3 IN LUCE TUA: Pablo Casals, 1876-1973; We Will Wait; Advent and Shame; Burning Leaves and Plastic Bags
6 Richard H. W. Brauer: INDIANA COUNTY COURT HOUSES OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY
8 Carl H. Krekeler: JOY IN STUDYING THE WORKS OF THE LORD
10 Ann George: THE MEEK SHALL; CHRISTMAS EVE: SPEYER DOM, 1030-1973
11 Paul A. Bierwagen: REVIEW ESSAY: WORK IN AMERICA
16 Walter Sorell: FESTIVALS AND MORE FESTIVALS AND A DISPUTATION
18 Richard Lee: HOMAGE TO MONSTERS
20 Joseph F. McCall: RECORDINGS: HANDEL / SOMARY / VANGUARD
21 BOOKS
28 Dale G. Lasky: ACADEMIC FREEDOM AND THE CHRISTIAN UNIVERSITY

ALBERT G. HUEGLI, Publisher
O. P. KRETZMANN, Editor Emeritus
KENNETH F. KORBY, Editor

Departmental Editors
Richard H. W. Brauer, Visual Arts; Design Advisor
Richard H. Luecke, The City
Robert C. Schultz, Religious Books Reviews
Robert J. Weinhold, General Books Reviews
Joseph F. McCall, Recordings
Dorothy Czamanske, Editorial Assistant

Contributors
Richard Lee, Mass Media
Walter Sorell, Letter from Abroad
Albert Trost, Politics
James A. Nuechterlein, Politics

Editorial Board
Jack A. Hiller, Walter E. Keller, Carl H. Krekeler,
Dale G. Lasky, Dolores Ruosch, Walter C. Rubke,
John Strietelmeier, Sue Wienhorst

Business Managers
Wilbur H. Hutchins, Finance
Ruth Pullmann, Circulation

THE CRESSET is published monthly except July and August by the Valparaiso University Press, Valparaiso, Indiana 46383, as a forum for scholarly writing and informed opinion. The views expressed herein are those of the writers and do not necessarily reflect the preponderance of opinion of Valparaiso University or within the editorial board. Manuscripts should be addressed to the Editor and accompanied by return postage. Letters to the editor for publication are subject to editing for brevity. Second class postage paid at Valparaiso, Indiana. Subscription rates: one year — $3.00; two years — $5.50; single copy — 35 cents. Student rates, per year — $1.00; single copy — 15 cents. Entire contents copyrighted 1973 by the Valparaiso University Press, without whose written permission reproduction in whole or in part for any purpose whatsoever is expressly forbidden.
The last two decades have seen the departure of several great men of music, venerable in age and world-renowned: Vaughan Williams, Sibelius, Schweitzer, Stravinsky, and now Pablo Casals. The pain of loss was the greater because they were so old when they died — we had got used to having them among us. Culturally, they were our father figures, and as long as they were about to exercise (however remotely) their authority, we were not a prey to disorientation and over-permissiveness. There is still Stokowski, but after him I fear we shall have to accustom ourselves to a different type of great musician. The music of our day, exciting though it be, simply doesn't produce the grand old man. Music has descended from the broad plateau of the early nineteen-hundreds into the rugged and confused valley of the seventies, and though there are some peaks in the terrain, there is no mountain on which a music-man can grow up and live and die in his old age. So it goes.

All the more precious, then, the memory of Casals. Two things in particular I am grateful for. One is the discipline he practiced, rightly and devoutly believing in its efficacy. Casals played Bach every day, not only because it kept him in good playing form, but also because he learned something new from the music of this master every day of his life. Every music student should think on that, and measure his own devotion to his art by it.

The other fact of Casals' life for which I am grateful is the manner in which he was able, in his quiet and unflamboyant way, to be a force for political freedom. His self-exile, his appeals to the United Nations, and his infusion of personal integrity into the young musicians with whom he worked were influences that spread far beyond the reach of his music's sound. Only a man who understood discipline as he did could understand freedom as he did.

Casals was at his best when he was involved with other musicians, as conductor, teacher, and ensemble player. Though he wrote some compositions, it is for the force of his personality — as described by modern music historian William Austin, "music-making of such intensity and delicacy...infused with his democratic idealism" — that he will be remembered. May he rest in peace, and may the light eternal shine upon him, as the warmth of his music-making radiates upon us.

Philip Gehring
We Will Wait

For the first time in nearly a quarter of a century, The Cresset will appear without something from the typewriter of John Strietelmeier. The reader will remember the October comment from the former “Editor-at-Large” in which he explained his acceptance of the position of Vice-President for Academic Affairs at Valparaiso University, and for this reason decided to terminate his regular writing duties.

Although that editorial, “In Conclusion,” had about it all the hallmarks of the Strietelmeier writing, the clarity and grace, the wit and courtesy, the solidity and restraint, it still fell with a kind of thud. No doubt, for the reader as for the editor, this word was the kind of farewell one would prefer not to hear. For this reason, the reader will not only pardon, but will very likely join the editor in expressing publicly the sense of loss.

Perhaps there is too much of local pride involved, but listen to it, nevertheless. John Strietelmeier is one of those people who exhibits what Valparaiso University is about. A graduate who has spent his teaching career at his alma mater, Strietelmeier has emerged as one of the finest authors we have produced. There is a chastity about his writing, an economy which truly illustrates the principle in writing that the more is the less. With his restraint he often says more than those who say much more. He writes with a good humored toughness on the positions he takes. In those times where good humor and wit were replaced with anger, or even wrath, there was still manifest an underlying tone of charity and courtesy. And when he sets his mind to it, he is by far and away the best satirist among the writers for The Cresset. But in his writing of satire, or better, in his refraining from writing because some of the innocent of the land were hurt by it, Strietelmeier revealed one of his most sterling qualities: he has a churchly passion that as a Christian, and a lay theologian of no mean quality, he brings to the service of God’s people those skills he so richly possesses.

We will wait for the Vice-President to finish his present assignment, wait for him to return regularly to the pages of The Cresset. In our waiting we feel the reader will be our staunch supporter. In the meantime, we wish him well in his new position. From time to time, we will try to tease from him that sort of writing about the university, the church, and the state which will refresh our spirits, sharpen our insights, and make us glad he is still accessible to us.

Advent and Shame

Have you noticed the startling juxtaposition between the themes of Advent and the current state of political affairs in the national government? With the motherly insistence of trying to awaken a sleeping teen-ager, the church continues to jostle and call us to wake up. The cry goes out that the Bridegroom is coming; everywhere the voices sing out antiphonally that the King is near. We are urged to make ready his way, to prepare our inner lives to receive him. Because of the surety of his coming and the fidelity of his promised deliverance, we are spurred to hope. Over and over we are told, and we tell each other, that those who wait on the Lord will not be put to shame. Here is no hanging your weight on a rope that will break; here is no putting the foot down on ground that will sink under you; here is no trusting a Promiser who will double back on his promise and make you a fool for trusting him. The surety of his coming guarantees the surety of his victory for us; the surety of the victory is grounded in the surety of him coming. The pillars on which his kingdom rests are justice and righteousness. He brings peace because he is the peacemaker; of the increase of that peace there is no end.

The kind of trust we put in that coming Leader, and the hope engendered by such trust, stand in sharp contrast to the trust and hope we place in the leaders who are the agents of justice and peace in the governments of our world. When we neglect the differences between these trusts and hopes, we find ourselves in shame rather than expectation.

“Unto Thee, O Lord, do I lift up my soul; O my God, I trust in Thee, let me never be put to shame,” teaches us to live our lives in the government of God in such a way that the lives we live in the governments of men are marked always with a certain scepticism. Human trust, always defined by the object it trusts, should give trust appropriate to that object. Trust is nurtured or destroyed by the object of that trust. What marks the true God is that he not only must but that he can, be trusted with one’s whole heart. All other gods crack and break under the strain. Where the gods crack, the human heart knows shame, for shame is the breaking of the fiduciary relationship.

Shame breeds confusion and feeds anger. Advent urges us to trust him who is trustworthy, and thus to live in his peaceful kingdom. But during
the time of the Advent season this year, we find ourselves shamed by the untrustworthiness of some leaders whom we had necessarily or voluntarily trusted. Justice Otto Kerner seemed like a man whom we could trust for justice. Vice-President Agnew proposed himself vigorously as a man serving honesty in reporting, as one who wanted to promote that kind of political philosophy that would indeed preserve and nurture justice. Richard Nixon worked for a peace, and made headway in establishing some kind of peace; he promised programs of reconstruction, revision, and new policies for interior service and justice.

Justice Kerner has tasted the justice of the courts; Vice-President Agnew has been the recipient of reporting that revealed facts about his case; President Nixon is a beleaguered man whose surprising moves are always surprising, except to those who trust him to be untrustworthy. They are not surprised by his moves, for they perceive them to be continuing manifestations of his guilt. But among many citizens, the sense of betrayed trust causes confusion, for the breaking of trust is the root of shame.

The Advent themes of the coming Ruler, the justice of his government, and the promise that those who trust him shall not be put to shame, are aimed not at giving us answers about the specific guilt or innocence of the governmental leaders involved, but at healing our inner beings from the shame and confusion. The reception of that Ruler's order in our inner beings, the confidence that he works justice, and the invitation to trust him, can serve us well for living steadily our course in the government of this world.

Shame is the memory of lost innocence, the exposure of the nakedness when the fiduciary relationship has been violated. Jesus, our Rescuer, is the Restorer of our innocence and the Bondsman for our trusting. He has, also, instruments for achieving justice among men. Where men trust him, they can both suffer injustice and rejoice whenever and wherever justice is done. Recognizing that all human solutions are tainted with their own corruption, people can still appropriately strive after and stand for those intermediate judgments that allow for building certain kinds of trust.

Hence, our present confusion with regard to President Nixon can receive some clarity. We can see that some of the animus directed against him is the energy of defeated candidates and a defeated party directed to discredit him. We can also press for the kind of justice that is informed by the law, served by the courts, and within the legal system, not merely the disguise for political pique. The Advent of our Lord covers our shame and incites our hope so that we can live in the confusion without being confounded. Right now, this also means the steady insistence that the President of the United States receives the justice due to him.

