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ADVENT HAS COME. BUT IT is not certain that either the world or the church knows it is advent time. Not that there are not enough internal and external signs. No, indicators there are aplenty. Rather, the problem may be that we cannot read the signs or that the “voice crying in the wilderness” is not addressing itself to us plainly enough to make us rethink our entire existence. In which case we substitute illusions for hope and continue in our malaise or we pervert the truth of the signs and of his promise by making “no hope” the only sure thing we expect. Even despair affirms the signs.

The “once upon a time” of the fairy tales is the universal label to that inner dialectic of human longing that addresses itself to the present and the future by looking backward. As our pastor reminded us recently, fairy tales are the expression of human longing to have a mighty lord and hero who will bring justice to the oppressed and peace to the warring, so that all may live happily ever after. Of the cry for peace, there is no end. Contending parties continue to tug against each other—and we seem to be the rope they are pulling; the warring lords do run here and there to wage battles—and we seem to be the battlefield. Of oppression there is no end; neither is there an end of the cry of oppression. One must be blind indeed if he cannot see the curse under which human life is lived; no sign is plainer than the sign of that curse: violence.

It is not as if there were no longings or no promises capitalizing on those longings. Aspirations abound. The air is full of the wind of those aspirations. Human expectations continue, although if one listens carefully to the expressions of those expectations, one sees that people are looking (largely) for disaster. While longings, aspirations, and even expectations are indeed operative, it is settling for cheap substitutes to call them hope. The truth of the desire does not guarantee the truth of the object of that desire. Hunger may indeed be a sign of and
affirm the reality of bread. But it does not follow that he who is hungry has bread for his stomach. Lonely longing for friendship may indeed affirm friendship and the capacity for it but it does not follow from the longing that the lonely one has a friend.

Longing and aspiration can just as well become the grounds for illusions, false hopes grounded in false promises. In his TV series “Civilization,” Kenneth Clark uses the term “false hopes” to describe those heady promises that arose (especially in the Western world) in the past two centuries. There has been a burst of hopes: the rational and democratic process would indeed “rightly and sweetly order all things”; it would be possible by knowledge to control all the natural enemies of mankind; and it seemed only a matter of revolutions and time before new men surely would be formed by a new society. There was a shortage neither of longings, aspirations, and expectations, nor of promises. But the promises that appeared to engender hope proved instead to nurture shame, anger, and disappointment. When the bitterness of disappointed hopes works itself out of the soul, only malaise remains. Well, almost. There remains yet that unshakable expectation that the cataclysmic doom will fall. It is a strange and confusing dread, born of the surety that the threat will come true. This is hope turned on its head.

IT WOULD BE A CHEAP SHOT to stand by in complacency as a crumpled and gasping humanity writhes to get its breath after its aspirations have been knocked out of it. No one of us who lives with, speaks to, or writes about human beings can stand by and stroke the finger of shame at those whose weakness, stupidity, folly, or perversity have exhausted their expectations. The cynic may live in clarity because the air is so rarified that it can furnish no breath for life. The complacent self-wise and self-righteous will find himself to be embracing the greatest illusion of all. His tragedy will be that the ground of his pleasure and the norm of his self-righteousness will be the source of his confusion and the measure of his threat. He, too, has nothing but the threat to make him sure.

It is not a cheap shot for the church to be “the voice of one crying in the wilderness” at advent time. The measure with which she judges the illusions of the world (as surrogates for hope) is the measure with which she herself is judged. Her boldness to speak to people to abandon the illusions is not grounded in the security that she lives somewhere else than in the wilderness. She lives in the midst of people; she is the voice crying in the wilderness. Her boldness in attacking the illusions stems from the certainty of the promise of the one who has come, the one who is named, “The Lord is our Righteousness.” He is the real king who has made an end to the war between God and man. He does not find new men; he makes them. He does not come to the gathered and “modify” them; he comes to the scattered and gathers them into a new humanity: her name is “church.” He is God’s intention that because of him “man shall live forevermore.”

THE ADVENT OF MESSIAH is the termination of all illusions. He is the pre-condition of the truth about ourselves and the priest of our truth before God. The lament of the orphans who have lost their father and the anger of the illegitimate who do not know their father are brought into great peace by the coming of the baby who gives us his father and ours.

Advent time for the world (and for us) is the time for radical re-thinking of our whole existence. Like John the Baptist, the church calls out to us, “Repent.” Repentance itself is an illusion if we imagine that by shifting our sentiments from pleasure to pain we shall escape the wrath that is to come. Hope, the hallmark of advent time, is not an illusion; illusion is not hope.

To repent and to live on the advent hope calls for a rethinking of the very longings, aspirations, and expectations that stir in the human breast. We do err if we think hope is generated within the human being by extending those longings, aspirations, and expectations out into economic, social, or political objectives, animating them with the lusty wind of promise, and then waiting for them to come back to us as rescuers.

We do not err in abandoning those hopes for the promise of the one who came for us. As the one promised to those who live their whole lives under the threat of death, Jesus came into the poverty, weakness, and shame as the Keeper of Promise. He came for us as the Joiner of God’s glory in the highest to our peace on earth. In him death meets its death in such a way that he lives and we live in him. Longing that lives in the advent hope sings the truth: “Jesu, Joy of Man’s Desiring.”
a long range solution to the food shortage, while many hungry people expected immediate action. Among other things, such a collision of expectations reminds us forcefully to chasten our promises, to bridle our expectations in relation to human solutions, and to work with more detailed attention to the principles and the particulars in each problem.

Whether or not the call of the World Food Conference for (1) a world food reserve and (2) far-reaching measures to enable people in the poorest countries to increase their food production and work their way out of hunger and poverty will furnish the challenge for developing appropriate means to meet that call remains to be seen. Nevertheless, the proposal of Senator McGovern, that each nation set aside ten percent of the cost for arms production for food, has more than a surface fascination to it. Perhaps, as was estimated, McGovern's tithe would yield twenty seven billion dollars for food: some have become somewhat skeptical of McGovern's cost and savings estimates. Be that as it may. The idea is still provocative.

It is provocative because the first question that comes to mind is the simple one: if one had $27 billion to buy food, where would he find that much food? But doesn't that itself suggest something else? It suggests that the proper procedure for us ought not be the direct doling out of food to the world (although, obviously, some such immediate giving is imperative). Charity requires the purity and humility of a faithful heart. We are incapable of that nationally. Charity calls for reception with gratitude. Nations who would receive the "charity" would be as incapable of gratitude as the giving nations would be incapable of charity.

WITHOUT THE PURITY AND meekness that fosters both charity and gratitude, giving and receiving can degenerate only to manipulation, dependence, and hostility. But what we want in the problem of food among the nations is not dependence; we want interdependence. In interdependence the need runs in both directions, as does the help. The action to help is a mediated self-help. To help one's self by grabbing another is one thing; to help one's self by mediating that action through help to another is a different thing, a thing of freedom.

This interdependence has its nexus in the matter of production. Hence, it would be a matter not only of tithing the cost of arms production and buying (and giving) food. It could rather be a matter of turning the production capacity of the arms producing countries to the production of those agricultural, manufacturing, and transportation supplies to assist the countries not yet producing enough food. It might even be that enough stimulus could be given to some production genius to learn how to turn our vast and wasteful production of automobiles into the vast and fruitful production of materials that would nurture the interdependence of countries not yet able to contribute much more than their need.

Long ago it was observed that it was entirely fitting for the Bread of Life to be born in Bethlehem, "the house of Bread." How fitting it is for us who worship at the birth place of the Christ-child, who hunger for, relish, and live on him, the Bread of Life, to engage ourselves in consort with him to help each other to produce and eat our daily bread. Many of us will indeed give some token of our partnership with the hungry by sharing our food with them. And let those whose lives trust him engage him daily in prayer on behalf of the poor.

But as creatures on our earth and citizens in our country we also want to exert pressure for that kind of production that turns away from the frivolous and the gluttonous and turns to such activity as gives our fellow creatures and fellow citizens a chance to share (interdependently) our need and our work. Let us speak not only to Christ our King about these people and this need. Let our voice be heard also by our president and our congress. Let us speak also with our pocketbooks. Is any price control so effective as that of the buyer and the producer?

THE AVENUE

the avenue
where dead cops lay sprawled like winter leaves.
with your nose pressed against the dark window
you flinch
and wonder if the pain in the street is yours
you can always close your eyes
and attune to the laughter in the backroom.
but someone is on the roof again tonight
and the nets are ready below.
new york
don't stare out your window too long,
the siren's cry is really your baby screaming.

IRIS COLE

November, 1974
A CHRISTMAS SEQUENCE

I
THE FIRST SUNDAY IN ADVENT

"and I will be gracious...."
Exodus 33:19

Thou art wallstone, keystone, cornerstone,
Rejected by the workers of old.
Bind, oh high hall's Head,
Thy church bind fast again together
Wall to wall in bonds unbreaking,
That all creation may wonder anew
At the work of heaven's high King.
And raise up your power, your craft display;
Just, repair, Triumphant, fix,
For now is need of your creation
That its Creator come, the King himself,
For now lie ruined walls and roof
Desolate the limbs of clay that He created.
And now must He, the Lord of Life,
Deliver men from their terrible foe,
The wretched from their darkness,
as He often has done.

