





as little the gloomy theological gladiator and fire-eater whom many there may have had before their eyes from the times of my early commentary on Romans and the angry No! to Brunner. Instead, I may now hope that I may have become familiar to many readers, if not to all, as a normal human being who is considerably involved in all sorts of human affairs, and distinguished from other men only by the simple fact that he chiefly has devoted his days to a special emphasis on the question of proper theology, and that he would be happy if others would also devote themselves in all seriousness to this question again and again.

As far as I can now see, my five lectures have, on the whole, been received in the United States with astonishing courtesy and appreciation. When I arrived and read the words with which The Christian Century intended to greet me, I understood something of one writer's dread [see Jaroslav Pelikan's article "Karl Barth in America," April 11, 1962] that one or another of my hearers might suppose himself all too easily dispensed from historical criticism and other achievements of the 19th century. When I left I heard again a Century question that apparently had gone unanswered: "How make the jump from Moses to Mozart, from Mesopotamia [!] to East Germany, from obedience to Caesar to defiance of Hitler?" Another question was whether I do not mythologize the Jews of the present by considering and addressing them as identical with the people of the Old Testament. And *Christianity Today* informed me that the old uneasiness smoldering in the conservative camp has still not been extinguished concerning what I have supposedly been heard to say about the authority of the Bible and the relationship of *Geschichte* and *Historie*.

### *A Theology of Freedom*

I eagerly await the further echoes: whether these and similar reservations will now be further weakened or still more strengthened among readers of the other 12 lectures, and whether certain wrinkles which I could not overlook on the brows of the theological professors and students who questioned me (in spite of all the readiness with which they listened) will vanish or will grow deeper and darker.

Certainly, much still remains to be clarified and explained. I only hope that all readers will take my word that I do not presume to have spoken even humanly ultimate words in those five lectures and now in all 17. And by the way, I also understand the *Church Dogmatics* (which can now also be read in America) not as the conclusion but as the initiation of a new exchange of views about the question of proper theology, the established knowledge of God, and the obedient service of God among and for men. I think I have seen unmistakably that a new discussion of this question has also been undertaken in America. And I have even a faint

hope that this discussion might one day be pursued there in a more fruitful manner than in the waters of European theology, which are at present somewhat stagnant. What we need on this and the other side of the Atlantic is not Thomism, Lutheranism, Calvinism, orthodoxy, religionism, existentialism, nor is it a return to Harnack and Troeltsch (and least of all is it "Barthianism"!), but what I somewhat cryptically called in my little final speech at Chicago a "theology of freedom" that looks ahead and strives forward. More or less or something other than that would scarcely be suitable, either here or there, to the foundation, object and content of evangelical theology or to the nearly apocalyptic seriousness of our time.

### *Ice and Fire*

† MORIAH is a molehill of loose change  
And we who brought our sons for sacrifice  
Survey in dread the footpaths of the range  
And clutch our pots of fire or dry ice.

The sculptured tablets of Mount Sinai  
Are sugar-coated laws by Bristol-Meyers  
For these pharaohic times when gods deny  
To man the hope of straw and mud and fires.

Mount Hermon's snowy living breast  
Melts seaward in bright fires of burning springs  
Through Galilee and Jordan, and flows to rest  
In your Dead Sea and mine where our death sings.

The Mount of Olives is pimento-stuffed;  
Its heart of fire is prettily submerged  
In our martini world so sadly sloughed  
In sweaty drops of alcohol, and dirged.

Now we heroes who stand at our hot noon,  
Tall against each crumbling giant peak,  
Are gods to crush the Mountains of the Moon  
In seven remaining days of our last week.

WARREN LANE MOLTON.

### *Every Night*

† EVERY night being the dark night now,  
I thought I'd sing a little of the sun,  
I wondered what bird would be the best,  
Which landscape suitable wherein to place the bird,  
What the proper diet, when to eat or sleep,  
How long to run the song, to whom to dedicate,  
To whom to send the song, for you must know  
That, every night being a dark night,  
It's not easy to decide to sing a little song  
Of sun, of bird, of landscape for the bird,  
Of diet, food and sleep, the proper length  
To make the song, to whom to dedicate,  
To whom to send the song. No, it's not easy.

TRACY THOMPSON.