Burning Leaves and Plastic Bags

Fall stayed a long time in our town. October time lasted until the Thanksgiving vacation. And this year, October time had something of October country brought back: a few brave souls in our town again burned their leaves. I had nearly forgotten the smell of burning leaves in October time. The burning of the leaves was one of the machineries that reminded me of what I had (consciously) forgotten.

In the passion to clear the air and eliminate sources of pollution, we latched upon some frivolous and irrelevant things. Burning of leaves is one such measure, especially if patrol cars drive around to see if any one is burning leaves!

I was not one of the brave people. I put my leaves in a plastic bag. Last year I had spaded so many leaves into my little plot of ground that I raised the ground level by two inches. There was no room for the leaves this year, no room for them in the ground, that is. But there is room for them in plastic bags, along with millions of bags of garbage, plastically sealed, preserved for who knows how long.

But it isn't merely the idea of millions of bags of garbage, preserved in tact in plastic bags, that fastened in my imagination. It was the thought of all the oil resources being poured into the making of plastics and other synthetics.

October country returned (or I returned to it) in an oblique way. Where has the cotton gone? Where are the wool garments? Yes; I know. Japan has bought our cotton. Labor costs are too high to produce cotton and wool. Indeed, we shall forget the smell of burning leaves. We shall dress in, sit on, work with our synthetics, will also become an excuse remaining to us. In the meanwhile, we shall also have forgotten how to work the earth and how to remember that we are dust.

But burning leaves are important. The fuel shortage, greatly aided by the vast drain off for making synthetics, will also become an excuse to abandon the pressure for clean air. In the name of the shortage, stimulated by the love of ease and the appetites that have grown gargantuan, we will be badgered and bullied and threatened into filling the air with dark smoke. But burning leaves? No. October country will be gone. It will be like the land where it was always winter but never Christmas.
BUILDINGS do more than give shelter. Whether intended or not, they also speak; they speak of functions, of structures, of form, of feelings, of larger realities and ideals. Mostly they speak in prose. But sometimes a community wants its public buildings to speak poetry. The poet, Gwendolyn Brooks, calls her poems "distillations." I suppose she means that in her poems she tries to boil down some of raw life into its essences; she wants everything in her poem to carry a lot of meaning. To see a building as a poem, one has to assume that everything about it carries meaning and is expressive. When a building can reward such attention with unified, developed meaning, it becomes a powerful expression of the human spirit.

To the citizens of nineteenth century Indiana, the county courthouse was the focal point of their immediate, civilized world. The government that touched their everyday lives emanated from their courthouse and that building came to symbolize their civic identity. Counties vied with each other to create the most impressive courthouse. Within the last ninety years of the nineteenth century each of Indiana's ninety-two counties built at least two county courthouses, and several built as many as five.

As was current throughout the country, the architectural styles of these county courthouses spoke in picturesque imitation of foreign architectural tongues. Much favored by southern counties along the Ohio River and Ohio state border, was the...
Classical Revival style. Besides echoing the early nineteenth century fashion of the eastern seaboard and beyond that the ancient Greek democracies, buildings such as the Switzerland County Courthouse exhibit the simple elegance of finely proportioned geometric forms, smooth plane surfaces, and crisp detailing.

In striking contrast is the taste for the elaborate exhibited by such third quarter nineteenth century courthouses as that of Kosciusko County. Theirs is a high Victorian style called Second Empire, a style inspired by Napoleon III’s 1857 addition to the Louvre Palace. Aiming at the grandiose and monumental, complex ceremonial entrances are placed on all four sides. Pillars, pediments, and other traditional ornaments are fat, sculptural, and lavish.

Finally, however, the Richardsonian Romanesque style of the Blackford County Courthouse speaks almost without a foreign accent. Such buildings provide expressions of rough-hewn dignity, bold strength, and welcoming, secure protection. The dark, rectangular, rusticated stone, the great scale of the arches, the simple detailing, and the asymmetrical balance in which the exterior shapes express interior functions; all these are forceful realities spoken rather directly.

The best of these courthouses are distillations of the civic spirit of those that lived before us. To preserve those buildings is to enrich life, and to stretch one’s awareness of the potentials of the human spirit.

This is a happy occasion for us, and we appreciate your sharing it with us. We are dedicating two facilities today: 1) a new Medical Center; 2) the Klingsick addition to the Neils Science Center. These two facilities are not unrelated. The year before his death in the mid-1950’s Dr. John Poncher served simultaneously as the Director of Health Services and Head of the Biology Department. It is with some pride that I recall that our present Medical Director was a student in the first class I taught on this campus in 1947. It is with equal pride that I note that another student in that class is a member of our biology staff, one of whose courses is regularly rated by our students as the best in the department. As I look back at the complete roster of that class, the lists of graduates in the intervening years, and the reports of the biology, chemistry, and physics departments during these years, I find that our graduates have chosen to utilize their talents in many different ways. But standing out among these ways are those exemplified by those two students in my first class here: 1) service as professional chemists, physicists, or biologists, whether in research, teaching, or industry; 2) service in the medical arts professions.

These are signs that the sciences have been successful on this campus; and there are others to support this statement, as well as to support the claim that the sciences continue to flourish here. This is not the time or place to list these signs. But this is the occasion to ask why the sciences have flourished, to whatever extent they have, and under what circumstances they will continue to flourish at Valparaiso. I suggest to you that the answer lies in how seriously people doing science on this campus take the words of the 92nd Psalm, verses 4-6.

For thou, 0 Lord, hast made me glad by thy works;
at the works of thy hands I sing for joy.
How great are thy works, O Lord!
Thy thoughts are very deep!
The dull man cannot know,
the stupid cannot understand this.

No doubt the psalmist intended these words to have a double meaning. When he proclaims that the Lord has made him glad by his works he had two kinds of things in mind. For one thing, he was thinking of some very concrete and immediate matters, such as the success of the recent harvest, the companionship of family and friends, good government, and victory in battle with the enemy. But beyond that he was thinking of the fact that the Lord is responsible not only for all these things which make him happy but ultimately for all that he is and has. As we reflect on these words that double meaning has significance for us.
Joy in Gifts Received

It is appropriate on this occasion to think about some of the very practical things that promote the well being of science on this campus. Generous gifts of many donors have provided us with some fine facilities for teaching and research. The first unit of the Julius and Mary Neils Science Center was dedicated in 1967, and today we dedicate the Klingsick addition to this center. We are indeed grateful that the Lord has given us, through the donors in the families after whom these units are named and through the gifts and efforts of many others, these outstanding facilities. I can assure you that you have made us glad through them; and I trust that we will flourish in our efforts because of them.

The sciences at Valparaiso today also owe a great debt of gratitude to those men who controlled the destinies of our departments from the 30's to the 50's. Dr. Ancil Thomas, head of the physics department, and Dr. Frank Elliott, head of the biology department, reflected their Quaker upbringing in their mannerisms: soft-spoken, unexcitable. Dr. Walter Thrun, head of the chemistry department, had a temperament which was, shall we say, a bit more explosive. Though of different personalities, these three men had much in common. They devoted themselves joyfully to the teaching of science at Valparaiso. And by their example and through their long-range planning they encouraged their junior colleagues - many of whom continue to serve on these departments' staffs - to do the same. They expected their students to work, to think, to understand; and their students responded to that expectation. Their own understanding of the natural phenomena they studied and taught students about was enhanced by their recognition that these are the works of the Lord; and this recognition was reflected in their words, their attitude of awe, their obvious pleasure as they practiced their science in research and teaching. Though test questions and grades would not be affected by this, I'm sure that they considered that person foolish who did not recognize these great works of the Lord.

"Faith without knowledge is superstition; knowledge without faith is arrogance."

It is well to speak of the example of our predecessors and the generosity of our donors. But let us also consider how the words of the psalmist, which have had meaning for them, have meaning for us: the science students and staff in particular, our entire campus community and our friends in general.

Several themes run through the text. For one, regular reference is made to the works of the Lord. As indicated before, the psalmist undoubtedly had in mind, for one thing, some very specific goods. But these are simply examples, models, or paradigms if you wish, of all of God's great works, works we refer to in terms like creation, redemption, and sanctification. It is his work that his son Jesus Christ became man, and lived and died and rose again, to make us one with him. It is his work that the Holy Spirit has brought us to know this and to call him our father. But our focus today, as we consider the concerns of science, is on his work of creation and preservation. We believe that it is the Lord who is ultimately responsible for bringing into existence our universe and all that great variety of non-living and living things which comprise it. We believe that it is ultimately by his design and at his will that it functions, according to what are called (when we have recognized them) the laws of nature. As teachers and students of science we don't often make statements like that. Perhaps we should. So far as I know it represents the conviction of all the members of our science staffs. But because that conviction does not provide nor give clues to the proximate explanation for the scientific phenomena which we study and discuss in our classrooms and laboratories, it is not expressed in our conversation as scientists. In the absence of such expression of our convictions, and because our explanations and ideas sometimes run contrary to what people interpret the Bible to say about natural phenomena, we are sometimes charged with denying God's great works of creation and preservation. We have to shoulder some of the blame for this, for there are many occasions, which we have often overlooked (if my personal situation is typical), appropriate for proclaiming to colleagues, students, friends, one's recognition of these great works of the Lord.

A second theme clearly expressed in the verses of our text is that of having joy in the works of the Lord. People have had a lot of fun in recent years in defining happiness. My definition for this occasion is "Happiness is doing science." And I don't say this facetiously. My colleagues, and our students past and present, by and large give every indication of enjoying their work in science. It's not that the work is especially easy, or that there are not frustrations. But my friends are fascinated by these works of the Lord, get excited about them, and dedicate themselves to learning about some intricate details and to unravelling others. Some people probably think that's a strange way to show joy, but I submit that this is living out the words of the psalm, "At the works of thy hands I sing for joy."

