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THE ARTS, AND PUBLIC AFFAIRS

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We Open a New Volume

With this issue The Cresset begins its thirtieth year of publication. Founded by the Walther League in 1937 and taken over by Valparaiso University in 1950, the magazine has had a fascinating history of ups and downs. We have published some of the best writing that has been done in these past three decades and we have published what even the most charitable critic would have to label pure Schundt. On balance, we think we have done about as well as time, talent, and resources allowed.

A number of editorial changes become effective with this issue. On the management side, the Board of Associates has been dissolved and its policy-making functions have been assumed jointly by the departmental editors and a new, small group of consulting editors. The change-over is costly to the magazine in terms of prestige; among the Associates were some of the most distinguished figures of contemporary Lutheranism. But over the years scheduling difficulties had made it increasingly difficult to get the Board together and, as a result, its members were placed in the difficult position of seeming to have given their endorsement to views and policies on which they had not been consulted.

On the writing side, we are sorry to have to announce that the Hansens have decided to retire, Anne from her "Sights and Sounds" assignment and Walter from his music editorship. Professor Hansen was one of the contributors to Volume 1, No. 1, and has not missed an issue since that first one. Anne, his wife, joined us as a contributing editor in October, 1941, and has been in effect, if not always in title, our entertainment arts editor ever since. Both contributed greatly to the magazine and we shall miss them.

The "Sights and Sounds" column will be broadened, beginning with the December issue, into a monthly review of the mass media. Don A. Affeldt, who will be writing it, took his B.A. at Concordia Senior College in Fort Wayne, did some work at Concordia Seminary in Saint Louis, and took an M.A. at the University of Chicago. Now an instructor in philosophy at Valparaiso University, he is interested in the kinds of forces which play upon us to determine the attitudes and ideas which we too readily suppose are the results of reasoned analysis of the facts. We thought that it was about time a philosopher was called in to examine this supposition.

Professor Hansen’s successor as music editor is Dr. William F. Eifrig, Jr., associate professor of music at Valparaiso University. Dr. Eifrig is an organist by trade, but the range of his interests reminds us vaguely of those Renaissance Men one keeps hearing about. We do not expect any significant change in the pH level of the music column under his editorship.

Thinking the Unthinkable

Despots are bad enough when they are young, idealistic, and benevolent. Few men, of course, ever achieve despotic power when they are young. In practice, therefore, the best one can hope for in despots is one who is middle-aged, realistic, and benevolent. But even these don’t remain that way indefinitely. They grow old, and no one who has long held absolute power can escape the cynicism and suspicion which power breeds, and no one who senses that bright young opportunists are poised and ready to strike at the first sign of his infirmity can long remain benevolent.

Mao Tse-tung never was benevolent. His whole life has been a life of conniving, treachery, and murder. But there was a time when he tried to keep up a pretense of being the kindly father to his people. This pretense he has now abandoned. Faced with the brute fact that the erosion of the years, if nothing else, will take his power away from him, he has found it necessary to swim (or at least pretend to swim) nine miles in the Yangtze to prove that he is still as good a man as he ever was, and he has had to institute a reign of terror to dissuade ambitious younger men who, at least in his tortured and suspicious mind, were plotting to ease him out of the picture and take over.

This is an old, tragic, but familiar story. It was the story of Tiberius, of Ivan III, of Stalin. But it has in it
a new element which we can not ignore and which may even force us to think thoughts which are unthinkable. Mao Tse-tung has—at least so far as we can tell—reasserted his absolute control of a government which possesses thermonuclear weapons. The elements in his government which he has liquidated were those which seemed, at least, to offer some hope of an eventual rapprochement with other countries. And so we have to consider the possibility that one of the three most powerful nations on earth is governed wholly by the whims of a senile, xenophobic despot.

If this is the case, all of the comforting old platitudes to the effect that “only a madman would actually use the weapons which the great powers have at their disposal” would stand exposed for the nonsense they are and always have been. Of course only a madman would use those weapons. But what guarantee have we ever had that the weapons would not fall into the hands of a madman? And what do we propose to do if, as a matter of fact, they now have?

We cannot bring ourself to put into words the answer to these questions which necessity seems to impose upon us. Let each think his own unthinkable thought, and pray God that he is wrong.

Hendrik Verwoerd

In a day when few national leaders even claim to be Christian, let alone to be working toward some vision of the Christian commonwealth, we who write and speak from the Christian tradition are almost indelicately anxious to claim as a Christian any national leader whose personal morality we admire and who has not explicitly defined himself as a non-Christian. We are reluctant to admit that a man may be thoroughly admirable and yet not a Christian in the sense that he subscribes to the dogmatic assertions of the Christian religion. And so we claim Churchill and Stevenson for our fellowship, and even cast a covetous eye upon U Thant. Meanwhile, we don’t quite know what to do with our embarrassingly pious brother, Francisco Franco, and we don’t quite know what to say at the sudden and violent passing of our brother, Hendrik Verwoerd.

Concerning the man himself, perhaps we need say only what we say about any brother or sister who has been called home: “Rest eternal grant him, O Lord, and may perpetual light shine upon him.” Concerning the prime minister, we can and must say that his works were a denial of the faith which he professed. This is not to say that he was a hypocrite. It is to say that, like so many of us who bear the name of Christ, he had a form of zeal, but not according to knowledge. His was the zeal of Saul of Tarsus who, to the greater glory of God, made havoc of the Church. Perhaps we must go even farther and say that he inflicted even more grievous wounds upon the Church than did Saul, for he used the Church not so much as the victim (which is, after all, her calling) but as the scourge. He would be unmourned by the vast majority of the people of South Africa if it were not for the fact that his death has brought to power a rigorist neo-Nazi, Balthazar Johannes Vorster.

How can a brother in the Faith so pervert the indicatives and imperatives of the Gospel? We don’t know. If we did know, perhaps we would know why we ourselves from day to day do the evil that we do not want to do and fail to do the good that we know we ought to do. And let us not suppose that we have less to answer for because we have fewer to answer for. It is not necessary to deny love to a whole race; it is enough to deny it to the man who lives next door. It is not necessary to dehumanize a whole people; it is enough to dehumanize one’s wife or children.

But we have said enough. Dr. Verwoerd is dead and buried and we on this side of the grave are done with him. Let the final word be His Who speaks not only for His brother Hendrik but for all of His lost and wayward brothers: “Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.”

The Pope’s Difficult Decision

Sometime soon—perhaps this month—Pope Paul will make a pronouncement on contraception which historians may someday rank among the ten most important public statements of the Twentieth Century.

Pope Paul is in a difficult position. On the one hand, he is bound by pronouncements of his predecessors which, if they do not have the status of dogma, at least carry the authority of the intense conviction of the pontiffs who set them down for the guidance of the faithful. And, on the other hand, he is being pressed by laymen operating chiefly with a sanctified intuition and by theologians operating with New Testament ideas about Christian freedom to break with the tradition of the past.

If the Pope goes with the traditionalists, he stands to forfeit in fact, if not in outward appearance, the obedience of a large and significant element among the faithful. There is a Christian intuition which tells them that God never intended marriage to be merely a device for reproduction and certainly not a device for allowing mankind to reproduce itself to the point where there will be standing room only on this planet. Some who operate with this intuition would probably even be willing to go so far as to say that, if there is any moral imperative involved at all in the question of family planning, it is in our time an imperative to refrain from aggravating the population explosion. In any case, whatever the Pope says, they will continue to do precisely what they are doing now: using contraceptive devices to allow them to express their love for each other without risking the conception of a child which they are not ready, or perhaps able, to receive as a wanted child. And they will find comfort for their consciences in the known fact that learned and pious doctors of the Church have said publicly that this is an area of Christian freedom which
the Church ought not to violate beyond laying down broad guidelines.

On the other hand, Pope Paul has to live, day in and day out, with the profoundly earnest and profoundly conservative Curia. For the Curia, any deviation from the clearly-defined tradition of the past is a blow at the very foundations of that absolute authority which the Pope claims in matters of faith and morals. If Paul can unsay what Pius said, who is to know whether Paul himself has spoken the final word? There is more here than a matter of merely trying to hold on to power and influence. The whole question of authority in the Church is at issue, and for Roman Catholics the outcome could be as traumatic as the conclusions of the Higher Criticism were for Biblically-based Protestants.

The Pope, in these circumstances, deserves the prayers not only of those who acknowledge him as the Vicar of Jesus Christ but of all of us who honor him as a godly and widely-respected bishop of the holy Catholic Church.

The New Breed

This year, for the first time in eight years, we have gotten a fairly close look at a fairly large number of college freshmen. We like what we have seen.

We hadn’t expected to like them, at least not very much. Television being what it is and gin costing what it does, we read a lot. And anyone who does much reading nowadays finds himself performe tch-tch-ing his way through one analysis after another of what is wrong with Today’s Youth. They are, we are told, uncouth, amoral, foul-minded and filthy-tongued, contemptuous of authority, sloppy in their dress, distrustful of anybody, over thirty, spoiled, pharmaferous, and scurvy. Some of the more nervous observers give one the impression that one should not approach unarmed any group of more than three of these young savages.

We do not wish to go beyond our evidence in drawing any conclusions about Today’s Youth. We have had under personal observation only our three sons and their friends and some 3500 students at a Midwestern denominational university. We are quite willing to grant that this is neither a sufficient nor a representative sample. But we can’t believe that it is so untypical that it is entitled to no consideration in defining the nature of this generation. And so we are going to report what we have found in these personal contacts of ours.

Starting at the surface, we have found ladies and gentlemen of much greater sophistication and poise than previous experience with young people would have led us to expect. A minority affect certain forms of dress and tonsure which we don’t happen to find very attractive but which, so far as we can see, violate no moral law. There is a certain boisterousness about them which we trust that time will soften, but it appears to be the kind of boisterousness which results from a regular diet of the minimum daily dosage of vitamins rather than the boisterousness of the hoodlum.

But, of course, it is what lies beneath the surface that finally counts. And if we had to pick just one word to characterize these young people it would be the word “honest.” True, their honesty is still largely unmixed with charity and is therefore often unnecessarily abrasive. True also, there is a certain tendency to confuse honesty with merely doing what comes naturally. They will learn in time that honesty un governed by charity quickly degenerates into purposeless cruelty and they will learn that the highest levels of honesty require a denial of much that is purely instinctual. Meanwhile, from somewhere—dare we, their parents, take at least a little of the credit for it?—they learned to value and to hold onto this precious thing, honesty. No doubt their devotion to such an austere virtue will make life irritating to a degree for us, for our generation has been essentially hedonist in its outlook. But if we can’t applaud them we might as well not fight them. Like it or not, the future is theirs, not ours. They know it. And nothing on earth can prevent them from seizing it—as we did, as our fathers did, as our grandfathers did, as every generation of man has done—and making of it what they want. We think that it is more than possible that these young people may make something better of this world than we did. Certainly they are not likely to make anything much worse of it.

Longevity and Activism

Somewhere in our reading this past month we came across the comment that children born since 1945 can expect to live to around ninety. (This assumes, of course, that we can avoid World War III.) Our first reaction was, “Thank God, that misses us!” For if there is any ambition that does not gnaw away at our vitals, it is a hankering to set longevity records. We have seen too many lives prolonged through years of meaninglessness and even witlessness.

But then it struck us that this prophecy does apply to our own sons and to practically all of the young people we have to deal with every day on campus. We wonder whether they are aware of their prospects and, if they are, whether they have given any thought to their possible implications for the present moment of their lives.

On a recent telecast of “Meet the Press,” Kingman Brewster, the president of Yale, offered the opinion that the restlessness and rebelliousness of the present student generation is focused not so much on their colleges and universities as on the society at large. Our own observation is that what students are protesting and, in many cases, resisting, is nothing that belongs to the nature of a university but the many things that have intruded into the academic life from the outside.