II
THE SECOND SUNDAY IN ADVENT

"The Lord shall cause his glorious voice to be heard:
And ye shall have gladness of heart."
Introit

And who shall stand on that final judgment day?
Whose house shall long endure the running sand,
Blighting hail, flames devouring the land?
Destroying death come riding, what shall stay
Our mortal fibres, new-made demon's prey,
Self-consigned by willful sin and damned
By thoughts it cannot fully understand
To Satan's legions, terrible array?

But Thine eternal promise we have read,
Thy grace and mercy even then to show;
And where savage judgment works our dread
We hear again Thy covenant of old,
And take Thy wine and Thy life-giving bread,
And in the face of sin and death stand bold.
III
THE THIRD SUNDAY IN ADVENT

"Comfort ye my people..."
Isaiah 40:1

A reed. Dry grass, withered and blown away.
And now winter's cold settles in,
Hearts constrict with purple fear, and sin
On selfish sin teaches men to pray.

Winters colors are a washed and pallid brown,
Yellow purged of April's pregnant green,
And Advent's poisoned purple, blood's spleen,
Blood's dying crimson, red renown.

Might granite earth, now ice-locked land
Of former promise, heed again Christ's love,
Flush with warmth cold straw, and glove
Again with green flesh this leprous hand?

The grass withers, and summer's flowers fade —
Of April's promise is winter's wasteland made.

IV
THE LAST SUNDAY IN ADVENT

"Rorate celi desuper."
Introit

Stir up, O Lord, with wrecking rod, and break
Our souls' rock-mighty sealing strength,
And burn commingling sand and sky at length
To fire from powdered stone new gems to make,
We beseech Thee, Father, Son, the way
And straight create, Renower, Strength, anew
The road and arrow-straight and plumb-line true
To Thy bright courts, to shine, to play
Thy power, awful, tender, smite Thy rod
Upon the rock-hard shell our crusted soul
And crooked; breaking fuse and binding whole
And straight Thy people draw;
and God my God

And come. Bring us at length we pray
To Thy bright court's eternal day.

THIS EXHIBIT shows some of the directions that took place in Charles Burchfield’s art from 1921 to 1943—from his 27th to his 49th year. Those were the years he moved from his hometown of Salem, Ohio to Buffalo, New York, married, established a home in the suburb of Gardenville, raised five children, supported the family for 8 years by designing wallpaper for the Birge Company; then dared to leave this job to support his family by painting fulltime.

His paintings, during the twenties especially, often contained something of the romantic, interpretive moodiness of those of his early youth. *House of Mystery* is an especially good example with its pointed shadows and yawning windows. But increasingly, Burchfield became more attentive to literal appearances; to the details of textures, shapes, and volumes. In the thirties particularly he often seemed most interested in achieving “objective” portrayals which let the subject matter speak for itself. The paintings *Old Houses in Winter* and *July* are good examples of that direction.

Also lending itself to a more studied picturing of appearances was his watercolor technique of building forms with overlapping strokes of semi-transparent paint. It was during these years that Charles Burchfield also seriously attempted the use of oil paints.

Nevertheless, regardless of the interpretation and technique, an emotive quality usually prevailed because that quality often was inherent in the subjects he chose. It was during these middle years that urban, industrial scenes (highly charged with use and wear) appeared in his work. Yet nature and its moods were never abandoned. In either case Charles Burchfield’s unwillingness to abandon his own firsthand responses resulted in convincing portrayals of moods and appearances of the middle-class, midwestern twenties and thirties.

*July*. Twenty miles east of Gardenville. 1935-43. Watercolor. 32 x 50” sight. Valparaiso University Art Collection.
The theme for the week and the lessons and hymns for this day focus on the issue of the authority of God's word. This issue is of central concern to those gathered here this morning, for it touches a basic paradox of the Christian university.

There are inherent tensions in the intellectual style of the Christian university. On the one hand, such a university—as with any university worthy of the name—insists in its scholarly life on the supremacy of reason. Whether as teachers or students, we recognize that, ideally at least, all questions in the classroom are resolved through appeals not to authority or faith but to logic and evidence. We demand of each other intellectual rigor and tough-mindedness. We learn that the style natural to intellectual life is one of doubt, questioning, skepticism. We are likely to learn also that truth—the end of scholarly activity—is an elusive entity. Definitive truth is hard to come by, and those truths we do manage to track down generally turn out to be provisional, relative, limited.

And then at 10:10 every weekday morning we walk into the Chapel and everything is turned upside down. Here we are told that faith is superior to reason, that doubting is a sin, that truth is absolute and knowable, and that all these things are revealed to us on a frankly take it or leave it basis in the authoritative word of God. It's enough to make intellectual schizophrenics of the
best of us. How do we, as the cliché goes, get it all together, particularly in the realm of knowledge more important than anything else—religious knowledge?

We can do so only by learning to ask the right questions in the right places in the right way. In any field of knowledge, there is no surer way of getting wrong or inappropriate answers than by asking wrong or inappropriate questions. In our efforts to answer life's most important questions, we discover that such questions are matters of value—matters relating to those categories of the true, the beautiful, and the good that are the highest ends of our search for knowledge; and in every case we learn that reason, logic, and scholarship alone are insufficient to provide us answers. These things can take us so far and no farther. There is no scholarly methodology that can ascertain for us the meaning and purpose of life.

If this is so, might it not seem a bit absurd as well as arrogant for us to demand of God that He prove logically to our satisfaction that He exists and then that He justify systematically the process by which He permits His grace to operate among us? The point of course is not that we must or should throw away our reason as we approach God's word, but that we must, if we are to know God and enjoy him forever, transcend mere rationality. Faith and reason are not necessarily contradictory, but they do operate on different planes. The authority of God's word and the message of His Gospel are still what St. Paul proclaimed them to be for purely rational man: foolishness to the Greeks.

The lesson from St. Matthew warns us against demanding signs and wonders to establish the authority of the word. The great temptation for those of us involved in intellectual work is that we want not magical signs but logical ones; we demand of God not magic but proof. C. S. Lewis put this temptation in a useful perspective when he wrote that we sometimes fail to get answers from God because we put to Him questions that are for Him unanswerable. Lewis pointed out that many of what we consider to be our deepest, cleverest, and most profound metaphysical questions must appear to God much like absolute nonsense questions appear to us: how many hours in a mile? is yellow square or round?

In any case, the lesson from Corinthians warns us that in contemplating the authority of God's word we are not simply playing intellectual games. As the people of God in the wilderness learned too late, these are life and death matters we are about. And the Apostle reminds us that the punishments visited on the children of Israel for failing to love and trust God are recorded as warning and instruction for us. We indeed must work out our salvation in fear and trembling.

But the word of God through the Apostle, while it begins there, doesn't end there. It ends on the affirmation of God's gracious will for us. After the terrible warning comes the glorious consolation: he will not allow us to be tempted beyond our strength. His grace is stronger than our doubt, and what is closed to us by unaided reason is open to us by faith. The authority of God's written word is affirmed for us because it points us to Him who is the word made flesh, to Jesus Christ the word of God to and among us. The authority of the word is established in the authority of Jesus who was crucified and rose again. He is our sign and His resurrection from the dead is our wonder. It is the highest knowledge we can ever have that God's final, authoritative word to us is a word of grace: a grace that is ours for the asking. Amen.
JON FABRYCKY: TEACHER-BUILDER-CITIZEN

THIS YEAR'S SUMMER PRODUCED more than its share of testimony that in the midst of life we are in death. Among those taken from this community was one who is appropriately remembered in "The City" section of this journal. In his person, "city" and "university" commingled in a peculiarly seminal way.

Jon Fabrycky served with the psychology faculty of Valparaiso University from 1965-1971, having come by way of study in the University of Chicago, a graduate program in the University of Arkansas, and Asbury College (from which, as a very young man, he carried a license to preach). During his teaching years, and subsequently, he worked as a private designer and builder in this city. But he did so more as a teacher than as an entrepreneur, for he sought to maximize the functions which people claim and perform for themselves. On July 10 at 38 years of age, after surgery for a brain tumor, John Fabrycky died.

We shall not linger over the irony of relations between creativity and mortality: an unusually inventive human mind became subject, perhaps over the course of years, to the pressure of an ungenial tumor growth and was extinguished, apparently, by a tiny clot obstructing the needed wash of blood. (This humanist and psychologist was one to appreciate the relations, in both directions, between human faculties and physiology.) We may leave personal remembrances to others; these are not always readily connected with a man's considered work. Here let us reflect on the lively relations between knowing, doing, and making which John Fabrycky explored, and which are basic to the life of a good university and a good city.

Some ten houses left behind by Fabrycky seem no less a legacy than might have been left by an equal number of monographs (who of us claims ten books at 38?). His houses may be said to have "influenced" other scholars: several faculty families find their lives happily facilitated by Fabrycky built or remodeled homes; a law student left work with Fabrycky to become a designer and builder on his own; a philosopher, similarly inspired, is presently making an extensive addition to his home. But the analogy may be more closely drawn: Fabrycky spoke of buildings as embodiments of images or ideas. He invited people to come and "read" his tree-house in the Crestview Subdivision: to study its covers against the trees (the pear houses a pair of flying squirrels), to con its distinctive conception of space (an 8'x12' office bedroom, including double bed in the space above a desk, library, files, communications instruments, and a high-speed digital computer, could alter one's previous notions about density and privacy), to savor its private and conversational places, and to appreciate its shrewd regard for energies which produce warmth and cool. There are riches here which come, like those of Thoreau, from learning to live without. Fabrycky thought of housing not as a noun but as a verb: not as objects having dollar values, but as functions having personal and communal effects—and which might require fewer dollars if built with an eye to physical setting and specific occupant functions.

