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THE CRESSET

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Notes and Comment

BY THE EDITORS

1848

ENVELOPES franked in Hamburg carry an elephant who has a banner on his side which says that Hagenbeck Zoo is now a hundred years old. Carl Hagenbeck, who is the real genius in the growth of the thing, was born in 1844 in Hamburg. When he was four years old, his father purchased some seals and a polar bear brought to Hamburg by a whaler. He kept them primarily for the amusement of his young son. Afterward he acquired other animals also. When Carl was twenty-one, he was given the whole collection and extended the business so enormously that he had to erect large buildings. In 1875 he began to travel with his animals and showed them in all the large cities of Europe. The educational value of these exhibitions was recognized by the French government, which in 1891 awarded him the diploma of the Academy. Hagenbeck died just before World War I in his native city.

Hagenbeck's Zoo at Stellingen near Hamburg is the first of the great zoos which enabled people to view animals apparently in their natural surroundings and at liberty. A man who gave the world so much in ideas is worth remembering. The zoos of the country and of the whole world will undoubtedly commemorate this milestone in their existence.

The First Step

BY THE time you are reading this note, you will undoubtedly have digested the analyses of the experts on the recent victory

of a Wallace candidate in a Bronx stronghold. Leo Isaacson, the American Labor party nominee strongly supported by Wallace, received 22,697 votes, almost seven thousand votes more than the other three candidates. This was a stunning upset to the regular Democratic machine in the Bronx (home of Edward J. Flynn, former New Deal politico). Mr. Isaacson campaigned against the Marshall plan, attacked the administration's position on the Palestine question and its attitude toward Puerto Rico.

Henry A. Wallace must be chuckling quietly. President Truman will be chewing his underlip and wiping his glasses in a state of nervous anxiety. Maybe Henry A. Wallace will be more of a threat than his detractors care to say.

We still have not made up our mind on the Iowa sage. We grant that his course in national politics is filled with contradictions of every kind. We do not believe he is supported, either morally or financially, by the Kremlin. We do not believe, as his critics insist, that he is a crazy fool determined to destroy the United States.

Henry A. Wallace is an idealist who has the courage to say that war is unnecessary and that if our nation as well as all the nations of the world were to disarm there would be peace. He has the audacity to talk about American imperialism and American aggression in Greece and South America. He still believes that it is possible to live at peace with Soviet Russia. Henry A. Wallace is an apostle of understanding between nations. For that we salute his courage. And for that reason, possibly, the youth of America is flocking to the Wallace cause. Youth appreciates honesty in public affairs. Let the regular Republicans and Democrats drop their pious palaver and their political double-talk. Then they might have a chance to bring back decency in American political life.

The Wallace party has negotiated the first step in the upward climb to the White House. This third party may not reach the top but regular line politicians will have some awful scares watching Henry Wallace make the try.

Lefts and Rights

THE series of articles by Paul Blanshard on "The Roman Catholic Church in Medicine, Sex, and Education," which appeared in *The Nation* is still arousing controversy and organized opposition. In New Jersey, the Board of Education in Newark and in Trenton have respec-

tively upheld the action of the Superintendent of Schools and of the high school principal in banning *The Nation* from their school libraries. At the open hearing held before the Board in Newark, the editor of *The Nation* and Paul Blanshard were unsuccessful in their effort to have the ban lifted. The vote was unanimously against them and in favor of the action of the superintendent. In Trenton, the Board of Education likewise supported its high school principal. *The Nation* and its defenders regard the ban as "an abridgement of civil rights." Their opposition argues that the articles are "scurrilous attacks on a religious group which should be kept out of school libraries just as dirty and smutty articles should be." It is evident that the decision of the Boards in Newark and Trenton is only the first round in what may become a wide-spread controversy and legal battle. The sides are lining up for a real fight. The Roman Catholic Church has in this initial skirmish shown how strong its hand is in the public school systems of Newark and Trenton. Perhaps the hierarchy will not hesitate to use its full strength everywhere, if necessary, in order to uphold the ban and to spread it to public school systems which it controls in other cities. In addition, however, to rallying support to its cause, *The Nation* has begun another series of articles by Paul Blanshard on the Roman Catholic Church and censorship, science, Fascism, politics. In view of the interest which the ban in New Jersey has created, it is quite possible that the hierarchy will give this new series the silent treatment and the light touch. In any event, the controversy brings to the surface some facts and issues which the public ought to know and understand. It may disclose something of the power which the Roman Catholic Church can wield when it feels compelled to fight out in the open. These are some of the reasons which make us feel that the controversy begun by *The Nation* is a good thing. It will be a bad thing, however, if it merely stirs the radical anti-Catholic forces to renewed hatred and fanaticism not only in their opposition to Roman Catholicism, but to Christianity itself. And this is a real danger when an attack is made upon the Roman Catholic Church by a writer who, like Paul Blanshard, assumes that theology has no relevance in science, and Christianity no implications for medicine and sex. We regret that the disclosure of the dangers of the Roman Catholic Church is in this controversy in such unsafe hands.

Victim of a Great Cause

THE tragic death of Mahatma Gandhi has shocked the world. This little man of India had attracted the attention of people of all races and climes not only by his personal character, but especially by the cause which he represented.

Gandhi was a champion of non-violence. His policy was to overcome evil with good. His method was passive, non-violent resistance to measures and practices which he regarded as unjust and morally wrong.

The accomplishments of Gandhi are almost beyond comprehension. He held in his hand the destiny of hundreds of millions of people, shaping their thinking and guiding their conduct. He lived to see the results: the political independence of his country.

The means which Gandhi employed made him the object of ridicule, derision, and sympathy among many people outside of his own country. But thinking persons the world over looked upon him and his accomplishments with awe and admiration.

Now, since the hand of the assassin has struck him down, this leader of India rises in stature above all of his contemporaries whom the world calls great, because of the nobility of his purpose to conquer with love and forbearing.

Gandhi was not a professed Christian who accepted Christ as his personal Savior. Yet he was acquainted with the New Testament and made the law of love which Jesus exemplified the basis of his philosophy and purpose of life. What an indictment of the power politics principles which guide the policies of modern statesmen representing Christian nations in their efforts to solve our national and international problems!

Grandstand

THE hint of spring in the air announces the return from the deep South of the muscular heroes that play baseball for money. Admission prices will be up. The salaries will be fabulous, and if the weather is right, the stands will be packed.

Spectator people are always interesting. Somebody wrote a book once about the degeneration of all nations that become spectators. They point particularly to Greece and Rome. Somehow we cannot quite join them in their fear about the "American Spectator." He is a faintly different creature. There will be some up there in the stands who take all their exercise second-hand, but

the vast majority does a great deal besides sitting in the stands. They play golf on public fee courses, they take walks with their children, they work around in ten thousand suburban gardens. You look them over and you will agree that they are a pretty fine looking, husky lot. They do not look like the indolent, completely useless spectator type. They like to see fine skills well applied. They enjoy seeing their heroes grow more heroic. Some of them, past the exercising age, re-live their youth in every hit, in every slide, in every stolen base. They know their game. The umpire will, therefore, have a thousand critics for every decision. No criticism is too serious except in some of the frenzied, overheated groups that meet around St. Louis when there is some really hot series on. The average fan is a good-natured fellow who comes out there to tell the umpire in no uncertain terms all the things that he can't tell his boss. We wish him well and hope that he has a fair admixture of sun and rain, and wins and losses.

The Hoods Are on the March

WE ARE referring to those quaint characters in Georgia and other states who have decided that "Georgia must be put back in the white man's column." According to our spies in Georgia the Knights of the Ku Klux Klan are again on the march. They hope to elect the Governor of Georgia. The Knights have eight "klaverns" in Atlanta, capital of the ancient order. There are "klaverns" in other southern states.

Apparently, the Klan is quite excited about President Truman's recent civil rights message to Congress. The dragons and kleagles feel that it will never do to give equal voting privileges to Negroes and to Roman Catholics. Not so long ago a cross was burned in front of the home of a former Chattanooga police judge, an Irish Catholic. According to a dispatch in the *New York Times* a Jewish business woman had the audacity to open a beauty shop in Red Bank, Tennessee. A cross was burned before her establishment. She did not stay in Red Bank.

We do not wish to advise the South on how to conduct her business. We are convinced that the majority of southerners are aware of the many unhappy situations present in political and social life south of the Mason-Dixon line. We are confident that every southerner will know how to deal with this vermin which periodically climbs out of the nearest sewer opening. We

are, however, filled with wonderment at the power these sheeted gangsters have over decent people.

Empty Cradles

DOCTOR HOWARD C. TAYLOR, JR., professor of gynecology and obstetrics at Columbia University, in referring to the staggering statistics of maternal deaths, stillbirths, deaths of newborn infants, and miscarriages—a total of more than half a million in one year—also called attention to the apparently increasing male and female sterility in our day. He estimated that one out of every ten married couples is sterile.

Physicians have observed for some time that human sterility appears to be on the increase. The growing demand upon our child-care agencies for adoption of babies testifies to the seriousness of the situation. Serious it is indeed since childless married couples are presenting more marital problems and maladjustments in our divorce courts and in society at large than married couples with children.

In trying to determine the causes of natural sterility, some investigators believe they can prove that the pace of our modern life is a causal factor, especially as it may be found to affect the potential fertility of our present and oncoming generation of womanhood. While this is still to a large extent in the realm of theory, it is true that medical science and skill have discovered and corrected organic abnormalities and have thus made parenthood, especially motherhood, possible.

Is It Politics After All?

THE proposals which President Truman made to Congress for the protection of civil rights stirred some vigorous debate for awhile. This is all to the good as a part of the democratic process. It is not surprising, moreover, that the reaction from some quarters was immediately violent and even led some southern Democrats to threaten to bolt the party, because of what one of them called the President's "damnable, communistic, unconstitutional, anti-American and anti-southern" program. The unfortunate thing about it all is not the heated discussion which the President provoked or the emotional charges which were hurled at him. Although civil rights for all groups unhappily cannot yet be widely discussed in the United States without much rancor and "protective fantasy," it is nevertheless imperative that the issues involved be presented clearly and fearlessly.

There is no other way to a democratic solution. The unfortunate thing is that, despite the initial storm and fury, few people seem to be taking the President's proposals seriously. Some writers are even wondering how serious the southern Democrats were about their threat and are inclined to regard it all as a part of a political game. Perhaps we are just naïve when we expect more than this to happen in an election year. But it is a sad commentary on the nation's attitude toward "politics," when questions raised by the President as vital to our integrity as civil rights, are dismissed or ignored as "politics in an election year." We can be sure, though, that one day we shall have to face these questions frankly and honestly, not only in Washington, but also on the street and in the home, business, and church where we live.

Britain, Watch Your Tongue!

LANGUAGES are funny things. So, one might say, are those who speak languages. Your dyed-in-the-wool Britisher believes that he is the tried and true custodian of English in all its pristine purity. On the other hand, many citizens of the United States are sure that, thanks to the enterprise and the quick-wittedness so common among their countrymen, the tongue of their nation has been enlivened and enriched beyond anything that could have been accomplished in this field by those who profess with unctuous pride that they are the only reliable guardians of the King's English. "Listen to the majestically rolling phrases from the mellifluous pen of Winston Churchill," says your Britisher. "Then compare them with what results when Harry S. Truman tries to give expression to his thoughts." "So what?" ask the champions of English as it is spoken and written in the United States. "You Britishers are mossbacks; we're progressive."

Without debating the merits or the demerits of Churchill as a statesman and without descanting on the virtues or the foibles of Truman as a politician, one may conclude, at first blush, that the denizens of Britain who turn up their noses at English as it is used in the United States have built up for themselves a strong case. Their argument seems to gain in power and cogency when they fling into our faces the literary infantilism of Gertrude Stein.

One shouldn't argue. After all, Truman and his ghost-writers may improve as time goes on. Maybe the day will come when they will be able to shove out

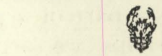
of their pens phrases and sentences which will vie in splendor and in oiliness with those that come from the lips of John L. Lewis. And could Churchill or any other Englishman ever match the majestic thunder of John L.'s eloquence? What about the one and only Gertrude? Well, most of us are agreed that she actually was one and only.

Maybe we should don sackcloth and ashes. Maybe we should hang our dull heads in shame. Maybe we should not point to our sports writers, for example, and say that they have developed a patois so rich in its liveliness and in its color that no mere Englishman could ever equal it. Maybe we should overlook whatever strength and elasticity English has acquired in our land in spite of some Presidents and their ghost-writers and, in all humility, learn more and more from our British cousins.

But let the Britishers themselves be on their guard lest they absorb too much from us. Let them see to it that we do not vitiate their speech. There are some American teachers working on exchange in British schools. The *Manchester Guardian* reports that in one Sheffield school

> the children who already spoke in two accents—their own Yorkshire between [*sic*] themselves and a Yorkshire version of standard English in class—had adopted as a "third language" the "slow Southern drawl" of their teacher from Birmingham, Alabama.

Can you imagine a future Churchill speaking after the manner of a staid Southerner? How careless those Britishers are—with all their zeal!



Inside of Me

IT WAS inevitable. For years the emphasis was on food and rest and what happened to the body through a right combination of those two. Endless books on child care and child psychology and child feeding and living with children and treating them as children and not young adults came from the presses of the country, written primarily by people who had no children and, therefore, the time to write about all these problems. Or still better, they had no children and, therefore, dared to talk about these problems. Surely no one who has ever tried to raise these utterly mysterious things called children risks writing about them. All he does is try to keep up with them in his own feeble, halting manner.

After years of trying to write down what the body is or does or what it should be and should do, it was quite natural for people to discover that it didn't function only according to physical

formulae, but that somewhere inside there was a "life principle," a "soul" or something of that nature which caused things to happen that were not produced merely by an accidental combination of cells. So comes a flood of books on personal problems, trying to find a pattern which fits the oddities performed by human beings or suffered by them, too. The general objective seems to be to discover some pattern in which each one of us may recognize himself or his problem, see how it was solved by others and thereby come to a solution for himself.

The wonder of it is that it works so well. There are literally thousands of people who could not be corralled for even a moment's serious reading of what is the wisdom of the ages in Scripture, but they will read the books produced by Fosdick, Peale, Liebman, Niebuhr, Bower, Weatherhead, and others. Not every one of them will lead them all the way in the right way, but with each one of them they can come at least part way toward an understanding of a life which is lived not only to satisfy the body but which moves into the higher realms of soul and selflessness. They will still be a long way from Calvary and the redemption which they need to be saved. But their ears are beginning to get the feel of words and the concept of soul and a sense of right and wrong which will finally cause them to lend an attentive ear when St. John and St. Paul come into their lives and tell them not what they want to know but what they must know to solve their problem and become the great people that they, by the grace of God, could be.

Genetics and the Class Struggle

SCIENTISTS, artists, composers, writers have a tough time in the USSR keeping up with the various changes in the party line. At the moment, several eminent composers (Prokofieff, Shostakovich, Kachatourian) are in disgrace because their sharps and flats are definitely not following the Marxian dialectic.

More intriguing, however, is the case of Anton R. Zhebrak, distinguished Soviet biologist. Comrade Zhebrak is in hot water because he had the audacity to say that there was no difference between Soviet and Western science. *Pravda* went after the erring scientist because he refused to unmask "the class meaning of the struggle which is taking place around questions of genetics."

T. D. Lysenko, Zhebrak's rival, holds that the Mendel-Morgan school of genetics is nothing but a bourgeois trick to make the

upper classes superior. Comrade Lysenko insists that genes and chromosomes have nothing to do with determining characteristics. He feels that a proper environment will effectively eliminate any unfortunate characteristics in people. That is good Marxist doctrine, of course. Provide proper economic conditions and all biological misery will be eliminated. Not so, says Comrade Zhebrak. People do inherit some characteristics which no Marxian dialectic or economic revolution can eliminate.

We don't know what will happen to Comrade Zhebrak. We do know that back in 1936 Comrade Lysenko caused the arrest of Comrade Vavilov, another believer in Mendel-Morgan genetics. Comrade Vavilov was sentenced to a concentration camp where he died under peculiar circumstances back in 1942.

The path of true science in the USSR is anything but smooth. Usually it leads to a concentration camp. Some day some brave underling will remind the current boss of the Kremlin that suppression and progress are not synonymous terms.

