

11-1961

The Cresset (Vol. XXV, No. 1)

Valparaiso University

Follow this and additional works at: https://scholar.valpo.edu/cresset_archive



Part of the [Arts and Humanities Commons](#), and the [Public Affairs, Public Policy and Public Administration Commons](#)

This Full Issue is brought to you for free and open access by ValpoScholar. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Cresset (archived issues) by an authorized administrator of ValpoScholar. For more information, please contact a ValpoScholar staff member at scholar@valpo.edu.

Vol 25 in issue 2

The

4735

Cresset

A REVIEW OF LITERATURE,
THE ARTS, AND PUBLIC AFFAIRS



VOL. XXV, NO. 1

TWENTY CENTS

NOVEMBER, 1961

The
Cresset

O. P. KRETZMANN, *Editor*

JOHN STRIETELMEIER, *Managing Editor*

VICTOR F. HOFFMANN, *Associate Managing Editor*

ROBERT W. BERTRAM, *Associate Managing Editor*

The Cresset Associates

LOUIS F. BARTELT, M. ALFRED BICHSEL, PAUL M. BRETSCHER, ERWIN J. BULS, RICHARD R. CAEMMERER, DANIEL R. GAHL, ERNEST B. KOENKER, LUTHER P. KOEPKE, WILLIAM T. KOWITZ, CARL H. KREKELER, FRED W. KRUGER, VAN C. KUSSROW, JR., LESTER H. LANGE, ALFRED R. LOOMAN, JAROSLAV J. PELIKAN, PAUL F. PHIPPS, ARTHUR C. PIEPKORN, WALTER RIESS, JAMES S. SAVAGE, RICHARD W. SCHEIMANN, ROSS P. SCHERER, ROBERT V. SCHNABEL, ALLEN E. TUTTLE, RICHARD W. WIENHORST.

Departmental Editors

ANNE HANSEN (*Entertainment Arts*), WALTER A. HANSEN (*Music*), DELLA MARIE BAUER (*Poetry*), DORINDA H. KNOPP (*Books*), A. R. KRETZMANN (*Art*), WALTER SORELL (*Drama*).

Contributors

PAUL T. HEYNE, ALFRED P. KLAUSLER, MARTIN E. MARTY, JOHN R. MILTON, WALTER OETTING, JOHN E. SAVE-SON, ROBERT C. SCHULTZ, ANDREW SCHULZE, THEODORE C. SCHWAN, PAUL SIMON, HELMUT THIE-LICKE, HERBERT H. UMBACH.

WILBUR H. HUTCHINS, *Business Manager*

RICHARD H. LAUBE, *Circulation Manager*

IN THE NOVEMBER CRESSET - - -

| | | |
|---|-----------------------------------|----|
| IN LUCE TUA | <i>The Editors</i> | 3 |
| AD LIB. | <i>Alfred R. Looman</i> | 7 |
| THE GOOD LIFE - HOW GOOD IS IT? | <i>William T. Eggers</i> | 8 |
| VERSE: AND TOO, SUBLIME | <i>Judson Crews</i> | 13 |
| THE THEATRE: TWO WORLDS | <i>Walter Sorell</i> | 14 |
| FROM THE CHAPEL: THANKSGIVING | <i>Herman A. Preus</i> | 15 |
| ON SECOND THOUGHT | <i>Robert J. Hoyer</i> | 17 |
| DRAWINGS | <i>Robert Charles Brown</i> | 17 |
| THE FINE ARTS: TRIBUTE FOR GREATNESS | <i>A. R. Kretzmann</i> | 18 |
| THE MUSIC ROOM: FIVE UNUSUALLY FINE RECORDINGS | <i>Walter A. Hansen</i> | 20 |
| BOOKS OF THE MONTH | | 21 |
| LETTER TO THE EDITOR | <i>M. Alfred Bichsel</i> | 25 |
| VERSE: | | |
| GRAY DAY | <i>Jeanne Nuechterlein</i> | 25 |
| GO ROUND MERRY | <i>Joseph Cherwinski</i> | 25 |
| SIGHTS AND SOUNDS: "AN ALL-EMBRACING PUBLICATION" | <i>Anne Hansen</i> | 26 |
| A MINORITY REPORT | <i>Victor F. Hoffmann</i> | 27 |
| THE PILGRIM | <i>O. P. Kretzmann</i> | 28 |

Cresset

In Luce Tua

Comment on the Significant News by the Editors

Thoughts on a Birthday

WITH THIS ISSUE we begin our twenty-fifth year of publication, a fact which we mention at this time so as to allow our editorial colleagues on other publications ample time to write editorials worthy of the occasion for their November, 1962, issues. During the past twenty-four years, we have been required, by the demands of our calling, to comment on everything under the sun and on many things which lie beyond the solar system. Never, in all those twenty-four years, have we felt less competent to judge or evaluate or criticize than we do right now.

We suspect that most of us who got our formal education before World War II are, for all practical purposes, obsolete. The biology we learned knew little or nothing of genetics, the mathematics we learned will not suffice to help our children with their homework, the civics we learned presupposed a relatively stable social and political order which simply does not exist any longer. In 1937, people lived either in town or in the country, they were either sane or insane, they loved F.D.R. or they hated him, they were either chaste or fallen, and they knew right from wrong. We were well out of high school and into college before we saw our first soldier in uniform, and we knew for a fact that there were only 92 elements in the periodic table.

We knew about sex. What we knew was that dancing led to petting, and that people who petted before marriage ended up practicing birth control after they were married. Birth control, in turn, led to divorce, which was almost as bad as suicide unless one happened to be the innocent party. Nice girls did not dye their hair, use red fingernail polish, or smoke. Even fallen women did not wear shorts in public.

Intellectually, we have accepted the fact of change. In our bones, though, we know that the world has gone mad, that everything we knew to be true in 1937 is still true today. We can talk the language of 1961, but

we suspect that those who are truly native to these times detect traces of an accent that dates us as citizens of another era — an era which, since it had closed before they were born, seems as remote and antique to them as the Victorian Age or the Early Federal Period. We are — no point to blinking the fact — square, quite literally prehistoric, quaint. And our world is more distant from theirs than are the planets which some of them expect to explore in their lifetimes.

Everything that goes wrong nowadays is blamed on "a failure of communications." But the fact that this excuse is overused does not necessarily mean that there is no validity in it. Parent and child, teacher and student, pastor and people confront each other across a gap so wide that even the best will in the world can not altogether bridge it. Like a Dane talking to a Swede, each more or less understands, but at the same time more or less misunderstands, the other.

Time for a Change?

At the risk of sounding even more quaint than we actually are, we have to say that the only bond that we have found strong enough to hold us within hailing distance of the generations of our fathers and of our children is the bond of forgiveness. We have been forced to reject much that our fathers held to be true. We find it hard to accept much of what our children assume to be true. And yet there are lines which we can not bring ourself to cross in criticism either of our fathers or of our children.

We know that there are ways in which our fathers have betrayed us, but we have seen the marks of our betrayal in the eyes and lives of our children. We cringe when we read some of our editorials from ten or fifteen years ago, for so much of what we said by way of criticism of our fathers then could be written as an indictment of ourself today. The good that our fathers wanted to do, but could not, we have not been able to do either; and the evil that they did not want

to do, but have done, we too have done. And we are ready to join them in the confession that there is no health in us.

The function of a critic has, therefore, become much less easy for us and much more a matter of duty, to be undertaken if at all as an obligation of conscience. Whatever cocksureness we may once have felt has long since deserted us and we are prepared to take seriously the exhortation of old Oliver Cromwell: "I beseech you in the bowels of Christ to consider that you may be wrong."

Perhaps this all adds up to the single fact that, as magazines go, we have now reached middle age, the age which is most vulnerable to loss. We find it hard to inflict any additional hurt upon those whom life has already hurt enough and we hope not to be the first to inflict pain upon those who have not yet experienced it. Perhaps this means that it is time for *The Cresset* to get an infusion of new blood. We suspect that it is.

The Stennis Subcommittee

At the insistence of Senator Strom Thurmond, a reluctant Senate Armed Services Committee has set up a subcommittee to study charges of alleged muzzling of anti-Communist officers in the armed forces. The demand for this study was precipitated by the case of Major-General Edwin A. Walker, who was relieved of his command because of charges that he was indoctrinating his troops with certain ultra-conservative ideas under the guise of anti-Communist information.

Conservative sources charge that the subcommittee's chairman, Senator John Stennis, is less than enthusiastic about his assignment and that, therefore, the study is not likely to accomplish much. Liberals, on the other hand, have expressed concern that the very fact that a study is being made might seem to imply that military men can challenge the orders of their civilian superiors by appealing to the Congress.

We share the fears expressed by Mr. Eisenhower in his farewell address of a military establishment which, by reason of its very size, may become too powerful and too unwieldy to be kept under effective control by the civilian administration. Presidents come and go, Secretaries of Defense serve their brief terms of office, but the service hierarchies are dug in and tend to become self-perpetuating. The members of these hierarchies are dedicated men, profoundly patriotic and fiercely loyal to their services. Some of them from time to time cross the line from dedication to fanaticism, and at that point it becomes a matter of conscience with them to take public issue with their civilian superiors.

It is never a good thing to muzzle consciences. But in certain circumstances it may be necessary. For consciences can and do err, and judgments of conscience may be based upon faulty or partial information. The military officer who finds himself bound in conscience to disagree with his civilian superiors always has the

honorable alternative of resigning his commission and taking his case to the court of public opinion. We do not think that he has any right, whatever his rank, to question the authority of his commander-in-chief.

We do not want to see the United States become another Brazil where a self-perpetuating military government functions alongside the civilian administration and makes itself the ultimate arbiter of patriotism and public policy. It is hard enough for a nation to keep its eye on one government without having to contend with two.

Minimalism in Education

A good way to celebrate American Education Week, November 5-11, would be to read the introduction of an annual report by the Ford Foundation in which the Foundation reviews its various programs. This introduction is entitled "On the Utility of Education" and it includes the following two paragraphs which call for a bit of soul-searching on the part of all of us who are involved in the educational enterprise:

The constituent forces and interests of American society are in balance, but sometimes precariously. Economic decisions, political activity ranging from local zoning to national laws and court decisions, even artistic life, affect one another. Human progress, especially scientific advancement, make it impossible to retreat from an increasingly complex, interdependent organization of people. It is the supreme test of the democratic canon that the needs of a highly integrated society be served without debasing regional interests and the freedom and independence of the individual.

Today this challenge can be met only by people widely endowed with knowledge, imagination, flexibility, and dedication to the moral and philosophical foundations of democracy. Education is the source of this endowment.

This strikes us as being, at the same time, a wonderfully eloquent statement and a tragically insufficient one. Meeting "the supreme test of the democratic canon" is certainly a worthy challenge to our schools, possibly the highest challenge to which they can be called in a religiously pluralistic society. But "dedication to the moral and philosophical foundations of democracy" is not the chief purpose of man, nor is it the answer to his longing to know. In a very subtle way, these paragraphs point to the democratic system and its institutions and say, "These be thy gods, O Israel." But they are not, and most of us know they are not, and few of us could be content if they were.

"This," our Lord once said, "is life eternal, that they might know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ Whom Thou hast sent." Perhaps we might spare a few moments during American Education week to ask ourselves honestly how long we can ignore Him from Whom all blessings flow without losing the blessings themselves. There is a point at which the calculated

ignoring of Truth becomes the equivalent of loving and making a lie. We do not think that anything good or enduring can be built upon a lie.

Dag Hammarskjöld

Dag Hammarskjöld was a Swede, a civil servant, and, for the past eight years, secretary-general of the United Nations. As a Swede, he had learned that neutrality is a matter of scrupulous behavior and has nothing to do with sentiment. As a civil servant, he had learned to carry out policy without attempting to usurp the role of the policy-makers. As secretary-general of the United Nations, he became a man without a country so that he could impartially serve the interests of a hundred countries. He was a dedicated man, a hard-working man, a courageous man, and perhaps the most truly neutral man of his generation.

Hammarskjöld could neither be bought nor bullied. If he was pleased by praise, he never showed it. If he was hurt by censure, he licked his wounds in the lonely privacy of his apartment. His public face was the impassive mask of the poker player who is not interested in the conversation around the table but only in the progress of the game. This won him a reputation for being a cold fish — a reputation which, if anything, he seemed to cultivate.

It was Hammarskjöld's utter uncorruptibility which at first frustrated and later infuriated the Russians. They had been able to badger the first secretary-general, Trygve Lie, to the point where he welcomed the expiration of his term of office. Apparently they had thought that Lie's experience would be enough to caution any future secretary-general against crossing them. The fact that Lie's successor proved to be even harder for them to handle finally awakened them to the real nub of their problem: the office of secretary-general itself was so set up that a strong, courageous, absolutely honest man could make it a real force in world affairs. That is why, for the past two years, they have concentrated their efforts on getting the office abolished and replaced with the three-headed monster which they call a *troika*.

It is hard to think of any man whose death, just at this time, would have represented more of a loss than Hammarskjöld's. But few men have died so well or for so great a cause. Like his great countryman, Folke Bernadotte, he has given the cause of world peace and order a martyr to remember, to cherish, and to emulate.

May he rest in peace, and may the eternal light shine upon him.

A Theology of the Laity

A friend of ours recently called our attention to some remarks by Paul M. Harrison which he had found on the Sunday bulletin of the Riverside Church:

Increasing attention is being paid by major Protestant denominations to the role of laymen in the work of the churches. A theology of the laity is

in process of development and represents an effort to distinguish between ecclesiastical and secular vocations of the church's ministry. Despite emphasis, however, on the doctrine of the priesthood of all believers there is a subtle clericalism in the denominations which undermines the role of laymen. This points to a major dilemma in contemporary Protestantism. The rapidly developing institutional bureaucracies of denominations and of local congregations create needs of their own which must be met before the churches can attend to the goals for which they were originally established. In this situation laymen are inevitably utilized as subordinates to ministers in the work of the institutional church. Seldom is the ministry aware of the developing conception of clergymen as assistants to laymen who are active ministers in the world. On the frontier of Protestant action there are exciting experiments to seek solutions for this dilemma, but the work is often frustrated by a tendency to institutionalize the experiments and by the apathy of the laymen themselves.

