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The

Cresset

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IN THE SEPTEMBER CRESSET - - -

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In Luce Tua

Comment on the Significant News by the Editors

That Was the Summer That Was

It used to be that nothing much happened in the summertime. Everybody who was anybody took off for the mountains or the beach, the rest of us sat in a kind of torpor trying to beat the heat, churches and government offices and academic institutions all but closed down, and in most homes stacks of newspapers and magazines piled up unread.

Times have changed, apparently. In the South and in most of our large cities there was violence or the threat of violence as determined Negro leadership pressed for full citizenship. In Moscow, the worldly primate of Russian Communism found it more expedient to be yoked together with capitalist unbelievers than with his super-orthodox brother in Peking. In London, Mr. Macmillan was engaged in the humiliating enterprise of preventing Her Majesty's government from being brought down by two tarts. In Washington, the Supreme Court, holding that "in the relationship between man and religion, the State is firmly committed to a position of neutrality," ruled that religious exercises in the public schools are in direct violation of rights guaranteed under the First Amendment. In Montreal, the Commission on Faith and Order of the World Council of Churches called for greater emphasis on the ministry of the laity. And in Paris *le grande Charles* hinted that he and the Almighty had been giving consideration to the possibility of a termination of his services to the French Republic.

At summer's end, the world looked a bit better than it has for some time. Internationally there seems to be grounds for guarded optimism; apparently nobody except the Chinese and possibly the Cubans is ready to contemplate with equanimity the destruction of civilization. In both the United States and Great Britain deadly infections which had been smoldering beneath the surface erupted so dramatically that their victims could no longer delude themselves with the hope that they would just clear up of their own accord. And in the Church, in many places and on many levels, reality broke through wall after wall of comfortable myth and confronted churchmen with the choice between decanting the wine of the Gospel into new wine skins or having the old wine skins blow up in their faces. It was a summer of decision, and while it may leave many of us a bit shaken it has at least liberated us from the frustrations of inaction.

"We Shall Overcome!"

The single most vivid memory that we carry from this past summer is the picture of the widow and young son of Medgar Evers which appeared on the cover of *Life*. If the picture had needed a caption, it could have been the single word, Enough. There is a point at which the victim of an immoral system becomes a participant in it if he does not take effective action to resist and destroy it. One hundred years after the signing of the Emancipation Proclamation the reasonable demands of the Negro were still being met with pistols, pressure hoses, police dogs, and promises. And the Negro finally said, "Enough!"

There were those who heard and understood. Bull Conner, Ross Barnett, Strom Thurmond, and other staunch "supporters of law and order" heard and understood – and if the response which they proposed to the Negro's Enough had been generally accepted by our people we would face a bloody civil war. President Kennedy, Ralph McGill, Eugene Carson Blake, and Nelson Rockefeller heard and understood – and if the response which they proposed to the Negro's Enough had been generally accepted by our people we would be well on the way toward the realization of "one nation, indivisible, with liberty and justice for all."

The problem is with those who have not heard or understood, that is, with those who pride themselves on being "moderates." The priest and the Levite in the Parable of the Good Samaritan were moderates. They did nothing to add to the suffering of the man who fell among robbers and it may even be presumed that they felt some sympathy for him – but they did

nothing to help him. Whenever the moral law is violated, the moderate is always an accessory after the fact. The robber beats a man up within an inch of his life and the priest passes by without interrupting the process of death which the robber set in motion. Medgar Evers is shot in the back and the moderate issues statements urging both sides to foreswear violence — the implication being that if people did not go around asserting their rights as citizens it would not be necessary for other people to shoot them. "Reasoning" from this analogy the moderate position would be that if people didn't insist on getting married there would be no such thing as adultery.

It is perhaps time to say, as clearly and bluntly as possible, that the moderate has nothing to contribute to the solution of the crisis which has developed between the races in our country. The time has come when every one of us must choose his end of the pistol, the pressure hose, and the police dog. The Negro is singing "We Shall Overcome," and he will — as he must if America is to continue to tell the world, as self-evident truths, that all men are created equal and that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights, none of which may be denied to any citizen of the United States or of any state.

A Candle in the Night

Beggars can not be choosers. A starving man is grateful for a scrap of dry bread, and does not inquire too narrowly into the motives of the man who offers it to him. A hunter trapped at night in the Great Dismal Swamp welcomes the faintest light of a far-off candle and heads toward it without worrying too much whether it beckons him to a refuge or a trap.

There is nothing in the history of the past half century to encourage the hope that the Communist leaders of Soviet Russia have suddenly gone idealistic and are looking for friendship with the West. The government of the U.S.S.R. has followed the counsel of the Communist prophets in its dealings with non-Communist nations, alternating periods of aggresive pressure with periods of apparent relaxation of pressures. No responsible Communist leader in the Soviet Union has yet disclaimed the ultimate objectives of the Marxist world revolution. The present quarrel between Moscow and Peking is not over objectives but over tactics and strategy for accomplishing these objectives.

Viewed in this light, the limited test-ban treaty which has been negotiated between our country and the Soviet Union is, quite literally, nothing but a scrap of paper. In fact, the treaty itself provides that any of the signatory powers may abrogate it if its own paramount interests dictate a resumption of testing. Worse still, France and Red China have refused to sign it. But the fact still remains that it is a treaty which the Russians had been unwilling for twenty years to negotiate, much less sign. So, while there is no reason to suppose that it is the first light of a new dawn, there is every reason to be grateful to Mr. Harriman and his colleagues for the part they played in lighting this small candle in the night.

We take it for granted that the Senate will ratify this treaty. Indeed, we do not see what other choice it has. With (at last count) some 105 nations lined up waiting to sign it, the treaty obviously has captured the imagination and sparked the hopes of mankind. Nothing less than conclusive evidence that the treaty would pose an immediate threat to the survival of the United States could justify our dashing these hopes by a refusal to ratify. If Professor Seymour Melman is correct in his assertion that the United States has an "overkill" ability against the Soviet Union of 12½ times, it would seem that whatever small risks there might be in banning surface and atmospheric tests are preferable to the dangers of further contamination of the earth's waters, land, and atmosphere.

"Wholesome Neutrality"

In its June 17 ruling on the two cases involving the recitation of the Lord's Prayer and the reading of the Bible in public schools, the Supreme Court returned to familiar and secure footing. Basing its decision on the interpretation of the "establishment clause" of the First Amendment, the Court held that any enactment which either advances or inhibits religion "exceeds the scope of legislative powers as circumscribed by the Constitution." There is still some question as to whether or not *voluntary* religious exercises in public schools have been banned by this ruling, but the trend of the Court's thinking is clear. *Required* prayer or Bible reading, until now a daily ritual for at least forty per cent of the nation's public school children, is in violation of the First Amendment.

An era has ended with this decision. Religious exercises in the schools were a predominantly Protestant custom. But they were troublesome to minorities, and the Court probably had no alternative but to reassert the neutrality of government in religious matters. In the several opinions upholding this position, the various justices — with the exception of Justice Douglas — were careful to point out that the constitutionality of "other types of interdependence between religious and other public institutions" was not at issue in this case. Thus military and legislative chaplains, the "In God We Trust" on our coinage, and the "under God" clause in the Pledge of Allegiance are not affected by this decision.

In coming out for "wholesome neutrality" in the attitude of government toward religion the Court insisted that religion has an important place in American life. It stated specifically its approval of the objective study of the Bible and of religion as a valid part of a secular program of education. But it also rejected the argu-

ment that the "rights of the majority" entitle it to prescribe religious rites and observances in the public schools.

Proponents of government aid for religious schools were given a very broad hint by the Court that they could not expect favorable consideration of the argument that the First Amendment permits aid to religious bodies provided it is given to all alike. Justice Clark, in the majority decision, said: "This Court has rejected unequivocally the contention that the Establishment Clause forbids only governmental preference of a religion over another. Almost 20 years ago . . . the Court said that 'neither a state nor the Federal government . . . can pass laws which aid one religion, aid all religions, or prefer one religion over another.'"

Parochial schools have received indirect support from the decision, however, for it is now clear that, if the remnants of religious instruction must finally be eliminated from the public schools, those people who are concerned with moral and religious values in education must reconsider the feasibility of Christian day schools, part-time religious educational programs, and home instruction. This, we think, is all to the good. The compulsory religious practices which the Court has forbidden were really little more than devices for assuaging the consciences of parents and educators who knew that education can not ignore the great religious questions, but were utterly unable to agree on the answers to these questions. We have now been driven to a clear-cut choice between education which takes no account of religion and education in which religion is central.

This case culminates two decades of Court decisions on church-state issues. In view of the clarity and bluntness of the decision, the high tide of controversy in this area may now be expected to subside.

In Defense of the Secular

Comment in the religious press on the Supreme Court decision in the case of Abington School District *v.* Schempp has been marked by a blend of regret and approval. It would be asking a bit much to ask committed believers of any faith to accept, as a matter of principle, the proposition that their children should be educated in an environment in which it is necessary to pretend that the assertions and insights of religion do not exist. But what can not be accepted as a matter of principle may have to be accepted as a matter of necessity. We are a religiously pluralistic people, and for all our ingenuity we have not yet devised a way to reduce the content of our religions or the expressions of our piety to any least common denominator which all of us are ready to accept. Religion-in-general does not exist. Every religious exercise which has been brought to the attention of the courts has been found to be, in fact, the expression of a particular set of dogmatic assertions which those who worship at other altars (or none) find foolish or false or blasphemous.

The gravest misgiving which has been expressed over the court's decision — one of which Justice Clark took notice in the majority decision — is that the outlawing of religious exercises in the public schools will contribute to the further secularization of our country. The fact that it will do so seems to us obvious enough. Why this fact should arouse misgivings is not so clear to us — unless those who use the word "secular" define it in something other than the dictionary sense.

As we understand it, the antonym of "secular" is not "religious" or "respectful of religion," but "spiritual" or "ecclesiastical" or "clerical" or "sacred." For our part, we would consider it a potentially dangerous confusion of what Luther called the Two Kingdoms to define the United States of America in terms of any of these antonyms. Do we want to import any mystic German notions of the spiritual nature of the State? Do we want the church or the clergy writing our laws? Do we want to encourage an American Shintoism to sanctify our soil and our institutions? These would be the consequences of defining the United States as a spiritual or ecclesiastical or clerical or sacred state.

What we want, we take it, is a state in which government does not undertake to arbitrate among the religious convictions of its citizens nor to carry on any of the functions which properly lie within the exclusive provinces of the family and the church. Such a government is, properly speaking, secular. And we say, "Thank God for it."

Is and Ought

One of the most ancient social arrangements known to man is the *alliance de convenience* between males of the Establishment and females of the lower social classes. The Collect for Absent Brethren is always potentially embarrassing, even at a Midwestern family reunion. But society rests on a certain number of necessary fictions, and in the Western world few of these fictions have been more zealously maintained than those having to do with pre-marital chastity and post-marital fidelity. What the real story is most of us knew long before Dr. Kinsey appeared on the scene. But a necessary social fiction is not invalidated by facts, and it is an oversimplification to excuse a public figure like John Profumo by saying that his only crime was that he got caught. The moral theologian would say that there is a great deal more to it than that, but even if there were no more to it than that "getting caught" is grounds enough for applying the sanctions that support a socially-necessary fiction.

Why? Well, simply because it is as fatal for a society as it is for an individual to confuse the *is* with the *ought*. "Gnothi seauton" — "Know thyself" — is only the first half of the prescription for the good life; the second half

has been expressed in such various formulations as the Decalogue, the Beatitudes, the Golden Rule, the Categorical Imperative, the Analects of Confucius, and the Noble Eightfold Path.

A society which says that what ought to be is finds itself compelled to feed itself on lies and becomes outraged when an honest reporter like Dr. Kinsey exposes its lies for what they are. But a society which says that what is ought to be stands on the verge of moral anarchy. One of the proper demands that a healthy society makes upon its public figures is that they appear to be what they ought to be. Popeye the Sailor had a social right – though not a moral right – to say, "I yam what I yam and that's all that I yam." A bishop or a university chancellor or a bank president or a minister of state has both the social and the moral obligation to be a "man of good report," that is, to maintain a public image which is worthy of emulation.

This may sound like an endorsement of hypocrisy. We would be willing to defend the thesis that on the impersonal level there is a place for a certain amount of nobly-motivated hypocrisy. But that is another matter. The point we were sneaking up on in this editorial was that we have no intention whatever to pass judgment on Jack Profumo, but we think that the Rt. Hon. John Profumo, O.B.E., M.P., got what he had coming to him.

The Republican Nomination

Knowing nothing about Governor Rockefeller's domestic affairs beyond what we have read in the newspapers, we consider it neither our duty nor our privilege to comment on his divorce and subsequent remarriage. We disagree with those who insist that marriage and divorce are purely private matters for which no one need give a public accounting, but neither Church nor State has empowered us to demand that accounting and, in any case, our concern at the moment is not with the Governor's personal arrangements. What concerns us is the bearing which these have on next year's presidential election.

We believe that Governor Rockefeller is, for all practical purposes, out of the picture for the Republican nomination. Few people will come right out and say that they would not vote for him because of moral objections, but if he were to win the nomination a decisively large number of voters would take these objections with them into the polling booths – and the political pros know it. So Mr. Rockefeller is not likely to be nominated unless the pros are convinced that Mr. Kennedy is unbeatable in 1964 anyway and decide to let Rocky take the beating.

