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The
Cresset

A REVIEW OF LITERATURE,
THE ARTS, AND PUBLIC AFFAIRS



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FEBRUARY, 1962

The
Cresset

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Cresset

In Luce Tua

Comment on the Significant News by the Editors

Has the U.N. Survived?

FOR THE FIRST TIME in its history, many of the friends of the United Nations are seriously asking the same question that its critics have asked since its inception: Can the U.N. survive?

To say that the United Nations must survive is not an answer to the question. One could have said the same thing about the old League of Nations, but it died nevertheless; and the peace which it had been designed to preserve did not long survive it. The U.N., too, can die, and with it the semblance of peace which it was designed to preserve.

We are not optimistic about the future of the U.N. Its operations in the Congo have brought into sharp relief the weaknesses from which it has suffered from the very beginning and which, somehow, must be corrected if it is to serve the purposes for which it was designed. But these weaknesses are not accidental or incidental structural flaws which can be corrected by amending the Charter or tightening up the rules of procedure. They are limitations deliberately built into the structure of the U.N. by its member nations, our own included, in order to ensure that no nation can be effectively prevented from acting in its own self-interest if it is strong enough to do so.

The remarkable thing is that an organization so limited and trammled has been able to do the great things that the U.N. has done. The tragic thing is that, with so much to be done, no nation has been willing to grant the U.N. those powers which would enable it to act effectively and decisively. In the Congo dispute, for instance, the refusal of certain nations to underwrite the U.N. operations has made it necessary for the Secretary-General to authorize a two hundred million dollar bond issue to replenish the organization's bankrupted treasury. The Indian attack upon Goa made it plain that even the professed best friends of the U.N.,

the "uncommitted" countries, were dependable friends only up to the point where their own conceptions of their national self-interest conflicted with their obligations as members of the U.N. The censure of the Union of South Africa's representative for defending his government's apartheid policies raised serious doubts as to whether the U.N. is still able to serve its most minimal purpose, that of a free international forum for the exchange of views.

The weaknesses from which the U.N. has suffered have been, if anything, magnified by the growth of its membership in recent years. The majority of the fifty-three nations that have been received into membership in the past fifteen years have been new nations, still experimenting with self-government and still unskilled in the arts of international diplomacy. Far from being a parliament of man, the U.N. has come increasingly to resemble a convention of lobbyists, each willing to ignore the larger issues of world peace and order for the sake of some pet interest of his own. With what could only be described as utter cynicism in more mature nations, some of these new nations have shown themselves willing to magnify the tensions between the Great Powers in order to promote some picayune project of their own, such as a loan or a construction project or merely some new thumb of the nose at their former colonial rulers.

Faced with these weaknesses in the U.N. structure, the Great Powers have all but abandoned the U.N. as an instrument of action or even discussion. Major decisions are arrived at outside the U.N. structure and are then presented to the U.N. for ratification. This was true even of what should have been such a basically internal problem as the choice of a secretary-general.

Perhaps the question is not, therefore, so much one of whether the U.N. can survive as it is one of whether the U.N. has survived. And perhaps the distressing answer to that question is that it has not.

Lady in Distress

One of our New Year's resolutions was to avoid harping on the same subjects, even though the headlines over any extended period of time leave one with very few significant subjects to comment on. The subject of world order is one which we have talked about so often that we hesitate to bring it up again, but we see no other way, humanly speaking, of holding things together on this explosive little planet of ours than by establishing some kind of effective world order under the rule of law enforced by some sort of world government.

Our concern in this matter arises out of a love affair which we have been involved in for as long as we can remember. The lady in the affair has been, we must admit, a frivolous, inconstant, and often cruel mistress, but even at her worst she has a charm that it would take a better man than we are to resist.

The lady is a minor planet in a minor galaxy off to one corner of the universe. Her age is in dispute; some say that she is very young, perhaps no more than six thousand years old. Some say that she is nearer six billion years old. The question of her age, while undoubtedly important, is not one that concerns us greatly. Whatever her age, she is beautiful, probably the most beautiful planet in all the immensities of the universe. True, her beauty has been greatly marred and scarred. She bears the tell-tale marks of too much dissipation, too little rest, too much inner turmoil, too fierce a determination to have her own way. And yet underneath it all she is what her Maker pronounced her in the day of her creation — "good, very good."

We have friends who despise the lady and live in longing for the day when they can part company with her. They sometimes recite proof-texts at us: "Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world"; "heaven and earth shall pass away"; ". . . vale of tears." But then we catch a glimpse of the sea, or the Sierra Nevada, or the woods of southern Indiana, or the lights of Chicago's Loop, or a couple walking hand in hand on the campus, and that old feeling comes surging back — proof-texts notwithstanding. And we want all of this to last.

We know that it will not last, of course. Heaven and earth will pass away. But if they must pass, let it be by the act of Him Who made them, and not by the ungrateful act of those for whom He made them. The fact that Heaven is our true home does not mean that earth is a desert drear, still less that man should take it upon himself to convert it into a desert. Heaven is, after all, the creation of the same Hand that made this earth, and if we can find nothing to love in this creation what reason do we have for supposing that we shall find anything to love in His new creation?

Loving this world as we do, therefore, we are willing to put with a lot and to sacrifice a lot just to ensure

its survival for as long as that may be. We don't think that the chances of survival are very good at the moment, and that distresses us. We think that the chances would be improved if we could see mankind as a unity bound to an earth which could be a pleasant homeland for all of us. An international debating society, such as the United Nations, is not a sufficiently adequate expression or safeguard of the unity which actually exists, for good or for evil, among men. We are too close to each other to be divided, as in the past, by man-made boundaries. We are too involved in each other to be segregated from each other in little groups which glare at each other with suspicion and hostility. World government will come, either as an intelligent act of men of good will or as the invention of tyrants. The only thing that can prevent its coming is the destruction of the world by divine or human fire. The divine fire, proceeding from divine love, we may welcome. Fire of human origin we are compelled by every consideration of gratitude and common sense to prevent.

The Congo Mess

It would be hard to deny that the situation in the Congo is a confusing mess. It is not so clear who or what is responsible for the mess. The seeds of present conflict were sown decades ago when statesmen in Europe drew political boundaries on the map of Africa with no regard for geographical realities or tribal loyalties. As the former colonial areas have achieved independence, the utter whimsicality of their boundaries has made it next to impossible for them to achieve anything resembling nationhood in the European sense of the word.

The former Belgian Congo is the classic example of what must happen when doodles are mistaken for meaningful boundaries. It is pointless to argue about whether Katanga belongs with the rest of the Congo. The fact of the matter is that nothing in Africa really "belongs together" the way maps would have us think. Even Katanga itself is a fictional creation, and the same logic or emotion which Mr. Tshombe uses to justify fragmenting the Congo could be used to justify the fragmentation of Katanga.

There will have to be a great deal of boundary re-shuffling before fact conforms to reality in Africa. The important thing at the moment is to get new governments functioning so that eventually machinery may be set up for rationalizing national boundaries. It is perhaps equally important to prevent any further Balkanization of a continent which is in danger of ending up with a patchwork of poor, tiny states which will not even be able to manage their internal affairs, let alone hold their own in the world power situation.

The predictable consequence of a successful secessionist movement in Katanga would be the collapse of the rest of the Congo into half a dozen or more petty

states, at least one of which would be Communist-controlled. If these states were truly folk-states like Denmark or Norway or Sweden or Ireland, there might be some justification for applying the doctrine of the right of self-determination. But they are not folk-states or historic tribal units. They are artificial subdivisions of an artificially-created state, and most of them have neither the resources nor the leadership to make anything of themselves.

We believe that the Congo policy of our government has been reasonable and, in the long run, best calculated to serve the interests of all of the Congolese people, including the Katangese. We can not agree with Mr. Richard Nixon that our policy has been an "incredible mess." The mess must be laid at the door of Mr. Tshombe, whose personal ambitions and whose numerous acts of treachery have, until now, made any general settlement of the Congo dispute impossible. But it would be interesting, and perhaps surprising, to learn who is behind the door with Mr. Tshombe. We suspect you would find some of the blondest Africans you ever saw.

Shades of McKinley and Bryan

For many years, in those moments when the world was too much with us, we have comforted ourselves with the thought that at least we no longer had to concern ourselves with the tariff question. Tariffs were something you read about in history books, like letters of marque or bills of attainder. The very phrase, "the tariff question," conjured up memories of portly politicians with great quantities of facial hair declaiming their views from the platforms of campaign trains.

But apparently the tariff question was not so much dead as sleeping, and it seems to have been prodded to life by President Kennedy's repeated suggestion that we do something about lowering or removing barriers to free trade between ourselves and other countries. Congressmen home on vacation report that their constituents are worried about the possibility of a flood of foreign goods descending upon us and competing with the products of home industry. Business leaders to whom the President tried to sell his free-trade views gave him a frosty reception.

Countering this negative reaction, former President Eisenhower has expressed his support of the President's position. "I am convinced," General Eisenhower says, "that a steady, gradual liberalization of trade restrictions, with adequate consideration for possible injury, can yield solid benefits for the American economy."

The benefits to the American economy which both President Kennedy and former President Eisenhower apparently hope to accrue from a liberalization of our trade restrictions are predicated on their estimates of the consequences of the establishment of a European Common Market. It is doubtful whether we can afford to stand completely aloof from the Common Mar-

ket and deal with it simply as a competitor. The center of world political power may have passed from Western Europe, but a Western Europe economically united is a force to reckon with. It is obviously to our advantage to get in on this thing while the getting is good. But trade is a two-way street, and if we hope to do business in the Common Market we must be prepared to buy as well as sell.

Injury there will undoubtedly be to some of our home industries, and such injury deserves adequate consideration. But in the long run it will do us good to get back to some real competition again. Management will, perhaps, learn to become cost-conscious again, and labor unions will learn that the sky is not the only limit on wage demands. Even government may learn that taxes are an element in the determination of prices, and that dead geese lay no golden eggs.

We think the President is going to have a job of it selling his liberalized trade policies to Congress and the country. We are all free-enterprisers in the abstract and monopolists in the concrete. Many a rugged individualist will be in there pitching for his particular protective clause in the tariff schedules and many a "liberal" union official will utter his prophesy of starvation and slow death if the American workman is forced to compete with the "sweated labor" of Europe. But we really don't have much choice. The Common Market is an economic fact of life and we had better be prepared to do business with it.

Billy Comes to Chicago

On May 30, Billy Graham will begin a Crusade in Chicago, a town which, as the Honorable Paddy Bauler once put it, "aint ready for reform." Usually, when Dr. Graham gets one of his crusades going, we get a fair number of letters wanting to know what we think of the man and his methods. With this year's crusade taking place practically in our back yard, we expect more letters than we could conveniently answer individually, so we will try to frame some sort of general answer.

In the first place, we credit Dr. Graham with complete sincerity, with an apparently genuine dedication to the evangelistic mission of the Church, with a willingness to preach no other Gospel than that which the New Testament teaches, and with the humility to recognize that his task is the very limited one of arousing people to give the Gospel a hearing. We do not doubt that, by reason of his preaching, many have gone away and believed on Jesus. We think he has a right to say, "Let no man trouble me, for I bear in my body the marks of the Lord Jesus."

Nevertheless, we find it hard to warm up to the sort of thing that goes on in his evangelism campaigns. There is a tremendous amount of hoopla, outdoing even Madison Avenue at its worst. One gets the impression that nothing is going to be left to the low-key, soft-sell

methods of the Holy Spirit. In addition, the Gospel which Dr. Graham preaches seems to us to have been not merely simplified but oversimplified to the point where some of its essential elements are missing. There is, for instance, little emphasis upon the means of grace. Perhaps most serious of all of the weaknesses in Dr. Graham's preaching is his complete confusion of Law and Gospel. This confusion is fairly common in the tradition from which he comes, but Lutherans, who hold this distinction to be the basic hermeneutical principle for "rightly dividing the Word of Truth," can hardly endorse preaching which consistently violates it.

Finally — and this criticism extends beyond Dr. Graham's campaigns to a whole host of gimmicks and devices for whipping up religious enthusiasm and activity — these special campaigns and preaching missions seem to us to imply that the faithful, week-by-week preaching of the Gospel in Christian congregations has somehow failed to "get results" and that what is needed is some kind of massive injection of adrenalin into the life of the Church. We do not doubt that it is possible to get a whole congregation or even a whole community stirred up to a high pitch of excitement about religion any more than we doubt the possibility of stirring up mass excitement about all sorts of other things. The question is whether the Spirit that blows where it listeth can be compelled by any device of man to blow with any greater force or in any certain direction. Conversion is the work of the Holy Spirit, and we know of no Scriptural reason for supposing that He works any harder or more effectively in an atmosphere of mass religious enthusiasm than He does in any other setting where the Word is preached and the Sacraments administered according to Christ's institution. Maybe we are overly distrustful of enthusiasm and emotionalism, but it seems to us that there is a very considerable element of danger in any attempt by man to compel the Spirit to come at man's bidding, and there is the even greater danger of supposing that feelings which can be adequately explained by students of mass psychology are the stirrings of the Spirit of God.

Reggie

One of our earliest memories is of the flurry of excitement that swept over our home-town congregation when it was announced that the internationally famous organist, Edward Rechlin, who had played before the crowned heads of Europe, was going to give a recital in our church. Our school principal — himself an organist of considerable local reputation — made it clear to us that this was likely to be the biggest thing that had ever happened in Columbus and that we

would regret it the rest of our lives if we missed this chance to be in on an occasion that we would someday want to tell our grandchildren about. So we went, and Rechlin played Bach, and we felt vaguely that we had been had, our musical tastes at that time running somewhat more to the kind of Gospel hymns that we heard each morning on WHAS from the chapel of Asbury College in Wilmore, Kentucky.

