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A REVIEW OF LITERATURE, THE ARTS AND CURRENT AFFAIRS

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THE CRESSET

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THE CRESSET

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Notes and Comment

BY THE EDITORS

Feint With the Left?

After passing through a series of personal, political, and journalistic crises, Henry Wallace has declared his intention of running for the Presidency in this year's elections.

Now, we do not hold with those who regard Mr. Wallace as a visionary, devoid of political acumen or strategic sense. Both his opponents who ridicule his "mysticism" and his devotees who revere him as a prophet have, it seems to us, underrated and misunderstood him.

Henry Wallace cannot hope to become President this year: that seems clear to everyone, including Henry Wallace. But if he should succeed in splitting the unholy—or, at least, incongruous—alliance of Leftists and Southern Democrats that elected Franklin Roosevelt, his campaign may have far-reaching consequences.

Is it being uncharitable to suggest that what Mr. Wallace is attempting is an old boxer's trick—that of feinting with a left in 1948 in the hope of crossing with a lethal punch when his opponents have dropped their guard in 1952?

In any case, he will do the country a real service if his candidacy helps make the issues in the coming election a little clearer than they have been in the past decade.

Why Party Politics?

It is considered self-evident in our country that during a war political partisanship is held in abeyance so that all can unite their efforts toward the common

good in the face of the national emergency. That is obviously a course dictated by reason and good sense under those circumstances. Why, then, is not the same principle applied when other matters of critical importance must be acted on? Surely the question of what can be done to halt the inflation which has us in its grip and the implementation of the Marshall plan are problems of the most vital consequence to our future well-being.

That there should be differences of opinion on these matters among our legislators is to be expected, but not that these differences should largely follow party lines. It is hard to see that any party principles are involved. If, nevertheless, such problems are used as a means of jockeying for partisan advantage, there would seem to be good grounds for losing confidence in those who take this course and thereby set concern for their party above concern for the nation.

Wanted: Honest Pagans

ANYONE who makes a habit of listening to the radio expects occasional asininities; they seem to be unavoidable. But why should some of the most solemn seasons of the year be used for asininities that can best be designated as blasphemous?

In his Christmas broadcast, for example, a noted reporter thought it necessary to comment on the meaning of Christmas—"it is brave to be decent, it is strong to be kind." And then, almost in the same breath, he referred to the death of one of his colleagues with the words: "What I said a moment ago about another man applies to him, too—it is brave, etc."

Now, if a person does not wish to acknowledge Jesus Christ as Lord, that is his perfect privilege under the American Constitution. But, in the name of God, let's be honest! Let him admit that the Christian faith and the Lord it proclaims mean no more to him than just a part of "the American way of life."

"Great God! I'd rather be a pagan suckled in a creed outworn" than to sentimentalize the Savior into an American suburbanite and call that Christian faith.

Devil's Brew

IN VOTING the partition of Palestine the United Nations have stirred up a very devil's brew, and time may show that their action has been one of the most fateful steps taken in our day. The United States has been the prime mover in the matter, and it may have cause bitterly to regret this

fact, for it may turn out that it has thereby played into the hands of Russia.

The whole affair has a sinister cast. The government and the press have all along asserted that the American people were strongly in favor of meeting the demands of the Jews with regard to Palestine, but neither the government nor the press has given the American people an opportunity to become clear or vocal on the merits of the case. There have been influences at work which have seen to it that only one side was heard. As a result America has been edged into the un-American action of compelling another country to accept immigration against its will and of finally partitioning it.

That the Jews wanted it so does not make it right, for as David Goldstein writes in *Jewish Panorama:* "The Jews of today, especially the Zionist Jews, have no more right to Palestine, which was a Jewish land over two thousand years ago, than the Indians have to the state of California, which was an Indian-Mexican land a hundred years ago."

Brass Propaganda

TRADITIONALLY, Americans have been suspicious of anything resembling militarism in times of peace. When the security of the country demands, they have been willing to undergo the domination of Army brass, but only for the duration.

Somehow, many American military leaders seem to be fulfilling the fears of the darkie in the joke we heard during the war, "that the duration will last longer than the war." Andrei Vishinsky is not the only one who has noticed the great amount of propaganda being dispensed by American military leaders at a time when nerves are tense and suspicions aroused on every side.

One of the goals of this propaganda is universal military training, long an ambition of American generals and staff officers. Representative Forest A. Harness has stated:

"The army has set up in almost every county advisory committees of civilians, who organize meetings and carry on publicity work in behalf of universal military training. The army still is sending out tremendous quantities of literature at public expense, in support of UMT. As far as I'm concerned, that's propaganda—or at least improper use of federal money."

Regardless of what one may think of compulsory military training, the idea of the Army using public funds to change the public's mind is repulsive to any

American, in addition to setting a dangerous precedent.

Sweet Dreams

WHEN people find themselves in difficult circumstances, some of them meet the situation by escaping from reality into the land of fantastic dreams. Along about Christmas Rene Mayer, French minister of economic affairs and finance, came along with such a dream.

France suffers under a high cost of living which is partly due to the fact that black marketeers buy direct from farms and factories and then increase their profits by keeping up an artificial scarcity of goods. But Mayer saw a way out. He proposed that America give or sell to France vast quantities of food, textiles, machinery, etc. Then France could be flooded with these goods at low prices, the black marketeers would be left holding the bag, their stranglehold on the market would be broken, and all would be lovely.

How prices in America would be affected by such an arrangement Mayer did not think it necessary to consider. Such things do not bother one in really pleasant dreams. Or can it be that Mayer learned his dreaming from some of our native experts in dreaming?

Poacher's Justice

DURING the last hunting season in one of our Northern states, a would-be Nimrod was driving home after an unsuccessful week in the woods.

By the side of the road in a little town he spied an eight-point buck hanging in front of an apparently deserted building. Hoping thus to vindicate his ability as a hunter, he removed the carcass and drove the rest of the way home with the animal draped over his fender.

His imagination rose to the occasion, and as he drove he fancied himself thrilling the boys back home with accounts of how he snubbed lesser beasts to find this magnificent head. As soon as he arrived, he summoned one and all to a feast of venison and a session of story-telling.

But closer examination revealed that his prize buck had no familiar game odor about it. Instead, it smelled of formaldehyde! It had been intended for exhibition and was utterly useless.

There's a moral in there somewhere, and it shouldn't be too hard to find.

A New Law of Nature?

I HAVE made a new scientific discovery, and it is only right and proper that I give others the bene-

fit of it. That is the way things are done in science. It came about this way. I had noticed all along, when I compared our children, in their good and bad points, with Minnie and myself, that they got all their good qualities from me and the rest from Minnie. The boys have the same fine, noble, upstanding ways as I, and the girls literally duplicate my sweetness and my polished manners. What they got from Minnie I would rather not say because she might not like it.

I thought for a long time that this was a fact that was true only in our family. But lately I spoke to some of my friends—John and Jary and Walter and Gus—and they were surprised and said they had noticed the same in their children. That makes it clear that what we have here is a law of nature. I don't take any special credit to myself for discovering it, but I would like to say to every young man who thinks of getting married: Be very, very careful what kind of a Jane you pick.

The PILGRIM

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

BY O. P. KRETZMANN

The Sparrow—1948

(Editor's Note—Well, here they are again—my two young friends and the sparrow—six years and one war later. . . . The sparrow remains unchanged, but my friends are a little wiser. . . . Perhaps sadder, too. . . . The years from 1942 to 1948 have not been good for their generation, and the days ahead are uncertain and dark. . . . It is interesting to note that one of my friends points to the social implications of the sparrow, while the other sees him as an individual in a puzzling world. . . . Both views are legitimate and necessary. . . . Next month I hope to write a letter to all three of them—the two who saw the sparrow, and the sparrow himself. . . .)

LO, HERE is the Pilgrim shaking us down for another homily on a sparrow.

The last time the Pilgrim asked us it was 1941. One bleak afternoon he called us over to the big house near the ivy-covered buildings. It was in December, as we remember it, a couple of weeks after that Sunday when the world fell apart.

"Something I want you to take a look at," he confided, "might shape up into a piece for the magazine."

The Pilgrim pointed. We looked and there was a lone sparrow, nestling in the eaves high above the Pilgrim's porch. It was a defiant sparrow. "Chirpy little gent," we remarked. Feathers had a rakish set. No fear in those eyes.

The Pilgrim stuck out a finger and the little petrel made as if to peck it right off. Here it was the dead of winter, snow all around, the other sparrows long ago flown to Miami, and this little dicky-bird carries on like the cock of the walk.

It was a pretty impressive charade that he (the sparrow, not the Pilgrim) was playing.

We padded back to a room on the campus and pounded out a blithe essay. It said that the Pilgrim's sparrow symbolized the lit-

tle man wearing the asbestos suit of democracy in a world caught fire. The paragraphs rambled on and that 1941 sparrow came off somewhere between the American Bald Eagle and Joan of Arc. He was brave, he was fearless—the soldier from Brooklyn, the sailor from Texas, the man on the assembly line in a nation at war.

Here's the point—if there is one. The sparrow was unafraid amid troubles. The United States was then unafraid amid troubles.

The Second World War was roaring into its second month and the nation was running along under a full head of steam—fighting, producing, giving blood, buying bonds. Iowa farm boys flew P-40's. Brush salesmen welded landing craft. Grey-beards in old people's homes wrapped bandages.

If there was fear, it was hard to find in that December of 1941. Maybe the United States didn't know WHERE it was going but at least it WAS going.

The sparrow fitted in.

Comes 1948 and the Pilgrim says it's time to take another long look at the sparrow. We take up this task with a certain misgiving. We no longer sit at the Pilgrim's feet in a university by a railroad. Besides, the 1941 sparrow is long gone—flown off to the bowers of bliss.

We happened to be in the capital when the Pilgrim told us to pour oil into our own cresset and go forth to fling salt on the tail of another sparrow.

This wasn't easy. Sparrows are hard to come by in the cold along the Potomac. We tramped Pennsylvania Avenue, searched the high marble ledges along Constitution Avenue, combed the rococo eaves at the Library of Congress—even gazed into the House rafters, ugly and temporary girders installed to buttress a weak capitol roof. But no sparrows, not even a nest.

A kind soul advised us there might be a stuffed sparrow or two lurking on a shelf in the natural history building that stands across from the Smithsonian. We were on the point of tossing in the towel, of telling the Pilgrim that he'd better alert O. H. Theiss and W. G. Polack and Theodore Kuehnert and Alfred Klausler and Walter Hansen and Ad Haentzschel and Theodore Graebner and O. A. Geiseman and Paul Bretscher. Even Tommy Coates and Jary Pelikan and A. R. Have them take up the salt-shakers and snuff out a sparrow in their bailiwicks.

Then we found it—a dirty grey nest about half way up one of those statues which stand proudly in Lafayette Square across from the White House, the square where Mister Baruch holds forth on his bench.

And there was our fluttering sparrow—a dowdy sparrow in a squalid nest. He cowered and he simpered. He might well have been on a limb in Hiroshima a moment after the bomb fell or in a cell beside Julius Streicher a moment before the noose fell. This sparrow was afraid.

Well, that's it. You can dream up your own allegory.

You can wonder whether this 1948 model sparrow really represents the mood of the nation. Whether he is looking for a Communist behind every twig. . . . Whether he sees an "inevitable conflict." . . . Whether he is fearful because the nation which won the war has become the caretaker of its enemies. Whether it's a problem of destroying Communism or living with Communism.

And, while you're about it, you can wonder how the 1942 sparrow would carry on high up on a statue in the square. Whether he would counsel avoidance of inflammatory words by public officials. . . . Whether he would sometimes give the other country the benefit of the doubt and not attribute all her deeds to base motives. . . . Whether he would try to see the other nation as it sees itself. . . .

And use less self-justification and more conciliation. . . . A little less fear and a little more courage.

But it's still your allegory. Maybe you can dream up something bright and shiny. Remember, you start with a fearful bird in a frowsy nest. Meanwhile, ponder some lines by a Pope named Alexander, circa 1730:

Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,
A hero perish or a sparrow fall,
Atoms or systems into ruin hurl'd
And now a bubble burst, and now a world.

And so the wheel comes full turn. Another December night, another snowfall, and another sparrow perched where my friend Christian was sitting that December night one war and six years ago. I like to think that you, Sparrow, have some of Christian's blood coursing through your veins. Christian was a hardy bird, hardy enough to withstand a northern Indiana winter and to stare down with a composure bordering upon contempt at three pilgrims who took it upon themselves to try to fathom his thoughts about life and our times.

You may wonder what brings me out on such a night as this. I'm afraid that the answer won't make much sense to you. We humans have strange maladies, maladies which cannot touch you. One of the maladies which have become endemic in our time is the sense of frustration. One of our breed, an Englishman named

Matthew Arnold, described it as a feeling of being placed upon a "darkling plain swept with confused alarms of struggle and of flight where ignorant armies clash by night." That about sums it up —to be watching the darkness deepen and to be unable to check its course, to hear the noise of the armies and not to know what is at issue. And so I have come out into the snow—out where the driving snow and the slush underfoot are real, tangible problems that one can meet, face, and overcome.

But probably you don't particularly care why I am out on the streets tonight. Geologists and Scripture agree that you birds were already on the scene when the first man made his appearance. Perhaps, according to your traditions, we are johnny-come-latelies who will disappear as suddenly as we came, leaving the earth and the sky and the seas to the stillness which is perfect worship. If that is your tradition, hold onto it. We are doing our best to hasten its fulfillment. Already the fires have been lit under the bloody cauldron of hate in Bellona's temple. Her priests are scurrying to the pulpit, the editorial rooms, and the council chambers in search of victims to appease the goddess's hunger. To those of us who remember the months between Munich and Pearl Harbor, this is like having to sit through the second performance of a bad play. One is tempted to stand up and ask, "Why don't we all go home?" But the sons of men have no home. Long ago, they left the only home they ever had and they have forgotten the way back.

There is a kind of bitter irony in our situation. Just a glance at the titles of some of our more recent books reminds one of the great Nast cartoons in which the members of the Tweed ring stand in a circle pointing at each other —"He did it!" And so now the preachers point to the teachers and the teachers at the philosophers and the philosophers at the scientists and the scientists at the politicians, each stoutly maintaining that "he did it." Perhaps there is a part, at least, of the answer we are groping for. If somehow all of us could only turn those accusing fingers inward there might be hope. If to each of us might be granted just once that clear picture of his heart which wrung from St. Paul the agonized cry, "Oh, wretched man that I am!"—then our problems would appear in a new light. But one must be so careful—so very careful—about turning the finger inward. A few men have done it and have been pronounced apostates by their church, traitors by their government, eccentrics by the great mass of sane, well-adjusted people who see no signs in the

heavens and no devils walking the earth.

But did you notice what I just did, sparrow? I started out talking about pointing the finger inward toward myself and ended up by pointing it at the sane, well-adjusted people. And so I convict myself, for my church fails when I fail, my government errs when I err, the world is wrong because I am wrong. You, sparrow, are not afraid of some vague, amorphous thing called mankind. Your fear and distrust are centered on one person. You are afraid of me, for you see me for what I would never admit myself to be, just another human being capable of doing anything that any other human being might do.

Earlier this evening, I was grading examination papers. I was a very different person then, sparrow, than I am now. You should have seen me giving half credit for this, three-quarters for that, and full credit for still another answer. How simple life could be if it were only possible to see in everything the relative amounts of truth and error! One of the questions on the examination concerned the boundary between the wheat belt and the corn belt. It seemed so simple and yet so many people missed it. I am sure that, to God, the boundary between His holy will and my perverted will must be just as sharp and just as reasonable, and yet I find myself continually failing the question.

But it is late now and I have kept you too long. You have been what so few of us are nowadays, a good listener. If I have rambled, it is because there are so many things that rush into the mind when one gets away from the radio and the classroom and the world of noise. You will sleep peacefully tonight because you have no doubts or fears. I will sleep peacefully because, through my doubts and fears, I will remember the words of one who was tempted in all respects like as we are: "In the world ye shall have tribulation. But be of good cheer; I have overcome the world."

Goodnight!

Our Navy–Maker or Executor of Foreign Policy?

By RAY L. SCHERER

THE merging of naval with foreign policy became a military exigency in World War II as it has during all wars. On December 7, 1941, the Japanese initiated the greatest naval war in history. The United States Navy which fought through that war now commands as much naval power as the rest of the world combined. The new navy employs approximately 1,000,000 persons in military and civilian capacity. More than half of these are officers and men. Its current budget exceeds four billion dollars a year. Military considerations no longer dominate civilian policy-makers, but the new navy has continued to make and execute foreign policy.

