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**Cresset**

A REVIEW OF LITERATURE,  
THE ARTS, AND PUBLIC AFFAIRS



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The  
*Cresset*

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# Cresset

## In Luce Tua

### Comment on the Significant News by the Editors

#### On Patriotism

**N**O MAN CAN be a patriot on the cheap. To be an American is not only to share in the glory of America but to share also in her guilt. It is not only to stand beside Washington and Jefferson and Jackson and Lincoln and the Roosevelts but also to recognize one's kinship with those who bought and sold slaves, with those who dealt treacherously with the Indian, with those who converted America's rivers into open sewers and her forests into gullied wastelands.

Two events of recent weeks may serve to define the full content of patriotism. There was, first of all, the epochal flight of Lt. Colonel John H. Glenn, Jr., USMC, an achievement which gave all of us reason for pride in our country and in its accomplishments. Ten days later, there came President Kennedy's announcement that the United States would resume atmospheric testing of thermonuclear weapons, a decision which we believe brings us under the judgment of God, of humanity, and of history.

We were ready to stand beside Colonel Glenn and accept the world's applause for a great American achievement. We are willing to stand with President Kennedy and share in whatever judgment may be visited upon us for the decision to resume atmospheric testing. Nor is this, for us, an empty gesture. Granting that the President's decision may have been the acceptance of the only live alternative open to us, we can see it as nothing other than a decision to do an evil thing, and we believe that evil, like virtue, has its own rewards.

We have decided to poison the lands and the waters and the atmosphere of the earth. We have decided to reduce the risk of our own destruction by increasing the risk of death and deformity for future generations. And we justify our decision on the basis of the tiredest rationalization known to man, "He did it first!"

He did, indeed, do it first. And now we are going to do it, with no nonsense about turning the other cheek

or repaying evil with good or leaving vengeance to the Lord. And lest we be misunderstood, let us say again that we do not see what other decision was actually open to the President. All that we are saying is that it is close to the heart of the tragedy of man that his area of choice lies usually among evils, and that the best he can do in such situations is admit that he has made an evil choice, without attempting to gloss it over or parade it as a virtue.

There is a hymn in our hymnal that begins with the line, "God bless our native land." We sing it as a prayer, and with special urgency in these days of national peril. But we need a companion hymn, one beginning with a plea for God to forgive America, to allow for a full expression of what we understand patriotism to imply. We suspect that the President, whose lonely task it is to choose the least of the evils which are open to us, would concur with us.

#### Jack Armstrong in Orbit

For years we had been wondering what ever happened to a childhood hero of ours, Jack Armstrong, the All-American boy. We used to follow his adventures faithfully on radio, and we can still sing, on demand, the stirring tune and lyrics of "Wave the Flag for Hudson High, Boys," the fight-song of Jack's mythical alma mater.

Jack was what any bright, world-weary young sophisticate today would call a square. He was a clean-living chap, an athlete, a good student, a guy who took off his hat when the flag went by, who attended church on Sunday, who believed in God, democracy, education, physical fitness, and progress. He had a girl by the name of Betty Fairfield who shared his adventures but never, so far as we can remember, any experience that could possibly bring the blush of shame to maiden cheek.

Well, now we know what happened to Jack. He has

changed his name from Armstrong to Glenn, but otherwise he is the same old Jack — and we admire him just as much, and for the same reasons, as in those almost-forgotten days when he was waving the flag for Hudson High and Wheaties. He is still a one-girl guy — although Betty, too, for some reason, has changed her name — and he still believes in God, democracy, education, physical fitness, and progress.

We have heard so often that we had half begun to believe it that the Jack Armstrong type had become obsolete. The astronaut of science fiction bears only the faintest resemblance to pre-Canaveral man. His speech is clipped and brisk, his emotions (if any) lie buried deep beneath a mask of cold rationality, his loyalty is to science, with no reference to any higher loyalty, and he wouldn't have the remotest idea who Walter Mitty is. (Jack Armstrong, alias John Glenn, knows who Walter Mitty is, which is reason enough, in our book, to trust his judgment on the weighty matters which he has been asked to discuss with various committees of Congress.)

We are rambling. The point we have been sneaking up on is simply that, for a lot of us, there was a certain sense of vindication in the fact that, when they needed a man to ride that little capsule three times around the world, they sent not for Buck Rogers but for Jack Armstrong. And Jack did it — which only goes to prove that, if Jack was a square, we had better start stepping up our production of squares.

## News from the Space Frontier

From the technological standpoint, one of the major obstacles to an early American landing on the moon has been our lack of a booster rocket powerful enough to hurl a spacecraft onto the moon. The Russians have developed multi-million-pound-thrust booster rockets, and in this respect are ahead of us. We hope to offset this advantage by employing an orbital-rendezvous technique which has been advocated by Dr. Wernher von Braun and some of our other space experts.

Essentially, this technique would involve firing a rocket engine, the Agena B, into orbit; then, when its orbit has been determined, launching a space capsule which would link up with it in orbit. If all goes well, this technique would allow our lunar vehicle to be launched in two phases, once from earth and once again from orbit, thus eliminating the time and cost of developing multi-million-pound-thrust boosters.

Project Gemini, the next major step forward in our space program, will be primarily a test of the feasibility of this orbital rendezvous technique. In addition, it will further test the true effects of weightlessness on human astronauts over an extended period of time. Presently scheduled for 1963-64, Project Gemini will, it is hoped, be the last major project we will need to carry out in preparation for Project Apollo, the landing of a three-man spacecraft on the moon.

Meanwhile, back in the lab, the boys are coming up with some strange new tools that man will need in his new space environment. A good example of the sort of thing that is being developed is the "plench," a combination of plier and socket wrench. Every school-boy knows that for every action there is an equal and opposite reaction — only that isn't quite the case in an environment where there is no gravity or other means of stabilization. The spaceman trying to push a lever in a state of weightlessness is likely to move more than the lever, and if he tries to turn a bolt with a conventional wrench it is possible that he, rather than the bolt, will rotate.

The plench rotates a socket through a squeezing motion. A sliding rod near the socket anchors into a hole near the bolt that is to be turned. When the handle is squeezed, the plench works against the anchor and not the spaceman.

Any questions?

## The Passion Story and Anti-Semitism

This year as in the past, a small but noisy minority of Christians will degrade the penitential season of Lent into an orgy of anti-Semitism. The cry of the Jerusalem mob, "His blood be on us and on our children," will be cited as grounds for that Divine retribution of which Christian people have so often been the willing instruments. St. Paul's words in I Thessalonians 2 — ". . . the Jews who both killed the Lord Jesus and their own prophets" — will be adduced in defense of the proposition that Jews are "Christ-killers" and therefore, presumably, beyond the bounds of Christian love and concern. Our Lord's own words to the Pharisees, recorded in Saint John 8:44 — "Ye are of your father the devil" — will be used as an argument against any kind of brotherhood between Christian and Jew.

We do not propose to swap proof-texts with those who search the Scriptures for justification of their fears, hates, and frustrations. The texts which they cite are, indeed, in the New Testament and they read substantially the same in all of the translations. It is interesting to note, however, that the author, in each case, was a Jew, one of them a Pharisee who may very well have been a member of the mob in the Praetorium which cried, "His blood be on us and our children."

The Jews did call the blood of Jesus down upon themselves and on their children — but both the Apostles' Creed and the Nicene Creed lay the responsibility for Jesus' suffering and crucifixion on the Gentile Pontius Pilate. If, therefore, we are to assign guilt by association or heredity, we Gentiles must forever accept responsibility for passing the sentence without which the fury of the Jerusalem mob would have been ineffectual. The Jews are Christ-killers, as are also we Gentiles for whose offences He was delivered unto death and for whose justification He was raised again. The Jews are

of the devil, and we Gentiles, too, are "by nature children of wrath, even as others."

The dark, bloody stream of anti-Semitism has its sources far back in history, centuries before the beginning of the Christian Era. It still oozes within Christendom — as does a belief in astrology, in rabbit's-foot charms, and in ghosts — as a reminder of the heathenism in which our remote ancestors were bound. But Christian teaching is, and always has been, that "there is no difference, for all have sinned and come short of the glory of God." And the redemption which the Christian Gospel offers is extended "to the Jew first, and also to the Gentile."

## The "Christian Amendment"

While we are on the subject of inter-religious relations, we would like to register our firm and unequivocal opposition to the so-called "Christian Amendment" to the Federal Constitution.

This thing, which has been knocking about for several years now, would have the United States, as a nation, recognize "the authority and law of Jesus Christ, Savior and Ruler of Nations, through whom are bestowed the blessings of Almighty God." It would provide, however, that anybody who didn't happen to believe that this is the case could take an alternative oath of allegiance, and that in any case the Amendment is not intended to result in the establishment of any ecclesiastical organization or to interfere with rights of freedom of religion, speech, press, or assembly.

Well, now. Judging by the number of split decisions which the Supreme Court has handed down through the years, the Constitution is already difficult enough to interpret without injecting into it a new section which, on the face of it, is a maze of contradictions. What law of Jesus Christ is it that we are being asked to acknowledge? We have some good Protestant brethren who believe that it is against the law of Jesus Christ for a weary editor to restore his tissues at the end of the day with a wee pull at the pinch-bottle. We have some Roman Catholic brethren who believe that all lawful rule and authority on this earth were confided to St. Peter and to his successors, bishops of Rome. Some of the farmers among whom we grew up believed that daylight-saving time was a violation of divine law. We happen to believe that any confusion of the Kingdom of Grace with the Kingdom of Power is a violation of the law of Jesus Christ. So if this amendment passes, are we to enlarge the Supreme Court so as to make room for a number of theologians, including, perhaps, a rabbi who would take some alternative oath of allegiance?

Furthermore — and we intend no frivolity — has anyone consulted Jesus Christ on this matter? We recall an occasion on which a couple of brothers attempted to make Him a probate judge. His reply was: "Man, who made me a judge or a divider over you?" We recall another occasion when the crowd tried to make

Him a king, and He took off for the wilderness. His own views on the whole business of rulership were summed up in his statement to Pontius Pilate: "My kingdom is not of this world." This, it seems to us, is about as final as Sherman's "If nominated I will not run; if elected I will not serve."

We already have the best Christian Amendment any country could want — the present First Amendment which says, "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof," which, being translated, says, "The relation between a man and his God is no ruddy business of the government." Let's just leave it at that.

## The Powers Case

Not everyone who returns from a long and hazardous trip in the service of his country is given a ticker-tape reception in New York. When Francis Gary Powers returned, via a Russian prison, from a trip across the U.S.S.R., he was whisked away to a hideout and given an intensive de-briefing by representatives of the Central Intelligence Agency. This was, of course, quite in order. What was not in order was the pre-judgment that many people had made of Powers' case and the innuendos that had appeared in the press.

Powers was a paid professional spy in the service of the United States government. It apparently came as a shock to a lot of our people that we have spies on our payroll. As a professional, he worked under contract. According to the CIA people, this contract did not call for him to swallow cyanide or express regrets that he had but one life to give for his country in the event of capture. He was supposed to destroy his plane if his mission seemed likely to fail, and apparently he tried to do so. Apparently some gizmo didn't function and the plane failed to blow up as planned. Captured and brought to trial, Powers followed instructions, doing and saying nothing to antagonize his captors.

Judged by the romantic standards of thriller fiction, Powers was no hero. But neither was he the traitor that uninformed gossip made him out to be. He did nothing to earn a ticker-tape parade. But neither had he done anything to deserve the abuse which apoplectic old gentlemen hurled at him from the cushioned comfort of their club chairs. He did his job, no more and no less; he has been declared eligible for accumulated pay under his contract; and the incident is closed.

Maybe Powers should have made some grand gesture. If so, it is hardly for those of us who have faced no greater hazards than the morning rush-hour traffic to judge his conduct. Most of us probably feel that there is something vaguely indecent about serving one's country for money, but few veterans of any of our wars have refused to accept whatever benefits they could squeeze out of the national treasury. A nation needs heroes, but few of us are made of the stuff of heroes. Most of the time, and under most circumstances, we must be

satisfied with an honest day's work for an honest day's pay. This, it would seem, Powers gave us, and we should be satisfied.

## The Thirty-Five Hour Week

Mr. George Meany, president of the AFL-CIO, has added his responsible and influential voice to the rising chorus of demands for a shorter work week. In Mr. Meany's judgment, it will take a shortening of the work week to make enough jobs to solve the unemployment problem. We are willing to defer to his more informed judgment on this specific matter, but we can't help wondering whether we may not, in attempting to solve the particular problem of unemployment, create new and greater problems of the sort that have already reached an acute stage in our country.

We do not share the American Protestant view that work is an unmixed blessing, that it is primarily work that gives meaning and purpose to life, and that a man's value depends chiefly upon what he produces. Upon man's work, as upon childbirth and death, there lies a curse which is both a punishment and a remedy of sin. For modern sub-Christian man, especially for the assembly-line worker but to a lesser extent for most others, the essence of the curse lies in the meaninglessness of work. So one spends a lifetime tightening Bolt No. 347 or punching the cash register at the supermarket check-out desk or writing editorials to be skimmed in the bathroom. So what?

Well, so, among other things, it keeps men occupied, and most men need to be kept occupied. Given the leisure that we think we want and need, most of us do not know what to do with it. We stare for a while at television, we wash the car, we take a nap, we play cards, we travel aimlessly from one "fun spot" to another, and we get to worrying about the Communists or the state of the church or the condition of our gastrointestinal tract. Frustrated and bored, we welcome any excitement, whether it be the annual high school basketball tournament or an argument with the wife or a witch hunt.

And so work, curse-ridden as it is, is for most of us also a remedy for sin. Work may not have it in itself to make man virtuous, but it does help to keep man's wickedness in bounds. Trite as it sounds, Satan does find mischief for idle hands to do, and until more of us find constructive ways to use our leisure time we had better think twice before increasing the amount of leisure time available to us. Forty hours of work plus fifty-six hours of sleep leave seventy-two hours a week

to be filled with something or other. It would seem to us that there is enough mischief afoot in our country as it is without increasing the amount of time available for it.