Needed: More Teachers

THE teacher shortage in our country became obvious almost simultaneously with our entry into World War II; and although the guns have been silent for more than two years, the shortage of teachers is not a thing of the past.

A recent report released from Washington reveals that there are still about 100,000 emergency teachers in our American schools who do not meet professional certification requirements. In other words, we can use right now about 100,000 trained teachers to replace this large number of inadequately trained emergency teachers.

What does this mean? It simply establishes the fact that many thousands of our boys and girls are being deprived of a type of education to which they are entitled and which others in their age groups receive.

The cause of this teacher shortage is not difficult to determine. The comparatively low salary scale for teachers in general and the opportunity to improve one's income by switching over into war industry with its attractive salary scales suddenly depleted the ranks of teachers to the extent that many schools remained closed because teachers were not available. The situation was aggravated by the additional drain which our military forces made upon the teaching personnel. In recent years the tremendous rise of living costs and the meager improve-

ment of teachers' salaries has kept the enrollments at our teacher training institutions at a deplorably low ebb.

Our Commissioner of Education, John W. Studebaker, points out that because of the rise in the birth rate during the war years, the number of children, especially in the elementary school age groups, will continue to increase sharply during the next years. And he warns that "unless conditions improve to the point where teaching attracts and holds a far larger number of people than it does at present, the teacher shortage could actually become more acute in the years ahead." This deplorable condition obtains not only in public but also in private schools.

The PILGRIM

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

BY O. P. KRETZMANN

To J., R., and the Sparrow:

IT IS a long cry from that dark December night when three of us looked at the fourth. . . . Sometimes it almost seems to be an event in another world. . . . I have some idea as to how far the three of you have gone since that night, but I have no idea as to how far you have come. . . . I know the geographical location of two of you, but the third has probably gone the way all sparrows must go in their own appointed time. . . . All this makes the contents of this letter to you somewhat uncertain. . . . The sparrow is no longer with us. . . . His little grey body is now a part of the dust of Indiana. . . . Of course, we may still use him as a symbol, and in that sense he still lives. . . . I have no doubt that one of his descendants was in the angry, chattering mob which fluttered about my porch last night. . . . There is no law against our using him for our purposes as long as we want. . . . The new sparrow is just as good as the one who was seen by better eyes than ours in a Judean field two thousand years ago. . . . You will not object, I am sure, if these lines are addressed to all three of you. . . . We need the sparrow as a reminder of the earth on which we have our brief being. . . . Perhaps we need him even as a symbol of permanence . . . at least the permanence of the divine Providence and the continuing shadow of God over our fleeting hour. . . .

So almost seven years have come and gone since we stood on that porch in December . . . more than two thousand days. . . . I think you have a right to know what I have learned these years. . . . You may not be interested in it as a record of my personal experiences, but it may be of some value to you to hear one representative of the generation that has come over the top of the hill during these seven years. . . . I read what you wrote

two months ago with interest and affection. . . . Apparently you learned something during these years. . . . Perhaps the most important, as I understood your words, was that you feel now that what you believed seven years ago is really and remarkably true. . . . Basically you may have learned nothing additional, but you have found a strengthening of the things which you knew even then . . . the experiences of the years have thrown buttresses around what you said to the sparrow two thousand days ago. . . . I really hope that you will not be ashamed of that. . . . While it is true that a man should not be ashamed of changing his mind, it is also true that he should not be ashamed of not changing his mind. . . . We have had too many people who have done that these past fifty years. . . . They always identify the new and the good, and mistake one for the other. . . . Now, the new may be good, and the good may be new—but not necessarily. . . . The particular moment when an idea swims into our consciousness is no measure of its lasting worth. . . . Progress may sometimes come from those who do not change their minds . . . who believe the old with a fervor and flame which too many of us now usually reserve for the new. . . . Much of the goodness of life, I hope you have learned these seven years, lies in the continuing measuring of the old and the new by the eternally true. . . . Because too many of us have not done that, our civilization now has the eerie sense of standing on the edge of an abyss . . . of teetering over the depths of the unknown with no final and immutable stars in the sky to give us a sense of permanence and security. . . .

Now that is tremendously important. . . . I am sure that today two of you would agree that perhaps the greatest thing we have learned is that certain facts of which we were theoretically aware years ago we now know by experience . . . and that really is significant. . . . It does not change the content of our knowledge, but it increases, tremendously, the dynamic and imperative which come from knowledge passionately learned and passionately held. . . . So, for example, we knew seven years ago that judgment always follows sin. . . . History and revelation had taught us that. . . . We had read it in books and heard it in pulpits. . . . We knew it. . . . But now these seven years we have seen it . . . it really works out . . . it never fails . . . it is an experienced law of history. . . . We have had a chance to enter the doors of the divine laboratory and see a

theory proved in the test tubes of the Almighty. . . . Now we know that there can be no mistake about it. . . . Sowing and reaping follow in the life of nations with the same inevitability as in the life of individuals. . . . Sinai has thundered again and has given us the one lesson which it can give. . . .

You will recall that when Sinai thundered for the first time only a few of the people stopped dancing around the golden calf. . . . This historic truth, too, I have learned again these seven years. . . . There were optimists throughout the Western world who predicted that the pain and terror of a World War, the sorrow and tears in the hearts of men everywhere, would lead to a religious revival when the guns stopped firing. . . . Today there is no sign of that. . . . I believe now that nothing is more significant in 1948 than this. . . . It should really give you profound concern. . . . Here in our own country, now so obviously the most powerful in the world, we are comparatively untouched by the whips of divine judgment sweeping over the earth. . . . In all this holocaust of judgment we have remained comparatively immune. . . . O yes, there are some gold stars in our windows, and there are some broken men in our veterans' hospitals . . . a few men and women who have seen Europe during the past two years have come back to tell us something about the visible reflection of the judgment of God. . . . But today, as I write this, they are only a small fragment. . . . All the rest are no better than they were seven years ago—and some are probably a little worse . . . cynical, thoughtless, money-grabbing, and pleasure-hunting. . . . Today we are really worse than we were seven years ago. . . .

Why should you be very much concerned about all this? . . . I think that there is one great reason. . . . It just cannot be historically or reasonably possible that our nation will be the first exception to the law of sin and judgment. . . . If judgment has not yet come (and certainly it has not during these past seven years) you can be sure that it will come . . . unless we repent and mend our ways. . . . In this great single fact lies the key to our future. . . . This is clearer now seven years after we stood together on the front porch of my home. . . . This is the greatest, darkest cloud on the horizon of our years. . . . Write it down in your memories. . . . We shall not be an exception to the law of sin and judgment. . . . I do not know what will happen, but I do know that the mills of God have not ceased their grinding

. . . and here lies, it seems to me, your greatest problem and your finest opportunity. . . . You will have to work fast, each in his own way, because the sands are running out and the hour moves toward midnight . . . and let no one confuse you about this central historic fact. . . . Every single headline, every newscast during the next twenty-five years will be only a reflection of this one great single factor in our present and our future. . . .

Another thing. . . . As you move into the years that now lie ahead, you will have to deal with people who believe that because we passed through a military crisis with only three hundred thousand dead and a few stresses in our economy we are permanently exempt from the working of the law of sin and judgment. . . . I have heard hundreds of people say during the past few years that the worst is now over. . . . We can go on as we have in the past. . . . Some have adopted an amazingly hopeful attitude. . . . You should realize deeply that this hope is based on false premises. . . . It is, of course, true that you cannot destroy that hope with despair. . . . Your only chance is to change the basis of the hope for a better tomorrow to the vision, beyond judgment, of help and healing in God. . . . A sure awareness of God working in history can never lead to final pessimism. . . . You know that. . . . We know enough now—both by revelation and history—to see the various steps which lie before us. . . . In thinking about this entire matter I have been reminded of the famous scene in *Pilgrim's Progress* in which Christian and Hopeful meet Atheist. . . . All our modern attitudes are reflected in a few lines from the great Bunyan . . .

Atheist. Had not I, when at home, believed, I had not come thus far to seek; but finding none. . . . I am going back again, and will seek to refresh myself with the things that I then cast away for hopes of that I now see is not.

Then said Christian to Hopeful, his companion,
Is it true which this man has said?

Hopeful. Take heed, he is one of the Flatterers; remember what it hath cost us once already for our hearkening to such kind of fellows. What! no Mount Zion! Did we not see from the Delectable Mountains the Gate of the City? Also, are we not now to walk by faith? . . .

Christian. My brother, I did not put the question to thee for that I doubted of the truth of our belief myself, but to prove thee, and to fetch from thee a proof of the honesty of thy heart.

All of our story is here. "I am going back again to refresh myself with the things that I cast

away.". . . That covers a great many of us—and the pity of it is immeasurably deep. . . . And finally the only answer is: "Are we not now to walk by faith?" . . .

Surely this is one thing we have learned during these seven years. . . . There are some other things if the world is to be saved in our time. . . . Have you noticed how many of our contemporaries, face to face with overwhelming problems, are inclined to retreat into abstractions? . . . We have been guilty of the same thing. . . . How often have we not heard something like this: "The world can be saved only by the principles of Christianity." True enough . . . but we have learned now that principles cannot save without men. . . . In fact, a good principle half-heartedly applied by a cowardly man may often do immeasurable harm. . . . The trouble with us is not that our leaders are evil men. . . . Some may be, but most of them are not. . . . Our real difficulty lies in the fact that too many men in leading positions are constantly torn between good and the difficulty of applying it to the problems which confront them. . . . The result is a deadly compromise—a compromise which is weak and helpless in the face of evil. . . . Evil seldom has doubts and hesitations, and therefore can march triumphant over hesitant good. . . . Your task will be to translate principles into the lives of men, to bring our abstractions down to where we live, to pierce the earth, and to show how they can be applied. . . .

This means, it seems to me, a far greater interest in the "average" man. . . . I hope you will understand me. . . . I believe, now after seven years, that we ought to turn our attention, almost desperately, to the production of many "average" Christians. . . . In sheer numbers they alone will finally be heavy enough to shift the center of gravity of our godlessness. . . . An occasional great soul, a saint, a soul in granite and fire, will help; but the others are really the salt of the earth. . . . To accomplish their mission in our time, or in any time, they have to be scattered wide and far over the earth. . . . The principles of the Gospel, if you please, are always a defiance of the kingdom of this world . . . and high defiance is a hard and holy thing. . . . You should be prepared, therefore, for a lesser defiance which does not always assume heroic stature in the eyes of history. . . . Christ carried and held in the little things, the quiet things, the things of the home and the hearth, the rearing of children and the bringing home of bread, in the street with the elms

and in the neighborhood where greetings are called across the fence—this may finally be our hope for a little better world. . . . The heavenly Father and a sparrow . . . there is almost the same distance between the average Christian and the Ruler of the universe . . . not too great for a Cross, it is true, but greater than anything else I know. . . .

And the quiet defiance of the little people who live in Christ can finally do more than all the pride of conquerors . . . slowly, perhaps, but as surely as God Himself. . . . And suddenly we may see the dough in which they are the leaven work and swell and rise—the lonely no longer comfortless—the proud becoming humble—the greedy opening their hands—the hateful beginning to love—and those who have not seen the quiet in the land, moving in the coolness of the Cross, the everlasting sparrows of God, will suddenly be astounded and terrified because they hear and see a new thing in the world . . . a Church once despised and forgotten in the bitter struggle for power emerging from the catacombs of the years to stand purged and triumphant before its waiting Lord. . . .

There are other things which I have learned these seven years. . . . And perhaps at a better hour I shall try to tell you something about them. . . . Meanwhile let me say that I hope daily that the pity of God will be over your generation. . . .

F. D. R. --
Three Years After

By L. A. WEHLING

IT WILL be three years ago this April 12th that Franklin Roosevelt died in a cottage in Warm Springs, Georgia. He was to have given a speech the next day to celebrate the birthday of Thomas Jefferson. It was to have begun: "Americans are gathered together this evening in communities all over the country to pay tribute to the living memory of Thomas Jefferson . . . ," and plans had been made for a nation-wide broadcast.

But on the thirteenth there were only hymns and music in slow tempo and eulogies broadcast to a shocked and mourning country. Foreign countries declared periods of official mourning. Grief was deep, heart-felt, international. Cables from the heads of foreign states were expected as a matter of international etiquette. (The government of Eire had sent a telegram of condolences to what operated as the government of Germany upon the official announcement of the death of Adolf Hitler.) The outpouring of sorrowing people along the route of the funeral train had nothing to do with protocol. This was a manifestation of genuine grief such as our country had not seen since the train carrying the body of Lincoln had made its slow journey westward.

It is not possible now to make a satisfactory evaluation of the life of Franklin Roosevelt or of his influence in domestic or international politics. The evidence is not in—by far. The evaluation must be left to future generations who will not be intimately affected one way or the other by the positive personality of a world-figure considered by some persons to be the greatest man of his time, and by others, perhaps, as at least the most controversial.

In a limited way, however, some shapings can be dimly seen in uncertain perspective. Association of Franklin Roosevelt with Thomas

Jefferson is by no means limited to the posthumous speech, and will probably grow through the years to come. Both belonged to a kind of "republican aristocracy" founded on family, wealth, and education. Both were more interested in the general welfare of the large numbers of Americans who did not belong to this "class" than in the few who did. Roosevelt, like Jefferson, had a strong sense of history, and an undisguised awareness of the importance of his part in it. Jefferson, like Roosevelt, was a master of political action, not particularly embarrassed by inconsistencies warranted by new or unusual circumstances. They shared a hatred of seeing men being "pushed around," whether by George III or Hitler, whether by Barbary pirates or Japanese imperialists. They shared a faith in the ordinary man and woman to see things through, and ultimately to come to the correct conclusions. Each was a God-fearing man in his own way, imploring Divine guidance for governmental and personal acts.

There is nothing to be gained, except possibly some intellectual exercise, in speculating on what "might have been" if any person, now dead, had lived a little longer. There is, indeed, exercise enough for the mind in trying to understand what is actually happening at home and abroad. Whatever the alternatives, or causes, or complications, there is no genuine security or peace in our country or in our world today.

B. D. Zevin, the editor of the late president's speeches *(Nothing to Fear,* Houghton-Mifflin, 1946), wrote that since March, 1933, "the Nation and the world came to associate the name of Franklin Delano Roosevelt with far-reaching social, economic, and political reform, and the voice of Franklin Delano Roosevelt with confidence and hope."

That is only partially true because many persons in the United States and throughout the world found no such association. Roosevelt was hated with an articulate vehemence rarely displayed toward a public figure. The raging hatred of him publicly expressed by Hitler, Mussolini, and their cohorts is understandable, and was probably returned. The violent hatred of him publicly expressed by citizens of the United States during his presidency and after his death is not so easy to understand. Differences of opinion do not account for it; adverse reaction to a dynamic and forceful personality cannot explain it. Both factors were undoubtedly important, but neither nor both can explain the immense facile emotionalism loosed in certain quarters by his very name.

Perhaps the explanation is a psychological one. It may well be that the name and person of Franklin Roosevelt represented an irritant on the collective conscience of certain persons. The keynote of his first two administrations was reform ("I pledge you, I pledge myself, to a new deal for the American people"), and that meant the reforming of attitudes and conditions and reactions—a difficult but not impossible procedure. It meant a searching of the national social consciousness, and a series of practical plans to bolster it where it was found wanting in any particular. The Social Security Act of 1935 and the Tennessee Valley Authority are two of the significant monuments of economic and social reform. Future generations may be embarrassed and perhaps somewhat wryly amused to learn that these and other measures (some yet to be enacted into law) were vigorously opposed.

If a person feels he is acting wrongly toward his fellow man, but does not change his actions for whatever reason, he will be unhappy if his conscience is working even slightly. But if someone pointedly reminds him of his unconscionable acts, and then creates circumstances which make him change his actions against his will, he will either be contrite or furious. The chances are overwhelming that he will be the latter. So it has been for ages. Many a Christian minister trying to get the members of his congregation to practice what they profess knows this matter in intimate and tragic detail. He also knows better than most other persons why we have no security and why we have no peace. It is because we have not learned the necessity of listening to our individual and collective consciences, of obeying the commandment of Jesus that we love one another and treat our fellow men as brothers. It is the irony of our time that Communists, deliberately denying religious beliefs, and acting in their crude way, are claiming and receiving credit for attempting to put into practice some of the basic doctrines of the Church of Christ whose members refuse to assume the social responsibilities which these doctrines entail.

