Schweitzer had gone to his room to rest up. The lady of the house, anxious to shield Schweitzer from interruptions, told the caller that Schweitzer was asleep and could not be disturbed at the moment. The clergyman, feeling that Schweitzer had avoided him, was saddened and left. When Schweitzer heard about the episode, he wished to explain it to his friend, but could not reach him. No reply was received to a note of apology. Shortly thereafter, the friend passed away. The meddling by a lady who meant well had turned into a disconcerting and irreparable blow of fate.

In a similar vein, Schweitzer kept admonishing himself that one must not accept favors as if they were one’s due. He cautioned against putting off the expression of thanks for services rendered. Otherwise, Schweitzer noted, the man who delays voicing his gratitude is likely to stand at a graveside and to mumble, sadly and softly, the words of appreciation that he failed to say out loud while there was still time. We should not behave as did the ten lepers who were cured by Jesus, and of whom only one returned to convey thanks (Luke 17: 11-19).

Always, Schweitzer struggled against an inherited tendency to be carried away by emotions and to indulge in passionate outbursts. It deserves to be mentioned that one key principle of human relations, as he practiced them, was the determination never to shut the door to reconciliation if a quarrel had occurred.

**The Traditionalist**

Tradition was an essential element of Albert Schweitzer’s practical Christianity. It governed the basic rhythm of his life, the daily program as well as the milestones of Christian life from baptism to death. As had been his custom in his parents’ home, he prayed before and after each meal. Once grace had been said after dinner, hymns were sung and Dr. Schweitzer then read from the
Bible in German and French. Thereafter, he commented and interpreted the passages. Those intervals of Biblical exegesis were high points of his hospital schedule. 

Baptism was not merely a symbolic act for Schweitzer but a sacrament that achieves a strong nexus between man and Jesus. His life and His teachings. The Schweitzer views in that respect concurred with those of St. Paul, the apostle to whom he felt particularly close. A letter addressed to a young candidate for confirmation expressed thoughts of Schweitzer's appropriate to that occasion. Urging the boy to keep studying the New Testament, Schweitzer stressed that the spirit of Christ could thus permeate him. Life is forever being renewed and Schweitzer considered death a natural event for man and animal alike: "To depart from this life without suffering is a piece of good fortune that cannot always be attained," he declared. In response to a query about life after death, I heard Dr. Schweitzer say: "No one knows, but an individual endures so long as he remains alive in the minds of fellow men."

In summing up, it can be said that these were outstanding character traits and ethical goals of Dr. Albert Schweitzer:

- The urge to seek and proclaim the truth.
- A disposition to insist on rational thinking.
- Constant striving for independence and freedom.
- Faithfulness to the ideals he had embraced.
- An overpowering sense both of duty and of responsibility.
- A strong gift for feeling the suffering of others.
- Reverence for life, coupled with unchanging helpfulness and eagerness to serve.
- Idealism guided by an abiding sense of reality.
- An unyielding determination to endure what fate holds in store and to carry out the tasks assigned to him.
- The conviction that the practice of Christianity in everyday life serves as a more effective stimulus for imitation than learned disputes.

**Last Days**

When Dr. Schweitzer felt that the end was not far away, he prepared for it with deliberation and in full awareness. In August of 1964, he had his measure taken so that the carpenter could construct his coffin from the region's ocume wood.

For his ninetieth birthday on January 14, 1965, friends and co-workers from many places assembled in Lambaréné. In moving words, he thanked them and paid tribute to all the helpers and organizations in their countries who had supported him and his work in the course of more than half a century. With particular emotion, he called to mind those who had passed away.

Shortly thereafter, he issued comprehensive guidelines for administration of the hospital after his death. He named Dr. Walter Munz, a Swiss physician, as the doctor in charge, and issued detailed instructions for the patients as well as for the hospital and its staff.

Dr. Schweitzer remained active, however, and six fruitful months still followed. He built a new children's pavilion and, to assure brighter meals for ambulatory patients, had the dining room equipped with a transparent roof. It pained him no end when rabies broke out and many animals had to be destroyed, among them his pet dog, Chou-Chou. In August of 1965, he put down in writing his wish that Mme. Rhena Eckert-Schweitzer, his daughter who had worked in Lambaréné for a number of years already, take over the direction of the hospital once he was gone.

On August 23rd, Albert Schweitzer began to fail. That week, he walked through the compound and the fields for the last time. Once more, his glance encompassed everything that he had built, everything he had wrought. From the first September day on, he began to suffer intermittent lapses of consciousness. He rallied again and sat at his desk, trying to read. He took pen in hand and started to write letters, but all strength was drained from him and he had to give it up.

To calm him, a record player was brought to his bed in the evening of September 3rd so he could listen to Beethoven's piano concerto No. 4 in C major. He dozed off, yet it was plain on the following day that the end was near. All members of the hospital staff came to bid him goodbye. The Africans knelt before the bed to kiss the hands. In the open air, they held a service of intercession with hymns and Bible readings.

Half an hour before midnight on September 4, 1965, Albert Schweitzer's heartbeat ceased. A unique personality, one of the greatest of men in our time, was no more. In the coffin built months earlier at his instruction, his mortal frame was laid to rest. A little bag of rice, which he had always carried to feed the chickens, was placed on his chest. They covered the body with his waterproof loden coat and a favorite old felt hat. And, when the coffin had been lowered into the grave, they threw into it some wild vines from the Schweitzer home at Guensbach, vines that he had replanted in Lambaréné.

Under a grove of palms not far from the house where he had lived, Albert Schweitzer was buried next to four white crosses. They mark the graves of his wife Helene; of Emma Hausknecht, who had been his faithful aide for more than thirty years; of a French pastor who died in devoted service to the people at Lambarene; and of a young American medical student who lost his life in the river. Schweitzer carved the wooden crosses with his own hands and, looking up from the work, told a friend: "This last one I am carving for myself."

Grieving multitudes came to the funeral from far and near, mourners from overseas and dignitaries of the Gabon Republic, to which the Lambaréné hospital belongs. Uncounted weeping Africans were among the mourners filling the compound. Their anguish and distress were moving testimony of the devotion, affection, and gratitude they felt for him whom they knew as their beloved "grand docteur" or, more intimately yet, as "Papa pour nous."
Yanqui — Go Home!

By JOSEPH A. MARTELLARO
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From Tokyo to Seoul, from Karachi to Beirut, from Algiers to Caracas, and back to Tokyo has echoed the cry, "Yanqui, go home!" Indeed, since the conclusion of World War II, American tourists, government officials, and businessmen have been told to go home in so many areas throughout the world that one might wonder if there remains any place to go from abroad but home — unless we accept Gamal Abdul Nasser's advice as to where all Americans should go.

Whether one is on business, in the armed forces, or doing professional work, it is not always easy for Americans to live abroad. Health conditions are sometime inferior to ours, some climates are unbearable, and not infrequently one finds it difficult to adjust to a culture often painfully different from our own. Thus, when he is a victim of affronts abroad, an American's initial reaction could well be like that of the man who, according to the old story, was roughly bounced out of an unostentatious saloon. He arose from the unyielding concrete, rubbed his newly acquired bruises, and limping his way back into the tavern shouted to the proprietor: "I'm leaving — but I have been thrown out of better places!"