## The Mutineers

Back in the days when we were toting a carbine in defense of the United States against all foes foreign and domestic, our company used to be called together from time to time to listen to a reading of the Articles of War. These Articles contained the rules and regulations of the United States Army. Each article defined some crime and its punishment. The crimes covered the whole range of civil and specifically military offenses, but the punishment, with a few rare exceptions, was always the same: "Death or such other punishment as the court martial may direct."

We haven't kept up with military law since they handed us a "ruptured duck" and a fistful of parti-colored theater ribbons. We understand that there has been some easing of the rigors of the old Articles of War. But we find it hard to imagine that mutiny is being dealt with any less severely today than it was in the past, for mutiny strikes at the very heart of military discipline, without which an army becomes merely a mob. Nor can we imagine that today's soldier is free to air his gripes wherever and whenever he chooses with no regard for channels.

So we wonder how these reservists are getting away with their complaints to Congress and to the press, with their hunger strikes and other forms of protest against being kept in service. We will go along with them to the point of agreeing that they got a bum rap, but as we recall proper military procedure, when you get a bum rap you go to the chaplain who punches a card for you and sends you on your way rejoicing. (The punishment for not rejoicing after the chaplain has punched your cards is — or was — "death or such other punishment as the court martial may direct.")

The overwhelming majority of reservists met the call to duty the way civilian soldiers of this country have always met it. They hitched up their pants, muttered a few therapeutic oaths, swallowed the lump in their throat, and got about the unpleasant business of manning the ramparts. We can't work up much sympathy for the few cry-babies who apparently thought that membership in a reserve unit was just a way of getting out of the house once a week to play soldier and of getting into Uncle Sam's ribs for a few bucks.

# AD LIB.

## Stuck at the Speed Barrier

BY ALFRED R. LOOMAN



WHEN COL. JOHN GLENN rocketed around the world about a month ago, my mind could register the fact that he was travelling at the speed of 17,500 miles per hour, but I never came close to comprehending it. I have the same trouble with the figures in the Federal budget each year, for when I was going to school the figure one million, whether it was dollars or anything else, was something that was never reached. Now even billions are bandied around rather loosely.

In order to help me understand Col. Glenn's speed, a friend said it would be simpler if I thought of it as a cruising speed of about five miles a second. I suppose that did make it clearer, but it also sent a wave of sheer terror down my back when I tried to realize how fast that was.

I doubt that anyone born before 1940 can comprehend fully what has happened in this area of speed in recent years, and what technology has done to our old conceptions of time. We now fly faster and higher on regularly scheduled commercial airplanes than did the plane which broke the speed record eighteen years ago.

It is difficult to realize that for thirty-eight centuries, from 2000 B.C. until 1830, man could travel only as fast as the fastest horse, which, on a fast, dry track is thirty-four miles per hour. The steam engine made the break-through on what has come to be known as the "Oat Barrier" and finally man could go faster than a horse. It took thirty-five years, or from 1910 until 1945, for the speed of airplanes to increase from forty-two to 470 miles per hour, a mark set by a fighter plane late in World War II; but in the next fifteen years, the record in piloted aircraft rose from 470 to over 3000 miles per hour. Now Col. Glenn has made that record meaningless.

I don't know how you react to these figures, but they make me want to hold on to something as if the world were getting away from me. And this rapid change is apparent not only in aircraft and speed records, it is prevalent in almost every field.

In the field of explosives, for example, there were few changes between the year 2000 B.C. and 1846 when nitroglycerine was discovered. Up to that time, black gunpowder, invented by the Chinese, was the only explosive known to man. During World War II we finally developed a block-buster bomb that was equivalent to six tons of TNT. Many persons thought that, with a bomb of that size, we were near the possible end of all wars. A year later the first atomic bomb produced an

explosion equivalent to 200,000 tons of TNT, and ten years later the hydrogen bomb raised this to 20,000,000 tons. In other words, the explosive capacity went from six to 20,000,000 tons in eleven years.

Another Chinese invention, the abacus, was the fastest computer known to man for centuries. In fact, it was not until some time in the 1890's, when the first real adding machine was invented, that anything could beat the abacus at figuring. Then, in 1939, the first of the electronic machines were brought out and these were steadily improved until, in 1947, a computer was introduced that could add up to 125 numbers per minute. Six years later, the new models could add 78,000 numbers per minute and store 20,000 digits for future use. There is no point in outlining the step-by-step progress of computers, but the newer models can add up to 1,000,000 numbers, not per minute but per second.

Does this mean anything to you? I'm frank to say it doesn't to me. Last summer I spent a day with one of these electric monsters in its pleasantly air-conditioned quarters. A number of the technicians, mathematicians, and machine operators took pains to explain how the computer could do what it does. They talked in terms as basic as they could reach, and I regret to say that at the end of the day I still had no idea what it was all about. But then I could never operate an abacus either.

I am not against technological progress and I am confident it is a blessing, though often in disguise. After all, with the aid of technology we are now feeding 180,000,000 Americans and great numbers in other countries with food from much less land than 1,000,000 Indians once starved on.

Our parents and grandparents had difficulty understanding some of the advances made in the first forty years of this century, though to those of us growing up with these changes it was all perfectly understandable. This gives me the hope that our children can comprehend some of the things going on now. There is no reason to believe that this is anything but the beginning in technological advances, and somebody is going to have to understand today's achievements in order to devise tomorrow's improvements.

Perhaps all of you do comprehend these astronomical figures and this fantastic progress, but if there is some lone soul among our readers who is bewildered by it all, to whom the new concept of speed is baffling, or to whom 17,500 miles per hour are completely meaningless, to that person let me say — you are not alone.

# What's Russian About Russians?

By HAROLD MEIER

IT HAS BEEN almost forty-five years since the Russian revolution; twenty-one since we became allies; sixteen since the start of the cold war. And we still don't know what's Russian about Russians in the same way we think we understand the Prussian-German mentality or the Latin-American world view.

Not because we aren't interested. We are startled at Khrushchev's table-pounding at the U.N. and worry vaguely if shoe-thumping is a Russian habit, Communist, merely human, strictly personal, or just bad manners.

Some effort, it is true, has been made in academic periodicals to outline a "basic personality structure" for the Russian people, an effort led by Margaret Mead, Clyde Kluckhohn, and Kent Geiger, among others. Research centers at Columbia, Harvard, and Yale have contributed practically everything we know about the Russian stereotype. And the best libraries have all the material.

But all the propaganda media have successfully avoided finding it. For newspaper reports and national TV interviews notwithstanding, Russians are *not* like Americans, their history does *not* remotely resemble ours, and only under the impact of forced industrialization are they beginning to approach the orientation of typical Americans. Perhaps the fiction of Russian-American similarities is maintained for fear of lowering public tolerance for "peaceful coexistence." Whatever the reason, that fiction only frustrates what we then are led to expect and, more importantly, it delays our overdue appreciation of the unique Russian genius and obscures our view of him.

Defining a stereotype is always hazardous business at best. It is easy to over-generalize. And a "basic personality structure" looks as much like a human being as a skeleton looks like Ivan Kaminsky in the flesh — the basic structure is there, but the structure doesn't look, smell, or feel like the real thing since it accounts for personality characteristics traced to social facts while ignoring most of the characteristics that define each of us as distinctly individual. Finally, granted that we are dealing only with an abstraction, the stereotype is still limited as a tool for determining our own national policies and propaganda approach, since we are not yet sure how accident or single individuals, perhaps of slightly divergent or marginal traditions, may influence a nation's history and social movement. Furthermore, the stereotype is advanced only for the Great Russians, the population of the Russian S.S.R., as distinct from Ukrainians, Byelorussians, and other population groups, whose temperament and world view differ in significant respects, probably due to historical accident.\*

Still, Russian Communist party policies operate in a social framework, their efficiency depends on what the population expects, and they are normally selected with a partial view of the population in mind. Knowing the Russian personality could not have made the Soviet failure in agriculture, for example, predictable, but it would have helped define in advance the areas of extreme personality tensions and one or several probable reactions. And such knowledge can help explain for us and our New England diplomats why Russians at the conference tables tend to be alternately suspicious and jovial, why negotiations are carried on with both patience and ultimatums, why in the arms race a small advantage is considered an absolute victory.

## Theoretically Speaking

The first theoretically consistent hypothesis about the Great Russian personality type was, at first, sensational; second, a violation of good scientific procedure; finally, recognized as a valuable contribution after Margaret Mead, Geiger, and Kluckhohn took it seriously. For Geoffrey Gorer and John Dickman (in *The People of Great Russia*) had pointed to swaddling of Russian infants as a clue to their "basic personality structure."

Until as late as 1920, it was standard procedure in many East European countries to wrap children in bands of cloth as general protection against hurting themselves and for warmth as well. As practiced in Russia, however, the child typically remained tightly swaddled, both arms and legs, until the age of two or three. The swaddling was removed only for feeding and bathing. While it is normal for American babies to thrash around in their playpens, it was impossible for the Russian child. Leo Tolstoy's lengthy description of his dimly remembered frustration during swaddling points to the extreme nature of this restraint.

And if swaddling came to represent impersonal restraint, then loosening the bands, combined with feeding at the same time, might account for the other Russian extreme of great vitality, aggression, wild hilarity, etc., reasoned Gorer.

As a *clue* to the basic ambiguity of the Great Rus-

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\* Between the 10th and 14 centuries, the center of Russian culture moved from Kiev to Novgorod, then to Moscow where it has remained. In time, those in the area of the old Muscovy Duchy became known as Great Russians. White Russians (in the Byelorussian S.S.R.) and Ukrainians are racially the same, speak a Russian dialect, and tended to be as fervently Orthodox. Occupation of the latter groups by western-oriented Roman Catholic Poland and Lithuania, however, has made some still significant differences in basic personality structure. We suspect they differ from the Great Russians as widely as the urban northerner and the southern farmer in the United States.

sian, Gorer's hypothesis is remarkably suggestive. Swaddling may be viewed as one way infants learn about the restraint they continue to experience in the social structure. A summary of traits with a potential origin in restraint (swaddling, parental or social) would have to include a bland, expressionless face, with highly expressive use of the eyes in communicating; relatively late coordination of body muscles and confined movements in adults, except under emotional excitement; relative unconcern for the body (ability to endure physical hardship); and high importance attached to psychic processes and emotions.

So at the very beginning of Russian personality studies, the ambiguity of the Great Russian was made a central theme, a position it never lost. The ambiguity is best seen in Russian history and social structure.

## Starting with History

Of major significance in Russian development is the history of expansion by colonization and conquest, and of invasion by Tartars, Mongols, Napoleon, and Hitler. Out of such wars, invasions, assimilation of new ethnic elements, and colonization of culturally distinct groups and nationalities grew the variety, the tensions, the attachment to village and locality, and possibly the distrust of neighboring groups with divergent traditions which are characteristics of the broad landscape of Great Russia.

Russian intellectual history of the past two centuries has several themes: Slavophiles vs. Westerners, liberals and revolutionaries vs. conservatives. Basically, the influences involved stem from contact with European cultures, especially that of Germany, and a desire for Russian intellectual independence and freedom, expressed by both religious thinkers and nationalistic ideologists. Imported from Europe were Hegel's concept of the "ideal state" (interpreted by Russians as national, not Teutonic destiny), the ideal of efficiency, and militarism — usually by the upper class nobility and intelligentsia, especially in urban centers. Slavophiles promoted Russian leadership of the Slavic "race," and veneration of the Orthodox Church, the village commune, and the autocratic regime. A plank of the Slavophile platform included rejection of the 18th-century rationality (with its tendency to distinguish conflict between the individual and society, man and nature) in favor of "Spiritualism." Philosophically, the Slavophiles are closer to Bergson's later emphasis on intuition and instinct. It is the assumption of this paper that Slavophiles, among the intelligentsia, had most accurately promoted the ideal personality structure of Great Russians and express most faithfully the self-image of the "modal personality."

Now, under the influence of Marxian ideology and rapid industrialization, Russian culture has advanced rapidly from a peasant to a national culture. The literacy rate has risen from 12% to more than 88% in forty

years. The growth of heavy industry, rapid movement of a large labor force to the cities, and the forced methods of developing the skills and attitudes necessary for an envisioned technological supremacy, all have contributed to the development of a new "Soviet man." The problem of "modal personality" then is reduced to the question of what remains of the traditional type under a changing social structure.\* Let us look first at the traditional type.

## Social Structure

### 1. The Family

Dinko Tomasic, in *The Impact of Russian Culture on Soviet Communism*, outlines two different family patterns that have contributed to the "modal personality" of the Great Russians. One family pattern, called Turco-Mongol, was patriarchal and power-oriented. The family was a relatively isolated unit. This pattern eventually became superimposed on the mass of Great Russians. The other, called Old Slavonic, was patrilineal, egalitarian, and associated with a larger extended kinship group in a village or *mir* (commune). A few traces of this pattern can be seen, prior to 1917, in the peasant loyalty to members of the extended family and village, magnanimity, friendship, and the concept of "soul." Drawing out a description of these two patterns and their relationships may contribute toward clarifying the immense controversy over Russian modal personality structure.

#### A. Turco-Mongol Pattern

This pattern was deeply impressed on the Great Russians through two historical events. First, Russians came under Tartar rule during the 12th and 13th centuries. The autocratic father-model of the pagan, nomad Tartars dominated family life in the cities and reached the peasants as an externally imposed hierarchy of government and police administration. Secondly, under the necessity of collecting all the taxes due the state for financing wars with Poland, the Scandinavian countries, and Prussia, czars of the 17th century and following made the head of each village responsible on pain of death for insuring collection of taxes, and removed the right of peasant appeal to the crown over the heads of the aristocracy. A rigid, external, autocratic caste society was created.

Under these pressures, joint households, rigid supervision, autocratic authority, and early marriages were encouraged. Loitering and absence were punished. And under these circumstances, the Old Slavonic traditions (the *bolsheya* system) were giving way to the Turco-Mongol (the *atsovskaya* system) family pattern.

Father became absolute master of the household.

