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THE CRESSET

A REVIEW OF LITERATURE, THE ARTS AND PUBLIC AFFAIRS

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The CRESSET

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THE CRESSET

A REVIEW OF LITERATURE, THE ARTS AND PUBLIC AFFAIRS

NOTES and COMMENT

October brings a remembered question—Abie is still a responsibility—Black is called no blacker—We examine Catholic action and marvel at religion in pictures—

Meditation in A-Minor

IT was almost twenty years ago and mid-September. Summer still lingered and the spirit of vacation. Nevertheless the bells for the first class rang heedlessly on. And I at least was thrilled with it all—the strange campus immediately friendly and mysteriously familiar because the kindly muse that weaves the myths and makes the heroes of yesteryear had anticipated me and now proudly guided me through lane and hall, the strange faces of fellow-students so evidently eager to lose their strangeness, the strange city smiling a defiance to be explored, and the strange experiences, now within immediate reach, of being a fan at a Big League baseball game and of going out and coming in with a freedom never again so tempting and so gay. And then—"Dic, cur hic" (Say, why are you here), the strange, ancient words which prefaced the first lecture. Perhaps they were strange only because they came from the lips of a professor who like all his colleagues was doubly revered and held in awe. Both his greatness and the greatness of the faculty to which he belonged had been heralded for decades by students who had gone before. Strange, too, perhaps, because they seemed to summon to another world, a world that was not mine. I knew only that I was there and that the baseball game began at three that afternoon. To ask me why was rude. It blew out the candles and left me in the dark groping for grim truths which I had quite effectively forgotten. It shocked me into thinking of the classroom and of the future. And I was in no mood for that.

The cruel years have blotted out much, but not the memory of these

strangely penetrating words which on that lazy September morning shook me out of reverie and into heartless reality. They still haunt me. They come like ghosts each September when the moans of the dying Summer merge into the spirit of Alma Mater everywhere. And I wonder somewhat tremblingly about the thousands of students attending their first class at college. Would they, too, be disconcerted if some professor of another era startled them with "Dic, cur hic"? What kind of dreams would begin or be shattered? What horizons would they glimpse in the distant blue? Or would they only say: "Old man, so what?" Who knows? Perhaps they might seek refuge and light in the alluring folder which with hypnotic power dazzled their eyes with all the joys and victories and advantages of Alma Mater from the waxed floor of the downtown hotel to the fifty-yard line—all, save one, the greatest and the most forgotten, the sheer joy of discipline in the conquest of knowledge and of truth. Perhaps an alumnus, some lover of an education which can be photographed, some persuasive builder of character and of stadiums, has answered the question beyond all doubt for the freshman who can run a hundred yards in less than ten seconds. Maybe, too, that secondary education for the masses gives a new strangeness and irrelevance to the question that haunted an older generation which had not, as we have them, the pursuit of knowledge and the knowledge of the pursuit of students who can make contributions to the coffers or to the scoreboard. And then I sigh a wish that somehow modern education may be haunted by the strange words that two decades ago floated to me from another sphere: "Dic, cur hic."

Abie

ABIE is a familiar character in the Bronx of New York, the near southwest side of Chicago and in many other centers of American life. He may be a very successful business man, doctor or lawyer. He may be a simple clerk or salesman. Whatever he is, it is safe to say, he is not very popular.

Poor Abie chose the wrong ancestors. They bequeathed to him the tell-tale nose, talkative hands, a treasonable accent, itching palms, and a remarkable capacity for gaining the ill-will of his fellow-men. Probably his financial and professional successes serve more to intensify than to placate the feelings of bitterness other men feel toward him.

Abie knows that unfriendliness toward him and his kind is not something new. Nineteen hundred years ago his great-great-grandfathers were quite thoroughly and fervently hated by the old Romans, not only because they then already were the world's bankers, but more especially because they lived exclusive lives, separate and apart from pagan forms of worship and immorality. The passing of time did not greatly ameliorate conditions

of life for Abie's forebears. Persecutions and pogroms came in cycles and ever kept them in a state of uncertainty and suspense.

Today, again, Abie's state is not a happy one. One of the world's strong-armed dictators has practically banished him from his land. Here in our country such ruthless measures are publicly still frowned upon, but enthusiastically applauded in the more intimate circles of associates and friends. "What we need," one can hear it said, "is a Hitler who will clean out the Jews." Honest and well-informed Jews are fully aware of this situation and are viewing with considerable alarm the rising tide of anti-Semitism in our otherwise very generous and hospitable country.

Whatsoever Abie's faults may be and howsoever great his own responsibility for such ill-will as is directed against him, this much is sure: He who calls himself a Christian must have no part in fanning the fires of hatred and bitterness. Abie, too, was created by the same God who made us, redeemed by the same Christ who redeemed us, and intended to share in the same inheritance toward which we are striving. So let's beware lest brotherly love stop short of Abie.

Black 1937 vs. Black 1927

SO Hugo L. Black is now a member of the Supreme Court. The entire controversy was a significant example of the power of viewpoint and prejudice in determining the side on which men stand. We have no use for the Ku Klux Klan. In addition to its many other sins it was partially responsible for the bigotry of the Presidential campaign in 1928 —one of the blackest spots in our political history. However, we dislike the sources from which the attacks on Justice Black emanated even more. Behind them stood the sinister figures of Hearst, Block, and the minions of the *Chicago Tribune.* The choice between the pot and the kettle is always difficult. The result could only be confusion worse confounded. Even the liberal press was beginning to support Black's enemies. Thus the *New York Post,* a loyal champion of the Roosevelt policies, remarks: "It can no longer be doubted that Justice Black was a member of the Ku Klux Klan. . . . If he will not resign voluntarily, the President should insist that he step down." On the other hand there were those who emphasized Mr. Black's magnificent record of progressivism in the Senate and maintained that this entire scandal was a piece of political trickery designed to discredit and destroy him. Among these was Mr. Robert S. Allen, forthright, fearless, muck-raking Washington observer, who wrote in the *Nation:* "This is a deliberate conspiracy to destroy the crusading New Dealer's usefulness on the bench and to force President Roosevelt to abandon his fight to liberalize the reaction-ridden federal judiciary. Parties to the conspiracy were the Hearst stooge Paul Block, the North American News-

paper Alliance and certain not definitely identified Administration-hating newspaper interests."

Justice Black's radio address was a magnificent bit of drama. He knows the crushing power of brevity. Having been allowed a half hour he took twelve minutes. It is probable that never in the history of man has a single individual addressed a greater audience. All three great networks stopped their jazz bands. The short waves carried his words to the countries of Europe, where such an address would be unthinkable and to the fringes of the Orient where such a speech would be unnecessary. He was perhaps speaking to one-twentieth of the population of our planet. Somehow we caught ourselves cheering for him—as we always cheer for the underdog. There he sat—alone in his white leather chair—to tell the world that he had made a mistake fifteen years ago, that he had rectified it, and that he would no longer serve as a target for stones. In a democracy the stones must be hurled, but it is of the essence of democracy that there be a limit to such exercises. Only in Europe can a man be persecuted endlessly.

As this is being written, Justice Black sits on the bench of our highest tribunal. We are glad he is there. A man's past is irremediable only when death stills his marching feet forever. Until that moment he should be given the right to retract steps, to blot out black marks, and to go on toward new horizons. The past can be sealed. That is the American way. Strangely enough, it happens also to be Christian.

Catholic Action

THE movement called Catholic Action in our country is part of a world wide endeavor organized by the Vatican and pursued with admirable skill and persistency. It is nothing less than an effort to make Roman Catholicism a determining factor in modern life. In other countries, the movement is plainly political. There is, for example, Holland. There Catholic Action is fused with a program of the Catholic State Party. In the *Roman Catholic Tribune* (Australia) of January 16, 1936, an article declared that the establishment of the Catholic State Party of Holland, in 1853, soon developed a strong Catholic daily press which has deeply influenced the laboring element. The party has now a membership of over 150,000. Affiliated with it are the Roman Catholic labor unions. Catholic doctors have their union; Catholic journalists, manufacturers, artists, students—all directed by the Vatican. The *Tribune* definitely refers to "the beneficial working in the political field of the Catholic State party."

Our Canadian brethren are fully aware of the political interests of Romanism. In Quebec, according to an outspoken editorial on the results of recent election, *Le Soleil,* organ of the Liberals, accuses Roman Catholic

priests of having lined up with Duplessis-Gouin forces to bring the Taschereau Government to the brink of defeat. "They exploited to their profit, the discontent of the classes which suffered during the crisis, despite efforts of the Government to aid," said the editorial. "And in that exploitation they were seconded by the undue influence of many priests, who converted the Roman Catholic pulpit into a demagogic platform. In varying degrees, the religious press was guilty of worse abuses."

Also in Australia one has little difficulty in tracing the influence of the Roman Catholic Church in politics. The *Vigilant,* published in Melbourne, recently commented: "This Church boasted of its success when the Scullin Government was in power, with its ten Roman Catholic Ministers out of thirteen. Today Tasmania and West Australia are both dominated by Roman Catholics in the respective State Ministries. The Church has, unfortunately, endeavoured to use the great Labour Movement for its own purposes, and did not hesitate to point out that the day was not far distant when, if the Lang Party were returned, denominational grants would be made available to the Roman Catholics."

The Crime Problem

THE crime situation in our land is deservedly attracting wide-spread attention, for we are the most crime-ridden nation on earth, and conditions are steadily growing worse. There is a general feeling that our methods of dealing with criminals are largely at fault, that too many criminals escape apprehension and conviction, and that those who are convicted are too often pampered and then let loose again on society after a brief imprisonment. Criminals sentenced for life are said to serve only an average of about six years. It is encouraging that the governors of some twenty states recently met at Kansas City to discuss the evils of the parole system as it is administered in most states. There is no lack of advice on what should be done to mend matters. Prof. John L. Gillin of the Sociology Department of the University of Wisconsin proposes that courts only determine whether or not a defendant is guilty, and that a board composed of sociologists, psychologists, etc., then take charge of those convicted, study them, and decide on punishments, paroles and pardons according to their findings. On what principles Prof. Gillin would proceed on such a board, he indicates by saying, "The ancient theory of individual responsibility, carrying with it the doctrine of free will, a theory existent even today, is the bunk and should be pitched out of the window." As responsibility and free will go out of the window, it would seem that blame and censure will go with them and that the criminal will appear as a mere victim of circumstances who would be silly

even to feel remorse. On this showing, we sincerely hope that the *status quo* will be preserved, Prof. Gillin teaching sociology, and judges who believe in free will sentencing criminals.

The "Truce" between Science and Religion

FUNDAMENTALIST lecturers and writers have recently pointed to utterances of Coulter, the Botanist, Millikan and Compton, the physicists and of some German and British biologists as evidence of a truce between science and religion. We accept the point of view—with reservations.

There is no doubt about the collapse of the materialistic world view. Modern physics, in the opinion of some, demands the existence of a God, once regarded as "an unnecessary hypothesis." But in all this we can see no approach to historic Christianity. Dr. Robert A. Millikan, writing in the *Commentator* suggests that "The best reply to the question: 'Do you believe in God?' is that it requires an education rather than an answer, for it is obvious that no one who doesn't know all about the universe can have any sharply defined conception of the integrating factor in it. It seems to me that everyone who reflects at all believes one way or another in God." This "one way or another" should give us pause; as a matter of fact, from other expressions of Millikan it is very clear that he treats the Bible as merely the product of natural evolution in the field of religion.

When modern scientists attest their belief in Jesus Christ in such terms as James Clerk Maxwell used in 1879, we are ready to speak of a reconciliation of science with religion. Maxwell of Cambridge was one of the greatest physicists of all ages. His electro-magnetic theory of light has revolutionized all natural science, all of human life. Maxwell was a Christian. He was in his pew every Sunday, and partook of Communion twelve times a year. He had family prayers. Among his papers was found a prayer to which we shall ask those scientists to subscribe who have taken so definite a stand—in which we rejoice—against atheism. There should be no dishonor in adopting the religious views of a man whose lifework marks an epoch in the history of Science. The prayer had this wording:

"Almighty God, who hast created man according to Thine image and hast given him a living soul, that he might seek Thee and have dominion over thy creatures; teach us so to study the works of Thy hands, that we may subject the earth to our use and strengthen our reason to Thy service, and let us so receive Thy Holy Word, that we may believe in Him, whom Thou hast sent in order to give us knowledge of salvation and the forgiveness of our sins. For all

of which we ask in the name of the same Christ, our Lord."

Thus James Clerk Maxwell not only reconciled religion and science; he had himself been reconciled to God. He was a Christian.

Religion, Page Thirty-Six

THE news-weekly has arrived. Quietly admitting omniscience, it reports with provocatively defiant accuracy on Art, Books, Cinema, Finance, Foreign Affairs, Medicine, Music, and a variety of other things. Its omnipresent news-gatherers fearlessly dwell on battlefronts, patriotically hide in the lockers of legislative locker-rooms and innocently invade ladies' boudoirs. What folks wear, what they drink: scotch, rye, or bourbon—it is all related with the artist's skill for detail. The most intimate whisper is recorded. It is all very interesting, very cleverly done. But our special interest is Religion. We turn to page thirty-six as the index of contents directs.

And who could have written this, a barber's apprentice? The village jokester? This week "Religion" is represented by a satirical account of Father Divine. Last week it was Aimee of Los Angeles. Next week it will be a poor demented "prophetess" or a minister gone mad and adopting the morals of Hollywood. So that's "Religion"? Why not report on barroom quartets as representing Music and "vitaria" operators and other quacks as representing medicine? We wonder.

We wonder, too, how many there are whose thinking on, and attitude toward, religion is determined by these and similarly deprecatory presentations of what is allegedly representative of "Religion."

The erstwhile editor of a publication in our community once told us that he could not print excerpts from sermons. But if we would arrange to have an altercation with one of our elders and slap his face at the corner of Lake and Marion (our State and Madison) he would be glad to give that space! Perhaps the editor of the news-weekly reports on "Religion" by similar standards. But I still wish he would, to save his own face, not call it "Religion."

A Matter of a Billion Years

RADIUM and other radio-active elements interest scientists, among other things, because they seem to offer a means of extending measurements of time far back into the past. These substances are unstable, undergoing a kind of spontaneous decomposition, or "decay," as a result of which they turn into other elements. So uranium, after a series of changes, becomes radium, and radium eventually turns into lead. If it can be assumed that all the lead on earth has come into existence through the decay of uranium and that this decay had taken place

at a given constant rate, obviously there follow certain conclusions regarding the age of the earth. About three billion years is the figure to which such calculations have pointed. But now, in September, at the meeting of the American Chemical Society in Rochester, N.Y., a study on the decay of potassium into calcium was discussed. This study indicated that the earth is a good billion years younger than the study of the uranium-lead transformation had seemed to indicate. A study of the decay of rubidium into strontium gave still another result. So the witnesses do not agree, but, on the contrary, they disagree widely. Does this logically prove that all three witnesses are false? No. Nor, if all three agreed perfectly, would their common testimony thereby be proved true. Too many, both among scientists and among others, forget the logic underlying science. Every effort of ours to reach into the unknown that lies beyond the field of experience, in science or elsewhere, is based on assumptions that appear reasonable to us in our present state of knowledge. Whether they actually enable us to touch the unknown reality at which we aim, we cannot know. Hypotheses and theories remain guesses.

Credit, Creeds, and Colloids

THE whole structure of banking and of business is built upon one principle, the sacredness of contracts. When a man applies for loans or credit at a bank he must fill out a statement which sets forth in full the financial condition of the applicant. If a man wilfully makes a false statement, and thereby entails loss for the bank, several things happen. The man loses his credit and business standing; he is liable to indictment by a grand jury for obtaining money under false pretenses and, if convicted, he is sent to the penitentiary.

Now, between a minister and his church there is likewise a contract. The minister is required to set forth his religious views by giving an affirmative answer to such questions as: "Do you believe the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments to be the Word of God, the only infallible rule of faith and practice?" or this "Do you sincerely receive and adopt the Confession of Faith of this church, as containing the system of doctrine taught in the Holy Scriptures?" The answers to these questions are as much part of the contract between a minister and the Lutheran, Presbyterian, or Episcopalian churches as the "Statement to Obtain Credit" is part of the contract between a business man and his bank. The business man is sent over the road if he has not truthfully set forth his financial condition. The modern Presbyterian or Episcopalian may teach things completely at variance with his vows the Sunday after he is installed —and nothing happens. Are we forced to the conclusion that the standard of morals and ethics is higher

in the business world than in the Protestant ministry?

Many years ago the *Independent* drew a comparison of church men of the Crystalloid and Colloid types. Chemists tell us that there are two kinds of substances. The Crystalloid type makes a solution easy to filter and handle and separates out of the solution as definite solid crystals. The Colloidal type cannot make up its mind, whether to dissolve or precipitate, but sticks around the filter paper as a gummy gelatine mass. We all know people whose minds work in each of these two ways. The Crystalloid is a man whose opinions are clear, sharp, unmistakable. We can trust him. He is truthful. The Colloid church man has definitely given up the traditional teachings of his church, but he is not willing to make open profession of his departure from creedal standards. Because he has a job he wants to hold, he never ventures on anything so crude as denial. He will admit that miracles "are true in a sense," and that "there is something" in Mormonism or Christian Science. But neither will he affirm. One young clergyman is said to have exhorted his congregation: "You must repent, as it were, and believe, more or less, or be damned, to a certain extent."

Perhaps there has come a time of insisting on common honesty in the church. Perhaps the modernistic clergy should be reminded of the truthfulness which is considered an asset among bankers and business men.

Commenting on the building of the George Washington Bridge in New York, the *Commonweal* notes: "By December 12 the moon had a thousand competitors. Brilliant headlights and ruby tail-lights blended as four lanes of cars went their diverse way. The dun-colored procession of workmen who for months had crawled along the bridge seemed to have sown dragon's teeth from which had sprung this rushing army with jeweled eyes. Before the automobiles, the workmen. Before the workmen, ears of corn. Before the ears of corn, Indians. And in the dictionary the word 'Progress.' "

A new journal must justify its existence. The Editor presents THE CRESSET'S *philosophy of life and art.*

The CRESSET . . . Its Purpose and Function

By O. P. KRETZMANN

ONE of the major tragedies of the Church during the first third of the twentieth century has been the insidious departmentalizing of the individual Christian life and personality. In our necessary concern over translating the divine standard "not of the world" into life and living we have too often forgotten the inevitable prelude "in the world." Artificial and unreal distinctions were made between the Christian as a member of the blessed communion of saints and the Christian as a citizen, as a student, or as an individual for whom the possession of the wisdom of heaven transforms and translates the Wisdom of earth into something uniquely useful and important. The result has been that many Christians who by reason of predilection or vocation have become deeply interested in the ebb and flow of human thought and the troubled tides of human destiny, have been compelled by these distinctions to seek guiding lights and signposts beyond the walls of the Church. It is not unusual for a Christian today to arrange his views in all fields of human endeavor according to a pattern which is woven by every hand but the hand of the Eternal. His economic views come from the newspaper. His social attitudes are determined by his immediate, often narrow, environment. His literary and artistic tastes are formed by voices from the streets of New York and the boulevards of Hollywood.

Our fundamental need, therefore, is a returning consciousness of the total presence of the Christian in the Kingdom of God and in the world. No part of life can be shut away from God. The departmentalizing of life has too long left the world and the Christian mind at the mercy of the worst forces of death and disorder. Only the presence of the total Chris-

tian, opposing the dark forces of evil with the highest affirmations and negations of a Christian philosophy of the whole of life, can hope to stop the world from falling into the abyss by which it is so fascinated. For a Christian, his presence in the world does not imply the division of life into compartments, some of which belong to time and others to eternity. The totality of life is God's. The last and highest freedom of the human soul is the surrender of all areas of life to the will of the Eternal.

To this end THE CRESSET plans to make a humble contribution. It hopes to be a small lamp set on the walls of the Church to find things of value in the surrounding darkness, to throw light upon hidden dangers, and to put into constant and immediate use the words of the royal Apostle: "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things." This is our charter. In all matters of faith and doctrine—truth, not as men see it, but as God has revealed it—the editors assume joint and full responsibility. In matters in which truth is relative and fragmentary the editors will grant each other and all contributors the widest freedom of thought and expression. Since they represent no individual school of literary or economic thought, this latitude of opinion will be jealously guarded.

