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THE CRESSET

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Notes and Comment

BY THE EDITORS

"... At Hard Labor"

WE HAVE been mulling over a report from Helsinki that a number of the wartime Finnish leaders have turned the jail sentences which they received after war-guilt trials into opportunities for scholarly work. Former Premier Linkomies, for example, has been spending his enforced leisure in finishing off a work on the Augustine era, writing a study of Roman culture, and doing an annotated translation of Petronius. Former President Ryti, who as we recall was sentenced to imprisonment "at hard labor," has been working on a history of Finnish finance. Two of the other "war criminals" are busy at similar hard labor.

Here we may have the suggestion of an out for the man who would love nothing better than to sit down by himself for a while to read and think and write but finds himself enmeshed in a web of committee jobs, Rotary speeches, editorial duties, and the many other impedimenta of the scholarly life in the twentieth century. It might not be advisable to lead one's country into an unsuccessful war, but there are a number of minor crimes which might be useful. We can foresee the time when the frustrated scholar, faced with the need of a certain amount of time in which to complete his magnum opus, will run down the list of major and minor crimes until he finds one the punishment for which will satisfy his time requirement. In fact, we ourselves have in mind a project which would fit nicely

into a 7-10 year grand larceny term, allowing time off for good behavior.

On Calves and Babies

WE HAVE just received from the bank that handles our rather complex finances a copy of their 1949 calendar. Since most of their customers are farmers, the bank's annual calendars include on the back of each monthly sheet some pertinent suggestions for more successful farming.

Turning back the February sheet, we were struck by a full-face portrait of a young calf (breed unknown) captioned almost epigrammatically: "To become good cows, calves need proper care." There followed a number of suggestions for bringing calves through to healthy and contented cowhood.

We have always been friendly to cows, but we can't help noting that there is an element of injustice in the whole set-up. To start with, calves are born into a system which demands little in the way of protection from their own kind. Add to that the careful handling (almost coddling) that they receive from their human owners and it would seem that the average calf has a more encouraging atmosphere to grow up in than the average child. Have you ever heard of a delinquent calf?

Government a Career?

THE reports of the Hoover Commission which has been looking into the organization of the federal government have pointed up a number of weaknesses in the structure and it is to be presumed that the new Congress will get down to business and correct some of the worst of them.

Unfortunately, the real weaknesses of the government cannot be cured by legislative action. Raising salaries here, revising tables of organization there, detaching here and attaching there won't get at the root of the trouble which is the fact that we have not yet developed in this country, at least to any considerable extent, the ideal of public service as a career challenging enough to be its own chief reward.

A friend of ours pointed out just the other day that the very connotation of certain terms indicates our great weakness. He used as an example the term "politician," which we in the United States associate with the rather unsavory aspects of running a government. Its connotation is not a very noble one for us, yet in England it is a term of respect applied to people who have made government a career. Similarly we call certain people "bureaucrats," usually with at least the implied suggestion that they are unprofitable parts of the

overhead, to be gotten rid of whenever the country gets back to good, business-like government. In England, the same people would be termed "civil servants" and would be accepted as honorable, productive members of the community.

It would seem strange that in the United States, where specialization has been a fetish, we should not yet have developed a set of specialists in government, men without any strong party loyalties but with a deep interest in the art of running a country. Perhaps it has been our evaluation of success in terms of dollar income that has prevented such a thing from happening. Perhaps it has been our fear that able people are dangerous people when it comes to running a government. Whatever it has been, we have now arrived at the point where government is becoming more and more a part of our immediate lives and we shall either control it or it will control us.

Incidentally, while we are talking about government, it should be noted that no salary rise will ever be able to compensate good men for the almost inevitable slandering which has been the lot of many a public-spirited man who has entered the public service. Saints are made, not born. And it seldom falls to the lot of any country to have at any given time a sufficient number of saints to manage all of its public affairs.

Global Legerdemain

ONE of the basic rules of parlor magic is to keep the audience's eyes distracted from the center of the action. This may be accomplished by some sort of noise or a bit of manipulation or even a little gibberish calling attention to some side attraction.

There is some reason to fear that we have just seen a demonstration, on a global scale, of that sort of thing. All of us have been gravely concerned with the seeming impasse in Berlin and the associated problems involving most of Europe. But while we were watching the situation in Europe so intently, we paid little or no attention to what was happening in Asia where Communist expansion has reached out to grab another country.

Granting that the Chinese Nationalist government was a worn-out, cynical, bankrupt regime, it was still a fact that it was friendly toward the West. Granting that the Communist leaders are, for the most part, at least as democratic as Chiang Kai-shek and a great deal more competent, it is still a fact that they are hostile toward the West. And from the

simple standpoint of strategy in a world where two seemingly irreconcilable philosophies are jockeying for position, China's friendship or at least neutrality is essential to our position in the Far East and the western Pacific.

To allow China to go by default to the Communists is to turn over to them one-fifth of the world's population, a poor and desperately hungry mass of people who would make first-rate soldiers for anybody who is willing to feed them. It is to give the Soviet government access to almost the whole coast of eastern Asia and to shut that coast to ourselves. It is to add to the already immense land-base controlled by the Soviet government and already so disposed as to threaten areas in which we have heavy commitments. Worst of all, it is to set before all of the people of Asia what could well seem to be irrefutable evidence that, in any contest between themselves and the Soviet Union, the United States and the other Western powers will not intervene.

Presumably, all of these considerations were given their proper weight when we decided to write China off. Many of us would feel better if our State Department would take us at least partially into its confidence and tell us what higher considerations prompted its decision.

"No Man Is an Island"

THERE has been a disturbing note in some of the reactions to the arrest of Hungarian Primate Mindszenty. Protestant friends of ours who are vehemently anti-Communist have expressed a certain amount of satisfaction at the Cardinal's arrest and have shown an inclination to accept at their face value at least several of the charges made against the Cardinal.

It is always hard to establish facts in political disagreements in southeastern Europe. Probably the greater part of the clergy in that part of the world is by temperament and training reactionary (whatever that means) and inclined to attach itself to the traditional ruling classes. It may well be true that Mindszenty is a Hapsburgist and it is certainly true that he is no friend of the New Democracy. But that is beside the point.

What matters to us is that he is a brother in the faith, even though he be an erring brother. For the past many troubled months, he has been the most vocal spokesman for the church in Hungary, even though we may feel that at times he has said things with which we could not go along. He has now been silenced, at least for a while, by the enemies of the church. In a situation such as that, our sym-

pathies are with our brethren rather than with our blood enemies. And we use the word "brother" in this instance to denote any man who acknowledges the lordship of Christ, whether he belong to our branch of Christendom or to a branch which we have always believed to be seriously in error on a number of essential points.

In the gathering storm, there is going to have to be a greater awareness among all Christians of their unity as Christians as opposed to the paganism which is not inherent in, but has become characteristic of, political Communism. That does not mean that we shall have to submerge doctrinal differences or cease to stand for what we see to be the truth. It does mean that these differences must not stand in the way of united and effective opposition to those who would destroy the church. Mindszenty was not arrested because he was a dangerous man but because he was the spokesman of a dangerous institution—an institution of which, in the larger sense, we Lutherans and Baptists and Methodists and Presbyterians are members.

Five Generations

EDITORS always dread February. It demands some sort of reference to Washington, Lincoln, Edison, Harrison, and Charles Lewis Tiffany, all of whom were children of February.

By now, of course, practically every event in the lives of all of these men (with the possible exception of Tiffany) has been published not once but many times and even the best fictions that have been created around them have been plagiarized so often that no self-respecting editor would heat them up again.

It is interesting to note, though, that from Washington to Harrison to Lincoln to Edison to our own generation, each lifetime overlapping the lifetime of its predecessor, you have the whole span of the history of the United States. Harrison grew up during the Washington administration and was himself elected president with the support of the young Lincoln. Lincoln, in his turn, represented the older generation of Edison's youth just as Edison was to represent the older generation of our youth.

Measured in such terms, it hardly seems possible from the sheer standpoint of time that we could have despoiled the resources of our land as thoroughly as we have.

Uncle Superman

OUR neighbor has installed a new television set and we have joined the neighborhood

Critics' Circle which has organized to pass judgment on the new medium.

We are not yet ready to set down any definitive conclusions but already a question has started brewing in our mind and we wonder what the answer will be. We have, as most people have, a number of aunts and uncles and cousins by blood and by marriage whom, although they live not too far from us, we see perhaps once or twice a year. When we get together, we feel a sort of bond but it is a tenuous one which joins but does not tie.

Now this television business brings people into your house, into your very living room day after day, month after month. The face is there, the voice is there, the unconscious mannerism, the characteristic smile. These people are all interested in making you happy. They don't want to borrow money or involve you in any family squabbles or try to convince you that you need to go on a diet.

What happens now to the old set of human relationships? Especially in the case of children, can grandma and grandpa ever hold quite the same warm place that has been pre-empted by the nice man who comes every evening at 5:15 to tell them a story of adventure in a world that never was and never will be? What chance has Aunt Julie of competing with the beautiful lady who sings them folk songs just before supper every night? Even mother and dad, lacking make-up and a memorized script and proper lighting, are likely to find it difficult to hold their own against the little men and women that scintillate and smile from the television screen.

A strange world our children are growing up in, and yet perhaps no stranger than the world their elders grew up in—a world of disembodied voices sounding from a wooden box. If television does nothing else, it restores the words to human forms. It will no longer be a voice from the ether, but the voice of a man, that tells us that D-U-Z does everything.

Decline of Private Giving

A NUMBER of religious bodies and private charitable and educational groups have reported a quite marked decline in receipts during the latter part of 1948 and the early part of this year. As a result, some of these organizations have already found it necessary to abandon or restrict some of their activities.

Supporting the church is fundamentally a question of conscience. One's giving reflects, in a general way, one's love for Christ. Supporting these other private agen-

cies is not, however, a matter so much of conscience as it is a matter of understanding the need for their existence.

We are most concerned with the support of private higher education because we see it as the only antidote to a deadening uniformity of thought and belief which will be the certain result of an educational system completely state-supported. We are not afraid of directives drawn up by some federal superintendent of schools but of the much more insidious danger that in a system where a large part of the funds comes from the same source they will tend to gravitate toward the same purposes and to turn out the same products. Under such a system, will there be a place for the small college that thinks the best way to educate a person is to expose him to a several-years' course in reading the classics or for the denominational school which, in passing on its religious heritage, in many cases passes on also a cultural and social heritage which enriches our national life?

For this and for other reasons which we will discuss from time to time, we find ourselves strongly opposed to proposals for federal aid to higher education. The kind of education in which we believe most intensely asks nothing of government but to be let alone. But it may be that in order for that kind of education to receive adequate support government will have to make some revisions in the tax structure so that people can give without going bankrupt in the process.

The PILGRIM

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

BY O. P. KRETZMANN

The Least of These

I WAS wandering down Lexington Avenue in New York when he ran out of a drugstore and blindly walked into my path. . . . He was small and his neck, I noticed, rose uncertain and thin from the collar of his dirty sweater. . . . As he looked up to apologize for running into me I saw tears running down his face. . . . I reached for his arm, held him for a moment and asked if I could be of any help. . . . He brushed the tears away with a dirty hand which clutched a piece of white paper. . . . "They fired me," he said, "they don't need a boy any more." . . . "They're firing all the boys in them stores." . . . "My old man's gonna be awful mad." . . . I drew him over to the edge of the sidewalk and mumbled something about other jobs—that drugstore wasn't the only one in town and jobs were still to be had. . . . He listened while he wiped the tears away with a grimy arm, but I could see that I was not reaching very far into his consciousness. . . . Horatio Alger to the contrary, one does not become a friend of a New York urchin in two or three minutes. . . . With my free hand I fished into my pocket for all the coins I had and held them out to him. . . . He shook his head. . . . "Naw, mister, I don't want no money like that. . . . I want a job." . . . With a muttered word that sounded like "thanks," he trotted off down the street. . . . The crowd swallowed him and I turned up the street for the next meeting. . . .

