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Yngve Tammela.

COVER: Laila Pullinen. "For Now We See in a Mirror Dimly, but then
Why Can't Johnny's Dad Think?

About twice a week for the past two months, someone has asked me if I have read the *Newsweek* cover story entitled "Why Can't Johnny Write?" For reasons which are not altogether clear, the writing habits of American students have lately received molar-grinding, squinty-eyed scrutiny from all manner of folk. These scrutinizers grind and squint for a piece and then issue a proclamation abhorring and deploring the "fact" that "Johnny cannot write." Upon hearing these pronunciamentos, a person may nod the head and mutter "Ah, it doesn't surprise me at all." But consider that this inability to write, so-called, must have persisted for a certain time. Why has Johnny's failure to write become a national issue now? Why did the cover of *Newsweek* picture a struggling scribbler last autumn and not the autumn before?

The ways of editors are mysterious and variously influenced but the scent of an easily assembled story catering to popular suspicions has ever attracted budget-minded managers of large circulation weeklies. ("Volume, Horatio!" goes the cry. "Volume!") The *Newsweek* story aroused an old and reliable suspicion: "The whole country is going to pot and here is more proof." It is a variation on the Golden Age Theme foisted upon us by the Greeks and Romans who lamented the passing of heroes like those who trod the earth in the days of their great-grandfathers. However, mere suspicion will no longer sell a magazine. Editors want evidence because, paradoxically, John Q. Public is more sophisticated than he used to be and will not stand still for the pabulum which journalists fed his great-grandfather. Fortunately for *Newsweek*'s editors the "evidence" of Johnny's failure to write was easy to assemble. Regular readers of newspapers had seen most of it during the previous year.

*Newsweek* reported that (A) between 1974 and 1975 the average scores of high school students on the Scholastic Aptitude Test dropped 10 points on the verbal section and 8 points on the mathematical section (pause to listen for shouts of "Why Can't Johnny Add?" Hmm. Silence.) and (B) that roughly half of the Freshmen entering the University of California at Berkeley last September failed a test of Basic English Usage. The appearance of item B in the *Newsweek* article tipped me off that *Newsweek* used secondary sources and did not use them very well. My local newspaper had run the story months before and I had remembered it because it had made me curious. I wanted to know the content of the test. The story in my local newspaper did not describe the test but I never would have expected it to. The story in *Newsweek* did not describe the test either and *Newsweek* should know better. Until we know what sort of knowledge the Berkeley Freshmen were examined for, we cannot draw fair conclusions about the meaning of their performance.

In this instance, and in the instance of the Scholastic Aptitude Test, it is not necessarily valid to say: "This student did not do well on this test. Therefore, this student does not write well." How can this be? The Berkeley test may examine the student's knowledge of the rules of traditional grammar. The test might present a series of sentences and ask the student to underline the dangling modifiers. It could ask the student to correct the improper use of co-ordinating conjunctions.
It might examine the student's knowledge of the meanings of words. The test might even ask the student to correct misspellings. In short, the test could examine the student's knowledge of many aspects of traditional language usage. But it still might not test the student's ability to write well.

It is probably true that most American students are not instructed in the rules of traditional grammar after the eighth or ninth grade. It may also be possible, therefore, that most college freshmen would forget how to recognize a dangling modifier. But not recognizing a dangling modifier, or, to phrase it otherwise, not knowing the name for that grammatical fault, does not necessarily mean that one dangles modifiers when one writes a letter, a report, or an editorial. No natural law requires all God's children to dangle modifiers unless they have studied Grammar 1 and 2 in the eighth grade. God's children can grow up speaking and writing "good English" without learning the words which describe "bad English." If your parents, brothers, sisters, and friends speak and write "good English," it will be impossible, nearly, for you to speak and write anything else.

However, even if you speak and write according to the rules of traditional grammar, you still may not write well. For American students "writing well" should have a basic meaning: composing clear sentences and arranging them attractively in order to explain one's ideas in sufficient detail to advance the understanding of the reader. If you want to test a person's ability to run a mile in four minutes, you put the person on a track and start the clock. You do not give the person a multiple-choice exam on the principles of kinesiology. One method alone will surely tell if students can write well: Have them write an essay. Were Berkeley's students asked to write essays? If they were, Newsweek's readers did not hear about it. Probably, though, the students were not asked to write essays. Why not? Because it is easier for a university to grade 5000 multiple-choice tests with a computer than it is to grade 5000 essays with an English department.

Many people who believe that Johnny writes poorly have wanted to believe so for many years. These believers, together with the officials of the College Entrance Examination Board, find in the decline of test scores confirmation of the rise of permissiveness in society, the collapse of family values, the militancy of teachers, and the inattention to fundamental skills in the elementary and secondary schools. They also find confirmation of "excessive viewing of television." The believer points to a graph showing the average number of hours American children watch television before age five. The believer then points to the average scores of the Berkeley test and the SAT. Then the believer says, "See! I told you so!" In some quarters, this sort of argument is thought to be sound. In refutation, I offer the testimony of one college English teacher who has taught rural Minnesota youth for twenty years. She deposes that her students in 1975 speak and write more correctly than did her students in 1955. For this improvement she gives partial credit to television. The English language as spoken on television may be silly, vague, and repetitious but, with some notorious exceptions, it is grammatically correct. Walter Cronkite and Mister Rogers use "good English."

The furor over Johnny's writing ability has arisen because for years educators have tried to find an easy test for good writing. The beast is mythical; there ain't no such animal. The test data are ambiguous and the theories based on them are erroneous. Nobody knows how well Johnny can write. More to the point, nobody knows whether Johnny writes less well than his Dad wrote when he was Johnny's age.

The use of bad grammar is no problem in our country. The use of good grammar and fancy words to cover slopythinking is a serious problem. We all blow smoke like the Chicago fireman who recently said on the radio, "There then occurred a rapid escalation of the alarm response." That sentence is grammatically correct but it prevents clear thinking because its meaning is obscure. (I presume the poor, confused fellow meant that a whole bunch of firemen arrived at the fire very quickly. I would not bet the grocery money on it, though.) Who teaches firemen to talk like this? Government officials do, followed in a fog by business and labor executives, lawyers, doctors, and university professors. The point to remember is this: Johnny does not speak or write sentences like the fireman's — yet. Johnny's Dad does. We need sentences, friends, not merely correct but wise.

—AFS

NOTES FROM THE EDITOR'S NOTEBOOK

With this issue, The Cresset begins a series of articles on the contributions of colleges and universities with strong ethnic and Lutheran traditions. In the bicentennial year, we thought it would be appropriate to hear again the stories of men and women from Sweden, Norway, Finland, and Germany who established institutions of higher learning which not only preserved the faith and culture of their home countries but which have sent into a new land generations of well educated, creative, and energetic citizens. We have chosen Augustana College of Rock Island, Illinois, St. Olaf College of Northfield, Minnesota, Suomi College of Hancock, Michigan, and Valparaiso University to represent over forty colleges and universities now affiliated with
one of the three major Lutheran denominations. The articles will appear in the order of the colleges' foundings. Dr. Conrad Bergendoff begins the series with the story of Augustana College which he served as President for twenty-eight years. Dr. Sidney J. Rand, President of St. Olaf College, will present the history of his institution in March. Dr. Ralph Jalkanen will follow in April with the story of Suomi College of which he is the President. The article on Valparaiso, which became a Lutheran university in 1925, will be based on taped interviews with several of the founders.

The idea for this series was suggested by Vice-President Arnie Lack of Suomi College whose thoughtfulness we gratefully acknowledge. We have been delighted with the articles submitted by our distinguished authors and we hope you will be, too. We do not expect that you will be familiar with all the names and events recounted in this series. We do expect that your understanding of the contributions of the ethnic Lutheran traditions to the culture of the United States will be broadened and deepened.

This month, James and Dot Nuechterlein continue The Crescent's series on the shape of the Christian family. Editor Korby has invited several couples "to describe the foundations for their fidelity and love, to discuss the ways pressures are met and the Christian life is nurtured, and to express the fears and hopes for the future of the Christian family." Previous articles have been co-authored by husband and wife. The Nuechterleins have followed a different strategy: "After a preliminary discussion or two last summer we concluded that the only way we could operate on this assignment was to write two independent essays and then see how they matched up. You will find enclosed two quite different accounts, which we hope are complementary enough to provide some kind of whole. They developed rather unlike what we had originally envisioned; we can only hope they fit somewhere within the bounds of your concept." They do indeed fit, articulately and harmoniously. The form of their contribution admirably expresses the shape of their family.

Our "Guest Opinion" writer, Vic Hoffmann, leads off this election year with a report from Washington, D.C., a city which, in politer days, was described as the "seat of government." Lately many of us tend to think about the government the way we might think about a two dollar clock: it's wrong so often we don't believe it even when it's right. Mr. Hoffmann emphasizes some of the qualities of life in the nation's capital which are right. It is good for us to hear this news from a person on the scene. People in Washington are often criticized for being out of touch with the rest of the country but people in the rest of the country seldom comprehend the pressures and problems which a Senator or Congressman must face each day. The cry of "Accountability" echoes across the land. It is an understandable and justifiable cry. But those who cry out must also try to judge fairly. Mr. Hoffmann's report should help make fair judgment more likely.

---AFS

ALL ACROSS INDIA

In the black hours before dawn
old men cannot sleep:
hunger's sharp teeth
gnaw
the walls of their stomachs.
Homeless, they sit
in strangers' doorways,
skin drawn over bones
like wrinkled gloves.
Their eyes are
empty begging bowls
that will never be filled.
Their sighs
echo
all across India.

NADIA CHRISTENSEN

February, 1976
AUGUSTANA — A Peoples Aspiration

Conrad J. Bergendoff

THE STORY OF THE FIRST IMMIGRANTS TO Massachusetts, who within a few years of their settlement started a college, is known to every reader of American history. Not so well known is the repetition of that pattern among other later immigrant groups. Yet the founding of Augustana College in 1860 by Scandinavian immigrants was a similar response to the challenge of a strange, new environment. Just as Harvard was needed to furnish an educated ministry for the Puritan Colony, so Swedish and Norwegian pioneers resolved to found a school to provide a ministry for Lutheran settlements in the Midwest. And as the leaders in Massachusetts were graduates of an English university—Cambridge, so the leaders in Illinois were alumni of Upsala and Lund in Sweden. The role of the Lutheran institutions that followed this first of the colleges among the Scandinavians was no less fruitful in the lives of the churches that spread over the new states than was the part played by Yale and Harvard in New England in an earlier era.