Fortunately, we can credit the average American with a higher degree of resiliency than that. Moreover, we are often aware that anti-American demonstrations abroad — though sometimes justifiable from the native point of view — many times do not coincide with the official position of the foreign government, nor do these insults reflect the feeling of the majority. Anti-American demonstrations abroad are frequently the work of some vociferous, militant, and highly organized minority consciously or unconsciously being manipulated and exploited by political opportunists and agitators. My own experience has been in Argentina and this article will concern itself primarily with our position in that country, but some attention will be given to Latin America as a whole.

Relative to the resilient American, I would like to present two examples. I well recall the first indication of anti-Americanism which we experienced in Argentina. My family and I had just landed at the International Airport in Buenos Aires at mid-afternoon on June 16, 1965 — our first day in Argentina. We neither had to wait long nor did we have to go far to encounter an initial display of anti-American sentiment. As we were riding by car just a short distance from the airport, there appeared before us a large viaduct which spans the width of the spacious four-lane expressway (a public prestige monument of the Peron era) which leads to the center of Buenos Aires. On the side of the viaduct, in bold, black lettering was painted "Yanqui, go home!" But in equally large letters of dark blue paint, someone — I suspect an American — had added a few more words; so in all it read, "Yanqui, go home — by Pan-American!"

The second example of American resiliency involves my youngest son David, who was then fourteen. It was our second night in a large Argentine city where I was to lecture, and apparently the word soon circulated that an American professor had come to lecture at the local national university. We had taken rooms at a hotel; our rooms faced the street. At about 11:30 p.m., a group of students marched down the street, and as they passed our hotel, we could hear their staccato-like chanting, "Yanqui, go home!" The following morning, as we were having breakfast, David, with a twinkle in his eye, commented: "You know, they must all be White Sox fans here!" This ingrained ability of Americans to bounce back, is, I believe, one of our greatest assets when we are abroad.

At this early point, I believe one question commonly asked of me ought to be answered: "To what extent does anti-American sentiment exist in Argentina?" I did not find anti-American feeling as prevalent or as intense in Argentina as I thought it would be. Although I do not think so my preconception of Argentine opinion of the United States and Americans might have been negatively biased by the early June, 1965, assassination attempt made upon our consul in Cordoba, Temple Wanamaker, who suffered serious bullet wounds as a result of that assault. I wish to add that during our stay in Argentina, Argentines, on their own initiative, would broach this subject, and each in his own way, expressed deep personal regret for the Wanamaker incident.

A number of factors compelled me to revise my thinking relative to the extent of anti-Americanism in Argentina, above all my personal experiences. On the whole, as a Yanqui, I was received well and treated cordially in and outside university circles. As a visiting Fulbright Professor, I of course in no way represented our government in an official capacity; therefore, I did not have the initial advantage of protocol which might have existed had the latter been the case, although in some countries such official status can well be a serious handicap. However, I must admit that, once in a while, I was asked a jolting question by those who attended my university and public lectures, but then I have gotten that type of treatment in the States. And any lecturer...
should expect questions. If they don't come, there's something wrong with him or his audience — or both, for that matter.

Prior to my arrival in Argentina, I knew no one there; yet, in retrospect, I am convinced that we made many fine friends during my brief three-month stay in that country. My wife and two sons found it as easy as I did to develop Argentine friendships. Individually and as a family, we look forward to the day when we can return there to renew old friendships and make new ones.

Anti-American Forces

On the other hand, it would be deceiving to intimate that all goes well in Argentina for Americans and for our government. The anti-American sentiment which does exist is a force to be viewed seriously and reckoned with, not always because of the numbers involved, but often times because of the source of agitation against us. As an example, student action in Latin American universities is often dismissed by Americans at home as "just another student demonstration." Student remonstrances should not be taken lightly, for with some exceptions, especially in the private institutions, the student role at the Argentine university differs in significant ways from what it is in the United States. This is true not only of Argentina but of Latin American universities also.

Highly significant is the fact that Argentine students play a vital part in running their universities. Unlike the case here in the States, the powerful Argentine university senate is not composed of only faculty people; some 25 per cent of the senate may consist of undergraduate and graduate students. Furthermore, in several Argentine universities, as much as 20 per cent of the voting students identify themselves with the Communist party or other extreme leftist groups. And while moderate and rightist student groups (with perhaps the exception of the pro-Peronist faction) do not usually go too far beyond the stages of organization that we find on our campuses, the Argentine left-wing student parties are usually offensively militant, zealously well organized, and of single purpose in mind. (Some outside observers are convinced that the student leaders of the far leftist elements are guided and advised by Communist professionals outside the universities.) In other words, the well-oiled machinery of the leftist groups gets a lot of mileage out of their constituents, though they may represent only 20 per cent of the voting students. And this is particularly important when it comes to the election of student representatives to a university senate. Therefore, not only in the senate but as an active bloc, such student groups are disturbingly influential in shaping policy at Argentine universities beyond what their actual membership would justify.

The power of the anti-American groups can be well exemplified by a recent case which involved a Ford Foundation Grant to one of Argentina's national universities. The grant was a sizeable one. The leftist student factions placed a tremendous amount of pressure — especially through demonstrations — upon the university administrators to refuse the grant. Now by my own experience I know that this university could well use such a generous grant. By invitation, I inspected their science laboratories, and by our standards, the laboratory facilities for students and professors left much to be desired. Although the grant was finally accepted, the point is that the outcome was in doubt for a while.

Interesting was one faculty member's explanation as to why the students objected to the grant being accepted by their university. As is commonly known, el imperialismo (in any form) — is a sensitive area of discussion with most Latins, and sometimes not without good cause. They contend, and I believe correctly so, that imperialism can come bottled and packaged in a number of ways. But I also think that on this subject they have gone too far, particularly when they speak of technical, cultural, and psychological imperialism. And here, in the case of the Ford Grant, technical and psychological imperialism was a paramount issue. Some South Americans allege that if they receive, as an example, laboratory equipment or funds to buy North American gear, the students and professors become professionally accustomed and psychologically committed to that type of equipment.

Counter-arguments to this kind of reasoning are easy to advance. Among them, we can point out that a good deal of technical equipment needed in developing countries is basic in function and design; therefore, hardly conducive to committing technicians, students, and professionals to any one brand or make. Moreover, one would think that the introduction of new techniques and equipment in such areas of the world would not cause the recipients to assume an air of inertial complacency but instead would whet their appetites to search further for improved ways and devices to advance their national aims. And this whether they would again turn to the original seller or donor or look elsewhere in the world markets. And specifically speaking of grants, in light of the enormous needs of developing economics, logic dictates that those indigent nations accept assistance from whatever the source — American, Soviet, West German, or French — as long as the grants are "string-free."

Still another example of student power in the Argentine university, one in a lighter vein which has a strain of humor, came about when I was invited to a university to conduct a graduate seminar and to give some lectures. A blackboard had been requested for illustrative purposes, but I was later informed that none would be available. An apologetic department head explained that all boards were being used by the students, since campaigning was at its height for an imminent student election. Should any of my university colleagues ever find themselves in similar straits, I would like to recommend the back side of a large wooden filing cabinet; although its use is rough on the back and the knees, such an improvisation can keep the wheels of education turning.

April 1967
Counter Measures

There is so much that could be said relative to student influence in the Argentine university but for the limitation of space. Nevertheless, the two foregoing cases suffice to make a point. Fortunately, the circumstances described did not come as a complete surprise to me since I had gained some insight into the Argentine university structure prior to going abroad, when in the summer of 1964 I attended a State Department sponsored orientation program in Washington, D.C. However, besides their own illustrative value, the foregoing cases lead us into an area of discussion of larger dimensions, and of course, of overwhelming importance: To substantially mitigate anti-American feeling in Latin America what can we do?