But somehow I could not forget him. . . . There had been real tragedy in his eyes, and fear. . . . I did not doubt that he would be able to find another job, but for the moment his little world had tumbled about his ears. . . . He had been hurt, and there is always dark tragedy in the hurt of a child. . . . I tried to remember what the employment laws of

New York had to say about child labor and wondered if his job had been illegal. . . . Not that it mattered much but it might help to explain his sudden dismissal. . . .

Perhaps the whole scene mattered very little. . . . No doubt it was being repeated a hundred times a day in all the great cities of our land. . . . A business must be efficient and if a person stands in the way of efficiency, the person must give way. . . . It was as simple as that. . . .

And still the boy's eyes haunted me. . . . Over the noise of the traffic there was now a far and lonely voice repeating a familiar phrase. . . . "The least of these." . . . Somewhere, probably here in New York, was the man who owned or managed that drugstore and all the others in the chain. . . . Perhaps he was a good man, a deacon in one of the great churches on Park Avenue, a model husband and father. . . . And yet the vast impersonal machinery which we have built in our time —we like to call it our civilization —had hurt a child tonight. . . . In miniature, I thought, my presence on Lexington Avenue had again given me a picture of the great wrongness of our world. . . . The trouble was not in the matter itself. . . . Children have been hurt in other ages and different worlds. . . . The real problem here was the automatic and impersonal way in which it had to be done. . . . My friend with the tears in his eyes was up against a vast, crushing mechanism. . . . Far up in one of the great buildings reaching insolently for the sky someone had decided that efficiency and profits required fewer delivery boys. . . . The order came down and my young friend cried on a New York street and saw the buildings where our world is made with hurt and frightened eyes. . . .

And possibly—and this is very important—with a dawning anger. . . . Many of my friends are bewildered by the great number of people who seem to be ready for change in our social and economic order. . . . Why, they ask, is our capitalistic system constantly under fire? . . . Why are so many men and women looking toward Russia with hope? . . . Well, there are many reasons . . . but certainly one of them is the boy on Lexington Avenue. . . . A few more experiences like that—the person crushed by our impersonal world —and the crying boy might well become the angry revolutionary. . . . Why not? . . . He has nothing to lose. . . . Our world hurt him when he was not prepared for pain and he will not easily forget that. . . .

The answer for all this does not come easily. . . . We have been at it for too many years and too

many of us have long ago lost the sense of pain and anger which such a world should bring to us. . . . Ultimately, of course, there is an answer . . . "the least of these" . . . the tremendous respect for the dignity and value of the individual . . . the love for Him, so great and so personal, that it came to a Cross . . . the continuing cry over the skyscrapers of New York: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

The Great Dilemma

Anyone who by reason of his profession must do a great deal of talking—a teacher or a preacher—welcomes the relief afforded by travel. . . . On trains or buses it is possible for him to remain silent and to listen to others. . . . This listening often produces significant results. . . . While it cannot be elevated to the authority of a poll it nevertheless gives one some idea concerning the thinking of the man in the bus or in the seat across the aisle on the train. . . . My journeys during the past few months have revealed an amazing concern with Russia. . . . It seems to have become an American obsession. . . . In general, the impromptu lectures on the subject alternate between belligerence and fear. . . . Beneath all this talk there seems to be a fundamental uneasiness in the American mind. . . . We are not quite sure that we (or our representatives on the world stage) are doing the right thing. . . . Again and again one hears the question: "Do our men in Washington, London and Paris really know what they are doing?" . . . .

It is obvious, of course, that all this uneasiness is the reflection of a fundamental problem. . . . It was stated quite clearly and effectively in the *Christian Century* several years ago by Samuel D. Marble. . . . It is interesting to note that in more than two years the fundamental situation has not changed one iota. . . . In November, 1946, Mr. Marble wrote:

> The opposing camps glare at each other, obdurate and sullen. Each, having decided to play the game of power politics, is maneuvered to a position where it is powerless either to yield or to extract gains from the other. So international cooperation decays, and the wind of bitter debate brings the fetid smell of war in the making.
>
> Power depends for success upon the creation of fear. Fear breeds suspicion, and suspicion gives rise to loneliness. The true isolationist of today is no longer the mid-western farmer who wants to plow his corn in peaceful ignorance of affairs in Darien or Trieste. He is the politician who has placed our relations with the rest of the world on a power basis.

Now not only are we distrusted, but we must distrust ourselves. As the most powerful nation in the world, America can no more have honest friends than a millionaire can know simple and unselfish comradeship. Just as the wealthy man must constantly be wary of those who would associate with him, probe their motives and suspect their deference, so must we be alert to fawning respect, and suspicious of the purposes of statesmen for whom "democracy" has become a coin with which to buy our favor.

Having come to possess this power, we find ourselves possessed by it. At first we use force only in the extreme circumstance, regretting it the while. Then we bow to it more frequently. Gradually it becomes the mode of our relationship, and ultimately the sole arbiter between our will and that of others. The more we use pressure, the more we abuse principle. The more powerful we grow, the weaker we become to turn away from the path of force.

The tragedy of power is that it is finally powerless to achieve the end it seeks. It can never become the true amalgamating tissue of society. We may have community in spite of force, but never because of it. Only justice can be the valid cement of human relations—justice, law, mutuality, cooperation in a common cause, understanding and respect. These we can have only if we deny power.

A sad story. . . . The problem is not the use of force in itself. . . . For the state that is permissible, even necessary. . . . The question which disturbs the mind of the average American today concerns the purpose of its use. . . . What will the end be? . . . Where are we going? . . . And as the twentieth century moves along that is more completely than ever hidden in the mind and hand of God. . . . Our great dilemma lies in the fact that we do not like what we are doing but see no other way out. . . . And so, reluctantly and uneasily, we embark on a course of action which, deep in our hearts, we know may lead to disaster. . . . On the other hand we are unable to find a better way, at least at the present moment. . . . This is a part of the great burden of the twentieth century . . . the burden of uncertainty . . . the Great Dilemma. . . .

History As Law and Gospel - I

By JAROSLAV PELIKAN, Ph.D.
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WHERE is human history headed and what does it mean? This question is forcing itself upon sensitive minds everywhere as a result of the course which history has been following in the past fifty years.

It is symptomatic of this situation that two of the most popular books on the non-fiction list in recent years should have been entitled *Human Destiny* and *A Study of History*. Nor is it accidental that Marxian Communism, which has laid increasing claim upon the hearts and minds of men in the past three decades, should concern itself with the problem of the meaning of history. Man's attempt to solve the riddle of his own existence is intimately bound up with his desire to understand the two factors which have made him what he is, namely, nature and history. Having discovered that an understanding of the world of nature is insufficient for an explication of the contradiction in which he finds himself, that, if anything, such an understanding merely deepens the contradiction, he turns to history in the hope of finding there the answers with which science refuses to provide him.

But philosophies of history vary as widely as do philosophies of science. The erudition of a historian is no guarantee of the validity of his understanding of historical process, nor does the study of historical data as such supply the explanation of those data. Unlike the firefly, history is not self-illuminating. The problem of the meaning of history is, therefore, not primarily a historical problem. Because the question is part of the problem of the meaning of human existence as such, and therefore of my existence, an inquiry into the nature

and destiny of history is necessarily an existential and intensely personal investigation, far removed from the vaunted objectivity with which the historian claims to be able to view the course of human events. Precisely because a consideration of the meaning of history is so closely linked to my understanding of my own life, I cannot attempt to carry on such a consideration apart from the convictions and commitments by which my life is directed. For the Christian, the meaning of life, hence of history, is "hid with Christ in God."

According to the declaration of the Christian faith, God's disclosure of His will for human life is twofold: it comes as Law and as Gospel, as judgment and as redemption. Similarly, the meaning of historical process, when viewed with Christian eyes, appears as Law and as Gospel. Without a clear delineation of this twofold character of history, an attempt to articulate the Christian philosophy of history will lose itself in the same errors which have attended every theology in which the Law and the Gospel were confused and mingled.

History as Law

In the framework of Christian thought, the Law is that revelation of the purpose and will of God by which He sets down what He expects and demands of men. Since man is what he is and lives as he does, however, that revelation is simultaneously an announcement of divine wrath and judgment. In opposition to the Kantian formula, "You should, therefore you can," Christianity asserts that man is inevitably involved in intentions and decisions that run contrary to God's Law. And thus the Law becomes a voice of threatening and destruction.

History is conceived of as Law whenever its development demonstrates the inability of men and civilizations to redeem themselves or to live up to the ideals and goals which they set for themselves. This is something quite different from the "laws of history" which men profess to find within the stream of historical events. The elaborate schematizations of a Toynbee, for example, are neither convincing as history nor incisive as philosophy. Though none can deny Toynbee's scholarship or his acquaintance with many forgotten crannies of history, his entire scheme bears the marks of a preconceived notion which must now be superimposed upon history without regard for those parts which may not fit the mold. And while his theory of "time of troubles" bears some affinity to our understanding of history as Law, he seems to us to short-circuit the dynamics im-

plicit in that theory by the calm assurances with which he foresees and foretells history's ultimate redemption.

Nowhere in the course of his ponderous book does Toynbee come seriously to terms with the judgment which historical study pronounces upon all pat theories, such as his own, that claim to rise above history in order to understand history. So painfully aware was the late Ernst Troeltsch (1865-1923) of that judgment that he made of it an entire philosophy of history. The historicism or historical relativism of Troeltsch and his followers on both sides of the Atlantic is rooted in the realization of the conditionedness of every historical utterance and event. This does not mean only that every man must be understood in the light of his times, and that every great movement or idea is a product of the historical environment in which it arose and grew. It means rather that even when I am sure of the fact that what I think and say is conditioned by the historical situation in which I stand, I cannot escape that historical situation. Like the Nemesis of the ancients, it avenges itself upon me whether I like it or not.

But not even the splendid synthetic gift of Ernst Troeltsch was able to draw the consequences of this view. In his posthumously published work on historicism, Troeltsch expressed the conviction that "we must overcome history with history." On the basis of this work, no less a figure than Adolf von Harnack called Troeltsch the greatest philosopher of history Germany had produced since Hegel. Neither Troeltsch nor Harnack, however, realized the implications of the judgment which each in his own way pronounced upon historical dogmatism and absolutism.

The Preacher First

For historicism, like every other preaching of the Law, must first be addressed to the preacher himself. Otherwise, it can itself become—as indeed it did become in both Troeltsch and Harnack—a vehicle for dogmatic pride. What Troeltsch and Harnack both failed to do was to discover that their own realization of historical conditionedness was itself conditioned by the temper of their times. With an unseemly ease that appears to be an occupational disease of historians, these scholars pointed out how ancient Christian thought came under the influence of Hellenism, how medieval social ideals were drawn from feudalism, how early Protestant theology and ethics were shaped by the "spirit of capitalism." They were able to do all this without

penitently acknowledging that their own method and approach were inspired by the historical consciousness of the late nineteenth century and were informed by the relativism and scepticism which pervaded not only the social sciences and history, but ethics, theology, and philosophy as well.

Thus historicism ends in its own dissolution; or, in Marx' terms, it contains the seeds of its own destruction. It fails to explain history satisfactorily, not because, as might seem at first glance, it is too radical, but because it is not radical enough. It is not nearly as radical as is a Christian view of history as Law, which acknowledges humbly and penitently that its own judgment upon history is subject to the judgment of God; "He that judgeth me," said St. Paul, "is the Lord." Historicism does not even approach the penetration of the Old Testament prophets into the infinite possibilities for self-deception which the preaching of the Law offers to the preacher.

Another reason for historicism's failure to do justice to history is the fact that it does not take the paradox of historical development seriously enough. As we shall see in our discussion of history as Gospel, the phenomenon of development within history has been the means by which more than one philosopher of history was led astray. The paradox involved in the concept of development is that while there is development and movement within the historical process, every step forward involves a new set of opportunities for the corruption of the very impetus that first propelled that step.