If this actually is the case, it would seem to us that a strong argument could be made for a painstaking reappraisal of the nature and purpose of a university education. Perhaps we have gone wrong in making the university too much of a microcosm of the world that is and
too little of a place where the generation which will some­
day possess the world can work out at least the broad
outlines of what they want to make of it once they have
entered into possession of it. Perhaps we have set too
high a store on involvement and too little on that kind of
detachment which allows one to see things in perspec­tive. Perhaps we have demanded so much in the way of
measurable performance that we have left no time for
reflection. Perhaps we have laid so much emphasis upon
doing things that we have forgotten that the first de­
mand that is made of all of us is to become somebody.

There would be some argument for the frenzied “Do
It Now” style of life which characterizes the present col­
lege atmosphere if this were a century ago and the expec­tation of life were somewhere around fifty. But when the
typical Junior still has a full three-score and ten before
him, there would seem to be some validity in a view of
life which allowed for the fact that to everything there is
a season, and that youth is not necessarily the season for
running the show. Perhaps it is the time for dream­ing
dreams, so that when the time comes to run the show we
can hope for something new and better, rather than just
another re-run.

**Toward a More Civilized Divorce Law**

Divorce is almost always regrettable, often tragic. It
is forbidden outright by the Roman Catholic Church and
only reluctantly allowed by other Christian churches and
by the Jewish community. It is discouraged in most
cases by psychiatrists, marriage counselors, and even
newspaper agony columnists. Its incidence is consid­
ered by many an index of the moral health and stability of
a society.

In spite of all of which, divorce has come to be accepted
as something that happens to the nicest people. Gone are
the days when churches excommunicated the “guilty
party” to a divorce and re-admitted him only after public
confession of sin following a decent interval during
which, it was presumed, he had come to see the heinous­
ness of his transgression. Our own circle of friends and
acquaintances includes four clergymen who have been
divorced and remarried without serious damage to their
careers.

In the light of these significant changes of attitude and
practice, it would obviously be desirable for the churches
to bring their polity and their public teaching into closer
alignment. Our present concern, however, is not with
the church, but with the state. For it is the state, much
more so than the church, which has failed to come to
terms with present realities.

We have no national divorce law. Each state deter­
mines for itself the residence time necessary to qualify
for instituting divorce proceedings and the grounds on
which a divorce may be granted. The result is that in
New York, for instance, one must have been a resident
of the state for one year and must allege adultery while
in Nevada one need only have been a resident six weeks
and may choose his grounds from a list which includes
adultery, cruelty, desertion, non-support, alcoholism,
conviction of a felony, impotency, separation without
cohabitation for a period of three years, or insanity of
two years’ duration. Note, however, that Nevada will
not grant a divorce on the grounds that the bride was
pregnant by another man at the time of the wedding.

For redress of this grievance one must apply (after meet­ing
the residence requirements) to the courts of Alabama,
Arizona, Georgia, Kansas, Kentucky, Mississippi, Mis­
ouri, New Mexico, North Carolina, Oklahoma, Tennes­
see, Virginia, or Wyoming—a distribution of states, in­
cidentally, which suggests that this sort of thing happens
only in the South and in Wyoming or, possibly, that
Yankees don’t care who got the little woman pregnant.

This would be amusing if it did not force otherwise
decent and honorable people to do indecent and dis­
honorable things to get out of a marriage which has
already ceased to exist and the termination of which
they seek only to make a matter of public record. At
the root of this barbarous business is the legal fiction
that an innocent partner to the marriage implodes the
courts to release her (or him) from grievous sufferings
and indignities inflicted by the guilty party. As a result,
one gets the absurd picture of Mrs. Ellen Borden Stev­
enson having to allege that she had suffered extreme cruelty
(although this was softened by the admission that it was
entirely mental in nature) at the hands of that gentlest
gentlemen, Adlai Stevenson. And the residency laws
produce equally absurd situations, such as the first Mrs.
Nelson Rockefeller’s pretending for something like six
weeks that she was determined to live out her days in
the Gem State of Idaho, and all because the governor
apparently had some scruples which forbade him to com­
mit the necessary adultery that would have qualified her
for a divorce in New York state.

There have been proposals to remedy these absurdi­
ties by amending the Constitution so as to empower
Congress to enact a uniform divorce law. We are reluc­
tant to support any further concessions of power from
the states to the Federal government. But we would sup­
port a simple constitutional amendment which would
provide that incompatibility, attested to by two dis­
terested witnesses professionally competent to deter­
nine it, shall be grounds for divorce in all jurisdictions.

The admission of incompatibility would make it unne­
escary for the victims of an unfortunate marriage to stig­
matize each other as either wicked or sick. The require­
ment of professional testimony would, one could hope,
encourage consultation with a counselor or clergyman
before the situation become irreversible and would at
least be a safeguard against divorce by mere mutual
consent.
The Decline of Burgoo Soup

By ALFRED R. LOOMAN

Now that man's indifference to man has begun to affect the quality of burgoo soup, it is time we took a look at what is going on. The type of indifference I am referring to is that "I'm all right, Jack" attitude which is affecting adversely any corporate action in most organizations today. Anyone who has tried to get others to serve on committees, run for office, or volunteer for work with any organization knows what I am talking about.

But to tie this in with burgoo soup, there is a small community near the town where I grew up that has held a Burgoo (the name given to any event where that soup is served) for as long as I can remember. For those unfortunates who have not tasted it, burgoo soup contains chickens, rabbits, a variety of other meats and every vegetable growing in late Summer gardens. The secret of its success is the quality of its ingredients and the long simmering process which begins the day before it is sold.

At the Burgoo in this tightly-knit community this year, two innovations made their unwelcome appearance. For one thing, instead of fresh chickens, canned chickens were used, because there were not enough men available to gather, kill, and clean fresh chickens. In addition, the ham sandwiches, once made from the best of country hams, this year contained canned ham.

I applaud the men of this community on their ability to organize an event such as this in this day and age, and I join them in deploiring the absence of fresh chickens and country hams. It is apparent that even small communities now feel the effects of this indifferent attitude which larger communities have been experiencing for years.

A short time ago I attended a church supper in a small town nearby. It was a delicious carry-in affair and it brought back memories of the days when congregations served meals on Mission Festival Sunday. I haven't heard of this practice for ages and I am sure it has disappeared from the scene years ago. The reason for serving such a meal was to accommodate those attending the morning service who came from a distance as well as the farmers who also would not be able to attend the morning service, get home and eat, and return for the afternoon service.

The ladies of the congregation excelled in these mission festival meals, since there was the matter of personal pride and some competition involved, and the serving tables in the church hall were loaded with beef, chicken, mashed potatoes and gravy, several vegetables, and a variety of cakes and pies. All the food was prepared in the hall or carried in. Not only was this convenient but it also enabled the members of the congregation to relax, talk, and get acquainted.

You may say that this was a peripheral thing and that the ladies today are engaged in more important things in the Church and in other organizations, that they are now becoming Marys instead of Marthas. Let me say, I have always had a warm spot in my heart for the Marthas of this world (and their male counterparts) and have long felt they have been short-changed. I am not aiming my remarks at the women, though they are more difficult to interest in projects than they once were, but they are still 100% better than the men when it comes to accepting responsibility in organizations. And any organization that is composed of both men and women is one in which the women will do most of the work.

To those who now say they don't want to get together with large groups anymore or work on such projects, I would answer, you don't know what you are missing. Working together for a cause is highly therapeutic and those who gain the most are those who do the work, not the recipients of the results.

Get a group working together, whether it is women in the church kitchen or men clearing land for a community project, and you have conversation. It is a great form of group therapy, for in this informal conversation one's problems come up rather naturally and get talked out. People working together tend to care more for one another and become generally more concerned for the welfare of those around them. And working with a group and for a cause gives a person a sense of identity and a feeling of belonging. It's a sure thing there were fewer people going off their rocker in the days when working together was more prevalent than there are today.

We are losing a sense of community little by little and we are being forced to give up many worthwhile projects which required concerted action by a large number of persons in an organization. Part of the problem is that too many want to shut themselves up in their homes and view the boob tube seven nights a week when they would feel considerably better if they gave one of those nights to help someone else. In our selfishness we are losing far more than we ever bargained for when we began this trend toward isolation and the concomitant indifference to our fellow man.
I confess that there are certain terms that somehow put me off and leave me with a vague uneasiness. Though I use them, I am never as sure as I should be about what they mean. "Existentialism" is a modern term in this category; "scholastism" and "humanism" are older examples. But they do not have to be "isms," to have this uncomfortable, deadening affect. The word "culture" is a formidable example. I would be willing to guess that half of our college students—and no small part of our college faculties—will avoid a book, an essay, or a lecture with the word "culture" in it.

That is the way I myself felt to begin with about the word. But after a time I realized that it was a useful term, with no exact equivalents, and so I tried to use it neutrally. That is what I propose to do here.

For me it represents not only one complex of associations but two. I want to use it in both senses. I want to use the word, first of all, as the anthropologist does. To him it means the entire sum of man's social activity. To him culture is the cake of custom, the cake in which we find ourselves. When the cultural anthropologist returned to this country he briefed the OSS men and thereafter they did their duty without flinching. The Yugoslavians, so the story goes, came over to our side and we won the war and, so the story says, lived happily ever after. The moral is cultural.

The instances I have given are minor but the issues themselves are major ones. For the differences in culture are great and pervasive and include scales of value. What is important to one country may not be to another. What seems trivial to an American may seem vital to an Italian. A restaurant meal in London certainly tastes different from one in Rome.

The conclusion is inescapable that there are national characteristics. I know that they are customarily oversimplified and I know that they are not held in common by all the nationals in a given country. I know that in my own country there are rich Americans and poor ones, black Americans and white ones, old Americans and young ones, eastern Americans and midwestern ones. But our time is so limited that we must use a kind of shorthand, intellectually speaking, and talk as if all Americans were alike, all Italians alike, and so on.

**Britannia Waives Our Rules**

That these national characteristics do exist, most people would agree. The scientist would probably admit it as readily as the man in the street. What most of us do not realize is how far-ranging the cultural differences are. Even in the country closest to ours, England, the differences are formidable. They are partly concealed from us by the similarities of our two languages and by the fact that the major variations come in the value systems—and value systems are the most difficult cultural characteristics to comprehend and describe.

Again I believe an example might help us. When I lived in England two of my daughters went to a British private/public school for girls which was called Wimbledon High School. In the junior year—in the fifth form, as the British put it—the most important social event is always the big spring dance. It is the nearest thing to

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*This is the gist of the talk given at Valparaiso University on April 18 in the series "Toward the Year 2000." underwritten by a grant from the Aid Association for Lutherans.*
the Junior Prom which is still held in many an American high school. Certainly some of you remember it well, not only the dance but the epic preparations that preceded it. Usually you decorated the gymnasium according to a theme and you worked night and day, including the whole night before the Prom, to finish the decorating. The theme was usually something exotic. “Jungle Eves,” perhaps, or “Neptune’s Cavern” or “A Trip to Hawaii.” What do you think the theme was for the dance at Wimbledon? It was the International Geophysical Year. If that does not illustrate a cultural difference I do not know what does.

This difference extends to other levels of British education as well. It extends to the university system. Some of you will go abroad and find that foreign scholars are apt to condescend to American higher education. I believe that they are making a great mistake. Not that our colleges and universities are perfect—far from it— but they represent a basic principle which differs from the European one. The British principle, along with that of the Continent, is that a very good education should be given to a very few people, with the rest shifting for themselves in various ways. The American principle is that a mediocre college education should be given to a great many people. Who is to say that our principle is not better for us? Ours is a democratic education designed for a democracy.

I should also say that as the nations of the world slowly come closer together, England and America above all, they learn from one another in a very good sense. For the British education is becoming less undemocratic—the British are doubling the number of their universities—and ours is becoming less undiscriminating. It is harder to get into college now by far than it was for the generation of your parents. And when you get there you have to work harder. Most important, since the days when Sputnik dealt a blow to our educational complacency, hard work is respected as it never was before. There always was a strain of anti-intellectualism in American colleges and universities. The good student was treated with amiable scorn while the athlete was idolized. It still happens; how many of you here can name last year’s valedictorian as quickly as you can name last year’s football captain? But not as much. My point is that things are altering to a degree, and in this way international cultural exchange is doing us a remarkable service.