Mind and Spirit

Divine truth is truth in itself. It is independent of the men who serve it. It cannot be permanently twisted by them, for it is their judge. With this principle in mind THE CRESSET hopes to point the way toward a new fusion of the intellectual and spiritual life, the unity of which is predicated on the absoluteness of spiritual truth and the relativity of intellectual activity. Truth in every field of human endeavor must constantly be referred to the divine Word. Human nature cannot realize it completely. Absolute truth is written in eternity. To subordinate relative truth to the absolute and to examine it in the light of the spiritual realm is a necessary undertaking in the modern world. Particularly the rising generation is in need of a living demonstration that a childlike surrender to spiritual truth does not imply a childish intellectual life. A fusion of the two is not only possible but is demanded by the pain and terror of our dying civilization. The general weakening of our moral principles, the conflict of opinions, the decay of spiritual life, the immensity of human needs and the helplessness of human means, point to the immediate need that spiritual truth recover its dominant place in the intellectual and social life.

This attempt to fuse the intellectual and spiritual life of the individual into a surrendered unity will obviously determine the canons of criticism which will be applied to

works of art. The modern view that there is no relation between Truth and Beauty is not only pernicious nonsense but also very dubious esthetics. To say that a work of art, in whatever field it may appear, is to be measured only by its nearness to arbitrary standards of beauty and not by its truth or probable effect is to separate it entirely from life. Art does not exist in a vacuum. Only as it affects the life of men and women does it assume permanent significance. Censoriousness is not in the Christian tradition, but license is even less so. There are certain esthetic principles, directly or indirectly deducible from moral truths, which have absolute validity. The approach of the editors to the life and art of the twentieth century will be, when moral or religious questions are involved, frankly authoritarian. There are higher laws, immediately evident to the Christian mind, than the laws of esthetics applied in a vacuum. These higher laws alone give final meaning to the principles of literary or economic criticism. The true and the false, the important and the trivial, must be judged by a light which streams from eternal places. In the last analysis a work of art which is ethically bad can be considered esthetically good only by the application of a few arbitrary standards and an ignoring of vast areas of human experience and divine revelation. The gateway to Hell may be beautiful, but it must be viewed in its total setting.

The Church and Esthetics

There is, however, another phase of the question. Side by side with our concern over the moral and ethical standards to be applied to art there must be no lessening of emphasis on the requirements of sane esthetics. Within the walls of the Church that has happened all too frequently. If a given product of the mind and imagination was ethically good, we permitted it to be almost incredibly bad by all other canons of criticism. The Sunday School stories for childhood and youth, the moralizing essays which sugarcoated a lesson in goodness, and much of the religious poetry appearing in church journals, are examples in point. In the joy over their moral clearness their esthetic mudiness was eagerly ignored. That will not do. The highest moral precepts can be conveyed only by works of art which may be measured by a fusion of moral and esthetic standards. The Sermon on the Mount is majestic literature and noble ethics. Acceptable products of the human mind, illumined by religious thought and emotion, will differ in degree but not in kind. The editors will therefore apply to religious literature all the rigorous esthetic criteria of which they have knowledge. The gateway to Heaven is both beautiful and good.

Under the long view of Western civilization the terms "Christianity" and "culture" are inseparable. For a thousand years the highest cultural achievements of the Occident have

been informed and illumined by the Christian view of life. Although there have been momentary and individual deviations from this general truth in previous centuries, there has been no general denial of its validity until the dawn of the twentieth century. It has remained for the past four decades to witness the veering away of literature and art from the moorings of a supernatural ethics. The rise of the new psychology which makes man an animal essentially, the evolutionistic bias of our educational system which makes man an animal genetically, and the hasty translation of half-absorbed scientific advances into art have ended in a situation in which much of modern literature and art moves from darkness to darkness and exerts a relentless downward pull on the human mind and heart. The editors are sharply aware of this tragedy. They are also conscious of the fact that the fourth decade of the twentieth century marks the last desperate stand in our generation of this barbarism and cultural anarchy whose doom is already sealed. They will aid in the battle against the dying cults of the gutter and the sewer, the worship of the meaningless and the idols of the marketplace.

The Cresset

The function and purpose of THE CRESSET are so distinct that it will not trespass on the field of any other journals published within the Church. Its task is definitely humble. Granted that the primary function of the Church is to bring human souls into the shadow of the Cross and keep them there, the place and work of THE CRESSET lies among the secondary functions of the Kingdom. The Church has every right to be the critic of the world. She has a deep interest in the cultural and social life of her people. Wherever and whenever opportunity offers, the Church should remove obstacles, direct thought, and fashion custom and habit. No corner of life is closed to her. Most journals published within the Church have as their primary objective the orientation of the Christian in relation to his God and his Church. THE CRESSET will devote itself to the orientation of the Christian life in relation to the world of human thought and aspiration. It will endeavor to become a place of perspective and coordination where the dim confusion of jostling crowds and bewildering roads take shape and form and reason. It will attempt to reach especially those who have become conscious of the deep pulsations that throb through our time and are disturbed over the relation of the Christian life to the cataclysmic changes of the world. It is natural, of course, that through the hands and voices of its readers THE CRESSET hopes to reach out also to those who have come to the conclusion that Christianity no longer has a clear-sounding trumpet. The editors will be conscious of only two general qualities in their audience: It is adult and it is

Christian. At times it will become necessary to call attention to a dangerous book or a pernicious tendency so that our readers may consider it for themselves—a patently impossible and useless task in a journal intended for mass distribution. At other times a book may be reviewed favorably for the clarity with which it presents a facet of the world's mad glare, even though its general tone and trend may be definitely anti-Christian or unmoral. The editors beg the indulgence of their readers in these matters in which their judgment must necessarily be experimental and tentative.

The response of the Church to the first announcement of THE CRESSET has been most generous. Through the inevitable period of trial and error our readers can be of direct service to the project by registering their opinions and comments with the editorial office. Contributions which meet the standards of the publication—from whatever source they may come—will be welcomed. Under the mercy of God also THE CRESSET will help to bring the old yet ever new unity into life which alone can move every moment of our brief interlude between the shadow of the forgotten and the shadow of the unknown into the brightness of Eternal Light.

Fulfillment

They guessed my prayer for loveliness
Dear God,
And they brought jewels and books
And artifices.
You gave me a day like a box
Of sapphire
Into which all loveliness was poured,
Of sod
That was fragrant, jewelled brooks,
And sleeping phlox.
You knew my whole desire,
Lord,
And gave me of Your store.
They did not have
What my heart was hungry for.

HELEN MYRTIS LANGE

The PILGRIM

By O. P. KRETZMANN

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

Beginning and End

IT is said that Plato wrote eighteen drafts of the first sentence of the *Republic*. . . . Concerned with a lesser task, the Pilgrim has, nevertheless, much the same difficulty. . . . There is first of all the problem of choosing a motto which will be expressive of the Pilgrim's point and purpose. . . . After much inward debate we have momentarily inscribed the second last sentence of *Pilgrim's Progress* on our staff. . . . It is the essence of a pilgrim's life to begin by looking toward the end. . . . Between us and the final trumpets lies the terrible and beautiful panorama of human passions, of sadness and laughter, of beauty and horror, of eternal sameness and neverending change—all of which the Pilgrim purposes to survey. . . . For so large a view he knows little enough—only that life's gayest music is often threaded with the chord of the beyond and that we are in bitter need of clear eyes and dignity, courage, and cleanness of soul. . . . For a time we had chosen for our masthead the shining last four lines of *Paradise Lost*—the beginning of our pilgrimage:

> The World was all before them, where to choose
> Their place of rest, and Providence their guide;
> They hand in hand, with wandering steps and slow,
> Through Eden took their solitary way.

Between the end of *Paradise Lost* and the end of *Pilgrim's Progress*—the charnel house of man's history and the temple of the City of God on earth—here is every pilgrim's road. . . . In our own narrow path we have no axe to grind nor rod to break. . . . We ask only that three of our rights remain sacred and inviolate—the right to believe, the right to wonder, and the right to laugh. . . .

Having been compelled to meditate much on beginnings and endings we were especially interested in a fascinating discussion of the "Perfect Ending" by *Quintus Quiz* in a recent issue of the *Christian Century*. . . . Spurred by his remarks we spent a happy hour dusting off famous books and reading the closing sentences again. . . . Quintus remarks that he once read these wise words: "The

perfect ending is generally to be found about seven minutes before the real end of a sermon, and about a page before the end of a book." . . . Sometimes "seven minutes" is a very generous estimate. . . . Should a book or play or poem end abruptly on a high note or should it modulate gently to a quieter key—that is the question. . . . Quintus avers that there is no more moving passage in all literature than the end of the *Phaedo* where Socrates drinks the hemlock: "Such was the end, Echecrates, of our friend, who was, as we may say, of all those of his time whom we have known, the best and wisest and most righteous man."

The Pilgrim leans toward the trumpet ending. . . . Books, like men, should burn out, not rust out. . . . Shakespeare should have closed his most famous play with the dying gasp of Hamlet: "The rest is silence." . . . All that follows is only Elizabethan dramatic convention. . . . What is more moving than Heloise's final speech in Helen Waddell's *Peter Abelard*: "'By whose grief our wound was healed: by whose ruin our fall was stayed.' I wonder. Is that what men have asked of God?" . . . Or the breathless tension of the last line of Ibsen's *Ghosts,* in which a horrified mother sees her only son struck by a disease brought on him by the sins of his father. . . . The boy sits motionless, suddenly blind to the glory of the coming dawn: "Mother, give me the sun—the sun!" . . . Or the majestic march of the closing verses of the *Divine Comedy:*

> But yet the will roll'd onward, like a wheel
> In even motion, by the love impelled
> That moves the sun in heaven and all the stars.

It is striking how even in these minor matters—fit only for the speculation of an idly gracious moment—the perfect Book strikes the perfect note. . . . The Old Testament ends with the moving words "Remember me, O my God, for good." . . . And the entire divine revelation closes on a chord of quietly expectant prayer: "Even so, come Lord Jesus." . . . No other words could have closed the Book so fitly. . . .

So it is with our pilgrimage. . . . John T. McFarland sums it up in *A Man and God:*

> They walked and talked—a man and God
> A fragrance lingered where they trod,
> A music circled as they spoke
> And over them a glory broke.
>
> They talked and walked down many years—
> The way was called the Vale of Tears;
> But he who walked with God received
> Such comfort that he little grieved.
>
> And walking thus, and talking so,
> The man and God fared onward slow
> Until they reached a secret spot—
> God took him, and the man was not.

Dr. Johnson Prays

ONE does not need to be heavy with years to have learned to look for beauty in unexpected places. . . . Boswell's picture of Dr. Johnson leaves one only slightly prepared for the news that the great Doctor

wrote a large number of prayers, modeled evidently upon the beautiful Collects for the public service. . . . In his delightful "Amenities of Book-Collecting," recently reissued by the Modern Library, A. Edward Newton proudly confesses that he has an excessively rare holograph of one of Dr. Johnson's prayers. . . . A gorgeous fusion of doctrine and devotion:

"Almighty Lord and Merciful Father, to Thee be thanks, and praise for all thy mercies, for the awakening of my mind, the continuance of my life, the amendment of my health, and the opportunity now granted of commemorating the death of thy Son Jesus Christ, our Mediator and Redeemer. Enable me O Lord to repent truly of my sins—enable me by thy Holy Spirit to lead hereafter a better life. Strengthen my mind against useless perplexities, teach me to form good resolutions and assist me that I may bring them to effect, and when Thou shalt finally call me to another state, receive me to everlasting happiness, for the sake of our Lord Jesus Christ, Amen." By the way, a literary study of the Collects—as perfect in prose as the most polished sonnet—is long past due. . . .

High Jinks in New York

WITH reproachful eyes the Pilgrim notes that none of the contributing editors of THE CRESSET has commented on the most gaudy event in the news of the past month—the convention of the American Legion in New York. . . . Perhaps they were struck speechless. . . . The annual parade lasted a little more than seventeen hours. . . . Saks-Fifth Avenue, Bests, McCutcheon's, Arnold Constable, and most of the other big Fifth Avenue stores boarded up their windows and locked their doors. . . . The New York Department of Sanitation revoked the scheduled vacations of 1,500 employees. . . . The Police Department cancelled all leaves of absence. . . . Every hotel room in the city was filled. . . . One big hotel, finding that none of its present staff had ever been through a Legion convention, imported an expert from out of town; his first step was to order the removal of everything movable —even the Gideon Bibles—from rooms and corridors. . . . The liquor trade estimated before the convention that the Legion would consume 160,000 gallons of liquor and 500,000 gallons of beer. . . .

The New Republic reports: "The Legionnaires smashed windows, obstructed traffic, refused to let passengers enter or leave street-cars, destroyed hotel furniture. . . . Some of them did, that is: the majority, as you might expect, were mild and meek Americans whose feet hurt and whose wives bullied them, even as you and I." . . . The *Nation* says that it was "a week of howling bedlam during which a mob of patriotic, middle-aged adolescents of good-will painted the town red, white and alcoholic blue." . . . Now the record is complete. . . . No comment. . . .

America Sings

IN a recent issue of *America* F. J. Sheed comments with much gusto on the fine art of singing around a piano. . . . He notes that this is a special kind of singing not to be confused with other ways of uttering song. . . . "It is the one art that hasn't any public; everyone is singing and no one is listening. Anyone not singing has no right to be there nor, I should imagine, any desire to be, for the noise must be horrible, were there anyone to listen to it. But no one is there to listen; each man is roaring his own lungs out, being simply and satisfactorily himself, happy in the knowledge that all his fellows are being simply and satisfactorily themselves, and secure in the certainty that no one can hear him."

The magnificent lunacy of the songs is worth including in the record. . . . This:

> I had a gal and her name was Daisy,
> When she sang the cat went crazy.

Or this:

> Peeping through the knot hole
> Of Grandpa's wooden leg.
> Who'll wind the clock when I am gone?
> Go, get the ax.
> There's a flea in Lizzie's ear,
> For a boy's best friend is his mother.

Or this:

> How happy am I when I get into bed
> And a rattle-snake rattles his tail at my head
> And the gay little centipede void of all fear
> Crawls over my pillow and into my ear.

Only nonsense? Or perhaps another escape mechanism for a generation afraid and alone?

Spider's End

IRONIC Nature has finally permitted a spider to spin his web across our bedroom doorway. . . . He had been alone so much and the summer days were warm and long. . . . There is a tale of checks and balances here for a better pen. . . . We get the flu—or the flu gets us—retire to our bedroom for a cure—and our cure is the spider's destruction. . . . Through feverish eyes a spider is a monstrous thing. . . . Thus nature has a queer way of restoring balances. . . A human being has to be cured and the spider gives way to the need for entrance and exit. . . . Perhaps he had done the same thing to flies. . . . Was it Swift who wrote:

> So, naturalists observe, a flea
> Has smaller fleas that on him prey
> And these have smaller still to bite 'em
> And so proceed ad infinitum.

Less Than Truth

DURING the past decade various hands, more or less skilled, have set themselves to an analysis of the qualities of American humor that distinguish it from its European ancestry and its Oriental relatives. . . . A fascinating study. . . . Such connoisseurs of

the subject as H. L. Mencken, Stephen Leacock, and a host of lesser lights agree that the essential quality of American humor is overstatement. . . . It was Mark Twain's stock in trade. . . . It appears again in the gorgeous tales of the north woods concerning the doings of Paul Bunyan, the Blue Ox, and Johnny the Inkslinger. . . . Who can forget how Bunyan spread his blue cloak on the ground so that it looked like a lake and the ducks flying south dived for it, only to have their necks broken. . . Or the camp cooks who tied slabs of bacon to their feet and skated across the top of the stove to grease it for the morning flapjacks. . . . Our Tall Tales and Liars' Clubs throughout the land carry on in the best tradition of "more than truth." . . .

After all, what is humor? . . . What makes us laugh and thus lightens the heaviness of living for a lifted moment? . . . We incline to the belief that any sudden and unexpected divergence from the real, the true, or the ordinary is of the essence of humor. . . . The divergence may be either upward or downward—either overstatement or understatement. . . . We incline further (any more of that and we'll fall over) to the thesis that in its subtler abstraction from reality the latter is probably more civilized. . . . There is the famous scene in one of Maeterlinck's plays (we are too tired to look it up now) in which the villain on his black charger drags the heroine by her golden hair beside his stirrup, across the countryside, and with a final gesture of boyish fun hurls her, still by the same golden hair, across the rough flagstone of a courtyard, until she cowers, bleeding and beaten, in an angle of the wall. . . . Her next line is: "I am not happy here." . . . Or the unconscious splendor of Alexander Smith's remark in his famous essay on a hanging: "To be publicly executed is always a serious matter." . . . Or the remark of the master at Eton who face to face with the body of a servant girl murdered by her lover and lying bloody in a passageway: "What dangerous clown has done this?" . . . Or the lady missionary from India who reported to an Occidental audience that of her four converts three had been murdered and one had his tongue cut out—and then added with fine delicacy: "There seems to be intimidation in the Indian villages." . . .

Perhaps most typical of the best modern American humor is the work of Percy Crosby and Art Young. . . . Both are masters of the sturdy, rough, blunt, and yet exquisite pictures of what is funny, and what is most pitifully funny, in our native life and character. . . . The famous scene by Art Young comes to mind—a city night, two ragged children of the slums, and the captain, "Chee, Annie, look at the stars, thick as bedbugs!" A joke, a tender caress, a vicious protest. . . . That type of humor rises to heights beyond laughter and becomes a social document—an effectively savage attack on every kind of organized meanness, cruelty, and oppression.

Rockabye Baby

SHE was born in August, A.D. 1937. . . . Somewhat doubtfully her mother said we could hold her and watched with the eyes of a Duse at a high school performance. . . . Life immediately became somewhat complex. . . . Since she was not yet civilized she made no insistent demands on her momentary environment, but the process of holding her was nevertheless vastly complicated. . . . There were wriggling feet that had to be kept under a blanket, a spine that needed support, and a head that had to rest somewhere. . . . Clearly, the problem called for a delicate fusion of mathematics and physiology. . . . Only two hands to be distributed to strategic places—and always, since she seemed to regard our face with more resignation than pleasure, the consciousness that one hand ought to be left free to wave, tickle and chuck. . . . Of course there was also an ethical problem. . . . She had little past and knew no future. . . . For a moment, therefore, everthing in her life depended on the efficiency with which we held her. . . .

Ever since Lamb wrote the most charming of all familiar essays in English—*Dream Children*—no one else should touch the subject. . . . And yet —if God continues to be patient, our momentary lovely burden will hear the wild, mad, solemn bells ring on New Year's Eve A.D. 2000. . . . The Pilgrim and his readers will be sleeping on that night. . . . Perhaps it is better so. . . . Tonight her eyes are unafraid and clear—staring into eyes that are fearful of the anguished riddle of the years. . . . Sleep, my baby, Sleep—there are madmen across the two wide waters who hold more of your temporal destiny in their dripping hands than you know. . . . For a few more years you will know only tenderness—until one day you too will become aware of the world's seething cauldron of hate. . . . And then you too will begin to wonder—and you will do one of two things. . . . You will either putter around in life, content with building a wall and a web around your little plans and small hopes and creeping ambitions—or you will, if you believe in God (as I think you'd better), make your heart a chalice for a few drops of the world's blood and tears. . . . And when you know, finally, that the ultimate Good begins in Is. 53:6 and ends in John 3:16 you will be wise beyond man's knowing and strong beyond man's hope. . . . New Year's Eve A.D. 2000 will mean only that you are nearer again to us who held you for a moment in 1937. . . . Other than that we know nothing that we must tell you tonight.

Staff's End

WHILE reading the exhaustive book reviews for the first issue of THE CRESSET we were suddenly reminded of Ambrose Bierce's famous one sentence review: "The covers of this book are too far apart." It has never been said better. . . .