We should intensify our efforts to bring about a greater understanding between North Americans and Latin Americans. (Please note that for the first time "North Americans" has been used rather than just "Americans," for the peoples south of us are Americans, too, and this is, indeed, a good basis for the betterment of intrahemispheric relations.) Although we have become more conscious of Latin America since the administration of the late President John F. Kennedy, we continue to neglect it because of our absorption with Europe. Europe is important, certainly, but so is Latin America, and the Latin American countries will become vitally more so in the future.

At the conclusion of World War II a good share of Europe was devastated, the economies of some nations were prostrated. Italy is a typical example, for one-third of her economic wealth was destroyed by war. Clearly, one of our principal goals at the conclusion of hostilities was the economic reconstruction of the war-torn countries. I think we have done that job well, and our greatest concern today should be (1) in Latin America, where the problem — unlike that of postwar Europe — is not of reconstruction, but of economic development and (2) in Asia, not only underdeveloped for the most part, but precariously under the deadly threat of Chinese Communism. And although economic and military aid are of prime importance to Latin America, they alone will not do the job of bettering relations between us and our fellow-Americans to the south. We must explore other means.

One of our foremost tasks is to convince Latin Americans of what we "really" are, and not allow them to continue under the misapprehensions as to what they "think" we are. A good many Argentines, I found, continue to attach the 19th century meaning to the word "capitalist," i.e., a rough and tumble entrepreneur who strives solely to maximize profits (by fair or foul means); an exploiter of human resources; a man who, if he is not already a monopolist, is unwisely resolved to become one; and a businessman hopelessly blind to his social responsibilities. A substantial number of Argentines take a dim view of our modern corporation — for they do not fully comprehend the structure and function of our corporations in their present-day social and business setting.

In addition, Argentines are not always aware of the existence and effectiveness of our anti-trust legislation, although a good many of them remember that Robert Kennedy served as our Attorney-General. There is corresponding confusion relative to their familiarity with our labor unions, e.g., our union's aims, democratic structure, and bargaining power, and furthermore, the effectiveness of collective bargaining as a democratic process to resolve differences between labor and management in the United States. For Argentines and other peoples of Latin America to know that we are a freedom-loving people, a citadel against Communism, a mighty military power, an industrial giant, and a country composed of avid baseball fans is not enough. We must most conscientiously pursue the goal of familiarizing Argentines and other Latin Americans with what we "really" are as a people and what we "really" are as a nation.

But what we can accomplish in this respect in Latin America is — in no small way — dependent upon a task of at least equal magnitude which confronts us at home, i.e., the education of our citizenship relative to our southern brothers and a vigorous effort to develop a keener interest by North Americans in Latin Americans as people and in their governments. This education ought to start early in our lives. Too often, the North American student learns too little of South America until he reaches college, and even then he gets a limited dosage unless he specializes in Latin American affairs. True, Spanish has always been a popular language in our high school and college curricula, but this is not enough. Much more could be done on the elementary and secondary levels to expose our young people to the culture, history, and current affairs of Latin America. Probably relatively few if any of our high schools offer a course in Hispanic American history or literature. In addition, television and the press could do more to stimulate national interest in the Latin American countries.

Too many of us are not aware that Latin American countries, for the most part, are raw materials producers highly dependent upon the export of one or two commodities to earn foreign exchange. As examples, according to the International Monetary Fund, 91 per cent of Venezuela's exports consist of petroleum; 77 per cent of Colombia's exports is coffee; copper accounts for 67 per cent of Chile's foreign sales, wheat and meat for 42 per cent of Argentina's earned foreign exchange. This high level of specialization in the production of one or two primary products makes many Latin American economies susceptible to the unpredictable fluctuations of the international markets, and of course the business cycles of advanced economies. Moreover, the United States spends about four billion dollars a year to purchase some 50 per cent of Latin America's exports. Clearly, North Americans should be better informed on Latin American economies and the degree of interde-
dependence between the continents of North and Latin America.

We are also inclined to stereotype Latin American countries and their people. When discussions center around our southern neighbors, too often one encounters the phrases "characteristic of Latin temper," "typical of Latin culture," "another revolution," etc. In reality, distinct differences exist among the various Central and South American countries. Only Uruguay and Argentina, where a large proportion of the population are of Italian and Spanish descent, can be considered as truly Latin American nations. The composition of the population (Latin, mestizo, Negro, and Indian) differs markedly from one Latin American country to another. The extent of economic development — and as a result the level of per capita income — is in sharp contrast among the Latin nations. Peruvian culture is a mixture of the Incan and Spanish, while that of Argentina, in no small way, follows patterns of Western Europe — and in the latter case, notwithstanding the valid comparisons which are made between North Americans and Argentines. In short, a host of demographic, cultural, political, and economic differences among Latin American countries can be cited; thus our neighbors to the south must be viewed individually as well as collectively.

In addition, I believe it is imperative that North Americans, as people, be persuaded that a Latin America characterized by high productivity, product diversification, high purchasing power, and improved social conditions is a prerequisite to hemispheric economic growth, unity, and political stability.

Positive Measures

It would be grossly unfair to ourselves if I neglected to itemize at least a few of the positive things which we are doing to effect a closer relation between our country and Argentina. Some of these activities are not, by any means, limited to the case of Argentina — or just to Latin America for that matter.

1. In several major cities throughout Argentina, we have established bi-national centers to encourage and promote cultural exchange. El Instituto de Intercambio Cultural Argentino in Cordoba, as an example, provides library facilities, arranges lecture and movie series, and offers English language courses which are taught by well qualified teachers, most of them nationals. The Institute boasts of better than a thousand Argentines enrolled in English speaking courses. Also, they sponsor a baseball team; the players are young Argentines and are quite adept at and competitive in the game as my baseball-sophisticated sons found after having joined the team.

2. Our United States Information Services and their libraries perform an important function in helping Argentines learn more about us.

3. Our embassies and consulate offices, of course, contribute to promoting better feelings between nationals and North Americans. In other words, their work is not restricted to intergovernmental relations, though this is their prime duty. Especially commendable is the practice by our embassies, consulate offices, and other governmental agencies of hiring nationals, a policy generally followed by us throughout the world.

4. The various educational exchange programs co-initiated by our government and the Argentine government are a very effective means to promote cultural and educational exchange between the United States and Argentina. I wish to stress here that some of our staunchest supporters in Argentina are individuals who had an opportunity to reside in the United States as exchange students, as visiting professors, or in some technical or service capacity.

5. Any itemization of the things which we are presently doing would not be complete without mentioning the Alliance for Progress. In all, the program has been quite successful; the target of a 2 1/2 per cent increase in per capita income in gross national product has been achieved by the participating nations of Latin America. This is a co-op effort under which the United States is presently providing some 20 per cent of the funds.

6. The Peace Corps has been a very helpful organization to a number of Latin American countries. And although Argentina has not been a recipient of Peace Corps service, she has shown an interest in participating on a bilateral basis.