Three years after the death of Franklin Roosevelt we find that we still have many fears, perhaps more than ever. It may well be that we should pause to consider that "the only limit to our realization of tomorrow will be our doubts of today." It may well be that then we can "move forward with strong and active faith."

THE ASTROLABE

By
THEODORE GRAEBNER

CLIMAX

What makes great art—great painting, sculpture, architecture, musical composition, drama, fiction? What makes the museum in one of our western cities pay $19,000 for the marble statue of a drunken Faunus? Why can neither age nor repetition exhaust the appreciation of Beethoven's Piano Concertos? Why is *Wuthering Heights* a great novel? The answer is the same in every case —there is an element of climax which together with right proportions and effortless production constitute the Laws of Perfection.

The application can be made with reference to any product of artistic genius. They are failures or they are masterpieces as they embody these three factors. And the most indispensable one is climax.

Consider any painting of note and you will find that it has a focal point. In any of the static arts like painting, sculpture, architecture, interior decorating, that focal point constitutes the climax.

In *The Last Supper* (now finally destroyed by bombers sweeping over Milan) it is the figure of Christ, so gentle, so divine.

In the *Holy Night* by Correggio —formerly in the Dresden galleries (and very badly hung amidst a mass of inferior paintings) now carried away by the Russians—it is the invisible infant Jesus from whom the light streams upon the features of Mary and Joseph, the shepherds, the angels, and the cattle.

Try it out yourself and observe that every painting rated as great has this focal point.

It constitutes the climax in architecture, in landscape garden-

ing, in the grouping of statuary, in the placing of furniture, carpets, draperies and lamps in a living room. It makes a modern kitchen a thing of beauty rather than a stage for household drudgery.

All of which is but another way of saying that when a room, a church chancel, a painting of still life, or of the mansions of the blest seen by a medieval painter, fail to impress, it is because the artist missed the point of focal interest; ignored, or was unable to achieve a climax.

THE MASTERPIECES ARE FEW

Not every product of the chisel or brush of Michelangelo or Leonardo Da Vinci was a masterpiece. Not every rug that comes from Kerman, Persia, is a piece of art. Most churches are architecturally terrible. Builders of state capitols monotonously repeated the *motif* of a dome, to climax the structure, until Mr. Goodhue gave the Nebraskans a tower which is one of the most beautiful structures west of the Mississippi—why? Because it has everything, Proportion, Climax, and the appearance of Effortless Creative Work. The Concordia Seminary in St. Louis is a thing of beauty in its noble proportions, the harmony of material and line, of stone, slate, and oak, but it lacks the climax—the great Luther tower which will not only add a missing feature to the group but translate every detail of it into a higher order, once it is built.

It is interesting to note that we are here dealing with a law of nature. The mountain scenery at Lake Louise has its climax in the great white glacier that stretches across the mountainside forming the backdrop to the stage. Every thunder shower has its climax. Every season of the year. But we shall return to this angle of our subject a little later.

WHAT MAKES GREAT FICTION?

Everybody knows that Cervantes' *Don Quixote* is the first modern novel and there are some good critics who believe that it is the greatest. On this I do not feel competent to offer an opinion, but among the fiction of all ages, this book cannot be far from the top. This we can say on the ground of philosophical criticism as outlined in last month's Astrolabe and in this. But we are now concerned with the factor of climax and let us see how it applies to Cervantes' story of the Sorrowful Knight.

I must remind you that Don

Quixote is a burlesque on the romances of knighthood which flooded the market in Cervantes' day—this was in the early sixteen hundreds. Don Quixote is a simple-minded fellow whose brain has been addled by the reading of this fiction and who now sets forth on a career of knighthood, imagining himself a member of the order, taking to himself a squire in the person of Sancho Panza, and pledging his devotion, in the fashion of all the knights-errant of fiction, to a noble lady —his choice being Dulcinea Del Toboso, who happened to be a rather coarse person of uncertain virtue. He acquires a miserable steed which in his eyes is a magnificent mount, and gives her the noble name of Rozinante. Thus, accoutered in the iron armor of a medieval knight, Don Quixote and his squire set out one fine morning on adventures of knight-errantry, the one completely demented by the fictional reading he had done, the other representing the lower classes, ignorant, good natured, and endowed with a certain cunning. He is tremendously impressed by the high-sounding language of his master, with the plans of conquest and glory that have set Don Quixote's brain on fire, and willing to share the luxuries and knightly honors promised to him if he serves his master with unswerving loyalty. The fight with the windmills follows, but is only the beginning of countless fights and disasters, all of them common brawls ending usually in a terrific beating up for the knight and his squire. The novel runs through more than fifty chapters and we are only at the end of Part One. Then follow more than seventy chapters constituting Part Two. The story is told with great fertility of invention, the narrative flavored with broad humor at times, and interspersed with beautiful descriptions of nature, all of it in a bantering tone and with a subtle ridicule of the novelists whose work is being burlesqued in the adventures of Don Quixote. Cervantes in many of the passages reveals his mastery of literary criticism and by the use of climax makes the reading of his book a memorable experience. Most people are satisfied to read the introductory chapters and the story of the battle with the windmills, the "dreadful battle which Don Quixote fought with the wine-bags," the adventure with the Knight of the Mirrors, and the disenchanting of Dulcinea. Thus they read Cervantes' novel by many skips and long jumps, and then wonder why it is regarded as a masterpiece of modern literature. *They have missed the element of climax.*

THE ACHIEVEMENT OF CERVANTES

Really, there is a series of summits or turning points in the story, the first major climax occurring towards the close of Part One when the entire plot of the novel is revealed in a conversation between the two crazy knights and a canon of the church who has attached himself to their company. Gradually perceiving the nature of Don Quixote's malady, the canon finally thinks it necessary to employ plain speech when he says:

> It is possible, worthy sir, that the disgusting and idle study of books of chivalry should so powerfully have affected your brain as to make you believe that you are now enchanted, with other fancies of the same kind, as far from truth as falsehood itself. Is it possible that human reason can credit the existence of all that infinite tribe of knights, damsels-errant, serpents, dragons, all the wonderful adventures, enchantments, battles, furious encounters, enamored princesses, ennobled squires, witty dwarfs, billet-doux, amours, Amazonian ladies—in short, all the absurdities which books of chivalry contain? For my part, I confess, when I read them without reflecting on their falsehood and folly, they give me some amusement; but, when I consider what they are, I dash them against the wall, and even commit them to the flames, when I am near a fire, as well deserving such a fate, for their want of common sense, and their injurious tendency, in misleading the uninformed. Nay, they may even disturb the intellects of sensible and well-born gentlemen, as is manifest by the effect they have had on your worship, who is reduced by them to such a state that you are forced to be shut up in a cage, and carried on a team from place to place, like some lion or tiger, exhibited for money.

The reply of Don Quixote is marvelous. He has listened with great attention and then looking steadfastly in the canon's face he replies: "I conceive, sir, that you mean to insinuate that there never were knights-errant in the world; that all books of chivalry are false, mischievous, and unprofitable to the commonwealth; and that I have done ill in reading, worse in believing, and still worse in imitating them, by following the rigorous profession of knight-errantry, as by them exemplified; and also that you deny that there ever existed the Amadises either of Gaul or of Greece or any of those celebrated knights?" "I mean precisely what you say," replied the canon. "You also were pleased to add, I believe," continued Don Quixote, "that those books had done me much prejudice, having injured my brain, and occasioned my imprisonment in a cage; and that it would be better for me to change my course of study by reading other books more true, more

pleasant, and more instructive." "Just so," quoth the canon. "Why then," said Don Quixote, "in my opinion, sir, it is yourself who are deranged and enchanted, since you have dared to blaspheme an order so universally acknowledged in the world,* and its existence so authenticated that he who denies it merits that punishment you are pleased to say you inflict on certain books."

In other words, instead of accepting the appeal of the canon he denounces him as worthy of being burned alive!

The story continues in its second and major part and the final artistic achievement is the concluding chapter which tells "how Don Quixote fell sick, made his will, and died." Here the hero of the story regains his reason. It will do no one any good to read this last chapter to discover with what skill Cervantes has reached this culminating point, the apex and meridian of his story—to appreciate that you must read the 126 chapters of *Don Quixote.*

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*The order of knighthood.

"A MATTER-OF-FACT ROMANCE"

Thus Charles Reade entitled his great medieval romance which saw the light of day in 1861. It is the only story with three titles, its second being "Maid, Wife, and Widow." It is generally known as *"The Cloister and the Hearth."* For one thing, this is one of the longest tracts on record, its theme being announced in the second last of its more than 700 pages in the brief foot-note, *"Celibacy of the clergy, an invention truly fiendish."* There is a great achievement here, for with this single line Charles Reade impressed indelibly on every reader of this novel the wickedness of the medieval law which demanded that the clergy remain unmarried. That is the strategy of *The Cloister and the Hearth.* Two worlds, one *the cloister,* the other, separated from the first by endless horizons, *the hearth,* that is to say, the home as enshrining the family, married life. With not one syllable does the book announce and in the course of its chapters discuss this theme—the iniquity of the law which prevented the priest from being married. For this reason the footnote on the last page but one strikes home with such terrific force.

This is considering *The Cloister and the Hearth* as a tract. But it is a great story, great in its colorful and exciting incidents, its marvelous plot, its descriptions of scenery, its delineation of medieval life (exact to the last detail of dress, speech, customs),

and in its portrayal of character. It is a story that has everything, and its length is not so great compared with some famous novels of our own day.

This story is planned with a series of culmination points at which action reaches its apex. The reader will note that each climax is preceded by long passages, entire chapters, in which there is little of incident but much conversation and description, followed by such terrific chapters as that describing the encounter of Gerard on his travels with bandits and cut-throats. Gerard is a young artist who through the largesse of a noblewoman is permitted to leave his home in Holland and travel to Italy in order to complete his education. The first climax occurs when under circumstances which imperilled his life he is married to a young village maiden, Margaret Brandt of Tergou.

Then the plotting of evil men for monetary gain, ending in a forged letter which announces the death of his bride to Gerard in Italy. He enters holy orders and returns to his Dutch home as a monk of the preaching order of Augustinians. St. Laurens was a huge edifice, far from completed, the side aisles roofed, but not the middle aisle or the chancel, only one window glazed, the rest still great jagged openings in the outer walls. It was a glorious summer afternoon, and the sunshine came broken into marvelous forms through those irregular openings. Above, from west to east, the blue sky vaulted the lofty aisle.

Margaret was there, standing behind a pillar, with eyes half closed, while a sweet devotional languor crept over her at the loveliness of the place and the preacher's musical voice. Presently she finds opportunity to get out of the sun and obtains a pillar not fifty feet from the preacher. Then a tone of the preacher's voice fell upon her ear and her mind so distinctly, it seemed literally to strike her, and make her vibrate inside and out. Then, in the middle of an eloquent period, the preacher stopped. Startled eyes looked her way and toward the preacher. She followed their looks; and there, in the pulpit, was a face as of a staring corpse. The friar's eyes, naturally large, and made larger by the thinness of his cheeks, were dilated to supernatural size, and glaring her way, out of a bloodless face. Now agitated faces by hundreds gazed from the friar to Margaret, and from Margaret to the friar. She shrank behind the pillar and the monk went on with his sermon. But the recollection of that look now made Margaret quiver from head to foot. For that look was *"Recognition."*

When the service is over, the monk asks the sexton, "Prithee, tell me, then, where lieth Margaret Brandt? She died about three years ago and was buried here."

Then he discovers that Margaret is alive.

"CITY LIGHTS"

One example of climax from the field of drama must suffice. *"City Lights"* was one of the last of the silent films, and when it was on the screens Alexander Woollcott said, "Last month I went to the movies six times and five times it was *'City Lights.'"*

A desolate tramp, Charlie Chaplin, rescues a millionaire who has made a suicide attempt by drowning. Chaplin is taken into the home of the rich man who in return for having saved his life gives Chaplin free access to his check book. You can imagine some of the results. Chaplin is sauntering down the street and discovers a blind girl selling flowers. He buys her stock and later is a steady visitor at her home, with the result that the girl is deeply impressed with the good manners, wisdom, experience, charm, and great wealth of her visitor. The story goes on and Chaplin gives the girl's mother a thousand dollars for some surgery by which the girl's eyesight is restored. She receives another gift which sets her up with a flower shop. Chaplin looks through the show window in an agony of frustration, is noticed, and the girl's partner teases her—"You have made a conquest!" On impulse she goes out to give the poor fellow a few flowers, and their eyes meet. She has never seen him —he will never see her again, that is the story of the two close-ups. Not a word is spoken, the incident is not twenty seconds on the screen, and the effect as powerful as that of a Shakespearean tragedy.

In *The Cloister and the Hearth* it was the LOOK OF RECOGNITION.

In *"City Lights,"* a moment of climax when there was *no recognition.*

It is not difficult to see that the closing scene in *"City Lights"* is the greater dramatic achievement.

Music AND MUSIC MAKERS

Music in the U. S. S. R.

By WALTER A. HANSEN

Music has its troubles in the Soviet Union. As I write, there lie before me Associated Press and United Press dispatches telling that the Central Committee of the Communist Party has reprimanded the U. S. S. R.'s three outstanding composers: Dmitri Shostakovich, Sergei Prokofieff, and Aram Khatchaturian. Why? Because these men—and others—are producing "rotten bourgeois" music—music which does not dovetail with the Soviet ideology.

The life of a composer in the Soviet Union, like the lot of the policemen in Gilbert and Sullivan's *The Pirates of Penzance,* "is not a happy one." Poor Shostakovich! He has been in trouble before. Twelve years ago the watchdogs of art and culture in the U. S. S. R. bared their fangs and pounced upon him. Shostakovich had written an opera called *Lady Macbeth of Mzensk.* The watchdogs did not like it. *Pravda* was incensed. *Lady Macbeth of Mzensk,* barked the watchdogs, was vulgar. It did not tally with Soviet principles. Such music could not be tolerated. In consequence, Shostakovich was relegated to the doghouse.

Did the redoubtable Dmitri remain in the doghouse? He did not. He emerged a chastened man. Dmitri repented. He was eager to make amends. Yes, the all-wise watchdogs had caused him to see the error of his ways. From now on Dmitri's music would be different. It would conform, in essence and in spirit, to the Soviet tenets.

Comrade Shostakovich turned over a new leaf. Stoutly he proclaimed, "There can be no music without an ideology." The older composers, he went on, had upheld and buttressed the upper classes. No, not every man Jack among them. Beethoven, said

Dmitri, had been "a forerunner of the revolutionary movement." "If you read his letters," the zealous Shostakovich went on, "you will see how often he wrote to his friends that he wished to give new ideas to the public and cause it to revolt against its masters."

Wagner, declared Shostakovich, had begun "as a radical" and, sad to say, had ended his career "as a reactionary." Yes, Wagner's music is played in the Soviet Union; but "we hear him in the same spirit with which we go to a museum to study the forms of the old regime."

Then Dmitri hit a home run —not a bourgeois home run, mind you, but a home run hallowed by the benedictions of the fang-conscious watchdogs of Sovietism at its best and purest. This is what Dmitri said:

> We, as revolutionists, have a different conception of music. Lenin himself said that "music is a means of unifying broad masses of people." Not a leader of the masses, perhaps, but certainly an organizing force! For music has the power of stirring specific emotions in those who listen to it. No one can deny that Tchaikovsky's *Sixth Symphony* produces a feeling of despair, while Beethoven's *Third* awakens us to the joy of struggle. Even the symphonic form, which appears more than any other to be divorced from literary elements, can be said to have a bearing on politics. Thus we regard Scriabin as our bitterest musical enemy, because Scriabin's music tends to an unhealthy eroticism, also to mysticism and passivity, and escape from the realities of life.

No, said Dmitri, the Soviets are not "always joyous." Good music, however, "lifts and heartens and lightens people for work and effort. It may be tragic but it must be strong."