Through Eastern Canada at twilight of a summer day. . . . The little towns of Ontario lie warm and still as night wraps its mantle. . . . Is it pure imagination or is it true that our neighbors to the North possess a strength and stability which we lack? . . . Every time we cross the border we get that notion. . . . There is less fever in the air, less haste, less hysteria. . . . Some of the strength of the tight little isle seems to have flown the Atlantic and come to rest in Canada. . . . By the way, a summer twilight in Ontario brings back the minor strains of Grey's "Elegy." . . . Despite the fact that it has become the darling of all Wednesday Afternoon Shakespeare and Knitting Societies, it is still competent verse. . . .

Do any readers of the Pilgrim live at the end of a road? . . . If we have any so blessed by time and circumstance, THE CRESSET will gladly publish an essay on how it feels. . . . To live somewhere where no one passes by, where everyone who comes down the road is coming to see you, where the sole purpose of the road is you—that must be worth talking about in the 20th Century. . . .

Up Michigan Boulevard on a silver October night. . . . Ten thousand lights. . . . How hard men try to put away the dark. . . . Their lights and their thoughts are all of a piece—frail, frantic hands pushing darkness back. . . . Perhaps it is especially here that the vigilant spirit can hear the pulse-beat of eternity. . . . The lights —and an old lullaby whispers up the canyons of Michigan Boulevard:

> Sleep then; sleep is best
> The roads are many where we go astray
> All, all, by the one way
> Come home, at the one heart have rest.

Public sentiment is the only sentiment that prevails. Good sentiment, so long as it does not assert itself, so long as it is a silent majority, is only private sentiment.

WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

A limp watch hanging over a limb—a poem which looks like the transcription of the sound emitted by a wild jackass—a man whose head is where his hand ought to be—all these pass in review in this fascinating critique of modernistic art.

DADAISM . . . Pathological Episode

By THEODORE GRAEBNER

CHICAGOANS of 1913 were all agog about the "Nude Descending a Staircase." There she hung on a wall of the Chicago Museum of Art, a canvas about three feet by six, showing blurred suggestions of a face at the top and fan-like triangular figures below, which resembled a bundle of cedar shingles falling off a step ladder but which to those initiated in the new Cubist art indicated a nude body walking down a staircase. No one without the introduction of the guidebook would have suspected either a staircase or a woman in this painting by Duchamp. That, with fifty similar paintings was Chicago's introduction to Cubism and Futurism—the new revolution in art which had for a decade or more thrown the critics of Paris, Munich, and Dresden into a turmoil.

Mrs. Maude Phelps Hutchins, whose husband is President of the University of Chicago, has recently published a book of "Diagrammatic Drawings" supplemented with text by Professor Mortimer Adler. The principle underlying the drawings by Mrs. Hutchins calls for treatment of the human figure regardless of the order or form it might have in its natural state. Mrs. Hutchins has used heads, legs, arms, torsos, in any way that she pleased to make her design. Thus bodies have been broken in two and parts of bodies combined in a way never intended by nature.

The text supplied by Professor Adler is also unique. No single piece of prose had any relation to any single drawing, so the collaborators merely numbered the "proses" and pulled them out of a hat, prose No. 1 opposite the first drawing in the book, No. 2 opposite the second, and so on. They each wrote an introduction in which they stated their very modest aims. Out of Professor Adler's con-

tributions the following is a good example:

"The Liassics fought plurally, but they were no thorax for the Sofala. The plumes of the foundations gathered with the revision of forestry. Solid, turgid, hanging from their abstractions, they straggled through cotton to the end of the filters. Conveying the conditions beyond the impetus to windstorms, they initiated the policy of the elementary lamentation. Exorcised by this annulment, the Sofala induced the agricultural annexes to quit the valence, and so reestablish the sortitions of their motors. The etchings were curling behind the colloquies when the sun implied conscience. The grackets closed without the deviation of a weighted fragment." This volume appeared in 1933.

Dali Enters

Still gathering our material for the present excursion into Dada from Metropolis on the Lake, there was the exhibition of paintings by Salvador Dali at the Century of Progress Exposition in 1934. His surrealist canvases left even the art critics gasping for adequate expression. There was one entitled "The Persistence of Memory," which attracted crowds when exhibited at the Exposition. This is a desert scene in which four large watches first grasp the observer's attention. Three of the time-pieces are extraordinarily limp, complaisant things. One droops over the edge of a ledge like a cold flapjack. Another hangs over the limb of a dead tree in the manner of a soaked towel. A third drapes sloppily over the torso of an unidentifiable beast recumbent in the foreground—a being part walrus, part dolphin. The fourth watch is of natural appearance, but seems to be suffering a determined attack by an army of ants. There is a hilly plateau in the back-ground and the suggestion of a springboard near the tree, neither feature jibing very squarely with the desert motif. The painter does not explain the Freudian significance of this or other works, the meanings being fit apparently only for medical books. At the Chicago fair the yaps called the picture "Wet Watches." It is now the property of the Museum of Modern Art, 11 West Fifty-third Street. "The Spectre of Sex Appeal" shows a child in a sailor suit standing on the seashore in apparent (and certainly justifiable) amaze at a colossal human figure without a head, supported in a semi-kneeling posture by crutches. The huge being has no feet and only one hand. The painter explains his method, thus: "I am just an automaton which registers, without judgment and with all possible exactitude, the dictates of my subconscious, my dreams, the hypnagogical (sic) images and visions, my hallucinations and, in short, all those manifestations, concrete and irrational, of that sensational and often obscure, world discovered by Freud, which, I have no

doubt, is one of the most important discoveries of our epoch."

To an eye educated by traditional canons of art, these new attempts to portray reality appear childish, vulgar, and grotesque, if not an insult to esthetics and to common sense. Indeed, the first explanation of this new phenomenon is that all these artists are demented; that their humor is unbalanced, with a dash of the diabolical. Some people look upon the new art as a deadly serious effort to destroy civilization by wrecking its props—its art, culture, and religion. In any case it is a significant factor in the "decadent" era of art and literature.

In Germany, they call this phenomenon Die Dekadenz. In France they call it Dada.

In Germany, this movement in art had its early fling at the Munich exhibitions of the so-called Secession. Its origins are to be sought in the garrets of the Latin Quarter, in Paris.

Dada portraits, said the Paris correspondent of the *American News,* back in 1925, "resemble nothing so much as an old fashioned plate of clam-chowder seen from above." There is less of the original than this, even, in the nobler productions of this art. Picabia's portrait of Tristan Tzara consists chiefly of two straight lines and some compass-drawn circles. Many of the drawings remind one of the sketches uncontrolled by purpose or design which maniacs scribble upon the leaves they scatter about their cells.

A Poem

An Englishman, F. S. Flint, discusses Dadaist poetry and weighs the pro and con of the suggestion that the poetry of Dadaism, like its pictorial art, really would come within the domain of insanity experts. His conclusion however is: "But their authors know perfectly well what they are doing. They are amusing themselves at our expense, without, however letting us share the joke, and with the ultimate object of discrediting all the works of the mind." Here is one of the poems of Tristan Tzara:

a e ou o youyouyou i e ou o
youyouyou
drrrrdrrrrdrrrrgrrrrgrrrrgrrrrrrr
bits of green duration flutter
in my room
a e o i ii i e a ou ii ii belly
shows the center I want to take it
ambran bran bran and restore
center of the four
beng bong beng bang . . .

Of course, you cannot make anything of this. Interpreters that have been initiated into decadent art will tell you that the very meaninglessness of this rubbish sounds a certain note of intellectual effort, an approach to the sounds of nature, which conveys an impression for the reception of which we are gradually acquiring the proper organs.

What does it all mean?

Is it possible that art is here turning with vicious ridicule upon itself? Is it the bankruptcy of a spirit, which,

unchecked in its activity now produces monsters that may terrify us, or cause uneasy laughter at the new and strange? Is it a new case of men having thought themselves wise and having become fools?

The Theatre

In Paris, the theatrical director Granowsky in 1928 produced a dramatic combination of Dadaist art and poetry in the Jewish Academic Theatre. It was supposed to be the presentation of a musical comedy based on Sholom Aleichem's "200,000." This is the description given by a *New York World* correspondent:

"Without any introductory or preliminary episode the curtain goes up on 30 actors or so who are going to it at a dizzying rate, jumping, dancing, assuming the most grotesque and ludicrous positions, while the orchestra whacks away in a maddening syncopation. Instead of one principal scene, the stage is divided into four or five compartments, the whole making a crazy cubist design. In each cubicle a set of actors is playing simultaneously. All at once a ludicrous individual pops out of some corner, possibly near the roof, and after executing some unbelievable clownish trick, disappears again like some Jack-in-the-box who has been pushed back into a mechanical contrivance. At the height of the play, when the actors on the center stage are engaged in some serious dialogue for a few minutes, an actor in a bagging pair of pants and a silk hat suddenly runs out from nowhere, it seems, races along a diving plank and flops down on the planks with a bang. He exits into the wings, bursting out in rollicking laughter.

"Upon the first sight people in the audience look on in amazement. Involuntarily the words 'Bolshevik art' rise up as they contemplate the baffling mixture of designs and hear the thumping jazz bands bang away in thundering crescendo. But before ten minutes have passed the entire audience is dragged along with the ever livelier and wilder tempo of the play. What the audience sees is the rhythmic dance of an intoxicated centipede.

"Compared to this, our usual musical comedy presentations are the slow, crawling motions of a snail. Clowns duck and scamper across the stage, men wail and lament. Others laugh with insane bursts of merriment.

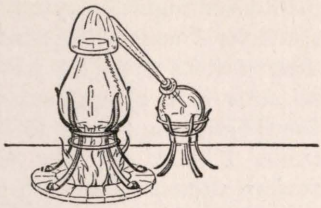
"Through all this dancing and singing, running and jumping runs a dramatic thread that is not interrupted for a single moment in its unwinding. The comical display is but a cover as it were to hide the deep tragic elements that grip the spectator, often with sudden anguish. In the midst of the wildest scenes of merriment you suddenly get a feeling of sad and painful irony over the mutilations and the mockery to which fate exposes human souls at times. The serious strain flits over the stage like bolts of lightning, leaving a mo-

ment's sharp realization of something intensely tragic and then the jovial, merry-go-round of fun and clownery goes its way with redoubled fury."

In reading the above, who is not reminded of certain raucous, blaring, cacophonous and utterly formless contributions to the orchestral scores by modern composers? Once more, it is like an infuriated art which after having served so largely purposes of wicked and obscene minds, turns upon its masters and causes them to violate every fundamental principle, even those of harmony and rhythm. The more extreme forms of modern jazz belong in the same category. They are America's principal contribution to Dadaism. There is about them something grinningly diabolical. As one critic has said, "one is reminded of a company of gorillas tearing a wire mattress to pieces."

Art and its caricature are not far apart. Whenever the genius of man has recorded some supreme achievement it seems as if, ambition overvaulting itself, the next effort fails to achieve even sense and exposes the artist to the ridicule of common reason. Philosophy and literature have no higher combination than in the dialogues of Plato; but there are among these some that no one, to this day, has been able to interpret and that stand condemned as simple nonsense in the court of average rational humanity. Goethe achieves his masterpiece in the First Part of Faust; but read the Second Part immediately after the First! Surely, some grinning spirit of evil was riding the poet when he composed the phantasmagoria of Faust, "Zweiter Teil."

Classical painting sought freedom and attained it in romanticism. Tiring of that tradition, the impressionist school sweeps Europe. Then turning its revolutionary principle upon itself, it produces the futurist and cubist monstrosities in which there is neither composition, nor form, nor color, nor meaning, nor any remote similarity to nature. Music is engulfed by the Dadaist insanity. It looks as if God had spoken in his wrath to a licentious and man-worshipping art, had given a twist to its brain, and the jitters to its hand, and now permits it in a kind of insane glee to shriek and howl like demons from the pit and call it tone-poems, to smear the canvas with designs that resemble the attempts of seven-year-olds in decorating an alley fence, and to utter forms of language which once were familiar only to the guards who walk the corridors of Bedlam.



THE ALEMBIC

By THEODORE GRAEBNER

"The world cares little for anything a man has to utter that has not previously been distilled in the alembic of his life."

HOLLAND, *Gold-Foil*

A good word for pugilism is long past due. The mêlée in which the pride of the Black Race and the Welsh miner so ably participated is still recent memory, and the voices of objurgation at the "brutality" of the affair, and of prize fighting in general, are still re-echoing. Ministerial alliances are pressing their demands for stringent laws against public prize fights, except under prohibitive State and Federal Tax assessments. With all of which this lover of human progress cannot agree. The plea cannot be urged in our day, of course, that such exhibitions foster interest in the "manly art of self-defence." A bit of rapid fist play once was protection against hold-up men, but now that automatic pistols are the means of holding-up, our fists are of little avail. No, the ring (which strangely enough is bounded by four straight lines, commonly called a square) has an appeal of a higher order to one who loves to observe the forward march of humanity. To begin with, pugilism is one of the most harmless of in or outdoor sports. The whole system is so devised as to keep anyone from getting hurt. Each man can only fight one of his own weight. To oppose a welter-weight or a bantam-weight to one of the mastodons of the Louis-Farr type, would not only be ruled out by the Boxing Commission, but would bring down public denunciation upon the heads of any promoters who would try to stage such a miscegenated bout. The major premise of the whole system is that no one must get hurt. The candidates for pugilistic honors go through a course of training which makes their bodies practically immune, except for surface contusions, against anything but a length of lead pipe. After his face has been battered for ten rounds, Farr is observed to smile pleasantly at an awkward lunge of his opponent. The idea of brutality is imported into these pugilistic seances by the spectator or the citizen at the radio who imagines *himself* being assaulted with left stabs to the cheek and rights to the chin. Time was when public

exhibitions of this kind were given under different auspices. Time was when a pugilist would not don a pair of padded gloves but a set of brass knuckles. Time was when the population went wild with enthusiasm over a successful hit under the belt, and crowned the slugger as a popular hero when he crushed the skull of his opponent by a single blow on the temples. That is what those metal knuckles were for—to kill the opponent at a single blow. I am referring to the gladiatorial games of Rome, A.D. 1. Pugilism, even so, was one of the milder, restrained forms of amusement. The crowd that gathered in the Coliseum, and at the thousand arenas everywhere in the Roman world—looked upon such brass knuckle contests in the way of an appetizer for the enjoyment of some real sport. There were the experts with the battleax. They would sometimes fight with one hand tied behind them against three opponents at once. Then there was the artist of the harpoon with three prongs, or trident, who would transfix the enemy after enmeshing him in a net cast over him and pulled taut. When a politician would give the people a real show, he would hire a hundred men to fight in battle, so that the arena became a veritable shambles. He would import bears from Austria and Gaul, leopards and lions from Africa, and tigers from India, and would get Imperial permission to let them loose upon crowds of prisoners. Christians torn by lions and burned as living torches did once make a Roman holiday. In fact, the hundred and ten million of the Roman Empire so craved for these spectacles of mass-killings that amphitheaters which served this purpose and no other have been found scattered from Northern France to Mesopotamia. I think we may view the modern attitude revealed in pugilism as a token of human progress. But is it not strange to think that it required the rise of Christianity to abolish exhibitions of human suffering and death as a means of public entertainment? Today the crowd howls execrations upon the boxer who so much as grazes the lower edge of the opponent's belt. The death, by chance injury, of three pugilists in the ring would relegate pugilism out of existence. There is a power in the Christian Gospel of love which through its remote by-products gives evidence of its heavenly source.

The ten ugliest words in the English language, said the National Association of Teachers of Speech at a meeting in Los Angeles, are these: jazz, plump, gripe, treachery, sap, cacophony, plutocrat, flatulent, phlegmatic, and mash.

The most perfect epigram of all occurred to John Fox, the British Reformer, when he thought over the best way of saying that all future ages would pronounce a verdict of Right on the course he had chosen. "I will

challenge future ages to testify that I am right!" No, that was not perfect. He mulled over the thought and then found the words that are deathless: "Time and I will challenge anyone in the world." So wrote John Fox in 1553 when he fled before Queen Mary.

I took down my Virgil the other day to compare a reference in the Divine Comedy, and I read on, and then was reminded, as the swing of the hexameters drew me onward, of a critic's view—I failed to note his name—of a translation of Virgil into English, thus: "All the wizardry is gone—the wizardry that one remembers from boyhood school days when the Latin hexameters had ceased to be a matter of grammar and syntax and prosody and were like some demiurgic wind of music blowing out of eternity."

Waiting for luck I remember hearing a distinguished surgeon give a lecture to students, and I can still recollect one thing he said,—"He who waits for a stroke of luck will probably wait till he has a stroke of apoplexy."

Logarithms and Biblical criticism. My good friend, the late Prof. M. G. Kyle, describes a surveyor who for the third season had done Dr. Kyle's surveying of ancient Bible towns, or directed all who assisted in it. He was working over his plane table. Deliberate, punctiliously careful, the typical mathematician, he was taking bearings, noting levels, measuring distances. Says Dr. Kyle: "The subjective speculations of criticism, however plausible, cannot stand for a moment against logarithms and tangents and co-tangents and the abiding forms of pottery."

A rare bird, but thanks to the inspiring example of an older scholarship, we still have him with us: "the educated gentleman who by a sure instinct ever avoids alike the ugly pedantry of the book-worm, the forbidding accent of the lawyer and the stiff conceit of the man of scientific theory." *Scribner's Mag.,* Feb. 1908.

The dead speak again through a volume, just announced by an Eastern publisher, recording the messages received by a spiritualistic medium from the other world. We have not seen the volume, but should be surprised if it contained more than the tedious common-places uttered generally in the mediumistic trance. The trenchant words of Huxley come to mind: "The only good that I can see in the demonstration of the truth of spiritualism is to furnish an additional argument against suicide. Better live a crossing sweeper than die and be made to talk twaddle by a 'medium' hired at a guinea a seance."

High stakes at chess. Thomas Huxley may not be a prophet to the present age. At least, no scientist would today write a book like his "Science and Hebrew Tradition," absolutely dedicated in its preface to the destruction of belief in the *Bible.* But he said some things that are still quoted today,—as is his famous comparison of life to a game of chess. Inadequate in one important respect, it points out a truth ignored by many to their sorrow. "The chessboard is the world," he said; "the pieces are the phenomena of the universe, the rules of the game are what we call the laws of nature. The player on the other side is hidden from us. We know that his play is always fair, just and patient. But also we know, to our cost, that he never overlooks a mistake or makes the smallest allowance for ignorance. To the man who plays well the highest stakes are paid, with that sort of overflowing generosity with which the strong shows delight in strength. And one who plays ill is checkmated without haste, but without remorse." Huxley has overlooked a truth now acknowledged by Jennings of Johns Hopkins, Henderson of Harvard, and other biologists,—that Nature is fundamentally benevolent. His metaphor will remind some of us of the famous picture in which Retzsch has depicted Satan playing at chess with a man for his soul. Substitute for the mocking fiend in that picture a calm, strong angel who is playing for love, and would rather lose than win—and I would accept it as an image of human life. If a life is ruined, it is in spite of the provisions of divine Mercy, ever and always.

Anyone who places the skids under overworked words is a public benefactor. Mr. Funk, the dictionary publisher, has now listed the ten most overworked and abused words in present-day usage. They follow: Okay, terrific, lousy, contact (as a verb), definitely, gal, racket, swell, impact, honey. Of these, we must say, we would have omitted two, "okay" (a trifle more dreadful when spelled okeh) which has not reached the group that does much writing, and "swell" which passed out long ago. But Mr. Funk's comment is interesting. He names the classes most guilty. As follows: "Terrific" and "lousy" by Hollywood. "Contact" by advertising people. "Definitely" by society people. "Gal" by Broadwayites. "Racket" by tradesmen. "Swell" by interior decorators. "Impact" by columnists and commentators. "Honey" by stock brokers. Bingay in the *Detroit Free Press* agrees with us regarding "okay." His comment is "kids do not say 'okay' any more; they say 'oke' and shopgirls say 'all rightie.'" He continues: "The awful word 'lousy' did not come out of Hollywood but from the doughboys during the World War and they had first hand information. 'Gal' for girls is not Broadway at all, but comes from the South and the

Southwest. It is definitely dated (you see, Mr. Funk, I use the word definitely correctly) from the early Nineties, from Barney Fagan's well remembered song, 'My Gal is a High-Born Lady.' As for 'racket' it is not a tradesman jargon at all but an underworld term revived from the purest of English—if Shakespeare used good English, which some people doubt."