In the King James Version these words are translated "I will triumph in the works of thy hands." The word "triumph" attracted my attention to these verses because the author of an article in a prestigious science journal several years ago argued that the Judaeo-Christian tradition is in large part responsible for present environmental problems. He claimed that people of this tradition - essentially the peoples of the western industrialized countries - have applied too zealously the injunction of God to man, "Be fruitful and multiply and fill the earth, and subdue it." There is a question as to what extent this claim is valid, and as to whether people.
of other traditions have not in many cases done much the same thing. But the point that cannot be ignored is that man in using the resources of his planet has in many cases done unnecessary and irreparable damage to these resources, both living and non-living. Properly used and respected as part of God's great works these resources can be a continuing joy to man, just as they were meant to be. Improperly used—whether by greed, or stupidity, or lack of respect, or an overzealous application and interpretation of the words “subdue the earth,” or any combination of these—these works of God can be completely destroyed or damaged beyond repair. The fact is that the world's population is at a level and growing in such a way, and our technology is such, that there is reason to be concerned that these resources can be so quickly depleted and misplaced that the future of mankind may be in jeopardy as early as the next century. To determine and implement the proper use of the earth's resources in the years ahead is one of the major, if not the major challenge, facing the scientific and technological community today. And it is a challenge not only to the scientific community, but to us all, for the solutions are likely to have far-reaching economic, sociological, psychological, political, and ethical ramifications. Great wisdom will be required.

To Knowledge Add Wisdom

And that leads us to the final theme running through the words of the psalmist. He is truly wise who, through Christ, recognizes God as the source of all that is good and gives us pleasure. The dull man doesn't know this; nor does the stupid person understand what this means. That, of course, is the reason for Valparaiso University's existence. That is the meaning of its motto, "In Thy light we see light." At the Lutheran Faculties Conference on campus a few weeks ago the main speaker supported the theme of Christian education with these words: "Faith without knowledge is superstition; knowledge without faith is arrogance." Our hope is that as a result of our program at Valparaiso University there will go from this campus to meet the problems facing mankind young men and women with both faith and knowledge. For the problems which challenge us (some new, some old) require a great many qualities among those who will solve them, among them: concern for the welfare of all persons, whatever their geographic location and economic status, but concern also for the balance of nature; respect for the rights of all, whatever their racial or cultural background, but respect also for the existence of other aspects of God's creation; sensitivity to the social and psychological needs of man. In other words, what is required is great wisdom, a wisdom dependent, we believe, on both faith and knowledge.

We pray that the Lord will continue to bless our efforts towards these goals through these facilities we dedicate and strengthen our commitment to these noble goals.

THE MEEK SHALL

By night the deer walk among us,
Intaglio hoofprints
Measuring the hard edge of the city.
Startling them at dawn,
We discover a Romantic landscape
Framed in gold.
We speak of them quietly.
Aloof, they withdraw to the shadows,
Gentleness surviving the wolf and the cat—
But we are all endangered species.

CHRISTMAS EVE: SPEYER DOM, 1030-1973

Within this vaulted enclave
Of eroded stone and ritual
Beneath the vault of stars and sky
The procession of Clairvaux and emperors,
Of centuries of black-robed monks and
Gold and crimson bishops,
Of those who seek and those who think they know, and
Of us, too, this night;
The men who built, rebuilt, and build again;
Gregorian echoes and Gothic flame
Suggest the mystery.

Ann George

The Cresset
DURING THE PAST FEW YEARS THE media have deluged the public about the discontented worker. Most of the articles have as their central theme the "Blue Collar Blues." They are usually directed at the assembly line and in particular toward the assembly line of the automotive industry. Statements like this are all too familiar: "It's not the hard work that breaks a man,—it's the boredom of doing the same job over and over again. There is no joy, no pride, no feeling of accomplishment or purpose attached to the work." 1

The problem of worker discontent, however, is not the monopoly of the assembly line. Discontent with the job is found among the elite professions as well as among the sweepers in a factory or the laborers in a foundry. On closer look discontent is in reality boredom and boredom is a lack of energy and lack of purpose. 2

**Employee Discontent**

Employee discontent is not a phenomena first discovered in the late 1960's. It is present wherever people are working. In the 1920's as a reaction to Scientific Management some employers become interested in the new thinking pioneered by a few university Industrial Research centers. Scientific Management was interested in the employee not as a human being but rather as a producer and so it was interested in improving his efficiency. The research at the industrial research centers, on the other hand, directed attention to the human reactions of the workers.

In 1927 the first organized effort to study the employee reaction to work situations was begun at

---

**Notes:**


the Hawthorn Plant of the Western Electric Company at Chicago. The inquiry continued for five years. The basic conclusion reached from the research was that the work place serves a dual purpose; namely, economic (to produce goods or services) and social (to satisfy the employees' desire for social interaction).

The result from this research was the development of the Human Relations philosophy. The behavioral scientists suggested to management that here was an approach that would end all employee discontent. Although it was helpful in solving a few problems it did not prove to be a panacea.

In the intervening years while searching for solutions to its industrial relations problems, management followed the behavioral scientists from one fad to another. During the past few years the media have rediscovered employee discontent and the reading public has been treated to an array of opinions on worker attitudes, all giving the impression that the workers in American factories are a very unhappy lot. Note, for example, how the General Motors strike at its Lordstown Ohio plant generated a flood of newspaper and magazine articles.

Behavioral Scientists' Approach

After the Hawthorn studies, management has followed the behavioral scientists from one school of thought to the next. The human relations advocates had the attention during the 1930's and 40's. As its shortcomings became more evident, the behaviorists were ready with a new suggestion. Management was told that the workers would be happier if given the opportunity to participate in affairs of the work station. And so during the 1950's Participative Management in its various aspects was practiced.

"The way to increase productivity and reduce workers' discontent is to give the worker more to say in how he does his job. So say the behavioral scientists. But the management of Non-Linear Systems, Inc., a tiny electronics company near San Diego, has learned—the hard way—that such efforts must be learned with some regard for the economic realities."

The reason that participative management did not give expected results was that supervision, especially first line supervision, was not sensitive toward the feeling of the subordinates. The deficiency could be corrected by using the T-Group approach. By participating in T-Group sessions, management was told in the 1960's, it could improve supervision's effectiveness as it would increase its ability to deal with subordinates in an open and trusting manner. Although many hours were spent in training supervisors through the T-Group techniques, and great costs were involved, the results were disappointing. The employee discontent problem remained.

The behavioral scientists, however, were not discouraged. They had an explanation for the failure and were ready with a new answer. The reason given for the discontent of the employee in the 1970's is the fragmentation of tasks in a work situation. The answer, the behavioral scientist stated, is that the jobs to hold the worker's interest must be enlarged and enriched. The name for this latest approach to cure job dissatisfaction is Job Enrichment.

"Probably none of the behavioral-science 'cures' has received such wide publicity as job enrichment. This technique is basically an antidote to fragmentation of work and the under-utilization of the worker. It gives the worker power over those decisions that are a logical part of his job. It makes one employee or a group of employees responsible for the whole thing."

Before looking more closely at Job Enrichment it may be of help to take a brief look at the reason for "failure" of the other "cures." Although each of the various suggestions did correct certain specific problems causing worker discontent, they did not prove to be a universal remedy as heralded by the originators. In selling a "cure" only the successes were enumerated while the failures were not mentioned. The story of the success of the idea usually is written when the idea is tried, but seldom is a write-up made a year or two later relating why it was dropped.

Another reason for the failure of the "cures"

7. Ibid.
was in the approach to the problem. To the behavioral scientist the cause for employee discontent is with management. It is either the manner in which management treats its employees or the work environment it provides. The consultants suggesting cures never seem to understand that in certain circumstances the employee is a contributing factor to his discontent.

The blame for the failure of the cures is not due to the shortcomings of the behavioral scientists. They are merely trying to keep abreast of the rapid changes taking place in business and society due to technological changes.

To survive today a company must be dynamic. It must adjust constantly to changing technology, often resulting in the obsolescence of its product and the developing of a new product to replace it. In addition to dealing with changing technology a company must also adjust to Government regulations and requirements. Since World War II, such regulations have snowballed.

To deal with these problems often means change in leadership. Survival requires drastic measures by management and these change the organizational structure and the whole aspect of employee relations. To problems created by these situations it is rather difficult to apply a universal behavioral “cure.”

**Why Workers Stay On The Job**

As stated before, employee discontent is not new. Management has wrestled with this problem since the inception of the employee - employer relationship. In search for the answer, attention has been directed to finding the reasons employees terminate their employment. In the attempt to find cures for job dissatisfaction both management and the behavioral scientists have given undue attention to the question posed in this manner.

To obtain a better perspective of the total problem a look should be taken at the reasons for employees staying on the job. Little research has been done in this area. Employees will stay with a company as long as no stronger force causes a break in their employment. The reasons for leaving vary, but they are stronger than the reasons for wanting to stay with the company. The reason for employees staying with the company, though varied, are often very individualistic. A few, however, can be readily identified.

Employees stay with a company because of satisfaction derived from the job. The satisfaction comes from the work itself and from the people with whom they associate. To this can be added the satisfaction resulting from the environment, both within the company and from factors touching their lives outside the place of work. 8

The factors that give job satisfaction can be listed as reasons for an employee wanting to stay on the job. Herzberg in his research listed the following reasons that give job satisfaction: the job itself, achievement, recognition, responsibility, opportunity for growth, and opportunity for promotion. 9 Herzberg, however, failed to mention the opportunity for social contact which is an important aspect of the work situation as revealed in the Hawthorn studies.

The work environment can exert considerable pressure to make the employee stay on the job. These factors within the company are the place of work itself (pleasant physical surroundings), the wages, the fringe benefits (life and health insurance, pension program, vacation, etc.) and the work rules which may give considerable individual freedom.

The external environmental pressure must not be overlooked. An employee will be reluctant to leave a job if it means giving up advantages he now enjoys in the community in which he resides, advantages such as schools, friendships, family ties, and cultural opportunities.

IN ANY DISCUSSION OF JOB DISSATISFACTION the changing attitude of an individual toward his job cannot be overlooked. Aging and maturing on the job has a decided influence. Youth by nature is restless. A young employee who has not made social contacts at work and who is without community roots, tends to leave at the first disenchantment with the job. However, he does not understand that his discontent is not with the job, but with his lack of social interrelationships.