Years later, as a student at Valparaiso University, we invested our little all in a suit of a shade which our roommate, Al Looman, an alumnus of the Rexall organization, described with devastating accuracy as ipecac green. One Sunday morning, as we were descending the church steps clad in the fierce splendor of this suit, we were seized by the arm and hustled into the presence of a portly gentleman who seemed to have been assembled by a committee and outfitted at the Presbyterian Resale Shop. To our considerable surprise, he was introduced to us as Dr. Edward Rechlin. He complimented us on our taste in gent's suitings and indicated a desire to talk with us at greater length at some mutually-agreeable time. Some time later, we learned that our meeting had been at his urgent insistence, his fancy having been caught by the green suit which, to his way of thinking, only a kindred soul would dare to wear in public.

Thus began a twenty-year friendship with one of the great organists, one of the great men, and one of the great Christians of our day. Much that we know to be true — along with a great deal of nonsense — we learned from Reggie in late-night sessions redolent of Polish sausage, beer, cigarette smoke, and reminiscences of a long life time spent, as he like to put it, as a wandering minstrel of the Lord. Once or twice a year he would descend upon us, full of ideas for reforming the church and confounding the world. And in between visits there would be the notes, written in an almost illegible scrawl and earnestly exhorting us, in a mixture of English, German, and French, to some act of Christian daring which no reasonable man with a wife and three children to support would ever even consider attempting. It always baffled him that anyone, particularly anyone younger than himself, would hesitate to follow a course of action merely because it seemed insane. Each year at Christmas time there would be a calendar for the office, a farmer's calendar advertising the services of a feed store in the small, upstate-New York town where Reggie spent his last years as a respected citizen and an enthusiastic member of the volunteer fire department.

This year there was no calendar. Reggie died on December 21, two days after he had played his last recital as a minstrel of the Lord. At 77, it took four diseases to kill him, and even then he had the last laugh. He had always wanted to spend Christmas in heaven.

AD LIB.

Ice Folly

BY ALFRED R. LOOMAN



I HAD ALWAYS THOUGHT it was "Hans Brinker or the Silver Skates," that children's "classic" by Mary Mapes Dodge, which had intensified my love for ice skating. It had seemed to me my interest in the sport had been increased by the descriptions of skating on the frozen canals of Holland, skating quite similar to that on the Illinois River and the creeks leading into it which I had enjoyed as a child. But recently I had the opportunity to peruse "Hans Brinker" and found it to be rather dull and rather sparing in its descriptions of skating.

Despite this disillusionment, I still think ice skating is one of the most thrilling of outdoor sports. One of the reasons, I suppose, is that next to ballooning, in which few people engage, it comes closest to flying. Something in the quiet gliding, in the rush of air, or in the effortless movement, gives a sensation of flight. But there is an attraction, too, in the sounds of skating, the crunching and swishing of the skates on ice as you pump to gain speed. Or it may be that skating attracts because it is essentially a graceful sport and even a clod making a simple 8 on figure skates can look like a ballet dancer.

While all skaters agree on the joy of skating, they disagree on the merits of indoor versus outdoor skating. For those unfortunate enough to live in climates where water does not freeze outdoors, there is no choice, but the arena skaters also say indoor skating is better because the ice is always smooth and the temperature more comfortable. It's true, ideal ice is hard to come by outdoors, but the outdoor skater has learned to take ice as he finds it and doesn't mind helping to scrape off the snow.

Indoor skating may be best for figure skaters, though the carefree twirling and circling in the unlimited outdoors is hard to beat. Most indoor rinks provide music to making skating even easier, or as the outdoor skaters would say, to keep the people herded together and moving in a continuous circle. I have known indoor skaters who had difficulty skating outside unless they continually hummed "The Skaters' Waltz."

To me, half the fun is gone if you skate indoors, because a good part of the enjoyment comes from exercising in the brisk air and then in warming up by the bonfire on shore or the fireplace in the park shelter. But what I enjoy the most is the wonderful Winter landscape with which most skating sites seem to be pro-

vided.

Two of the best times to skate are on a moonlit evening and in the late afternoon. By moonlight the shadows of the trees on the glistening snow and the reflection on the ice of a bonfire on the far shore make a perfect setting for skating. It is a sight few see, for those not skating are undoubtedly home sitting close to the radiator. The late afternoon is another ideal time for skating, particularly as the setting sun frames the black, weird shapes of the trees between the orange-red sky and the almost blue-white snow. At this time of day every landscape seems to have been drawn by Currier and Ives.

Skating and skating equipment have changed little over the years, but the greatest improvement has come from the disappearance of the clamp-on skate. Having learned to skate as a pre-schooler and having received my first shoe skates after I had graduated from high school, I feel that I am somewhat of an authority on the subject of clamp-on skates, and I have little good to say about them. For those who may never have seen them, these skates had a clamp for the side of the shoe and a strap which went around the ankle and secured the heel. The skates were worn over regular shoes. Punched into the foot of the skate were figures of diamonds, hearts, clubs, or spades, for what reason I don't know unless the manufacturer was also in the playing card business.

The disadvantage of clamps was that they didn't stay clamped. One moment you could be skating along and the next you would find one skate dangling from the ankle strap. This meant removing gloves, searching through several layers of clothing for the skate key, and then tightening the clamp until the sole of the shoe was almost convex in shape. A few minutes later the process would be duplicated as the other skate came loose.

Clothing has changed for the better, for now a stocking cap and a warm jacket are sufficient for skating, but years ago we went equipped with several layers of jackets and sweaters, which may have been fine for falls on the ice but certainly restricted movement. Falls on the ice were more frequent in the days when we played tag, crack-the-whip, and hockey, games still played by the younger set on ice today. The only difference is that now regulation hockey equipment is used instead of the tin can and the convenient stick that we used.

"The Grapes of Wrath" - A Modern Exodus Account

BY ENNO KLAMMER

Pastor, Zion Lutheran Church
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The Grapes of Wrath by John Steinbeck may, on one level of meaning, be considered little more than an entertaining fictional novel drawn from an epoch of American history. It may also be considered — and indeed has been — as a novel of protest against social evils prevalent in an era. It is the contention of this analysis that *The Grapes of Wrath*, whatever other concepts one brings to its readings, is a reconstruction on modern lines of the Biblical Exodus account. That there are many digressions from the Biblical account is readily acknowledged. But the overwhelming number of parallelisms discovered by a careful reading warrants the title: "*The Grapes of Wrath* — A Modern Exodus Account."

Prelude to Slavery

From the perspective of time, the beginnings of course always seem romantic and adventurous — a search for survival in a day when it was a matter of seizing the necessities or of dying. The story of Israel's journey to Egypt is paralleled by that of the wanderers to the Great Plains of the American Midwest. "They said to Pharaoh, 'We have come to sojourn in the land; for there is no pasture for your servants' flocks, for the famine is severe in the land of Canaan; and now, we pray you, let your servants dwell in the land of Goshen.' Then Pharaoh said to Joseph, ' . . . Let them dwell in the land of Goshen'" (Gen. 47:4-6).¹

It was not long before a drastic change took place. The change was prompted by the two natural traits, forgetfulness and fear. "Now there arose a new king over Egypt, who did not know Joseph" (Ex. 1:8). His plan was to keep the children of Israel in subjection to the point where, leaderless, they could not and would not bear arms against Egypt. "But the more they were oppressed, the more they multiplied and the more they spread abroad" (Ex. 1:12).

Several generations before the setting of *The Grapes of Wrath*, men had come to the land to possess it. "Granpa took up the land, and he had to kill Indians and drive them away."² Historical notes reveal the continuing westward movement of the pioneers and "settlers." That they were "settlers" is in many instances disputable, for these men had perhaps settled several homesteads prior to their eventual coming to this place. A more suitable nomenclature might indeed be that used in Genesis, "sojourners."

The first generation passed, and a new generation inherited the land. "And Pa was born here, and he killed

weeds and snakes. Then a bad year came and he had to borrow a little money. An' we was born here. There in the door — our children born here. And Pa had to borrow money. The bank owned the land then, but we stayed and we got a little bit of what we raised" (p. 28).

That Egyptian Pharaoh did not know Joseph nor recognize his contribution nor appreciate the bargain made by his predecessor with Joseph is an antecedent to *The Grapes of Wrath*. Steinbeck portrays disinterested owners or their representatives. "The owners of the land came onto the land, or more often a spokesman for the owners came . . . drove into the dooryards and sat in their cars to talk out of the windows . . . And all of them were caught in something larger than themselves. Some of them hated the mathematics that drove them, and some were afraid, and some worshiped the mathematics because it provided a refuge from thought and from feeling. If a bank or a finance company owned the land, the owner man said, The Bank — or the Company — needs — wants — insists — must have — as though the Bank or the Company were a monster with thought and feeling, which had ensnared them" (p. 26).

A change of masters inevitably led to a decline into slavery. This was prompted by fear and carried out with a vengeance. "The Egyptians were in dread of the people of Israel. So they made the people of Israel serve with rigor, and made their lives bitter with hard service . . . in all their work they made them serve with rigor" (Ex. 1:11-14). Their work in mortar and brick was further complicated by more severe and stringent demands, as Ex. 5 shows. Though the quota was not lessened, Egypt cut down on the supplies and raw materials of Israel.

A similar situation develops with the Joads, the types of the dispossessed of the great Dust Bowl. "The owner men sat in the cars and explained. You know the land is poor. You've scabbled at it long enough . . . But you see, a bank or a company can't do that . . . they breathe profits . . . The bank — the monster has to have profits all the time" (26-27). And the oppression grew harder and harder until men felt the need either to fight or to escape. To fight was their first thought. "Granpa killed Indians, Pa killed snakes for the land. Maybe we can kill banks — they're worse than Indians and snakes. Maybe we got to fight to keep our land, like Pa and Granpa did" (28). But it was no use. "You'll have to go."

The Need for Escape

The decision was not really theirs to make. It had been made for them. Yet they had to concur in the decision, lest their destiny be unfulfilled. Perhaps they did not know they had to make a decision. ". . . A hun'erd thousand of us shoved out . . . They're jus' kinda stunned. Walk aroun' like they was half asleep" (67). Surely Israel made no decision. Through His chosen leader, God made the decision for them. After his commissioning in Ex. 5, Moses is told to put God's plan into effect, "but they did not listen to Moses, because of their broken spirit and their cruel bondage" (Ex. 6:9).

Perhaps no real decision to seek a better way of life was ever made by the Joads. Perhaps their decision was not one of "What shall we do?" but rather one of "When do we do the inevitable?" A strong hint of this is given by Ma Joad when Casy was finally admitted to the group. "It ain't kin we? It's will we?" she said firmly. "As far as 'kin', we can't do nothin', not go to California or nothin'; but as far as 'will', why, we'll do what we will" (89). That this is evidently the desperate decision of all the migrants is indicated by Casy later. "Why — it's like — it's like they was runnin' away from soldiers. It's like a whole country is movin'." "Yeah," said Tom. "They's a whole country movin'. We're movin' too" (153).

"A whole country movin'" requires leaders to organize, govern, guide, and lead. In the original Exodus account these leaders were provided by God's call to Moses and subsequently to Aaron. Certain similarities exist between these two and the leaders who ultimately emerge among the migrant Joads of the modern exodus. Tom Joad had, like Moses, killed a man. In both instances it had been justifiable murder, and yet both had had to flee. In Steinbeck's novel the leadership fluctuates among several people, and thus the parallelism becomes a bit hazy at times. But this uncertainty resolves itself more and more as time goes on. Even Moses had not been accepted at the outset, but had had to assert his leadership through the strength of his God-given miracles and personality. In *Grapes of Wrath* the role of leader eventually falls upon Tom (Moses' counterpart). Ma Joad's preliminary leadership role is gradually relinquished until she finally transfers her authority to Tom, as in the comment of hers: "You got more sense, Tom. I don' need to make you mad. I got to lean on you . . . you won't give up, Tom . . . Ever'thing you do is more'n you . . . you're spoke for" (314).

Though the role of Casy (the Preacher) as an Aaron to Tom's Moses may at first appear ludicrous, it should not be lightly brushed aside. A number of similarities appear, particularly Casy's oft-needed abilities to put into words the almost painful desire of the rest to be coherent in their longings. Casy's departure from his

former religious life and convictions also finds its counterpart in the lack of steadfastness on the part of Aaron at Mt. Sinai.

There is even a hint of ultimate victory through a "messiah figure" of the future in Tom's statement to Ma Joad. "I'll be all aroun' in the dark. I'll be ever'where — wherever you look. Wherever they's a fight so hungry people can eat, I'll be there. Wherever they's a cop beatin' up a guy, I'll be there. . . . I'll be in the way guys yell when they're mad an' — I'll be in the way kids laugh when they're hungry an' they know supper's ready. An' when our folks eat the stuff they raise an' live in the houses they build — why, I'll be there. See? [Ma says] "An' Tom, later — when it's all blowed over, you'll come back. You'll find us?" "Sure" (374-375). That this little scene takes place in "the promised land" is reminiscent of the rejection of the real Messiah and His promise to return. That Tom, who had begun as a Moses-figure, should appear as a Christ-figure towards the end of the novel, is not too strange when one considers Moses' prophecy, "The Lord your God will raise up for you a prophet like me from among you, from your brethren — him you shall heed" (Deut. 18:15).

The Moment of Flight

Plagues and deaths characterized Egypt's long debate with Moses and Aaron. Plagues and deaths and disaster shook Egypt's faith in the gods they had had. Plagues infested their river, the source of their life and livelihood, and destroyed their herds and obscured their sun, their god. In almost identical duplication *Grapes of Wrath* enumerates plagues which shook the faith of the tenants in the source of their life and livelihood. Particularly noticeable are references to the blood-red sun and the dryness of the dust. "In the gray sky a red sun appeared, a dim red circle that gave little light, like dusk; and as that day advanced, the dusk slipped toward darkness, and the wind cried and whimpered over the fallen corn" (2). "In the morning the dust hung like fog, and the sun was as red as ripe new blood. All day the dust sifted down. An even blanket covered the earth. It settled on the corn, piled up on the tops of the fence posts, piled up on the wires; it settled on roofs, blanketed the weeds and trees" (3). And later ". . . the earth was bloody in its setting light" (83).

