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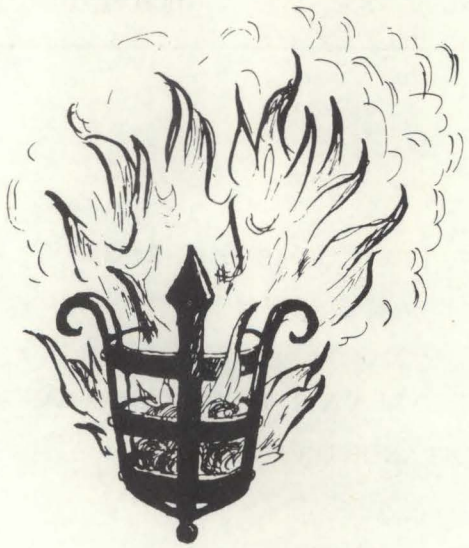
The Cresset

A REVIEW OF LITERATURE,

THE ARTS, AND PUBLIC AFFAIRS



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The

Cresset

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Comment on the Significant News by the Editors

President and Congress

Anyone who has ever served on a large committee can understand why the Congress moves as slowly as it does. The most efficient way to get things done is to assign responsibility for them to one hard-working, intelligent man. The larger the group to which responsibility is assigned, the more one has to allow for the forces of friction and inertia.

Under our constitutional system, we have assigned executive responsibility to one man, who is usually intelligent and hard-working. This man, the President, after he has consulted such advisers as he chooses to consult, is completely free to draw up his own program of action and, if necessary, to dismiss those of his subordinates who do not wish to go along with it. Whether one agrees with the President's policies or not, he is in the happy position of seeming to know clearly what he wants and to be actively engaged in trying to get it.

The Congress, on the other hand, is by its nature a battle-field of personalities and policies. To begin with it consists of two houses, each of them jealous of its own prerogatives. In each house sit members of two parties. In each party there are two factions, vaguely identifiable as conservative and liberal. Under the rules of both houses, effective power is vested in committee chairmen chosen purely on the basis of seniority, which usually means a capacity to survive; and in politics, as in many other areas, long-term survival is closely related to keeping one's opinions to himself on controversial issues.

There is, therefore, built into our Constitutional system a fundamental difference of pace between the executive and legislative branches, and it is grossly unfair to expect half a thousand men to move as swiftly and single-mindedly as one man can move. By comparison with a vigorous, strong-minded President, any Congress is likely to look like a do-nothing Congress, unless it has within its own structure some one man or two men — such as the combination of Speaker Rayburn and Lyndon Johnson a few years ago — who are such superb parliamentarians that they can, in effect, act in the name of Congress. The present Congress lacks that kind of strong leadership and, as a result, nothing much gets done.

But there is more to the problem than that. Despite all that has been said about the unrepresentative nature of the Congress — and no one will deny that the House, particularly, grossly underrepresents the nation's urban population — this "do-nothing" Congress seems to us to be all too representative of the mood of the nation. We are not, as a people, particularly aware of or anxious to come to terms with any problem that does not seem to require immediate solution. We are too interested in living it up right now, when times are good and life is easy, to bother our heads with what tomorrow may bring. Somehow or other, we suspect, things will work themselves out. Or, if they don't, we may not be around to have to bother with them. Meanwhile, "let us eat, drink, and be merry" and trust God, or fate, or luck to see us through whatever the future may bring.

The Crowded Agenda

At this moment, it seems improbable that the present session of Congress will accomplish much more than the enactment of some kind of tax cut and a watered-down civil rights bill. Both parties need some kind of action in these two areas for the Fall campaign. But the nation needs much more. It needs some kind of policy in the areas of education, medical care for the aged, conservation of our dwindling national resources, and rehabilitation of that large element in our population which has become functionally unemployable in an age of automation.

It is safe to predict that the Congress will do little or nothing about any of these long-term problems, and again it must be said that the inaction of the Congress will reflect the general apathy of our people toward these problems. We are simply not thinking about 1970 or 1980. As a matter of fact, most of us are not too clear on the realities of 1964. And so problems which might

have been solved by intelligent forethought are in the process of becoming insoluble.

Take, for instance, what Secretary Udall has called "the quiet crisis" in the conservation of our resources. President Kennedy tried to arouse us to the fact that we are living in a "land of vanishing beauty, of increasing ugliness, of shrinking open space." And every one of us knows that he was right. We grumble because it is almost impossible any more to find a place for a family picnic. We complain because there is hardly a river or lake left that is good for fishing. We resent, in a vague sort of way, the disappearance of the countryside. But we say nothing and do nothing about it.

Or take the matter of education. We have known since at least 1947 that our schools and colleges would be in trouble when they felt the full impact of a population explosion and an explosion of knowledge in an inflationary economy. The trouble is upon us now and it will get worse in the next decade. School officials need to know what help, if any, they can expect from the Federal government. If there is to be none, this is a decision that can be lived with and taken into consideration for purposes of formulating plans and policies. If certain types of help are in prospect, this needs to be known. But it is exceedingly difficult to do any intelligent planning in the absence of any clue to the role which the Federal government may ultimately play in assisting education.

As for medical care for the aged, we do not fault the Congress for having failed to agree on the form which it should take. We do criticize it for having given up too easily and too soon on the problem. It is unconscionable that in a country as wealthy as ours there should still be people who do not get the medical care they need because they can not afford it. We are an ingenious people, and if we really cared about the problems of our old people we could come up with some sort of plan for helping them that would be neither socialistic nor degrading. But it is hard to avoid the impression that we really don't care much what happens to the old folks, so long as they don't become a burden to the rest of us — and so we pretend that there really isn't any problem, after all.

And what about our unemployables? Most of the people we talk to refuse to admit that there is a problem. The uneducated Negro, the white high-school drop-out, the unskilled worker of both races is seen as an inferior sort of human being who wouldn't be in the jam he is in if he had a little spunk, a little get-up-and-go. This attitude may change as solid, substantial, middle-class, white-collar whites find their jobs being automated out of existence, but as of now there is, officially, no problem. Or, if there is, it is not our problem.

Who Cares?

We do not expect the Congress to come up with magic answers to all of the problems that confront us as a people. Most members of Congress are ordinary men and women who are doing the best they know how in circumstances that allow little time for serious research and reflection. All of them must, necessarily, spend a considerable part of their time acting as messenger boys for their constituents. Practically all of them must, this year, take time out from law-making to campaign for themselves and their party.

But there is nothing to prevent the Congress from tapping that huge reservoir of intelligent and concerned expertise which exists in such abundance in this country. There are any number of public-spirited citizens with no axe to grind who would be happy and flattered to be called upon for objective research into the nation's problems and recommendations for dealing with them. In Great Britain and in Canada, the Royal Commission is a useful and respected institution for bringing experts together to do objective studies of particular problems and to report their findings to the government and Parliament.

The Hoover Commission was an example of such a group of experts at work. On the non-official level, the Twentieth Century Fund is an example of the kind of thing we have in mind. We are not suggesting that the Congress abdicate its rights and responsibilities in policy-making. We are suggesting that it recognize its own incapacity to ferret out and evaluate all of the considerations that ought to be taken into account in policy-making.

Thus, to return to the matter of resouce conservation, we think that it should be possible to set up a commission of capable people who would make an inventory of the nation's needs, an analysis of present use-patterns, an evaluation of various proposals that have been made for maximizing the use of our resources, and a set of recommendations for a long-term conservation policy. It could be assumed that the Congress would not see fit to adopt these recommendations *in toto*. Possibly it might even choose to do nothing about them. But the very publication of such a report and recommendations would, we hope, trigger a national debate which would at least involve us in serious consideration of the problem, perhaps to the point that we would arrive at some sort of national consensus.

"The Johnson Style"

We are willing to grant, without further displays of proof, that Mr. Johnson is a vigorous, hard-driving man with an apparently inexhaustible store of energy. It is, however, a matter of record that he suffered a heart attack not too many years ago, and we hope that he will

not invite another one. The prospect of a President McCormack is not one which we care to contemplate.

Undoubtedly the President is acutely aware of the necessity of establishing a strong identity of his own before election time. Like all good politicians, he "runs scared," even though at the moment it is hard to see what he has to be scared about. He has pretty well persuaded the country that he is more economy-minded than Senator Goldwater, more devoted to civil rights than Governor Rockefeller, more knowledgeable about foreign affairs than Ambassador Lodge, more business-like than Governor Romney, and more genial than Governor Scranton. Business leaders have come out of conferences with him to confide that they do not always vote a straight Republican ticket. Liberals have expressed the opinion that he may turn out to be more effective than Mr. Kennedy would have been in pushing the New Frontier program. Conservatives are just as sure that he will quietly junk the more liberal aspects of that program.

All in all, Mr. Johnson has turned in an amazing virtuoso performance. The question is, can he keep it up? Sooner or later, if he is to be the great President he is so obviously determined to be, he must reveal his commitments. His definition of politics as "the art of the possible," his appeals to "come and let us reason together" — these are hallmarks of the artful legislator, but they are not enough for a great President. We expect our Presidents to play, at least in some measure, the role of the prophet. And that role, as all of history testifies, involves acceptance of opposition and calumny and the risk of destruction.

We are not attempting to prejudge President Johnson. All of the evidence that we have at our disposal points toward the probability that he will be a great President. We are merely registering our eagerness to know what kind of a man lies concealed beneath the facade of the superb politician.

Relevance

Number Two Son had this bulge under the breastbone, so we took him to the doctor to see what was the matter.

"Epigastric hernia," the doctor said after he had run him through the standard tests. "Not bad now, but it will get worse if you don't have it tended to. Surgery's pretty solidly booked up for the week-end but we can take him Thursday if you want to bring him in Christmas night."

So we took him in Christmas night, had the repair done the next day, and brought him home two days later, feeling fine.

One of the things that impressed us about the whole business was the attitude of the doctor. He knew his stuff, and knew that he knew it, and he knew what had to be done. It would quite obviously be no skin off his nose if we chose to ignore his diagnosis and try salves instead of surgery. His manner was pleasant, even friendly, but above all else it was professional. We had come to hear the truth and he had told us the truth.

It happened that we had been spending some time during the holidays reading books and articles about how the church is irrelevant to the twentieth century, how it needs to find a new vocabulary to "get through" to modern man, how it must persuade "post-Christian" man to give a hearing to its message. That the church is irrelevant to the twentieth century is too obvious to warrant much argument. That its vocabulary is largely incomprehensible to modern man few will deny. That "post-Christian" man doubts that the church even has a message for him is evident from his pathetic search for answers elsewhere than in the church.

But may there not be a point at which, in its anxiety to get a hearing from modern man, the church begins to tell him less than the truth? May there not be a point at which, to put it in medical terms, it accepts the patient's self-diagnosis and prescribes something less than he needs? May there not even be a point where the church becomes more concerned about soothing the anxieties of the "patient" than about curing the troubles that give him good reason to be anxious?

Call it what you will, a rip in the membrane of the upper abdomen is a rip, and the only way it can be repaired is by surgery. Call it what you will, alienation from God is alienation from God and the only cure for it is the mercy and forgiveness of God. People who object to the term "epigastric hernia" are, of course, free to coin some new term, but they would be fools indeed to suppose that the new term changes the reality of the condition. People who object to the word "sin" are equally free to invent a new word for it, but they would be fools twice over to suppose that the new word creates a new situation. And neither the hernia victim nor the sinner should be allowed to suppose that his condition is self-correcting.

What we are leading up to is the suggestion that the apologist for the Christian faith might take a cue from his doctor and speak as one who knows his stuff, knows that he knows it, and knows what has to be done. This means leaving sociology to the sociologist, biology to the biologist, psychiatry to the psychiatrist, politics to the politician and concentrating on what he really knows about, sin and grace, man's sickness unto death and God's cure for it. The truth, we would suggest, is always relevant, needing only to be spoken with candor and with charity. The fact that it may be rejected need be no more of a burden of conscience for the apologist than it is for the doctor.

Concurring Opinion

Another great mind has apparently been thinking along these same lines. From a clergyman and college president who is very closely associated with this magazine comes the following, which its writer entitles "Sharp Words from a Dull Mind":

Many a winter night in the past three months I have spent in what I call "reading around." I am, of course, aware of the fact that my scholarly colleagues look upon this process with horror. It is, they say the typical dilettantism of the administrator — by definition a red-necked extrovert who should stick to scanning telephone books for the names of rich widows so that his scholarly companions in the way can have more time and money to criticize dilettante administrators.

Nevertheless, I have done it. My desk is damning evidence of it. I have dipped into Tillich, Bultmann, Bonhoeffer, Camus, Sartre, Goetz (What! You don't know Goetz?), Barth, Brunner, Ahrendt, and so on. I have ignored practically everybody who writes clear, unmistakable German or English. If I can understand what a modern or post-modern theologian is saying on first reading, I assume he isn't important.

(Voice from the front of the classroom: "This is just some more of O.P.'s crypto-obscurantism or, even worse, his crypto-intellectualism. Pay no attention to it."