Ultimately we may adopt the best elements of all education, throughout the world, and come up with a compendium of the best. England and America may meet halfway, and the educational utopia may be found in Atlantis. There is also the risk that we may interchange the worst elements, with a universal cheapening as the result. But not, I think, if we remain on guard.

Who Won What War?

This educational exchange must come on all levels and in ways that we do not yet think about enough. It must come in programs, courses, methods of teaching and studying; it must come in materials. It must begin early and it must never end. It must start with kindergarten, in fact, for some of the most enduring attitudes we have are inculcated early. Some of the most permanent teachings come when we are little. We start by firmly believing what our teachers tell us. In first grade our attitude is one of infinite trust. It diminishes slowly but steadily and by the time we are seniors in college it is almost if not quite one of steady skepticism. We continue even longer to believe the textbooks that we read. This happens to be an equally unfortunate mistake, as I realized most recently in scanning a report on the differences in the treatment of American history in British and American schoolbooks.

The report was prepared by the British Association for American Studies, whose meetings I have attended. Their committee took three key issues, the role of the British and the Americans in three wars. These were the Revolutionary War, the War of 1812, and World War I. The treatment was often so biased, depending on the nationality of the writer, that the committee sometimes wondered if everyone was writing about the same war. The schoolbooks prepared for American schools describe a revolution in which our colonial patriots were always motivated by unselfish aims, in which we won almost every battle, and in which Washington was our peerless leader. The British report otherwise. To put it succinctly, their books report that the British never lost the war—they simply got tired and went home.

The treatment of the War of 1812 is equally remarkable. For our part, we merely mention that we are beaten in our attempt to conquer Canada and that our record on land was one of consistent defeat. We make much of the fact that the British burned part of Washington but nothing of the fact that we burned part of York. We concentrate on the naval victories and spend a good deal of space on the dauntless American naval heroes and the way they fought off the impressment of American seamen and the tyranny of the British battleships. The British see the record otherwise. To them the War of 1812 was a minor engagement during the massive struggles with Napoleon. In fact one British textbook interprets it as a stab in the back to the British while they were fighting for their life against the Corsican Tyrant.

And then there is World War I. We Americans are taught that we helped mightily to win the war even if we did not do the whole job alone. We generally picture ourselves as turning the tide and giving vital help to our tired allies. Some American textbooks fail to mention the British and French forces in certain of the major battles. One book does a particularly neat job of distortion. It prints a map with only American forces shown on it. The British for their part see us as coming in during the final few months of the war, coming in with too little and considerably too late to be of much help. They agree that we were in on the kill; they agree that we were useful in our way, but that is about all.

November 1966
You see the importance of the problem. We all incline to believe our early teachers and our early textbooks—some of you in fact still believe all you read—and that belief is imbedded so deep within us that it never is eradicated. We have been taught that Americans are always right and the foreigners who oppose us are always wrong; and we feel in our hearts that it is true. The result, especially in American foreign policy, can be catastrophic.

The President of the United States suffers from the same difficulty as the rest of us, for he very probably still believes what he learned in school as a boy. Like us he still feels that American actions come from noble aims. Like us he still feels aggrieved when other countries misunderstand and misinterpret us.

from noble aims. Like us he still feels that American actions come from noble aims. Like us he still feels aggrieved when other countries misunderstand and misinterpret us, whether in Berlin or Saigon or Brazzaville. There is much re-education for cultural exchange to do.

How to Counteract the Trib

This is especially so, I am sorry to say, in the Midwest. I come from the Midwest and I still carry with me some of the isolationism I learned from childhood on. I am still suspicious of the East, of Washington and New York, and I still believe that the Midwest is the heart of America. I still have friends who live in "Chicagoland" and believe what they read in the Chicago Tribune. Valparaiso is on the edge of "Chicagoland" and I am certain that the Tribune still has influential apostles here. It is a newspaper that has made xenophobia pay and its contribution to international misunderstanding must be considerable.

What can we do about all this? How can we move toward a kind of cultural millennium in the year 2000? At the least, how can we learn more than we have now? What can each one of us do to understand—and then appreciate—cultural differences?

The best method is living in another country. That is the optimum. Most of us cannot; and the next best method is to visit it. It is popular now to sneer at tourism. I do not. I know that you cannot really see London, Oxford, and Cambridge, and perhaps Windsor, in one day without a good deal of stress and strain on human flesh. But there is something to be said for trying anyway. It is better than nothing, and I hope that all of you here have traveled and will travel much more. One of the clearest ways, furthermore, of determining one's own identity is to go to another country. In America if you talk about yourself as an American, it has a faintly sentimental touch—not quite apologetic but with reminiscences of the Lions roaring at their luncheon club, the Rotarians spinning around, and the Kiwanians doing whatever the Kiwanians do. All of the things which are summed up in the American Legion, of which I am a member, cause in many of us an automatic and slightly skeptical reaction. But when you go to another country and you find that somehow you are saddled with the personal responsibility for being American, you have to defend things you thought you never would have to. In the process you find your own identity. You discover that there are such things as American ideas, and American customs, and American habits and ways of life. This is not to say necessarily that they are better or worse than those of other countries, but their discovery is a great aid in your search for self-identity.

It is true that this is the kind of quest that can be spoiled by sentimentality, spoiled almost sometimes in a Hemingway sense by talking about it. This is the kind of quest, nevertheless, that is of great importance. Who are you? What do you signify? These are things that being abroad in another country will help you to realize. I cannot talk about the Far East or about Africa, never having lived there. It is obvious to me, though, even as a stranger that the chances of identifying oneself would be even greater there because of the striking, dramatic differences in culture. But a trip across the ocean will be enough, or down south to Mexico for that matter.

Now let me turn to the second aspect of culture, the aspect that in the jargon of my trade is called "high culture." An unfortunate term also, but we have not invented a better one. Here we refer to literature and the arts.

The Rewards of Difference

There is an enormous amount for us to learn about the literature and arts of other countries as other countries can learn from us. When I was in Great Britain I tried to help with the understanding of American high culture; and it was remarkable to see how little was understood in spite of the fact that we share a more or less common language and the ocean is not so very broad.

I visited nearly all the British universities and ended by lecturing on literature at about two-thirds of them. Of our twentieth century American literature the students were well aware. But nineteenth century literature, with some of our greatest figures—Thoreau, Hawthorne, Melville, Mark Twain and others—was largely unknown to them. I can recall one student who assumed automatically that Edgar Allan Poe was an Englishman because he had appeared in a selection in a British textbook. I went once to the great library at Oxford, the Bodleian, to check its holdings of nineteenth century American poets. I was both shocked and amused. I found more poems there, more books of poems, by Ella Wheeler Wilcox than by any other American poet who wrote before 1900! Recently, I am happy to report, things are much better and the holdings in classic American literature, both early and late, have grown considerably. This is true not only for the Bodleian but also for other important British libraries.

For the British to know something of American literature and for us to know something of English literature is important. And I mean to know and not merely to have taken a course in it. For in spite of our common cultural inheritance, the difference between English and American literature continues to be great; and a study of the difference is often richly rewarding.
Take the case of poetry. Much of current American poetry is knotted into obscurity and distorted into incomprehensibility. This is done on purpose and often. I feel, reflects the kind of incomprehensible universe the American poet thinks he inhabits. Another characteristic of current American poetry is its extravagance. It is epitomized by a poem written about ten years ago by one of the wildest of the now nearly forgotten Beat poets, Allen Ginsberg. It is called “Howl” and it is well named. In it Ginsberg howls and raves and rants. But I do not know of a single contemporary English poet who howls. The British poet is apt to speak in accents that are deliberate and measured; his tone is apt to be even. His meaning, moreover, is apt to be clear, at least on the surface. He is best represented by Philip Larkin, and Larkin never rants or raves or speaks in accents of Delphic incomprehensibility.

The differences between British and American fiction are not as great but they too exist. Perhaps the most striking illustration is that the sequence novel is popular over there and almost unheard of over here. This is a group of novels which deals with some of the same characters in each volume and, taken together, constitutes a unity. Early in this century there was John Galsworthy’s “Forsyte Saga” as a prime example; in our time Henry Williamson, Anthony Powell, and C. P. Snow have all written a sequence of novels, with Powell’s “Music of Time” group and Snow’s “Strangers and Brothers” group as the ones we know best in America. But such novels from American authors have been rare. James Farrell wrote two groups, both set in Chicago, and William Faulkner wrote something of a sequence group in his Yoknapatawpha novels. Aside from these two novelists there are few if any others on the American scene who attempt this form.

From a literary exchange we can enjoy and learn at the same time. We can relish the literature and, if we do it judiciously, learn more about life. We can deepen our understanding. What I have said about the experience that a foreign literature can give us holds as well, of course, for foreign music and art. Again, both sides benefit from the exchange. We have much to give as well as to receive.

Note to Students

I come now to the further application of what I have been saying. I come to the question of what you yourself can profitably do next. I begin with your own courses on campus here.

I do not know how many of you are in foreign language and area studies. I realize that such studies are often best undertaken in a state university, in a very large university, and that what you do here at Valparaiso is to concentrate on a liberal-arts education and to concentrate on it effectively. But there are other things besides the courses. I think that it would be worthwhile for you to be especially aware of the Fulbright Program of foreign fel-

lowships for one thing. Apply for it. I know, of course, that many apply and few are chosen. But you cannot be chosen if you do not apply. There are the Rhodes scholarships. Those are for men only. They give you three years at Oxford University, and a remarkable experience it is. You may shiver in winter but notwithstanding you gain a kind of education and social understanding that is almost irreplaceable. For the men students and the women both, I should like to mention something new since World War II—the Marshall scholarships, given by the British government after World War II in honor of General George C. Marshall. These give you either two or three years in any British university, if you win one, even though the pressure on enrollment in British universities is enormous. With a Marshall scholarship too, you can go ahead and work in what I think is a really remarkable experience.

We all know about the Peace Corps. I think it is the best idea we have had from our government for many years. The Peace Corps is a possibility for you too. Then there are AID programs and other things which your advisers can tell you about.

I would think that the year after you graduate and perhaps the year or two following that would be an ideal time for this kind of cultural, or cross-cultural, education. Later on, as statistics show, many of you will be married. Babies will appear promptly, and you will add your bit to proving that the middle class is not dying but increasing, that we are fruitful and that we multiply. If you think you can take little children to Europe and do it comfortably, you are a bolder person, a bolder parent, than most of us. So now is the time to go overseas.

You will find that the government agencies are on your side. The Fulbright is a government program, you should remember, paid for partly by taxpayers’ money and partly by currencies that accumulated when we sold World War II materials and surplus. You should know more about the agencies that have to do with foreign exchange. This is part of your duty as an enlightened citizen. And I think that this is worth stressing today because the two agencies which deal most with intercultural exchange are the least potent of the departments. They are very vulnerable. One is the Department of State. It has few friends in Washington. The Department of Agriculture has a powerful lobby; the Department of Commerce does too. So do nearly all of the others. They have their constituencies.

But who cares about the Department of State? I am sure if you asked someone in Valparaiso or Milwaukee or Chicago what the Department of State did, the answer would be, it has something to do with state government.

The other relevant and important agency is the U.S. Information Agency. I think you should know that by law the U.S. Information Agency is forbidden to show to the American people what it does. This is partly because there was a fear in Congress that it would create American propaganda. But this is an agency we would
have to invent if it did not exist already. The British have it, in a sense; the Russians do; the Chinese do. Its job in part is to make it easier for American culture to be observed, and we hope appreciated, abroad. The other thing it does is to send out our news reports to the foreign capitals and foreign countries. Some of this reporting is supposedly propaganda; notwithstanding, this is an agency that you should be aware of and should support. The USIA cannot offer you a fellowship or scholarship but it can perhaps offer you a job in a foreign country. It is a better possibility for a job than the Department of State, in fact. It has its share of hardship posts but it too can give you a unique experience.