Meanwhile, with November, 1964, still more than a year away, no one can say what the Republican nomination may be worth. One can say that, as of now, Senator Goldwater has the best chance of winning it. There is one excellent reason why he should get it, and if he gets it for that reason we will applaud his nomination. But there is also one disturbing reason why he might get, and if he gets it for that reason we would feel morally obligated to oppose his election.

The excellent reason is that there exists, in our country, a large, sincere, and thoughtful conservative element for which Senator Goldwater has been an eloquent and persuasive spokesman. Since at least 1932, neither party has chosen a nominee from this element and, as a result, our people have not had the opportunity to make a clear-cut choice between clearly different political philosophies. Senator Goldwater is not only an articulate spokesman for conservatism, he also possesses all of the attributes of an attractive candidate. A contest between him and President Kennedy would give both conservatives and liberals the opportunity to slug it out behind first-rate champions.

But there is also this disturbing reason why Senator Goldwater might be offered the nomination, and we hope that he will reject the strategy behind this reason. Just as liberals have entered into some strange coalitions, so, it is now being suggested, conservatives could pick up support from a variety of reactionaries and loonies. Senator Goldwater is apparently being urged to convert the Republican party into a Twentieth-Century Know-Nothing party drawing its support from honest conservatives, Repeal-the-Income-Taxers, War Hawks, and anti-integrationists. What makes the proposition attractive is that this kind of jerry-built coalition could, conceivably, draw enough electoral votes from the West, the Middle West, and the South to win without carrying the big cities of the Northeast. An argument of this sort could persuade the party pros that Senator Goldwater is capable of winning and thus improve his chances of receiving the nomination. We hope that the Senator himself will refuse a nomination offered on such terms.

AD LIB.

Life Without Community

By ALFRED R. LOOMAN

No other ships were in sight as our ship rode the long swells of the Pacific one grey day this past June, when from the overcast sky we could hear the throbbing sounds of an approaching helicopter. Soon the helicopter, with bright U.S. Navy markings, came through the clouds and hovered over the ship. It circled the ship a few times, dipping and swerving, before heading back in the direction from which it had come. This was not unusual behavior for such a craft, but what was unusual was the absence of any pilot. Where the cockpit normally is was a maze of iron bars holding electronic gear. We finally noticed, almost lost on the horizon, the dim silhouette of a destroyer, and it was from this ship that the helicopter was being operated by remote control.

A month later in the Pacific, a jet fighter plane which had flown from Virginia circled an aircraft carrier preparatory to landing on the moving deck. A pilot did occupy the cockpit of this plane, but what was he doing when the plane came in and made a perfect landing at over a hundred miles an hour? He was sitting there with his arms folded as the plane was landed by electronic controls on the ship.

We herald these spectacular achievements in the field of weaponry and realize they are a necessity in this age of automation and electronic control. For some reason they are not too frightening, perhaps because we hope that should there be a future war, it will be fought between machines and human beings will not be involved. But these devices of war are frightening, though no more frightening than what can happen in the peace-time use of automation and electronic controls.

We tend to think of automation and controls as something that is going on in factories. It is going on, however, everywhere and all of us are affected. It would now be possible for a man to be engaged actively in business in a city of millions of people and to go without speaking to another human being in the course of his work day.

Take the case of an executive who works either for a large corporation or has his own business. In the morning he leaves his suburban home and goes to the garage. He pushes a button and the garage door opens. He moves into traffic and soon is driving along an expressway. On this road he finds hundreds of other cars operated, as is his, if one judges by the lack of expression on their faces, by human automatons. The traffic is controlled by signals electronically operated; not even an unfriendly cop is around to break the monotony.

When he reaches a parking lot near his office, the executive pulls a laminated card from his pocket, inserts it in a slot, and an arm, which had been blocking the entrance, rises. He parks the car himself as there is no attendant, no one to greet him. He speaks to no one and no one in the faceless crowd on the sidewalk speaks to him as he walks to his office.

Entering the office building, he walks to a bank of elevators and pushes a button. The door opens and he walks in. Again there is no one to wish him a good morning, only a row of buttons and a recorded voice saying "Going up, please."

Entering his private office, he finds it comfortable; the air-conditioning is operated by electronic controls. He spends his time dictating into a machine and when he has finished he puts the record into a slot where it is later picked up for transcribing by a central stenographic pool. No secretary has been in to talk with him and the phone does not ring; it is being handled by an answering service.

When it is time for lunch, the executive goes to a room where banks of vending machines provide almost anything he might want for a noon meal. All that is lacking is some friendly banter with a waitress. He also gets his cigarettes from a machine which, unlike the man at the cigar store counter, cannot exchange baseball news with him. The afternoon is little different and, as he leaves the office, he puts a dime in a slot and picks up his evening newspaper, thus avoiding a brief word with the vendor on the corner. Feeling that he may want to drink a beer when he gets home, he buys a six-pack from a vending machine and misses out on conversation with one of that group of secular, amateur psychologists, the bartender.

No one, so far as I know, is living a life so completely shut off from other humans at the present time, but what is frightening is that someone could and very likely will be in the not too distant future. It should hardly be necessary to point out how lonely such an existence would be and, for a non-Christian, how completely and utterly without meaning.

Freedom and Truth in Housing

By Ralph L. Moellering

Lutheran Campus Pastor
University of California

National, if not international, attention was focused on the April, 1963, municipal elections in Berkeley, California, which drew a record 85 per cent of the registered voters to the polls. Many absentee ballots were cast. Elderly ladies crippled with arthritis emerged from their confinement to exercise their franchise for the first time in years. Ordinarily the election of a mayor and a few other officials in a community would not cause a ripple of excitement outside of the Bay Area.

Why was this occasion so different? The self-acclaimed "Athens of the West," which takes pride in its liberal spirit and its diversity of cultural expression, has a racial problem. Many have preferred to pretend it is non-existent, but the presence of a renowned university with an enrollment in excess of 23,000 students has not prevented prejudice from rearing its ugly head. The Negro minority comprises almost 20 per cent of the total population with Orientals accounting for about 6 per cent. In addition there are some 2,262 international students, many of them from Asia and Africa, who must seek living quarters during their years or months of study. University regulations forbid anyone registering housing facilities for rent to discriminate on the basis of nationality, religion, or race. Notwithstanding there have been provocative incidents in which students of darker skin have been refused accommodations or have been compelled to pay higher rents than their pale-faced classmates.

Despite denials, *de facto* segregation in housing has been recognized by educators and social workers as a disturbing reality for a long time. As might be expected, residential segregation is reflected in predominantly Negro schools. This disparity in achievement between school children who come from the homes of the intellectually elite and those from Southwest Berkeley is enormous. Only a few Negro families can afford to live in the high cost areas, but even where prices for apartments or family dwellings are more moderate they find it difficult to break the barriers. In some instances accusations of outright discriminaton have been made against realtors and owners. Members of minority groups brought their complaints before the city council. After a thorough investigation it was reported that sufficient evidence of injustice had been uncovered to make it imperative that a fair housing ordinance be formulated and invoked. Some provisions in the ordinance were almost unanimously adopted. The "penalty clause," however, was approved by only a narrow margin.

Meanwhile, citizens incensed over the "potential threat" to property rights circulated a petition calling for a referendum measure at the general municipal election. A small clique in the city council was blamed for trying to impose illegal pressures upon property holders under the guise of tolerance. Written and verbal propaganda, favorable and unfavorable to the proposed housing ordinance, was widely promulgated. The leading candidates for mayor split on the issue and vigorously debated its merits and demerits. In the end, the victory or defeat of most of the candidates for the city council was apparently determined by their stand on the controversial measure. Governor Brown of California departed from the tradition of neutrality in local elections to speak out strongly in behalf of the fair housing ordinance. Impending legislation on civil rights in Sacramento was delayed to await the outcome of the election in Berkeley. The Protestant Council of Churches cautiously endorsed the measure, while some of their member congregations and the Roman Catholic Churches abstained from voicing a definite opinion.

The Fair Housing Ordinance was defeated by approximately 2,500 votes out of a total of 43,206 cast, a rather narrow margin. The initial reaction was that the outcome of the election was a major setback for civil rights legislation. If a university city with a reputation for tolerance could not pass an anti-discrimination measure what could be expected in the rest of the country? Dr. Fred Stripp, the defeated candidate for mayor, was convinced the Berkeleyans had disgraced themselves. Second thoughts produced less severe judgments. It was recalled that a less stringent anti-discrimination law had lost at the polls three-to-one a few years ago. *The Daily Californian* commented editorially: "Tuesday's close vote may indicate a gradual trend toward public acknowledgment of racial equality rather than a general reversal in the civil rights movement."

One reporter for the University of California's daily paper interviewed foreign students regarding their reactions to the defeat of the proposed housing ordinance. "Some were unconcerned. One was bitter, but none of them liked it." One African woman gave a horselaugh – "Just tell them I'm glad I'm going home," she said. "American money won't buy African friendship," one of the interviewees remarked. "American's image in the eyes of foreign nations will rise or fall on the issue of discrimination," said another. An Egyptian student declared: "Americans must change their attitudes." There can be no doubt that all too often visit-

ing international students return to their home countries — in which they are potential leaders — with unfavorable impressions of the United States, if not utter disdain, because the color line has been drawn against them in seeking board and room or they have experienced some other racial rebuff.

The Inescapable Ghetto

All the while, housing for minorities continues to be a major problem on the domestic scene. Although Negroes and Puerto Ricans are likely to occupy the most dilapidated and unsanitary dwellings in American cities, Dr. Herman H. Long of Fisk University reminds us that "these disabilities and inequities are not in themselves the crux of the housing problem." The causative factor behind the whole grievance is the undeniable persistence of "residential segregation and the broad range of official and unofficial policies, pressures and sanctions which are carried out to maintain segregation." The culpable perpetrators of restrictive schemes range all the way from individual property owners to real estate boards, banks, and even agencies of government.

The deplorable consequence of these unfair practices is to put the Negro buyer or renter at an extreme disadvantage in competing with other ethnic groups for a place to live. Quite often this means complete exclusion from opportunities for settling in the better and newer residential areas, or it may allow for a limited admission to fringe neighborhood areas of older housing. In any event, segregation has the end result of retaining the ghetto and obstructing the movement of those families which are seeking to elevate their living standards and relocate in a more stable and prosperous community. Always and again we witness the spectacle of overcrowding and accelerated deterioration. In the "blighted" sectors of our cities there is little incentive for "keeping up" the premises. Lawns and playgrounds are scare or non-existent. Morale sinks to a low level. Little wonder that breakage in buildings and garbage strewn in alleys become regular complaints!

In Boston I knew a highly cultured Negro couple whose personal experiences completely verify the contention that discrimination in housing is an opprobrious reality. No matter hom immaculate their appearance or how impressive their credentials, they had to wage a desperate struggle to find even tolerably satisfactory living accommodations. The differential between the advertised rent for an apartment and the price demanded when a Negro presented himself at the door was usually considerable. Every tactic, from insulting affront to subtle evasion, was used to dissuade the prospective renters of an objectionable color. Later, when the husband and wife had amassed sufficient savings to make a down payment on a home in some desirable suburban community, they encountered numerous forms of opposition and hostility. Loans were almost impossible to acquire on a basis equivalent to that of a white buyer. Homes that were presumably on the market suddenly became unavailable when sought by non-Caucasians.

Francis Levenson and Margaret Fisher, writing in the December, 1962, issue of *The Progressive* on "The Struggle for Open Housing," affirm: "Any objective analysis of racial patterns in the United States leads to the inescapable conclusion that residential segregation — with its concomitant of segregated schools, churches, employment, and public and recreational facilities — is more widespread and more embedded as a national institution today than it was a century or a half-century ago." Census reports in 1960 unmistakably demonstrated that the situation worsened rather than improved during the preceding decade.

"Moral" Objections to Fair Housing

Many of the whites who are continually moving to suburban subdivisions, sanctioning or unobtrusively promoting illegal housing covenants to exclude Negroes, are, undeniably, professed Christians. During the debate in Berkeley over fair housing church members were often foremost among those opposing the new ordinance. What is astounding is that they took their stand on "moral grounds" with an almost "righteous indignation" against the proponents of fair housing.

Respectable, church-going, middle class, white citizens usually raised two primary objections. The first was the claim that private property rights were jeopardized by the stipulation that "it shall be unlawful for the owner of any housing accommodation to refuse to sell, rent or lease or to otherwise deny to or withhold from any person such housing accommodation because of the race, color, religion, national origin or ancestry of such person." In the estimation of these home owners insistence upon non-discrimination in the acceptance of renters or buyers is an unwarranted intrusion upon their liberty to utilize or dispose of their property according to their own discretion.

The other troublesome feature of Berkeley's housing ordinance for many self-esteemed Christians was the provision made for enforcement. To put some "teeth" into the measure the notorious "penalty clause" was inserted which declared that "any person who shall in any manner wilfully violate any order of compliance made by the Board [of Intergroup Relations] shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, and upon conviction thereof, shall be punished by a fine not exceeding Five Hundred Dollars or by imprisonment not exceeding six months, or both such fine and imprisonment." Immediately some scaremongers conjured up an image of an upright citizen languishing in prison because a criminally inclined member of a minority group falsely accused him of racial bias in refusing to rent him a room. Many

pious Christians instinctively shudder at the use of force under any circumstances and the thought of bolstering fair housing with any form of compulsion utterly repels them.