This concern for re-energizing the lay apostolate is by no means an exclusively Protestant concern. A recent issue of Sheed and Ward's *Own Trumpet* carries a lengthy reprint of a review from *The Catholic Transcript* of a new book by Canon Jacques Leclercq, *Christians in the World*, in which the reviewer says:

It is Canon Leclercq's contention that the right dispositions, the flowering of a sound interior life, lead to authentically Christian influence and accomplishment in the temporal order. He explicitly denies that faith has all the answers for economic problems, for example, or social questions. For these, there are technical solutions which are beyond the realm of faith. His point is that "the man who approaches earthly realities with a Christian spirit will approach them in a different way from a non-Christian."

Hence the author sees the task of the Church just now as twofold: first, the transformation of souls by grace; secondly, the transformation of the world by those living by grace. And the second "is the province of the laity acting under their own responsibility."

It is this last which is new, and which many regard with suspicion and disfavor. Can the laity be trusted? Will they reliably represent and communicate the Christian Thing? Yes, if properly formed by the clergy.

The clergy, he says, should address themselves to this task, leaving aside their preoccupation with the temporal order.

On this much, at least, then, Protestant and Roman Catholic opinion seems to be agreed: that the concept of Christian stewardship needs to be broadened far beyond its present limits of cheerful giving. The lay-

man has more to give than money. And the Church needs what he has to offer.

Can the Laity Be Trusted?

As a Lutheran, we get irritated every time we attend a church convention or conference and hear one of our fellow-laymen enter the discussion with those time-worn words, "I'm just a layman, but . . ." One is not *just* a layman any more than one is *just* a citizen. If a citizen is insufficiently interested in and informed about public affairs to comment intelligently on them, he has not only the right but the obligation to say nothing. By the same token, the layman who is insufficiently interested in and informed about the business of the Church would do well to keep his mouth shut. But if he feels competent to speak at all, he should speak as one who has both the right and the duty to speak, and not as some sort of second-class Christian who has to apologize for opening his mouth in the presence of his betters.

Clemenceau once made the tart observation that "war is too important a matter to be left to the generals." It would be equally appropriate to say that the mission of the Church is too important a matter to be left to the clergy. The high regard in which we are bound to hold the professional servants of the Church for their work's sake does not require us to ascribe to them an omnicompetence which they do not possess. Less still should it tempt us to unload upon them duties for which they are probably less well trained than are many laymen.

We are all ignorant — but about different things. In our experience, clergymen know next to nothing about science, most of them are pathetically naive about politics, and few of them have any real understanding of literature or the arts. The vast majority of them are but indifferent theologians. And we say this with no intent to degrade either their persons or their offices.

Space does not permit a listing of all the areas in which we ourselves are incompetent, but high on the list would be those areas where clergymen are particularly competent. The point that we are trying to make is that the total mission of the church requires the full

use of that diversity of gifts which God has spread across its membership, the great majority of whom are laymen who are presently sitting on their fundamentals, excusing their inaction by falling back on that "just a layman" bit.

It must be granted that a great many clergymen are more than a little inclined to see striking similarities between themselves and the image of the omnicompetent man which has been created for them by their parishioners. Out of this confusion of reality with fantasy comes clericalism, which, far more than secularism, is the great plague of the modern church. But the fact that the layman, in the fulfillment of his ministry, must expect to run up against this clericalism does not release him from responsibility to get on with the job. (Neither, by the way, does it give him an excuse to dismiss every criticism or admonition from a clergyman as a manifestation of clericalism.) His calling is to work in his own area of competence with singleness of heart, as unto the Lord.

Can the laity be trusted to represent and communicate the Christian Thing? Yes, if both they and the clergy will get rid of this "just a layman" mentality and begin to recognize their deep need for each other.

Professional Church Work

For the growing number of Christian people, particularly young people, who are looking for opportunities to serve the church on a full-time, professional basis, the Commission on College and University Work of The Lutheran Church-Missouri Synod has published a brief, highly informative brochure entitled "Church Careers." The brochure may be obtained from the Commission's offices at 77 West Washington Street, Chicago 2.

The range of careers possible within the church will come as a surprise to many people. In addition to the pastoral and teaching ministries, there are opportunities in nursing, in the diaconate, in youth work, in social work, in medical missions, in music, in office work, in administration, in bookkeeping, and in many unskilled jobs. The brochure explains what the work involves and how one can prepare himself for it.

The Editors record with sorrow the death of the Reverend Otto H. Theiss, D.D., president of Concordia Theological Seminary, Tokyo, for many years an associate editor of this magazine. He was one of the gentlest of gentlemen, an Israelite in whom there was no guile. Requiescat in pace.

AD LIB.

The Elderly Young

BY ALFRED R. LOOMAN



THE OLD JOKE — Why can't life's problems hit us when we are eighteen and know everything? — is going out of date, because children are maturing at so much faster a pace that a child is, in many ways, middle-aged before he is far into his teens. Many of the younger set today are overly security conscious, too taken up with themselves, and too filled with the "I'm all right Jack" spirit.

What has happened and who is at fault? It is always easy to blame the parents, and this time I don't see how we can get out of it. For one of the causes of the problem is that children get too many things and have too many experiences they are not ready for during childhood. Most of these deprive the child of anticipation, stifle his imagination, sap his initiative, and lead to boredom.

To illustrate — an august college Commencement exercise was once the high point in a young adult's life. It has, however, become less and less meaningful, because many of today's college graduates have gone through the same routine, including caps and gowns, from kindergarten "graduation" on up. Junior high school parties and dating have become commonplace, and the parties and dates are patterned after adult affairs. What is there to look forward to later on? The game of shinny was once played with sticks and a tin can, but now the kids aren't interested unless they have complete hockey equipment. The effects of a young man's having his own car at the earliest possible moment are too obvious to detail. All of these can be blamed on the parents, because they could put a stop to them with a well-placed "no."

Another factor leading up to early maturity is television and not the "shoot-up" type of program, but the very programs normally thought of as good, namely the documentaries, news broadcasts, and the better drama. These programs are prepared for adults and are produced on the assumption that the viewer has both judgment and perspective. Children don't have, but they watch anyway, and they learn, very quickly, how complex life really is.

When we were children, we viewed most things in terms of black and white: a thing was good or bad, it was possible or impossible, it could be trusted or it could not be trusted. We knew exactly what to expect and what to believe in, and, if we found out later we were wrong, at least we were old enough then to accept it. But the great eye of television does not see in black

and white (except for Westerns) but in varying shades of gray, and a child knows only that there is little he can trust in. With this feeling that life is so complex and so little is stable, is it any wonder that a child becomes security conscious at an early age?

Many schools believe in the completely realistic approach, and many "current events" and history teachers are inclined to stress the less savory and the more uncertain in the present and the past. Adults know there are such things as crooked politicians, that justice is not always rendered, that bribery does exist at all levels of society, and that rioting, in many countries, is an acceptable form of political action. To stress these more sordid examples of human behavior at the time of a child's life when he is being taught and trying to absorb the true values and the practice of good ethics is to set up a self-defeating situation. Fortunately, a child who is getting a good Christian education has the background for weighing these elements of good and evil, which is a powerful argument for the parochial school.

Another reason children are learning more at an earlier age is that we discuss more topics, formerly taboo, in the family circle. When I was a child, if my mother wanted to discuss something with my grandparents which she felt was not fit for my ears, the conversation was carried on in German or in a German-English patois, both of which were unintelligible to me. I don't know what effect this had on me, except to give me a strong desire to learn German. Neither do I know what was discussed, but whatever it was, more likely than not we parents would now discuss it at the dinner table with the children present. Almost gone now is the significant glance and the old line, "Little pitchers have big ears," after which the topic was quickly changed. We now talk about anything and the child, consequently, is introduced to adult problems and behaviors long before we were.

I am not in favor of a three-monkeys approach, except for the "speak no evil," nor of a Pollyanna attitude; neither am I a crabby old man. But I do feel we should be aware of what is happening, so we can take action when necessary. As you know, children learn much from what a parent says and even more from what he does. But if this generation is maturing too early and the trend continues, think what it could be like when they in turn have children. And who wants a grandchild who is older than his grandparents?

The Good Life - How Good Is It?

BY WILLIAM T. EGGERS

*Administrator, Home for Aged Lutherans
Wauwatosa, Wisconsin*

HE FLIPPED THROUGH the long stack of records till he found it: Serkin playing the haunting "Appassionata." Just the other night he had listened to it at a friend's home, and he felt he needed to hear again and again the soaring freedom and the anguished passion Beethoven had written into it.

The experience had shaken and lifted him.

He glanced at the other customers in the record shop, idly wondering why the grey-haired lady intently worked through the jazz section and how a twelve year old boy could finger a Bach recording with an air of longing.

He stored these fragmentary glimpses away as curious memories and walked to the table which featured show hits. He chuckled inwardly at the contradiction in which he was involving himself; he wanted Romberg's "Desert Song." He could visualize some long-hair disdainfully looking down his nose at him and, possibly, even in this generation of beats, some bright young thing wondering what he saw in the "Appassionata" and nodding with approval when he pulled out the Romberg recording.

He shrugged to himself. He owed no explanation of his curious mixture of tastes to either class of music lovers. He liked what he liked; he was his own man and that was that.

He had the Romberg between his fingers and was pulling it out of the stack when the thought struck him: was he his own man? He brushed the question away, but it persisted: in what sense could he say that?

He held the record in front of himself now, but he was not observing it; in fact, he was aware of nothing, except the thought he was pursuing, the idle question of a moment, which was beginning to assume greater proportions as he stood there.

Of course, he was free to buy these recordings; he had the money in his pocket, indubitably his; he had the longing to hear this music again. Here in his hand he held the wonderful acme of Western culture: a blend of its glorious musical scores, its finest expression of them, and the incredible technical means by which day or night they could be made his own.

This was the twentieth century; these recordings symbolized the whole reason for the miracle of the restless city around him, for its machines, its active brains, and its quick pace: that in his leisure a man might enjoy the beauty of Beethoven and, if he wanted to, the lesser beauty of Romberg.

Here the century offered and even urged upon him some of its most splendid gifts. Here choice lay open to him: freedom wisely used, not wasted on drink or

gambling, on futile television or empty sociability.

Of course, there was Alice. But the household bills were paid, the installments on the car and the refrigerator and the air conditioner were up-to-date, and he did have this extra ten dollars.

Yet there nevertheless was Alice. And there was —

Still he did not see the recording. For now a hundred symbols crashed in on him, and for him the little record shop began to be filled with their multitude and magnificence.

He was a Lutheran, who for the first time was beginning to discern a moral problem he previously had never noticed.

He was destined to struggle for a while at that record counter; as the traffic he no longer heard swirled past the shop, he would try to find his way out of a dilemma which, ten minutes before, he had not even known existed. He would buy these records, blunder because he lacked guides to help him through this new moral maze, and in one form or another for several years, until he understood, he would vainly return to his dilemma.

When he left the store with the records safely tucked under his arm, he had a passing vision of One who had hung on a cross, One who had commanded, "Follow Me," and who had then lived and died in poverty.

What was He thinking now about the "Appassionata" purchase and the Romberg?

That question in a thousand forms troubles many Christians as they reflect on their life-styles. How does He regard twentieth century Christians and the way in which they spend their monies?

What does He think of the good life in America and of all the glamor with which it is packaged? How much of that good life is necessity and — how much is luxury? How much of America's material abundance may a man rightly use for himself and how much does he owe to his neighbor?

The fact that in our culture it has become more difficult to define a luxury adds to the problem. Moreover, should people agree on a working definition of this term, a thousand different circumstances and a whole spectrum of highly personal attitudes toward luxuries always make the final decisions concerning them inescapably individual.

For example, by the frontier standards of the Missouri Synod's founders an electric stove unquestionably is a luxury. Yet does their judgment apply in the twentieth century? Should we return to wood-burning stoves? And if we should, would we condemn an electric stove as a luxury for a woman, handicapped by the after-effects of polio, who personally manages to raise a family,

because of the conveniences our century affords her?

One might multiply such examples without ever arriving at a satisfactory conclusion. Perhaps the correct general principle is that those physical conveniences widely provided by a culture like ours should not, as a rule, be classed as luxuries.

Decisive, however, is the spiritual attitude of the persons using and enjoying them. For while the good life with its comforts and pleasures always involves the use or consumption of material objects, its significant aspect remains the spiritual.

What Are Luxuries?

One can isolate rather well the broad general satisfactions which give the good life and its luxuries their special appeal. The good life offers the enjoyment of refined physical and sensuous pleasures: the softness and elegance of mink, the special delicacy of a rare wine, the delight of a tastefully furnished home.

Another satisfaction derives from the mere expensiveness of the good life. Men pamper their selves with the reassurance that they can afford to spend the money necessary for whatever they find rare and delicate and desirable. Often they enjoy too the added charm of knowing that they can afford more of these expensive articles than they actually need and that they, therefore, can discard and even waste them without financial self-injury. Their luxuries offer them tangible evidences of their power, give them a feeling of freedom, a sense of genuine vitality and of living beyond the limitations of ordinary men. Luxury can be a heady wine.

For many people, too, the pleasures of ostentation are as much a part of the thrill of mink as its feel and costliness. For them half the delight of a swanky club or champagne and orchids lies in the stares and envy of others.

If these are the three chief strands of the fabric of luxury — its sensuous pleasure, its expensiveness, and its ostentatious use — it is understandable that many Lutherans, enjoying modern niceties during the early sixties, often felt a vague uneasiness about their way of life and wondered if they were misusing their novel twentieth century prosperity. Though most of them did not live in the house on the hill or parade expensive furs, many did enjoy at least some of the more pleasant luxuries, use them as status indices in their smaller circles, and in comparison with most of the world were positively opulent.

Perhaps just because there were so many degrees of luxury, because the status lines were still poorly drawn, and because some conveniences were so widespread, their feelings of guilt about the good life remained largely undefined. Occasionally, however, thoughtful Lutherans found themselves sharply confronted with specific moral questions similar to the question posed to the Lutheran in the record shop.