That paradox cannot be resolved by a theory which sometimes passes for the Christian understanding of history. Usually beginning with the cliche "Human nature does not change," this naive view denies all meaning to historical development. It conceives of history as something static and of historical events and ages as insignificant. Far from being the Christian philosophy of history, such a conception sells the Christian world-view short by refusing to deal seriously with time. It owes much more to the Greek than to the Christian idea of history; for one of the distinguishing marks of the latter in contrast to the former is the earnestness with which it considers the Kairos, the age. Greek thought, on the other hand, thought of both nature and history in static terms. And yet there are many circles in which the theory of the changelessness of history, almost blasphemy in view of the Christian picture of God, parades under the Christian name.

Modern secular thought has sought to do away with the paradox of historical development by resorting to another device. It has deliberately blinded itself to the possibilities for corruption that are present on each level of historical development, and has naively equated development and progress. We shall have more to say about the Marxist and the bourgeois theories of progress in the second part of this essay. But in this context, this device is important as an illustration of man's attempt to rationalize the condemnation which the Law, whether in the Bible or in history, calls down upon him. By affirming the infinite perfectibility of man, the theory of progress has managed to overlook the fact that every development within history presents man with the chance to destroy the very genius which has made that development possible.

This is just another way of saying that man's capacity for rising beyond himself and beyond history can become the means by which he defies the divine purpose in history. In Reinhold Niebuhr's words, "The fact that man can transcend himself in infinite regression and cannot find the end of life except in God is the mark of his creativity and uniqueness; closely related to this capacity is his inclination to transmute his partial and finite self and his partial and finite values into the infinite good. Therein lies his sin."

Myth and Atom

A realization of this inclination on man's part to suppose himself to be more than he actually is can come through empirical observation. Thus the Greeks were wont to speak of Hybris, man's refusal to content himself with his place in nature—the Christian would add, in history—and his attempt to scale the heights of divinity. The myth of Prometheus, when profoundly understood, signified for the Greeks the fact that an improvement in man's creative capacity and his control over nature does not necessarily bring with it a proportionate increase in man's wisdom in the use of his newly found powers. Much the same realization has come upon modern men as a result of scientific development. The fact that man can harness the power of the atom does not yet mean that he can harness himself and his demonic inclination to use the power of the atom for evil rather than for good.

Heartening as it may be that this realization is beginning to dawn on modern man, this does not mean that he has discovered the Christian understanding of history as Law. Søren Kierkegaard's distinction between a sense of guilt and a sense of sin

is applicable in this situation. The awareness of the possibility for evil on every level of historical development must be rooted in the Christian doctrine of God as Creator and Lord before the meaning of history as Law becomes apparent. It is only when I know that history, like nature, is ultimately subject to the lordship of God that I can measure the magnitude and depth of the guilt which I have empirically discovered. Then I realize that history, which was intended as the arena for service to God, has become instead the battleground between God and the devil, and that I am involved in that conflict. The Christian view of history as Law is, then, dualistic in that it sees the historical process as the stage for the drama of God's battle with the devil.

That conflict-theme underlies the best that Christian thought has had to say about the meaning of history. As we shall see, it is the basis of the Christian idea of history as Gospel; but it is that because it is first the framework of the Christian view of history as Law. Whenever man tries to act like God, he acts like the devil. The very creative acts by which man seeks to assert his lordship over the forces of nature and history are the instruments by which he sells himself into the service of the demonic. His declaration of independence from God is his oath of fealty to the devil. This is the Christian dialectic of history, that God and the devil are at war in history; and history is understood as Law whenever it becomes apparent that the devil has won a victory in that war, and that a particular historical phenomenon is therefore under the judgment and wrath of God.

The radical claim of the Christian view of history is that the conflict between God and the devil is settled in Christ, and that history's inability to redeem itself is itself redeemed in the entrance of God into history in the person and work of Christ. That is the Christian idea of history as Gospel, which will concern us in the second part of this essay.

(To be continued)

The Pleasure of Words

By HERBERT H. UMBACH
Professor of English
Valparaiso University

AMERICA has done with grammar;
Her children speak pure katzenjammer!
You find it in the glum whodunits
And can expect it from the pundits.
An Englishman would sooner choke
Than use what's dubbed "vulgar, colloq."—
If only we spoke like we should
We would be better understood.

Dear friend, it's very like you said:
It seems I'll never use my head.
But honest, pal, I ain't concerned . . .
Your bawling out don't leave me burned.
My English has gone down the pike—
I talk American as I like!

The heritage of modern English, its background and basic origins, is much in the news recently. In particular, two 1948 publications will interest the general reader as well as the linguistic specialist. Both books will serve—in their respectively different method of presentation—to give us that form of independence normally achieved when we rid ourselves of logophobia, the irrational fear of words.

The first of these is actually a synthesis of two separate, previous word compilations by Ivor Brown, noted British essayist and critic. *I GIVE YOU MY WORD and SAY THE WORD* is a duo-volume, with an introduction to this American edition by J. Donald Adams of the New York *Times* staff (E. P. Dutton and Co., New York, 146 and 130 pages, 1948, $2.75). Impish wit, clever cynicism, and a delightful turn of improvisation blend harmoniously in these brief adventures in the wonderland of words as Mr. Brown comments upon the varying fortunes of nearly 300 epithets which he has selected. The pleasure of this commentary is enriched when the author intersperses his fascinating information with effective quotations.

For instance, the word MIZZLE:

"It was a murky October day that the hero of our tale, Mr. Sponge, or Soapey Sponge as his good-natured friends called him, was seen mizzling along Oxford Street, winding his way to the West." Mizzling, here, is dis-

appearing; at least so the dictionaries say. But can a man be seen vanishing? Well, he can be seen about to vanish, fading out, and perhaps that is what Surtees had in mind. To me mizzling seems a good term for sauntering, moving slowly like the kind of rain that is called mizzling.

Mizzle, incidentally, is a word with a rich number of meanings. It is a very old variant of drizzle. "Now 'gynnes to mizzle, hye we homeward fast" is Spenser's precautionary advice—to potential rheumatoids? To mizzle is also to confuse. The ancient sot was mizzled with his wine. It can be an alternative to muzzle. As a noun it is a form of measles, and so a child can be "mizzled," *i.e.,* covered with spots. These usages are mostly scarce and antique or a piece of local dialect. But in one sense or another the word hangs on and does not, like Soapey, go mizzling out of sight.

It is not in his capacity as Scots editor of the London *Observer* that Ivor Brown has undertaken this good-natured, informal essaying. Rather, he has put down sporadically some of his favorites with wonderfully contagious results. Let a man write about a subject on which everyone has something to say, and the stimulus of this kind of vocabulary discussion is nigh endless (if you have any creative imagination).

Reading, more than gossip round a glass, has furnished his choice. As a wartime relaxation Brown started collecting the unusual words he liked, from bulldoze to yonderly, from skelder to alderliefest. He has placed archaisms and obsolete terms alongside today's slang, the literary word beside the vernacular. The stately syllabled Latin is found side by side with the short Saxon. Words with a distinctly northern smack to them come naturally into focus from a Scotsman's pen. Equally obvious is the yen of a drama critic (on the Manchester *Guardian* and, later, the *Saturday Review*) for examples drawn from Shakespeare's plays and the writings of other Elizabethan playwrights. But not exclusively. Witness one more excerpt:

HORNSWOGGLE. P. G. Wodehouse brought hornswoggle, for cheat, back from America and released it for service in the Drones Club. When it came to collecting a purse of gold what man could touch, not to mention hornswoggle, Oofy Prosser, that ace of Untouchables and prince of Non-Parters? Hornswoggling, I gather, began in American politics more than a century ago. It was an equivalent to honeyfogling and arrived in the same year, 1829. This I learn from the boundless researches of H. L. Mencken, who adds a striking tribute to hornswogglery from a "presumably reverend writer in *The Church Standard* of Sydney, Australia, November 27, 1936." This gentleman confessed himself "breathless with admiration" in the presence of such a word.

This reference to Mencken brings us gracefully to the other volume earlier hinted at. Full of even rarer information, a delight to those friends of the native language who like to set a poser, is *SUPPLEMENT TWO of THE AMERICAN LANGUAGE.* Much lengthier and more in the spirit of reform than the previously discussed work is Henry L. Mencken's tome, an independent treatment of the subject and the most comprehensive yet made. It is truly well written!

Sub-titled "An Inquiry into the Development of English in the United States," the current fourth edition of *THE AMERICAN LANGUAGE* has been accepted universally as the basic work on the subject. As he first wrote it in 1919, it was a modest (for him) book of 374 pages and was immediately republished in England and translated into German. Since then he has twice ('21, '23) revised it, finally rewriting it in '36 to the extent of 769 pages, far more comprehensive than any of its predecessors and in the main completely new. In '45 came *SUPPLEMENT ONE* in 739 pages, to which must now be added *SUPPLEMENT TWO* with almost 900 pages (Alfred A. Knopf, New York, 890 and xliii pages, 1948, $7.50).

It is one thing to accumulate materials, but quite another to write a book. Here is that rarest of literary accomplishments, a book that is scientific and authoritative, yet at the same time a diverting piece of reading. Although the man himself, we are told, is fond of practical jokes, his work is taken seriously. The material is ample, ranging into uncommon fields, witty, a triumph of industry and discernment. Moreover, its original thesis is now well accepted: that the American language, once a dialect of English, is now stronger than its mother tongue. Thus English "promises to become, on some not too remote tomorrow, a kind of dialect of American." Americanisms have been forcing their way into English since the early 19th century with a national uniformity, a disregard for rule or precedent, plus a rapacity for ever new words and phrases.

Since 1923 Mencken has had a clipping bureau send him every article on American English printed in the world. For his new material, in addition, he has consulted everything pertinent. He has followed closely the development of *The Dictionary of American English* and *The Linguistic Atlas of the United States and Canada,* together with other worthy works of lesser proportion. Mencken himself has examined in detail all the philological journals and has given personal atten-

tion (I can vouch for this from experience) to the suggestions, corrections, and remonstrances of more than a thousand correspondents in every walk of life and from all parts of the globe. He has been in touch with every serious student of our language alive in our time. In his own assertion in the preface he reminds us:

> I am not trained in linguistic science, and can thus claim no profundity for my book. It represents the gatherings, not of an expert in linguistics, but simply of a journalist interested in language, and if there appears in it any virtue at all it is the homely virtue of diligence. Someone had to bring together the widely scattered field material and try to get some order and coherence into it, and I fell into the job.

New data constantly accumulates, in itself a powerful testimony to the vitality of a living language. Therefore in '45 additional discoveries which related to the first six chapters of *THE AMERICAN LANGUAGE* were published in *SUPPLEMENT ONE* on these topics: The Two Streams of English, The Materials of Inquiry, The Beginnings of American, The Period of Growth, The Language Today, and American and English.

This second supplement brings up to date the remaining five chapters, namely, on The Pronunciation of American, American Spelling, The Common Speech, Proper Names in America, and American Slang. The text is accurately keyed into that of the parent volume; but this is an independent appendix, too, and may be read profitably by persons who know none of the preceding books. Actually, *SUPPLEMENT TWO* contributes not only to American philology, but also to American psychology, history, and folklore, amusing and often astonishing.

In chapter 7 (the first in this book) the general character of our pronunciation is investigated at length, with an exhaustive discussion of regional dialects, for example, that of New York City. "Despite the general uniformity of speech in large areas there are still many local peculiarities, some of them purely regional and the rest determined by occupational and racial factors." Variations that characterize special states of the U. S. are interpreted, followed by the same treatment of spoken American in Alaska, Hawaii, the Philippines, Puerto Rico, the Virgin Isles, and Canada. In my opinion, this is the prize portion of the opus. The other sections can be dismissed more quickly.