We should not, however, overlook the possibilities closest at hand. My guess is that Valparaiso itself has scholarships and fellowships for foreign travel and education. Not many, I suspect, but I am sure that however many or few there are now, more will be coming. And not only for experience in friendly or neutral countries but also behind the Iron Curtain. Such experience is highly important. I know that normally colleges and universities, including my own, regard going to Communist countries as a luxury. I think this is a mistake because we are heading toward a time when we will become if not one world, then two worlds, either two great partners or two bitter antagonists. I myself want one world. I know it is true that war has always been with us. But never before has man’s capability for ending his total existence been as formidable as it is now. This is a cliche. It bores some of you, probably. You have grown up with it; and yet it is true. So I suggest to you that the machinery, the programs, and the personnel that help to make for international understanding are not merely a cliche. They are something we must help and foster. If we do not, we face destruction.

There are some things working on our side, culturally. I talked awhile ago to the novelist, C. P. Snow. He had come back from an extensive trip through Russia. He said he thought that the Russian heartland was as close, psychologically, to the American Midwest as anything he had ever seen. There were similarities. He found, for one thing, a kind of pride, a localism, that reminded me of the isolationism that has largely but not completely disappeared even in the Midwest. In Russia it remains and is still enormously important there. But Snow’s forecast was that by 1975 the Russians and the Americans would be in close alliance against the Peking Chinese. Was he right? I am not sure. But I really think that the only way we can control events is to put ourselves out of ourselves, to be objective, and that to see what it means to be American but also what it means to be Russian or Chinese, or Ghanaian, or whatever it might be, is through cultural exchange and cultural observation and then to act. This is the way in which we must head toward the year 2000. How can it be otherwise?

**Caveat**

I have been urging the virtues and benefits—indeed the dire necessity—of cultural internationalism. I do not want to end without noting that it has its dangers too. One is the danger that we will go so far that we will blandly homogenize all national cultures. Everybody will act and feel alike. This, however, is a danger for the dim future. I do not believe that it can happen soon. But there is another danger whose many evidences already surround us. I do not think it is crucial but it makes me uncomfortable.

It is the fact that somehow cultural interchange sometimes exports the shoddiest elements in a culture instead of the finest. We export our worst music instead of our best, our worst television instead of our best. I watched television while I lived in England and saw a type of Gresham’s Law operate in which the bad American programs drove out the good. Understand, no one made the British networks buy our sex-and-violence shows; all I am saying is that the worst were selected.

But these two dangers are not formidable. Clearly, I think, the advantages of cultural exchange outweigh the disadvantages. If we get to the year 2000 it will be in part by taking seriously those cliches I have cited about international understanding. They will help us to appreciate the contributions and characteristics of American culture and of the many other cultures of the globe. They will bring us closer to realizing the brotherhood of man. They will, with luck, make ours a better country by the end of the century.

Many sweat a great deal about how they can make James and Paul agree. Even Philip [Melanchthon] tried it in the Apology, although not seriously. The statements “Faith justifies,” “Faith does not justify” are contradictory. If anyone can make them tally, I will give him my cap, and let him call me a fool.

—Martin Luther, *Table Talk* 3, No. 3293a, 1533 (WA)
Today Americans are conscious, more than ever before, that the most significant development in their modern history has been the national transition from an agrarian, rural society to an industrial, urban one. This industrialization was revolutionary, not in the sense of being a sudden occurrence, for some of its aspects had been long present in America, but rather in its consequences for American society, for the great social, economic, and cultural changes, dislocations, and tensions that stemmed from it. It is the continuity of response to these stresses in the form of reform enterprise that is the theme of this essay. Some responses were positive in the sense that they were based on an acceptance of the new order and on a desire to convert America into a new urban civilization; others were negative and offered hostility and resistance to industrialization as they reaffirmed the ideals and values of an agrarian America. This is a point of view which recognizes that the majority of people are profoundly conservative and that they change their habits of life and thought only with great reluctance and under considerable stress.

During the decades following the Civil War the tempo of industrial development accelerated greatly. A trend toward bigness seemed to be the inevitable result. This change was largely due to technological advancements in communication, in transportation, in the production of steel, and in the refining of petroleum. Large scale production, in turn, required corresponding changes in the forms of business organization and finance.

In this onrush toward bigness the individual seemed to get lost in the shuffle. In an agrarian America, with its ideal of the yeoman farmer and independent craftsman, society had been organized on an intensely individualistic basis. As industrialization continued apace individual response became increasingly ineffective; the only recourse for great numbers of Americans seemed to lie in collective action, that through the organization of like-minded individuals group goals could be achieved. Such collective responses to industrialism may be seen in the activity of businessmen, farmers, immigrant groups, laboring men, and the new urban middle class.

How the Groups Responded

The response of the businessman was, by and large, a positive one. He sensed the direction in which America was moving and, instead of hampering this trend, he attempted to saddle it, direct it, and spur it on. This is not to say that the business community had a conscious, deliberate, or planned program of action, for businessmen were often in disagreement as to specific goals and the means of attaining them. Yet the trend toward bigness required new forms of business organization, forms which allowed for collective action beyond the resources of single individuals. Thus the corporation underwent great development; pools, trusts, interlocking directors, and finally holding companies were created, along with corresponding arrangements in finance capitalism.

In the field of politics these big businessmen were, in a very real sense, radicals. They sought and quickly won control of the Republican party as a means to recreate America in their own image, to transform America from a predominantly agrarian land into an industrial giant. These men became the new power elite of American society. Through tariff legislation, favorable banking and currency laws, and lavish subsidies for transportation systems the national government, under Republican leadership, lent massive support to industrialization and abetted rapid and radical change in the structure of American society.

Among the social groups that sharply felt the effects of industrialization were the farmers. While they welcomed the machinery and transportation systems that enabled them to settle unprecedented stretches of land, particularly on the Great Plains, they found it difficult to accept the overproduction and depression that were also, at least in part, the results of industrialization. Feeling like helpless pawns in the clutches of "robber barons" and the government they controlled, farmers increasingly turned to collective action through the Grange, farmers' alliances, unions, and cooperatives to gain redress for their grievances. Ordinarily the farmers remained loyal to the established political parties even though they had done little for them during the post-Civil War years. Finally, however, many of them vented their discontent in the establishment of the Populist party of the early 1890's. Enjoying widespread support in the agricultural West and South, the leaders of this movement sought to restore America to the agrarian virtues of a bygone day. Their vision of America was Arcadia in the tradition of Thomas Jefferson; their response to industrialization was largely negative, in spite of the fact that they advocated a variety of radical political reforms to achieve their ends. The list of Populist proposals is familiar: currency reform, income tax, postal savings banks, government ownership of railroads and
the telegraph, the secret ballot, initiative and referendum, direct election of senators, and restriction of undesirable immigration. Meanwhile the city, most clearly the product of industrialization, had become the symbol of evil, the source of political corruption, financial manipulation, and moral dissolution, the home of strange religions, strange ideologies, and strange people.

Yet the strange peoples also felt trapped. Having in many cases fled the economic construction of village life in the Old World, the immigrants pursued the promise of a better life in the New. In the earlier decades following the Civil War large numbers were able to make their way to the farmlands of the West, but as the process of industrialization continued an increasingly large proportion of this mass of humanity had no choice but to remain in the great cities and to find a slot in the great industrial complex of the United States. Caught up in the complexities of an utterly strange land, the immigrants also turned to group organization. They naturally clustered together in urban and sometimes rural ghettos founded on cultural bases. Here they formed a wide variety of immigrant societies and, in the political sphere, became the keystone of the frequently corrupt urban machine. Because they did not share the heritage of Anglo-Saxon Protestant America, their sense of frustration and outrage, usually inarticulate, ran deep; sometimes it was attracted to the more radical solutions of the communists, socialists, and anarchists. Despite the fact that in the cities of the East and Midwest the foreign born were usually in a majority, their protests were fragmented along ethnic lines and therefore ineffectual, except when they exchanged loyalty to the political machine in return for immediate and personal gain.

But the immigrant peoples were not the only source of recruits for the new industrial proletariat. Large numbers of people streamed to the cities from the rural areas to join the descendants of the old artisan or craftsman class of workers. The latter group in particular felt the loss of individuality as they were caught up in the wage system; they became the nucleus for labor’s group response to industrialism, the union. Early efforts at union organization, like the National Labor Union and the Knights of Labor, sought to restore the Jacksonian ideal of the individual entrepreneur, a status that was eroding under the impact of industrialism. Negative in conception, this response was abortive. In contrast, the later American Federation of Labor was predicated upon an acceptance of the new order, upon the assumption that it was possible for labor to improve its lot within the structure of the wage system of industrial capitalism. Thus it enjoyed a significant measure of success. Yet labor as a whole was frustrated in its aspirations. The animosities rooted in foreign or nativist origins were too deep to unite industrial laborers for effective political action.

Another product of industrialization was the new urban middle class. As salaried office workers and sales people, lesser managers and professional people, they held jobs that were largely nonexistent in an agrarian, rural society. Yet the great majority of them came from the country and shared with the farmers traditions of Anglo-Saxon Protestantism and ideals of individualism and laissez-faire politics. Like the business elite with whom they often identified themselves and to whose ranks they aspired, the members of the middle class accepted the new urban civilization. Yet they were hardly confident of their place in the new social structure.

Smaller industrial and commercial competitors who had been squeezed out in the sweep to bigness felt particularly fearful. On the one hand they feared the great economic and political power concentrated in the hands of the few above; on the other they felt threatened by the immigrant masses below. When the two combined, as they did in the case of the urban political machine, the new middle class felt that their interests had to be guaranteed. This could be accomplished in a variety of ways. First of all, the combination itself had to be destroyed through extensive reform of the political process. Among the proposals designed to accomplish this end were the initiative, referendum, recall, direct primaries, secret ballot, short ballot, and other measures they hoped would break the power of the political bosses who, in turn, were tools of the business elite. Secondly, the excessive concentration of power in the hands of the few could be broken through an attack on the trusts and other monopolistic combinations. Thirdly, the urban immigrant masses who formed the basis for political corruption could be checked through such organizations as the superpatriotic Daughters of the American Revolution, the anti-Catholic American Protective Association, and the Immigrant Restriction Society.

In other respects the response of the middle class was notably different from that of the immigrants and the agrarians. Not nearly so much concerned with delaying creditors or with the problems of being ill-fed, ill-clothed, and ill-housed, the middle class placed heavy emphasis on the moral content of reform. They looked upon themselves as the custodians of America’s conscience, as the repository of traditional American values and attitudes. They stoutly defended America against foreign ideologies and all heresies against the American political creed. And they did battle against sin — gambling, drink, prostitution, “boodle” and other forms of political bribery and corruption — usually, it must be added, without getting at the causes of either the sin or the political heresy.

In a summary view, the responses of the several major groups of American society fall into three categories: reactionary, conservative, and what may be called radical. The first of these embodies a call for reforms which would restore America to conditions of the past. Most prominent among these were the Populists, who, by employing radical means, hoped to return to an agrarian society in which the sturdy, independent yeoman prevailed. Similarly, early labor leaders sought the restoration of the independent craftsman.
The second category of reform is that of the conservative who recognizes that the clock cannot be turned back and who makes his peace with the new industrialized civilization. Particularly strong among the middle class, this position calls for the retention of the old goals of individualism, free competition, equality of opportunity, and for the maintenance of the traditional standards of morality. Both Wilson's New Freedom and Theodore Roosevelt's New Nationalism fall within this category. The former placed greater emphasis on the traditional goals and standards in its opposition to class legislation while the latter emphasized the necessity for government regulation and welfare legislation.

The third rubric of reform called for a total acceptance of the new order in all of its implications. This meant that the ideals and values of an individualistic society were to be abandoned for the collectivist concepts that seemed to be the natural consequences of the new order. This was a call for a radical restructuring of society; its appeal was naturally strongest among those whose attachment to the traditional values was weakest. Thus anarchism, communism, and especially socialism attracted support among urban immigrant groups, reaching its high point in 1912, when the American Socialist Party attracted nearly 900,000 votes, or 6 per cent of the total number cast.

Yet certain members of the middle class also heeded the call of the radical, as can be seen in the enthusiastic support they gave to Edward Bellamy's Nationalism. Although thoroughly socialist and anti-capitalist in its program, this reform enterprise resembled an urban version of Populism in its conception of society as a mass of individuals instead of a collection of groups. Thereby the Nationalists rejected the concept of the class struggle which is common to socialist reform.