7. Let us move out of the realm of government and say something about the work of our private enterprise which in some areas of the world has been viewed in poor perspective by foreign governments and peoples. In recent years, firms investing abroad have significantly contributed to improving our image in the eyes of nationals of foreign lands. I wish we had the space to credit several of them, but as a model, let us take Industrias Kaiser Argentina or (IKA) which is principally located in Cordoba, Argentina. IKA, in a praiseworthy fashion, has assumed a number of social responsibilities for a firm whose principal aim is to earn profits — as should be the case with any private enterprise. Like our firms at home, IKA has generously contributed to Argentine education by giving grants to Argentine universities and scholarships to students for study abroad. Nor should one fail to mention the Instituto IKA, a school on the Kaiser grounds, which provides technical training to young men. The school plant consists of several modern classrooms and a large, well equipped machine shop. The students, presently numbering 310, are taught tool and die making. They found their way to Kaiser through student competition and, as well as receiving free instruction, they are paid a modest stipend. Although upon the completion of their courses they may accept a guaranteed job at Kaiser, they are not obligated to remain with Kaiser, but are free to take their skills elsewhere if they choose.

One of the other interesting aspects of the school is that the students tear down and modify automobile en-
gines for instructional purposes, not only for their own use, but also to be given as gifts to other technical schools throughout Argentina. Moreover, in the machine shop, the students construct aluminum braces for crippled children, and these braces are provided nationally at no cost to the recipients.

A Proposal

Besides expanding our present programs, there are other things we can do in Latin America as a government in order to better intrahemispheric relations. I would like to advance a proposal. Almost from the outset, the Peace Corps has been one of our most successful international ventures. I think its success is in part attributable to the fact that through this type of activity, we come in contact with the masses of the underdeveloped countries. Therefore, I suggest that we set up an educational program not too much unlike that of the G.I. Bill of Rights for World War II and Korean War veterans. But in this instance, let us offer paid tuition, fees, and subsistence allowance to academically top-ranking high school graduates willing to study at colleges and universities offering the program which would prepare these young people for teaching assignments abroad. Each member would be excellently trained and oriented in the language, culture, traditions, and history of the underdeveloped country of his choice. During the student's four years in college, regular class loads would be supplemented with special courses designed to prepare the candidate for his assignment abroad. The increase in class load would not be as burdensome as the suggestion appears at first glance, since a number of these courses would fulfill requirements and electives. Upon receiving his degree, the graduate would be obligated to serve three years teaching abroad in his pre-chosen country; preferably he would teach outside the urban areas. Like the Peace Corps volunteers, these teachers would come into direct contact with the masses.

The intention here has not been to place upon us the sole responsibility to improve intrahemispheric relations. Although so much depends upon our individual and collective efforts, we can accomplish little without the will and cooperation of our Latin neighbors. Eduardo Frei, President of Chile, put it so well in his "Current Trends and Prospects in Latin America," which appeared in the Journal of International Affairs (Vol. XII, No. 1), pp. 112-113). He wrote:

The responsibility of changing the destiny of this continent ultimately rests with us South Americans. Frequently we blame others for our mistakes. There is a tendency to expect give-aways and to complain bitterly when they fail to arrive. It is entirely useless to think that an enterprise or association can be undertaken completely through the generosity and understanding of others.

"Yankee, go home!" — a slogan with which we are probably going to have to live with for some years to come, and for several reasons. First, as long as we are a leader in international affairs, we will always be open to criticism by certain political factions in foreign countries. Second, as long as situations occur such as those of Guatemala, Panama, and the Dominican Republic, there is bound to be some measure of unfavorable reaction abroad. To argue the merits or demerits of such incidents is not the purpose of this paper, but by the very nature of human affairs such circumstances are likely to happen from time to time. Third, I am not so sure that we would want to see a total absence of the "Yankee, go home!" jab in any foreign society which is considered democratic. This could in some instances indicate a suppression of free speech. And fourth, for us to work toward complete eradication of the slogan is, I think, an unrealistic aim.

Perhaps a more realistic goal for us to pursue is precisely what has been suggested above: an escalation of government-to-government and of people-to-people relations which would strengthen the bonds between foreign peoples and us so that, although this slogan may never be obliterated, we would make steady progress in reducing the frequency of such outbursts and the level of volume.

When we exhort people to Faith as a virtue, to the settled intention of continuing to believe certain things, we are not exhorting them to fight against reason. The intention of continuing to believe is required because, though Reason is divine, human reasoners are not. When once passion takes part in the game, the human reason, unassisted by Grace, has about as much chance of retaining its hold on truths already gained as a snowflake has of retaining its consistency in the mouth of a blast furnace. The sort of arguments against Christianity which our reason can be persuaded to accept at the moment of yielding to temptation are often preposterous. Reason may win truths; without Faith she will retain them just as long as Satan pleases. There is nothing we cannot be made to believe or disbelieve. If we wish to be rational, not now and then, but constantly, we must pray for the gift of Faith, for the power to go on believing not in the teeth of reason but in the teeth of lust and terror and jealousy and boredom and indifference that which reason, authority, or experience, or all three, have once delivered to us for truth.

The desire to write comedies is probably quite strong in all playwrights, even in those who never got around to doing it, or who, like O'Neill, wrote just one that isn't really funny. To make people laugh is a rare gift and to make them laugh while saying something worthwhile is even rarer. Moliere, who can be trusted to have known a great deal about comedy, said: “This is a strange business, this business to make gentlefolk laugh.”

Comedy is good business if the art of writing plays is seen from the viewpoint of show business. This is a treacherous temptation. People want to laugh and need to laugh. A play is more easily sold to a producer if it is a comedy, and the producer can sell a play more easily to the public if he can tag it as a comedy. Sometimes a play with a happy ending is presented as “a new comedy” because of the sales value hidden in this word.

It is more difficult to write a good comedy than a drama. Of course, it ranges from farce to the genteel drawing-room comedy and hard-hitting satire. It may be light or dark, vicious or grotesque. The essential thing is that it must make us laugh. Laughter is wholesome because it does not crush us with the inevitabilities in life, it leaves a margin of error to be corrected. This is why comedy permits us to view our own follies and frailties with a detached feeling and invites us to fight the discrepancies between “what is” and “what ought to be.” The best comedies are those that hide the depth and power of their tragic elements. Chaplin, the clown, was so unique because of the submerged tragedy that made his humor striking, deep and intense.

I had to think of all this when I saw Peter Shaffer’s “Black Comedy.” At the same time, I could not help thinking of how many mediocre comedies disgraced this disappointing season. Norman Krasna, who has shown before that he can write an acceptable comedy, even though not memorable beyond a season or two, has come up with “Love in E Flat,” which turned out to be flat, an unfunny comedy, pretentious in its playful casualness. “The Paisley Convertible” was contrived and predictable, a triumph of triviality. “Come Live With Me” starred Soupy Sales, who is known for his humor in the mass media, but who could not save this poorly written comedy, also since his humor did not feel at home on a live stage.

Neil Simon is one of the most successful comedy writers. He has little to say and says it so skillfully that he amuses the tired-businessman and expense-account playgoer. Since the days when he “came and blew his horn” to “Barefoot in the Park” and “The Odd Couple” — the latter has some fresh characterizations and creates a new type, the estranged husband with housewifely interests — he has mastered proven situations and many gags. His latest contribution, “The Star-Spangled Girl,” bares his formulae and gimmicks to a point of making no point. For instance, the boys put their shirts in the freezer because they have no starch, and the girl is said to have native intelligence of a very remote country.