Be that as it may, I must confess that during my reading hours I felt impelled, again and again, to rise from my chair and holler: "Hey, this aint fair! You are killing all the meaning of words. You take a perfectly good Scriptural word, give it a new meaning, use it only in that meaning, and then proceed to build a theological or philosophical system on your private semantics." This makes me mad. I have learned not to mind being bamboozled (God knows it happens often enough), but I *do* object to being led astray so obviously and contemptuously. If these boys would make their theology as clear as John 3:16, I would listen hungrily; but it seems to me they are using their minds to destroy God's gift of clarity, so that even the divine gift of grace becomes obscure and dark. Examples: Old word *God;* Newspeak: *Ground of our being.* Old word *Gospel;* Newspeak: *A collection of kerygmatic folk tales.* Old word *Christ;* Newspeak: *The spirit within.* Old word *Resurrection;* Newspeak: *The story of some hysterical women which need not be true to be effective.*

Of course, the fundamentalists are just as bad. If my up-to-the-minute theological friends insist on making words just as foggy as possible, my fundamentalist cronies raid their freezers for snowballs shaped by the cold hands of theologians long since dead, both physically and intellectually. On both sides there is a dismaying forgetfulness of God the Holy Spirit Who, Someone once said, "will lead you into all truth." The last I heard, He was still alive and brooding over the dark waters of our chaos. In Him alone I can really become "Honest to God" and "Honest with God," with that kind of humble spiritual honesty which we all need against the gainsayers to the left and to the right.

"The Hungry Giant"

The inauguration by the Soviet Union of an economic austerity program under which first priority will be given to the development of the chemical industry should not have come as any great surprise to us. Eleven years ago, in an article entitled "The Hungry Giant," one of our writers noted that while "there is no denying that the Soviet Union is an economic giant, a giant which may still be far from realizing its full economic potential . . . this giant is the victim of many and serious nutritional deficiencies," chief among them a shaky agricultural base.

The chronic shortage of food in the Soviet Union has its roots in geography and in ideology. Without wishing to sound like a chauvinistic tub-thumper, we would repeat what we have said before: that what is chiefly wrong with Communism as an economic system is that it presupposes too idealistic a doctrine of man. Capitalism accepts the fact that man is inherently selfish and provides him with essentially selfish incentives to work and produce. Communism takes a kind of heroic view of man, a view which allows it to imagine that the majority of men are willing to exert themselves to the best of their abilities so that each one may receive according to his needs. Baloney! For the overwhelming majority of men, the basic economic question is and always has been: "What's in it for me?"

But more than that, there are certain geographical limitations which have plagued, and will continue to plague Soviet agriculture. To a very considerable extent, these limitations are the results of two aspects of the location of the U.S.S.R.—the high latitudes into which the upper one-third of the country extends, and its distance from the Atlantic Ocean (which is the ultimate source of most of its rainfall). Except for the northwestern half of European Russian, the whole country suffers from a general insufficiency of rainfall, complicated by an undependability of occurrence which makes average figures more or less meaningless. Even the greater part of the Ukraine, Russia's best agricultural land, lies under the constant threat of drought. And the Ukraine, incidentally, lies in the same latitude as Minnesota, which means that most Russians live in latitudes comparable to those between Minneapolis and the middle of Hudson's Bay.

Russia's agricultural problem can, therefore, be summarized as a problem of trying to persuade poorly-motivated farmers to produce on sub-marginal land. It's a tough one, and we suspect that more than chemicals will be needed to solve it.

AD LIB.

Words With a Paunch

By ALFRED R. LOOMAN

I had always thought the purpose of a language was to make it possible for one person to communicate with another, and that the more simply and clearly one could express himself the better. Holding this view types me as being rather old-fashioned. Today it is fashionable to create your own language and to be as confusing in your communications as possible.

This confused and unintelligible language is called jargon, and jargon has taken over the land. While jargon has existed for centuries, at no time in history has it increased as it has in recent years.

In the technical fields, where advances have been great and the English language too restrictive, it has been necessary to create a new language. But in the non-technical fields, I doubt that jargon is required to the extent it is now being used. Too often, jargon is the writer's manner of hiding the fact that he is unable to write, or that he has nothing much to say.

A brief survey of any number of journals or magazines in a variety of fields will indicate how widely jargon is used. I realize it is unfair to pull one sentence out of an article to illustrate a point, but in the examples which follow, the entire article was loaded with jargon.

As indicated, it was not surprising to find examples of jargon in publications for scientists. A mild example is the one below which came from a journal for biology teachers. It illustrates one characteristic of jargon, namely that the words look familiar, and, at first glance, the sentence seems to be saying something intelligible:

> Our low-entropy community has to perform a lot of work to maintain its nonrandom structure. Energy is required, hence in the context of Shannon's theorem, energy may be construed as the primary currency with which living systems purchase utility, as negative entropy, from the environment.

Over in the social sciences, the sociologists have been busy manufacturing jargon for years. This surprises me because, for the most part, they are dealing with everyday situations which can be explained in rather simple terms. Illustrating another characteristic of jargon, this excerpt from a sociological journal indicates how to say something rather confusingly in a number of words which could have been said more clearly in a few. It is from an article on the clergyman as counselor, and the writer concludes that

> because the clergyman differs from other agents of social control in being normatively involved with his congregation, his behavior, including his articulation with these other agents, should be influenced by the characteristics of that congregation.

Psychologists also suffer from jargonitis, and this is how one social psychologist says little more than that it is possible to learn by observing:

> It is a common assumption in theorizing about vicarious or imitative learning that this mode of response acquisition is based essentially on a process of covert instrumental conditioning in which the observer acquires responses imitatively by performing covertly the behavior exhibited by a model.

Is there hope that clarity and simplicity of expression will return to our language? Our hope should be in the younger generation and in the teachers who instruct them. A glance at journals for teachers is enough to dash one's hopes, since these publications are filled with jargon. I put these journals away rather quickly when I found that a teaching machine is not referred to as a teaching machine but as "an autoinstructive method." It is a rather forlorn hope that the teachers who read these publications will not be infected.

But the children are getting a good introduction to jargon in some of their text books. If you have a child in the elementary grades taking the new mathematics and have been unable to help him with his homework, it may not be the math at all but the jargon which is blocking you. Here are some examples from a math text for fourth graders:

> We can use addition to find the number of elements in the union of two sets only if the two sets have common members. Subtraction is the operation of finding the unknown addend if we know the sum and one addend.

So far jargon has not penetrated into the primary grades, but I would not be too surprised to find a first grade reader that has the good old standard, "See Spot run for the ball" changed to "Observe Spot move with rapid motion in the direction of the round object."

The Course of Magazine Development During the Next Decade

By Theodore Petersen
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Before we speculate on what might be happening to magazines in the next decade or so ahead, I would like to remind you of two publishers who succeeded because they sensed a public need and filled it.

First was the young journalist who saw the press was turning out such a plethora of material that no man could possibly read it all. His idea was to gather the best of it, or at least abridgements of the best of it, into a monthly magazine. He failed to interest other publishers in his idea, so he brought out the magazine himself, although in time he added original material to his reprints. His magazine was so immediately successful that it begat a flock of imitators.

Second was the young partner in a going publishing company who launched a timely picture weekly a few years before the war. He conceived of it as a sort of journal of civilization, and its large-sized pages served up both the newsy and the miscellaneous. At first the pictures and prose were largely unsigned, but in time, bylines appeared for both. War boomed the circulation of the weekly. Its representatives followed the armies to the front lines for timely yet sensitive coverage of the fighting, and today the magazine is still often remembered for its excellent pictorial record of the war. Those of you who really know magazine publishing may recognize the two persons whom I have been talking about. The first was Edward Cave, who started his *Gentleman's Magazine* in London in 1731, almost two centuries before DeWitt Wallace brought out the first issue of *Reader's Digest* from that basement in Greenwich Village. The second was Fletcher Harper, who began his *Harper's Weekly* on the eve of the Civil War, about eighty years before Henry Luce made *Life* something you could experience for a dime. Their magazines lived for many, many years — Cave's until 1907, Harper's until 1916.

In mentioning Cave and Harper, I do not intend to detract from the contributions that Mr. Wallace and Mr. Luce have made to magazine journalism. What they did was to rediscover two very basic ideas, to reshape them, to refine them, to adapt them to changed social conditions and circumstances, and all of that is an accomplishment of some magnitude.

What I do intend, though, is to suggest that genuinely new ideas in magazines publishing are perhaps even scarcer than they are in most other fields and thus to set my theme — that I doubt the next decade will bring any truly revolutionary changes to magazines. Poking about in the past, I have been struck time and again by the comparatively few basically new ideas editors and publishers have been able to come up with. Since new ideas are so rare, I think the years ahead will be years of evolution rather than revolution.

The last true revolution in magazine publishing came in the closing years of the nineteenth century, when Frank Munsey, S. S. McClure, and Cyrus Curtis and others like them broke with the genteel, well-to-do class audience of the past by gearing their content to popular tastes and interests, lowering their prices to those that the great middle-class could pay, and putting their faith for profits in the swelling stream of advertising that industrialization was letting forth. Most of the troubles that bedevil the magazine business today have their roots in those years of quiet revolution, and so do most of the benefits that accrue to the great magazine-reading public.

Changes there have been, of course, and in recent years they have come at us with what seems distressing rapidity. Changes there will be. But the lines of magazine development were laid down at least three-quarters of a century ago, long before the Cliquot Club Eskimos first gathered in front of a radio mike, long before Ed Sullivan took over many of the functions once performed by the late P. T. Barnum, long before the present age of split-runs, gatefolds, and studies by Politz. And although I do not hold to any notion that the future of magazines is foreordained, I do think that institutions change slowly. I strongly suspect, then, that changes in the magazine business over the next ten years will be dramatic only if viewed in the short-term, as they are actually happening, and that profound ones will be few indeed.

From what I have said so far, an astute reader-in-between-the-lines might infer that I think magazines will be around a decade from now. He would be right, although I would not go so far as to predict that all of the publications now being published will be. Magazines have been dying ever since Andrew Bradford brought out the first one in America in 1741. My guess — and given the unreliability of available figures, it can be no more than a guess — is that the mortality rate of maga-

zines is no higher now than it ever has been, and I doubt that the rate will increase significantly in the decade ahead.

The Give-Away and the Sell-Out

In short, the magazine medium is by no means becoming obsolete, despite the most persistent efforts of publishers to sell their products short. And, believe me, those efforts have been persistent. I can think of no other industry that works so hard and spends so much money to tell its customers and potential customers its product is not really worth the money.

Publishers have not said so directly, of course, but they do not have to. In the fragile art of communication, we often tell as much by what we do as by what we say. And even when we do speak, it is the listener who determines our meaning.

So it is with the practices of publishers. Let me mention just two and what I think they communicate, whether or not it is what they intend.

The first is one that sheer economics will probably force publishers to modify or abandon before the decade has ended. It is that business of selling a large part of their subscriptions at bargain rates. Anyone who knows his A. B. C. reports has no trouble citing magazines with 50 or 60 or 70 percent of their new subscriptions and renewals at less than regular rates. I know the reasons publishers give for this sort of self-interested philanthropy — the need to get people to sample magazines in a time of low single-copy sales, the need to offset normal subscription attrition, the need to build circulation to interest advertisers.

But are they not suggesting to the reader and the potential reader that their editorial product is literally not worth the paper it is printed on? Are they not suggesting, at least to the perceptive part of their potential audience, that the reader is valuable to them only as live bait for the advertiser? Are they not suggesting to the advertiser that magazines are little more than TV extended into print?

More than that, are they not suggesting to their editors that they are important only as the blackface mandolin player is important to the spieler in the medicine show — to pull in the crowd for the big sales pitch? The editor may derive a sense of heady importance from being able to address all of those millions of people; but I should think that sometimes, in the small, dark hours before dawn, he might question the extent to which he has really engaged them.

I had resolved not to mention the so-called numbers game in this article, since it is a topic that has become only a little less tiresome than jokes about the elephants; but bargain rates are quite often a part of it, and my resolution has gone the way of most good intentions. There are signs that publishers are breaking away from the numbers game, much as they would take leave of a faithless mistress — with a great deal of reluctance and lingering in the doorway and yet with a feeling of self-righteousness and relief that all of that expense will be ended.

I suspect that most publishers will make a complete break in the next few years, for the frantic race for circulation has never made much sense. For one thing, it seems self-defeating. I see an analogy between it and armed forces recruitment. Two years ago John T. Daily of the Bureau of Naval Personnel reported on a study of armed forces recruiting practices, which he called an almost classic example of the law of diminishing returns. In simple words, he found that the harder one has to work to get recruits and the more incentives one has to offer to get them to enter the service, the lower will be their career motivation and the less the likelihood they will re-enlist. He hypothesized that much the same is true of magazine subscribers — that the harder the publisher has to work to get their original subscriptions and the more incentives he has to offer, the less likely the subscriber will be to renew. In fact, Mr. Daily said, he had found that to be true for ten years of circulation records of several magazines.

The second practice that probably communicates something which publishers do not intend is one that I am afraid will become intensified in the next few years, as it has in the past few, unless someone — publishers or readers — resist it. It is this business of saying "God bless" every time anyone along Madison Avenue sneezes. I do not happen to share the anti-advertising bias of many of my academic colleagues, although I do think that a good deal of advertising is tasteless and pointless and that most people associated with it take it far too seriously. I recognize that since the 1890s, when advertising moved from that back upstairs bedroom into the front parlor, so to speak, magazines have depended upon it not only for their keep but also for their profit.