The century offered them no help in resolving their

dilemmas. It rather worked against them. Almost out of nothing it had spun whole new industries to satisfy their gossamer dreams. It intensified their inner problem by suggesting, through a million advertisements a day, that to indulge their fantasies of sensuous and costly pleasures was both normal and right.

Even a century ago the most uninhibited statistician would not have predicted that merely the public revenues on distilled spirits in this country would one day exceed four billion dollars or sixty-four times the expenditures of the federal government of 1860. Nor would the most optimistic trader in the tobacco market have dreamt that Americans would shortly spend two per cent of their disposable income, a fantastic \$7,525,000,000, for the dubious and perhaps even dangerous pleasure of smoking.

The vast luxury enterprise coolly threw out other similar phenomenal figures. During the past year, for example, Americans had spent a staggering two and a half billion dollars on foreign travel and an incredible fifteen billion dollars on travel within their own borders.

These sample statistics indicated that as the seventh decade began much of America's great industrial effort had already been diverted to the pursuit of personal pleasures. Americans had indeed come a long way from the simple and quiet joys of their pioneer ancestors around the evening hearth, their happy conversations, their improvised games, and their spontaneous music. Apart from the ethical question as to whether or not these tremendous luxury and entertainment expenditures were justified in the eyes of Him who had His disciples gather the fragments left after the miraculous feeding of the thousands, Americans faced an even more curious dilemma — they were anxiously wondering whether or not, with all their costly comforts and pleasures, they found as much or any deeper joy in life than their forefathers had.

Whatever the answer, even the simplest observer soon realized that the whole American lifestyle conspired to promote luxury living. There was nothing secret about this conspiracy; in fact, its openness was a necessity. An American could no more escape agreeable appeals to enjoy himself and to pamper his ego than he could escape the dense afternoon traffic on his freeways. Like his autos, his advertisements were all around him. Never had temptation had more mouths through which to speak.

Perhaps over the years this advertising bombardment had been so heavy and so continuous and he had grown so calloused to it, that it had little more conscious effect on him than the traffic swarm in which he found himself. Yet like the traffic, which he accepted as self-evident, it conditioned him and formed the unconscious pattern of his life. So much had advertising become part of the American rhythm that perhaps young Americans could no more conceive of life without ad-

vertisements than without automobiles. They had become as normal as blood.

However diverse the products these advertisements puffed and however much they clashed in their claims, they agreed on a single relentless theme: every American owed himself the maximum joy of life, the essence of which was his consumption of his part of the nation's vast production; he deserved this as his birthright and he should feel no guilt in claiming all that he could for his own enjoyment.

Sophisticated advertisers carried the process to its logical conclusion in their effort to sweep away all moral resistance to self-indulgence and profits. Aware that their luxury products sometimes stirred up vague and often unconscious feelings of guilt in the minds of some, they spent enormous funds to research these guilt feelings in depth and to create ways of presenting their products so that no sense of guilt would attach to their use. No doubt this strategy succeeded with many people, who let themselves be persuaded that sensuousness and selfishness carried no blame or whose unresolved guilt problems were merely buried more deeply in their souls.

And yet advertising seemed to many to be only one symptom of a malady which held the social body in its grip.

When Private Luxuries Become Social Necessities

Concerned Lutherans could not help but ask if the premises of their economic life had not already for centuries been mistaken. Its major spokesman, Adam Smith, had pictured a dynamic and growing economy. Of necessity, such an economy each year had to produce more than it had in the past and its members had to use more of its products. Perhaps here Lutherans came close to the real trouble. Even though their economy had provided the material essentials of life for most of its members, its inner mechanism did not permit it to level off. Since it had already furnished most people with their non-luxury requirements, it could expand in only one direction: providing for the masses an even greater variety of services and luxuries.

This inner logic compelled it to resort to intensified advertising programs. It had to create new desires for its products and invent new justifications for their use. During the last mild recessions the dynamic inner process of the economy had finally turned on man himself: he had been urged and cajoled servilely to acknowledge as his master the apparatus he had created for his pleasure and comfort and to expand his purchases, not to suit his convenience and delight, but to keep his vast economic super-structure in motion.

These facts, often perhaps in a vague and generalized way, added to the pervasive uneasiness of modern life. Lutherans realized that whether they wanted to or not they belonged to a self-indulgent economic order of which, for example, the absurd spectacle of an annual

automobile show was an inherent part. Except as a means to keep the economy in motion, there could be no justification for the tremendous waste in automobile manufacturing. There were few Americans who did not believe that Detroit could build, with little added cost, automobiles which would last far longer than their current offerings. But what would happen to Detroit and the steel mills and Madison Avenue if so basic a principle concerning waste were applied to the whole economic order? Meanwhile, even Lutherans found it more comfortable and fashionable to accept the system and its waste with little protest.

Yet as they enjoyed their hundred little and large luxuries, the uncomfortable knowledge that it is men who fashion an economic order and that its shape finally rests upon a decision of their wills, troubled them. They realized that the Western economy with its distortions had not developed overnight. Centuries ago the West had started on its search for security through material prosperity. Already in its beginnings man's dream of avarice and luxury had mingled their impurities with the desire to serve God. From the early Renaissance on those dreams had grown until Adam Smith gave them theoretical expression and a mantle of respectability. By that time the economic mechanism had reached its early maturity and in his theories Smith had merely made explicit what had for many years already been its significant and hidden assumptions.

With a single tract he disassociated man from his humanity. Now only an impersonal economic man, without roots or bonds or ties, every person stood isolated in his naked selfishness. Smith's *laissez-faire* seemed also to express what would become another phase of the twentieth century temptation to luxury — the belief that in his economic isolation man has responsibility only to himself. With his ancient communions torn apart, inevitably this kind of man grew bored. Because the economy did not meet his basic needs he felt an increased desire for the mass-produced luxuries available to him in ever greater variety and quantity.

For with what could the new bourgeoisie fill their vacant lives? Their ancient pieties destroyed, their neighborhoods broken-up, they turned ever more greedily to the luxuries produced by their machines. They had little else.

So ingrained had this comfortable and luxurious lifestyle become in the sixties that few people still reckoned with its aftermath. Only rarely did the public media raise a serious voice against its physical and spiritual dangers. How could these media, financed by advertising, dare to point up the dangerous softness created by the economy? And, should they venture to warn their readers of these perils, would people, long accustomed to accept almost fantastic luxuries as commonplace, really listen to the media or believe them?

Lutherans could not deny that both for individuals

and their society the situation had become explosive and potentially destructive.

Down the Primrose Path

With buoyant confidence Khrushchev had told Americans, "We will bury you." Like other more discerning fellow-citizens, many Lutherans, too, feared that if Khrushchev would merely bide his time, he would be saved the necessity of his effort and one day would be able to enjoy the sight of Americans throwing up the last shovels of earth as they finished his job for him and dug their own graves. Nor did only Lutherans possess the knowledge that on the deserts of history lay strewn the skeletons of many nations which had committed a similar pleasant suicide with cosmetics and exotically foods and enervating comforts. History revealed no more fatal passion or poison.

These people knew that the good life usually corrupts.

It distorts man's image of himself. Made by God to struggle through a world of contingencies and needing the bracing shock of troubles to keep his life in a state of vital tension, man always finds prosperity and luxury far more difficult to cope with than adversity.

Enjoying his expensive and sensuous pleasures, he loses his sense of center — God. His imagination now adrift, he begins to inflate, out of all proportion, the twisting shape of Self. Without God man discovers himself mismatched: in dismay he finds himself mated to himself in the most discordant and deadly union he could enter.

In many ways this proves fatal. The softness of his way of life relaxes him; he loses muscle tone and sharpness of perception. He no longer recognizes in time the new perils life constantly throws in his way and, when he does perceive them too late, strong men easily squash his flabby response. For the most part, so long accustomed to his way of life that he believes in his innate rights to his luxuries, he cannot imagine disaster and is outraged when someone suggests its possibility. However much he pores over history, he remains fatally blind to its lessons; he no longer sees the finger of its God, writing on its pages the story of sin's bitter aftermath.

Since the luxurious life is essentially selfish, his feeling for justice also slips from him. He has no comprehension of the true nature of the good society. The contrast of his pleasure with the poverty of others stirs no feeling of guilt within him or, if it does, he suppresses his uneasiness by fleeing into additional pleasures or by throwing misery a bone from his rich table. Whether he is conscious of the fact or not — and sometimes he is — his life-style is anti-human in the sense of anti-man and anti-society.

Of course, a hundred complicating factors made one way of every oversimplification: but did not the vast foreign aid program of the nation reflect at least some

sense of guilt on the part of prosperous America in a starving world? To be sure, there were moral issues enough in the Cuban situation to fill a volume, but did not the liberal's inability to come to decisive grips with Castro mirror in part a guilty conscience about the sixty years of American domination of that island?

Perhaps these were straws in the confused winds of American prosperity. While they did not necessarily indicate a Christian conscience at work on a national scale, they did betray some measure of the same uneasiness which afflicted the Lutheran plunged into the problem of the good life by his purchase of recordings.

In a fine address at Gustavus Adolphus College in 1929 David Swenson, the American discoverer of Kierkegaard, analyzed the weaknesses of this good life. His last and long critical paragraph admirably summarized the predicament of the Christian who tried to accept current American standards of living as his norm:

Lastly, it must be pointed out that conditions of happiness as conceived in all such views of life, inevitably imply a privileged status for the happy individual. They rest upon differential capabilities and exceptionally fortunate circumstances. To choose them as the end and aim of life constitutes an injury to the mass of men who are not so privileged. This one thought alone is of so arresting a quality as to give the deepest concern to every man who has the least trace of human sympathy and human feeling . . . As the fundamental source of inspiration of my life, I need something that is not exclusive and differential, but inclusive and universal. I require to drink at a spring from which all men may refresh themselves; I need an aim that reconciles me to high and low, rich and poor, cultured and uncultured, sophisticated and simple . . . I need a spiritual bond that binds me to all human beings in a common understanding of that which is fundamental and essential to life. To have my life and happiness in that which is inaccessible to the many or to the few, seems to me an act of treason to humanity, a cowardly and pusillanimous attack on the brotherhood of man; for without the inner spiritual tie of an essential aim which all can reach and all can understand, the concept of the human race as a spiritual unity is destroyed . . . The differences between man and man are indeed inseparable from this our imperfect temporal existence; but I cannot and will not believe that their development constitutes the perfection of life itself. Rather is this to be found in the discovery and expectation of something underlying and absolute, something that can be found by all who seek it in earnest . . . The possibility of making this discovery and of giving it expression is, so it seems to me, the fundamental meaning of life, the source of its dignity and worth. The happiness that is found in this discovery is not invidious and divisive, but unifying and reconciling; it does not

abrogate the differences, but it destroys their power to wound and harm . . .*

Ethic vs. Culture

In specific Lutheran terms the problem was the sharp clash between the Christian ethic and the culture it confronted. While the unique Lord of the church did consider "the lilies of the field" and took no thought "saying, What shall we eat? or, What shall we drink?", while He achieved His magnificent end in poverty and through His death for human sin decisively showed how relative man's economic and material life is in comparison with the absolute and spiritual need for divine forgiveness, and while He gave men His ethic of love, He nowhere forbade the possession of great wealth nor the enjoyment of the manifold variety of life's normal pleasures.

And yet, He did speak of the meek inheriting the earth; He did warn against the perils of wealth; He did command that even the fragments of food remaining after His miracle be gathered and preserved, and He did speak as the greatest of the long line of prophets who denounced luxury as immoral, "Ye . . . That lie upon beds of ivory, and stretch themselves upon their couches, and eat the lambs out of the flock, and the calves out of the midst of the stall; that chant to the sound of the viol, and invent to themselves instruments of musick, like David; that drink wine in bowls, and anoint themselves with the chief ointments" (Amos 6, 4-6).

To many a Lutheran these principles of conduct, enunciated during the long past of man's perennial poverty, did not seem to apply as he enjoyed the good life provided by the new economy of abundance. Sometimes he no longer even knew the principles or, if he did, he successfully put them from his consciousness and satisfied himself merely by meeting the economic demands his church made upon him. Yet at times other Lutherans uneasily felt that somehow their mode of life conflicted with the Christian code and when some of them fully defined the issues for themselves, they often struggled desperately between the requirements of their Lord and the demands of the culture of which they now were a conscious part.

What sharpened the difficulty was a general decline in the ability to think and take a broad view of life. Narrow specialists themselves in their economic order, many Christians merely sought a specialist's opinion; they looked for a rule, a dogmatic statement, which they could apply in their moral difficulties, only to discover that while their Lord had indeed laid down the principles of conduct even for an era of abundance, no handy formula would serve mechanically to extricate them from their dilemmas. They faced instead a series of intricate and complex decisions in which they themselves had to make choices in obedient faith.

* Swenson, David F., *The Faith of a Scholar*, edited by Lillian M. Swenson, The Westminster Press, 1939, pp. 21-23.

Perhaps at that point some of the weaker abandoned the Christian quest and may have lost their eternal salvation.

But those who persisted began to appreciate the unbounded fullness of the Christian life and the almost harrowing yet glorious freedom and responsibility which were parts of their Lord's legacy to them. As their consciousness of their alternatives grew clearer, they realized that their Lord had left open to them no avenue of escape from their freedom and that some of the new and radical answers Christians were beginning to give to the century — fellowships like the Iona community and celibate Lutheran brotherhoods — looked suspiciously like escapist movements. They saw, moreover, within the customary church structure itself an unconscious attempt on the part of many to combine the best of their culture with the best of Christianity and so to breed a new kind of mongrel, "The Christian materialist." This impossible and sterile combination the more sensitive and informed rejected.

At the foot of the cross only one course remained open to them: the full exercise of their liberties as they moved through their culture toward the complete and joyous communion which they had selected as the one genuine goal of mankind. Basically just a single principle guided their conduct in their pilgrimage through what was both the wealth and the wasteland of the century: evangelical love. In one sense, they discovered they needed no other; in another, they realized that they needed to bring all of their Christian insight to bear on their decisions.