In comparison to all of them, Peter Shaffer is a great playwright and, in fact, he is one of the bright young British writers who combines seriousness with slickness to everyone’s enjoyment. “Black Comedy” is based on a famous scene of the Chinese Theater in which two men fight a duel in a completely darkened room on a brightly lit stage. I saw it done by the Peking Opera. It lasted about fifteen or twenty minutes and, within this limited span of time, it was one of the most exciting theater experiences of my life.

The weakness of the “Black Comedy” is the stretching of one and the same idea for more than an hour. The duel between two men fighting for their lives is breathtaking. The story of a little talented sculptor between two girls while expecting a rich connoisseur and buyer of art objects is cliche. The Chinese scene is acted, mimed, and danced in almost complete silence and with the subtlest technique. The humor of Shaffer’s comedy is rather broad and depends on lines and content because after a while the gimmick of people groping in the dark wears thin, even though the playwright was highly inventive of ever new funny situations and was hilariously supported by the cast, particularly by Michael Crawford, Lynn Redgrave, and Geraldine Page. To pour liquor in the dark, to dial the right number, to get entangled in the wire, to have to fight with pieces of furniture which have to be removed, to keep people from striking a match, to walk up and down a staircase leading to the bedroom, to talk in the wrong direction where no one is — all this is farcical enough and well done. You enjoy it the first half hour, after which you begin to predict the predicament to come. It is a good farce which would be weightier and would better cover the thin premise on which it is built if there were more substance to the story. At least as much as to the curtain raiser, “White Lies,” which is not a comedy at all and, in my opinion, the better play — about which I will tell you more next time.
Take Mark and bring him with thee: for he is profitable to me for the ministry. —II Timothy 4:11

The deep pathos in these words can be lost on us if we understand nothing of the pain that has gone into them. However, these words can be instructive, even explosive, for our meditation if we know something of the route over which the man traveled about whom they are spoken.

Mark kept good company as a young man. He was in the house of his mother Mary when Peter came to that home, having been released from prison (Acts 12). With the members of the household this young fellow Mark was engaged in worship and prayer. Mark was, it would seem, a dedicated young man. He accompanied Saul (later Paul) and Barnabas when they returned from Jerusalem to Antioch, having finished their mission in Jerusalem (Acts 12:25 ff.). Mark was even a serviceable young man; he accompanied Paul and Barnabas on their journey to Cyprus, going with them through the island, even accompanying them to Perga in Pamphylia, on the under-belly of Asia Minor.

Now there can be no doubt that this country and this job of being “spirit-ed” missionaries were both dangerous. Robbers and brigands marked the one; a lightning-rod quality to attract hostility marked the other. Mark liked neither mark. At Perga, we read, “John [i.e., Mark] left them [Paul and Barnabas] and returned to Jerusalem.” At this point Mark was not on an errand; he was in flight.

Paul and Barnabas finished that trip, returned, and had a share in the council of Jerusalem. When it came time for them to set out on another mission of ministry to the congregations that had come into existence through their first trip, Barnabas wanted to take Mark with them, again. Paul would not because Mark had left them at Pamphylia (Acts 15:37 ff.). Sharp disagreement arose between Paul and Barnabas. The outcome was that Barnabas took Mark with him to Cyprus; Paul was accompanied by Silas and they traveled through Syria and Cilicia.

It is of this Mark that this Paul says, “Take Mark, and bring him with thee: for he is profitable to me for the ministry.”

We do well to meditate on the lives and works of the saints, thereby honoring the work of God in them. Perhaps He who worked salvation and sanctity in them will also work in us that same profitableness.

Ministry is not merely commitment to an ideal, dedication to effecting that ideal among men. Such ideological commitment can just as well be tyranny as ministry. The wide-eyed dream of “good people” in whom the juices of commitment run high are neither to be despised, nor in principle, squelched. But we had better be able to tell the difference between that kind of enthusiasm and the ministry that is profitable to the apostolic assignment of building the church.

For the daring, inquisitive, and even committed young Mark, there is a route to ministry that looks very much like the route of Paul the apostle and of Jesus Himself. There is a purging which goes on, a burning which like a laser light cuts its way to the quivering center of that power unit for flight. There is a movement in which John Mark is caught, similar to that revelation of bankruptcy that confronts Philip when Jesus asks: “Where shall we buy bread that these may eat?” Philip had pitifully little to offer. His poverty has pathos when he offers this little to the Lord as response to the question (Saint John 6). But this kind of bankruptcy purges men, strips them, and readies them for the fulness of pity that is in the One who became poor that through His poverty we might be made rich.

Paul himself knew this action of the God of the apostolate, the God who brings to their knees those who arrogantly oppose Him. Paul knew the terrible goodness of that One who deals with men in their enthusiastic commitment to an idea rather than to the God of salvation. Paul had lain on the Damascus road, also a quivering mass — whether in angry pursuit or confused flight, it makes no difference. Whichever it was, into that quivering center the knife of divine love had been thrust, stilling the arrogance and self-sufficiency, cutting off both pursuit and flight. From out of the baptismal waters a new creature had been drawn, after the likeness of the Son of God. He was profitable for the ministry to the Gentiles. He was profitable to God and to the Gentiles.

Paul would not have Mark with him on the second trip. There is a point where the apostolic “no” is part of the training for the apostolate. He who will be “sent” on a mission, profitably, must hear that “no” to his own self-authorization, as well as “go” in the authority of the Author of the apostolate. Mark is not read out of the church. He is readied for a ministry. Barnabas and the congregations of Cyprus are parts of that restorative preparation.
From the old apostle in prison, having only Luke with him, the word goes out, “Take Mark, and bring him with thee: for he is profitable to me for the ministry.” Take note of that “profitable for me.” The profitableness in ministry has an object of its service that goes beyond one’s self-validation. The goal of ministry and its mark of value are not found in the fulfillment of self to self. God makes the ministry, the diaconic existence, profitable to someone and for someone. Very possibly Mark had plenty of enthusiasm, plenty of the determination to make his life count for something, plenty of that self-drive that would establish its quality. For Mark that plenty is his poverty. It is this plenty which gets purged, burnt out in the process of making him profitable to Paul. This is, indeed, a razor’s edge to walk, but it must be walked. Profitableness is not self-contained, self-established, at least if one is speaking of ministry. The dynamics which impel men to make “a worthwhile contribution” are the very drives that have to be exhausted if there will be that apostolic “profitable” pronounced on a ministry.

Take note, too, of that phrase, “for the ministry.” Mark’s call is not a call to effect a reform, to achieve an ideal, to bring about a manipulated conclusion. Mark is profitable for the ministry. This diaconic existence is the liberating servitude to the Gospel of Jesus Christ. That diaconia is the ministry of reconciliation. The reference point for that reconciliation is nothing else than the peace-making mission of the Son of God, in His death and resurrection from the dead. The peace that is effected is peace between the God of wrath and the man of sin. It is a mighty ministry: it has to do with the cosmic reversal of the cosmic offense of sin. It is a ministry that snatches men from one way of existence with God into a merciful life as His children. This ministry is God’s service of not counting the trespasses of man against man, but swallowing them up, rather, in the obedience of that One Man, Jesus Christ. The weakness of that suffering and rejected Son sets the style of that ministry: it is offensively weak in that it is the ministry of a “word of reconciliation.” To people of all time and especially to the people of our time, such a reconciliation seems to be nothing more than “words, words, words.” There is, therefore, to the passionate idealist, to the rigorous humanitarian, to the committed reformer, an alluring attraction to make this ministry more effective by undergirding it with the burning zeal for self-fulfilling commitment.