In recent years, though, there have been some disturbing signs that advertising is crowding everyone else out of the house. Once upon a happy time, magazines had a double responsibility — a primary one to their readers, a secondary one to their advertisers — and the publisher's burden was well described a half-century ago by Robert Underwood Johnson, who had spent forty years with the *Century* magazine: "The responsibilities of the magazine are chiefly those that affect its readers — that is, the public — on the theory that every periodical is a public trust — a test from which no respectable editor will shrink." Even earlier, the First Amendment had singled out the press as the only business specifically protected by the Constitution, not so it could keep those bells jingling over shopkeepers' entrances but so it could keep the public well informed.

In these hard-sell days, Mr. Johnson's remarks seem a little quaint and awfully naive. Two years ago a vice-president of a leading businesspaper firm said that one cannot segregate the advertising and editorial departments of a businesspaper without weakening the over-all value of the publication. And about a year ago one of the most admired and most successful of consumer magazine editors said that a magazine editor has no more important job than keeping in constant communication with the advertising department. "If he doesn't," the editor said, "he is a fool." I could cite other evidences, some overt, some symbolic, of this rapprochement and of the increasing blurriness of the line between editorial content and advertising. For those too busy or too weary to hunt for examples, the *Columbia Journalism Review* in one of its Fall, 1962, numbers offered eight pages of illustrations, along with a summary criticism by Marya Mannes and some conclusions of its own.

Not all magazines regard their editorial departments as adjuncts of the advertising office, of course, nor will all do so in the years ahead. Many still recognize that a strong and independent editorial product is important to advertising effectiveness.

Yet does not what I take to be a growing preoccupation with the Big Sell suggest to the reader that editorial content is less important for its own sake than as a gorgeous backdrop for advertising? Does it not suggest to the reader that the chief function of magazines is becoming less to inform and entertain him than to indoctrinate him in dutiful consumership? Does not it confuse him?

More than that, does it not tend to make magazines share one irritating characteristic of their competitor television, the chance for little escape from sales talk?

Competition from Television

Up until now, I think, magazine editors and publishers have been overawed by competition from television. Instead of meeting it forthrightly, they have pretty much let television dictate the terms of battle, as in their race for circulation at any cost and in their present concern to keep the advertiser smiling even if some readers frown. I can afford to be brave, of course; I do not own a magazine.

In the next decade, though, I think that magazines will learn to share the bed with television — if not comfortably, at least with a minimum of kicking. They will have to; for TV, like the income tax and the common cold, is evidently here to stay. I even think that magazines can prosper in the years ahead, just as in those happy days before the image-orthicon tube, if their publishers can solve some of the problems endemic to their industry and if they will exploit the strengths of their own medium instead of borrowing the weaknesses of others.

I have been unable to find much convincing evidence that television has directly harmed magazines. What appear to be effects quite often are no more than the reactions of editors and publishers to competition. In some instances, I might add, the reactions seem to be the wrong ones.

I think it quite unlikely that television will seduce readers galore from magazines in the next decade. Much as editors may like to think that only their cupped hands keep alive the flickering flame of the printed word, there is really no good reason for supposing that the flame is about to die out. There is little evidence that TV has seriously diminished the amount of reading so far. On the contrary, a good many librarians have the impression that Americans are now doing more reading than ever before.

My own guess is that television has affected the *kinds* of reading Americans do rather than the total amount, and it is a guess for which there is at least some documentation.

The best study I have seen on the impact of TV is a book by Wilbur Schramm, Jack Lyle, and Edwin Parker called *Television in the Lives of our Children* (Stanford: Stanford University Press, 1961). They supposed that all of the mass media exist because the media are useful in meeting human needs and that TV has made changes in the lives of children because it meets some of those needs better than any known alternative. In their own words, they conclude that "the chief needs television meets for children are those we group under the head of fantasy, as opposed to those we call reality needs. In other words, the chief part television plays in the lives of children is that of stimulating fantasy seeking and fantasy behavior."

They are saying, if I read them correctly, that children use television mainly because it satisfies their craving for fantasy — for what in an adult we might call escape. And, they found, television in fact cuts into children's other fantasy or escape activities. It cuts into their comic-book reading, their movie-going, their playtime. But it is far less important as a source of information useful in daily living. Consequently, it has had little effect on children's reading of general magazines, books, and newspapers. What the study suggests, then, is a sort of displacement function for television; TV displaces certain activities because it does a better job of meeting some of the needs of children.

While he was on the staff of our Institute of Communications Research, Dr. Parker turned up a little additional evidence of this displacement function of TV in some research he did into library circulations in Illinois. On the average, he found, television had reduced library circulations by only slightly more than one book per capita a year, and that drop was accounted for by a decline in the circulation of fiction. He found no change in

the circulation of nonfiction attributable to TV, although it had grown as a result of other circumstances.

All of that has interested me because I have detected a reflection of it in magazine circulations. Since 1950, circulations of magazines that carry a heavy load of information and that are addressed to the better-educated segments of the public have grown far more rapidly than the population. On the other hand, sales of magazines that have provided escape for readers at the lower educational levels have fallen far behind.

My guess, then — and I think it relevant to the course of magazine development — is that for some parts of the population TV has tended to displace some types of magazines and some types of content as a means of escape.

But TV is not all gun-'em-down sheriffs and cut-'em-up doctors. What about the serious programs, the documentaries, the news, the public service programs? My guess (and it is no more than a guess) is that they supplement rather than displace the other media. They probably appeal to persons who seek out similar content in the other media as well. Studies of the audience for educational TV give some justification for this supposition. Most of them show that ETV viewers are more likely than non-viewers to take part in community cultural events, to watch serious programs on commercial television, to read books, and to read the hard news and editorials in newspapers. In all of this, I speak as no foe of television; although I do not own a magazine, I do have an educational television station under my administrative jurisdiction, and in the past few years I have had to learn as much about programming, coverage, budget, and related matters as that little girl learned from her book about penguins.

Two Real Competitors

The two major developments in television that magazines will have to contend with in the next decade, I think, will be color and space satellite broadcasting.

When color TV becomes commonplace, magazines will have lost one of the advantages they have over television, but I doubt that the loss need be a serious one if magazines will capitalize on such other advantages as their selectivity of market, their longer life span, and their appeal to the critical senses rather than to the eye. This is not to say that some publishers will not again try to compete with TV on its own terms and assail their readers' eyeballs with great splashes of every possible combination of the primary colors plus black. It is to say, though, that I think color TV need create no grave crisis among magazines if they will exploit their own strengths instead of becoming excessively preoccupied with the competition.

If I were a publisher, I think that I would now begin to learn all I could about how color communicates — how it can be used to create moods, how it can be most effectively used to enhance one's editorial and sales messages. Not a great deal of research has been done in this area, although some is now going on in our Institute of Communications Research, where investigators are exploring the whole realm of communication. The studies there grew out of a study of language. Several years ago Dr. Charles E. Osgood, director of the Institute, developed the semantic differential, a tool for measuring the meaning of words in terms of what we might loosely call their emotional qualities, a tool that has been assiduously applied by both academic and advertising research workers. Dr. Murray Miron of our staff has worked out a similar tool for measuring the emotional or affective meanings of color, although he has not yet published his results. Let me give a simple example. Americans evidently find red a "good" color, one they like, and see it as suggesting activity, as in fire engines; they also regard green as a "good" color but one suggesting passiveness, as in pastoral landscapes. Publishers with overseas editions might be interested to know that some studies have been made of what color means in different cultures; Yasumasa Tanaka of our Institute, in collaboration with two other investigators, has sought to find the affective dimensions of color among the Japanese.

What I am suggesting is this: that to prepare for the day when TV screens glow radiantly with heliotrope, orange, and burnt sienna, publishers might try to learn how color can be used to strengthen communication by the printed word.

Another development that should concern publishers is the role that eventually might be played in international communication by space satellites, which could make the reach of foreign editions seem limited indeed. Dr. Dallas W. Smythe of our Institute of Communications Research has spent the past several years studying the potential uses of space satellites and their implications for international relations. He quotes Rear Admiral J. T. Hayward as saying in 1959, "Satellites can provide a communication system that will permit continuous worldwide color television. This can be done within the decade if the proper emphasis and funding is provided." Even more dramatically, he quotes that sober engineering organization, the International Telecommunications Union, as saying that an equatorial satellite would make possible "'total freedom of information,' i.e., freedom to see and hear at all times what is happening in any part of the world."

Despite some obstacles that still remain, Dr. Smythe is convinced that space satellites will be used for broadcasting television and radio programs directly to foreign audiences, either by the U.S. or some other nation by the end of the present decade, unless of course the Soviet Union upsets all predictions by doing it next month. If

some sound form of international control is not soon found, he warns, "the world faces the probable extension of coldwar rivalry into the development and aggressive use of this technology."

Intercontinental telecasting then seems a real possibility within the next ten years, and I leave the reader to ponder the implications it has for magazine audiences at home and abroad, for the immediacy of the print media, and for the national and international affairs it is the magazines' responsibility to report and interpret.

The Special-Interest Magazine

Partly because of television, I think that the next decade will belong to the special-interest magazines. I have played that theme so often that mentioning it again may be a little superfluous, like a cymbal-player with a string ensemble. I am not saying that the large-circulation magazine of omnibus appeal will die. After all, the prognosticators of mass pregnancy assure us that by 1970 the population will have increased by between thirty and forty million and the market should be large enough to accommodate at least a few periodicals of mass appeal. But a population of between 210 and 220 million should also mean that special-interest magazines will be able to pick up quite sizeable followings, as some are already doing, and such publications seem to have a number of things working for them. One is television itself, which as it reaches for the great multitude cannot afford to satisfy specialized tastes and interests in continuing detail. Another is the ever-expanding range of interests of the American public and the opportunity to pursue them as the work-week gets shorter and shorter. Yet another is the opportunity that specialized publications give the advertiser of zeroing in on prime prospects.

Even magazines edited for the multi-millions may find that the way to gain and hold their huge audiences is by increasing the proportion of special interest material among their mass-appeal content. Two years ago one well-known magazine researcher, Jack Haskins, in a strangely neglected talk, argued that the way for magazines to expand their audiences is not by offering them a bookful of crowd-pleasers but by raising the proportion of material that will appeal to cultural minorities. At the time, he was employed by one of our major general-interest magazines, and he studied thousands of combinations of editorial features from forty-seven issues of the publication. In short, he found that eight strong major editorial features of the twelve to fifteen typically carried in an issue of the magazine pretty much established reader satisfaction with the issue. Increasing the number did little to increase the total audience of the issue.

Haskins' point is that editors are wrong if they think they can attract their largest possible audience by putting together a combination of editorial features all high in presumed readership. Quite often, he says, a low-interest feature will add to the size of the reading audience by pulling in persons who would not be reached by the other items.

What he recommends is that the editor choose a basic core of editorial features high in presumed readership and surround it with material for minority tastes and interests. He commented on his research in these words:

> First of all, it shows that an editor need not devote his whole magazine to "crowd pleasers." It shows that at least a minimum of satisfaction threshold can be achieved for most of the audience with a fraction of the major editorial space available—provided we use the right editorial mix as determined by evidence and not by guesswork. It provides the editor with an insurance policy that guarantees he is reaching the existing audience with things that interest them. *The basic editorial mix is the nucleus of a magazine without which it cannot succeed —the printed offering to that cantankerous god called cultural democracy.* (Italics in original)

As specialization continues and as magazines seek to differentiate themselves from all others, I think that it will become increasingly difficult to categorize magazines by such familar labels as "general monthly," "women's service" and all the rest. I am inclined to agree with the observation that Robert Stein of *Redbook* made a few months ago. In a decade, he said, it will be "completely unrealistic to talk in terms of magazine 'fields'; each publication will have to be judged on its individual purpose and individual merit." For the past several years, as Mr. Stein noted, the convenient categories we have grouped magazines into make for some strange bedfellows — *Playboy* and *National Geographic* as monthly publications, for instance. There is a vast difference between such weeklies as *Cue* and the *Saturday Evening Post*, between such home magazines as *Sunset* and *Flower Grower-Home Garden* and between such women's magazines as *Seventeen* and *Parents'*. As magazines become increasingly specialized, their differences will be even more accentuated, and the labels by which we group them will be as incongruous as high tea in a locker room.

The Role of the Editor

I wish that I could predict that the next ten years will bring a period of great experimentation in editorial content, but I doubt that they really will. Magazines will capitalize on new special interests, of course, but in serving them they will probably use the editorial techniques they have used in the past. Although magazines have come to attach new importance to graphic design, they have tended to use design for its own sake and visual appeal rather than for clarifying, amplifying, or emphasizing what the author has to say, and over the years they have done little experimentation with the article form — with finding the most effective way of using text

to communicate information and ideas. About a half-dozen years ago *Petroleum Week* tried fashioning its articles for both the hurried and leisurely reader. It set topic sentences in boldface so that the scanners could get a coherent summary by reading the first sentence of each paragraph and the seeker of details could find them by reading the entire piece. But experimentation of that or any sort has been about as scant as vermouth in Madison Avenue martinis. Nearly a decade ago Lincoln Barnett observed that magazine biographers, for instance, have added virtually nothing to the techniques developed two thousand years ago by Plutarch, who evolved "the illustrative anecdote, the substantiating quote, the moralistic interpolation, the 'angle' and above all that most difficult of substructures — the lead . . ." Much the same inertia exists in most other areas of magazine reporting.