Property Rights vs. Human Rights

Both of these major "Christian" objections to the type of housing ordinance proposed for the city of Berkeley need to be examined as to their validity and pertinence.

In the Christian outlook, it should be emphasized, "property rights" are always subordinate to "human rights." One of the most frightful abuses in the history of the Western world is the way in which Biblical material has been distorted to absolutize the economics of capitalism and defend slavery and racial segregation in the name of righteousness.

How insistent is the Scriptural record on the "rights of private property"? In the Old Testament concessions are made to the prevailing social relationships, but wealth among the Hebrew people was not regarded as belonging so much to an individual as to a family or the whole community. There was no clearcut division between "private" and "communal" property. To prevent "capitalistic" aggrandizement, safeguards were set up to preserve small shareholders on their ancestral estates. The law of the Sabbatical year required that at the end of seven years "every creditor shall release what he has lent his neighbor" (Deuteronomy 15:2). "Thou shalt not steal" was not a commandment introduced to defend the sanctity of private property acquired through dubious means. Its main thrust is against selfishness. No man is to arrogate to himself that which should contribute to the honor and welfare of others. Insistence upon social justice is an integral part of the prophetic message. Most striking are the fearless denunciations of the rich by Amos, who complains that they have abused the poor in their mad pursuit of personal privilege. Isaiah opposed the "monopolies" of his day: "Woe to those who join house to house, who add field to field, until there is no more room . . . (5:8).

Christian apologists for "right wing" economics in America today profess to find "proof texts" in the New Testament. "Soak the rich" legislation and "our Marxian graduated income tax" are repudiated as transgressions against the teachings of Jesus on the question of property. Forgetting the theological significance of the story of the Laborers in the Vineyard (Matthew 20:1-16) one clergyman uses it to underscore the premise that a man has a right to his own property. From the parable of the ten pounds (Luke 19:11-28), he derives the thought: "Not only did Jesus not believe in stealing, He did not believe that wealth was static" (*Human Events,* Dec. 22, 1961).

All the admonitions about covetousness in the New Testament would seem to presuppose the legitimacy of private property, but it must be understood that any claim for absolute property rights is excluded. From a Christian standpoint there is no such thing as "independent wealth." Man is only a steward who holds God's possessions in trust while waiting for the Kingdom of God to be inaugurated. Jesus can scarcely be regarded as the Defender of the propertied classes. The scribes are indicted for devouring widows' houses (Mark 12:40), and the Pharisees for practicing extortion. The summons to discipleship is a call to self-sacrifice which includes a readiness to renounce private possessions (cf. the encounter with the rich young ruler in Matthew 19). Noteworthy is the fact that Jesus and the Twelve met their day-by-day expenses from a common treasury. They were not interested in property values. As for Himself, Jesus remarked: "Foxes have holes, and birds of the air have nests; but the Son of Man has nowhere to lay His head" (Matthew 8:20). In the primordial Christian community in Jerusalem human needs took precedence over property rights. Confronted by destitution and privation the early Christians voluntarily surrendered their personal possessions and distribution was made according to individual need.

Calling attention to these Biblical precedents does not demand the abolition of private property or argue for the imposition of "Christian Socialism," but it does demonstrate incontrovertibly that it is a distortion of the prophetic and apostolic tradition to label "fair housing" ordinances immoral. Christians should be cautioned about protesting the invasion of the "sacred domain of private property" by legislation now pending in American cities and states that would seek to assure minorities of an equal opportunity to procure homes or rent rooms.

In Berkeley the fear was expressed that if the proposed ordinance was not defeated home owners could be compelled to sell to "uncivilized" people of another race or apartments would have to be rented to men or women whose living habits might be objectionable. Actually the provisions of the ordinance contained ample safeguards against all conceivable abuses and would make it extremely unlikely that any unjustified charge of discrimination could be sustained. But for the Christian this should not be the decisive point. Even if the allegation were accurate that the enforcement of "fair housing" would result in isolated instances of false accusations against property holders, the Christian would still be obliged to raise the question of which is the greater menace to human welfare — the known reality of discrimination against minorities in housing that perpetuates degradation and suppression, or the theoretical possibility that a few innocent people might be wrongly accused along with those actually guilty of violating the enacted legislation.

The Fear of Compulsion

The other deterrent to Christian support for fair housing seems to be the assumption that it is objectionable

and unchristian to *compel* some citizens to treat other citizens honestly and equitably. The truism is quoted that "you cannot legislate righteousness." No verbal edict, it is argued, will automatically eradicate prejudice. You cannot create good will among races by exerting force.

There is, of course, a degree of truth to these assertions. Police power and legal coercion in themselves will not guarantee that Negroes and whites will live side by side in harmony. The Christian Gospel is the strongest liberating influence that we have at our disposal. When man is no longer separated from God he can use the power God conveys to him to break down the wall of hostility that alienates him from people who look or act differently than he does. Nothing that sociologists or secular humanists project in their analyses and recommendations can lay bare our racial pride and shame our divisiveness so poignantly as the Cross of Christ. The sacrificial death of God's Son for the reconciliation of man reduces all differences of class and color to insignificance. The intervention of the Spirit of God can convert a race-baiter into a lover of Negro slum dwellers and "white trash." Wherever the message of a God-given "peace on earth" is proclaimed and applied racial discord may be overcome and more favorable relations among people may ensue. Correspondingly, Christian teaching can be an effective aid in eradicating ignorance and superstition about racial myths.

Sadly enough, "Bible belt" Christianity is often used instead to buttress white supremacy or deny civil rights. Among Lutherans there has been a persistent inclination to sidestep the "controversial" issues by defining the mission of the church as "spiritual" and disregarding the struggle for justice as a political matter. Consequently the church hesitates to address itself to the crucial problems at hand for fear of departing from its "rightful function" and alienating its constituency. It continues to be safely inoffensive and tragically irrelevant to the major problems in contemporary society.

Lutherans with their tradition of submission to authority and abhorrence of violence in any form have usually preferred to allow injustice to prevail unrebuked rather than sanction or apply any remedy that would produce a social disturbance. Accordingly many Lutherans have been critical of the career of Martin Luther King from the Montgomery bus boycott through the freedom riders and sit-ins to the 1963 upheaval in Birmingham. Negro leaders, they insist, should be more cautious and patient. Almost instinctively the heirs of the Lutheran Reformation, who are haunted by the ghost of Thomas Muentzer and the Peasants' Revolt, shrink away from any intimation that drastic action may be unavoidable to "force" an alteration of the social structure. Rather than being grateful for Christian Negro leadership which has advocated non-violent pressure and passive non-resistance that avert bloodshed, they resent any tactics that imply compulsion and accelerate the pace of change. Pious-minded Christians are often aghast at news reports that some clergymen, white and Negro, are breaking the law and being confined in jail. Somehow we seem to have neglected to develop a "theology of force" or a Christian social ethic that would allow for the appropriate implementation of judicial decisions and governmental power to gain the highest level of social justice attainable in an unjust world.

All of this became disturbingly evident in the Christian reluctance to support "fair housing" because it was "forcing the issue." If the Berkeley ordinance had been approved by the voters it could conceivably have resulted in invoking the "penalty clause."

As a matter of fact there were abundant safeguards in the proposed measure against any arbitrary application of the penalties. Any objective appraisal of the ordinance would make it obvious that any person free of racial prejudice had no cause to be alarmed. The landlord and seller would have been free to choose their tenants or buyers on precisely the same grounds as before with the sole exception that race, creed, color, and national origin would be excluded from the transaction. Any uniform standard, any usual test, could still be imposed. Nothing in the law would have compelled an owner to rent or sell if he were convinced that the family could not afford it, would have poor morals, too many children, *etc.*, as long as he would apply the same conditions to all prospective tenants or purchasers. If any person were charged with violating the law many steps would be necessary before he could be fined or imprisoned. At every stage of the proceeding the defendant would have been entitled to legal counsel, to examine and cross-examine witnesses, and all the assurances of due process. Moreover, the law was designed to allow every possible opportunity for resolving all disputes by conferences, conciliation, and persuasion. Only as a last resort, when an offender proved incorrigible, would the relatively mild punishment be meted out.

What many Christians forget when they are so sensitive about the use of legal devices and force to compel obedience to civil rights legislation is that force is already being exerted by the segregationist or exploiter to bolster his prejudice or preserve his ill-gotten aggrandizement. There can be no doubt that force has been and will continue to be used. The only meaningful question is whether force will be used for *good* or for *evil*. If it is not employed to elevate the Negro to first class citizenship with the freedom to choose his own area of residence it will be used to "keep him in his place." What are unofficial "housing covenants" and all of the disguised and overt obstacles encountered by the Negro desiring decent housing in a stable neighborhood but a morally reprehensible use of force? Again, the choice is between the enforcement of "fair housing" which might include the extremely remote possibility of a white person being falsely accused of discrimina-

tion, or the prolongation of the *status quo* which *forcibly* prevents Negroes from acquiring places of residence to which they would be entitled if equality were a reality.

"Righteous indignation" among Christians unfavorable to fair housing on the supposition that they are defending the sanctity of private property or endeavoring to promote better race relations through education and persuasion rather than compulsion must be dismissed as either an illusion based on misunderstanding or a rationalization assuaging a bad conscience.

Toward a Positive Christian Position

What remains to be specified are some explicit and constructive recommendations as to what concerned Christians can do to cope with the housing problem for minorities. One thing is sure: if progress is to be made the Christian Church must renounce and eradicate its present mood of timidity and caution. The inviolability of private property and "peace at any price" must not be extolled as the supreme values. President Kennedy's executive order of last November barring discrimination in federally assisted housing should be a stimulus to the Church. To move toward a real balance in social and economic affairs it may even be necessary to display a "positive discrimination" in favor of the Negro. Aggressive, unrelenting, and multi-pronged efforts will be indispensable: 1) Let prejudice itself be exposed as the sinister villain and attacked on every conceivable level, legal and educational; 2) Induce church leaders and church members to support and participate in every movement, local, regional, or national which promises in our best judgment (without necessarily being perfect or ideal) to alleviate the distress of our colored brethren or other abused elements of the population – especially voluntary, sacrificial, nonviolent efforts on a nonpartisan basis; 3) Give full endorsement to fair housing legislation by states and cities throughout the country, not omitting or rejecting effective enforcement procedures; 4) Devise more methods for closing the economic gap between Negro and white incomes; 5) Speak and act in behalf of a more extensive housing supply that is within the means of the people who are desperately in need; 6) Urge better understanding and more active cooperation from the real estate industry; 7) Call upon Christians everywhere to take the lead in announcing their willingness to accept full residential integration; 8) Dramatize to church groups and the community as a whole the inequalities in housing opportunities, the perils of segregation, the economic waste, and the social evils that ensue.

Writing in the January 16, 1963, issue of *The Christian Century* on "Christian Strategies in Housing," Donald S. Frey, an Evanston, Illinois attorney, concludes:

> The Christian should see in the challenge to achieve the unity of mankind in the housing field an opportunity to become his full self as a Christian. He should persistently struggle for the unity of all men, calmly but firmly requesting equal treatment for himself and his fellow man. It is not enough for the White Christian to be prepared to accept his non-white neighbor into his community. He must love his neighbor to the point of bringing him in, of meeting and socializing with him, of living with him in truly integrated community. Man cannot live in freedom and truth unless his neighbor is able also to live in freedom and truth.

It is difficult to envision a real renewal of faith inside culture without a parallel renewal of Christian artistic expression. Before faith comes, Luther reminds us, there must be knowledge of history. The artist reads the history of his own day in the light of the myths that hold his own universe together. He is the best warrior against the spiritualism, the Docetic abstraction from the phenomenal world, which is the defensive church's temptation. He celebrates a world which God creates, in which in Christ He is incarnate. In the suburbs and the garbage dumps of this world's Jerusalems Christ is crucified, and in its gardens and upper rooms and on its lakesides the resurrected Lord is known by the disciples. "Taste and see that the Lord is sweet." "Handle me and see." The artist reckons with the concrete order and calls the church to the world in which its mission and service are to be carried on and interpreted. He is called to do this with finesse: he dare not be like the student of dancing, preoccupied with where to put the feet; he must move. He cannot wait for the universe to hold still: he must depict the displaced life in the mobility of its occurrences.

— Martin E. Marty, *Second Chance for American Protestants* (Harper and Row), p. 105.

By Volkswagen through Russia

By Alan Graebner

August has always been too firmly associated in my mind with oppressive humidity and stifling heat to be one of my favorite months. The first hot day of summer makes me apprehensive and by the middle of July I have an overwhelming urge to abandon all and flee north. Circumstances this August prohibited any escape, however, except that into memories of past summers. In my mental search for a cold wind in August, my thoughts turned most frequently to the summer of 1961 and a drive through European Russia.

Russia, I admit, is probably not a place which comes to mind when one thinks about escaping heat. But, except for the first day when my wife, Marge, and I crossed the Czech-Russian border, it served the purpose admirably. At the border, though, even the natives agreed it was beastly hot.

Our first view of anything Russian had been of an ochre colored customs building on a section of highway enclosed by two gates, each guarded by a soldier armed with an automatic weapon. On a nearby hill a square, unpainted wooden tower, of the sort one associates with search lights, barbed wire, and refugees, added authenticity.