The young married worker with all the financial and social adjustment problems of a family man is usually content with the job that helps him meet his financial obligations and realize his dream.

A surge of discontent may rise among workers in early middle years. At this time the realization may dawn upon the worker that opportunities for advancement are negligible and that he will be

---

working at his job for the rest of his working years. Couple this with his family and financial obligations and one has all the ingredients for a frustrated and discontented worker. The job will be blamed for his discontent although the real reason lies in his inability to realize his dream. If he does not leave the job he gradually settles back and assumes the resignation of the middle-aged employee. He no longer struggles against himself, but is content to enjoy the activities of his community made possible by the earnings from his job.

Educational background is also a factor in an employee attitude. Employees with a high school education, or less, tend to find job satisfaction through social contacts at work, whereas the professional employee receives his job satisfaction from the job itself and to some extent from his community ties.

In analyzing the reasons why people stay on the job it must be recognized that at every age level, as well as in every educational and skill category, there will be discontented workers. These are the ones who should never have been hired for the job they now occupy or, when hired, they should have realized that the job is not to their liking and, therefore, terminated it before becoming trapped. The realization that they must stay on the job because of lack of skill overwhelms many an employee with a feeling of helplessness and creates a discontented worker. 

Unfortunately an employer, although he has a high percentage of satisfied workers, may be swayed by the theory that the jobs must be enriched and enlarged to keep the employee content. The behavioral scientists and consultants can point to a long list of examples where employers have inaugurated job enrichment programs, production has increased and the employees were happy and satisfied. These accounts are true, but the time factor is not considered. On revisiting some of the companies after a year or so it has been found that the same boredom has set in on the enriched job that existed in the previous fragmented job. Once the job has been routinized by the workers it becomes repetitious and consequently boring to some workers. 


Work in America Evaluated

Unlike previously suggested "cures" for employee discontent that were debated in industries' employee relations circles, management-labor bargaining sessions, and industrial research centers (but never came to the attention of the public), this most recent discovery of job dissatisfaction has been brought to the public's attention through the wave of articles in newspapers and magazines and documentaries on T.V.

With all this publicity it is small wonder that job dissatisfaction was elevated to a national problem and we find that even President Nixon referred to it in his Labor Day Message of 1971. As a result Elliot Richardson, the then Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare, initiated a study of the problem. The result of this study was the report "Work in America."

The report concluded that a large portion of the American workers are displeased with the satisfaction derived from the work station where they spend at least eight hours a day. This discontent is evidenced by workers' attitudes and reveals itself through worker apathy, absenteeism, turnover rates, alcoholism, use of drugs, and industrial sabotage.

In looking for a reason for the seeming increase in employee discontent, the report's approach is that of the behavioral scientists who look at work as a source of social satisfaction for the employee. The theme of the report is that "a general increase in their educational and economic status has placed many American workers in a position where having an interesting job is now as important as having a job that pays well" and "that work has not changed fast enough to keep up with the rapid and wide scale changes in worker attitudes, aspirations and values." If the workers' attitudes, aspirations, and values have changed, this change would then be reflected in absenteeism, turnover, productivity, and participation in the work force. Research studies conducted in these areas have shown no evidence of marked change and consequently the conclusion can be drawn that workers are no more dissatisfied with their jobs today than in years past.

The study indicates that the workers want interesting work and jobs that give them greater autonomy. Yet, when workers have a choice they do not show a preference for jobs that allow for self-direction. When a choice has to be made between a job with good wages and job security, and one that pays less and offers less security but offers autonomy, most workers will select the former. This is true of the professional as well as of the blue collar worker.

While there is validity in this study on worker discontent, and while the job enrichment programs suggested will be helpful in certain specific cases, it must be remembered that there is no universal cure-all. The value of the study lies in that it is another tool to aid management in dealing with worker discontent.

**Conclusion**

Unfortunately, from all that has been written and said about job dissatisfaction, the public draws the conclusion that it is only the blue collar workers found in factories, mines, and mills who are dissatisfied and that it is all management's fault. This “terrible state of affairs” could easily be corrected (so the assumption goes) if only management were truly enlightened and would only try job enrichment.

Some voices, although faint, are being critical of the theme that only management can correct the present job dissatisfaction of the American worker. Their views are that the worker is also a contributing factor to job dissatisfaction and job discontent. In their view the blame lies with the individual. One writer has this to say about boredom: “Boredom is a curse, a disastrous loss of appetite at the feast, a dulling of the heart, a glazing of the eyes, a shutting down of the psyche on the possibilities of life.” 14 In summarizing his interview with a production worker, another writer concludes: “If they really wanted to better themselves, there are enough quits, illnesses, deaths, and retirements to insure eventual advancements. — Whatever I have done, whatever success I have achieved, whatever hardships I have endured—I did for the pleasure that a better income provides.” 15

Professor James Windle of Purdue University claims this discontent is not due to lack of motivation but to the “Nobody gives a damn syndrome.” The employee brings this attitude to the job and the employer does not cause it nor can he cure it by job enrichment programs. 16

A report on the meeting of UAW representatives at Atlanta in March stated: “Union officers have chafed at the ascendance of intellectuals and journalists of the ’bored worker’ school, who have implied that auto workers’ problems are too fundamental to be solved without changing the way cars are built. The rejection of this idea by the Atlanta delegates afforded Mr. Woodcock the choice opportunity to lash out—‘These are a lot of academicians, who are writing a lot of nonsense, who don’t have any answer either. But they like to create a professionalism which would give more jobs to some people who have never done any real work in their whole lives.’” 17

In discussing job discontent the factor of the dignity of labor cannot be overlooked. Labor is a contribution toward society and provides not only for the worker himself but also for his own. Psalm 128:1,12 reads: “Blessed is every one who fears the Lord, who walks in his way! You shall eat the fruit of the labor of your hands; you shall be happy, and it shall be well with you.”

The significance of work is expressed in Edward Markham’s poem “Day and the Work”

To each man is given a day and his work for the day.
And once, and no more, he is given to travel this way.
And woe if he flies from the task, whatever the odds,
For the task is appointed to him on the scroll of the gods!
There is waiting a work where only your hands can avail.
And if you falter, a chord in the music will fail.
Yes, the task that is given to each man, no other can do;
So your work is awaiting, it has waited through ages for you.

---

The Zuerich Theatre season is beginning hesitantly, as if everyone were still tired from the many festivals which — as a consequence of the twentieth-century plague called tourism — flourishes everywhere. The prices are exorbitant, particularly in Salzburg. By now next-year’s festival is sold out, with a few remaining seats in the hands of black-marketeers, mainly desk clerks of the big hotels. Is this all part of our time’s madness?

This year’s festival speech was delivered by the well-known stage director, Giorgio Strehler, who accepted Max Reinhardt’s heritage in Salzburg, where Reinhardt reigned supreme throughout his life, interrupted only by the holocaust of Hitlerism. In his speech Strehler tried to correct Ionesco’s words about the utter decay of human society voiced last year on the same occasion. Strehler, in many ways Bertolt Brecht’s disciple, seemed to accept the challenge of our time as the complex phenomenon it is. He seemed interested only in extolling the theatre as a realization of man’s eternal quest of finding himself and his desire to recreate a fictitious world in his own image. With a bow, Strehler referred to Max Reinhardt as a builder of human characters. Perhaps the bow was too deep when he called him the first regisseur in the modern sense of the word. The major line of his speech, however, echoed my own sentiments: “Essentially, theatre must be nothing else but theatre, and all theses and anti-theses, all messages in the affirmative or negative are of no meaning on the stage if they don’t speak from man to man in the language of poetry: poetry is the truth for no other reason than that it is poetry.”

The Festival in Lucerne was mainly devoted to music somewhat in imitation of Salzburg, even though less conservative in taste. Lucerne dared to present the New York Contemporary Chamber Ensemble Musica Nova, whose evening was, of course, not as solidly sold out as any concerts conducted by Herbert von Karajan. But what was presented as Swiss premiere, and deeply impressed me again as a masterpiece of modern American music, was G. Crumb’s Ancient Voices of Children, brilliantly recreated by the ensemble with the unforgettable accomplishment of Jan DeGaetani’s voice.

The play chosen on this occasion was Max Frisch’s Don Juan or the Love of Geometry. It is one of his finest and most complex plays, full of ironic overtones and undermined by a scathing philosophy. In the first part we see Don Juan, the moralist, who cannot help getting involved in his affairs with women although he tries to escape the erotic entanglements which he equates with the gruesome conflicts in an unsound world. Consequently, he longs for the clarity and mental purity of geometry, of circles undisturbed by the demands of women. In the second part, Frisch takes revenge on Don Juan, himself, and his women when he shows an aged and resigned Don Juan blessed (Frisch means cursed) with marriage and fatherhood. This is a difficult, but rewarding, play. The Lucerne ensemble — even with the help of some famous guests — could not quite master it. The second part, also better focussed dramaturgically, came off well.

I looked at the exhibition at the Lucerne museum which featured a good selection of American pop artists: Warhol, Lichtenstein, Oldenburg, Rosenquist, et al., names as well-known here as in the States. The pop art exhibit was strengthened by the photorealists who intend to give a resuscitated value to a demystified everyday image. One of them, Robert Bechtle, explained in an interview: “If we make a photo suited for a picture and paint it, then we use its photographic value in relation to our time and heighten it with that of the art of painting.” It may be true that the familiar sight of our environment tends to become blurred and lost as perceived object, because of its humdrum ugliness. But is it necessary that the artist magnify it as redefined reality? For what purpose? To save our technological trash for a posterity which, at best, may laugh about such “art,” and a time which knew no better? The exhibit was a great success. It partly impressed the visitors, partly shocked them or made them laugh in embarrassment about what
we have come to accept as our daily reality.