Such a house invites further invention. Here Fabrycky conceived "The Design Institute" which was to foster "the images which guide human action." In the first communication to a somewhat arbitrarily selected list of correspondents, Fabrycky shook at familiar habits of thought. Guiding "images" exist not only in the mind of individuals and groups but also in physical structures, in social structures, in forms of action and interaction. For that matter, "action" could be taken as primary; for all things are, from some point of view, actions which guide images. Finally, since both images and actions can be considered as "things," the proposed idea-bank could be called simply, "The Everything File." People were invited to register not only ideas and projects, but services or wishes of any sort for matching in the community. There would be full computer support.

Subsequent communications spoke more specifically about how new ideas or images come about: namely, through human imagination as such, and not merely that of the "experts" or the "they" of "why don't they do something about . . ." Sensitivity training and T-groups might help to loosen tongues, but a deliberate use of symbols could serve to loosen meanings and designations along the way to new specifications. In his last communication, Fabrycky spoke of the Institute as "an invi-
tation to help design the future." Keep working on those ideas and exchanging them, he told his neighbors: "Get back your shape of the future from Inscrutable Fate or whoever happens to be shaping your corner of the world."

The point was not, on the face of it, to propagate Fabrycky's own ideas (except his idea about people's ideas). The avowed purpose of the institute was "to reduce the loss to the human family of valuable ideas which die for lack of encouragement, development, refinement, communication, and action." His use of the computer was not to "program" for the community, but to facilitate self-activity and conviviality (in the sense of the Latin) among its members. To party members and real-politikiers, this might appear very unpolitical. To Fabrycky, on his view of man and the city, it represented the most fundamental political task of all.

To open communications and facilitate initiatives in the community was not merely to seek a better city; it was to reconstitute the city on the spot. He sought not to legitimate new professionals but to relegate new professionals but to relegate citizens.

This view could be carried into broader political activities and questions of public policy. For a time, Fabrycky actually toyed with the idea of running for the office of county assessor or of finding a place in that office. But his objectives were the same as those which prompted his "House and Land Use File": to make available the information which enables home-seekers to move directly toward fulfillment of their special needs. For a day in which energy is king, Fabrycky advocated a "graduated tax," lest early initiatives in the community were misery and would not let him rest."

He was restless because he knew that new images can be created to guide human activity and technology in a new direction. In the paper which follows, entitled "An Analysis of the Image and Image Construction," Jon Fabrycky undertook to uncover this creative process. He showed how fundamental terms come to be specified, and how they may be emptied in order to be specified afresh. In the face of a "tyranny of facts," alleged to be accumulating so fast that few of us will be able to cope, he showed how facts result from interests and are never separate from values. They are (as the Latin facta suggests) "made": Old facts may be sorted as important or trivial in terms of new purposes, and new sorts of facts may come to be sought. He showed how "verification" is a function of constructed concepts; while the rules hold firm for those conceptions, the latter may also be changed (as may be observed in any major "breakthrough" in science, religion, politics, or art). "Observation" is not baldly and simply a prelude to theory; there is a more fundamental sense in which theory, whether personally formed or adopted out of the air, helps to determine what is seen.

It is easier to receive opinions than to cultivate arts by which judgments are formed. But education in the liberal arts has sought, from their first formulation by the Greeks and Romans, to communicate the latter as well as the former. These are arts which belong not to specialists alone but to all men, and which are applicable not merely in special fields but in all inquiry. They are how the special sciences and technologies got their start—and how they make new starts. While they are cultivated in the academy, their need is equally apparent at present in the city. This connection gives poignancy to the memory of Jon Fabrycky and gives point to reading his paper.

If we find this paper difficult, or do not rise to its invitation, there is something left to do. We can put it in a safe place and read it again when we are not in such a despondent mood.

—RHL.
"KNOWLEDGE" CAN BE PRODUCED in any system where different parts interact. The "knower" is any part of the system which is said to react to other parts, which may include parts of itself. We make no particular assumptions about regularity, recurrence, or lawfulness of the system, although interaction or reaction seems to imply nonhomogeneity in the system. Thus, if things are continually changing and unique, they are at least changing at different rates in different parts of the system. A reaction involves a shift in rate or pattern of change, and knowledge is such a reaction of one part of the system to another part. Thus in the Grand Canyon, the earth has knowledge of eons of rain; in a changed cognitive state of the system. A has knowledge of the physicist. The split atom, and in the split, the atom has knowledge of the physicist.

We focus now on that kind of knowledge which involves a cognitive response on the part of an organism to an external or internal event. The study of the response from the outside is physiological psychology, and from the inside is "experience." Now all reactions are in a sense unique, and at this level, knowledge is a rich and varied "stream of consciousness." Degrees of uniqueness vary, however, and in many situations there are relatively invariant responses. From the "inside" point of view, this is experienced as perception or recognition, and creates a concept which we shall call an entity or category. Physical objects are the most common example, but the primary purpose of this paper is to show how this general kind of process takes place on many levels, and results in fact in the creation of our whole concept system: categories, variables, data, and, finally, relations, laws, theories, etc. The total knowledge or concept system of any individual is conveniently referred to as his image, the terms just listed refer to the kinds of images, or parts of the total image. The image is different from symbols used to represent the image, or from messages which reach it. The meaning of a message is the change which it produces in the image, but the analysis of image change is beyond the present subject of this paper.

Assimilation is a more technical term for the basic cognitive process involved in perception, recognition, or classification. When we assimilate, there need be no natural identity in those elements which are thereby grouped together. We recognize that chairs, cows, and Frenchmen each come in great variety, that chunks of granite are in a process of decay, and that the basic atom is a swirling cloud. What then is the fundamental condition which allows us to go beyond statements such as "Well, that was different," or "Hello, here's something new"? It is not that recurrence, identity, or even lawfulness must exist in the system. It is rather that the knower have certain needs, purposes, tastes, abilities, or values, such that some differences are unimportant and can be ignored or assimilated. Since data is just a record of the way things are thereby grouped or classified, this is the value system which must be prior to any empirical data, and which may be said to "underlie" the host of other concepts which are developed from data. Thus there is a "value" behind every "fact."

Now discrimination is often described as the process whereby categories are created; indeed discrimination must operate, or everything would be assimilated as a single entity or category. However, the differences which indeed mark off separate entities or categories seem to possess a certain reality apart from the observer. It thus seems especially important to note carefully the value-based assimilation which is also always involved, and without which the world would be experienced as uncountable host of fleeting, never recurring sensations. Having done this, we never suppose our statements to be "absolutely true," or "completely factual," but more modestly as "suitable for our purposes..."

It may be interesting to consider whether the cognitive operation involved in defining these basic concepts must be conceived in two parts: assimilation and discrimination. It is apparent that these are themselves invented categories for a complex and varied process, and that even the simple process of recognizing (or classifying) a "familiar object" might be analyzed into thousands of parts (on a physiological level, for example). On the other hand, we may elect to speak of the process as a single thing (for example, as we talk about the "United Nations" as a single thing). To do so, I select the term "binding," and propose to make full use of its rich heritage of meaning. The image may be of the knower as a reaper of grain, his encounters with objects of knowledge (both internal and
external) as numerous as stalks of wheat in vast fields. These are gathered and bound according to his whims and purposes into bundles, shocks, and stacks. . . .

"Perceived relative invariance" thus defines the basic concepts, called entities when the invariances are strongest, and called categories more generally. Having performed this binding, certain differences are created, which are not just the flux of events in the world. These are more stable differences; just as created the categories. They are called entities when the invariances gathered and bound according to this binding, certain external), as numerous as stalks of wheat in vast fields. These are gathered and bound according to his whims and purposes into bundles, shocks, and stacks. . . .

The functional relation exists when events which have been classified in a given category (or score level) of one variable are all classified in only one category of the other variable. One goal of scientific study is to create variables that will result in such relations, allowing perfect prediction. By contrast, the relation where events classified in a given category of one variable may appear in any category of the other variable can be called the null relationship, for it is essentially the relation described by the usual statistical null hypothesis. The correlation coefficient, of course, is one measure of the degree to which a given relation approaches the functional relation. The correlation coefficient may also be used to evaluate the goodness or precision of any set of categories, which are subsets of a variable "x," given that a set of entities so classified are also classified on some other variable, "y," which is now a "criterion" variable. The correlation between "x" and "y" is an explicit measure of relative invariance in the categories of "x," relative to "y," of course. Relative to themselves, and the purpose for which they were created, a set of categories always describes perfect invariance.