\* We will be paying scant attention to the changes in economy and political system because (1) this study must be limited somewhere and (2) we believe social structure provides the best "clue" to personality formation.

He owned family property exclusively. Family structure was patriarchal, patrilateral, and patrilocal. There was no appeal from his decisions, whether arbitrary or favoritistic, though the mother often acted as intercessor and moderator from the wrath of a fearful and awe-inspiring father. The father's methods of maintaining authority included: (1) the threat of the descent of God's wrath (a folktale says ambiguously, "As God is to the people, so is a father to his children"); (2) disinheritance (a drastic measure depriving the son of any means of support. Alternatives were to become a colonist in Siberia and outlying areas or to emigrate); (3) banishment to another country, assisted by local and national authorities; (4) physical punishment, the most common method up to puberty. The father's authority was so strongly enforced that its worst misuse — i.e. sexual abuse of daughters-in-law among peasants while the son was in the army or working in the city — was not subject to appeal. Such authority, as rationalized by fathers and reinforced by fear, is taken for granted in such folklore expressions as: "If you do not beat your sons, they will punish you when they grow up."\* And, like swaddling, authority was to be exercised impersonally — not with rage, but with detachment.

But like God, the father was also to show love, compassion, kindness, and understanding to his family. Sons often felt that, despite his harsh authoritarian methods, the father was, at least, a good man. And the father's authority was justified by the Orthodox church on the theoretical level by its teaching that he imposed punishment for the good training of the child. The ambivalence between authority and compassion is expressed in a folk proverb, "Whom I love, I thrash." Under another social structure this ambivalence might have had the consequence that withdrawal of affection would seem like rejection of the children, leading to antagonism toward the father and semi-isolation of the individual. But the pattern of authority was strong, conscience rigidly developed, and identification with fortunes of the family very secure. Antagonism toward the father and all that he stood for (God, honor, the family) might easily produce the guilt that plays such a major part in Russian literature, in its concept of the "soul," and in the legal system. In *Study of Culture at a Distance*, edited by Mead and Metraux, four Russian women tell the relationship of guilt and hate. When a woman hates her husband (for some reason) and feels guilty because of it, she reinforces her hate because she is made to feel guilty of hating something she thinks she is justified in hating. Her release may come in taking a lover or in becoming an overly protective mother.

The father's role was that of material supporter primarily, though he might interest himself in the child's education, especially that of his sons. But his role was more than instrumental breadwinner; he was God, honor, country and truth rolled up into one. He remained a somewhat distant figure, emerging from his room on occasions to sweep all resistance away, commanding obedience and respect.

The father's relationship to mother was minimized. Her position was not much above that of the children. Marriage was primarily a contract involving exchange of dowry for protection and maintenance, and this dowry often included inheritance of the father-in-law's land. Since affection was seldom the basis for marriage, extra-marital sexual relations did not constitute a reason for terminating it. Lovers and mistresses were common for urban populations and most likely among the upper classes, permissible among the peasantry. Divorce was practically impossible, and unnecessary.

The mother then became an intercessor and moderator of the father's dictates to the family. She nurtured the children fully, sometimes to the point of being over-indulgent. Mother was the source of deep affection and attention, giving succor in times of emotional distress. "Mother" images in folklore include an impressive list of associations: Mother Russia, Mother Country, Mother Volga, Mother Moscow, moist Mother earth, and even certain days — Mother Wednesday and Mother Friday.

In such a family pattern, several psychological traits became typical. The major response of the child in dealing with authority was obedience, humility, and silence. This is supported by all the writers on the Russian character and by the people interviewed for this paper. Of course, this response was given in almost all circumstances involving authority — the church, the bureaucracy, the czar. Resistance to these massive, awe-inspiring institutions seemed hopeless, and continual straining against them brought only frustration. This, not swaddling, is the probable origin of submissiveness and the intellectual's lament against peasant inaction (not apathy).

Another response was deceit. Though the Russians place great value on the absolute Truth, knowable but nebulous, deceit was selected easily and without much moral anguish (unless caught) as a means of dealing with a pitiless world. Theft and banditry were common. Consequently, there was suspicion and distrust for a long time between neighbors before friendship could be established. Friendship with strangers was very difficult; but once established, friendship became part of the Russian concept of "soul." Friendship meant sharing the most intimate secrets of the heart. It could be broken upon finding that trust had been misplaced. Then two great friends became implacable enemies. Russians demand moral responses from the group, such as loyalty, respect, and sincerity.

\* Authority or repression as a preventive measure was reported by Gorer as part of his swaddling hypothesis ("if you do not swaddle, the baby will hurt itself"), but is seen here as related to social structure and not to the relatively incidental expression of it in swaddling methods.

Americans, on the other hand, wish to be liked. Mistrust is externally directed (toward neighbors, the state, etc.) and there is little doubt of inner motivations. This seems to support the views that relate emotional security with emotional dependency in the home of an authoritarian father and a nurturant mother.

The feeling of guilt has already been mentioned. Even Leo Tolstoy, the apostle of non-resistance, confesses that he felt guilty of almost every major crime when he was a boy, and Mead cites a long description of his feelings toward being restrained in swaddling and the related guilt feelings. Associated with guilt is self-accusation, abnegation, and abandonment before the group. The long confessions at Communist party trials have roots deep in the Russian personality. Bakunin, a leading anarchist of the 19th century, wrote to the czar that he could "only be thankful that my arrest has brought to an end my idle, useless, and criminal career."

In contrast to guilt and restraint, destructive aggression — including a passion for hazardous games, liquor and lechery, orgiastic feasts, and the cruelty of Russian soldiers during the war—was reported by other observers. When the aggression is misplaced or fails to inflict harm, the occasion is thought to be humorous, and enemies can become friends because they shared the risks of life together.\*

There are two other ways of manipulating a hostile world. The first is through magic. A belief in witches, wizards, and sorcery flourished among the Russian peasantry. A second way is projection through one's dreams. The Russian intelligentsia during the 19th century, too intelligent for witches, turned to dreams of power and idealizations of the Russian peasant; or of freedom, as did the anarchists.

I suggest that out of this Turco-Mongol family pattern, against a background of a caste society and status groups based on age, sex, and marital status, there grew the "great tradition" of the Great Russian people. It was a pattern typical of the urban populations and, to a lesser extent, of the peasantry. Out of the urban groups came the 19th and early 20th century intelligentsia, both liberal and revolutionary, in rebellion against authority. Out of it came Dostoevski, Tolstoy, Gorky, Turgenev, Andreyev, and other writers, whose common themes include: (1) a belief in the messianic destiny of Russia (a belief founded in a sense of suffering deprivations and a projection of wishes); (2) a revolt, passive or active, against institutional authority that was unbeatable (anarchists decided Russia's only hope was to smash the structure completely); and (3) a deep belief in the ideal of a Russian "soul," the inner-

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\* A recent visitor to Russia was taking pictures of a black market operation when a trader pulled his gun and squeezed the trigger. When the gun failed to fire, the trader laughed heartily, said the joke was on him, and embraced the visitor as a friend. (*The Face of Russia: A Documentary Travelogue*)

most center of emotional life, where friendship, love, nurturance, and hope lived along with despair, loneliness, and morbidity. Furthermore, this tradition was not the sole prerogative of the intelligentsia, but was as widespread as the patriarchal family.

### B. Old Slavonic Pattern

The second family pattern — of less significance, perhaps, but important for the understanding of Russian culture — is the "Old Slavonic." The basic hierarchical rule by a "great man" and "great woman" has already been mentioned. Large households, including two, sometimes three generations, were common. Association with other households in rural villages was very close, everyone exchanging gossip and details about personal affairs. The family was relatively less isolated socially than the Turco-Mongol family.

Descent and inheritance were patrilineal, though the wives, usually from another village, retained the personal possessions they brought with them. The dowry passed to the control of the husband.

The role of men and women was more flexible. Men still were responsible for providing material support for the family, though women shared in the farm work. Unlike the Turco-Mongol pattern, men or women could engage in the activity of the other sex, at least for short periods of time, without losing prestige or self-esteem.

This interchangeability of roles weakened the distinction between the sexes. One consequence is that boys and girls were generally unconcerned with fulfilling their masculinity or femininity. Several writers have commented on related character traits — the tendency of the Russian male (material is given on the male alone) to identify himself occasionally with the opposite sex, and the ease with which Russian prisoners-of-war exhibited homosexuality without great moral anguish.

Birth was not met with great emotional welcome; it was considered only normal and natural. Children were well fed, clothed, and cared for. They could be handled by practically everyone in the community, though commonly the grandmother (*babushka*) or elder aunt was chiefly responsible for them. The child's first associations included the extended family and, at a very early age, the entire village community. A strong consciousness of differences between the native and neighboring villages reinforced group solidarity.

None of the literature reviewed discusses adolescence, a period of great interest to the American, so we can justifiably ask why. Of course, work on the farm began at an early age, and advanced in difficulty through the years to the age of fourteen, when the boy worked full-time on the land. Adolescence, then, was a period of learning the trade or occupation of the father. We can guess at a few other things. Rejection of the parents and their habits was not necessary. There was hardly any need to express individualism, since a great part of

their values was based on group sociability and solidarity. Psychogenic conditioning in early childhood included a maximum of identification with the family and community, with a minimum of differentiation (that process which leads us to see ourselves as "different" and "unique"). It made sense to the Russian child, too, because he was always clearly identified and respected as someone's son and a member of someone's tax-paying family, not as an individual in his own right. Older groups had the highest prestige and the younger generation learned to appreciate that and live with it.

Peasants married at an earlier age than urban populations — seventeen for girls and about nineteen for boys. The marriage ceremony was a magnificent ritual that signified the entering of adult life. One participated more fully in adult life as one became a parent, then a grandparent.

## 2. Other Elements in the Social Structure

These two family patterns should now be viewed in the context of other elements of the social structure.

Students of Russian society have tended to classify it as a caste system, consisting of the aristocracy, a very small middle class (petty shopkeepers, perhaps the intelligentsia), and the great mass of peasants. Mobility was rigidly limited, but contact between the castes occurred frequently. Attitudes and habits varied from caste to caste. Each stratum took care of its own and provided dignity and security for its members.

Other status groups, for all Great Russians, were based on age, sex, and marital status. Locality, too has, continued to play an important role; the cities of Kiev, Novgorod, Leningrad, and Moscow, for example, centers in different Russian historical periods, are revered as centers of the cultural life and important to the life of the people.

Two institutions were of extraordinary significance — the Orthodox Church and the government.

The Orthodox Church has contributed much to the Russian concept of "soul." Besides its social meaning of deep friendship and its social value of respect for self-expression, "soul" encompassed also the depths of despair, guilt, and morbidity. So, too, it meant the Great Russians's compassion for human suffering, a compassion that explains much of Russian literature of the 19th century.

The Orthodox Church always preached the basic corruption of man's nature. He was basically evil, but with potential for saving the world. Confessions, for example, often ended in leaving the penitent a weeping, quivering "saint," followed by absolution, forgiveness, and a welcome back into the hearts of friends and the Church. At the child's first confession after confirmation, all of the priest's accusations had to be admitted, whether the child knew what the particular sin was or not. One could not confess sins that he remembered, for the Orthodox Church taught it was a sin of pride to imagine that you knew just how sinful you were.

Humility and a recognition of guilt were the first requirements for repentance. Release from guilt brought great relief. An old proverb advises: "If you do not sin, you cannot receive absolution." *And redemption is often worth more than innocence.* It is the fully sanctioned cartharsis after frustration. Non-participating church services reinforced both patriarchal family patterns, where to listen was to obey.

While cultural elements enter into many phases of the social structure, it is probably best to discuss the Russian's concept of the nation's messianic destiny under this discussion of the church. For along with the Russian "soul," another Russian quality for export was the absolute Truth, of which the church was chief defender. Anything less than the whole truth was absolutely false, just as there could not be a relatively weak man or a relatively strong one. Compromise is defeat. In the Russian social structure, too, one either controlled another's life or was controlled himself. A small advantage was an absolute advantage.

Dostoevski, for example, compared the suffering of the Russians to the crucifixion of Christ and felt that, with the Truth that one learns through pain, Russian culture would be the salvation of the "decadent" Western world.

Znaniecki associates such dreams of messianic destiny with the role of ideologists in the development of a national culture. And it is true that we find in the culture other basic ideals of the ideologist, including national unification (actually racial unification, Slavophiles), national progress (the Western-oriented revolutionaries), and national independence (practically all of the intelligentsia). These ideals became increasingly strong after the emancipation of the serfs in 1867 and continued through the times of the Duma (Parliament) to the revolution of 1917.

Though peasants were no longer serfs, after 1867, gaining a livelihood was very difficult. Much of the land fell into the hands of a few enterprising farmers in each area (kulaks). Equal division of land among the sons reduced arable land, privately owned, to less than the subsistence minimum for large numbers by 1910 or 1920. It was during this period that many Russians emigrated in search of money that would enable them to return to "Holy Russia," buy more land, and become more prosperous.\*

But for the most part, the peasants had little hope of bettering themselves. The caste system, the state, patriarchal control, attachment to the land, all argued against it. The system was too strong to fight; the peasant developed the capacity for greater patience than any culture in the Western world. And it was the in-

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\* Balkan emigrants, for example, came to U.S. shores with the motto, "A thousand dollars and the road back." The fact is that only a few managed to save that much to take the road back and then only after raising a generation or two of "100% Americans" who did not want to leave.

telligentsia, aware of the opportunities, who planned excitedly the far-reaching changing of the world and in the process exhausted themselves in frustration.

### 3. *Toward a Common Value Base for the Great Russians*

It has been the assumption of this paper that the personality traits associated here with the Turco-Mongol family pattern most adequately describe the typical personality of the Great Russians — first, because those traits were reinforced by other elements of the social structure and formed much of the Russian great tradition; and secondly, because the family pattern was one of the two variant family traditions and probably the strongest and most widespread.

We might summarize the findings so far, as Florence Kluckhohn suggests, in terms of *values*. And we will see these values, typical of the Great Russian “modal personality,” in the light of the social structure that has been sketched.