Social Darwinism and Its Consequences

The same kinds of responses are to be seen, in a general way, in the effect of scientific thought in American society. Science generally provided contrapuntal themes to the *cantus firmus* of industrialism. Most striking in its consequences was Darwinism. When Herbert Spencer and William Graham Sumner applied the principles of evolutionary thought to society, the business elite quickly appropriated their ideas as the rationale of laissez-faire capitalism. Social Darwinism was beguiling. Spencer had insisted that only those individuals who adapted to change could really succeed in the social struggle for existence. Spencer's synthesis enabled the elite to retain the rhetoric of nineteenth century liberalism as they sought the political means to achieve the new industrial order. Yet the overwhelming experience of countless individuals had demonstrated the ineffectiveness of the individual response; labor, farmers, immigrants, and the business elite themselves, all had discovered that collective action was necessary. Clearly Social Darwinism was a philosophy only for those who succeeded.

Evolutionary thought was also applied to religion. Appearing in the form of higher criticism, it affected the value system of conservatives in all classes. At first scientists as well as theologians announced that science and religion were irreconcilable; one had to make a choice between the two. Agrarian America generally decided, in that case, to choose religion. The response of the orthodox was both negative and positive: widespread heresy hunting, especially among Protestant seminary professors, was concurrent with a reaffirmation of old-time religion coupled with a rejection of the new order. The latter trend was particularly apparent in the evangelistic revivalism of Dwight Moody.

However, other people accommodated completely and chose science. Again, the response was both negative and positive: Robert Ingersoll, for example, became famous for his attacks on Christianity while the Free Religious Association typified an urban-based desire for a new ethical religion not in conflict with science. More significant, however, was the conservative response of the middle class. Led by Henry Ward Beecher, Washington Gladden, and Walter Rauschenbusch, among others, these clergymen effectuated a new synthesis based on reconciliation with the new findings. While retaining faith in miracles and supernaturalism, they adapted Christianity to evolution by making it God's way of creation. With an abiding faith in the theory of progress, they believed with Lester Ward that society could and should be changed. Christ, they preached, came to establish a new environment as well as to save souls for heaven. These beliefs thus became the foundation for a widespread program of reform called the Social Gospel.

While the Social Gospel was favorably received by great numbers of the urban middle class, rural America tended to remain traditionally orthodox and suspicious of this urban solution. The immigrant groups in their ghettos were also relatively untouched by the movement, except to the extent that they received the ministrations of the social workers at Hull House and other similar agencies. But for the middle class, acceptance of the Social Gospel smoothed the way for similar modifications in other areas: the classical structure of philosophy, economics, jurisprudence, history, and literature, all tended to give way to new pragmatic formulations derived from an acceptance of conditions as they actually existed in the new industrial order.

By the time Theodore Roosevelt became President of the United States, calls for reform had come from all the major groups of American society. Some were reaction ary, others frankly socialistic; some were based on narrow, selfish ground, others on broader humanitarian or moral grounds; some were political, others socioeconomic. The reform goals of one group were sometimes in conflict with the interests of others. Some reforms had limited appeal while others cut across the social pattern. But none of these appeals was strong enough or broad.
enough to encompass the full sweep of reform. They were as diverse as American society. Despite the fact that most voices of protest were united in the suspicion that big business was at the root of their troubles, they could find no vehicle to translate their reforms into legislation. Both major political parties seemed to be controlled by the business elite, the class that had led America on the road to industrialism.

Occasionally the Republican party had been instrumental in passing mild reform legislation such as civil service or the Sherman Anti-Trust law. But the few teeth to be found in these measures were quickly pulled by the Supreme Court, whose public philosophy coincided with that of big business. The Democratic party, meanwhile, was captured by the Bryan wing in 1896 under the stress of economic depression. But these agrarian Democrats were too narrow in their appeal to become the party of reform for all groups. They made a strong but ineffective pitch to labor and the middle class, but the Republicans under McKinley swept to greater victories than ever before.

Thus it appeared that one or the other party could initiate a program of reform only in consequence of a national crisis more severe than any that had occurred, or in consequence of a political accident. The latter happened twice: first, when an assassin’s bullet elevated Theodore Roosevelt to the powers of the presidency, and secondly, when Roosevelt chose William Howard Taft as his successor, an error in judgment which led to the election of Woodrow Wilson in 1912.

T. R.

Theodore Roosevelt was a product of urban civilization and very much of a moralist. Strongly influenced by the Social Gospel, he resembled the “soft” or “reform” type of Darwinist and therefore held a positive view of government. He was a political moderate who rejected both the reactionary and the radical calls for reform. His goals were essentially superficial. In the first place, he wanted to end the corruption which formed the nexus between the business elite and the politician and his immigrant based political machine; secondly, he sought to return the reigns of government to the “good guys” like himself; and finally, he hoped to use the powers of government to control the abuses of big business.

While TR was strongest in his appeal to the middle class he was able to draw together the diversity of reform enterprise under his exceptional leadership. By expanding the powers of the presidency and applying them in new ways, by capitalizing on popular reform sentiment, Roosevelt became the champion of the people against the power of the trusts. The Republican party, much against the will of some of its leaders, had been transformed into a vehicle of moderate reform.

The list of accomplishments was impressive: the suit against the Northern Securities Company and the others which followed, the settlement of the anthracite coal strike, the passage of the Elkins Act and the Hepburn Act, the Pure Food and Drug Act and the Meat Inspection Act, his conservation policies, all were effecting reform on the national level while Progressive sentiment on state and local levels was securing the initiative, referendum, recall, primary elections, ballot reforms, commission and city manager forms of urban government, and other strong doses of democracy designed to cure the ills of democracy.

Roosevelt’s biggest mistake was to fail in his choice of a successor. Taft, as a member of TR’s team, had given intellectual assent to the reform movement. But his heart was not in it, with the consequence that under Taft the Republican party rapidly lost its reform character and reverted to the leadership of the business elite. Upon his return from hunting lions and tigers and from arguing with the Pope, Roosevelt sought to wrest control of the party from his erstwhile protege. Failing in this he chose to split the party and to run for the presidency on a Progressive party ticket with its New Nationalist platform. In the process he enabled the Democratic party to win the White House for the first time in twenty years.

Wilson

Roosevelt might well have succeeded in his plan, had the Democrats remained true to form in 1912. Long dominated by either the Bryan agrarians or Bourbon regulars, the Democratic party slipped into the control of Woodrow Wilson, the capable, articulate spokesman for the New Freedom, who had created a progressive, reformist image for himself as governor of New Jersey. With the advantage of a split Republican party, Wilson was able to forge a successful coalition of reform elements. He won the presidency and went on to lead Congress in the enactment of New Freedom legislation: the Underwood Tariff, the creation of the Federal Reserve System, the Clayton Act, and others of a series of laws designed to promote and protect the equality of economic opportunity.

Wilson recognized the likelihood that the Republican party would be reunited in 1916 and that, in order to be re-elected, he would have to attract a great many of TR’s 1912 votes: he also became increasingly aware of the inadequacy of the New Freedom as a reform program. Thus he began to abandon his laissez-faire principles and to push for social and economic reforms in the spirit of the New Nationalism. The Federal Trade Commission, LaFollette’s Seamen’s Act, the Adamson Act, the Federal Farm Loan Act, the Smith-Lever and the Smith-Hughes Acts are among the reform laws which followed. The federal government had finally come to legislate in terms of group interests instead of individuals, in terms of many groups instead of a single group interest. The leviathan state, clearly the product of industrialization, had come into its own.
The Twenties

But the Democratic party continued to be the minority party of American politics. The coalition which made a president of Wilson was but temporary. Under the impact of war and the disillusionment which followed it, American political behavior returned to normal. Thus, in the election of 1920, Harding’s slogan of “Back to Normalcy” was more than corrupted English. As the American people returned to their usual preoccupation with local and domestic issues, the reform coalition broke into its diverse component parts. The temper of reform could not be sustained psychologically during the early twenties. Reform thrives best in an atmosphere of enthusiasm, a quality that hardly describes the postwar materialistic prosperity. Many with local and domestic issues, the reform coalition broke into its diverse component parts. The temper of reform could not be sustained psychologically during the early twenties. Reform thrives best in an atmosphere of enthusiasm, a quality that hardly describes the postwar American mood. Paradoxically, the spirit of reform was also vitiated by success. Many voices of protest were silenced as America sought and gained new levels of materialistic prosperity. Many “have-nots” were able to swell the ranks of the “haves.”

Industrialism triumphed during the Twenties. It was apparent that Americans could never go back to the “good old days” or rural, Protestant, Anglo-Saxon society with its cherished ideals. Bigness had won out and Americans were busily enjoying the benefits of the new collectivised, urban civilization. The Bureau of the Census revealed the big change by reporting that in 1920 more than fifty per cent of Americans lived in communities of 2500 or more. Evermore a people of plenty, Americans turned enthusiastically to the radio, the automobile, the movies, and other marks of the new technological culture.

While prosperity unquestionably subdued reform enterprise during the postwar years, some voices of protest were as strident as ever. But there was no leader capable of harmonizing the cacophony of dissent. Theodore Roosevelt was dead and Wilson had been forced from office by illness. As in the Populist era, neither political party was capable of structuring and executing a program of reform.

The big businessman was returned to power during the Twenties, if, indeed, he had ever lost it. Yet he never actually understood the wonder which he had wrought in transforming America. Surrounded by institutions of collective action and consolidation, he continued to look upon government in the interest of the business community as the best guarantee for the preservation of economic individualism and equality of economic opportunity. Representatives of other groups agreed with him. Those farmers who had successfully made the transition to big agriculture saw a community of interest. Educators and preachers joined the chorus of praise for big business as a promoter of ethical and humanitarian values. But it was the urban middle class in particular that wholeheartedly embraced the new business civilization. As many as could played the stock market and the real estate boom; those who could not hoped for the fulfillment of the prophecy that anyone who exerted initiative and determination could become rich.

Many people, especially those in the cities, accepted the new order in all of its modifications, even if it meant the erosion of old values. To them the Flapper Era meant coonskin coats, speakeasies, and women who smoked; it meant a decline in the importance of the family in a mobile society, a flaunting of equality by the second sex, an increasing irrelevancy of religion, a revolution in morals. But other people were dismayed by the passing of the old order. They raised their voices in moral protest. Thus the middle class abandoned political and economic reforms for Prohibition, for immigration restriction, for the revitalized Ku Klux Klan, and any other device that would, in their opinion, preserve American ideals from dissolution by the Catholic, Orthodox, and Jewish hordes in the cities. Meanwhile Calvin Coolidge seemed the personification of Yankee thrift and frugality, of individualism, and of all the rural virtues that seemed imperiled.

The farm population, too, like the middle class, was anxious to adopt the benefits of an industrialized, scientific age. They enthusiastically accepted the machinery, the fertilizers, the improvements in stock breeding, the new means of transportation, the canning and the refrigeration processes which enabled them to survive, even prosper, in geographic provinces that would have exhausted the endurance of the yeoman of Jefferson’s day. Many farm leaders, particularly those associated with the Republican party, attempted to bring the city to the country, to make farmers realize that they were actually businessmen, to coax them to farm scientifically, and of course, to accept the amenities of urban life to the extent they could be transferred to the country. In short, they tried to lead farmers into a positive response to industrialization. But the farmers often bitterly resented the effects this transformation of Arcadia had on their attitudes and value systems. They vented their frustrations in anti-urbanism, in prohibition, and in religious fundamentalism. Politically, they split their votes among Bryan-type Democrats, Non-Partisan agrarian radicals, and the urbanizing Republicans. In the end they gleaned no political harvest whatever. Their political experience was not notably different from what it had been during the Populist era.