How far the legitimate interests of the navy should be allowed to govern the conceptions of American foreign policy continues to be a cardinal national–and international–issue. In the last century it was the naval officer rather than the representative of the State Department who carried on foreign relations in many parts of the world. As the world grew smaller, the Perrys and the Shufeldts relinquished their portfolios to the statesmen. In the post-Mahan decades the United States Navy expanded to such vast tonnage that the impact of American naval power became a decisive factor in the ebb and flow of international politics. Today the larger significance of the navy as an influence on foreign policy is bound up with a changing world order. England is no longer mistress of the seas. The United States has with some reluctance begun to assume this burden. Russia and the United States are contending for political and ideological supremacy throughout the world. Russia has no navy. She is energetically building a fleet, particularly submarines. The atomic bomb poses unprecedented problems for the navy. Long range guided missiles equipped with

atomic bombs threatened the navy with relegation to supplementary tasks, perhaps evanescence. In these uncertain diplomatic seas the United States Navy can, if the nation chooses, act as a potent force for maintaining peace. Correlation of naval operations with foreign policy becomes, therefore, a significant national aspiration.

The Brass Is Indicted

Many voices have recently expressed alarm at efforts of the military to retain a directing hand in foreign policy. Robert S. Allen, himself an army colonel in the war, wrote of the "fateful drama" being prepared for the American people: "It is the strongly united, aggressive and persistent effort of all elements of the armed services to retain and consolidate the positions they won during the war as the dominant directing force in national policy, both domestic and foreign." He concluded that there was "no real issue over preparedness in the country today," but that there was a "very urgent and menacing issue over military rule." Late last year Blair Bolles, a writer for the Foreign Policy Association, investigated military influence declaring: "The War and Navy Departments and army and naval officers today participate in the formulation and execution of foreign policy to a degree unknown in any former peacetime period." Henry Wallace sounded the same tocsin in his celebrated letter to the President:

> How do American actions since V-J Day appear to other nations? I mean by actions concrete things like $13 billion for War and Navy Departments, the Bikini test of the atomic bomb and continued production of bombs, the plan to arm Latin America with our weapons, production of B-29's and planned production of B-36's, and the effort to secure air bases spread over half of the globe from which the other half of the globe can be bombed. I cannot help but feel that these actions must make it look to the rest of the world as if we were only paying lip service to peace at the conference table. These facts rather make it appear either (1) that we are preparing ourselves to win the war which we regard as inevitable or (2) that we are trying to build up a predominance of force to intimidate the rest of mankind.

The Soviet press has frequently castigated these signs of militarism in America. R. H. S. Crossman of the British Labor party sounded off before the House of Commons in November, 1946, about United States foreign policy:

> At the moment, foreign affairs go more and more, in my view, into the hands of very powerful, ambitious men in the Army and Navy Departments. . . . We have seen evidence of it in the demonstration at Bikini, which was not concerned with science

as much as with the display of force; and in the demonstrations of the American fleet thousands of miles from their bases in the Mediterranean. Again I would like the House to imagine what would happen if any other fleet had done the same thing near America. We have seen it when the Yugoslav crisis was blown up and magnified in America almost to a state of war. We have seen it in the blunt statements about the Pacific bases.

The Military Men

The militarization of United States policy took a step forward with the appointment of General George C. Marshall as Secretary of State. Other army officers have been appointed to key diplomatic posts, notably General Walter Bedell Smith to Russia. To a lesser extent is this true of navy men. Vice Admiral Alan G. Kirk, USN, Retired, is ambassador to Belgium. General Thomas Holcomb, USMC, Retired, serves as ambassador to the Union of South Africa. The *Christian Century* viewed these appointments as the product of President Truman's "uncritical preoccupation with the military system" and stated that the "trend must be recognized as the enemy of everything the nation has stood for in the past and as the foe of the good we may yet achieve in world affairs."

Others have charged Mr. Truman with leaning overheavily toward the advice proffered by Fleet Admiral William D. Leahy, his Chief of Staff and chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff. The President, indeed, publicly acknowledged that Admiral Leahy was "almost indispensable to the President of the United States." Both Admiral Leahy's official position and the Joint Chiefs of Staff stem from the emergency war powers granted President Roosevelt by Congress. The Joint Chiefs are four men, the two highest ranking navy and army officers. During testimony before the Senate War Investigating Committee in 1946, Fleet Admiral Ernest J. King revealed that the Joint Chiefs regarded themselves as not subject to orders from the civilian Secretaries of the Navy and War. The Joint Chiefs could make broad decisions affecting the services and keep them secret from everyone but the President, who presumably became aware of the decisions through Admiral Leahy. Admiral King denied an allegation that he had wilfully gone against the recommendation of the Secretary of the Navy on the Canol project. He said that he had not sought the views of the Secretary because the Joint Chiefs were an agency of the President.

Checks and Balances

The founding fathers sought to assure civilian supremacy for all

time. There are more provisions in the Bill of Rights dealing with protection against an undue military influence than with regard to any other subject. Every state constitution except one carries a provision which says that the military shall in all cases be in strict subordination to the civilian power. The power to declare war, to raise and support armies and navies, and to make rules for regulation of the armed forces were vested in the Congress. Development of national forces has modified the exclusive power of Congress to call forth militia. A civilian official, the President, was made commander in chief of the navy and army in peace and war. He can direct the services and make international agreements on military matters. An eminent example was the fifty destroyer deal with Great Britain. Presidents have repeatedly endorsed the doctrine of civilian supremacy. Jefferson made it a special point in his first inaugural address. Long afterward, Coolidge, in an address at the Naval Academy, declared the doctrine anew.

No legal restraints, however, can check the intensification of military influence if public opinion considers such a trend expedient. Military strength may be the only language understood by some of the powers with which the United States must negotiate today but such a policy is not in accord with the older American tradition.

The Record to Date

World conditions are still too volatile to permit any predictions on the efficacy of new stratagems in America's peacetime efforts to correlate naval and foreign policy. In this regard, it is not too early to assess the political activities of the United States Navy in the first two postwar years. The navy has:

1) Entered the postwar period with the world's most powerful naval force—one that can be varied as international conditions require;

2) Tested the atomic bomb, thereby exposing critical naval personnel problems;

3) Participated at the open bidding of the State Department in a series of ship movements undertaken to intimidate Russian and Soviet satellite threats in the Mediterranean and Near East;

4) Steamed in a succession of goodwill voyages to show the flag;

5) Urged annexation of the former Japanese island possessions and mandates, and failing this, lobbied for a loose construction of the United Nations Charter;

6) Influenced formation of certain clauses in the trusteeship provisions of the charter;

7) Put forth conflicting, indeterminate demands for Pacific bases;

8) Acted as the motive power behind the United States take-it-or-leave-it attitude on sole strategic trusteeship of all the Japanese mandates;

9) In so doing established precedents which the Soviets can exploit to an embarrassing extent in their "security zone" expansion program;

10) In general pursued policies leading to national rather than the collective action apparently favored by the Department of State.

The Future Course

Pending the dawn of a new era when the world order will permit states to rely upon law for security rather than their own forces, the United States has no other course than to deploy its navy judiciously as a symbol of power. But national security must be sought short of militarization. The admirals should not pursue purely national interests at the expense of collective security. The navy must stand prepared to contribute parts of its fleet to the United Nations and meanwhile, by way of national insurance, be able to bring naval force to bear at any point on the seas. The advice of naval leaders should be considered in framing foreign policy. Although today naval officers may participate in the formation and execution of foreign policy to a greater degree than before, the possibility that they will gain domination over the larger aspects of foreign policy appears remote.

THE ASTROLABE

By
THEODORE GRAEBNER

THE CELESTIAL COUNTRY

Eight hundred years ago, about the middle of the twelfth century, there lived in Central France, at the Monastery of Cluny, a monk by the name of Bernard. He is variously known as Bernard of Cluny or, from the town of his birth, Bernard of Morlas. The abbot of Cluny at that time was the famous Peter the Venerable. He had just finished building an abbey church which was one of the wonders of Christendom, one of the largest Romanesque edifices ever built, in size second only to St. Peter's Church in Rome. Marble, onyx, and porphyry columns had been transported from famous Roman and Greek temples in Asia Minor to add splendor to the edifice, the roof being supported by no less than six rows of these shining pillars. Except for one ruined tower, the church and monastery have completely disappeared, whereas the work of the lonesome monk Bernard, laboriously limned on parchment, endures to the present time, and will probably outlive our civilization, as it has outlived two or three since.

I refer to the poem Bernard wrote, entitled *De Contemptu Mundi—Regarding* (the Duty of) *Contempt of this World.* One should say something about the language and structure of this poem. It is written, of course, in Latin. And it is elegant, powerful Latin, flowing in solemn and stately verses, with rich vocabulary. The versification is unique, so intricate in its rhyme and meter, that translation into any modern tongue is impossible without a complete change of rhythm and accent. Its 3,000 lines have been translated at various times, best

of all by the Rev. John Mason Neale, through whose version of 1858 many parts of the poem have become enduring portions of our hymnology. The opening lines announce the solemn theme of the poem:

The world is very evil,
The times are waxing late;
Be sober and keep vigil,
The Judge is at the gate—

The Judge that comes in mercy,
The Judge that comes with might,
To terminate the evil,
To diadem the right.

Then follow the famous descriptions of the transitory character of material pleasures, mixed with bitter satire against the moral disorders of the age. The monk cannot find words strong enough to convey his moral rage at the apostacy of the times. It has been very well said that in these Latin verses there "lingers yet a certain fierce intoxication of poetic wrath." But the note of grief predominates:

Brief life is here our portion;
Brief sorrow, short-lived care:

However, there will be a resolving of all the enigmas which have troubled us in our life, there will be an end of tempest and of flight, "a goal from finished labor, and anchorage at last"—

The Home of fadeless splendor,
Of flowers that fear no thorn,
Where they shall dwell as children,
Who here as exiles mourn.

Bending over his parchment, drawing his monkish script with brush and pen, experimenting endlessly with rhyme and meter, until there would be perfect union of thought and language, Bernard turns away from the evils of his day and looks forward to the coming down from heaven of the Holy City—

Jerusalem the Golden,
With milk and honey blest,
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice oppressed:

Jerusalem the glorious!
The glory of the Elect!
O dear and future vision
That eager hearts expect:

There is the true garden of the Hesperides, the beds of Asphodel—

O fields that know no sorrow!
O state that fears no strife!
O princely bow'rs! O land of flow'rs!
O Realm and Home of Life!

And then, in more quiet strains—

For thee, O dear, dear Country!
Mine eyes their vigils keep;
For very love, beholding
Thy happy name, they weep:

The mention of thy glory
Is unction to the breast,

And medicine in sickness,
And love, and life, and rest.

Finally, rising again to jubilant strains such as these:

Exult, O dust and ashes!
The Lord shall be thy part;
His only, His forever,
Thou shalt be, and thou art!

Exult, O dust and ashes!
The Lord shall be thy part:
His only, His forever,
Thou shalt be, and thou art!

Authentic pictures of the great abbey and its monastic establishment at Cluny have come down to us, and as I see the reproduction in some work on architecture, and take note of the rows upon rows of narrow, deeply recessed Romanesque windows, I wonder behind which of those apertures stood the desk at which the immortal *Rhythm* of Bernard of Cluny was composed. He wrote with incessant labor in the difficult medium which he had chosen —to a brother monk he once remarked that he no doubt was writing by divine inspiration, otherwise meter and rhyme would never have worked out so perfectly. Then brush and pen were laid down for the last time, the rhythm was forgotten for centuries, until the printers' art gave it an earthly immortality. Today the lovely hymns that were interspersed in it are common property of the world's hymnodies.

HEIGHTS OF ACHIEVEMENT

There is a close relationship between all the arts. Architecture, sculpture, music and verse run in patterns that have a close family resemblance, based not only on historical relationships but on the spirit which they express. The principle of relativity runs through it all. You could not imagine Michael Angelo's Moses adorning a Gothic church. He can be appreciated only where he stands, in a great edifice like San Pietro in Vincoli.

There is a family resemblance between the art of Raphael and that of Mozart.

In every art there is also an effort to combine the greatest possible diversity with a central unity. That applies to the great Gothic churches. It is found in Bach's Mass in B Minor and in the Iliad. Unexcelled masterpieces in this respect are some of the plays of Shakespeare. The union of some of the great arts in Wagner's operas, combining poetry, music, the drama, the chorus, pantomime, painting and light effects, make these one of the wonders of modern civilization.

At all times artists have endeavored to reach the ultimate in the combination of the simple and the intricate. I suppose the verse of Bernard of Cluny is the height of achievement in this field. You will permit me to copy out a few

of his Latin lines. Take the opening verses of his poem:

The world is very evil,
The times are waxing late;
Be sober and keep vigil,
The Judge is at the gate:

Here is the Latin of it:

Hora novissima, tempora pessima
Sunt; vigilemus.
Ecce minaciter imminet arbiter
Ille supremus.

Notice that every long and short line combine to make a perfect system of accent and that each long line has an internal rhyme, while the short lines again have a rhyme of their own.

The problem of writing 3,000 verses like these would not have been so amazing if the lines had been each double the number of syllables Bernard chose for his poem—which, if you will count them, amount to but twelve for the long lines and only five for the short. This, I assure you, is impossible in any language except the Latin, and a lifetime in the seclusion of the monastery was not too much for the completion of 3,000 of such lines of verse. At that, it was not the mere satisfaction of an itch for complicated verse but the outpouring of the heart of a great poet. It has survived for the same reason that Bach's Brandenburg Concertos have survived, combinations of the utmost refinement of their respective arts unified by genius of the highest order.

STRANGE LITERARY DIVERSIONS

Now note the difference between art and the product of the sportive jugglery with words. Not long ago, composing *palindromes* was the fashion among literary folk. A palindrome is a word or phrase that reads exactly the same backward as forward. The word means "running backward."

One of the most famous palindromes is the little speech attributed to but not actually uttered by Napoleon on the eve of his first exile: *Able was I ere I saw Elba.* Eugene Ware while writing in one of his lighter moods produced this:

"Honest acts and honest thinking
Pin your future faith upon;
Working with your best endeavor, let
No evil deed live on."

(Read the last line backwards.)

The strange literary pastime, practically unknown today, but once the craze in Europe, was the composing of poems to *"rhymed ends."* One person would select a number of totally unrelated but rhyming words, and the second

person, usually a well-known poet, would write a poem using the "rhymed ends," in the order given, as the last words of the lines. For example, the following rhymes were submitted: Breeze, elephant, squeeze, pant, scant, please, hope, pope. It looks hopeless, but the poet retired to his garret and in time produced this stanza:

Escaping from the Indian breeze,
The vast, sententious elephant
Through groves of sandal loves to squeeze,
And in their fragrant shade to pant;
The vivid odors soothe and please,
And while he yields to dreams of hope,
Adoring beasts surround their pope.

Frank Colby has made a list of *lipograms,* this being a type of composition in which certain letters of the alphabet are omitted intentionally. He cites as one of the earliest examples the work of a certain ancient Greek poet, Tryphiodorus, a work comprising 23 chapters. In the first chapter no "a's" appear; in the second chapter no "b's" are used, and so on through the alphabet.

The late Frank H. Vizetelly, noted editor of dictionaries, wrote a short stanza to prove that "e," the most frequently occurring letter in English, could be left out entirely:

A jovial swain should not complain
Of any buxom fair,
Who mocks his pain and thinks it gain
To quiz his awkward air.
A jovial swain may rack his brain,
And tax his fancy's might;
To quiz is vain, for 'tis most plain,
That what I say is right.

Vizetelly also wrote a poem without using "s." It begins:

Tonight! Tonight, my gentle one,
The flower-bearing Amra tree
Doth long, with fragrant moan, to meet
The love-lip of the honey-bee.

In serious writing I know of only one instance in which a highly artificial structure was adopted, very likely as an aid to the memory in retaining the language of the composition—the One hundred and nineteenth Psalm. In the original Hebrew this celebrated Psalm is divided into twenty-two parts or stanzas, denoted by the twenty-two letters of the Hebrew alphabet. Each stanza contains eight verses, and the first letter of each verse is that which gives name to the stanza. For instance, the fourth stanza, in our English Bibles, bearing the name of the Hebrew letter D, *Daleth,* has the opening word, *Davkah,* signifying "it clings." Yet no one reading this eloquent dissertation on the glories of God's Word would say that the poet was in any way trammeled by the limitations under which he composed this Psalm.

RELIC OF THE DRAMATIC ART OF YESTERYEAR

Out of a tune which does not really have what it takes to make a popular hit, *Ol' Man River,* the colored singer Jules Bledsoe made an American classic. The funeral of Bledsoe, first Negro to sing in Grand Opera, was held in Texas, but his fame and that of the song from *Show Boat* which he helped make immortal will, like old man river himself, keep rolling along.

But what I intended to write was something suggested by the title of the lovely light opera built around the song. I wonder how many St. Louisans are aware of the unique institution which once made cultural history on ol' man river, the *Show Boat* with its melodrama and fun, continuing in one remaining specimen on our river front a tradition which goes back to the time of a generation fast disappearing from the earth.