A. *The innate predispositions of man* are simultaneously good and evil. This far-reaching ambivalence creates the possibility of suspecting that a man is entirely bad, becoming friends with him and believing only good things about him, falling into suspicion and guilt again upon finding the trust has been misplaced. Foreigners and strangers, though, can hardly be good. And for the Russian to feel a man is good necessitates personal contact with him and an understanding of his “soul.”

B. *The relationship of man to nature* is that man is in nature. The attitudes range from the peasant's view that he is *part* of nature to that of the scientifically educated man that he is above or against it. The references in literature, poetry, and folklore to nature's beauty, its friendliness and its wrath, indicate that man is a separate unit, but bound up with the rivers, the plains, and the forests.

C. *The time dimension* is the present. Of course, patrilineal family structure contributes to a remembrance of the past and the prospect of inheritance and age status to the hope of the future. But the past is usually not a very happy one to remember and the Russian thinks the future insecure. Consequently, typical character traits include a spontaneity of self-expression to the point of exhaustion in enjoying the present, and an unwillingness to plan ahead. A favorite expression is, “You never know what will happen tomorrow.”

D. *The valued personality type* varies a little from the Dionysian (who releases and indulges existing desires) to the Apollonian (who is self-contained and controls himself through a detachment that brings understanding). Both components have a place in the “modal personality” of the Great Russians — Dionysian through a great tradition and authoritarian-father family pattern, Apollonian through the inability to fight the combined pressure of the social structure. Still, emphasis favors

the Dionysian and we have seldom credited the Great Russian with self-control.

E. *The dominant modality of the relationship of men to other men* involves loyalty, sincerity, trustworthiness, sympathy, magnanimity, and giving of oneself. Not that all Russians are this way. But sincerity is the basis of friendship and the only basis on which affection can flourish. Here we see valued those things which combat suspicion, guilt, and social isolation. The “enemy” is automatically someone who is not sincere or has ulterior motives, no matter how disinterested.

## Social Structure in Transition

Bolshevik intervention in the Russian revolution of 1917 was undertaken as a way to show the world the Bolshevik plans for world Communism. Though many intellectuals supported it and the Bolsheviks appealed to the sense of injustice felt by the masses, the origin and motivations of the revolution were primarily rooted in the contacts of its leaders with socialist thought in Western industrialized Europe. Engels owned a factory in England, Marx was from Germany. But it had to be applied to Russia. We should consider how, with what success, and at what price.

### A. *From 1917 to 1940*

First to be attacked by Bolsheviks were the church, the family, and the caste system. Kulaks were dispossessed and eliminated, and the peasants moved to collective farms. Most of the Russian intelligentsia, so instrumental in creating the revolution, were either executed or removed from power. By 1935, qualifications by birth for university training had been abolished. Post card divorces became possible, and the society felt it should take upon itself the rearing of children. A strict, terroristic police system had been imposed. The leadership was intent on creating a new “Soviet man.”

The new “Soviet man” has many of the characteristics of a West European industrialized worker — socially mobile and practically rational, though without the profit motive. The trouble was that the “Soviet man” had to be created out of the basic personality of the Great Russians. The best study of this process (and chief source for this section of the paper) has been done by Nathan Leites in *A Study of Bolshevism*. Margaret Mead, in *Soviet Attitudes Toward Authority*, arrives at conclusions similar to Leites.

A major emphasis has been placed on politics as a continual war or struggle, a fighting and striving carried to the limits of strength and skill as the desirable individual response to interpersonal situations. This is in marked contrast to pre-Soviet peasants' feeling of the hopelessness of activity, indecision, and inaction, and the easy comradely attitudes toward friends and fellow workers.

The Party has continually denied that events occur

by accident. Man's fate, they argue, is of his own making. This denial of accidents, the necessity for planning ahead, and detached rationality in the face of privation are in strong contrast to peasant values of spontaneous expression and inaction in the face of privation. Whereas the intelligentsia had assumed that to calculate was petty, Party members consistently preach the value of short-range limited goals that can be reached through a definite series of planned steps. This calls for attention to precise methods, definite statements, and a clear understanding of relevant facts. These are characteristic too of the successful manager in our own industrial economy. The idea is not enough. Party literature continually stresses the danger of stopping short of action, of merely yearning, of cathartic self-expression that dissipates energy, and of procrastination. All these traits are recognizable in the traditional Russian character. Included under these general prohibitions is a warning against the dangers of breaking with reality.

These were some of the leading Party aims for the character of the new "Soviet man." The methods applied had some curious effects.

A terroristic police system was imposed. Lack of precise methods in criminal detection procedures, the assumption of guilt by association (and especially by association within the family, since collective responsibility was assumed), and the Party's insistence that bad thoughts would lead shortly to subversive action produced heightened feelings of guilt and suspicion and tended toward individual and family isolation. (Mead suggests that the demand for complete loyalty is characteristic of a new government unsure of its people and of any society in a period of social transition.) Under the Bolsheviks, new attitudes are learned through introspection, self-criticism, and self-abasement before the group. These methods have been applied, probably with considerable success, in factory and farm meetings led by the local Party unit.

Personal salvation was to be achieved through dedication to the Party and the rejecting of individual desires in favor of the collective welfare. The pattern of guilt, absolution, and forgiveness cited in relation to the church was continued by the Party in the form of trials, confessions, and a purification of the penitent. Mead says that those people who were truly convinced of their guilt could be forgiven and welcomed back in the party, assuming their crime was not great or the policies they supported were still in favor among the Central Committee.

The Party vigorously propagated an ideal model of the Soviet man. Testimonials and biographical sketches by the most productive workers, scientists, etc., frequently appear in the press.

Apart from the people's conception of Party politics and bureaucratic machinations is the all-seeing Leader. His prototype, and the prototype of authority, is the

ideal conception of the Russian father. When he exercises authority, he is thought to be detached, rational. When he plans policy, so the Party says, he is all-seeing, all-knowing, and omnipresent. In appeal to the values of the people, the Party tries to build the image of a semi-godlike figure dealing personally and individually with each of the Russian people (as opposed to the U.S. view of politicians dealing with groups and processes as a sort of social engineer).

Lenin, Stalin, and now Khrushchev, when support is desired, are described in official literature as smiling, paternal, succoring figures. In poetic eulogies they are associated with nature: the dawn-life, the eagle-heroism, the mountain-strength.

The Party itself now consists of three types, associated with different value-clusters: the idealist, the careerist, and the opportunist. They are loyal to the system and rewarded by it, and (with the possible exception of the idealist) will probably remain loyal until they feel that the system will reject them first. The people are encouraged to view the Party as close to an understanding of their needs, while shortages and mismanagement are blamed on the bureaucratic administration. (Similar distinctions were made in Czarist times; the czar was above reproach, while his bureaucrats were blamed for errors and mismanagement. In the U.S. some distinguish between the Chief Executive and his party.)

#### *B. Since 1940*

The beginning of World War II is selected as a convenient date for viewing the steps the Party has taken backward under the necessity of winning a war and winning support in a difficult situation.

Beginning in 1943, official literature was once more permitted to use the word "Russia" and soldiers were to fight for "Mother Russia." Epaulets, a mark of military and class distinction, were returned to officers' uniforms. Financial incentives and class distinctions were created for scientists and bureaucrats. The family was reunited under the leadership of the parents in all educational literature. With the advent of Khrushchev, the "cult of personality" was abolished to gain peasant support, but he has since become a "personality" himself. By 1956, the beginnings of decentralization of agriculture were felt. In 1958, qualifications by birth for university training were again instituted, favoring this time the sons of Party members, of the bureaucracy, and of parents with a college education. All others had to work in an occupation for three years after high school and spend two years in the army before they could apply, on a last-come basis, to the university. These restrictions point to the re-creation of a class system.

But over all, the changes from pre-Soviet times have been substantial, not in complete blind imitation of an ideal "socialist" or "Soviet man," but in response to the enormous changes and demands brought on by industrialization. The percentage of population em-

ployed in urban areas rose from about 15% in 1917 to over 50% today; industrialization and urbanization have contributed toward breaking up close family ties; and with the relaxation of the police state and use of economic incentives, individualism grows. A complete assessment of the change has not been made to date. But in terms of values, the modal personality of Great Russians seems to have varied from the dominant values of pre-Soviet times. Even the possibility of education for the masses has promoted a change in their time value — a tendency toward thinking in terms of the future. The "Soviet man" tends to see himself as against nature, rather than in it. And there seems to be an increasingly widespread equality between husband and wife. Parent-youth conflicts now occur within the family and are reinforced by the conflict between the

## HOLY WEEK

It is the dark before dawn.  
The world is so new  
There is no numbering the stars,  
(Each of them is its own daylight),  
And if the earth could have its way  
It would oversleep this Easter  
Under the reading of psalms.

It is the dark before dawn.  
The world is so new  
The square sprawls like eternity,  
(From this crossroads to that corner),  
And the distance to day and warmth  
Is another thousand years.

Here is a denuded earth  
With nothing of its own  
To inspire the bell-tongues by night  
Or counterpoint the choirs.

From Maundy Thursday to the eve  
Of Easter, rivers peel  
The soil loosened along their banks  
And spin deep water-wheels.

The forest land is stripped clean;  
For the Passion of Christ  
The gatherings of pine trunks stand  
For rows of supplicants.

And in town, in the shrinking square,  
More naked trees have met  
To peer like crowds of the curious  
Through church lattices.

Horror is heavy in their postures.  
Their fear is proper.  
Gardens have overrun their walls,

influences of Communist youth groups (the Pioneers and the Komsomol) and the family traditions.

The key to further development lies in the increasing industrialization of the nation. As soon as daughters leave the household for the factories, mines, and offices, the tendency toward individualism should grow. As police methods become more precise, guilt and suspicion will be reduced. Should there be a development of correspondence between crime and punishment, effort and reward, it is possible, says Mead, that a highly Puritanical tone may dominate the society. These things are happening now. Peace is a necessity for it.

But it will still take a long time to make the shift completely from a personality type grounded in a peasant caste society to that needed by a modern industrial economy.

The earth's order is shaken.  
They are burying God.

They see light at the holy gates,  
The black pall, the bank of candles,  
The faces marked with tears—  
As the movement of Cross and Shroud  
Turns now, out of the church,  
Two birches at the gate  
Are made to bow aside.

The slow files compass the churchyard  
On a lip of pavement;  
From the street they have let indoors  
Spring, and spring's voices,  
And air laden with the double tang  
Of spring and communion bread.

March sprinkles its snow on the steps  
Among the mendicant crowd.  
It is as if someone had appeared  
Bearing the Ark, opening it,  
Doling out all its contents.

The mourners chant past nightfall;  
Now they have done with weeping  
Their muffled psalms and gospels  
Reach out under the street lamps  
Even to the barren lands.

But at midnight all things turn quiet,  
Eavesdropping the rumor of spring  
That if they will wait, only wait,  
Death itself may be overthrown  
By the might of the Resurrection.

BORIS PASTERNAK

*Translated from the Russian  
by Robley Conant Wilson*

## Notes As The Months Go By

BY WALTER SORELL

*Drama Editor*

THERE IS NO doubt in my mind that the proscenium stage, in its narrow confines, is coming to an end. Modern man cannot be satisfied with keeping his imagination captive within three factual and one fictitious walls. A 350-year-old tradition is crumbling.

It is more than justifiable to compare the Renaissance with our age. Both discovered new horizons, new worlds. The sudden realization that the world is round, that it moves quite differently from what people had thought previously and that there are new lands across the seas was equal in its shattering and uplifting importance to our space conquests. The invention of printing laid the foundation to the development of modern man, who now seems to have fulfilled himself.

Renaissance man gave us the horse-shoe theatre with its "distance-from-life" attitude of the esthete and its "bourgeois illusion" of a romantic love affair with reality. No doubt, our age asks for a new dimension in the theatre, too. (The "Theatre of the Absurd," as the dramatic writing of the Becketts, Ionescos and Albees is so aptly called, is the expression of our desperate desire to find this dimension. The broken mirror laughs at our distorted image. "The absurdity of others is my reality, or what others call absurd is real for me," said the young German contortionist of the drama, Wolfgang Hildesheimer.)

But why should the proscenium stage be doomed when opera and ballet, two other creations of Renaissance man and most indicative of the ruling aristocracy, have survived all revolutions, movements, and changes and are about to survive this transition, too? The answer may lie in the fact that opera and ballet do not pretend to be anything else but utterly stylized theatre forms and being accepted in their artificiality, are removed from all other theatre forms in their most immediate reflection of life and its time. But it also seems that man gropes for form before he can give it content.

The proscenium stage is incongruous with our technological age. Eight "ideal" theatre models of the near or more remote future were exhibited at the Museum of Contemporary Arts. These models are exciting dreams to be filled with life by tomorrow's Shakespeare. But how about the relation of man's imagination to digital computers and hydraulic pressure? What is the equation between the dramatist's vision of life and technology? It can kill his imagination or stimulate his creativity. It will never result in a better script. It will, however, create the possibility of an undreamt-of

production for a better script. Still, the risk is great that the gadget may triumph over the word.

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"Brecht on Brecht" attempts, in a kind of concert reading, to give deeper insight into the man, his life and art. It comes at a time when interest in Brecht has almost reached a climactic point. By now he is so much talked about, misunderstood, and misinterpreted that he becomes a cliché.

The production fails to recreate the image of the man, but does comparatively well in its theatre vignettes. It must be said that no one but the Berliner Ensemble can really catch the spirit of the man.

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"This side of Paradise" is a classical example of how not to write a play. There are novels which easily lend themselves to dramatizations. Scott Fitzgerald's novel of the same title does not. Dialogue excerpts painting the mood of the 1920's, with snatches of jazz, allusions to prohibition, moral prostitution and the Princetonian spirit of growing snobs, are not yet a play. Herbert Berghof may have seen a challenge in directing something that is hardly there, and he filled the gaps of substance with dancing. The most devastating statement that can be made of any play is that its silent, danced scenes were the most impressive and dramatically best.