Augustana was helped in its founding by a few graduates of an older institution—Gettysburg of Pennsylvania. They had attempted a school in Springfield, Illinois, a decade before the Civil War, bearing the pretentious name of Illinois State University. Here Lutherans of the West hoped to train their pastors and afford a college education. When L. P. Esbjorn came in 1849 to minister to Swedish immigrants in Illinois and was followed by a group of university trained ministers, he was prevailed upon by them to become a teacher at the Springfield school. But he was disappointed in the theology of colleagues and in 1860 moved to Chicago where his fellow pastors and a few Norwegian churchmen who had formed the Augustana Synod now set up their own school with the name Augustana (the Latin designation of the Augsburg Confession). For three years Esbjorn struggled to maintain the school in Chicago during the storms of the Civil War. (The Springfield school closed due to the War and doctrinal controversies, as well as to the withdrawal of the Scandinavians.)

The pioneer churches thought at first that they might have to maintain parochial schools, and Augustana should train teachers for them. So the name Seminary soon broadened to College and Seminary, and an institution of higher learning was envisioned. In 1852 a graduate of the University of Lund had come as pastor to the Swedish congregation in Galesburg. He was T. N. Hasselquist, gifted as writer and speaker, a man of unusual stature who immediately became a leader in the new Synod. Observing the work of Knox College (he was on the platform at the famous Lincoln-Douglas debate at the College in 1858), Hasselquist thought a real estate plan could help finance a school and he prevailed on the Synod to move the institution to Paxton, Illinois, where the sale of Illinois Central Railroad lands might enrich the school treasury. When Esbjorn returned to Sweden in 1863, Hasselquist was elected president. It was at Paxton that he labored to build a school containing, he said, the best elements of the Swedish and the American systems.

The Norwegian pastors and churches in the new Synod felt themselves a minority, and decided to have their
own organization. Consequently, in 1870 they withdrew, attempted a separate body, but eventually divided into two branches each with its own school, namely Augustana, now in Sioux Falls, South Dakota, and Augsburg, now in Minneapolis. From the first Hasselquist and other leaders such as Erland Carlsson, a graduate of Lund University, favored close relations with older Lutheran bodies, and soon joined the General Council of the Lutheran Church, a body that was truly confessional but also open to an American environment. This participation brought the Synod into relationship with Lutherans of longer experience in this country and helped form its spirit. From the start in Paxton, American Lutherans were on the faculty—Sidney Harkey and Henry Reck, graduates of Gettysburg, and later A. W. Williamson, a graduate of Marietta College and an M.A. from Yale, and R. F. Weidner, an alumnus of Muhlenberg.

By the time Augustana graduated its first class in 1877, it had become a full-fledged American college, and its alumni were becoming leaders in the church and community of the immigrants. Paxton, however, had proved to be a poor center for Swedish immigration, which had moved West and North. In 1875, just a century ago, the College and Seminary relocated in Rock Island, Illinois.

The Catalogue of 1885, when the institution was 25 years old, gives a picture of how the school had developed. A preparatory department of three classes enrolled 82 students. College classes counted 29 Freshmen, 20 Sophomores, 19 Juniors, 18 Seniors, a total of 87 (including one graduate student). The Theological Seminary was a two-year graduate course and had 37 students. The Curriculum in the College offered a choice between a classical course and a scientific course—the classical containing Greek and Latin every year, the scientific specifying Physical Geography, Botany, Zoology, Mathematics, Chemistry, Astronomy. A choice was also available between courses in Swedish and English. English Language and Literature courses ran through all four years.

The scientific course deserves special mention, both because of its place in the curriculum and its first teacher. Joshua Lindahl was a Ph.D. from Lund, Sweden, where he had been a Docent in Zoology. While at the Royal Zoological Museum in Stockholm, he had been active in a number of scientific expeditions. He was sent to the Paris Exposition, 1875, as Secretary of the Royal Commission, and to the Philadelphia Exposition in 1876. He was persuaded to join the Augustana faculty in 1879 where he served until 1888 when he became state geologist for Illinois. His teaching ability, his scientific interests, his capabilities as director of museum, laid a solid foundation for the sciences, especially geology, for which the College has achieved a national reputation. His successors were equally worthy—J. A. Udden, later state geologist of Texas, and Fritiof Fryxell.

Another enduring development in the early years
Book Concern was one of the major publishing firms of the Church. It would be difficult to untangle the interwoven relationships of the Augustana Theological Seminary, Augustana College, and the Augustana Book Concern. In three streams their influence flowed out, even beyond the U.S.A.

It is recorded that in 1860 when an Augustana Synod representative approached the king and archbishop of Sweden for financial aid for the infant school in Chicago, the archbishop was hesitant. How, he demurred, could there be any stability in the pioneer churches since they had no bishop? It turned out that the College and Seminary became the center of the Lutheran immigrants. “Vart gemensamma laroverk” (our common institution) was its designation for decades. It could qualify for this title because with very few exceptions all of the pastors received their theological education there. While Gustavus Adolphus College (1862) in Minnesota, Bethany in Kansas (1881), later, (1895) Upsala and its Seminary, all of the pastors received their theological education there. While Gustavus Adolphus College (1862) in Minnesota, Bethany in Kansas (1881), later, (1895) Upsala in New Jersey, also were colleges of the Synod, these were supported and controlled by their district “Conferences.” Despite their murmurings the Synod as a whole supported Augustana, especially the Seminary. And because of its history, its leaders, and the publication center, the Rock Island institution remained a creative source for the national body.

The Jubilee of 1893 revealed the place the institution held in the hearts of the Swedish Lutherans, and revealed too their spirit. The year marked the 400th anniversary of the Decree of Upsala by which the Lutheran Church became the Church of the Swedish nation. By an invitation to the King and Church of Sweden the Synod and school indicated loyalty to the traditions of mind and soul still nourished on the campus and in the congregations. Bishop K. G. von Scheele was the representative of the Swedish State and Church and Universities—the first Swedish bishop on American soil. The founders of the Synod had preferred a congregational or presbyterian form of government to the episcopal. A half century of ministry in the new nation justified their choice. But the Synod paid sincere respect to the Church from which its people had come, and wanted to maintain an ecumenical relationship to fellow Lutherans and Christians. Now over 100,000 members, the Synod made the celebration on the campus a memorable event—replete with musical events, religious services, College and Seminary Commencement festivities.

The venerable Hasselquist had passed away in 1891. His breadth of interests, his irenic and ecumenical spirit, his saintly life, his love of his old and new homelands, left an indelible mark on Seminary, College, community, and church. His successor was Olof Olsson who already had made himself a respected and beloved leader of the immigrant churches. To his mystical and tolerant soul the duties of administration were a burden. But he carried them nobly and succeeded in winning friends who could ease the financial worries. In 1885 the school had begun to build Old Main—a monument to the educational ideals of a group of immigrants hardly a quarter of a century in the new land. To this day the building—now on the National Register of Historic Places—stands as a memorial to a band of schoolmen who under one roof wanted to give place to the classics and the humanities, science and theology, art and music. It was ready for the Jubilee of 1893. In my estimation it represents the greatest achievement of Swedish immigrants to America in the 19th Century. Olsson was able to witness the dedication of the structure, but his administration was shortened by illness and his death in 1900. He had won a place in the heart of his people who responded to his humanistic spirit. He was honored by an honorary doctor's degree from the University of Upsala. For all his love of the cultural riches of Europe he understood that Augustana must accommodate itself to its environment and become an American seat of learning.

THE AMERICANIZATION OF AUGUSTANA was the work of the Andreen administration. Gustav Andreen, a graduate of the College, a Phi Beta Kappa member and Ph.D. of Yale University, left Yale, 1901, where he taught in the Germanic department, to become president of the College and Seminary for the next 34 years. He soon perceived that the institution needed greater financial resources. At once he embarked on a program to raise funds for an endowment. Friends in Sweden helped him, and the Synod was challenged to raise $250,000 by the time of the semi-centennial in 1910. Gifts from Sweden of around $25,000 were doubled by donors in America, to set up an Oscar II Fund for the professorship of Religion and Scandinavian literature. The Synod earmarked the Jubilee Fund for the Seminary, while other large gifts during the solicitation increased the general endowment funds. By 1910 the goal had been pledged, though the First World War delayed final payments for another decade. Of the funds reported in 1920, totaling almost half a million dollars, about $350,000 were the result of the indefatigable efforts of the president.

Midway in these 20 years, Dr. Andreen was able to announce a magnificent gift by the heirs of one of the founders of the Denkmann-Weyerhaeuser lumber empire. These two brothers-in-law started their fortune in Rock Island, and the children of C. A. Denkmann in 1909 built the College library as a memorial to their father. The granite-marble building gave Augustana a superb home for its collections which were even then remarkable. For in 1860 the royal house of Sweden had started the institution's library by a donation of 5,000 volumes, many with the king's monogram. Through the years the administration had gathered a unique collection of immigrant materials, books, periodicals, papers—today an invaluable research resource. For over 100 years the library has grown to become unique in its holdings of Swedish literature, rare books.
in history and theology, with special collections in American and English history, including Indian materials.

The dedication of the library added luster to the festivities of 1910 when the Church joined with the Seminary and College in celebrating its 50th anniversary. Again representatives from the Swedish Church and universities joined delegates of American institutions in a gala week of speeches, processions, concerts, services. The governors of Minnesota and Illinois spoke of the influence of Augustana alumni. Memories of the Jubilee lingered long but new opportunities and new problems called for new measures.