For categories (and variables) to be useful in science (and in life in general) there must be symbols to represent these concepts, and it must be possible to train other observers in their creation and use. An interobserver similarity in the use of symbols is the purpose of the operational definition, and more generally of the educational process. But while the definition or creation of the categories of data is always subject to verification, for well-defined variables (i.e., "did he follow the rules?") observer B, with different purposes, can utterly reject the value of observer A's categories, although he can agree that they were used properly and give "correct" data (if the rules of classification were explicit). In this sense, all data is subject to verification, although it is always based on categories which are never so subject; never correct or incorrect, but merely invented. Thus, any data distribution is a complex concept subject to verification, and a theory which is a statement of an unexpected data distribution is subject to confirmation or disconfirmation. A theory which is a statement of categories ("kinds of") is not so subject. This analysis applies whether the theories are categories for, say, relations on categories of things; or, by contrast, a distribution on such complex categories.

Complex concept hierarchies, such as mentioned above, sometimes are created by additional binding on the original events, and sometimes on the lower order symbol sets. One of the more interesting such procedures is the factor analysis of data matrices. Here an m x n data matrix is factored into an n x k factor score matrix, and a k x m factor loading matrix. The number of factors, k, can only be less than the number of variables, m, to the extent that the relations between the distributions of scores differ from the null relationship; i.e., that there is redundancy in the perceived differences that define some of the variables. In fact, the first factor score vector is a column of scores that is most representative of all the original variables, by a criterion of the maximum sum of squared correlation coefficients. These correlations (between a factor score vector, and the empirical score vector of each variable), are

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the factor loadings for each variable on that factor. Once the factor score vector is determined, this pattern of variation is removed from each column of the data matrix, producing a residual matrix, which is operated upon in the same manner until successive factors define or describe most of the original variation in the data. The factor scores, then, represent the orthogonal or unique patterns of differences in the data matrix, while the factor loadings give weights for combining these uncorrelated, mathematically constructed, distributions to reconstruct the original score distributions.

Finally, note that observation is often described as "the process of observing and recording events," because we often have well defined, very familiar, and quite adequate concepts for a problem. Thus when using such concepts, it may seem that the events are merely being recorded. This most often happens with physical concepts, and thus physical concepts are often thought to describe the "true nature" of things (as for the "physical reductionists" of the behavioral sciences). But the only events which are recorded are symbols for concepts which show how the events have been classified. An exception appears when a tape recorder or camera is used. This procedure is useful, however, only when the events studied are too fleeting to immediately conceptualize and symbolize. The necessity still remains of operating on the mechanical recording with the appropriate abstractive activities. Contrary to popular expression, then, data is never collected, except after an observer drops his notebook, and it is far better to speak of "generating" or "creating" data as well as higher order concepts.

LETTER FROM ABROAD – WALTER SORELL

REPORT FROM LONDON

IF THE THEATER IN LONDON had to offer productions of only three of its theaters, the National, consisting of the Old and Young Vic, the Royal Shakespeare Company, and London's leading experimental stages of the Royal Court Theater – it would still be the European city with the highest histrionic standards. But with a host of other West End theaters and smaller experimental stages in different boroughs of the city, a short visit to London is, however rewarding, a tormenting adventure.

I carried away a deep and lasting impression from Peter Shaffer's Equus. It is undoubtedly his best dramatic creation so far and it also received a haunting production by the National Theatre. Peter Shaffer once heard of a strange and alarming crime of a boy having blinded several horses in a stable. Shaffer only knew of this act committed by a highly disturbed young man and of the fact that a bench of magistrates, deeply shocked by the deed and the stubborn withdrawal of the criminal, could not find any coherent explanation for it. Aided by the advice of a child psychiatrist, Shaffer recreated a story with unerring dramaturgic instinct, putting the puzzle of a child's soul into an acceptable shape.

By laying bare the actual mental injury to the boy that finally led to the crime, Shaffer also unveiled the sad background of his parents' disharmonious marriage. Moreover, the psychiatrist who tries to help the boy to find himself becomes totally entangled in his own marital difficulties through the stubborn skill of his patient.

The son of a bigoted mother and an atheist, the boy apparently developed homosexual leanings. While taken riding on a horse by a beautiful young rider, he falls in love with horses and riding. His cathartic experience occurs when his ride with the other boy is stopped short by his father, who tears him down from the horse. This humiliation and frustration opens up all channels of hatred and creates a compulsive feeling for horses, becoming a focal point in his sexual life. He escapes home, and we find him working as a stable boy. By then his obsession is total, and male virility identical with the power and beauty of a horse. When one day a girl tries to seduce him in the stable, his psychotic anxieties overwhelm him; no horse must ever be witness to his shame.

This is the dramatic skeleton of a dramaturgically complex story. The main character is fascinatingly handled and with great understanding for his inescapable flight from reality. The parental difficulties which the boy has experienced are in a psychologically skilful way used to juxtapose the psychiatrist's own marital problems. Only gradually light is shed on a puzzling and sordid picture. Each character subtly helps to unfold the secrets of the boy's soul. The action is very fluid; the stage set is designed in a very small arena serving multiple purposes, as a stable or the psychiatrist's office. Enough is implicated in order to leave a great deal to the imagination of the spectator. The production by the National Theatre is flawless. The allusions are unbridled, the illusions are off to a

The Cresset
The theatre was no place for the naive. They had the tired feeling of discussions on the meaning of life.

Maxim Gorky has never been rated as high as Chekhov as a dramatist. After having seen his *Summerfolk* as produced by The Royal Shakespeare Company at the Aldwych I wonder why. Gorky started work on this play in 1903 and finished it in the fall of the following year, about eight months after Chekhov's *Cherry Orchard* was produced at the Moscow Art Theatre. But it seems as if Gorky's *Summerfolk* would anticipate *The Cherry Orchard* and would be written in a more angry mood, as a sequel to Chekhov's play.

The upperclass families like Chekhov's Gaev family have disintegrated and made room for the *nouveaux riches*, a new class of businessmen, who followed the traces of Lopakhin in *The Cherry Orchard*. Gorky could easily visualize the new generation of the well-to-do with little or no concern for anyone or anything else but themselves. It was as if Gorky would have read Leon Trotzky's thoughts put down in 1905, a few months after the play's opening: "... a hopelessly retarded bourgeois intelligentsia ... which today is suspended over an abyss of class contradictions, weighed down with feudal traditions and caught in a web of academic prejudices, lacking initiative, lacking all influence over the masses, and devoid of all confidence in the future.

These were the people Gorky attacked in *Summerfolk* with a kind of desperate bitterness. This half-baked intelligentsia with no fresh outlook on life. They had the tired feeling of the upcoming bourgeoisie with its egocentric escapism as the only panacea for their and the world's ills, and the sometimes terrified look into their lost and empty within-ness. *Summerfolk* was condemned by the critics, but not, as one might have expected, for its long-winded discussions on the meaning of life and on what was happening to them—a technique with which Gorky out-Checkhoved Chekhov. No, everyone, including the critics, felt uncomfortable about being so mercilessly portrayed by Gorky.

Gorky wrote to his friend Leonid Andreev after the premiere: "... I feel splendid ... the first presentation of *Summerfolk* was the best day of the improbably long, interesting, and good life I have made for myself ... how wonderful I felt when after the third act I went right up to the footlights, stood and looked at the audience, simply looked, not bowing to it, an immense hot joy burned in me. ... They hissed when I wasn't there, and no one dared hiss when I came out—cowards and slaves they are! Their names are Mereshkovski, Filosofov, Diaghilev, etc. ... in general the petty bourgeois were remorselessly attacked, and I thrashed them!"

Gorky thought little of this play as a work of art, probably and unconscious of the critics' reactions, because he ended the letter with the remark: "Of course, *Summerfolk* did not rise in my estimation after all this. *Summerfolk* is not art, but it is clearly a well-aimed shaft and I am glad, like a devil who has tempted the righteous to get shamefully drunk." Had he seen—with the knowledge of all that has passed since then and of all that is with us today—the production of his play by The Royal Shakespeare Company, he certainly might have changed his opinion. This play, with all its Chekhovian mood and technique, has bite and daring. Gorky's vision could evoke the follies of an intelligentsia and leisure class which could afford living outside Moscow in a country dacha, the same new petty bourgeois with the old lies, people Gorky visualized as the new enemies of a revolution to come.

Maxim the Bitter, better known for his *Lower Depths* from where he had come up, has always been an outsider before and after the revolution. Chekhov whose protege he was, saw in him "a destroyer who must destroy all that deserves destruction," and Tolstoy's judgment of Gorky was even harder: "He has the soul of a spy, he has come into the land of Canaan, where he feels himself a stranger, watches everything that goes on around him, notices everybody and reports to a god of his own. And his god is a monster, something like a satyr or a water-sprite such as you find in the tales of peasant women." Gorky who looked admiringly up to Tolstoy and loathed Dostoevsky may have come to agree with his father image as far as his god was concerned. For under Stalin's reign Gorky must have had clandestine thoughts about the new bureaucratic-communistic bourgeoisie, perhaps not so much despairing about the failure of the revolution as about the failings of man.

His savage account of the pre-revolutionary Russian intelligentsia received an excellent performance by The Royal Shakespeare Company, by an admirable ensemble of twenty actors, a production which in no way can be considered inferior to Stanislavsky's theater. David Jones directed the ensemble in a manner that made Gorky shine above and beyond Chekhov. This play, too, is scheduled for a New York appearance.