 **And the ten most beautiful words.** These according to Mr. Funk are: Dawn, hush, lullaby, murmuring, tranquil, mist, luminous, chimes, golden, melody. Reminding us of the contest conducted ten years ago in Princeton University. A referendum was taken on the question: What is the most beautiful word in the English language? Before the result was given out some literary persons were permitted to make a guess. They were unanimous in suggesting that "love" would top the list. Their second preference was "mother." Wrong both times. The word that led nine others by a wide margin was "loyalty."

 **The size of the hall** doesn't matter. I heard a lecturer say at a recent meeting of the Missouri Academy of Science that what we call solid matter is in reality made up of rhythmic beats of energy, maybe electrical. The atom is not a tiny bullet or pellet but it is a bottled wave. These are my jottings and they have been verified. The speaker said: "Uranium is the heaviest element, having 92 electrons and a positive nucleus with 92 times the unit charge of hydrogen. During the last twenty years much information has been acquired as to configurations of these electrons within each atom. Even in the uranium atom there is much more empty space than occupied space. If we magnify the atom of uranium until it looks as big as this hall, the 92 electrons may be compared to 92 flies buzzing about, and the nucleus to another fly at rest in the center."

 **Still a doubtful question.** None ranks higher than Bertrand Russell, the British mathematician, in the opinion of the spokesmen for modern science. He has written a little book called *Icarus or The Future of Science.* On Page 7 my attention was held by this proposition: "Whether, in the end, science will prove to have been a blessing or a curse to mankind, is, to my mind, still a doubtful question." Coming from such a source, these words mean something.

The poetic gift is the perception of similitude in dissimilitude—Bacon.

MUSIC and Music Makers

By WALTER A. HANSEN

Little Finland has produced the most majestic figure in modern music

Hans von Buelow, who achieved fame not only as a pianist and a conductor but also as a past master of the rare art of terse and epigrammatic expression, was in the habit of referring to Bach, Beethoven and Brahms as the three great B's of music. In our day, some commentators, taking a leaf out of the scholarly German musician's book, like to call Richard Strauss, Igor Stravinsky, Arnold Schoenberg and Jan Sibelius the four mighty S's among contemporary composers.

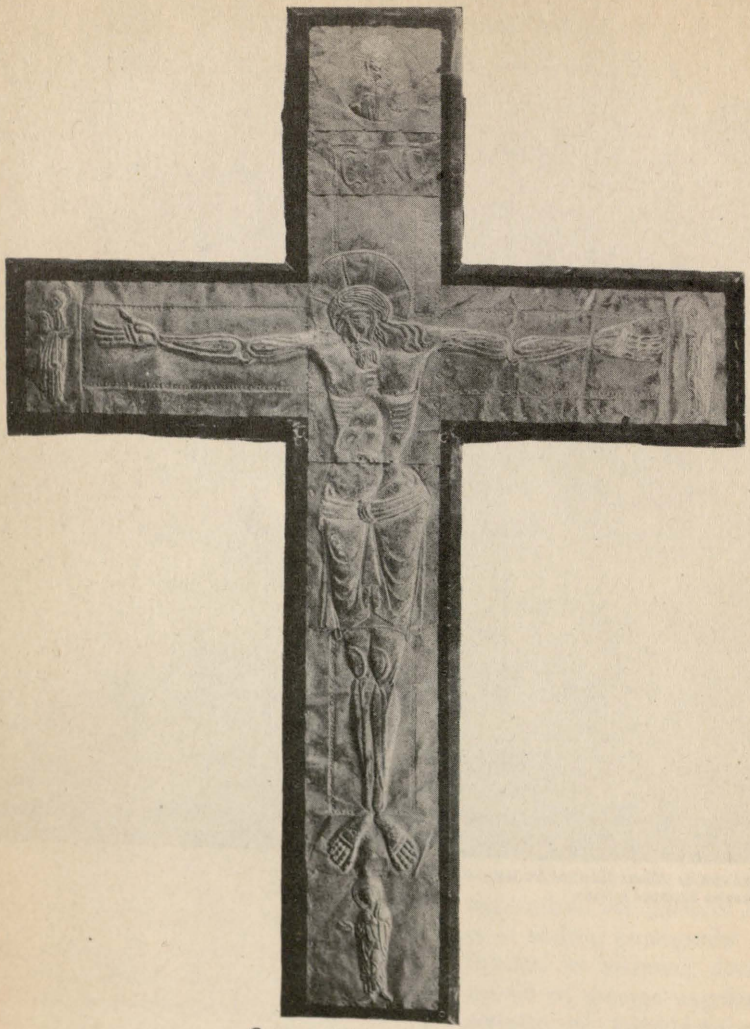
Clever cataloguing has its definite place in the study of the arts, and it often happens that an ingeniously devised and easily remembered method of classification makes it possible for us to give compressed and compact expression to an imposing mass of weighty facts and interesting fancies.

When the well-equipped student speaks of the four most significant S's among the creators of music who are living today, a flood of speculations and many pertinent bits of information crowd his mind. He thinks of Strauss as a worker of miracles in the domain of orchestration, as a man who has contributed much to the development of the symphonic poem, as one who has done great things in the field of opera and as a composer of some of the world's finest examples of the art song. He thinks of Stravinsky as a daring innovator, as a law unto himself, as something of a showman, as representing a curious combination of forthright radicalism with a goodly amount of reverential worshipping of masters of the past and as a man who, now and then, resorts to a manner of writing, which, in the opinion of some of us, is both banal and downright vulgar. He thinks of Schoenberg as a zealous protagonist of a new freedom in harmonic devices, as an apostle of strange angularities, as a designer of forbidding geometrical formulae and as the creator of the "Gurre-Lieder," "Pierot Lunaire" and "Die Glueckliche Hand," immense compositions literally crammed with evolution and revolution. He thinks of Sibelius as a lonely prophet who stands on a lofty eminence,

(Continued on page 41)

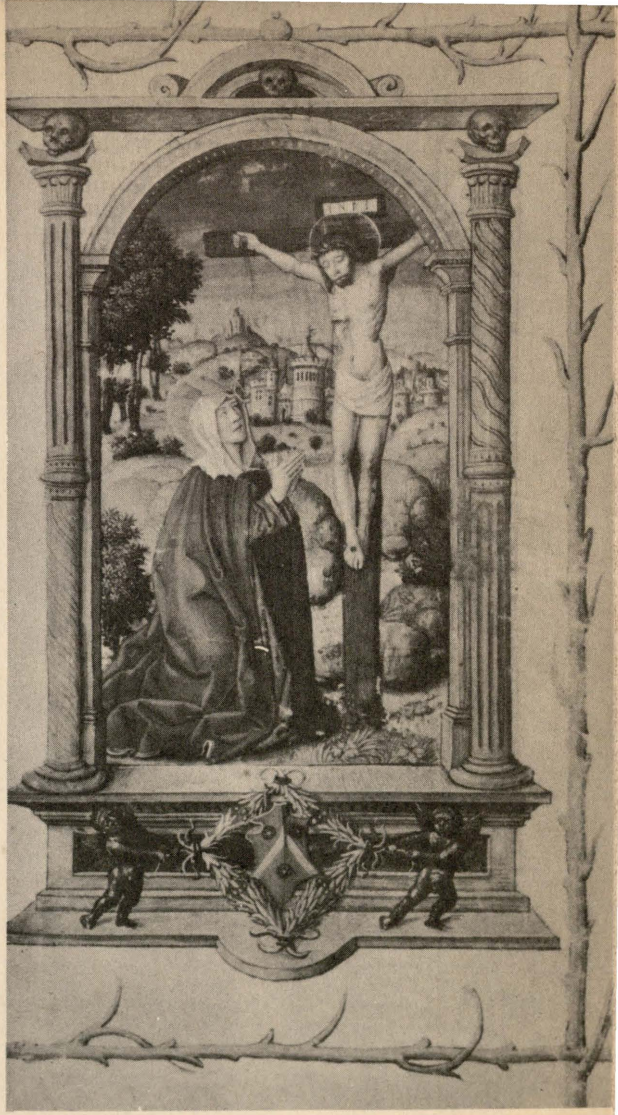
From *Christ in Recent Art* by Albert Edward Bailey, Copyright 1935 by Charles Scribner's Sons.

Back of the things seen one feels the vast import of things not seen. Franz von Stuck is a German artist who died in 1928. He has eliminated all the unnecessary people. Here are the Christ, the thieves, the startled centurion, the fainting mother and the heartbroken apostle all bound together by the dramatic treatment of light and line. Surely this death has a deathless significance which is emphasized by the way in which nature is pictured in such extraordinary agitation and light is seen to stream from the Christ.



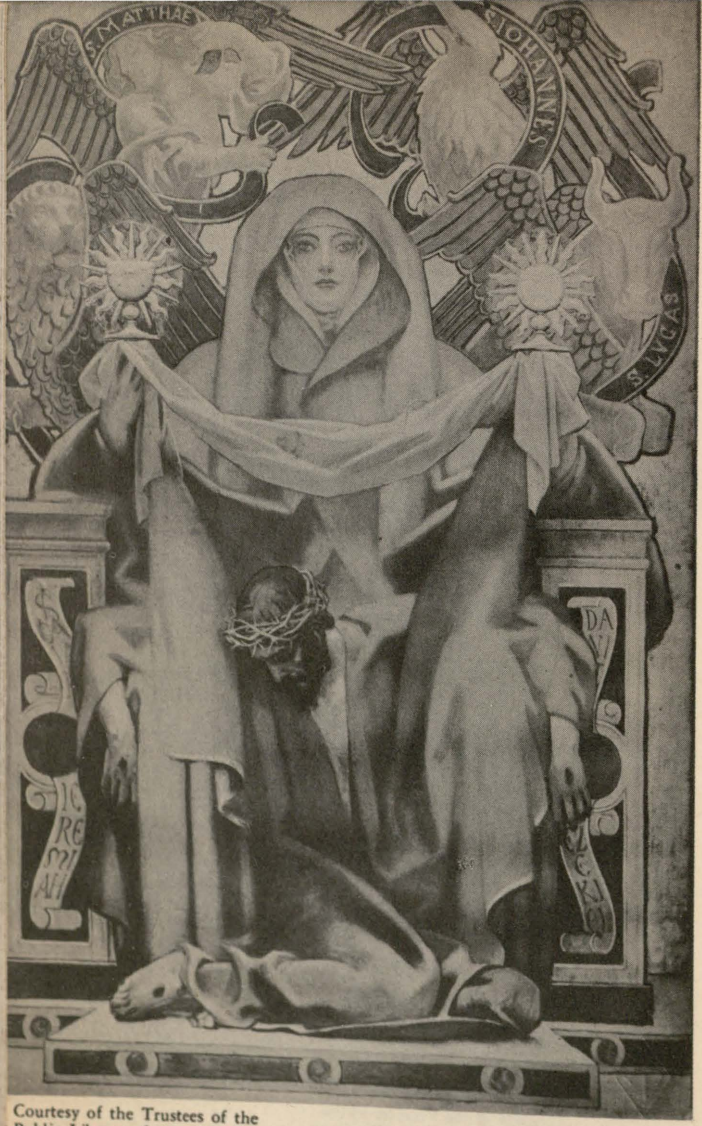
Courtesy of the Trustees of the
Walters Art Gallery, Baltimore.

A Cross—The silver repoussé, partially gilt, modeling of the corpus conveys the sense of a very deep feeling for this tragic but blessed event. Executed in Italy in the XII-XIII century, the work shows in a remarkable fashion the clear understanding of the Greek Christ Symbols—over the Savior's head are found the abbreviations for Jesus Christ. The artist's name, lost in the shades of a great century, need not be known in order to give value to work such as this.



Courtesy of the Trustees of the
Walters Art Gallery, Baltimore.

Illumination was one of the great arts of the Middle Ages. This is a portion from a Book of Hours, painted in the style characteristic of the city of Tours in France about 1510. Note the odd treatment of the pillars and the use of the three skulls. This Book of Hours was executed for Jehan Lallemant, a famous book-collector of the time. The Virgin is seen kneeling in prayer at the foot of the Cross. The city in the background is either Tours or Bourges.



Courtesy of the Trustees of the
Public Library of the City of Boston.

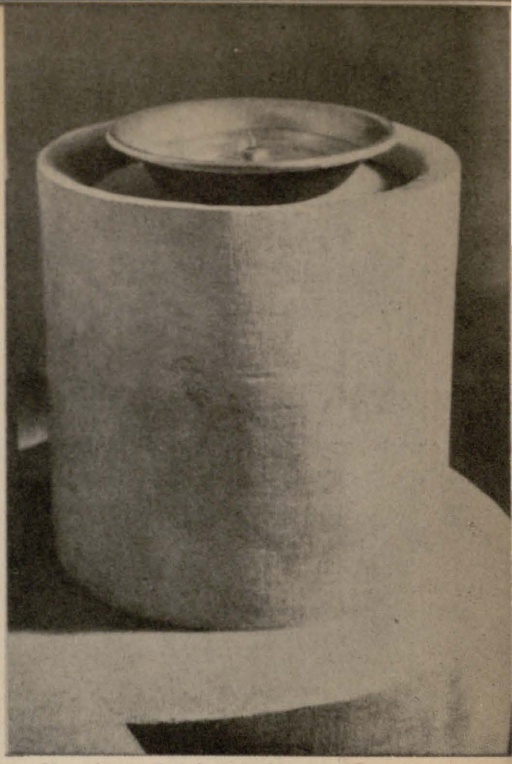
John Singer Sargent, R.A., was commissioned for the work of decorating the Special Libraries Floor of the Boston Public Library in 1890. This Hall, now commonly called Sargent Hall, represents about thirty years of work on the part of the artist. The combination of sculpture and painting give power and life to the work in this great Hall which make it one of the great aesthetic experiences in America. Our sincere gratitude to the Trustees of the Library.

Courtesy of the Trustees of the
Public Library of the City of Boston.

"The Medieval Contrast," shown here, appears on the East Wall of the Hall. *The Church,* on the left page shows Christ nearly concealed beneath the stiff habiliments of a nun, exalting the Sacrament in her upraised hands. *The Synagogue,* on the right page, is represented by a grey-haired woman of massive proportions. The broken temple and the torn curtain mean the passing of her power. Blindfolded, the crown slips from her head, while her powerful arms hug a broken scepter and the Tables of the Law.

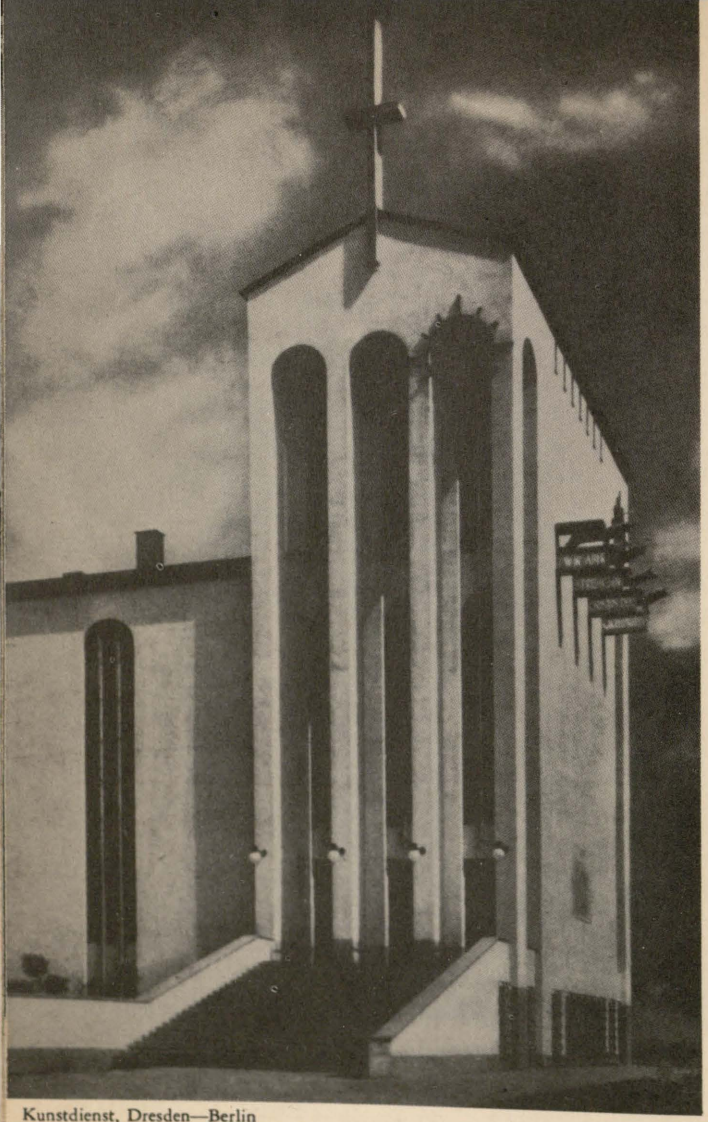
Courtesy of the Trustees of the
Walters Art Gallery, Baltimore.

Flemish faith woven into glorious tapestries for centuries has given the world an unapproachable standard for beauty and craftsmanship. The greatest artists sent their designs to the loom-masters of Brussels for reproduction in threads of wool and gold and silver. *The Triumph of Christ,* shown here, served not only its essential purpose of beautiful portrayal, but also, as so many other tapestries did, kept out the cold winds which penetrated even the stoutest walls in the North.



Kunstdienst, Dresden—Berlin

Living water for Holy Baptism. This font, which exalts purpose and use over mere ornament, carries out the post-war tenet in architecture, —modesty and truth. This baptismal font, fed from a spring is found in the Elvese Chapel near Hamburg. It was designed by Gerhard Langmaack of Hamburg.



Kunstdienst, Dresden—Berlin

Simplicity—Modesty—Veracity. This picture of Holy Cross Church in Frankfort am Main shows these characteristics of post-war German churches in a remarkable fashion. Martin Weber brings into his design a calmness, a peaceful treatment of soaring heights which are a genuine contribution to new architectural thought. The Evangelist Symbols on the side carry the words "Wir aber predigen Christus, den Gekreuzigten."

proclaiming a message so compelling and charged with such singular beauty that the world of music is constrained to pay him heartfelt homage.

His Stature

There is something vast in the works of this Finnish master. He is tied to no one's apronstrings. He neither preaches reckless revolt nor does he follow slavishly in the footsteps of predecessors or contemporaries. His originality is often startling. This wonderfully endowed man has much to tell us, and if we are wise, we shall prick up our ears and listen intently to what he has to say. Give attention for example, to his Fifth Symphony which had its premiere in Helsingfors shortly before the outbreak of the World War and which is now available in an excellent recording as played by the London Symphony Orchestra under the authoritative leadership of Robert Kajanus. (Victor Album M-333.) Perhaps you will discover, as Ernest Newman puts it, that "Sibelius has enriched the art with a whole new range of experience —experience, however, that we easily make our own and revel in once we have overcome the first feeling of strangeness in connection with it." When we listen to the strikingly scored tone poem, "Pohjola's Daughter," which is based on the ancient Finnish epic, "Kalevala," and to "Tapiola," that grippingly expressive picture of the dusky forests of the Northland, we are, to quote Mr. Newman once more, "brought into burning contact with things that have been lived, things that have been seen and felt." Remarkably fine recordings of these two impressive works are included in Victor Album M-333.

In his symphonies, Sibelius has advanced far beyond his well-known "Romance in D Flat" for the piano and the ever popular "Valse Triste." Even his gloriously melodious "Finlandia" did not do much more than foreshadow the subsequent unfolding of his creative power. Consider his Fourth Symphony, of which there is a recording made by the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra under the dynamic direction of Leopold Stokowski (Victor Album M-160). Here we have a composition which occupies a decidedly unique place in the significant symphonic literature of the world. Sibelius has given us no clue to its meaning. He has handed us no program. Yet those who know the work begin almost invariably to read into it their own fancies concerning what its creator may have had in mind. When the writer of this article published his own wholly subjective reactions to the symphony a few years ago, he sent a copy of the lucubration to Mr. Stokowski. The reply which he received is quoted here because it may be of definite service to many by providing a workable way of approach to the great masterpieces of music. Mr. Stokowski said: "I am glad you wrote so individualistically, because, in my opinion, there is no

criterion in music. So the individual expression is the best and perhaps the only true one."