A Second Home Run

Then came the second home run, and bear in mind, please, that the second four-bagger, no less than the first, was refined in the fire of genuine Sovietism. Shostakovich was wearing the robe of a high priest when he stepped up to the plate, hit the ball hard, and made the second circuit of the bases. No, the robe did not impede him. He ran lustily, confidently, and energetically. The watchdogs cheered him to the echo as he declared that in the Soviet Union music

> is no longer an end in itself but a vital weapon to the struggle. Because of this, Soviet music will probably develop along different lines from any the world has known. There must be a change! After all, we have entered a new epoch, and history has proved that every age creates its own language.

All this appeared in an interview published in the *New York Times*.

Evidently the Central Committee of the Communist Party does not believe that Shostakovich has developed in the proper manner. Evidently Dmitri's batting-eye is not what it used to be.

After the composition of the thoroughly un-soviet *Lady Macbeth of Mzensk* and other works which failed to find favor in the eyes of the watchdogs, Dmitri wrote his *Fifth Symphony*. Now he was out of the doghouse. *Izvestia* blessed him. This happened in 1937.

It seemed as though the *Sixth Symphony* did not please the watchdogs as much as the *Fifth*, but Shostakovich remained in favor. He was still hitting the ball.

Came the war—and, lest we forget—Shostakovich's *Seventh*, the composition which is known as the *Leningrad Symphony*. This, said the watchdogs, was a great work. It was monumental. Its propaganda value was worked to the limit. Shostakovich, the reports stated, had toiled at this composition while Leningrad was being besieged by the Germans.

The *première* of the *Leningrad Symphony* took place at Kuibyshev on March 1, 1942, and the composer was lauded to the skies. Many Soviet big shots and numerous dignitaries of the Red Army attended the concert. Shostakovich was a hero.

On July 10, 1942, Arturo Toscanini conducted the NBC Symphony Orchestra in the first American performance of the *Seventh*. This, too, was a gala occasion. The National Broadcasting Company had paid a pretty penny for the privilege of being the first radio network to broadcast the *Leningrad Symphony* throughout the length and breadth of the United States.

London had heard the *Seventh* three weeks before Toscanini conducted it. In August of the same year the Berkshire Music School Orchestra played it under the leadership of Serge Koussevitzky, and in October the New York Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra performed it under Artur Rodzinski.

Yes, Shostakovich was out of the doghouse. In 1941 he had received the coveted Stalin Prize of 100,000 rubles for his *Piano Quintet*.

There were further triumphs. Dmitri wrote an *Eighth Symphony*. The *première* took place in Moscow on November 4, 1943. This was a holiday period in the U. S. S. R. The twenty-fifth anniversary of the Soviet Union was being celebrated. Everyone was agog. Would the *Eighth* be as successful—and as monumental—as the *Seventh*? Would Shostakovich be able to do it again?

Yes, Shostakovich did it again. He hit another home run. The

Seventh had dealt with the war; the *Eighth,* in the composer's own words, was "an attempt to look into the future, into the postwar epoch," when, as Dmitri went on to say, "all that is evil and ugly will disappear and beauty will triumph."

Dmitri Scores Again

Well, even if the *Eighth* was not an out-and-out triumph for beauty, it was a triumph for Dmitri. Before the official *première* there was a preview, so to speak, in the Bolshoi Zal of the Moscow Conservatory. Well-known musicians, actors, and critics were present—and, of course, Shostakovich himself. William Downs, Moscow correspondent of the Columbia Broadcasting System, reported as follows:

> Before the performance Shostakovich wandered nervously around the hall, shaking hands and greeting friends. He was exceedingly nervous. He still manages to look like a twelve-year-old school boy caught playing hookey. He kept brushing the forelock of his hair from his forehead.

How did the critics receive the *Eighth?* Mr. Downs said:

> Whatever the world's verdict, the all-important critics' audience applauded with more than polite enthusiasm (Prokofieff was most enthusiastic), and the public *première* the next night was a repetition of the success.

This time the Columbia Broadcasting System had been able—for a pretty penny—to buy the right to broadcast Shostakovich's most recent brainchild. The performance took place on Sunday, April 2, 1944, under Mr. Rodzinski.

Then came Dmitri's *Ninth.* It was completed in August, 1945, at a Composers' Rest Home near Ivanovo. Dmitri had let no grass grow under his feet. In November of the same year the Leningrad Philharmonic Orchestra, under Eugene Mvravinsky, gave the first performance of the *Ninth.*

Shostakovich had attempted to sound a new note. While the *Ninth* was in the process of gestation, he and his fellow-composer, Dmitri Kabalevsky, had played piano versions of Haydn's symphonies for two hours every evening. In addition, they had devoted a great deal of attention to Mozart and to some of the early works of Beethoven.

Consequently, it was reported throughout the world that Shostakovich's *Ninth* was written in the spirit of Haydn and Mozart. Many critics swallowed this conclusion hook, line, and sinker. Shostakovich, they said, had joined the ranks of the neo-classicists. If an audacious and independent soul—outside the Soviet Union, of course—dared raise his voice to say that in the

Ninth Shostakovich had attempted to steal the thunder of Prokofieff's ever popular *Classical Symphony,* that audacious and independent soul was looked upon by many either with downright scorn or with commiseration.

For a time it was proper as well as fashionable in the Soviet Union to give unqualified praise to the *Ninth.* Then critics began to pipe a different tune. A man named Nestiev found "ideological weakness" in the *Ninth* and declared flatly that the composition did not "reflect the true spirit of the Russian people." There is reason to believe that the Central Committee—the committee with fangs—had a finger—or perhaps some of its fangs—in this piece of critical pie. Although it had been said time and again that the spirit of Haydn and Mozart danced lustily in the score of the *Ninth,* now the mouthpieces of the fang-conscious Central Committee discovered—what do you suppose? Well, they discovered Igor Stravinsky in Shostakovich's Ninth. And in the U. S. S. R., you know, the mighty Igor is regarded as "an artist without a fatherland, without confidence in the leadership of high ideals, and without principles."

Once again Dmitri was on his way to the doghouse. The *Ninth* was not a home run.

[To be continued]

RECENT RECORDINGS

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN. *Symphony No. 9, in D Minor, Op. 125 (Choral).* The Boston Symphony Orchestra under Serge Koussevitzky, with the Berkshire Music Festival Chorus and the following soloists: Frances Yeend, soprano; Eunice Alberts, contralto; David Lloyd, tenor; and James Pease, bass.—It is safe to say that there never has been a perfect performance of Beethoven's *Ninth* and that no performance, however good, ever fails to arouse some measure of disagreement here or there. The important thing to note at the present time is that finally there is a new recording of Beethoven's great work. The chorus was trained by the able Robert Shaw, and the recording was made at Tanglewood, Lenox, Massachusetts. RCA Victor Album 1190.

DELIUS SOCIETY SET. *Concerto for Piano and Orchestra, Marche Caprice,* and *A Song of the High Hills.* The Royal Philharmonic Orchestra under Sir Thomas Beecham, Bart., with Betty Beecham, pianist, and the Luton Choir.—Beautiful music from the pen of the late Frederick Delius, whose compositions are enthusiastically championed by the forthright Sir Thomas. RCA Victor Album 1185.

ARAM KHATCHATURIAN. *Saber Dance,* from *Gayne.* The Chicago Symphony Orchestra under Artur Rod-

The Astrolabe Calls

"The names of great painters are like passing bells.—In Velasquez you hear sounded the fall of Spain; in Titian, that of Venice; in Leonardo, that of Milan; in Raphael, that of Rome.—And there is profound justice in this; for in proportion to the nobleness of power is the guilt of its use for purposes vain or vile; and hitherto the greater the art the more surely has it been used, and used solely, for the decoration of pride, or the provoking of sensuality."

RUSKIN

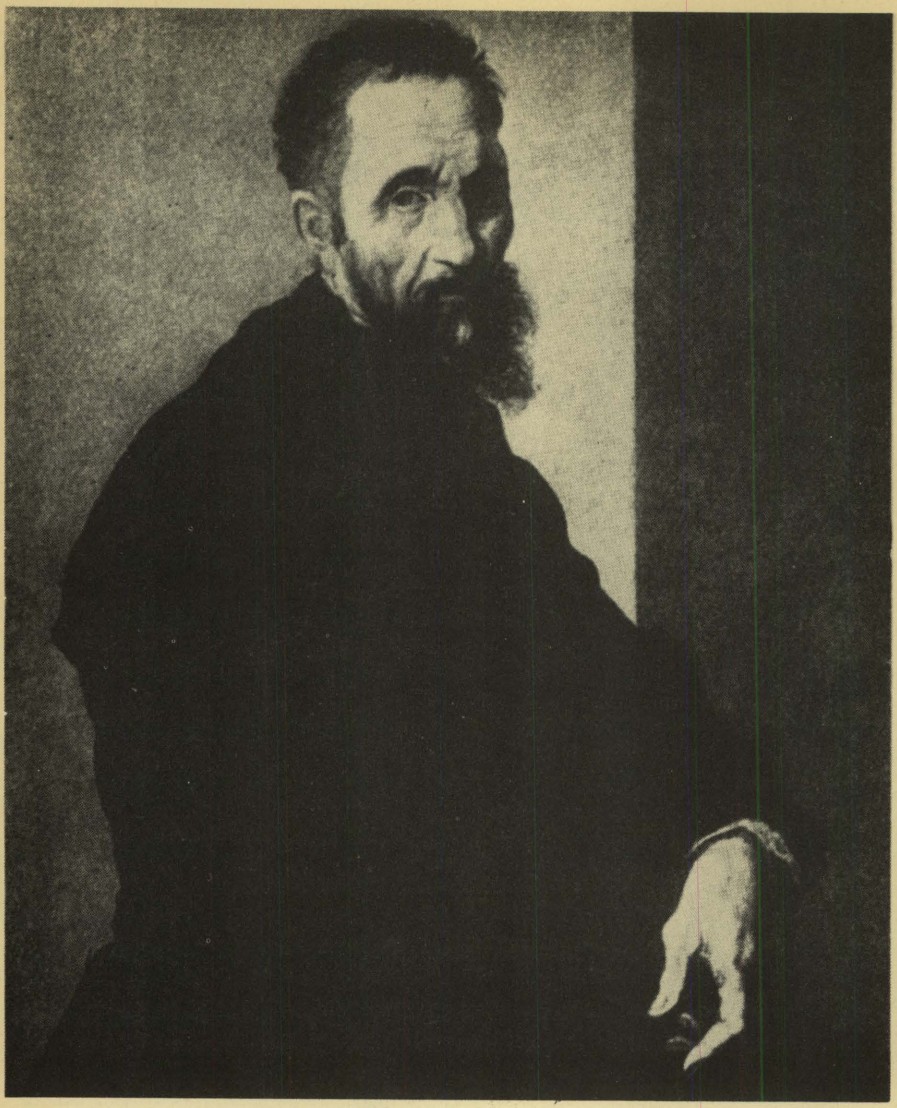
SUFFERING long under the indictment that the "CRESSET must have something also for the people who cannot read," "Cresset Pictures" goes on its own way, rather thoroughly ignored by the big guns among the Associates. It is hard to be just a .32 target pistol among the great 16-inch guns that have for years guided the thinking of the readers of the CRESSET (that's what they thought). Now comes a moment of significant triumph—a memorandum from the Astrolabe in person, on a memo sheet advertising a printing press in Clinton, South Carolina, which says among other things that it capitalizes in "original ideas," "printing that sells," and "constructive public relations." Won over by the warmth of such an approach, "Cresset Pictures" is willing to cooperate with the learned doctor and reproduce some of the art which he uses for illustration.

If by any chance the pictures of the lovely Angel and the Virgin by Van Eyck, or the very spiritual presentation of the Resurrection by Fra Angelico, or the two pictures by Raphael and the ethereal quality of the da Vinci and the power of El Greco's St. Jerome move you to appreciate the things which the Astrolabe has to say about the unity of the arts, we shall have served ourselves and you and him very well. At the same time, we shall be repaying a debt of long standing because, once, long ago, we promised the doctor that we would try to get some people to read what he writes.

ADALBERT R. KRETZMANN

The Annunciation
Van Eyck
Berlin Gallery

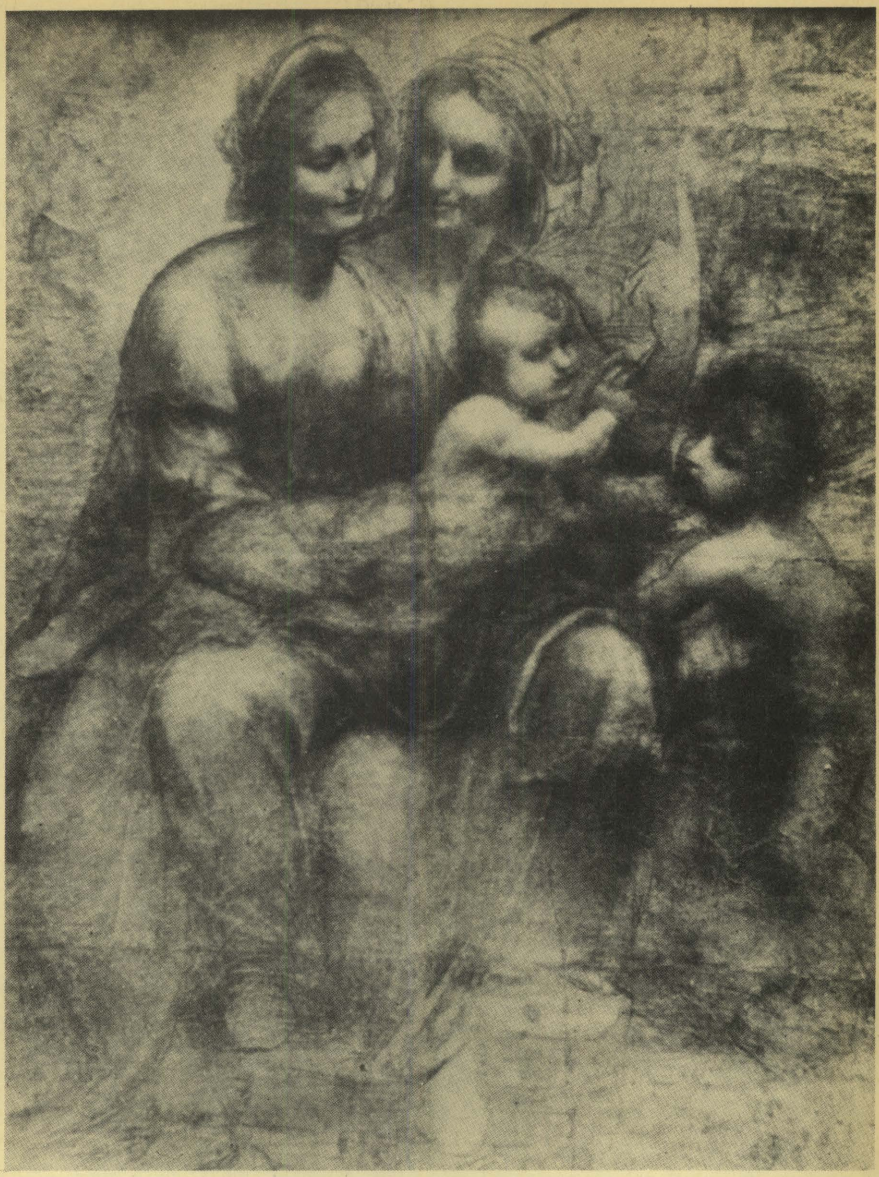
The Resurrection
Fra Angelico
Monastery of S. Marco



Self Portrait
Michel Angelo
Uffizi, Florence

Madonna Della Sedia
Raphael
Pitti Gallery, Florence

Christ Bearing His Cross
Raphael
Prado, Madrid



Cartoon of S. Anne
Leonardo da Vinci
Burlington House

St. Jerome
El Greco
Chester Dale, New York

zinski. *Waltz* from *Masquerade.* The Boston "Pops" Orchestra under Arthur Fiedler.—The *Saber Dance* abounds in elemental power, the *Waltz* is claptrap pure and simple. RCA Victor disc 12-0209.

PIOTR ILYICH TCHAIKOVSKY. *Symphony No. 1, in G Minor, Op. 13 (Winter Daydreams). Waltz,* from the second act of *Eugen Onegin.* The Indianapolis Symphony Orchestra under Fabien Sevitzky.—At last there is a recording of Tchaikovsky's *First,* a work which contains much fine writing. Mr. Sevitzky's reading is somewhat tame. RCA Victor Album 1189.