Finally, I could catch up with a production of the Royal Court Theatre which I had missed so far. *Play Mas* was written by Mustapha Matura, born in Trinidad and now living and writing in England. This play moved to the West End, the Phoenix Theatre, where it is having a long run. It is the story of a shrewd black man whom we see as "a boy" for all menial work in a tailor's shop in the first act. The way he behaves and answers his boss' questions makes us surmise that this man will go places. He is of course with the revolutionary party of Trinidad.
In the second act we see him as the Chief of Police, and we do not have to guess twice that he became the victim of his power, haunting and hunting his former comrades and finally tricking and trapping them. Before the curtain falls we hear the machine-gun fire mowing those down who do not want to "co-operate" with him and the order he now stands for. A CIA man joins the carnival mood with which the play ends, distributing little American flags.

The writing is skilful and sincere, even though the play may be considered a rewrite of O'Neill's Emperor Jones with strong overtones of our time. It is in its way a bitter attack on the capitalist system and on the foreign intervention of strong powers in the political and historic fate of poor peoples struggling to assert themselves. In such a play one must accept a chiaroscuroist's painting which is less intent on character development than on depicting a milieu in which the ever and really never-changing man plays Lucifer's part on earth to perfection. It was in no way different in Russia in 1905 from what it has been recently in Trinidad. It has not changed much in spite of the many revolutions of the earth. Only the accents change from time to time. In spite of all this and the hardly uplifting fact that the age of anxiety has turned into an age of nausea, the only redeeming feature of man is his everlasting hope for man.

ABOUT TEN YEARS AGO, American musical scholars rediscovered Scott Joplin and his "classical rags." This interest grew and spawned performances and recordings of the works of the Ragtime King. John Stark, Joplin's first publisher, at the beginning of this century issued dance-band arrangements of "Fifteen High Class Rags" called "The Red Back Book," and about two years ago, this collection was recorded by Gunther Schuller and the New England Conservatory Ragtime Ensemble. The record became a smash hit and part of it was incorporated into the background music for the film The Sting. This resulted in still more sales for the record. The net result is a revival of interest in one of America's minor musical geniuses.

Ragtime was an illegitimate musical child born in the redlight districts in the cities and towns of the Mississippi Valley. It was music born of merriment and pleasure, and before it ran its course it had influenced such composers as Brahms, Debussy, and Stravinsky. Because of rag's shady origins, serious musicians in puritanical America frowned upon it, but in Europe it was given full esteem. Ragtime evolved from the regular rhythm of white dance steps counterpointed against the highly intricate and irregular rhythmic melodies chanted by slaves thinking back to African ritual. The catalyst and synthesizer of this art appeared in the person of Scott Joplin.

Scott was born in Texarkana in 1868. By the time he was eleven, he displayed such a natural aptitude for playing the piano, that a local "German Music Professor" gave him free piano and harmony lessons. By age fourteen he was good enough to leave home and tour the riverboat towns as a pianist and cornetist. He played at the World's Columbian Exposition in Chicago in 1893, where on the South Side he got to know most of the important ragtime musicians.

After touring with his own band, he decided to make his home in Sedalia, where he was able to study composition and harmony at George R. Smith College for Negroes. Joplin's talent caught the fancy of John Stark, a white music publisher in St. Louis, who published his first great classic, The Maple Leaf Rag. (It was named for the Maple Leaf Club in Sedalia, where one could hear the best of the ragtime pianists.) This rag became a tremendous popular success; so Joplin turned his pen to writing more rags of even

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**Recordings**

SCOTT JOPLIN, KING OF THE RAGTIME WRITERS

**MAGNETIC RAG AND NINE OTHER SELECTIONS.**
The Southland Stingers with Ralph Grieson, piano, conducted by George Sphonhaltz. Angel Record S-36078.

**PALM LEAF RAG AND NINE OTHER SELECTIONS.**
Same artists as above. Angel Record S-36074.

**ROSEBUD AND OTHER RAGS.**
Lee Erwin, organist, playing the Fox-Capitol Theatre Wurlitzer Pipe Organ, formerly in Washington, D.C. Angel Record S-36075.

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Ragtime was an illegitimate musical child born in the redlight districts in the cities and towns of the Mississippi Valley. It was music born of merriment and pleasure,
finer delineation. He also wrote a rag ballet called *Ragtime Dance*, featuring the black social dances of the time with a sung narration. Neither Joplin's wife nor his publisher appreciated his ambition to rise above commercial acceptance; Scott left both and headed for New York.

Although he found a more compatible wife and wrote some more commercially successful music, Joplin became obsessed with the idea of writing the great ragtime opera! This resulted in *Treemonisha*. Though his health became steadily worse (he died of syphilis), he pressed on to orchestrate his opera and would not rest until there was a private performance of it for the ragtime community. The opera preview was not a success, and this fact, together with the disease, brought on an inevitable breakdown of his mind. He died in the Manhattan State Mental Hospital on April 1, 1917, the day that the United States entered World War I.

**MOST OF THE JOPLINS' RAGS** are written in a two rhythm. They are lively and full of the joy of life. But this causes them to be the most problematic in performance. Joplin marks these pieces, "slow," "not fast," "slow march tempo," and later on most explicitly, "Notice! Don't play this piece fast. It is never right to play 'ragtime' fast. Author." In the three albums here reviewed, I feel that we do not hear any rhythms in two that follow these admonitions. Thus, although the music is lively and well-played technically, it never has the rhythmic roll that I think Joplin preferred. I do believe that the *Palm Leaf* album exhibits more freedom and grace than the other two. And the second side, with *Solace*, Joplin's only tango, *Pleasant Moments*, a lovely waltz, and *Wall Street Rag* (a Joplin foray into programmatic music) is well worth the price. I am afraid that modern musicians are too close to the lively tempi of the Jazz Age. In the third album the sound of the Capitol organ is enticing, but the rhythmic treatment is the worst of all.

**THE PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA MARCH ALBUM.**
*Columbia MG 32314.*

Even non-militaristic personalities will enjoy this box of lollipops, beautifully performed by the perfection of the Philadelphians.

**EARLY AMERICAN VOCAL MUSIC.**
*Nonesuch 71276.*

Excellent performances of Colonial Anthems and Hymn-tunes done with great style and freshness by the Western Wind.

**HANSEL AND GRETEL.**
*By Engelbert Humperdinck. RCA Victor ARL 2-0637.*

A beautiful opera sung by a first-rate cast. Christa Ludwig is particularly outstanding as the Witch.

**A CHRISTMAS SHOPPING LIST**

**MUSIC FOR THE ROYAL FIREWORKS AND THE WATER MUSIC SUITE.**
*Vanguard VSQ 30020.*

Johannes Somary and the English Chamber Orchestra not only give us the *Fireworks* in an authentic performance but play it with the verve of Englishmen who love Handel.

**STRING QUARTETS, Opus 50 Nos. 1 and 2.**

The Tokyo String Quartet. Another example of the perfection wrought through love of Western Music by the Japanese. Beautiful performances, beautifully recorded.

**MUSIC FOR YOUNG LISTENERS.**
*By Netty Simons. Composers Recordings, Inc. CRISD 309.*

A delightful use of music to enhance the reading of children's poetry. First rate! And adults will listen too.

**THE MESSIAH.**

These are two excellent versions which are also stylistically accurate and inventive.

**THE RED BACK BOOK.**

Good performances of probably authentic instrumental arrangements of music by the ragtime king. Gunther Schuller and the New England Conservatory Ragtime Ensemble.

November, 1974

**JOSEPH F. McCALL**
WHERE ARE YOU JUNIE BUG FLAGG

where are you junie bug flagg
where are you bad boy
remember the time papa caught you
stealing sweet yams from the garden
and mama caught you out back of the
garage, you know what you did!
and old fats would stand at the kitchen
door and call junie bug! junie bug flagg!
don't you hear me calling you boy.
and there went ole junie bug sneaking
down the street with two five cent coke
bottles, one in each hand.

POOR BLACK WOMAN

poor black woman
you’re afraid to go out
cause the junkies might get you
and you can’t sleep at night
whats to become of you black woman
and your children
do you tell them stories of lions in the wilderness
and of people that are free
and no matter how much they’ll pray to almighty god
their fairy tales weren’t meant to be
what dreams do you dream black woman
as you rock them in your lap
do you dream of color TV’s
and washing machines
carved ivory and bone
or do you sit and pray for the day
your man will be coming home
what are you gonna do black woman
when the police come around
to tell you that your son just died
go and find someone to keep the children black woman
cause you have to see the undertaker
and buy a black dress in town

IRIS COLE
let the season be an excuse for indulging the senses of touch, sight, and smell, for an Oxford or Collins edition adds a dimension to good reading which paperback owners will never know. Imagine eating pizza with no cheese, no pepperoni, no mushrooms, no pepper, no sausage.

About Austen herself, what can be said? Her works exist, their own recommendation. If wit, elegance, precision, craft, clarity, wholesomeness of mind, and vision are qualities of limited appeal, Miss Austen must have a limited readership. Such is not the case, however, as her works have always been popular in the best sense of that word. Perhaps this is the year to test whether your abilities as a reader measure up to hers as a writer.

It is doubtless a sign of indomitable selfishness that when the editor said “Do a hundred words on a good gift book for Christmas” I think immediately of what I would like to be given. Is anybody out there listening?

GAIL M. EIFRIG

STRONG POISON.