The late Philip Hale, who was one of our country's most erudite and sagacious music critics, opined that the Fourth Symphony had been "planned in cold blood," and Cecil Gray, the distinguished English scholar, declared with cocksure glibness that there is a "complete absence of sensuous appeal in this work" and that it makes exacting demands upon the intelligence of audiences. These frankly expressed notions are exceedingly interesting, to say the very least. Becoming acquainted with opinions of various kinds and vintages can serve many a helpful purpose. But when Mr. Gray trumpets forth to the world at large that the symphonic poem "Night Ride and Sunrise," lacks "originality of outlook," he is deliberately placing a chip on his shoulder. Here are his words: "In many works, such as 'Night Ride and Sunrise,' we find only the skillful and accomplished craftsman following timidly and without originality of outlook in the footsteps of Wagner, Strauss, Tchaikovsky, Grieg and even Brahms." Listen to the superb recording of "Night Ride and Sunrise," as played with fine understanding by the British Broadcasting Company Symphony Orchestra under Sir Adrian Boult (Victor Album M-311), and pay close attention to the orchestration. Does it sound like the work of a man who is timid? Does it not, on the contrary, reveal striking boldness as well as deftness? It is true that Mr. Gray duly extols the composer's craftsmanship; but he inveighs entirely too cockily against the thought-content of the work. It would be rash to deny that Sibelius learned much from "Wagner, Strauss, Tchaikovsky, Grieg and even Brahms." We may even declare, if we feel so inclined, that he was profoundly influenced by them. But to make a charge as sweeping as the one set down by the worthy Mr. Gray is both gratuitous and dangerous.

Recordings of Sibelius

A praiseworthy performance of the tone poem, "The Oceanides," is included in Victor Album M-311.

The First Symphony, which was written as long ago as 1899, when the composer was only 34 years old, reveals the sturdy individuality, the incisive power of expressiveness, the mastery of orchestral resources and the profundity of thought and feeling that, in the opinion of this writer, have contributed to make its creator one of the most significant symphonists since the days of Johannes Brahms. The Scherzo is one of the most remarkable movements of its kind ever devised. Eugene Ormandy and the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra give a beautiful performance of the work in Victor Album M-290.

Serge Koussevitzky's reading of the Second Symphony (Victor Album M-272) is said to have the unreserved approval of Sibelius himself. As one

listens to the Boston Symphony Orchestra's lucid and penetrating performance of the work, one recognizes the composer's strange but marvelously impressive ability to produce instrumental effects unlike those devised by any writer before or since. One hears the pithy bits of melody in all their commanding and piercing eloquence; one notes the compelling power of the sudden and startling exclamations, often harshly dissonant, but always laden with ringing intenseness of feeling. And was there ever such a climax as that with which the fourth movement is closed?

You may be baffled at first by the Sixth Symphony; but beware of hurling stones lest you raise your puny hand against a great prophet. The Quartet in D Minor (Voces Intimae) may at first seem passing strange to you; but there are some who believe that it will be living and flourishing long after the bulk of the music produced in our day will have been hopelessly forgotten. You can hear the symphony played by the Finnish National Orchestra under Georg Schneevoigt and the quartet performed by the famous Budapest String Quartet if you procure a copy of Victor Album M-344.

There are some who declare that the Violin Concerto, which has been recorded by Jascha Heifetz in conjunction with the London Philharmonic Orchestra under Sir Thomas Beecham (Victor Album M-309), reveals clearly discernible traces of the influence of Tchaikovsky; but the writer of this article has never been able to subscribe unqualifiedly to their verdict. Philip Hale, who, incidentally, was one of those holding to the belief that Sibelius occasionally lapsed into a Tchaikovskian mood, once declared that the Finnish master "writes music first of all to free himself of what is in his heart and brain and must out." There is a wealth of wisdom in this penetrating verdict. Let us bear it in mind when we hear the works of the toweringly great prophet of beauty who lives and works in Finland.

Standing on a hilltop in the lovely wooded country around Montfaucon on August 1, General Pershing said "It is such memories as these that make civilized soldiers hate war. . . . If in the midst of the difficult problems that now confront our Nations there exists an aversion to violent solution, it is because so many millions are alive who have an intimate knowledge of the crimes of war. The last conflict brought no profit to anyone, but left many questions still unsettled."

THE LITERARY SCENE

Books—some to be read—some to be pondered—some to be enjoyed—and some to be closed as soon as they are opened.

And So—Dirt

AND SO—VICTORIA. By Vaughan Wilkins. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.50.

Perhaps this review should be titled "How to Make Money and Influence Morons" or "The Making of a Best Seller." *And So—Victoria* has led the best-seller lists since August and will undoubtedly be near the top when these lines reach the readers of THE CRESSET. Our copy is one of the fourth printing—and the printings have been imposing.

Years ago we were taught that a review should endeavor to discover the purpose of the author and then measure his work in terms of his approximation of that purpose. Unfortunately the old rule-of-thumb for reviewing breaks down here. If the author's accomplishment is a measure of his purpose, he ought to be deeply and thoroughly ashamed of himself. Seldom have we seen a novel outside the doors of the corner drug and dirt emporium which is so smirkingly dirty, which strains so frantically after effect, and which wallows so consciously in the gutter of the human mind. It is pandering at its worst. One can almost hear the author say: "Time for another sop to the movie audience"—and in comes adultery, incest, and every variation of sexual sin the mind of man has ever conceived. Of course, the hero never quite succumbs (not for 250 pages)—all of which is in accord with the best traditions of the "True Story" school of writing.

The story? It is a historical novel of the years preceding the accession of Victoria when the English royal house had undoubtedly reached its lowest depths of grotesque shame and scandal. The historic personages which appear, the aging William IV, the dowdy and pathetic Caroline, the gouty Duke of Brunswick, are at least partially alive. Evidently the author has made full use of the primary sources for this period, particularly *The Creevey Papers* and the *Greville Memoirs.* Into this time and company comes Christopher, waif extraordinary, dreamer, and puppet. He passes through an incredible series of adventures—plots against the royal house, stolen papers, duels, revenge, rape, kidnappings, escapes, seductions, and murders. ("A long thin hand appeared around the corner of the door.") In the early part of his career Christopher meets no one who does not leer and does not possess protruding teeth. In one instance there is even a steel hook in place of a hand. The story staggers all over the world—England, Wales, France, Germany, New Orleans, Mexico, Malta, and Egypt—with more of the same thing, until Christopher returns to England, announces that he has grown up, and kneels before the girl he had met on page 276.

Technically, Mr. Wilkins has failed.

Not one of the characters, except the historic personages, ever comes to life. Even Christopher remains a vague abstraction, and the reader is never concerned over his eventual fate. He is bound to come out all right. It's that kind of a story.

Nor is there any continuity of action which might conceivably hold the massive tome together. It is disjointed and episodic, with episode piled upon episode—always with a sharp eye toward their ability to shock, to horrify, and to arouse fear. The result is only a bewildered boredom and a resigned waiting for the day when it will pass through Hollywood to all the movie palaces in the land.

LEST we be accused of permitting our moral indignation to dictate to our critical judgment, let us hasten to add that to our knowledge no major journal has reviewed *And So—Victoria* favorably. It is simply not a good piece of work. Despite that, it heads the best-seller list. The answer? Evidently a large portion of the American public likes dirt for dirt's sake, makes the rental library in the corner drugstore a paying proposition, and is happy occasionally to take its smut from the hands of a respectable and established publisher. Nor are we particularly squeamish in these matters. There is dirt on West Madison Street in Chicago and beyond the railroad tracks in Des Moines—and some of it is bound to find its way into our literature. We can take certain passages in *Tom Jones,* or Dreiser, or Lewis, in our stride, since they belong there. (By the way, *And So—Victoria* apparently attempts to be in the picaresque tradition and thus invites comparison with *Tom Jones*—like a tom-cat with a lion.) Nor are the shady passages in Shakespeare disturbing to an adult mind. But when a novelist goes out of his artistic way to shovel dirt, to wallow in the gutter, and dive into the sewer, we quit.

The entire matter is more serious than we at times imagine. No one has ever accused the *New Republic* of moral bias; yet in its pages a few months ago Mr. Sheldon Glueck discussed the current epidemic of sex crimes and quotes from a "recent penetrating analysis of contemporary morality": "The emphasis upon sex in fiction, drama, and essay, the radical demands for individual liberty and self-expression in sex relations, both before and after marriage, show a focus of interest comparable to the political focus of the American and French revolutions. . . . The pendulum is swinging from sex repression to sex obsession." True—and novels like *And So—Victoria* pour oil on the flames. It is time for authors and publishers to consider their output in terms of its probable effect on the moral tone of our civilization. They may make a few dollars less, but they will serve humanity more.

And so—if pseudo-literary friends ask you "Have you read *And So—Victoria?*" you have every right—moral and esthetic—to say: "Why, no! No literate person above the mental age of twelve and with more than the moral sensitivity of an alley-cat reads that sort of thing—except poor, harassed reviewers. Haven't you heard?"

Perhaps Not

HOW TO WIN FRIENDS AND INFLUENCE PEOPLE. By Dale Carnegie. Simon and Schuster, New York. 1937. Price $1.96 (reduced rates $1.19).

There are books that sell and books that do not sell. But not all books that sell are unworthy of a larger circle of readers, and not all books that sell deserve the amazing popularity which often they enjoy. Hence books must be scrutinized, even if they are highly praised by others. The book before us for review, Dale Carnegie's *How to Win Friends and Influence People,* has proved itself surprisingly saleable. Our own copy is No. 525,415 and we bought ours quite a long time ago (total as of Sept. 1, 1937, 533,222 copies). And we can well understand why this book has become a best seller. For one thing, it is admirably written, excellently organized, and fascinatingly supplied with illustrative

narrative that helps to prove the point which the author is trying to make. Again, the book promises great things. "It will get you out of a mental rut, give you new thoughts, new visions, new ambitions." "It will enable you to make friends quickly and easily." "It will increase your popularity," etc. In the third place, it has been made popular also by the large number of students who attend Mr. Carnegie's classes in personality reconstruction and who of course are enthusiastic boosters of their master's book and business. Moreover the book contains much that is sensible and true. The writer is a first-class psychologist, and besides, he has tested by his own, often very trying experiences the lessons he teaches in his manual. Then, too, he keeps himself within range of what the masses are clamoring for. He has (or at least pretends to have) balm for troubled souls. What he offers to his readers in the six parts of his book, is precisely what the thousands in our country and everywhere in the world desire. They want to handle people (Part I), want to make people like them (Part II), want to win others to their way of thinking (Part III), want to change people without giving them offense or arousing their resentment (Part IV), want to write result-getting letters (Part V), and want to make their own home life happy (Part VI). All these are common human wants and the man who can tell them how they may obtain their *desiderata* can easily elicit out of their pockets the dollar and more which his textbook costs, especially if that book is praised by the press as containing what is worthwhile, helpful, and stimulating. So if any one of our CRESSET reading circle cares to procure the book, let him do so and let him study it with proper care and due critical acumen.

But will he secure by his study of the book all that the writer promises? Will his perusal of the lessons in success methodology increase his popularity, influence, prestige, ability to get things done? Will it increase his earning power, make him a better salesman, a better executive, a better speaker? Will it accomplish all the other things which the author speaks of? Is the book really what Lowell Thomas in his brilliant *Introduction* calls a "short-cut to distinction"? We are afraid our readers will be disappointed if they approach the book with such high hopes; and so a warning is in place! As a matter of fact, the book contains many glaring faults, important omissions, dangerous misdirections, and unwarranted promises.

IN the first place, the writer omits all references to God, to prayer, to piety, to Christian character, all of which are necessary ingredients in a really safe and effectual success recipe. Negatively, it is thoroughly atheistic. The Russian communist may read it with the same ease of mind as the French or Spanish atheist. There is nothing in the book to disturb his irreligious equilibrium. But to leave God out of one's success formula is an offense which even heathen teachers have strongly condemned. Much more Christians must condemn a textbook on success which does not put God first in all things, which says nothing of the supreme value of prayer, and which shows no appreciation of the merit and value of Christian ethics as fundamental in success realization. Again, the author in his success program has no place for those finer relations of the soul which must be considered in one's success planning. The book sets forth mere mechanics in behavior. But success is not merely the achievement of external values, such as money, distinction, ease, and the like. If one obtains only these things he has been very unsuccessful in his life even though he has become the wealthiest and most influential person in the world. Lenin's success, for example, was no more than mere sham and so was Nero's, and so is every man's success who desires only the lust of the flesh and the pride of life. Let the reader study in this connection Luke 12, 15-21. The book before us recommends no cultural values, no soul values, no spiritual values, but measures success merely by outward things. In the third

place, it is almost impossible for any one to follow the author's directions unless, in many cases at least, he stoops to base hypocrisy. Always the appeal is to human vanity, the fool's desire to feel important, his ego-culture. Reproof has no room in the writer's success system, with its basic formula: "Don't scold; don't criticize," etc. If Jesus is measured by the principles championed in the book, He stands before men as a great failure both regarding method and achievement, for He neither treated persons as the author suggests, nor did he covet what the author holds out as desirable goals. Actually, the whole success system of the book is commercial and mercenary. Just consider this: "Never tell a man he is wrong," p. 155. "The only way to get the best of an argument is to avoid it," p. 143, etc. But how can any honest truth champion avoid an argument where truth must be defended or shown? In the fourth place, the book is faulty in making persons believe that its objectives are within reach of practically all, whereas these really are within range of only a few, the born leaders of men who appear from time to time as crises in human history demand. The only right view of successful living and striving is that of the Christian who regards every talent which God bestows upon him as a stewardship trust and therefore employs it to God's glory and his own and his neighbor's good. This presupposes that he recognizes his limitations and does not presume to possess talents above those actually allotted to him. In other words, in the Christian's success program modesty plays an important rôle. Of course, also the Christian will set his goal of achievement high, for the divine Law demands great things of him. At the same time, he is aware that even if he tries to do his best, his success in life is restricted by that wise and benign Providence which rules him in all things and often overrules his best schemes and plans. There is indeed outstanding leadership, but this is exceptional. A priori, we average human beings must accomplish our success within a rather confined area of attainments. The wise will remember this and thus save themselves much chagrin. Yes, study Mr. Carnegie's book, and do so according to Paul's canon: "Prove all things; hold fast that which is good," I Thess. 5, 21. And do not forget: "Not all is gold that glitters!" Incidentally, not all in the book even glitters.—JOHN THEODORE MUELLER

The Shadow of Today

RELIGION AND THE MODERN STATE. By Christopher Dawson. Sheed and Ward, Inc., New York. 1937. $2.00.

AN inevitable consequence of a disturbed age is the continuous production of books which attempt not only to inform us of what is wrong today, but boldly venture into prophecies for tomorrow. "We are living in a demented world. And we know it." These grand opening sentences of Huizinga's *In the Shadow of Tomorrow* are indeed brilliant and dramatic. But they are more than that. They are startling because they are inexorably true. Their truth is confirmed by every new volume which undertakes to diagnose our pains and prescribe our cure. The realization that we are groping in the shadows of a valley of decision is the dark background against which Christopher Dawson also writes his latest book. He is deeply conscious of the fact that "we are on the eve of great events. Our civilization is passing blindly and painfully through a crisis which may destroy or renew it." This consciousness colors his observations and reflections with a sombre earnestness not, however, of the pessimist, but rather of the serious student of modern trends in government.

It may be possible for some of us to pigeon-hole a book like this under some such convenient modern category as pessimism, reaction, Rome, Fascism, and let it rest at that untroubled and untroubling as the biased analysis and guesses of a parti-

san observer. Such an attitude of *laissez faire* would seem possible, however, only on the assumption that the Church is serenely indifferent to and uninfluenced by the philosophy and practice of modern governments.

The author distinguishes carefully among the dictatorships of Turkey, Italy, and Germany particularly in their attitude toward religion. He writes: "Kemal treats religion as an enemy to be ruthlessly suppressed, while Mussolini regards it rather as a valuable ally to be conciliated. Hitler, on the other hand, is favorable to religion, but only in so far as it renounces its spiritual autonomy and becomes an organ of national life," and concludes a keen analysis of modern dictatorships with the warning to the cradle-lands of democracy in Western Europe and North America: "We can no longer afford to regard the new trend in politics from the point of view of disinterested spectators. Our own institutions are at stake and it is possible that we may eventually find ourselves faced with the same crises that have led to the rise of dictatorship and political absolutism in Central and Eastern Europe." The author fears the Modern State, however, not because of any prejudice in favor of Parliamentarianism or Democracy as political forms, but solely because of its claim "to dominate and control the whole life of society and of the individual." "If the new state threatens the freedom of the Church and the individual conscience, it is because it is taking on some of the features of a church and is no longer content to confine itself to the outside of life—the sphere of the policeman and the lawyer. It claims the whole of life and thus becomes a competitor with the Church on its own ground. This is the new situation with which the Church is faced."

THE tendency to concentrate the control of opinion in a few hands the author finds not only in Central and Eastern Europe, but also unmistakably in England and America. He is apprehensive of such control not because it means the death of any cherished political system, but only because it will be wholly secular. "This is the situation that Christians have to face. The great danger that we have to meet is not the danger of violent persecution but rather that of the crushing out of religion from modern life by the sheer weight of a state-inspired public opinion and by the mass organization of society on a purely secular basis." The fact that the Modern State is rapidly becoming a secular substitute for religion by its cult of the nation, race mysticism, or even social idealism undoubtedly has grave implications for the Church. "The coming conflict is not one between religion and secular civilization" but rather "between the God-religions and the social-religions,"—in other words "between the worship of God and the cult of the state or of the race or of humanity."

Particularly stimulating are those paragraphs which analyse and evaluate the passion of the Protestant Church for social justice and reform, and emphasize that "it is the great danger of social idealism that it tends to confuse religions and political categories." The present domination of the social sciences has not been without its effect upon the Church. It has left its mark not only upon modern Biblical criticism, but in a more penetrating way, has also made it necessary for the Church to take some attitude toward "the destruction of slums, the abolition of poverty, the abolition of war, secondary education for all, higher pay for shorter hours, and so forth." To identify the practical aims of the social reformer with the Kingdom of God itself is, however, fatal, for, as the author reminds us, "all these aims may be realized and yet civilization may be none the more Christian for all that." He warns us "to recognize that this determination to build Jerusalem, at once and on the spot, is the very force which is responsible for the intolerance and violence of the new political order. There are, it is true, quite

a number of different Jerusalems: There is the Muscovite Jerusalem which has no Temple, there is Herr Hitler's Jerusalem which has no Jews, and there is the Jerusalem of the social reformers which is all suburbs." The logic of his conclusion is unescapable: "If we believe that the Kingdom of Heaven can be established by political or economic measures—that it can be an earthly state—then we can hardly object to the claims of such a State to embrace the whole of life and to demand the total submission of the individual will and conscience." Nor can we disagree when the author regards as the fundamental error in all this "the ignoring of Original Sin and its consequences or rather the identification of the Fall with some defective political or economic arrangement. If we could destroy the Capitalist system or the power of the bankers or that of the Jews, everything in the garden would be lovely."

THE chapters which discuss Communism, its conflict with Christianity, and its fundamental opposition to the Christian interpretation of history, are valuable because of their keen analysis of Communism and its philosophy and also because of their insistence upon its crypto-religious nature. "Communism, in fact, challenges Christianity on its own ground by offering mankind a rival way of salvation. In the words of a Communist poster, 'Jesus promised the people Paradise after death, but Lenin offers them Paradise on earth.' "

To those who are concerned about the future of Christianity in the Modern State this book of Christopher Dawson brings invaluable historical information and much stimulating thought. His world-view is frankly Roman Catholic. He does not hesitate to write that "there seems no doubt that the Catholic social ideals set forth in the encyclicals of Leo XIII and Pius XI have far more affinity with those of Fascism than with those of either Liberalism or Socialism." The solution which he offers lies of course within the Roman Catholic conception of the Church and of the State as "the servant of the spiritual order."