Yet the success and vitality of magazines in the next ten years will depend heavily on how imaginatively and effectively the editor performs. Although I am neither a seer nor a sociologist, I can tick off a long list of changes and problems that will confront him: an altered population pattern with more young persons and more old persons but relatively fewer in the broad middle spectrum; more households with comparatively lower incomes; on the one hand, a large percentage of high school dropouts with the tragedies of wasted talent and delinquency and on the other hand growing enrollment pressures on college and university facilities; a transitional period during which more and more work is done by automation and computer; problems arising from a greater extent of leisure, some of it in retirement but some of it enforced by technology; a growing number of women entering the labor force out of necessity or boredom; indeed, the changed role of woman in American society; and so on and so on.

All of that will add to the importance of the editor in at least two ways.

First, for all of our sakes, the editor must help us to understand what is going on in the world in the next swiftly moving decade. He must anticipate changing social, economic and political conditions at home and abroad; must report them, analyze them, interpret them; must explore their implications and consequences. I might add that I hope in doing so he will forget his sometime fondness for seeing things in terms of either black or white, upbeat or downbeat, "Wow!" or "Woe!" when the truth lies somewhere in between, and his partiality for articles dealing with personalities instead of institutions or ideas. I also hope that publishers will continue to recognize that good reporting costs a lot of money and will provide it with the generosity they have shown in shelling out funds to land those confessions of Hollywood actresses who have kicked the bottle, those memoirs of retired generals and statesmen who want one more chance to fight World War II, and those three unrelated chapters from forthcoming novels by Big Name authors.

Second, the editor must skillfully, sometimes by almost imperceptible stages, bring his editorial content into accord with a changing social scene if he is to attract and maintain an audience. To survive, a magazine must be a continuously evolving thing. Magazines that have died have shared at least one malady with dismaying uniformity — their failure to adapt their editorial content to changed social circumstances. One can safely reach back to the 1930s for the familiar example of the *Literary Digest*, which plodded its heavy-footed 19th-century way on into the 20th century. Post mortem examinations are always surer things than diagnoses. But I think one can find contemporary examples as well. Farm magazines as a group, I think, have not entirely succeeded in redefining their editorial mission in face of the revolution that has hit American agriculture in the past twenty years, although they have worked hard on the problem. Nor do I think that women's magazines generally have sufficiently taken into account the changes that have given the American woman a new role with new frustrations, new aspirations, new problems, and a new pattern of relationships, although I do not feel qualified to write them a prescription.

In trying to carry out those jobs, magazines will probably have to draw from a dwindling reservoir of really outstanding talent. For some years now, journalism in all of its forms has failed to attract as many of the ablest young people as it should, and I foresee no great rush of college graduates into it in the next ten years. A study made for the Newspaper Fund of the *Wall Street Journal* a few years ago discovered that the nation's dailies alone need some 3,500 new employees a year, about a thousand more than the annual crop of all journalism schools, a good share of whose graduates never go into newspaper work. Magazines have lagged behind the other media and other industries in recruiting among high school and college students; as competition for the best talent intensifies in all fields in the next few years, they will inevitably suffer.

Although there may not be much editorial experimentation in the next ten years, I think that magazines will continue to explore more and more ways of serving advertisers. My impression is that since World War II magazines have done far more innovation for advertising reasons than for editorial, and I look for that trend to continue. The split-run and regional edition, for instance, are here to stay, I think, and they will multiply rather than diminish. Yet I do not think that they will be used to any great extent for regional editorial content. Magazines, drawing on computers, will probably refine and expand information about their audiences and markets. They will be called upon more and more to demonstrate their advertising effectiveness.

Future Patterns

Besides that, I foresee a continuation of some other developments of the postwar period. For one thing, I think that magazines will do more and more publishing for readers abroad. As trade barriers break down between countries, as the world's literacy rate increases, as late-developing nations look to the U.S. for technical information and guidance, as those and other things happen, I think that demand abroad will grow for U.S. magazines as both an advertising and editorial medium. For another thing, I look for magazine firms to continue to diversify but largely within the field of communications. For businesspaper firms, this may mean a degree of concentration as large companies add more and more titles in various different specialties. For consumer magazine firms, it may mean going into book publishing, business or trade publishing, learning machines, information retrieval, data processing, some form of television — fields in which communications skills, knowledge, and experience are important. For yet another thing, I think that the next decade will bring a larger extent of industry-wide cooperation, although I am not naive enough to think that it will bring an end to magazines' fighting one another in public. Within the past few years, though, there have been faint signs that magazines can work together to tackle common problems and to sell the magazine as a medium; sheer economic necessity will probably force more of this sort of thing in the years before us.

A serious threat to the health of magazines in the next decade, I think, will be the inexorably rising costs of doing business. Dr Howard Ellis, professor of economics at the University of California, has remarked that "the threat of inflation is the chief factor which qualifies optimism concerning the economy of the sixties." In the past decade, magazine operating costs have gone galloping uphill, and I doubt that they will suddenly slow down to a canter. So how to trim costs in order to turn a profit will probably continue to be a major worry of publishers in the ten years ahead. Just what changes cost control will bring to publishing is anybody's guess.

Yet I suspect that printing, which accounts for a major share of production costs, will come in for some close study. If it does not, it should. Magazines are joined at a crucial point to the graphic arts industry, which until the past twenty years or so, has been remarkable more for its fondness for doing things the way Mr. Gutenberg did than for innovation, and I have always thought it a little odd that magazines collectively have done so little to encourage experimentation and printing progress. Individual companies have, I know. I am aware of the work that Time Inc. has done, for instance, and of the new printing process developed by Standard Rate and Data. I know too that advances in printing permit late closing dates, inserts and gatefolds, reduced costs for color, and so on. Yet the graphic arts industry still spends a woefully small part of its take on research and development, and over the years, magazine publishers as a group seem to have put up with printing inefficiences much as an indulgent husband tolerates wifely extravagance, with some public grumbling about the heavy expense and some private thankfulness when credit has been easy.

The computer, among other developments, promises some hope for production efficiencies, although little for most magazines, I suspect. Early last May the Oklahoma City Publishing Company set all of the 104 columns of text matter for its newspapers under a computer system, and the firm's production manager predicted that a hundred newspapers will be using some form of the system within five years. Dr. Wayne Danielson of the University of North Carolina has experimented with the computer to help daily editors to fill the news hole, and he has tried to find answers to questions like these: How much can computers cut costs and step up speed? What production problems do they bring? What newspaper formats are best suited to their use? But IBM is a long way from displacing ITU, and such innovations may find applicability chiefly among magazines most concerned with timeliness — the newsmagazines, for instance, and some businesspapers.

The Weekly Magazine

As a result of sheer economic necessity, I think we should expect some serious re-examination in the decade ahead of the place of the weekly magazine. Although I have not yet met an editor or publisher who agrees with me, I think that the weekly magazine is obsolescent if not downright anachronistic. The weekly periodical was well suited to a day when the daily newspaper represented the height of timeliness, when the typical family had little reading fare and the electronic media did not enter its home, and when social injustices needed the insistence of weekly attack. Those days have pretty much vanished.

Some publishers may have their business reasons for wanting weekly publications, and so may an occasional advertiser. But from a reader's point of view, weekly publications are no real necessity. They come so fast that at least this reader sometimes suspects them of sneaking into daily publication, and they pile up on the coffee table to be read in some indefinite future. I have conducted a highly unscientific poll of a totally unrepresentative sample of friends and chance acquaintances to learn how often they think *Look* is published. Every respondent save one said "weekly" — and he, unfairly, had a connection with the magazine business.

Americans in the 1960s have no real need of simply *more* information or entertainment; they already have what is approaching a surfeit. As Scotty Reston remarked a few years ago, newspapers alone are carrying

more hard news and interpretation than the reader is willing to absorb. The reader's needs are far more qualitative than quantitative. In all of this, I am not suggesting that Henry Luce make *Time* a quarterly. Consumer magazines and business publications that traffic heavily in news perhaps need a weekly schedule; however, I am not convinced that magazines of opinion and comment do, and I am sure that those of general interest do not. Nor am I suggesting that magazines like the *New Yorker* which turn a neat profit from weekly publication change to something less frequent. What I am suggesting, though, is that the publishing schedules of magazines are mere conventions and are no more inherent in the nature of the medium than the half-hour segments of television. There is nothing sacrosanct about even monthly publication. For some years now, magazines like the *Reporter* and the *New Republic* have broken their schedules during the slack summer months, and in recent months other magazines have freed themselves from their rigid timetables. All of this seems to make good economic sense: lower production costs, longer exposure for single-copy sales, and so forth.

In recent years, some observers have said, magazines have fallen in prestige, and I have found some fragmentary evidence that they have. If that is true, no matter whose fault, it is unfortunate. Magazines have their shortcomings, as all of us have; but to dwell on their bad points without taking account of their good is as short-sighted as failing to appreciate Jayne Mansfield because she does not have an I.Q. in the low 200's. Magazines, even if they have no more achieved godly perfection than most Baptist deacons I know, are the best they have ever been. They are carrying more serious content, better presented technically, than ever before. They should be better than ever before, of course, given the education advancements of the population over the past seventy years. Indeed, one may legitimately ask if their run-of-the-mill good is really good enough.

Yet my biases plainly show in favor of magazines, which offer the reader willing to seek them out a circle of opinion from the totalitarian right to the totalitarian left, a continuing fund of information on most subjects worth knowing about and some that are not, and an endless source of entertainment for longhair and crewcut. Today, when Representative Celler is investigating concentration and monopoly in the sources of information, magazine publishing still represents an open-ended industry, one hospitable to the newcomer with the big idea and comparatively low capital. As I see it, magazines will continue to have a unique place in a democratic society such as ours. They are a medium well suited to introducing new ideas, to assessing them and, if they have merit, feeding them into the mainstream of thought. We will need a medium like that to help us make sense of the swift and profound changes in the decade ahead. Let us all care for it tenderly.

BY THE WAY

He was come and gone as a wind might blow
And vanish in rain, as gold or flush
Might edge a cloud and suddenly go,
Or night-bird piercing the heart of hush.

None of us held him long to a stay —
Not that he scorned our earthier cast,
For his love embraced on his starward way
All of us, first no more than last.

And well we knew what strength he hid,
For the lightest words he lingered on
Were weightiest laws in all we did,
Big or little, when he was gone.

Commissioned with such far-ranging powers,
And leading the highest of embassies,
How could he visit concerns like ours?
Yet these, and those of the gods, were his.

GEOFFREY JOHNSON

Between Scylla and Mount Helicon - I

By Walter Sorell
Drama Editor

There are plays and plays. Some are written with the explicit purpose to entertain, although, I suppose, none is originally conceived to be bad, insipid, and trite. But it seems that the theme and the level on which they start are mostly at fault, even if the best theatrical minds are at work. Jean Cocteau, the "enfant terrible" of French letters and a magician in whatever field he was active, once said that the theatre corrupts everything, and he meant that the purely physical and live aspect which constitutes its great asset and fascination is, at the same time, the source of unavoidable compromises. But in spite of its impurity as an art form it need not deteriorate into an anti-intellectual exercise.

I cannot help preferring a play of some meaning — though it may fail — to any successful — well-written — trash. This is why I only glance in passing at such theatrical fares as the two Rattigan plays which enjoy their Broadway existence at the moment, or the loudly praised comedy "Nobody Loves an Albatross" by Ronald Alexander. It is middle-level entertainment in which Robert Preston impersonates the genuine caricature of a TV producer who is an intellectual heel and surrounded by a fantastic world of phonyness. Some of the gags are sharp and hit the target, but the topic and its treatment never rise to the level of a satire, which can only be achieved through the ethos that stands behind it and the hidden pathos which waxes the anger hot. As it is, you feel pleasantly amused and enjoy the chance it affords to laugh about the very people whose wares you bought the day before yesterday and will buy tomorrow by flipping a button on your TV set.

A few season ago Terence Rattigan wrote a trifle he called "The Sleeping Prince." It was a sentimental play about a prince and a girl of humble origin and, at that time, it was like whipped cream you squeeze out of a tube, sweetened foam that quickly dissipates. Harry Kurnitz turned it into an even lighter trifle which had the support of Noel Coward's lyrics and music. "The Girl Who Came to Supper" tried to capture the gallant gaiety of a lost era, but its romance and glamour seemed superimposed.

Terence Rattigan is a skilful writer who gave us some worthwhile entertainment with plays of more than superficial interest. His latest entry, "Man and Boy," is the study of a financial megalomaniac. It is based on the real life story of Ivar Krueger, the Swedish match king, who made it his business to prove that to amass a fortune is a cinch if you know how to use the stupidity and gullibility of all the others who aim more or less at the same target Rattigan's image of Krueger is a cheap cheat of tremendous proportions, a Roumanian, who has a touch of logorrhea and stoops so low as to ensnare a homosexual (we can't get away from it, it seems!) financier with the charms of his own son. Here was an unbelievable chance for a writer to indict the high financial manipulators and a despicable stratum of our society. It remained a teaser with Charles Boyer in the lead. The real play about this theme has still to be written.