"Your loins girded, your sandals on your feet, and your staff in your hand" (Ex. 12:11). So was Israel to be prepared for its flight, with little more than what they wore, and "the people took their dough before it was leavened, their kneading bowls being bound up in their mantles on their shoulders" (Ex. 12:34). The Joads report, "We sol' all the stuff at our place" (73). And — "the women sat among the doomed things, turned them over and looking past them and back . . . no, there isn't room. How can we live without our

lives? How will we know it's us without our past? No. Leave it. Burn it" (77). But the bare necessities they took, "All the stuff to eat with: plates an' the cups, the spoons an' knives an' forks . . . take the bread pans, all of 'em . . . take all that stuff jus' at the last" (95).

So the preparations were made, hastily and as if any slowness would jeopardize their final moment of decision and departure. One thing remained. God's people had to kill the lamb and eat it completely, using its blood as a final sign of their faith. In a grim and grisly reversal of the parallelism, Steinbeck's Joads kill — not a lamb, but the anathema of the Israelites — their pigs! even spilling their blood in the very dooryards (92). Though much was salted away, the final remnants, the spare ribs, were roasted down in the oven for gnawing purposes (93) to be eaten as the last passover moments before they departed.

"And he[Pharaoh] summoned Moses and Aaron by night . . . and the people were urgent with the people . . . it was a night of watching" (Ex. 12:31-51). "Tom shook himself free of the numbness . . . 'It's near sunrise,' he said loudly. 'We got to get goin'" (100). And so their flight begins in haste and ill preparation — a flight which will continue in tediousness and seeming endlessness, as Al exclaims, "We ain't makin' no time on this trip" (10). And few regrets. "Ma tried to look back, but the body of the load cut off her view. She straightened her head and peered straight ahead along the dirt road. And a great weariness was in her eyes. The people on top of the load did look back. They saw the house and the barn and a little smoke still rising from the chimney. They saw the windows reddening under the first color of the sun. They saw Muley standing forlornly in the dooryard looking after them. And then the hill cut them off. The cotton fields lined the road. And the truck crawled slowly through the dust toward the highway and the west" (101).

An Endless Trek

The journey promised to be brief. But the promise was not fulfilled. Instead, a long and seemingly endless wandering ensued. The journey was prolonged because of natural circumstances as well as by the rebellious spirit of the people. Even before the interminable adventure in the wilderness of Sinai, Moses learned from his father-in-law the need for and organizational pattern of a system which would enable the people to develop and maintain a national unity (Ex. 18:13-27). Steinbeck, in chapter 17, observes this same need and expresses the pattern which seemed to develop naturally. "In the evening a strange thing happened: the twenty families became one family, the children were the children of all. The loss of home became one loss, and the golden time in the West was one dream . . . Every night a world created . . . and every morning the world torn

down . . . Then leaders emerged, then laws were made, then codes came into being" (172).

Codification of Israel's laws occurred under the direct supervision and revelation of God. Particularly noteworthy is the giving of the law on Mt. Sinai, as in Ex. 19 and 20 and following. What a personal God had done for Israel came about through an evolution from the experiences of the Joads and their fellows. "The families learned what rights must be observed — the right of privacy in the tent; the right to keep past black hidden in the heart; the right to talk and to listen; . . . the right of the hungry to be fed; . . . And the families learned, although no one told them, what rights are monstrous and must be destroyed; the right to intrude upon privacy, the right to be noisy while the camp slept, the right of seduction or rape, the right of adultery and theft and murder. These rights were crushed, because the little worlds could not exist for even a night with such rights alive . . . rules became laws . . . and with the laws, the punishments . . . social conduct became fixed and rigid . . . there grew up government in the worlds, with leaders, with elders" (172-173).

Myth, legend, record, history, and song mark the development of peoples. Moses' song of thanksgiving (Ex. 15) expresses in picturesque language the excitement of recent events, while Deut. 1 and following is Moses' summary of their whole experience. Indeed, the entire Pentateuch is a record of the history of the people. In their camps the migrants also fell back upon their myths, legends, and songs to cheer them on the way. ". . . On the ditch banks beside the streams, under the sycamores, . . . the story teller grew into being, so that the people gathered in the low firelight to hear the gifted ones. And they listened while the tales were told, and their participation made the stories great" (290). Or: ". . . a man brought out his guitar to the front of his tent. And he sat on a box to play, and everyone in the camp moved slowly in toward him, drawn in toward him" (177) . . . "And they spoke softly of their homes: . . . they spoke of their tragedies . . . they spoke of the future" (176).

Informal religion became formal religion, and in becoming formalized, their forms became a new religion. The Passover was instituted to be observed as an annual feast day "throughout your generation" (Ex. 12:14). And to that one great feast were added others and many observances to be kept and ceremonials to be practiced as Exodus and Leviticus testify. New forms. Strange forms at first. But necessary forms and observances. No such strict adherence to the forms of religion is evident in *The Grapes of Wrath*, but the change in Casy and the repudiation of previous religious experiences and affiliations throughout the novel hint at a parallelism which is not at once apparent.

For a people ill-prepared for journey, food, water, and the basic necessities of life were constant concerns. This assumed vital proportions soon after Israel left

Egypt. Already in Ex. 16 the people murmur against God and Moses for having led them into the wilderness to die. But God supplied them with enough food each day, even allowing them variety in their diet. This same natural concern manifests itself repeatedly in the novel. When the Joads finally emerge from their tributary road to the main migrant highway, Steinbeck narrates, "The people in flight streamed out on 66 . . . all day they rolled slowly along the road, and at night they stopped near water . . . How far between towns? It is a terror between towns. If something breaks — . . . how much food we got?" (104). ". . . Pork if there was money in plenty, pork and potatoes and onions. Dutch oven biscuits or cornbread, and plenty of gravy to go over it. Side-meat or chops and a can of boiled tea, black and bitter. Fried dough in drippings if money was slim, dough fried crisp and brown and the drippin's poured over it" (176).

The Jordan and the Promised Land

The journeying went on. Seemingly endless, the end finally came. And the end was a river to be crossed, a land to be entered, a country to be taken and made into a new home. The Promised Land held forth its promise to those who could receive it. But for some the promise was withdrawn. All who had murmured against the Lord never did enter the new land. They died in the wilderness, and their children inherited the land which should have been theirs. So Steinbeck also leads only the younger generation over his "Jordan." Granpa died on the first night of the journey and was buried in a nameless grave (121). Granma died in the desert between the river and the crest of the mountain from which the descent is made into the lushness of California's promised land (203). The Wilsons remained at the river, and their fate is hinted at (195). Noah deserted at the moment of the crossing (185). So it was the strong, the determined, the young who finally succeeded.

The promised land? Who could describe it with more glowing enthusiasm than a Joshua or a Caleb (Numb. 13)? And who could see the beauty of the land more fully than Moses from the mountain-top (Deut. 34)? Such was also the enthusiasm of the Joads. Granpa looked forward to it already in Oklahoma. "I can pick me an orange when I want it. Or grapes. There's a thing I ain't never had enough of. Gonna get me a whole big bunch a grapes off a bush, or whatever, an' I'm gonna squash 'em on my face an' let 'em run offen my chin" (72). Their hope was to be able to "start again, in the new rich land — in California, where the fruit grows" (76). They wanted to "get where it's rich an' green" (170). Steinbeck devotes one half of an entire chapter to a description of the beauty and

fertility of the great Central Valley of California, at times becoming almost rhapsodic over this valley which was first seen from and entered from a mountain (308-310). "They filled with water and oil at Mojave and crawled into the mountains, and the dawn was about them . . . They drove through Tehachapi in the morning glow, and the sun came up behind them, and then — suddenly they saw the great valley below them . . . the vineyards, the orchards, the great flat valley, green and beautiful, the trees set in rows, and the farm houses . . . The distant cities, the little towns in the orchard land, and the morning sun, golden on the valley . . . The grain fields golden in the morning, and the willow lines, the eucalyptus trees in rows" (202).

But the land was not yet theirs to possess. A time of struggle and a time of conquest lay ahead. Joshua was to lead his people in a furious struggle to capture the land — city by city and area by area. Each native (or those who had possessed the land long enough to claim that title) became an enemy. Each city fortified itself against invasion and attack. The Okies were to experience that same fear and animosity. "People gonna have a look in their eye. They gonna look at you an' their face says, 'I don't like you, you s... o. a b....' Gonna be deputy sheriffs, an' they'll push you aroun.' You camp on the roadside, an' they'll move you on. You gonna see in people's face how they hate you. An' — I'll tell you somepin. They hate you 'cause they're scairt . . . you never been called 'Okie' yet . . . Okie use'ta mean you was from Oklahoma. Now it means you're a dirty s.. o. a b.... Okie means your scum. Don't mean nothing itself, it's the way they say it" (182). A whole chapter (XIX) foreshadows the impending struggle. A whole section (pp. 205-406, one-half of the novel) displays that struggle for their land.

Did the invading migrants conquer? The Bible has no final answer, for Israel soon adopted the ways of the land they had come to inherit, often to their sorrow. The final answer still hangs in the balance. An implication is strong that the courageous meek shall in the end receive the fulfillment of their hopes — but as individuals, not as a nation. Not even during the height of David's reign was the land free from strife, and certainly never before and not since his day. The Joads? "Why, Tom — us people will go livin' when all them people is gone. Why, Tom, we're the people that live. They ain't gonna wipe us out. Why, we're the people — we go on." Ma chuckled. "Maybe that makes us tough. Rich fellas come up an' they die, an' their kids ain't no good, an' they die out. But, Tom, we keep a-comin'. Don' you fret none, Tom. A different time's comin'" (250).

1 All Biblical quotations are from the Revised Standard Version.
2 John Steinbeck. *The Grapes of Wrath*. (New York: Bantam Books, 10th printing, Sept. 1955, copyright, John Steinbeck, 1939) P. 28. Subsequent quotations are cited in the text.

Sacred Music -- The Letter and the Spirit

BY CHARLES FREDERICK SCHRODER

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THERE UNFORTUNATELY exists in the churches and among religious people in general a great deal of confusion as to what the true nature and function of sacred music is. Need the term "sacred music" connote music with a strictly religious or Christian text, or is the adjective "religious" or "sacred" as applied to music more a matter of mood, spirit, and style?

One can relate the question of what constitutes sacred music to the larger and more general concepts of religious art and literature. Religious art, as opposed to secular art, may be distinguished by its style and spirit rather than by its particular objects of representation. In true religious art, the various elements of style, idea, and mood tend to be consistent with the nature of religious emotion and sentiment. Hence, the work of art tends to convey an emotional attitude on the part of the artist rather than a literal religious representation. For this very reason, the glaring lapse of taste and discrimination in certain mass produced versions of religious art is striking indeed. One finds a sharp contrast between these mass produced and superficial religious paintings and the works of art which express a deep and personal religious attitude of the artist. The former has the objective representation minus the spirit, mood, and tasteful stylistic setting that is appropriate to religious art. In a word, it constitutes the letter of the law without the spirit. The "law" in this case is the person, situation, or religious doctrine that happens to be the subject matter of the art work.

The same analogy may be applied to religious and secular literature. A religious writer may be so distinguished by his spirit and attitude more than by his personal creed or by his subject matter. A true religious writer treats emotions and life attitudes that are appropriate to the realm of religion, and the treatment of his subject matter is one of a religious person. For this reason, a writer like Albert Camus can be broadly classified as a religious writer, even though he accepted no religious dogma or creed as such. The religious element in his works is one of spirit and sentiment, and the treatment of his material is religious, although in a non-theistic sense. It is therefore not surprising that Albert Camus has had a strong appeal to mature Christian readers and has appeared to have much in common with them.

The same criteria of style that serve to distinguish religious art and literature can also be applied to religious music. For example, one may ask what is specifically religious about much of the superficial "sacred"

music that is heard in many of our churches. Is it truly religious in style and spirit, or does it simply have emotional appeal through its words, rhythms, and other superficial elements? An examination of many Protestant hymns in America will reveal that much of the popularity of this music lies not in its simple melodic elements. In some cases, it is solely the words and not the music that convey the religious content. This statement may be applied not only to many of the "revivalistic" hymns but also to many hymns that appear often in our more dignified services.

What is the result when the religious sentiment is concentrated in the music rather than in the words? To many people, this type of music appears to consist of unnecessary repetitions of certain words and phrases, so that the sense of the text is lost. Others can enjoy it simply as pure music and completely disregard the religious content. The basic reason for these reactions lies in the fact that the expression of religious emotion in this type of music has been reduced and refined to its pure poetic elements. The verbal expression of religious dogma may be present, but it is so completely absorbed into the music that the end result is an almost pure work of musical art. It is for this reason that such works as Bach's *St. Matthew Passion* and Handel's *Messiah* can be appreciated by non-Christians as well as by Christians, for the pure religious sentiments found in these works are capable of cutting across the barriers of dogma. Likewise, Protestants as well as Roman Catholics can appreciate and enjoy a musical setting of the Mass as a pure expression of religious emotion, for the religious content in most musical Mass settings, especially by such composers as Mozart and Beethoven, is one of spirit, style, and mood rather than one of dogma and text. When religious sentiments are presented in poetic and musical forms, the barricades presented by doctrinal differences quickly disappear.