The interest of the community, attested by the Denkman gift, indicated a new relationship of the College to its American environment. In its inaugural President Andreen had declared that “the constant and friendly interaction of the College and the community accrues to the distinct advantages of both.” This relationship is seen in a constantly increasing number of local students and students not of Lutheran ancestry. It reflected also a change in the background of faculty members. Newer members were rarely Swedish born. They were persons with graduate training and degrees from American universities. Requirements in the classics had decreased. Science courses multiplied. Religious courses and daily chapel still were a normal part of the college program, but elective courses were on the increase. Modern languages received more attention, and courses in education and business were introduced. Contacts with other colleges became natural as Augustana joined in the organization of the North Central Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools (1913) and the Illinois Academy of Science. Students entered the mainstream of American academic life by activities in athletics, forensics, journalism. A new dimension was added by the involvement of the College in the turmoil of War days—in 1917 the College Band had enlisted as a unit, in 1918 a Students Army Training Corps was placed on the campus by the Army.

Post-war and depression difficulties engaged President Andreen in the latter half of his administration. Despite the increase of funds the needs had grown more rapidly. The Seminary required better facilities, dormitory accommodations were sub-standard, the sciences called urgently for better quarters. Again the President traversed the nation in appeals. The Church’s response for the Seminary was successful. Impressive buildings—chapel, lecture rooms, offices, dormitory—were erected on top of Zion Hill and dedicated in 1923 by Archbishop Nathan Soderblom of Upsala, Sweden. The women of the Synod participated in an ingathering that resulted in 1928 of the Woman’s Building. Money for the science hall was more difficult to raise. Fortunately, a large gift by Emil and Marie Wallberg made it possible for Dr. Andreen to see this long-awaited building dedicated. In 1935, after 34 years of strenuous and selfless service to his beloved Alma Mater, he could look back on a development that had made a small, Swedish oriented institution of higher learning a respected member of the American academic community. This he had achieved without losing either the heritage of an older culture or weakening the ties of the school to the Church.

The writer, who succeeded Dr. Andreen in 1935, had been Dean of the Seminary for four years, and he continued teaching there for several years. In 1931 a new group of teachers had taken the place of men in the Seminary who in some cases went back to Olsson’s time. These younger men, trained in American theological schools and universities, were in closer touch with contemporary theological currents, both in this country and abroad. Some of them translated works of the Swedish authors—Aulen, Nygren, Billing, Brilioth. Others contributed their own works. The Seminary was among the first to be accredited by the American Association of Theological Schools, and in 1934 inaugurated a system of student internships between the second and final year in the Seminary—a practice that became general in a large part of the Lutheran Church in this country. Members of the faculty were interested and participated in the growing Ecumenical Movement and the Lutheran World Federation, encouraging their church body to join both the National Council and World Council of Churches.

Movements toward closer unity among the Lutheran churches of the U.S.A. hastened a long-debated separation of the College and the Seminary. The other colleges of the Synod had produced a large number of alumni who attended the Seminary but felt less attachment to the College. In 1948 the Church voted the separation of funds, grounds, and administration of the Seminary. A few years later the Seminary merged with seminaries of other bodies which in 1962 formed the Lutheran Church in America. The united body established the Lutheran School of Theology, adjoining the campus of the University of Chicago, in 1966.

Meanwhile the new administration sought to strengthen the College. Enrollment had not been large in the first half-century of its existence, though in that period American college enrollments were everywhere modest. The national average of a doubling of enrollment every twenty years until the “Veterans’ Bulge” after the Second World War held true also for Augustana. In 1895 it passed the 100 mark, in 1915 the 200. In 1932 it reached 511, but the number fell back because of “Depression” years. By 1940 it approached 600, and in 1960 went over 1200. The Second World War, the Korean War, the Vietnam War all not only cast shadows on college campuses, but involved the student bodies in soul-shaking consequences.

EVER SINCE THE EARLY 30s THE COLLEGE struggled to improve the salaries of faculty members and during war years were in competition with the
government for scientific talent. It is a tribute to the faculty of Augustana that it persisted despite difficulties in maintaining high standards. These years witnessed significant recognition of the academic quality of the College. In 1937 the American Association of University Women opened its membership to Augustana women graduates (the first woman graduated in 1885). The School of Music was accredited by the National Association in 1938, the Education Department by the National Council for the Accreditation of Teacher Education in 1954, and the Chemistry Department was placed on the list of the American Chemical Society in 1955. A signal honor was bestowed on the College by the granting of a Phi Beta Kappa charter in 1949. Under Coach Holcomb debate teams achieved national distinction, and Henry Veld led the Augustana Choir to international acclaim.

An expansion of the campus and facilities marked the decade of the 1950s. A long needed enlargement of quarters for music and art was met by the erection of a Fine Arts Building in 1955 and completed by the beautiful and spacious auditorium, in time for the 100th anniversary, which was named Centennial Hall. Bequests by alumni of almost one-half million and gifts by the community of over one million gave the College this magnificent addition. Another pair of gifts expanded the campus by more than 26 acres and enabled the College to build its residence halls complex in an attractive setting. In 1954 the heirs of the Weyerhaeuser estate, adjoining the campus, presented to Augustana the original family home, known as “House on the Hill”—a gift matching the Denkmann memorial almost one-half century earlier. A million dollar gift of the Westerlin family in Chicago led to the dormitories and dining hall—the complex known as “Westerlin” on the new addition. In 1960 a Student Union became a long-desired reality on the lower campus.

Again, as in 1910, festivities in 1960 marked a significant milestone in Augustana's history. Bishops of the Church of Sweden, national figures in American academic life, thousands of alumni and former students, mingled on the campus. The Chicago Symphony Orchestra played in Centennial Hall, and the rich musical memories of the campus were crowned by the Oratorio Chorus, under the leadership of Henry Veld—thirty years conductor of the Choir—in Bach's Mass in B Minor.

Continued growth characterized the administration of C. W. Sorensen (1962-75). Enrollment reached 2,000 and graduation classes almost 500. Successful financial appeals resulted in higher faculty salaries, an enlarged faculty, and an increased number of courses. Almost two-thirds of the faculty by this time held earned doctoral degrees. Students and faculty were given stronger influence in making of decisions. Removal of older structures and extensive landscaping enhanced the beauty of the campus. At the removal of the Seminary to Chicago and the activities of the Book Concern to Philadelphia, the College was able to procure their properties—valued in the millions of dollars. The former Seminary Library now houses science facilities, the chapel became the home of the Campus Church. The Book Concern building added office and lecture room space, and afforded rooms for many community agencies, notably the unique Graduate Center. New names have appeared on the institution's donors' roll of honor—Carl Gamble Observatory, Getz Astronomy Hall, Deere Planetarium and Lecture Auditorium. A gift of one and one half million dollars helped finance a four million dollar Carver Physical Education Center. On the retirement of Dr. Sorensen, Thomas Tredway became Augustana's seventh president.

No brief survey of the history of Augustana College and Theological Seminary can adequately characterize the institution. For it was not a college in the ordinary meaning of that word. It was a cultural center for a great segment of Swedish immigrants to America, whose leaders aspired to create something worthy of their heritage. University men who knew the history, theology, arts and sciences of a people with a long record before the United States came to be, wanted, in the words of one of their spokesmen, “to give as well as to receive” in this new land. No other Lutheran institution has commanded the loyalty of so large a part of its ethnic community. In the 1890s a group of students and faculty had urged the directors to assume the name “Augustana University,” but the authorities modestly resisted. Yet the school became in fact a university in the breadth of its interests and influence. Its graduates founded congregations and schools, began mission work in India, China, Africa, and led their church in creating new relationships with other churches. Its alumni entered the finest graduate schools in America and Europe and were on the faculties of scores of colleges and universities. Others have gone into every kind of professional life.

TODAY IT MAY BE IMPOSSIBLE TO ASSESS the fruits of the institution but it would be no exaggeration to say that it has touched the lives of many generations of youth who have helped to shape America.

On the campus near the site of the original building rests a huge boulder, carrying this inscription, which may serve as a summary of the aspirations of a people that created Augustana:

"On this hillside, in 1875, the founders of the Augustana Lutheran Church began to build Augustana College and Augustana Theological Seminary to conserve the religious and cultural heritage received from the land of their fathers and to establish here a source of inspiration and strength for their children."

“They called this Zion Hill, and this stone was placed here in the Centennial year of 1960 to honor their memory and ideals, and in gratitude to the God they and we learned to know in Jesus Christ, the Rock of all ages.”

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February, 1976
We are under way in the Epiphany season, the time of disclosure. God draws back the curtain to disclose the Son born for us.

Epiphany is anchored in the Baptism of Jesus for in it God reveals His passion to join us to Himself through the One who strips away our sin and cleanses us. The heavenly Father has great delight in His son Jesus and to this end that Son is anointed by the Holy Spirit to go to the Cross, the Death, and the Resurrection. The glory of God is not a nimbus, a halo, or an aura, but this is the glory of God: the suffering love that wills to save sinners by forgiving them. He rules in the Kingdom of sinners, and for their sakes He rules the whole cosmos.

The other anchor pole for Epiphany is the Transformation of Jesus, the sneak preview on the metamorphosis that comes through His crucifixion and resurrection.

The Son disclosed is the One born “for us.” He comes into partnership with us in our sin and death. The “for us” means also our partnership with Him through our Baptism into Him. In Epiphany it is also manifest what we are. Our destiny is tied up with Him: He is our destiny. Epiphany is the revelation both of the Son of God and of the sons of God. To illuminate this partnership, the worship during Epiphany will emphasize the words of Jesus, “Follow Me.”
Jesus is the great apostle; that means He was sent to gather and glue us to God. His sentness means He comes to us. To come to Him at His invitation puts us into the partnership of sentness: in God's name we are sent to each other. That is part of what we mean when we confess ourselves members in the apostolic church: we are the SENT ONES.

Epiphany is about the glory of God revealed. Isaiah says that the glory of the Lord has risen upon you. God's glory is His delight in you, given to you. Through the work of His Sent One, God delights in you, gets a "kick" out of you.

People that sit in darkness see nothing but the ultimate threat to their lives. They grasp whatever seems to them to promise deliverance from the threat. But the Light has come to you. That is, by giving you His Son, God gives Himself to you as your heavenly Father. We are no longer bastards in the world, not knowing our father, angry and waiting, perchance, for someone to adopt us and teach us peace. Nor are we orphans, children of grief, having lost what we had. Rather, He tells you about His will for you in His Son and thereby arouses you to trust Him as your ultimate Father. To trust Him as your heavenly Father through Jesus Christ is your highest worship.