The cause of the divergence of American spelling from that of England since the close of the 18th century is described at length, with a separate exposition

on the Simplified Spelling movement. Also the grammar of vulgar American comes in for treatment, there being an attempt by Mencken to work up the laws which seem to govern the development of vulgarisms. In this connection, the reader receives a thorough treatment of the verb and pronoun in common speech. Extraordinarily diverse is the presentation of Proper Names, emphasis being allotted to surnames, given-names, place-names, and such designations as Oklahoman whereby Americans call themselves. Finally, the analysis of the nature of slang is as exciting as the membership within the social groups listed, i.e., circus men, pedagogues, hoboes, railroad men, steel-workers, and the like.

Newspaperman, magazine editor, essayist, humorist, and fundamentally a philosopher, H. L. Mencken's fame has undergone violent fluctuations. Yet, to the chagrin of his numerous opponents, he is pretty nearly always right. Last of the Voltaireans, imbued with what is possibly a pathetic reliance on the strength of human reason and insistent on submitting all beliefs to its adjudication, his is common sense above all unobstructed by sentimental allegiances.

If a writer's stature is measured by the influence he has on his contemporaries, then the Sage of Baltimore must be counted great; and surely this kind of linguistic contribution becomes his greatest achievement. It is compensation for what at first appeared a letdown, to find that the critic who had been in the twenties the greatest debunker of them all has not lost his vigorous and vivid style, aggressive rhetoric, and occasionally grotesque anathema. In other words, author-compiler Mencken has employed the American language throughout this book and has done it as only H. L. M. can. Still more recently Mencken succeeds therein again in the similar chapter he wrote for the important new *Literary History of the United States,* edited by Spiller and others, just off the press.

A reviewer leaves this monumental work with the thought, Will this writer ever attempt *Supplement Three?* Mencken at the age of 67 says, No; but some of us who have experienced his enthusiasm for the subject do not believe him. Obviously the material continues to accumulate; yet, Mencken may bequeath it to a library as resourceful as the New York Public Library or to a college of researchers as philologically experienced as at the University of Chicago.

THE ASTROLABE

By
THEODORE GRAEBNER

HINDU MAGIC

In his book *Indian Conjuring* Major M. Branson, who holds membership in the professional Circle of Magicians, devotes an entire chapter to the rope trick—the famous disappearing act featured by Hindu magicians. They throw a rope aloft and a boy disappears while climbing it into the sky. During the twenty-five years which Major Branson spent in India he has sought for an eye witness of this trick, but in vain, although he offered a reward of 5,000 rupees. No one ever claimed it.

In his recent book *White and Black Magic Among the Hindus,** Mr. Paul Dare, an Anglo-French writer who has lived many years in India, refers to a violent controversy on the same subject which appeared in newspapers like the *Times of India* and the *Evening News of India,* in 1934. As a sample I will translate the story told to him by a native lawyer, Goulam M. Munshi, who had recorded in the *Times of India* events which he observed from the hotel Great Western near Bombay in the winter of 1895-96. Sitting on the veranda he was witness of the following performance:

"A magician from the mountains arrived with a little boy of ten or twelve and seated himself on a bench within five or six meters of the entrance stairs. I was seated on the veranda about ten or fifteen meters distant and I saw him execute his tricks in plain air, without chair or table and without any shelter. The last trick he

*Paul Dare, *Magie Blanche et Magie Noire Aux Indes,* 192 pages, published by Payot in Paris, in the series *Collection de Documents et de Temoignages Pour Servir A L'Histoire De Notre Temps.*

performed was that of the rope. He launched a ball of twine which remained suspended without the least support either above or from the side. The boy who was with him climbed the length of this cord while continuing to talk with his master. His voice diminished the higher he rose and after several minutes he was no longer visible. Then the magician pretended anxiety and a few minutes later one heard the sound of falling objects which was repeated three or four times, when he announced that 'the pieces of the boy's body had fallen upon the earth.' He 'recovered' them in a basket and chanted several incantations. Then one saw the boy rise from the basket in perfect health and spirit, saluting the spectators according to usage. Of these there were not very many because it was only ten o'clock in the morning."

Other instances are placed on record by Mr. Dare, among them the story of a police officer who declared himself a pronounced skeptic but who in 1912 at Malappuran in Malabar viewed this bit of sorcery on a parade ground in the presence of a number of other police officers. Again two persons were involved, one of them tossing a cord about ten meters in length and half an inch in diameter, climbed by a little boy of about six years, who disappeared in the air and later reappeared in a ditch about 400 meters distant. The only explanation offered by this police officer for the trick was that given by the sorcerers themselves—"that they were endowed with supernatural power which permitted them to make a living by this trick."

WHITE SORCERY

Is there such a thing as white magic, referred to in the title of Paul Dare's book? He distinguishes it from black magic which involves the commission of crimes of violence, often the work of revenge and sometimes causing the death of the person against whom perpetrated. White magic is supposed to do no harm to anyone but is a means of livelihood for professional sorcerers or "holy men" who have acquired such miracle-working ability through the study of ancient Hindu philosophy. Lieut. Col. R. H. Elliott has written a book *Les Mythes de l' Orient Mystique* for the purpose of divesting the stories of Hindu magic of their supernatural character. Concerning the trick of the rope he asserts complete skepticism on five counts: 1) the claim of supernatural power is inadmissible; 2) the trick violates the law of gravity if genuine; 3) the witnesses have not published

their observations at the time when they were made; 4) in all cases of abnormal phenomena witnesses are generally victims of fraud and trickery; 5) there is not in existence any testimony mutually corroborative.

Paul Dare takes up these arguments and makes the following reply: As concerns the inadmissibility of supernatural power, Mr. Dare proposes that if Col. Elliott had observed the many manifestations of power among the orientals in which the author (Mr. Dare) has participated, he would go slow about rejecting the case as unproven because supernatural power is "inadmissible." He also points out that the hated British military men would be the last to be offered opportunity to assist in such demonstrations. As for the second objection, Mr. Dare holds that the law of gravity has been set aside in certain classical cases of levitation, some of which Mr. Dare had personally observed, as when he saw an ascetic monk float a distance of seventy meters across a ravine. "In this instance I have proof positive that no error of my senses was involved." The third argument, he continues, is "very feeble." When this problem was not a matter of public controversy, who would feel compelled to place his observations on record? For the affirmation of fraud no evidence is submitted, and finally, as for supporting testimony, it is by no means lacking. Mr. Dare continues:

> Having so far criticized Mr. Elliott it seems to me that in fairness I should declare that I have never my own self assisted in the trick of the rope. Also, I must say that my information has all been second hand, sometimes third hand. The word of eye witnesses has come to me through second parties. However, there is much interesting detail in the stories when closely examined. There is the Austrian artist who told me about his brother who participated in one of these seances during which he took a photograph. But neither the rope nor the boy appeared on the plate although the magician and the crowd were clearly reproduced!

In the spring of 1935 the controversy of the rope trick was revived in London. Sir Ralph Pearson, once governor of the Northeast Province, wrote in the *Morning Post* that he had seen this trick performed in Don Dachia in 1900. A year later the subject was revived (February, 1936) at a conference arranged in London by the East India Company through Major G. H. Rooke. This major told how a British Army officer had taken a picture of the trick which showed neither rope nor boy on the plate. In this connection he told a very curious story. One of his friends, belonging to the diplomatic service, wanted to photograph a group of Hindus.

One of them had objected strenuously and finally consented to pose but added: "You cannot take a photograph of me!" When the film was developed the place occupied by this man was found to be a blank! "This case," Mr. Dare continues, "resembles the experience of my friend Visnu Karandikar when he tried to take the picture of a certain idol.

While we were pursuing archeological research in a temple of Old Mahablesharr in 1934, we discovered an extremely rare object, a small idol of the ancient goddess Gayatri, with four faces. The priest declared, without hesitation, that we should not attempt to photograph it. He added that in any case, since I was not a Brahmin I could not accomplish it, unless I had undergone certain magic rites, because "the spell of Gayatri is one of the most powerful known to the ancient sages." Curious to know what would happen and also having acquired a strong skepticism during his long stay in London, Mr. Karandikar wanted to turn the idol around in order to place it more favorably in the light for his camera. Although its shape made this easily manageable, the statue absolutely refused to budge even when we joined our efforts (the statue was only a meter high). When Mr. Karandikar tried again by himself he received on his left hand a violent blow which left a mark and broke a golden ring which he was wearing.

Finally, when he had failed in his efforts, he took the photographs but the plates remained blank beyond reproducing the wall which was behind the statue. The camera was functioning perfectly, as was noted by the success he had in taking other snapshots around the temple. I made my own attempt but without any better success. Finally my friend, the Brahmin, pronounced the ancient magic spells which the priest had prescribed, but feeling a horror when making another effort after the ceremony, I was unable to obtain anything but a confused outline of the idol.

POSSESSION

The greater part of Paul Dare's *White and Black Magic Among the Hindus* is devoted to the recital of phenomena which have a background of evil mentality. Malevolent spirits are at work plaguing the pagan.

A schoolmaster of Travancore, Mr. Venkateswaran, to whom I owe much of the detail of the beliefs of southern India, told me about a case of magic to which he was victim several years when he was making a stay with some friends in a Travancore dwelling. They could not rest at night without being awakened by a noise which came from the second floor of the house. It was a soft, persistent noise like a pestle grinding grain in a mortar. Although they went to the granary many times they found nothing there that might be the cause of this disturbance, which ceased when one approached the door and again commenced when one de-

scended. After a few weeks the manifestations became more pronounced, a bluish light became visible over the cistern of the house, and there were tearful cries and sighs from the center of the cistern, until the visitors were compelled to leave the place.

Spooky enough, but the manifestations of evil recited by Mr. Dare are even more sinister.

In a village of Travancore a woman of respectable family who ordinarily had only normal strength would suddenly be endowed with herculean power. She would raise a heavy table with one extended hand. Then she would find under her bed objects belonging to herself and others, regarded long as lost. The woman was regarded as possessed by a spirit, who was later driven out.

In another village of Travancore, in the spring of 1933, a young girl was the victim. Rocks would strike against the house. When the rice would boil in the kitchen the kettle would suddenly be polluted by substances which exhaled an asphyxiating odor. The young girl passing into a trance would employ obscene terms, and uttered threats of which she was not conscious later. Several exorcists struggled with the spirit and tried to drive it out, apparently with success, when the girl suddenly attacked her women friends and in a voice entirely different from her usual one exclaimed: "You seek to drive me out but you will see what will happen!" That very moment the building took fire and was destroyed almost completely before help arrived.

In this as in other cases Paul Dare records the recital of eye witnesses and expresses his entire confidence in their truthfulness.

EVIL THOUGHT FORMS THAT LIVE

After performing in a cabaret of Ahmedabad one night in January, 1935, a young danseuse had an experience which even Paul Dare, whose book contains chills enough to lower anybody's blood temperature a few degrees, regards as the prize story of horrors related to him in India.

The young woman took a drive between the two lakes of Chindola and Kankaria, and when she passed some ancient Mohammedan graves near the wall of an ancient mosque she was amazed to see a white figure standing upright and facing her carriage. When the figure would not move, the young woman brought her carriage to a stop and then noticed that the figure was not some peasant but was a transparent body of more than twice natural size. When this apparition suddenly vanished, the danseuse saw the gleam of a fire on her right hand and soon distinguished two characters fighting a duel, being garbed in a costume which (we later learned) was that of Mongols of the seventeenth century. One of the duelists beheaded his adver-

sary and to her extreme horror the young woman saw the headless corpse with blood spurting project itself towards her carriage. Although possessed of nerves like steel she uttered a cry, and the figure vanished. . . .