MAURICE RAVEL. *Pavane for a Dead Princess.* CLAUDE DEBUSSY. *Rêverie.* E. Robert Schmitz, pianist.—Exceedingly sensitive playing and excellent recording. RCA Victor disc 12-0066.

ROBERT SCHUMANN. *Symphony No. 3, in E Flat, Op. 97 (Rhenish).* The Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra under Dmitri Mitropoulos.—Mitropoulos gives an excellent reading of this impressive work. The re-orchestration of Schumann's score is the work of the late Frederick Stock. RCA Victor Album 1184.

A CAPPELLA CLASSICS. *Tenebrae Factae Sunt,* by Palestrina; *Be Not Afraid,* motet for double chorus, by Johann Sebastian Bach; *Our Father,* by Alexander Gretchaninoff; *Lost in the Night* and *Lullaby on Christmas Eve,* by F. Melius Christiansen; *We All Believe in One True God,* arranged by Carl Mueller; *O Blest Redeemer,* by Bryceson Treharne. The A Cappella Choir under Dr. William B. Heyne.—I take it that this is the St. Louis A Cappella Choir although the labels do not reveal the identity of the group. The singing is excellent so far as tone quality, rhythm, tempo, accentuation, and dynamics are concerned. There is one regrettable defect: Dr. Heyne does not give sufficient prominence to the *cantus firmus* in Bach's motet. Premier Radio Enterprises, St. Louis, Missouri. Album AC 11.

JOHANNES BRAHMS. *Quartet No. 3, in B Flat Major, Op. 67.* The Guilet String Quartet.—An admirable performance of a magnificent composition. Vox Album 208.

JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH. *Brandenburg Concerto No. 3, in G Major.* The Pro Musica Orchestra under Otto Klemperer.—The reading is superb, but the recording does not match the reading. In addition to the concerto Klemperer conducts his own arrangement of Bach's ever beautiful *Bist du bei mir.* Vox Album 620.

ERNST TOCH. *Serenade for Two Violins and Viola (Spitzweg Serenade).* Louis Kaufman, first violin; Grischa Monasevitch, second violin; Ray Menhennick, 'cello.—This fascinating work was written in the trenches in Northern Italy during World War I. It was inspired by a group of paintings by Karl Spitzweg. Vox Album 177.

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

Believe-It-Or-Not Oceanography

THE MYSTERIOUS SEA. By Ferdinand C. Lane. Doubleday & Co., Inc., Garden City. 1947. 345 pages. $3.00.

IN 36 chapters, each introduced by a pertinent literary quotation, the author comments on such diversified topics as How the Sea Began, the Romance of Soundings, Rivers in the Sea, Seaweeds, the Fishes, With Hook and Net, Argonauts, Capes, Trade Routes, Shipwreck, etc. With few exceptions, however—such as the sections on Climate and on Pirates—this book is neither scholarly nor "popular," but only entertaining in a mildly encyclopedic way. Also, occasional typographic errors *(e.g.,* p. 262 "told" for "hold"; p. 327 "remotedly") make one think less highly of the book.

Dr. Lane's prose discussions show his more than 30 years' study of and interest in his subject. At times he secured information as a member of scientific expeditions, and sometimes he gained experience by just sneaking away on a freighter or passenger vessel. He writes with the feeling of an Ancient Mariner. Eight and one-half pages of index show a surprising comprehensiveness, but when you consult the actual pages for material on your favorite subjects the data is often disappointingly brief and general. The units themselves are uneven: thus chapter 14 has merely 4 pages, and the longest chapter has only 14. Nothing is given about submarines or deep-sea diving, which surely pertain to an essay that covers so much ground (or rather, so much water!).

Our chief complaint is Lane's repeated use of the evolution theory as established fact. This pseudo-science is apparent throughout. Here is one glaring example, in the opening lines of the tenth chapter:

> Life began in the sea. Just when Nature's alchemy combined the essential elements in the exact proportions to kindle the spark of life, no one can say. Perhaps our giant new electron microscopes have discovered in the viruses those weird molecules, neither inert nor normally alive, life's first awakening from elemental matter.

HERBERT H. UMBACH

Debunking Sports

IT BEATS WORKING. By John Lardner. J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia and New York. 1947. 253 pages. $3.00.

IF YOU have a diversified acquaintance with sports in general, and if you like to take a glancing view of athletic heroes, you might enjoy the facetiousness of *It Beats Working*, but if you are like this reviewer you will agree that its author, John Lardner, is not the stylist that the late Damon Runyon was.

The best that can be said for this book is that it is light reading—but sometimes that lack of weightiness revolves into just so much rarefied atmosphere.

Lardner rambles. He extensively practices the art of debunking—and there is much cause for that license when covering the field of sports.

Employing his typewriter like a buzz-saw the author rips into boxers, baseball figures, the horse racing clientele, wrestlers, radio announcers and even gladdens the heart of English professors in a reading class with his discourse on metaphors. However, Lardner fails to include within his 13 brief chapters any insight into the art of checker or ping pong playing, but maybe that's the way it should be.

Willard Mullin, Scripps-Howard sports cartoonist, tosses in, without extra charge, a series of original cartoons to supplement Lardner's witticisms in *It Beats Working*. At times these drawings outweigh the written word.

HERBERT STEINBACH

Prodigious Blundering

AND CALL IT PEACE. By Marshall Knappen. The University of Chicago Press, Chicago. 1947. 213 pages. $3.00.

THE author, who is professor of History and Political Science at Michigan State College, was chief of the Religious Affairs Section and deputy chief of the Education Section in the (U. S.) Office of Military Government for Germany. Now that he can speak out he feels it a duty to inform the American people of the prodigious blundering and worse that has marked the carrying out of our policy of re-educating the Germans. This he does with utter frankness. He tells of the sensible planning done by American and British educators until Roosevelt's duplicity in scrapping the Atlantic Charter and adopting the diabolical Morgenthau plan made any real success impossible. He traces the further efforts that were made, in the face of almost insurmountable difficulties, and details what successes were achieved and what failures resulted from the fact that about fifty men were assigned to re-educate 20,000,000 people—and this under the handicap of confusion in Washington and crass stupidity among our military men. Knappen writes his book in the hope that his disclosures will lead the American people to demand a radical change in our policy toward Germany, so that after trying to commend democracy to them by starving them and letting our soldiers loot and rape at will and bear themselves as scions of a master-race, we

may at last employ means more in keeping with our professed faith.

Such statements as the following make us blush for our country, but Knappen has done a service to true Americanism by making them public:

> Evidence has recently been presented at the trial of the Japanese responsible for the treatment of American prisoners in the Philippines to show that feeding Occidentals anything less than 3,000 calories constituted an atrocity. . . . Our headquarters agreed on 1,550 calories as the basic allowance [for the Germans]. . . . It was necessary to cut the basic German civilian ration, which for a time was as low as 1,180 calories in the United States zone.
>
> One wave of evictions in the United States sector of Berlin brought one hundred and forty-two suicides in three days.
>
> [The] long-continued preying on the miseries of a beaten people made many of the press correspondents blush for their countrymen.

Nazi Sources

DESIGN FOR AGGRESSION: The Inside Story of Hitler's War Plans. By Peter De Mendelssohn. Harper and Brothers, New York. 1946. 270 pages. $3.50.

WHEN this work was first published in England, it bore the title *The Nuremberg Documents.* We believe the book's reception would have been more cordial if the original title had been retained. We began to read *Design for Aggression* reluctantly. The sensational sub-title repelled us. We were afraid, too, that De Mendelssohn was just another "expert" on foreign affairs attempting to capitalize on an experience by describing it in a second-rate book with a sensational title. We were wrong. Peter De Mendelssohn is an outstanding journalist. Born in Germany, he enjoyed an honorable and distinguished career with various Berlin papers as well as with the Berlin office of the United Press. Later he went to England where he contributed to *New Statesman, The London Observer,* and *Nation.*

Design for Aggression is a source book. As an employee of the Psychological Warfare Division of SHAEF the author had access to the secret German documents brought to light at Nuremberg. He presents the documents with only the necessary comment.

In a sense, *Design for Aggression* is a horrible book. By presenting to the world secret conversations, speeches, directives, and communications of Hitler and his immediate circle, the author unveils them as the completely amoral characters that they were.

While in 1939 Hitler was publicly blaming his war on "international statesmen of Jewish origin," he privately briefed his commanders-in-chief: "I did not organize the armed forces in order not to strike. The decision to strike was always in me."

The book presents the detailed plan of the German staff—prepared in 1937—for the taking of France. In that same year Hitler could *privately* announce, "The re-arming of the Army, Navy, and Air Force as well as the formation of the Officer's Corps, are practically concluded." Remember—this in 1937.

Again, in 1939, three months before the outbreak of the war, Hitler told his military leaders, "Our aim will always be to force Britain to her knees." At the same time Goering in a telephone conversation to Ribbentrop intended for British wire-tappers stated, "You know yourself, Ribbentrop, that I always was in favor of Anglo-German understanding. . . . After all, we also represent two brother nations."

The book abounds in *prima facie* evidence of German duplicity.

The author adds a caution at the close of his work:

> Once again it must be emphasized that this is only half the story—the Nazi half. A full and objective view of this crucial period of European affairs can only be gained after the Soviet Union has contributed her own version, which no doubt, will amplify and correct much that remains obscure in the German story.

An index and catalog of the many documents quoted add to the value of the book.

The value of *Design for Aggression* is not ephemeral. De Mendelssohn has written a source book which should be added to your permanent library.

No Solution

PHYSICAL SCIENCE AND HUMAN VALUES. Princeton University Press, Princeton, N. J. 1947. 181 pages. $3.00.

THIS is a symposium of addresses and discussions held at the Nuclear Science Session of the Princeton Bicentennial Conference. Of about 125 scientists and others who attended the conference, 48 contributed in varying degrees to the symposium. The purpose of the meeting, as Prof. Wigner says in a Foreword, was to give expression to the fact "that the scientists intend to face their social responsibilities squarely." One day's sessions concerned themselves with society's influence on science, and those of another day with science's influence on society.

We closed the book with the impression that the conference was pretty much at sea with regard to human values and their relation to science and that it did not come within sight of any port. Several obvious values were lauded, such as freedom, cooperation, and loyalty, but we found no clear conception of how scientists are to "face their social responsibility squarely." The most ambitious attempt to deal with the issue as a whole was made by Prof. Northrop of Yale, but his effort met with little favor in the conference —and rightly so, we believe. While the symposium fails, at least in our opinion, of its main object, it nevertheless casts many interesting and valuable side-lights on the matters under discussion and contributes to an understanding of the place of science in human life. It contains evidence that science and scientists *as such* cannot provide a philosophy of values and that when scientists concern themselves with values they must do so as human beings.

Prof. Henry Margenau, professor of physics at Yale, spoke on that point as follows:

> Science is not equipped with devices

capable of rendering ethical judgments. While it may tell you how one may kill most efficiently, it will not—in my opinion, it will never—tell you whether it is right to kill. This limitation of science arises from a feature of its methodology.

I believe that no amount of scientific research conducted within the frame of its accepted procedures will expose the kind of being needed to produce the content of ethics and religion. There can thus be no continuity of structure between and no immediate passage from the field of natural science to that of so-called values. It is impossible to evolve the latter from the former in the manner of the scientific humanist.

Toward Christian Unity?

THE LETTERS OF POPE CELESTINE VI TO ALL MANKIND. By Giovanni Papini. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 1948. 223 pages. $3.00.

PAPINI is known best for *The Life of Christ,* written in 1919, which was translated into thirty-four languages. In the volume before us he addresses an appeal to men everywhere to meet the present crisis in human affairs by uniting on the basis of Christianity. He casts his appeal in the form of letters written by a mythical pope, Celestine VI, who "lived in a terrible era of storm and blood—not unlike the one in which we are living." There are seventeen letters, addressed to: the people who call themselves Christians, priests, monks and brothers, theologians, the rich, the poor, administrators, citizens and subjects, women, poets, historians, scientists, separated Christians, Hebrews, those without Christ, those without God, and all men. The final chapter is a prayer.

In each letter those who are addressed are told wherein they have failed of their duty, so that they share in the guilt for the crisis facing mankind. Some of the expressions sound strange in the mouth of a pope, even a mythical one. There is an admission that the papacy has too often been a slave of worldly ambition, of pompous vanity, that it has "smeared itself with pitch in the murky pools of civil affairs," that it has almost hidden the Gospel in the depths of its crypts. The priests are told to "put aside, for the time being, the innumerable devotions to which the still half-pagan masses are so addicted," devotions which make it appear to outsiders "that Catholicism . . . is a cult of the Madonna more than of the Trinity." Throughout the letters and in the concluding prayer, mention of the Virgin and the saints is notably absent, and attention centers on God and Christ. Strictures against the theologians are mentioned elsewhere (cf. p. 60).

With all this, however, Papini upholds the pretensions of the papacy, though he soft-pedals them. Union of all under the pope is his remedy for the world's ills. He calls upon "the Christians of the separated churches" to "make a Godlike truce that permits an alliance and prepares for unity"—unity, of course, by "returning to the Rock of Peter."

We are one of those whom Papini calls "the separated Christians." However sincere his appeal may be, our conscience, bound by the Word of God, compels us to give this reply:

to come to terms with the usurper at Rome because of soft words and blandishments or out of dread for the disasters that threaten mankind in our day would be as much a denial of Christ, the only Head of the Church, as if the action sprang from fear of death at the hands of the Holy Office of the Inquisition.

Papini at times writes with considerable power but is unable to sustain his effort because there are too many letters. The "pope's" protestations of humility and love grow wearisome through repetition. Some passages seem to borrow Nietzsche's style.

Anthology from Britain

MODERN BRITISH WRITING. Edited by Denys Val Baker. The Vanguard Press, New York. 1947. 359 pages. $3.50.

THIS volume is an anthology of stories, poems, essays, and critical articles that have appeared in various "little reviews" in Britain during the last seven or eight years. The editor has been publishing annual selections from these reviews; here he gathers together some of the best pieces from his annual anthologies.

Although during the war the paper shortage caused many established British periodicals to discontinue publication, some new "little reviews" came into existence, and when paper again became available the number of reviews increased far beyond the total of 1939. While some of this exuberance may be a reaction from repression and may promise little for the future, yet after this element is discounted, it is clear that the desire to produce and judge literature is strong in multitudes of persons.

Analyzing the periodicals, the editor has noted certain characteristics. Some of the magazines, like *Horizon* and *Penguin New Writing,* allot considerable space to works of writers from other countries; the greater part of an issue may be devoted to a certain country. Others are organs for one particular region of the British Isles; in Ireland, Scotland, and Wales several such magazines have appeared: *Irish Writing, Irish Harvest, Poetry Scotland, Voice of Scotland, Wales, Welsh Review.* Others accept only material that is consistent with a certain political point of view or a certain psychological approach: the Anarchist *Now,* the Marxist *Polemic,* the personalist *Transformation* and *Voices.* Several periodicals, such as *Cornhill, Scrutiny, Orion, Focus,* and *Adelphi,* publish more criticism than stories or poetry; usually in each issue the critical studies are centered on one writer or on a coterie or period.

The pieces chosen for this anthology are uneven. Among the more interesting stories are two regional pieces, Rhys Davies' "Harvest Moon," an extraordinarily flavorsome piece, and Liam O'Flaherty's pathetic "The Touch." Among the poems are Dylan Thomas' "Poem in October," W. R. Rodgers' "Christ Walking on the Water," and Alun Lewis' "All Day It Has Rained." D. S. Savage has contributed a sound essay on "The Poet's Perspectives." Among the critical studies are one of Rex Warner by V. S. Pritchett and one of

Lewis Grassic Gibson by Hugh MacDiarmid.

The editor appends a useful bibliography, in which he lists many of the periodicals, analyzes their policies, lists their outstanding contributors, and gives their present place of publication.

Post-War Orientation

LIONS AND SHADOWS: An Education in the Twenties. By Christopher Isherwood. New Directions, Norfolk, Connecticut. 1947. 312 pages. $3.00.