Thanks to the wonderful Masterpiece Theatre series on public television, Lord Peter Wimsey is becoming nearly as well known to American television viewers as Perry Mason. Indeed, one wishes that Dorothy Sayers had been as prolific a writer of detective fiction as Erle Stanley Gardner. But, alas, no. We have a mere dozen or so Lord Peter novels, one of which is the teaser under brief review here, Strong Poison.

Someone is of course poisoned in Strong Poison, and aided by a clue from Housman’s A Shropshire Lad, Lord Peter solves the crime. But it is not so much the plot as the local color that is pleasing about Strong Poison. Here is England in the twenties—years of joie de vivre and a sense of well-being, enhanced, in Lord Peter’s case, by a plenteitude of cash—always something pleasant to read about in these inflationary seventies. Moreover, the characters of Strong Poison absolutely radiate good cheer and resourcefulness—even the wrongly-accused defendant (the future Lady Wimsey) seems inadequately saddened by the prospect of her probable conviction. But perhaps she is simply confident that Lord Peter will eventually clear her name. And, of course, he does.

Strong Poison is a good Lord Peter Wimsey sampler, and in itself would make a good stocking-stuffer. But you do not want to appear cheap, so give several volumes. Most of them are available from Avon Books.

JOHN FEASTER

ROSE, WHERE DID YOU GET THAT RED?
TEACHING GREAT POETRY TO CHILDREN.


Poetry always seemed so hard. Strange words, convoluted metaphors, and the poet’s penchant to make things more complicated than they need be. And when we were asked to write poetry there were too many rules to follow. The subjects were banal. Kenneth Koch tried another way and succeeded stupendously. He let the children at P.S. 61 in New York write whatever they wanted to write about: feelings about friends, parents, teachers, sex, love, violence, hatred, dreams, fears. No limitations whatever. And to make things even more enticing he told the class they didn’t have to worry about spelling, punctuation, grammar, neatness, and most importantly, rhyme.
In a first book, *Wishes, Lies and Dreams* Koch described his experiences teaching children to write poetry; in this book he offers a method for teaching children (and adults) how to enjoy great poetry. His method is simple. Write poetry. To do this he chose a number of great poems, William Blake, “The Tyger,” Walt Whitman, “Song of Myself,” Wallace Stevens, “Thirteen Ways of Looking at a Blackbird,” William Carlos Williams, “This Is Just to Say,” and asked the children to write poems using a similar poetic idea. For Blake’s “Tyger” he asked the children to write a poem talking to an animal. The mystery and magic of being able to address an animal fired their imagination. A fourth grader wrote: “Dog, where did you get that bark? Dragon, where did you get that flame? Kitten, where did you get that meow? Rose, where did you get that red? Bird, where did you get those wings?” Using the poetic idea of “Song of Myself” a sixth grader wrote, “Come with me and I’ll show you my heart. I know where it is I know all about it./Come with me to a place I know. It’s a very mysterious place. I get there through the back roads of my mind./Come with me, I’ll take you to a world, not a world that you know. Not a world that I know. But a world that nobody knows, not me or you. It’s a world of our own to live the way we want./To do the things we want. To know the things we want. There’s no way to get there. It’s ourselves that takes us there.”

We’ve tried reading poetry with our children at home, but the parents always end up explaining. These poems don’t need explaining. The enjoyment is in the reading. And once the kids get the idea, they are able to enjoy the other “great” poems in the book. A grand book for reading after supper, for long winter evenings, or for sticking in a knapsack on a camping trip.

ROBERT L. WILKEN

THE INNER GAME OF TENNIS.

Now here is a book to be given to someone, a splendid and excellent gift-kind of book; but it must be given with considerable care, since giving it will entail definite risks. However, if you calculate the cost, I’m sure you will find that this book would make a thoughtful and long-to-be-remembered gift.

Every game is composed of two parts, an outer game and an inner game. The outer game is played against an external opponent to overcome external obstacles, and to reach an external goal. Mastering this game is the subject of many books offering instructions on how to swing a racket, club or bat, and how to position arms, legs or torso to achieve the best results. But for some reason most of us find these instructions easier to remember than to execute.

It is the thesis of this book that neither mastery nor satisfaction can be found in the playing of any game without giving some attention to the relatively neglected skills of the inner game. This is the game that takes place in the mind of the player, and it is played against such obstacles as lapses in concentration, nervousness, self-doubt and self-condemnation. In short, it is played to overcome all habits of mind which inhibit excellence in performance.

After fifteen years of “exhausting over-achievement,” the author missed one more easy volley—and blew match point in the National Junior Championships. Like every thoughtful person who has ever held a racket, he wondered why, Why, WHY? In his case the question grew and grew and GREW—leading him on a pilgrimage of sorts, until The Answer finally found him. The result has been the development of “yoga tennis” at the Esalen Sports Center and John Gardiner Tennis Ranch in California, the founding of the Inner Game Institute, and the writing of this book.

“Playing out of your mind,” in a phrase, is what it’s all about. There are, as anyone who has ever played an athletic game (and found himself invariably talking to himself) can attest, two selves involved in the playing: (1) the self-conscious, instruction-giving, judging self, and (2) the performing, doing, executing-the-shot self (with its own kind of awareness, a sort of “body-mind” as opposed to the “ego-mind”). The trick, or, better, the art of the inner game is to let Self 2 really do its thing unencumbered and uninhibited by the always disastrous interference of Self 1. This is no easy trick, to be sure; indeed, it is very much an art that must, yet can, be learned with considerable practice and patience. But the great good news of this book is that it can be learned, so the author promises, to the point where one finds himself hitting flawless backhands, sharp and accurate volleys, smashing serves, etc., etc., without even trying (Self 1 consciously trying too hard, that is). To document his claim, the author describes how he has developed the skills of concentration and instant reflex response to such a degree that he is able to receive service, even in tournament play, standing just one foot or so behind the service line, thus totally reversing the usual server’s advantage (as well as thoroughly discombobulating his opponent’s serenity). But that sort of thing takes a little time.

The application of various Zen
One can also contemplate the book's superscription: "Men play games because God first plays a Game." That is a heavy remark, man.

If you are hooked on Sunday tennis hacking as I am, or know someone who is, this book is really a winner. But there are risks here. If you give it to a friend it may well improve his game, which you may not want. If you give it to yourself, it will probably improve your outer game—but at the risk of your becoming aware, as I have to my sometimes sorrow, that henceforth whenever you take to the court there are indeed, not one, but two games you can lose.

ROBERT WEINHOLD

THE AMERICANS: THE DEMOCRATIC EXPERIENCE.


The Americans: The Democratic Experience is the last volume in Daniel J. Boorstin’s trilogy on American life. The author is primarily interested in demonstrating the unique and important ways in which technological developments were exploited in the post-Civil War period to create new empires, which in turn stimulated new aspirations and, with them, markets for additional technological developments. Take, for example, the department store. The department store—a distinctive American innovation—was made possible by the convergence of many discoveries and inventions. The building itself, characterized by open spaces, expansive display windows, and multiple floors, was dependent upon the discovery of strong, versatile structural components such as cast iron, the development of new techniques of rolling plate glass, and the invention of the safe, reliable elevator. The ability to construct the building, however, would have been inconsequential had it not been for the refinement and expansion of assembly line methods of manufacturing. Nor would department stores have been built in the absence of throngs of customers, many of whom were brought to the stores by the newly-developed streetcar. The success of the department store in marketing quantities of standardized goods in turn stimulated the creation of the retail catalog outlet, such as Montgomery Ward and Company, in order to service rural buyers.

A secondary theme of the book is that these dramatic material developments tended to create greater homogeneity. Possibly the best illustration of this tendency is found in the clothing industry. Up until the Civil War virtually all clothing was tailored. As a result, it was quite easy to determine a person’s economic status and even ethnic background on the basis of appearance. Studies made during the War in response to the need for quantities of military uniforms, however, indicated correlations between sizes. A person with a given waist size and sleeve length could be expected to have a certain shoulder size. The discovery of these correlations paved the way for ready-to-wear manufacturing, which quickly dominated the clothing business after 1865. It became correspondingly difficult to draw significant conclusions about one’s status and background on the basis of apparel.

The Americans: The Democratic Experience is intended for a broad audience. The narrative is studded with fascinating anecdotes and vignettes. How many people know, for example, that the great retail outlet, Sears, Roebuck and Company, started out as a fly-by-night hawker of watches, or that Walter Hunt was perhaps the most fertile, inventive genius that America has ever known? Boorstin has written social history at its best. His account is interesting, significant, and well written.

MEREDITH BERG

THE HORIZON BOOK OF VANISHING PRIMITIVE MAN.


This book makes a delightful gift because it’s full of surprises. Be prepared to encounter a crumbling bias on any page. Despite the title, we learn that several primitive peoples never mastered the art of vanishing. The Lapps, Eskimo, Ituri Pigmies, and Maori were blessed, variously, with hostile environments, gradual exposure to whites, flexible social and religious systems, healthy skepticism for white customs, and talent for using white tools—especially the gun and ballot. For others, vanishing became a way of life. The Aborigines, Bushmen, Cunas of Panama, Ainus of Hokkaido, and Xavante of Brazil lacked one or more of those blessings and suffered grievously from assimilation policies of domineering cultures, white and non-white.
Vanishing Primitive Man contains twelve chapters of text and seven picture portfolios. The book’s greatest value lies not in its hypotheses but in its record of lives lived with beliefs and ceremonies vastly different from those of transistorized societies—and vastly different from each other. My smattering of college anthropology left me believing that any primitive society worthy of the title made a hullabaloo about puberty. Surprise: the Ainus pay it no ritual mind (dying stirred their imagination far more deeply). I also believed primitive people seemed dour, pious, and a bit snobbish, don’t you know. Surprise: as early as 1586 the Eskimo, renowned for good humor and fellowship, defeated some Englishmen in an impromptu wrestling match (after which they repaired to a local igloo for iced tea).