Five or six customs officials were at the station. One, who spoke English, and two others, who did not, politely took charge of us. One officer poked doggedly through two month's accumulation of rubbish on the floor and under the car seats. Another rummaged through the glove compartment. The third leafed carefully through each of the dozen or so books I had in the car.

First to come to light was an opened letter received in Vienna. "Brief fuer Mann in Russia?" Repeated *nyets* and identification of myself as addressee accomplished grudging replacement of the letter. But then out came an address book. One of the men leafed slowly through, spelling out the words with his lips while the other looked on over his shoulder. However, they did not look in our luggage nor ask me to drive the car over an inspection pit.

To drive in Russia, in 1961 at any rate, was not a common thing. Even by American standards distances are impressive: from Vienna to Moscow is something like sixteen hundred miles. In spite of a favorable prognosis for our VW in Austria, I kept a close ear tuned; even the ubiquitous Volkswagen service system ends at the Iron Curtain.

Months before the trip we obtained a map of permissible routes from Intourist, the official agency tourists must deal with. Our map was not crowded. One could drive directly to Moscow from Brest at the Polish border, or one could go from Czechoslovakia to Kiev (from which a single road ran south to Odessa), then to Kharkov (from which one road went to Tbilisi and another to Yalta) before turning north to Moscow. The itinerary must be approved and all services paid for before a visa, good for entry only on the date stamped upon it, is issued.

These vouchers I handed over to the Intourist representative at the border after clearing customs. Contrary to the rule, Intourist was a man, a stolid individual in an open shirt, entrenched behind a large desk. Though he spoke some English, he used German throughout our forty-five minute interview. In return for my vouchers he issued coupons for each night's stay, coupons for all meals, and coupons for gasoline. Each coupon had to be counted, counted again, stamped, and stapled into its appropriate folder.

From the Border to Kiev

Like most Americans, I suppose, we had conjured up an Orwellian picture of Russian life dominated by an inflexible, frighteningly omniscient and certainly efficient bureaucracy. Therefore I did not have much hope when I inquired at the border about immediately pushing on to Lvov, which was the second night's stop per itinerary. To my surprise, our Intourist agent amiably volunteered to call Uhzgorod, the first scheduled stop, so that I could make arrangements myself. Uhzgorod spoke English and consented to send a telegram to Lvov. But she balked when I requested telegrams to subsequent stops along the road to Moscow. I must arrange each morning for a telegram to the next stop. Bureaucracy there is in Russia, but neither inflexible nor omniscient, and as we found, certainly not efficient.

This is not to say that the auto-tourist escapes controls. Ground rules prohibit going off the road between towns. Policemen at most of the main crossings assist one's judgment and/or conscience. In towns, the apparent Soviet import restrictions on foreign cars, and light domestic traffic, are equally effective in keeping the foreigner under close observation.

How close we learned the first afternoon. About four blocks after making a wrong turn in Mukatchevo, we decided we were going in an unpromising direction. But before we could ask directions, a policeman on the back seat of a civilian motorcycle roared up, saluted, and indicated we should follow him. Judging by the unhappy look on the cyclist's face, his vehicle had been commandeered especially for our benefit. By the time we were turned around, another policeman on a three-wheeler was also on the scene to give a peremptory wave and lead us past the city limits.

We made good time that first afternoon and fortunately were well over the Carpathians before sunset. Instead of turning from high beam to low for an oncoming car, many Russian drivers follow the disconcerting precaution of turning off their lights entirely. They expect you to do the same. Two vehicles rushing toward each other at fifty miles or so an hour without lights in the dead of night struck us as not much improvement on Russian roulette.

But to drive after dark one must play the game. We had two general strategies. I favored doing as the Russians do and risking going into the ditch or sideswiping the oncoming car. Marge was for leaving the lights on, risking blinding the on-coming driver and having him run into the ditch or sideswiping us. We generally resolved the discussion by not driving after dark.

Even though it was past eleven p.m. when we reached Lvov, one of Intourist's men at the hotel insisted he take me immediately to get gas, out at the edge of the city. There a heavy-set woman under a feeble light scribbled in a grubby notebook the amount, make of car, and license plates. Back at the hotel our man arranged something for us to eat. It was late and the dining room deserted except for a large Indonesian delegation. We took what we could get: greasy cheese, black bread, sausage with great blobs of fat in it, and warm cherry pop. I had asked for lemonade, but in Russia such an order leaves one open to a wide variety of carbonated flavored drinks. Cherry pop tastes like cherry life-saver solution; when slightly fermented it is quite lively.

Kiev

The next afternoon in Kiev, a young man idling about the Intourist office was eager for ideological fencing. He wanted to know why only professors, teachers, politicians and rich people – instead of workers – came to see the Soviet Union. More of the familiar vocabulary came from our guide in Kiev's St. Sophia cathedral. She referred to the anonymous artisans who did the mosiacs and frescoes as "just rank and file workers."

In Kiev, at least, we did not have to go far for local contacts. We stepped out one evening for a breath of fresh air after a late supper. A group of foreign language teachers from Indiana had been out on the sidewalk for some hours practicing their Russian with passers-by. We drifted curiously around the knots of people until a well-dressed Russian in his twenties asked me if I spoke English. The young man was intelligent, belligerent, and extremely curious. He was proud of Russian achievements, dismissing goals unfulfilled and the lack of material comfort with the plea that Russia had started in 1917. America, after all, had been going five hundred years.

Like other Russians with whom we spoke, he was particularly impressed with the cost of American higher education, and gained obvious satisfaction comparing it to the free Soviet system. To no avail our explanation of the American system of state universities, scholarship systems, lack of competitive entrance examinations ("but then it *is* true that the children of rich capitalists can go to universities when they don't deserve it"), and the sheer volume of American education ("to my mind it cannot be true when you say that America has over twice as many institutions of higher education as the Soviet Union – we have over 900").

At this point by tacit consent we went on to how did I like Kiev and wasn't it a good place to live? I agreed it was fine, as long as you don't need anything.

"But what do you want to buy? Radios, shoes, clothes? We have everything here. Even cosmonauts." About this time the hotel porter came out and informed us he was locking up so we beat a forced withdrawal.

The next morning we found that the country with everything – even cosmonauts – could not arrange to have open on Sundays in the capital city of the Ukraine one hi-test (96 octane) gasoline station. So we spent an unscheduled day in Kiev, envying the people leaving by plane.

Kiev to Moscow

Our envy did not last long, however, for in the next few days we learned that the auto tourists take away a far different picture, especially of the Ukraine, than that gained by the travelers more at the mercy of Intourist. The Ukrainian landscape is not any more uneventful than much of the American West, but one has to drive in it to feel, for example, the monochrome monotony of the ubiquitous five-ton, open trucks, the overwhelming majority of country traffic. They are identical in dark green color, license numbers stenciled in white on the tailgate, and undershirted drivers.

One has to drive also to feel the monotony of the low rural standard of living. We had just seen abysmal poverty in Macedonia and in Turkey, but did not expect to see, in the "black earth" region at least, open wells in front of each house, or homes little more than mud huts in a poor state of repair, or manure piled before front doors. Usually no building could be readily identified as a store of any kind. Vehicular traffic on the main, and generally only, road through towns was sufficiently light that more than once a lane was used as a threshing floor.

One has to drive past the city limits to see, especially in the Ukraine, the extraordinary naivete and love of heroics in the large roadside propaganda posters. A Soviet version of a peasant goddess of fertility draws to her grotesquely overdeveloped breasts sheaves of wheat; a graph besides her traces the way to the new goal. Or Lenin in a worker's hat and Napoleonic

stance gazes off toward a globe circumswished by Red rockets.

And one has to drive to get a sense of the frantic pace of construction, especially, in 1961, between Kharkov and Moscow. We navigated through one town after another that was building and rebuilding so fast it was falling over itself. Tula, for instance, seemed to be all construction cranes, building materials, and dust. The resulting chaos made driving miserable. We were routed around the town's only gas station. We were channeled down roads with ruts rivaling tank traps. And sometimes we were simply abandoned by comrade signmaker.

Just south of Moscow is Yasna Polyana, Tolstoy's estate. When we inquired there about an English-speaking guide, two men appeared, both in business suits and ties. Though neither identified himself, one, we judged, was on the curator's staff; the other said he had never translated before, but since he was there, he would try.

With the observation that every rule has its exception, we were excused from wearing the floor-protecting slippers provided at the front door. Once inside the house, doors to each room were carefully shut behind us to keep out the large party of Russians following. Instead of the Intourist guide with her memorized patter, we were guided through the house by the lively, sometimes witty conversation of two urbane gentlemen who seemed genuinely interested both in their subject and in us.

Moscow

From a VW driver's seat Moscow's main avenues are kilometers wide, traffic rules bewildering, and pedestrians insane. At the National Hotel, Intourist headquarters, a dyed redhead called an inner office for our hotel assignment. She was told they would call back. An hour later, she called again (and cheerfully admitted they had forgotten me) to find we were assigned to the Ostankino.

Even with a map and directions, we were soon lost. I climbed out to seek further aid from a Russian lounging at the curb. A few streets were named on the map, but they were written in Latin characters. In the comedy routine that followed, I was cast as the stooge struggling through pronunciations from the Latin characters — poorly transliterated at that — so the Russian could identify the streets. *A da svedanya* and we were off again.

We finally found the hotel and I went in to claim our room. A search was made through the list of assigned American tourists for our name. It was not there. The policy of peaceful coexistence broke down at this point and an extended call back downtown to the National got us a room.

Ostankino service was typically casual. No officious bellhop helped unload luggage from the car; no doorman managed the unwieldy front doors; no girl ran the elevator. Restaurant service can be equally informal. Every traveler to Russia who has done his homework knows before he goes that service is often excruciatingly slow; it once took us thirty-five minutes to get the menu. Forewarned, he ought to be prepared for that. But he might not be ready for five-piece combos amplified in a small restaurant to thresholds of insanity; or for paper napkins, pre-wet strength, about four inches square.

He will memorize the Intourist menu, a standardized document rendered in Russian, French, German, English, and sometimes Chinese. But he may have trouble reconciling himself to problems which sometimes occurred at the Ostankino. I once ran through my list of desiderata to receive a firm *nyet* for each item. Explanation? Delegation. The waitress was a good-hearted soul, though; she leaned over, placed her forearm on the table beside me for support and we leafed cozily through the menu together. Not all waitresses were so kind. In Lvov, when Marge left an omelette unfinished on her breakfast plate because it included several flies, the girl scolded her and refused to clear the table.

Excluding Intourist guides, most of the women we saw were built like fullbacks and dressed like a rummage sale. The arms race had not helped, of course, but often the trouble seemed more one of taste. The man who gets the concession to peddle American foundations in the Soviet Union will be in the position of a bird dog in an aviary. The concession will never be granted during the Cold War, of course; the effects would be too fundamentally subversive.

Russia is a wonderful tonic for American female vanity. Children stared openly at high heels, adults usually more discreetly. Our Moscow guide saw the fashion show at the French Exhibition while we were there and reported in awed tones that she had never seen clothes like that before. An extremely well-dressed girl by Russian standards, she had no idea what the House of Dior might be.

Western hair styles were equally rare. The most frequent was medium length with an effect most nearly approximating a fresh permanent caught in the rain and turned frizzy.

A good place to watch the Russians is at a museum. Escorted parties are more the rule than the exception; fifty or sixty strong will gather six or eight deep around a picture (as we saw them once around a tiny da Vinci Madonna). They listen respectfully to their guide as she rattles on, stabbing away with a wooden pointer, then troop off with nary a backward glance.

For the tourist who speaks little Russian, the guides' choices of exhibits for lectures can be intriguing. At the Tretyakov Gallery in Moscow a hard-bitten guide had a group of young girls gathered about a canvas de-

picting the nineteenth century marriage of a sweet young thing to a repulsive old croaker. Our Russian guidebook made some cracks about a "society which was ruled by the propertied classes and in which women had no rights at all." The girls were held in front of that painting for a ten minute lecture, dealing, I suspected darkly, more with their present freedom than with art.

Omissions can be equally intriguing. We noticed that nineteenth century female court dresses displayed on mannikins in the Kremlin were paid little attention. When we stopped at the showcase and joked about the necklines which left little to the imagination, our guide flushed and moved on.

Some Russians rely heavily on tactile senses in museums. For those with the inclination this is easier than in America since the Russian "guards" are usually worn little women in shapeless black dresses complete with babushka. Several times we saw Russians checking the canvass with their fingers; at the Yusupov estate museum, even our guide casually handled articles displayed on an eighteenth century writing desk.

By the time we reached Moscow, our car was in need of grease and fresh oil. As far as we could ascertain there was but one center in Moscow for such things. To my relief the girl in the office who checked me into the compound there spoke good English. Only one woman, middle-aged, worked in the garage itself. Dressed in rubber boots and a rubber apron over a multiplicity of frayed-hem skirts, she was the garage car washer. Cheerful and animated, she babbled on with lively facial contortions while she applied gasoline to remove road tar. She was one of the busiest workers in the garage, perhaps because it is unlawful to drive a dirty car — at least so we were told. A couple from Australia we met had been stopped in a Ukrainian village on this count. Not being one to hesitate, the Australian promptly drove his car into a nearby shallow stream and had Russian children splash around a bit before driving off.