Determined to sound this mystery the woman returned the next day to the same stretch of road but found neither fire nor cinders nor any blood in the ruins of the mosque. She did, however, hear of a local tradition concerning an ancient Mongolian settlement and also concerning a mortal combat in which a man was beheaded, which caused the road to have the reputation of being haunted. She told the story to a German friend who was interested in occult phenomena and who accompanied the woman on the following night to the same spot. As they approached the mosque he had to quiet the fears of the woman, who wished to draw back from the experiment. When both the man and the woman heard a fearful laughter, like that of a demented, coming from the ancient wall, the girl fainted away. What her German friend told her when they were again safely in town was that the moment they heard the burst of laughter he saw two black hands descend from the rear of the coach to wring his neck. This is the way Mr. Dare tells the story:

He saved himself through his experience in occult matters which caused him to wear a steel dagger, knowing that elementary emanations are driven off by steel. When the phantom hands came down he slashed at them and that moment they disappeared. But on the young woman's neck there remained the imprint of claws and large black bruises for a number of days.

It seems without doubt that an evil form of thought had survived on this spot, born of violence and able to transmit and be transformed into dangerous activities by some given person who unconsciously has the quality of a medium. There is no question about it, and it would be senseless to deny that there exist among the ancient shrines of India many good and evil influences, some places being particularly centers of spiritual power and some of these emanations being entirely evil. Some of these powers reside in images. Many of these images are very ancient, sometimes covered with sculptures representing the worst sexual perversities that one can imagine, so repugnant that I could not describe them in this book. The "ghosts" are not necessarily disembodied spirits of evil men but *forms of evil thought* so powerful that they are able to persist through the ages. They may be overcome by means of ancient Hindu spells, but when participating in such a rite, as I did on one occasion, I had an extreme sense of horror during the entire ceremony and I was candidly glad when the incantations ended and we could leave the shrine safe and sound to return to civilization—such as it is in the Hindu villages.

Music AND MUSIC MAKERS

A Masterpiece, Triteness, and Quotations

By WALTER A. HANSEN

I have been thinking about, and listening to, a great masterpiece. It is Johann Sebastian Bach's majestic *Passacaglia and Fugue in C Minor.*

What is a *passacaglia?* Originally it was a street song which, according to the conclusions of many scholars, came into being in the West Indies. From there it was brought to Spain. In the course of time it developed into a stately dance.

As employed by Buxtehude, Bach, Handel, and other composers the *passacaglia* is an instrumental composition founded on a ground-bass *(basso ostinato)* which is repeated in sections of equal length—from four to eight bars as a rule—with varied contrapuntal treatment in the upper voices.

Scholars are at loggerheads with regard to the difference between a *passacaglia* and a *chaconne.* Long ago composers acquired the habit of using the two terms interchangeably. Consequently, it is impossible to arrive at a clear-cut and historically defensible distinction between a *passacaglia* and a *chaconne.* Philipp Spitta and Albert Schweitzer, both famous Bach scholars, hold to one view; Sir Charles Hubert Parry and Ebenezer Prout, equally eminent savants, espouse another. Johann Gottfried Walther (1684-1748) opines in his *Musikalisches Lexicon* that the *passacaglia* was written for the most part in a minor key, had a more languid character than the *chaconne,* and was slower in tempo; but Johann Mattheson (1681-1764), in his *Kern melodischer Wissenschaft,* states that the *chaconne* was slower than the *passacaglia* and usually in a major key, while the *passacaglia,* as a rule, was in a minor tonality.

Bach based the subject of his *Passacaglia and Fugue in C Minor* in part on a theme by André

Raison, a French composer of the seventeenth century. He wrote the work during his Weimar period. Johann Nikolaus Forkel (1749-1818) states that in its original form it was composed for "two clavichords and pedal." Other scholars are convinced that the work was designed at the outset for the organ.

The composition begins with a simple statement of the impressive ground-bass theme. There are twenty symmetrically built variations. In only two of these sections —the eleventh and the twelfth— does the subject rise—in double counterpoint—above the bass. After this it descends step by step to its original position. At the end of the first part of the composition there is a thrilling variation for five voices. Then Bach builds a majestic double fugue, which is made up of one-half of the *passacaglia* theme and an eighth-note figure completely new. The original subject never recurs in its entirety.

There are several orchestral transcriptions of the *Passacaglia and Fugue in C Minor.* The one most widely known is by Leopold Stokowski. The famous conductor says:

> The most free and sublime instrumental expressions of Bach are his greater organ works, and of these the greatest is the *Passacaglia in C Minor.* Unfortunately, one does not often enough have opportunity to hear it, and so, to bring it nearer to those who love Bach's music, I have made it for orchestra.
>
> I have transcribed it simply, adding one instrument to the usual orchestra—a small tuba—which plays in octaves with the larger tuba in the final entry of the theme in the fugue, just as the 8 and 16 feet pedal stops sound in octaves on the organ.
>
> This *Passacaglia* is one of those works whose content is so full and significant that its medium of expression is of relative unimportance; whether played on the organ, or on the greatest of all instruments—the orchestra—it is one of the most divinely inspired contrapuntal works ever conceived.

Frederick Stock, Heinrich Esser, and Alexander F. Goedicke made orchestral versions of Bach's work. Ottorino Respighi scored it for three flutes, piccolo, three oboes, English horn, three clarinets, bass clarinet, three bassoons, double bassoon, six horns, four trumpets, three trombones, bass tuba, tympani, organ pedal, and strings. Sometimes his colors are garish. In his transcription the theme is stated at the outset by bassoons, double bassoon, trombones, tuba, organ, 'cellos, and double basses. Stokowski uses only the 'cellos and the double basses for the announcement of the subject.

I like the orchestral version made by the late Albert Stoessel.

It is scored for three flutes (interchangeable with piccolos), two oboes, English horn, two clarinets, bass clarinet, two bassoons, double bassoon, four horns, three trumpets, three trombones, tuba, tympani, bass drum, cymbals (employed only once), and strings. It has more color than Stokowski's and less color than Respighi's.

What Causes Triteness?

When, how, and why does a composition become trite? Is triteness always due to meretriciousness in the work itself? No. Must it be ascribed to perfunctory performances? Sometimes.

Let us consider an overture concerning which many are in the habit of saying, "This music has become so trite in the course of the years that we no longer have a desire to listen to it." I am referring to the overture to Mikhail Ivanovich Glinka's *Russlan and Ludmilla.*

I admit that Glinka's overture seems run down at the heels when it is presented in a perfunctory manner. More than one conductor has said to himself and to others, "This work requires little or no preparation on the part of an orchestra." From such an attitude comes triteness—triteness that causes one to long to be 10,000 miles away from a performance. But the little composition itself contains no triteness whatever. It is a masterpiece.

Although opera had been flourishing for a long time in Russia before Glinka wrote *A Life for the Tsar* and *Russlan and Ludmilla,* it is entirely in order to speak of the man who brought these two works into being as the father of a national school of composing. Before Glinka, together with Alexander Dargomijsky and the group of men known as the Mighty Five, undertook to make their native land conscious of the richness and the vastness of beauty contained in its own indigenous music, opera as written and produced in Russia had been surcharged with Italian elements. It is true that Glinka was unable to shake off every trace of the Italian influence; but *A Life for the Tsar,* which had its first performance in 1836, contained, in spite of some reminiscences of Donizetti and Bellini, so many thoroughly Russian ingredients that it marked the beginning of a new era in Russian music. Nevertheless, members of the aristocracy scoffed and said that the opera was full of music for coachmen.

The *première* of *Russlan and Ludmilla* took place in 1842. Booing and hissing punctuated the lukewarm applause of the audience. Much of the dissatisfaction had its origin on the stage itself and in the orchestra. In spite of

this, Glinka's detractors were soon to realize that a new day was dawning.

Glinka himself, by nature both sickly and lazy, had reached his twenty-seventh year before the folk music of the country of his birth began to engage his concentrated attention. He was in Italy when, as he says in his memoirs, "nostalgia for my homeland gradually led me to the idea of writing Russian music."

John Field (1782-1837), the forward-looking Irishman who had something to do with the development of Chopin's style of writing, had given Glinka three piano lessons, and years later, during a brief sojourn in Berlin, the budding Russian pathfinder had dipped into harmony and counterpoint under the guidance of Siegfried Dehn, whom he called "the greatest musical doctor in Europe." Other teachers had contributed in small measure to Glinka's education in music; but their influence, like that of Field, was inconsequential. Dehn, with all his learning, did not, and could not, mold the thinking of a man who had convictions of his own and was determined to put the soul and the soil of Russia into his composing. It is no exaggeration to say that the man who wrote *Russlan and Ludmilla* was self-taught.

After the inauspicious *première* of *Russlan and Ludmilla* Grand Duke Mikhail Pavlovich announced that henceforth he would punish recalcitrant officers by sending them to a performance of Glinka's opera instead of consigning them to the guardhouse. Perhaps the Grand Duke was antagonized unduly by the poor libretto, which was based on a poem by Pushkin. The great Russian writer had agreed to fashion the tale into a suitable libretto for Glinka, but he lost his life in a duel before he could do so. As a result, the story as used by the composer was a hodgepodge representing the efforts of six men, including Glinka himself.

Russlan and Ludmilla has never been presented in the United States. In fact, it has seldom been performed outside Russia. The overture, however, has long been popular throughout the world. In its buoyant *coda* Glinka makes use of the whole-tone scale a half century before the days of Claude Debussy.

Wanted: Quotation Marks

Has anyone ever devised marks for the purpose of indicating quotations in music? It would not be difficult to do so. I am referring, of course, to marks similar to those which the Germans call *Gänsefüsschen,* "little goose feet."

Building

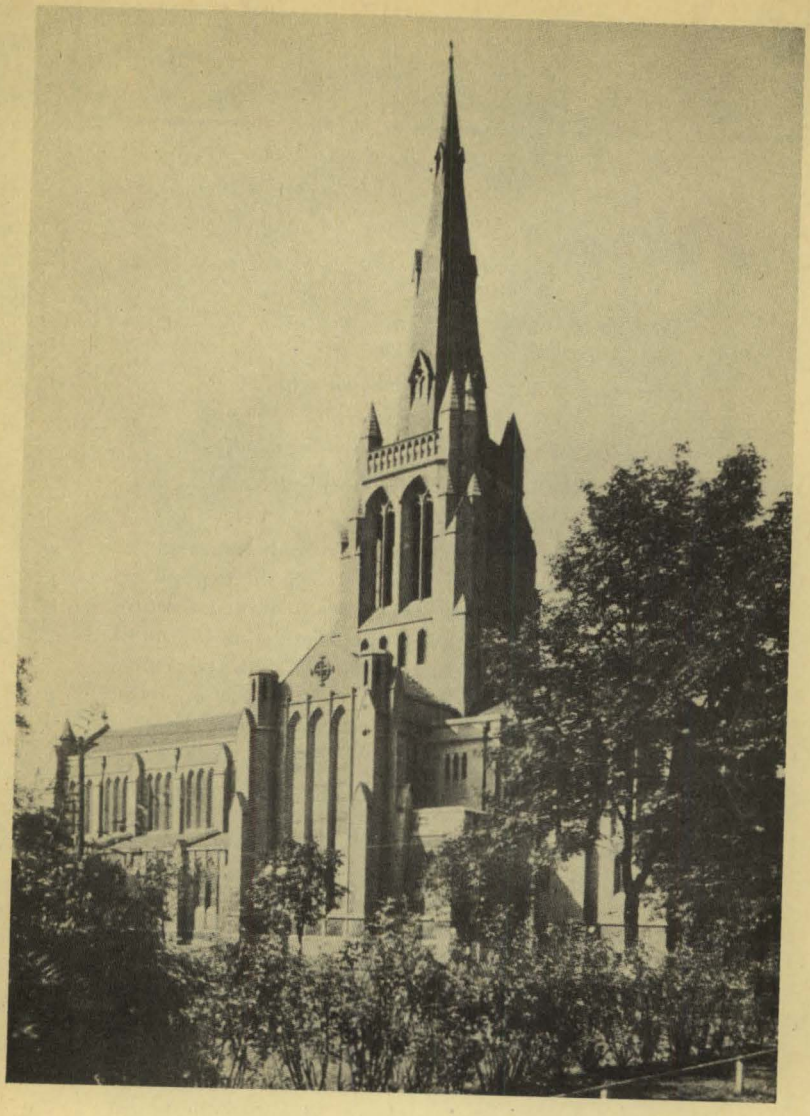
"They go to the forest for palm or pine,
The stuff for the humbler homes;
The mountain gives up its valued gifts
For the stately spires and domes;
But whether they work with marble or sod,
The builder is hand in hand with God."