In fact, it is the only packet boat left on the Mississippi or any of its tributaries. Last year I wrote about the trip down river and up the Ohio on the *Golden Eagle.* It was the last trip, so it turned out, that I would ever take on a Mississippi steamer, for in the spring of 1947, on its first trip of the season, the *Golden Eagle* struck the head of an island and went down in twenty feet of water. A few months later, the *Queen City* burned at its dock in an Ohio river port with the loss of 20 lives, and today of all the hundreds of boats that paddled up and down the great stream there is but one left, and it will never move again under its own power, the *Show Boat* on the levee of St. Louis. There it is—the veritable, original show boat with not a line changed, not a piece of furniture or stage-prop added, nor anything supplied in the way of modern equipment except the use of electric fans during the summer, and mazda lamps. And there is not enough of the bright lights to spoil the illusion of a slipping back, as you cross the gang plank, into a forgotten age. There are the identical two or three score folding seats and, in the boxes, two dozen chairs with their original plush covered seats. There is no air conditioning, of course. On one side the levee and the elevated tracks, on the other, Ol' Man River himself.

On the stage, the melodrama of the eighties, *Lost in a Big City, The Mountaineer's Daughter, Ten Nights in a Bar Room,* and others. The tradition of the place calls for a rich variety of participation on the part of the audience, through derisive comment on the vile trickery of the villain, who cheats at cards and murders his victim afterwards; groans and

boos for the beetle-browed barkeep; shrill cries of simulated horror when the child of the drunkard is given the fatal blow—and in the interludes a constant flow of repartee between the audience and the comedians, magicians, and acrobats who do their stuff before the curtain.

Really, there is something painful to the student of art in these derisive audiences at the *Show Boat*. They remind one of the brutal treatment accorded former prima donnas by the natives of Italy.

As an offset to the great art provided in La Scala at Milan by the world's great artists in opera, some relic of 30 years ago is enticed by liberal pay to crawl out of her retirement and sing some of the songs from her days of triumph, preferably those with a long cadenza at the end which will be sure to call forth the derisive howls of the audience and a shower of decayed fruit and vegetables.

But the melodrama was never high art and there is nothing sacrilegious about the conduct of those who are seeking a new thrill at the *Show Boat*.

Music AND MUSIC MAKERS

Music Has Its Pharisees

By WALTER A. HANSEN

The word "music" covers a vast amount of territory. It embraces a wide variety of tastes. It manifests itself in many types and degrees of ability.

A great gulf is fixed between Brahms's *Symphony No. 1 in C Minor,* let us say, and the *Barcarolle* which occurs in Jacques Offenbach's *The Tales of Hoffmann.* Some look upon the work from the pen of Brahms as one of the most magnificent compositions ever written; some scorn the symphony and regard the tidbit from Offenbach's opera as a gem of rare and matchless beauty. The tastes of mankind are unpredictable.

There are those who profess to believe with all their hearts that a cantata from the workroom of Johann Sebastian Bach is, and ever will be, the last word in music. Others maintain with equal stoutness of spirit and conviction that works like *Oklahoma, Show Boat,* and *Porgy and Bess* represent music of the most delectable type.

Some of the Brahmsites and the Bachites strive with all the power at their command to convert the Rodgersites, the Kernites, and Gershwinites, and the Offenbachites. "It is our bounden duty," they scream, "to set our faces like flint against all that is trivial and to fight with all the weapons at our disposal for everything that has genuine worth." Will they ever reach the goal they have set for themselves? I do not think so. Neither do I believe that music will suffer any loss whatever if they are unsuccessful in their efforts. Who gave them the right to be Hitlers, Mussolinis, or Stalins in the matter of taste?

Snobbish Bachites, Brahmsites, Beethovenites, Wagnerites, Mozartites, and all the rest of the Pharisaically inclined "ites" who seek in the sweat of their self-righteous brows to convert the

world at large to their way of thinking are guilty of a type of reasoning which, to say the least, is as strange as it is ineffective. They undertake to do their converting by depending wholly and solely on their own manifestoes of praise or condemnation.

There is nothing wrong with condemnation in itself. If, for example, I do not happen to like the ditties contained in *Oklahoma, Show Boat,* or *Porgy and Bess,* I have a right to excoriate those ditties as loudly and as emphatically as I can. Music, like all the arts, thrives on differences of opinion. If, however, I say, or even intimate, that everyone who likes the songs of Richard Rodgers, Jerome Kern, and George Gershwin commits a crime against the cause of music by the very act of indulging and persisting in such liking, I am doing something which is as indefensible as it is boorish and harmful.

Yes, music thrives on clashes of opinion; but Pharisaism is a thorn in its flesh.

If a Rodgersite, a Kernite, or a Gershwinite sees fit to spout condemnations without number upon those who disagree, let him spout; but let him be sure that his spouting is not drenched with the black venom of Pharisaism.

Bach realized that music covers a vast territory. So did Brahms. Bach liked music of many types. So did Brahms. Bach knew that music embraces a wide variety of tastes. So did Brahms. Bach was keenly aware of the hard and cold truism that music manifests itself in many types and degrees of ability. So was Brahms.

Who Distorts Logic?

It is not the great masters who hurl monkey wrenches and distort logic. It is the Pharisees who are the culprits.

If Bach could be brought back to life for a year or two and were appointed by some school to teach the subject which, in our land, is commonly dubbed music appreciation, he would, I am sure, give powerful and even caustic expression to his likes and his dislikes. But would he be Pharisaical in his teaching? Would he brand as an outcast everyone who disagreed with him? I do not think so.

If Brahms were resurrected from the dead and asked to deliver a series of lectures on how to enjoy music, he would be bound to saturate his discussions with clear-cut evidences of that which would find favor in his eyes and with unmistakable indications of that which he would consider deserving of downright condemnation. But I cannot believe that the man who wrote the great *Symphony in C Minor* would be a Pharisee in his judgments or in

his recommendations. Brahms was not a snob.

Shoddy workmanship would cause both Bach and Brahms, as teachers of that indescribable something which, in our nation, goes by the name of music appreciation, to spue fire and brimstone. Confront Bach with a poorly written fugue—if you dare. Bring to Brahms a string quartet put together with no understanding whatever of the mechanics of composition—if you have the courage. Watch the fur fly! Nevertheless, Bach and Brahms would know that in the vast world of music there is room—ample room—for many types of writing. How do I know this? By looking at the many types of writing that came from the pens of Bach and Brahms themselves.

Mr. Brahms steps into the classroom. A student raises his hand. "What's on your mind?" asks Mr. Brahms. "You are a great master," says the student. "I adore everything you wrote when you walked the earth. It's a pity that so many composers—in fact, most composers—haven't the ability to write as you did. Isn't it my duty to tell all and sundry to beware of such composers and their works?"

What would Mr. Brahms reply? He would wither that student with scorn.

Maybe the resurrected master would say in all candor: "My dear friends, I have heard *Oklahoma, Show Boat,* and *Porgy and Bess.* The music smells to high heaven. I want none of it. You should dump such trash into the garbage can."

That would be a clear-cut opinion. It would have horns, and it would have teeth. In all likelihood it would induce many a student to say yea and amen without further ado. But I am sure that in the class there would be some who would not be willing to dump *Oklahoma, Show Boat,* and *Porgy and Bess* into the nearest garbage can merely because Mr. Brahms saw fit to condemn the three works with gruff decisiveness.

Perhaps a few of the students would say: "We respect your views, Mr. Brahms. But tell us, please, in clear language just why *Oklahoma, Show Boat,* and *Porgy and Bess* must, to your thinking, be regarded as garbage. We happen to like most of what Rodgers, Kern, and Gershwin have composed. Is there no room at all in the wide, wide world for our taste?"

Then Mr. Brahms, who in his day had a pronounced fondness for much of the music which was dubbed popular, would try, out of the depths of his far-flung knowledge, to convince the students. Maybe he would be successful. Maybe he would fail.

Success would make Brahms happy. But would failure impel him to fly into a tantrum and to exclaim in words packed with fury that those who like *Oklahoma, Show Boat,* and *Porgy and Bess* are cumbering the earth? Or would he, after the fashion of a snob, say with well-oiled smugness, "Such music amuses me"?

Pearls of Great Price?

Let us assume that Mr. Brahms tells the students in all frankness that *Oklahoma, Show Boat,* and *Porgy and Bess* are pearls of great price. Naturally, he states why he has arrived at such a view. Some of the students nod their heads in vigorous assent to show that the famous master has actually convinced them; some agree merely because none other than the great Brahms has made the statement. One can be sure, however, that there are dissenters. Not even the mighty Brahms himself can convince them that there is a single shred of genuine worth in what Rodgers, Kern, and Gershwin have composed. "Mr. Brahms," they say, "we respect you. We honor you. We know that you are a great master. But we believe that you are moving entirely too far to the left when you tell us that Rodgers, Kern, and Gershwin had something on the ball, as they say in our country. Your arguments leave us as cold as a dog's snout."

"Take it or leave it," Brahms declares in his brusque way. "I have said what I think. Furthermore, I have tried to point out why I think as I do. It's up to you to decide what you yourselves will think."

If Mr. Brahms, as a teacher of a course called music appreciation, condemns his students to outer darkness because they do not see eye to eye with him, he is doing a poor job in the classroom. But I cannot believe that Mr. Brahms—or Mr. Bach—would be a teacher of that stripe.

Let the condemnations ring out! The hurrahs will take care of themselves. Let the condemnations be blistering and scalding! But let the Pharisees crawl into a rathole and stay there! Unfortunately, they will never consent to do so. They dote on the limelight.

If music has any worth at all, anathemas, no matter how bitter they are, will not harm it.

Bach's cantatas, Brahms's *First,* Mozart's *G Minor Symphony,* Beethoven's *Eroica,* Schubert's *Symphony in C Major,* Wagner's *Ring,* and hundreds of other great masterpieces have been condemned thousands of times. They have suffered no harm.

If *Oklahoma, Show Boat,* and *Porgy and Bess* have any merit at

all, they will survive every anathema with their colors flying.

It is not my purpose at this time to break a lance for Rodgers, Kern, or Gershwin. I am writing these rambling paragraphs to protest against the despicable snobbishness of Pharisaism—the snobbishness which is conceived in pretentiousness and born in crass stupidity; the snobbishness which drives many men and women, boys and girls, away from music; the snobbishness which considers itself the Alpha and the Omega of all wisdom; the snobbishness which says to all and sundry, "You must think as I do. Otherwise you are to be pitied. Otherwise you are a pariah."

One can condemn without being a snob, and one can praise without being a cringing yes man. In music there is abundant room for many types of beauty, for many types of strength, and, lest we forget, for many types of weakness. Music has room for a wide variety of tastes. It is the Pharisees who are the excess baggage.

RECENT RECORDINGS

JULE STYNE AND SAMMY CAHN. *High Button Shoes,* sung by members of the original cast, starring Phil Silvers with Nanette Fábray, Jack McCauley, and Mark Dawson.—Those who like the music of the successful musical comedy entitled *High Button Shoes* will enjoy these four 10-inch discs. RCA Victor Album K-10.

HECTOR BERLIOZ. *Le Corsaire: Overture, Op. 21.* The Royal Philharmonic Orchestra under Sir Thomas Beecham, Bart.—A praiseworthy performance of a work which is scored with such skill that one is almost persuaded to overlook the dullness of its melodic content. RCA Victor disc 11-9955.

FRENCH OPERATIC ARIAS. *Air de Zebrina,* from *La Servante Maitresse,* by Giovanni Battista Pergolesi (1710-1736); *La Sagesse est un Trésor,* from *Rose et Colas,* and *Adieu, Chère Louise,* from *Le Déserteur,* by Pierre Alexandre Monsigny (1729-1817); *Rose Chérie,* from *Zémire et Azor,* and *Vous Étiez, ce que Vous n'Êtes Plus,* from *Le Tableau Parlant,* by Andre Ernest Gretry (1741-1813); *Le Sais Attacher des Rubans,* from *Les Oies de Frère Philippe,* by Victor Clarles Dourlen (1780-1864). Maggie Teyte, soprano, with the RCA Victor Orchestra under Jean Paul Morel.—Pergolesi, of course, was an Italian; but the other composers represented in this fine album

were Frenchmen. The recordings have historical as well as artistic importance. RCA Victor Album 1169.

FRÉDÉRIC FRANCOIS CHOPIN. *Études (Twelve Études, Op. 10; Twelve Études, Op. 25;* and the three *Nouvelles Études).* Alexander Brailowsky, pianist.—A great poet of the piano reveals all the subjugating poetry contained in these twenty-seven masterpieces. Chopin's *Études* must be numbered among the important landmarks in music. The recording is superb. RCA Victor Album 1171.

JACQUES IBERT. *Escales (Ports of call): Rome-Palermo, Tunis-Nefta, Valencia.* The San Francisco Symphony Orchestra under Pierre Monteux.—A delightful little travelogue. The music is skillfully scored. Monteux' reading is excellent. RCA Victor Album 1178.

FRANZ PETER SCHUBERT. *Liebesbotschaft* and *Ständchen.* Dorothy Maynor, with George Schick at the piano.—Superb lieder singing. The famous Negro soprano is at her best. RCA Victor disc 10-1372.

GIUSEPPE VERDI. *Willow Song* and *Ave Maria,* from the fourth act of *Otello.* Licia Albanese, soprano, with the RCA Victor Orchestra under Frieder Weissmann. *Tempest of the Heart* and *The Passion That Inspires Me,* from the second act of *Il Trovatore.* Leonard Warren, baritone, with the RCA Victor Orchestra and Chorus under Jean Paul Morel.—Impressive artistry. I have given the titles in English, but the singers use the Italian text. RCA Victor discs 11-9957 and 11-9956.

ROBERT SCHUMANN. *Sonata in F Minor. Op. 14 (Concerto Without Orchestra).* Leonard Shure, pianist. —Parts of this composition show us Schumann at his best. Mr. Shure plays the work with penetrating insight and extraordinary technical skill. Vox Album 189.

JOHANNES BRAHMS. *Fantasien, Op. 116.* Leonard Shure, pianist.—The playing of these seven little poems requires profound musicianship. Mr. Shure is equal to the requirements. Vox Album 178.

JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH. *Brandenburg Concerto No. 4, in G Major.* The Pro Musica Orchestra under Otto Klemperer.—An excellent recording and a reading shot through with deep-going understanding. Vox Album 621.

The Literary Scene

READ NOT TO CONTRADICT AND CONFUTE—NOR TO BELIEVE AND TAKE FOR GRANTED—BUT TO WEIGH AND CONSIDER

All unsigned reviews are by members of the Staff

Defeat and Despair

THE MAKING OF YESTERDAY. By Raoul de Roussy de Sales. Introduction by Walter Millis. Reynal & Hitchcock, New York. 1947. 310 pages. $4.50.

THIS volume of intimate memoirs presents an engrossing—and terrifying—review of a grim and crucial chapter in world hisotry. The late Raoul de Roussy de Sales, reporter, author, and lecturer, portrays with sardonic brilliance and bleak pessimism the major events which shaped a dark and ominous yesterday. Altogether too often for our peace of mind these events constitute a striking and disturbing parallel to the happenings of today. Since no thoughtful, reasonably informed person can view the uneasy peace of the present without feeling a measure of distress and foreboding, it is important that we do not ignore or forget the factors which brought the nations of the earth to this sorry state. *The Making of Yesterday* forcefully recalls the chain of related circumstances which connects the infamous pact of Munich with the problems which confront the world today. In the introduction to the book Walter Millis says:

> This diary draws a vivid and penetrating picture of the thoughts, the events, the personalities, the hopes and fears of a critical period, which, even though we now scarcely remember it, is still very much with us, and is still shaping our attitudes toward the new forms in which the old issues have arisen around us. It is instructive in many ways.

The Making of Yesterday, which, by the way, is an excellent companion piece to the author's earlier book, *The Making of Tomorrow,* is drawn from diaries kept by De Sales from September, 1938, until the time of his death from tuberculosis in December, 1942. Many readers will be in sharp disagreement with the distinguished Frenchman's curious appraisals of religion—particularly Christianity—and with his harsh criticism of American life and culture. The author himself admits:

> My judgment of events is wrong at least half of the time, and I am aston-

ished today at the stupidities I was capable of. . . . I am unjust to the United States (and also to France) in the sense that I fall into the error of saying that America is hypocritical, is cowardly. This tendency to personify a country is stupid.

De Sales spent the last nine years of his life in the United States. During this time he served as diplomatic correspondent for the Havas agency and as American correspondent for the *Paris Soir.*

Post-War Odyssey

EUROPE WITHOUT BAEDECKER: Sketches among the Ruins of Italy, Greece and England. By Edmund Wilson. Doubleday and Company, Garden City, New York. 1947. 427 pages. $4.00.

SENT abroad by the *New Yorker* at the end of the European phase of the war, this distinguished literary critic visited England, Italy, and Greece, observing the wreckage of the cities, the mentality of the people, the work of the Allied Commission and of UNRRA, and the attempts at political readjustment. The book reads with much of the immediacy of a diary, but unlike many recent memoranda in that genre, these essays have been carefully thought through.