OF THE FESTIVAL IN BADEN

I caught the premiere of Martin Walser's Die Zimmerschlacht (The Battle at Home) by a most interesting dramatist in the German Sprachraum. What I saw was in no way disappointing and only puzzling. It is a two-character play taking place in academic circles. It is well written with an always interesting dialogue and is dramatically moving. So far, nothing need be said against it. The two actors never allowed the interest to sag. What is so unbelievably puzzling is the playwright's brazen audacity to have created a total rehash of Who's Afraid of Virginia Wolff?, only with less fury and viciousness. Briefly, it is a salon version of Albee's play. Had Martin Walser written this play, which seems to be quite successful on German stages, earlier than Albee's dramatic diatribe, I would have taken off my hat and bowed. Written several years later, it simply makes me shake my head in wonder.

IN ITS FESTIVE CONTRIBUTIONS Zuerich's Schauspielhaus did not live up to its reputation. In former years it may have failed in the production of some of its own plays, but it usually made up for it with a kaleidoscopic program of other European theaters. Of all the plays done this year I can only single out two whose promises were greater than their fulfillment.

Maxim Gorki, the playwright, is not seen too often on any stage nowadays. The choice was a happy one, since Jegor Bulytchow and the Others is hardly ever produced. It was written in 1932 and deals with the slow death of a Russian industrialist whose life and death symbolize the decay and revolutionary end of the old Russian society. Bulytchow's final realization, that he was never aware of life as it really is, brought home to him the sudden devaluation of all old values, such as money, the Czar, and even God. He dies of cancer as the cancer of the time made an end to all illusions of the Russian life in 1917.

Self-analysis and self-realization are the focal points of this difficult and somewhat diffused play with many characters and just as many poorly constructed scenes. This morality play shows how a rich man dies, struggling with his conscience and the mess he made of his life, while everyone else waits for his demise in order to inherit his fortune. Some of his thoughts: "We only seem to live in order to die... I have lived in the wrong street, for thirty years I have lived among strangers... If only God could, if only God could, but he can't..."

This play was staged by Manfred Wekwerth who came from the Brecht Ensemble in East Berlin; the role of the rich merchant was played by Traugott Buhre, a Brechtian actor, who dominated the scene. The Brechtian spirit or technique, however, was nowhere noticeable. The stage director tried to overcome the inner weakness of an overlong, talky play with too many cliches. Kitsch was added to the final scene when a typically Russian holy fool danced for the dying Bulytchow who walked heroically to his death while a revolutionary song was heard outside.

The Schauspielhaus has the laudable habit of commissioning plays each year. The experimental play, done in the Schauspielhaus's Night Studio, was written by the young Polish dramatist Ireneusz Iredynski and called The Third Breast. It is a political parable of a group of people tired of civilization, of its anxieties, frustrations and terror. They form a commune. But soon all illusions vanish and the very same conditions return, which these people wanted to escape.

To write a dramatic parable may be a political and aesthetic necessity in Eastern Europe if you have to veil reality. Perhaps the play wanted to deflate myth and ideology, the realization of a workable collective, the goodness in man. But its symbolism is too heavy and, at the same time, too obvious. The dialogue is colorless; the production is ridiculously wrong in its set, casting, and acting. The result: good intentions to demystify myth are not sufficient.


It is odd that this theological debate should have taken place in Zuerich's Stock Exchange. More than mere chance, it is typically Swiss. The highest values of life and man's goodness were debated in the temple in which the world's money moves from hand to hand, often hiding the secret of its shame in the shadow of the Bahnhofstrassen gnomes. The hall was filled beyond capacity, the dramatic discussion was broadcast over the Swiss radio and went from exposition to catharsis and to no denouncement, but instead to a final catharsis, with the audience joining the theologians in their quest of truth for two and a half hours without intermission.

A court drama at the Stock Exchange, with man the accused, with man as public prosecutor, with man as defending attorney. What a cast! God played the role of the silent judge.
Homage to Monsters

On the Hallowed Evening before the Day of All Saints some students on our campus keep the watch through the night with old horror movies.

Pillows are fluffed on the floor, Apple Annie poured, lights turned low — and the grand old movie monsters stalk the screen from dark to dawn. The students cheer the monsters up and down, shudder on cue, scream, chuckle, snooze, yawn, and fully enjoy feeling superior to the old films.

Toward daybreak the vigil is over. The movie monsters are sent reel-back into the film cans, and the mock faithful stagger home like monsters themselves — stiff, red-eyed, and purged of camp for another year.

From Ghoulies and Ghosties and long leggity-Beasties and things that go bump in the night —
Good Lord, deliver us!

The horror film has long been dead as a serious American film genre. Horror films now live Zombie half-lives as camp for the young or nostalgia for the old. Horror films have been succeeded, but scarcely replaced, by shock films.

There's a pity. The best old horror films assaulted the soul; the new shock films, at best, wrench the stomach. From, say, The Wolf-Man (1941) to Willard (1971) is a great falling off.

Classic horror films were parables freighted with morals, and every monster had a meaning all his own. The Werewolf, Mummie, Vampire, and Zombie each told his own cautionary tale, and all taught the evil of immortality on this side of the grave and affirmed the goodness of death in the order of nature. In classic horror movies (the 30's were the vintage years*) there was remarkably little grue and gore to gag on. The horror was essentially spiritual; the poor monsters could not die and find peace for their tortured souls. The monsters were to be pitied every bit as much as they were to be feared, and their deaths were blessed redemptions as much as judgments.

One ought not bare his psyche in his Cresset column, but I am a Werewolf man myself. That is — after Frankenstein's monster — the Werewolf is my favorite movie monster. For those who prefer the Mummy, Zombie, Vampire or other miscreant I can only say — each to his own. Each of us likes his life morally simplified at the movies in his own way and to escape into the greatest evil he personally can imagine in order to trivialize temporarily the evils of his everyday life.

The Wolfman is a lovable monster to pity, for he is most like ourselves — or as we like to think of ourselves. An innocent man, through no fault of his own, is plunged into evil by chance. He does not fail; he is pushed into evil when bitten by another Werewolf as much to be pitied as he. Indeed, the old Werewolf movies took pains to make the new victim as innocent as possible so he could know his evil as poignantly as possible. In knowing in his flesh the evil he now does and cannot help but do to his horror, he pities the Werewolf who drew him into the curse. Between them is the fellowship of the condemned, the mutual understanding of the howling pack. It is not an utterly silly view of evil.

The best horror movies were also parables about redemption from evil. As one might expect, the salvation comes through costly love and a final, second death. The more serious horror film makers dwelt upon the horror of the monster's own experience, not upon his deeds of destruction. The most horrifying scene in Werewolf films, for example, is the one where the Werewolf tries vaiently to restrain himself from evil, usually by chaining

*My "Ten Best" list of classic 30's horror films include Phantom of the Opera (the 1930 sound version of the silent 1925 film); Dracula (1930); Frankenstein (1931); Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde (1932); The Old Dark House (1932); Freaks (1932); The Mummy (1932); King Kong (1933); The Bride of Frankenstein (1935); The Hunchback of Notre Dame (1939).
himself down. But, alas —

Even a man who is pure in heart
and says his prayers by night
may become a wolf
when the wolfbane blooms
and the moon is full and bright.

All his heroic restraints cannot keep him from the evil he must do. Anyone who has ever done some serious sinning empathizes immediately.

As the parable ends, severely loving measures are taken to rescue the Wolfman — and ourselves. He is invulnerable to all but a very special death. His killer (usually his fiancee in the more romantic versions) must love him so purely that she desires not the object of her affection but the death of the object of her affection. She must love him more than herself.

As the Werewolf lies wounded (archetypally, from silver bullets) he becomes himself again — and dies a blessed natural death. Sometimes at this point the horror parable touches the Christian story with someone intoning words like: "He is now with Him who understands what we cannot and will forgive him — and us — for what we have done." In an earlier America, Saturday night at the movies could lead parabolically into Sunday morning in church.

Everyone wins and nobody loses at the close of classic horror films. As both victim and villain the monster is as much — nay, more — relieved by his death as his killers. The willing audience is drawn through one of the more complex catharses in the popular arts, a kind of tragedy for the common man. The filmgoer identifies with the monster hero and hopes for his release from the curse. But the filmgoer must therefore desire the death of the hero — horrors! — at the hands of one who loves him dearly. As the lights come back up, the audience has vicariously coped with evil, faced death as a friend, been inspired by love, and saddened and saddened to see them inextricably entwined. The world outside the theatre doesn't look quite as bad as it did when the audience went in.

The basic lines of the Werewolf parable are similar for the classic Zombie, Mummy, and Vampire parables. The significant exception, of course, is America's most favorite movie monster, the miscreation of Frankenstein. (I note younger viewers are sometimes surprised to discover that the monster and Frankenstein are not one and the same, so long have the creature and creator been identified by name.)

In Mary Shelley's novel, Frankenstein, the monster is a driven, romantic hero, morally superior to his creator. The monster retains the ultimate dignity to end his own wretched life, and to spare the world of more monsters by killing his creator too. Hollywood in the 30's was reluctant to adapt the novel intact. To do so would mean making a horror parable too obviously at odds with the Christian story. A parable of a miscreated creature who rises to a dignity greater than his creator might then have seemed an impiety — although it is unlikely that any censor at the time would have noticed.

The best Hollywood Frankenstein films, however, have their own charms. The movies preserved the monster as the miscreated man, but denied him suicide and Shelley's romantic heroism. In that halving of the novel, Hollywood deepened the horror of the parable and heightened its popular cultural profundity. (Not everything Hollywood touches turns to lead.) Frankenstein's monster in the movies stood totally as miscreated man. The monster is denied not only love and joy, but also the dignity of creating himself in a guilty and rebellious act. The monster's plight was thoroughly going pathos for the man in the street, and the common people heard him gladly. Deep down, so pathetic a story could inspire pity for all the untouchables in the world and the untouchables in ourselves.

The classic period of American horror films rose and waned with the Great Depression. After the 30's horror films suffered a slow and horrible death. In the 40's came death by parody. Abbott and Costello met Frankenstein, the Three Stooges met the Mummy, the Bowery Boys met ... ad bedlam. Two dying movie genres — horror and slapstick — held hands against the coming of the night. The final, second death came in the 50's when science-fiction films (of sorts) took over horror in the movies. After Hiroshima, horrors in American movies came man-made and, significantly, few of the man-made monsters had any discernible moral center. The day of the metaphysical horror film was done. Since the 60's horror in the movies has been secularized into psychological thrillers, thrown up grisly Grand Guignol shock films, or dragged back screaming from raids upon the occult.