Epiphany is about worship; that is, being enlightened and enlivened by the glory of the Father. The Wise Men come to worship Him. Wise men still do. Worshiping Him, wise men go home; wise men still do. Like the shepherds, they return to their work, to their sheep. Receiving the sentness of the Son in worship is to join in the sentness of the Son in your work. Come to Him to receive light for darkness, life for death. Go to your work, telling the things you have seen and heard.

St. Matthew says that so simply: you are sent to your work with a light, a light that will illuminate your works so that the heavenly Father may be glorified. This saying of Jesus corresponds to the word of Isaiah: Arise, Shine, for your light has come.

The works go on in the world of darkness, the world that does not know its father. The works do not dispel the darkness, for natural eyes cannot see the works. For natural eyes works are to find meaning in life, to get good grades, to keep from being bored, to get a preferable place among men. The works themselves are engrossed in darkness. Works are dumb; they cannot speak. If they reveal anything, they reveal it only about us.

But you are light; you have the light. Let your light so shine that men may see the works and glorify your Father who is in heaven! Works do not illuminate the Father; the light illuminates the works to reveal the Father.

Have you come to this Light where the glory of the Father is to persuade you to trust Him? Then go, go to your work; go to each other, with your words as the light that illuminates the works. You are lights; shine. Do not dream about going to some far away place where you will dazzle people with your loving brilliance. Go to your smelly sheep; go to the dull routines; go to the people imprisoned in dormitory rooms, wrapped like mummies in their sins, trapped in great fears. Tell them what you have seen and heard in the manifestation of His Son for you.

You do not have to tell lights to shine. You need merely to ignite them and remove the baskets.

Come to that fire of divine love for purgation and ignition. Go to each other and to your work as those sent by the heavenly Father.
FOR OVER A DECADE, LAILA Pullinen has been recognized as one of Finland's finest sculptors. Her recent production earned for her the designation of Artist of the Year for 1975 and reveals her as a truly outstanding creative spirit. Besides drawing the critics' acclaim, her work has received an enthusiastic response from the general public. In annual succession, Pullinen is the fifth artist to be designated Finland's Artist of the Year; her exhibit, however, has received by far the greatest popular response—more people thronged to her one-artist show in Helsinki's Art Exhibition Hall August 15-September 7, 1975, than had viewed the works of her four predecessors combined. Moreover, the visitors saw not only the art works but the artist herself, who made a point of being at the exhibit regularly to receive the reactions of the viewers, to respond to questions, and to discuss her works.

Ever since her participation in the Venice Biennale of 1964, Pullinen has been gaining recognition in Europe, with exhibitions in Florence,
BERNHARD HILLILA

Milan, Monaco, Stockholm, Paris, and elsewhere. Visitors to the Finnish Pavilion at Montreal's Expo '67 saw a most unusual art work by her—a huge copper relief sculpted by controlled explosives! Her sculptures would probably be more widely known in the United States, if her major works were not so heavy to transport: *Jeanne d'Arctic* and *Arctic Aphrodite* are both 220 cm. (86") in height; *The Messenger* is 115 cm. (45"); "*For Now We See in a Mirror Dimly, but Then Face to Face*" is 240 cm. (94")—the weight is measured in tons for bronzes of such size! (It is interesting that two of Finland's foremost artists are women who produce monumental metal sculptures: Pullinen, who crafts weighty bronzes; and Eila Hiltunen, a slip of a woman, who welds huge steel sculptures, like the abstract Sibelius monument—25'X32'X20'.)

When he evaluated Finnish sculpture at the close of the 60s, Goran Schildt called Laila Pullinen "the most international of Finnish sculptors." (Goran Schildt, *Modern Finnish Sculpture*, London: Weidenfeld and Nicolson, 1970, p. 46) Although Pullinen herself says she has been experiencing an increasing personal "Finlandization," she continues to be remarkably international in outlook. Born in 1933 in Terijoki, Finland, which is now Zelenogorsk in

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the Soviet Union, she has been on the border between East and West, between Byzantine ornamentation and Finnish austerity. Trained largely in Italy, she is a daughter of the Mediterranean as well as of the Baltic, acquainted with Southern sunlight as well as Arctic skies. As a result, she expresses sensuous elegance along with a simple directness.

Pullinen’s native Karelian spontaneity, her exposure to different traditions and cultures, and her own stubborn independence combined to make her a rebel in Finnish art. For one thing, she would not participate in the national competitions for commissioned works of art — according to her, a work of sculpture does not develop best from a clay model made to express a particular theme; the mature artist should instead work directly on the final sculpture, expressing himself spontaneously and also allowing the material to express itself. According to Pullinen, Finnish competitions for public art works don’t really encourage art — they stultify it. She thus protests against the art establishment, against traditionalism, and against academic conformity. It is a gratifying development that, without having been tamed, the prime protestor in Finnish art was declared Artist of the Year in 1975!

Pullinen’s art reflects the complexity of her own life. Her creations are born of the tensions between abstraction and realism, natural roughness and polished smoothness, motion and rest. In an earlier period, the artist expressed these tensions by juxtaposing marble and bronze or ebony and bronze. More recently she has expressed the ambivalences in one material — bronze — contrasting dark, rough portions with gleaming, highly polished surfaces. The titles of some works reflect the interplay of contradictions: The Mute Oracle, Electra’s Joy, Black Angel.

The sculptures pictured in this issue are from a series, which illustrates an evolution of ideas and the forms which express them. Arctic Aphrodite and Jeanne d’Arctic developed into The Messenger. In and abstraction so characteristic of Pullinen. A basic form which began with legendary content was next imbued with religious insight and developed into The Messenger. In a further development, the mantle of the messenger was pierced, and light streamed down on the Crucified — The Messenger was the forerunner of the Messiah.

She calls her crucifix, “For Now We See in a Mirror Dimly, but Then Face to Face.” I questioned the appropriateness of the title: after all, the verse from I Corinthians refers to the Christian’s hope, not to Christ’s passion. She explained: people have difficulty seeing God’s plan; He sent His Son, who gave Himself on the cross, to reveal His love; the love we now see in the cross we hope to understand more fully in the consummation of God’s plan; in the meanwhile, perhaps the artist’s bronze (mirrors were of bronze, not glass, in New Testament times) can enable someone to see a reflection of man’s need and of God’s plan. I was impressed by Pullinen’s theology as well as by her sculpture.

Perhaps one brief postscript is in order. Pullinen’s castings, and current Finnish bronzes generally, have a unique golden hue, which results from the substitution, for reasons of health, of tin for the lead in the casting formula. The result is a softer — more humane — glow.
OPUS ALIENUM

Ancient sea
that is not a sea
but only a beginning:
a barren
rough-grained floor,
sand-bone
dreaming of wave-flesh — —

the Sahara
creeps southward;
its arid tides
wash
landlocked coasts
in Mali, Niger, Chad . . .

The thirsty sponge
expands—
drinks
every drop of moisture,
and remains
parched stone.

Dryness
overflows the rim
of a flat cup.

WEST AFRICAN DROUGHT

The season of sandstorms is ended.
The hissing wind
has folded its thick
gritty curtains, and
gone away. There are
no new caravans of rain.

Each day
the insatiable sand
sucks victims to it.
Rotting carcasses—
donkeys, camels, cows—
rubble the landscape.

Bleached bones
film over with desert dust:
print brief fossils
on permeable stone.

And in sand-gutted gullies
dead acacias bloom
with vultures fat from feasting.

NADIA CHRISTENSEN

February, 1976

The Shape
of The
Christian Family

Dorothea Nuechterlein
James Nuechterlein

IS THERE ANYTHING ONE can say about his own marriage/family that is truly meaningful to anyone else? Although I've studied marriage and family structure from an academic point of view, this is not intended as an outline or list of generalities which may fit your family as well as mine.

The fact is that I believe I am blessed with being involved in the best family and marriage that I know of. I will not present evidence supporting such a subjective claim; I mention it merely to let you know the assumptions out of which the following observations arise. If any of these comments have wider ap-

James and Dorothea Nuechterlein live in Kingston, Ontario. Jim, 38, is Associate Professor of History at Queen’s University in Kingston where Dot, also 38, is currently studying sociology. She has been a Youth and Parish worker for several Lutheran congregations and a Juvenile and Adult Probation/Parole Officer for the Province of Ontario. Both graduated from Valparaiso University and Jim has an M.A. from Yale. They have three children, Laura, 7, John, 5, and Jeanne, 3.
plicability than to my own situation, the reader will have to provide that link unassisted.

We never should have married one another, Jim and I. At least that was the nearly unanimous consensus of people who knew us when the decision was made. Since things have turned out rather well, I have from time to time attempted to analyze just how we managed to outfox all that wisdom. I think it came about because very few people knew us equally well; we moved in entirely different circles, and those who knew one, knew the other merely by reputation. Lurking beneath the stereotyped images of goody-goody religious girl and cynical agnostic boy were two individuals with a great number of common interests and aspirations. I've done a fair amount of pre- and post-marriage counseling, and I think my own experience has helped me to keep the process in perspective: no third party can totally comprehend the internal elements of such a primary relationship. (My children should only hope mom retains that insight until they can benefit from it!)

It would be pointless to pretend we had thought through all the aspects of joining our two disparate personalities in this lifetime venture. Who can? Though we seemed old by contemporary comparisons, we now look back upon ourselves at age 24 as half-formed, immature kids. Human life contains too many mysteries and surprises to have them searched out ahead of time. (One mystery was less examined than experienced: a good old healthy heterosexual attraction which, I delight to mention, remains not only unabated but, if possible, has been enhanced and intensified through the intervening years.)

We did, however, give a great deal of thought to our most obvious difference. Because I was a religion major preparing for a church-work career, and because we first courted on a campus where a "cheap date" was to go to church together, we could not for long avoid discussing religion. We saw immediately that we had come from basically identical backgrounds: we had grown up in German Lutheran homes where parents were professional church workers, where most family activities centered around the parish, where a vast network of relatives and associates reinforced the pattern by mirroring it, and where deviance from regular church attendance and participation was nearly unthinkable.