The expression of religious faith in art music is almost entirely an emotional and aesthetic matter. The artist and the musician have generally expressed the phenomenon of religious consciousness in much broader dimensions than can be found in dogma and verbal creeds. Many of the greatest composers of religious music can be rightfully regarded as poets in their musical presentation of religious faith. The three great figures of Bach, Beethoven, and Mozart certainly belong in this category. Such a musical expression of the religious consciousness is metaphorical as opposed to literal. The religious mood expressed in sacred music may be

one of deep passion, as in parts of the Berlioz Requiem, or it may be one of extreme innocence and ineffable sweetness, as in the Faure Requiem. In either case, the religious outlook of the composer is essentially one of an aesthetic and emotional nature. In true sacred music, one finds religious emotions captured in their very essence and not merely symbolized as in verbal expressions of creed. It is thus that sacred music expresses the many fine shades and nuances of religious experience that matter-of-fact pronouncements of faith and creed can never convey.

In art and in music, the expression of the religious sentiment in man involves many states of mind and emotion that are far more subtle and complex than the simple and straightforward affirmations of faith found in many popular songs of worship. As William James has explained in his *Varieties of Religious Experience*,

the religious instinct can take many forms and shapes in the human consciousness. A true religious artist or musician is the one who can capture these various states of mind and feeling and convey them through the medium of his artistic production. Religious emotions include such varieties of feeling as awe, joy and exuberance, passion and compassion, tenderness and devotion. Each of these emotional states has at various times formed the kernel of religious musical expression.

Thus, it appears that the true religious musician is by nature and instinct a poet. His religious attitude is not one of the law but of the spirit. The continuing vitality of church music as a true art depends on a deepening awareness of the subtleties of style, mood, and emotion as the basic elements of religious expression in music.

SYMBOL

Enough of willing to believe
flame symbol which is not the fire,
my heart rests in the love I know.
East, west, the mockery of false loves grows
and threatens mine.

My heart must warm at vital flames;
my love must go
along with mind which moves and knows,
but not with perfumed valentines,
and not with every wind that blows.

JAMES BINNEY

ONE

One footprint the snow
Has not hidden. The roof of
My house has saved it.

WANDA ALLEN MOORE

The Vista Through the Void

BY WALTER SORELL

Drama Editor

THIS IS BEING WRITTEN only countable hours before the calendar year 1961 will have run out, and with enough of the current theatre season behind us to allow a preliminary judgment. It would appear that this season can best be summed up as one which has brought the old ills into sharper focus.

There seems to be a growing conviction in our country that one possible solution to the many needs of the theatre is the building of new theatres. On Broadway, where there has not been a new theatre built in the past forty years, the huge Lincoln Center project — a theatre city within the city — is coming closer to fulfillment. But in many other parts of the country also theatre architects are working overtime. My own conviction is that neither new theatres nor the basement stages which have been mushrooming off-Broadway will cure an ailing art. It is not the building, but the spirit, that must be replenished, renewed, reborn. And yet this new building shows an awareness of a need, and when we shall have survived this present crisis (which is as much a moral crisis as it is political or racial or economic), we may have learned from our anxieties and tribulations how to fill these new forms with new content. By then, perhaps, the cry for subsidies to the arts will be better understood in our country as it has already been understood and answered in most other civilized countries whose theatres would be ailing, too, if the communities which subsidize them did not realize that art is their "business." And so, while we recognize what a wonderful thing it is to be fighting for a better world and against evil, it is still better to know that survival, beyond being a mere physical thing, may bring us to a better world that is worth living in, that is spiritually sound.

If art is the reflection of a people's state of mind (as, no doubt, it is), then there is something basically wrong not so much with the people, the "customers," themselves, as with those who produce and present the created ware — those who, prompted by whatever necessity — desire the benison of bullion.

The intellectual void of the theatrical vista so far this season has been appalling. We had a dozen musicals. Since the musical is a new art form, created in America, we have a special responsibility toward this genre. But with two exceptions the musicals showed a paucity of talent, combined with the usual haphazard thinking and planning. The two exceptions are "Kean,"

based on Sartre's play of the same title which, in turn, was based on Dumas' play written in 1836; and "How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying," a funny and benevolent satire.

The interesting and good plays have been imports from London where, for years now, a great histrionic renaissance has been going on. Last year from England I reported on Harold Pinter's "The Caretaker" and on that towering masterpiece, Robert Bolt's "A Man for All Seasons." Last month I dealt with Chayefsky's "Gideon." Next month I hope to discuss Tennessee Williams' latest, "The Night of the Iguana."

In most of the other plays, triteness triumphed — triteness with the patina of the safe-bet and beaten-path type displayed by Norman Krasna's "Sunday in New York," a comedy which pivots around the problem of virginity and racks its brain about whether she should or shouldn't, or triteness of a more recent vintage which tries to be supersophisticated in a cool, non-sophisticated manner and dramatizes our difficulty in communications by being non-communicative itself. A good example of this kind of "theatre of the absurd" is Jack Gelber's second essay in free association called "The Apple."

Robert Ardrey has come up with a documentary, "Shadow of Heroes," which received a fascinating staging at the York Playhouse where, between mere boxes on an empty stage, innumerable scenes rolled off and told the haunting story of a lost cause — the cause of the freedom fighters in Budapest shouting across Russian tanks that to be free is a blessing.

"The Way to the Tomb," by Ronald Duncan with incidental music by Benjamin Britten, was produced by Union Theological Seminary. In the Jacobean style of a masque it tells the story of St. Anthony's search for God, how he fights pride and the temptations of his senses, and gains greatness through humility. The verses are strikingly beautiful and achieve depths of simplicity. In the second act, the anti-masque, Duncan satirizes our jazzy age with its hollow religiosity channeled through our mass media. This act takes place at the tomb of the Saint who reappears and is assaulted as a phony by the people. In the end, though, he is recognized by his three former companions, truth triumphs, and harmony is haloed.

This play may easily survive the rest.

The Positive Function of Saints

BY ERNEST B. KOENKER
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Live life, then, not as men who do not know the meaning and purpose of life, but as those who do.

Ephesians 5:15 (Phillips' Translation)

ONE OF THE MOST versatile little words in the English language is the term "function." It is an "action word," and we put it through a good deal of activity. We say "I'm simply not *functioning* today." We complain, "There are too many social *functions*." We read of a *mal-functioning* motor, or we study a *functional* theory in sociology or psychology. Each one of you wants to *function* effectively and properly as an individual and within social groups.

It comes as somewhat of a surprise when we realize how boldly functional is the Bible's understanding of God and of the life of the believer. A whole theology is bound up in our Lord's decisive act of continuing the Father's work by healing on the Sabbath Rest, in His command to the restored man — also on the Sabbath, "Rise, take up your pallet, and walk," and in His statement, "My Father is working still, and I am working." From this point, John says, the Jews sought to kill him.

But rather than consider the activity or function of God or of Jesus in His ministry we wish to consider, under the Holy Spirit's guidance, each believer's positive function in the world. There is so much evidence of powerlessness, of lack of light, lack of life, of corruptibility, of futility, and all-pervading vanity. This vanity would deceive us by urging that nothing we either do or fail to do really matters very much; all will be the same a thousand years from now — or even a hundred — or even tomorrow morning. This outlook clearly fails to realize the distorting, twisting effects sin exercises on the self, and it overlooks the challenge of the Christian Gospel to reject our customary mode of life and take up a new and totally different life. We must see the choice as the early Church recognized it, as a matter of life and death. St. Paul tells the new believers at Rome that they participate now in the risen Christ: "So you also must consider yourselves dead to sin and alive to God in Christ Jesus . . . Do not yield your members to sin as instruments of wickedness, but yield yourselves to God as men who have been brought from death to life, and your members to God as instruments of righteousness." The power and direction of the believer's life are derived

from the Head of the Body, from the risen Christ. Whenever you surrender to the elemental spirits of this world, to greed, lust, self-gratification, self-glory, prestige-seeking, your life, as a vessel destined for holy use, becomes a weak and poor instrument of a dying universe. You have given yourself into the service of other lords, whose service will gradually reveal their full contradictory and self-destructive powers.

The function of saints is to serve as lights in the world: they are given to the world, St. John says, as signs that the Father has sent the Son and loves those who believe in Him, in order that others, too, should believe (17, 21-23). The question each of you must answer is whether your life is such a sign of the Father's love. Your vocation involves an active, sympathetic interest in those people with whom God confronts you in each new situation.

We must admit that stagnation, indolence, slothfulness have made fearful inroads into the lives of us all. But what is worse, we acquiesce to this situation and say that nothing can be done to improve matters in our own lives or within our limited circle. We are quite satisfied with the level on which our lives are being lived. This is precisely the situation St. Paul faced in Corinth, in Ephesus, in Rome, and in other early Christian communities. He diagnosed the problem as a lack of receptiveness to the Holy Spirit's work in them. His prescription was that the believer actually seek the Spirit's power to work in his life, and that he manifest a new openness to being taught by the same life-giving Spirit.

This seeking is via the avenue of prayer: in prayer we are to ask that God enter into our lives and form them as better instruments to accomplish His purpose in the world. And the new openness should be present each time we read or hear the Sacred Scriptures: we should be ready to learn new things from them, to be taught more fully from "the pure, clear fountain of Israel." And in our reception of the Sacrament we are to be assured that the Holy Spirit works to free us from the particular worries and anxieties that are gnawing away at our lives. The attainment of peace of mind or peace of soul, of the composure or serenity we know so largely by our lack, is possible in no way by our efforts but only through the Spirit's power to those who seek it. Our confidence must rest solely in God's faithfulness to His own promise. In an old hymn which emphasizes this receptivity to God's

working through the lives of servants on earth we pray:

O God, Thou faithful God,
Thou Fountain ever flowing,
Who good and perfect gifts
In mercy art bestowing,
Give me a healthy frame,
And may I have within
A conscience free from blame,
A soul unhurt by sin!

Already now you face the uncertainties of managing your money, your social and academic life, your plans for the future. The virtue of Christian courage you need for these tasks can come only from the Spirit of God calming your minds and imparting His strength to act and respond correctly to your plight. This courage will give you firmness and even boldness in engaging in tasks which, to all human interpretation, seem altogether insuperable. But the virtue or gift of Christian patience is also necessary here that you may not give up too quickly in despair. St. James tells his readers, "Count it all joy, my brethren, when you meet various trials, for you know that the testing of your faith produces steadfastness." Steadfastness or patience is seldom much appreciated by young people. The impatience of some few students has led them to an early cynicism that sees no hope in their lives or in history. They would laugh at any positive function of saints in the world.

But you may still say, or you may have an uneasy inner suspicion, that this is more than can be expected

of yourself — or of any believer. You might even paraphrase the verse of the Psalms, "Such knowledge is too wonderful for me; it is high, I cannot attain unto it." You must still live on in this cosmos, this world. You are continually reminded of this when you see the tribulation, or affliction, which the believer experiences in this world. Jesus even promised his followers "In the world you have tribulation," but He also adds, "Be of good cheer, I have overcome the world." Here we have the perfect tense, completed action. The decisive battle has been fought. Not only is the prince of this world judged, but the decisive victory has been won. Now, St. Paul says, "If with Christ you died to the elemental spirits of the universe, why do you live as if you still belonged to the world?" Now the exercise of the virtue of Christian wisdom is expected of you, where what is still, in a sense, a hypothetical truth is taken seriously by your acting in accordance with it. The evils of this world are still real and are evidence of the extent of our own sin and of God's revulsion against all iniquity. But what is now of primary significance is that these very evils be recognized as opportunities, through the transforming love of Christ, for the exercise of compassion toward our neighbors and for patient growth in divine wisdom.

So the life of the Christian will be marked by trials, by which you "May be able to comprehend with all saints what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height; and to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge, that ye might be filled with all the fullness of God."

On Second Thought

BY ROBERT J. HOYER

GIDEON DEFEATED THE Midianites with 300 men, but there were 22,000 Israelites who went home because they were afraid. And Gideon returned after victory to set up an idol for his people to worship. The tribe of Levi answered Moses' call, "Who is on the LORD'S side?" But the other eleven tribes decided "No — we'd rather have the golden calf as our God." Solomon built a magnificent temple, but he built it with slave labor. And he observed strict segregation: only the Canaanites, never the Hebrews, were enslaved. Esther calmly entered a beauty contest that included sleeping with a heathen king, with queenship for the prize.

We never mention the weaknesses. We act as though such things are unworthy of the great heroes of the faith. It will somehow sully the people of God if these shameful things are known! But the trouble lies right there. We tell the stories as though the people were the heroes. We act as though these are stories about Moses and the Levites, about Gideon or Solomon or

Esther.

They are not. They are stories about God. He is the Hero of the story. He wrought the victory with this weak man Gideon. He called out and made His own in love these idol-loving people. He accepted the Temple as His edifice and forgave its builder. He saved His people from disaster through the beauty of Esther.

We do not read the Bible to learn what David was like, so that we might follow him. We read it to learn what God is like, and follow Him. We do not read it to find the example of Joshua, or Amos, or Peter, or Paul. We read it to find the love of God, that touched these men with the courage of forgiveness and the fire of the Spirit.

In order to find God, to know what God is like, we need to know His people as they are. It is not holy people that God loves. He does not call and forgive the righteous and the noble. He has chosen, called, forgiven, and glorified *us*.

Some Good Recordings

By WALTER A. HANSEN

FROM THE RECORDINGS I have received in recent weeks I have selected ten for special mention in *The Cresset*.

Although I cannot see eye to eye with those who regard Mendelssohn's *Reformation Symphony* as a work worthy of being called great, I have nothing but praise for an unusually lucid performance of this composition by the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra under Lorin Maazel. In my opinion, Mendelssohn's *Italian Symphony* is a far better work than the *Reformation Symphony*. On the disc to which I am referring Maazel and Berlin's famous orchestra present both symphonies with the polish and the elegance that characterize them from beginning to end.

Herbert von Karajan, one of the ablest conductors of our day, directs the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra with masterly skill and insight as it plays a fascinating suite derived from Leo Delibes' ballet titled *Coppelia*. In addition, he presents an excellent performance of the music of Chopin which was selected with praiseworthy discernment for the popular ballet called *Les Sylphides*.