FURTHERMORE, we are no longer surprised to find all of our present ills traced directly to what Hilaire Belloc calls "the tragedy of the Reformation." The confusion of our day seems to Catholic scholars particularly propitious for the revival of this historical monstrosity. To begin to trace the causes of our present distresses at the year 1517 rather than at any earlier or later date will always remain an achievement of historical willfulness. It is very similar to the effort of the radical to charge Christianity with our economic and social faults. It is the lack of Christianity or the lack of the application of the principles of the Reformation which explains our difficulties.

However, we are thankful to Mr. Dawson for the facts which he has so convincingly presented even when we cannot follow his interpretation of them. They serve to emphasize again that victory can come to the Church only by the release of spiritual power in a secularized civilization —that Dynamic of Love which from the Cross touches and changes human life and destiny.—O. H. THEISS

Falstaff's Brother Redivivus

*THE EDUCATION OF H*Y*M*A*N* K*A*P*L*A*N**. By Leonard Q. Ross. Harcourt, Brace & Company, New York. 1937. $2.00.

A year ago a new and significant figure burst upon an unsuspecting though unconsciously waiting world. In the pages of the *New Yorker* a spasmodic wanderer, Hyman Kaplan by name, student extraordinary in the beginners grade of the American Night Preparatory School for Adults, appeared—to the recognizing eyes of thousands of harassed teachers throughout the land. Like Falstaff and Don Quixote he threatened in a few months to

become the epitome of a type. He stands for the terrifying logic of ignorance. He is a genius of error. The sheer imaginative grandeur of his mistakes leave one breathless and awed before the unlimited capacity of the human mind for the wrong answer.

H*Y*M*A*N* K*A*P*L*A*N* (he always writes his name with a cluster of stars) is the student who compares the adjective "good": "Good, batter, highcless"; he is the man who, enraptured by the tragic majesty of Shakespeare, translates "a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing" into "a tale told by an ijiot, full of funny sounds and phooy"; he is the lover of literature who believes that "the most famous tree American writers were Jeck Laundon, Valt Viterman, and the author of Hawk L. Barry-Feen, one Mock-tvain"; he is the musical critic who praises the operas of "Solomon and Goldberg." He is unteachable and unbeatable. At times his warfare with the patient teacher Mr. Parkhill (Mr. Pockheel) assumes Trojan proportions. He writes a composition:

"My Job A Cotter In Dress Faktory"

Comp. by

H*Y*M*A*N* K*A*P*L*A*N

"Shakespeare is saying what fulls man is and I am feeling just the same way when I am thinking about mine job a cotter in Dress Faktory on 38 st. by 7 av. For why should we slafing in dark place by laktric lights and all kinds hot for $30 or maybe $36 with overtime, for Boss who is fat and driving in fency automobil? I ask! Because we are the deprassed workers of world. And are being exployted. By Bosses. In mine shop is no difference. Oh how bad is laktric light, oh how is all kinds hot. And when I am telling Foreman should be better conditions he hollers, Kaplan you redical!!

"At this point a glazed look came into Mr. Parkhill's eyes, but he read on.

"So I keep still and work by bad light and always hot. But someday will the workers making Bosses to work! And then Kaplan will give them bad laktric and positively no windows for the air should come in! So they can know what it means to slafe! Kaplan will make Foreman a cotter like he is. And give the most bad dezigns to cot out. Justice.

Mine job is cotting Dress dezigns.

T-H-E E-N-D

"Mr. Parkhill read the amazing document over again. His eyes, glazed but a moment before, were haunted now. It was true: spelling, diction, sentence structure, punctuation, capitalization, the use of the present perfect for the present—all true.

'Is planty mistakes, I s'pose,' suggested Mr. Kaplan modestly.

'Y-yes . . . yes, there are many mistakes.'

'Dat's because I'm tryink to give *dip ideas,*' said Mr. Kaplan with the sigh of those who storm heaven."

Perhaps H*Y*M*A*N* K*A*P*-L*A*N* is too good to be true. There is an integrated and devastating solidity about his achievements in error, his battles with the rigors of syntax and conjugation, his beatific smile in the face of certain defeat which mark him for the Valhalla of the great personalities whose only blood is printer's ink. He is imperturbable and lasting. When a friend is taken to the hospital, his doctor "insults odder doctors," they give him "blood confusions," and finally "inject epidemics." Before such genius even the gods are helpless. The question of his ultimate reality becomes immaterial and irrelevant.

H*Y*M*A*N* K*A*P*L*A*N* will live. His Odyssey through the jungles of Beginner's English will be read by all teachers as a vivid description of the Ultima Thule beyond their wildest nightmares. It will be read by all those who can still recognize gorgeous humor in the manner of a better and happier day. It will be cherished by all those whose adventures in error are only tentative and faint, soon, too soon, to be corrected by better minds

and higher wisdom. When others chide us for mistakes, there is always H*Y*-M*A*N* K*A*P*L*A*N* who stands at the end of the road to learning with the wreckage of all rules behind him.

Echoes of a Better Day

THE FLOWERING OF NEW ENGLAND, 1815-1865. By Van Wyck Brooks. E. P. Dutton, New York. 1937. $4.00.

About seven years ago Ludwig Lewisohn asked, "Who, except wretched schoolchildren, now reads Longfellow?" His question was answered, I believe, by politely ironical smiles from the knowing. I recall the time when Longfellow and the greater part of the New England intellectual world described in the *Flowering of New England* was thought to represent everything mediocre in American life and letters. Was not Longfellow the man who taught the 20th century American to read and enjoy Henry Van Dyke, Eddie Guest, Ella Wheeler Wilcox and the rest of that vaste horde of poetasters and pseudo-philosophers who comfort the American public in the morning and evening newspaper?

That was one way of looking at the matter. Here comes Van Wyck Brooks describing that New England renaissance between 1815 and 1865 as a complex process that cannot be dismissed with a few generalities. Here is one of the oustanding American critics showing the utter diversity, the overwhelming brilliance of that period. The volume is another declaration of independence from European thought and action patterns. It is also a gratifying commentary on changing literary modes to note that this book is in its 29th printing and has won the Pulitzer Prize. Ten and even five years ago the book would barely have been tolerated.

Up to the year 1815 the American literary scene was simply a reflection of European trends. Washington Irving, William Cullen Bryant, and James Fenimore Cooper reflected whatever was current in Europe. The events of 1776 and 1789 had somehow not become valid. Gradually, however, men saw the Union grow. Americans began to perceive that the American form of government was far above any European kind. New England, more than any other section, was prospering. The merchant class began to dominate the scene. There came the desire to use the wealth won from business and commerce. There was the urge to create. America was expanding.

BOSTON and Harvard sprang into the light as the focal point of learning and wisdom. George Ticknor, travelling in Europe, collecting libraries of Spanish, French, German and Italian classics, returned to Harvard to become the father of modern-language studies. "Americans of that generation hadn't that snobbish shamefacedness about their country," James Lowell wrote to Henry James. "The older men took their country as naturally as they did a sunrise. There was no question as to whether their country was the best in the world."

Is it any wonder then that New England produced such historians as Bancroft, Prescott, Palfrey, Motley, Sparks, Hildreth, and Parkman? They wrote monumental histories. Most of them may have been rhapsodists, many may have been grandiose in describing the national epos but there was about their work a sweep and surge that has never been equalled. By comparison later historians, Beard, Paxson, Andrews, are crabbed and bitter.

THE intellect was supreme in those days. Lecturers, poets, historians, essayists and philosophers had a ready audience. There were lyceum courses in every New England village on botany, chemistry, history, literature and philosophy. Everyone joined, listened, learned. Men and women loved learning, wooed it every hour of the day. Theodore Parker read Dutch, Danish, Russian, Coptic, Chaldaic,

Ethiopic, and one time was found deep in a grammar of Mpongwe. An exception perhaps; but the average Boston man was expected to be learned in something. It was not at all unusual to find a boy walking 120 miles to board a ship for India where he might learn Sanskrit. There is the case of Elihu Burritt, the learned blacksmith, a self-taught linguist. As an apprentice he kept a Greek grammar in his straw hat so that he might study Greek in the moments when he was not casting brass cowbells. Later Burritt made a version of Longfellow in Sanskrit. He mastered more than forty tongues. Whether all this learning was a straitjacket for creative effort is beside the point. There was abroad the desire for learning. There were hundreds of Elihu Burritts. Even among the ignorant reading had the right of way.

This New England did not produce just eccentrics or uncreative minds. In the long list we find Emerson who struck time and again the theme that Americans were imitative, compliant, tame, caring for foreign opinion. He showed how the American, the new democratic *homo sapiens,* could and would eventually conquer the world with his democratic ways. There was Thoreau, sitting in a swamp amid the delightful symphony of mosquitoes and studying the animal life about him, his mind all the while evolving doctrines that Mahatma Gandhi would use to free the untouchables in India. William Ellery Channing preached sermons that Russia read and Tolstoi embodied in his novels. Bronson Alcott, Margaret Fuller, James Russell Lowell, Oliver Wendell Holmes, John Greenleaf Whittier, Nathanial Hawthorne—all of them educating, creating, criticizing. There was the sculptor and architect Horatio Greenough who defined the technical implications of functional art, thereby anticipating the modern skyscraper and Louis Sullivan and Lewis Mumford.

It was all an immense tidal wave of intellectual and creative joy, a surging wave of creation. It was an era producing men who sit today in the select company of the world's great. Even poor Longfellow deserves credit for returning romance to the bleak New England shores. His poems are filled with a golden magic haze. His mind may be poor and thin, his poems trite complacencies, but he was able to clothe everything with the magic of his verse. His poetry has the charm of a lazy, happy afternoon in August. For that he is forgiven.

IT is hardly a wonder that this book has achieved the rather questionable distinction of becoming a national best-seller. In its pages are recorded in matchless prose the memories of another age, another race. What is written and described here seems far away from the turgid main current of contemporary American life and letters. All too quickly the time came when Boston had to make way for strident New York, when Boston would become fragile, provincial, cautious, when its early strong Puritanism would end with "the dessicating hygiene of Mrs. Eddy." Now, however, great things hovered on the horizon. The New Englander was winning a greater independence from Europe than his political fathers fought for in 1776.

It is a magnificent flowering that Van Wyck Brooks describes with such consummate scholarship. We are held entranced by the tale of these bringers of light which he weaves out of ancient letters, diaries and newspapers. The fruit of that flowering may be musty, the odor of it may be stifling but the flowering itself was a gorgeous process.—ALFRED KLAUSLER

What Makes a Best Seller?

NORTHWEST PASSAGE. By Kenneth Roberts. Doubleday Doran & Company, New York. 1937. $2.75.

Kenneth Lewis Roberts, the author of this book, had achieved high eminence as a journalist before he turned novelist, serving on a number of prominent eastern

newspapers and then as staff correspondent for the *Saturday Evening Post.* His chosen field in his new medium is the historical novel. He published his first work, *Arundel,* in 1930, the vanguard of a small train of novels all centered more or less in Maine. *Arundel,* the story of the secret expedition of Benedict Arnold against Quebec, was followed, a year later, by *The Lively Lady* which, in a way a sequel of the former, relates the adventures of an American privateersman in the War of 1812. Two years later came *Rabble in Arms* and then *Captain Caution.* All these novels are centered more or less in Maine, the author's native state. One writer tells us that "Maine is in Kenneth Roberts' blood." He was born in Arundel, now called Kennebunkport, and still lives near the sea at Kennebunk Beach. His ancestors had settled in Maine as early as 1639, and thus helped to make some of the history about which he weaves his epic tales.

In *Northwest Passage* Kenneth Roberts presents another stirring tale of Colonial days, this time using the romantic figure of Major Robert Rogers, one of the frontier soldiers who made history with his "Rogers' Rangers." In Book I the author tells the story of Rogers' heroic part in the Seven Years' War, when he led his Rangers northward to destroy St. Francis and thus made upper New England safe against the French and Indians. It is an exciting narrative told by a writer who can paint word-pictures that leave an indelible impression on the mind of the reader. Unforgettable is, for instance, the nine day march of the Rangers from the northern end of Missisquoi Bay to the St. Francis river, a march through a spruce bog, during which men were constantly in water up to their waists and higher, and had to sleep in the trees on platforms made by binding young spruce trees together and laying them on branches above the water. Similarly unforgettable and tragic is the desperate march back through the wilderness after the massacre of 200 Indians at St. Francis. In Book II the reader follows the fortunes of Rogers to London, where the soldier turns author and playwright, publishing his *Concise Account of North America, Containing a Description of the Several British Colonies* and *Ponteach, or the Savages of America, a Tragedy.* He succeeded in obtaining financial backing for the fulfilment of his dream to find the "Northwest Passage" and the appointment as governor of Michilimackinac, an office from which he was finally deposed as a result of the machinations of his enemies, a tragic downfall due, in part at least, to the fact that Rogers was his own worst enemy and succumbed to his own weaknesses of character. The author gives evidence of his finest artistry in portraying the fall and disgrace of Rogers.

THE story is told by Langdon Towne, a Maine boy, who was sent to Harvard College to prepare for the ministry, but who really wanted to become a painter, and who is expelled from that institution and then joins Rogers' Rangers. No doubt the author has some authority for his description of the abominable meals served to the students at Harvard at the time, but even so, we have a sneaking suspicion that the picture is somewhat overdrawn. The character of the hero, Langdon Towne, is excellently developed, as is also that of the heroine, Ann Potter, who, neglected by her father, Natty Potter, secretary to Major Rogers, grows up in the slums of London, but is rescued and brought up by Towne and finally becomes his wife. Sweet, courageous, engaging, versatile, truthful, heroic Ann will not soon be forgotten by the reader. Outstanding among the other characters are the Indian Konkapot, Sergeant McNott, Elizabeth, Rogers' wife, and Natty Potter. We confess that we were surprised to have the author place upon the lips of the drunken Konkapot, the Christmas hymn *Adeste Fideles,* especially in an English translation that was not made until nearly a century later. Elizabeth, Rogers' wife, a

beautiful but ambitious girl and Towne's boyhood sweetheart, turns out to be a veritable shrew, and is of course tragically disillusioned by her husband's downfall. Natty Potter, Ann's renegade father, is a character as well-drawn in our opinion as Dickens' Uriah Heep.

There is no doubt that Mr. Roberts has written an important historical novel, one that richly deserves the acclaim with which it was heralded at its publication and the large number of readers it has won since. He does not shrink from the arduous labors of painstaking historical research in preparing his novels. In this instance he discovered documents in certain London archives which historians did not know were in existence. We confidently look forward to other books of this kind from his pen. To depict to our American people important and interesting episodes out of the history of the past in the masterful manner of his *Northwest Passage* is a real service for which, we hope, he will receive the gratitude of an appreciative posterity.

The Voice of Kansas

FORTY YEARS ON MAIN STREET. By William Allen White. Compiled by Russell H. Fitzgibbon. Farrar & Rinehart, New York. 1937. $3.00.

In east-central Kansas, a hundred miles or so from Kansas City, lies the town of Emporia, with a population of fourteen thousand. It is more widely known than many a larger city because of its daily newspaper, *The Emporia Gazette,* owned and edited by William Allen White. When White came to Emporia, in 1895, with a dollar and a quarter in his pocket, he found the *Gazette,* an anemic little sheet, for sale and managed to borrow enough money to buy it. In the forty-odd years that have passed since then, *The Emporia Gazette* has become the best-known small-town newspaper in the country, and White has gained a measure of national recognition. The success of both the man and his paper have, in large part, been due to the editorials that have flowed from his pen.

Forty Years on Main Street is a collection of some four hundred of these editorials. The selection from the files has been made by Mr. Fitzgibbon on the basis, as he says, of "interestingness," the offerings ranging from a few lines to several pages in length. While the date of each editorial is given, the sequence is not chronological. Instead, the selections are grouped according to subject matter under thirteen heads, *e.g.,* Up and Down Commercial Street, On the National Stage, The War and the Aftermath, In Lighter Moments. The compiler has evidently tried to present somewhat of a cross-section of the prismatic variety of topics that have been editorially discussed through the years. There are editorials on the presidential campaign of 1900 and on bargain day in Emporia, on the peace conference at Versailles, on the death of Mark Hanna, on hot weather, on college football, and on a hundred other persons, things and events. The book is, so far as it goes, a record of how various features of the changing pageant of life mirrored themselves in the soul of this one man—of how they appeared to him at the time, and of how he judged them. The reader, accordingly, has before him not only the subject matter under discussion, but also the personality of William Allen White, with its strengths and weaknesses, its virtues, its limitations and its biases. Few things, however, are as interesting as human personality, and White's personality is probably more interesting than that of most of us.

The compiler has done wisely and well in not choosing his material with a set purpose of making his author appear preternaturally wise, far-visioned and consistent, at the cost of making him look unhuman. He, no doubt, came upon some rather weakly and miscreated editorials in his search and passed them by, knowing that a poor editor who must furnish copy,

day after day, no matter how he feels, cannot be expected always to produce something that is worth reading. But he has, for all that, preserved enough evidences of crudity and hasty judgment, especially from the earlier years, to give the reader some chance to chuckle at White's expense. These chuckles naturally agree with the reader, improve his opinion of his own discernment, and make him feel kindly toward Mr. White. Occasionally White chuckles along in a foot-note.

A FEW samples. In 1896, when war with Spain loomed on the horizon, there appeared this amusing editorial utterance, "The United States should form no alliances and should have no war over, with, or about any people who use garlic and cayenne pepper in their cooking. Right there we should draw the line." (p. 191) About the same time Emporia is characterized as "the exact center of the most fertile patch of ground on the globe—the portion of the earth that has more varied and more bountiful resources than any other spot of similar size in civilization." (p. 43) When Richard Harding Davis died, in 1916, the confident prediction was made that, while much of his work might be forgotten, two of the characters that he had created "will carry Davis's baggage to a far posterity." A foot-note by White remarks, "Alas, they seem to have dropped his bags less than a decade after he checked in. One of the lessons that I have learned in a long and foolish life is that prophecy is the most futile of all blunders." (p. 249) When the Germans broke the British line in the spring of 1918, an editorial exhorting to new effort closed with the statement, "The only job the world can now have is to mend that line and save the soul of humanity." A foot-note chuckles, "Save the cat's foot! In ten years we knew that 'the soul of humanity' was lost when it went to war." (p. 170)

Readers will vary in their appraisal of the book as their interests vary. An editorial that is timely and sparkling in its day, may turn rather flat and lifeless with the years. References that were clear when they were first made, may carry no meaning after a decade or two. The straightforwardness, saneness and humanness, however, which, on the whole, characterize the discussions, are unaffected by the passage of time. While there are occasional crudities of language, punctuation and statement, there are also flashes of rare insight and passages of beauty, wisdom and tenderness. Those who have lived through the period that is covered by the book, are most likely to enjoy the reading because, now and again as they read, slumbering memories will wake and the flavor of the past will be on their tongues. Probably no one will agree with all the viewpoints that are upheld, and many a one will feel like taking hot issue with the writer on some point or other till he recalls that the statement that galls him was made twenty years or so ago. White may be classified as a conservative in personal ethics, a liberal in public affairs, and something between a liberal and a sceptic in religion. The book will probably yield most enjoyment if taken in small bites—a dozen pages or so at a sitting. The last section may well be read first as an appetizer.

One Look at Hitler

DR. MACFARLAND AND HITLER.

In 1934 Dr. Charles S. Macfarland, General Secretary Executive of the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America, published a book entitled *The New Church and the New Germany.* The author wrote from personal, first-hand information and experience. He had been a student in Germany and had visited the land of his student days seventeen times. He had lived in Germany and knew Germany and, as is evident from his book, he loved it. His published study of conditions under the Hitler régime was recognized even by official Germans as emi-

nently fair and factually correct. Its circulation in Germany was not opposed and an edition in German was spoken of. Its tone was definitely sympathetic and it no doubt did much to temper harsh and hasty judgment here in America.