Between this kind of commercial theatre and some magnificent failures off-Broadway one could delight in the cultured readings of Margaret Webster in her dramatic portrait, "The Brontes," or in "The Worlds of William Shakespeare," which opened up in a dreamlike way as enacted and spoken by two excellent Negro actors, Earle Hyman and Vinie Burrows, on a stage bare except for a theatre trunk, a few props, and bits of costumes. Both presentations combined boldness and awe toward their material and proved the poetic gift to let the word create the magic of make-believe.

The ten-year-old Phoenix Theatre came up with the British author James Saunders' "Next Time I'll Sing to You." It is a wonderful try at something magnificent which did not quite come off. It is about man's solitude, no doubt, while a hermit's life is examined, or passed judgment on. Here is a super-Beckett with a touch of Ionesco. This non-play is presented on a bare stage with actors who are as much exasperated to have to speak their lines every night without quite knowing what their non-sequitur dialogue means as the public is which has to listen to it. Their names, such as Meff or Dust, may be symbolic for Mephistopheles, Adam, Eve, and God, and what the playwright wants to communicate is probably all about the final things in life. The world is described as "a zoo with all the cage doors left open by an idiot keeper where the animals roam at will devouring one another, leaving exotic and unlovely messes on the neat concrete footpaths." It is written in no style with no action in the old sense of the word. However, it is a triumph of verbal pyrotechnics which, in a long one-act play (Ionesco knew his limitations, except in his "Rhinoceros"), may have been even more impressive.

Repentance Unto Life

By Dale G. Lasky
Assistant Professor of Theology
Valparaiso University

Do you not know that God's kindness is meant to lead you to repentance?

Romans 2:4

Many contemporary Christians find difficulty with their observance of Ash Wednesday. For centuries the church has designated it as a day of repentance. For many, however, repentance has become almost impossible to act, much less to speak about its meaningfulness. We know that somehow it should be a basic part of the Christian life, but it seems forced and artificial. To admit that we have made mistakes and acted unethically in the past obviously has some practical value. It alerts us to avoid repeating them in the future. Still we question the value of regretting and mourning past actions — as though that were the true meaning of repentance.

An even greater problem arises from our feeling of insignificance in a world of rapid technological and social changes. Even the most influential of us can change events very little. Why be so concerned about a few past indiscretions or evasions of responsibility in a world little changed by them? That sounds too much like Philip Rieff's Freudian man, "the trained egoist, the private man, who turns away from the arenas of public failure to reexamine himself and his own emotions."

In thinking on our problem we seem ready to limit the possibilities of man's relationship to God to two: fear and indifference. To be repentant of the past comes easily when what we have done, knowingly or unknowingly, casts us or others in difficulty and distress. We can sense some meaning in Greek tragedy's portrayal of the fall of the man who endeavors to rise too close to being divine. Such repentance is indulged in by nations that have suffered defeat or catastrophe and by men in their moments of failure. Such is the repentance indulged in by nations who think it necessary to avoid tragedy and by men who consider it the way to avoid failure.

Such repentance seems possible only under the abnormal circumstances of difficulty or as the result of an excessive worry about the future. The normal attitude would appear to be the one we have already described, the attitude of indifference. God may exist, but it really doesn't make any difference whether He does or not. So thinks the man who moves his small way through the vast cosmos with its seemingly endless reaches of time and daily pressures of business.

Are these the only possibilities? With Paul's question a new consideration asks attention. "Do you not know that God's kindness is meant to lead you to repentance?" No hint here of a denial that the world and human history could continue without us. Let it be admitted for the time being that the presence or absence of one man doesn't make a great difference. For Paul that demonstrates one thing, the patience of God. That patience lets the world move on with the refusal to destroy its purpose or wreak punishment upon every transgressor. Precisely out of this fact there arises for Paul not the necessity of indifference but the possibility of repentance. Precisely because no one man can be the center of the universe, because he is not the maker of the world in which he lives, because he cannot decide what life shall be man is left with a task. His task is to discover how he fits into that world and into its history.

At first glance this only seems to make the whole matter yet more uncertain. Must we now depend upon the world historian or philosopher of history to show us that purpose? For Paul the answer lies yet closer at hand. Man as a man knows the necessity of admitting this purpose precisely because he knows himself called upon to make decisions, to act responsibly. "When Gentiles who have not the law do by nature what the law requires, they are a law to themselves even though they do not have the law." Here man, believer and unbeliever, has the first possibility of repentance. He can confess his failure to live according to the truth which he knows. He can confess that the meanings which he has given to his world, the interpretations by which he lives, are limited and that the fullness of meaning lies beyond him.

"But now the righteousness of God has been manifested apart from law." The fullness of God's kindness consists not merely in letting men live out their lives despite mistakes and failures, but in the gift of life in Jesus Christ. Out of his faith Paul had to confess, "He has made known to us in all wisdom and insight the mystery of his will, according to his purpose which he set forth in Christ as a plan for the fullness of time, to unite all things in him." In Him life poses not merely a question mark. In Him comes the faith that recognizes that He who is the source of all things and in whom is the purpose of all things can be addressed as "Father."

We who claim the heritage of the Reformation may need to be reminded of the full dimensions of this repentance by our very fathers in the faith. They would remind us that the Gospel preached and sacraments rightly administered mean to create more than new convictions in our minds and new feelings in our hearts; they create anew in us that life which Christ lived and gave for men. The Confessions of the Lutheran Reformation assert, " . . . by God's grace our churches have now been enlightened and supplied with the pure Word and the right use of the sacraments, with an *understanding of the various callings of life, and with true works.*"

Repentance does not thrive on sorrow about the past, on despair over misdeeds committed, or on our anxiety. Repentance grows out of the remembrance of His "kindness." It means a break with the past, a new beginning, a "no" to living to ourselves and a "yes" to living to God. He who repents speaks this "no" and "yes" with his whole self in his daily work, in his home, and in his responsible life as a citizen.

In this concrete fashion the repentance to which Ash Wednesday summons us has meaning for those in the academic community. God calls us to remember where we have hidden His purposes and distorted our lives by our seeking to be right, by limiting truth to our opinions or our methods of discovering it, by identifying reality with our understanding and perception of it. The "kindness" of God in Christ gives us that repentance which frees us from all dogmatisms, gives us security without binding us ultimately to our opinions and theories, and lets us see in our calling the place where we accomplish His purpose for our neighbor.

Ash Wednesday summons us to repent as the Church of Christ. God calls us to recognize how we have limited the fullness of His Gospel to our understanding of it, how quickly we have equated the success of His purposes with the condition of the organized church, and how ready we have been to identify a contrary opinion with ungodliness. But the grace of God calls us to that repentance which makes us free to worship God in joy and to live by the Gospel in this place. "When we cry, 'Abba! Father!' it is the Spirit himself bearing witness with our spirit that we are children of God."

On Second Thought

BY ROBERT J. HOYER

King Saul failed to kill King Agag, as Samuel had commanded. King David killed Uriah so that he could give Bathsheba's child an honorable name. But that was not the specific difference between the two. The difference was marked when the sinners confronted the Word of the Lord. Samuel charged Saul with his sin, and he began to make excuses to justify himself. Nathan charged David with his sin, and he said: "I have sinned against the Lord."

Judas betrayed his Lord because he thought that Jesus had failed. Peter only denied his Lord under oath, because he thought that Jesus had failed. But that was not the difference between the two. The difference was marked when the sinners faced the suffering Christ. Judas understood his sin, and tried to purchase pardon from the priests in order to justify himself. Peter saw the face of Jesus and went out and wept in bitter sorrow.

Zacchaeus was a tax-farmer who grew wealthy in graft. Ananias only cheated a little by withholding part of his money. But that was not the difference between the two. The difference was marked when they faced the Word of the Lord. Peter questioned Ananias, and he pretended to be righteous and to justify himself. Jesus spoke to Zacchaeus and he acknowledged his guilt by making restitution.

There is a specific difference between the Christian and the non-Christian today. But it is not a difference of goodness or badness. It is not a difference in the quality or quantity of sin. If there is such a difference, it is not essential; it is accidental, it accompanies the essential difference like a sort of by-product. The essential difference is noted when the two are faced by the reality of their sin.

The Christian has no excuse, the unbeliever makes many. The Christian claims no balancing merit, the unbeliever has much. The Christian blames no one else, the unbeliever can always find a source for his failure. The Christian wants forgiveness, the unbeliever wants approval.

Paul Hindemith

By WALTER A. HANSEN

Three little stories invariably bob up in my mind when I think of Paul Hindemith, who passed away shortly before the end of 1963.

"I used to see Hindemith frequently in Berlin in the 1930's before Hitler became cock of the walk in Germany," a well-known pianist once told me. "He had an inordinate fancy for toy electric trains. Together with Emanuel Feuermann, who was one of the world's most famous 'cellists, and me he used to get down on the floor and spend a great deal of time playing with miniature cars and locomotives." This story fascinated me, for I have always considered Hindemith's music strikingly mechanical.

Years ago I received some new piano compositions from Hindemith's pen, and I expressed my conviction with the utmost accuracy when I wrote in my review that these works reminded me of something the cat had dragged in. The publisher promptly stopped sending me new music for review.

One of the renowned conductors of our time told me about his chance encounter with Hindemith at a gathering of some kind in New York City. The short, roundish composer was seated at a piano. His feet barely reached the pedals. The conductor had not seen Hindemith for a number of years, but he suspected at once who the squat pianist was. He accosted him and said, *"Sind Sie's, oder sind Sie's nicht?"* ("Are you, or are you not?") Had he used the words of a song that used to popular, he would have said, "Is you is, or is you ain't?" It was.

Although these tiny anectodes are utterly unimportant, they do serve as a prelude to my evaluation of Hindemith, whose music is discussed far more frequently than it is performed.

Will I shock you when I say with strong emphasis that Hindemith out-Bached Bach in the matter of contrapuntal writing? Shock or no shock, I do believe with all my heart that in some respects Hindemith's almost fabulous mastery of the art of counterpoint surpassed Bach's. This does not mean that I consider him a greater composer than the renowned Cantor of Leipzig. As a matter of fact, I regard him as far inferior to Bach as a creative artist. To my thinking, Hindemith was a great craftsman, not a great composer. To me his music was usually as dry as dust.

Will I shock you again when I say that in my opinion Max Reger, another famous master of the art of counterpoint, wrote music far superior in appeal to most of Hindemith's output? Shock or no shock, I am putting this bold statement on paper. Let the fur fly. I shall take another big step and say in all candor that Reger is unjustly neglected while Hindemith justly merits neglect.

I have fallen foul of more than one so-called authority because I have never been able to become a Hindemith enthusiast. Yes, I admire his phenomenal skill with every fiber of my being, and I like a few of his compositions; but I cannot speak of Hindemith as a mighty prophet in the world of music.

Because Hindemith's wife was what the Nazis called a "non-Aryan," and because the Hitlerites did not like the libretto of the opera titled *Mathis der Maler*, this man's music was banned in Germany as early as 1934. Even Richard Strauss, who was a far more important composer than Hindemith but had a goodly amount of poltroonery in his make-up, joined the Nazis in denouncing the famous contrapuntist and his works.

Hindemith was an exceptionally able violist, a good pianist, and a capable conductor. In addition, he had made it a point to acquire a thorough knowledge of the possibilities of every instrument employed in the modern symphony orchestra. This is clearly reflected in the many types of music he composed. He did not disdain atonality, but he never adopted the serial technique of writing.

This man's extraordinary skill would have contributed to the making of a truly great composer if in his case the gift of melody had been combined with his almost uncanny craftmanship. Now and then, to be sure, a melody or two worth remembering slipped into what he wrote. For the most part, however, he was a master of what the Germans like to call *Augenmusik*, music for the eyes, not primarily for the ears and for the heart.

Hindemith settled in the United States in 1939 and became a member of the faculty of Yale University. In the early 1950s he decided to take up his residence in Europe, where he taught at the University of Zurich and made many appearances as a conductor.

Those who have a fondness for labels will remember Hindemith as a neoclassicist, a modern apostle of what is known as the baroque style of writing, and a past master of contrapuntal legerdemain. Will they remember him as a great composer? I do not think so.

Imagination and the Library

The Library of the Cistercians in Waldsassen

By ADALBERT RAPHAEL KRETZMANN

Down near the border of Bohemia lies the little town of Waldsassen, completely dominated by the monastery chapel of the Cistercians. The monastery was founded in 1133 and remains as one of the great examples of Baroque architecture. Inside the frescoes deal almost exclusively with the life of Bernhard of Clairvaux.

During the Reformation the monastery was abandoned for a while. In 1669 it reverted to the original Order so that the monastery and the church had to be completely restored. Most likely the detail work of the library was done between 1704 and 1724 by Karl Johann Stilp — an expert woodcarver of the time. He presented ten figures in all, representing the rag picker, the grower, the paper manufacturer, the hog butcher, the swine herder, the printer and publisher, the poet, the critic, and the reader (which is a self-portrait of the artist).