Novgorod

The cold drizzle we drove through going north from Moscow was decidedly chilly even for me. In the rain and grey cloud cover the log cabins that made up most of the villages on the way to Leningrad looked dismal indeed. They are built of literally squared logs, ends criss-crossed at the corners, American pioneer fashion. The cabins are innocent of paint except some fancy work at the top of a gable or on a window box and squatting on stones for foundations, frequently sagging sadly at the corners. A few new ones were being started in many villages, apparently on the same style as well before the Revolution. Until we got too far from Moscow, occasional TV antennas angled up from the roofs, sometimes two or three on pitifully small dwellings.

Drizzle and cold were still the order of the day by the time we got to Novgorod. While we checked in we watched a teenage girl mop the lobby floor. She used a pole and a large rag which she wrung out by hand into filthy water. The stairs leading to the second floor rooms were carpeted with a bold red floral design, covered in turn by a dirty white runner that had worked loose from most of the treads. Later the maid wet-mopped the runner.

Our quarters in Novgorod were about par for a post-war Russian hotel. The corridor door opened into a small entry hall separated from the sitting room by a red velvet drape. The sitting room was furnished with a heavy round table and four ponderous chairs, a side table, and a dumpy couch. Upholstery all red. Red velvet cloth over the round table with a smaller white lace cloth over that. Curtains at the windows also red velvet. For contrast, perhaps, the French doors dividing the bedroom from the sitting room had white curtains.

The bathroom opened onto the entry hall, literally. The door did not possess an ordinary knob and tongue latch; a simple catch mounted on the hall side was the only way of holding shut the door. The bathroom was ideal for hanging up overnight wash; it resembled part of an oil refinery: every supply line was exposed, plus a good many that had nothing to do with our plumbing.

Leningrad

As I watched the usual crowd of Russians inspect a tourist's Lincoln Continental our first evening in Leningrad, a young man about twenty struck up a conversation in German. Soon he was asking if I had any clothes to sell. Hearing a foreign language, a small group gathered about us, but my friend was not bashful. His German was even worse than mine and I pretended not to understand until two teenagers (who identified themselves as Lithuanians) undertook to assist in getting across the idea. Meanwhile others who spoke only Russian joined the effort by pointing to their socks, shoes, and shirts.

Both curious and avaricious, I finally admitted the possession of three pairs of fine socks. How much would he offer? Three rubles. The two Lithuanians had by this time stationed themselves behind the dry goods merchant and indicated by uproarious pantomime that the price was ridiculous. After some vigorous bargaining (which seemed to delight our audience) the merchant came up, and I down, to five rubles. We shook hands and I returned to the hotel for the goods.

A few minutes later I ambled down the sidewalk toward a park with three pairs of socks under my coat. My friend and two others, one in a trenchcoat, sidled up. They were nervous. A low whistle sounded from

the park. The trenchcoat stepped in front of me. He opened wide as if looking at the lining. Quick transfer of the socks and a five ruble note was accomplished, and the three broke up and disappeared.

I continued slowly around the park. On the other side the original contact and one of his fellows reappeared, relaxed and jovial. Did I have anything else to sell? As a matter of fact, curious what luxury goods would bring, I did have a pair of ladies' nylons. I suggested three rubles (about 400% markup, but, I later discovered, a steal at the price) and one left for more money while the German-speaking operator and I settled down on a park bench to wait.

He was a pleasant chap and talked freely: active in the Komsomol, but arrested twice on suspicion of black market activities, once beaten up by the police. The authorities had confiscated a good short wave set he and some friends had built. The clothes black market was risky, but fairly easy in Leningrad. At one point my companion interrupted himself with a soft, "Achtung! Polizei." I looked up to catch a glimpse of a uniform behind a bush nearby and launched into loud praises of Leningrad's scenery. When I looked around again the uniform was gone.

The experience, however, made both of us a bit edgy, especially since number-two man had not returned. I finally gave up and strolled off, picking a relatively deserted street. Within a half block another teenager materialized beside me and asked, this time in Russian, if I had anything to sell. Haggling pleasantly, we turned a corner toward the Nevsky Prospekt and met three other boys who were hailed by my companion. We continued together toward the Prospekt until finally he borrowed some money from his friends, took the nylons, and dropped off.

One of the remaining trio spoke good English and I continued on with them, turning onto the Nevsky Prospekt. So I found myself promenading down the most famous avenue in Leningrad, late on an August evening, jostling my way through proletarian crowds, surrounded by six or eight young black market hopefuls, arguing the merits of capitalism. The Soviet Union never seemed farther from Dostoevsky.

The next morning our guide took it as a matter of course that we should want to see the Kazan cathedral, the local anti-religion museum. Perhaps to get a sort of running start on Christianity we were taken first through the Far Eastern religion section, artifacts courtesy of the Chinese People's Government. Several halls and an hour later we arrived at the Christian era. A large chart showed major Judeo-Christian themes, symbols, and events. Each one had a line from it to similar themes, symbols, and events in other religions. The composite source of Christianity having thus been "proved," we moved on in front of a large painting depicting the end of the Spartacan revolt: Christianity got its start in the Roman world when this revolt failed and slaves were driven to seek a philosophy of resignation.

Then on to the hall of Russian Christianity. More large paintings with the expected exploitation of the cruelties toward the Old Believers and of clerical degeneracy. To show the full horror of Christianity the basement of the cathedral was fitted out with a Spanish Inquisition torture chamber.

Next to the exit we were puzzled by the significance of a small space instrument displayed. Our guide explained that it symbolized the twentieth-century proof that there is no God: Russian science has investigated space and there just is not anything like God out there.

With an overcast sky Leningrad is about as cheerful as a summer resort dock in November. But the last day we were there the sun finally came out; it *is* a beautiful city. The freshly gilded spires and the pastel buildings, the spaciousness induced by the Neva and huge squares make some very pretty scenes. By that time, however, we were anxious to take a vacation from a vacation. Perhaps because the back seat was a calculated mess and the hour late, the customs officer at the border gave only a perfunctory inspection. We rolled through to Finland, headed for Hamburg and the plane home.

Retrospect

Since then I have thought often about Russia. I think most frequently of a couple we met in a Ukrainian city. They had quizzed us with pathetic eagerness about western developments in jazz, architecture, the arts, and politics. They hated the regime for cutting them off and hated communism for giving them nothing in return for making them part of a mass with which they could not identify. This couple seemed to have no conscious hope for the future; they refused to raise children under communism. My questions about religion or God drew only a wistful, "We have not been educated to it."

The couple admitted they were not typical, but I remember quite clearly the look on the woman's face when she motioned to her husband, "In the Thirties, when we were born, abortion was against the law. We're victims of that law." I have since read about growing intellectual freedom in Russia — a freedom that was limited again last winter. Sometimes I remember that couple and wonder if life is any easier for them now. I hope so.

I found that even this August, 1963, I could still recall scenes of thatched-roofed hovels and urban horizons crowded with construction cranes; depressing sameness and a couple kissing on the back of a farm truck; tastelessness and peasants looking at a Gaugin; St. Basil's cathedral and Moscow University; and watchtowers. But I confess that I remembered best the incredibly muggy heat the evening we landed at Idlewild late that August; I knew then we were home.

The Winter of Our Discontent

By Walter Sorell
Drama Editor

These are marginal notes written under a merciless sun, written about a winter just as merciless, cold and dreary, a winter that even drained the patience of the angels. A number of obituaries about the last season have appeared under glaring headlines and a few counter-articles claiming that the dead was not nearly as dead as one assumed; that he may have lost some blood, hope, and a few illusions; but that he is up and about to take, if necessary, the same artistic punishment without having profited, at least spiritually, from the loss.

Those who defended the lost season were right in saying that, in spite of all disappointment, we have witnessed the awakening of a decentralized theatre and that this season offered a number of new playwrights a chance to take their first steps into the illusionary world of a boundless reality. And probably two of them (about whom I will report in the near future) may survive as playwrights, although they cannot help depending on the famous invalid.

The disappointment that no sugar-coating can improve came from the name authors who, without exception, let us down. Though there was great merit in Kingsley's experiment, "Night Life," it was obvious that the experiment was vintage 1933 rather than 1963. William Inge's "Natural Affections" only proved the gradual progression of his literary retrogradation. The drama that Tennessee Williams has been experiencing now for some time could be called "The Great Temptation" which gives him no chance to keep a script in the typewriter long enough to let it ripen from A Sweet Bird of Youth into a mature state to find its way to a Camino Real. He is such a great talent, but the producing vultures are anxiously waiting for him to type the last word of the third act – and no Streetcar Named (Artistic) Desire leads to the magic world of a Glass Menagerie. And so he invites us to board The Milktrain (that) Doesn't Stop Here Anymore. Lillian Hellman has the strongest feeling for what is right on the stage and yet she has never been as blind to her subject matter as in her last play. The sooner forgotten the better. Irwin Shaw, a writer of stature, concocted a satire and played on a single string of his instrument the whole evening. It wore thin and tore.

The challenge to create a living stage image that has universal meaning, the touch of poetry, and dramatic validity is exciting and fascinating – the key to success and failure. The possibilities, coincidences and accidents, together with the many divergent minds that come into play between the written and finally spoken word on the stage, are countless. Of course a play may be butchered by the director. But even then, most of the time, the substance of its greatness shines through. On the other hand, a dramatist may claim to have obeyed all the rules of the art, but may have forgotten that any great work defies all rules while creating its own.

Some connoisseurs have pointed with gratification to the fact that Bertolt Brecht's "Mother Courage" was at least an honorable failure. In spite of Jerome Robbins' skill as a director, he miscast and misunderstood Brecht, who has become a fad. People think they have contributed to culture when they bring Brecht and Broadway together. But Brecht is off-Broadway material. Only Eric Bentley and a small group of intellectuals are really interested in Brecht. "The Threepenny Opera" was such a great success at The Theatre de Lys because Marc Blitzstein dulled the sharpest points in the script and Kurt Weill's music has meanwhile become a hit. The success of "Brecht on Brecht" rests on the fact that it is a Reader's Digest version of the man and his work.

One blamed, of course, the high costs and ticket prices again for the failure of the season. One blamed the unions and the wastefulness of the producers, even the difficulty of obtaining tickets for those who still prefer a live show to a movie. All this may have something to do with a dismal season. But we always forget that the theatre is not part of our cultural heritage; the film is. Its greatest failure is that the theatre has not attracted the youth. The theatre has lost interest in the eyes of the intellectual by trying to embrace a mass audience which it really never found (except for the musicals).

In the theatre it is not enough to be a craftsman; one must be a total person, must dare and have faith. If one cannot afford failure, one must compromise with one's integrity and thus create irreparable failures. (Have we ever thought that sometimes even a hit may be a dramatist's greatest failure?) Also: When show business becomes a sideline of the stock exchange, yesterday's trash that happened to be a hit can easily become tomorrow's guiding light.

Six million dollars were lost. At least six repertory theatres could have been run for this money a whole season. But the essence of this problem does not lie in the field of economics. Money is cheap. The creative spark in man, however, is the greatest trust, an awesome responsibility and obligation.

Communicating Repentance

By Arne Kristo

Part-Time Assistant Professor of Religion, Valparaiso University, and Director of Training, the Lutheran Deaconess Association

. . . I rejoice, not because you were grieved, but because you were grieved into repenting. . .
II Corinthians 7:9

The demand for repentance brings with it a problem in communication. The believer may not take the demand seriously because he considers it relevant only to his past. The unbeliever is incapable of taking it seriously because he either doesn't understand the extent of the demand, or, if he does, he finds it impossible to believe things can be that bad!

The problem to which the call for repentance is directed is indeed so basic and so all-encompassing that it is difficult to take it seriously. The Biblical message insists that a man's entire existence, if it is to be acceptable to God, must be refashioned. This is tantamount to saying, "You're going at life all wrong. You must start all over."

The New Testament speaks of a "new creation," putting the contemporary person into the atmosphere of Genesis 1 and 2. The self-conscious being we call man is placed into the impossible situation of needing to be brought into a true form of existence. But he already does exist, and is inevitably bound to this existence!

The New Testament speaks also about the "mind of Christ" as one of the marks of the newly-created, or repentant, individual. For our purpose, it is enough to suggest that this, too, helps us understand the extent of the problem. Man, who already has a mind by which he makes a life, is told that this instrument by itself is not sufficient for building the kind of life which God has "in mind" for him. Only God's mind will do!

If this makes repentance sound like an impossible demand, it is! The task to which repentance points is beyond all moralizing, psychologizing, philosophizing, socializing, or humanizing. Repentance is a divine work. It needs divine instruments and a divine Workman.

Repentance is a mystery. It is a mystery because it depends on the working of the Spirit upon our spirit. It cannot be forced. It is a gift of the sovereign, but gracious, God; of the gracious, but sovereign, God.

Yet, if repentance is a mystery, God has given us tools whereby we may participate in bringing about that mysterious event. These are sharp and effective tools. They are the Law and the Gospel, encased in the Word and Sacraments.

There are two directions a man's life can take: away from God, or toward God. Repentance is the experience by which a man awakens to the reality of the first and begins the second. We have already seen that our existence is, in terms of God, a failure. But only God can convince us of this, and also lead us to a new existence. Our defenses are too good for any lesser authority to overcome, and our weakness so pronounced that nothing less can help. God convinces us of our dire circumstances through His anger, expressed in His Law.