Most of these Lutherans rarely had to debate the issue of preserving their own lives; only infrequently did the age require of any of them the heroic decisions of martyrdom. Moreover, since opportunities for certain forms of self-development abounded in the free schools of the nation, they did not need to struggle deeply over this phase of their problem, although in a few exceptional instances the lengthy period devoted to the preparation for productive life raised the question of the proper balance between preparation for any kind of service in the Kingdom and the service itself. Evangelical love seemed to be violated more often by the narrow professionalism of their training and by their lack, in later life, of growth in broad Christian understanding and practice.

Far more serious were the issues of leisure time and relaxation, the hours normally devoted to the good life itself. Just as difficult were the decisions concerning the selfish or unselfish use of the greatest prosperity with which Christians have ever had to cope. This issue was often heightened by the breakdown of the community and the deadly impersonality which in growing measure pervaded their culture, and by the new gigantism of the welfare state, phenomena which tended to dull that spirit of charity which, as the Scriptures had stated, should inform the use of their wealth.

These problems brought others to the fore in the

lives of these concerned Lutherans. How much of their income should they devote to their families? In a welfare state what was the precise measure of their responsibility to their children and to their aging parents? With evangelical love to guide them, what decisions should they reach when their work status apparently demanded a more costly life-style? How many tithed, not in the sense of contributing a tenth of their income to their churches, but merely in the broader sense of meeting the manifold obligations of their communities?

Not only did these Lutherans not starve to death, but at most of their gatherings they appeared to be no different than the well-groomed, well-fed, and comfortable middle-class which was still expanding in the American sixties. This raised the additional and sharpest issue of all: their Lord's command to self-denial remained. Of what did these millions deprive themselves, either physically or mentally, as an incontrovertible sign that they belonged to their Lord? That some practiced self-denial was unquestionable, yet an impartial observer might have found it difficult to distinguish the appearance and conduct of these Lutherans from that of the anonymous masses thronging city streets around them.

Perhaps the reality was far better than appearances might suggest. In the end, the determining factor in that reality was the measure of the love for God in the hearts of these Christians, and no human observer could hope with any degree of accuracy to judge this. Certainly the decisions were intricate, highly personal, and demanded of every individual making them a

maximum of insight and of that love which was the final Biblical norm of every action.

Yet an observer could not help but notice certain contrasts. How well had the young man, whose love of Beethoven led him to purchase the "Apassionata," heard the angelic music and the heavenly voices over Bethlehem? How well could the Lutheran couple, who regularly sought out exotic foods at expensive restaurants, reconcile their dining habits with the simple unleavened wafer and the riches of the Lord which they received regularly at a Lutheran altar? At what point did the Lutheran, wearing his well-tailored \$200 suit, feel uncomfortable about the rags in which children shivered in other parts of the world? When did he, travelling to and from his home smoothly and freely in his well-appointed car, start to grow concerned about the thousands still huddled behind barbed wires in the bleak refugee camps of the world?

As he peered out at the world from his comfortable living room chair, saw its concentration camps and its planes with their hydrogen bombs keeping a twenty-four hour vigil in the skies, recognized that the revolutionary ferment stirring throughout most of the world was the product of its deep physical and spiritual hungers, and realized that to him alone was entrusted the perfect golden key which could unlock the great heavenly doors to a misguided and distressed world, would today's American Lutheran see beyond the good life to the better life of service and devoutly pray, "The love of Christ constraineth me"?

AND TOO, SUBLIME

Death might cut like a blade
being steel finely ground, honed
for no other purpose

but in three score
and ten years grown dull

Thus the dull rattle
in the duller throat, thus

Saints too torn down and mauled
by the conscientious rust

How strange
our fear of brightness

JUDSON CREWS

Two Worlds

BY WALTER SORELL

Drama Editor

THE TWO WORLDS I mean are not East and West, although they are at least as divergent, clashing, discordant, irreconcilable, incompatible, etc. They are two different theatres, two approaches of dramaturgy, two ways of thinking and living. One could easily speak of the established and experimental way of playwriting, of a world safely ensconced in rules and laws, while the new playwright no longer breaks laws and rewrites rules as his revolutionary predecessors have done from time to time. He goes about his business as if there never had been an Aristotle, Lessing or Brieux.

Bertolt Brecht, who emerged from a period of expressionistic and dadaistic chaos in the Twenties, has become a dominant figure of the European theatre because he gave meaning to the lost individual as a social animal. He has nothing in common with the Becketts, Ionescos, and Genets who seem to deny that life holds out much meaning at all. Their denial is on a spiritual plane; they do not share Brecht's Marxist opinion that everything is more or less a matter of economics and could be changed if we only wanted to. But what they do have in common is their contempt for the established form.

Even though Brecht no longer recognized the cathartic principle of pity and terror, he at least believed in Aristotle's *anagnorisis*, the recognition, the change from ignorance to knowledge. In his epic manner his plays have a definite form. The new school of playwrights, which has no fitting name as yet, has no prescribed shape or structure. It has limitations set by the rise and fall of the curtain. Its only master is time, the allotted two hours of playgoing. It is spontaneous theatre of the unforeseen, unplanned. It has a formless now-ness about it, presenting reality so real that it seems unreal; continually finding forms while shedding them; building up content while making fun of it; painting the void with glaring colors; making confessions incomprehensible because they are more than crystal-clear; creating the semblance of something that has always been there as obnoxious obviousness.

Off-Broadway offered two plays which clearly demonstrate these two worlds of yesterday and today. (I carefully avoid saying "of tomorrow.") Maurice Valency who has made his name as a translator of Giraudoux, Duerrenmatt and Offenbach, wrote an *Alcestis* comedy, "The Thracian Horses," almost two decades ago. The play was optioned many times, produced in London, and now finally shown in New York, too. It is a good example of a schoolmasterly-made play with a

Shavian undercurrent that never breaks through, except in the last fifteen minutes. Even then, however, the point which the author wants to make — namely, that *Alcestis* dies for her husband out of sheer vanity and not because of mere devotion and love — is so well prepared, hinted at with the sledgehammer method, that there is no surprise left.

Already in the first 10 minutes — you learn in school that the exposition must unfold the problem of the play — *Alcestis* overstates her case by unnecessarily stressing how insignificant she is, that she will always live in the shadow of her husband only. Thus, the play's thin idea is flattened out. This is a play of flawless form which, I regret to say, fails to rise to the standard it set itself. An almost amateurish production at the Orpheum Theatre underlined its weaknesses.

Samuel Beckett's "Happy Days" in the Cherry Lane Theatre is in every respect its opposite. Behind the ironic title hides a fascinating monologue about nothing and everything. A middle-aged woman is half buried in a mound in the first act and up to her neck in the second act. Winnie — this is her name — has a huge bag beside her with all the daily paraphernalia (from toothbrush to gun) which she uses as props in the same way as she uses her husband Willie, whom she addresses from time to time and who responds monosyllabically.

She examines her teeth with the mirror and plays with the gun. With a magnifying glass she makes out the lettering on a toothbrush. There are allusions to happy days and things "in the old style," but out of trivia and jokes, through which tears and panic break from time to time, life in its minute, petty miserableness becomes bigger than life-size. The total loneliness in the midst of the world; the mere feeling of knowing someone near even if one has nothing to say and realizes that there is no communication possible; the mercilessness of the little things in life without which one cannot exist; the great fear in man without knowing exactly what one fears: all this and more is in this two-hour-long monologue which is not trying nor tiring for a moment. This is, no doubt, partly due to the impeccable achievement of Ruth White as Winnie and Alan Schneider as the director.

It is uncertain whether the total negation of "the old style" will be the future of the theatre. Certain, however, is that Samuel Beckett is a great poet of the theatre.

Thanksgiving

BY THE REVEREND HERMAN A. PREUS, PH.D.

Professor of New Testament Exegesis, Symbolics, and Homiletics

Luther Theological Seminary, St. Paul

*"It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord,
and to sing praises unto Thy Name, O Most High."*

PSALM 92:1

IT WAS A "good thing" when Gov. William Bradford, a year after the Pilgrims landed on Plymouth Rock, proclaimed a season of Thanksgiving, to thank God for a fair harvest, and "a great store of wild turkeys, of which they took many." In his *History of Plymouth Plantation*, under the year 1623, he tells how the settlement was ravaged by drouth and great heat and a serious threat of famine. "Upon which they sett a parte a solemne day of humiliation, to seek the Lord by humble and fervente prayer, in this great distrese. And He was pleased to give them a gracious and speedy answer, both to thier owne and Indeans admiration, that lived amongst them . . . Toward evening it became overcast, and shortly after to raine, with shuch sweete and gentle showers, and gave them cause of rejoyceing and blesing God . . . and afterwards the Lord sent them shuch seasonable showers, with enterchange of faire warme weather, as, through His blessing, caused the fruitfull and liberall harvest, to their no small comferte and rejoyceing. For which mercie . . . they also sett aparte a day of thanksgiving."

It was a "good thing" in the midst of the horrors of the Civil War when Abraham Lincoln issued his *Proclamation of Thanksgiving*, appointing a day which, he said, "I desire to be observed by all my fellow citizens, wherever they may then be, as a day of thanksgiving and praise to almighty God, the beneficent, Creator and Ruler of the universe."

It is a "good thing" when our President each year calls upon our people to give thanks to Almighty God, who has given us another bountiful harvest, who has spared our country the scars of war, who has made us strong and prosperous, and who has granted us to live in freedom, lo, these many generations.

The pulse of America's Thanksgiving must receive its heartbeat from the children of God. For only they know "that every good gift and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of Lights." Only they know "the unspeakable Gift" which He gave us in Christ. It is indeed fitting that even the wicked and the unbelieving should give thanks to the Creator. But theirs is a dissonant song of praise, for all their strings are out of tune.

But to the Christian Thanksgiving is not a "day"

we celebrate once a year, like Independence Day or Memorial Day or Armistice Day. Thanksgiving is the business of life, a day by day business. It is a way of life. It permeates the Christian life, and gives a glow to every phase of living.

Thanksgiving is the mood of prayer; it is the overtone of devotion; it is the crowning note of worship.

Prayer without thanksgiving is unthinkable. The Prayer Book of the Church is the Psalter. Of the 150 Psalms, forty-four begin with thanksgiving and praise. When the Apostle calls upon us to dissolve our anxieties in prayer, he says, "In everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God" (Phil. 4:6).

Thanksgiving is the overtone of devotion. In one of the great prayer books of the 17th Century, the *Spiritual Exercises* of Johann Gerhard, the author introduces his book this way: "In our daily devotions we are to meditate upon four things. We must each day contemplate 1) our sins, for which we are to seek forgiveness for Christ's sake; 2) God's blessings, for which we are to give humble thanks; 3) our own need . . . 4) the needs of our neighbor." The biggest part of this prayer book is given to thanksgiving for the blessings of God. It is significant and instructive, that in his fifteen prayers of thanksgiving, three of them have some reference to temporal blessings. All the rest thank God for spiritual blessings, all revolving around His great Gift of salvation in Christ. After all, this is what matters. "For what does a man profit, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" Our thanksgiving needs to be refined and purged of both worldliness and selfishness, before we are fit to stand with God's people on the Lord's Day and sing,

"We praise, Thee, we bless Thee, we worship
Thee, we glorify Thee, We give thanks to Thee
for Thy great glory."

It is this kind of thanksgiving which is the *crowning note of worship*. For here the dominant note is joy. Here the worshipping Church reveals that she is heavenward bound, on the way to join the Church triumphant before the throne of Christ her King.

"It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord," *for thanksgiving is the noblest expression of faith*. It breathes humility, and smashes every ounce of self-righteousness.

"What hast thou that thou dost not receive?"

now if thou didst receive it, why does thou glory, as if thou hadst not received it?"

When I really pause to contemplate the greatness of God's mercy, what is left for me but to give thanks? For much more than Paul, "I am debtor both to the Greeks, and to the Barbarians; both to the wise, and to the unwise" (Romans 1:14). I am debtor. God owes me nothing. I have not paid for His mercies and His unnumbered blessings. Christ has paid for them. And all that I can do is to give Him thanks.

Thanksgiving is only genuine when it comes out of a humble heart. It is significant that Gov. Bradford, in those early days of drought and want, first declared a day of humiliation and prayer. But he did not forget. When the prayers of the Pilgrims had been heard, and the rains had come, bringing an abundant harvest, he promptly proclaimed a day of thanksgiving.

Thanksgiving speaks the language of Grace alone. Genuine thanksgiving is a confession of utter helplessness and total dependence upon God. Thanksgiving with tongue in cheek is an insult to God. The Pharisee of old said, "God, I thank thee, that I am not as other men." The modern Pharisee may not say it that crassly. He may pray, "Lord, I thank Thee that I can be assured that if I do my best, I shall be rewarded with a place in heaven." Or he may pray, "Lord, I have been a good and faithful servant; I thank Thee for the reward I have coming." This is not thanksgiving, this is bragging; and bragging is promised no spiritual reward.

Surely, there is no one who can give worthy thanks to God. Even when I thank Him and acknowledge that all that I have is by grace alone, even my thanksgiving will be polluted by my sin and tinged with pride. Yet He who calls me to thanksgiving and prayer can forgive also this sin, and in mercy receive the prayers and praises of His servant.

Thanksgiving is the strongest witness to the power of the Christian faith. It defies suffering, and all forces of evil that conspire to destroy it. When the prophet Daniel learned that King Darius had signed the death warrant for anyone who prayed to any god, save the King, "he went into his house; and his windows being open in his chamber toward Jerusalem, he kneeled upon his knees three times a day, and prayed, and gave thanks before his God, as he did aforetime" (Daniel 6:10). Daniel's song of thanksgiving did not cease, even in the face of death.

This is the stuff the martyrs were made of, who walked in triumphant faith to the gallows, to the stake,

or into the arena to face the lions, singing praises to God.