My response to my background was one of almost total acceptance and conformity; perhaps my trials are yet ahead—at any rate I have not had profound struggles with the faith. Jim's reaction was one of rejection, but this was not just a typical teenage rebellion against parents and upbringing. Rather, as an intellectual he had by early manhood already faced the issues previously encountered by the likes of Augustine, Luther, and other thinkers. At the time we met the questions were still open for him, but God was not winning. So then I, who had been taught and firmly believed that a Christian should find marriage on the Rock of Christ, prepared to do otherwise. Jim made two commitments to me: (1) knowing and understanding my beliefs and practices he would not try to undermine or interfere with them in any way, and (2) he would participate fully in raising any children in the way we both had been raised.

It was clear from the beginning that while I professed to being a Christian, my husband more often acted like one. Years of exposure to Word and Sacrament gave the Holy Spirit plenty of opportunity to get His licks in, and when the return to faith came about it meant depths and strengths and intensities which most of the rest of us never get close to. That he is now a "Christ's man" is a source of joy and encouragement for many persons beyond myself; it also means that in our marriage we may now make explicit some dimensions of forgiveness and love which were formerly either absent or unacknowledged. We know from our own history that marriage need not be Christian to be viable, but that the coexistence of Christ in the partnership presents some entirely new dynamics. Also, the recent experience of watching non-believing friends face the death of a son vividly brought to us the powerful importance of our faith in meeting the vicissitudes of daily life.

OUR FAMILY HAS THE SAME kinds of problems most people do. On the surface our arguments and squabbles seem to be about how to spend our time and our money, how to meet the pressures of the day or of our society. At the core, however, these differences really revolve around how we view ourselves and one another, and how we fit together the various needs and expectations of five distinct persons. It is commonplace to recommend open communication between members of a family. Nonetheless, we find that to be essential in our dealings with one another. Even the youngest is encouraged to have her say (though children often need to have their free expression squelched somewhat!) because we think this helps bring to the surface things which otherwise might cause difficulties.

Most important, Jim and I have gotten into the pleasant habit of making sure we have a regular weekly talk time. Usually this takes the form of a late night candlelight dinner for two when the rest of the household is safely tucked away. That's sharing time for the large and small items and thoughts and dreams that have accumulated during a week of working, reading, living—a week that so often can pass by in a blur. We have always
pursued many separate interests and individual friendships, but find it valuable to keep one another in touch with what we’re doing and thinking about.

We have fewer fights in recent years than we did at first, partly because some sore spots get headed off in our rambling conversations. Perhaps more responsible, though, is the fact that we’ve learned a thing or two about fighting. Jim was originally the sort of person who was made uncomfortable by disagreement and who went to great lengths to avoid a scene. He has discovered, I believe, that sometimes small points left unremarked over can turn into larger headaches, and that at times a little tension-clearing spat can remove a potential big blow-up. I, on the other hand, would come at trouble with cocked fists, ready for a brawl, or else retreat into stony lonesome silence, prepared to wait out a war of nerves. I have learned that it sometimes pays to engineer the proper time and place for a necessary confrontation, but that not everything is worth the emotional cost involved in the strife. Consequently peace and harmony reign more often than not. We can now and then say things like: “Remember that big fight we had a year ago New Year’s Eve? What was it about, anyway?”

We should also put in a good word for the use of humor in a husband-wife relationship. (When you live with a natural-born tease, as I do, it can’t be avoided, so you may as well find a good use for it!) Humor, of course, helps make life bearable in unbearable moments. To look for the sunny side of things is not some mere Pollyanna-ish cop-out, but can be a worthy tool for keeping self and situation in perspective. Laughter can also be an aid in communication. Sometimes thoughts and feelings must be gotten out into the open which, if said seriously, could be hurtful; given the light touch they often can be expressed without endangering the self-esteem of the other party. There are limits, which we are still learning; but we do have a lot of laughs around our house.

The children fight a whole lot; they also get along very well a whole lot. The concept of forgiveness is so foreign to natural man that it is nearly impossible to teach to children, except through example. I worry about how well we are able to do this for them. I know they are convinced of our love, and of their love toward one another. Not long ago a tearful little girl was assured by her brother that he did indeed like her best, even though he had been playing exclusively with a friend and so making his sister feel left out.

MANY PARENTS DESCRIBE their children as pure gift. For us this is dramatically true because we seemed destined not to have any. I underwent an operation which the doctors much later told us is successful in only about 20% of similar cases. That I then bore three babies in rather quick succession is, to us, truly miraculous. We were overjoyed with one, and the jubilation multiplied with each of the others. Coming from largish families and being now quite isolated from our kinfolk, we place high value on siblings, zero population growth devotees notwithstanding.

Like most parents, we have some concerns about the kind of surrounding moral climate in which our children are to grow up. Does the old dictum about training up a child in the way he should go still hold true in our age? Is the influence of those few years in the nuclear family enough to counteract the onslaught of questionable values they are bound to meet outside the front door? We do not want them to live hidden and sheltered from, or afraid of, the “real” world, but to be able to participate effectively in life as they find it; we are trying to provide some guideposts which will support them along the way.

I think it has partly to do with a sense of identity. A Jewish friend and I recently discussed the effects of the school’s Christmas celebrations on our children. (Canadians are unimpeded by qualms over church/state separation; December is spent singing and talking about Baby Jesus and Santa Claus all mixed up together.) My friend felt, and rightly so, that the religious emphasis in school made it difficult for his youngsters to feel totally satisfied with their own heredity and traditions. He was somewhat surprised, I think, to learn that I had some of those same feelings in regard to the secular aspects of the holiday. We agreed that it is tough for a kid to be different; he doesn’t have to display his difference, but he has to learn to feel that it’s okay not to be just like everyone else.

Our children will have other identity problems as well. We happen to be situated in a foreign land, one in which the essence of nationalism is often expressed via a hearty anti-Americanism, where a seven-year-old often hears playmates tell how everything is rotten in the U.S. and perfect here in Canada. The church here is different, too: its theological roots are not in the Law/Gospel distinction we know to be crucial to our understanding of the faith. Not only are we hundreds of miles from the supporting network of relatives, but we find few here who share our fundamental concerns. In short, to train up our children in the way we think they should go may mean unfitting them for belonging where they live.

I BELIEVE IN THE FAMILY. God has used two of them—my parents’ home and my present one—as vehicles for His grace and goodness to me. I can but pray that those who mean so much to me also receive some measure of happiness and blessing from our life together.
WHEN I FIRST BEGAN TO think seriously of the idea of marriage—I must have been about 19—I was certain of only one thing concerning the woman I would marry: she would not be of German Lutheran origins. Being at that stage of life where wisdom is generally identified with a thoroughgoing rejection of one's heritage, I was appalled by a family history over the preceding century in which all known forebears had married within the confines of the German Lutheran community of the American midwest. Some of the bolder spirits had dared to venture outside the Missouri Synod for their mates—a cause of minor scandal and great regret—but Nuechterlein rebellion had gone no further. It seemed to me necessary to break this tyranny of Teutonic Orthodoxy. Then a few years later I met Dorothea Allwardt (not an Irish name) and, succumbing to urgings rather more elemental than concern over family background, found myself before long married to the daughter of a Missouri Synod Lutheran pastor. So much for youthful rebellion.

As it turned out, of course, that commonality of background has constituted one of the bedrocks of our marriage. We have spent very little time over the past fourteen years arguing over first principles. About the fundamental things we agree without requiring extensive analysis or conversation. Coming from similar pasts, we understand much about each other at a basically intuitive level. If we become irritated with one another, those irritations trace to specific actions or patterns of behavior; they are not, as in many marriages, simply surface manifestations of profound and unspoken disagreements, unspoken precisely because they are so profound. We can normally trace our disagreements to their roots without disquieting fears about where examination of those roots might lead us. We don't take each other for granted, but we do have the great benefit and convenience of taking a large number of things for granted.

Which is not to say that the happiness of our marriage has been simply given and not at all achieved. Some marriages may be that simple, but ours is not. We agree on most things, including the important things, but not on everything, and our personalities are in many ways dissimilar. Both of us, I think, have worked hard at our marriage, on, so to speak, its upkeep, which is why it has gotten better and not worse over time. That may sound complacent, but behind it stands for each of us a great deal of effort and self-discipline. And overwhelming any possibility of smugness is the acknowledgment of grace. The complexity of human relationships is such that they cannot easily be reduced to any one formula, but the fundamental basis of our marriage is forgiveness. Living under the grace of God in Christ (something I only slowly came to accept, which is another story), we have learned to forgive one another and—not insignificantly—ourselves. That counts for more than can easily be expressed.

One of our gifts to each other is privacy. We talk together a lot, including especially a regular late Friday evening dinner with candlelight and wine and without children. There is no time in my week I look forward to more. In more general terms, I cannot imagine a successful marriage in which the partners do not genuinely like each other and each other's company. Yet ours is not a marriage marked by any unusual degree of togetherness. We both have interests which take a lot of time beyond routine work or duties. Many of our evenings at home pass with little conversation, with each of us engrossed in our respective pastimes. (I am usually reading; Dot's interests are more varied.) We are both, in certain respects, loners, and we are careful to provide each other emotional space. It is no easy thing to maintain the magic of true and natural intimacy without crossing over into a mutually-smothering situation. One of the more delicate elements in marriage is knowing when and how to keep one's distance.

Similarly, we operate on the assumption that a marriage—or at least our marriage—is not an ongoing encounter or sensitivity session. We speak the truth to each other, but not all of it all of the time. To give one's love is to make oneself vulnerable to the most intense pain. If the world says I am foolish, wicked, or without compassion, that is of little consequence; if my wife says these things, I am devastated. It requires little insight to see that for many people the passion for truth-telling is in fact a cover for the desire to inflict pain. To hold another's love is to hold great power, and when that power is exercised, as it sometimes must be, in speaking a difficult truth, it must always be exercised with the greatest tenderness and sensitivity. In any relationship, no matter how deep, not everything has to be said.