But if we are to begin a new existence, the new must begin through God's creative power. That new direction of life begins in Jesus Christ. Our going away from God was absorbed into the life and death of Jesus Christ, and now in Him we change direction.

God has entrusted to us His Law and Gospel and it is through these that He Himself brings men to repentance. Preaching and teaching do work the great change we call repentance. Administration of the Sacraments is a means for causing people to turn from what they should not be and to become what God wants them to be.

Since so much is at stake, the individual and the corporate church must handle these tools with great respect.

The demand for repentance must not only be focused on the sore spots of peoples' lives, but it must be focused in a manner that communicates. Firm declarations from the pulpit that men are sinful and damned may be true, but say more about the preacher than about God. Prejudice is sinful. But the prejudice that may be condemning me at the moment is that I don't want Negroes to attend the same school that my children attend, or to live next door. This does not imply that the traditional individual- and family-orientated view of sin should be neglected, but is rather a recognition that Lutheranism, at least, has a long way to go to catch up with much of the rest of Christendom in appreciating the social dimensions of sin. Another way in which we must watch the focus is that in our zeal for the Second and Third Articles, we do not commit mayhem on the First Article! This means that the buckshot approach against sin, in which even civil righteousness is not recognized, is irresponsible.

Another factor to remember in respecting the tools with which we operate is that repentance cannot be categorized. It is not a "class" or "type" of experience. It is the work of the sovereign grace of God, working

on the individual heart. It cannot be programmed. It is not a psychological experience, even though it may have psychological concomitants.

As any student of Christian history knows, the nature of repentance has been, and still is, the subject of disagreement among Christians. The problem of delineating the human and divine aspects of repentance has concerned the church. Even where, as in Lutheranism, repentance is thought of as fully caused by God, yet fully experienced by man, the mystery is not eliminated. Because it is experienced in a human life, even repentance itself is subject to the basic human sin: replacing God with something less than God. Whenever we think consciously about our repentance, we must surely recognize that even here we sin by attempting to insert ourselves into the act.

To do justice to repentance, the Christian must realize the baptismal connection of repentance. To witness an event in which repentance takes place, watch for the next infant baptism at your church! When that infant is baptized, he is buried with Christ into death and raised again with Christ to a new life. He has experienced repentance! But, then, remember that this is exactly what happened to you when you were baptized. Since then, the daily course of your life is to be a conscious repetition of that death and resurrection, of that repentance. The thing that makes this possible is not how you feel, but rather the concrete fact that some water was sprinkled on your forehead in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost!

Finally, if we are to deal honestly, we must permit the call to repentance to be turned inward. It must be directed to the individual Christian and to the organized church.

The faithful worshiper must be subject to the condemnation of the Law so that his understanding of, and trust in, the Gospel will be clear. Even the believer needs the sharp knife of the Law to cut out the remnants of death still in his life.

The institutional church cannot be immune from the call to repentance. No institution, even the church, is comfortable in the face of criticism. There are built-in defenses against the Law in the organized church. Sometimes the church will, for example, be blinded by pride in the "purity" of its doctrines, or the vigor of its institutional life. It will not permit its publications to express doubts or to handle controversial subjects in certain areas. The church, too, needs to be hammered by the Law. It needs to hear the voice of the prophet, calling for repentance and renewal.

On Second Thought

BY ROBERT J. HOYER

EVERY organization has some system by which it is governed and taught. But the record of the Bible shows how consistently God acted to lead His people through a man who was not part of the ordained system.

When Israel crossed the Jordan into the promised land, their governmental system was already organized and prepared. But when Israel was settled, God sent His Spirit to men who had no place in the prepared system, and the Judges ruled the people of God. In magnificent disregard for the legal order, God gave His Spirit to a woman, to an illegitimate son, to a strong man with nothing to recommend him but a raging temper and a fierce pride.

Israel had a system of ordained priesthood. A whole tribe had been set aside to serve the tabernacle. But God sent His Spirit to Samuel, the last of the Judges. He was neither an elder, nor a priest, nor even a Levite. But he was both priest and judge to Israel, a leader called from outside the ordained system.

Because Samuel was sure that rule by Spirit was God's way of government, he resisted the desire of the people to establish a kingdom. That would be another ordained system. But God was not confined by it. When the kings were anointed and the kingdom established, God sent His Spirit to the prophets. He stepped outside the system to lead His people. Israel had always had prophetic schools, which prospered in freedom and the power of the Spirit. But Israel's kings subsidized and regulated them. The prophetic voice was lost in the system. God sent His Spirit to Jeremiah, and he had to fight against the ordained prophets of Israel. He was a man from outside the system who opposed the men in the system, in the power of God. And Amos, filled with the Spirit of God, sternly declared: "I am neither a prophet nor the son of a prophet!"

When Jesus came, there was an established priesthood, a school for rabbis, and a well-organized system of government. But Jesus was neither a priest nor a Pharisee. He was filled with the Spirit, and He was Prophet, Priest, and King from outside the system. And He called His apostles from the ranks of the fishermen and the tax-collectors. He gave His Spirit to men outside the ordained system.

Now here is the question that propably has no answer. Or at least, the answer lies in the hands of the Spirit of our God. The answer cannot be known except in reference to the Spirit of God, which knows no human control. "Have we, with our well-trained clergy and our separated schools, so firmly established our system that we cannot hear the thunder of Jeremiah from outside? Has our honored ordination shut out the voice of Amos?"

Touchstones of Excellence

By WALTER A. HANSEN

A few years ago I was discussing the American debut of a young Russian pianist with one of the most erudite music critics I have ever known. The artist from the Soviet Union had given an electrifying performance of Peter Ilyich Tchaikovsky's first piano concerto, and many reviewers were hailing him as a past master of the art of playing the piano.

But the famous critic kept his head. "I want to hear Mr. --- play Mozart before I arrive at a verdict," he told me.

Unfortunately, I have never had an opportunity to hear this particular pianist play Mozart. But I have heard him play Beethoven. Then I concurred wholeheartedly in the oft-repeated statement that one must speak of him as a master.

I am not minimizing the ability or the importance of Tchaikovsky. I do know, however, that many pianists can play this composer's music remarkably well without being able to do justice to music written by, let us say, Mozart, Bach, or Beethoven.

It is by no means wide of the mark to refer to Mozart, Bach, and Beethoven as infallible touchstones. Recently I heard a young pianist give what thousands of listeners would not hesitate to call an ideal performance of Franz Liszt's *Piano Concerto in E Flat Major*. His octaves made the welkin ring. His bravura was breathtaking. The tonal quality of his playing was controlled with extraordinary deftness. I admired his technical agility. Yet I wanted to hear a repetition or two of his way of presenting Liszt's concerto before I would venture to reach and express a definite conclusion of my own. I wanted opportunities to listen again with a keen ear for details. I wanted to note with reasonable exactness how often or how deliberately he used the damper pedal as a blanket to cover a multitude of sins. I realized at once that he had a praiseworthy sense of the distinctively Lisztian style. At the same time, however, I sensed some of the exuberance and the bombast that are boon companions of immaturity. "How will this young man play Mozart?" I asked myself. "How will he play Bach? How will he play Beethoven? Will he grow up? Is he on the verge of growing up?"

So far I am unable to answer these questions. But I do think that the young Russian pianist whom I have mentioned has passed the test. Long before the USSR came into being, budding Russian artists were subjected to exceedingly rigorous training. The Soviet Union has been guilty of many foul things in the course of its existence, but it has not done away with thoroughness and out-and-out drudgery in the matter of educating its concert artists. In this respect numerous other lands lag far behind the Russian educational system so far as music is concerned. Although Stalin and Khrushchev have given me more than one pain in the neck, they have not uprooted thoroughness in the conservatories. There the regimen continues to be severe and uncompromising.

Consequently, the able Russian pianist of whom I have spoken goes far beyond the bounds of Tchaikovsky and far beyond the syrup and the gunpowder of Liszt.

One never achieves, fosters, or develops genuine excellence by softening the rigors of study. After all, simon-pure scholarship in any domain is based to a large extent on drudgery pure and simple. Just as one cannot learn Greek, Latin, German, French, or any other language without subjecting oneself to a large amount of sheer drudgery, so one cannot become a thoroughpaced musician without much toil and sweat. Thank goodness, however, drudgery, in spite of all its tyranny, has a way of making fast friends. And it does pay handsome dividends.

The study of music is not all coffee and doughnuts. It demands the sweating of much blood. Furthermore, it requires never-ending self-criticism, and it frowns menacingly on self-satisfaction. For this reason the drudgery that leads to indubitable excellence never fails to beget drudgery. It is everlastingly dissatisfied.

In the course of his short lifetime Mozart wrote masterpieces with incredible speed. So did Schubert. So did Bach and Handel — although these great men enjoyed a much longer span of life than did Mozart and Schubert. Beethoven wrote sowly, and I am sure that he suffered much anguish of spirit whenever he composed. He knew the need and the value of drudgery. But it would be a mistake to assume that Mozart, Schubert, Bach, and Handel did not realize the great importance of hard work. Were they ever completely satisfied with the music they brought into being? I wonder.

Why am I saying all this? Because I see and hear many so-called musicians who evidently consider drudgery altogether unnecessary. They want to have the world by the tail long before they have even begun to cut their eyeteeth. As a result, they are mere flashes in the pan. They soon go up in smoke.

Helsinki, Finland -- 1963

By ADALBERT RAPHAEL KRETZMANN

LUTHERANS from all over the world had their attention settled on Helsinki in the early weeks of August. The Lutheran World Federation was in session, dividing its time between great Services at the Cathedral, devotional studies each morning at the Old Church, plenary sessions at the Auditorium, and a great closing Service at the Paavo Nurmi Stadium. Delegates and visitors found a fascinating city, surprisingly modern and energetic, only a few hundred kilometers away from the frontier with Russia.

Helsinki, as a city, is very much like all the capitals of Europe, a mixture of the old and the new. Historically speaking, this city dates only from the Sixteenth Century. It was deliberately planned as an answer to the heavy harbor traffic across the Bay of Finland into Poland and Russia.

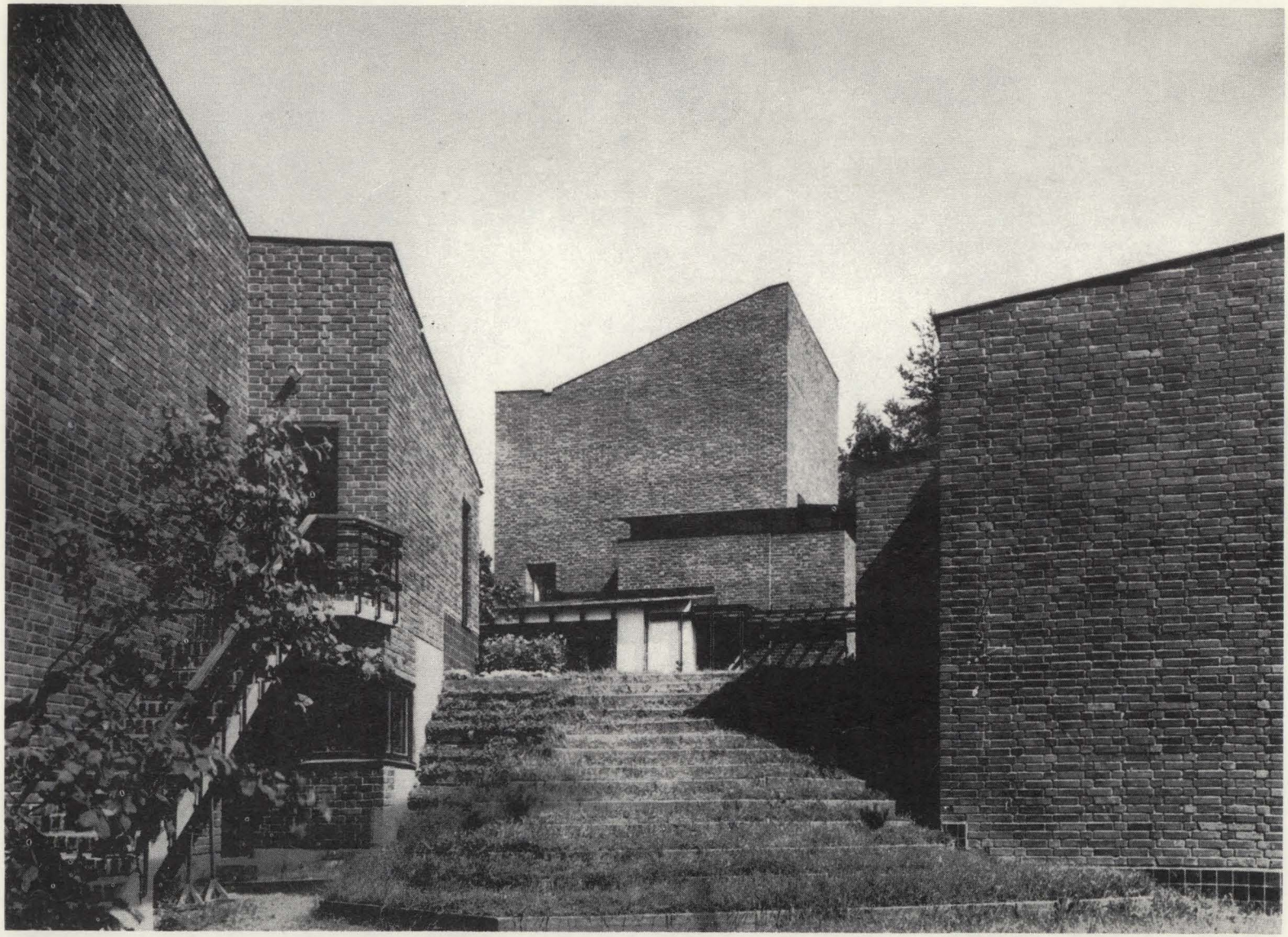
The city has a magnificent harbor. Lakes and woods and trees are found in abundance. The forests are called "the green gold" of Finland. For most Americans the land is famous for such names as Mannerheim, Saarinen, Sibelius, and Alvar Aalto. Such a quartet of modern greats would be enough to give any country glorious distinction. The illustration shows the Village Hall as designed by Aalto for Saynatsalo. Aalto is known in America for his Baker House Dormitories at M.I.T. and his Finnish Pavilion at the New York World's Fair in 1938-39.