When Polycarp stood before the Roman Tribunal, the Pro-consul said, "Swear, and I will release thee; blaspheme Christ." All the centuries have never forgotten the reply of the great martyr, "Eighty and six years I have served Christ, and He has never done me wrong. How can I blaspheme my King, who saved me?" As they tied him to the stake, Polycarp offered his last prayer:

O Lord God Almighty, the Father of Thy well-beloved and blessed Son, Jesus Christ, by whom we have received the knowledge of Thee . . . I thank Thee that Thou hast graciously thought me worthy of this day and this hour, that I might receive a portion among the number of the martyrs, from the cup of Thy Christ.

The flames arose and curved up around him like the sails of a ship, leaving him in the center unharmed. The executioner pierced him with a sword, and the fire was immediately quenched by his blood. This must be the ultimate in Christian faith, to give thanks in the midst of the fires of persecution.

Thanksgiving laughs at its persecutors, and despises self-pity. The Church's song of praise will not be silenced by the threats of a Christ-hating Communism. The gates of hell shall not prevail against her, and her praises will echo through the world until they are taken up in the song of those who stand before the Throne. There they shall ever worship God together saying, "Amen: Blessing, and glory, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, and honor, and power, and might, be unto our God forever and ever."

The day of martyrs is not over. There has been many a Bonhoeffer in the last quarter century, and there will be many more. And they will continue to praise God to the end, as he did in his last message from his Gestapo prison, where he wrote:

Should it be ours to drain the cup of grieving even to the dregs of pain, at thy command, we will not falter, thankfully receiving all that is given by thy loving hand.

When now the silence deepens for our harkening, grant we may hear thy children's voices raise from all the unseen world around us darkening their universal paean, in thy praise.

On Second Thought

BY ROBERT J. HOYER

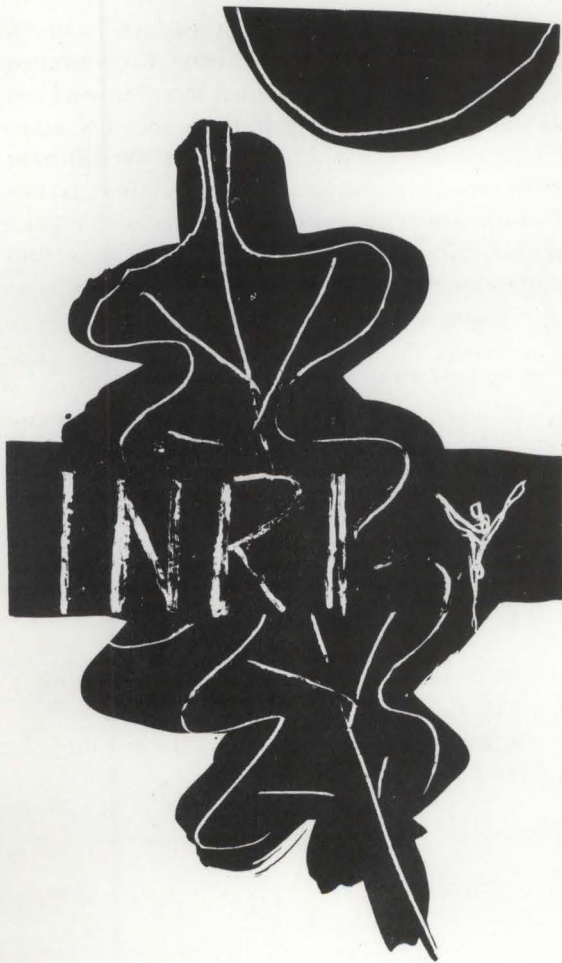
IF THE ETERNAL pre-existence of the Christ means anything, it means that God always is what Jesus was. If the continued incarnation of the Christ means anything, it means that God always is what Jesus was. Past, present, and future, God is what Jesus was.

Now let me draw a picture of the final judgment. Not contradicting but supplementing the picture drawn by the Christ in Saint Matthew 25. Let this be my imagined expansion of verse 32.

The Son of Man will come with all His holy angels, and He will be seated on the throne of power. And before Him will be gathered all the nations — all who have ever lived and all who will ever live. And the Christ, who is the Love of God, says to them *all*: I have suffered for you, I am your Lover, I forgive you all.

Those then who are His own, who desire the mercy

of the living God, kneel to worship in gratitude; their song of praise gathers into one mighty chorus all who love and accept. But most of the assembly begins to mutter: "What does He mean — forgive? I worked to gain my place here. I demand my rights!" And others: "Who does He think He is? Let's talk to the head Man. We came to meet God, not this Jesus!" And others: "Look at what He's got over there: no TV, no movies, no sex, no money, no liquor — I came to be happy, not bored. Not for me, thanks." And others: "Heavens — look who's singing praises: murderers, thieves, generals, Jews, Negroes, — riff-raff. No." And heavily scattered throughout: "Baal, Buddha, Mohammed, Jupiter — save me from this terrible Person." So gathering into their separate cliques, they stare at the Christ with fervent hatred, while He turns and says: "Come, ye blessed of my Father —."



Drawings

by robert charles brown



Tribute For Greatness

By ADALBERT RAPHAEL KRETZMANN

THOSE WHO HAD the privilege of knowing Saari-
nen, father and son, treasure the memory of both.
There was a vast difference of ability and temperament
between them but each, in his own way, was a great
man. The elder Saarinen was a man of extraordinary
depth and a true philosophical approach to the prob-
lems of architecture in general. He was perhaps the
most thought-provoking man with whom to engage in
a conversation about purpose, space, and form in archi-
tecture. No one who knew him, even by reputation,
will ever forget the penetrating analysis and testing
to which he put every project and especially himself,
throughout the years. The younger Saarinen had many
credits of his own. Brilliant as a designer and cherished
as a speaker he did more to arouse good honest reac-
tions in architecture than even Frank Lloyd Wright.
His work with his father on Christ Church, in Minne-
apolis, and its auxiliary buildings brought him the
fortunate contact of Pastor William Buege who, with
his forthright honesty and understanding approach,
helped many a church architect and builder to re-evalu-
ate his feelings and plans and benefit by the restudy of
motives.

The recent death of Eero Saarinen leaves a great gap
in the rank of topflight designers in the field of archi-
tecture. He was most highly regarded by his European
contemporaries who spoke of him in the same breath
with Wright and LeCorbusier. The respect for ma-
terials and their appropriate use earned him the respect

which he so richly merited from builders, architects, and
clients.

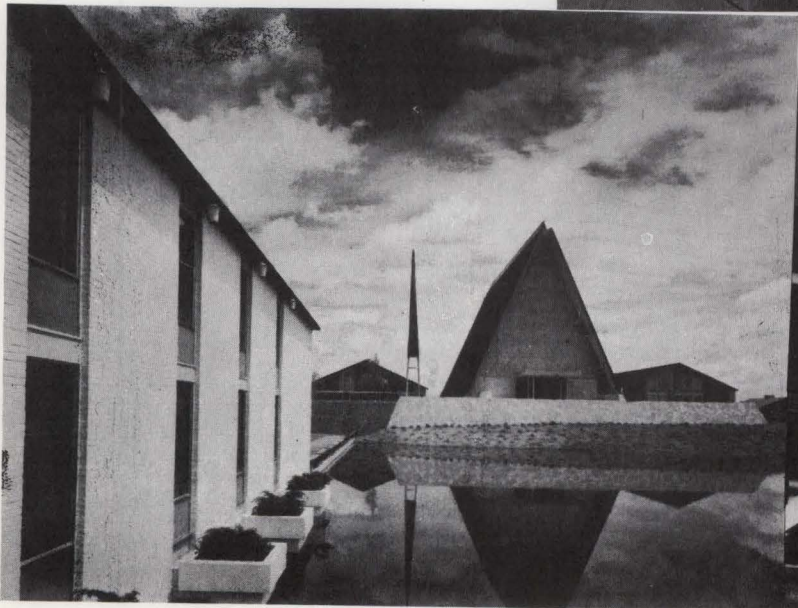
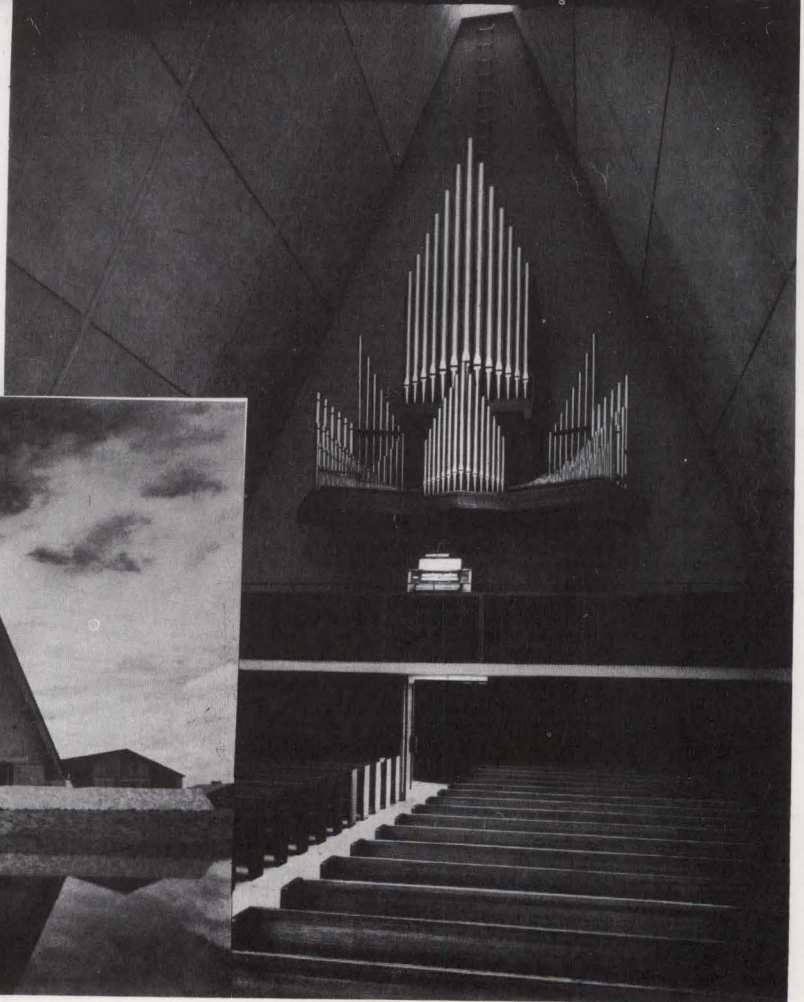
The accompanying pictures of his greatest work in
the church, the Concordia Senior College of Ft. Wayne,
are well worth considerable study. Their chasteness
and restraint have already made them world famous
and it is to be devoutly hoped that something of their
taste and beauty may be reflected in the later ministry
of men who are at present studying there. This would
be the finest heritage for the church and the worthiest
tribute which the Lutheran church could give these two
men who served it so well.

Far beyond the merits of the great buildings for
General Motors, M.I.T., and the Gateway to the West
at St. Louis, will always be the character and strength
which is Eero Saarinen's bequest in the planning of
the little "Theological Village" which rests so peace-
fully on the hills to the north of Fort Wayne. Genera-
tion upon generation of clerics will develop their tastes
in architecture not only from Saarinen the younger, but,
also, as they come to St. Louis, from the work of Klauder
in his work at Concordia Seminary. Utterly different,
yes, but still cut from the same splendid material of
mind and soul which makes the architects the great
transmitters of the thought and the heritage of the
past and gives people a chance to live in and with
their art for years and years to come.

REQUIESCAT IN PACE!



CONCORDIA SENIOR COLLEGE
Fort Wayne, Indiana
Eero Saarinen, Architect



Five Unusually Fine Recordings

By WALTER A. HANSEN

I have just received five unusually fine recordings. They have given me a large amount of unalloyed pleasure, and I do not hesitate to recommend them to all those who are thrilled by exemplary performances of music that comes from the heart and goes to the heart.

First of all I must mention a disc devoted to three masterpieces from the pen of the great Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, who continues to be one of my favorite composers. Joseph Fuchs, violinist, and Lillian Fuchs, violist, join forces with the Aeterna Chamber Orchestra under Frederic Waldman to give what in my opinion is an impeccable presentation of the *Sinfonia Concertante in E Flat Major, for Violin, Viola, and Orchestra* (K. 364). This is a work which exemplifies to the full the wonderful craftsmanship of Mozart. At the same time it demonstrates his amazingly felicitous skill as a melodist. Once you have heard the rollicking final movement, it will continue to dance for joy in your memory. In addition, Joseph Fuchs and the orchestra play the same master's *Adagio in E Major, for Violin and Orchestra* (K. 261) and the *Rondo in C Major, for Violin and Orchestra* (K. 373).

On another disc Rudolf Firkusny, the famous poet of the piano who was born in Czechoslovakia in 1912, merges his sensitive artistry with the equally sensitive skill and understanding of Erica Morini, the renowned violinist, in an ideal reading of Mozart's *Sonata in E Flat Major, for Violin and Piano* (K. 481). This is chamber-music playing at its best. On the opposite side the two artists present Cesar Franck's beautiful *Sonata in A Major, for Violin and Piano*. This sonata, by the way, contains a canon constructed with such remarkable deftness that it never ceases to evoke admiration. Besides, the work is uncommonly captivating from a melodic point of view. It is one of Franck's best compositions.

Although Leopold Stokowski will undoubtedly not go down in history as one of the great exponents of the music of Johannes Brahms, his lucid reading of the much-neglected *Serenade in D Major, Op 11* is, to my thinking, altogether in keeping with the composer's thoughts and purpose. As always, Stokowski elicits sumptuous tonal beauty from the orchestra, which, in this instance, is the Symphony of the Air.

I wish I knew how to give an adequate translation of the German word *Innigkeit*. One could use the terms "intimacy," "fervor," or "intenseness"; but these nouns do not convey the full meaning of what the Germans call *Innigkeit*, which is one of the salient characteristics of the music of Brahms. I take special de-

light in Stokowski's reading of the *Serenade in D Major* because it brings out this quality with striking effectiveness. Furthermore, this fine performance proves — at least to my satisfaction — that Brahms had far more ability in the art of instrumentation than some commentators are inclined to say or believe.