True, all great dramatists from Shakespeare to Brecht leaned on history or based their plays on other literary sources. But drama was in their blood, and it was not only ink with which they wrote.

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"Who'll Save the Plowboy," by Frank D. Gilroy, staged by the Phoenix Theatre, is the ultimate realization of naturalism on the stage. The dreariness and sordidness of the life of ordinary people is exposed and explored. The averageness is brought to a point of nausea. The dialogue is bared of all trimmings. There are rather two words too little than one word too much. The words are as naked as are the people. What saves the play from being mere photography of a futile life is the question it poses: "Man, how dare you be the way you are?" Frank Gilroy is a gifted writer of the theatre.

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I have always felt that Joseph Kramm is a second-rate dramatist. The total failure of his "Giants, Son of Giants" proved my suspicion that Pulitzer Prizes (as almost all awards) are worthless phenomena of our time. His "Shrike" was one of the PP birds of a feather.

## The Certainty of Good Friday

BY DALE G. LASKY

Assistant Professor of Religion  
Valparaiso University

*For many, of whom I have often told you and now tell you even with tears, live as enemies of the cross of Christ.*

— Philippians 3:18

GOOD FRIDAY ASKS of us that we relate the way a man died to the way in which we live. And thereby Good Friday most simply and directly confronts us with the Christian Gospel.

We have many red-numbered days on our calendar to mark birthdates of great men. We observe days commemorating great events or great ideas for which men gave their lives. Good Friday, however, celebrates the simple fact of a death which claims to have occurred neither in a great movement nor for a great idea but most directly for you.

The perspective of time has again and again revealed the truth or the genius of men rejected by their contemporaries. Today we honor the music, the art, the inventions, the teachings of men spurned during the days of their lives. Not so Jesus Christ. He died centuries ago and men still remember Him. But His death, His way of dying, His purpose in dying still confront us with the same uncomfortable challenge His contemporaries endured — He claims that He must die for us.

In the text before us Paul has caught what it means to be confronted by that cross and death. Some men "live as enemies of the cross of Christ." They don't merely *think* or *talk* but they *live* in opposition to this death. This cross does not seek a nod of the head, a few words of assent, or a declaration of acceptance. This death asks of us that we let it be the source of life.

This offer and demand comes to men in the time and place in which they live. Today this cross confronts us in our quest for certainty in our lives. In this university many of us are seeking more certain foundations for our lives. Some of us are endeavoring to develop those skills and abilities which can be sold in the market-place to guarantee us the purchasing power for an "abundant life." Some are pursuing that rational foundation and organization of knowledge which will give us the certainty with which to face the confusing questions thrust before us. We may be seeking that maturity of mind and self which gives the certainty of self-confidence in the presence of others. Most of us are probably seeking all of these in one fashion or another.

To us the One on the cross says, "That is not certainty. That is only a pale image of that for which God made you." You will not have found certainty

until you are able to sacrifice personal advantage which can be gained only at the expense of others or at the neglect of responsibility, until you can respect another man simply because he is a man, until you can speak in such a fashion that your words edify others, until you can do this with joy and vigor. He wants you to have that certainty which sees a direct connection between the daily tasks you perform and the glory of God. Any other kind of certainty is ultimately irrelevant.

This demand of Jesus we would like to avoid. Sometimes we seek to escape with a smile at its foolishness, at other times in aggravation at its seeming unreality and impracticality. To escape this men killed Him. They did not kill Him that He might die for them, but that His life might no longer threaten. They nailed Him to the cross, but they were enemies of the cross. We would be rid of these strange, threatening, impossible dreams. At least, we don't want to *live* this.

Of course, this is not the whole story. There is another side. We are here to worship this day because we admit our need for this certainty. We believe the crucified One can give it to us.

Now we ask for the gift. We seek it from Him with all sincerity and honesty. But do we believe it is to be found in this dying? Oh, we can understand that He must die for our sin. Atonement must be made. We can quote the words, "Without the shedding of blood there is no forgiveness." But we also want certainty. This seems to be a separate question. We plead for it and He gives us only the answer of His cross. All right, He died. But how can I be certain this is God's truth for me?

We go back to our quest. We may even go back to the Scriptures themselves. We look for a clue in His sermons, His fine teachings, His gracious and miraculous deeds. We seek new ways to worship, new forms of meditation. We ask men to give us the explanations and arguments which will establish that certainty. And Jesus insists on dying for us that in His death, and in this death alone, we may know that certainty. And God raised Him from the dead and gave to the church the gift of the Holy Spirit that we might know this is the way He desires to satisfy us.

In this Good Friday event that certainty demonstrates itself to us. But it does more than show itself. That certainty is here present as a gift to men — a gift we think too much to expect of life or which we feel must be found in some other way. On Good Friday the un-

certainties of life culminate. A Man's teachings are rejected and condemned, His friends and associates abandon Him to the foe, physical suffering twists and bends the mind, and death itself poses the ultimate question mark of life. And this One who suffers all yet says, "Father, into Thy hands I commit my spirit." Jesus dies to the Father, for the Father, in the Father. He dies that we may live with the certainty which God alone can give.

But only in the cross can it be given. Here God does not come in some strange, mysterious form. Here are no involved, difficult concepts to be mastered. Here are demanded no standardized feelings or reactions. Here God gives Himself by bearing in Himself the threats to life which man's own sin has created. The church echoes the words which declare this to the world. In this Jesus Christ there is forgiveness, atonement, re-

demption, sonship, light, life and certainty. "Now I am sure . . . that nothing will be able to separate us from the love of God in Christ Jesus our Lord."

Learn to *live* as a friend of this cross. Learn to expect more of life than life itself can give. Learn to expect what God alone can give. This is that which is yours in the cross of Christ. Here there is a certainty which all the ambiguous, threatening, uncertain situations of life cannot shake.

Live as a friend of this cross. Live as one who lets Jesus Christ die and learns in that death to let all sin die in you. Then you shall live with that certainty which Jesus is — not a moment to reason, not a theoretical answer to every question, but that certainty which is at the heart and center of life as it is lived long before any question can be asked of man.

## On Second Thought

BY ROBERT J. HOYER

**I**N CHRIST we are free. Without Christ, we are bound in sin, which means that our human nature will assert itself in rebellion against our God. But not against His Law. *It is against His mercy that we rebel.* There is our bondage. In rebelling against mercy we have only Law to look to. We are not free, we are bound by Law, until Christ reconciles us to God and to His mercy. Once we have accepted mercy, we are free from Law.

There is no life for man outside the reach of God's love and mercy. There never has been, and there never will be. Paradise and heaven alike are the absolute freedom of God's gracious love. The righteousness of paradise and heaven is one with the righteousness of faith; the given righteousness of Him whose love is all.

It is always self-assertion that rebels against God, whether the rebellion be against the Law or against His mercy. But the rebellion against the Law is a second step that we take because we have rejected mercy. And the rebellion against the mercy of God may use

the Law to assert itself. Without the Christ and His given righteousness the Law may — even will — be the *form* of our rebellion against God. With the Law in our hands, we will say: "I am a decent sort. I have not stolen or neglected ought. I thank Thee God that I am not as others are!" There is no difference between the rebellion that cries: "I hate my God, and I will kill," and the rebellion that cries: "I love myself, for I have not killed." There is an opposite to both, which cries: "I love my God, for He has forgiven my murderous act."

But in the mercy of God the self is defeated, and the *substance* of rebellion is removed. And the *form* of rebellion is invalidated, even though it continues in the sons of Adam until that day when Jesus comes again to gather in His own.

The defeat of rebellion is not in the form — our acts; but in the substance — our self. Rebellion is defeated when God sends His mercy into the heart of our rebellion.

# Bruno Walter

By WALTER A. HANSEN

ANOTHER GREAT FIGURE in the world of music has passed away. Bruno Walter, the world-famous conductor, died on February 17. He had observed his eighty-fifth birthday on September 15, 1961.

Long ago this highly learned and extraordinarily sensitive musician shortened his name from Bruno Walter Schlesinger to Bruno Walter. It is as Bruno Walter that he will be perpetually remembered and honored in the history of music.

Walter was a Jew. But early in his career he embraced the Roman Catholic faith. The Nazis harassed him with unspeakable cruelty simply because, as they put it, he was not "a Caucasian of non-Jewish descent." Walter's significant achievements in the field of music evidently meant nothing to them.

I do not hesitate to say that there never has been a conductor who excelled Walter as an exponent of the compositions of Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart. To be present when he conducted the works of this master was to come under the spell of artistry as pure in every respect as artistry can ever be. Arturo Toscanini had the ability to conduct Mozart's music with dumbfounding skill, but frequently his readings were overlaid to such an extent with Italian characteristics that discerning listeners missed some of the sturdy Teutonic elements the composer blended with the wonderful lucidity of expression he had undoubtedly learned from his close association with the Italian way of writing. Walter's expositions of the works of Mozart had both the clarity and the solidity that characterize every composition this mighty master of melody, form, harmony, and counterpoint bequeathed to the world.

The music of Mozart was one of Walter's specialties. But he was equally at home among the works of other great creators. It was always exhilarating and edifying to listen when he conducted Ludwig van Beethoven's *Symphony No. 9*. His readings of the other orchestral compositions from Beethoven's pen were no less admirable. In my opinion, they invariably came from the heart as well as from an impressive wealth of understanding. Beethoven himself, I am sure, would have said that they had a way of going to the heart.

Walter knew how to go to the core of Richard Wagner's music. When he conducted works by Franz Schubert, one saw and heard Schubert as this great melodist lived, moved, and had his being. I wonder whether the symphonies and the symphonic poems of

Peter Ilyich Tchaikovsky ever warmed the cockles of Walter's heart. At all events, his performances of the Russian's compositions did not impress me as being ideal, even though the painstaking craftsmanship of a master conductor was always in evidence.

Walter owed much to Gustav Mahler. He became one of the most ardent champions of Mahler's music. As a result, Mahler, whom many musicians and critics continue to decry as a composer, owes much to Walter. So, by the way, does Anton Bruckner, who to this day has not found favor in the eyes of a large number of conductors and commentators.

Johannes Brahms is another composer whose music fared exceedingly well whenever it was presented under the baton of Walter. After I had read the news of the famous conductor's death, I played some of his recordings of Brahms's orchestral works. As I listened to these performances, my deepfelt admiration of Walter's skill and penetrating knowledge was intensified. I had an urge to replay my recordings of some of his rehearsals, and again I was happy and thrilled to be present by the way of phonograph when the remarkably sensitive maestro told those who played under his direction exactly what he wanted. A number of years ago I played one of these recordings to a violinist who had been concertmaster of the orchestra over which Walter presided in Vienna. He, too, was thrilled. In Vienna, Walter spoke German at rehearsals. In the recordings I have he speaks English. When, as often happened, Walter said, "I am not happy," the former concertmaster smiled with pleasure and exclaimed, "Yes, that's what he always used to say when something went wrong! *Ich bin nicht gluecklich!*"

Many do not know that Walter, who was as great in the opera house as he was in the concert hall, was an exceptionally able pianist. On several occasions I have heard him play Mozart's *Piano Concerto in D Minor*. It was uplifting to note how masterfully he set forth the abiding beauty of this masterpiece.

Although Walter has passed away, he will live on and on in the history of music and in numerous recordings. In 1946 a valuable book from his pen was published. The title is *Theme and Variations*. I heartily recommend this work to all those who want to learn more about a truly great figure in the world of music.

# Simplicity - A New Beauty

By ADALBERT RAPHAEL KRETZMANN

THE WORLD OF THE arts lost a great deal when Rudolf Schwarz died recently. He was not only one of the great architects of all time but he was a theological thinker and designer of the highest order. The utter simplicity with which he approached the problem of the Corpus Christi Chapel in Aachen caused a considerable stir all over the world.

At the end of his life he built Saint Anna of Dueren which is pictured herewith. In the lower left there is an opportunity to study the masonry work at close range. Professor Steinbach tells of the endless patience of the masons, individually and collectively, who picked over the stones of the ruins of the former church in order to make a wall which was reminiscent of the artistry of the medieval cathedral builders.

The church is an emphatic statement of its function for worship. The front wall is a tremendous "tree of life" set in a very regular pattern (see upper left and lower right) and made most effective by the simple round openings. The organ is also placed with the same honesty and assertiveness.

The altar stands completely free so that the service, especially at Communion, may be performed facing the people.

All along the walls of the church on the inside, huge stones are set forward so that they may later be carved in a set of figures designed by Gutmann and Heese, under the leadership of Professor Ewald Matare. These huge stones are a part of the old Gothic Church of Saint Anna which was completely destroyed by bombs in November of 1944. The stone carvers are, all of them, from the Duesseldorf Kunstakademie. Professor Matare is also responsible for the very simple and beautiful altar cross which is visible in both pictures on the right.

The organ is by Romanus Seiffert in Kevelaer. It is designed for the so-called "Every Day" Chapel, or "Prayer" Chapel. A larger organ is to be placed in the vicinity of the main altar at a later date. As is the case in many other churches which are acoustically sound, this small organ on the east wall, with only eight registers, has shown itself to be quite satisfactory for the service also in the main nave. The altar and the ambon, pictured at the left below, are made of Main

River sandstone while the floor is of very dark, almost black Westphalian slate. In this way the altar, rising above the dark steps, comes to its fullest significance.