Those of us who love — and sometimes admire — American popular culture in all its lively forms may mourn the passing of the classic horror film. We may only be marking the passing of a morally simpler America in which such parables could popularly appeal. But it was not, I think, the moral simplicity of the films which was their primary appeal. Ultimately it was their appeal to pure imagination.

Americans in the 30's did not queue up for the classic horror films for moral instruction, any more than they do today. They went to horror films because, in their day, these films were the most purely imaginative films around. They were an experience of art, another world, a place apart.

I like to think that is why some college students today like to creep back and take a look too. With horror film classics for company against the night, they could do worse on that Hallowed Evening before the Day of All Saints.

From Goulies and Ghosties and long-leggit Beasities
and things that go bump
in the night —
Good Lord, deliver us!
But not, O Lord, just yet.

November, 1973
This recording is certainly one of the finest releases of any year! We hear the Fireworks Music performed on nine trumpets, nine horns, three sets of timpani, several sidetoms, twenty-four oboes, twelve bassoons, two contra-bassoons and two serpents. The sound is fascinating, out-of-doors and authentic. For those of us who were weaned on the Hamilton Harty arrangements it is a sheer revelation!

This music was royally ordered for the celebration of the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle in 1748. The king commanded that only "martial instruments" be used and Handel was persuaded to this even though his later performances included a "string band." Thus, in this recording, we have the sound of the original performance. (Minus one hundred cannons.) And what a sound it is!

There are three suites of Water Music but only music from the two in F Major and D Major are used here. Since Handel made an amalgam of the two suites in 1741, Somary concludes that he should make a suite consisting of the best elements from both. He plays all but Nos. 4 and 5 (Baerenreiter) in the F Major and adds the Allegro, Bouree and Alla Hornpipe from the D Major. Since the F Major ends in D Minor, there is a ready made transition. The conductor uses a harpsichord continuo even though it is doubtful from the fullness of the writing that one was used on board the barges or could have been heard outdoors. Harold Lester, the harpsichordist, takes every opportunity, however, to provide a stylish representation. All of the playing is superb, but it would be remiss not to mention the beautiful solo realisation that oboist Derek Wicks makes in the Second Movement. Somary's conducting is by turns regal, lyric, vigorous, knowledgable, and altogether right. If you would like to delight a friend, put this recording in his Christmas stocking.

**SEMELE.**


Although Handel labeled Semele "after the manner of an oratorio" (unstaged), this work is probably the greatest opera in English between the time of Purcell and the Twentieth Century. Handel, who was always his own impresario, had given up opera in 1741, but Semele contains stage directions in the score; so it is easy to discern what the composer's intentions were. The librettist is anonymous but arrives from Ovid through William Congreve with purloinings from Pope, Dryden, and others. The famous "Where'er you walk" is by Pope.

The story concerns itself with Semele (Sheila Armstrong), a mortal, who is wooed by Prince Athamus (Mark Deller) but is in love with Jupiter (Robert Tear). Ino (Helen Watts), Semele's sister, declares her love for Athamus, but is interrupted by the news that Semele has been borne away by fire to Jupiter's lair. Juno (Helen Watts) in anger tempts Semele to ask Jupiter for immortality. He replies in anger by immolating her in their love palace.

Sheila Armstrong is excellent as Semele; her voice is of beautiful quality and her English diction is impeccable. Robert Tear possesses a lovely tenor voice which becomes quite virile at the proper moment. He has, however, the disturbing habit of increasing volume whenever the voice rises, creating unnecessary upheavals of line. Helen Watts uses a beautiful voice musically and intelligently in the dual roles of Ino and Juno. The marvelous bass voice of Justino Diaz, in the roles of Cadmus and Somnus, evokes memories of Pinza! But why are singers doubling in roles?

Harold Lester is again the authentic and excellent continuo player. The chorus, which functions doubly, both dramatically and Greek-fashion, is totally effective. Johannes Somary is certainly emerging as one of the finest conductors of Handel today. He is responsible for a great deal of authentic ornamentation, including imaginative da capos. He brings Semele to life—a welcome addition to any record library!
THE AGE OF ANXIETY
By W. H. Auden. Random House. $5.95.

The Age of Anxiety is not the sort of book one wraps gaily and presents with smiles and ribbons. In fact, it should not be wrapped at all, but slipped quickly into an envelope labeled "DO NOT BEND — ALSO DO NOT OPEN UNTIL MARCH." Only when we are caught between winter and spring, only when Christmas songs have faded and Easter has not yet released us, only at this time between the Birth and the Death, can this volume be read completely.

The Age of Anxiety seems a strange, yet successful, combination of G. B. Shaw's Man and Superman without the humor, and Spenser's Faerie Queene without the victory. Human history and man's inability to transcend time and himself is a major theme. One of the four characters says it all quite succinctly.

... The fears we know are of not knowing. Will nightfall bring us some awful order — keep a hardware store in a small town. ... Teach science for life to progressive girls — it is getting late. Shall we ever be asked for? Are we simply not wanted at all?

There is not much joy here, but, after all, Auden writes of an impotent and anxious age. Even though this eulogy (as he has defined it) was published over 25 years ago, the world Auden presents is real and immediate. We too are frozen with distrust, and we begin to plod through an ecological and political gloom. There is, however, a hope, a way of saying Yes, but "in our anguish we struggle/to elude Him, to lie to Him, yet His love observes/His appalling promise." The Age of Anxiety defines us — discomfitingly.

JILL BAUMGAERTNER

FABLES FOR OUR TIME.

FURTHER FABLES FOR OUR TIME.

If the presence of a deeply humane sense of humor is a signal of grace, however disguised — and it's my opinion, and it's very true, that it is — then James Grover Thurber should be canonized incognito. As irrefutable evidence that his wit and wisdom can still help us perceive life's foibles and follies more clearly, while yet welcoming it with bemused affirmation, either of these two small books would do very well.

Consider the present as well as perennial relevance to both church and state of "The Owl Who Was God." Because he could see in the dark and answer certain questions the owl was acclaimed the leader by the forest folk. "He's god," they were still exclaiming as they followed him, quite unseen at high noon, into the path of an on-rushing truck. Thurber's moral: "You can fool too many of the people, too much of the time." Nor is it possible to surpass the theological acuteness of "The Bat Who Got the Hell Out," in which a young, intrepid bat named Flitter leaves the bat-cave to join the world of human beings...
because, "...when bats are dead they are dead, but when human beings die they go to heaven." Unfortunately, on his first night out, Flitter chanced into an auditorium where a "best-selling Inspirationalist" is straining to make God popular. "Shake hands with the Almighty... let God into the cozy corners of your spare time," he cajoles. Sick at heart, Flitter returns to the cave, for fear of spending eternity with this Inspirationalist. Thurber's moral: "By decent minds he is abhor'd, who'd make a Babbitt of the Lord."

Throughout these pieces one senses a delightful humor which is also a way of saying something serious. Thurber's values are deeply humane — he loathes cruelty; has a fine contempt for pomposity and arrogance; and an instant sympathy for the hapless "loser" who hears the sound of a different drummer.

For the right kind of friend — someone like yourself, possessed of sensitivity and warmth and wise humor — either, or both, of these little books would make a treasured gift.

ROBERT WEINHOLD

THE INTERNATIONAL ENCYCLOPEDIA OF FILM.

In recent years books exploiting interest in movies have been running off the presses like fan magazines. Rarely do these glib and glossy books intensify the interest they exploit, or help to make it wise.

At Christmastime these coffee table bric-a-bracs are set out for shoppers innocently seeking a thoughtful gift for a friend interested in movies. This year, however, the careful shopper can give that friend a book which will deepen his interest in film, not leech it.

The International Encyclopedia of Film is a choice book to give lowbrows interested in movies, middlebrows interested in film, and highbrows interested in cinema. All alike will rise from their reading with their interest in the medium stretched and readier than ever for a good movie, if they can find one.

An encyclopedia may sound like a forbidding gift, perhaps like giving "more about movies" than anyone cares to know. Yet this encyclopedia is so winsomely written and attractively arranged that it can be used and enjoyed by both the browsing movie fan and the voracious film scholar.

Over 450 pages of the 575 page work are given to 1300 entries, including extended essays on the national cinemas of thirty countries and twenty specialist essays ranging topically from Archive film preservation to Screenwriting. One thousand black and white plates accompany the text, and a special section is set aside for the history of color cinematography, as it should be, in color.

Dr. Manvell's introductory essay, "Seventy-five Years of the Film," is a concise narrative of film history to lure the general reader into the encyclopedia entries for the myriad details. The remaining fifty pages are devoted to useful indices of films, film title changes, and film artists and craftsmen — and the best bibliography of some 500 books on film (in all European languages, dominantly English) to appear anywhere in print.

The Encyclopedia is scholarly work without pedantry, pleasingly designed without graphic razzle-dazzle, and well referenced (and cross-referenced) without topical fragmentation. It is also a bargain. Books on film are notoriously expensive, but publishing the Encyclopedia in Japan not only assured high printerly quality but also held its price to $17.95. This Christmas one cannot give "more about movies" for less money.

The International Encyclopedia of Film will be the most comprehensive, authoritative, and popular work of its kind for at least a decade. One could already cavil about this or that glaring omission (and glaring inclusion) according to his specialist interests. At one parameter, praxis, the Encyclopedia admittedly omits entries on the "complex technology of film production and... the sciences of cinematography." At the opposite parameter, theoria, it unadmittedly omits serious attention to the variety of theories of film past and present.

The Encyclopedia still stands, however, as the most lucid, lively, and synoptic view of film to date. Dr. Manvell and his American Advisory Editor, Professor Jacobs, are men of the first generation of film scholars, both having grown up and grown old with the movies. How good it is that they could bequeath to the next generation of film scholars — and the general reader — this summation of their love and learning.

I note between the entries on "Jayne Mansfield" and "Jean Marais" no listing for "Roger Manvell" in his own Encyclopedia. He has modestly denied himself not only lively encyclopedia company but his own due recognition for his lifelong contribution to film study. When the next generation of film scholars composes its encyclopedia, that glaring omission will have to be corrected.