Andres Segovia is one of the greatest guitarists of this or any other age. His mastery of the instrument is as comprehensive as it is breath-taking, and his musicianship is as far-ranging as it is chaste. Here the famous master of the guitar plays compositions by Luis Milan (ca. 1500 — ca. 1561); Robert de Visee (ca. 1651 — ca. 1725); Joseph Haydn; Isaac Albeniz; Gaspar Sanz, the seventeenth-century Spanish composer; Domenico Scarlatti; Fernando Sor; Felix Mendelssohn (the *Song Without Words* titled *Consolation*); and Federico Moreno Torroba, the Spanish composer who was born in 1891. Some of these compositions are transcriptions.

Perhaps it is in order to mention here that Niccolo Paganini, the mighty wizard of the violin, and Hector Berlioz, a past master of the art of writing for the orchestra, played the guitar. In all probability, however, they did not have even a small fraction of the skill Segovia has acquired.

Now let us turn to Heinrich Isaac (ca. 1450-1517), who was in the service of Lorenzo de' Medici for twelve years and is commonly regarded as the composer of *Inspruk, ich muss dich lassen*, from which we have the melody for *Now Rest Beneath Night's Shadows*. It has been thrilling to hear four compositions from Isaac's pen on a disc on which the Pro Musica Motet Choir and Wind Ensemble as well as the Boys' Choir of the Church of the Transfiguration in New York City (The Little Church Around the Corner) give exciting evidence of outstanding artistry. The conductor is Noah Greenberg, and the works presented are *Donna di dendro*, by the boys' and men's choir and the wind ensemble; *In meinem Sinne*, by the wind ensemble; *Lament on the Death of Lorenzo de' Medici*, by the men's choir and soloists; and *La mi si sol*, a fascinating little *Scherzo* played by the wind ensemble.

On the opposite side of this disc the soloists, the men's choir, the boys' choir, and the wind ensemble present the moving *Missa fortuna desperata* by Jacob Obrecht, the remarkably accomplished Netherlands master who was born in 1452 and died of the plague in 1505. This is an extraordinarily skillful setting of the Ordinary of the Mass.

The five discs I have mentioned are issued by Decca.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH

RELIGION

LUTHER AND CULTURE

By George W. Forell, Harold J. Grimm, Theodore Hoelty-Nickel (Augsburg, \$3.00)

When you see the names of Forell, Grimm, and Hoelty-Nickel grouped together in the discussion of a subject like Luther and Culture, you expect exciting things. This is what you get in this fourth volume of the Martin Luther Lectures, sponsored by Luther College, Decorah, Iowa.

Dr. George Forell, formerly of Chicago Lutheran Seminary, delivered the lectures on Luther and Politics. Three areas constitute the outline for his lectures: The Political use of the Law; Foreign Policy; and Domestic Policies. Although Luther considered politics the special responsibility of the lawyers, he did not relinquish his pastoral and theological task in its relation to the political life. Luther was a political fact of life. Never during his eventful life was Luther allowed to lose sight of political issues. However, Forell is not willing to discuss his topic theoretically in terms of church-state separation. Far from it. Taking the setting of the sixteenth century and its controversies into account, Forell clearly uses Luther's distinction of the two realms. And he uses Luther's methodological rubric of the proper distinction between Law and Gospel to discuss the theological dynamics of Luther's actions, preachings, and teachings on politics.

Two stimuli moved Luther to enter into political discussion: 1) whenever he felt that an issue required theological insight to illuminate it (the Peasants' War); and 2) when his own personal service as a respected Christian man would assist in bringing peace among opposing factions.

Two rather silly notions about Luther ought to be dispelled by Forell's discussion. The first is the notion that the "two realms" theological principle led Luther into a docile passivity about power politics and the function of government in the conduct of human society. The second notion is that because Luther was so adamant against the function of reason (a sort of religion "common sense") in theology men have thought him to be totally opposed to the function of reason.

Building his material chiefly from Luther's Commentary on Galatians, Forell does a fine job of weaving an exciting pattern of Luther's thought and action on politics and government. Such items as reason's function in political matters, the lawful use of Law, and the unique

freedom that the Christian has in his law-free Gospel relationship to God, come at the reader in such an exciting manner that he will probably find himself talking back to the author.

On foreign policy Forell sums up Luther's presuppositions this way: "First of all, international conflicts are ways in which God shows His ultimate Lordship over history. Secondly, they are ways in which the devil shows his provisional power in this age to obstruct the advance of God's word" (p. 26). He characterizes Luther's practical political thought as an "unexpected combination of realism, conservatism, and pragmatism" (p. 88). The development of these characteristics and their documentation occupy him through much of the discussion.

Amazingly enough for such a series, there is real carry-over from one set of lectures to the next. This can be seen especially in the series of lectures by Grimm on Luther and Education.

Under the headings "Luther's Impact on the Schools" and "Luther as a Teacher in the Pulpit," Dr. Grimm, competent historian of Ohio State University's history department, and its chairman, clearly outlines and documents Luther's relentless drive to teach people. But that is not all. Luther had profound insight into learning and the learner; he put these insights to good use.

Grimm's discussion of the third topic, "Luther's Catechism as Textbooks," is a handy essay to trace the development of the Catechism. And some of his summary observations are fine correctives. For example: "His [Luther's] catechisms do not express theology abstractly or systematically, but as a *confessio fidei*, a statement of his own firm convictions" (pp. 130, 131). Again Luther "expected them [the Catechisms] to be used as household books . . . an aid to fathers or mothers as bishops in instructing and training their children and servants . . ." (p. 141).

"Luther's explanations of the Ten Commandments do not contain direct references to the distinction between their legal use and their evangelical use; yet it is clearly present" (p. 139). One wishes that Dr. Grimm had brought the full force of his historical learning and insight to bear on a much fuller discussion of the conflict preceding the writing of the Articles of Visitation. Such a discussion would profitably show what a decisive role Luther's theological methodology of properly distinguishing Law from Gospel played in the arrangement of the parts in the Small Catechism. It could furnish a healthy corrective against the excessive moralism or

pious antinomianism in Catechetical instruction.

Theodore Hoelty-Nickel, head of Valparaiso University's Department of Music, in addition to a lively, penetrating discussion of a Philosophy of Lutheran Church Music and Lutheran Hymnody, makes available in English the *Deutsche Messe*. He translates Luther's annotations and comments between the parts of the German Mass. Except for parts of the German Mass in the Holman edition, this is its first appearance in English. And the melody is printed too! Where else could you get so much for so little?

The reviewer wishes every leader of worship could have the assistance of Dr. Hoelty-Nickel at least once. To have him play the organ while the congregation sings is to be in a situation where one feels all hilarity may break loose. Joy, good cheer, insight, surprise, restraint, illustrate Hoelty-Nickel's convictions about the relation of word and music in Lutheran worship. Perhaps these experiences with the author have colored what the reviewer read. But let the reader of the lectures expect this sort of experience in the essay and judge for himself.

Hoelty-Nickel maintains that "Luther's musical philosophy must be interpreted by his theology" (p. 149). And the lecturer does just this. Discussing music as "order" and "freedom," Hoelty-Nickel talks about Spirit-filled men using the creation that is now a fallen creation. And he discusses the life of the Christian, *simul iustus et peccator*, as the life "between freedom and order." The musician, therefore, must know his art, and yet that is not enough. He needs to be also a man of creativity. Thus neither sterile artistry nor undisciplined creativity can meet the musical needs of the Church. Both the disciplined artist and the creative master must be combined to produce that music which is useable in the congregation's worship.

Hoelty-Nickel then traces Luther's activity as hymnist: author-translator and editor. Hymns furnish a penetrating mode for spreading the Gospel. With glad sounds one can sing the message of Christ into the ears of the neighbor. There can be no message in the hymns but Christ. "Hymnody is proclamation, a necessary sign of the universal priesthood of believers" (p. 179). "The man (hymn writer or singer) speaking is always the man turned toward God and toward Christ, the man in the midst of the people of God and in the Church of Christ" (p. 172). "Thus hymnody assumes an office, a commission, in the worship service, in the

home . . ." (p. 172). And these are only a few samples!

In the few pages introducing Luther's German Mass, Hoelty-Nickel makes a salutary observation: Luther's liturgical concern was concern for the laity to be the worshipping Church. This demanded a concern both for content and for expression of the real life of the congregation in Christ.

This appearance in English of Luther's directions regarding his German Mass, in addition to the music and translations, make this a valuable source book.

KENNETH F. KORBY

A LUTHERAN BOOK OF PRAYER

Edited by John W. Doberstein (Muhlenberg, \$2.50)

Is it possible for Evangelical Christianity to develop the life of devotion, of piety? Has Evangelical theology become rationalistic so that its devotional results are reading of "devotional" literature, comments usually devoted to a very milky theological diet? Has Evangelical theology varnished itself into a corner where it has lost its right to talk of discipline, of loving God, of that profound longing of Psalm 42? Has Evangelical theology lost the dimensions of awe and adoration so that it has nothing left but variety, "mood," and atmosphere" created by clever lighting devices?

What constitutes the devotional life in the Evangelical Lutheran Christian and family? Does the family's devotional life have any organic connection with the worship life of the congregation? Or is the standard this: every one turns aside to his own way?

Instead of "answering" these questions with stirring lectures on devotions, John W. Doberstein, well known as translator for Muhlenberg Press and editor of *The Ministers' Prayerbook*, has edited and compiled *A Lutheran Book of Prayer*.

It is good that editor Doberstein has related the daily devotions to the Lord's Prayer and to Luther's Small Catechism. Such arrangement is in itself a strong commendation!

Doberstein suggests a form for Morning and Evening Prayer: The Catechism; the Versicle; the Hymn; the Scripture Reading; Responsive Prayers from the Psalms; the Prayers, including Thanksgiving, Petition, and Intercession, along with other prayers; The Lord's Prayer; the Benediction.

Two sections include materials on the Remembrance of Baptism and Preparation for Holy Communion.

Under the Sum of Faith and Prayer he includes items from the Small Catechism and the *Te Deum*.

Pages 67-89 are Scripture Readings for the Church year.

The following Bible readings are now widely used in the Lutheran Church beyond America. They are the heart of this book. The lessons are extensions of the Sunday and festival Gospels and Epistles. The Text for the Week, printed at the beginning of the lessons for each week, sets the theme and the daily readings elaborate the message of the preceding Sunday or festival. Two readings are provided for each day. These may be used morning and evening or in successive years.

The readings are the heart of this book because evangelical devotions are always responses to God's Word. God speaks first to us and we answer. Therefore, if we read God's Word aright, we should hardly need a book of prayers like this one. Be receptive—God wants to say something to you; listen to him. Read the text, aloud if possible, keeping in mind these questions: What is in the text? (what does it say about God? about me? about my attitude toward my neighbor?) What reason does it give me for thanksgiving? What sin must I confess? What must I pray for? Then, quite simply, give thanks, confess, and pray. Whatever you read, remember that here God wants to meet you. (Page 67).

The reviewer recognizes the need for brevity in this "introductory" statement and the wisdom of economy. But it is a pity the author did not alert his readers to a fundamental principle in Bible reading, the need to distinguish Law from Gospel and to use each according to the needs of the hearers. It is high time theologians, pastors, and authors were again calling Bible readers to this key for unlocking the Scripture proclamations.

But please note: the editor of this Prayer Book has made the pattern of the congregation's life to have devotional significance for the daily worship of family and individual. Hallelujah!

The remainder of the book is an anthology of prayers: for the Church Year; for the Church and the Kingdom of God; the Christian life; the Home. Unique in this book are prayers from Lutheran sources, many of them translated for the first time. Among them are prayers of Luther, Melancthon, Veit Dietrich, John Mathesuis, and in modern time, Bishop Hans, Lillje.

This book is a good contribution to the present task of Evangelical Lutheran congregations and families to learn anew the devotional life. It should be received with gratitude. At the same time it reflects the gap in creative devotional materials which make use of Baptism and the Holy Communion.

The author suggests that the material for Holy Communion be used on Saturday evening or Sunday morning. The reviewer concurs. But why not the same pattern for preparation to hear the preaching, to join in praise and prayers? Why not train and discipline every family to ready itself for Sunday worship by a Saturday evening use of the Propers? How much more intelligently and with what alertness could all come together with one mind in one place. Preachers would never feel so well listened to!

But these are small things when compared with the so many excellent things. The Book is small, comfortable to hold, well printed, well arranged, well indexed for good usage, and the sources are available in the indexes.

KENNETH F. KORBY

GENERAL

THE PARISH ROLE OF THE LUTHERAN TEACHER

By Gene W. Brockopp (Lutheran Education Association, 7400 Augusta Street, River Forest, Illinois, \$2.00)

Dr. Brockopp and the Lutheran Education Association have performed a singular service to the Church by making available this first study in depth of its teaching ministry.

This is not an easy book to read. It is full of statistics, graphs, correlations, and other products of the researcher's trade; and those of us who are always demanding precise information are seldom willing to slog our way through it when it is presented to us. But what makes it harder to read is the burden which it lays upon our consciences. We are exploiting our teachers for all they are worth. For instance, the average male teacher spends 53 hours a month in parish activities. For this, plus, of course, their work in the classroom, we are paying half of our male teachers less than forty-five hundred dollars a year, and eighty per cent of our women teachers less than thirty-five hundred dollars a year—in both cases including twenty per cent for housing, where this is furnished. Perhaps it is not surprising, in view of these facts, that only thirty-seven per cent of the teachers feel that they are full-time professional people or assets in congregational activities and only eight per cent feel that their congregations see in them the full implication of their call as ministers of religion.

Half of the teachers surveyed indicated, in varying degrees, that they felt that parish activities hamper their teaching effectiveness, but more than forty per cent of them expressed attitudes which indicate that they consider these activities an important part of their total calling. More than two-thirds of the teachers describe

their relationships with their pastors as satisfactory to excellent.

Included in the book is a symposium on the question: What should be the parish role of the teacher? Contributors to the symposium represent the viewpoints of the female teacher (Miss Donna Drees), the male teacher (Mr. Robert W. Huebner), the school board member (Mr. John Strietelmeier), the pastor (the Reverend Alton F. Wedel), and the district superintendent (Mr. Arthur L. Amt). As might be expected, the contributors to the symposium present divergent answers to the question.