If memory is not leaving me in the lurch, the redoubtable Pierre Monteux recently predicted that the music of Bela Bartok will breathe its last after about ten years. I venture to disagree. It is possible, however, that you will applaud Monteux when you hear Geza Anda, the Hungarian pianist, give exemplary readings of Bartok's *Rhapsody for Piano and Orchestra*, which was written when the composer was a young man, and the *Concerto for Piano and Orchestra No. 1*, which came into being twenty-one years later. But even if you say amen to Moteux' prediction, I shall continue to cling firmly to my own conviction that Bartok was a great master. Anda plays these two works with the Radio Symphony Orchestra Berlin under Ferenc Fricsay.

Many public performances of the violin concertos written by Mozart have reinforced the truth of the age-old statement that fools rush in where angels fear to tread. But this adage cannot be applied to Wolfgang Schneiderhan, who is one of the great violinists of our time. With the North German Radio Orchestra under Hans Schmidt-Isserstedt he gives chaste readings of the *Violin Concerto No. 4* (K. 218) and the *Violin Concerto No. 5* (K. 219). This is artistry at its best.

Years ago some critics and many criticasters used to say about the music of Claude Debussy what Monteux,

for whose skill as a conductor I have heartfelt admiration, now predicts about the works of Bartok. But Debussy is still with us. I believe he is here to stay. Jorg Demus, an extraordinarily able pianist, plays a group of Debussy's piano pieces — including the *Children's Corner* — on a recently issued disc. I heartily recommend this recording. It has given me much unalloyed pleasure.

But a disc devoted to more than twenty of Debussy's songs is, in my opinion, even more important than the recording made by Demus. On it Gerard Souzay, baritone, sings these masterpieces of impressionistic writing with artistry as pure as it is stirring. Dalton Baldwin is at the piano. Singers with the ability to present Debussy's songs as they should be presented have always been exceedingly few in number. This disc is a classic in the true sense of the word.

Hugo Wolf must be numbered among the truly great writers of what is known as the German lied. Rita Streich sings twenty-three of his fine songs with sensitive and arresting skill. Erik Werba gives excellent support at the piano.

It is a rare experience nowadays to hear a master of the piano play Beethoven's *Diabelli Variations*, which were constructed on the basis of a waltz theme composed by a Viennese music publisher named Antonio Diabelli. Although the theme itself is "for the birds," as they say, Beethoven's set of variations is a great masterpiece. Geza Anda plays this work with consummate skill.

A countertenor, as you may or may not know, is a male voice higher in pitch than a tenor. Russell Oberlin is an outstanding example. He sings Georg Telemann's *Cantata No. 19* (*Gott will Mensch und sterblich werden*) and *Cantata No. 28*. (*Diene Toten werden leben*), Handel's short cantata titled *Siete rose rugiadose*, and Dietrich Buxtehude's *Jubilate Domino*. In each case Oberlin uses the instrumental combinations prescribed by the composer. Alexander Schneider plays the violin; Barbara Meuser, the viola da gamba; Douglas Williams, the harpsichord; Bernard Kraines, the recorder; George Ricci, the 'cello; and Morris Newman, the bassoon.

Another fine disc contrasts Beethoven in the early stage of his career with the mature Johannes Brahms. Here the Almo Trio — Adolph Balle, piano; Maurice Wilk, Violin; Gabor Rejto, 'cello — play Beethoven's *Trio in E Flat Major, Op. 1. No. 1* and Brahms's *Trio in C Major, Op. 87* with exemplary skill and understanding.

Breast - Plate and Pectoral Cross

By ADALBERT RAPHAEL KRETZMANN

THE BREAST-PLATE of the High Priest in the Old Testament must have been a thing of great beauty. The actual pouch was a span in length and a span in breadth, that is, about nine inches square. It was made of "gold, of blue, purple, scarlet, and fine, twisted linen" (Exodus 28:15 ff.). In it were twelve precious stones in rows of four, representing the twelve tribes of Israel. The breast-plate was worn on two golden chains when the High Priest entered the holy place. The presence of the High Priest, as representative of the people, with names of the separate tribes on his person, brought each tribe before the notice of Jehovah and directed his attention to them.

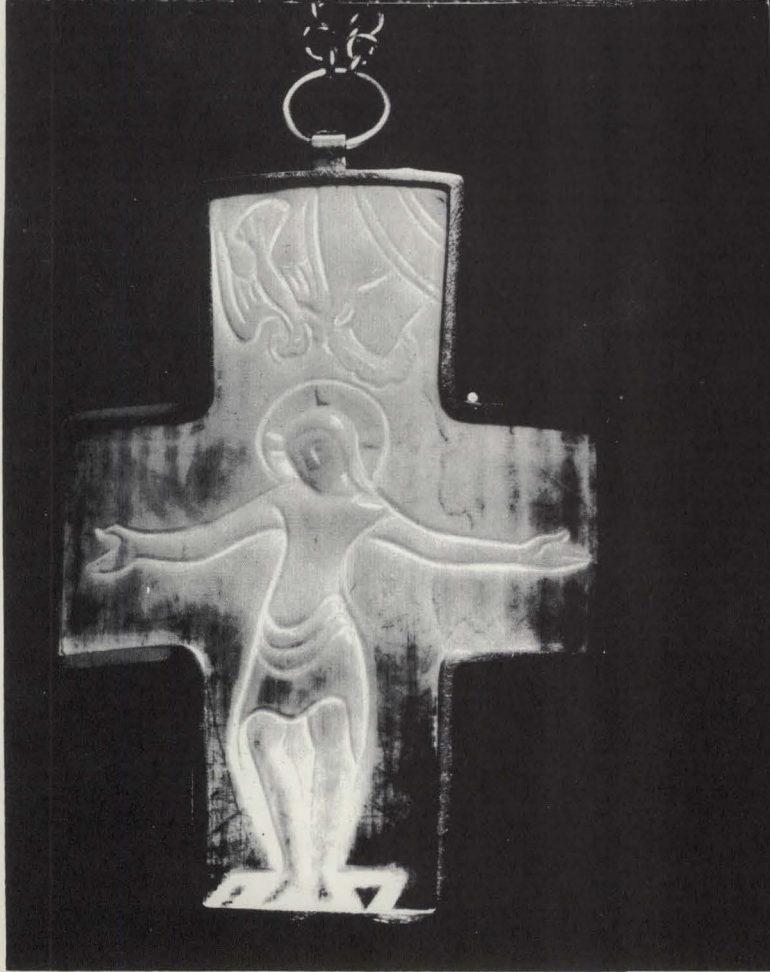
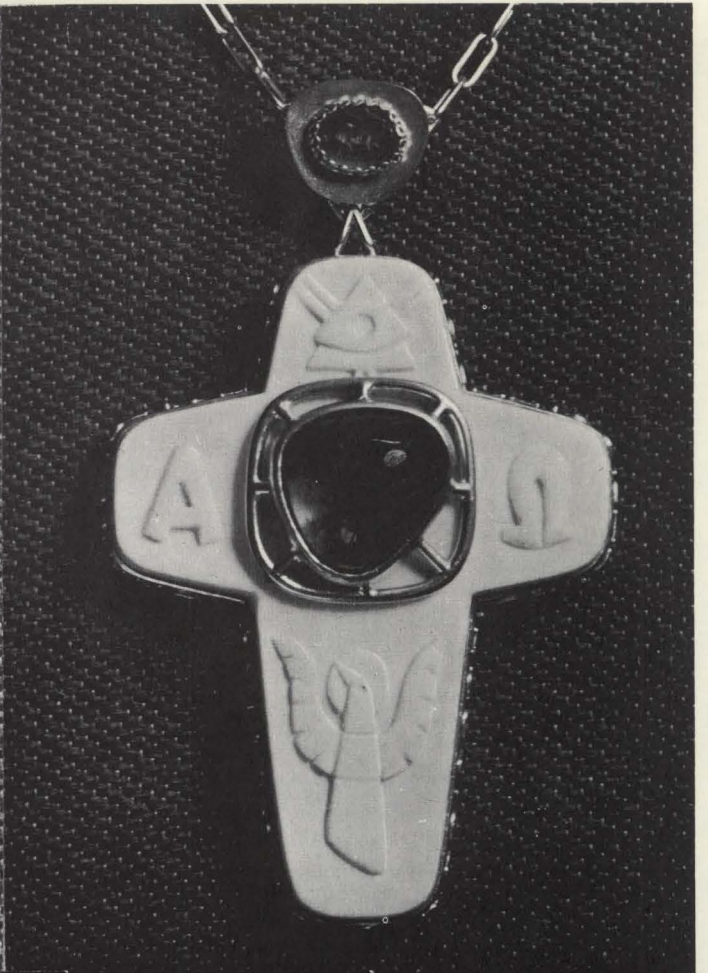
The Pectoral Cross became the New Testament equivalent of the breast-plate. It was intended to take the place of this golden frontlet once worn by the High Priest, Jesus Christ, who sacrificed Himself, once and for all, on the tree of the cross for mankind. In some divisions of Christendom, where there are orders and ranks of clergy, various insignia both designate and separate these ranks. Since Lutheranism knows only one order and one office there is no special designation for ranks or grades within the clergy. They all represent Christ as the great High Priest and show the emblem of His all-sufficient sacrifice. In European ecclesiastical circles the lines and designations are much more stringent than in America and the Pectoral Cross is reserved exclusively for Bishops.

The two Pectoral Crosses shown in views of both sides in the accompanying illustrations are excellent

examples of modern workmanship in this beautiful ancient symbol. The cross at the top is made by Hein Wimmer. It is made of silver and is plated in gold. The reverse side of the pectoral bears the inscription, "God is Love." On the forward side there is a heart-shaped amethyst beneath which can be seen the symbol for Christ, the Chi Rho. Carved into the ivory on the forward side there is also a symbol for each of the persons of the Holy Blessed Trinity. The chain is held by a Roman Carnelian gem. Around the edges there is raised Greek lettering which is applied by soldering. It reads, "Lord of Lords, and King of Kings."

The second cross comes from Cologne and was made in 1955 by Hildgard Domizlaff. The ivory cutout cross is enclosed in gold. The convex reverse side bears the symbols of the Holy Blessed Trinity and, on the forward side, there is reliquary holding a relic of St. Englebert of Cologne.

The clergy crosses in America have come upon much simpler and straightforward forms and have left the message of the cross and Christ as Saviour very simply and honestly apparent. Present day workmanship in this field in Europe is quite elaborate with excellent and very striking workmanship executed also in enamels and jewels. Surely, the emphasis on this commitment of the clergy to the preaching of the Cross of Christ ought to be looked upon and welcomed as a new and fresh attempt to place the Cross in the center and at the heart of all the ministry to the needy souls of men.



BOOKS OF THE MONTH

RELIGION

THE PRE-CONQUEST CHURCH IN ENGLAND

By Margaret Deanesly (Oxford, \$6.00)

In many respects this period of English ecclesiastical history demands of the scholar not only comprehensive perspective and sound judgment, but also some of the attributes of one who works jig-saw puzzles. Fragments of correspondence, devotional biographies of saints, official charters and grants, together with penitentials, synodical decrees, legal codes and even archeological findings, must all be fitted together in order to get some approximation of what was happening in this at times obscure millennium. Miss Deanesly, now professor emerita of history at London University, adds luster to an already well-established reputation in this, her latest publication.

Even though the original source materials are so very scattered and of such a fragmentary nature, Miss Deanesly has produced a volume which is concise, accurate, and of a most readable style.

She may be excused for devoting a somewhat disproportionate part of her work to the short period that began with the arrival of Theodore of Tarsus at Canterbury in 669 and ended with the death of the Venerable Bede in 735. The reason: Bede has no extant counterpart in the other more than nine centuries.

It would have been good to have had the author's evaluation of the contributions that the English Church made, directly and indirectly, to the social-political-ecclesiastical life of the continent through the influence of St. Boniface, Alcuin, and the many other emigrating English clergy who contributed so much to the Carolingian period.

Quite aside from this single negative criticism, this is a "must" for the library of every pastor and layman who recognizes that church history *did* begin before Wittenberg, 1517, and who would like a truly authoritative and comprehensive coverage of what had happened outside Rome and Germany before then.

HERBERT W. KNOPP

BAKER'S BIBLE ATLAS

By Charles F. Pfeiffer (Consulting Editors: E. Leslie Carlson and Martin H. Scharlemann) (Baker, \$7.95)

It is difficult for a reviewer to evaluate a functional book, such as an atlas, dictionary, or encyclopedia, until he is actually required to consult it regarding some knotty problem. This reviewer has been most pleasantly surprised on several occasions by the substantial character of *Baker's Bible*

Atlas' contents. Biblical events are presented in the context of cultural and historical situations of the ancient world empires. The text is written in a concise, straightforward style which lends clarity to the entire undertaking.

The volume includes twenty-six colored maps covering Biblical history from 2000 B.C. to the Holy Land today. Many readers may find the concluding chapters, "Bible Lands Today" and "Biblical Archeology in the Twentieth Century," a special contribution. The choice of subjects treated and the photography throughout the volume indicates scholarly discretion on the part of the editors.

The term relevance is so misused that we are most reluctant to invoke it at this point. Yet an excellent Atlas such as this does wonders in relating Biblical events to Christian faith today. Too much Bible study is abstracted from its geographical and historical matrix and made to sound like the lectures of a nineteenth-century German philosopher. It imposes alien categories on minds which operated in a manner quite different from our own.

One may hope that this volume, manageable in size and lucid in organization, may form a part of the working library of seminarians and pastors.

GENERAL

MAY MAN PREVAIL?

