I. Some Personal Reminiscences:

For many of us who came out of what might be called the “unconscious fundamentalism” of the more conservative main- or old-line churches in America, the theology of Karl Barth was a godsend. Here at last it was possible to be true both to the Bible and to fervently held religious beliefs on the one hand, and to the best of modern culture and critical reason on the other hand, not by compromising between them, but by joyfully yet critically affirming both of them in the only appropriate way as shown to us by that theology. True, Karl Barth was an ocean and a language away, was born in another century, and had a very active theological lifetime’s head start on us. But as his representative in Scotland was said to be Tom Torrance, so his representative in America was with us not only in spirit but in the flesh, living, breathing, teaching among us, in the person of his son Markus Barth.

After breaking a lance with the Bultmannians; serving a pastorate in Bubendorf, Switzerland; and publishing a tome on baptism, Markus was called to teach New Testament at Dubuque, Iowa; at the University of Chicago; at Pittsburgh Theological Seminary; and finally to succeed Oscar Cullmann in his beloved home town of Basel, Switzerland. It was in Chicago in 1962/63 that something of a theological parousia occurred in my own life, when not only did Markus Barth — primarily through his weekly theological evenings “at home” — become my own mentor, advisor, and “spiritual father,” but Karl Barth himself came to the University of Chicago in spring 1962 to deliver the lectures which became the beginning of Evangelical Theology: An Introduction and to speak with us students at Markus’ “at-home” that week.
For I myself had been "converted" to Barthianism at Dartmouth College in 1958 by reading *The Word of God and the Word of Man*; had intended to pursue a career in systematic theology, but wanted to study New Testament first; was overjoyed to find the very incarnation of passionate Barthian New Testament theology in Chicago; indeed followed Markus Barth to Pittsburgh when he moved there in 1963; was a graduate student at Greifswald, East Germany, when Markus taught there in 1966; lived in his house in Pittsburgh 1966-68; and had him on my systematic theological doctoral committee in 1973.

But a funny thing happened on my way to the forum. Although I had intended for a while to do graduate work in New Testament with Markus, by 1966 I had definitely returned to systematic theology, yet with New Testament as an adjunct field. How so? My own proclivities were doubtless the primary reason. But also — and especially after my year in Germany (1965-66) — I had begun to feel that what had started out as a tremendously liberating, exciting, inspiring personal exposure to Barthianism especially in the context of Markus' weekly "evenings at home" had somehow begun to look, sound and feel more and more like naively enthusiastic *Konfirmandenunterricht* (confirmation classes), and the theology presented there — and not just there — like more and more of a narrow and constricting biblicism, as though one could or should contain all of theology, of Christianity, even of life — as though one could indeed have "God in one's pocket" — between the covers of Nestle's *Novum Testamentum Graece*.

Only then did it begin to make sense to me why, although we had heard and received in full and overflowing measure from Markus — in and out of class — about the greatness of God, the "good news" of Christ, and many other priceless theological treasures, we had never heard from him about form criticism, redaction criticism, or the history of traditions. "Demythologizing" was a sacrilege, for there neither was nor could be any "myth" in the Bible. The "quest for the historical Jesus" was arrant nonsense: Albert Schweitzer had shown that; and the "new quest" of E. Käsemann, G. Bornkamm, and J. M. Robinson was nonsense on stilts.

And it was only then that we learned — not least from Brevard Childs' *Biblical Theology in Crisis* (1970) — not only that there had