SOME YEARS ago Arthur Tappan North did all lovers of the beautiful a great service by writing a little monograph on Ralph Adams Cram and punctuating it with beautiful reproductions of the wonderful works which sprang from the mind of this great man and his associates. When Cram and Wentworth entered into a partnership for the practice of architecture in 1899, they decided that the work of Henry Hobson Richardson was hardly characteristic of historical Christianity in the United States. Accordingly, they determined to take up again the Gothic architecture in England as it was when its normal development was abruptly interrupted by the events of the Reformation, and to further develop it as the most appropriate architecture for American Christian churches.

It was always the policy of Cram and his associates not to copy or reproduce archeologically. Their purpose has been to discover and understand the basic and underlying principles and, if possible, the conforming spirit of medieval architecture and giving this in their work a certain character consonant with contemporary civilization.

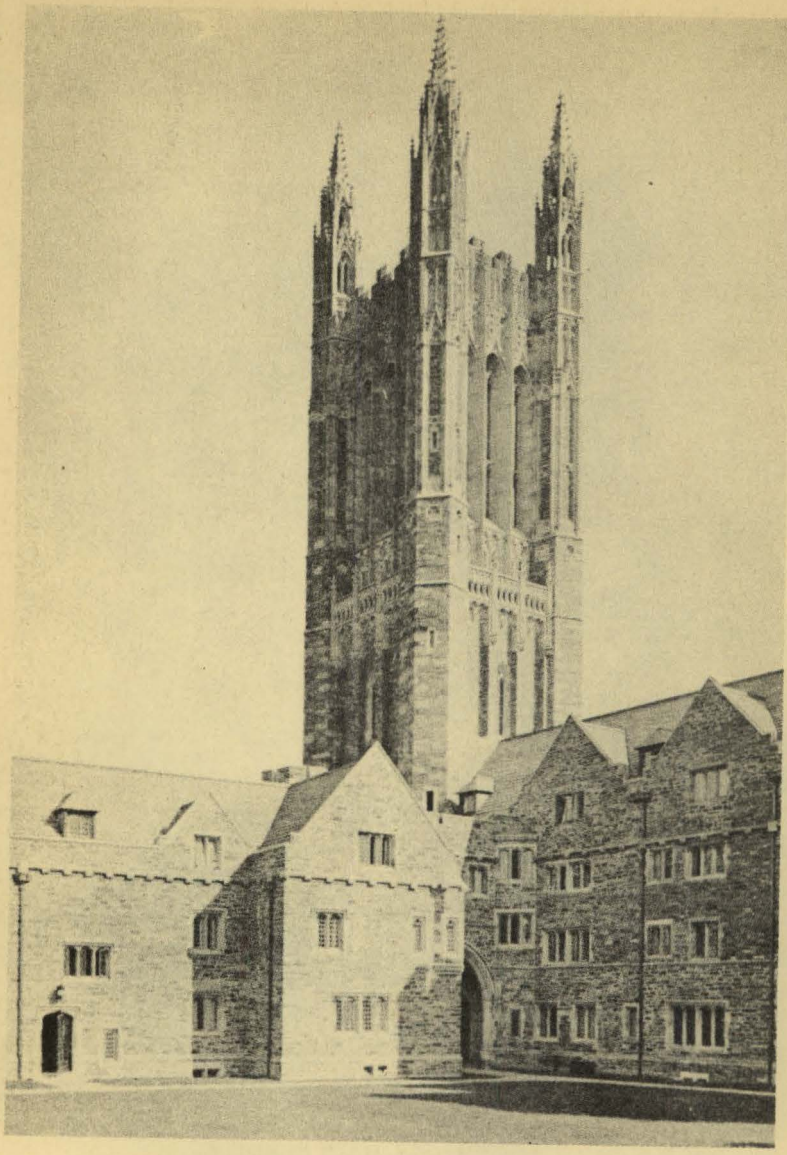
Mr. Cram was the one who in general furnished the knowledge of historical forms and Mr. Goodhue contributed those modern elements that were intended to give contemporaneous quality to the work. A few samples of their best work are reproduced herewith.

ADALBERT R. KRETZMANN

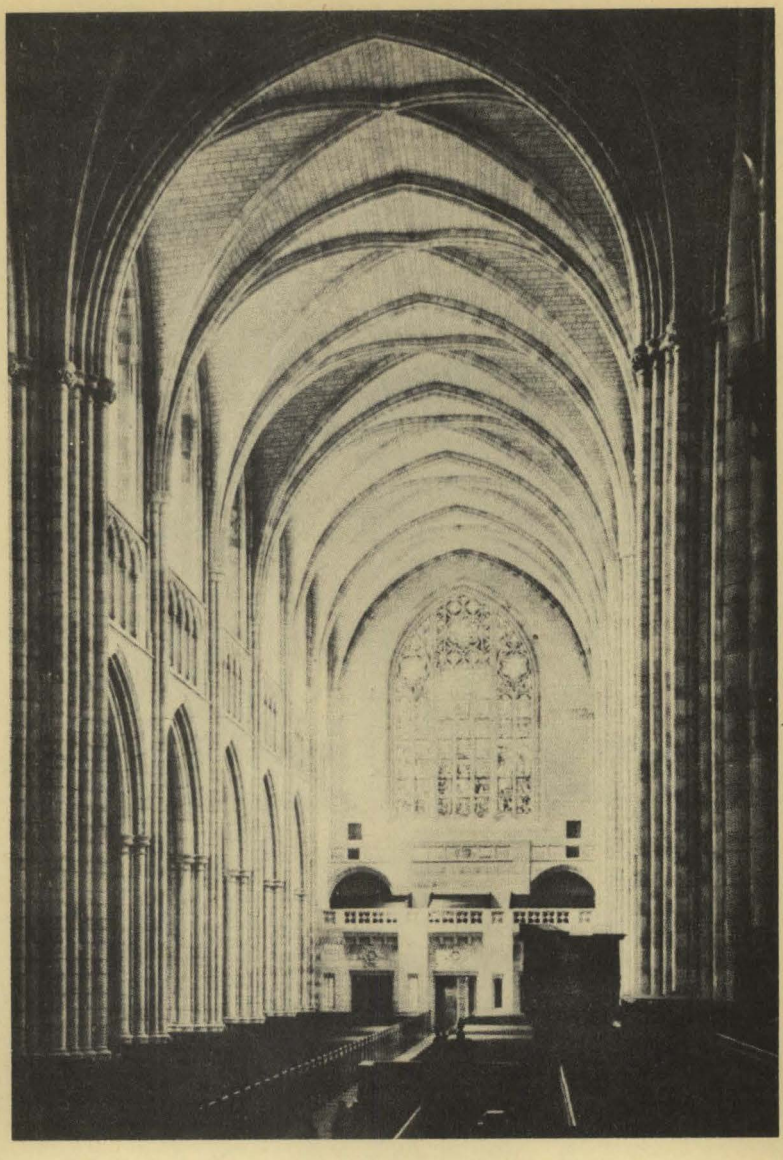


CALVARY CHURCH
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania
1907

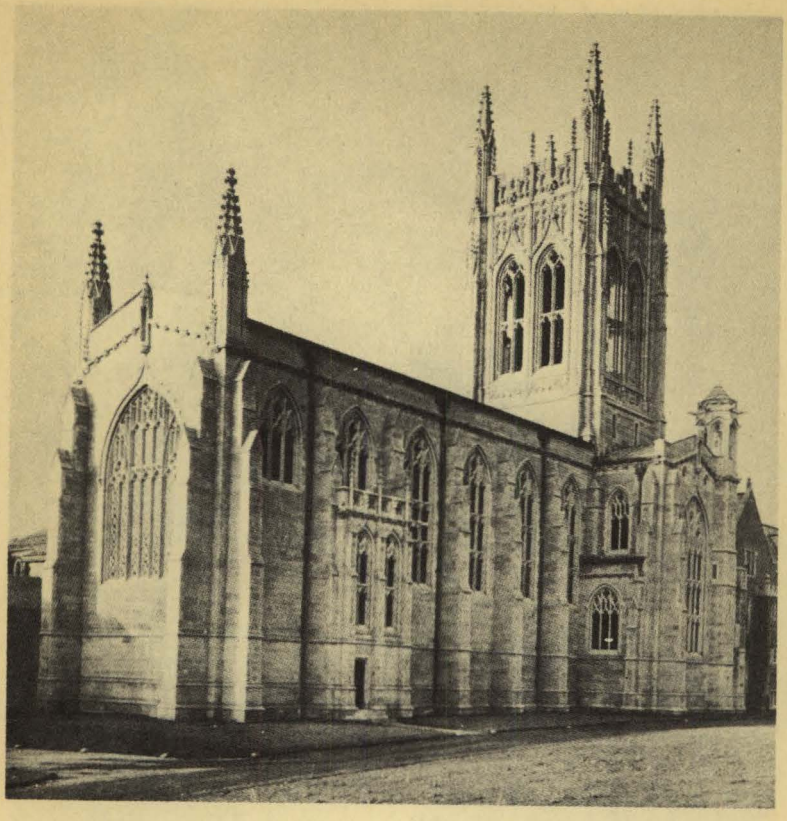
POST HEADQUARTERS
United States Military Academy
West Point, New York
1908



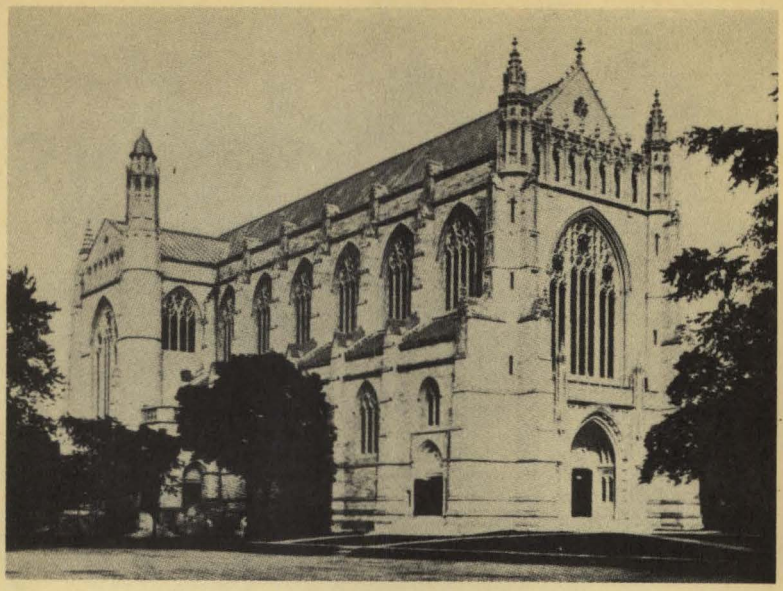
THE CLEVELAND TOWER
The Graduate College, Princeton University
Princeton, New Jersey
1913



THE NAVE FROM THE CHOIR
Princeton University
Princeton, New Jersey
1929



CHAPEL
Saint George's School
Newport, Rhode Island
1928



THE CHAPEL
Princeton University
Princeton, New Jersey
1929

THE SANCTUARY
Saint George's School
Newport, Rhode Island
1928

Would quotation marks be desirable in music? My answer is yes. Naturally, those composers who constantly beg, borrow, or steal from others would object. At all events, they would never use the signs.

It is probable that the tunesmiths—I do not call them composers—who fashion popular ditties out of famous melodies would not say a word against the use of quotation marks. Why? Because they—I mean the tunesmiths—ride to fame and affluence on the coat-tails of masters and near-masters. They make no secret of their quotations. Why should they? If the copyright laws do not stand in their way, they quote and quote until the cows come home. In the final analysis, they do no actual harm to the music on which they base their little abominations. As a matter of fact, they advertise the composers on whom they lean. Tchaikovsky and Grieg, for example, owe them a debt of gratitude.