By Erich Fromm (Doubleday, \$4.50)

Erich Fromm looks at our troubled world and at the possibility of a thermonuclear disaster from the point of view of a psychoanalyst, a field in which he acquired worldwide reputation. He diagnoses the world's ills in the relatively simple terms of Freudism. He implies that the nations of the West are the victims of paranoid thinking concerning the intentions of the Soviet leaders. According to Fromm, the Soviet regime is not revolutionary, it is not even socialist; it is conservative both in its domestic and in its foreign policies. Far from being interested in the overthrow of the existing non-Communist governments, the Soviet Union looks with disfavor at any revolutionary movement endangering the status quo prevailing in the world. The Soviet leaders do not want to dominate the globe. The U.S.S.R. is not an imperialistic state. All the "evil" intentions attributed to the Soviet Union are only in the mind of the people of the West, who are afflicted by paranoia.

The medicine he prescribes is just as simple: we have to overcome our belief that the Communists are after us and that the

Soviet Union wants to dominate the world. Only then can the cold war be brought to an end and an atomic holocaust be prevented. As conditions for an agreement with the Soviet, he suggests universal disarmament and an American-Russian *modus vivendi* on the basis of the status quo. The latter requires American recognition of Soviet right of domination over the captive nations of Central Eastern Europe. It also means the formal acceptance by the West of the division of Germany. Fromm's proposition would divide the globe into an American and a Russian sphere of interest.

Apart from the question whether we are entitled to bargain away other people's right to independent survival and national unification, it is very questionable whether such betrayal of our belief in the right of self-determination of all nations would bring the desired result: the securing of peace and the lifting of the nightmare of an always impending global catastrophe. Also, by adopting Fromm's proposition we would expose ourselves to dangers resulting from giving away our best cards in the cold war: satellite unrest and German alliance.

The proofs psychologist Fromm enumerates to reassure us that the Soviet Union is not aiming at upsetting the international status quo and at imposing its rule over the world are not convincing. With all due respect to his unquestionable scholarship in his own field, it has to be said that historians and political scientists will easily discover flaws in his book where he relates facts of recent history and struggles with problems of political science. They will find him both amateurish and naive when he ventures into their fields.

Fromm contends that after World War II Europe lay open to the Soviet for invasion and they did not move. He also argues that in the turmoil and the revolutionary situations prevailing all over the world after the war was over it would have been easy for the Soviet Union to take over the control of a number of governments, but that not being imperialistically minded, they let the opportunity slip by without acting. In his enumeration of countries which could have fallen easy prey to the Soviet Union, he names such countries as Greece, Turkey, Iran, Cambodia, and Laos. As special cases he also mentions France and Italy.

Besides the known fact that at that time the United States still possessed the monopoly of the atomic bomb, an extremely efficient deterrent to keep Russia out of mischief, it is simply not true that the Soviet Union "*did not try* (the italics are mine) to put governments under her yoke

where she could have done so without any great risk." The opposite is true. The Soviet Union tried very hard to stir up trouble, to incite revolutions, to infiltrate nationalist movements, to pressure governments in order to fish in the troubled waters. The Communist parties in India, Indonesia, Burma, the Philippines, Malaya, Korea, Vietnam, and elsewhere, acting as agents of the U.S.S.R., financed, aided, and advised by her, did their utmost to overthrow their respective governments. Soviet sponsored revolts, uprisings, civil wars, guerrilla fighting resulted, in some cases lasting many years.

In Europe, the two classical cases were Greece and Turkey. The Greek civil war was fomented and the Greek Communist partisans were supported and directed by the Soviet Union and her satellites. Turkey was put under terrific Soviet psychological pressure with the intention of wearing down the country's moral resistance, and had to be kept in a defensive war-readiness which easily could have brought her to economic collapse, had it not been for the United States' help under the Truman Doctrine. Few remember today that the U.S.S.R. in those years presented a claim demanding Soviet control over Lybia.

To these cases testifying to the Soviet Union's ambitious imperialism we also have to add the annexation of the formerly independent Baltic republics the U.S.S.R. and the forced establishment of Communist regimes all over Central-Eastern Europe, which resulted in the building of a Soviet-dominated satellite empire. Although recognizing aggressive Soviet action in this case, Fromm dismisses the tragedy of the captive nations in two lines.

It may be very pleasant for Westerners to hear that the Soviet Union has no intent to stir up revolutions in foreign countries, and that she has no interest in world revolution. For many, it might be very reassuring to read that Russia is not socialist, or Marxist, but that she is a conservative "managerial" nation-state where class differentiation is the rule and where economic inequality exists on a broad scale. Not a few may be cheered to learn from Fromm how the Soviet leaders sold Marxism down the river, and how they adulterated humanistic, democratic socialism.

Some doubters, learning about the "conservative" character of the Soviet regime, will wonder why then the Communist leaders themselves contradict Fromm's assertions concerning their "innocence." They do this every time they express their desire to see the world transformed according to the pattern of Communist ideology. Did Khrushchev himself not say: "We will bury you!", and "Your grandchildren will live under Communism"? This contradiction between what Fromm says about the Communist leaders and their own

statements could, of course, be easily explained by simply saying that the Communists lie, that they do not mean what they say, that they are fooling people when they talk in terms of revolutionizing the world.

However, this is not what Fromm is saying. He is not accusing the Russians of lying. In order to explain this evident contradiction, he is using a tour de force borrowed conveniently from the field of Freudian psychology. He says that the Russian leaders are "rationalizing" when they talk in terms of Communist ideology, in this special case of world revolution. They are not lying, they are subjectively sincere when they talk in revolutionary terms, but these thoughts have little weight, they are not real, they act only as a cover (a "rationalization") for their real impulses which motivate them unconsciously. Put into simple "de-psychoanalyzed" terms, the Communist leaders do not act according to their Communist ideology in which they sincerely profess to believe, but they act according to their subconscious impulses.

At this point, this reviewer himself is tempted to ask for permission to do a little psychoanalyzing. He notes that when it comes to the "German Problem" Fromm shows that he himself is not completely beyond some "paranoid thinking." He seems to share the Soviet fears of a revival of German nationalism. In the reviewer's view, he is unreasonably critical of Adenauer's Germany.

On the other hand, he seems to be very much impressed by Tito's brand of Communism, which he considers approximating pretty closely humanitarian Socialism, an ideology in which he himself believes.

As far as his political preference is concerned, he is stressing the primacy of social and economic democracy, and seems not to realize the paramount importance of political democracy, whose essential role in the creation of social justice and general economic welfare seems to escape him. He is, however, emphasizing the dignity and the independence of the individual, which is an aspect of political democracy.

To support his fundamental thesis that a Soviet-American reconciliation is possible, he also makes the point that the two systems are gradually drawing closer to each other. This is not only because the Russians and the Americans both emphasize material success and technical achievements, not only because the Soviet economic and social system is also more and more based on the values of and directed by the managerial class, but also because individualism is more and more losing out in the United States under the pressure of big government, big corporations, and big labor unions as it did in Russia as a result of the Communist victory. By thinking in economic terms, he shows ignorance about the

fundamental difference between their system and ours: the Western governments still uphold political democracy, but the Soviet Union is a totalitarian government. The basic differences between the two systems, and consequently the values at stake in the Cold War, are not economic but political.

While it is true that the fundamental message of this book is of questionable value, and great dangers would arise should the Western leaders accept its suggestions, it also has to be pointed out that in more than one respect Fromm offers deep insights into man's mind and helps us to understand better some problems of great importance. His critical views about the Soviet brand of Communism are sharp and instructive, his description of unadulterated Marxism is in line with the newest research on the subject, his views about Russian-Chinese tension are worth serious consideration, and the stress he puts on the final liquidation of colonialism is justified.

The book reads well and is useful as representing a respected writer's dissent from the generally accepted line of thinking. It is a work of a man of high ideals, of intellectual integrity, and of deep social responsibility.

Our criticism of *May Man Prevail* is based on the past and the present. As far as the future is concerned, there are only a few faint signs which might be conceived as pointing to a coming change in world affairs in the sense favored by Fromm.

ZOLTAN SZTANKAY

THE COMING FURY

By Bruce Catton (Doubleday, \$7.50)

A deluge of fascinating detail emerges from Bruce Catton's most recent contribution on the Civil War, *The Coming Fury*. This particular period of history was not a decade of dull and monotonous melancholy but rather an era of frightening violence and malicious bitterness over the unresolved sectional issues involved in the economics of slavery. The "pursuit of happiness" was a tense pursuit of peace between the rival sections. There were many fruitless efforts at compromise in trying to perpetuate a government that was to "derive their just powers from the consent of the governed." This confusing and frustrating period of anxiety was just too formidable for the great leadership so dedicated to democracy.

Mr. Catton reveals new lights in this complicated perspective with his well-tailored words and phrases. There is a delicate balance a thoroughness, and an authoritative presentation that gives the reader a sense of profound satisfaction and a refreshing assurance of better understanding and clarity than ever before. The Prophet Ezekiel said: "And I looked and,

behold, whirlwinds came out of the north." Coming also from the south, the whirlwind became a tornado that caused tragic disaster to a youthful and vigorous nation.

The pattern of action in this big and beautiful volume depicts peoples' thoughts and follies. The Southerner preferred to choose the "ecstasies of Hell" rather than submit to the "Black Republican." The professional historian of Catton's competence seeks not to judge but to interpret and communicate to the reader. This the author has achieved. There were ruthless tactics in operational politics in the background scenes as well as a picturesque richness in the dramatic passions and pyrotechnics portrayed in the incidental details.

One almost visits the political conventions as the reader becomes so absorbed in the exposure of the exciting panorama of this colorful period. The author plows a lot of new ground in his zest for accurate detail. There is a bleak and grim finality about the coming inevitable struggle as the writer fits the precise segments into the over-all architecture. The book bristles with vigor as it intensifies the old abstract and problematical concept of freedom versus authority.

Dr. Albert Schweitzer said recently that perhaps "man's greatest problem was to understand and control the civilization he has created." The mid-nineteenth century was, probably, one of the most challenging in all our history. There were great minds in that era as well as courageous thinking and it all reminds your reviewer of the grim contemporary drama at its present international level. Those folks, then, were pitiful in their anxiety to find the Messiahs for the nation's welfare. They found themselves in an emotional pattern that could even be projected to the type that characterizes the thinking people today. As they searched the national flotsam for solution, so we still find ourselves lonely in our attempts to find methods to assuage our modern world problems.

Catton is illuminating as he narrates the approach of the Civil War. The slavery question was to fragmentize the growing nation as Lincoln, Douglas, Breckinridge, Bell, Seward, Crittenden, and others tried to hold the parts together. Jefferson Davis was a reluctant dissenter as were also Lee, Stephens, and others. Public opinion, however (and, at this time, state patriotism), is a powerful tide in the control of men's minds. The accumulated mass of startling events moves along with incredible speed from the national nominating conventions in 1860 through the battle of Bull Run in 1861.

It is always a comforting experience when one attains greater understanding of what heretofore had been rather enigmatic. Catton gives the reader a glowing feeling of achievement as he unfolds this great

story that still sectionalizes the thoughts and interpretation of our nation's history.

RALPH EUGENE SCHENCK

THE WAR CALLED PEACE — KHRUSHCHEV'S COMMUNISM

By Harry and Bonaro Overstreet (W. W. Norton, \$4.50)

This book is a warning to the credulous and to the wishful thinker not to let themselves be deluded into believing that since Stalin's death Communism has gradually mellowed to the point where we have nothing to fear. By his clownish ways and by his seemingly goodnatureed disposition Khrushchev impresses many as a jolly good fellow with whom it should be possible to get along. Others think that Khrushchev is a realist not much concerned with ideological consideration, and that his chief aim is to get things done. It follows, they think, that he would not start an atomic war to impose a doctrine on the rest of the world. Even writers who should know better try to persuade themselves and the public of the West that under Khrushchev's priesthood we face a radically changed Communism from that over which Stalin presided. Did Khrushchev himself not call Stalin a mad man in his marathon speech to the twentieth party congress in 1956?

The Overstreets warn us not to entertain such an illusion about Khrushchev and present day Communism. They warn us not to let ourselves be lulled into giving up our defenses because Khrushchev is promising "peaceful coexistence." They caution us not to delude ourselves into believing that Khrushchev, because he wants to get things done, forgets about the Communist ideology. They state that "Khrushchev, however, wants to get Communist things done, by Communist means, in the service of Communist aims" (Page 62). In one of the best chapters of the book they recognize that "Marxism-Leninism, has been remade, time and again, to fit the purposes of the Communist power system and its current dictator; but it has, all the while, been kept 'infallible' — because both the power system and the drive for world conquest would collapse without it" (Page 73). These are wise words.

Along with these general warnings about the unchanging nature of Communism and the danger inherent in it, the Overstreets give special attention to some of the fallacies prevailing in certain American circles about Khrushchev's Communism. They warn us not to think that negotiating with the Communists serves any useful purpose, stating, "There is no reason to think that it will be safe, at any time in the foreseeable future to entertain the naive hope that any true solution of international problems can result from any negotiations

to which the Communists are a party" (Page 324).

They similarly reject as false hope the belief that disarmament would bring peace. In this connection they quote E. B. White, who wrote that "disarmament in this day would increase, not diminish, the danger of war" (Page 328). What is implied here is the supposition that the "balance of terror" will keep peace because neither of the two giant powers would dare to challenge fate by striking against the other and thus invite an atomic counter-strike. While we concur with the authors that talking about disarmament, or even negotiating with the Russians about it will not do any good, and while we also agree with them that it is highly unrealistic to hope that the "West and East" ever will agree on disarmament, we have to contradict them strongly when they express the hope that the prevailing "balance of terror" is a guaranty of peace. This is a very dangerous supposition.

The Overstreets also take issue with the fallacy that the undoubtedly spectacular economic development in Russia would have been impossible by any other method than Communism. They point to the recent advances in Yugoslavia where, according to them, different methods are used. However, as Yugoslavia is also a Communist state, the example is not the best. Referring to India would have better served their purpose. The authors also could have used the more effective argument that if only democracy had been given a chance in Russia after the defeat of the oppressive regime of the Czars, it too could have brought about the modernization and industrialization of the country, and this without the terrible suffering of the people and without giving up human rights, freedoms, and the people's participation in the political process.