Historians tell us very little about labor during the Twenties. From some accounts one might conclude that workingmen ceased to exist as an identifiable group. While it is no doubt true that many among their number were caught up in the same materialistic pursuits as their middle class brethren, others emphatically felt they were not receiving their share of the nation’s prosperity. Labor strife was not uncommon but as a group the workers gained virtually nothing. Their leadership was mediocre and their most important organization, the American Federation of Labor, thought of itself as an adjunct to big business. This pursuit of respectability was a logical extension of the position which first gave it success.
"The Zurich Schauspielhaus had a historic mission to fulfill when Switzerland remained the only citadel of peace during the days of growing Fascism in Germany in the Thirties and during the ensuing World War," said Leopold Lindtberg, who has headed the Schauspielhaus during the last three years. "No other Central European theater had this chance, and my predecessors realized the tremendous task forced upon them by history: to save the pre-Hitler spirit of the German theater, to preserve courage and the dignity of man."

Since then Germany has been "democratized" and rebuilt by us, and for the many bombed-out old theaters they now have the most modern stages in the world. The actors and directors who fled Hitler and found a haven in Zurich have become famous stars on these stages, but most of them like to return to the Schauspielhaus, even if only for one or two months a season, because they appreciate its very specific atmosphere, its policy of programming, and acting style. "The political events in the Thirties turned our theater into a sanctuary, a place of refuge for the writer, into a platform of discussion in which playwrights of all languages were heard. Even in the years of our total isolation, they found their way to us across all borders."

The Schauspielhaus was the theater that premiered Brecht's "Galileo," "Mother Courage," and "The Good Woman of Sezuan" during the war years. Carl Zuckmayer's "The Devil's General"—here known from its movie version only—had its first hearing there, and John Steinbeck's "The Moon Is Down"—which fared rather poorly on Broadway—was a huge success in Zurich in 1943 because there and then the fight against tyranny had more immediate meaning. Thornton Wilder saw his play "Alcestiade"—still waiting to be done here—on the stage of the Schauspielhaus several seasons ago.

After the war the spirit of the Zurich Schauspielhaus gave birth to two major playwrights, Friedrich Duerrenmatt and Max Frisch. The image that was once created is still alive. "A communal spirit between players and public came into being, something very rare in our days," Direktor Lindtberg said. "We must live up to our image season after season. We do not subscribe to any modern movement in the theater, we balance the old and new, the neglected play and the play of tomorrow. This theater is still the moral institution of which Schiller spoke, a forum on which the burning issues of the day are discussed."

London. One only has to walk through the streets of this city to sense its electrifying atmosphere, a free spirit breaking through the thin veneer of its traditions everywhere. Since England no longer carries the "white man's burden," supremacy has shifted to fashion and the arts. Even Britain's stage censor, the Lord Chamberlain, has a more relaxed attitude toward immorality. In two shows actresses modelled in the half nude before indulging in adulterous love, and one of the best plays I happened to see dealt unashamedly with Lesbian women. What would have been taboo several years ago is now tolerated, and the playwrights try to make the best of it. And it is theater at its best. The plays are meticulously rehearsed, beautifully acted and produced.

Muriel Spark's novel, "The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie," was ingeniously adapted for the stage by Jay Presson Allen, although it can never conceal its epic origin. But the dreamy-souled schoolteacher from Edinburgh, who adores Mussolini, the male body, and Giotto and whose entire life is a lost crusade for the wrongest causes and reasons, was utterly mastered onstage by Vanessa Redgrave, who turned this adaptation into a great theater experience. The Haymarket Theatre had a stylish production of Shaw's "You Never Can Tell" in which Ralph Richardson proved with his wonderful portrait of William, the old seaside hotel waiter, what the London Theater can offer.

I saw the second cast in Frank Marcuse's "The Killing of Sister George," whose first cast had by then gone to New York to prepare for the opening here. If Hermoine Baddeley as the radio star whose rating and luck goes down, and if Andree Melly as the child-seducer of older women are second cast, then I simply cannot imagine how much better this play can be acted. It is an extremely well written story around the subtle theme of Lesbian love with a touch of grotesque sadism. The struggle of the radio star with her rating dominates the scene with brashness—but only to make the real issue palatable.

The Royal Shakespeare Company gave an impressive production of Duerrenmatt's "The Meteor" in which Patrick Magee—known to us through his part of the Marquis de Sade—played the Nobel Prize author Wolfgang Schwitter. Duerrenmatt again wrote one of his dark farces in which he makes fun of the living by creating a hero who cannot die. While not being able to die, he kills those who cross his path. Had he written a satire, Duerrenmatt would have had to give the play deeper meaning. As a farce around a deathbed it is highly entertaining as long as it lasts.
Blessed are they that do hunger and thirst after righteousness. —Saint Matthew 5:6

The desire for justice or righteousness is most frequently seen in a kind of warped way. We claim justice by demanding our rights and by screaming when someone else gets what we want or think is ours by right. A right is a justified claim one has on goods or on someone else's time, talent or energy. Often we claim equality of goods and privileges with others on the ground that we are all born in the same way and have the same basic status in the world. In a way, no doubt, we are right in our demands, for the earth is equally given to all, or all are equally given to the world. We are born roughly equal in physical needs, and each is as much a part of the world order as any other. Hence each may claim a share insofar as he is willing to meet the conditions by which shares are developed — to work, to plan, and to cooperate.

Man, a creature gifted with thought, should recognize this fact and strive not to satisfy his needs or desires at the expense of others. In addition to the sense of wrong which we all have in our own case, the thoughtful man has in this way a sense of justice. Insofar as he is committed to thoughtful action — and thus to his own humanity — he will strive to maintain justice for others.

But, of course, this is not all there is to the story of justice. Our desires outrun our needs. We are not only given to the world, but we are equipped and developed well or ill for action in it by our inheritances; the training we get from our parents, friends, and institutions; and by the accidents of fortune. Further, though our physical needs are roughly the same, it is sure that some differences of capacity to get knowledge and friends, goods and privileges are born with us and widened in society. All these things lead to a state in which a few have wealth, privileges, freedom and power and many are hungry, weak, and in slavery to their own bare needs and therefore to the thoughtless and the lustful desires of others. The desire for righteousness in these poor is often warped into a harsh scramble for the bare means of subsistence and a sense of outrage at the world which assigns them such a lot.

It would be pointless for us to let our talents go unused. Their practical purpose is to produce values. And no one can without reason demand that we produce simply for him. So we commonly and rightly think that energy, intelligence, and creativity confer on us some right to what we get by them. The goods of birth and fortune, furthermore, cannot by any system of production and distribution yet devised be shared equally by all; and if they could be divided, the equality could not be maintained. Hence, again, one seems to have some right in what he has, unless he simply took it by force. Force is the negation of right: it does not ask and give reasons.

Yet one doesn’t have a choice about being born a genius, or with a vital, energetic constitution, or to a family and a society rich in means and education. Hence, it seems that these things do not give anyone a higher claim to the goods of human life. Yet without a measure of them one must, as things are, starve.

The human situation is thus one in which conflicts of right are inherent. The conflicts can only be resolved by some rule laid down, by some judgment given on the conflicting claims.

The desire for righteousness at this point must surely be the desire for morality: the desire that no one would seek to satisfy himself by the bare exertion of power — hence the desire that the mighty might be rectified and that all would strive to find the right judgment between conflicting claims. This must necessarily involve a desire for a condition of things in which all reasonable claims could be satisfied in a happy or blessed life for all.

The sense of wrong is certainly related to the lawful as the regular or what has been regulated by authorized judgment. Thus at the local community center, for example, when the rules, made by the staff, set Tuesday nights aside for tots aged seven or less, if by accident or error two teen-aged children are allowed in to play, other older ones claim a violation of the rule and demand equal right of entry. It is not that rules cannot discriminate among persons, but that they must do so consistently.

Or when the Constitution of the United States guarantees certain privileges and duties to all citizens and lays down qualifications for citizenship, then Negroes feel wronged when they are not allowed to vote, bargain for goods and jobs, attend public schools, or even eat and house themselves as others do.

But the sense of wrong transcends the merely rule-governed. In the case of a community center one would say that certain rules ought not to be made because they are at odds with the purposes of such a place. Thus,
the rules ought not to permit indiscriminate violence among children since the aim of the place includes education for something better than violence. The rules ought also not to permit unrestricted play at times when children need to be doing their homework or going to bed; for the aim of the place includes improving the possibilities of the children for happy, fruitful lives. It goes almost without saying that in some cases any rules seem simply inadequate and the responsible person must find a way to speak to the heart of the situation.

In the case of minority groups, it is not just the inconsistency of application of the laws which is and is sensed as wrong; but some laws themselves are held unjust. They are unjust because they make distinctions among persons on the basis, not of real differences in people, but on the basis of the blind passions of the law makers which are at odds not only with the ends of this state, but with any proper human end. In Hitler's Germany, though the laws were consistently applied, the constitution itself was wrong since it was based on an end which did injury in discriminating without grounds against the lives of a whole race, against men as such.

Right, in the sense of what would be the fair distribution in the concrete of all goods of body and soul, is thus hard to define, and our sense of right is normally much weaker than our sense of being wronged. Indeed it is necessarily so, for while we can often measure wrongs by rules and local purposes and situations, we can only know what is right through long and careful reasoning about the relations of men and the situations in which some must be rulers and some must be followers, some must plan and create while others conserve, some must direct while others hew wood and draw water, and each must have the properties and instruments of manhood. Our highest sense of justice can thus only be an inchoate perception of an ideal of perfection in the motivations and relations of men and an urge toward the achievement of a human community in which it would be embodied. Injustice then depends on a misconception of what that community is or on an inability or an unwillingness to plan it out and work to achieve it. Since the need for decision is often acute and the time and capacity for long, hard, and well-disposed thought is not adequate, such misconceptions seem inevitable for men, and perfection impossible.

While neither the sense of wrong nor the sense of justice may be natural, though the capacity for them must define man, the sense of wrong is quickly developed in limited rule-governed situations. But the ideal of justice is developed only through an expansion of conceptions and through the perception in the arts and loving human relations of harmonies which may be translated into life and action. The desire to achieve justice requires, further, a transcending of one's own misbegotten claims and a willingness to seek only what is proper to one and to give others what is due to them.

The perfect conception of justice is thus dependent on a view of the world in which all men have in one respect an equal and a fundamentally noble status, and in another respect have different statuses in view of their different community functions and relations. The perfect desire for justice is, as a matter of fact, not developed in an atmosphere of narrow, whimsical rules violently maintained, nor of misunderstood rules and aims, nor in an atmosphere in which no one has made a beginning toward justice. It is empirically developed only in response to a felt harmony in someone else's life and in response to the loving act of another who has sacrificed some values he might have had in order to satisfy and fulfill us.

Such a sacrifice is at once a judgment on unrighteous action, a guide to righteousness, and, when perceived, an enabling power to change the thrust of our being and thus save us from the wretchedness which is the payment for unrighteousness. The function of the rehearsal of the history of the life and death and resurrection of Jesus Christ, and thus the function of the preaching of the Word, is to communicate the operative meanings which make possible the righteous community. To be committed to that community is to move in the patterns of eternity and to have eternal blessings in time.

My family is a better, more blessed, place insofar as my wife and my children and I are able to see the world in this way and to develop the appetite for righteousness. A nation is improved when men who hunger after righteousness participate in the processes by which social decisions are made, contending for righteousness of judgments, bending their intelligences to extend our knowledge of the logic of decision and to improve our decisions.

It is for this reason that the church continues to preach. For to preach means first to show that there is such a thing as righteousness. It is, secondly, to persuade men through symbol and cogent ceremony to adopt it as their own ideal. Thirdly, it is to develop the conception of righteousness by reflecting on the traditions of its people, showing forth the paradigm of the righteous man and using it to illuminate the conflicts of rights and inequalities of our time. It is thus to draw us and be a spur to us to find new places to which to carry the battle for righteousness and to find new techniques of realizing it. Blessed are those who do hunger and search after righteousness.
Strange things happen in the world of music as well as everywhere else in the world. Do you remember when Dimitri Shostakovich was consigned to the doghouse? He had been hailed as a great composer. Then a bigwig or two in the Soviet Union decided that this man's works were not worthy of such honor. The USSR, it was said, was in need of something infinitely better — something completely in harmony with the true spirit of communism. Consequently, Shostakovich fell into disfavor. He was relegated to the Soviet doghouse.