Would Bach have used quotation marks if such signs had been devised in his time or before he came into the world? Bach was a prolific quoter. He quoted from his own works and from the works of others. Handel did likewise. Many accused him of out-and-out plagiarism.

I myself have often wished that Bach and Handel had used quotation marks. Signs of that kind would banish much trouble from the hearts and the minds of musicologists. One must grant, however, that the use of quotation marks would not take away all vexation from the men and women of learning; for it is altogether reasonable to assume that Bach and Handel sometimes quoted unwittingly. The savants could still have their fun and their trouble by indulging in guessing games. Some would say that Bach quoted from Dr. Thomas A. Arne's *Rule Britannia* when he wrote the *Fugue in E Major* in the second book of the *Well-Tempered Clavichord.* Others would deny as hotly and as vociferously as possible that the master could ever have done anything so outrageous. The fur would fly.

Well, Bach quoted, and Handel quoted—sometimes wittingly and sometimes unwittingly. One could, I suppose, make the same statement about most composers. Brahms quoted from his own *Regenlied* in his *Sonata in G Major, for Violin and Piano, Op. 78.* He did so wittingly and purposely. There was no attempt at concealment. Schubert was addicted to what one could call self-quotation. One of the most famous examples of this type of quoting is to be found in Richard Strauss's *Ein Heldenleben.* Here the renowned hero—none other

than the redoubtable Richard himself—quotes frequently, openly, and with a specific purpose from his own works. One needs no marks to enable one to recognize the quotations.

RECENT RECORDINGS

ANTONIN DVORAK. *Symphony No. 5, in E Minor, Op. 95 ("From the New World").* Leopold Stokowski and his symphony orchestra.—Stokowski, the great master of the art of producing sumptuous orchestral tone, gives a stirring performance of this beautiful symphony. RCA Victor De Luxe Album 25.

FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY. *Incidental Music to A Midsummer Night's Dream.* The NBC Symphony Orchestra under Arturo Toscanini.—Here Toscanini is at his best. RCA Victor Album 1280.

SERGEI RACHMANINOFF. *Rhapsody on a Theme of Paganini, Op. 43.* Artur Rubinstein, pianist, and the Philharmonia Orchestra of London under Walter Susskind.—A dazzling performance of an engrossing work based on the theme of Paganini's *Caprice No. 24*—the theme which fascinated Schumann, Liszt, and Brahms. RCA Victor Album 1269.

FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY. *Songs Without Words, Op. 19, No. 1 ("Sweet Remembrance").* IGOR STRAVINSKY. *Berceuse,* from *The Firebird.* DIMITRI SHOSTAKOVICH. *Danse Fantastique.* Jascha Heifetz, violinist, with Emanuel Bay at the piano.—Exceptionally fine exemplifications of Heifetz' phenomenal mastery of the violin. RCA Victor disc 10-1457.

CLAUDE DEBUSSY. *Reverie.* LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN. *Für Elise.* José Iturbi, pianist.—The composition by Debussy is well played, Beethoven's little piece receives a somewhat heavyhanded reading. RCA Victor disc 10-1458.

FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY. *Ruy Blas Overture.* The San Francisco Symphony Orchestra under Pierre Monteux.—Here M. Monteux shows his outstanding ability as a conductor. RCA Victor disc 12-0657.

ROBERT SCHUMANN. *Grillen, Traumeswirren,* and *Warum?* Ania Dorfmann, pianist. Excellent Schumann playing. RCA Victor disc 12-0424.

The Literary Scene

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

All unsigned reviews are by members of the Staff

A Truly Great Book

THE ROAD TO REASON. By Lecomte du Noüy. Longmans, Green and Co., New York. 1948. 254 pages. $3.50.

DU NOÜY has become widely known through his book, *Human Destiny* (cf. THE CRESSET, April, 1947, p. 56). It was his last work, for in September, 1947, this great scientist and thinker died. The present volume is an earlier book of his, translated from the French by his wife, an American.

While his chosen field of labor was that of science, especially physical biology, du Noüy's deepest interest lay in the philosophical problems concerning the significance and goal of human existence. He pondered such questions as, "What do we know? What is the value of science? Is science capable of fighting against the lack of moral values? What has it accomplished in the realm of pure knowledge?" In *The Road to Reason* he seeks an answer to these questions by analyzing the objectives, methods, and presuppositions of science, together with certain of its theories. The calculus of probability is given special attention, and du Noüy shows that on its principles a mechanical derivation of life and mind from inorganic matter is inconceivable. He arrives at the conclusion that "at present there is no hypothesis capable of explaining the birth of life and the development of consciousness without the intervention of a factor that can be described as extra-scientific or supernatural." There is no bridge between subatomic phenomena and human consciousness, in fact, the two are so incommensurable that, as du Noüy puts it, if we could "imagine a scientist who is a perfect mathematician and physicist, but totally ignorant of biological chemistry and biology, it would probably be easy for him to prove that molecules, such as proteins and enzymes, cannot exist and that life is inconceivable."

It is not surprising that from the results of these considerations du Noüy progressed (as shown in *Human Destiny)* to the acceptance of a god—though not as the Father of

Jesus Christ but only as the director of evolution.

One who like ourself has reviewed books for many years does not easily become enthused over a book. We have, however, no hesitation in pronouncing this a truly great book, a classic in its field. We believe that it represents a permanent and definitive contribution toward the solution of one of the most important problems of human thought: the relationship between science on the one hand and human personality and values on the other.

Democracy Begins at Home

A MAN CALLED WHITE. By Walter White. The Viking Press, New York. 1948. 382 pages. $3.75.

HE IS a Negro. His skin is white. His eyes are blue, his hair is blond. The traits of his race are nowhere visible upon him. These are a paraphrase of the first few words of *A Man Called White.* This is "the autobiography of a man who chose to remain a Negro . . . a stirring record of action in his people's cause."

This fact alone, that he is a white Negro who refused to "pass," should be encouragement enough to read White's story of his and his people's life. But the book is required reading for another reason: every thinking American and Christian ought to be interested in racial prejudice of every kind that "emerges more and more clearly as one of the world's most disturbing problems." But if Christianity and democracy have nothing to do with it, we should at least be wondering why some of the world's citizens are laughing at the conflict between our eloquent noises at United Nations meetings and our strange discriminations in the 48 states.

Moreover, it is the apt self-description of a white Negro who has devoted his life to fighting the Civil War all over again, but this time with better weapons. For the struggle he and his folk have at hand an instrument never previously given to them in America, the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. One can readily see that it is a "must" book for all of us.

The words of praise by Harold L. Ickes present the case of Walter White in beautiful simplicity: "The simple epic of a man who, in all modesty, has wrought more greatly for an underprivileged group than, at least so far as I am aware, any other man in American history."

VICTOR HOFFMAN

Ike's Book

CRUSADE IN EUROPE. By Dwight D. Eisenhower. Doubleday and Company, New York. 1948. 559 pages. $5.00.

THE title of this book is not as descriptive of its contents as it might be. It seems to promise a history of the war in Europe but instead consists of General Eisenhower's memoirs of his life from June, 1939, to about November, 1945. Seven of the twenty-four chapters deal only incidentally with Europe, four of these being devoted to the North African campaign. The narrative has the character of a spotlight which illumines Eisenhower and his surround-

ings and the things in which he is engaged, leaving all else pretty much in darkness.

Not that this is done in an offensive way. Eisenhower speaks of himself about as objectively as any man could and makes no effort to blow himself up into a superman. He also writes interestingly and clearly and avoids the meticulous details which irritate the general reader in *Admiral Halsey's Story*. As a result one gains an insight into the problems that had to be solved by the Allied Supreme Command and into the manner in which they were solved. An overall picture of the war, however, even in Europe, of what was happening simultaneously in other theaters of operation, is lacking.

Since it has been publicly charged that Eisenhower was one of the chief proponents of the iniquitous Morgenthau plan, we were on the alert, as we read, for any data on this point. There is only a reference to a conference with Morgenthau and, in connection with this, a statement on Eisenhower's general views regarding Germany's future. This statement appeared to us inconclusive and unsatisfactory as to Eisenhower's support or non-support of the Morgenthau revenge policy.

General Montgomery has been criticized for the failure of the Arnhem undertaking. According to Eisenhower "the attack . . . would have been successful except for the intervention of bad weather." While we were reading the book Maj. Gen. Van Hillen of the Dutch army stated that the failure was due to the fact that the British, despite the pleas of the Dutch, stopped at the critical moment to brew tea and leisurely drank it and that this gave the Germans time to blow up the bridge and wreck the whole project.

Eisenhower writes that he had hoped that the atomic bomb would not be used because he "disliked seeing the United States take the lead in introducing into war something as horrible and destructive as this new weapon was described to be." He says nothing, however, about the merciless bombing of refugee-crowded Dresden—more horrible and destructive of human life than the bombing of Hiroshima and probably as needless. We would have liked to hear his defense of that action—if there is a defense.

Not All Good

PSYCHIATRY FOR THE MILLIONS. By Benzion Liber, M.D. Frederick Fell, Inc., New York. 1949. 307 pages. $2.95.

THE title of this book seems to admit of several interpretations. It might mean that the volume wishes to tell millions of people what psychiatry is and does or that it proposes to teach millions how to practice psychiatry. Probably neither of these meanings is intended, but rather that the book discusses applications of psychiatry of which millions of persons are in need. This interpretation fits the case because Dr. Liber, who teaches and practices psychiatry at Polyclinic Hospital in New York, makes it a point to write almost exclusively of the lighter and incipient cases of mental disturbance, in order

to emphasize the importance and value of treatment at that stage, when it is most likely that favorable results can be obtained and more serious ailments be averted.

The book makes interesting and valuable reading for those who are fairly familiar with the various forms of mental abnormality, but we doubt whether it will leave a clear picture in others. Though Dr. Liber writes simply and clearly, too much material (including over two hundred case histories) is packed together, and the important features of diagnosis and treatment are not sufficiently set apart and emphasized. Like Prof. Joseph Jastrow, our teacher in abnormal psychology, Dr. Liber seems to be so full of his subject that it pours from him without a realization on his part that those whom he addresses need organization and articulation of the material if they are to profit.

Liber illustrates his own dictum, "Scientists are not always free from prejudice," when he pontificates on matters that lie beyond his province. So he avers: [The mind is] "a product, a secretion, as it were, of the body"; "there is a minute mind in each cell"; "a punishment never has the effect of correcting and improving." He believes that criminal tendencies may be congenital and lack of sociability hereditary. On the other hand, he strongly dissents from some popular pseudo-scientific notions. He writes:

> Some people, even a good many psychologists and psychiatrists, fear conflicts in the child's mind. They advise parents that conflicts are bad. The truth is, as in everything else, only an excess of inner strife is detrimental to the child's mental health.
>
> Most young people who have read superficial articles concerning suppression or have heard half-baked laymen "explain" it are afraid their submerged feelings will break out and play them tricks. They forget or have never noticed that repression is inherent in all life.
>
> We must not forget that misbehavior is not necessarily caused by mental disturbance.

He regrets that "we have rules and regulations regarding contagious and communicable diseases, but none for the purpose of avoiding the spread of mental disorders through the screen."

Dr. Liber's book is unfortunately marred by an amoral attitude in matters of sex.

Between Worlds

MEREDITH. By Siegfried Sassoon. The Viking Press, New York. 1948. 263 pages. $3.50.