RICHARD LEE

APPROACHES TO WRITING.

This book by one of the most prolific and most distinguished writers of our time will delight the heart of anyone interested in the art of writing. It is not a dry, technical textbook. It is, rather, a very personal account of what Mr. Horgan
has learned about his art during a successful career of half a century.

The work is divided into three parts. Part One, "Talking Shop," is a sort of summary of what the author has learned about writing and about teaching it. Part Two, "Notebook Pages," consists of 408 short personal comments on everything under the sun. These delightful notes make the book ideal bedside reading. Part Three, "Memoirs of An Apprentice," is an instructive account of the author's struggle to develop himself into an established writer.

Mr. Horgan, who is perhaps best known for his novel The Fault of Angels, is now Professor Emeritus and Author in Residence at Wesleyan University. A fifty-two page bibliography of his writings compiled by James Kraft is included in the volume under review.

WALTER G. FRIEDRICH

ASIMOV'S GUIDE TO SCIENCE

It will take a big Christmas stocking to hold this volume of nearly a thousand pages. And the recipient will need to have correspondingly large capacity for knowledge, for though interestingly and well written, it is almost encyclopedic in its content. No person other than Asimov would even attempt to write a book covering both the physical and the biological sciences which comprise the two parts of this book. Moreover he has a well-deserved reputation for presenting difficult matters clearly and meaningfully to the uninitiated.

The book's near encyclopedic nature makes for some problems. It's not one you sit down with and read through without stopping; to complete it at all will require some discipline. In providing a broad coverage there is often a recitation of facts without the presentation of the rationale and techniques behind their discovery (though fortunately there are many cases in which the methodology and excitement involved in uncovering the secrets of nature are admirably described).

The specialist will quickly tell you that the material is not as up to date as the publication date would indicate and that differing interpretations of findings are not always presented. Yet all in all this is good reading for the person wondering what some of the more interesting ideas and challenges of science are these days, including the young person who is considering the possibility of becoming personally involved in the scientific endeavor.

CARL H. KREKELER

THE BEST AND THE BRIGHTEST.

David Halbertstam is one of the more remarkable products of the New Journalism and the Vietnam Era. This book utilizes the method of the former to analyze the latter. The author is eminently qualified to do so, both in terms of the canons of this literary style and in his long familiarity with the Vietnam experience. The New Journalism focuses on the flow, the texture, of events as they are shaped by and shape all-too-human personalities; there is, too, an element of "inside dope" and muckraking that is in the best journalistic tradition, and an element of cynicism in the worst. But there is little question that Halbertstam is among the best and the brightest of the New Journalists.

The approach of the author is to consider Vietnam as a "process," as a complex transaction of men and events. The men are remarkably drawn: politicians, generals, professors — intelligent, educated, motivated, "hard-nosed realists" who brought the maximum amount of brains and organization to bear on the Vietnam "problem." However, a complex historical event such as Vietnam is not easily reducible simply to elite decision-making; it is a "process" over which men of even the most enormous skill and power have only incomplete control. And therein lies the irony, indeed the hubris of it all: the Vietnam war was not conceived and conducted by sinister interests with evil intent, but rather by men of the highest motivation and intelligence, armed with the most sophisticated knowledge and awesome military muscle. The best-laid schemes of even the Eastern Liberal Establishment oft go awry.

Although the "rationality" of decision-making was glorified in the Kennedy-Johnson era, the assumptions were the same that had guided American foreign policy since World War II: anti-Communism. Policy for Vietnam was very much in the tradition of postwar foreign policy, but only conducted by "liberals" who were as easily deluded by the glitter of power and the "projections" of analysts as anyone else. The Vietnam War, then, was not the result of stupidity or ignorance, but rather the belief that everything could be controlled by the application of rationality. The irony was that historical processes are not rational, are not reducible to control on charts, nor soluble simply by the application of administrative skill. Vietnam was a "problem" that had to be "solved": the best and the brightest considered doing many things about Vietnam, but apparently no one ever considered doing nothing.

The Halbertstam history is a fascinating reconstruction of the Vietnam process, and the men caught in it. One might wish Halbertstam to have continued the detailed analysis into the Nixon Administration (which shared so many of
REMBRANDT'S procedure, no amount of education and recently, but leaves it cold at the end. Are there no lessons to be learned, no reforms instituted, no light at the end of the tunnel? Perhaps the lesson is one we have to infer, and it is a sobering one: no structural reform, no degree of rational procedure, no amount of education and background and good will are any help if decision-makers delude themselves with the intoxication of omnipotence with the most conservative of all virtues: humility.

JAMES E. COMBS

REMBRANDT'S PAINTINGS.
By Horst Gerson, Reynal and Company, 1968.

This is a coffee-table book for a broad, sturdy coffee table. It contains 527 pages, is 11 inches wide, 15 inches high, 2 inches thick and weighs above ten pounds. It presents 80 full-page color plates and over 650 black-and-white reproductions. It is expensive. My copy cost $25, on sale. Downtown it will cost about $50.

It looks impressive in your living room but it won't stay there long. First, you'll find it among the toys where the kids have been looking at it. Next, you'll find it by your spouse's favorite TV chair. Finally, you'll find it in bed where, fascinated, you've taken it to read in comfort. It is a measure of this book's attraction that you try to treat it like a paperback.

For those whose interest in Rembrandt is professional or scholarly, Herr Gerson, Professor of Art History at the University of Groningen, has based his account on a firm foundation of notes, concordances, bibliographies, and assorted indices. For those whose enjoyment of Rembrandt is less academic, Herr Gerson has written twelve instructive, delightful, and concise chapters. They are organized chronologically and perform the important service of revealing Rembrandt's themes and techniques in the context of his life; painter and person emerge together.

Herr Gerson makes wise and helpful use of the beautiful plates and reproductions. He compares Rembrandt's paintings with those of his teachers, pupils, and peers. That ethereal critical concept "influence" takes a firm shape. Various commentators illuminate Rembrandt's life and work. Why so many self portraits? "Rembrandt seemed to feel he had to know himself if he wished to penetrate the problem of man's inner life."

Why has he survived? He "belonged to that race of artists which cannot have decadence, the race of Michelangelo and Beethoven." Was he a literary man? "His inventory does not point to the possession of many books." Was he a religious man? He apparently did not believe in immortality but "Christ is the all controlling power in the life and creation of Rembrandt." Was he a humane man? "He follows our steps to death in the traces of blood which mark them. He does not pity us, he does not comfort us because he is with us, he is us."

A warm, thrilling, awesome book.

ARVID F. SPONBERG

OUR BODIES, OURSELVES.
By the Boston Women's Health Book Collective. Simon and Schuster, 1973. $8.95, cloth; $2.95, paper; (70% discount for clinics).

Our Bodies, Ourselves was written by and for women. This anthology of medical, legal, and psychological information emerged from a small discussion group held during a women's conference in Boston in 1969. Twelve of the women decided to continue the discussion. Their immediate goal was not to write a book but to alleviate feelings of frustration about their doctors' insensitivity to female problems. The women researched fourteen topics of major interest to the group. They planned to present the results in a course for women. The initial course papers proved so helpful that the New England Free Press mimeographed and bound them for wider distribution. When demand exceeded supply, the women published their research in this unique book.

As a woman and a counselor, I have thoroughly enjoyed reading their work. Our Bodies, Ourselves appears to be medically accurate. The material comes not only from professional sources — textbooks, medical journals, doctors and nurses; it also comes from women who have recorded their feelings and experiences. (I assume the experiences were gathered in the New England area.) The topics covered include: a woman's sense of self, the anatomy and physiology of reproduction and sexuality, sexual acculturation, living with ourselves and others, lesbians, nutrition, exercise, rape and self-defense, venereal disease, birth control, abortion, child-bearing, menopause, and health care. This book also assisted me in evaluating the quality of care given by hospitals, doctors, clinics, public health departments and the like.

But the book's major point is that learning about ourselves as women physically, psychologically, culturally, in every way, can facilitate growth in other areas of our lives. "Our bodies are the physical bases from which we move out into the world: ignorance, uncertainty — even, at worst, shame — about our physical selves creates in us an alienation from ourselves that keeps us from being the whole people that we could be. Learning to understand, accept, and be responsible
for our physical selves, we are freed of self-pre-occupation and can start to use our untapped energies.”

BONNIE B. SPONBERG

THE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF ORGANIC GARDENING.


Any gardener at all will find The Encyclopedia of Organic Gardening interesting reading, but for the organic gardener it is simply indispensable. The Encyclopedia covers every aspect of gardening and plants, from Abelia to Zygophyllum, emphasizing in a low-key fashion the teachings of Sir Albert Howard, a British agricultural scientist considered by many to be the originator of organic gardening methods.

The term “organic” is perhaps an unfortunate one, since it suggests that organic gardening is something either unduly complicated or plain foolish. A better adjective than “organic” might be, simply, “old-fashioned,” since organic gardening methods are essentially those methods employed years ago before the advent of pesticides, herbicides, and chemical fertilizers. In a very real sense the first organic gardeners were proto-ecologists, since a basic tenet of organic gardening philosophy involves reliance on the natural process of decomposition in improving both the nutrient content and tilth of soil. Soil constantly improved rather than impoverished produces stronger and healthier plants that are in turn far less susceptible to insect damage.

The Encyclopedia is the semi-official handbook of the organic gardening movement and carries indispensable information on organic methods of insect and weed control, composting, crop rotation, companion planting, greenhouse gardening, and of course so much more that I cannot begin to cover all of it here. I have never had a question about gardening that I did not find answered in the Encyclopedia. Those looking for a gift that will provide hours of enjoyable winter-time browsing for a gardening friend will have to look far to find a better choice than this.

JOHN FEASTER

THE GLORY OF THEIR TIMES: THE STORY OF THE EARLY DAYS OF BASEBALL TOLD BY THE MEN WHO PLAYED IT.

By Lawrence S. Ritter. Macmillan, 1966. 300 pages. $7.95.