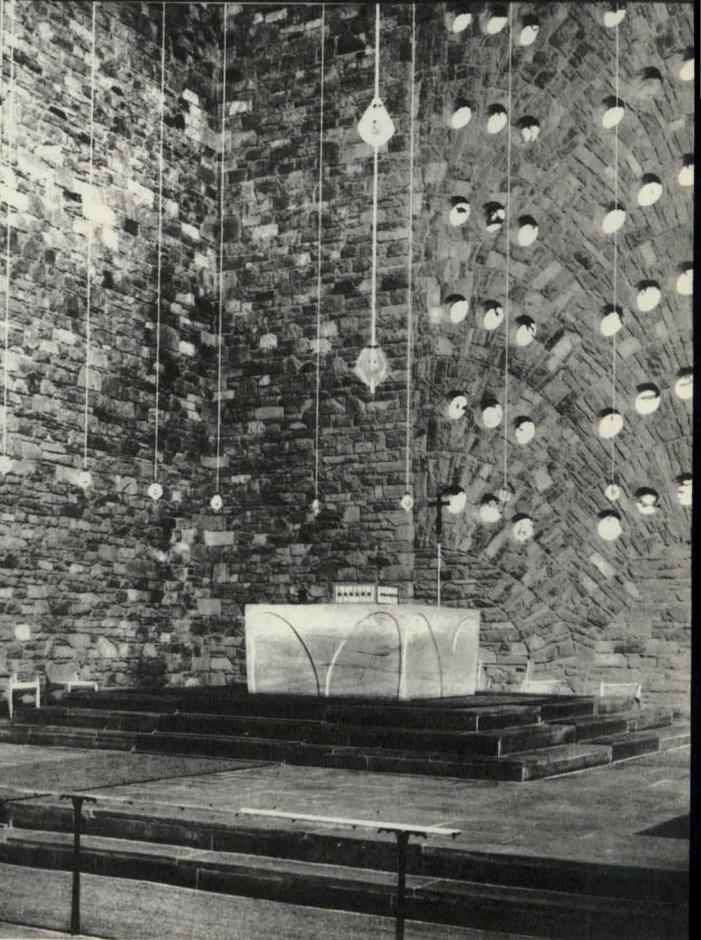
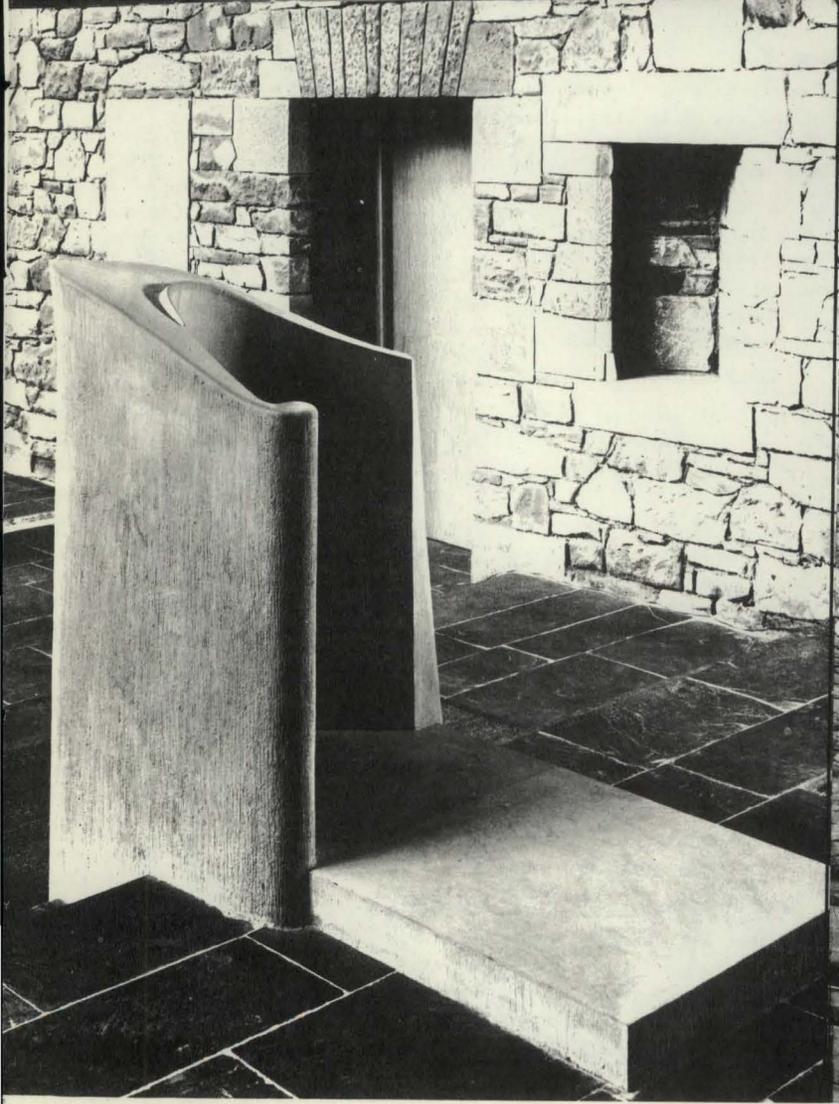
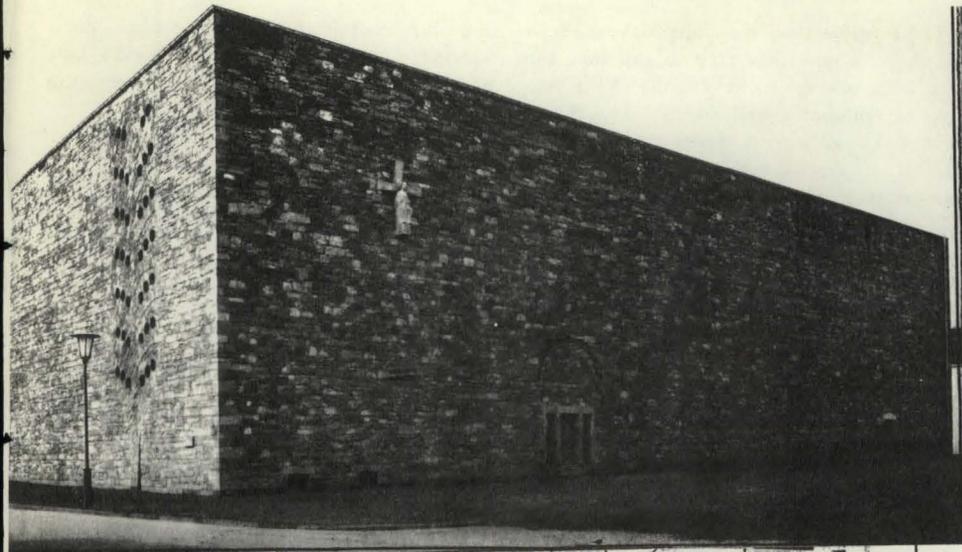
In many places throughout the building the architect has left things seemingly unfinished in order to avoid too "polished" an end result. The ruggedness and vigor of the walls give a sense of great strength and the unfinished quality is a constant reminder of the fact that we are "stranger and pilgrims" in the earth.

Well might the harsh judgment of some be leveled at this masterpiece of a great artist — "but it doesn't look like a church!" The fact of the matter really is, this is a church in every sense of the word. This is as elemental and moving an experience as the sight of mountains at dawn or a calm lake with the reflections of the setting sun upon it. Call it "indefinable" and you begin to approach the impression which Saint Anna leaves upon you. It is slightly off the beaten path in Rhine country but it is well worth the effort to "come and see."

Some day we too shall have to come to an understanding of elemental strength and beauty as it is set aside for God. We shall have to store away our little ideas of "prettiness" and say again that our God is like a rock and fortress — that the way of the Christian is not in prettiness and sleek beauty but in the hard apostolic way. The outspoken desire to make the House of God reflect in a large measure our own softness and flabbiness, our own lack of strength and vigor, has begun to be apparent to the world and, strangely, the world is unhappy to find us so.

Men like Schwarz, Boehm, Weyres, Bartning, Bauer, Metzger and Mueller have shown the way in Europe. There are hundreds of others in Europe and America who are striving mightily to break us away from the merely "traditional," the merely "beautiful," and bring us back again to an expression of the Power of God, Who made heaven and earth; of the Power of the Love of the Son of God Who died on the cross for all mankind; of the Power of the Holy Spirit Who even, in the mess and muddle of our time, directs men through the Heavenly Word to build a House which is worthy in every sense.

# HIJOMARTIN



# BOOKS OF THE MONTH

## RELIGION

### THE NEW ENGLISH BIBLE: THE NEW TESTAMENT

(Paperback edition published jointly by the Oxford and Cambridge University Presses, \$1.45)

When the New Testament of the New English Bible was published in hard covers just a year ago, we were considerably less than delighted by it. It seemed to us that the style was that of a well-bred clergyman trying very consciously to speak a language understood of simple lay folk. This reaction bothered us, because it was quite obviously a purely subjective reaction and one which a reviewer was hardly entitled to raise as an objection to a work which had claimed so much of the time and the energies of his theological and literary betters.

We were disturbed also by what seemed to us a certain flatness in the translation, but this reaction, also, we recognized as an unfair one. Despite our conscious effort not to do so, we could not help reading the NEB against the background of the King James Version. Those of us who are forty or older must probably confess that "the Bible," for us, is the KJV, and that we are in no position to give a fair hearing to any other translation. The KJV is woven into the whole fabric of our lives, our thinking, our speech, and our memories. No matter that it contains an occasional mistranslation of a dubious Greek text; it still sounds the way we assume prophets and apostles and evangelists would sound if they stepped down from their pedestals in our pseudo-Gothic churches. And we don't care to be reminded that the original language of the New Testament was the debased Greek of the market-place: the language which the Bible speaks to our needs and sorrows is the language of Elizabethan England.

These reservations we still hold after almost a year of association with the NEB. For devotional reading, for comfort, for encouragement, for expressing the joy of the Faith, we shall continue to use the KJV. But for study we turn almost exclusively to the newer translations and paraphrases — to the RSV, to Phillips, and to the NEB. We suspect that these newer translations must become "the Bible" of our children if the Scriptures are to be rescued from their present bondage as a lovely, antique literary masterpiece and restored to their proper use as the urgent Word of God to man, but we do not think that any one of these translations can ever become "the Bible" to us.

These subjective reactions having been stated, it is now necessary to say that the time and energy spent on the NEB was time exceptionally well spent. The Scriptures speak with great clarity and a certain amount of grace in this translation. The translators have availed themselves of the best manuscripts presently known and have been scrupulously fair in allowing (in footnotes) for variant readings in cases where the committee of translators felt these to be warranted. There is no evidence of sectarian bias, no sign of captivity to any theological party. The language is idiomatic, but the translators wisely retain archaic pronominal and verb forms for prayers such as our Lord's High-Priestly Prayer. (The first Rotarian is said to have been a man who called John the Baptist Jack. This reviewer suspects that the second Rotarian was the man who first addressed the Ancient of Days as You.)

A sampling of familiar sections of the New Testament may be more useful than many words in conveying some of the tone of this new translation:

How blest are those who know that they are poor; the kingdom of Heaven is theirs.

How blest are the sorrowful; they shall find consolation.

How blest are those of a gentle spirit; they shall have the earth for their possession.

(Saint Matthew 5: 3-5)

Tell out, my soul, the greatness of the Lord,

rejoice, rejoice, my spirit, in God my saviour;

so tenderly has he looked upon his servant, humble as she is.

For, from this day forth,

all generations will count me blessed, so wonderfully has he dealt with me,

the Lord, the Mighty One.

(Saint Luke 1:46-49)

God loved the world so much that he gave his only Son, that everyone who has faith in him may not die but have eternal life. It was not to judge the world that God sent his Son into the world, but that through him the world might be saved.

(Saint John 3: 16-17)

Therefore, now that we have been justified through faith, let us continue at peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ, through whom we have been allowed to enter the sphere of God's grace, where we now stand. Let us exult in the hope of the divine splendour that is to be ours. More than this: let us even exult in our present sufferings, because we know that suffering trains us to endure, and endurance brings proof that we have stood the test,

and this proof is the ground of hope. Such a hope is no mockery, because God's love has flooded our inmost heart through the Holy Spirit he has given us.

(Romans 5: 1-5)

Then I saw a new heaven and a new earth, for the first heaven and the first earth had vanished, and there was no longer any sea. I saw the holy city, New Jerusalem, coming down out of heaven from God, made ready like a bride adorned for her husband. I heard a loud voice proclaiming from the throne: 'Now at last God has his dwelling among men! He will dwell among them and they shall be his people, and God himself will be with them. He will wipe every tear from their eyes; there shall be an end to death, and to mourning and crying and pain; for the old order has passed away!'

(The Revelation 21: 1-4)

### A CHRISTIAN'S HANDBOOK ON COMMUNISM

(The Committee on World Literacy and Christian Literature of the National Council of the Churches of Christ in the U.S.A., paperback, \$1.00)

One of the good side-effects of the otherwise regrettable hysteria over Communism has been the establishment, here and there, of study groups which are honestly interested in finding out what kind of an enemy we are dealing with. One of the problems of these study groups has been to find accurate, objective, unemotional guides through the labyrinth of Communist theory and Soviet practice. For most people, the turgid prose of Marx and other Communist theoreticians is almost completely unintelligible, and to keep up with the permutations of Soviet policy requires making a career of reading the *New York Times*.

This little 86-page handbook can be recommended to any individual or group that is interested in getting a solid base for further study of Communism. Simply written, it explains why so many people have found Communism attractive, gives a remarkably perceptive outline of Communist theory, shows how these theories have been put into practice in the U.S.S.R. and other Communist countries, and surveys the different and changing policies of Communist governments toward the Church. Two concluding chapters, "The Christian Way" and "The Christian's Responsibility," briefly outline the essentials of the Christian Faith and suggest lines along which Christian testimony can be made relevant to the world of today.

If, as some irresponsible people have sug-

gested, the NCC is shot through with Communist influence, this handbook must be an exceptionally clever piece of Communist propaganda, for it literally cuts to shreds any argument that Communism and Christianity can accommodate to each other — and it does so in the quiet, meticulous, effective way of a surgeon cutting through tissue and bone down to the center of a cancer. To the question: "Can this movement be evil when its followers fight against social evils? Should not Christians, while keeping their eyes open, cooperate with communism, at least to a limited degree, as long as it continues to work toward really Christian objectives?" the answer of this handbook is: "You must answer such questions for yourself. But remember other Christians who have been brought to realize that any system, whatever its slogans or outward program, that denies God and the dignity and worth of all his children leads the Christian only into a dead-end street. At length a point is reached beyond which there is no way but renunciation: either faith in communism or faith in Christ must go."