Architecture in Finland during the past century is a lively drama which, in spite of the political liberation and the two wars, shows no really exciting action. It has run a parallel course with the developments in Europe and in the United States. Finland's new architecture is not without its root in the past. Its rugged matter-of-factness and boldly organic structure were a good base for the modern clean lines which are so readily identifiable. The great names that foreshadowed the new day had their spiritual ancestor in Gallen. Leaders in the reactionary group were Sonck, Lindgren, and Eliel Saarinen. It is chiefly through the personal contribution and artistic strength of these architects that Finland began to gain some international reputation.

Many people will be surprised to see Saarinen's railroad station in Helsinki, built between 1906 and 1914. After the first World War it becomes increasingly evident that the architects were becoming keenly alive to the social responsibilities of their profession and its significance in the great scheme of things. In this new development two names stand out particularly, Bryggman and Aalto. All Finland is dotted with the beauty of the production of these men. Their influence even reached overseas in various places, most notably at M.I.T. and in Christ Church, Minneapolis. In the shadow of these outstanding buildings one must not forget Rewell's Industrial Center Block at the South Harbor of Helsinki and Ervi who has done some outstanding things for the University of Helsinki.

Among all the greats, however, Alvar Aalto seems to deserve a place by himself. The Tuberculosis Sanatorium at Paimio came into being at the beginning of the 1930's. New ideas were put into practice here with such skill and artistic imagination that the building still represents something of the very best all over the world. Besides that there is the library at Viipuri, the National Pensions Institution in Helsinki, the whole development at Otaniemi. The Culture House in Helsinki, with a freely-shaped, acoustically perfect concert and congress hall, is a real triumph. The facade of these buildings is like the example pictures — here a combination of unpolished brick, copper sheeting, and natural wood. Especially his churches are very striking and his crematory in Denmark, the art museums in Alburg and Baghdad, and numerous buildings in Germany, France, and Italy show how well he has dominated his field.

Today Aalto works from Studio House in a suburb of Helsinki. Although he employs only eight draftsmen, he nevertheless wields a world-wide influence. The characteristics of respect for the past and modesty in appraising his own work have made Aalto a great teacher. Many young architects have found him easy to admire and to follow. In him they found a new freedom that released and challenged all their creative energies. This, after all, is a great gift from a man, who, more than any other in our day, has recognized the civilizing effect of architecture. He has recognized in it a social obligation and has given it the best of his unbounded intellect and imagination.



54. Village Hall. Exterior, garden terrace wall.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH

RELIGION

GESETZ UND EVANGELIUM IN DER LUTHERISCHEN THEOLOGIE DES 19. JAHRHUNDERTS

By Robert C. Schultz (Lutherisches Verlagshaus, D.M. 13.80)

This volume was Robert Schultz's dissertation for the degree of Doctor of Theology, presented to the Theological Faculty of Germany's Erlangen University in 1956. Its incisive pages offer abundant evidence that doctoral research need not necessarily lead to knowing more and more about less and less. The author's theme, assigned by the late Prof. Werner Elert, is the Law/Gospel motif so central to Lutheranism. His area of study is the crucial 19th century. So central a theme in so broad an area brings with it the danger of superficiality. But in five brilliant analytical chapters Schultz illuminates the struggle of 19th-century theology with the dominant Reformation concern. In the process he provides us with insights that reach back through three centuries to Luther and forward into our own time.

The presupposition basic to this volume is that the contrast between Law and Gospel is "the most central systematic form in which the Lutheran doctrine of justification through faith alone expresses itself." None of the three great theological movements (Orthodoxy, Pietism, Enlightenment) between the Reformation and the 19th century correctly developed or reworked the Law/Gospel antithesis which animated Luther and the 16th-century Lutheran Confessions. The task of the 19th century was to find its way back to Luther in confrontation with the epochs which preceded it. Schultz concludes that, in general, the 19th century failed. He not only documents the fact but also details the reasons for the failure.

Kant banished the Law/Gospel antithesis in ignorance; Troeltsch's rejection at the opposite end of the 19th century was conscious and deliberate. In the interval between them its importance had become clear. Schultz regards the attempted restoration of Lutheran Orthodoxy (Chapter III) as fundamentally sound in intention. Orthodoxy was the critical turning point in the history of Lutheran theology. If its failures and weaknesses could be detected, then correction could be undertaken. Fr. A. Philippi came closest, says Schultz. Earlier men (Lehmus, Thomasius, Sartorius, Schoeberlein) tried to resolve the Law/Gospel tension by deriving both either from the holiness or from the love of God. Later representatives of the restoration (Kahnis, Vilmar) did not understand the antithesis because they coupled their restatement of Orthodoxy with the viewpoint of *Heilsgeschichte* (i.e., two historically separate "covenants" between God and men, one of Law followed by one of Grace).

Adolph von Harless sought to restore the Law/Gospel antithesis to the center of Lutheran theological thought, but his efforts were nullified by J. Chr. K. von Hofmann — the dominant figure of the 19th-century Erlangen School. Hofmann's basic concern with *Heilsgeschichte* was disastrous for the existential interpretation which Harless had given to Law and Gospel. Theodosius Harnack opened a new possibility through his volumes on Luther's theology, but the opportunity was grasped only in the area of practical theology (von Zezschwitz in catechetics; C.F.W. Walther in pastoral care). Law/Gospel failed to become the dominant motif in both exegetical and systematic theology. Albrecht Ritschl appealed from the "older Luther" to the "younger Luther" in order to refute Harnack — and denied the wrath of God in the process. This opened the door for Ernest Troeltsch and what Schultz calls a radical break with the whole Christian tradition.

It is necessary in reading this volume to keep in mind constantly the concept which Schultz has of the Law/Gospel antithesis. He defines it as a distinction in the self-revelation of God. The tension between Law and Gospel is not to be theologically resolved or subsumed under a unity which transcends both. The Law is always the enemy of man before God; the Gospel alone is man's rescue. That both Law and Gospel come from God is an expression of the fact that God confronts man in wrath as well as in love. Contemporary Lutheran scholarship must take this into account both in its attempt to rediscover Luther and in its confrontation with Barth and neo-orthodoxy.

As a study in systematic theology this volume reveals the crucial theological significance of a motif in systematics. Here it becomes evident that what is important is not whether a system correctly repeats a formulation from the Reformation, but whether this formulation is central to the system. So, for example, it is useless to argue whether Luther and subsequent Lutheran Orthodoxy both taught the verbal inspiration of Scripture and a concept of Law/Gospel. They did. The question is what significance each attached to these teachings. The dogmatics of Lutheran Orthodoxy reverted to a preoccupation with the medieval concern for the relation between reason and revelation. The Law/Gospel antithesis ceased to be constitutive. Instead, it became another paragraph under the doctrine of the Word of God. The concept of the verbal inspiration of Scripture became central because of the significance attached to the reason/revelation question. This, in the last analysis, points up the discontinuity between Luther and Orthodoxy — in spite of the conceptual similarities and the verbal correspondence in "doctrines." This is why Orthodoxy opened the way to the fateful developments of pietism, rationalism, and the 19th century.

The fate of Lutheranism, says Schultz, depends on the fate of the Law/Gospel motif in its theology. The task of Lutheranism is the recovery of the Law/Gospel antithesis in its theology. Because of this, we contemplate rather sadly the fact that his study was written and published in German. We could wistfully hope that it will be read anyway — or even more unrealistically suggest that it be translated. Instead we remind American Lutherans who cannot or will not read it that "those who will not learn from history are condemned to repeat it." We only hope that they will not condemn the rest of us along with themselves. We should be getting on with the task posed by Schultz in this important study.

WALTER R. BOUMAN

THE NEW-TIME RELIGION

By Claire Cox (Prentice-Hall, $3.95)

THE NEW SHAPE OF AMERICAN RELIGION

By Martin E. Marty (Harper, $3.00)

These are two rather different views of the same phenomenon, the contemporary religious landscape in America.

Miss Cox, a newspaperwoman, uses a "buckshot" approach. Her barrage hits many different aspects of the current religious scene — the new-time ministers and their wives, the new architecture, music, finances, seven-day-a-week fellowship, public relations, etc. Even when she tells you something you already know, which is likely to be often, she at least gives you countless illustrations of the phenomena she treats. Among all the anecdotes and quotes and bits of information is much that is though-provoking (e.g., that in one state in the Union — Hawaii — Buddhism is the largest single religious group), or bizarre (e.g., that in some new-time churches "the latest rheostatic lighting is being used, with some pulpits being equipped with push buttons so the preacher can raise or lower the lighting for dramatic effect during the sermon") or shocking-if-true (e.g., "The Lutherans reported that they spent an average of 2 hours and 20 minutes preparing sermons.").

You might say that Miss Cox has let us

spend a few hours looking at her files, which are clearly voluminous, diverse, and interesting. Dr. Marty, on the other hand, has let us spend a few hours looking at his mind, and it is deep and creative and systematic. Marty writes as sociologist, theologian and parish pastor, and each hat fits well.

The New Shape of American Religion describes the post-war revival of interest in religion, a revival that had already begun to crest in the late 1950's, when Dr. Marty wrote. It is a religion so generalized and inoffensive that it bothers no one, all the rough edges of particularity having been smoothed away by a unique American environment that served as "a sort of cosmic Slenderella." The god of this religion-in-general is understandable and manageable, comforting, an American jolly good fellow, which helps explain the amazing coexistence of a mass religious interest and unprecedented secularism.

Marty calls ours the post-Protestant era, meaning that the dominant religious force in America was, but is not now, Protestant. Today there are four major partners in the American religious picture — Protestant, Catholic, Jew — and an *attitude* that amounts to a religion of democracy (complete with its own church — the public school). Evangelical Christianity, says Marty, must recognize this attitude as a competitor, conspiring to make itself the official American faith, and it must show forth the difference between itself and this attitude.

The oft-maligned local congregation is the institution the author considers — with right — best fit for the task of renewal lying before the church, if it can only withstand certain pressures — from society, for a comfortable adjustment; and from the denomination, to bring in more people and more money, to measure up to the success stories canonized on synodical and district graphs. In place of multitudinism (bringing in as many as possible through as many programs as possible organized as minutely as possible), Marty would foster a concept of "the remnant." Though this is not clearly defined it seems to be those who are committed, as they are in the process of being equipped for a ministry which is every Christian's vocation.

The book's final appeal is for a "culture ethic" appropriate to our age — perhaps "Christ above culture." Marty calls for a particularity of witness and mentions safeguards to keep this particularity from fostering a fragmentation and renewal of hostilities between confessions that we need about as much as we need a new series of witch burnings.

Every home missionary should be required to read this outstanding book before he pushes his first doorbell or presides at his first coffee-hour. The book also commends itself to anyone who happens to have on his Christmas list a denominational executive secretary.

NEW FRONTIERS OF CHRISTIANITY

Edited by Ralph C. Raughley, Jr. (Association, $4.50)

Twelve experts forecast trends and opportunities in major areas of Christian concern. The editor imagines the symposium is so advanced in its proposals and ideas as to "run the risk of being considered visionary, and sometimes bellicose and inflammatory, or even heretical." Actually it is better than all that. It is in fact a very judicious extrapolation, and that means that it is based on a review of the recent past and a discerning diagnosis of the present.

Paul Schilpp in his article on *Philosophy* complains that "both religion and philosophy have become sterile, dry, useless, and dead." The eleven other essays are convincing evidence that it is too early to hang crepe.

Roger Hazelton, surveying *Theology,* contradicts the ethical humanism of Prof. Schilpp with a strong emphasis on the redemptive initiative of God in Christ and testimony to the wisdom of God which "can hardly be dovetailed or made continuous with the all-too-evident foolishness of men." That Hazelton is not simply neo-orthodox is seen in this, that he describes the truth of theology as not rational but reasonable, not merely paradoxical but deeply personal, arising in and returning to doxology. The great task of theology today, as he sees it, is relevance, and by that he means not accommodation but translation. And his essay, not Schilpp's, reflects the dominant tone of the book.

Ian Barbour discusses developments in *The Natural Sciences* which make possible more valuable conversations between scientists and theologians. Reuel Howe tells how *The Psychological Sciences* are making contributions to Christianity and stresses also that the benefits are two-way.

Roger Shinn documents and assesses the emergence within the Church — both its Protestant and Roman Catholic parts — of a way of thinking about *Social Ethics* that is both biblical and contemporary. John Bennett's essay illumines the knotty problem of *Church and State* by carefully enunciating principles which should guide Protestants, Catholics, and Jews (whose differences, because of the common possession of the Old Testament, are minimal in the sphere of social ethics) and applies the principles to the key issue of the relationship among church, state, and education.