The chapters in which the problem of the unchanging Communist methods is taken up and exposed are informative and useful. Illustrations are given to prove that Khrushchev is not less reluctant than Stalin to falsify past events and to rewrite history to favor his personal interest and enhance his prestige. Neither is he less interested in poisoning the atmosphere with the products of Communist propaganda, and in covering the globe with printed matter in order to dope the peoples of the world. He is just as shrewd in Communist double-talk and in distorting the meaning of words and intentionally confusing people with Communist phraseology. If Stalin was brutal enough to establish colonial rule in the very heart of Europe over the nations of the Central Eastern part of the continent, Khrushchev, while talking big against imperialism and colonialism, is no less of a slaveholder, and certainly was not less brutal when he sent the Soviet army to kill

thousands of Hungarian workers and peasants in order to extirpate the budding freedom for which they rose at the time of the Hungarian Revolution in 1956. Discussing the Berlin crisis as a case study, the Overstreets prove that Khrushchev is no less willing to use blackmail, no less apt to do some saber and missile rattling, than his dead master, Stalin.

While this reviewer is deeply aware of the necessity of enlightening our rather gullible public about the fundamentally unchanged nature of Communism and about the danger the West is facing, he thinks that the authors are rather hurting their own case by underestimating the accomplishments and the dynamics of Communism. They are too optimistic in their appraisal of the future and the chances of Communism in it. We do not think that they are justified to think that "there is increasing evidence that both his [Khrushchev's] boasting and his denouncing have been carried to the point where they evoke less and less response" (Page 75). They even talk about Communism's future as being "dated." They state that "there is another reason, also, for believing *Communism's time is running out*" (Page 75). We are not yet so sure either "that the drama of experimental pluralism appears to be regaining its hold" (Page 76). They even go so far as to put a time limit to the ascendancy of Communism by saying "If the free world can firmly hold the line, let us say, another decade or so . . . it may become too late for Communism to add further victories" (Page 75).

The facts do not justify such optimism. But such optimism also seriously weakens the effect of the intended message of the book, which wants to present a warning against Communist talk of "peaceful co-existence" and against the illusion that Khrushchev is offering real peace.

Along with our misgiving concerning this optimist view, another objection rises in the mind while reading the book. The Overstreets do seem to think that, while Communism is evil, everything is right with the West. They do seem to believe that as long as we succeed in holding onto what we have, things will be all right.

They do not search our own soul, they do not probe deep into our own problems, they do not examine our attitudes and plans. They do not offer any solution to the ills of the world on which Communism is thriving. They leave unanswered the question of how to establish peace and how to abolish poverty. This in spite of the fact that war and poverty are problems for which Communism does offer a seemingly plausible solution, false as we are convinced this solution is. A book whose chief aim is to warn about the Communist danger can hardly afford to ignore this problem.

While we agree that Communism can be defeated, this can only come about if the West will formulate and carry out a program aiming at the solution of the double problem of war and poverty; and this in a way which will not require from mankind the sacrifice of giving up human rights and political democracy.

To be self-satisfied with what we have, as the Overstreets seem to suggest, will not do anymore. To conserve the values of the past is important, but it is not enough. Not even going back to Jefferson, as they recommend, will suffice. Great as America's political heritage is, it is not enough in itself to build peace and prosperity in an emerging new world. Communism must be defeated, but it can be only if the West moves progressively ahead.

While it is necessary to warn the West not to indulge in believing that with Khrushchev's rise Communism lost its sting, it is also necessary to warn the West not to believe that things are all right in the free part of the world as they are today.

The best defense against Communism is progress, and not only political but also social and economic progress.

ZOLTAN SZTANKAY

LUTHER COLLEGE 1861-1961

By David T. Nelson (Luther College Press, \$6.00)

The job of writing the centennial history of a college, a congregation, or a business establishment is always a tricky one. Many things happen over a period of a hundred years, not all of them flattering to the institutional image. In some cases, the fires of old controversies still smoke, needing no more than a wrong word or sentence to fan them back to life. Good men make foolish mistakes, some of them obvious only in retrospect. The present leadership has both its partisans and its critics between whom, even if the historian tries his best to be objective, he finds it difficult to arbitrate.

Luther College in Decorah, Iowa, has a history which contains its share of controversy, all of which Dr. Nelson faithfully records. Like many another denominational institution, it had its misunderstandings and disagreements with its supporting denomination. One gets the impression, however, of a college and a church body which genuinely cared for each other and which, even in controversy, respected each other.

The element of controversy should not be over-emphasized. The over-all picture one gets from Dr. Nelson's history is one of a church and a college working toward the same ends. The college has contributed greatly to the church, and the church has taken an active and sympathetic interest in the college.

What makes the story fascinating is the

fact that in the history of Luther College is epitomized the social and intellectual history of Norwegian Lutheranism in the United States. Indeed, this history differs from the standard college history in being almost as much a history of its supporting church as of the college itself. Norwegian Lutheranism has a certain quality and flavor of its own. The Norwegians brought their culture with them and cherished it over the generations. Settling in communities of their own, they impressed their culture on their communities and even influenced the cultural development of whole states in what was then the Northwest. Their young men became active in political and intellectual life without, as in the case of many other second-generation Americans, passing through a deculturation process. The Preuses, for instance, have continued through four generations to produce public servants and clergymen in approximately equal numbers.

For the preservation of so much of the best in the old Norwegian culture, Luther and St. Olaf Colleges both deserve a large part of the credit. Committed from the outset to hard work, discipline, and academic excellence, these colleges have built solidly through the years and have won respect in the American academic world. Luther's alumni have made solid contributions to the life of the church and to the business and educational life of the nation. In return for what the college did for them, Luther's alumni seem to be unusually loyal to their alma mater. Dr. Nelson writes with wit and with obvious authority. The factual narrative is enlivened with anecdotes which do much to capture the "feel" of the place, particularly in its early days. Missouri Synod Lutherans should be interested in Dr. Nelson's account of relations between the Norwegians and the Missourians during the years when Walther dominated conservative Lutheranism in America.

THE BOOTLEGGERS AND THEIR ERA

By Kenneth Allsop (Doubleday, \$4.95)

The author of this volume is literary editor of the London *Daily Mail*. He first came to Chicago in 1958, and in the prologue reveals why he picked "Chicago as the principal area of his study of Prohibition and its consequences." The acknowledgements and the bibliography indicate the extensive research and preparation for this manuscript.

Allsop reports that vice, lawlessness, and corruption began in Chicago in the 1830's, when it was known as "the mudhole of the prairies." These evil conditions continued to exist because the public willingly tolerated this situation and because a large section of the public demanded these illegal services. In the early 1900's, organized criminals gained control of Chicago through political protection and police corruption.

They promoted prostitution and gambling for huge profits. With the advent of the Eighteenth Amendment, professional criminal groups used their techniques to operate the illicit liquor industry. They were satisfying the demands of many otherwise law-abiding citizens for intoxicating beverages.

This very well-written book is primarily concerned with Chicago's fourteen years of the "Bootleg Era" — January 7, 1920, to December 5, 1933 — and with Al Capone as the central figure. The author also gives detailed accounts of the personal lives and the varied activities of all of the bigwig gangsters, as well as many of the public and political officials of this period.

The beginning of the Prohibition era found small gangs operating the illegal liquor business in their respective sections of Chicago and the suburbs. The potential of immense profits prompted stronger gangs to expand their territory. This led to gangland warfare, resulting in 703 gangster killings. The bloody mobster rivalry ended viciously in 1929, when Al Capone emerged as the leader of organized crime in Chicago, after the brutal St. Valentine's Day Massacre which eliminated Capone's arch enemy and competitor, Bugs Moran.

Throughout this book the author narrates many incidents and events involving violence and brutality such as the murders of William McSwiggin, an assistant state's attorney of Cook County, and Alfred "Jake" Lingle, a *Chicago Tribune* reporter. Problems confronting conscientious and sincere law enforcement agents, anti-gang crusades, and election activities of the mobsters are also related. Factual material concerning Mafia activities in Chicago and the conviction of Al Capone by Federal authorities are well presented.

A former alderman once remarked, "Chicago is unique. It is the only complete corrupt city in America." Organized crime in Chicago has extended over many years. It has become so powerful and so well established that, although the leaders have been replaced, organized crime has not ceased to exist. This book provides some insight as to how Chicago created its own reputation, and the efforts and techniques used to maintain that reputation.

ANTHONY S. KUCHARICH

STRAW IN MY CAMEL'S HAIR

By Naida Buckingham and Ingrid Etter

Once upon a time, an Arabian king and his sheiks ("aggressive dark men in flapping white robes, black shoes peeping inconspicuously from under their nightdresses") journeyed to Geneva, Switzerland. Because it was necessary to maintain certain appearances in the strange country, the King purchased an office, hired two American

secretaries, and settled his entourage in large and numerous rented villas.

The King, of course, had nothing whatever to do with the functioning of the office, except to issue kingly orders. ("Let's buy a Bank today.") These orders came from the top, strained through degrees of ministers and princes to countless Arabian relatives. ("These gentlemen were 'Staff' for pay-check purposes only. Worker bees there were none.")

The American secretaries were made of stern and stable stuff. In addition to the routine secretarial work, they listed these items:

1. Palace duty
2. Supervision of ten villas
3. Hiring and firing domestic staff of above
4. Sheep raising
5. Shopping
6. Entertaining
7. Organizing twenty-five chauffeurs and double the number of Cadillacs

They were required during their term of employment to order greyhounds from London, midwives from Germany, delousing powder, piebald ponies, firearms, and half a ton of lentils. ("We were as busy as squirrels preparing for the Arabian winter, if there is such a thing.")

The two ladies have now left the employ of the Arabian knights, and apparently prefer it that way. They remember them with affection, but distance does not make their hearts one wit fonder for the old days.

An amusing tale, lightly told and lightly read.

ANNE SPRINGSTEEN

CURTMANTLE

A play by Christopher Fry (Oxford, \$3.50)

It is always with great regret that one comments on the work of a sincere and good writer in a very negative manner. But failures are part of every creative spirit, and we must call Christopher Fry's latest play, "Curtmantle," a failure.

Perhaps his tremendous gift for the word, his exuberant juggling with sounds, all that we have come to admire so much in "The Lady's Not For Burning" constructed the trap in which he has caught himself. At any rate, he has become the victim of his own forte. In "Curtmantle," the first historical play he has tackled, he deals with the conflict between Henry II and Thomas Becket, a topic made familiar to us in so divergent approaches as T.S. Eliot's "Murder in the Cathedral" and in Anouilh's "Becket," which only recently proved its dramatic mettle on many stages on both continents.

A reading of Mr. Fry's play leaves one with the feeling that his version does not seem to have the strong dramatic drive to

make it stageworthy. The characters are drowned in words, their conflicts lack urgency and humanity. One feels the tragedy that lies in the characters and their struggles, but what is missing is the lucidity, the immediacy that speaks to us in dramatic terms. This play is at best a magnificent failure.

WALTER SORELL

FICTION

CLOCK WITHOUT HANDS

By Carson McCullers (Houghton Mifflin, \$4.00)

This is an excellent story by a woman who has a highly individual style of writing. Miss McCuller's words are vulgar at times but perhaps this is the method by which she attains her very successful character portrayals.

Clock Without Hands has as its hero a man who, at the age of forty, is dying of leukemia. Malone's close friend is Judge Fox Clane. The Judge at eighty-five is a strange mixture of the practical, alert politician and the senile old man dwelling in the past.

The Judge's grandson, Jester, is the third character in this novel. Jester, confused and idealistic, is trying to find himself in a world that he can not understand.

The fourth and last of those we meet in this story is Sherman Pew. Sherman is a blue eyed "Nigra." His one ambition is to discover the secret of his parentage. This question is answered quite by accident during one of the Judge's reminiscences and leads to quite a catastrophe.

H. MATHEWS

THE MOON AND THE THORN

By B. J. Chute (Dutton, \$3.75)

Here is a novel of the past and present which tells the story of Henrietta Blackwell, the "bad" girl of Great Island.

Henrietta returns to her home island after the death of the man with whom she ran away thirty years before. She is cruelly judged by all but a few. The philosophy of the old witch might apply to many: "Half the troubles of the world comes from looking at other folks in your own mirror."

Hetty finally comes to realize that "wickedness lay, not in having loved too much but in having loved too little. It was not enough to call it, as the minister called it, singleness. It was blindness, eyes closed to every world except her own."

In *The Moon and the Thorn* Miss Chute's characterizations are good and the narrative is not bad but this novel does not come up to the standards of her preceding one, *Greenwillow*.

H. MATHEWS

A Minority Report

The Christophers

By VICTOR F. HOFFMANN



IN *Careers that Change the World*, James Keller, the father of the *Christopher* movement, continues his intention and purpose of underlining "the fact that every individual, young or old, rich or poor, highly educated or untutored, in low position or high, can play an important part, however small, under God, in changing world trends for the better."

This statement serves also to explain the meaning of *Christopher*, that is, Christ-bearer.

In *Careers that Change the World*, Father Keller wants this statement to take on specific meaning: "This book endeavors to go one step further. It aims to draw attention . . . to the fact that certain vital careers decide the fate of the world, in which each of us has a stake. While persons of high character and competence are needed in every phase of private and public life — in the home, the church, the professions, business, the farm, the factory — in a more particular way they are needed in the creative spheres of life that affect the destiny, for time and eternity, of all mankind."

The areas that are related to "the creative spheres of life" according to Father Keller are education, government, labor relations, communications, social service, and library work.

He complains about the current status of these areas or professions: "Because most of us have taken the 'Let George do it' attitude, we have presumed that someone else would take care of everything else while we took good care of ourselves. *We have neglected these careers that count.* On the other hand, the self-seekers, the weaklings, the opportunists, and those dedicated to perversion and subversion have recognized the importance of these key fields and have been swarming into them as fast as they can. They readily see that a handful of persons, good or bad, in these vital fields can make or break any nation, can cripple the home, religion, and every other civilizing influence."