It was characteristic of the last development of Baroque to show many statues, sometimes simply lined up as balustrades, support pillars, and adornment for public parks. In the presentation at the Waldsassen Library Stilp moves with extraordinary skill to present powerful yet detailed characteristics. The lindenwood in which the life-sized figures are carved is especially beautiful because of its honey-colored texture.

Stilp was the son of the monastery builder and his own son executed many of the stone figures which adorn the exterior. So far as can be determined Stilp's work can only be seen in Waldsassen.

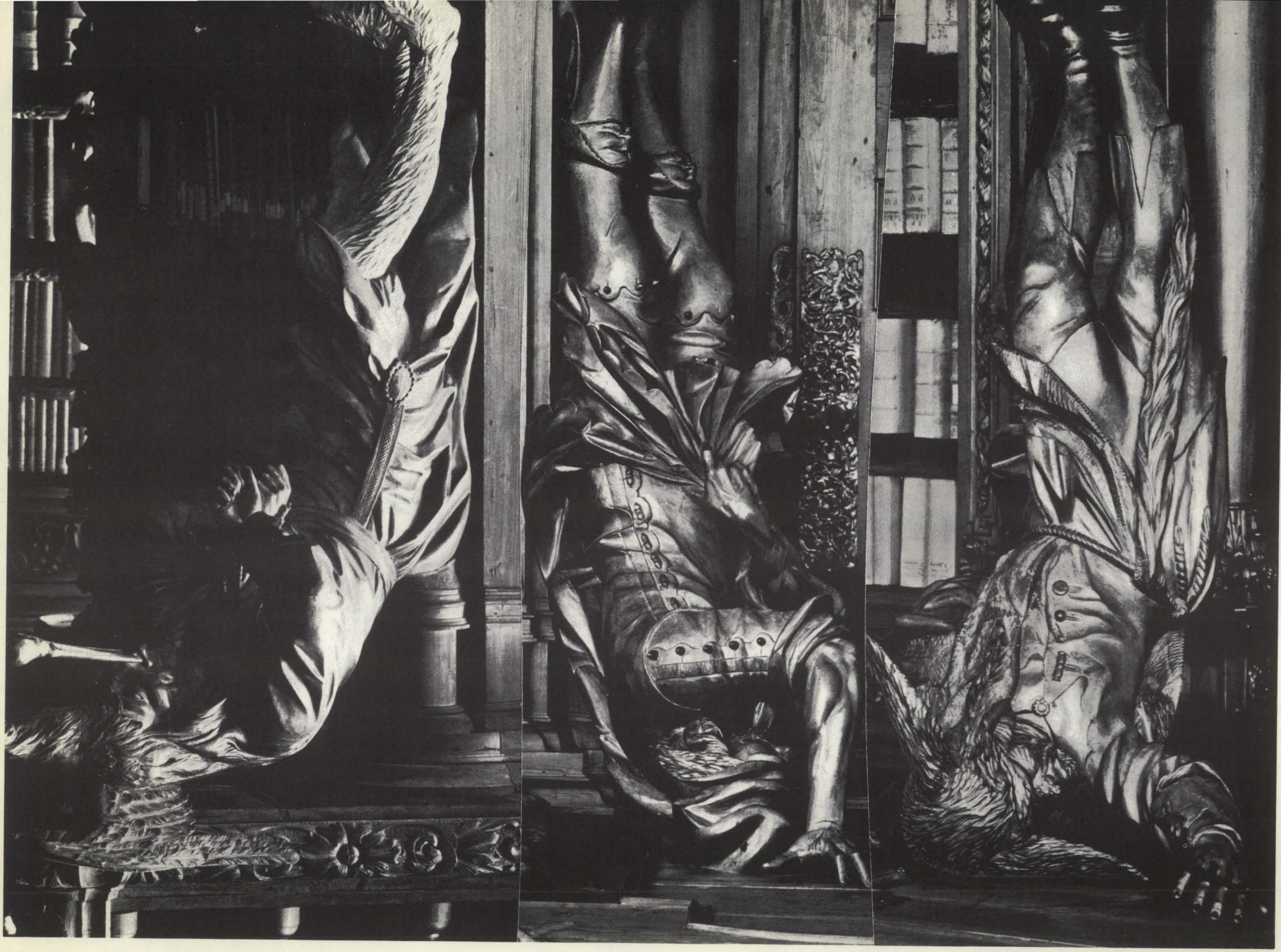
The monastery library in those days was a kind of cure-all. In it were found the stimulants, the sedatives, the antibiotics, the sleeping pills, as well as the poisons of the day. What was to be found on the shelves was to be proclaimed by the furnishings and the adornment.

Out of the ten life-size figures we present three. The first figure is that of the rag picker — he who plays the most insignificant role in the making of books and paper — found at the right of the north door. In place of a coat he has thrown a donkey's skin around him and the ears stick off his head to proclaim his stupidity. The donkey's tail has been pulled through his belt. Every one of the buttons of his shirt is of a diferent kind. The toes are sticking out of the right shoe. By contrast with all this his right hand is of great delicacy. Perhaps the artist is trying to say that here was a man who started off as a sensitive and well-bred person who, gradually, through his own folly, was reduced to this lowly estate.

The center figure is that of the poet, or idealist. Only his profile shows. He appears to be interested only in the world outside. His clothing is the finest of the entire group but it looks as though it had been borrowed from some theatrical wardrobe. No one else of the ten figures seems to stand so lightly in his beautifully handmade shoes. The whole nobility of all those who write and work with books shows itself most clearly in this central figure.

The last figure is that of the critic (or heretic). This is the most unique of all the figures and most difficult to interpret. Some have even labeled him "the heretic" because he seems to show a gown and bands. His cassock is held up at the side to show the wolf's legs. Like a trapped thief, his hands are bound before him. Set upon his head like a grotesque cap is a stork-like bird which is plucking at his exaggerated nose. As noted the interpretation of this figure has caused most difficulty, but, since it originated in the early part of the 18th century, it may indicate that the triumph of the Counter-Reformation had been so successful that the false cleric was being punished because he had turned the blessings of the books of the library into a curse.

In the light of some of the glorious ornamentation of church and university libraries of ancient times it seems a great pity that so many of our new libraries have developed an almost antiseptic, operating-room type of sterility which says nothing more than, "These are shelves and there are books on the shelves." Perhaps something can happen even now to redeem the situation.



The Future of Ecumenicity

The Twentieth century is sure to be remembered as the century of ecumenical recovery and renewal in the history of the church; it is increasingly evident that the sixties will occupy a special place within that century. This decade is not yet half past, but events of such magnitude in the world-wide church have occurred as to render it already notable. The New Delhi Assembly of the World Council of Churches received the International Missionary Council as well as the great Orthodox Churches from behind the Iron Curtain. Pope John brought Rome spectacularly into the flow of ecumenical drama, and the full meaning of his urgent work is still unfolding. Closer to home, American Lutheranism disclosed the sure outlines of its future: The Missouri Synod rejected organized efforts within and without to move her toward isolationism, and expressed a positive disposition to construct with most other Lutherans in the country a new association which will consolidate Lutheran vitalities for the role this confession must play in American and world Christendom.

And yet, midst all this good news, a paradox: "To many of us it appears that the ecumencial movement, in and outside the WCC, is in danger of stalling 'on dead center.' We know how movements of reformation and renewal — not to speak of revolutions — cool and begin to jell. We know how much of Christian history has moved from 'doxology through theology to sociology.' Lava hardens. Or, to put it another way, men wish to build tabernacles on the Mounts of Transfiguration."' This passage is from a recent book, *Unity in Mid-Career* (edited by Keith Bridston and Walter Wagoner, Macmillan, $4.95), which consists of a collection of essays critically inquiring whether the movement toward Christian Unity can survive as a living force or is headed for premature senility.

The contributors are predominantly younger men with ecumenical experience, each of them fully committed to the movement itself even when writing critically of it. As such, the book is a striking testimony to the presence of self-criticism within the ecumenical movement as well as to the problems which beset it.

The book does not represent an exhaustive critique. Roman Catholicism plays no role in this book, and this is one of its weaknesses. The editors acknowledge this, as well as the need to give attention to the task of drawing in "great communions such as the Southern Baptist and the Missouri Lutherans and major Pentecostal bodies," that these might play their full ecumenical role. Some of the essays are not particularly germane to the subject. A marvelous piece of work by an East German on East-West Christian contacts, misunderstandings, and possibilities does not really deal with the main issues raised by the editors.

What, then, are these issues? The first is an institutional crisis, defined by editor Bridston as the dialectic between movement and institution. This is an examination of the politics of the WCC and the effects of bureaucratic manipulation of a movement. The instance to which the authors frequently return as evidence of bureaucratic throttling of a movement is the decision of the Central Committee in 1960 to leave Faith and Order as one of the subordinate departments of one of the major divisions of the council. This decision was taken despite the plain fact that Faith and Order needs a good deal more autonomy and freedom from control if it is to exercise its critical role, including the possibility of touching the organizational nerve centers of the power structure of the WCC by its activities and suggestions. This decision, it is alleged, reveals how the Council has become a conservative ecclesiastical institution, bent on self-preservation.

There is value in reflecting on this criticism far beyond its immediate pertinence to the problem of the World Council. What is allegedly happening here is a central problem with which every denomination must live. A denomination is always a combination of an institution and a fellowship, a movement. These two poles of its existence are in constant tension for, as an institution, a denomination is subject to all the laws by which institutions tend to operate: the influence of oligarchical and monopolistic forces, the tendency to remain at rest and to preserve the status quo. It is not at all difficult to find perfectly sincere utterances by denominational leaders which reveal the extent to which their thought is controlled by institutional goals and criteria. But the church is much more than this; it is a fellowship and a movement which eludes institutional control, which reaches out, by its very nature, in combat and alliance to friends and foes beyond strictly institutional horizons. Thus an institution such as a Synod or a World Council can be seen only as a means toward an end; but institutions are, by their very nature, uncongenial to this notion. Ecclesiastical institutions are beset by the additional temptation of appealing to spiritual sanctions for purely institutional goals and programming.

Thus several of the essays deal with the political aspects of the World Council; it is refreshing to read about ecclesiastical politics in precisely political language. There has often been in churchly circles a pietistic inclination to avoid facing the essentially political dimension of churchmen's activities. The election and appointment of church officers, together with the subdued but real lobbying and jockeying involved in determining the power structure of the institution are frequently disguised by familiar euphemisms. It is not cynicism but mature concern that brings the authors of several essays in this work to analyze and lay bare the power structure of the Council and offer suggestions and criteria which would undam the full energies of the ecumenical movement.

This very problem leads to more fundamental ones: the nature of the unity of the Church and the role of councils in the unifying process. At this point the Roman Catholic contribution is sorely missed. Fortunately Alexander Schmemann, the vigorous young spokesman for Orthodoxy, offers portents of what must surely be the coming dilemma for the ecumenical movement and its institutions. Schmemann directly questions the continued participation of the Orthodox churches in the World Council as it is presently understood. Schmemann is a committed ecumenist, but also one of the first of the Orthodox who have commuted intellectually between East and West. Thus he has rare double vision and can explain the discomfort that most Orthodox experience in the ecumenical movement. This is rooted first of all in the Orthodox feeling that the fundamentally tragic division of the church is not Protestant-Catholic but the ancient east-west division over which the western church has scarcely ever agonized. Schmemann sees the Protestant-Catholic discussion as an essentially western concern, in western modes of thought and irrelevant to the Orthodox churches. This means that Orthodox and Protestants approach each other with quite alien presuppositions. It is the western approach to ecumenism that is built into the World Council. Charac-

teristic of this approach is the whole denominational principle, and the vision of denominations mutually enriching each other in some imagined synthesis.

The Orthodox approach to ecumenism comes out of an understanding of themselves as the true church, not in a petulant and prideful manner, but as embodying not only pre-Reformation traditions but the ancient tradition of the undivided church. Here the idea of tradition includes life, thought, liturgy, and feeling. The Orthodox vocation is to stand with and against both Rome and the Protestants, confronting them with the full reality of the church. The ecumenical reality is, therefore, Protestant, Catholic, and Orthodox, and the institutions should reflect this. The Orthodox categories of truth and heresy, currently missing from ecumenical vocabulary, deserve their rightful role in this realignment.

Schmemann's essay will irritate, but it cannot be ignored. It will find considerable sympathy with Anglicans and Lutherans.

The nature and function of the Council, as well as conciliarism in general, occupies most of the contributors to this volume. Two views are apparent. One group understands councils as a kind of scaffolding to be used in the building of the church, and then discarded as the church develops its own form. This would stress the provisional character of councils. Another group regards them as being a new phenomenon in the history of the church, and part of the churchly reality itself: skeleton and not scaffolding. In the latter view, the councils would play the basic institutional role in the future unified church, as distinguished from mergers. This conciliarism, as it is called, would require a fortifying of the councils with strong leadership. Walter Leibrecht demolishes this view by showing that its understanding of unity is, like Rome's, primarily institutional, not theological. In a brilliant piece of work he shows how the councils are becoming in effect simply new quasi-denominations, unrelated to the grass-roots church. Now everyone admits that the high-level success of ecumenism is not to be found in the grass roots level, but Leibrecht has a solution. We can't elaborate it here, but essentially he wants to bring the Faith and Order concerns into the congregations where the issues should be discussed and from there brought back to councils and finally to a Council which would function more like a Congress than like a statement-issuing group. Happily, William Cate in an essay corroborates this by revealing that Faith and Order does work on Main Street, according to experiments in the Portland area.