THE QUESTION OF WOMEN'S liberation, which has disrupted so many marriages, has had little impact on ours. This is not because we agree on it as a theoretical question: Dot, like most middle-class women, is something of a fellow-traveller of the movement (at least in its non-radical forms), while I, like most middle-class men, am instinctively opposed (though willing to grant some of the specific points). The movement has made little immediate difference to us for the simple reason that our own marriage and family roles have never been set in polarized or absolute terms. Dot is forceful, yet
very feminine. I am frequently passive, yet jealous of certain traditional male prerogatives. We have had occasional problems in this area, but they have decreased over time rather than the reverse, largely, I suspect, because each of us has searched for ways to honestly express himself without violating the other's sense of self. In this, as in so many ways, our marriage works not by the establishment of clear and explicit groundrules but simply by a process of continuing compromise and of a most unsystematic muddling-through.

About love and sex, those most critical elements in any marriage, there is little that can properly be said publicly. To put it simply: I have never gotten over being wildly in love with my wife, nor have I ever quite lost that initial overwhelming sense of wonder and delight that came when I discovered she loved me as well. Sex is the natural expression of love, and when it is good there is nothing in this world to approach it. It is perhaps the most difficult and most important thing to make work just right in a marriage, and, again as in so much else, good sex is a matter of constant process rather than achieved goal. But the getting there can be enormous fun.

A good marriage is the necessary basis of a stable and happy family. Our children came relatively late, which made us appreciate them more, and which made the idea of family even more fundamental and precious to two people strongly inclined that way anyway. To be honest, the idea of family only gradually grew important to me. In my earlier days, my approach to children was reminiscent of the classic W. C. Fields lines: "Anyone who hates children and dogs the way he does can't be all bad." As a general rule, I am still no great seeker-out of the company of children. Ah, but my own . . . it is amazing how the infinite resources of human egoism can radically change one's perspective. My children are a never-ending source of joy and delight. They also drive me to distraction on the average of twice a day. Anyone who has raised small children will recognize that that paradox is not at all a contradiction.

Dot and I sometimes worry about the difficulties of raising children in a secular and rootless age. The things that mean most to us are those that in these times are most difficult to transmit to our children. It is here that we most look to help from the church. We need its aid in giving our children a faith for which they can give reasons and which will allow them to make sense of a difficult and often tragic existence. We want them to know, as we have known, the peace and love and grace of God. In an era when the church shows signs, on the one hand, of retreating into neo-fundamentalism or, on the other, of confusing the mystery of faith with some version or another of social democracy, we are tempted occasionally to despair of receiving such help.

But we don't despair. Life has been and is too good for that. We continue to trust in God's grace.

SUMMING UP IS DIFFICULT. Things are never simple, and words always seem inadequate: life is easier written about than lived. For myself, I never cease to be astonished at my great good fortune. My wife means more to me as lover and companion than I can express, while my children fill me with a love, pride, and tenderness that is sometimes frightening in its intensity. In much of current fiction and sociology, the family comes across as a kind of all-purpose destroyer of personality and inhibitor of freedom. In some cases, perhaps so. But from personal experience I know it better as an instrument of God's infinite graciousness in decreeing that, in His economy, we are made for one another.

IN SHAKESPEARE'S TIMON of Athens we find undoubtedly features of King Lear, and Alcibiades entering Athens as the victorious conqueror at the finale has great similarities with Fortinbras in Hamlet. Alcibiades rejects the thought of taking revenge since he realizes how little can be achieved in adding wrong to wrong. The Senate may have hurt him, and mankind may have mistreated Timon. In participating in the power of the powerful, Alcibiades comes to a compromise between the individual and society. His final decision in the face of Timon's death has a touch of reconciliation which must have been close to Shakespeare's heart.

Shakespeare believed in the "establishment," in the vested rights of the aristocracy of his time. Alcibiades is only one of many charac-
ters through whom Shakespeare extolled political conformism and his belief that the citizen ought to bow to existing power, even though he may recognize with Alcibiades the cancerous opportunism, nepotism, and pettiness of the Athenian senators. Shakespeare may dramatize the fatal flaws and weaknesses in a royal figure, but the thought of opposition to the ruling class is alien to him.

In his plays the wickedness of man is punished by its vileness most of the time, by man's hybris, by destiny's game of opposing forces, simply by virtue of non-virtue. Shakespeare's heroes are tism, and pettiness of the Athenian heart, if not by birth as in The Merchant of Venice where he depicted noble and trusting souls, merchants who would not even think of insuring their merchandise although it was the common practice of the time. The lower middle class and craftsmen were more or less the target of his humor. Born into a period of transition, Shakespeare has seemingly sympathized with the past. He eyed the rising bourgeois and the money-mindedness of his time with some contempt and fear. But he gloried in the triumph of England's rise as the world power ruling the waves after the defeat of the Spanish Armada.

PARTICULARLY IN TIMON of Athens Shakespeare had his own thoughts about the evil that comes with man's fortune, with the accumulation of money, with the possession of gold and jewelry. He saw the corruption of man's mind through money and, in utter disgust, makes Timon turn away from man. But it is a far cry from Timon's misanthropic despair to Ben Jonson's Volpone. And Jonson was Shakespeare's contemporary, although always in conflict with the established way of thinking.

In Timon we can also hear echoes of the medieval morality play, of the rich man who is not summoned by His Maker but by a destiny he has helped to shape; it is the story of how a poor rich man can become a rich poor man overnight. Timon shares with Shakespeare's finest fool, King Lear, a blinding belief in himself and a readiness to react first with a gesture of royal grandeur and, at the end, with self-denial. Shakespeare provides Timon, like Lear, with an alter ego, the philosopher Apemantus, whose conscience rejects Timon's foolish notions in the days of fortune and misfortune.

Because Timon cherishes such extreme delusions it has often been said that Shakespeare drew him hastily in black and white; that Shakespeare himself never quite believed in him nor considered him satisfactorily dramatized. But if this would be close to truth, then Shylock and other Shakespearean figures may have suffered from similar flaws. Timon was born of the Zeitgeist. It was written on the threshold of a new era in which the doubts of a Descartes would re-orient man's thinking. Shakespeare may have envisioned a new world to come, but he never made the step beyond this threshold. He did not see the socio-political ties of Timon's fate as part of a growing sickness of Renaissance society. He must have been convinced that he perceived a timeless character doomed by his own light-heartedness and foolishness, a character of whom Plutarch and Lucian knew and who could be our contemporary as well.

It has been rarely staged. Timon is, no doubt, an unpleasant play, relentless in its pounding at the ingratitude of man and it is the only Shakespearean play without any comic relief. The one figure that could have delivered the funny lines, the cynic Apemantus, is just as relentless in his admonishing, irritant, and morose speeches as the central character is in seeing the world first through rose-colored glasses, then through lenses of the darkest shade.

THIS SEASON ZURICH SAW two productions of the play. Erich Fried's new translation and Bernard Sobel's direction were as close to the original as possible. It was staged by the Schauspielhaus with one of its great actors, Hans-Dieter Zeidler, in the title role. This production was in every respect one of those rare experiences of great theatre. In utter contrast to Sobel's conception was Peter Brook's Timon of Athens which he had staged in Paris with his ensemble of the Centre international de creations theatrales where it was hailed as Peter Brook's most experimental and imaginative staging. Theater 11 brought Timon d'Athenes, as originally done in Paris, to Zurich.

Those who remembered Brook's triumph with A Midsummer Night's Dream, which I considered as one of the most memorable stage experiences in many a decade, could have hardly believed what they saw. All his attempts to innovate looked like feeble cliches. There was a great deal of running and rushing of actors through the auditorium; the decor was too simple, consisting mainly of cushions on a bare stage; there was such a mish-mash in the costuming, from basic tunics to bizarre-looking oriental robes to modern business-suits that the entire play fell apart and flat. Peter Brook often has extolled the stage as "the empty space." True. But in staging Timon the empty space became an empty stage. Surprisingly, I also found the acting of his experimental group highly disappointing. Was this production proof of the truism that it is difficult to duplicate a triumph on stage and that it is an illusion to believe that tricked-up illusion on a grand scale must succeed?

Through the centuries Shakespeare endured quite a few productions in which his spirit was vandalized. He usually survived all kinds of butchering and manhandling. I am afraid Peter Brook did too thorough a job. I went back to the Schauspielhaus to see once more Timon of Athens as the play was conceived and where it was proved what an unjustly neglected play it is.
THE OTHER FACE: THE MASK IN THE ARTS.

IT IS DIFFICULT TO THINK of childhood play that at some time does not include the use of masks, perhaps cut and decorated grocery sacks, folded or shaped cardboard, or even purchased, full head coverings of moulded rubber. There is something tremendously intriguing, mysterious, and exciting about wearing a mask. So universal is this practice that man's predilection for masks may be said to be practically innate. The level at which the mask enters a culture may perhaps be at a level of play or simple mimesis, but the sociological and metaphysical dimensions are developed and realized in short order. The task of the scholar-historian is not merely to record facts and practices, but to look beyond the obvious to the realization of implications.

Walter Sorell examines the phenomenon of the mask in many forms and functions in his latest book, *The Other Face; The Mask in the Arts.* Mr. Sorell brings to his investigation a wide background in the arts, both as a critic and as a practitioner. His previous books, *The Dance Through the Ages* and *The Duality of Vision,* are noted for their perceptive and thorough handling of both fact and implication. Readers of *The Cresset,* will, of course, recognize the author as this periodical's drama critic and "Dean" of the working staff.

Mr. Sorell begins his study with a provocative chapter entitled, "The Mystery of the Other Face." He lays a psychological-theological foundation which is essential to any consideration of the use of the mask in the arts. There are, however, a number of statements made which raise questions or at least make one wish for further documentation:

It (i.e., the mask) was man's first attempt to give shape and meaning to his innermost visualizations, to reach beyond the ordinary for some-thing of which he was only vaguely aware.

... the mask was the first instance in the spiritual growth of man in which the synthesis of idea and matter reached an artistic form.

The mask is the earliest man-created phenomenon and man's most accomplished visual realization of our two-fold existence: of day and night, wakefulness and sleep, life and death, the live and rigid face.

These "firsts" for primitive man are the sort of statements which make one wish he had Mr. Sorell in a seminar situation or, better still, with a couple of comfortable chairs and foot stools and time to pursue the matter further.