One of Wilson's themes is the profound misunderstanding between the strong nations represented by the Allied Commission and the peoples of the weak nations whom they are trying to help. Their widely different concepts of civilization prevent them from meeting in an effective way; the help that the saviors bring is not the help that the weak are most in need of. Of the American and British errors, he found the latter the more deplorable. The relative wealth and the irresponsible conduct of the American soldiers were confusing and debauching to the Romans; the refusal to take "natives" seriously was causing the British politicians to destroy their Greek comrades; the professional nearsightedness of American social workers was preventing them from learning much about the human beings they dealt with; the intolerance and smugness of the British officials was causing them to alienate the friendly local magistrates and to become dupes of the dishonest ones.

Regarding the British both in London and on the continent he makes many interesting observations. He works out an Anatomy of British Rudeness and concludes:

> In other countries, manners are intended to diminish social friction, to show people consideration and to make them feel at ease. In England it is the other way: good breeding is something you exhibit by snubbing and scoring off people.

He discovered in the British army a remarkably clean break between the political affiliations of the officers and of the "other ranks." In committees made up of both British and American officers he found little friendliness; social discussions were frequently sidetracked by the British into various forms of False Issue. But for the London theater he had only admiration; in contrast to New

York, there are to be seen plays that are "really first-rate," produced, furthermore, "with a kind of theatrical competence that is almost obsolete on Broadway."

A delightful account of his pilgrimage to the convent retreat of George Santayana, now in his eighties, breaks into Wilson's picture of the crowded depression and sordidness of Rome:

> . . . a tunnel of low acacias that overarched a quiet street; another old wall that screened off what?—there were so many kinds of things in Rome, all mixed up yet with walls between them. . . . Below an antique iron lamp on a black iron arm that contained an electric bulb, a man and a girl were silently kissing. . . . Inside [the convent grounds] all was snug and decent . . . : the straight cypresses, the well-trimmed lawn. . . . The Blue Nuns . . . actually wore great starched head-dresses that had been dyed with some deep bluing. . . . [Finally Santayana] came to the door in a plain brown dressing-gown, with a cord like a Franciscan Friar's. I had not expected to find him so slight.

In Greece Wilson found himself in a primitive countryside almost unchanged since the days of Oedipus:

> One gets a sudden revelation, in coming to Greece from Italy, of all that was vulgar about ancient Rome and all that was trashy in the Renaissance.

He believes that EAM was at first a spontaneous liberal movement involving a large majority of the Greeks, and that without what he considers the stupid opposition of the British it would not have come under the influence of extremist Left elements.

Let-Down

END OF BERLIN DIARY. By William L. Shirer. Alfred A. Knopf, New York. 1947. 369 and VII pages. $3.50.

IN 1941 William L. Shirer wrote his name large in the annals of journalism by publishing *Berlin Diary.* The book contained a day-by-day account of what the author had seen and heard in Hitler's Third Reich. It minced no words. Mr. Shirer warned his readers against the threat of Nazism. He denounced the tenets and the practices of Hitler's Germany in simple and powerful language. *Berlin Diary* became a best seller over night. Those who had heard Mr. Shirer's broadcasts from Berlin were eager to read a book written by a man who, with a lynx-eyed and sharp-eared censor at hand while he spoke into the microphone, had managed, by subtle inflections of the voice, to show his listeners how intensely he loathed the Nazi regime.

Berlin Diary had spontaneity. It was hot news. When it came from the press, the non-Nazi world was all ears. Even the Nazis took notice.

End of a Berlin Diary is different. When Mr. Shirer wrote the notes which grew into *Berlin Diary,* he evidently did not have their publication in mind. When he put on paper the thoughts and the conclusions that have gone into *End of a Berlin Diary,* he knew that publication was assured. There *is* a difference.

In his second book Mr. Shirer tells about a brief visit to Europe in the

autumn of 1944, about the San Francisco Conference in 1945, and about a trip to Germany in the winter of 1945. His loathing of Nazism has not abated. The military might of Germany has been crushed, and much of the country has been thoroughly devastated; but Mr. Shirer does not believe that the spirit which motivated Nazidom has been decisively destroyed. He is convinced that the United States, Britain, and even France have not dealt severely enough with the defeated land. Nazism or the same kind of an ism under another name, he reasons, is still a potential threat.

The entries which Mr. Shirer made while he was attending the San Francisco Conference show that he set great store by what was achieved at that parley of dickering, compromise, and high-sounding phrases. If he has not changed his opinion since the spring of 1945, his thinking is, in this matter at least, somewhat naive.

The author writes about the Nuremberg Trials, discusses some significant Nazi documents which prove that he was right in writing as he did in *Berlin Diary,* and quotes Hanna Reitsch's account of the last days of Hitler. In a postscript he speaks about his dismissal from the staff of the Columbia Broadcasting System's news commentators and inveighs sharply against the patent shortcomings of radio.

End of a Berlin Diary suffers because what the author writes is no longer spot news. Nearly everything the book contains has been described by others at greater length. There are numerous examples of excellent reporting in the volume, but this alone does not suffice to give it the importance which still attaches to *Berlin Diary.*

Anti-Nazi Ambassador

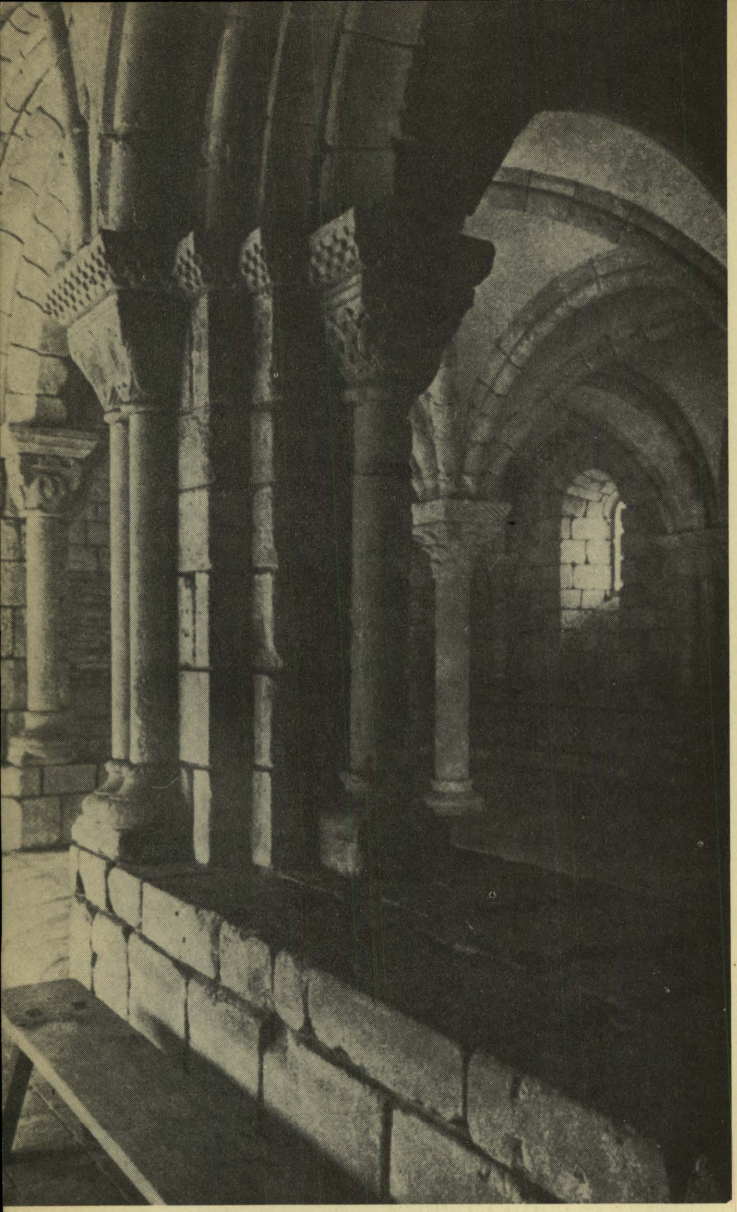
THE VON HASSELL DIARIES, 1938-1944. With an introduction by Allen Welsh Dulles. Doubleday & Co., Inc., Garden City, New York. 1947. 400 pages. Indexed. $5.00.

THIS book is the story of the forces against Hitler inside Germany, as recorded by Ambassador Ulrich von Hassell, a leader of the movement. Since the cessation of hostilities we have become more and more acquainted with the forces that were at work inside Germany at a time when all the world believed that all of Germany had come under the spell of the Nazi regime and was in sympathy with its principles and objectives. This book is a real revelation of the fact that a very large percentage of the thinking Germans were thoroughly out of sympathy with the Nazis. On account of the dangers connected with any open opposition, whatever was done in the way of planning the overthrow of Hitler and his crowd, had to be done in secret. Ulrich von Hassell, a conservative who hoped to achieve the setting up of a real democracy in Germany, was able to keep diaries of the anti-Hitler movement as it progressed over a period of six years until he himself was executed when his connection with the plot against Hitler's life was revealed. Von Hassell saw in the Nazi rule a destruc-

Pilaster from St. Guilhem-le-Désert

French, Late XII — Early XIII Century

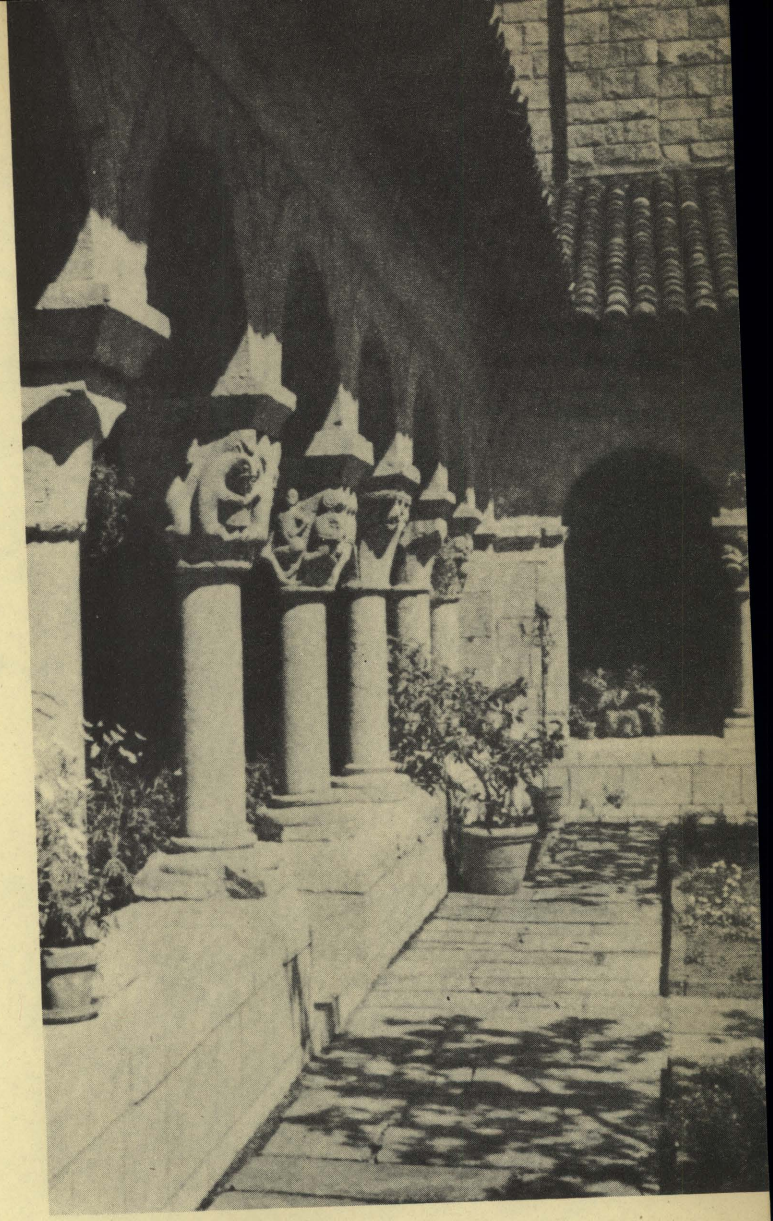
The Metropolitan Museum of Art — The Cloisters



Chapter House from the Abbey of Notre-Dame-de-Pontaut

French, XII Century

The Metropolitan Museum of Art — The Cloisters

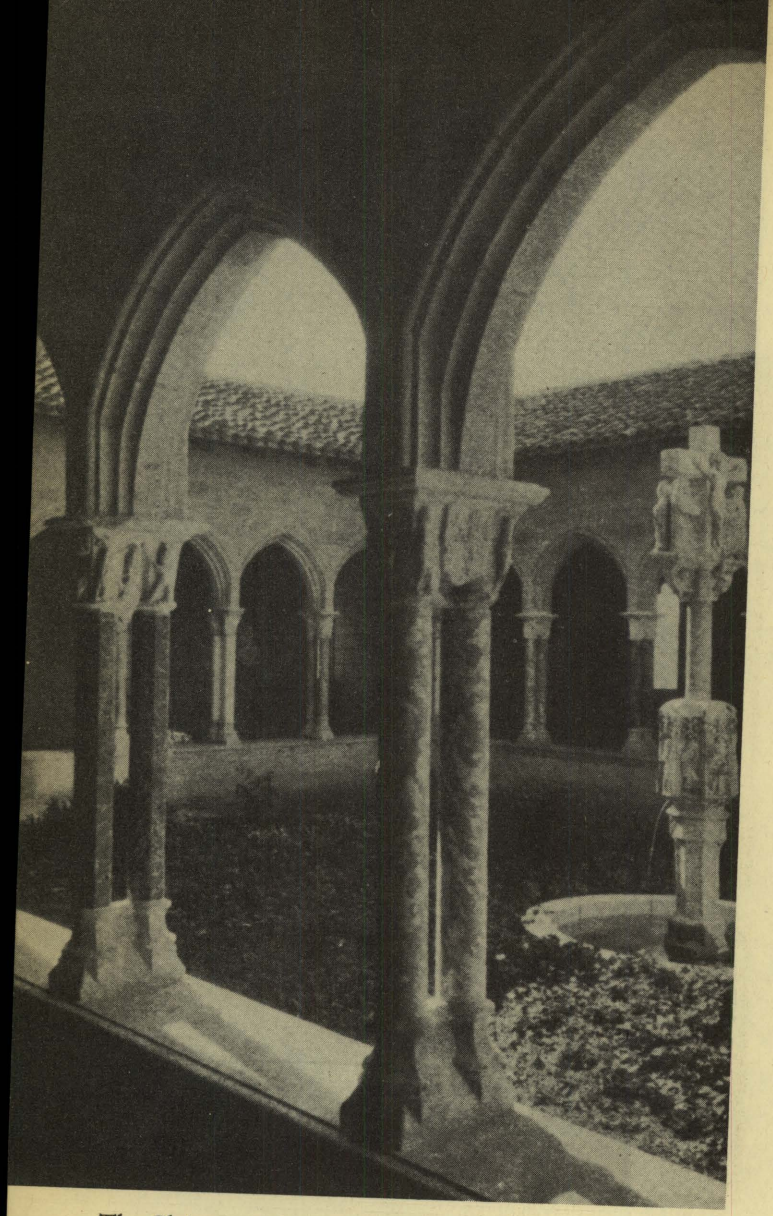


The Cloister of Saint-Michel-de-Cuxa

French, XII Century

Arcade and Garth

The Metropolitan Museum of Art — The Cloisters

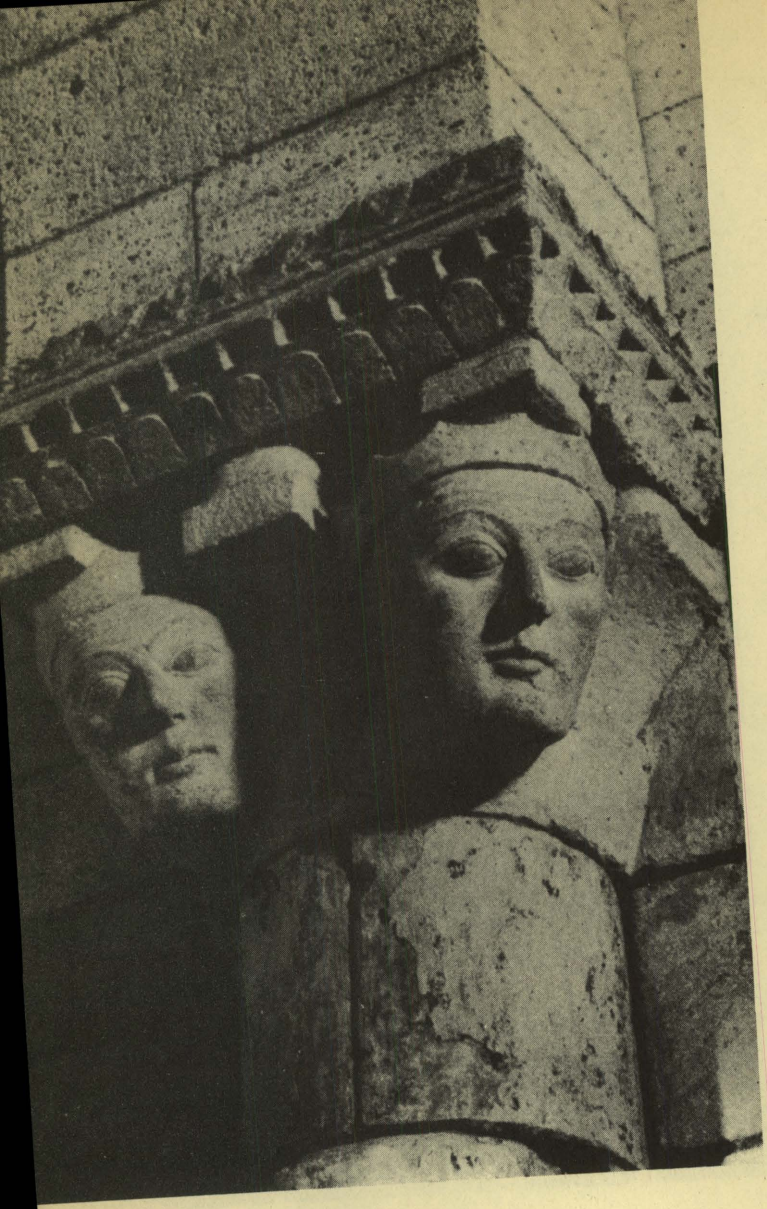


The Cloister of the Carmelite Monastery at Trie
French, 1484-1490
Arcade and Garth
The Metropolitan Museum of Art — The Cloisters

The Cloister

General View

The Metropolitan Museum of Art — The Cloisters



Capital from Langon
Possibly Representing Henry II of England and
Eleanor of Aquitaine
French, XII Century
The Metropolitan Museum of Art — The Cloisters

Capital from St. Michel-de-Cuxa
French (Roussillon), Second Half of XII Century
The Metropolitan Museum of Art — The Cloisters

Capital from Notre-Dame-de-Pontaut

French, XII Century

The Metropolitan Museum of Art — The Cloisters

tion of all that was good and noble in the German people. He was convinced that the Nazi rule, even if victorious, could bring only shame and sorrow to his country. Owing to the high position which he had held as ambassador, even though he had lost that office because of his lack of sympathy with Nazism, he was able to move in all the German circles close to the group in power. He maintained contacts with leading men of other countries, including our own, and if the plot against Hitler had not failed he would undoubtedly have been one of the leaders in negotiating a peace with England and America. This volume is heartily recommended to our readers.