It is obvious that a tremendous amount of work went into this book. It would be a shame, therefore, if it ended up gathering dust in library stacks. Its natural market would be among members of parish boards of education upon whom lies the primary responsibility for seeing to it that the teacher is given the maximum possible opportunity to make full proof of his ministry. Chairmen of Parent-Teacher League program committees might consider organizing a year's discussions around the materials which are presented in the section that has to do with interpretations of the questionnaire. And certain'y Dr. Brockopp's conclusions (pages 189-194) should be presented somewhere along the line to the Voters' Assembly of every congregation that maintains a parish school.

THE UNDYING PAST

Edited by Orville Prescott (Doubleday, \$7.50)

For almost twenty years, Mr. Prescott has been the book reviewer of the daily *New York Times*. For much longer than that — since the age of ten — he has been a reader of historical fiction. It pains him that this great love of his life has fallen into a kind of disrepute by reason of the proliferation of shoddy stuff that has been published in recent years under the heading of historical fiction. This anthology is an effort to restore an honorable literary form to the position of respect which it deserves.

The forty-five selections which Mr. Prescott has included in this anthology are arranged chronologically so as to cover the high points of Western history from its origins in barbarism to the beginning of the contemporary period (roughly the time of the Civil War). The writers represented include such mighty figures of the past as Anatole France, Rudyard Kipling, Sigrid Undset, Par Lagerkvist, Daniel Defoe, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Hillaire Belloc, W. M. Thackeray, Sir Walter Scott, Herman Melville, Charles Dickens, Leo Tolstoy, Joseph Conrad, Robert Louis Stevenson, and Thomas Wolfe, as well as such more recent writers as Mary Renault, Thornton Wilder, H.F.M. Prescott, Kenneth Roberts, and C. S. Forester.

Mr. Prescott has anticipated the criticism which every anthologist must expect to face — that this should have been included or that left out — by admitting that if he had had several volumes to fill he could have included much else of nearly equal interest. This reviewer will not quibble about the matter. What has been included is very good and, for those who share Mr. Prescott's love of historical fiction, altogether fascinating.

Custom dictates that the reviewer of an anthology give evidence of having read it by listing the selections which he found particularly to his taste. This being a wholly subjective matter, we hope that no one will ask us to justify our choice of Frans G. Bengtsson's "How King Harald Bluetooth Celebrated Yule" as our number one choice. It deals with a rough, uncouth, rather bawdy era in Western history and one for which we ordinarily have no great liking. But it has a certain roisterousness about it which we found engaging.

Other selections which we found particularly enjoyable are "Plowing Eve," by Naomi Mitchison; "The Procurator of Judaea," a classic by Anatole France; "Mistress Anne Boleyn," by H. F. M. Prescott; and "Mrs. Oliver Cromwell," by Margaret Irwin.

COLLECTED POEMS

By Robert Graves. (Doubleday, \$5.95)

The list of works, original and translated, by 66-year-old Robert Graves is impressive. It includes some forty titles such as "Food for Centaurs," "The White Goddess," and "Greek Gods and Heroes." To anyone acquainted with his other writings, these "Collected Poems" will be familiar ground, filled as they are with figures and symbols from mythology and fable.

The "Collected Poems" are actually a fifth edition, the first collection having appeared in 1926. This new volume is not much larger than the first as Graves points out, since with each publication he "suppressed all poems that no longer passed muster." Without that first edition at hand, and with only one very early poem (written in 1914) in the present collection, one nevertheless notices the consistency of style, from

He, of his gentleness,
Thirsting and hungering
Walked in the wilderness;
Soft words of grace he spoke
Unto lost desert-folk
That listened wondering . . .
("In the Wilderness," 1914)

to "The Sharp Ridge":

Since now I dare not ask
Any gift from you, or gentle task,
Or lover's promise—nor yet refuse
Whatever I can give and you dare
choose—
Have pity on us both: choose well

On this sharp ridge dividing death
from hell.

Many of these poems, it is true, are subjective, private, to the point of alienating the reader. But on the theme of love — and fortunately many poems on this theme are included — Graves has few equals:

Drowsing in my chair of disbelief
I watch the door as it slowly opens—
A trick of the night wind?

Your slender body seems a shaft of
moonlight
Against the door as it gently closes.
Do you cast no shadow?

Your whisper is too soft for credence,
Your tread like blossom drifting from
a bough.
Your touch even softer.

You wear that sorrowful and tender
mask
Which on high mountain tops in
heather-flow
Entrances lonely shepherds;

And though a single word scatters all
doubts;
I quake for wonder at your choice of me:
Why, why and why?
("The Visitation")

Such samplings as this can give no idea at the great range of the "Collected Poems," from the occasional and whimsical verses ("Vision in the Repair-Shop" and "Grotesques") to the formal and serious. Certain poems are reminiscent of Yeats ("Leda") and Rilke ("Apple Island"), although Graves has not yet attained the stature of those poets. If Graves is, as it has been said, a minor poet, he is certainly one of the few important minor poets of our time.

CHARLES GUENTHER

LUKE SHORT AND HIS ERA

By William R. Cox (Doubleday, \$3.50)

That particular bit of American history which took place in the West during the seventh and eighth decades of the nineteenth century doesn't need the accretion of glamor and sentimentality with which the facts are currently overlaid. The truth is sufficiently fascinating, especially when related in a fashion which the author of this book would undoubtedly call "salty." Luke Short was one of the most famous gamblers of the Old West. He ran on honest game (faro was his specialty) and, with two exceptions, used his gun only to crack an occasional trouble maker on the head. Twice (not counting Indians, of course, which nobody did in those days) he had to kill or be killed, and chose the former, so clearly in self-defense that no one thought of incarcerating him.

Short came up from Ft. Worth to Abi-

lene as a cowhand and hung around the gaming tables there long after he lost all of his money. When he became proficient in gambling (at that time not only legal, but a respected profession) he moved on to the Long Branch Saloon, in Dodge City, and thence to Tombstone's Oriental Saloon. Back once more in Dodge, he wound up his career in Ft. Worth. Gambling was declared illegal there in 1887, when Short was thirty-three years old.

Cox includes much material about Short's friends, Wyatt Earp, Bat Masterson, et al. He has nothing good to say of Doc Holliday. He maintains neither Earp nor Masterson killed except when forced to do so in the line of duty. He supplies impressive evidence in support of his views throughout. When it is impossible to prove some point in question, he says so.

The last years of Luke Short were spent in a society hostile to all those occupations which produced nothing. For a while he conducted a clandestine gambling establishment. He died before his fortieth birthday, having as the author comments, outlived his times.

THE MAN WHO SOLD THE EIFFEL TOWER

By James Johnson with Floyd Miller
Doubleday, \$3.95)

"Count" Victor Lustig, whose career of crime on two continents began just before World War I and lasted until 1935, was a confidence man of astounding virtuosity. He spoke five languages. His manner and dress were elegant. So cleverly did he exploit the avarice of his chosen "marks" that they often made no complaint to police. He was however, arrested forty-seven times, in eleven states — without a single conviction. There was never sufficient evidence.

Lustig's larcenous schemes were sometimes elaborate, sometimes crude, but they always worked. In Paris, he "sold" the Eiffel Tower *twice*. He sold a "money duplicating" machine to an Oklahoma sheriff, and another to a manufacturer wintering in Palm Beach. He made a "sucker" of Al Capone, just to prove to himself that he could.

In 1934 the United States Government became alarmed about a large amount of counterfeit currency of excellent quality appearing in New York City. A special squad was formed of sixteen Secret Service men, called in from all over the country, to scotch this counterfeiting operation. It was the beginning of the end for Lustig.

This narrative is entertainingly written. It is told by one of the men who finally brought Lustig to justice.

It is hard to feel sorry for those of Lustig's "marks" who seemed to possess cupidity and stupidity in equal amounts. Others, more honest, were cruelly victimized. Lustig prided himself upon never

resorting to violence, but was fully as unscrupulous as those gangsters he despised. Despite his charm, which only too often proved irresistible to women, he had no more conscience than a snake has hips.

THE MAN WHO SAVED LONDON

By George Martelli (Doubleday, \$4.50)

This is the story of Michel Hollard, leader of the French underground resistance group, "Agir." These undercover agents spent four dangerous years in efforts to impede German operations, chiefly by furnishing information to the British. This was accomplished in trips to British Embassy officials in Switzerland. These trips to and from the Swiss border were fully as nerve-racking as the weeks spent in gathering the information to be delivered.

It was Hollard who discovered strange construction work going on at several secret sites in Northern France, and passed on to British Intelligence the first complete plan of a site intended for the launching of Germany's new secret weapon, the "flying bomb." The British Air Force was able to put out of action the majority of 104 such sites before they could be used. This one service among the many performed by "Agir" to further the Allied cause would in itself have justified the effort and the risks involved.

Probably this book's greatest accomplishments is to present proof once again of the courage and endurance possible for those who are passionately dedicated to the service of their country.

FICTION

SPIRIT LAKE

By MacKinlay Kantor (World, \$6.95)

The Spirit Lake Massacre in the winter of 1856-57 is the basis for this mammoth new novel by Mackinlay Kantor, who received the Pulitzer Prize for his 1956 novel, *Andersonville*. In this well known Iowa massacre, an entire settlement was decimated by a band of renegade Indians. Fascinated by episodes of frontier life and particularly by this massacre, the author spent years of research on the persons involved, and, as a result, the principal characters are those who actually settled the Okobojo country, though their personalities and their histories are mostly fictitious.

Only a small portion of this huge book (951 pages) is concerned with the massacre itself; the remainder is a story of pioneers and a convincingly true picture of the settler's life. There are no sparkling white covered wagons, no heroic, glamorous characters involved, only make-shift cabins and tired anxious people, who would almost resent the implication that they were a brave and hearty lot. Most of them were not answering the call of adventure, but went West because they were not success-

ful elsewhere, or because this was the direction of least resistance.

So completely and realistically drawn are the main characters that the reader knows each of them — and often their parents and grandparents — as well as he knows his neighbors. At first the abundance of detail on the early life and ancestry of each character seems redundant, but it is soon clear that all of this information is relevant for the understanding of later action.

The narrative pace is extremely slow as each family is introduced and as the factors which motivate the move West accumulate. Not until the novel is more than half finished is the last of the principal characters on his way.

Who were these hardy pioneers who settled the wild area of northern Iowa? There was Rowland Gardner, who failed as a mill operator in the East, his wife and daughters, one of whom married Harvey Luce, a sanctimonious man and an inept worker. Then there was a group composed of the shiftless but happy Howe family, their friends the Joe Thatchers, and their son-in-law, Alvin Noble, an unemployed cabinet maker. Another friend, Morris Markham, has a better reason than failure for going West for he is a hunter, and fortunately, a good one, since his skill keeps the group alive in the unusually severe Winter of 1856. The rollicking, profane Mattock family, who raise hogs, and a solid, sober stonemason, William Marble, and his wife, complete the list of those who were dissatisfied or who had failed in the Midwest or East. Representing the younger element are Dr. Isaac Harriott, just finished with his medical training, who heads for Iowa at the urging of his friend, Bert Snyder, a wealthy Frenchman fleeing an unhappy family life in Paris.

Even the Indian characters are drawn in depth. The principal two are Corn Sucker, who is called Half-Face because of scars suffered at birth, and her amoral husband, Inkpaduto, leader of the renegades who perpetrate the massacre. While Mr. Kantor is eminently successful in interpreting the thoughts and motivations of these Indians, it is unfortunate that these are not typical Indians, but, with the exception of the idealist, Corn Sucker, are outlaws who have been rejected by their own tribes and who are drawn together solely by their common interest in lawlessness.

The true spirit of the pioneers emerges from this novel as it has from very few on this subject, and few novelists have the skill to make normal human beings seem so noble as Kantor has done. It is a rewarding novel, finely written, and a worthy addition to Americana.

Letter to the Editor

Dear Editor:

While splashing about in the waters of my beautiful shower in lovely northwestern New York, I suddenly felt the urge to take up the cudgels for one much-maligned columnist. I do not know the source of the inspiration that came to me at that moment. Maybe the lovely and robust sound of my singing "La Calunia e un venticello" from the *Barber of Seville* by Gioacchino Rossini (1792-1868) which I always sing in the shower reminded me — not quite so telepathically, as it were — that the charm of the phrases devised by Walter (you supply the dates, please) had much in common with the way I sing Rossini in my shower. Perhaps my husky rendition of "Largo al factotum" prompted me to speak up for the long-lasting sturdiness contained in much of the writing composed by this man.

At all events, I decided then and there to come to the defense of Walter. Is it risky to take such a step? Is it hazardous to call Indiana-born (correct me if I'm wrong) Walter an outstanding master in his particular field? Is it preposterous to speak of this one as a great critic?

I confess that there was a time when I, too, turned up my nose at articles such as "Invoca-Bit or Vit?" (cf. April, 1961, issue) and other undying popular bits from Walter's facile and fertile pen. Perhaps I had heard these articles manhandled altogether too often by incompetent critics, untutored writers, and clumsy speakers. More than once I consigned "Invoca-Bit or Vit?" to outer darkness. But many weeks ago I saw the error of my ways, and my attitude became completely different. If I were a writer, it would give me unending joy to have written articles as graceful and as witty as those that have been handed down to us by Walter.

This man is neither a Shaw nor a Cassidy. Nor is he a Hume (Paul, that is) or a Gilman (Lawrence, that is). He cannot write like Downes and the satire at his command is different, in many respects, from Frankenstein (not the monster, of course). Nevertheless, I am convinced that Shaw, Cassidy, Hume, Gilman, and Schonberg (Harold, of course) would have been proud of an article like "Two Neglected Composers." Furthermore, long and intimate association with the works of hundreds upon hundreds of critics has shown me that it is relatively easy to find commonplace phrases in the output of every one of them.

Walter does not produce masterpieces every time he sits down to write. But he has given us many articles of lasting value, and they continue to rejoice the heart of thousands.