WHEN World War I ended, Christopher Isherwood was fourteen. *Lions and Shadows* tells of his adventures in orientation during the confused decade that followed—his last two years of prep school, his year at Cambridge, and his life in London up to the age of twenty-five. He traces his self-conscious attempts to emerge from his own private chaos as "Isherwood the Artist"; and since several persons and groups of persons played dramatic roles in his inner agony, he presents them, tactfully veiled by false names, in the caricature dimensions in which they appeared on the stage of his mind. Among these persons is "Hugh Weston," or Wystan Hugh Auden.

At school Christopher and a dashing classmate avenged themselves upon their conventional environment by imagining characters and incidents in a sinister realm called "Mortmere." Cambridge he disliked and left after a year. Then in London he met the Cheurets. M. Cheuret, a Belgian, was the leader of an excellent string quartet, and in the warm personality of this man and the complete ease and naturalness of his family circle Christopher found what he had missed in English milieus.

Isherwood recognized himself as a "truly weak" person, and he was obsessed by "The Test"—an individual and arbitrary ordeal which weak persons are constantly setting themselves to convince themselves of their strength, or, failing, to satisfy a death wish. The abortive novels he worked at analyzed this urge. Then when he was twenty-three *All the Conspirators* was accepted for publication. One of the few reviewers who noticed it began his critique: "If we must have Freudian and psychological novels, dealing with people's insides . . ."

History of Cures and Cares

THE DEVELOPMENT OF MODERN MEDICINE. By Richard Harrison Shryock. Alfred A. Knopf, New York. 1947. 457 pages. $3.00.

THE subtitle is of some significance in the case of this text in the history of medicine. It reads: "An Interpretation of the Social and Scientific Factors Involved." That is exactly what Mr. Shryock offers in this well printed volume, and if that holds forth the prospect of a dry and technical volume, you are much mistaken. The rise of the modern science of medicine is traced from the beginning of the eighteenth century to the present decade and throughout the way in which people lived, how people thought, especially in matters of bodily wellbeing, is

kept in the foreground and the advances in medicine told within this framework. The crudities and absurdities of the healing art during the eighteenth and part of the nineteenth centuries are better understood as we note the false constructions laid upon scientific phenomena in general. We learn how it could be that even when the scholastic spirit had been overcome by critical investigation the medicos would continue the traditional procedures of bleeding, purging, blistering—associated with an amazing collection of drugs. Two hundred years ago there was still what the author calls "the period of excrementory therapeutics as well as of excrementory humor." The *London Pharmacopaeia* of 1618 listed such pleasing items as blood, bile, hair, perspiration, saliva, and wood-lice. Other remedies which were not repulsive were absurd and sometimes dangerous. Cotton Mather, writing to the Royal Society in 1724, observed that physicians in Boston advised the swallowing of "Leaden Bullets" for "that miserable Distemper which they called the *Twisting of the Guts.*" He admitted that some difficulties had followed upon this treatment when a bullet entered a lung; and added cannily enough: ". . . from which . . . unhappy experiments, I think, I should endure abundant, before I tried such a remedy." The same Cotton Mather gives an account of the treatment of a young woman of Massachusetts who was cured of frequent faintings by submersion in a mash of barley malt.

How slowly the science of medicine penetrated into general practice is illustrated by the amazing fact that there were probably not a half a dozen clinical thermometers employed in the largest Union army throughout the American Civil War. And this was some two hundred and fifty years after their first introduction! One of the greatest investigators of 200 years ago, Boerhaave, whose works were translated from Latin into many European languages and who was one of the first to insist on scientific observation and experiment, declared that bodily heat is simply the mechanical result of "the velocity of the blood" in its circulation!

Possibly in no field was progress more invested with superstition and traditional error than in matters connected with childbirth. In the year 1769 the ninth edition of an essay by Dr. W. Cadogan of London appeared dealing with nursing and the general management of small children. From this essay we learn that the general practice was as soon as a child was born to "cram a dab of butter and sugar down its throat, a little oil, panada, caudle or some such unwholesome mess. . . . It is the custom of some to give a little roast pig to an infant, which, it seems, is to cure it of all the mother's longings." Once weaned, on the other hand, the child was denied fresh fruits and vegetables for fear that these were dangerous.

Beyond the great mass of such fascinating detail, Mr. Shryock sticks to his subject and sketches the advance of modern medicine against the background of the Enlightenment, of German Idealism, the Ro-

mantic Movement of Western Europe, modern physics, and the evolutionary theory. We have fault to find with the book on two scores. It certainly does not evaluate properly the effect of the Lutheran Reformation in liberalizing science from the incubus of medieval scholasticism—something the Renaissance notably failed to do. And the author is much too gentle in the judgments he pronounces upon such heresies in the medical field as Eddyism and other perverted forms of the science of healing. The book is supplied with an excellent index and the footnotes testify to the amazing amount of reading which the author has done in his chosen field.

Humanism and Science

HUMANIST AS HERO. The Life of Sir Thomas More. By Theodore Maynard. The Macmillan Company, New York. 1947. 261 pages. $3.00.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF TYCHO BRAHE. By John Allyne Gade. Princeton University Press for the American-Scandinavian Foundation, New York. 1947. 209 pages. $3.50.

Amid the turbulence and confusion that have arisen in the realization that we may be nearing the close of the period begun by the Renaissance, the study of the sixteenth century is acquiring new relevance. In few fields does that realization have consequences as radical as in the field of science and in the field of reflective thought.

It is to these two fields that the above mentioned books are addressed. Theodore Maynard, the well-known Catholic poet, has contributed a life of Thomas More, one of the most tragic figures of the period of the English Reformation. As a poet, he is capable of penetrating to the deeper meanings implicit in More's *Utopia* (pp. 76-91). As a Catholic, he can treat More's death at the order of Henry VIII with the necessary sympathy and understanding; his discussion of More's state of mind during his imprisonment (pp. 215 ff.) reveals his warm appreciation of More's sincerity and faith.

From these pages More emerges a Christian scholar. Trained in the best humanist traditions, he brought all his talents to the service of his Christian faith and of the Church in which he saw that faith incarnate. Such a characterization of More, though attractive and to some extent accurate, does not tell the whole story. Despite his nobility and courage in the face of martyrdom, More was afflicted with the same weakness to be seen in his friend Erasmus: a failure to realize that his devotion to Christian antiquity, consistently carried out, should have forced him to break with the institution in whose name he died.

No less significant, but much less attractive as a person was Tycho Brahe, one of the pioneers in the field of astronomy. With the help of the American-Scandinavian Foundation, John Allyne Gade has been enabled to study Brahe's life in detail and to put together a biography that any historian would envy.

Students of sixteenth-century science have unfortunately concentrated so much on Copernicus and Giordano Bruno that the melancholy figure of the Danish astronomer has frequently been forgotten. But the great Kepler himself admitted that he would have been unable to achieve what he did had not Brahe preceded him, and without Kepler Isaac Newton would perhaps never have come as far as he did.

Gade's volume is, however, far more than an account of Tycho the scientist. In fact, it is not even primarily that. It is first of all an attempt to delineate the person in terms of the historical situation, and in this attempt the writer is eminently successful. After reading this book one gains a clearer picture of university life in Reformation times and of what it meant to grope for truth in an age whose scientific curiosity was still very limited. The petty intrigues of court life come in for their share of attention, too. A bibliography of works in Danish, Latin, Swedish, German, French, English, and Czech covers nine pages, and is followed by a detailed index.

If the sixteenth century is ever to acquire meaning today, biographies like these, especially the latter, will have to increase a hundredfold.

Nature and Grace

SEEDS OF REDEMPTION. By Bernard Eugene Meland. The Macmillan Company, New York, 1947. 162 pages. $2.50.

THE CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE OF GRACE. By Oscar Hardman. The Macmillan Company, New York. 1947. 128 pages. $2.00.

AMONG the problems that have troubled Christian thinkers since apostolic days, few are more relevant to modern times than the problem of nature and grace. What does the activity of the redeeming God do to man as he is? Both these books address themselves to the problem, but neither offers a really tenable answer.

Bernard E. Meland is Professor of Constructive Theology in the Federated Theological Faculty of the University of Chicago. But *Seeds of Redemption* does not present theology in the usual sense of the word. "God is one who works the artist's way" (p. 159) is Meland's theme, and "the periods of Christian thought . . . which rendered God as the tyrannical Ego were to that extent immature in their perception of God, and therefore insensitive to *potential depths in their own natures* which could reveal a more profound understanding of God" (pp. 146-147, italics my own). He fears nothing more than mediocrity, "a deadening blight, spreading grayness and numbness on the life of communities" (p. 101), while Meland's Christ is "preeminently a sensitive and solitary embodiment of those creative capacities that enabled him to live beyond the mediocrities of his time" (p. 107).

Meland's "theology," then, is crass naturalism, with no room for the living and personal and sovereign God of Christian faith. God is identified with creativity—a concept Meland has learned from his teacher,

Henry Nelson Wieman. He speaks of God as "a Creativity at work when there are conditions required for his working" (p. 87), of "this divine life in us" (p. 108), of "God incarnate in the processes of the world that shape events toward enduring good" (p. 95), of "the value-giving process in the world" (p. 56). Is it too harsh to call such a book dishonest when it waters down basic affirmations of Christian faith to an aesthetic, wistful elan vital in which nature and grace are practically co-extensive? *Seeds of Redemption* does not provide or even suggest the Christian answer to the dilemma of modern man.

Hardman's book is somewhat sounder in its formulations. After a brief history of Christian ideas of grace, he reviews, in quick succession, the relationship of grace to the person of Christ, to the sovereign will of God, to human activity, to the Church. He regards the answer of St. Augustine and Calvin, especially the predestinarianism of the latter, as a system in which "grace is simply a name invented to cover a part of the play-activity which God, the Maker and Mover of puppets, has devised for Himself" (p. 74).

As is usual in such works, the critical sections are more ably executed than the constructive ones. Dr. Hardman defines grace in the classical Christian manner as "essentially the divine favor which is bestowed upon man . . . it takes the form of a beneficent personal influence which is brought to bear upon the spirit of man by the Spirit of God" (p. 85). But he never clearly states his view of the relation between nature and grace. Even the most devoted Christian nature-lover will probably take exception to his concept of "tender devotion in the eyes of a friendly dog" as an "elementary and universal means of grace" (p. 103).

In short, anyone who is seeking a mature discussion of the relation between nature and grace will simply have to seek it elsewhere. Meland has no real doctrine of grace, and Hardman's is insufficient.

Theology for the Masses

UNDERSTANDING THE CHRISTIAN FAITH. By Georgia Harkness. Abingdon-Cokesbury Press, New York. 1947. 187 pages. $1.75.

PILLARS OF FAITH. By Nels F. S. Ferré. Harper & Brothers, New York. 1948. 128 pages. $1.50.

THERE have been many attempts in recent years to popularize the results of scientific research in various fields of knowledge. There are any number of books purporting to present the verified results of philosophy, science, history and economics in a language that the man on the street can grasp.

Theology, too, has come in for its share of such popularizations, of which these are only two. The first, by the only woman member of the American Theological Society, seeks honestly to describe Christian faith in language intelligible to readers of the *Saturday Evening Post.* Much of the material Miss Harkness presents deserves consideration and study. No one can deny that she is in good command of the modern idiom,

and that she uses it effectively to express Christian doctrine.

To those who are familiar with some of her earlier works, some ideas in *Understanding the Christian Faith* will sound a little strange—not because she has changed her mind, but because she hasn't! Thus, when sin is spoken of as "a biological tendency to self-centeredness" (p. 103), one cannot help hearing echoes of a moribund behaviorism. And it still sounds like a vast oversimplification (to say nothing of its theological accuracy) to state that the pre-existence of Christ "means that the divinity in Him is as eternal as God. . . . This same divinity remained in the world after Jesus' death to be the Comforter" (p. 75). Though laudable in purpose, this book seems to this reviewer to fail in the execution of that purpose.

Nels Ferré has taken upon himself a task similar to that of Miss Harkness. Instead of arranging his material in traditional topic-headings, however, the author attempts to delineate the pivotal points of the faith of previous eras in Christian history, and constructively to develop them in modern terms. Seeing the person of Jesus Christ as the center of apostolic Christianity, he asserts his faith that "for the unknown, Christ offers revelation; for guilt, atonement; for death, life beyond death" (p. 34). In the age that followed apostolic times, the Holy Spirit acquired deeper meaning; and Ferré is convinced that a new emphasis on the person and work of the Holy Spirit will bring on new holiness, "wholeness of life in the power of the Holy Spirit" (p. 50).

Medieval Christianity emphasized the place of the Church and its supremacy. Today, too, we must recall that "the Church cannot become the world in action and still remain the Church" (p. 78). In opposition to the absolutization of the Church, classical Protestantism asserted the authority of the Bible; though he finds it impossible to assert this authority in the same way the Reformers did, the author is nevertheless convinced that "Christian faith can be fully strong only if it understands, accepts, and heeds the judgment of the Bible" (p. 103). Recent Protestantism has stressed, sometimes unduly, the necessity of morality in Christianity. This was often done at the cost of basic convictions. Ferré, on the other hand, maintains that "the Christian life can never be right, except as it is in Christ, through the Holy Spirit, within the fellowship of the Church, and regulated and fed by the Bible" (p. 107).

On the whole, Ferré's treatment seems to us more profound and convincing than most such treatments, including the one we have joined to it in this review. Though there are statements, like those on the Trinity (p. 59) and some of those on the Bible, that not all would share, the book deserves wide reading for its freshness and vitality.

It is to be hoped that theological writers in America will continue to remember the people for whom theology exists, and will continue to write for them.

A Bid for Communism

CASTE, CLASS, AND RACE. By Oliver Cromwell Cox, Ph.D. Doubleday & Co., Garden City, New York. 1948. 624 pages. $7.50.

THE AUTHOR, who is Professor of Sociology and Economics at Tuskegee Institute, Alabama, lays a very wide range of literature under contribution for the purposes of this study. He divides his book into the three parts that constitute the title but devotes approximately half the space to Race. It is clear that here his interest lies, the other two topics being of only subsidiary import.

In the Preface Cox says, "The present writer hopes that he is under no illusion about his own 'value premise'; it is probably not hidden." We are confident that he can rest easy on that score. No attentive reader of average intelligence will fail to grasp Cox's "value premise," namely, that communism is the hope of the world and particularly of the negro. To turn this premise into a conclusion the book undertakes to show that race prejudice and discrimination made their appearance in the world with the rise of capitalism and are still fostered by it, these attitudes being merely a device to facilitate the economic exploitation of the colored peoples. It follows, then, that the overthrow of capitalism by communism offers the only acceptable solution of the race problem.

That Cox's book is simply a bid for communism is plainly evident throughout his presentation. So his detailed study of caste in India is undertaken to show that though *varna,* the word for caste, does mean "color," no color line was actually drawn. He argues most strangely. The Aryans, he holds, "did not think of themselves as a branch of a race, the world distribution and status of which they could not possibly have known." If it be granted that they did not "conceive of themselves as part of a white race," does that prove that they did not distinguish between themselves and the dark Dravidians on the basis of color? Cox thinks it does, for otherwise he cannot claim that capitalism fathered race prejudice, and his thesis collapses.—For Europeans race consciousness became significant with the voyages of discovery when, for the first time, they made close contact with large bodies of colored people. To fit this fact into his thesis, Cox brands the conquistadors as capitalists.—And so it goes.

Cox hews to the communistic line. As regards democracy, "the United States is probably most backward and Russia farthest advanced." "Most of what [Roosevelt] said and did was really democratic and consequently socialistic or communistic." Though he thus habitually equates democracy and communism, Cox himself does not seem to believe in his equation, for he also assures us that a supplanting of "the bourgeois economic system" "need not necessarily involve an abandonment of all possible forms of democratic method." What sense this makes if communism is true democracy we cannot imagine. But Cox wants communism, with all that goes with it: extirpation of opponents, overthrow of established religion, "tearing asunder [of] all of the old

points of faith," imposition of a "fundamentally different system of ethics—that is to say, proletarian ethics." As for brutality and dictatorship in Russia: "their methods must necessarily be ruthless," and "as fear of internal and external counterrevolution diminishes, the problem of abolishing the Russian proletarian dictatorship should be a relatively simple matter."

The book is definitely slanted to commend communism to the negroes by assuring them that with the destruction of capitalism race problems will automatically disappear and intermarriage will lead to amalgamation of the races. Cox brings considerable scholarship to his task, and his skilful and plausible handling of his material is likely to impress people who are not accustomed to read connectedly and critically.