Psychology of Traitors

THE MEANING OF TREASON. By Rebecca West. The Viking Press, New York. 1947. 307 pages. $3.50.

SINCE 1940 Miss West, one of the ablest present-day British writers, has published no major work, but now, in this volume, she tells the story of the men who were brought to trial as traitors to England in connection with the last war. She attended the trials and otherwise dug into the past of the men concerned in order to satisfy herself what kind of persons these were who would betray their country and what were their motives.

It is a motley crew that passes before the reader and is described and carefully analyzed for his benefit. The outstanding figure, as is to be expected, is William Joyce, the Lord Haw Haw of the German radio, whose trial raised some knotty legal problems and whose execution was roundly denounced as a miscarriage of justice by many Britons, including prominent members of the bar. Next in importance is John Amery, the black sheep of a prominent family, who was also hanged. There are many others, ranging from Dr. Allen Nunn May, the brilliant scientist who sold atomic secrets to Russia, to poor little Herbert George, who enlisted in the British Free Corps with the Germans "just as a sad little dog, finding himself far from home in streets where they throw things, with rain falling and the dusk thickening, will follow any passer-by."

Miss West's book, as already indicated, is much more than a narrative: it might be called a study of the psychology of traitors and treason. Though the author may at times be oversubtle and occasionally go out of her way to turn a neat phrase, there is not enough of this to keep *The Meaning of Treason* from being an unusually well-written book, highly interesting in its descriptions of personalities and events, revealing in the glimpses it gives of war-time conditions in England and Germany, and decidedly valuable for its keen psychological insights.

Desperate Beauty

THIRTY STORIES. By Kay Boyle. Simon and Schuster, New York. 1946. 362 pages. $3.50.

MUCH has been said in condemnation of the 1920's—the "flaming 'twenties"—and of the young Amer-

ican expatriates who sought a meaning for life in one after another of the capitals and resorts of Europe. A perceptive critic, however, recently did the period unaccustomed justice in pointing out—in regard to one of the popular movie stars of that time—that she aimed at a "desperate beauty." That many of the young persons of the 'twenties had in their hearts this ideal cannot be doubted, and that it was an ideal of some value the events of World War II are causing the utilitarians of the 'thirties to admit.

The thirty stories chosen by Kay Boyle for this volume were written over a period of two decades, and they reflect the changing conditions of those years; but through them all runs an aristocratic ideal of desperate devotion to the concept of *areté* evolved by the 1920's.

This concept is frequently associated with romantic love. For example, in *Diplomat's Wife,* the chief character is a young matron who, ten years earlier, seeing in life little to desire, had married a friend of her father's and who has filled the years with "playing the game"—leading with proud impeccability the elegant and vacant life of diplomat's wife—and shoring up her spirits with vacations that involve stylized and dangerous sports, particularly skiing. When at last she meets a man who is worthy of her, it is her pride to renounce the positive value that he could infuse into her existence and to continue her commitment to "the game." But circumstances put the man's life in danger; with a new insight into the situation the woman turns from her social position and her wealth and uses her sterile skiing expertness toward a life-giving end: she fights her way through the terrific storm, saves the man, and stays to share the hardships of his mountain home:

> . . . two people bearing the rucksacks up the long steep way through the pines and the high fields summer and winter, once the skiers and vacationists were gone, saluting and saluted by only the peasants they passed, not man or woman any longer but legendary figures set apart from others by the mere enactment of other men's hopeless dreams of passion and love.

One of Miss Boyle's best stories is *Rest Cure,* an imaginative projection of one of the last days of D. H. Lawrence's life. The misunderstood writer, dying of consumption, struggles to uphold his own proud ideal, hiding the symptoms of his disease from a visiting journalist, whom he considers a contemptible opportunist, and from his wife, whose placid adaptation to the world's life and subsequent pity for a dying man he resents.

Miss Boyle's delicate insight into these proud souls requires careful wording for its communication. In mastery of style she must be bracketed with Virginia Woolf and Rebecca West. In one of her stories a certain doctor's life was made up of "years of giving away as a gift his tenderness and knowledge as he went from one wild place to another." An unhappy girl seeing the wild stream of icy water coming down from a glacier farther up the mountain is fascinated by it: "here was the substance

of the glacier gushing forth like life from a wound." In unoccupied France an English girl who is helping men escape hears the wail of the air-raid siren as "a tall, bereaved woman standing wringing her hands in grief and crying for the dead."

Political Chronicle

HARRY TRUMAN: A POLITICAL BIOGRAPHY. By William P. Helm. Duell, Sloan and Pearce, New York. 1947. 235 pages. $3.00.

THE political life of Harry Truman dating from his early struggles in Missouri until just after he was sworn in as thirty-third President of the United States is recorded through the eyes of a Washington correspondent from Kansas City, William P. Helm. The writer refers to himself, as he says Truman does, as a "Black Republican," who nevertheless is a friend of the current President.

History will never record this volume as one of the world's great biographies. However, it is a newsy chronicle that makes for lively reading, regardless of what side of the political fence one happens to perch.

Truman is described by the writer as a loyal friend of Tom Pendergast, even after the latter confessed to income tax evasion. He is portrayed, particularly in his first six years in the Senate, as a politician who voted a straight "aye" on all New Deal issues, even though he may at times have doubted the wisdom of some of the policies he supported.

"Truman again voted without question or debate—for the (TVA) legislation," Helm recorded on one occasion.

On July 2, 1937, two years before the start of World War II, Truman advocated the strengthening of this country's air force as a national defensive measure. However, on June 10, 1940, when the Senator from Missouri was running for re-election, he proved to be a poor prophet when he told his constituents, "I personally do not believe that we will or should become involved in the European brawl." Seventeen months later the U. S. entered the conflict.

Even though Truman had little to say on the Senate floor, he was taking an active congressional role. He worked hard and long on the Transportation Act of 1940 and was chairman of the important Special Committee to Investigate the National Defense Program, which unearthed the mad scramble for Government contracts in the lush war days with their many attending irregularities. Author Helm contends that Truman's rise in Senatorial stature was due to his work during this latter investigation.

Early in his Washington career Truman opposed the sit-down strike but let it be known that he supported Labor's rank and file. Credit was given the rail labor unions for Truman's 1940 renomination. In 1946, as President, he asked for drastic legislation to break a threatened national strike of railway trainmen and locomotive engineers.

In January, 1941, Truman was quoted by Helm as saying, "I simply can't subscribe to the bungling and waste that crops up everywhere. I

can't stomach the grasping greed of Big Business or the cunning greed of some of these labor unions."

As Senator Truman he voted for price control, but made clear his opposition to lingering controls after the war's end. As President, a year after the war ended, he vetoed a bill to lift controls.

Helm further portrays Truman in 1944 as playing "hard-to-get" when colleagues urged him to accept the Vice-Presidential nomination. He agreed, the author states, only after being urged to do so by his political idol, President Roosevelt.

In this latter matter, the author suggests, Roosevelt had a premonition of things to come because after election he requested his new Vice-President not to travel by plane, "because one of us has got to stay alive."

HERBERT E. STEINBACH

Some Who Returned

THE PURPLE TESTAMENT. Edited by Don M. Wolfe. Stackpole Sons, Harrisburg, Pa. 1946. 361 pages.

THE PURPLE TESTAMENT is a collection of vignettes written by a group of disabled American war veterans as a part of their training to serve in the rehabilitation of other disabled veterans. They were originally written as part of a regular class assignment, but displayed enough merit to warrant their collection in one volume, with Don M. Wolfe, the instructor, serving as editor.

In these short sketches, gathered into twelve groups, these veterans tried to describe as vividly as they could their recollections of home, of unusual moments in the service, the grins and gripes that leavened the grim routine while on combat duty, the searing memory of their own disability, and their hopes and fears as they took the long journey back to a normal life under the weight of their handicap.

We would not call these sketches great literature, nor even good writing. Often in the various attempts to express their thoughts adequately the authors almost painfully grope for the right word, or succeed only rather clumsily. But the effort is an honest one. We are sure that these sketches were not at first considered at all for public consumption, and their sincerity makes for compelling reading. Perhaps, too, a great part of their lack lies in the very subjects chosen for their discussion—those events in a cataclysmic era and in personal recollection for which no adequate expression can be found. At any rate, the authors do speak their minds. They set down their own experiences. They find their own way to tell of those occasions which stand out above all others as they look back upon the years. The fifty-three contributors to *The Purple Testament* are a thoughtful group of men and women who returned from the war. They, and all others with the same memories, may never be able to fully tell their story in cold print, but they will make their impression on society even more effectively through their influence on the lives of those they meet.

John Dos Passos contributes a Pref-

ace, and Don M. Wolfe, the editor, introduces the collection with a history of how they were written. Leonard Pearl and Leonard Sansone provide the illustrations. The appendix includes the address of Gen. Dwight Eisenhower on the occasion of the group's graduation; the address of Wallace Reid to the members of his class; and brief biographical sketches of every contributor.

New Testament Scholarship

PAUL. By Edgar J. Goodspeed. The John C. Winston Company, Philadelphia, Toronto. 1947. 246 pages. $2.50.

DR. GOODSPEED'S name is a household word among New Testament students. His editorial work in connection with the Oxyrhynchus papyri, his commentaries, his research in the history of the English Bible, his American translation of the New Testament, his scholarly articles contributed to religious and secular journals are so widely known that one adds no luster to his name by again listing them.

To this reviewer Dr. Goodspeed endeared himself in particular as an inspiring teacher. A generation ago —how time does fly—I sat at his feet and heard him discourse on New Testament books and on problems in New Testament textual criticism. It was then that I learned to know Dr. Goodspeed as a Christian gentleman. His scintillating observations, his impeccable speech, his gentility, his physical exterior—"from the sole of his foot even to the crown of his head there was no blemish in him" —his broad sympathies, his sparkling and friendly eyes, all this and more have stayed with me all these years. And when I had occasion to meet him in later years, he still remembered me as one of his former students.

Also this most recent volume of Dr. Goodspeed's productive pen measures up to all the rigid standards he set for himself early in life. He speaks to the heart in these pages in his simple but always virile and crisp diction. Thousands of books have been written on St. Paul, the greatest of the apostles, but only few among modern biographers have succeeded so eminently to weave into their account a vast amount of historical, geographical, and archeological detail without making themselves obnoxious by an exhibition of erudition.

All this does not mean that this reviewer is in sympathy with every one of Dr. Goodspeed's opinions. I cannot agree with my teacher and friend that Paul did not write First and Second Timothy and Titus and the letter known as "Ephesians." Nor do I share Dr. Goodspeed's opinion that First and Second Corinthians include in reality four separate letters, that Luke-Acts was written toward the end of the century, that Paul was executed in A.D. 61, that First Peter was not written by Peter, and that Paul's letters were collected as late as A.D. 92-94. But these wide divergences of opinion still made it possible for this reviewer thoroughly to enjoy Dr. Goodspeed's *Paul* and to derive from his book many enriching experiences.

Unfortunate Concessions

AN APPROACH TO THE TEACHING OF JESUS. The Quillian Lectures, Emory University, 1946. By Ernest Cadman Colwell. Abingdon-Cokesbury Press, New York and Nashville. 1947. 128 pages. $1.25.

IN THESE lectures, the author discusses the following aspects of the teachings of Jesus: the radical nature of Jesus' teaching; the originality of Jesus; humility in Jesus' teaching; the source and meaning of Jesus' humility; the coming kingdom; the present kingdom. This book, like others from the pen of Dr. Colwell, electrifies the reader and provides much food for thought. The style is impeccable.

There is much in these lectures which is commendable. It appears that the author is shaking off the shackles of the type of historical approach to Jesus made current by Shirley Jackson Case. We are happy over this. But there are also some statements in this book which make one's heart bleed. The author blandly declares, "Jesus himself never preached a sermon as long as the shortest sermon preached from a pulpit last Sunday morning" (p. 24). Now, really, Doctor, much depends on what we mean by "sermon." Is it altogether out of question that Jesus delivered what we still style "expository homilies"? The author is also far too ready to ascribe to editors what he believes are additions, modifications, and interpretations of what Jesus said. Surely, Dibelius and Bultmann and their American disciples and some textual critics have presented no more than blandishing theories.

Furthermore, to write that "in the Fourth Gospel Jesus is proud, powerful, and glorious. Through its pages Jesus walks as a self-conscious god aware of the fact of his divinity" (p. 59) completely leaves out of account the consideration that the Fourth Gospel in a most convincing manner presents also the human and humanitarian side of the Christ (example: John 11:35: "He burst out weeping"). Mr. Colwell's reference to the temptation story in Luke 4 as a "legend" (p. 63) without having informed the reader of his principles of interpretation and historical criticism, is not playing a fair game.

Again, the author writes, "Jesus never did plainly say who He was" (p. 73). Strange that publicans and sinners and simple Galilean fishermen knew very well who He was. Even the demons knew. Of course, Jesus did not speak plainly enough for the intelligentsia of His day, nor, for that matter, for the intelligentsia of our day. Yet even today childlike faith in Jesus results in the conviction that He is truly the Christ, the Redeemer, and the Son of God. Finally, to say that "Mark's *silly* [italics mine] explanation of the use of parables as disguise is denied by the transparency of the parables themselves" (p. 113) is as unscientific as it is unreverential.

In spite of its rare insights and challenging ideas, its exquisite prose and delicate poetry, this reviewer must say of Mr. Colwell's book: *Caveat emptor!* Think twice before you invest.

From Mesmer to Freud

THE STORY OF HYPNOTISM. By Robert W. Marks. Prentice-Hall, Inc., New York. 1947. 246 pages. $3.00.

HYPNOTISM is a subject regarding which the average man treasures an unusually large amount of misinformation. He regards it as something preternatural and spooky, something allied to spiritualistic seances and other occult practices; he has vague and distorted notions of how it operates. Years ago this reviewer took part in experiments in hypnosis which were made at a well-known state university. They had to be conducted under the seal of strict secrecy, for if they had become known there would no doubt have been violent protests from well-meaning people who would have held that this was dabbling in devil's work.

Robert Marks, though not a specialist in the field, has acquainted himself with the story of hypnotism, including the results of recent research. He traces the history of the subject from its fantastic beginnings in the time of Mesmer, through Freud, down to the present, and he arrives at the theory that hypnotism is a form of conditioning which enables people to return psychologically to the status of infancy. His reasoning on this point sounds very Freudian.

The latter part of the book, almost half of it in fact, is devoted to phenomena that are more or less closely related to those of hypnotism. Here such things as faith cures, trance states, and multiple personality are discussed. The last chapter deals with various forms of mass suggestion, ranging from the flagellantes of the Middle Ages to the Holy Rollers and the devotees of the "adenoidal Sinatra" of our day. Some of the points made here by Marks are apposite, though not novel, while the digs at religion which he takes from time to time are neither novel nor apposite.