Father Keller has slogans ready for the situation: "Do something about it." Or: "Better to light one candle than curse the darkness." Or: "In exact proportion as light is added, so does the darkness disappear." Finally: "After all, it is your world, your government, your atomic energy, your labor problems, your social service as much as it is anybody's."

To make the world better really means, in Keller's

vocabulary, "trying to win the game for God." To do this, you will see and understand "the importance of having the best possible players on your team." To do otherwise is to lose the game to the godless.

The book is directed to you, the individual, with an over-simplification, perhaps, of the uniqueness of the role you as an individual can play in the game: "No one else can substitute or supply the contribution that you — and you alone — can make." Without doubt, this is also most certainly true.

Carrying out this doctrine of individualism (a *Christion with guts*, to use a phrase from Keller), the followers of *Christopher* precepts begin *Christ-bearing* by working on a voluntary basis and "there were to be no meetings, no memberships, no subscriptions, no dues." Consequently, each *Christopher* "was expected to stand on his own feet, to show personal initiative and responsibility, to undergo personally the valuable missionary experience of finding his own sphere of operations, to get into career work of his own choosing."

In re-assuring tones, Father Keller asserts "that one need not necessarily be brilliant, well-trained, or in a high position." He does this on the basis of Scripture: "The foolish things of the world hath God chosen, that he may confound the wise; and the weak things of the world hath God chosen, that he may confound the strong."

If enough persons are found that reflect the "*Christopher*" image and the state of mind, this book contends, we can talk about the transformation "that can take place over our country — and over the earth." All that has to be done is to find enough persons to move into these crucial areas and through them into the creative areas of life.

In *One Moment Please!*, Father Keller maintains that each one of us has within him "the power to change the world." In a comment on Keller's book, *Three Minutes a Day*, Bob Hope, a comedian to the end, says: "These capsules of goodness are a tonic for right thinking. Three minutes a day seems little enough for us to ad lib with our own conscience."

The *Saturday Review of Literature* refers to another of Keller's monographs: *You Can Change the World* is ". . . a simple, explosive, contagious idea."

The Pomp of Yesterday

By ANNE HANSEN

THE METROPOLITAN centers of our land are dotted with impressive reminders of a bygone day. These are the large, ornate, often garish, and only occasionally artistic movie palaces that were part and parcel of the golden age of the motion-picture industry. *The Best Remaining Seats*, by Ben M. Hall, a member of the editorial staff of *Time* magazine, takes us on a nostalgic tour of some of the famous theaters erected in many cities in our country before the great depression began to make disastrous inroads on our economy.

In a foreword to Mr. Hall's book Bosley Crowther, noted critic of the *New York Times*, observes that "these were the tangible illusions in which the more shadowy illusions were contained." Here, merely for the price of admission, men and women from the less affluent strata of society could share with the wealthy the exotic and luxurious surroundings denied to them in everyday living and could forget for the moment the cares and problems of the prosaic workaday world outside.

Today most of these great theaters still in existence have taken on the look of age and neglect. In the heyday of these palaces throngs of moviegoers moved through the vast lobbies and traversed the softly carpeted marble staircases. Now it is most unusual to see a capacity audience even for important film releases. Gone is the corps of highly trained, smartly uniformed ushers; and gone, too, is the overall air of elegance and decorum that predated the advent of the era of hot dogs, popcorn, ice cream, and soft drinks. And gone forever is what was the most fantastically elaborate and perhaps most widely publicized theater in the world — S. L. Rothafel's New York *Roxy*, which was razed last year. *The Best Remaining Seats*, with its outstanding illustrations, adds a valuable chapter to the history of the first of the great mass media.

In spite of the decline of the huge movie houses of yesteryear and in spite of the general air of gloom that has pervaded the motion-picture industry in recent years, box-office receipts in 1961 were up almost 4 per cent over the preceding year, and they actually may reach the all-time record of one and one-half billion dollars set in 1946.

"For unto us a Child is born, unto us a Son is given; and the government shall be upon His shoulder; and His name shall be called Wonderful, Counselor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace." These words spoken by the prophet Isaiah long before the advent of the Messiah paint a vivid word picture that can and should serve as a guide and a precept for any producer who attempts to portray the life

of Jesus of Nazareth. This concept of the Savior is recognized and treasured by Christians everywhere. It seems fair, then, to ask whether this image of Christ emerges from Samuel Bronston's *King of Kings* (M-G-M, Nicholas Ray). The answer must be an emphatic no. I am fully conscious of the difficulties inherent in bringing the story of the King of kings to the screen and of the almost impossible task of successfully portraying the Person of our Lord. But in *King of Kings* we are to believe that this is an honest and factual account of Christ's sojourn on earth. It is not. The script which Philip Yordan wrote for this so-called "towering narrative of the life and times of Jesus" is unfaithful both to Holy Scripture and to recorded history. Here events are shamelessly and arbitrarily shaped to fit into an obviously contrived story line. The matchless drama of the birth of the Holy Child, His childhood, His public ministry, and His death become secondary to a ridiculous plot fashioned about Jewish unrest and open rebellion against the might of Rome. At best, the acting is unimpressive. The entire film fails utterly to capture the power, the glory, the poignant human aspects, and the tremendous significance to us of the great miracle of love which has inspired and comforted men through the ages. The color photography is magnificent. Incidentally, *King of Kings* is not to be confused with Cecil B. De Mille's *The King of Kings*, which was released in 1927 and is still seen in many cities during the Lenten season.

I recuperated from the stress and strain of the busy holiday season in a world of sheer make-believe. First there was *Flower Drum Song* (Universal-International, Henry Koster), adapted from the successful Broadway musical. Although this is not the finest work to come from the combined talents of Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II, it is nevertheless delightful and relaxing entertainment. The music is bright and melodious, the settings are lavish and colorful, the story is old and appealing, the direction is all that it should be, and the cast of Oriental players is exceptionally well chosen.

Next there was *Babes in Toyland* (Buena Vista, Jack Donahue), freely adapted from Victor Herbert's well-loved operetta, which dates back to the early days of the twentieth century. Audience reaction clearly indicated that this is wonderful entertainment for the very young as well as for adults who are fortunate enough to remember the delights and joys of their childhood. At any rate, Herbert's music has not lost its charm or its appeal. *The March of the Toys* is still delightful.

The Pilgrim



"All the trumpets sounded for him on the other side"

—PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

By O. P. KRETZMANN

LAST SPRING I was a tourist in Europe for approximately eight weeks . . . As the time between that experience and my routine days begins to lengthen, I look back upon our journey with a growing appreciation . . . In the course of every traveler's experiences there are certain moments which will be remembered longer than others . . . Usually they come quite unexpectedly and not at all when we might be emotionally prepared for them . . . One such moment was our entry into Rome . . . It was colossal — completely in the tradition of the Caesars returning triumphantly from conquests in Gaul or Africa or Asia Minor . . . It was nearly dusk as we drove into the city from the north . . . The Saturday evening rush-hour was upon us with Roman traffic at its turbulent best . . . Our driver and friend, ordinarily a good Christian and an excellent driver, saw the crowded streets and the swirling traffic as his one great challenging moment . . . He had been watching Italians drive with growing interest and appreciation for two days, and he had learned his lesson well . . . He drove into the traffic with a defiant laugh . . . To the accompaniment of blowing horns and shrieking police whistles we drove, followed now and then by Italian words which did not sound like the Apostolic Benediction . . . We did not drive recklessly . . . We were in Rome and we did as the Romans do — but apparently they did not feel that a car with a Danish license and an American driver should do what we were doing . . . We were headed for the Tiber because we knew we had to cross it to get to our hotel . . . After about a half hour of this triumphal progress we began to realize that something had gone wrong . . . Either the Tiber had changed its course, or we were headed in the wrong direction . . . Down the street we suddenly saw a policeman standing in the middle of Rome's widest thoroughfare . . . We bore left across three lanes of traffic and stopped beside him . . . We said in unison: "Hotel Quirinale. Where?" . . . With a despairing groan he looked at us, sized us up for what we were, raised his arm and pointed in the direction from which we had come . . . There was a moment of silence . . . Clearly this was an unprecedented crisis . . . He was evidently considering the problem from all angles . . . On the one hand, he had to maintain law and order; on the other hand, he had his instructions to be nice to all tourists, especially to crazy — but rich — Americans . . . Suddenly he reached a decision . . . He raised his whistle to his lips, blew fiercely and waved his arms widely . . . In a din of shrieking tires and brakes all

traffic stopped . . . With a wave of his hand he commanded us to turn around — and there in the middle of Rome's busiest thoroughfare we executed a majestic U-turn with several hundred Romans watching in stunned disbelief . . . We drove more slowly now because we were at the head of a respectful procession . . . We were very proud . . . We had demonstrated — here in the Eternal City — the power of the individual will over mass pressures, the fallibility of all rules and regulations, and the sympathetic, common recognition of a problem by men of different nations . . .

Another memory: As dusk came down over Vienna on Pentecost Eve I wandered around the corner to the Church of the Augustinians . . . The church itself is of little interest and is not mentioned in the guide-books . . . I thought, however, that on Pentecost Eve I would like to spend a few moments in a church conducted by the Order whose most illustrious member was — and is — a 16th century Augustinian monk by the name of Martin Luther . . . As I entered the side door, I heard the organ . . . Apparently the organist was practicing the Mozart Mass which he would play the following morning . . . There were only three other people in the great church, an Austrian woman saying her prayers at a side-altar, and two young people sitting in the front row holding hands . . . I sat quietly in the last row of pews, moved by the music with which the young Mozart had adorned the Mass two hundred years ago . . . As the organist closed the console and clumped down the stairs from the gallery, I noticed that one side-altar was more brilliantly illuminated than all the others . . . Curious, I wandered toward it . . . As I came closer, I saw a white placard with the words: "In honor of Saint Rita, our helper in lost and hopeless causes." . . . I looked at the inscription long and thoughtfully . . . Here clearly was the saint I had been seeking these many years . . . the one saint most relevant to my time and generation . . . The Iron Curtain was across the Danube only twenty miles away . . . I had been in Europe for almost two months and had sensed the need for Saint Rita . . . My world had little need of ordinary saints; to help us now we would have to find a special kind of saint — a saint who would stand by when nothing else was left . . . From my brief excursions into hagiology I remembered little of Saint Rita except the fact that she was not the kind of girl who would like to be prayed to . . . Like so many other saints she would probably be embarrassed by any adoration which was not devoted to the Throne before which she stands . . .

Professor Goehring

Now the shadows in the church were deep, and the sounds of Vienna were far away . . . On a sudden impulse I put ten groschen into the box before the altar and lit a candle for Saint Rita . . . Then I said a little prayer, not to Saint Rita but to our Lord, asking Him that if He knew her at all among the tens of thousands around His throne, He would listen to her with unusual attention during the remaining years of this century . . . With His help and grace some of these "lost causes" might still be saved, and our great darkness at noon might give way to a little light before we too would join Saint Rita . . .

Item: One whole afternoon we spent wandering around the ruins of the Forum . . . With a guidebook in one hand and a stick in the other we tried to identify the temples, courts and houses whose ruins stood before us as silent reminders of the passing of all human things . . . As dusk came down over the Eternal City, we made our way past the Temple of the Vestal Virgins and the restored Basilica (enemies in life and neighbors in death) up the narrow winding road which the mad Emperor Caligula had built so that he could ride his horse from the hill down into the Forum . . . At the end of the road we came to the house of the Caesars standing high and alone overlooking the other six hills of Rome . . . For a long moment I stood still trying to read meaning into the scene before me . . . Here within a stone's throw Caesar Augustus had decided that he wanted to know how many people he was ruling and, as a result, a man and his betrothed wife had taken the long and wearying journey from Nazareth to Bethlehem . . . Here, too, I remembered, Caesar Tiberius heard that his procurator in Judea was in trouble for the second time: "A good man, this Pilate," Caesar thought, "but a weak administrator." . . . A few years earlier in a fit of anger he had aroused the fanatical Jews by placing the Roman eagles in their temple in Jerusalem . . . It was a stupid thing to do . . . Now he was in trouble again — having a big argument with the Jews over the crucifixion of a carpenter's son from Nazareth . . . Truly Pilate had an unhappy way of getting mixed up with molehills . . . Here near this spot Caesar had probably decided to send Pilate into exile in Gaul . . . the end of a story that had begun on a Friday morning . . .

Of these and many other things the wind seemed to whisper as it blew through the cypresses . . . Here were sermons in stones and great lessons in broken walls . . . I turned away from Caesar's house — and stopped short . . . There — in the shadow of history, surrounded by the voices of two thousand years, at the very top of the Forum was our own contribution to the scene — a simple, austere sign with an arrow pointing west and carrying the single word: "Bar." . . . I wrapped my toga more closely around me . . . There was a sudden coolness in the evening wind . . . I went down the path where Caesar had walked and ordered a Coca-Cola . . .

Three Poems by Shigeji Tsuboi

THE ATTIC SUN

Gears gnash in my sunken belly
and handless footless neckless bodies
are groaning in travail
for all the world is blind and deaf

The sun imprisoned in an attic
smolders . . .

GLACIER

Sun sets as I gaze
at the frayed petals

The air around each flower autumns
and even butterflies have disappeared

Insect voices flow like water
over this fall evening
where there is no news from anybody

Insect voices penetrating the night
what are you seeking?
Your voices come flowing into my heart
till it finally becomes a river of ice.

THE DISINTERESTED SKY

All day long
I run about the city
but I make no money
Though surrounded by the town
winter's cold soaks my body.

The world is just too huge
for anyone to get angry with it.

The disinterested sky
spread out high overhead
yet even if I raised my fist
there is nothing to strike.

Translated from the Japanese by
ROBERT EPP