Influential critics in the USSR obeyed the ukase handed down from above. To them subservience was far more important than honesty and clear thinking. Since they were dutiful minions, they began to pelt Shostakovich with vitriolic denunciations. It is more than probable that some of them realized that this was a cruel and completely asinine way to proceed. But what could they do? The publications for which they wrote were tightly enchained. The critics could not call their souls their own. If a bigwig who knew no more about music than a cow knows about the Sabbath decreed out of the abundance of his crass stupidity that Comrade Shostakovich was not hewing to the line, it was their bounden duty to uphold the decision. They themselves, you see, were by no means eager to be shoved into a doghouse for their writings of Prokofiev.

But Shostakovich did not remain in disgrace. One day some of the guiding spirits in the Soviet Union had a change of heart, and the widely known composer was restored to favor. He had done penance. Soon he became far more popular than he had ever been. Had the power structure actually come to realize that it had been indescribably stupid when it issued its ukase against Shostakovich? Probably not. The grand moguls undoubtedly saw that this prominent composer as well as other outstanding personages in the field of the arts could be used as excellent window dressing.

Now Shostakovich was lauded to the skies. He composed somewhat prolifically and with a goodly amount of undeniable skill. Critics who had assailed him began to indite paeans of praise and thanksgiving. Shostakovich, they said, had come into his own. He was hailed as a great master.

The thoughts I have just expressed came to my mind a few days ago when I read about the recent observance of Shostakovich's 60th birthday. The famous composer was eulogized on this occasion. Pravda declared that he is worthy in every way of being mentioned in the same breath with Bach, Beethoven, Mozart, and Tchaikovsky. I wonder what Shostakovich himself thinks about this rather fulsome encomium.

Now, said Pravda, Shostakovich's "music is filled with the pulse of our life." This influential newspaper, which purports to be dedicated to unalloyed truth, went on to declare that the renowned composer "has enriched all genres of the musical art." The title Hero of Socialist Labor was bestowed on him.

But is Shostakovich actually as great as the Soviet Union now makes him out to be? My own judgment — which, as I am ready to admit, is purely subjective — says no. In my opinion, Sergei Prokofiev was far more competent as a composer.

Shostakovich is uncommonly skillful and resourceful. His mind is as agile as it is resilient. His compositions attract widespread attention. To my thinking, they contain infinitely more solidity than one can find in most of the music composed in our day. Now and then they sparkle with wit. But it seems to me that they lack the elemental power that makes for genuine and lasting greatness. I do not consider Shostakovich an outstanding melodist. Yet he is a past master of the art of instrumentation. Much of this he learned by studying the orchestral works of Gustav Mahler. He lacks the subtle and striking originality of expression which I find in the writings of Prokofiev. Yet his works have more substance than I have ever been able to discover in the output of Aram Khachaturian, another eminent Soviet composer of our time.

Although Shostakovich is by no means a dyed-in-the-wool conservative, yet he does not hawk the outlandish and strangely disorganized cacophony characteristic of numerous concoctions that are being palmed off on the world nowadays by altogether too many would-be composers. I like to listen to his music, even though what some would speak of as benightedness on my part prevents me from calling it great in the true sense of the word. I regard his compositions as far inferior to the important works of Tchaikovsky, and in my opinion it is flamboyantly nonsensical to rank Shostakovich with Bach, Mozart, and Beethoven.

NOTE

We had bets going in the office on whether Professor Hansen would write a farewell column. Those of us who know him best were sure that he wouldn't. Old pro journalists, like old soldiers, never die — or at least they do it and get it over with. We suspect that Professor Hansen will find even this brief note an exercise in sentimentality, but it seemed fitting for someone to write 30 to the end of our oldest column. So we did.
The Mysticism of Mondrian

By RICHARD H. BRAUER

The rectangular geometric order so prevalent in modern design and architecture, and the equally geometric, non-representational painting engaged in by some painters today, derive largely from the pioneer creative work of the Dutch artist, Piet Mondrian (1872-1944). Motivated both by what he called the "logical consequences of cubism", and by a mystical theosophy that interpreted "universal reality" in geometric terms, Mondrian was one of the first artists of our century to abandon representational painting.

Behind the seemingly capricious, "tragic" appearances of nature, and behind the fugitive feelings of the personality, Mondrian believed there exists a universal harmony and order. This elemental unity of the cosmos consisted in the balancing of opposing extremes: life-death, spirit-matter, male-female, expansion-limitation, etc.; opposites that define each other, that require each other for unity. The theosophist, Schoenmaeker, whom Mondrian met in 1916, gave this unity a geometric interpretation in which the primordial opposite was the vertical ray (coming from the center of the sun) and the horizontal line (paralleling the earth).

To create symbols of this universal harmony, Mondrian felt he must use visual elements and techniques that carry no reference to particularities of the past, of nature, or of the artist. Therefore Mondrian Puritanically restricted himself to the essence of the basic visual elements: the straight line; the primary colors red, yellow, blue; the primary "non-colors" black, white, grey; and the flat rectangular picture plane. Unequal quantities, sizes, and proportions of these independent, anonymous elements were organized non-symmetrically. That is, although everything else was unequal, the value and weight of the elements in the composition balance in an exact state of equivalence. This unity through equivalence involved three contraries: horizontal lines and their opposite vertical lines, rectangular primary colors and their opposite rectangular primary "non-colors", the flat surface of the picture plane and its opposing surfaces of line and color planes. The resulting work by Mondrian welds these extremes into a finely poised unity.

To enter into the experience of such a painting the beholder must discipline himself to take time to compare, to weigh one force against another, one grouping against another grouping, and each against the whole. No one relation satisfies the balance, since all elements interact with all other elements and with the work as a totality. However, the sensing of the fineness of the major interactions and the growing awareness of the modifying secondary relationships, etc., makes a painting by Mondrian practically inexhaustible in the enlargement of sensibility it brings, and the intrinsic satisfaction of wholeness it gives.

Although the tensions and their resolution cannot be fully sensed in the accompanying black and white reproduction of COMPOSITION WITH RED, one can still get some appreciation for some of the relationships achieved. Most striking in this painting is the resolution of the imbalance created by the thin red strip of rectangles along the upper left edge of the picture plane. The resolution seems precarious for the resolving equivalence consists largely of the vague accumulation of white rectangular planes on the right two-thirds of the picture plane. The balance is so intangible because no one rectangle in that group has any particularity to seize on as the locus of the balancing force. The establishment of an equivalence between the vertical and horizontal lines is less dramatic but equally delicate. The five horizontal lines at first glance seem to dominate the three verticals, yet the red rectangles repeat the vertical and also shorten the effective length of the horizontals. The verticals are further reinforced by the greater height over width of the picture plane itself. With regard to the opposition of line and color surfaces to the flat picture surface, the pull of the lines to stand in front of the white rectangles is effectively counteracted by the actual thickness of the white paint and the compositional strength of the white rectangular planes to push the lines back and pull the planes forward. The surfaces of line and color remain equivalent to the flat surface of the picture plane.

There are two directions of Mondrian that the Christian artist may well consider exploring. One would be the development of objective, non-representational visual imagery that embodies a collective expression of the transcendent God. Rudolph Schwartz has designed such churches. The other would be to think more of the artist's or designer's role in fulfilling God's injunction to subdue and have dominion over the earth.

COMPOSITION WITH RED. 1936, Piet Mondrian, oil on canvas, lent by the Philadelphia Museum of Art, A.E. Gallatin Collection.


Books of the Month

Two Exceptional Books

The Victorian Church, Part 1

By Owen Chadwick (Oxford, $12.50)

The Oxford University Press is in process of publishing, under the general editorship of J.C. Dickinson, an ecclesiastical history of England in five volumes. Volume I, Professor Margaret Deanesly's The Pre-Conquest Church, has already been published and has been well received. Professor Chadwick has found it necessary to divide his Volume V into two parts, the first of which was published on July 14 of this year and the second of which is scheduled for publication soon.

The period covered in the present volume is roughly 1829 to 1859, which is to say the interval between the bill for the emancipation of Roman Catholics from their civil disabilities and the publication of Origin of Species. From 1830 to 1837 temporal sovereignty over the Church of England was vested nominally in King William IV, thereafter in Queen Victoria. Constitutionally the sovereign acted in ecclesiastical matters, as in secular matters, upon the advice of the government, so that the theology (if any) and the politics of the prime minister were of crucial importance in the resolution of what in this country would be considered purely religious questions. The prime minister, in turn might or might not take advice from the Archbishop of Canterbury or other ecclesiastics or theologians; Melbourne preferred to trust his own intuition, Palmerston relied to at least some extent on the counsel of his pious son-in-law Shaftesbury.

This was the period during which England became a modern, industrial, secular state; during which politics, rather than religion, cametodominate national thought and policy; during which Catholics, Jews, and dissenters achieved essentially full status as citizens. Within the Church, it was the period of the Tractarian (Oxford) Movement, of the conversion of notable Church of England clergymen to Rome, of the re-establishment of the Roman Catholic hierarchy in England, of Christian Socialism as one attempt to come to terms with the problem of the religionless masses of the new urban slums, of the evangelical movement and all that our generation remembers when it speaks of Victorianism with a kind of horror, of the revivalism which is associated with the name of Charles H. Spurgeon, of the first shattering impact of German Higher Criticism, and of the beginnings of the quarrel between science and theology.

Professor Chadwick writes of these fascinating and contentious years with all of the authority and immediacy of one who has lived through them — which, of course, he has not, unless one accept what must have amounted to thousands of hours of poring through the fading records of these years as a form of vicarious living. The style is that of the genial, fairminded raconteur who is only occasionally tempted — and that in the face of irresistible provocation — to asperity. Two examples of his style, chosen quite at random:

"Speaking of the re-establishment of numeraries in the English Church, he writes: "Three strands of thought lived incongruously together: devotional, romantic, pastoral. Devotion was content with peace and simplicity, rows of cells knocked out of stables, hours of retirement which needed filling with modes of prayer or penitential discipline. Romance yearned to restore ruined arches, and could hardly imagine a convent except within Gothic windows and castellated draughts. Pastoral care saw urban deserts and believed that only a community could settle among them if nourished by private oases, pure amid public dust."

(page 505)

"Or, speaking of the consequences of the French Revolution in the thinking of the religious people of England: "Though Christians felt assured of their intellectual safety, they could hear wolves prowling in the undergrowth and built their protective hedge a little higher. It had happened, the incredible, the judgment, apostasy of a Catholic nation, ruin of an historic church of Europe. It must not happen here. Then haste to educate the children, haste to build churches for the poor, haste to practise the self-sacrifice which alone could bring Christian doctrine into real life, reverse tradition, guard every precious drop of the orthodox stream. The haste was a sign of inner insecurity. The feeling helped to breed the attacks upon Hampden, and drove Newman into questioning an assurance which should be infallible. Confident of Christian truth, they wanted to be more confident. Grateful for their treasure, they felt nervous enough to want it locked from prying hands. You will end a sceptic unless you become a Roman Catholic. You will end an atheist unless you believe that the Holy Spirit penned every comma of Leviticus — the dire refrains were chanted too often to be preaching tricks. Behold the certainty and expansive power the Christian doctrine of early Victorian England felt vulnerable. The divines did not question the axioms. They saw no need of apologies for belief. But they worried how their defence might fare in a world of shout and soap-box. Henceforth the purveyor of every opinion had a right to set his stall in the market-square. Voltaire and Hume had lived, and the earth could never be the same."

(pages 527-528)

This book can be especially valuable to the administrators, clergy, and concerned laity of conservative American denominations. The travail through which the Christian Church passed in England between 1829 and 1859 is, in a surprising number of ways, almost identical with the inner fightings and fears which torment American churches and churchmen who have not yet come to terms with a post-Darwinian, post-Freudian world. Even the Erastianism which fettered the English Church and made Whitehall rather than Canterbury the final arbiter of its quarrels has its counterpart in the developing American State Shinto which effectively limits what the Church can say without risking reprisals. One has the curious feeling that this book is simultaneously a job of English history and American reportage — but done with such wit and grace that it might be mistaken for a novel.

It is one of the privileges of a reviewer to cavil, even when he is delighted by the overall quality of the book under review. So I shall cavil. I don't think that Professor Chadwick is quite fair to Frederick Denison Maurice. I, at least, get the impression that he regards him — with a certain amount of respect and affection, it is true — as a pious ditherer. Wasn't he actually considerably more than that?