At the very close Marks abruptly broaches an odd suggestion, namely, that the state should be permitted to wither away in order that mass suggestibility be dissipated. The "withering away" of the state is familiar communist parlance. Is this, we wonder, mere coincidence, or does it mark Marks as a Marxist who dutifully slants every literary production, even though it were a book on prune culture, into propaganda for "the faith"?

Flying Fur

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE RECORD. By Charles O'Connell. Alfred A. Knopf, New York. 1947. 332 and XI pages. $3.50.

THE world of music owes Charles O'Connell a debt of gratitude for giving it an opportunity—in fact, many opportunities—to peep at the other side of the record. What record? Well, Charlie does not use the word "record" in the sense in which the late Al Smith was wont to bandy the term about. Charlie is referring to records for your phonograph, and let no one think that he does not know whereof he speaks. For years

he was director of Red Seal recording for Victor. Then he served Columbia for a time. He is in his forties. If he spends the rest of his years writing books as fascinating as *The Other Side of the Record,* tons of fur will continue to fly in all directions. And one should bear in mind that it takes a goodly amount of fur to make a ton.

The Other Side of the Record contains much about Charlie himself. This is as it should be. Charlie's place in the record-world was unique. No man in history has presided over the making of so many recordings of the better type, and few men in history have had social and business connections with so many of the world's outstanding musicians. Besides, Charlie has done a great deal of conducting.

At times Charlie takes off his coat, so to speak, balls his fists, and lets go with dynamite-packed haymakers; at times he is gentle and suave. When he speaks of Arturo Toscanini, he pulls no punches; and one need not hesitate to say that Arturo the Great and those who disagree with what Charlie has to say about Arturo the Great will throw away their kid gloves when they talk about what Charlie has written.

The author of *The Other Side of the Record* wields a pen that slashes, on command, with furious power and, when Charlie sees fit, merely prickles. Charlie can be merciless. He knows how to make words and phrases do what he wants them to do. But mercilessness is by no means his only stock in trade. When the spirit moves him to be compassionate, he can spout unadulterated mercy by the cubic yard, and there are times when one gathers from Charlie's forthright way of using the English language that, as Charlie sees it, those upon whom Charlie deigns to bestow mercy are blessed, not twice—as one reads in Shakespeare—but several dozen times.

Charlie writes about Grace Moore, Lily Pons, André Kostelanetz, José Iturbi, Eugene Ormandy, Lauritz Melchior, Artur Rubinstein, Kirsten Flagstad, Sergei Rachmaninoff, Helen Traubel, Jascha Heifetz, Pierre Monteux, Serge Koussevitzky, Leopold Stokowski, and, of course, about Maestro Toscanini. Discussions of other artists creep into the pages now and then, but they do not make up the meat of the book.

Read *The Other Side of the Record.* Read it and snort, fume, applaud, burst your sides, jump out of your chair, and do a dozen-and-one other things which a book written by a man as clever, as witty, and as uninhibited as Charlie is bound to make you do.

Charlie has not fallen in love with the music critics of our land. He promises a volume about them. Are they quailing? Maybe. Charlie evidently thinks so.

It is Charlie's own straightforward opinion that *The Other Side of the Record* does not deal with the subject of music criticism. Actually, the book contains music criticism of one kind or another on almost every page. It is not easy to write a review of the volume. The fur in the air is often too thick for clear vision. But, thanks to Charlie's skillful way of

blowing that fur, it tickles disinterested readers more frequently than it irks them. One likes this type of fur even though it has a way of getting into the eyes. Give us more of it, Charlie!

Nineteenth Century Literati

THE TIMES OF MELVILLE AND WHITMAN. By Van Wyck Brooks. E. P. Dutton. $5.00.

ALTHOUGH this is the fourth volume published so far in Van Wyck Brooks's history of the literary life in America, this is to be regarded as Volume III. The order of the four volumes published thus far is: *The World of Washington Irving; The Flowering of New England; The Times of Melville and Whitman; New England: Indian Summer.* The next volume will deal with the period from 1885 to the first World War.

A reading of Van Wyck Brooks, especially at a time when the twentieth century seems to be governed by the laws of electronics, arouses conflicting emotions. His writing is leisurely, so detailed at times that irritation is almost a natural reaction. He has a tendency to heap up the minutiae of historical detail in a bewildering manner. He can discuss Whitman's apparel at a certain moment of time in Brooklyn and he can describe Herman Melville's irritations over some petty inconvenience with meticulous accuracy. At the same time he seemingly avoids those larger details so necessary in establishing a man's biographical existence.

But there is a point to what at times may seem purely literary mannerisms. The cumulative effect on the reader is staggering. There arrives that moment in the reading of Van Wyck Brooks when a reader looks up from the page and says, "Of course, that's the way it was and it was just my misfortune that I missed being there at the moment." Van Wyck Brooks has a Proustian tendency to spin out infinitesimals, but that tendency is not to be derided. One obtains a total picture of an amazingly complex world even though that American world of the middle and late middle nineteenth century may have been extremely crude.

His literary judgments are never delivered as verdicts or ultimatums. But one has the overall impression that this age was the age of two great men, dissimilar in many ways and yet strikingly similar. Van Wyck Brooks by indirection shows that these two men fit into that period and were truly representative of it, even though recognition was denied to Whitman and given in an extremely begrudging manner to Melville.

This volume is not wholly preoccupied with Melville and Whitman. There are studies of Bret Harte, Mark Twain, Henry Ward Beecher, Constance Fenimore Woolson, Sidney Lanier, and a host of other literary people. One obtains the "feel" of the era in the chapter "The Bohemians."

Above all, Van Wyck Brooks demonstrates that the nineteenth century in American life was extremely alive and burgeoning toward a greater development. If one were to be extremely critic, one could point out that Van Wyck Brooks pays too little

attention to the effect of contemporary European thought upon American life and philosophy. Surely the development of Hegelian and Kantian thought as exemplified in the products of nineteenth century German and French thought must have had its effect on American writers. Perhaps Americans were oblivious to the implications of nineteenth century rationalism and totally happy to accept the Victorian attitudes as expressed in Matthew Arnold or Alfred Tennyson.

The Times of Melville and Whitman is a "must" book for anyone interested in the development of American life and thought. It is a distinguished addition to America's literature of criticism.

Gracious and Critical

ENLIGHTENED ENGLAND. An Anthology of Eighteenth Century Literature. By Wylie Sypher. W. W. Norton & Co., New York. 1947. 1248 pages. $4.00.

IN KEEPING with the modern trend toward general education, given impetus by the recent Harvard Report, this new collection of the British literature of an important modern century seeks to integrate the literature of that period with the history and philosophy of its era and to link it with the other forms of creative expression in music, architecture, sculpture, and painting.

Excluding the novel and drama (both types difficult to reduce to anthology dimensions, and both generally available for supplementary reading), all the great writers of prose and verse from Pomfret to Crabbe are amply represented here. Moreover, with these longer works comparatively short selections concerned with ideas, manners, and currents of thought are given, often from "non-literary" books, to provide the reader with a better understanding of the writings of particular authors and of the literature of the century as a whole. Major figures are represented in proportion to their relative stature in the literature and thought of those days: Johnson and his "Circle," Addison and Steele, Pope, Swift, Collins, Gray, Burns, and Blake.

Editor Sypher's plan of integrating the arts is carried out in the twenty-five excellent illustrations, which show the art, architecture, and contemporary life high and low by means of choice paintings by Hogarth, Reynolds, Gainsborough, and others. As the editor says,

> If the British eighteenth century was dark enough in many places, it was also the age of the Enlightenment. The foundations of modern political theory, economic society, religion, and aesthetic values were laid in this period. For that reason the collection is called *Enlightened England.*

It is unfortunate that the publisher used semi-transparent paper, now that better quality paper stock is again available. However, the texts are set in clear type on a single-column page with wide margins throughout; this technique invites any reader's interest. Brief biographical and critical sketches are a welcome feature, and a delightful essay

on the subject in general presents the essential minimum of background; these aids are sound without being pontifical. A comprehensive bibliography on things social, political, intellectual, artistic, and literary plus an index to the seventy-five writers and their works, facilitate any desired reference use.

The eternal problem of an ultimate choice of *selections* is naturally controversial; printing of *complete* units is in this anthology better achieved. All in all, Professor Sypher of Simmons College deserves to be congratulated for a compilation that compares favorably, *e.g.*, with *English Literature 1650-1800* edited by John C. Mendenhall (a volume with general appeal) and with the standard edition of *Eighteenth Century Poetry and Prose* by Bredvold, McKillop, and Whitney.

HERBERT H. UMBACH

Father of Relativity

EINSTEIN, HIS LIFE AND TIMES. By Philipp Frank. Alfred Knopf, New York. 1947. 297 pages. $4.50.

EINSTEIN, HIS LIFE AND TIMES by Philipp Frank is not a biography in the ordinary sense, filled with small details of a great man's everyday life. Instead it discusses principally the impact of Einstein's contributions on the world. He abandoned a mechanistic philosophy of nature for a more tenable position. This permitted the relating of mechanical, optical and gravitational phenomena by means of a very few simple assumptions.

The following is an example of his new approach. Michelson and Morley had shown experimentally that the velocity of light was always a constant in respect to all observers, regardless of their relative velocities. Lorentz had attempted to account for this by his contraction hypothesis, thus keeping the mechanical analogies which were thought to be the only philosophically sound basis for the explanation of any phenomenon. Einstein assumed the constancy of the velocity of light and developed new concepts of the fundamental quantities, length, mass and time as measured by a moving observer. For example, two observers measuring a time interval will get different values depending on their relative velocity.

New ideas are received with very poor grace by most people and the revolutionary ideas of the relativity theory were opposed more than common. Thus there was a group of ardent admirers and a group of bitter opponents. Besides this, which might have remained a matter for the scientists, was the fact that Einstein was a Jew. This was enough proof for many people that his theory was wrong. No one but a real Aryan could possibly make a constructive contribution. He came to the United States as a refugee and has continued his work here. He was largely instrumental in convincing President Roosevelt that work should be done on the atomic bomb and contributed considerably to the success of the project.

Einstein has associated himself with the Zionist movement and also at one time with the pacifist groups. Throughout the book the center of

interest is kept on the reception which the world, scientific and non-scientific alike, gave to the basically new philosophic ideas concerning nature as propounded by a German Jew.

ANCIL R. THOMAS

Tales of Adventure

KINGDOM OF ADVENTURE: EVEREST. By James Ramsey Ullman. William Sloane Associates, New York. 1947. 411 pages. $4.75.

AN EXPLORER COMES HOME. By Roy Chapman Andrews. Doubleday & Co., New York. 1947. 276 pages. $3.00.

ULLMAN'S chronicle of man's assault upon the world's highest mountain makes for magnificent reading! The author lets the men who had the most to do with its discovery and climbing do their own talking, while he merely supplies the commentary that unifies their various accounts. In so doing he introduces us into the select circle of "Everesters" —the men who have pitted their courage and endurance against the impassive might of Chomolungma, "The Goddess Mother of the World." Those chapters which deal with the seven expeditions sent to reach the yellow-ribbed pyramid which is the summit of the world, provide adventurous reading of the most hair-raising kind. Anyone who has struggled over the rocks and ridges of a far less formidable foe will walk every step of the way himself and come back impressed with the imperturbable mystery of this mountain and the land out of which it rises. Everest is still the unconquered and this book includes an interesting discussion of the problems which must confront any future expedition sent against it. *Kingdom of Adventure* also contains a number of appendices relating to the history of Everest, giving brief biographies of some of the foremost mountaineers who engaged in assaults against the mountain, and concluding with a bibliography of books on the mountain and an index. Some very fine photographs taken on the various expeditions, and a number of maps add greatly to the value of the book.

In the book, *An Explorer Comes Home,* Roy Chapman Andrews, who went to the far and out of the way corners of the earth in search for adventure, relates how he discovered to his surprise and satisfaction that an abandoned farm and a corner of the Connecticut woodland can provide some very satisfying adventures of their own. The purchase and development of Pondwood, first just as a weekend hide-out and then as a permanent home, gave Mr. Andrews (according to his own admission) the material out of which to fashion this book and thus maintain his "retirement" in the style to which he had been accustomed, both from a financial and temperamental point of view. We cannot but wish him well in his good fortune for he shares it with all of us through the pages of *An Explorer Comes Home.* This entertaining account of life at Pondwood—its humans, dogs, cats, ducks —is close to the earth and close to the heart. The woods and streams in every season, whether you think

of them in their seasonal beauty or simply through the eyes of the hunter and fisherman, form an engaging background for one who has learned their moods and who has the ability to interpret them well. All this Roy Chapman Andrews has done most effectively, and in his best style. His book is recommended arm-chair reading on a frosty night.

Revolutionary Novel

RABBLE IN ARMS. By Kenneth Roberts. Doubleday & Co., Inc., Garden City, New York. 1947. 622 pages. Illustrated. $4.00.

THIS new edition of Kenneth Roberts' famous book has been republished as a new color-illustrated edition. The portraits are by Esta Cosgrave, well known artist and portrait painter. There are eight such portraits, and each is a remarkably accurate copy of the style of a famous painter of Revolutionary days, and each is painted against a background drawn from the story.

Rabble in Arms is a novel based on the long struggle of the northern army to halt the invasion of the British during the American Revolution, as they sought to drive through from Canada to New York City to separate New England from the rest of the colonies and to deal the death blow to the cause of the colonies. The story is told in the first person by Peter Merrill of Arundel who, together with a group of interesting associates, took an active part in the struggle.

Originally published in 1933, this novel, read at this time with our background of World War II in mind, is of a special interest by way of comparison between the original war in which our country won its independence and the latest in which it preserved it. Mr. Roberts presents the character of Benedict Arnold in a light that is not generally known to the American people, in order to illustrate the statement made by J. F. Schroeder in his *Life and Times of Washington:* "Benedict Arnold's country and the world owe him more than they will ever liquidate; and his defection can never obliterate the solid services and the ample abuse which preceded it."

America and Japan

YANKEE SURVEYORS IN THE SHOGUN'S SEAS. Edited by Allan B. Cole. The Princeton University Press, Princeton, N. J. 1947. 161 pages. $2.50.

COMMODORE PERRY has usually been credited (or blamed) for the opening of Japan to Western influence. Actually, of course, the commodore merely began a process of opening which was not to become complete until many years later. A part of that process is documented by Mr. Hall in this book which, apart from its historical interest, offers a number of very interesting sidelights on Japanese thinking which may help to clarify the behavior of the Japanese in the hundred years or so since they have been involved in world affairs.

The book is a collection of letters and memoranda written by officers of a United States surveying expedi-

tion to the North Pacific which, between 1853 and 1856, charted the coast of Japan and adjacent areas. In the course of the expedition's work, the commanders of its vessels found themselves faced with problems which sometimes involved rather important political considerations and which called for a great deal of circumspect diplomacy. The commander of the expedition, Lt. John Rodgers, emerges as a diplomat of considerable talent. More than that, he showed a scrupulous respect for the rights of the Japanese which, in those days of imperialist jingoism, would almost have to be called remarkable.

The events of the past fifty years or so may lead one to wonder whether it might not have been better if the Japanese had been left as they wanted to be—isolated from the rest of the world, untouched by Western ideas. Back in 1855, Lt. Rodgers noted, somewhat plaintively, that "the government of Japan . . . does not seem to be sensible of the advantages to be reaped by the residence in their midst of our countrymen and women." Well—things change in 92 years. Or, at any rate, we hope so.

There are occasional bits of unconscious humor in the letters, the kind of humor one finds only in very earnest people. Speaking about the relations between the United States and Russia, for instance, Lt. Rodgers assures the Japanese that "both countries permit *(sic)* friendship, and admire heroic examples of it."

Mr. Cole, the editor of the book, is one of America's leading experts on Japanese-American relations. The present volume is his third study of the beginnings of American interest in Japan.

F. D. R.'s Lieutenants

YOU'RE THE BOSS. By Edward J. Flynn. The Viking Press, New York. 1947. 244 pages. $3.00.

REILLY OF THE WHITE HOUSE. By Michael J. Reilly, as told to William J. Slocum. Simon and Schuster, New York. 1947. 248 pages. $3.00.

IN THE first of these two volumes the leader of the Bronx Democratic machine gives a candid and readable account of political bossism. Ed Flynn can speak on the subject with authority, for the country has seldom produced a more consummate politician, or a better exemplar of the art of machine rule.

In addition to providing a thoroughgoing analysis of the workings of a big city political machine—and Ed Flynn learned the game "from the ground up"—*You're the Boss* also offers a series of candid appraisals of some of the most notable figures of American political life during the past two decades—*e.g.,* Jim Farley, Al Smith, Jimmy Walker, Harry Hopkins, and of course, F. D. R., to whom Ed Flynn gave all of the selfless and unremitting service of a vassal toward his liege lord.

Boss Flynn does his best to whitewash and justify the functions of the political boss and to condone the methods of the party machine. He never quite succeeds, however, in

changing the leopard's spots. Although he declares (p. 22) that in the Bronx "we've never had to buy votes," on page 113 he blandly reports that he supplied money to an upstate Democratic committee to enable them to purchase votes at $1.75 apiece.