But Mark is now profitable for the ministry. The self-styled forces of hostility to the God-ness of God have been exhausted in that draining humiliation of his flight and the apostolic “no.” What there is in place of such unhallowed unrest is the peace of the crucial reconciliation. In that peace Mark is profitable for the ministry. He is profitable to that apostolic martyr. Even more than that, he is profitable to that primordial Apostle, Jesus Christ, and therefore profitable to the whole Church.

We do well to meditate on the works and words of the saints, and to emulate their faith and love. Through Mark God “has enriched [His] Church with the precious Gospel. . .” May the light of the Eternal One shine on us to believe those good tidings, and day by day may that light lead us to walk in the cruciform way of that One about whom the Gospel is written.

On Second Thought

By ROBERT J. HOYER

When change is the order of the day, prophets are a dime a dozen — even with an inflated currency. There are so many signs swimming past that any competent angler can easily net enough of the kind he likes to prepare his sacred meal — or a fish story. Very few people will say “I don’t know” when you ask them where we are going. Whether we’re right or wrong, most of us know and are ready to talk. So here is my vision of the state of the church today.

The church is a baseball game. It’s the top of the ninth — though the game may run to extra innings. The opposing teams are tense and playing well. There’s a runner on first, who has just started to make a point. His next move is to the left, in order to advance toward a score.

The batter has hit a slow high fly out into left field. It soars into the heavens — almost out of play. Spectators and players are watching it with bated breath and anxious hearts, waiting to see whether it will land fair or foul. The umpires place themselves on the straight and narrow base line, ready to pronounce their decision. The runner has taken a long lead, ready to jump into action.

It’s fair. But the left fielder has caught it and hurled it with terrifying speed and accuracy to the right. The runner, frightened, is rushing back lest he be caught off base and thrown out of the game, his side retired. The umpire has already called him safe, on the basis of effort alone.

The spectators can relax. No point will be made on this play, no score counted. The game will settle down to a safe, slow pitcher’s duel. If the ball is hit at all, it will probably be a slow ground ball easily fielded. The only hope of scoring lies in some left-handed batter who can hit the ball out of the park in right field. We have at least avoided any chance of a rhubarb. The wisdom of the umpires has not been called into question. The game will follow the rules.

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What is religious art? Charles Burchfield, the late Lutheran artist, is reported to have said that religious art is that art which a religious person makes. Harold Haydon, art critic for the Chicago Sun-Times, has written, "Any art that touches the mind and spirit of man is religious."

To many people, however — including Mr. Haydon himself — such definitions are too general. Therefore, in an effort to restore a specific meaning to the term, many people define religious art according to some criteria of subject matter. For instance, they say that religious symbols or figures, such as the Cross of Christ will make a work religious. Going much farther, John W. Dixon, Jr., the art historian, developed, among other things, the following four religious categories in which all the subject matter of art may be grouped: 1) the art of Creation; 2) the art of the Image of God; 3) the art of the Fall; and 4) the art of Redemption.

Another understanding of religious art asserts that works with religious subjects or symbols often are simply illustrations and are not really “spiritual.” In fact, proponents of this view say that all the great art can be divided into two camps, the secular and the spiritual, regardless of subject matter. Obviously the problem has many ramifications, but I would like to suggest here one quality that might characterize all works of religious art — the numinous.

This term was coined by the German Lutheran theologian, Rudolph Otto, in his book, The Idea of the Holy. In this book Otto says that the religious experience can be divided into rational and non-rational qualities. It is the non-rational element that Otto calls the numinous, the experiencing of which he feels is a potential capacity of all men and can be induced, incited, and aroused by such things as works of art. It is a unique element that can not be completely analyzed. However, certain words can perhaps suggest some of its qualities. These qualities generally fall into two categories: one of repulsion and one of attraction. Those numinous experiences that tend to repel may be suggested by words such as daemonic dread, shudder, wrath of God, absolute unapproachability, awe-full majesty, compelling, consuming fire, wholly other, blank wonder. Those numinous experiences that tend to attract are sometimes thought of as the Dionysiac element in the numen and are suggested by such words as fascination, allure, charm, exhaltation, ecstasy, rapture, bliss, beatitude, life within the Spirit.

To become a truly “holy” religious experience, however, these numinous non-rational qualities must be blended with the rational. The moments of repulsion are related to ideas of justice and morality and so become the Holy Wrath of God, while the ideas of love, goodness, and salvation are combined with the moments of attraction to form the religious concept of grace. It seems to follow therefore that a work of art that can elicit a numinous response in the beholder has the basic quality of religious art. If then also in this work symbols or figures are used that are expressive of profound religious concepts, such as redemption through Christ, and if the work also is of a high aesthetic order, a powerful work of religious expression is achieved.

When the paintings here reproduced are experienced in the original they can overwhelm the beholder with the
numinous quality of the vast void, the wholly other. One painting achieves its sense of the infinite absolute by eliminating all details while the other painting achieves a somewhat similar effect by piling up details. The large painting by Rothko is meant to be seen in a small darkened room so that the large simple colors seem to float out before one with a moody presence, inducing in the beholder an attitude of reverential contemplation. That plain, but aesthetically alive, spaces and surfaces can aid meditation was given scientific support by studies in sensory-deprivation in which, for instance, a subject is put on a bed in a dark, soundproof chamber. "The result is an increased tendency to the rehearsal of memory, meditative thought, revery and body image awareness."* Although explicit religious concepts in the way of symbols and figures are at a minimum in these paintings (especially in the Rothko), if one accepts the numinous as a criterion for religious art, these could be called religious paintings.

Musicians of stature and genius are either misunderstood by their successors or are potent influences in the artistry of the generations following. Bach was esteemed for his musicianly abilities, but even his own sons thought his creative ideas pedantic and moribund. Rossini gave up writing forty years before his death because a taste for Meyerbeer opera had captured the stage. The influence of Mendelssohn, on the other hand, during the nineteenth century was assured by his directorship of the Leipzig Conservatory, and the music of Palestrina remains, even in our day, the touchstone for most church music and for all studies of counterpoint. Ignorance of the artist's greatness is not unusual in the world of music, nor is conservation of a style. The exercise of both upon a single figure, however, is unusual. Beethoven is such a figure; no other composer in history has been both influential and misunderstood.

To his contemporaries Beethoven was a free spirit expressing the grandeur of a revolutionary age. To his successors he was the source from which flowed opposing streams of program music and absolute music. For his devoted worshippers at the turn of this century his works were the faultless definition of musical composition.

Now that tastes have turned generally to music called, by a New York arbiter, "barococo," we can see that Beethoven was a phenomenon of a pivotal moment in Western history capturing in sound a unique vision of the time. We recognize in the claims of direct influence a projection of the personalities of later composers upon Beethoven's music and would insist that mistaken readings of his compositions have obscured the real genius of this musical titan.