There is much of value in this book. I am impressed by the arguments — not uncontested — which show that Faith and Order is still the real substance and hope of the ecumenical movement. It is interesting to note that the projected Lutheran association will build this into its structure.

Recent works of considerable interest for the whole question, all of them from Augsburg, are:

Faith and Order Findings (edited by Paul Minear, $4.50) reporting on "Christ and the Church," "Tradition and Traditions," "Worship," "Institutionalism."

Church in Fellowship (edited by Vilmos Vajta, $5.95) a highly valuable and documented description of interchurch agreements and practices, particularly with respect to altar fellowship, among Lutherans in America, Germany, and Scandinavia. This is an essential volume for information on the shape of Lutheranism today.

Messages of the Helsinki Assembly ($1.95) presenting the five popular addresses from the Lutheran World Federation at Helsinki this past summer. The paperback format invites church groups to discuss the material.

RICHARD P. BAEPLER

The Corporation and Its Critics

Vice is a monster of so frightful mein,
As to be hated needs but to be seen.

For quite a few years now students of society, both amateur and professional, have been busily holding up to the public gaze that monster, the Corporation. A review of all this literature would reveal three major headings in the general indictment.

The first is broadly economic. Corporations are responsible for monopolistic practices and all the evils they bring in their train. The second, for want of a more accurate designation, may be called political. The power that has become concentrated in the hands of corporate managers is inconsistent with the theory and practice of democracy. A sociological critique completes the triad. The corporation has had baleful effects upon the content and character of community life.

A detailed indictment on the first count began to be formulated, in this country, at least, in the last part of the 19th century. The device of incorporation had proved admirably suited for the organization of the vast resources needed to open up and exploit the resources of the nation, most notably in the case of the transcontinental railroads. But it also appeared to lend itself to systematic plunder. Furthermore, the trusteeship as pioneered by Standard Oil, the holding company as nurtured by New Jersey, and various techniques for merger and acquisition soon proved that, under charters of incorporation, size — and hence economic power — could easily be carried beyond the extent necessary for efficiency. The Federal antitrust laws of 1890 and 1914 were in part a measure of public apprehension over corporate gigantism.

But the problem in this area is size, not the fact of incorporation itself. While it is true that *Fortune's* 500 could not have attained their present gigantic proportions without some such device as the corporation, it is almost as certain that America's economic development would have been stunted in the absence of such an institutional aid. No one seriously recommends today that economic problems created by giant corporations be solved by eliminating corporations.

There is a much greater element of inevitability in the political problems posed by the modern corporation. The function of the corporation is precisely the concentration of power. The resources of many investors are brought together for unified management. Owners of property deliberately surrender control over their property. The separation of ownership and control that A. A. Berle and Gardiner Means found in their now classic study of *The Modern Corporation and Private Property* (Macmillan, 1932) has to be viewed as an inevitable evolution of the corporation itself. The extent to which this development ought to be carried, of course, and the question of the new controls that it may make necessary, remain problematic.

Sociological concern about the corporation is of relatively recent origin. William Hollingsworth Whyte's *Organization Man* (Doubleday Anchor edition, 1957) seems to have created the first general awareness that corporations may exact a high price in social and individual integrity, and opened a new area for speculation about the vices of this dominant institution in contemporary life.

Put it all together and the critic can have a field day. Michael Reagan has shown how in *The Managed Economy* (Oxford, 1963, pp. 288, $6.00). But his book is not so much a contribution to the reso-

lution of the defects in the critical literature. Perhaps it is worth reading for this reason; horrible examples may have salutary effects.

An economic indictment of the corporation cannot be sustained without economic analysis. Reagan fails to provide any. He enunciates as unquestioned and unquestionable fact all sorts of propositions that have actually been subjected to cogent and sometimes devasting criticism. The citation of arbitrarily selected authorities proves nothing, especially when these authorities have had to be edited to make their opinions conform with Reagan's conclusions. The extensive literature that now exists on the effectiveness of competition in the American economy cannot be ignored by someone who proposes to make the fact of monopoly the basis for sweeping reforms.

Reagan's political and sociological indictment of the corporation is an indiscriminate hash of the probably true, the probably irrelevant, and the nonsensical. Or isn't it nonsensical to claim that working people fail to vote their own minds or even recognize their own interests out of fear that their employers will discharge them in retaliation? The whole mixture is far too C. Wright Mills-ish for this reviewer's taste. The uses and abuses of the political and social power possessed by corporate management form a valid topic for discussion. But our understanding of these problems and of the alternatives before us has not yet advanced to the point where preaching can *completely* displace analysis.

Gardiner Means, the economist of the Berle-Means duo, has made a significant contribution over the years to the statement of the economic case against giant corporations. Using the concept of "administered prices," Means has attempted to show that when a few large firms dominate an industry their pricing practices can and do increase unemployment, cause inflation, and in general interfere with the appropriate use of resources.

The case is not as simple to make and substantiate as has been pretended by some of the editorial writers who have found the phrase "administered prices" a heady chant. The essays by Means that have been collected into *The Corporate Revolution in America* (Crowell-Collier, 1962, pp. 191, $3.95) — all written between 1933 and 1961 — add up to a cogent statement of that case. The third essay in the collection, "Collective Capitalism and Economic Theory," should prove particularly enlightening to the general reader.

But a nagging doubt remains. Price inflexibility (which is what Means is actually talking about) is a matter of degree. Have modern corporations so successfully insulated themselves from market pressures as to create an *intolerable amount* of this inflexibility? Here expert opinion differs. If the economic rigidity attributable to large corporations is actually responsible for major problems, then major reforms can be justified. But there is no consensus among economists on the actual effects of modern corporate pricing practices nor on reforms that would alleviate rather than aggravate the problems.

Vance Packard has always been fun to read. *The Pyramid Climbers* (McGraw-Hill, 1962, pp. 339, $5.00) isn't as exciting as *The Hidden Persuaders*, but may be a much better book for just that reason. A great deal of research has gone into this study of managerial personnel in the modern corporation. The results are attractively presented and Packard tries this time not to run too far beyond his data. If you've never take a look at "the organization man," or if you're inclined to be emotional on the subject, *The Pyramid Climbers* ought to be a useful antidote.

Wilbert E. Moore's *The Conduct of the Corporation* (Random House, 1962, pp. 292, $5.75) scores even higher. Moore is a respected sociologist with an extensive background in industrial relations studies. He has shed the more forbidding paraphernalia of learning in this book in order to offer the lay reader an insight into the actual working of the modern corporation. We expect command of the field from a sociologist of Moore's stature; his light touch and the perceptive judgments that he scatters are works of supererogation and merit for the book a wide readership.

Packard has no particular quarrel with William Hollingsworth Whyte. Moore takes issue with him only peripherally. But Leonard R. Sayles, in *Individualism and Big Business* (McGraw-Hill, 1963, pp. 200, $6.95), carries on a running controversy. Sayles is part author, part editor. The book is based on papers presented at one of Columbia University's Arden House Seminars, devoted to discussion of the corporation's impact on the people who comprise it. Such a diversity of topics is treated that no brief review can do it justice. But the theme can be stated: the "organization man" is a gross oversimplification and one that interferes with rather than promotes understanding. It may be much more true to say that man in the corporation becomes what he is — whether conformist, individualist, or some blend of these two — than that he is made over in the image of the corporation. Though the chapters are uneven in quality and in relevance, as is almost inevitable in a work of this sort, the book is a significant contribution to public discussion.

A different sort of book altogether is Richard Austin Smith's *Corporations in Crisis* (Doubleday, 1963, pp. 214, $4.50). This is a collection of studies written for *Fortune* magazine on recent crises faced by some of America's corporate giants. The electrical price-fixing consiracy, Howard Hughes' demolition of RKO, U. S. Steel's abortive price increases of 1962, and General Dynamics' disastrous venture into passenger jet manufacture as well as its more recent and successful TFX race with Boeing are five of the seven crises Smith attempts to detail. The reader would have been helped if the dates on which the original articles appeared in *Fortune* were given. We managed to glean each from internal evidence, but the detective work was annoying.

Smith uncovers nothing startling, and his conclusions are about as radical as one would expect from an editor of *Fortune*. In the hands of a less sympathetic observer of big business the evidence Smith presents could have been turned into "a shocking expose." Smith raises far more questions than he admits to raising. But when we compare, for example, the parallel study of the electrical price-fixing case provided by John G. Fuller in *The Gentlemen Conspirators* (Grove Press, 1962), it is not at all clear that Smith's approach is less satisfactory. Fuller borders on hysteria, and as this review has several times suggested, hysteria can contribute little to intelligent discussion of the problems posed by the giant corporation.

There's a counter to this, of course. It's the next two lines of Pope:

> Yet seen to oft, familiar with her face,
> We first endure, then pity, then embrace.

But the corporation has many faces, and we know less about them than the more confident critics pretend. *The Corporation in Modern Society* (Harvard, 1960, pp. 335, papercover edition) is an older book, but we venture to include it here because it is probably still the best single-volume examination of these many faces. Edited and introduced by Edward Mason, with a foreword by A. A. Berle, the book brings together contributions by recognized scholars in the fields of law, economics, political science, sociology, and business administration. The picture that emerges is necessarily a pastiche. But pastiche is about as far as we're likely to get for a long while in our attempts to delineate the corporation.

PAUL T. HEYNE

WORTH NOTING

BEFORE THE MAYFLOWER: A HISTORY OF THE NEGRO IN AMERICA 1619-1962

By Lerone Bennet, Jr. (Johnson Publishing Company, Chicago, $6.95)

The record of history has often proved to be what the historian has found; and what he has found is often not only colored by his own tradition but also by the environment surrounding him and with which he is identified.

One area of modern history which needs careful exploration is that of the Negro in our land. It is hoped that competent historians, both Negro and white, will delve deeply into this phase of our history. In the meantime, though, whatever light can be shed on U.S. history since 1619, when the first cargo of African slaves landed on the shores of the land later to be called "the land of the free," should serve a good purpose.

The author of *Before the Mayflower* is not a professional historian, but a journalist. But anyone acquainted at all with the history in question and the paucity of that type of historical data that gives our Negro constituency a fair deal will recognize in this book a contribution that, if it is read, will afford the Negro an opportunity to be heard, understood, and appreciated.

While the book treats that aspect of our history which has to do with the Negro American, the book — as the title indicates — takes the reader back to Africa, to the time before the beginning of the slave trade which brought the Negro to our shores. The author describes the rise and fall of African empires comparable in cultural development, luxury, and victorious conquest to many of European origin.

Mr. Bennett treats in enlightening and fascinating detail facets of the slave trade seldom found in authoritative texts. And there are many unique details in that part of the book which treats the subject of the Negro American from the time of his arrival on this continent to the time of his emancipation.

The image we have developed of the Negro through reading *Uncle Tom's Cabin* and seeing him caricatured in the Negro minstrel and the movies is that of a superstitious, servile, and fear-ridden buffoon. This image, according to Mr. Bennett, is wholly false. He says:

> Historians, armed with hindsight, have written a great deal of romantic nonsense about the docility of the Negro slave. The planter who lived with the Negro slave knew him better. He knew from bitter experience that the Negro was a dangerous man because he was a wronged man. (p. 100)

The author quotes the renowned anthropologist, Melville J. Herskovits, as follows:

> . . . today one of the keys to an understanding of the South is fear of the Negro, a legacy of slavery. (p. 101)

Another interesting facet of the book is the author's evaluation of Abraham Lincoln. Though done in a manner not altogether uncomplimentary, the book reduces the mental picture of the Great Emancipator to a size that is probably in keeping with the facts of history. Abraham Lincoln had other motives in addition to those of a pure, idealistic humanitarianism, both in the conduct of the Civil War as well as in issuing the Emancipation Proclamation.

To understand the development of race relations in the U.S. since the Civil War one must have some knowledge of Negro leadership that developed during that period of our history. *Before the Mayflower* presents the reader with information on the Negro leaders and their sometimes conflicting ideologies.

The author left no stone unturned to present the history of the Negro American up to the very time that the manuscript was sent to the printer.

Two possible purposes the author no doubt had in mind beyond the more general one of letting history speak for itself were: to help Negroes appreciate their own special heritage, and to impress the rest of us with the fact that our Negro citizens too — because of their past — are worthy of respect and of every opportunity afforded all others who claim to be citizens of these United States. Beyond that, the author sees in the historic involvement of the Negro in American history a part of "the struggle of all men and that it is a moving chapter in the whole human drama."

ANDREW SCHULZE

HONEY AND SALT

By Carl Sandburg (Harcourt, Brace & World, $4.75)

Timed to appear in print on his recent eighty-fifth birthday, these seventy-seven "new" poems are a collection of earlier copyright material from 1953 to the present. Interesting as a harvest of light mood, lyrical verses almost entirely in free verse, they do not add to Sandburg's poetic reputation.