It is just that simple, and the great virtue of this handbook is that it forces one inexorably but without any impassioned slogan-shouting to recognize that it is just that simple.

## GENERAL

### THE RICH NATIONS AND THE POOR NATIONS

By Barbara Ward (Norton, \$3.75)

In much of the West, particularly in the United States, there has been recently a hardening of opposition to programs of assistance to the so-called "underdeveloped" countries. Disturbed by what appears to be a continuing deterioration of economic and social conditions in these countries, and angered by their apparent unwillingness to be "bought," opponents of such "give away" programs have demanded either the abandonment of aid or its restriction to hard-nosed quid pro quo situations in which we would get some positive and obvious return for every dollar invested.

There is more justification for such an attitude than many proponents of aid programs would like to admit. Miss Ward, whose whole argument in this book is for the need of intelligent, well-planned, long-term assistance to the developing countries, has grave misgivings about the ways such assistance is presently being given and administered. "The rhythm of growth," she notes, "is not the rhythm of annual budgeting appropriations. Unless the Western nations bring themselves to accept the need for five- and ten-year programs, they will even waste what they do spend, for it will not be geared into a genuine strategy of growth." Note particularly the reference to the Western nations. Miss Ward

contends that "America is carrying far more than its fair burden both of the defense of the free world and of aid to the developing nations." She suggests that the other wealthy nations of the North Atlantic Community — particularly Canada, Great Britain, and Germany — ought to be rallying around and contributing their fair share to the assistance program.

But why should the rich nations of the North Atlantic area concern themselves with the problems of the poor nations of Africa, South America, and Asia? Because, says Miss Ward, "we live in the most catastrophically revolutionary age that man has ever faced" and "we reap what we sow and if freedom for us is no more than the right to pursue our own self-interest — personal or national — then we make no claim to the greatest vision of our society: 'the glorious liberty of the Sons of God.' Without vision we, like other peoples, will perish. But, if it is restored, it can be as it always has been the profoundest inspiration of our society, and can give our way of life its continuing strength."

The four profound revolutions which are taking place in this catastrophically revolutionary age Miss Ward identifies as 1) the extension of the idea of equality, among men and among nations, from its incubus in the Graeco-Judaean-Christian world to the whole wide world; 2) the growing universal acceptance of the idea of progress, of the "possibility of material change leading to a better world, not hereafter, but here and now"; 3) "the sudden vast increase in the rate at which the human race is multiplying itself upon the face of the earth"; and 4) "the application of science and saving — or capital — to all the economic processes of our life." These are all revolutions through which the Western world, by and large, has passed, in most cases gradually and stage-by-stage at a time. The non-Western world, by contrast, is passing through all of these revolutions rapidly and simultaneously in our time — or, at least, is attempting to pass through them all.

To complicate matters, the developing nations find themselves caught in the middle of a power struggle between opposing ideologies and opposing economic systems, between the relatively individualistic system of the North Atlantic nations and the authoritarian system of the East European bloc. Interested not so much in ideologies as in the practical question of improving the lot of their own peoples, the leaders of the uncommitted developing nations look for aid wherever they can get it. "When you struggle between a dying world and a world that will not be born," Miss Ward says, "when everything comes to you bearing the face of confusion; when your old ideas and your new ambitions

cannot be made to coincide; when the old is fading and you are not sure that you want it to go; and the new must come but is a long time coming; when you wander in a twilight zone between ideas and ways of life which seem inherently contradictory — then the appeal of the firm simple explanation is intense and you listen with fascination when men come to you and say: 'We have the prescription for the future; we have the total answer; we can tell you what to do; because, look, we have already done it.' It may be that this simplicity, this bold claim to solve everything, is Communism's greatest attraction; and it is one which we in the West would be very unwise to underestimate."

This is an important book by one of the sanest voices of our times. It could — if its message is read, understood, and acted upon — change the course of history.

### THE SIERRA

By S. Storrs Lee (Putnam, \$5.95)

Some of the roots of history may occasionally be found in print that is not as scholarly as that written by the professional historian but affords rewarding reading as it "Guntherizes" the recesses of the past and probes into its neglected segments.

*The Sierra* indulges in the harsh flavor of the frontier, bristles with physical vigor, and gives us some mellowed musings in sharing this untamed realism that emerges from the "slaughter of raw humanity." True, people lived in rugged times, compared to our contemporary period, but, from the flickering shadows of the past, Mr. Storrs Lee causes them to leap to life as the reader becomes more engrossed in the accounts of the "lynching of Juanita" or, perhaps, may become irked by the uninhibited perspective of the "daughters of joy."

There are flashes of the macabre as, for instance, when the vigilantes returned from the "hanging party" to tell the widow the "joke's on us" because they found out too late that they had hanged the wrong party. But there is also revealed a light hearted gaiety about how "Dutch Kate" could "drink, smoke, swear, gamble," and dress like a man — and was no amateur as a stage robber.

The book is crowded with strong men who attained historical rank in respectable accomplishments. Here are George F. Hearst, founder of the San Francisco *Examiner*, forerunner of the 26-paper chain of his son, William Randolph; John B. Stetson, hat manufacturer and founder of Stetson University; John G. Studebaker, of the carriage and car dynasty; Leland Stanford, Bret Harte, Mark Twain, Josiah Royce, and many others who left indelible footprints along the paths of history. The author sheds light about obscure places

and, at times, unimportant incidents, but permits the reader to visit isolated regions where simple folks and somewhat forgotten ways of life, heretofore the blind spots of history, are now revealed to the modern critical reader of today.

Descriptions of natural phenomena shimmer majestically in the background story of the Sierra timberlands. Bulky canyon contours are an ostentatious spectacle of "magnificent dimensions." A gorgeous expanse of great redwood trees over three thousand years old provides a sylvan silence in the northern area. It was the devastation of the railroad builders and lumber barons that wrought unholy havoc in much of the natural mountain scenery of the grand Sierras. Echoing ax blows of the rapacious invaders to supply the insatiable demand for industrial progress stripped this mountain chain of most of its trees. It was the U.S. government that finally halted this "alarming ravaging of nature" and only after widespread articulate action had clamored for conservation.

Mr. Lee is a talented writer and shares with the reader his refreshing account of the isolated and untamed frontier. Sometimes this reviewer sensed a pathos as well as a tyranny in the situation as those forgotten people of this particular frontier, caught in the lonely pattern of an unexplored area in pursuit of adventure and wealth, in time became a significant part in the inevitable current of political and industrial development of a great nation.

The book may have a few dull sections that annoy the casual reader but it is a sturdy accomplishment to dig so deeply into those concealed regions and assess the personal experiences of an unprotected folk who faced defiant challenges for survival.

RALPH EUGENE SCHENCK

### THESE WERE THE SIOUX

By Mari Sandoz (Hastings House, \$3.50)

Mari Sandoz, author of fourteen books dealing largely with Indians and the settling of the West, is not what people used to call "an Indian lover." She does not treat the Indians sentimentally, although her long personal acquaintance with the Sioux leads to a sympathy which is valuable. She is an apologist for the Plains Indians, but her approach is a refreshing combination of intellectual, social, cultural, and personal attitudes.

Having grown up almost in the midst of Sioux country, about twenty-five years after the Custer disaster, she speaks with authority derived from direct observation and from frequent conversations with the Indians. Before she was five years old, she was befriended by Bad Arm, who had served with Crazy Horse in the campaign which destroyed Custer. More of her information comes from He Dog, brother

chieftain and friend of Crazy Horse.

*These Were the Sioux* is a small but indispensable record of the cultural attitudes of the Sioux. The first part of the book deals largely with the raising of children, the methods used to discipline them, and the theory behind the freedom granted them. The Sioux did not worry much about specific regulations concerning various kinds of behavior. Rather, they educated their children in pure discipline and responsibility, assuming that the child could then make his own decisions. This is a non-Freudian concept which the white man might do well to emulate, even today.

The second portion of the book discusses Sioux religion, including the sun dance; the social structure of the group, especially in courtship and marriage; visions and prophecies, with the notion of *heyoka* (contrariness); and the role of the Sioux woman. Miss Sandoz easily dispels the notion that Sioux women were slaves and that the men were lazy. The stereotyped picture of the Indian woman trudging along under heavy bundles, while the warrior remains unburdened, is simply explained: the warrior had to have his hands free of everything but his weapons. Necessity, not choice, determined the role of the women.

The sun dance, often culminating in a minor kind of self-mutilation, was perhaps the heart of the Sioux religious beliefs. In this dance, the participant tries to achieve a sharp and clear feeling and understanding of himself and his universe. His sensitivity is heightened, sometimes to the point of vision. In many respects, then, the sun dance did for the Sioux what stimulants have often done for the artist in our more "civilized" way of life. It is also analogous to the fasting of Lent within the Christian church. In fact, much of what Miss Sandoz shows us concerning the Sioux could easily find parallel, although watered-down, situations in the life of the white man.

The Sioux (and other Indians as well) believed that all things came forth out of travail. Man's chief business, then, is to recognize the good which is in life, the inevitability of death, and the necessity for discipline and responsibility in every day of a man's life. The Sioux mind and soul are worth studying, and Miss Sandoz provides us now with an excellent introduction, told informally but concisely, with understanding and sympathy.

### PASSPORT FOR THREE

By Hal & Halla Linker (Doubleday, \$4.50)

This travelogue is the story behind the TV series, "Wonder of the World," showing the tense moments, happy ones, or curious ones experienced by the Linkers all around the world. Especially those who have seen the "Wonders of the World"

series should find the book very interesting. Photographs help the reader visualize some of the scenes.

Snatches of background information enliven the accounts. The settling of Iceland was determined by wooden idols tossed from the Viking ships. Where these "gods" floated ashore was to be the home of the Vikings. After almost a year they were found in the harbor now known as Reykjavik. In 1930 the world's first parliamentary assembly was established here, thereby making Iceland an independent Republic two centuries before England's Magna Charta was signed. In Pakistan the Official Government Opium Stores were justified by the claim that "we feel that it is far wiser for the government to make available to registered addicts heroin, opium, and other narcotics at controlled, low prices, than to foolishly try to ban it . . . By making it legally impossible for an addict to obtain drugs . . . a black market is created; criminals smuggle in narcotics and force the addicts to pay high prices and the addicts turn to crime to get enough money." The Watuse (a tribe of the Congo) "strikingly resemble those depicted in paintings in Ancient Egyptian tombs. They are thought to have originally migrated from the Nile country . . . a belief substantiated to a great degree by their cattle with immense horns shaped like the musical lyre of Ancient Egypt." In Polynesian circles a man's prestige increases in proportion to his wife's poundage. The stouter she becomes the more evident it is to all and sundry that her husband is a good "provider," therefore worthy of being a chief. A monument to Spanish Civil War dead had a crypt beneath it. It is surprising to learn that "Gen. Francisco Franco . . . was engaged in a dispute with many of his followers over his desire to include the bodies of the opposing Loyalists in the vast tomb. His contention was that in the final analysis both sides were, after all, comprised of Spaniards. He felt that with the Civil War a generation in the past it was time to forget old wounds and for the nation to spiritually unite." "Legend has it that as long as there are Barbary apes on Gibraltar, Britain will remain in control . . . a story claims that during World War II the apes started to die off due to starvation caused by lack of food donations by visiting tourists. At any rate (so the story goes) the British, cognizant of the legend, quietly recruited Barbary ape replacements from their original habitat in N. Africa." A charming Russian guide explained why the Soviet government goes to the expense of maintaining a monastery when it no longer believes in religion . . . "To remind our people how decadent the 'Old Russia' used to be when the church had even more power than the Czars."

Personal observations give the human touch." Some world travelers give the accolade for the planet's worst traffic conditions to Mexico City, Paris, or Rome. In our opinion Tokyo makes the rest resemble quiet village lanes. Even the Japanese refer to their taxi drivers as "Kamikazes—suicide bombers." In trying to explain the everlasting quality of the Egyptian pyramids the dragoman said, "We are mere gnats on the flank of the great camel called time!" "We noticed that Russian tourists who were obviously visiting their capital for the first time always spoke in lowered tones as though fearful that they would be overheard. This 'near whisper' way of living was to remain with us for the duration of our trip through 'Holy Russia.'"

Probably the most unique feature of this book is that the travels are done by a family — husband, wife, son. The son had his own passport at seven weeks of age and had been around the world before his first birthday. His first eight birthdays were all celebrated in different parts of the world. The following suggests just a few of the problems: "We were travelling with 20 pieces of baggage. The bulkiest items were little Davey's property. In addition to his portable crib we also had a heavy folding play pen of wood, a folding aluminum stroller, and a two months supply of American baby food and condensed milk."

This story of a happy closely knit family of globe trotters should delight the entire family.

LOIS SIMON

### MY LIFE IN BASEBALL—THE TRUE RECORD

By Ty Cobb with Al Stump (Doubleday, \$4.50)

Autobiographies often are associated with the kind of reading that induces sleep; skip this one if you tend to take a biography in place of a sleeping pill.

*My Life in Baseball* is an exciting, gripping, and fast-moving book which matches any and outdoes most sports fiction this reader has ever encountered. It has the added appeal of separating legend from fact and does so in a very direct manner.

Cobb tells his version, often for the first time, of the many incidents which supposedly involved him in his phenomenal playing career; he satisfactorily clears up many half-truths, exaggerations, and incomplete reports which, when told by his enemies and jealous associates through the years, have sullied his reputation. He pulls no punches in telling his version and casts some well-known baseball figures in less than favorable light; the fact that his

versions have not been disputed serves to add to their authenticity.

Cobb played the game to the hilt, full-blast, and was constantly on the offensive in his own unique idea of self-defense. He admits trying to spike players — twice — but spread over his 3,033 games it turns into a pretty fine good-behavior ratio.

The Georgia star took a quote from *Hamlet*, "Beware of entrance to a quarrel; but being in, bear't, that the opposed may beware of thee," as a guiding principle throughout his active playing days and recommends it without reservation for all baseball players.

Whether you agree he was the greatest baseball player of them all, or whether you believe his version of the many incidents which involved him during his career, all must agree with the superiority of his baseball thinking. His theories and practices leave little room for question or challenge because of the superb example he set.