The subject of masks is then traced through six categories of artistic use: "Literature and the Theatre," "Marionettes and Mimes," "The Dancing Mask," "Painting and Sculpture," "Mask and Man in Caricature," and "The Death Mask.", The text is liberally illuminated with many excellent illustrations of masks of every type. A worthwhile bibliography and detailed information regarding the illustrations completes the volume. While there is frequently documentation within the text, those who plan to use this book as a scholarly tool may very well wish for more extensive notes. The text is beautifully printed, the colored illustrations faithfully reproduced, the black and white pictures unusually sharp and well selected.

Bobbs-Merrill Company is to be congratulated on turning out a handsome book.

Now comes the question: "For whom is this book written?" To those without a background—and a rather extensive one at that—in the arts mentioned in the chapter titles, the reading might prove rather rough going. On the other hand, for the serious scholar, one could wish for a more complete development in many instances. There are some critical judgments with which serious issue can be taken. For in-
stance, many theater directors would perhaps disagree with Mr. Sorell in the following judgments or feel that he may be approaching the matter from the wrong perspective:

There is no compelling reason for any modern stage director to use masks in a revival of the Greek plays, since the physical conditions of our theaters do not ask for them. Nevertheless, attempts in this direction have repeatedly been made in the erroneous belief that this will give the play a feeling of greater authenticity. Some directors think highly of the use of masks and will use them even in Elizabethan plays where the dramatist does not ask for them.

While a case may be made for the mask as a utilitarian part of the Greek theatre serving as projector for voice and character in the large amphitheatres, its function as a ritualistic device cannot be overlooked. The mask has become associated with the mythic aspect of the Greek theatre serving as projector of death as his point of view for a moment. The mask is frequently thought of as a device to hide behind, it is more often a device to project an inner conviction or super reality. Mr. Sorell's final chapter dealing with the death mask covers a subject which is perhaps justifiably included in this book. But the esoteric nature of the death mask as an object of art makes it a somewhat less than exciting or comprehensive conclusion. The book simply stops rather than concludes.

Whether one is a child or an adult, an artist or an observer, the fascination with masks and what they may do to an individual or for an individual will undoubtedly continue in our culture regardless of the government which prevails or the geographic location in which one may find one's self. Mr. Sorell's book, The Other Face; The Mask in the Arts, provides a comprehensive look at the mask in the past and helps develop an awareness and sensitivity toward its possible use in the future.

**VAN C. KUSSROW, JR.**

**CHARLES IVES AND THE AMERICAN MIND.**


THE CENTENNIAL OF HIS birth has come and gone but the bicentennial of the nation is probably an even more appropriate time in which to consider the person of Charles Ives (1874-1954) and to listen to his music. Tolerated with amusements by his elders, ignored with determination by his contemporaries, and at last esteemed highly by his spiritual children and grandchildren, Ives may be considered today one of the greatest of American musicians. So complete has been the re-evaluation of his accomplishments that no musician can finish his schooling ignorant of the name. Concerts include his music with enough frequency to make the composer of the *American Variations*, the *Violin Sonata*, and *Three Places in New England* known to many educated people. If one plans programs of American music for the bicentennial, and if one seeks music more serious than collections of folk songs, jazz styles, and patriotic marches, Ives is sure to take first place among the choices.

Yet there are students of American history and culture who come upon Ives for the first time wondering if he is a country and western star or head of a composition department somewhere. Why should this musical hero still be unknown to many educated people?

For at least two reasons.

Firstly, musicians have made Ives a cult figure. Pointing the finger of accusation at the nabobs of pre-World War I musical respectability, we have saved Ives' music and let much by his contemporaries gather dust in libraries. Using his inventiveness and individuality as an excuse for our empirical approach to composition and artistic freedom, we hail Ives as our leader, our model. If Ives did it, it is worthwhile. But most of us are unable to judge well a single piece of his work because there is a great deal we haven't heard. Really it is his posi-
tion and not his music that we honor. And, like most cults, we hide away our god from the prying eyes of those who are not in.

Secondly, and more demonstrably a fact, Ives' music has been studied only for its techniques, forms, and influence upon other composers. Until now a study of his music in the cultural environment and intellectual program of his time has not been undertaken. The generally educated person knows Emerson and James (philosophers), Melville, Thoreau, and James—Henry, this time—(writers), Eakins, Sargent, Whistler, and Homer (painters), but heretofore the musical expressions of Transcendentalism, Realism, and Pragmatism have not been made accessible to the American cultural historian.

Rosalie Sandra Perry in Charles Ives and the American Mind sets out to remedy this. She suggests indeed that her method of studying the person and work of Charles Ives is just as applicable to other composers. This is a "musicological test case" which attempts "to explore the social psychology of music by choosing aspects of the subject matter and concentrating on the material and intellectual factors in the social situation that were characteristic of the aspect." Ives is an apt subject for such a test, for he was by no means the American primitive some critics would have us believe. Rather his mind was aware of and actively considered all the thought of his day. He read seriously. He was successful in business. He proposed political solutions to social problems. A Yale graduate and partner in the insurance firm which had more assets in 1920 than any other U.S. company, Ives put into his music the expression of his philosophy and beliefs, and, because he was such a fine musician, his music is the most powerful argument for his thoughts.

Dr. Perry proposes that five uses of the past dominate Ives' musical and intellectual thought: his personal past, his understanding of the Transcendental tradition, his concern for the life of the subconscious (expressed in stream-of-consciousness techniques), his appreciation for the realism of literature and art which blended conscious and unconscious, and his conviction (until the shattering experience of World War I) that progress in all aspects of life was inevitable and that pragmatic thought was appropriate to a life lived in an evolutionary process.

Charles Ives was a New England eccentric standing in a long line of extravagantly diverse eccentrics. Eccentricity was bred into him by his father, the man of remarkable musical experiments, his environment (country fiddlers, town bands, church choirs, and town meetings), and his education. The eccentricity, however, was of a respectable sort. He never lost respect for common sense and for the conventions of social behavior. His childhood must have been impressionable for he spent his creative life combining fragments of childhood memories into adult thoughts and he listened to the world about him with the wonder and openness, the simplicity of a child.

His hero was Emerson. He knew that all things unite in one Over-Soul, variety is but the fulness of life. With Emerson he believed that the voice of the common man spoke more of truth than the words of the famous and ambitious. Ives' music is based almost totally on themes learned at country dances, in village churches, and around parlor pianos. From Thoreau Ives must have got his idea that music is the experience of realities of life, not notes and instruments. "My God!" Ives said, "What has sound got to do with music!" But the sounds of music making are a powerful inducement upon the intellectual powers striving for transcendent release from the here and now.

Transcendentalism prizes the inner life of self. Personal memories are the stuff of which the transcendent experience is made and the life of the unconscious is as important as the conscious. In Ives' music, fragment follows upon fragment, memory upon allusion with no necessary succession. Beginnings and endings are indefinite and unlimited. A familiar melodic bit becomes yet another without disconnection or apparent transition. A tune ceases short of the final note leaving the listener's memory to finish it off.

With a realism that becomes at times almost an unmusical literalism Ives represents in the multiplicity of musical experience reality in all its forms. The complexity of Ives' music (and there is little music more complex) consists, says Sandra Perry, of several elements: tediousness, mediocrity, sociological features, universality, and a correspondence with internal reality (p. 60). Sometimes all of these may be heard simultaneously. Then the listener imagines himself in a crowd of individual voices which nonetheless is a single entity: a circus, a camp meeting, a parade.

The fundamental moral orientation of American realism is heard in Ives' music in the preponderance of hymn tunes among thematic ideas. And the easy mixture of sacred and secular tunes suggests a conviction that life is of one piece and that virtues are not compartmentalized. Of interest to the Cres-tet reader especially will be the chapter "Ives, Revivalism, and the Social Gospel." Dr. Perry is perhaps at her best here. Her language is clearest, her examples most convincing, and her argument strong. Ives carried with him his life long memories of the fervor of the revivals near Danbury and his conviction that society was progressing meaningfully toward a world free from sin led to his espousal of the social gospel movement though his religious convictions were never those of the orthodox Christian. The music represents the fervor and the confidence of that high-minded time with a clarity and force undeniable.
The reputable musicians who were Ives' contemporaries were no less high minded and they held convictions about the perfectability of mankind equally strong. It was Ives' manner that they could not stomach. High mindedness meant for them cultivation of a German tradition and perfectability meant rising above the popular and the vulgar, a lifting up of the masses. They could not take his music; he could not take their program, but both held much the same philosophy.

The tragedy of Charles Ives is not, as some who like to find tragedies in the lives of artists would have it, that he was ignored by his own and only resurrected after he had ceased to compose music, but rather that the age which resurrected him, honored him, and claimed to understand him no longer held the ideals and hopes which were his. Ives' music is now a part of our past. We may use it in constructing our music, if we build after the manner of Ives, which remains a kind of souvenir of a time and place in history where we have been but to which we cannot return.

Sandra Perry's book is an important contribution not only to Ives scholarship but to the practice of historiography. This is a book about a musician addressed not to musicians firstly but to the student of American cultural history. It remains for the philosophers and literary historians to evaluate her summaries of nineteenth-century thought in those fields. (The bibliography of this book is impressive in its breadth.) Her musical expertise is valid. Examples always make the point, though often one suspects that the example or the point was fixed to make the argument convincing. This would seem always to be the danger when exploring the social psychology of music. This is no book for easy reading. Perhaps her association with the writing of Emerson and Ives has given to Dr. Perry's language the opacity and difficulty which marks theirs. That Ives frequently has several things going on at once is used to argue points in several chapters. His use of hymn tunes is an example of transcendental influences, stream-of-consciousness, realism, and social gospel. An example may, of course, argue several points but in this case the distinctions from chapter to chapter are not apparent and the reader finds the repetitions confusing rather than clarifying.

Frequently, though, Dr. Perry turns a nice phrase. When rescuing Ives from his rescuers she pleads for a critical evaluation of his music and contends that "too much is made of some of his works" and that "many of his experiments were visual, free-association forms. Some were profound, parallel transformations of intellectual concepts into music. Some were not so successful, for as many would agree, the mind is capable of generating kitsch as well as art."