In view of Dr. Macfarland's just appraisal in 1934 it is interesting to read his letter to Chancellor Adolf Hitler under date of June 4, 1937. The text of this letter is reproduced in a pamphlet, together with the resolution of protest sent by the Federal Council of Churches against the German government's refusal to grant passports to delegates to the World Conference of Churches on Church, State, and Society in Oxford, England, July 12 to 26. Dr. Macfarland accuses the "Fuehrer" of broken faith. He refers to assurances given him by Hitler in interviews and by letter and declares that they have been completely disregarded. He warns the Nazi leader that he is "isolating Germany from the rest of humanity" and accuses him of having wrecked Germany's "Christian ideals" and of "forfeiting the respect of the civilized world." The pamphlet makes interesting reading, especially for those who have read Dr. Macfarland's book. It can be secured by writing to the Department of Relations with Churches Abroad, Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, 287 Fourth Ave., New York, N.Y.

Dracula Over America

HEARST, LORD OF SAN SIMEON. By Oliver Carlson and Ernest Sutherland Bates. The Viking Press, New York. $1.00.

This is an astounding book. Written in a vigorous and trenchant style, packed with sensational but well-documented facts, it unfolds the incredibly sordid story of one of the most powerful and pernicious characters among the super-capitalists of the present age. It is a revelation which perplexes, nauseates, and terrifies. Raucous wealth, insatiable greed, deception and forgery, yellow journalism and ruthless muckraking, business intrigue and political chicanery, cold-blooded plotting of wars and shameless revels in free love crowd in upon the appalled reader until his head begins to swim. True, now and then one stumbles upon an apparently noble deed, but the impression prevails that whatever good there is was motivated by an irrepressible desire for greater power and self-aggrandizement. The story is well articulated and, in spite of the many details in certain chapters, sustains the interest of the reader to the climax in the very last paragraph. Of this paragraph Walter Duranty says: "It is one of the cruelest pieces of polemic writing I have ever read." Here it is:

"Men say that Hearst does not seem happy at San Simeon. The guests are not his friends, if indeed he has any friends; they are those of Miss Davies. The laughter is theirs, not his, and as the evening passes he is likely to be almost forgotten, an old man with stooped shoulders and sagging cheeks, seated somewhere in a corner—but in his hand is a pad, and he is writing editorials. There he wrote, perhaps with Miss Davies's assistance, that famous one of October 5, 1933, signed 'An American Husband,' pleading for the sanctities of the home now threatened by the licentiousness of the movies. There he writes his fulminations against Soviet Russia and American college professors. And during the small hours of the night he will call up his San Francisco or Los Angeles or New York offices to mention some petty fault, not for the fault's sake but to remind himself that he owns papers in San Francisco, Los Angeles, and New York, that he is not as other men, but William Randolph Hearst, that he has met the great Hitler and may still himself become the Hitler of America. But in his heart he knows that this will never be. What though the stockades are ready, loop-holed and barb-wired, at Salinas and San Mateo? Concentration camps for California—but he will

not be there to choose the inmates. The unmentioned and unmentionable word booms through San Simeon louder than the hubbub of all its coming and departing guests. The hour inevitably approaches, swiftly or slowly, when Hearst, too, will be a departing, a departed guest. Unknowingly, all his life he has worked on behalf of death—the death of personal integrity, the death of decent journalism, the death of honest patriotism—and now ultimately death will take its own. The meanest victim of his pen who then still treads the earth will be more powerful than William Randolph Hearst. Therefore, and again therefore: 'Never dare to mention Death in his presence.' "

In view of the ample documentation, the facts marshalled by Messrs. Carlson and Bates seem to be incontrovertible. Moreover, their interpretation of these facts is, on the whole, quite reasonable. And yet their book is not altogether convincing. It lacks that calm objectivity which is so essential to the writing of history. As a result, it lacks perspective. The authors seem to get an ignoble thrill out of exhibiting all the dirty linen they can lay their hands upon and make the picture just as repulsive as possible. The avowed purpose of the book is "to explode a number of widely propagated Hearst myths." Incidentally perhaps it was written to be sold.

But, be this as it may, the book is well worth reading, for it contains much valuable information. Fearlessly its authors draw aside the curtain of privileged secrecy provided by wealth and political power and expose the shameful things which are being perpetrated in the name of business and patriotism. It is really surprising that such a book could be published at this time.

Messrs. Carlson and Bates approach the Lord of San Simeon as "a fascinating problem." They subject him to a psychiatric analysis and arrive at the conclusion that his conflicting attitudes and actions, the continual clash of high idealism and grasping utilitarianism, are to be accounted for on the basis of a split personality. I am not in position to pass judgment upon this opinion, but it occurs to me that they might get much closer to the truth by classifying Mr. Hearst as a clever and unscrupulous pragmatist who knows how to trim his sails to the wind and who never hesitates to do so.

But why level this savage attack against Mr. Hearst alone? He may be unique among contemporary capitalists in some respects, it is true; he may be exceptionally bad. But after all he is a child of his age and a product, or at least a by-product, of the social system under which he grew up. In the last analysis the lurid record of iniquity spread over these pages is a summary indictment of the social order which made such a career possible. And there lies the real value of the book: it is an eye-opener.

Incidentally this biography throws a little light on several well-known persons. Among them is none other than that unctious prophet of civic righteousness, Father Coughlin, who, as a true friend of the underprivileged, hobnobbed with the Lord of San Simeon at Hotel Warwick, New York, and on his 270,000 acre estate in California.

Body, Mind and Soul

VARIETIES OF CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE. By S. V. Norborg. Augsburg, Minneapolis. 1937. $2.50.

Does Christianity make souls morbid? Is there a place for faith-healing in modern psychology? What has psychoanalysis to say to the clergy? These and other questions relating to psychology and healing make up the subject matter of Sverre Norborg's *Varieties of Christian Experience.* The discussion to a large extent centers about the systems of William James and of S. Freud, psychoanalysis, dream technique, and the background of psychology and theology as it presents itself to this Norwegian scholar. He is a

great scholar, no mistake about that. He received the Royal Gold Medal of the University of Norway in 1927 and the same institute's Gold Medal in philosophy, besides the doctorate, and a scholarship at Oxford, in recommendation of his work in philosophy, psychology, and comparative religion. For all his youthful years, he has done a prodigious amount of reading. He has an academic conscience. The cases of paranoia and other forms of insanity which he describes have been checked by an American psychiatry specialist. He has critically read James, Starbuck, Pratt, Coe, Leuba, and other leading American scholars, but also Hawthorne, Max Eastman, and Pearl Buck. There seems to be no limit to the man's acquaintance with the German and American literature bearing on his subject.

The method and limits of Christian soul-care and surgery are his theme. His purpose is "to make us more eager, more careful in this service of services." (The chapters were originally lectures delivered to a theological group in Minnesota.) As indicated by the title of the book, Dr. Norborg intends to supplement and correct the famous lectures by William James, *The Varieties of Religious Experience.* He lays his finger upon the fundamental error of Prof. James' *Varieties* when he says: "There was no line whatsoever drawn between Christian and common religious experience." Hampered as James was "by the dogmatism of a supposedly scientific materialism," he could not but misunderstand Luther and Wesley, in their emphasis on conversion—even as he misunderstood Walt Whitman. Far from being "the restorer of the eternal natural religion," Whitman, by modern psychiatrists and also literary critics would be regarded as afflicted by "a psychopathic homosexual psychosis." James is corrected in more fundamental judgments, especially in his fundamental inability to understand the Christian experience of conversion.

Freud's system of psychoanalysis is rejected in no uncertain terms. The Freudians deny that the sex instinct reaches its most perfect expression in a monogamy lived ethically, mutually, and in free self-mastery; it approves of sexual promiscuity and looseness. Norborg emphasizes "our duty to stress the scientific findings, which are admittedly precisely opposite to this unethical way of living." Indeed, he calls these psychologists "modern Frankensteins," "the most brutal murderers of our age." He directs attention to the medical report by Dr. Kessel and Dr. Hyman to the American Medical Association, 1933, relating that they found by examination of psychoanalyzed patients that only 15 per cent of the cases had been cured, while no less than 18.5 per cent had grown worse after the treatment of psychoanalysts! Fundamentally the trouble is that the Freudians treat man as an animal. He quotes an American psychiatrist who charges that many laymen "choose to read those Europeans for precisely the erotic satisfaction they get from reading them. . . . It is not to be expected that a person brought up in a decent American home can take the same vile medicine that a dirty eastern European can."

Does Christianity make souls morbid and unhealthy? Does Christianity predispose for insanity? The author points out that the leading German text books, those by Bleuler, Binswanger, Kraepelin, and Siemerling, do not even list religion among the causes of psychosis. The opposite is true. A leading psychologist and pedagogical expert, F. W. Förster is quoted to this effect: "Wherever a temple, a religious sanctuary was destroyed, a mental clinic must be erected." From the world-renowned psychiatrist Krafft-Ebbing and from Hyslop of London he quotes statements emphasizing the healing power of true religion and of constant, simple prayer.

DR. NORBORG is convinced that we should emphasize more than has been customary the truth that "the Christian excelsior of the world of forgiveness and

the fellowship with a living Lord will make for a lasting healing" of neurotic conditions. He cites cases of maniac-depressive psychosis in which "a certain Bible verse nailed on the wall, a hymn read over and over, the Lord's prayer or the sacraments, both a recollection of one's baptism and of communion services, have exerted a tremendous healing influence." For the convenience of diagnosis he distinguishes two types of these in pastoral practice "A. A person burdened by guilt who comes to make a confession of sin. B. A person, Christian or non-Christian, with unmistakable symptoms of a sick mind, unbalanced and without peace." While acknowledging the value of medical treatment in type B cases, he warns against the dangers of psychoanalysis. "As a philosophy of life, it is perhaps the most dangerous enemy of our modern youth."

Through the book runs a clear conception of the difference between religion and psychology. "A Christian truth built upon psychology is a house built upon sand." For the proper estimation of Christian experience there must be a clear understanding of conversion. In healthy-minded Christian personalities there is very little crisis but simply "the development of the new life given in holy baptism." He quotes as typical the words of a newly converted Swedish medical honor student: "I resisted and fought against it all I could. Then God did the rest. Therefore the whole glory is His." The volume is permeated with what in another connection the author calls "an existential humiliation before the Word of God." He knows only one absolutely decisive element of Christian conversion: The hearing of the Word of God. And he looks forward to the day when "we shall see who were the fools—those who said in their hearts: 'There is no God,' or those who did not see, and yet believed. 'To me to live is Christ and to die a gain.' " If this is a striking expression for one who has garnered philosophical laurels in three universities, here is another: "There is a genuine and an artificial Christian joy; genuine types of conversion and thousands of artificial conversions; there are genuine difficulties of faith and numberless artificial ones; there is a genuine humility and a stinking artificial one; there is a genuine sanctification and an artificial holiness." Not the philosopher but the pastor speaks in this and in many other passages.

WE do not agree with the author's estimate of Barth, whom we cannot regard as the rediscoverer of Luther's theology. We don't understand Norborg's attitude on "instantaneous" conversion which he seems to deny on page 229 while on page 199 he seems to identify it with "knowing one's spiritual birthday"—which is an altogether different matter. Finally we do not know what he means by the "reality experience of God," which he finds even in the life of unbelievers, while elsewhere he seems to reject these experiences as pantheistic mysticism definitely distinguished from Christian conversion and finally bundles them out of the domain of Christian experience by making the excellent distinction: "To the Christian, God is not *experience,* He is MY LORD."

Faith, Devils and Witches

THE CONFUSION OF TONGUES. A Review of Modern Isms. By Charles W. Ferguson. Zondervan, Grand Rapids. 1937. $2.50.

The most readable book that has been published in recent years on the general subject of abnormal religion in its organized forms. Some are only strange, some queer, some grotesque and in the telling of their story and the delineation of their doctrines and practices, Mr. Ferguson has exercised a notable literary gift. We shall believe him when he says in the introduction that "the material has been so radiant and amusing that to present it attractively has at all times been my chief concern."

What a parade of outre and diseased

religiosity! And what an amount of digging it required to give all this detailed, and whenever necessary, well documented information! Christian Science and its sisterhood, Mormons, Russellites and the House of David, the Maid of Angelus, Buchman and the Dukhobors, these are some of the chapterheads.

To those of us who regard the teachings of Christianity as a sacred thing and look not so much with contempt and with a boisterous flippancy as with sorrow on the departures from this truth, there is something dreadful in this parade of religous deceivers and deceived. Through all this mask of the curious, the ridiculous, and the abnormal, we seem to see the evil countenance of a fiend who takes savage delight in leading souls to destruction. Aside from the fact that Mr. Ferguson gives too little space to serious reflections on this confusion of fake religions and sectarian pathology, his book can be read with keen delight. Let us see how he characterizes some of the twenty sects to which he devotes these chapters. There are the Swamis and Yogis particularly the "ineffable Swami Yogananda," the man who invented the system of selling Hindu philosophy to Americans by American methods and upon the basis of Yankee desire and ambition. "To two hundred Kiwanians at luncheon assembled he discoursed on the irresistible subject, 'Recharging Your Business Battery Out of the Cosmos.' We modern Americans will have none of religion if it does not offer us something practical for the wear and tear of the life we live. Swami Yogananda knows that." Mr. Ferguson believes in the sincerity of Aimee Semple McPherson. "I have heard her proclaim the gospel and I solemnly testify that I have never beheld one more painfully bent upon the salvation of souls than the woman who pounded the Holy Book upon the pulpit before her and shouted with priestly hoarseness that she believed it from cover to cover." He tells the story of her kidnapping, the suspicious surroundings of her absence from Los Angeles, her return to the city, which greeted her with "a riot of frantic cheering, of shrieking automobile sirens, of factory whistles. . . . Presidents have traveled across the country and found along the way a lesser demonstration." Down in Waco, Texas, "Pastor" Russell is delivering a sermon. "While lecturing on the non-existence of hell, a sot rose to his feet in the back of the audience and shouted, 'Stay with 'em, Pastor! We're dependin' on you.' Obviously the idea of hell was never popular, even to the fleshly yokel who sinned on Saturday night only." How apt the summary: "Russellism is the religion of the consciously second-rate." All of Buchman's early years "he spent in a small American town where vice never reared its ugly head and where excitement consisted in the triennial visit of a dog and pony show.

HE grew to young manhood on the milk of the Word and finally went to Yale. There his troubles began. New Haven, he tells us, is a monstrously wicked city and Chapel Street is the parade ground of harlots and 'adventure girls.' " He attended a theological seminary but even there found that "the whole air hangs heavy with repression, and breathing and serenity are difficult." In connection with Buchman, Mr. Ferguson gives a notable definition of a cult: "I say cult because Buchmanism makes use of certain properties and instrumentalities. To these it attributes miraculous and demonstrable potency. It is distinguished from everyday evangelism by sacerdotal methods singularly its own." The place of punishment, in the Theosophist hereafter, Kamaloka, cannot teach the spiritually minded, "but the bad will have one hell of a time and be acutely conscious while they are having it. There is no fire, but Kamaloka lacks no other property of torture. Mrs. Besant's portrayal of the agony in Kamaloka makes Jonathan Edwards's fire and brimstone seem like frigidaire." "The epochs of theosophy, in numbers and length, put

modern geology to shame. A million milleniums means no more to Madame Blavatsky than a thousand years to the Lord." The author's interpretation of Ku Kluxism reveals profound comprehension of mass psychology. His interpretation is worth quoting in part at least. "When the Klan at last lifted its ugly head to the consternation of American liberals, it was variously condemned and derided. But all the writers of that hysterical hour, with one or two notable exceptions, failed to see what in this later day has become a fact of first importance and no dispute, namely, that the Klan was a religion. . . . The war was never more than a ritual to us. We never felt its reality. We had all the joys of war with none of its unsavoury details. The psychology resulting from absentee participation cannot be studied too closely. We were never in the War, except vicariously. What was the result? We made a religion of our hate. We made a God of Uncle Sam and doctrines of our national beliefs, and we found devils for our new religion among the Jews, the Catholics, and the Negroes. . . . It is fairly obvious that the Klan was nearer to being a tribal religion than anything else. It had that narrowness and exclusiveness about it that marks primitive races. For we emerged from the war with the solemn conviction that we were God's Chosen People. . . . We conjured enemies from behind hostile barns and laid upon them with that strange and incomparable savagery which only religious emotions can produce." This thesis is heavily documented, in part with quotations that portray the limits of religious self-delusion as when Emperor Simmons warns his followers against Hiram W. Evans (who later replaced him): "I am the door of Klankraft; no man can enter therein but by ME. If any other door is offered, the same is a cheat and a swindle and he who offers it is a thief and a robber. I am the way, the truth and the life in the kingdom of Klankraft, and no man can come into the REAL Klan but by ME: for I alone have the TRUE word; and my very soul yearns to gather the real Americans together, as a hen gathers her brood and direct them onward and upward to the blissful consummation of their highest and fondest hopes." And with ringing tones he enjoins those who have gone off after Evans: "Come unto Me, all you who yearn and labour after Klankraft and I will give you rest. Take my program upon you and learn of me, for I am unselfish and true at heart. . . . I am the one custodian and sole Master of the sublime Mystery." Mr. Ferguson may not have a clear conception of Christian theology (he entirely misjudges the fundamentalists). But he is able to see the difference between Modernism and the New Theology. Discussing one of the Swamis he says that his success was due to that appealing doctrine, the Divinity of Man. The author then remarks: "He was the spirit of the new theology, for if we simmer all the modernistic and New Thought concoction down to its base, we find there nothing more than the simple idea that man is not the worm that the old theology said he was."

In addition to the twenty movements and sects described in the body of the volume there is "A Brief Dictionary of Sects" which outlines the history and teachings of others, and a select bibliography which is valuable.

The Gate to Elysium

AN INTRODUCTION TO MUSIC. By Martin Bernstein. Prentice-Hall, Inc., New York. 1937. $4.00.

Here is a book unique in its field. All too often histories of music and approaches to the various phases of its technique are far too difficult for the layman. This volume, however, is a study of the appreciation of music combining a brief survey of the development of music as it is traced through the lives of the composers with an analysis of their typical compositions. Its style is concise, readable and informative. It is an excellent introductory volume

for those who seek some understanding of musical forms and an intelligent enjoyment of the musical heritage of the western world.

This is Mr. Bernstein's avowed objective and he, therefore, suggests that the representative works discussed be read in conjunction with the actual hearing of the music. It is possible for the careful reader to use the book as an introduction to a concentrated study of the thematic material presented or for a more casual reader merely to enjoy the vivid descriptions of great personalities and the development of forces which influenced them and combined to bring us our living treasures of great music.

From a description of the characteristics of sound, the orchestral instruments which create them and a simple analysis of the musical concepts of form, rhythm, melody and harmony Mr. Bernstein approaches the major composers whose life and music are presented in their close and intriguing relationship. The most characteristic works of each composer are analyzed and the thematic elements adequately traced through some 400 partial scores written or transcribed for the piano. The reader may, for example, follow the motives in Beethoven's beautiful Appassionata Sonata and in the majestic Fifth Symphony. He may begin to understand the development and form of the soul-revealing style of the string quartette in E Minor. With this new insight his enjoyment of these compositions heard so often over the radio and in concert halls can be immeasurably heightened.

Although the entire field of music is presented in its periods of development the classifications never become pedantic. The author is too keenly aware of the individuality of the artist and the complexity of the influences of the past and present which have molded and dominated his art.

The periods covered begin with the great Johann Sebastian Bach at the time when the "musician was regarded merely as an employee (of the lord and court) whose duty it was not only to perform music but also to create it. Music was a commodity supplied by the court-composer in precisely the same manner as food was supplied to the princely table by the cook." While Bach turned to the church and reached his greatest heights of inspiration in the choral music written for the liturgy of the Lutheran Church, Händel, his brilliant contemporary, was attracted to the opera. The oratorio, Händel's own creation, was designed for performance before an audience. The author in tracing the development of the exalted polyphonic music of these old masters, points out that "Bach and Händel were not pioneers but rather individuals who utilized to the full the rich heritage left to them by the efforts of hundreds of predecessors. This is an important truth. No great artist ever appeared "ex nihilo." He is always a debtor to the hidden and forgotten past.