Not the Answer

CALVINISM IN TIMES OF CRISIS. Addresses delivered at the Third American Calvinistic Conference. Baker Book House, Grand Rapids. 1947. 134 pages. $1.50.

ANY careful observer of the present state of mind in Western civilization will agree with the view frequently expressed in the pages of the CRESSET, that thoughtful men everywhere are beginning to give new consideration to the teachings of Christianity. If this consideration is to blossom into conversion, all the chief branches of Christendom will have to view their own traditions and positions clearly and rearticulate them for the modern world.

One of the three great branches of Western Christendom is the subject of this book. Four of the five addresses reprinted here are by Calvinist theologians from across the sea, Africa and the Netherlands. The fifth is the essay on "Calvinism in American Theology Today" that was printed and seriously criticized in a recent issue of the *Journal of Religion.*

Unfortunately, all five of the essays are subject to the same grave misgivings expressed in that criticism. They fail to take the measure of the modern situation as they ought. Speaking with a sureness that no historical study of Calvinism (or any other -ism) will bear out, they refuse to admit that any of the criticism offered by the modern mind is at all valid. Thus, the essay on "Calvinism and Communism" opposes Communism because it seeks to bring about racial equality!

A more tenable position, it seems to this reviewer, would have to maintain that frequently the Church has fallen short of the divine ideal, and that then un-Christian forces, or even anti-Christian movements like Communism, adopt parts of the Church's program and teaching.

Throughout *Calvinism in Times of Crisis* this blind spot appears. As a result, what we have in this book is not a vigorous and virile restatement of Calvinism—a task which must be undertaken—but an obscurantist fundamentalism that does justice neither to the contemporary scene nor to the great Christian tradition it proposes to apply to that scene.

The READING ROOM

By THOMAS COATES

Miss Thompson's Apprehensions

Dorothy Thompson, one of the most brilliant analysts of the contemporary scene, has contributed a series of two remarkable articles to *Commonweal,* in the issues for January 30 and February 6. Entitled "Apprehensions in 1945," the articles consist of notes written before the end of the war in a diary which Miss Thompson at the time did not intend for publication.

Subsequent events have proved Miss Thompson to have been so uncannily right in her apprehensions about the future that one can only wish that her prognostications had been published immediately—and heeded by the world's statesmen. Miss Thompson's analytical mind cuts through the veil of subterfuge, deception, platitudes, and double-talk that shrouded our adventures in statesmanship during the latter part of the war and during the early post-war period. Writing at the time of Dumbarton Oaks and Yalta, she perceived the basic fallacies which foredoomed to frustration and failure the structure of the post-war world which these conferences served to fashion.

> The slogan of the Peace is that the Big Three must get on together. If anything, however irrational, or however by traditional standards immoral, serves the purpose of cementing relations between the Big Three, then it is justified, for what is at stake is the greatest good: Peace . . . Berlin, Paris, and London were delirious over the "Peace" of Munich. It lasted just a year. Yet I cannot see how that it differs in essential concept from the Peace of Yalta, Dumbarton Oaks, San Francisco, or Potsdam.

Miss Thompson is not deluded by the immense popularity of the "One World" idea. She argues that "the concept of unity through 'interest' is a shopkeeper's dream—many shops in one great department store." But nations, she points out, are not "booths at a world's fair." Cultures cannot be cemented by arbitrary agreements. "They may live

side by side, in prolonged peace, given favorable circumstances, but the attempt to merge them or in some total way to control them, must result in the conquest of one by the other." This is the grim lesson that the proponents of the late Mr. Willkie's ideas are learning the hard way.

To read Miss Thompson's prophetic judgment upon her world is a sobering experience. Three short, fateful years have passed, and the Greek tragedy of our times is proceeding toward its inexorable conclusion. There is something apocalyptic about her closing words:

> This I put down for my own eyes, alone, in March, 1945, praying that I may awaken to another vision, fearing—knowing in my very bones —that I shall not; glad, despite the health of my blood, for the time when I shall return to the quarry out of which I came, and to its peace. Sorry only, praying only, for my dearly beloved son.

Palestine Partition

To say that Palestine is a trouble spot is no longer accurate. It is far more in keeping with the realities of the world situation to describe Palestine as a tinder-box, fraught with the utmost danger for Western civilization. It is obvious that Palestine should be the subject of extensive treatment in the journals during these weeks.

The unfortunate fact is that the fate of Palestine has been closely intertwined with American domestic politics. It was before the 1946 elections that President Truman, in an obvious effort to win the favor of the large Jewish vote, particularly in New York, expressed himself decisively in favor of a Jewish homeland in Palestine. The subsequent decision of the United Nations to effect the partition of Palestine was due chiefly to the enormous weight of influence which the United States brought to bear upon the issue. What the United States failed properly to estimate, however, was the irreconcilable opposition of the Arab world. As a result, America's interests in the vital oil resources of the Middle East have been jeopardized; the United Nations is confronted with a dilemma that threatens the future effectiveness of the world organization; and Russia is standing on the sidelines, observing with relish what appears to be a heaven-sent opportunity for her to move in and bring all of Pan-Arabia within the scope of her predatory influence.

Some months ago the *Christian Century* published an exhaustive and scholarly article by Rabbi Morris S. Lazaron, entitled "Palestine and the Jew," which has since been offered in reprint form. In this article the distinguished

Jewish churchman takes an anti-Zionist position, reasoning as follows:

> With a Jewish state in Palestine sustained and promoted by a nationalism embracing all the Jewish communities among the nations, we Jews would lose our very *raison d'etre*. If on the other hand we conceive ourselves to be a religio-cultural community scattered throughout the world with Palestine its spiritual center, our position is clear and unchallengeable.

In the February 4 issue of the same magazine, another noted rabbi, Philip S. Bernstein, takes sharp issue with Dr. Lazaron. Writing under the title, "Palestine and the Jew—A Reply," Rabbi Bernstein seeks to demolish all of the arguments of his co-religionist. He holds that Zionism expresses the wishes of most American Jews, and that this movement holds the promise of the brightest future for the Jewish people. He does not fear that the establishment of a Jewish state in Palestine will weaken the moral authority of Judaism, but that this holds the best practical solution to the Jewish problem.

Pursuing the same theme, the *Christian Century* comments editorially on "The Partition Gamble." The Protestant weekly takes the position that the United Nations decision is fraught with gravest danger both for the welfare of the Jews and for the future of the U. N. itself, for

> the imposition of partition against the opposition of two-thirds of the inhabitants of Palestine makes the announced devotion of the U. N. to the democratic principles of self-determination and majority rule look like unblushing hypocrisy. . . . In case its proposals are defied (the U. N.) will have to choose between admitting its helplessness or ordering a war (to subdue Arab aggression!) that might involve every nation from Morocco to the Philippines.

The Nation, however, takes a view opposite to that of the *Christian Century* when, in its issue of January 31, it features an article by Lillie Schultz on "The Conspiracy against Partition," and when, in its February 14 issue, Freda Kirchwey presents her case, entitled "If America Scuttles Partition." In the former, Miss Schultz charges that the British are conspiring with the Arabs to intimidate the Jews and block partition. She accuses the United States, moreover, of being insincere in its professed adherence to the partition plan—at least as far as the State Department is concerned.

In the latter article, Miss Kirchwey takes up Miss Schultz's argument. She warns that "No official in London or Washington can hope that Jewish friendship will survive the scuttling of partition,"

and she pleads for an immediate and courageous implementation of the United Nations decision for the creation of the Jewish homeland.

"Divide the Land and Let the People Grow," argues *Survey Graphic* for February, in a well-reasoned and thoughtful article by Ruth Gruber, a first-hand observer of the Palestine situation. Miss Gruber maintains that partition would be mutually beneficial to the Arabs and the Jews, and that it will prove a good thing in Palestine:

> Politically, good because it does not displace the Palestine Arabs, but gives them a state of their own. Economically, good because it sets up provisions for an Arab-Jewish Economic Union. Socially, good because it should give both peoples the chance to develop their own cultural patterns. Internationally, good because it will offer the most promising solution of the crucial problem of the Jewish DP's.

Mr. Wallace

As these lines are written, Henry A. Wallace, the stormy petrel of American politics and the third-party aspirant to the presidency, has just scored a decisive psychological victory in the election of his candidate in a New York congressional by-election—and in a Democratic stronghold, at that. Just what this portends as to the outcome of the 1948 presidential race is as yet difficult to determine. The journals, however, are giving Mr. Wallace plenty of attention these days.

The famous liberal weekly, *The Nation,* came out decisively against the Wallace candidacy in its issue of January 10, which carried a lead article by Editor Freda Kirchwey entitled "Wallace: Prophet or Politician?" She implies that he is a prophet, but that he is politically unrealistic, and that his third party movement will play directly into the hands of the "reactionaries." As might be expected, *The Nation* has received scores of protesting letters from outraged "liberals" for its failure to heed the Prophet's voice.

The *Commonweal* for January 16 discusses the phenomenon of the great schism between Wallace and the labor unions—all of which, except the very reddest, have denounced the third party. The new monthly *Progressive,* in its February number, also discusses the third party and its leader, in James A. Wechsler's article, "What Makes Wallace Run?" Mr. Wechsler takes a dim view of both Wallace's motives and methods. "Cynicism and defeatism," he writes, "will be the product of the Wallace adventure; the

thwarted hopes and the morning-after disillusionment will shadow liberalism for many years."

And, we might add, all this may help to bring the concept of "liberalism" back to its true and time honored meaning. If so, whatever the outcome, the political battle of 1948 will not be fought in vain.

Conversation

Shod with the iron spikes
Of words forged from the everyday,
We climb where sunlight strikes
Against the rock, and granite is the way.
Sandals of silence we might wear
To walk green meadows otherwhere,
And listen what our hearts would say.

HELEN MYRTIS LANGE

Wealth

Bind me to no stone-fenced field
Nor any hearth nor heart.
  Give me stars.
  Give me trees.
  They are not roots
To keep me here or here.
They are mine in all the world,
Wherever I look up,
Or touch a drooping leaf.

HELEN MYRTIS LANGE

A BRIEF GLANCE AT  RECENT PUBLICATIONS

A SURVEY OF BOOKS

THE PERSON AND THE COMMON GOOD

By Jacques Maritain. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 1947. 95 pages. $2.00.

IN FIVE chapters Maritain sets forth and applies to contemporary problems the distinction made by Thomas Aquinas between individuality and personality. The distinction is in brief that individuality is the expression of the material, and personality the expression of the spiritual, side of man. In other words, we have here the familiar bipolarity of human nature. But since it is of the essence of scholasticism to invent as many complexities and abstractions as possible, Maritain goes a long way around, not omitting to set before the reader, among other things, such hoary mumbo-jumbo as that "St. Thomas says that each angel differs from any other as the whole species of lions differs from the whole species of horses or from the whole species of eagles." There are people who, like Maritain, regard such things as marvels of "metaphysical insight." We are not of their company. We rather agree with Papini when, in his most recent book (cf. p. 45), he apostrophizes the neo-scholastics as follows:

> Scholasticism has declined because of the excesses of verbal subtilties and the pedantic sophistries of the Occamists. . . . Has it never occurred to you that warmed-over foods, in the long run, become a bore even to the greedy; that foods cooked and recooked in the same old pots, with the same old sauces, end by disgusting even the most patient palates? . . . you have stopped the clock of history at the fourteenth century and you continue to dish up the same everlasting soup. . . . The Christians who are outside your cloistered doors . . . by now are accustomed to more appetizing and more palatable food.

TIME MOVING WEST

By Lonnie Coleman. E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc., New York. 1947. 248 pages. $3.00.

TIME MOVING WEST is a well-written and revealing account of what went on among the officers and members of a ship of the U. S. Navy during the recent war. Coleman with a great deal of dexterity writes about

the moods, feelings, weaknesses and inabilities of the men who run the ship. He has his officers and sailors converse and act simply and naturally; but behind the words and actions a personal struggle is going on. One lieutenant commits suicide, another almost loses his sanity in an outburst of rage and temper. No plot is needed in this novel; the characterization is forceful enough.

GRACE WOLF

THE GOLDEN PORCUPINE

By Muriel Roy Bolton. Doubleday & Co., Inc., Garden City. 1947. 408 pages. $3.00.

ALONE AMONG MEN

By Marjorie Coryn. D. Appleton-Century Co., Inc., New York. 1947. 313 pages. $3.00.

HERE are two more historic novels on France, whose history has been rather dubiously told in sensual fiction. *The Golden Porcupine* is a fascinating story of France during the fifteenth century, and more specifically under the reign of Louis XI. Muriel Bolton tells the tale persuasively and gives her readers a picture of the conflict between the nobles and the king, how the throne was continuously threatened or strengthened or weakened as the dastardly plots of a depraved king failed or succeeded. The significance of the book lies in the portrayal of characters: the personalities of Louis XI; Anne of France, daughter of Louis XI; the Duke of Orleans who later becomes Louis XII, the hunchback daughter of Louis XI, Princess Jeanne, are all people whose ideas, principles and emotions are consistent and well drawn.

Marjorie Coryn, author of *The Marriage of Josephine,* continues her story of Napoleon in her book, *Alone Among Men.* Here is described the tragic, seemingly gay period of French government under the influence of the corrupt Directory. Napoleon returns unexpectedly from Egypt to Paris, Josephine and the Directory, finding all in a state of confusion, plot and intrigue. Marjorie Coryn again scores in her revelation of French Society and the men and women who played the main roles.

GRACE WOLF

HILL OF THE HAWK

By Scott O'Dell. The Bobbs-Merrill Co., New York. 1947. 413 pages. $3.00.

TOWARDS THE SUNSET

By Muriel Elwood. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 1947. 335 pages. $3.00.

FOR those who enjoy stories of high adventure during pioneer days, two new books are offered. Scott O'Dell has written a story of America's manifest destiny as shown in the history of Spanish California. O'Dell does not spare details in his description of the people and their way of life during the middle of the nineteenth century. The combination of colorful background, action and historic figures make for good reading.

Muriel Elwood's *Toward the Sun-*

set is another book on pioneer days, this time in French Canada. The tale is mostly about the dangers and hardships common in recently-settled territory of the New World. One small boy runs away and joins the Mohawk Indian tribe. The book is full of unusual and exciting happenings written in a catchy style.

GRACE WOLF

PAMELA FOXE

By Dorothea Malm. Prentice-Hall, Inc., New York. 1947. 278 pages. $2.75.

DOROTHEA MALM, who was once an editor of *The Ladies Home Journal,* has produced a *Forever-Amber* type novel called *Pamela Foxe.* Pamela is a London society lady during the seventeen hundreds who kept a diary which is herewith exposed. There are a few days in Pamela's life which are worth reading; the rest are filled with deceit, vanity and promiscuity.

GRACE WOLF

JEREMIAH FOR TODAY

By Harry F. Baughman. The Muhlenberg Press, Philadelphia. 1947. 221 pages. $2.75.

THE author of this volume is professor of homiletics at the Lutheran Theological Seminary in Gettysburg, Pennsylvania. The materials presented in this study of the great prophet of Israel grew out of the author's classroom work with his students. He seeks "to interpret the message of the prophet and to interpret life in terms of the message." There are many references to the current scene as well as illuminating comments concerning the historical background of Jeremiah. The author possesses a very pleasing fluency of style so that the reader finds none of the ponderousness common to most studies of this nature. Although conservative Bible scholars would not subscribe to some of the views expressed, pastors will discover that this volume will make the book of Jeremiah live for them.

UNTO A LIVING HOPE

By Pastors and Leaders of The Evangelical Lutheran Church. Augsburg Publishing House, Minneapolis. 1947. 294 pages. $2.50.

THIS volume contains twenty-four sermons, three for each Sunday beginning with the first Sunday after Easter and running through Pentecost Sunday.

The sermons were contributed by well-known pastors of The Evangelical Lutheran Church. The style naturally varies with the individual authors. The messages reveal that they come from men engaged in the parish ministry. They exalt the risen Christ and plead for an expression of Christian faith in daily life. Both pastors and laymen will derive help and comfort from these messages.

THE CITY AND THE PILLAR

By Gore Vidal. E. P. Dutton. 1948. $3.50.