W. F. EIFRIG

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING'S LETTERS TO MRS. DAVID OGILVY: 1849-1861, WITH RECOLLECTIONS BY MRS. OGILVY.

THIS VOLUME APPEARS AT an odd time. In the last twenty years the great collections of nineteenth-century letters have begun to be published in systematic and rather formidable editions. Many such editions are currently in progress; we can follow, volume by volume, the trials of Byron, Dickens, Thomas and Jane Carlyle or—most recently—Henry James. In each case, quality and sheer bulk create together a kind of inescapable reality. The sensation is not like that of reading a novel, since we know that these events happened literally: that on January 27, 1818, Byron was "in the estrum and agonies of a new intrigue with I don't exactly know whom or what, except that she is insatiate of love, and won't take money ..." or that on August 29, 1843, Dickens "performed an insane match against time of eighteen miles by the milestones in four hours and a half, under a burning sun the whole way." These attitudes, phrases, gestures of the moment—when we have read a thousand pages or so—create a cumulative picture, a sense of this or that writer's character which we can get in no other way. Even when a letter is full of falsehoods (and writers are often great liars) there remains the sense of a moment in time; rather, of many moments crowded together as if we had lived through someone's life at high speed and without the rationalizations of hindsight.

Among the monumental editions just mentioned, the letters of Elizabeth Barret Browning to Mrs. David Ogilvy make a curious impression. Perhaps the time has not come for an integral edition of Mrs. Browning's letters. On the other hand, this time may never come. It is often said that Elizabeth was a memorable correspondent; Althea Hayter makes the case eloquently in her biography. However, Mrs. Browning wrote so much in the way of letters—this the prolixity of an invalid who had a hard time getting out—that any editor would think twice before printing everything available. What emerges, then, tends to emerge in fragments. A few years ago, Elizabeth Barret Browning's correspondence with Miss Mitford (author of Our Village) came out in abridged form; more recently, another publisher, in a foolhardy and admirable gesture, has embarked on printing the whole of the correspondence. No one, so far as I know, has considered an edition that would present all of Elizabeth's known letters in chronological order.

This new batch of letters, which surfaced only in 1971, has several
things to recommend it. First of all, there is the excitement of discovery; of reading what had been buried away for many years. Second, the correspondence is of manageable length and so can be presented in its entirety. The Ogilvy-Browning friendship may not have been intimate; only thirty-seven letters from Elizabeth to Mrs. Ogilvy survive, from a period of twelve years. All the same, these 170-odd pages contain enough to provide, as the editors claim, "a reliable and direct introduction to the personality of Elizabeth Barret Browning."

The most striking element in Elizabeth's personality is a perennial ardenity. She is suspicious of Arnold's poetry because "He wants vital heat, passion & imagination ... he must break up all his ice of meditation." There are similar pronouncements throughout the letters. On spiritualism: "Tales that would have been incredible two years ago were swallowed with our strawberries & cream like last week's easiest gossip. Seldom have I spent a pleas­anter evening, foolish or wise, modest or arrogant, right or wrong!" On the political atmosphere in Italy during the complicated maneuvers that preceded independence: "I think I never was so happy in my life as this spring & the early part of the summer— and with such a large, sympathetic, impersonal happiness. It was like the millennium in Florence, as discourse of by the prophets. . . ." Finally—and with a nice touch of satire—on Miss Mitford's opinion of her (Elizabeth's) enthusiasms: "she would answer, that I was full of crotchets & sectarianisms & given to trample down all the rose-gardens of the world in a search for essences."

The search for essences is a constant influence on Elizabeth's outlook. But it does not cut her off from everyday realities. On the contrary, she has a talent for dramatizing daily experience and especially for creating a sense of place. "Places are ideas," she notes, "and ideas can madden or kill." The com-

ment might apply to the whole of this woman's life—from her early years at Hope's End, the minareted country house which finally had to be sold off, traumatizing the family; to the years at Wimpole Street, under the authority of her tyrannical father; to her married life with Robert Browning, when she and her husband wandered over much of Europe. The reasons for their wanderings were social, financial, and medical (Elizabeth could not stand cold winters). Circumstances combined to make her an exile and thus to complicate her attitude towards any place she lived in. The complications are felt vividly in these letters. Of England she writes, "it is a sad place to me—even as it is very sad to feel beloved by all except the dearest." The tangle of references in this sentence sums up beautifully her equivocal feelings. Nor is her attitude towards Italy simpler. "You know how I love Florence and Italy. It's like being kept prisoner on a diet of ambrosia, in paradise. . . ." Wherever she lived, there was a kind of involuted nostalgia for some other place. And if in the last of the letters she seems to make a final commitment ("how deeply my inclination is . . . never to set foot out of Italy again"), it is perhaps appropriate that her death was soon to follow.

At one point in the Ogilvy correspondence, Elizabeth writes: "I saw for the first time, Mr. Carlyle & his wife." That wife, never mentioned again in these letters, was the redoubtable Jane Carlyle, who in the same period wrote of Elizabeth that she "is true and good and the most womanly creature." Is there a touch of condescension here? Perhaps; no two women of the same social standing could have been more different. For this very reason, however, it is instructive to read the two in conjunction. Just as through Elizabeth's letters we can view the Great Good Marriage of Victorian England, so through Jane's we can view the Great Bad Marriage. Elizabeth's freedom from house-worries contrasts with Jane's

epic battles against servants and construction-men. Elizabeth's love for "babyology" with Jane's childishness. Finally, and most important, Elizabeth's letters, the casual products of a respected poet, should be contrasted with those of Jane, who had no other outlet for her intellectual energies than to write long epistles to friends and husband. The results of this apparent restriction were curious. Jane, the obscure housewife, now bids fair to outstrip Elizabeth in literary reputation. Mrs. Browning, to be sure, will be remembered as a representative figure of her age, one whose letters and poems embody much truth of experience. Jane Carlyle, on the other hand, is acquiring a reputation as a writer with a Dickensian flair for story-telling and characterization. Such are the vagaries of fame, reputation, and letter-writing.

RICHARD MAXWELL

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Five—And above all—this college professor respects politicians for their daily practice in the arts of reconciliation. The conventional words for this kind of activity are compromises, concession, "pork barrel" legislation, and machine politics. To be sure, all these activities are present in the legislative processes. However, where differences of opinion are as intense as they are in Washington, there must be more than compromise and all its attendant activities. There is beneath it all the strains of love, forgiveness, and understanding. Many politicians on the hill have come to learn the meaning of these words in recent events that have tried men's souls.

And why not? This is what the human enterprise is all about.

To return full circle, this college professor is happy that his personal inclinations and political science compulsions finally brought him to Washington.
Five Observations On Trench Warfare

After almost twenty years of writing and limited editorial work with the Cresset, I relinquished my Cresset duties as well as my professorship at Valparaiso University (at first on leave) during the summer of 1967 to become the executive director of the Metropolitan Milwaukee Conference on Religion and Race. Early in 1969, I joined the faculty of the University of Wisconsin at Milwaukee.

Currently I am on a two-year leave of absence from the University of Wisconsin-Milwaukee serving as Legislative Assistant to Senator Vance Hartke, the Senior Senator from Indiana.

These opening remarks constitute the setting for the question I wish to address, put to me very often during the past year: given your background, what are you, a college professor, doing in Washington, D.C.?

At first blush, the question appears to have nasty implications. Because of the Watergate paranoia, the question seems to say that this college professor is on the make. Or at least he is now associating with people of questionable character. Or, if the college professor were really an intellectual, he would not be prostituting his talents in the nation's center of irrationality and ambiguity. Anyway, why would a college professor go to an arena where there is a lot of inflated discourse without much action. The supposition is: any honest man dedicated to the pursuits of the cognitive, the rational, and the ethical would not spend his time shooting peas at this political Gibraltar.

Aside from the fact that these implications are debatable and negotiable, this college professor went to Washington for one major reason, Senator Vance Hartke. I have never been minded to work for just anybody in even the most comfortable circumstances, certainly not for any person just because he or she is a national legislator. During all my years at Valparaiso, Senator Vance Hartke was a very special person in my book, along with people like Warner Bloomberg, now of San Diego State, John Strietelmeier, O. P. Kretzmann, Al Huegli, and Byrum Carter of Indiana University. I have known the Senator since the fifties and played a minor role in his 1958 campaign. Always amazed at his physical energy and political resiliency, I am also close to many of his political perspectives. In addition, the Senator is a member of the Lutheran Church—Missouri Synod.

Consequently, it was easy for me to join his staff. Besides, his administrative assistant, a former student at Valpo and a close friend, made the first direct invitation to me to join the Senator's political family. Another former Valpo student is in the Senator's press department. Incidentally, Senator Hartke holds an honorary doctorate from Valparaiso University. How could one resist the Valpo mafia?

In fulfilling these personal inclinations, I am also about my business as a professional political scientist. Where better to ply the art and science of my discipline than in the Washington trenches. Governed by the limitations of this column, I can share only a few priority observations of this trench warfare with you.

One—As is typical of any corner of the human enterprise, the decision-making processes in Washington are beset by a life-time nemesis, the brokerage of interests. Legislation is passed—or not passed—while hundreds of individual and group voices are thundering their requests, demands, complaints, and allegations at the Senator. Very often, especially in Indiana, there are insistent voices presenting their grievances to their government in the best first amendment tradition from the Lutheran and Valpo side of the aisle.

Two—in spite of the sometime demobilizing diversity of opinion on issues, the Senator must make decisions. A decision can very seldom be pushed off to next Monday's class or next Sunday's worship services. The time is always now. Events and circumstances force this urgency upon the senator.

Three—The decision is never final. Our political decision-makers in Washington live in the fluid processes of daily reconstruction. No issue or set of issues is quite the same from day to day. The federal legislative process is like a kaleidoscope: every time a lawmaker or an issue touches it, a new mosaic appears for concentrated consideration.

Four—in spite of all the dilemmas associated with the legislative process, this college professor is still captivated by the prospect of 535 legislators making decisions for their individual jurisdictions, for the welfare of the nation as well as for the nations of the world. I for one, especially after the experience of one hectic year in a senator's office, stand in awe of politicians and the political processes.

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