Snobbery is as vicious and disgusting in music criticism as it is in any other field of knowledge. I have heard Cassidy enthusiasts speak sneeringly of Hume's critique of Margaret Truman's recital, one of the greatest and most courageous articles of this kind. Whenever this happens, I conclude at once that the understanding such persons had of the invective of Cassidy was only skin-deep (and Claudia can really skin you!). More than once I have clenched my teeth while snobs attempted to tear Hansen to shreds. "Is it utterly impossible," I asked myself, "for one who is thrilled to the marrow by the columns of Hume to take delight in the graceful phrases and the scintillating wit of Hansen?"

Would Shaw himself sneer (to show you how erudite I am, he wrote his music criticisms under the name of "Corno di Bassetti") at Taubman's remarks if he could come back today? Would he make snide remarks if he could come back to earth to read Hume's columns in the *Washington Post*? Would he dismiss "Invoca-Bit or Vit?" as pedantic drivel? I do not think so. Shaw was a broad-minded writer. Otherwise he could not have been Shaw (Whew! such genetic logic!). Gilman was broad-minded. Otherwise he would not have been Gilman. The

same thing is true of every great critic.

I am firmly convinced that both Shaw and Gilman would have taken infinite pleasure in the lightness of touch and in the sparkle characteristic of much of the writing by Hansen. They, too, wrote in a light vein, and did not consider it beneath their dignity to do so. Neither does the great Cassidy nor the giant whose name is Hume (just ask Howard Hansen). Why, then, should any student of music criticism, no matter how profoundly learned or unlearned he may be, consider it beneath his majestic and sacrosanct dignity to say at least a few words in praise of men like Hansen?

I refuse to quarrel with anyone who is altogether unable to cultivate an honestly felt fondness for the writings of Walter, but those who are prompted by pharisaical snobbery to condemn this man out of hand invariably cause me excruciating pain (and, I might add, you know where). So, by the way, do those who sneer at the poetry of Edgar Guest.

Really now, Mr. Editor —
M. Alfred Bichsel

Colgate-Rochester Divinity School
Rochester, New York

GRAY DAY

Nature slide a cardboard sky
Between Reality and me.
My world! Dimensionless! And I,
Flat silhouette, all out of key,
Walk stiffly by
Each paper tree
Sketched charcoal black against the sky.

Oh, flat, gray day!
Today I cannot even pray!

JEANNE NUECHTERLEIN

GO ROUND MERRY

To take a twinkling ride
In carefree countryside,
I mount the painted steed.
The cymbal and the reed
Make gay fanfaronade.

When did these colors fade?
Why does this silence brood?
Where went my laughing mood?
Dismount! (who said?) In mud.
In bones. In blood.

JOSEPH CHERWINSKI

A Minority Report

Priests, Magicians, and Prophets

By VICTOR F. HOFFMANN



IN *Max Weber: An Intellectual Portrait*, Reinhard Bendix explains some of the interesting distinctions Weber draws among some significant religious roles.

A priest is an *employed functionary* "in a permanent organization for influencing the deities."

As such the priest possesses "a knowledge of formulated doctrine and hence a professional qualification." With an eye to the contemporary situation, it might be said that where there is an established priesthood, there — in the institutionalized church, for example — man's relation to the divine is systematized in formulated statements, is sanctified by tradition and the precedents of a previous culture, and is perpetuated by institutional rationalization.

For the priests or the clergymen in such situations, the priesthood becomes a routinization of the rules of the game with a frequent obsession about a *status ethic*, about the *power position*, and studies (in casuistics) about the various *cases* in the parish with respect to divorce, delinquency, heresy, and the like.

According to Weber, a religious magician seeks "to compel 'demons,'" or is a kind of "free-lance" professional "hired by individuals from time to time," or is a kind of Billy Sunday that can prove a "personal charisma through miracles and personal revelation." One can think specifically of the radio preacher who says, "Put your hands on the radio while I pray and let the spirit of the Lord stream through to you." Some of the conversation about the sacraments in this day and age borders on the magical and superstitious.

Perhaps Weber should talk at this point: "Every magical procedure which has *proved* efficacious is naturally repeated strictly in the successful form. That is extended to everything which has symbolic significance. The slightest departure from the approved form may vitiate the action. All branches of human activity get drawn into this circle of symbolic magic."

In contradistinction to the priest and the magician, the prophet "claims authority on the basis of a *personal call*." On the basis of a personal charisma and by virtue of a personal mission, the prophet proclaims "a religious doctrine or a Divine command." Weber intimates that the latter approach may appeal more to the laity and will probably be "a challenge to priestly traditions and to the magical elements surviving in a re-

ligious ritual."

If the priesthood is challenged by such a prophetic mission, it may seek to entrench itself and protect its *position* "against attack." To fight what the priest would call skepticism and indifference, a vast series of *canonical writings* result, "containing revelations and holy traditions, and in dogmatic expositions containing the priestly interpretations of their meanings."

Referring specifically to our religion, Weber said: "Again, Christianity originated as a doctrine of itinerant artisans. Throughout its history it remained an urban middle-class religion. The Occidental city became its main center, beginning with the ancient religious communities and extending through the mendicant orders of the Middle Ages to the Reformation and the modern Protestant denominations. Each of these religions underwent a development toward a *book religion* while the charismatic qualifications of religious functionaries became depersonalized and literary."

In the end, the book religion — whether by priest or prophet or magician — would have to be interpreted to the laity who in turn might have their own traditional and magical notions about what religion is supposed to do for them.

It was Weber's belief "that ordinary men are influenced by religion because of their mundane expectations rather than because they have any concern with religious ideas."

In modern parlance, we would say that many members of many churches go to communion because in some *magical way* communions make them feel good and right with the world. A farmer might look upon religion as an instrument to prosperity and the bridge to a long substantial life. Students might go to church and to communion before examinations so that "they'll at least have half a chance." Some may go to church to keep peace in the family.

The expectations of differing social and status groups give rise to different religious expressions and desires. Or: life situations and styles of life are congenial to certain kinds of religious expressions and formulations.

In a monumental work, *The Protestant Ethic and the Spirit of Capitalism*, Weber specifically pursued the affinity of the spirit of Protestantism for the drives and the acquisitive impulses of a capitalistic society.

"An All - Embracing Publication"

By ANNE HANSEN

IT IS NO SECRET that the magazine industry has seen more prosperous times. In recent years a number of important and once-flourishing periodicals have disappeared from our newsstands. Several other old-time favorites are at present experiencing serious financial difficulties. Even the *Saturday Evening Post*, with its truly impressive record of uninterrupted publication, has undergone a face lifting in an attempt to stem an alarming drop in circulation. At first glance this may seem to be a strange and inauspicious moment in which to launch a new trade magazine — especially one that costs a dollar per copy.

Huntington Hartford, the publisher of *Show: The Magazine of the Performing Arts*, confidently believes that the risks involved in the new venture are offset by the urgent need for "an all-embracing publication of culture and the arts, particularly the performing arts." In a publisher's note in the first issue Mr. Hartford says: "*Show* will be the definitive magazine of the performing arts, and our view of those arts will be broad." In addition, the publisher emphasizes the fact that he and his staff have confidence in the American public. "They may not always be intellectuals, but they are not necessarily idiots either." Convinced that the greater part of the American public sincerely *wants* "better movies, better TV, better art, and better music," Mr. Hartford pledges his magazine "to help them to achieve those ends."

In bring to their readers their explorations into "our volatile, absurd, wonderful world of creation and beauty," the editors of *Show* have resolved to be guided by these words from the pen of William James: "The feeling for a good human job anywhere, the admiration of the really admirable, the disesteem of what is cheap and trashy and impermanent — this is what we call the critical sense, the sense of ideal values. It is the better part of what men call wisdom."

Everyone who is eager to gain a realistic insight into the state of the arts in our time will find something of interest in the first issue of *Show*. Previews of the new season in TV, the motion picture, music, the dance, and the legitimate stage, together with a complete listing of current and coming attractions, will be welcomed by those who wish to keep abreast of happenings in the fascinating world of the performing arts.

For more than four years a large segment of the American public has followed the career of one TV personality with avid interest. No doubt many who have *not* come under his spell have often asked, "What makes Jack Paar click?" The October number of *Show*

Business Illustrated, the third issue of this excellent new magazine, carries the first of a series of articles titled "The Paar Phenomenon," by Roger Kahn. The title is well chosen. The popularity of the Paar show is something of a phenomenon. Can it be that John Crosby was right when he said: "We don't watch it [television] really. We stare at it half awake and only half alive. The television set is no longer an instrument for entertainment. It has become an anaesthetic"?

I am sure that any sense of anaesthesia was dissipated very quickly for anyone who followed the ominous news reports and special documentaries in recent weeks. And surely the only numbness we felt when the news of Dag Hammarskjöld's tragic death was announced was the numbness that comes from deep shock and profound sorrow. Few — very few — public figures in this century have measured up to the stature of this truly dedicated worker for the cause of peace in the world and harmony among nations.

What about the new season on TV? In these first days in October there have been no startling innovations. The most noteworthy programs have been concerned with the troubled state of our globe. In addition, we enjoyed sixty minutes of hilarious nonsense and music with Victor Borge and a rewarding hour with Jack Benny at Carnegie Hall. Although the tried-and-true westerns are less in evidence than last year, the old favorites are back. The crime-and-violence presentations seem to have mushroomed — inspired no doubt by the success of *The Untouchables*. And we are up to our ears in ridiculous and boring so-called "situation" comedies. Sometime I should like to see just one program which depicts family life with some regard for truth. At the moment this seems to be a vain hope.

This has been a long dry spell for anyone who is interested in good movies. Fortunately, a number of promising new films are to be released during the coming weeks. I had hoped for something better in *The Trapp Singers* (20th Century-Fox). It was my good fortune to hear this world-famous group many times, and I read Baroness von Trapp's engrossing book with real pleasure. Although the music is often hauntingly beautiful, in general the film does not do justice to the colorful story of this remarkable family. "Mediocre" is the verdict for *King of the Roaring 20's* (Allied Artists) and *The Thief of Baghdad* (M-G-M), and "meretricious" is the proper word *Claudelle Inglish* (Warners) and *Ada* (M-G-M).

The Pilgrim



Professor Goehring

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

—PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

By O. P. KRETZMANN

Dear Marian:

It seems to me that the last three paragraphs of your letter can be brought together in one reply . . . I shall try to do that, not only because I find an inner connection in them but also because I must write about Christmas next month — and there all questions end . . .

You write: "In Ralph Waldo Emerson's 'Uses of Great Men' it was said, 'I count him a great man who inhabits a higher sphere of thought into which other men rise with labor and difficulty.' Would you please explain your definition of a great man?"

"In William James's 'The Energies of Men' he wrote: 'As a rule men habitually use only a small part of the powers they actually possess and which they might use under appropriate conditions.' What are some ways which you believe would help us to use these powers and thereby strengthen the free world? Would you also please explain these ways?"

As I have said, humanly speaking these three observations hang together . . . A great man *is* one who inhabits a higher sphere of thought . . . who meets his life and lives it . . . who uses a greater part of the powers all of us possess . . . All great men have some or all of this, and the three statements taken together might well be a good definition of greatness . . .

Thoreau's approach, however, must be handled with care . . . The acceptance of life as it is can — and must — come only after great battles and long wars with everything that is wrong and bad and mean in life . . . Eventually there is a point of acceptance — a point of no return to battle — but it must come late and it must be the end rather than the beginning . . . By the way, this is probably what Thoreau meant with the simple words "live it" . . . To live, really and abundantly, is not to lie down in hopeless surrender to things as they are . . . It is to fight, to win or to lose, every hour and every day, from the dawn to the awareness of evening . . . to make your heart the home of lost causes . . . to live greatly despite seeming defeat . . . Thoreau's own life is evidence that this is what he meant to say . . .

Would "using our potential powers" help to strengthen the "free world"? I find this question interesting — and puzzling . . . There is, first of all, the problem of the "free world" . . . One can make a good case for the proposition that few men in the "free world" are really free . . . What is the difference between the slave of the state behind the Iron Curtain and the slave of the lust for power, or gold, or success, or lust, or pleasure in the so-called "free world"? . . . A thousand years from

now (if God gives another millennium) when the human race may have added wisdom to knowledge, the historian will see clearly that there was really no difference and that most of us in the twentieth century were only slaves to different masters . . . and that few of us were really free . . . and even fewer were really great . . .

And this brings me close to the conclusion of the matter . . . For your "philosophy of life" you must know that there is another definition of freedom and greatness . . . a definition given from beyond this passing world . . . one that comes to us slaves by way of a Cross . . . There is a divine definition of greatness which is vastly different and infinitely more true . . .

Here it is . . . Despite the headlines . . . despite all the evidences of moral littleness and decay there are in the world some truly great people . . . great in the unveiling eyes of God and beloved by Him beyond all understanding . . . These are the men and women who live in two worlds but are at home only in one . . . They are timeless people . . . They are wherever God has come . . . in every nook and corner . . . in every walk of life . . . They are the salt of the earth, the light of the world, the great clocks of God . . . When they stop running and working this insubstantial world, this passing Universe, will end . . . These are the truly great people . . . inhabiting a higher sphere of thought (Emerson) . . . meeting life and living it (Thoreau) . . . using a great part of their potential powers (James) . . . And all this because one day there was a Man on a Cross, and believing in Him they have been lifted to true greatness . . . beyond the stars . . . to the company of angels and archangels . . . "that they might be His own and live under Him in everlasting righteousness, innocence and blessedness." . . .

And — strangely and mysteriously — these truly great people are often found in curious places . . . frequently they are nameless . . . it really does not matter to the world or to history who they are . . . all that matters is what they do . . . in every walk of life — in high and lowly places . . . in kitchens, offices, stores, pulpits, sick-rooms, hospitals, schools . . . their greatness lies in their perfection in seemingly little things . . . the greatness of a life spent wholly in the service of others . . . a life that looks for no human reward and assuredly does not get it . . . a life laid moment by moment at the feet of Him Who has lifted them up into greatness . . .

And this is why I hope that you will always be a Christian — a real Christian . . . Then you will know that true greatness unites heaven and earth by the arms of a Cross . . . that you are living in two worlds.