Boss Flynn notwithstanding, the political machine remains what it has always been—a cynical and venal institution, and a blight upon American democracy.

Reilly of the White House is an inconsequential, gossipy, frothy little book by the head of the White House secret service detail during the latter part of F. D. R.'s regime. Unlike Boss Flynn's book, it possesses no significance either from the standpoint of sociology or political science; it will be of interest only to those who are still feeding upon the Roosevelt legend. The author has capitalized upon his close relationship with the late president. Having had his fling at authorship (with professional assistance), he may now return in peace to the obscurity from which he briefly emerged.

Indian Thought

HINDU PHILOSOPHY. By Theos Bernard, Ph.D. Philosophical Library, New York. 1947. 207 pages. $3.75.

TOWARD the end of 1947 the Associated Press carried a dispatch with the news that Theos Bernard had disappeared across the mountains from Kashmir into the regions of Tibet and was feared lost, if not dead. Thus ended, at least for the present, the career of a man who has come closer to an understanding of Hindu philosophy than almost any other scholar now living.

My own introduction to Hindu philosophy, apart from some vague references to it in a general missions course at the seminary, came through a Hindu priest on the edge of the jungle in South India. He had received an education in both Oriental and Occidental cultures and chose to spend his life in ministering to a small wayside shrine whose devotees numbered no more than a handful a month. His spare time, of which he had a great deal, was spent in meditation under a palm tree. He was a Vedantist but held no grudge against the other systems of philosophy which hold sway in a land where intuitive thinking has reached higher heights than in any other. His view of Christianity with its emphasis on revelation and the importance of the historical was equally tolerant; the tolerance of a wise father toward a child who must grow out of his childish views of the world, which views are, however, true for the stage of the child's development and its attitude toward its environment.

Ever since the publication a few years ago of *Vedanta for the Western World,* edited by Christopher Isherwood, there has been a growing interest in the systems of philosophy which hold in their grip 400 million of our fellow humans. The side of Hinduism which is so frequently portrayed to the Western world, the idol shrine, the idolatry of the common people, the crude ceremonies of worship, are, of necessity, an over-

simplification of that complex religion. There are few audiences in the Western world with sufficient background in philosophy to understand a lecture on the essence of Hinduism. This is not to fault the intelligence of the westerner but rather to point out a weakness in our educational system which confines itself to the philosophies which have grown out of the cultures west of the Holy Land. By the same token, missionaries have been under such pressure from the church at home to show results in as short a time as possible that they have not had the time to make a thorough study of Hinduism's roots and thus have been unable to meet the educated Hindu on a basis which he understands.

Hindu Philosophy is one of the very few purely objective studies of Hinduism's soul available to the Western student. In a comparatively small space (145 pages of text) Theos Bernard has succeeded in outlining the six important systems of philosophy, The *Nyaya,* The *Vaisesika,* The *Samkhya,* The *Yoga,* The *Mimamsa,* and The *Vedanta.* There is, in addition, a study of *Kasmir Saivism,* a variant of the *Samkhya* and *Vedanta* systems which has received little attention from western scholars. Each study is divided into "Purpose," "Scope," "Philosophy" (a discussion of the main ideas of each school), and "Literature."

The tendency to dismiss the philosophical systems of India as outdated and inadequate to the conditions of modern living grows out of an ignorance of their scope and depth rather than out of a thorough understanding of their ideas. That they are irreconcilable with the Christian view of time and the world does not justify our indifference to them. The missionary who must meet the people of India at the point at which they stand in their spiritual development cannot afford to ignore the systems which govern their every waking moment. Although the ordinary villager may not know that his actions are based on the Vedanta philosophy his mental concepts and even his vocabulary spring out of that which has become the very fiber of the country. The use of such terms as "God," "world," "time," "soul," "life," and many others without reference to the concepts which they arouse in the minds of the hearers can only result in a "talking past" which will not serve the cause of the Gospel. *Hindu Philosophy's* value to the missionary and to all who wish to understand and appreciate our task in a land like India is inestimable.

There is much in this book also which can serve as an antidote to some of the more unsavory aspects of western culture. The Hindus recognized thousands of years ago that the cause of much discontent and unhappiness in the hearts of men is due to the twin faults of *Ahamkar* ("I"-ness), and *Mamakar* ("my"-ness). To overcome these two is to be well on the road to contented living.

There are two criticisms which must be made of *Hindu Philosophy.* The first is a tendency on the part of Dr. Bernard to make the highly complex and abstruse systems of Hin-

du philosophy seem far more simple and clear than they really are. He sees in them, also, much more consistency than is usually credited by other Oriental scholars. To say that they "in no way are . . . contradictory or antagonistic to one another, for they all lead to the same practical end, knowledge of the Absolute and Liberation of the Soul" (p. 5) is to say more than most scholars will.

The lack of an index is a serious defect in the book, although the excellent glossary of fifty pages of Sanskrit terms is a mine of information. Page numbers added to this glossary would have been a major improvement in the book. There is also an extensive bibliography which is of value for continued study in the various fields.

An interesting sidelight on the origins of Hindu philosophy is that the three greatest thinkers of Hinduism, Samkara, Ramanuja, and Madhva, all came from the extreme south of that amazing country. That these three evolved the labyrinth of their philosophies in the enervating climate of the south is prophetic for the growth and formation of an indigenous Christian theology in our own day. It is not impossible that new light on the eternal truth of the Gospel may come from that part of India.

Although not of interest to the casual reader *Hindu Philosophy* can scarcely be omitted from the reading of the earnest student interested in the thinking of his fellow man, nor from that of the missionary who feels the necessity of understanding the people to whom he is sent as a messenger of the unique and final Gospel.

M. L. KRETZMANN

Disappointing

FROM DREYFUS TO PETAIN. By Wilhelm Herzog, translated by Walter Sorell. Creative Age Press, New York. 1947. 313 pages. 9x6. $3.50.

THE present developments in Western Europe are grounded in its past, and the development of political sentiment in France must be understood by those who would predict the future or form true estimates of what is going on now. Accordingly, we can well imagine the journalist, the student of modern history, and the aspiring diplomat opening with avid interest the pages of Mr. Herzog's book. Alas, the journalist, the diplomat, and the student of history would be slated for bitter disappointment. Mr. Herzog has not told us the history of France *From Dreyfus to Petain.* Seventeen chapters deal with the trial, re-trial, and justification of Captain Alfred Dreyfus, and the eighteenth and last chapter deals with the political fortunes of Marshal Petain. The title of the book is a misnomer.

We could forgive Mr. Herzog the choice of an inadequate title, if he had at least given us a history of the events summed up in the words "The Affair Dreyfus." But while the author makes good his promise to present the famous Affair as observed through the eyes of Zola, Clemenceau, Jaures, Picquart, Esterhazy, von Schwartzkoppen, and the members of

the French General Staff—what we are looking for in the book, the story of the Dreyfus trial, is told nowhere in connected form.

It would be a fair demand, it seems to this reviewer, that at least somewhere in the book the author would tell us just what was contained in the famous "tabulation" (the bordereau) on the strength of which Dreyfus was convicted of treason against the republic and sent to Devil's Island on the coast of South America. Next, we should have a story of the trial, of the sentencing, of the experiences of Dreyfus in the prison camp, of his return to France for retrial after the writings of Zola and other opponents of the military class had created a popular demand; the precise nature of the connection of Esterhazy and the French Colonel Henry, both involved in activities against the welfare of France; as well as the final vindication of Dreyfus—but for all this we must go to some encyclopedia. Through the structural defects of the story, we hear of the pardoning of Dreyfus on page 50 while on page 125 he has not yet been tried. However, on page 62 he has returned to France after a five-year imprisonment on Devil's Island.

Wilhelm Herzog makes plain beyond question that the Jesuits were involved in the persecution of Dreyfus, that it was a case of saving the face of the church-controlled General Staff, that the Roman Church in its lust for power was trying to make sure of the army and had its mind set on the re-establishment of a monarchy; but with the mass of documents at the disposal of the author —his bibliography fills five solid pages —we should have been directed to some documentary evidence for these claims. The book leaves us with a confused picture of espionage and counter-espionage, of German political intrigue, while the story of the events is not told, nor their relation to Petain's career fifty years later made clear.

The READING ROOM

By THOMAS COATES

How Fares American Radio?

NOT so well, according to a trenchant analysis in the January *Atlantic Monthly* by John Crosby, under the title, "Radio and Who Makes It." Mr. Crosby is well qualified to speak on the subject, for his syndicated column, "Radio in Review," is the most widely read commentary on the topic of American broadcasting.

The basic trouble with radio, according to Mr. Crosby, is that advertising revenue is its primary concern, to which all other interests have been subordinated. "The idea is still to land the account and never mind what sort of program the account brings in." As a commercial venture, radio is run like the soap industry—but the difficulty lies in the fact that radio, unlike the soap industry, operates in the public domain. The radio broadcaster, therefore, has a public responsibility quite beyond that of the soap manufacturer.

Although it is true that radio pays its respect to culture and craves the accolade of respectability, and while it cannot be denied that the world's finest music and drama can be heard over the airwaves, it is also irrefutable that the number of poor and trashy programs far exceeds the good. "The emcees outnumber the thinkers by about fifty to one; the United Nations got only a grudging nod from the networks because it has nothing like the drawing power of Portia facing life."

The author seriously indicts radio for its lack of freshness and originality. Inasmuch as certain formulas have proven popular with the listening public, the tendency has been to freeze broadcasting standards and to develop an allergy to any new ideas. "The parentage of virtually every program can be directly traced to the few original minds who entered broadcasting in its formative years." In only one field—the broadcasting of good music—has radio actually cultivated its magnificent opportunities for raising

the educational and cultural level of the American public. The outstanding example of this fact is the weekly broadcast of the Metropolitan Opera, which regularly attracts an audience of some twelve million.

This brilliant exception only draws attention to some of radio's glaring omissions. Radio could bring us the world's great books, great dramas, and great minds. Instead, we get jokes about Petrillo, two-way stretch, and the letters, endlessly repeated, LS MFT, possibly the most inane combination of noises ever inflicted on a helpless public.

A recent nation-wide poll disclosed the fact that programs ranked as follows in the order of their popularity: news, radio plays, comedy, quiz shows, old familiar music, popular music, forums or discussions of public issues, classical music, sports events, audience-participation shows, religious broadcasts, serial dramas (i.e., "soap operas"), talks on farming, children's programs, homemaking programs, and livestock and grain reports. In view of the relatively low popularity rating of soap operas and audience-participation shows, it is somewhat distressing to realize that programs of this type monopolize virtually all daytime network broadcasting. As a result, the net works have lost a major part of their potential daytime audience.

The Comedy Shows

HIGHEST popularity rating among radio comedians today is enjoyed by such experienced stars as Jack Benny, Fred Allen, and Edgar Bergen. Jack Benny invented a formula for the comedy program some fifteen years ago which has been widely imitated but never successfully duplicated, and his perfection of the role of the tight-fisted and much-abused curmudgeon has brought him fame and affluence. A master of timing and inflection, he has at all times surrounded himself with a cast of characters who have been adroitly chosen to exploit Benny's personality. If there is truth to James Barrie's observation that the most dramatic parts of his plays occurred when nothing at all was happening on the stage, it is equally true that the funniest parts of Benny's programs occur when nothing is being said.

An entirely different kind of comedy technique is that employed by Fred Allen, one of the most original and versatile wits that radio has produced. His forte is satire—and this type of humor requires a good deal more intelligence on the part of the audience than the more crass and obvious type of comedy employed by the run-of-the-mill comic program. Allen's only real competitor in the field of satire is Edgar Bergen, in the person of his irrepres-

sible little dummy, Charlie McCarthy. Bergen is actually three personalities—McCarthy, Mortimer Snerd, and Bergen—all by himself.

This poses the question: "Since the originals like Benny, Bergen, and Allen so far outstrip their competitors in popularity, why is it that a sponsor prefers an imitation Benny to a comedian with a new act?" The best illustration of this situation is the case of Henry Morgan, certainly one of the most refreshing and versatile of all radio comedians. Despite the fact that Morgan's style and material offer superlative entertainment, he seems to be having considerable difficulty in keeping a sponsor or in acquiring a respectable Hooper rating.

While all comedians have writers, they are their own judges of the material the writers give them, and the level of humor in the program is an almost automatic reflection of the level of the critical judgment of the comedian. In the case of Allen, Benny, and Bergen, it's high. In the case of Bob Hope, Red Skelton, Eddie Cantor, and Abbott and Costello, it's low—sometimes painfully so.

Radio Drama

RADIO drama is second in listener popularity, according to the survey previously cited. Radio drama, of course, covers a multitude of offerings, ranging from the "Theater Guild on the Air"—easily the best in the field of radio dramatics—to the mill-run murder mystery.

Staple fare on the radio is the so-called "character comedy," ranging from the small-town, husband-and-wife brand of comic program (of which "Fibber McGee and Molly" is the prototype) to the perennial juvenile (Henry Aldrich) or innocent young man (Dennis Day) variety. Nowhere is imitation so rampant and so unabashed as in this field of radio programs.

A perennial favorite, of course, is the murder mystery. Extremely popular with the listening audience, these are comparatively inexpensive to produce and for that reason are prime favorites with the sponsors. "Mr. District Attorney" is the best example of this type of program.

In general, however, radio is distressingly pedestrian also in its dramatic offerings: "The typical radio drama has been borrowed from the movies, the theater, or a popular novel, has been on the air for years, and has been worn threadbare by repetition."

Radio sinks to its lowest depths, however, in the plethora of soap operas with which it jams the airwaves during most of the daytime hours five days a week. Under the "block listening" system, N.B.C. presents four straight hours of

soap opera, and C.B.S. two and a half.

The People Look at Radio revealed that 50 per cent of American women are soap opera fans and the other 50 per cent are so violently opposed they keep their radios turned off in soap opera hours. While this indicates the networks are turning their backs upon about 50 per cent of their audience, neither network plans to do anything about it. Taken as a lump, the soaps represent a far larger slice of income than any number of Jack Bennys.

One of the phenomena of modern-day radio is the rash of give-away programs, which have given away everything from four-motor bombers to street cars. Some of the rowdier programs are little more than orgies of slapstick. "Why this should appeal to a radio audience which can't see any of it," ponders Mr. Crosby, "is one of the inscrutable mysteries of popular taste." Nothing, of course, could equal the mass hysteria induced by the recent "Miss Hush" contest sponsored by "Truth or Consequences," one of the dizziest of all give-away shows.

Our personal favorite, and indubitably one of the finest programs on the air today, is "Information Please." Entertaining as well as stimulating and educational, this program represents radio at its best. Nevertheless, opines Mr. Crosby:

"Information Please" has done more harm than good. Since its arrival ten years ago, the air has resounded with questions, many of which would insult the intelligence of a ten-year old schoolboy. A housewife can win an award now by remembering her own name. If she can't remember it, there is usually a consolation prize.

The author concludes that although radio presents a dreary picture, it is not necessarily a hopeless one. After all, broadcasting is scarcely more than a quarter-century old. The hope for radio's future lies in the corps of aggressive, creative young men who have joined its ranks, in the courageous experimentation with certain new ideas within the past few months, and particularly in radio's proven capacity for candid self-criticism. Nevertheless, "before much progress can be made, the broadcasters will have to loosen the grips the advertisers now hold on programs and exercise some editorial supervision over the shows they broadcast."

And then, to end on a cynical note, by the time radio has finally set its house in order and gotten itself into a position to make the most of its capacities, it will probably be rendered obsolete by the coming of television.

A BRIEF GLANCE AT  RECENT PUBLICATIONS

A SURVEY OF BOOKS

THE EAGLE AND THE CROSS

By Prince Hubertus zu Loewenstein. Macmillan Co., New York. 1947. 280 pages. $2.75.

MARKE DE ARMAGH, the son of an Hibernian king, has the good fortune of serving in the Third Syrian Legion of the Roman Army, and so is present at the crucifixion of Jesus. His military superior, the centurion Longinus, sends him to the Emperor Tiberius with the lance with which he had pierced the Savior's side. In the fulfilment of this mission he becomes somewhat enmeshed in the intrigues which centered about the successor of Tiberius. But he does succeed in winning (according to the story) not only the Emperor himself, but also the heir apparent, the ill-fated Tiberius Gemellus, and the philosopher Seneca to the faith. His dreams of making Christianity the official religion of the empire vanish before the conspiracy of Caligula and Nero, and we find him, as the story closes, almost at the end of his journey to his Hibernian home.