Travelling about 75,000 miles over a period of five years with a tape recorder to talk to as many old-time ball players as he could find, Lawrence Ritter presents in this book the reminiscent accounts of twenty-two of them. Talking freely about their careers and many of the memorable events in the early days of baseball, these players covered a span of playing time in the majors from 1898 to 1945. Paul Waner was the last. Having started in 1926, he concluded his career by playing outfield for the New York Yankees because, as he replied to a fan’s inquiry in 1944, “Joe DiMaggio’s in the army.”

The book includes ninety photographs and an index of over four hundred names. Although these former players talk about the earlier days of baseball, they make a number of comparisons and references to modern-day heroes, such as Brooks Robinson, Maury Wills, Bob Feller. General consensus among the old-timers is that Willie Mays is one of the best players ever, and that Sandy Koufax ranks with the best of the old-time pitchers.

Ritter points out that the book is spoken literature, which in turn gives added flavor and lightness to the numerous anecdotes. Davy Jones recalled that his first sight of Mr. Comiskey was on a rainy Saturday when the White Sox owner was out in the infield, with his pant legs rolled up, working to get the diamond in shape for play. Sam Crawford reported that Rube Waddell on his good days used to pour ice water over his pitching arm to help him let up a bit and not burn-out the catcher. Goose Goslin remembered that after he protested to umpire Bill Guthrie that some of the called strikes weren’t even close Guthrie retorted: “Listen, wise guy... there’s no such thing as close or not close. It’s either dis or dat.”

Other accounts are about Germany Schaeffer who stole first after he had already stolen second; Jimmy St. Vrain who, batting left-handed for the first time, was so surprised when he hit the ball that he ran to third instead of first; and Bill Wambsganss, a Concordia, Fort Wayne graduate and a short-time student at Concordia Seminary, St. Louis, who made a World Series unassisted triple play. And as great as Ty Cobb was, one of his teammates maintained that Cobb’s greatness was in his thinking. Cobb didn’t outhit and outrun his opponents as much as he out-thought them.

With respect to today’s statistic and record-happy consciousness in baseball, Heinie Groh claims that he still holds the record for the player who has played in the “most World Series on the most different teams for a right-handed third baseman who didn’t switch hit and who never played for the Yankees.”

There were great players and outstanding accomplishments in those days. Lefty O’Doul played for many managers, some of them great, such as Miller Huggins, Frank Chance, and John McGraw. But the most successful of them all, he says, was Miss Rosie Stultz, the seventh-grade teacher at Bay View Grammar School, the year 1912 when they won the grade school championship of San Francisco.

The Glory of Their Times is a
The meaning of history lies neither in the realm of the supernatural nor in that of chance. It cannot be superimposed from the outside. History's realm is the province of man, what he has done or has failed to do. If we can understand man's actions in the past, or some meaningful portion of those actions, then we can better comprehend the present and contemplate the future with realistic confidence. It is this type of reasoning that lies at the core of what Raushenbush means by humanistic history. "History prepares men to live more humanely in the present, and to meet, rather than foretell, the future," Carl Becker once noted. Other historians have echoed the same thought in more recent years; it is treated with particular effectiveness in Herbert J. Muller's The Uses of the Past and Parton E. Tillinghast's The Specious Past. Raushenbush demonstrates how this idea can be employed in a reasonable manner.

Man's Past: Man's Future is an engaging study in historical causation that is directed toward the causes of human failure. It is the author's hope that in understanding why man failed in the past we will perceive a source of enlightenment on the problems of the present. "Choices and Failures — Theirs and Ours" is the central theme of the book. In pursuing this theme, Raushenbush examines ten troubled chapters in Western history in which problems were allowed to result in tragedy. They range in time from Ancient Greece to the present, and in each case opportunities lost and alternatives open are underscored. In his last chapter, "Yesterday's Tomorrows," he offers a number of worthwhile concluding observations and he makes a thoughtful inquiry into the usefulness of the past to the present.

The author has taken a hard look at selected phases of the past, and he views the future with equal realism. To him the years ahead represent a severe and precarious terrain across which contemporary society must move. Signs of "outward arrogance" and "inner stress," already have appeared in that movement. What lies ahead? "Miracles of wisdom and good fortune are possible," he reflects, "yet failure and even disaster cannot be excluded" (p. 2). Entertaining no dreams of future utopia, Raushenbush simply contends that as man moves on in time he will need courage, good will, and wisdom. Part of that wisdom can be found in a study of the past and, in particular, in a thoughtful analogy between the tribulations of the past and problems of the present.

This volume should appeal to a variety of readers. Although some historians might question the author's approach to the past, few would deny that it is a stimulating and provocative one. Students also will discover some exciting suggestions in this book. Raushenbush, for instance, advances this thought: "Possibly all students in schools and colleges should be taken off their frequently dreary diet of dates and names, and be presented instead with a quest for the causes of the great successes of humanity, of which there are many, and of the several failures, along with options open but not chosen, as well as the always present and interlocking means-objectives syndrome" (p. 283).

Perhaps his idea lacks a certain orthodoxy, but it would open a new dimension of history to students and in the process would require of them historical thinking of a rigorous variety. Furthermore, Man's Past: Man's Future will appeal to laymen who will find it a comprehensible and sometimes robust treatment of how the past can be applied to the present. As Raushenbush bolsters one's faith in man so he compels a constructive realism in one's attitude toward problems of the present. Most of all, his book mitigates the growing pessimism that all too frequently is allowed to distort contemporary views of the past and the future.
colleges, churches, and synagogues in the United States.

The broad field of archaeological study, including investigation of ancient sites, manuscripts, increased evidence for recorded events, and data on the way people lived in ancient times, has a natural relationship to the imagination. Archaeology is involved in reconstructing as much of the past as possible, and by doing so it challenges us to identify with the ancient peoples. It puts us into closer touch with their daily life, with the course of events which shaped their lives. As for the biblical people, we gain a sharper comprehension of those very things in which the word and action of God was perceived to be taking place. The latter especially may lead us on to new ways of interpreting the Bible's significance for the events, conflicts, and choices of our own time.

Each of these volumes presents enough material to spark all sorts of new questions on different biblical episodes and periods. In volume one are articles on whether archaeology has turned up any evidence for the Flood, on the problem of the location of the infamous cities of Sodom and Gomorrah, and a fascinating and important series on temples in the ancient Near East, concluding with a study of the Solomonic temple. Volume two contains discussion of such important nearby peoples as the ancient Edomites, Ammonites, and Philistines, as well as a full treatment of the history of the city of Ephesus in early Christianity. Finally, in the most recent volume are articles dealing with the important concept of covenant in the Bible, as well as a helpful presentation on the family in the ancient Near East.

Anyone interested in enlarging his or her understanding of the literature of the Old and New Testaments cannot but find an engagement with the articles in these three volumes a stimulating experience.

WALTER E. RAST

November, 1978
Academic Freedom and the Christian University

Whether a Christian university can sustain academic freedom is a perennially necessary question. The integrity of a university depends on a living tradition of people who are committed to one another as learners and who jealously guard their right to challenge every assertion and to ask for reasoned response. Hence, the recurring question how a university which aspires to be Christian can guarantee academic freedom and intellectual honesty.

The issue of academic freedom reaches the heart of the question whether there can be such a thing as a Christian university. A school which seeks to bear this name has to be more than a group of Christians working in close community. That can be true of supermarkets and gas stations as well as of academic institutions. Nor dare it simply be a place where people understand their academic vocation in terms of Christian calling. That occurs whenever Christians interpret their work in terms of their faith. The issue is whether free inquiry and intellectual honesty can find their sanction in the essence of the faith.

The reasons which argue for academic freedom are many. One is the rational nature of the university's work. If man is to seek truth, he requires the freedom to investigate, imagine, and create unbound by dogmatism or tradition. The school of critical rationalism argues from the axiom that nothing is proved with finality. Every assertion remains open to question and reexamination. Even the social argument has been used that a vital society needs institutions where freedom of inquiry can flourish. Without intellectual freedom and its attendant integrity, society stagnates and perishes. Christians have accepted these arguments and many more. This is why they can thrive with good conscience in academic communities which base academic freedom on such arguments.

Does a Christian university simply affirm that academic freedom so grounded can exist along with a Christian profession, or does it find the basis of that freedom in the Christian faith? Contemporary theologians owe a debt to Paul Tillich for insisting that such a basis lies in his formulation of the Protestant principle. Rooted in the biblical prohibition against any attempt to identify forms and formulations created by man with the divine presence and purpose, this principle asserts that no institution, no social form, and no formulation of the truth can be identified with ultimate truth. And it contains the insight that men are prone to pretend to greater knowledge and wisdom than they actually possess.

This insight of faith demolishes any effort by Christians to claim a corner on truth. A minimal knowledge of history demonstrates that Christians have often been on the wrong side in matters of freedom and truth. The Protestant principle requires that a Christian university prize and protect free participation in its academic life by those who neither affirm or explicitly reject the Christian faith.

But the critical principle of faith lives out of an affirmation. This poses the question whether academic freedom can be preserved in an institution which makes this positive affirmation. Does this not depend on the nature of the affirmation? St. Paul succinctly asserted that we have confidence in God not because we know him, but because we are known by him. On its own terms, this affirmation precludes any ideological harnessing of science and scholarship to a partisan perspective. It also contains an affirmation of man which challenges every insight and teaching which claims to have plumbed the truth about man and his life. It voices the concern that man not be totally absorbed into the necessarily autonomous quest for knowledge and truth. Above all, it provides a continuing critique not only of the ways in which man uses his knowledge, but of the life of the university itself.

Two major problems for academic freedom in the Christian university arise out of this affirmation. Because Christian faith lives from a depth more fundamental and more universal than intellectual insight and logical rationality, the Christian community includes many who have not and probably never will seek to appreciate the significance of faith for scholarship. The sense of solidarity with this larger community places upon the university a responsibility broader than the academic and imposes a tension with which it continually lives. To it falls the peculiar task of seeking to appreciate, exploit and embody a particular dimension of the life of faith.

Further, the affirmation from which springs the critical principle of faith depends on the transmission of Christian memory through the fallible and finite words of men. In the context where this writer lives, that memory comes through (Concluded on page 27.)