Only two are long poems: "Timesweep" and "Little Word, Little White Bird." This partiality for shortness with imagistic overtones seems to me to be the book's weakness, because brevity is not Sandburg's consistent strength (could it be, instead, a weariness?). For instance, "Metamorphosis" — which is printed as if it could not make up its mind whether to be a quatrain or a couplet — tends to make its author seem either too oracular or merely dull:

> "When water turns ice does it remember
> one time it was water?
> When ice turns back into water does it
> remember it was ice?"

Of course this book should be evaluated on its own merits instead of comparing it with the achievement of the grand though idolatrous historian of Lincoln in prose, or the folksy and roughneck bard of laborers and earthy primitives. Here let me add that there are good variations on such themes as time (Sandburg hates our modern preference for numbers and especially the clocks that sanction regularity and reliability), and love (his is the notion of intertwining ebb and flow, a getting and a losing, a freeing and an enslaving), and work:

> "God is no gentleman for God
> puts on overalls and gets
> dirty running the universe we know
> about and several other universes
> nobody knows about but Him."

But to claim, as did one reviewer, that at eighty-five a new Carl Sandburg is born — this adulation seems heedless of the facts.

HERBERT H. UMBACH

CHINA ONLY YESTERDAY: 1850-1950

By Emily Hahn (Doubleday, $5.75)

An engaging narrative style, coupled with surprisingly accurate reporting, makes this book a good popular introduction to one of China's most difficult centuries.

The story stresses primarily those political events depicting China's reactions to modernization. It is an exciting tale developed by means of judicious utilization of materials that range from scholarly monographs to journalistic impressions. This technique results in a digestible history in which even high school students may find a rewarding fascination.

Miss Hahn's book is not designed for those who seek either deep understandings of or answers to the many profound problems implicit in the history of this period. But any who seek interpretations treated in a wider dimension may nevertheless gain fresh insights resulting from the way the author weaves her story.

A glossary of Chinese names and terms, a bibliography, and a fairly complete index are appended. The latter feature, in directing the reader to topics of interest, helps compensate for the rather curious absence of chapter titles.

ROBERT EPP

A Minority Report

Church and University

By VICTOR F. HOFFMANN

The managing editor of *The Cresset* has been out of town this first week of the new year, attending a meeting. While away, he must expect almost anything from the stay-at-homes. The keeper of "A Minority Report," in browsing about the *Cresset* office at this opportune time, noticed the December (1963) issue of *Liberal Education*, published by the Association of American Colleges.

On the outside cover of this particular issue, O.P.K. had written: "jhs, see pp. 449 ff." Being nosey by nature and training (St. Paul's College, Concordia Seminary, the University of Chicago, and Indiana University), I found even more than my wandering nose expected. I found an address by John Brademas, actually an adaptation of an address Mr. Brademas gave to the seventeenth institute of higher education of the Methodist Church at Nashville, Tennessee, on July 31, 1963.

This speech interested me, and I am referring to it, because John Brademas, congressman from the third district of Indiana, happens to be one of my favorite persons. Secondly, I am referring to this article because Mr. Brademas always has something significant to say, and this article is no exception. More than that, he has something worthwhile to say about church-related colleges. I hope, therefore, that a few readers at least will take time to read what John Brademas has to say.

Relying at times quite heavily on Professor John Dillenburger and his essay on "A Protestant Understanding of Church and University," Mr. Brademas commented at the outset that ". . . the church and university have different ways of doing things" and that "each must respect the way of the other." To be quite sure, the Church is the Church. And the University is the University. In the Church, Christ is the truth. On the University level, Christ is only part of the truth pursued, inasmuch as other truths or other forms of truths are also looked for at the institution of learning. The Church works on the basis of faith, to the Christian believer the most certain factor in time and eternity. It is the business of the believer in Christ to be certain, even dogmatic, about Christian truth.

The business of a University, in a sense, is to be uncertain about most things. Even when a University scholar reaches a plateau of certain understanding about his work, he is standing on tiptoe to see and look for whatever may be ahead, to look for the next plateau of certainty. It is to be expected, therefore, that on a University campus "the suspension of judgment" becomes normative.

Both the Church and the University must demand the best in man. Referring at this point primarily to the University, we must say that the University must be true to *its* lights in the quest of truth and knowledge. If its lights are none too good, the University must do something about improving its lights. With hints of both praise and warning, the young congressman also calls college administrators at church-related schools to sharp attention by saying: "We know that church-related colleges have made great contributions to American education. They will continue to do so, however, only so long as they are strong centers of learning, and their contributions will be of lasting significance only if the education they afford is of high quality."

To this Brademas adds almost curtly: *"The heart of the matter is the teacher."* To aid his contention, Brademas cited the words of William James to the trustees of Stanford University: "You may have your buildings, you may create your committees and boards and regulations, you may pile up your machinery of discipline and perfect your methods of instruction, you may spend till no one can approach you; yet you will add nothing but one more trivial specimen to the common herd of American colleges, unless you send into all this organization some breath of life, by inoculating it with a few men, at least, who are real geniuses." And continues Brademas, ". . . unless church colleges look to the new problems beyond their walls, the impact both of the church and the college will remain within the walls and never touch the city. I mention sciences and technology as just one of the facts of modern society to deal with [for] which a church college must adequately prepare its students."

Most college administrators know these facts and more. They also know something else: college kids are coming to the colleges and universities at a pace faster than we can find and pay competent, even adequate, teachers to teach them.

Finally, students will soon demand the best of all of us whether president, dean, head, board member, or professor.

Sights and Sounds

"Marginally Differentiated Pulps"

By ANNE HANSEN

A recent visitor to our country took a long, hard look at American television. Before Jonathan Miller returned to his home in England, he reported his findings in two articles in *The New Yorker*. To put it mildly, Mr. Miller, like the redoubtable Clancy, really lowered the boom! In his opinion "television is a vast, phosphorescent Mississippi of the senses, on the banks of which one can soon lose one's judgment and eventually lose one's mind." Our British cousin asserts that "Telly" must not be considered an art form but must be regarded as merely a "faulty conduit through which *all* art forms, education, and journalism are passively funneled." This "horrible electronic gossip" slithers into our homes to feed us material which is "homogenized and pasteurized, masticated and detoxicated . . . marginally differentiated pulps, all of them inoffensively edible." There is more, all of it equally vehement and uncomplimentary.

It was great fun to read Mr. Miller's diatribe. Although one could not help feeling that at times he was inordinately concerned with words and with an obvious desire to turn a phrase, I should be the last to deny the validity of many of his charges. In fact, I should add that for me many of the "marginally differentiated pulps" are neither inoffensive nor edible.

The new season on TV — widely heralded in advance as "the best ever" — has offered precious little that is new, fresh, exciting, or stimulating. Producers seem to have been intent on piling stereotype upon stereotype. The emphasis in many programs has been on psychology or, more accurately, on pseudo-psychology. Too often there has been a total disregard of sound moral or ethical values. This is as reprehensible as it is dangerous. As the noted Dr. Benjamin Spock wrote recently, "Psychology can't substitute for morality." Two of the new programs purport to deal with educational and social problems. But can any discriminating or knowledgeable viewer accept *Mr. Novak* or *East Side, West Side* as serious, realistic, and penetrating studies of subjects that are of prime concern to our society? Fortunately, there are still a few old favorites, and occasionally there are rewarding new programs. In this viewer's opinion TV is unexcelled in the presentation of current events and documentaries.

Mr. Miller's second article was devoted exclusively to an account of that dark and unforgettable week in November when not only a sorrowing nation but the entire world bade a last farewell to a gallant and dedicated public servant. The tragic death of John Fitzgerald Kennedy, wrote Mr. Miller, "forced television into a brief maturity. . . . The medium itself seemed to take on grandeur."

* * *

How far is man removed from savagery? How thick is the veneer of civilization? How would human beings behave if the restraints imposed by the moral, ethical, and spiritual values which shape our modern society suddenly were to be removed? In *Lord of the Flies*, first published in 1954, William Golding depicts with chilling effectiveness the manner in which a group of English schoolboys revert to savagery after they have been isolated on an uninhabited island during a fictional atomic war. In his book Mr. Golding traces the steps which transformed decent, average boys, from respectable, average homes, into brutal and sadistic murderers and savages. The film *Lord of the Flies* (Walter Reade-Sterling, Peter Brooks) is less effective, largely because many of the important details of the novel have been omitted. No professional actors appear in the picture. I doubt that anyone who reads Mr. Golding's book or sees the film can fail to be moved by this frightening parable of the never-ending struggle between good and evil. The author has the courage to point the moral that "the shape of society must depend on the ethical nature of the individual, and not on any political system, however logical or respectable it may seem to be."

Here are other new films: *The Cardinal* (Columbia, Otto Preminger), a weakened and superficial version of Henry Morton Robinson's widely read study of the life and career of a Roman Catholic priest; *The Prize* (M-G-M, Mark Robson), which mercifully reduces Irving Wallace's long and sordid novel with the same title into an exciting cloak-and-dagger melodrama; *Charade* (Universal, Stanley Donen), quite the most elegant murder-and-mystery thriller I have seen in years; and *All the Way Home* (Paramount, Alex Segal), a deeply moving screen version of the late James Agee's semibiographical novel, *A Death in the Family*. Both Mr. Agee's novel and Tad Mosel's stage play received Pulitzer Prize awards.

And then there is Walt Disney's enchanting feature-length cartoon, *The Sword and the Stone* (Buena Vista). Waiting in line to see Mr. Disney's Christmas present to children of all ages, it struck me that almost every child large enough to "tote" a weapon was armed with a new gun or some type of missile or rocket. A strange gift for "Christe-masse"!

The Pilgrim

Professor Jochring

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

By O. P. KRETZMANN

Innocent Abroad — III

I had been walking for more than an hour and the rain was coming down harder — the cool, insistent rain of early fall in the Rhine valley. I turned the corner in the center of the village and entered the ancient church to rest a while. As I sat down in the rear row, I saw a woman kneeling before the high altar. After a few minutes she rose, with some difficulty, and walked slowly up the center aisle, leaning heavily on her cane. She stopped at my pew and examined me with curiously bright eyes. Without any introduction she began to speak in that warm German which is so peculiarly the possession of the people who live beside the great river: "No matter what anyone tells you, I want you to inform everyone that I went to the old folks' home of my own free will. Nobody forced me, although my son-in-law made all the arrangements. My daughter, of course, she wished to God that I would be struck dumb. She is right. Lately I have been talking to anyone who would listen to me."

I looked up and asked: "When are you going?"

She said: "Wednesday. They are coming for me from Koblenz because my son-in-law has to work and I have nobody else to take me. But I am going of my own free will. Will you tell people that?"

I nodded. There was a long silence. As I looked at her again, she was leaning desperately on the end of the pew.

"Sometimes I am afraid I will fall over. Do you know that for more than 170 years — even before the French came — all my family were baptized, confirmed, married, and buried here? The *Friedhof* is full of my kinfolk. I should tell you that all of them went of their own free will, just as I am going to the *Altenheim* — all of them, except my oldest daughter, who died forty years ago. She said to me: 'Mama, I don't want to go.' She was only eighteen years old. She is outside now, just beyond the side door."

Now her eyes were strangely bright, and I saw that it was the brightness of unshed tears. "You know, I would go to be with my daughter even more of my own free will, more than I am going to the old folks' home. Do you understand that?"

I nodded again. Slowly she looked around the ancient church. "You see," she said, "I have come here now to say goodbye to all this. My daughter said I could stay out until dark, as long as I would not talk to anyone. You won't tell her, will you?"

I said, *"Nein. Gehen Sie mit Gott."*

Her eyes were suddenly grateful. "That is what I have been saying to myself. He will be in the old folks' home, too, and all His *Englein* with Him. That is why I am going of my own free will."

She walked toward the door, and the tapping of her cane was like something out of *Macbeth*. It seemed to be the echo of 170 years. At the door she stopped and whispered, not to me but to her daughter sleeping outside under the trees: *"Freiwillig geh' ich, freiwillig geh' ich."* She had left the door open, and I could hear the autumn rain dripping from the eaves.

* * *

If modern Germany ever faces ruin, it will come from a seemingly harmless enemy called an *Imbiss*. The meaning of the word is roughly equivalent to our "snack," but it is actually something vastly different. Nor is it ever to be confused with regular meals. An *Imbiss* is something eaten between meals, preferably continuously. It usually consists of bread, meat (especially *Wurst*), cake, chocolate, and coffee. Everything is covered either with *Sahne* (whipped cream) or butter. It is eaten in all public places — on trains, buses, ships, and planes, at railroad stations and on park benches. Consumption is always attended by snorts or grunts of profound satisfaction.

Imbisse are apparently a compulsive phenomenon. Deeply imbedded in the national memory there must be a remembrance of the days when people were actually starving to death. Our stout taxi driver, for example, vividly recalls the days when he was a Russian prisoner and for two months ate nothing but soup made from potato peelings. He never wants to be hungry again.

The *Imbiss* habit is transmitted to the younger generation by example. One day I saw a group of German teenagers tear into a smorgasbord on a ship. It was terrifying. Our own teenagers would have been bad enough; these were unbelievable. Even the head waiter watched in fascination, but the mothers who were present looked on with evident approval as huge quantities of ham, potatoes, pickles, and cake disappeared.

The *Imbiss* may be the fat shadow over this land of mysterious contradictions.