The Third Symphony in E flat commits all sorts of symphonic outrage with a passion truly heroic. The exposition of the first movement presents a bewildering array of themes. The frequent shifts of key make difficult the apprehension of two tonal centers requisite of the sonata concept. In the development section the whirl of themes reaches a peak of tension in five hideously dissonant chords only to subside into a most remote key with a completely new theme! The control of these demonic forces is achieved only by the willful application of the restraints of classic form. The new theme does not intrude upon the recapitulation of previous material and this repetition of the exposition with only few changes demonstrates the cohesive nature of the ideas. The mighty coda serves to anchor the movement and to balance the development's destructive tensions with a lively agreement of opposites. A funeral march as a second movement has no precedent and yet its quiet balance of sections seems appropriate. The third movement is forcibly prevented from becoming circular by the traditional order of parts. In the final movement a theme and variations is governed by a symmetrical form that reminds one of a magic number square.

The sonata familiarly called "Appassionata" opens with a theme Beethoven must have known from the works of C.P.E. Bach. This taut, angular sequence of notes slips out of F minor and is restated in G flat minor. It requires the hammer blows of mighty chords to nail the theme to the tonic, though tonal anarchy is ever a threat to the primacy of the key.

The mighty "Emperor" Concerto demands almost too much of the listener. The dimensions and scope of its musical operations are comparable only to other works by Beethoven. The opposition of the solo instrument to the orchestra is not mere representation; it is the very essence of the conflict between a free spirit and formal tradition. The piano's insistent establishment of the wrong key for the second theme in both the exposition and recapitulation is a threat which the orchestra counters only by a most violent wrench of harmonies. When the piano finally does take up the theme in the proper key, it does so in the cadenza, that section which is wholly its own. The second and last movements are cooperative efforts which never diminish the independence of either soloist or ensemble. The entire concerto is a marvel of balanced forces.

Therein is to be discovered Beethoven's genius. His was the unique gift of the gods to stand astride the meeting of old and modern worlds and to envision a reconciliation of the best in both. The forces of subjectivity, free enterprise, and independence are not incompatible with the restraints of formal order, social compact, and conservative tradition. Those for whom Beethoven is the first of the Romantics are in error as much as those who would have him be the cornerstone of Classical thought. It is the dynamic tension of romantic forces constrained by classical form in the music of Beethoven by which we mark his greatness.
Part of the color and wealth of American history is the story of the immigrations, the confluence and interaction of old world patterns and ways on the shores of the new. American literature has preserved some of these memories, particularly in the Irish and American literature has preserved some of its traditions and patterns on the shores of the new. These memories, particularly in the Irish and American literature has preserved some of its traditions and patterns on the shores of the new. When ministers from the immigration churches get together the old lore is rehearsed. Especially is this true among Lutheran ministers, for Lutherans successfully built strong walls against Americanization, and succeeded in resisting assimilation longer than most. Hearing these stories one is struck by the distance that separates contemporary church life from that experienced only a few decades ago, and certainly from that of only a half century or so ago. The lore of the Lutherans is often colored by that volatile combination of orthodoxy and Pietism which is at the heart of nineteenth century Lutheran history, and which led to a preoccupation with sound doctrine, correct living, and the practice of church discipline. This led to a lot of back-alley ecclesiastical fighting, between pastors and wayward laymen but also especially among the various synodical groups in Lutheranism which were struggling to capture and hold the allegiance of the immigrant. Recently a colleague was telling me of the history of the congregation where he was baptized...
Cassius Clay is heavyweight champion of the world and as such has attracted a lot of attention to himself.

I am not in a position to know the "real" Cassius Clay. I am not with him in his regular routines of life. I have never talked to him, or even corresponded with him. There is a book out about him, but I have never read it.

This, however, does not prevent me from having some impressions about the young man from listening to him talk on TV, from watching him fight on TV, and from reading countless stories about him in sports magazines and newspapers.

I do know some things about him.

Cassius Clay is heavyweight champion of the world and he does not want me to forget it.

Clay will plainly tell you that he belongs to a great company of fighters, including Joe Louis, Rocky Marciano, Gene Tunney, and Jack Dempsey. They are still about and have to listen to the great man telling one and all "I am the greatest." They do not talk back, either to praise or condemn, and certainly not to defend their roles in pugilistic history. Apparently they are the quiet and bashful types.

Clay, on the other hand, talks, talks very much about many things: about Clay and politics, about Clay and inferior fighters, about Clay and Black Power, about Clay and preaching, about Clay and selective service. I for one like to listen to him. He certainly is not dull and prosaic. He even has a Pentecostal verve about him and is almost always on the edge of speaking in strange tongues. The Black Power people ought to put him on full time.

Why does Clay talk so much? Perhaps he was born with the tendency. Or he received the call at an early age to preach the Black Power Gospel. Or, perhaps, talking is a compensation for earlier deprivations. If these are the reasons, I really do not wish to fault him.

It might also be well to suggest that he has to do for the fight game what he cannot do with his fists, that is, revivit. His fists and his prowess are adequate but the fight game is terribly dead. He has been fighting pushovers and there is no one around to fight who is really worth all the effort. If talent is not there to attract the buyers of tickets, then maybe Clay's flair for the dramatic will do the job. It is hard to imagine, however, that all Clay's talk will be able to save boxing.

So maybe, after all has been said and done by Clay, he has really come to deliver the funeral oration.

Some people complain about Clay's evasion of the draft on the grounds of being a preacher for his Black Power world-wide congregation. Why complain about that? It has become the great American game. While people are criticizing Clay and the draft-card burners, or the youngsters who are applying for "conscientious objector" status, thousands of young people are suddenly becoming interested in education. It is hard to deny that Vietnam has something to do with increased college enrollments. It is no longer just the young minister who is seeking sanctuary. One can be sure that if Clay is pressed on this point, he will gladly refine his exegesis on this text.

Also in defense of Clay, something ought to be said about the nature of the professional athlete. The professional boxer or the professional football player, as the case may be, spends most of his time, most of his physical and psychological resources, in sharpening his tools and his game in the direction of aggressiveness, alertness, militancy — and it all adds up to destroying your opposition. Boxing is a brass-knuckles game, dedicated to injuring your opponent. It draws that kind of people, even worse, from the underworld, from the gamblers, from the syndicates. As things stand now, I will take Clay any day. I like professional boxing but I am not impressed with its purity.

Sometimes the spectators do not impress me either. Some of them feel that laying their cabbages on the line at the ticket office gives them privilege to say and do almost anything at prize-fights. Ignorance of the finer points does not prevent them from appraising in a negative manner the talents of the fighters. For endless minutes, one must put up with pot-bellied addicts (who couldn't fight their way out of brown paper sacks) charging the Clays and the Pattersons and the Listons with cowardice, for being out of condition, and lack of aggressiveness.

It is enough to make one take up the reading of Plato.
In Praise of Older (and Younger) Women

It occurs to me, a not disinterested observer, that women have lately come on hard times. Their lot has never been very cheery, especially to hear them tell it, what with all that “from the break of day to the setting sun, a woman’s work is never done” stuff you hear. This complaint, though it tugs at my heart strings, doesn’t rouse my ire, because when you come right down to it, the life we men lead is pretty grubby too, sometimes. But I do get mad when women are robbed of their uniqueness, their defining characteristic — their femininity. And on this score, there seems to me to be grand larceny going on. I propose to look, therefore, at the treatment women are getting in some of the media of our day, at the effect this is having on some women, and at the effect the treatment of women is having on some men.

Two new paradigms of masculinity have gained ascendency in recent years: James Bond and Hugh Hefner. One wants to say that the first is fictional, the second real — but that would involve distinguishing Bond from Sean Connery, which is not an easy thing to do, and separating the fact from the legend concerning Hefner. Time Magazine tried to find the real Hef a couple of weeks ago but met with little success, so I won’t try to illuminate the personality of Father Bunny. I do want to look at Bond’s and Hefner’s women, though, for they are interesting from a certain point of view.