On the *Education* frontier J. Edward Dirks believes that the next half century will and must see a new devotion to higher education on the part of the church. In one of the most brilliantly written pieces, *The Arts,* Paul Elmen evaluates the significance of the current vogue of the art of the absurd, which has sloughed off the dominance of Greek rationality and exults in the fragmentary character of existence.

In *World Evangelism* Norman Goodall believes the basic and most pressing need is still for men and women of disciplined life and mature Christian experience. Joseph Kitagawa discusses the prospects for a meaningful encounter with *Other Religions* and lays down some ground rules for the coming dialogue.

Samuel McCrea Cavert sees that *The Ecumenical Movement,* for all its progress, will have an air of unreality about it until the parish church gets more directly involved in all the ecumenical issues of our time. Graydon McClellan in his article on *The Ministry* pronounces the verdict that "the church needs a tough new breed of servant-minded pastors who are willing to lose their lives in building up the ministry of their people."

Some themes recur and a pattern nearly emerges. While the essayists are anything but parochial and understand that we live in one world and appreciate and support the ecumenical movement, they also are painfully aware that "nothing is real unless it is local."

A number of articles wax eloquent over our "new" awareness of the priesthood of the laity. And the same authors sense that in our world of large power structures we need a strategy which makes the larger grouping (district, judicatory, diocese) the primary unit of mission. And that fits the dawning appreciation of the benefits of episcopacy.

Almost without exception the authors write with a sense of the mysterious, opaque hiddenness of God against which the Gospel of the crucified and resurrected One shines as a miracle of light, making men joyous, free, and humble. Our liturgy and worship, the lives of clergy and laymen, and our theology must more and more reflect not doctrinaire smugness but the humility of the servant and give God His glory.

ROBERT H. SMITH

CORRECTION

Our attention has been called to the fact that a misplaced "too" distorted the meaning of a sentence in a review of Etienne Gilson's *Elements of Christian Philosophy.* The sentence which reads, "One of Gilson's two central theses is that Thomas borrows too heavily from Greek philosophy . . ." should read "One of Gilson's two central theses is that Thomas borrows heavily from Greek philosophy . . ."

THE EDITORS

A Minority Report

The Power Structure

By VICTOR F. HOFFMANN

Power is a much-used, and sometimes over-worked, word in our contemporary vocabularies. We meet the word in so many familiar expressions: the power of the Word, the power of personality, the power of the people, the power of suggestion, political power and economic power. As the phrases themselves indicate, people who are accustomed to using this amorphous and omnipresent word range from theologians and economists to politicians and preachers.

Without a doubt, the literature of the social sciences is filling up with analyses, at least discussions, of power and the structures of power in society. Quite bluntly, it is an A-OK word in the social sciences. Almost any reference to power and power complexes is quoted and quotable.

One of the recent works dealing with a number of aspects of social and political power is *Power, Politics, and People: The Collected Essays of C. Wright Mills,* gathered and edited and introduced by Irving Louis Horowitz (Hobart and William Smith Colleges). In one of these essays ("The Structure of Power in American Society"), Mills cites a respectable definition of social or political power: "Power has to do with whatever decisions men make about the arrangements under which they live, and about the events which make up the history of our times."

Sometimes we are inclined to drive the notion of power too far. We sometimes talk about power as if society is merely a mechanism of countless human beings whose lives are determined and defined by a few people pushing buttons in high places, using coercion and force to keep the other members of society obedient – or, at least, using subtle manipulations and exploitations to get what they, the elite, want out of life. But not necessarily so according to Mills: "In some societies, the innumerable actions of innumerable men modify their milieux, and so gradually the structure [of society] itself. These modifications – the course of history – go on behind the backs of men. History is drift, although in total 'men make it.'" Mills quotes Karl Marx (*The 18th Brumaire*) in behalf of his "drift" proposition: "Men make their own history, but they do not make it just as they please; they do not make it under circumstances chosen by themselves . . ."

But, within the limitations of the "drift," Mills insists that ". . . a few may be so placed within the structure that by their decisions they modify the milieux of many other men, and in fact nowadays the structural conditions under which most men live." According to this image of "The Structure of Power in American Society," there are some special groups of men at the locus of political and social power in the United States who because of their unusual power positions are freer and more empowered to make more significant decisions for all of society than are others. These are: "the high military," "the corporation executives," and "the political directorate."

In other words, the capacity to make decisions today is directed to factors and events of such national and international consequence, so important and far-reaching that we citizens cannot really make them in our families, our schools, and in our churches. They must be made, and are being made, by the significant representatives of America's large, centralized, leviathan-like institutions: industrial and financial corporations, political government, and the armed forces. In behalf of government by defense contract and for the sake of national security the leaders of these three overpowering institutions have ". . . come together to form the power elite of America." (C. Wright Mills has also written a book, titled simply *The Power Elite.*)

This power elite is unified in that it, its three-fold set of leaders, " . . . is composed of men of similar origin and education, of similar career and style of life." In other words, a psychology of unity is built on similar postures and perspectives of life. Consequently, they interact and intermingle with ease and understanding. More often than not, it is a unity of "explicit coordination."

This picture of the power structure in American society, Mills freely admits, runs counter to some other images we have of the power structure. The usual interpretation that is being challenged by Mills is that of "countervailing powers" and "veto groups."

One must close by recognizing that in his lifetime C. Wright Mills stirred up a lot of controversy with his works. His thesis on the power elite in America was no exception. But his view on the power structure cannot be erased too easily.

An Impressive, Supercolossal Spectacle

By ANNE HANSEN

THE costliest, most-talked-about, and most-written-about film in the history of the motion picture had its world premiere in New York City on June 12. In a tedious jeremiad, written in collaboration with Joe Hyams, Walter Wanger, the producer of *Cleopatra* (20th Century-Fox, Joseph L. Mankiewicz) has set down a year-by year, month-by-month, day-by-day account of the difficulties encountered during the making of the picture. Originally scheduled to be filmed in sixty-four days on an estimated budget of $1,000,000, *Cleopatra* actually cost nearly $40,000,000. According to Mr. Wanger, the first scenes were shot on September 30, 1960. But these were scrapped, and the picture was not completed until early in 1963.

Meanwhile 20th Century-Fox was not only torn by internal strife, during which heads rolled, but was plagued by costly delays and the nearly fatal illness of the star who had been engaged to play Cleopatra. Players were hired and fired before a cast was finally selected, and the proposed location was changed several times. As a crowning blow, two of the leading players became involved in a scandal which made newspaper headlines the world over. Next came sensational stories and articles in many magazines, endless speculation and comment on TV and radio, and a bumper crop of so-called jokes by every comedian who could make himself heard or read — all this on and on, strictly *ad nauseam*.

It is neither my intention nor my duty to comment on the private lives of the individuals involved in the scandal. Their own words and actions are clear enough. This report will concern itself only with the film.

Pictorially *Cleopatra* is as impressive as anything I have seen on the screen. Filmed in Todd-AO and superb De Luxe Color, the pomp and splendor of an ancient civilization have been re-created by means of lavish settings and magnificent costumes. It certainly is not carping criticism to point out that the picture is too beautiful to be wholly realistic. Nowhere is there even a hint of the ugliness, the poverty, and the drabness which existed then as they have existed in every age. This was an era in which pomp and grandeur were achieved at a terrible cost in human misery. *Cleopatra* seems designed to overwhelm the spectator by sheer size, barbaric splendor, and vast numbers. This does make for a supercolossal spectacle, but other ingredients are essential to produce a truly great film. These ingredients are sadly lacking in Mr. Wanger's grandiose design.

Cleopatra is reasonably faithful to recorded history. Three figures dominate the action: Julius Caesar; Marc Antony; and Cleopatra, "the temptress of the Nile." Rex Harrison plays the conquering Caesar with fine artistry. His acting gives life and substance to the first half of the four-hour-long play. The second part is much less successful. Physically Elizabeth Taylor makes an alluring Cleopatra. But her portrayal of the famed Egyptian queen is completely without conviction or distinction. Historians have recorded that Marc Antony was an ambitious but vacillating man, only occasionally given to moments of great daring and bold action. I found Richard Burton's characterization to be consistently lackluster. He makes of Marc Antony little more than a weak-kneed, peevish pawn in a gamble for fame and power. A great lover? During intermission I heard one starry-eyed teenager confide to another, "He sure doesn't send me." The players in an outstanding supporting cast are excellent. But the screen play lacks style and cohesion, and some of the dialog is downright ludicrous. Many of the costumes in *Cleopatra* are practically nonexistent. But it is only fair to point out that they are no worse than what one sees in most films these days — or in nightclubs, on the beach, and, for that matter, on the streets.

I find myself face to face with a large number of films at the end of the annual summertime hiatus.

55 *Days at Peking* (Allied Artists, Nicholas Ray) abounds in color, drama, violence, and bloodshed. The settings are elaborate, and there is a brash attempt to bamboozle the viewer into believing that he is seeing history as it was made during the first turbulent days of the Boxer Rebellion in 1900. Nonsense! This is history a la Samuel Bronston and strictly tailored to fit into Mr. Bronston's concept of "the towering excitement of a superspectacle."

Marlon Brando gives a polished performance in *The Ugly American* (Universal, George Englund), adapted from the highly controversial novel by William J. Lederer and Eugene Burdick. Although the screen play differs widely from the novel, the basic plea for a realistic approach to understanding the needs of peoples in many lands is forcefully underlined.

Hud (Paramount, Martin Ritt) is an unusual film. This is the story of a man who is arrogant, ruthless, and completely without either morals or ethics. The title role is brilliantly portrayed by Paul Newman. The entire cast merits wholehearted applause, and the producer is to be commended for a film which is far more honest and realistic than much of the routine, sugar-coated nonsense too often encountered by moviegoers.

The Pilgrim

"All the trumpets sounded for him on the other side"
—PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

By O. P. KRETZMANN

Remember

It has always been interesting to me that one of the great distinctive marks of the Christian faith and theology is the backward look. Theology is sensitively aware of the past. One of the chief words in the Bible is the word "remember." It is a dynamic word. It incites the memory until remembrance becomes an imperative for action. Our entire faith is summed up in three imperatives — "believe, remember, love." One of the most sacred commands in Scripture reads: "This do in remembrance of me." This emphasis is necessary because Christian truth is largely historical truth, not the vague, disincarnate truth of idealistic philosophy. It is always immediately and passionately concerned with history and with life. It says that once the Eternal entered time in such a way that in and through a series of historical events God became manifest.

We look back and see Him in the Sacred Record. We remember His words and His deeds. All around Him, before and after Him, are faces in which the light of the Eternal shines and voices in which the wisdom of heaven speaks. The Christ behind us in history becomes the Christ with us and the Christ before us. He becomes our contemporary and the contemporary of all generations. The historical becomes the timeless — and we begin that process with the backward look, the remembrance and the holding of our heritage.

But there is also another side. The backward look must not become a rigid, formal act without any life or strength of its own. The piling of tradition upon tradition is a sort of spiritual primitivism which assigns all the greatness and power of the Church to the past. The Now becomes completely subservient to the Then, leaving no room for new insights, new apprehensions of old truths, new applications, even new formulations. On the human level a great historian has said it well: "If we are to take the past as our guide, it is hard to see why we should follow past ages in everything except in the one thing which makes them great, that is to say, in attempting like them to add something to human knowlege and human achievement. Mere imitation will contribute nothing to the sum of human values." For the consideration and solution of this problem in Christian thought there is, of course, a great deal more than merely human knowledge and human achievement. Almost one hundred years ago Robert Raainy wrote: "Questions arise for us whether we will or no. They force the Church from the mere traditional expression of principles to sink afresh into their meaning and to apply that meaning under new conditions and amid new perplexities. The Church is compelled to submit afresh to the cross-questioning of the ever-moving Providence of God . . . Just by questions that come when we would feign be let alone, God teaches us how great and arduous a thing it is to be that Church and to follow out her calling . . . The Church of Christ has no liberty to become the slave of even her own history. History is great, but Christ is greater; He is a present Lord with a present will and the Church abides in Him."

I hope that I shall learn again that this is the ultimate answer to the paradox of timeliness and timelessness. It is all summed up in Saint Paul's moving words to young Timothy: "That good thing which was committed unto thee, keep by the Holy Ghost which dwelleth in us." Twice in these final admonitions he uses the significant word, "Paratheke," equivalent to our "securities" or "precious things." Saint Paul tells Timothy, us, and the Church of each succeeding age just how the preservation of our heritage is to be accomplished — and the only way in which it can be accomplished: "By the Holy Ghost which dwelleth in us." This is the one method of guarding our heritage, both Scriptural and confessional. It is to live a life sensitive to the pulse and impulse of the Holy Spirit, within the Body of Christ, the Beloved Community, the Communion of Saints. No intellectual exercise based on Aristotle will do! There can be only the constant, humble submission to the Spirit of God working through the Means of Grace which can save us from dead traditionalism on the one hand and soft, rootless liberalism on the other. In the company of the Holy Spirit there is health and strength. He is really the Vicar of Christ in the Church — and He alone, the indwelling and unwearying Spirit of the living God, can make any restudy and rethinking of our heritage, also in our own forgetful day, good and true and fruitful.