During the second half of the eighteenth century occurred a revolution in the art of music. The strictly contrapuntal style of Bach and Händel was succeeded by the harmonic form (a melody with an accompaniment in distinction from melodies used simultaneously) which now dominated the symphony and its related forms the sonata, string quartette, overture, and concerto. Because Vienna became the scene of musical activity this new and significant era is termed the Viennese Period. Its development from Haydn who "crystallized the forms of symphony and string quartette and demonstrated their musical potentialities" to Beethoven whose monumental works are man's universal concepts and continuing dreams set to music is one of the great experiences of humanity.

THE new movement which characterized the beginning of the nineteenth century was termed the Romantic since emphasis was placed on the subject matter of the composition. While the classical

style is marked by a mastery and perfection of form, the romantic style demanded a "romantic mode of expression." The composers naturally turned to the shorter lyrical pieces, the art song, programmatic orchestral forms, romantic opera and the music drama. Typical of this period are the works of Schubert, Mendelssohn, Schuman, Berlioz, Von Weber, Chopin, Liszt and Wagner. Musical trends of the succeeding years were influenced to a marked degree by the works of Carl Maria Von Weber, who is called the father of the German opera, Franz Liszt whose harmonic procedures are one of the original contributions to music, and Richard Wagner whose one objective was a fusion of dramatic poetry and music into an artistic form—the music drama.

Johannes Brahms, the neo-classicist, is described as one of the greatest masters of the art of thematic development in the realm of absolute music.

Mr. Bernstein discusses the Italian opera and its trends, the self-conscious nationalistic phase of the nineteenth century and its exponents, the post-Wagnerians and the Finnish Jean Sibelius who stands apart from the Nationalist Movement because of his greater artistic stature. He is preeminently the foremost modern master of the symphony, yet no Modernist in the accepted sense.

At the end of the nineteenth century the delicate and elusively beautiful music of Claude Debussy ushered in a new style —Impressionism which emphasized "atmosphere." Debussy's music departed from the conventional standards of melodic construction and his new concepts of harmonic procedure, some of which can be traced back to very old musical forms, are adequately yet briefly described. The works of Debussy marked the close of an epoch which began in 1600.

Mr. Bernstein closes his book with an informative study of the most recent trends in music. The creative efforts at the dawn of a new epoch are, in his estimation, inferior to those which come at its close. Great changes are now taking place in concepts of harmony, rhythm and instrumentation. Changes of scale formation are evolving. Melodies built on the new concept of tonality, called atonal, have been established as legitimate musical forms through the work of Arnold Schoenberg. Although polytonality (the simultaneous use of different keys or tonalities) can be found in the music of Bach, the twentieth century composers are investigating its artistic possibilities. The moderns use rhythm in endless variety with no constant recurring stress.

Mr. Bernstein is deeply conscious of the limitations of space imposed on him in a single volume. As a consequence, the complete bibliographies at the close of each section are especially valuable. The interested reader may pursue any single phase of the vast and fascinating subject by a discriminating use of his suggested readings. Surely there can be no more profitable occupation for leisure hours. He who knows music has before him hidden worlds in which the unaided human spirit has soared to its greatest heights.—GEORGINE THEISS

History and Story

DRUMS ALONG THE MOHAWK. By Walter D. Edmonds. Little, Brown & Company, Boston. 1937. $2.50.

Walter Dumaux Edmonds of Boonville, N.Y., though still in his early thirties, has made his mark as a fiction writer through his contributions to such nationally known magazines as *Harper's, Atlantic Monthly, Scribner's,* and the *Saturday Evening Post,* and five novels. His first novel, *Rome Haul,* was published in 1929. All of his novels, if our memory serves us correctly, concern themselves with the early history of central New York. A little over a year ago Edmonds' *Drums Along the Mohawk* made its appearance and has been among the "best sellers" ever since. The copy which we read for review was

from the tenth printing, the 199th thousand.

The scene of this historical novel is laid among the Palatines in the Mohawk Valley. Perhaps a word about them will be in place. In 1709, the Reverend Joshua Kocherthal, a German Lutheran pastor, brought over to America the first ship-load of Palatine Germans and settled them on the Hudson River where Newburgh now stands. These Palatines and their forbears had suffered untold hardships and cruelties on account of their faith and had emigrated to America in quest of liberty and happiness. Other groups followed the first expedition until more than 2000 were established in several settlements along the Hudson about 100 miles north of New York City.

These Palatines had been promised the opportunity to make a living in the colony of New York by the authorities in England, but were shamefully deceived and disillusioned by greedy underlings. The result was that a number of the Palatines left their settlements and moved farther inland. Some went as far as Pennsylvania, others moved into the fertile valley of the Mohawk River where they obtained land from the Indians. By the time of the War of Independence, the descendants of these Palatines had moved still farther westward toward Oneida Lake. It is of these heroic, but forgotten pioneers that our author writes.

Gilbert Martin, the hero, and Magdelana Borst, the heroine, were married by the Domine, the Reverend Daniel Gros, at Fox Mills, Tryon Co., on July 10, 1776. They immediately move to Deerfield Settlement where Gil had purchased land and built a homestead for his bride, Lana. They live and labor happily together, even though the war clouds loom darker and darker from day to day. When they finally break, the Martin home, as well as those of the other patriots at Deerfield, is destroyed, and they must seek safety in flight to Little Stone Arabia Stockade. The peacock's feather, a gift of her mother, which Lana had always kept in sight in her cabin, was lost in the excitement of escape. When the danger of attack from the enemy continued and a return to Deerfield is out of question, Gil is hired by Mrs. McKlemmar to take charge of her farm and Lana is employed to do the sewing for the household. These three, linked by a fine friendship, share both the joys and the vicissitudes of the years that follow. Gil takes part in the battle of Oriskany in which General Herkimer received his fatal leg wound. The account of the amputation of that leg by a blundering army surgeon, and the general's slow death by bleeding is simply told, but with telling effect.

Other campaigns and skirmishes follow for Gil and trying months for Lana, who loses her first child, but becomes the mother of several others. They are happy together in spite of the trying circumstances that meet them so often. It is a great relief when at last the news is brought into the valley: "General Washington has taken Cornwallis in Virginia!" However, the inheritance of Mrs. McKlemmar's farm, after her death in 1782, does not materialize for Gil and Lana, as the widow's will cannot be found, and so we see them return to Deerfield with their children, where a new cabin is erected and where they live, happy and thankful that peace has returned at last. The peacock's feather once more comes to light.

The story is an interesting and dramatic one. The author has put much time and effort into careful historical research. He draws his characters with a skilful hand. Gil and Lana are admirable persons, and the Amazonian Widow McKlemmar, her stern and forbidding exterior mantling a kind and generous heart, is excellently portrayed. Captain Demooth and Dr. Petry are striking figures, as are the Indians Blue Black and Gahota. The Tory Wolff is sympathetically dealt with. His experiences in Newgate Prison at Simsbury Mines, his escape, and ultimate

return to Canada in search of his wife form one of the most interesting portions of the book.

IN our opinion, however, with all its excellencies, the story is spoiled by the fact that the author overstresses the sex element in his characters. It surely is a distorted view that insists on mentioning the "unmentionables" under the pretext that otherwise a writer cannot fully present a character or a true historical picture. We mingle with people daily—relatives, friends, acquaintances, business associates; we read about our public characters in the press; we know these people; we understand their characters; we appreciate their strong and weak sides; and we surely do not have to peek into their bedrooms to obtain a better knowledge of them. Let us at last have done with books that insist upon going farther and taking more liberties than we do in everyday life. Moreover, in the final analysis, most of the "stuff" thus woven into novels, historical and otherwise, is not found in the sources so much as in the minds of their authors.

Silence in A House

How still the house since you are gone!
No more your fingers
Like quicksilver across the ivory keys,
Shaking out notes
Into the open hands of silence.
No more your voice
At dawn caroling in the miracle
Of mauves and scarlets,
Or breaking songs
Against the leveled spearhead
Of the dusk.
No more your footsteps running together
Like happy words
Into tender sentences
To charm my listening heart.
How shall I walk with this new quiet
That does not know you,
And whose hands are empty
Of gifts you used to lavish?

HELEN MYRTIS LANGE

The OCTOBER Magazines

Each month THE CRESSET *presents a check list of important articles in leading magazines which will be of interest to our readers.*

American Mercury

"The Workers" vs. The Workers

By CHANNING POLLOCK

In a day when our civilization is in danger of being determined solely by the interests and security of "The Workers" it is well to recall that there are in our country other groups of workers equally indispensable and worthy of protection and preservation. This article, accordingly, merits thoughtful reading not because it reveals new truths, but rather because it emphasizes old truths which are likely to be drowned in the confusing noises of contemporary class propaganda. The suggestion that the effective approach to a solution of our labor problems lies in a practical realization of the rights and obligations of both sides may seem trite indeed to the reader who still believes that a sympathetic objectivity and an unflinching realism are and have always been the ideal of the church in the conflicts of capital and labor.

Liberalism Commits Suicide

By LAWRENCE DENNIS

This article points out the pitfalls for Liberalism in any alliance with Russia and the other anti-Fascist powers. Such an alliance, the author maintains, can lead only to world war and to the consequent death of Liberalism. A hard-minded realism and an intense nationalism are set forth as the best hopes for democracy and for peace. It seems rather tragic to have nothing more than an "ism" upon which to build social justice and world peace. As a generalization it may be noted that the viewpoint of this article is typical of the decadence of the *Mercury*.

The Disarmament Hoax

By FLETCHER PRATT

"The Fading of a Dream" might well have been the title of this exposition of the pathetic failure of the Washington and Geneva Conferences to end the Race for Armaments. The grim race goes on more costly and more threatening than ever before. Our generation has few disillusion-

ments more complete or more bitter than the dead hope that nations would agree to limit their instruments of mutual slaughter. How rude, too, must be the awakening for those churchmen who regarded disarmament as essential for the coming of the Kingdom!

Atlantic Monthly

The Approach to Religion

By Ralph Adams Cram

In this interesting treatise Ralph Adams Cram, the eminent Anglo-Catholic, once more exalts the value of beauty as an approach to religion. Here as in other of his writings he stresses the relation between the decadence of beauty in our civilization and the decadence of contemporary religion. Beautiful churches and a beautiful worship are important beyond all question. But, unfortunately enough, the real need of present-day religion goes far deeper than that. Whatever Cram writes is written exceedingly well and most attractively presents the Anglo-Catholic cult of the beautiful both in the house and in the forms of worship.

Remarriage After Divorce—The Case for Authoritative Discretion

By Phillips Endecott Osgood

This article is a clear presentation of the Divorce Controversy within the Episcopalian Church. It is an argument for the recommendation of the Commission on Marriage and Divorce that bishops be given the authorization to permit second or subsequent marriages after divorce "for any cause." According to a recent Associated Press release, Bishop Page of Detroit, chairman of the Commission, has conceded that about 1200 clergy "have signed up in opposition to our proposal." The article is valuable for its demonstration of the confusion which is inevitable when the clergy of a church are bound by no doctrinal standards.

The Strange Case of Pastor Niemoeller—The Religious Crisis in Germany

By Paul Hutchinson

The editor of the *Christian Century* presents a vivid sketch of the dramatic career of the heroic pastor of Dahlem who is now confined in Moabit prison because he dared to oppose his government in its determination to make the church wholly subject to Naziism. Whoever is interested in knowing more about this famous Lutheran churchman who went "From U-Boat to Pulpit" or about the attitude of the Hitler government toward religion will find this article informative and valuable. Both in the characterization of Pastor Niemoeller and in the evaluation of his fame, the author, however, betrays his prejudice against religious orthodoxy.

Harper's

Sons of the Wolf

By Ernest Poole

A "must" article for all teachers and parents. Quietly and objectively Mr. Poole, novelist and world-traveler, describes the education of the Italian child under Il Duce. From the first lispings of the budding Fascist until he has come to maturity, the education of the young Fascist is dominated by rifles, machine guns, and bayonets. He is taught to eat, dream, and sleep war. The walls of his dining halls are covered with military frescoes. His life is drills. Mr. Poole tells the story without drawing any conclusions, but the picture of the six-year-old "Sons of the Wolf" which *Harper's* reproduces is the most tragic commentary on our world we have seen in many a year.

Radio, American Style

By Jascha Heifetz

To our knowledge this is the first time that a distinguished artist has expressed himself in print on the subject of the radio. Somewhat unexpectedly, Heifetz vigorously defends the American approach to radio control as opposed to the British and Continental way of government control. Only Holland has independent stations. Of course, Heifetz, in common with all other commentators on the radio, attacks the advertising blurbs. "After the BBC (British Broadcasting Corporation) announcers make their introductory comments, I am convinced, they go home, pack their bags, and set off on polar explorations. They are never heard from again." A good idea. Heifetz also deplores our American custom of crowding a jazz orchestra, a comedian, a dramatic sketch, advertising matter, and a grand-opera star into thirty minutes—all in the name of variety. Well worth reading.

Professor's Freedom

By Donald Slesinger

Provoked by the Davis-Yale and Walgreen-Chicago controversies the question of academic freedom has again moved into the forefront of public interest. Mr. Slesinger, himself no newcomer to the American campus, sets up the thesis that the professors are their own worst enemies. Too many of them consider academic freedom a theoretical right hardly worth defending when their own jobs would be in danger as a result of coming to the rescue of some poor colleague who has been caught between the upper and nether millstones of academic conservatism and the howling of the mob.

Scribner's

Selling Scholarship Short

By John R. Tunis

There are about one thousand universities in the United States, and the number of students enrolled is slight-

ly over 1,000,000. That ought to be enough to go around. A few universities, however, have so swollen out of all rhyme and reason (New York University, 31,000; Columbia, 30,000; Minnesota, 15,000; Illinois, 14,000) that the rest must scramble frantically and disgracefully for student enrollment. The result is a shameful bedlam of questionable ethics and high-powered salesmanship which Mr. Tunis, America's foremost iconoclast in the field of education, describes effectively. Even when one discounts Mr. Tunis' tendency toward iconoclasm, the situation remains an unprecedented mess. The article is in Mr. Tunis' best vein.

A Poet Makes A Very Definite Complaint

(The Editor asks for sonnets.)

How confine a flame within fourteen lines?
As soon store precious water in a sieve
Or look for stars deep in the tunneled mines.
Where shall the dancing flame find space to live?
It chews along the words and makes a leap
Toward freedom, and is thwarted by a rhyme.
It burns the sonnet to an ashy heap
Which is not fit for the archives of Time.

Let others whose flame is a tall candle
Or a lamp which daintily sips up oil,
Light the place where Beauty set her sandal
And bruised their hearts and blessed the fragrant soil.
God locked not sun or stars within a box.
How shall my lesser strength put flame in stocks?

HELEN MYRTIS LANGE

Contributors — Problems — Final Notes

THE individual articles in the column "Notes and Comment" are from the hands of the contributing editors. It may be well to note again that the editors assume joint responsibility for all statements in which moral and religious principles are involved. Beyond that there is the widest possible latitude of opinion. For example only a few of the editors agree on the editorial "Black 1937 vs. Black 1927." We shall be happy to hear from our readers concerning the ethical problem involved in the case.

The Editor's Lamp

THE CRESSET is happy to present as its regular critic of music Walter A. Hansen of Concordia College, Fort Wayne, Indiana. Prof. Hansen is widely known in musical circles not only for his brilliant criticism in the *Fort Wayne News Sentinel* but also for his scholarly articles in musical journals. Each month he will present a column of interest to all lovers of music. Our critic in the field of art is A. R. Kretzmann, pastor of St. Luke's Church, Chicago, who has devoted years of study to art, especially in the religious field.

THIS issue of THE CRESSET presents a number of book reviews which are representative of the type of review to be offered in subsequent issues. The editors have endeavored to strike a balance between "best sellers" and books that may be of permanent importance to our readers. As we write, "Northwest Passage" stands second in the list of best sellers. "Religion and the Modern State" will never land there. Both books are important—though for entirely different reasons. All unsigned reviews are by members of the staff.

THE CRESSET is especially proud to present a new poet to our readers in this first issue. She is Miss Helen Myrtis Lange, graduate of St. Stephen's School, Chicago, Illinois. We are certain that our readers will agree that Miss Lange possesses an authentic gift for moving verse. We hope to present more of her work in forthcoming issues.

IN future issues of THE CRESSET letters from our readers should become an important part of the publi-

cation. The editors welcome criticism and comment, either of the magazine itself or of the contents of individual contributions. Limitations of space, however, make it imperative that letters to the editors do not exceed three hundred words in length.

TO many of our readers the names and positions of the Associate Editors are familiar. There may be some among our readers, however, who are not acquainted with them. E. J. Friedrich is professor of homiletics at Concordia Seminary and a keen student of current affairs. O. A. Geiseman, S.T.D., is pastor of Grace Church, Oak Park, Illinois, contributing editor of the *American Lutheran* and a thorough observer of the modern scene. Theodore Graebner, D.D., is professor of philosophy at Concordia Seminary, Editor of the *Lutheran Witness,* author of many books, particularly in the borderland between metaphysics and religion. He is a member of more learned societies than we can enumerate here. Ad. Haentzschel, Ph.D., professor of philosophy at Valparaiso University—one-time university pastor at the University of Wisconsin and member of the faculty there and a brilliant critic of modern thought. Paul Lindemann is pastor of Redeemer Church, St. Paul, Minnesota, Editor of the *American Lutheran,* author of a number of books and wields one of the most influential pens in the twentieth century church. Walter A. Maier, Ph.D., is professor of Old Testament Interpretation at Concordia Seminary, member of many learned societies, Editor of the *Walther League Messenger* and famed throughout the North American continent as America's most eloquent radio orator.

THE Editors have been wrestling with the question: Shall the motion picture be reviewed in THE CRESSET? Spurred by a number of requests, they have considered the matter carefully. At this writing no final decision has been reached. There are difficulties with regard to approach and method which must be eliminated before we can offer anything worthwhile to our readers. Meanwhile, the question remains open and we invite comment from those of our readers who are interested in the problem.

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FORTHCOMING ISSUES

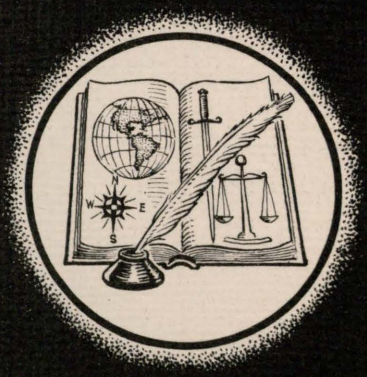
I The editors will continue brief trenchant comments on news and events of the day.

II Major articles during the coming months will include:

MODERN LITERATURE AND RELIGION
MODERN POETRY
THE PHILOSOPHY OF COMMUNISM
"LIFE" AND "LOOK"
DADAISM (Part 2)
VOICES FROM THE GUTTER (Modern Realism)
WHAT IS EDUCATION?
RADIO'S ACCOUNT WITH RELIGION
RELIGION ON THE SCREEN
FILTH ON THE CORNER
THE AMERICAN NEWSPAPER
THE NEW LEISURE
OUR NEWS WEEKLIES
RELIGION AND STYLE

III In subsequent issues the editors will review, among many others, the following books:

THE NILE ..... *Emil Ludwig*
THE "IFS" AND "OUGHTS" OF ETHICS ..... *DeBoer*
CONVERSATION AT MIDNIGHT ..... *Edna St. Vincent Millay*
THE OUTWARD ROOM ..... *Brand*
MIDDLETOWN IN TRANSITION ..... *Lynd*
THE FALL OF THE CITY ..... *Archibald MacLeish*
MAN THE UNKNOWN ..... *Carrel*
THE GOOD SOCIETY ..... *Walter Lippmann*
POISONS, POTIONS, PROFITS ..... *Peter Morell*
ROMAN CATHOLICISM AND FREEDOM ..... *C. J. Cadoux*
THE LIFE AND DEATH OF A SPANISH TOWN ..... *Eliot Paul*
THE HOUSE IN ANTIGUA ..... *Louis Adamic*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