Not because they’re sexy, because they’re not. That’s the strange thing about them: they have all the natural equipment a physiophile could want, and a good deal more besides. But they aren’t women. They are quite un-alluring. One can imagine circumstances in which they might be all that a man could want, but these would not be Bond’s and Hefner’s circumstances. Playmates are ideal, expressionless objects who have the hyperbolized form, though not the content, of a woman. Bond’s birds are utterly disposable — far less important than, say, his Aston-Martin. Matt Helm, as interpreted by Dean Martin, carries this motif to its most grotesque conclusion; he offers us the vision of a flawless babe whose sole purpose in life is to lie around waiting for Dean Martin to walk by and order her to shine his shoes. Women, we are asked to agree, are the toys and objects of sneering men, useful and sometimes ornamental, but forever beneath contempt.

It was Vance Packard, as I recall, who forcefully showed that cars, and particularly convertibles, are mistress-surrogates for the modern man. If the car is our mistress, who, pray tell, is that blonde creature sitting on the car’s hood in those advertisements? She’s the object that will come with the car — though of course not f.o.b. Detroit. Get the mistress first, and the thing will come running. In Germany it is not uncommon for the owner of a gleaming roadster to shoot the man who slurs the character of his shiny beloved. The status-symbol whom you ensconce at your side is a nice detail; she adds the finishing touch to your dramatic arrival.

The acknowledged spokeswomen in fashion haven’t helped the cause of their compatriots very much either. A brief thumb through the latest Vogue does nothing whatever to bring to life the graven, airbrushed women of Hefner and Bond and Madison Avenue. If anything, the haute couture magazines so camouflage the object beneath all that garbage that it takes a perceptive man indeed to recognize, let alone respond to, the woman who underlies it.

Fortunately, most women have sense enough to know that what is fitting for Vogue’s pages would be ludicrous on their torso. So, having paid for a peek at what the Beautiful People are wearing, they go back to their McCall’s patterns and buy yet another length of undistinguished cotton. The more inventive of them take half an idea from here and a notion from there and adapt the suggestions to the confines of their physique.

Some of these same creatures, but others too, try to be what Bond and Hefner and Madison Avenue suggest they be, and that doesn’t come off very well either. Breathes there a man with pineal gland so dead, who never to himself has said, “I will (pretend to) lust after and lurch at this dish — but when all is done, I want someone like mother”? So there we have them: girls and women with hair ratted to pieces and blown sky high and glued in place by vigorous triggerings of an aerosol bomb, painted and shadowed and creamed by products which spill out of the medicine chest and linen closet and off the dresser top, sequined and disked and papered and metalicized, and resting all this on three-inch spiked heels...

Masculinity does not consist in drooling over the gate-fold image in Hefner’s glossy magazine, for that image quite misses the beauty and mystery of sexuality. Nor are you a man because you have on your arm, or in your car, or tucked away at home, a babe who puts Mansfield to shame. The secret agent may indeed be a masculine type, but if that is so we find his exemplar in The Spy Who Came In From The Cold. I don’t want my daughter to grow up thinking that men want a Playmate. I contemplate with horror a world in which her relationships with men will have to be accompanied by hi-fi rituals, the odor of Jade East cologne, and three paragraphs of the Playboy Philosophy. Women are, to be sure, in the genus “animal”; but they’re also in the species “man”, and that says more than the mere taxonomy.
Parochial Schools

Having delivered myself of some observations on the clergy recently, I feel that I should, in all fairness, give a waiting world my views on parochial schools. They have been under attack lately, and this would seem to be the time for all good men to come to their aid.

Observation One: These schools are a very, very good thing. Founded on some wrong notions about preserving a particular national and cultural heritage, they have grown up into a significant and valid part of our pluralistic society. They contribute something fresh and vigorous to our nation: the salt air of educational non-conformity. Let others worship John Dewey. We have better things to do.

Observation Two: They can and should be better than they are, particularly theologically.

These two conclusions are based on my own experiences of parochial schools. These began on a dark September day in 1906 when I started on my daily pilgrimages to St. Stephen's school — two and a half miles from our home in New York. For seven years, through snow and sleet and rain, through cold and heat, we walked to the little school behind the church. We had one of the best teachers I have ever known, the sainted Otto Prokopy, who handled all seven grades (for a while) with the powerful ease of a Christian gentleman.

Voice from the rear: "So you went to a one-room school! That explains a lot of things. You know nothing of buses and buildings of glass and aluminum, and the school psychiatrist waiting to ask you why you hated your father. An underprivileged child headed for the gutter, that's what you were. How did you ever avoid it — or did you?"

Well, all I know is that when I got into the upper grades I would sit quietly while Teacher Prokopy was busy with the primary grades, and I would do my arithmetic, read my Bible history, or look at the pictures in my *Fibel*. I did not know it then, but I was getting a liberal education. My seat was near the window where everybody had to sharpen his pencils and my course in "social living" (big stuff these days) was a series of sotto-voce conversations with my girl friend, who had come to sharpen her pencils. I could always gauge the state of her affection for me by the speed with which she broke her pencils.

That was the beginning of my life-long survey of parochial schools. Later I found that this foundation was solid and strong. We knew nothing of today's six R's — Remedial Reading, Remedial 'Riting, and Remedial 'Rithmetic. We knew only that we had to read well and fast or we would find ourselves standing in the corner reading one paragraph over and over until we thought we were ready for another hearing.

And religion? We were surrounded by the ecology of the Faith. The prayers at nine, twelve, and three; the hymns and choir rehearsals (I still remember my sense of achievement when I graduated from soprano to alto and could imagine myself as a basso profundo in a Bach cantata); the memorizing of Scripture passages in the Catechism — these were not mere addenda to a secular culture but the very stuff of the culture in which we grew up.

I hear mutterings. Someone is saying: "How utterly horrible! Such indoctrination! Such brain-washing! How many tender psyches must have been bruised by that ordeal of standing in the corner! Were you ever really free to do what you wanted to do?" Answer: Holy smokes, we never thought of that! We had been told to obey our parents and teachers (which would appear to be a free translation of the Fourth Commandment) and, most of the time, we instinctively felt that this was a good idea. When we did something wrong, like breaking a window or stealing an apple or hitting a smaller person, and were punished for it — well, that was the way life was. This seemed to be the way God wanted it and, sooner or later, we knew that there would be forgiveness, because that too was the way God wanted it.

Of course, our schools could be better than they are. Academically? But that is not the major problem. A survey made last year seems to indicate that our children are receiving religious instruction which is not really religious in the proper sense of that term. In fact, some of our instructors might legitimately be criticized as theologically unsound. There is no religious value in being able to recite the books of the Bible, the height of Mt. Nebo, or the distance from Jerusalem to Jericho. We must do exactly what the Scriptures do, no more and no less: teach Jesus Christ, His reconciling life and death, His coming and going in life and in history, His blessed dominion over our hearts and minds. This we have clearly not done too well in our schools. There is too much fundamentalism, legalism, and rationalism — perhaps because it is easier to teach a fundamentalistic approach to Jesus Christ and to make the Faith a new Law. Theology is faith in search of understanding, but never at the expense of faith — the final mystery and miracle of a forgiving God.