JOHN STRIETELMEIER

Racism and the Christian Understanding of Man

By George D. Kelsey (Charles Scribner's Sons, $4.50; paper, $2.95)

Twenty-five years ago there were very few books that dealt with the current race issue from the viewpoint of biblical Christian theology. More of such books have been published since; and most of them are worthy of recommendation. Among the better ones are The Racial Problem in Christian Perspective, Christians in Racial Crisis, The Kingdom Beyond Caste, Race and the Renewal of the Church, Call Me Neighbor, Call Me Friend, and Christian Conscience and Negro Emancipation. A more recent volume that deserves to be read and its contents digested is Racism and the Christian Understanding of Man. Among all books that this reviewer has read treating the subject of race from the perspective of Christian theology, this book has few peers.

The book's jacket tells us the author is "a prominent Negro theologian," but unlike many "prominent" Negro as well as white theologians, the author of this book doesn't use God and Christ as mere gimmicks to accomplish an otherwise good sociological and ethical goal. His theology throughout remains God-, not man-centered. One example: "The racist search for meaning is man's supreme effort to find his security and fulfillment in himself... The Christian under-
standing of history is diametrically opposed to this view. Christian faith knows nothing of autonomous man. On the contrary, Christian faith affirms that man is a dependent creature who is alienated from his Creator. The very act of declaring his self-sufficiency, as in racism, is the essence of his alienation, for in this act he violates the truth of his existence, which is to be for God." (pp. 156-157) (Emphasis added)

The clearest Christological statement in the book is probably this one: "Through the life, death, and resurrection of Christ, the meaning of man's historic existence is disclosed and fulfilled" (p. 157). One might hope to find an amplification of this statement, showing the real link between men and God through the reconciliation of God with man by the "life, death, and resurrection of Christ." Although the author doesn't say it — and in view of what else he says about Christ — one might in this instance assume that he would be ready if called upon to affirm God's reconciliation with man through Christ in words similar to those of St. Paul: "God... through Christ reconciled us to himself and gave us the ministry of reconciliation, that is, God was in Christ reconciling the world to himself, not counting their trespasses against them" (II Cor. 5:18-19).

The subtitle of the book is "An analysis and criticism of racism as an idolatrous religion." In an almost objective and dispassionate way, Dr. Kelsey employs the term "racism" in a very broad way as throughout the book he identifies in essence the racism of the segregationist white man with that of the Black Muslims, the Nazis, the Communists, and the anti-Semites. And this racism which the author finds rampant in society is to him an expression of man's innate self-centeredness. He brings the two together in this way: "The devotee of the racist faith is as certainly seeking self-identity in his acts of self-exaltation and his self-deifying pronouncements as he is seeking to nullify the selfhood of members of out-races by acts of deprivation and words of vilification" (p. 23). To the author, and rightly so, the only escape that man can find from this idolatry of self is in the new Man, Jesus Christ.

There are many unique facets of the book which reveal the careful research and documentation of the author and help to make the book interesting and helpful to scholars as well as to Christians who want to find answers to problems that plague them in their daily lives. Among these assets are the many pertinent and usable quotations from eminent theologians and philosophers, and segregationists such as Brady, the father of the White Citizens Council movement.

Though much more must be said and written by churchmen to alert the church to its unique mission in the racial revolution now going on, *Racism and the Christian Understanding of Man* is one of the best books we have to date. It deserves wide dissemination and careful reading.

ANDREW SCHULZE

The Sun Is For Everyone

The sun is for everyone.  
The sun is for everyone.  
How can I share my heart like bread with others?  
How can I give my secret like spring water?  
Existence is hard where life is so covetous.  
The wind is for everyone.  
The sun is for everyone, sings the bird.  
Trees and shade are for the traveler and the desert wheat which has sprouted on your stone that the weather hollowed and made the source of poems and games.  
Now the arid desert blooms with lilies and roses.  

O Ruth, your footstep made the green wheat sprout.  
Swift birds fly around you, steams murmur.  
The sun is for everyone, the world is evil.

FIVOS DELFIS  
(Translated by Charles Guenther)
Once more Indiana Hoosiers have entered the ecstatic season. We are playing politics again with a vengeance and with all aspirations of life turned to the November elections.

It is ecstatic even though we are not electing a president or a governor. But Hoosiers would get excited even if we were only voting for the dog-catcher. But we are doing better than that. We are electing some state and local government officials, enough really to get nervous about if you have any money riding on the political horses.

In Hoosier territory we attend many political rallies in quest of votes and political capital.

These rallies are something.

In the very first place, and you cannot forget this fact, these rallies are gastronomic. No rally is worth its salt in Indiana without food. Without food a rally draws only the very faithful and they do not vote often enough. This year we have been eating barbecued meat (beef, lamb, pig, and chicken). Then there is always a menu of roasted corn, beans, potato salad, potato chips, and popcorn. Hoosiers drink almost anything but at political rallies they prefer beer and the straight, hard stuff. Imagine having a manhattan at a political rally! But if necessary there is milk for the babies and we will not argue about definitions.

Rallies are also recreational. The kids play baseball. Very often races are run with prizes for the winners. Bingo passes the time for the more sedentary. Every time you turn around at a rally someone is selling you chances on a raffle or chances on a numbers board.

Rallies are talkathons. The officials of the party are introduced like this: “And now fellow Democrats and friends, this is our competent county treasurer.” He is introduced to us in spite of the fact that he has been introduced to us just like that many times before and we all know that he is our county treasurer. But that is the way it is. The candidates are introduced and are expected to say a few words. Woven into all this talk is the private rumor line that whispers all through a rally and far into the night. Mostly the private talk is about personalities and a lot of it is not very pleasant. In one afternoon you can hear three or four lies about any prominent personality, the premise being that lies should not be wasted on insignificant people.

A rally is always a friendship hour. A political party is held together in part by what political people like to call sociability. Many friendship circles are begun and maintained, and sometimes ended, at these political meetings. Here you see friends you have worked with for years, fought against, argued with, and for whose campaigns you have given much money, time, and energy, not to mention the proverbial blood, sweat, and tears.

Rallies are for the candidates. The candidates are there, are expected to be there, handing out their materials, their buttons and brochures, their cards and gimmicks. Ostensibly they are there to get exposure, but they had better pay out some money for free bingo games and prizes, for free beer and food. Candidates are expected to spend a little here and there, and it all adds up, to enrich the party treasury.

Rallies gather up the political frustrations. Candidates want to know how they are doing. Are we making headway? they ask. Are we catching up? Are we losing ground? Do we really measure up to what is expected of us? Would you buy radio time? How can we get more money? What is the county committee doing for us? Keep in mind that these questions become haunting melodies as they come from the experiences of hectic campaigns, campaigns made hectic because the candidates are forced to campaign while they stay on the job and maintain their obligations to families and friends.

Nothing is very easy in a political campaign and in the fatigue of it all even the trivial dilemmas look like momentous crises.

When campaigns go astray, candidates and workers and party officials begin to blame one another. Things are said that the participants would like to take back later on if it were not for the simple matter of trying to save face. Many political enmities are built at this point.

Why agonize about politics? One never quite knows the answer to this question.

Someone must do it, of course. It takes this kind of activity to make our system work.

Deep down in their hearts, most politicians would probably confess, they really like it.

Whatever, it is all reflected at political rallies.
There are those who denigrate the institution of the church. They say that it has been unfaithful to its calling. They say that the organizational structure has falsified the faith, that the objectives of the social grouping have effaced the ambassadorship of the people. They indicate that the parish may have to perish, so that the Word can live.

The defenders of the institution point out that for truth to be communicated there must be a channel of communication. No grouping of people can work together without organization. An institution is a requisite. There is no church if there is no ordered community.

The argument may be meaningful. Some fruit may come of it, if the heat stops short of drought and the reaction can avoid a frozen irrelevance. But we ought to pause long enough to consider the logic of the words we say.

If the church needs institution, does that indicate that it needs this institution, or even that this institution is the church? If communication of the faith requires a channel, does that mean that this channel is required, or even that it is the faith which this channel is communicating?

Of what are we afraid, if there is anxiety in what we say? God is He Who calls His people together. If He requires the destruction of what we know, then it is our joy which requires it. If another assembly with another objective succeeds to our office of ambassadorship, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ still speaks through it. We remain under the same judgment with all men, called into the same mercy in which all men are reconciled.

There is no reason for us to defend the structures that we know. Nor is there any reason for us to wipe them out or reject them. Wherever we are, in whatever institution is given us, we rejoice in the grace that God has shown and let that joy be known. We are free from the pressures of the organization, and we are free also to use and support them.
Miscellany

A young man stopped by a few moments ago to discuss a broken love affair. They had agreed to break it off, he reported. "We were all washed up." Somehow, though, there was something wrong. There were loose threads and frayed edges. "I can’t quite forget her," he said, "perhaps I made a mistake."

Nothing unusual in that. In my notes for future columns there has been a jotting—"Write a column on 'The Sense of Incompleteness.'" Only when we are very young, it seems to me, do we think in terms of finality and of completion. I have never heard a wise man to whom the years meant anything more than the accumulated ticking of the clock and turning of the calendar say: "This is the end, the ultimate. This is final." We are always a little of what we have been and a little short of what we have yet to become. The past lingers, either like a ghost or like a melody. In fact, only one thing in the thread of history has been complete; only one thing had no loose ends or unfinished parts. It was conceived in eternity and happened on the Cross and its results will be fully revealed only in eternity. Completion, finality, perfection—these are of the essence of eternity, and of nothing else.

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I have had a great deal of contact with young people lately. It is good for the soul. Refreshing, too. The young men and women of our time have their faults and weaknesses, but they are not old faults, hardened and fossilized by years of excuse and hypocrisy. Perhaps I should say again that in all our dealings with young people we should set our standards high. They are not about to chisel heartlessly at the truths of faith and reduce them to a few sickly rules for comfortable living and contemptible security. They are still eager to hear of standards that are constant and absolute. They are willing to fight for an absolute truth which cannot tolerate hypocrisy, an absolute love which cannot tolerate self-seeking, an absolute goodness which will not tolerate mediocrity and compromise. If a few of them can keep that kind of integrity despite the battering of time and the erosion of circumstances they may yet lead us out of our darkness of mind and heart into a new age of gentleness, grace, peace, and the love of God.

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Last month I met three Pharisees. There I was, quietly wandering through life and suddenly there they were, in the middle of the road just a little ahead. They rose out of the pages of the Gospel according to Saint Matthew as though it had been written yesterday. I sat with them by the side of the road for a few moments and listened to the tinkling of their bells, heard the mumbling of their prayers, and saw the thin veneer of their holiness. Two were personal Pharisees, proud of themselves. One was a corporation Pharisee, proud of his particular religious denomination. Sometimes the latter are more obnoxious than the former.

Strange people, these Pharisees. Beyond their obvious immorality—the evil reduction of the flame of faith to the ashes of form—their most distinctive mark is a curious lack of sensitiveness and absence of awareness. They are perfectly insulated against everything and everybody but themselves. They are surrounded by mental and spiritual walls through which other people may look in but through which they themselves can not look out. If it is true—and the longer I live the surer I am that it is—that the highest strength in life comes from awareness of and exposure to suffering and sorrow, the Pharisee is of all men the weakest and most helpless. Sooner or later, reality will toss them aside. Meanwhile they huddle in the corners of life (or in the front pews of churches) while the fires of the spirit move to the high places where the clean winds of heaven blow sharp and clear.

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A question: "What did people do before the telephone and the telegraph were invented?" When all is said and done, it seems to me that the end result of these marvelous inventions is merely that we live simultaneously with people hundreds of miles away, while our ancestors were always two or three weeks behind schedule. Apparently that harmed no one. It continued like that until the moment of death. One died in ignorance of the last two or three weeks of world history before the moment of his death. Thus, if you had died on June 18, 1815, you would not have known that Napoleon had lost the battle of Waterloo. If there had been telephone or telegraph, you would have known. But, in the circumstances, would it have mattered?