Colin Turnbull wrote the Foreword to this book. (His recent bestseller, The Mountain People, traces, in harrowing detail, the destruction by famine of an African tribe’s social and ethical values.) He warns us to look “beyond the superficial exotica” to learn something “about the process, about what is really going on.” Vanishing Primitive Man “goes beyond” to provoke reflection on the meanings of the terms “primitive” and “civilized.” The meanings shift, it turns out, as you raise the number of societies compared. Set the Xavante of Brazil beside the Chicanos of Illinois and the meanings seem clear. Survey ten and you will decide that “primitive” societies look too familiar to leave you feeling entirely “civilized.”

Vanishing Primitive Man looks grand on a living room table, but its readable text, good index, and bibliography of thirty-nine recent works make it a useful book, as well. If you want to give an intellectual adventure this Christmas, here it is.

A. F. SPONBERG

HUNTING THE DIVINE FOX.

WISHLFUL THINKING.

Here are a couple of volumes for the theologian who has everything. Both the professional theologian and the person drawn by avocation into the study of ultimate questions will find in Buechner and Capon a pair of serious theologians who stimulate readers with a style which is perhaps best described as droll. Buechner’s writings, in fact, border on the ribald in places.

Neither of these authors is new to the publishing scene. Capon is an Episcopalian priest and professor of dogmatic theology and Greek who has previously published two dogmatic works (An Offering of Uncles, The Third Person), a marriage manual (Bed and Board), and a theological cookbook (The Supper of the Lamb). This latest work, Hunting the Divine Fox, is subtitled “Images and Mystery in Christian Faith,” and the book is basically a collection of essays on the subject of theological language. If there is a single theme or thesis it is a kind of polemic against what Capon calls “transactionalism” in the language of Christian theology. What he objects to is a simplistic use of analogies like those of commerce and covenant because they easily give the impression that Christianity is but one more religion in which you make an exchange. You give something to get something, and so does God, who pays for men with the life of his Son as though he had no right to men unless the payment is made. In the place of this kind of language Capon would set the language of “sacramentalization.” In speaking of the passion, death, and resurrection of Christ he says:

"Therefore, the transaction by which he seems now to win, now to lose, are not, at their deepest root in him, transactions at all. They are rather revelations by degrees of what the Mystery is all at once. They are not bits of business which God transacts in order to get somewhere. They are sacramentalizations, outcroppings—effective and real manifestations under the form of transactions—of the one, constant, non-transactional Mystery by which he sets the world as a seal upon his heart, and forevermore has no place else to go.

The supreme outcropping of the Mystery, of course, is Jesus. But what happened in and through Jesus was not something new that God finally got around to plugging into the system. Rather it is what God was really up to all along, finally and effectively sacramentalized. In Jesus, we see thrust up before our eyes what has always worked below the surface of the world. Looking at history without Jesus in it is like looking at the Great Plains and trying to figure what the earth is made of: You never really catch on to the fact that, except for the surface, it’s mostly stone. But when you come to the Rockies, you understand: There before you is a clear outcropping of what lies beneath the plains.

So with Jesus. Leave him out of the world’s history, and people will simply spend their days being glad when they can and sad when they must. They will try to win until they finally lose, and then they will curse God and die. But put his Death and Resurrection into the picture, and suddenly all the winning and all the losing are revealed as God’s chosen metier.

Capon is most enjoyable in this book when he discusses Christology.
He states that American Christianity has developed a Christology which pictures Christ as Superman ("gentle, meek and mild, but with secret, souped-up, more-than-human inside"), or a kind of spiritual Matt Dillon, or Lone Ranger, or even some version of Lassie. The reason we have fallen for such Christologies?

The human race is, was and probably always will be deeply unwilling to accept a human messiah. We don't want to be saved in our humanity; we want to be fished out of it. We crucified Jesus, not because he was God, but because he blasphemed: He claimed to be God and then failed to come up to our standards for assessing the claim. It's not that we weren't looking for the Messiah; it's just that he wasn't what we were looking for. Our kind of Messiah would come down from a cross. He would carry a folding phone booth in his back pocket. He wouldn't do a stupid thing like rising from the dead. He would do a smart thing like never dying.

Frederick Buechner is a novelist who is also an ordained Presbyterian clergyman and graduate of Union Theological Seminary in New York. Besides the several novels he has published (A Long Day's Dying, The Final Beast, Open Heart, and others) he has written two volumes of meditations (The Magnificent Defeat and The Hungering Dark). His latest work is subtitled "A Theological ABC," and it is essentially a witty, sometimes brilliant, glossary of theological terms. Offered here are a few of his entries:

**BUECHNER**

It is my name. It is pronounced Beekner. If somebody mispronounces it in some foolish way, I have the feeling that what's foolish is me. If somebody forgets it, I feel that it's I who am forgotten. If my name were different, I would be different. When I tell somebody my name, I have given him a hold over me that he didn't have before. If he calls it out, I stop, look, and listen whether I want to or not.

In the Book of Exodus, God tells Moses that his name is Yahweh, and God hasn't had a peaceful moment since.

**GOD**

It is as impossible for man to demonstrate the existence of God as it would be for even Sherlock Holmes to demonstrate the existence of Arthur Conan Doyle.

**THEOLOGY**

Theology is the study of God and his ways. For all we know, dung beetles may study man and his ways and call it humanology. If so, we would probably be more touched and amused than irritated. One hopes that God feels likewise.

**LIFE**

The temptation is always to reduce it to size. A bowl of cherries. A rat race. Amino Acids. Even to call it a mystery smacks of reductionism. It is the mystery.

**LUST**

Lust is the craving for salt of a man who is dying of thirst.

**SEX**

Contrary to Mrs. Grundy, sex is not sin. Contrary to Hugh Hefner, it's not salvation either. Like nitroglycerin, it can be used either to blow up bridges or heal hearts.

**BIBLE**

...If you look at a window, you see fly-specks, dust, the crack where Junior's Frisbie hit it. If you look through a window, you see the world beyond. Something like this is the difference between those who see the Bible as a Holy Book and those who see it as the Word of God which speaks out of the depths of an almost unimaginable past into the depths of ourselves.

**DOUBT**

Whether your faith is that there is a God or that there is not a God, if you don't have any doubts you are either kidding yourself or asleep.

Doubts are the ants in the pants of faith. They keep it awake and moving.

**X**

X is the Greek letter chi, which is the first letter of the word Christ. Thus Xmas is shorthand for Christmas, taking only about one-sixth as long to write. If you do your cards by hand, it is possible to save as much as seventy-five or eighty minutes a year.

It is tempting to say that what you do with this time that you save is your own business. Briefly stated, however, the Christian position is that there's no such thing as your own business.

**FREDERICK A. NIEDNER, JR.**

**CHRISTMAS: AN AMERICAN ANNUAL OF CHRISTMAS LITERATURE AND ART.**


Editor Haugen brought out the first edition of Christmas in 1931. As with its predecessors, this volume conveys the sentiment, the sparkle, and the reverence of the Christmas season by means of art, poetry,
music, and articles. There are materials for family reading and some of the readers might find the art work suitable for framing.

In addition to the Christmas story from Sts. Luke and Matthew, this year's edition contains a fine article on Michelangelo by Jean Louise Smith and an interesting article on historic organs of Europe by David P. Dahl. Two articles on music include one by Austin C. Lovelace on Isaac Watts (in commemoration of the 300th anniversary of his birth) and one on Charles Ives, "First Great American Composer," by Johannes Riedel.

"Home for Christmas" and "Christmas in the City ('Once Upon a Time, Being a Sequel to Christmas in the Country") could make for fine family reading during the holidays.

Christmas could be a gift for a variety of friends and acquaintances whom you would like to remember with a pleasant gift.

C. S. LEWIS: IMAGES OF HIS WORLD.

Any lover of C. S. Lewis' work will thoroughly enjoy this large book (11 1/4 x 9 1/2") with its many pictures of the places where Lewis lived, taught, studied, and walked, as well as illustrations from early stories and notebooks of Lewis. And any one who does not yet know much of Lewis would find in this book an enticing introduction to the man by way of his life and surroundings.

The authors furnish first a "Biography in Little" and a section documenting Lewis' return to the Christian faith, "From Atheist to Christian."

The bulk of the book (the first section covers only twenty-two pages) is given over to an excellent selection of pictures and quotations from Lewis, covering the years at Oxford, The Kilns in Headington Quarry where Lewis lived from 1930 until his death in 1963, and Cambridge where Lewis, from 1954 to his death, held the Chair of Medieval and Renaissance English at Magdalen College.

Most fascinating to me is the section "Early Years," in which the editors have furnished illustrations of Lewis' early works of imagination. The editors have chosen judiciously in presenting materials from the school boy years of Lewis. Samples of his stories and illustrations already hint at the prodigy of imagination at work and show the promise of things to come.