The plot of this historical novel is rather involved and slow-moving. The action is often buried in long descriptive passages. What dramatic effects there are, are very obviously contrived and their development quite artificial. However, the author has presented a fine picture of Roman civilization in the early Christian Era, both in the heart of the Empire as well as on its western frontiers. We are sure that he has tried to keep this historical novel within the bounds of accuracy. Yet some of his principal conclusions merit a grain of scepticism. We have already referred to the conversion of Seneca, of Tiberius and of his grandson. Much is made further of the so-called Messianic content of Virgil's Fourth Eclogue and also of the Messianic hope to be found among the ancient Teutons in their "Heliand" as well as the Hibernian legend of the "Great Garden." Since this is written from a Roman Catholic point of view, Peter is also spoken of as the first Pope, and it does not escape from an intrusion of Mariolotry.

Within these limits, however, *The Eagle and the Cross* does present a chapter in history in an entertaining manner.

ALBERT SCHWEITZER

The Man and His Mind. By George Seaver. Harper & Bros., publishers, New York, New York. 1947. 346 pages. Illustrated and indexed. $3.75.

FOR many of our readers this book on Albert Schweitzer will be welcome. They have heard of the self-sacrificing life of Albert Schweitzer who for 35 years has lived in French Equatorial Africa as a missionary. Highly gifted and well schooled, he could have remained in Europe to enjoy the fruits of fame in the fields of music, philosophy, Biblical scholarship, or the literary life. Instead he chose to serve the natives in hottest Africa in the most self-sacrificing manner. The story of his life and his career is well told and illustrated by 30 excellent drawings and photos. About half of the volume is devoted to Schweitzer's thought. The biographer devotes a chapter on "The Quest of the Historical Jesus"; another on "The Mysticism of Paul the Apostle"; another on "Music: And the Music of J. S. Bach." At the end of the book there are several appendices, one under the heading "Civilization and Colonization" in which he discusses the white and colored races. A second gives his Goethe prize address delivered at Frankfurt in 1928. A third gives his article, "Religion in Modern Civilization," reprinted from the *Christian Century* (New York), 1934. It is very clear from the discussion of Schweitzer's religious thought that he is to be numbered among the so-called higher critics of our generation.

THE PRECIOUS SECRET

By Fulton Oursler. The John C. Winston Co., Philadelphia. 1947. 241 pages. $2.75.

IN SPITE of all the evil in the world, the growth and progress of human dignity is still carried on by a few. Prophesies Oursler, "Those blessed few will prove to be the forerunners of the future race, ancestors of the spiritually perfect man of which Christ was the ageless example."

Fulton Oursler shows clearly and emphatically, first, that there is a God; and, second, what the faith and courage of a true Christian personality have done and are capable of doing. The complete acceptance of Christ and the willingness and strength of purpose to carry out the positive values of life—mercy, love, forgiveness, desire for knowledge and wisdom, helpfulness—have caused miracle-like changes in many men and women.

For example, Oursler tells the story of Bill Williams, the once-hopeless drunkard who started Alcoholics Anonymous. Oursler takes the case of Dr. Ligon, author of *The Psychology of a Christian Personality*, who dedicated all his training and experience to prove that Christ was the greatest psychologist that ever lived. Also, there is the story of Grand Central Stations Redcap Number 42 who would catch sight of trouble while

playing porter and never fail to do any possible service.

Everyone, no matter whether he or she be a du Noüy, a housewife, or a Red Cap has the opportunity to give purpose and meaning to his life and to other lives once the power of God in his own soul has been accepted and recognized as a tremendous force toward the supreme goal—the Christ-likeness of the human being.

GRACE WOLF

BABE RUTH

By Tom Meany. A. S. Barnes & Co. $2.75.

HIGH in the hierarchy of American saints is Babe Ruth, baseball's big fellow. Incredible as this may sound to a foreigner, Americans will solemnly agree that Babe Ruth, Sultan of the Swat, deserves glory and biographies without measure. The latest account of the Babe's amazing baseball career is by Tom Meany, noted New York sportswriter. For some enjoyable reading on a cold, stormy evening around the hot stove, this book will provide several hours of pleasure. The fantastic record of the Babe's career as a pitcher, outfielder and home run king is spread across Tom Meany's pages with loving hands. Even more delightful are the dozens of anecdotes about Ruth's absent-mindedness, his love of kids, his feats as a trencherman. Naturally, this is not a critical biography in the Lytton Strachey manner. Who would want to write about Babe Ruth in a coldly intellectual manner? Not this reviewer, for instance, nor several million other baseball rooters.

CONFESSIONS OF A CONGRESSMAN

By Jerry Vorhis. Doubleday & Co., Inc., Garden City, New York. 1947. 365 pages. $3.50.

IF JERRY VORHIS were a skillful writer, he could have made the account of his career as a congressman infinitely more engaging than it is. The book is longwinded. Dullness causes it to defeat much of its purpose. The volume is a long-drawn-out concatenation of confessions, but the confessions deal primarily with Mr. Vorhis' views. Had the author been able to put a larger amount of narrative and genuine human interest into what he wrote, his lance-breaking would be far more effective. In other words, Mr. Vorhis, who served in Congress as representative of the Twelfth California District from 1936 to 1946, talks on and on after the fashion of a speech-making politician, not in the manner of a man who knows how to write. This is regrettable, for the ex-congressman has many convictions which deserve a widespread and attentive hearing.

THE GIFT OF LIFE

An Autobiography, by W. E. Woodward. E. P. Dutton and Co., New York, N. Y. 436 pages. Price $4.75.

THE life of an American writer who has been successively newspaper reporter, advertising man, manager of business concerns, banker, and writer of books. W. E. Woodward has during the 70 odd years of his life—his story takes him down to 1939—traveled on most of the conti-

nents and has made his home in New York, Paris and Los Angeles. During his travels and in his business and literary contacts, he has met many interesting and some important people and has been closely associated with literary men and publishers, and his record of these personal contacts constitutes the chief value of the book. The style is too flaccid to make continuous long reading of the volume a pleasure. We do not expect a man whose obtuseness of moral sense does not permit him to get excited about wrong-doing—"A man invented virtue. No woman would have ever thought of such a thing," "God is neither moral nor unmoral"—to add anything to our concept of life-values. His judgments of men and women are of the most superficial and while the man has evidently gotten much out of life, it would be difficult to say what he has contributed to it.

MEET THE AMISH

By Charles S. Rice and John B. Shenk. Rutgers University Press. $5.00.

IN THAT part of Pennsylvania known as Lancaster County, specifically in the triangular portion of the county to the east of Lancaster, live the Amish people. There are two groups of Amish living in this area: the Old Order or House Amish, and the Church Amish. The Old Order still follows closely the teachings of the original Amish body. The three thousand five hundred Old Order Amish keep up their traditional beliefs and practises. The men wear long, bobbed hair and homemade broadfall trousers held up by homemade suspenders. The women wear outer garments of identical styling. There is no organized recreation unless one were to refer to Corner Ball as an enjoyable diversion. Weddings, baptisms, funerals are occasions for community get-togethers. This is not an elaborate historical treatise on the Amish, although the introductory material does offer a valuable discussion on this sect. Of greatest worth is the elaborate pictorial section. *Meet the Amish* is worth buying just for the pictures which are beautifully reproduced and are excellent examples of modern, action photography. The authors are to be complimented on a task well done. Rutgers University Press deserves a special salute for an artistic job in book-binding and picture reproduction.

WITH HANDS UPLIFTED

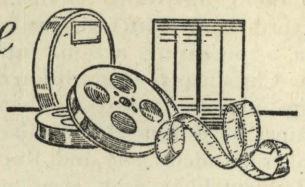
By Joseph L. Knutson. The Augsburg Publishing House, Minneapolis 15, Minnesota. 1947. 159 pages. $2.00.

THIS volume, which takes its title from the first sermon, presents twelve Lenten messages based in part on texts from the Passion story. The messages bear witness in simple language to the sin-atoning Christ. The author, who is Pastor of Bethesda Lutheran Church, Ames, Iowa, draws on his pastoral experiences for illustrations, many of which have a rustic flavor. Subheads in the body of the printed text would have aided in revealing the progress of thought.

IT'S AN OLD PENNSYLVANIA CUSTOM

By Edwin Valentine Mitchell. The Vanguard Press, New York. 1947. 262 pages. $3.00.

THIS is a companion volume to the author's *It's an Old New England Custom* (cf. THE CRESSET, March, 1947, p. 66). It is just as delightfully chatty and anecdotal as its predecessor and as full of interesting, quaint, and curious information. One hears about the history of such Utopias as Harmony, Oleana, and Ephrata, about the Quakers, the Amish, and the Hermits of the Wissahickon, and one learns, besides many other things, how Kentucky rifles and Conestoga wagons came into being. Much attention is given to the Pennsylvania Germans, who, according to Mitchell, made America a pie-eating nation, introduced the Christmas tree and colored Easter eggs, produced many notables whose names have been altered—like Studebaker (Studebecker) and Rockefeller (Roggenfelder)—and even enriched the language of a region in Germany itself with the verb *hellreesen*. A note of wistfulness creeps into Mitchell's account when he enlarges on the merits of fried pies, and Knepp, and Hasenpfeffer, and potato salad, and many other good things to eat, which he evidently knows not only by report but through intimate personal acquaintance.

The  Motion Picture

THE CRESSET *evaluates one of the world's most powerful forces*

HISTORY has a way of repeating itself. The motion-picture industry is no exception to this general rule. Although this giant enterprise is young in years, it has weathered several severe storms and, at the present time, once again finds itself under a cloud. Raymond Moley *(Newsweek.* December 8, 1947) points out that the pattern of these crises has always been the same.

First, serious economic pains; then bad pictures for easy box-office intake; then a high fever of public disfavor; then a threat of government censure or censorship; then a rush by the leaders of the industry to get the help of some well-known public figure, usually political; then much wrangling; and, at last, pious resolutions. With some variations this formula appeared in 1921, 1927, 1930, 1933, 1934, 1941, and now in 1947. Hayes, Willkie, Johnston, McNutt, Nelson and, more recently, James F. Byrnes have been called in. The movie industry, no doubt because of its star system, has a pathetic faith in salvation by big names. But it never seems to be able to anticipate a crisis until it has faint power of resistance and clumsy dignity in retreat. And, it may be noted, the blow which drives the industry to reform itself is always administered by some ponderous but irresistible force. Once it was state legislatures; once it was the Roman Catholic Church; once it was the British Government; now it is the House of Representatives.

The industry could have avoided the Communist mess. Nearly all the Thomas Committee revealed was well known.

Earlier in this article Mr. Moley pointed out that the motion-picture industry is confronted with another threat—a threat arising from excessive costs of production, distribution, and exhibition in the face of a falling market and a sharp decline in box-office receipts. He concludes with these words:

Now it remains to be seen whether the economic threats will be met by business statesmanship or by another retreat to shoddy and smutty pictures. If so, we shall have, once more,

an aroused public, government threats and more lamentations.

A few months ago Congressional investigators labeled Gerhardt Eisler America's No. 1 Communist. Mr. Eisler and his brother Hanns, of Hollywood, are now awaiting deportation from the United States. Hanns has played an important role in film music since he came to America as a refugee several years ago. He composed, or arranged, the music for a number of outstanding pictures and served as director of the Film Music Project of the New School for Social Research, an organization which was financed by the Rockefeller Foundation. *Composing for Films* (Oxford University Press, New York. 1947. 165 pages. $3.00) presents a report on the work of the Film Music Project and an exhaustive analysis of the requirements, conditions, and intrinsic obstacles encountered by the composer of film music.

Mr. Eisler believes that film music is in a deplorable state of stagnation and hackneyed standardization. He declares: that "the whole form language of current cinema music derives from advertising," that "only music rated as sure-fire box-office is accepted," and that "the collective function of music has become transformed into the function of ensnaring the customer." A chapter titled "Suggestions and Conclusions" offers many valuable ideas for improving the quality of film music and for evolving methods to make use of these forms.

There are moments of fun and fancy in Walt Disney's *Fun and Fancy Free* (Walt Disney, RKO-Radio). By and large, however, this picture does not measure up to the best of the Disney creations. The cartoons are excellent, as always; but much of the dialogue is stupid and unpleasant. Mr. Disney has not yet achieved a completely satisfactory method of mixing animated cartoons and live actors.

Even the most ardent Bob Hope fans will consider *Where There's Life* (Paramount, Sidney Lanfield) only moderately amusing. The irrepressible Bob is involved in a far-fetched plot which has a distinct Graustarkian flavor.

Red Skelton is starred in a remake of Harry Leon Wilson's *Merton of the Movies* (M-G-M, Robert Alton). Mr. Wilson's tale of a stage-struck country yokel has been revamped to suit Mr. Skelton's particular type of comedy. This is decidedly not an improvement.

Not so long ago Elizabeth Goudge's tawdry novel, *Green Dolphin Street,* remained on best-seller charts for many months. This in spite of the fact that the book was completely lacking in genuine literary worth. The screen

version, directed by Victor Saville and released through M-G-M, is just as dull, just as long, just as tasteless, and just as silly as the novel. It seems to me that this picture sets a new low. And it cost about $4,000,000 to make this *epic.*

Nightmare Alley (20th Century-Fox, Edmund Golding) presents a dark and brutal film version of William Lindsay Gresham's morbid and fantastic tale of carnival life. The acting is good, and production as well as direction are better than average. It is, however, an ugly story of license and depravity. Children should not be exposed to this nightmarish spectacle.

Unquestionably *That Hagen Girl* (Warners, Peter Godfrey) is supposed to point a moral. But the moral is completely obscured by a record-breaking number of clichés and by the stickiest bathos I've seen and heard in a long time. A good cast tries hard, but the going is too tough.

If you relish a bit of whimsy coupled with gentle satire, you will find satisfactory entertainment in *The Tawny Pipit* (Prestige Pictures, Charles Sanders and Bernard Miles). This English film combines satire and whimsy in a droll and engaging manner.

Who ever heard of a Scottish horse opera? In spite of gay Highland plaids and the colorful Scottish locale, *The Swordsman* (Columbia, Joseph H. Lewis) is just that. The plot is weak, but there is a plethora of action and intrigue.

Here are three films the children will enjoy: *The Red Stallion* (Eagle-Lion), *Thunder in the Valley* (20th Century-Fox), and *Bush Christmas,* a delightful picture made in Australia and released through Universal-International. *Bush Christmas* is far and away the best of these films. *The Red Stallion* is not entirely free from objectionable ingredients.

Out of the Past (RKO-Radio) and *The Unsuspected* (Warners, Michael Curtiz) are run-of-the-mill mystery thrillers. *Ride the Pink Horse* (Universal-International, Robert Montgomery) is a suspense-filled, better-than-average production.

Her Husband's Affairs (Columbia, S. Sylvon Sinon) is another in a long list of frail and stupid so-called comedies. This kind of alleged entertainment should be consigned to oblivion.

Can you bear up under yet another excursion into fantasy? *Heaven Only Knows* (United Artists, Albert S. Rogell) is a cheap and tasteless variation on the *Here Comes Mr. Jordan* theme. I must confess that I am decidedly weary of this much-abused theme.

The screen version of Daphne du Maurier's novel, *Hungry Hill,*

produced by J. Arthur Rank and directed by Brian Desmond Hurst, is long, dull, and colorless.

Although *Nicholas Nickleby* (Rank, Prestige) has many excellent qualities, it does not measure up to Sir Arthur Rank's distinguished production of *Great Expectations.*

A number of imported films have aroused widespread comment in recent months. *Shoeshine* (Alfa, Lopert), *Black Narcissus* (Rank, Universal-International), and *Frieda* (Rank, Universal) are controversial pictures which have evoked high praise as well as severe condemnation. *The Vow* (Artkino) was made in the U. S. S. R. It is a dutiful tribute to the Master of the Kremlin. Other titles appearing on theater marquees are *Marco Visconti* and *Revenge* (Italian); *The Blue Veil, Star Without Light,* and *The Devil's Envoys* (French); and an engaging comedy, *I Know Where I'm Going* (Rank, Prestige).

The Editor's Lamp

PROBLEMS

CONTRIBUTORS

FINAL NOTES

THE increasing prominence of military men like George C. Marshall and Douglas MacArthur in American public life serves to highlight the problem of relationship between civilian and military branches of our government.

It is to this admittedly controversial question that the CRESSET's lead article for February addresses itself. We feel sure that in this year of election, inflation, and international tension all our readers will find the author's views very interesting, though they may not agree with all his conclusions.

Ray L. Scherer has contributed to the CRESSET on several occasions. He is a graduate of Valparaiso University and holds a Master's degree in International Relations from the University of Chicago. His present article is the result of the latter studies. Mr. Scherer, who served as an officer in the United States Navy during World War II, is now associated with the National Broadcasting Company in Washington.

This month's Pilgrim is a sequel to the meditation presented in January, more realistic, but also more disenchanted than the musings of the Pilgrim's friends in undergraduate days.

We invite readers to join the Pilgrim's young friends and the sparrow next month at the same station for a summary, a homily, and some conclusions.

Guest reviewers this month include: Herbert E. Steinbach *(Harry Truman: A Political Biography)*, Herbert H. Umbach *(Enlightened England)*, Ancil R. Thomas *(Einstein)*, and Grace Wolf *(The Precious Secret)*—all of Valparaiso University. M. L. Kretzmann *(Hindu Philosophy)* is a Lutheran missionary in India.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