THERE seems to be a rising trend among younger American novelists to discuss homosexuality and Lesbianism. They are borrowing a

leaf from European writers (Sartre, Mann, Cocteau, Gide). But they're not doing a good job. Gore Vidal writes about an unhappy young man, James Willard, at great length. He does not establish a rapprochement between the character and the reader. Jim Willard is a fluttering butterfly caught by a ruthless botanist. The reader is then asked to examine the butterfly's case history. We have a strong feeling that Gore Vidal resorted to sensationalism to attract the would-be book buyer. We also have the uncomfortable feeling that Gore Vidal resorted to prurience in order to shock and hold the reader. *The City and the Pillar* is just not a good novel. But it is a horrible reflection on American taste in book publishing.

DANIEL SPEAKS TO THE CHURCH

By Walter Lüthi, translated by John M. Jensen. Augsburg Publishing House, Minneapolis. 1947. 140 pages. $2.00.

THIS volume originally appeared in German. It contains twelve messages based on the twelve chapters in the book of Daniel. The German text was translated into Danish and the English text is a translation of the Danish translation.

The author makes many helpful and interesting applications of the book of Daniel to modern life. He avoids losing himself in minutiae and stays close to the broad homiletical values found in the story of Daniel. The language is simple. The organization of thought is clear. Pastors can here find a great deal of helpful material either for sermons or Bible class lectures.

SOMEWHERE THE TEMPEST FELL

By Josephine Herbst. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 1947. 344 pages. $3.00.

DESPITE Miss Herbst's fine use of simile, her novel about bewildered people on the threshold of World War II suffers from over-production. It gathers in so many lives and revolves with so many plots that it leaves the reader feeling like the child in the fairy tale who couldn't stop the magic porridge pot.

ROBERTA IHDE

A FINE OF 200 FRANCS

By Elsa Triolet. Reynal and Hitchcock, New York. 1947. 313 pages. $2.75.

THE American pulp magazines carried during the war numerous short stories dealing with the daring raids, courageous rescues, and dauntless defiance with which the French Resistance opposed the Nazi conquerors. In most of these stories the action was complicated but the characters were simple, single-hearted persons of unquestionable virtue. Elsa Triolet—a Frenchwoman, an active worker in the Resistance, and the wife of Louis Aragon, a Resistance leader—presents here in her three stories characters of an entirely different sort, characters who are complicated, bewildered, and liable to many human weaknesses. This greater realism cannot be laid to the post-

war lifting of the need for propaganda, for her stories were published, by the underground press, before France was freed—they were wartime stories, distributed at the risk of human lives. Apparently the French could be cheered by accounts of courage and of desperate love even when those passions arose from among others less heroic. Stories of this sort can be at once propaganda and literature. Mme. Triolet's novelettes of the play-love of Juliette and Celestin, which suddenly becomes a heroic devotion, and of the intertwined ennui and courage of Louise Delfort are well worth reading.

THE DEFINITION OF GOOD

By A. C. Ewing. The Macmillan Company, New York. 1947. 215 pages. $3.00.

ALFRED CYRIL EWING is Lecturer in Moral Science in the University of Cambridge and a well-known authority on Immanuel Kant. This volume contains his observations on the nature of goodness and its relation to duty.

After refuting some of the principal modern theories of ethics, and especially subjectivism and naturalism, he carefully inquires into the meanings given the terms "good" and "ought" in ordinary speech. These he classifies and relates very carefully to each other. His analysis comes to the conclusion that an adequate description, if not definition, of "good" is "fitting object of a pro attitude." His concluding chapter seeks to assess the significance of this description for ethical action.

The entire essay is well thought-out and well written, so much so that this reviewer was able to outline the entire argument as he read along. To anyone forced to read contemporary prose this will certainly come as a novel relief.

Ewing claims, pages 106-111, that it is impossible to argue from the notion of God to a definition of good. Elsewhere he suggests, however, that one might argue from "good" to God; if ever he tries it, such an attempt should be interesting to say the least.

SOVIET LITERATURE TODAY

By George Reavey. Yale University Press, New Haven. 1947. 187 pages. $3.50.

THE rigid control of culture in Soviet Russia discussed elsewhere in these pages is the subject of Mr. Reavey's compendious account of Soviet literature.

Placed against the background of Soviet political and international policy in the past three decades, particularly during and since World War II, this account explains many of the basic trends in modern Russian literature on the basis of the revival of nationalism seen in events like the battle of Leningrad, a favorite theme of contemporary authors.

Mr. Reavey has undoubtedly read much of today's literature in Soviet Russia—so much, in fact, that he has permitted the artistic creations of a Simonov or a Katayev to obscure the fact that unless a Russian author adheres to the party line, no amount of artistic genius will save him.

Although this fact is not as apparent in Reavey's book as it probably should be, it does begin to plug a great gap in our knowledge of the land whose political and cultural energy we have learned to regard with no little wonderment. Literature is still an important key to the life of a people; one of the reasons we have failed to understand Russia is our profound ignorance of its literature. Reavey's book should help to dispel at least some of that ignorance.

LETTERS AND POEMS

By Mary Stuart, Queen of Scots. Edited by Clifford Bax. Philosophical Library, New York. 1947. 71 pages. $2.75.

Few characters in English history have been surrounded by as much mystery and pseudo-romantic mythology as Mary Stuart. Particularly unsavory has been much of the writing about her clandestine affair with the Earl of Bothwell.

The material contained in this slender book is intended to bring the light of facts and documents to bear on the story of Mary Stuart. In a brief introduction the editor concludes that the eight letters and twelve poems are truly the work of her mind and heart.

If they really are—and the argumentation is quite convincing—then we know that Mary was party to the murder of Darnley, her second husband, and that her literary ability matched her passion. Although the letters and poems are valuable for an understanding of the Tudor period, it still seems that a book printed on ordinary paper and bound in ordinary cloth ought not cost almost four cents a page.

KNOW YOUR DOG

By John Hosford Hickey and Priscilla Beach. Harper & Brothers, New York. 1947. 337 pages. $3.00.

Readers of the Cresset, like its reviewers, are accustomed to books of prose and poetry dealing with life's ultimate issues. It may come as a pleasant shock to some readers, as it did to this reviewer, that a book whose glossary of technical terms offers definitions of words like "cow-hock" should appear.

Miss Beach and Mr. Hickey have turned out a handy and authoritative manual of what every dog owner should know. It is written in clear, non-technical language; and, unlike most such books, it is directed to the average owner, not the manager of vast kennels.

All the major breeds are described and discussed, and the book is decorated with some excellent pictures and several amusing canine anecdotes.

Verse

Reply

"What is joy?"
Oh, a singing heart
That pours its streams of melody to the lips and feet and fingertips
And out to the other hearts that hear its sun-gold song,
Giving whom it touches a breath of heav'n.

"And peace?"
A benediction given to mortals
To bring quiet and rest from their longings—
As serene and holy as the moon whiteness
When earth shadows melt in silver and leaves of trees are like stars.

IRENE KNISPEL

Train Whistle Through the Night

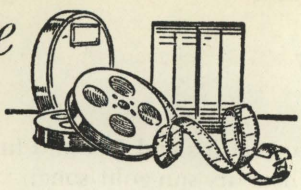
Believe what you will,
That it was the wind alone,
Crying up the night
And whimpering at the door,
Which called my heart
So it followed, with no farewell
And never a sign it went.
The wind was the littlest thing,
Only a runner in the dark
That brought the ragged notes
As they tore from the whistle's mouth,
And laid them at my heart.

HELEN MYRTIS LANGE

Bird Song

Sing on from your bough of dark,
O wild-hearted and shy,
Dreaming to be both eagle and lark,
Telling yourself to the sky.
Beneath, in the shadow, one hears,
And takes the song with tears.

HELEN MYRTIS LANGE

The  *Motion Picture*

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

CAN the works of the great Bard of Avon be brought to the motion-picture screen without sacrificing the qualities that have made them immortal masterpieces? Allardyce Nicoll, Professor of the History of Drama at Yale University, is sure that they can. In his engrossing and stimulating book entitled *Film and Theatre* (Thomas Y. Crowell. New York. 1936) Mr. Nicoll emphatically refutes the oft-repeated contention that "the cinema is designed to be popular, not to fathom new depths of artistic expression." He admits that there is ample justification for the charge that "the cinema is an industry, not an art"; but he believes that the subject demands and deserves more searching thought and more careful attention than can be afforded by the mere wearisome repetition of catch-phrases. The eminent authority on the drama declares:

The drama has lived now for nearly two thousand five hundred years. During that course of time traditions have been established and achievement has been built on achievement; time there has been for the appearance of those masters who have given the stage its eminence among the arts. Only a bare thirty years have elapsed since the first narrative film made its humble and hesitant bow to the public; only a few years have passed since the introduction of speech created the typical film product of the present. What has been achieved in this form, therefore, has come within a period which is but a fraction of the theatre's scope of existence. Every pronouncement concerning the cinema ought clearly to be framed with full appreciation of this fact.

A chapter entitled "Shakespeare and the Cinema" presents a clear and logical comparison of the Elizabethan theater as Shakespeare knew it with the motion-picture screen of the present time. The author says:

The sixteenth century public was a motley one and the stage commercial, by its profits attracting to it

many men in no wise talented dramatically or otherwise eager to serve the theatre's cause. Amid such conditions Shakespeare's masterpieces were produced, in circumstances which would have been likely to drive any modern playwright, distracted and in protest, to some other sphere of literary activity.

For the late sixteenth century, the Elizabethan stage occupied a position by no means dissimilar to that taken in our own times by the cinema.

Mr. Nicoll reminds us that Shakespeare, in his day, was forced to suffer the stings and barbs of caustic and hostile critics. Sir Philip Sidney bitterly denounced the "grosse absurdities" of the Shakespearean plays. Religious groups charged that the lewdness of the stage corrupted the youth of the land; civic authorities deplored "the great wasting both of the time and the thrift of many poor people." Both groups, had they had the power to do so, would arbitrarily have closed the theaters and banished the players.

The author of *Film and Theatre* advances many cogent arguments in support of his belief that the screen can be an excellent medium for the re-creation of the Shakespearean drama. The validity of these arguments is fully and admirably demonstrated in Sir Laurence Olivier's superb production of *Henry V* (A Two Cities film. Released through United Artists. Presented by the Theatre Guild). This magnificent technicolor film employs the vast resources of the screen medium with exceptional skill and with an imaginative artistry unsurpassed in any screen presentation I have seen. The rich-hued photography is outstanding; the acting of the fine cast is well-nigh flawless; and Sir Laurence's direction is deft, sensitive, and sure. It was especially rewarding to hear Shakespearean lines spoken simply and naturally—without the staginess and the affectation which mar so many Shakespearean presentations. William Walton's excellent musical score is effectively integrated with the mood and the action of the play.

Henry V was made in England and Ireland during the difficult war years at a cost of approximately $2,000,000. It had its American *première* in Boston in April, 1946. In June, 1946, it had its first New York and Hollywood presentations. Subsequently it ran in the nation's largest cities, and now it is being presented in many major cities on a special two-a-day showing at road-show prices. No date has been set for a general release at popular prices.

Everyone should see *Henry V*. You can afford to miss five or six mediocre pictures if that is necessary to enable you to enjoy this

beautiful film. It will bring genuine pleasure to those who delight in the Shakespearean drama. It may actually squelch the popular notion that the screen cannot be a satisfactory stage because it is "two-dimensional." It should convince the doubter and the novice that Shakespeare and the works of Shakespeare can be thrilling entertainment. And it proves beyond the shadow of a doubt that the screen *can* "fathom new depths of artistic expression."

The ghost of another English king of bygone days is haunting motion-picture theaters. *The Exile* (Fairbanks, Universal) presents a weak and patently trumped-up account of the adventures which befell Charles II during the years which that unhappy monarch spent in exile. Just another romantic costume picture.

Hollywood's zaniest trio has taken to the road again. *Road to Rio* (Paramount, Norman Z. McLeod) is another smash-hit for Bing Crosby, Bob Hope, and Dorothy Lamour. This new road picture is just as sparkling and amusing as its four predecessors.

The Voice of the Turtle (Warners, Irving Rapper) presents a weak and vapid screen adaptation of John Van Druten's successful 1943 Broadway hit play. The candor and the spontaneity of Mr. Van Druten's penetrating commentary on wartime morals have been subjected to a typical Hollywood sugarcoating.

The Senator Was Indiscreet (Universal-International, George S. Kaufman) is an amusing but slightly heavy-handed satire on the contemporary political scene. Charles McArthur's script occasionally lands a telling and audacious blow on the vagaries and the absurdities of some time-honored national institutions.

Tycoon (RKO-Radio, Richard Wallace) is a turgid and exaggerated success story.

The life-story of Chauncey Olcott deserves something better than the treatment accorded it in *My Wild Irish Rose* (Warners, David Butler). Fortunately for those who happen in on this picture, the tedium is relieved by lilting Irish tunes.

Psychologists and psychiatrists really should have a chance to talk back! They should have an opportunity to refute and correct misconceptions regarding neuroses and psychoses—misconceptions promulgated by a seemingly endless flow of so-called psychological films. *High Wall* (M-G-M, Curtis Bernhardt) and *Secret Beyond the Door* (Universal-International, Fritz Lang) are new additions to the list of pseudo-scientific melodramas. Both will send scientists in search of a wailing wall!

Captain From Castile (20th

Century-Fox, Henry King) presents a brilliantly colored adaptation of Samuel Shellabarger's involved historical novel. The scenery is magnificent, and the acting is fair-to-middling. History is bypassed in favor of melodramatic hijinks.

Social and documentary aspects are too often overshadowed by swashbuckling heroics in *Captain Boycott* (Universal-International, Frank Saunders). In spite of shortcomings, a brilliant cast and a well-made plot make this tale of the Irish reformer Stuart Parnell better-than-average entertainment.

I Walk Alone (Paramount, Byron Haskin) is just another shoddy tough-guy yarn full of violence and lawlessness.

In *T-Men* (Eagle-Lion, Anthony Mann) the work of the United States Treasury agents is explained in semi-documentary form. A well-made plot—based on cases drawn from the Treasury Department files—good acting, and excellent direction are effectively blended to produce a low-cost film which has more genuine entertainment value than one finds in many Class A releases.

The Editor's Lamp

PROBLEMS

CONTRIBUTORS

FINAL NOTES

PERHAPS no American President in more than a century and a half has attracted the attention and the comment that has been devoted to the figure of Franklin Delano Roosevelt. As the Presidential campaign of 1948 moves into the stage of convention and platform, we may be sure that his name will frequently be mentioned and his views and accomplishments cited.

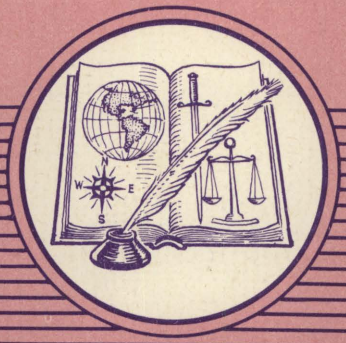
President Roosevelt was a man about whom few were lukewarm; he had the quality of inspiring either love or hate in most of those who watched him as President. Recently published memoirs by various of his associates—James F. Byrnes, John Nance Garner, Cordell Hull, James Farley, and others—indicate how complex a personality he really was.

The twelfth of this month marks the third anniversary of his death. In commemoration of that anniversary, President Roosevelt's career is accorded sympathetic treatment at the hands of L. A. Wehling. Dr. Wehling is Professor of Government at Valparaiso University.

Beginning with this issue of the CRESSET, Prof. Walter A. Hansen, our Music Editor, turns his deft satirical gift to a consideration of the vagaries of the cultural policy of the Kremlin. We feel sure that this month's article, plus the two installments to follow, will be of interest to all, regardless of whether they have any interest or competence in music or not.

In keeping with the Spring season, our column of Verse for April features several delicate lyrics. Both Irene Knispel and Helen Myrtis Lange will be familiar to our readers because of their earlier contributions.

Guest reviewers this month include: Herbert Umbach *(The Mysterious Sea);* Herbert Steinbach *(It Beats Working);* Roberta Ihde *(Somewhere the Tempest Fell)* and Grace Wolf *(Time Moving West, The Golden Porcupine, Alone Among Men, Hill of the Hawk, Towards the Sunset,* and *Pamela Foxe).*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