There can be no doubt that Lewis was a prodigy in that union of imagination and rational clarity. The fire of imagination and the penetration of thought that combine in his work rarely fail to kindle the fire in the reader or correct his "bent" thinking. The editors have put together an imaginative representation of that man's life and world.

While gifts ought not be given to place the recipient into the donor's debt, there is not much doubt that the one who received this book from you would feel indebted to you for the gift.

KENNETH F. KORBY

THE GIFTS OF THE CHILD CHRIST: FAIRY TALES AND STORIES FOR THE CHILD-LIKE.

These fairy tales seem typical enough at first glance: stories of ordinary life and adventure; of castles and cottages; of kings and poor shepherds; of witches and good-hearted peasants; of nearness and modern times; and of far away and ancient times. With a second look, however, comes the realization that these tales are not about someone else in another place, but about us. We are the characters who are involved in those adventures. MacDonald subtly reminds us that we are sometimes noble people and sometimes poor people, sometimes evil and sometimes good. We identify at the same time with the sufferers and the oppressors, with the rulers and the subjects.

In these "stories for the child-like" MacDonald looks at all people as children, with the Heavenly Father's presence ever in mind. The stories about evil charms and princes-to-the-rescue illustrate the Father's concern for His lost children; a nipping, barking, guiding sheep dog reminds us that we as sheep don't know as much about what's good for us as those sent to care for us. The tales are more than mere entertainment, although they certainly are that. As we are drawn into the adventures, we learn that we are like the heroes and they like us, whether in doing evil or good. As a traditional fairy tale leaves a lesson implanted in the young listener's mind, so these stories leave something in our heart and in the back of our consciousness which works to soothe us and teach us the ways of good and gentle spiritual children.

Throughout the collection the author chooses a perspective far above the limited surroundings of the characters. His deep wisdom sees beyond mere actions, to motives and unseen relationships. So as we are introduced to a newborn princess, for example, we find out not only the details of her parentage and the kind of kingdom into which she is born, but we also learn that she has begun a life of spoiled luxury from the minute of her birth, and that her sour heart is bound to torture and wound all whom she meets. We see her move through her pitiful existence, and we identify with her frustrations and limitations. But simultaneously we have the advantage of knowing what the author knows; despite the pain we
suffer with this Lost Princess, we know that a Wise Woman has been working secretly to correct her selfish ways and that eventually the child's heart will turn. Our experiencing the characters' limited views plus the author's foresight teaches us how far we may trust our judgments of both situations and people in our own lives.

George MacDonald appears to have access to a special window on the natural world, through which he looks and sees the magic and wonder that the Creator sees. For him, night time is not simply darkness, but a special time of miracle, quietness, freshness, and potential enchantment. In "The History of Photogen and Nycteris," day and night are characterized by the Prince Photogen and the Princess Nycteris who teach one another the beauty of their own times. They discover that the day "was the clothing and crown of Photogen, and... that the day was greater than the night, and the sun more lordly than the moon." The night, too, was beautiful "because it was the mother and home of Nycteris." Yet the endless recurrence of this day and night is placed within the greater framework of some future time, as Nycteris sees: "Shall we not go into a day as much greater than your day as your day is greater than my night?" Every part of the natural world has purpose, direction, and meaning which is related to the people and events within it. Through the author's view of nature we see the way creation fits together; all life is involved in God's order.

MacDonald's stories are most certainly not devoid of humor and light mockery. At times he uses the fairy tale form to make light of that very thing; the fairy tale as it is traditionally known. One tale sounds suspiciously like the story of "Sleeping Beauty." In this story an uninvited guest, Princess Makemnoit, casts a spell on the tiny princess—that she be unaffected by gravity. Later, in discussing their dilemma, the king and queen exchange their views about the situation:

"It is a good thing to be light-hearted, I am sure..."
"It is a bad thing to be light-headed," answered the queen, looking with prophetic soul far into the future.
"'Tis a good thing to be light-footed," said the king.
"'Tis a bad thing to be light-fingered," answered the queen.
"'Tis a good thing to be light-haired," said the king. "In fact, it is a good thing altogether to be light-bodied."

"But it is a bad thing altogether to be light-minded," retorted the queen, who was beginning to lose her temper... "And it's a bad thing to be light-haired," screamed she, determined to have more last words, now that her spirit was roused. (The queen's hair was black as night; and the king's had been, and his daughter's was, golden as morning.) But it was not this reflection on his hair that arrested him; it was the double use of the word light...; he could not tell whether the queen meant light-haired or light-heired; for why might she not aspirate her vowels when she was exasperated herself? (Vol. II, p. 17).

Puns and witticisms are slipped into these stories easily, for MacDonald shows us all sides of the people about whom he writes. He observes that the world's workings are out of our control; those who understand that are free to sit back and delight in the world.

Both volumes of these tales are great fun—light enough to be as enjoyable as fairy tales are to every child, but with a seriousness that gives weight and worth to the reading of them. Even when plots and subtleties of character and setting have been forgotten, there will remain fragments of truths about the Christian's position under the Father/Creator and his relationship with his fellow creatures. My memory of these tales is of warmth and wisdom.

RUTH PULLMANN

"Heavenly Rolls...
(from page 28)"

first week of November. For one thing, we believe that beneath man's politics is God's guidance. He places limits on our options. Recent basic changes in the world situation, such as the rise in power of oil producing nations and the specter of world wide food shortage, are surely not products of American political design.

It is good for Christians to remember that they are not a committee to re-elect the Lord. He will reign in any case. He in His mercy has elected His children, and they are surprised with joy when the results are declared. They have the happy wonder of the elect as they go about their serving and voting and worshipping; and after all polls are closed, they hear with joy fulfilled the final calling of the roll.
HEAVENLY ROLLS, EARTHLY POLLS

WE HAVE EXPERIENCED THE ecstasy and the agony of starting another November. It was but a short distance from All Saints' Day (November 1) to Election Day (November 5), but we were in two different worlds.

For some the two dates had nothing in common: they were from different calendars, their proximity was accidental and irrelevant, and any connecting of them would have seemed artificial.

For others, who have yielded to cynicism regarding politics, noting the nearness of political decision to religious celebration would have been more than irrelevant—it would have been irreverent: the juxtaposition of the sainted and the tainted, of All Saints and All Scoundrels, of God's elect and the popularly despised. For the thoroughly disillusioned, there simply could be no decent connection between the two dates—the dirty tricks and treats of election committees might have some kinship with our corrupted Hallowe'en observances but not with the Feast of All Hallows!

God's people, however, need to participate in, not to avoid, the tension of November's sacred-secular beginnings. We do well not to have a sacred half of the year and then a secular half; as the two aspects are intertwined in life, so let them be intertwined in the calendar.

Lest we succumb to romanticizing the saints, let us remember that their saintliness generally was expressed in the harsh political realities of their situations. Throughout the ages the saints have gone marching in to tasks in an imperfect world.

Is it possible in considering a David or a Solomon to separate religious and political decisions? Or can we understand a Nathan's or an Elijah's prophecy apart from political involvement?

The life of Christ began in the shadow of Herod's persecution of potential political rivals and ended through Pilate's politically expedient decision. Christ's words "Render therefore to Caesar the things that are Caesar's and to God the things that are God's" are a good motto for the week we are considering.

On the Eve of All Saints, Martin Luther posted his ninety-five theses primarily for scholarly disputation, but he was soon embroiled in legal proceedings.

In more recent times, Bonhoeffer, Martin Luther King, and others have carried their creed from the sanctuary to the political arena.

LET US RETURN TO THAT November week, when the political left battled the political right—we were involved in the kingdom of God's right hand as well as the kingdom of His left hand. God's people, not called to the quietist isolation of hermetically sealed hermits, appropriately did go about their responsibilities, remembering saints and voting for representatives. Painfully aware of the common frailties and special temptations which plague political leaders, Christians know nevertheless that government service, too, is a God-approved voca-

tion and that there are those who pursue it with great dedication and high moral commitment. As a result, such Christians study the issues, evaluate the candidates, and search their consciences before casting their ballots.

However, even having done that, the Christian usually receives no revelation of the right choice. He is left with the ambiguities of choosing among shades of gray rather than between black and white. Thus the relation of faith to the political process does not provide divine wisdom in political issues. Since we have a democracy rather than a theocracy, believers may worship in the same pew but cancel out each other's votes in the voting booth.

The communion of saints is obviously not the constituency of any one candidate. One may honestly disagree with a devout congressman when he distributes forbidden Scriptures in the Soviet Union; one may in good conscience believe that President Ford, even after his public worship and private prayer, should not have pardoned ex-President Nixon.

Election analysts have identified numerous factors affecting the results of Election Day: women's lib, environmentalist concerns, Watergate, and the Tidal Basin. They have now, however, spelled out any correlation between the experience of All Saints' celebration and which levers were pulled the following Tuesday. A German friend of mine pointed out that the vote ran against Gott in our community. Ah, but Idaho's Church was triumphant! A serious evaluation of the righteousness or wrongness of our recent political decisions will need the test of time, and we cannot presume to measure how the election returns correlate with God's will.

Some convictions, however, are strengthened by that remarkable

(concluded, page 27)