The book has a wealth of baseball sense and tips to players of all ages and status and should be required reading for all associated with what passes as the game of baseball today.

Indeed, if one did not have to contend with midgets, players who do not even own a glove carried on major league rosters as hitting specialists, exploding scoreboards, the complete lack of hustle in the major league games of today, and various other "modern" baseball practices, *My Life in Baseball* almost makes you want to go out to the ball park and take in a game.

All the attacks on Cobb seem to be answered in the following quote, "In' my 3,033 games, I always went out into action with every ounce of fight I had — 'ferocious' is an adjective I won't quarrel with — but I want all young Americans to know that never in twenty-four years did I do anything low or under-handed." That this statement has gone unchallenged in the year the book has been in print should be of major significance to the many people who doubt or would sully the greatness of Cobb.

CARL F. GALOW, JR.

### THE WHISPERING LAND

By Gerald Durrell (Viking, \$3.95)

Wildlife has been the subject of many books of fact and fiction during the past two years. *The Whispering Land*, another delightful true adventure of Gerald Durrell, tells of his travels in Patagonia and Jujuy. Animals and birds are his real friends and he leads his readers to feel that they, too, may claim them as theirs.

*The Whispering Land* is really a contin-

uation of Durrell's earlier book, *A Zoo in my Luggage*. We actually travel with this adventurer, become a member of his crew, and feel that we are seeing and hearing everything first-hand.

Durrell had been an ardent admirer of Charles Darwin for many years; therefore, he finds delight in visiting the places visited by Darwin a hundred years ago. Each chapter of this new book is graced with an apt quotation from Darwin's book, *The Voyage of H.M.S. Beagle*.

Durrell's descriptions of the wild life he sought are educational, filled with beauty, and overflowing with humor. The author's traveling companions lend much interest to the narrative.

As we finish the book we feel that we are saying good-bye to friends with whom we have traveled through strange lands helping to secure specimens of interesting wild life. *The Whispering Land* is a book which is easily read and should not be missed.

H. MATHEWS

### THE BOOK OF JOE

By Vincent Price (Doubleday, \$3.50)

Actor, traveler, lecturer, art enthusiast, Vincent Price now reveals another facet of his personality — that of dog-lover. In one slim volume, fittingly sub-titled "About a dog and his man," he describes a mutual devotion probably excelled by few.

It all began in 1947, when Mr. Price, number six in the pet shop waiting line, decided upon the bargain puppy in the back row. Nondescript, homely, but definitely dignified, Joe was the one dog for him. Loving, determined, and independent, Joe soon became the boss. Through years filled with green parrots, bantam roosters, bicycle-riding neighbors, and French poodles named Prudence, Pasquale, and Picayune, he has reigned over the Price household.

With the exception of two unnecessary chapters (one dealing with Mr. Price's animal acquaintances on stage and movie lot, the other with his canine and feline pets of the past), this is definitely the book of Joe. From the description of his trip to the hills with Moppet to the tale of Joe's day in court, it is the story of a real dog. Although even a fellow dog-lover may wince at Joe as a "lovable lump" or Joe described as a "fur-upholstered coffee table" with "Duncan Phyfe legs," he understands why Mr. Price says it. Leo Hershfield's clever line drawings help make *The Book of Joe* light, enjoyable (if slightly overdone) reading.

STEPHANIE UMBACH

# A Minority Report

A Consistent Measure

By VICTOR F. HOFFMANN



A PROFESSOR-FRIEND of mine is "sick unto death."

This fact is in itself a shock to many of his friends and colleagues. But more shocking than even this is the straight-forward and honest way in which he himself as the subject at hand faces the fact of death. The admiration all of us have had for him in the past has now been increased a hundredfold.

A mimeographed letter sent out by him to his friends and colleagues illustrates the manner of a man of God facing death.

He writes (February 18, 1962): "As many of you may know, I am critically ill with cancer at Billings Hospital. To those of you who have sent cards, notes, and flowers, I want to say thank you for remembering me in my illness. It is comforting to know of the concern and prayers of so many people. I appreciate all that you have done. As I lie here flat on my back, my mind continues to be active — indeed, thought has always been my profession. Many of you have shared my concerns in the past, and so I want to talk to you about this matter of cancer, a problem which I see as clearly as anything I have ever been concerned with before."

His talk about the matter of cancer begins with a rejection of flowers as a symbol of kindness for flowers like smoke, drink, and cosmetics simply represent money "gone for things which are not essential."

In his mind, at this hour of death as always, "cancer research and charity are essential." He continues: "They are essential in order to improve the detection and treatment, and to bring the cost of care for cancer within the reach of everyone. There are so many of our fellow men — they, also, are the sons of God — who need our help. Some of us get the best care that is available; but what deeply concerns me are 'the bums on the Bowery,' the many people for whom society does so little. And what disturbs me are the rich and complacent who do nothing to lend a helping hand. The problem is that people are so blinded to reality — including the reality of the threat of cancer and the great

need of those humble ones of modest means who are stricken by it!"

He closed this letter with a statement from Scripture: "Truly, I say to you, as you did it to one of the least of these my brethren, you did it to me."

Several days later he sent out another mimeographed letter (February 22, 1962). He begins with a progress report of his condition: "In the last several days my condition has improved somewhat. The treatment has had some effect on the cancer; I have gotten a lot of things off my mind, through the prayers of my ministers, reflection, dictation, and conversation — I am at peace psychologically; and now I am even walking a few steps, with assistance. I want to thank for remembrances of all kinds any of you whom I have not thanked before. I'm sorry that I don't feel up to seeing visitors other than my family."

And right back he goes to the problem of cancer. He points out that there is actually a great amount of cancer research going on; however, he writes, "only a limited amount is related to stomach cancer in particular." With respect to stomach cancer research, he points out that two types are now going on: 1. "... the basic research concerned with studying cancerous cells"; 2. "... the treatment research concerned with testing anti-cancer agents."

Thereupon, he lays down some strategy for people interested in cancer research and compelled by charity: 1. he names the university that is carrying out a lot of the research; 2. he names the doctors and gives their addresses; 3. your contributions may be sent to them.

He insists that this kind of contribution is better than all the flowers one could send, the letters one could write, and the notes of remembrance and recall that he would receive — much as he appreciates them all.

All of his life this man lived as if he were living in the vestibule to heaven, as if he really were only a pilgrim here doing the work of God.

The measure of his life is also the measure of death for him.

# Memorable Television Reporting

By ANNE HANSEN

FEBRUARY IS A MONTH of special remembrance for the citizens of our land. In this shortest month of the year we pay tribute to two great presidents: George Washington, one of the farseeing founders of a new nation, and Abraham Lincoln, the dedicated man who fought a grim and terrible war to keep that nation united under a common flag. On February 20, 1962, another day of remembrance was added to the calendar when Col. John H. Glenn, Jr., successfully completed his historic journey into outer space.

On this day Americans were truly united — united in their anxiety for the safe return to earth of the courageous astronaut, in their pride in the significant achievements of NASA, and in the fervent prayer that each forward step into the unknown may advance the cause of peace for all mankind.

I am sure that we are united in our gratitude to the major TV networks for their painstaking and comprehensive reporting, not only of every phase of the flight of *Friendship 7* but of all the events that occurred during the days when a proud and jubilant people paid tribute to the seven brave pioneers of an untried new frontier and to all the workers in the space program who labored together to launch the United States on the limitless reaches of the "new ocean" of the universe.

I believe that our national pride was quickened on still another day in February. On February 14, Mrs. John F. Kennedy took television viewers on a memorable tour of the White House. Although this program was produced under the direct supervision of CBS, the video tape itself was made available to all networks. It would be impossible, I believe, to find fault with Mrs. Kennedy in the role of hostess and commentator. She was at all times poised, unaffected, and completely charming. I was especially impressed by her knowledge of facts and figures, her sensitive appreciation of beauty, her deep interest in the White House as a repository for treasured possessions intimately associated with our history as a nation, and her eagerness to share these treasures with every visitor to the nation's capital. Incidentally, this program has been widely acclaimed, and requests for tapes have poured in from every foreign country in which TV is established.

*West Side Story* (Mirisch-United Artists, Robert Wise), which has already won the New York Film Critics Circle Award for Best Picture of the Year (1961), has also received eleven separate nominations for film-land's coveted Oscar. By the time this appears in print the

annual Academy Awards will have been announced. *West Side Story* presents a modern version of Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet*. The setting is a westside slum area in New York City, the star-crossed young lovers are a Puerto Rican immigrant girl and a native-born white boy, the feud is between two rival gangs of juvenile delinquents, and the issue is the ugly clash between racial groups which inevitably leads to tragedy.

I came away from *West Side Story* with mixed feelings. This is an exciting, disturbing, and, at times, deeply moving film. I can applaud the fine acting of the principals, the striking color photography, the excellent choreography devised and directed by Jerome Robbins, the terse satirical lyrics by Stephen Sondheim, and some portions of the musical score by Leonard Bernstein. But I cannot applaud the false and potentially vicious sociological premise from which plot and action stem. Nor can any thoughtful adult condone the creed which motivates the young hoodlums in their defiance of society and social order, or the manner in which the power of the law is presented in the form of intolerant police officers. It seems to me that *West Side Story* says too much without saying enough. It presents a mere surface study of one aspect of the current worldwide struggle among racial groups.

If I were to make the Academy Award for the best actress of the year, my choice would be Sophia Loren, for her superb performance in *Two Women*. This grimly realistic picture of human behavior under the duress of wartime living was produced and directed by Vittorio de Sica, the eminent producer-director who made *Shoe Shine*, *Bicycle Thief*, and other notable postwar Italian films. Mr. de Sica portrays war as he must have experienced it in Italy during World War II. He portrays it in all its horror and ugliness. Yet the film has moments of great tenderness, courage and self-sacrifice. In addition, there are rewarding glimpses of the unquenchable spirit that survives all the terrors of the moment in the confident hope that tomorrow will be a better day.

*Two Women* is a modest film produced on a relatively low budget. Yet it has more power, pertinence, and vitality than *The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse* (M-G-M, Vincente Minelli), the new multimillion-dollar updated version of the well-known novel by Vicente Blasco Ibanez. The performances are undistinguished, the pace of the action is pedestrian, and the entire film lacks suspense and drama.

*Professor Bachin*

# The Pilgrim



*"All the trumpets sounded for him on the other side"*

—PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

By O. P. KRETZMANN

## So They Crucified Him There

NINE O'CLOCK of a fair and warm spring morning . . . The procession moved slowly up the hill . . . A little rain had fallen during the night, the doves were circling the horizon, and the birds sang in the olive trees beneath the city wall . . . A beautiful morning . . . A day for joy and hope . . . An unusually Good Friday.

I am very sure that our Lord saw all that . . . He had watched the lilies of the field, the corn ripening for harvest, the moon standing above the valley of the Kedron . . . He would surely see once more the world as God had made it, beautiful and fair, a world of song and joy so far removed from the pain and tears with which the procession came to the little green hill beyond the gates of the Holy City.

So they crucified Him there . . . Surrounded by the strange continuing goodness of all His creation except its crown . . . The body and soul of man to which evil had come . . . The hole for the cross is dug . . . The cross pieces are fitted . . . The young body is laid up on the beam . . . One nail is hammered home . . . The second . . . The third . . . His arms and feet are tied with ropes in case the nails should not hold the racked body . . . The soldiers raise the cross upright . . . A dull thud as it falls into the hole dug for it . . . The blood starts to flow from hands and feet . . . The aching, tearing pain of crucifixion begins . . . So they crucified Him there.

It is good for us to stand here for a few moments . . . Not as contemporaries, because it would be too easy for us to join the mob, but as twentieth century men and women, the sixtieth generation since the cross, the end product of 1900 years of Christianity . . . It might be worth while for us to stand here . . . Perhaps eternally worth while.

I have again been watching people who try to make Christianity reasonable . . . They write long and learned books designed to prove that Christianity is a very understandable thing . . . That you can think it through . . . That it appeals to the processes of thought and logic, the canons of knowledge . . . As I stand at Calvary where they crucified Him I realize that much of this intellectualizing is dangerous nonsense . . . The Christian religion is not a reasonable religion . . . You can move around inside it by intellectual processes, you can

formulate doctrines, you can work out conclusions, you can reason from one proposition to another . . . But — and it is an insurmountable "but" — the great basic truths of our religion are always and forever beyond reason . . . They are not subject to the ordinary laws of thought . . . As you examine them you can check further and further and ultimately you always come to the jumping-off place . . . The place where reason ends . . . The place where you stand either with folded hands or with hands holding a hammer . . . The place from which you must leap into the arms of God if you want to be a Christian.

We are standing there now . . . Near the ultimate mystery of our religion, the mystery of the cross . . . The riddle of God which can be solved only by God and in God . . . They crucified Him there . . . This does not make sense . . . And it isn't reasonable . . . This cross, this mob, and God hanging there in the cool of a spring morning.

So they crucified Him there . . . Why is He hanging on the cross? We know that He is God . . . Where, then, are the legions of angels? What keeps Him on that wooden bed of pain? . . . Three nails? . . . Three slivers of metal forged by human hands cannot pin God down . . . There must be something else . . . And there is . . . We are now face to face with the mystery of God . . . He is there because He wants to be there . . . He has wanted to hang there from the foundation of the earth — and He still wants to . . . It is neither the nails nor the new rope that holds Him to His dying . . . It is sheer love — and nothing else . . . The friendship of God pouring itself down and away to a cross . . . The miracle and mystery of forgiveness . . . The coming of God to the dust where we were.

So they crucified Him there . . . It is still a mystery, strangely simple with the profound simplicity of God . . . Do some of us still believe that Christianity is a complex religion? We can never forget that all of it is in two sentences . . . The cry of the defeated soul: "God, be merciful to me, a sinner," and the answering cry of the Young Man on the cross on a spring morning: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." That is the whole story . . . So they crucified Him there — because He saw us as we were and as we are and loved us . . . Nevertheless.