AN INTERESTING line of speculation was offered a few years ago by Edmund Wilson when he pointed out how many of the greatest writers have been persons who found themselves in an ambiguous position between two social classes. Shakespeare, for example, during his adolescence, saw his father losing the respect he had had as bailiff; Dickens saw his family declassed by the experience in the debtors' prison. In *Meredith,* certainly, consciousness of this ambiguity was always strong. All accounts of his life must necessarily go back to his grandfather, "the Great Mel." Mel-

chizidec Meredith was a tailor and naval outfitter in Portsmouth; but, tall, handsome, and athletic, he lived much the same life as the country squires and naval officers of the region, dining out with them and riding to the hunt. His daughters made good marriages. But his son, Augustus, was an ineffectual sort of person, and the grandson, George, felt himself an exile from the dashing world that his grandfather had managed to conquer. His father gave him a good education, but the novelist never forgave his parent for losing what the grandfather had gained.

At twenty-one the ambitious young writer made an alliance that was at once lucky and tragically unwise. He became infatuated with Mary Peacock, a beautiful young widow, six years older than he, the daughter of the satirist Thomas Peacock, and despite the forebodings of the father, who recognized the high-strung temperament of both of the young people, they were married. From this experience arose one of Meredith's most delightful poems, "Love in the Valley," and the fine love scene between Richard and Lucy in *The Ordeal of Richard Feverel.* But a decade later, when years of nervous quarreling had caused them to separate and Mary to elope with another man, a further fruit of their relationship was the bitter sonnet sequence *Modern Love.* Nevertheless, Meredith's close association during this period with Thomas Peacock, that brilliant and learned old gentleman, who had been a friend of Shelley and Byron, gave his wit a mighty opposite worthy of its powers and provided him with a pattern for several of his characters.

Meredith's style has always been the despair of his admirers and the meat of his critics. He says nothing simply; every noun becomes a circumlocution, every verb a metaphor. It is a stimulating style—the product, obviously, of an extremely active mind—but it is distracting. Sassoon offers the suggestion that it arose from the novelist's feeling of displacement. Scorning the mediocre minds of the highly-stationed persons among whom he was invited, he would seem to have avenged himself by letting his wit soar and swoop beyond their pitch, regardless of the effect on royalties or critical acclaim.

Meredith's consciousness of his personal superiority was given physical expression in the royal style of hiking that he indulged in. Twenty miles across the Surrey countryside was the sort of hike that pleased him. Morley described him in his middle thirties:

> He came to the morning meal after a long hour's stride in the tonic air and fresh loveliness of cool woods and green slopes, with the brightness of sunrise on his brow, responsive penetration in his glance, the turn of radiant irony in his lips and peaked beard, his fine poetic head bright with crisp brown hair, Phoebus Apollo descending upon us from Olympus.

From his daily tramps in all weathers up the magnificent chalk down of Box Hill came such lines as:

> Bursts from a rending East in flaws
> The young green leaflet's harrier, sworn
> To strew the garden, strip the shaws,
> And show our spring with banner torn.
> Was ever such virago morn?

. . .
That is the face beloved of old
Of Earth, young mother of her brood.
. . .
Contention is the vital force,
Whence pluck they brain, her prize of gifts. . . .

Zarathustra and the Economic Ropedancer

INDIVIDUALISM AND ECONOMIC ORDER. By Friedrich A. Hayek. The University of Chicago Press, Chicago. 1948. $5.00.

THE people in the market place prefer gazing with starry eyes at the ropedancer and his tricks to listening to the words of the prophet who is standing on solid ground.

The book under review is for the few and not for the many. It is a voice crying in the wilderness of present-day economic planning and socialism. The number of those who are able or willing to read it is limited, for it presupposes a thorough training in economic theory and demands close attention on the part of the reader.

Friedrich A. Hayek, one of the outstanding and uncompromising representatives of an individualistic economy, is equally opposed to private as well as public monopoly and rejects any tendency in the direction of a socialistic economy. The latter, argues Professor Hayek, operates on the assumption of a static economic situation which is just as much an artificial rationalistic construction as the old "economic man." Economic life is dynamic, ever changing in time and space, and requires constant adjustment to produce somewhat of an equilibrium. True competition in which the intelligence, experience, and expertness of a multitude of practical business men of a great variety of localities, spurred by the natural desire to survive and prosper, is able to bring about the necessary adjustments. A planned economy, "engineered" by a board of men who cannot possibly have the necessary knowledge to effect a progressive equilibrium, means stagnation, a system more wasteful than that of a free enterprise system, loss of freedom of choice of occupation as well as any other kind of freedom, and more and more planning which eventually must end in totalitarianism.

With this collection of articles, which have previously appeared in learned journals long before the publication of the author's well-known *The Road to Serfdom*, Professor Hayek has given to the believers in an individualistic conception of economic order a most powerful weapon to attack the prevailing world-wide spread of economic planning, socialism, and communism. No serious-minded and honest opponent of Professor Hayek can afford to ignore his masterful argumentation for his cause.

F. K. KRUGER

The Sitwells and England

LAUGHTER IN THE NEXT ROOM. By Sir Osbert Sitwell. Little, Brown and Company, Boston. 1948. 390 pages. $4.00.

THIS fourth and last volume of Sir Osbert Sitwell's biography of his family and of England continues in the vivid style of *Left Hand, Right*

Hand! The Scarlet Tree, and *Great Morning.* The title is taken from a remark of his father's. Sir George, whose superb self-assurance appeared to other eyes as unbearable irrationality, once observed in puzzlement: "I don't know how it is, but always it seems to me that I hear more laughter in the next room." This volume completes the portrait of Sir George and gives an account of the laughter—and also the struggles—of the generation that included the three talented children of Sir George —Edith, Osbert, and Sacheverell—and their friends, among whom were William Walton, Constant Lambert, T. S. Eliot, Virginia Woolf, Siegfried Sassoon, and Aldous Huxley; nor is its scope limited to writers, artists, and musicians, for that staunch English valet, Henry Moat, reappears, along with an assortment of spirited housekeepers, Italian innkeepers, and enterprising assistants of different nationalities.

Several themes run through the four volumes. "From my earliest youth," declares Sir Osbert, "I had, I believe, an unusual sense of time, of the recession of the present into the past, and its emergence into the future." During the inter-war period he witnesses the submergence of the elegance and gaiety of the Edwardians (that spirit itself having but recently succeeded in thrusting through the Victorian sloughs) under the opaque tides of the rising proletariat; but he does not doubt that persons with flair and courage will raise again such periods in the future. Meanwhile he is concerned with conservation. "Even as a child, I had tried to fix in my mind scenes that I wished to stay with me, so that I could enact them again in memory." Like his father, who devoted much of his life to reclaiming the beautiful old castle of Montegufoni, near Florence, Sir Osbert has collected glassware and paintings; making fine modern paintings known has been one of his chief interests. At the time of the General Strike, in 1926, his interest in conservation prompted him to help in a political maneuver designed to prevent the Government from forcing the strikers into extremist positions leading to interclass hatreds.

One of the most interesting chapters traces the history of *Façade,* an entertainment consisting of a group of poems by Edith Sitwell set to music by William Walton in such a way that the reciter, who stands behind a curtain and speaks through a sengerphone, plays a part no more prominent than that of the various members of the orchestra. First performed privately in 1922 before a bewildered audience, it was attacked with irrational fury by critics at the public performance some months later; subsequently it was given in various continental cities, and in 1926 it came to be received enthusiastically in England! It has since been performed several times both in the theater and over the BBC.

Unsurpassed in the "struggles with parents" literature are the numerous incidents concerned with what might be called "foiling Father." The sons respected Sir George's lack of conscious selfishness and his fine positive qualities, but they soon realized that they would have to perfect some tech-

niques of escape if they were to follow the careers they were suited to. Their tactics afford many pages of high comedy.

The Capitalist Answer

WE'RE ALL IN IT. By Eric Johnston. E. P. Dutton and Company, Inc. 1948. 220 pages. $2.75.

BEFORE we get to the meat course, we might as well tackle the salad. In this case, the salad is Eric Johnston's writing style which reminds the reader of nothing so much as our old buddy, Babbitt, addressing the hucksters' association at their annual eisteddfod. It's a Dynamic style. It's got Zip. It Snapples and Crackles and Sparkles. One-sentence paragraphs. No-verb sentences. It's 1949 and chromium-plated at that.

Johnston has talked to People. He's talked to Stalin. He's talked to Mike Kulagin of Novosibirsk. He's talked to Just Plain Ivan. He didn't say so, but it's a safe bet he has also talked to some of his brethren in the United States Chamber of Commerce, of which he is a former president.

But now to the meat. Whatever may be said against Johnston's style, there is something to be said for his ideas, once you get at them. Much of what he has to say is, of course, old stuff. We have known all along that Russian industrial production is more of a hope than a reality, that there is a seething unrest under the surface in the Soviet Paradise, that now and then people steal planes to get away from their Utopia, that Stalin is still the big boss surrounded by a lot of yes-men, and that there exists in our time a world situation which leaves the United States in a position of world leadership which she could not renounce even if she wanted to.

The question now is: What do we do in this new role of ours? Johnston's answer is that we have to develop power. By power, he means material, moral, and spiritual power, although he seems to spend the greater part of his time emphasizing the material power. This he proposes to develop not only within the United States itself but throughout all the world through a program of world-wide industrialization. His theory is that if people have enough of the creature comforts (which industrialization is supposed to supply) they aren't going to be sold on any esoteric philosophies like socialism or communism and, human beings being what they are, he may very well be right. The big question, and one which we would like to see Johnston explore at greater length, is how the United States, whether through government capital (which he does not recommend) or private capital (which he strongly recommends), is going to be able to spread its resources all over the world without ruining itself in the process.

We have also a haunting fear that Johnston and many another expert on world affairs may be off on a completely wrong foot. We see no strong evidence that any large segments of the world want to follow us all the way. There is throughout the world a large fund of good will toward the United States, mixed with considerable doubt as to either our willing-

ness or ability to offer other countries much more than dollars. This impression seems to grow as more and more Americans go abroad and take with them the cocksureness which too often becomes rudeness toward other peoples and the growth of these fears is greatly accelerated wherever populations have been brought into contact with the American military.

Perhaps American dollars and technical skill can go a long way toward staving off that hopelessness which is the fertile breeding ground of Communism. If they can, then perhaps we will find that there is a considerable fund of moral leadership ready and willing to assert itself among the middle and smaller powers such as Australia and Sweden and the other nations which have learned the fine art of getting along in a world community because their size made it necessary for them to learn how to get along.

All in all, we think that Johnston has come up with a few ideas but we can't see that this is the great document some of the advance notices would have had us believe.

What Can Men Know?

HUMAN KNOWLEDGE: Its Scope and Limits. By Bertrand Russell. Simon and Schuster, New York. 1948. 524 pages. $5.00.

THE problem to which Bertrand Russell addresses himself in this book is, as the Preface says: "How comes it that human beings, whose contacts with the world are brief and personal and limited, are nevertheless able to know as much as they do know? Is the belief in our knowledge partly illusory? And if not, what must we know otherwise than through the senses?" The chief purpose of the study is to determine whether and to what extent we can justify scientific inference, or what is known as induction. In his characteristically clear and thought-provoking way Russell takes a wide sweep through the field of the theory of knowledge, including a detailed discussion of the mathematical calculus of probability, and arrives at the conclusion (by no means novel) that induction arises out of the operation of the conditioned reflex and yields truth in so far as the structure of the universe supports the expectation of regularity in causal connections. His final judgment is "that all human knowledge is uncertain, inexact, and partial."

Russell's results are in part predetermined by the fact that he argues throughout from the standpoint of a thoroughgoing naturalism. This leads him to make some strange statements, such as that "thoughts are among the events which, as a class, constitute a region of the brain." He also insists that "knowledge" must be defined in a way that presupposes "our evolutionary continuity with the lower animals."

We find ourselves in full agreement on the position taken with reference to scientific inference, but it seems to us a pity that Russell is estopped by his naturalistic assumptions from even considering the possibility of inner certainties which are unmediated by the senses and yet

carry the most perfect assurance—such certainties as are claimed, for instance, in religion. His emphasis on the primacy of personal experience as a datum for knowledge leaves open the door for such certainties except if naturalism is assumed. Keynes is quoted to the effect that "all knowledge which is obtained in a manner strictly direct by contemplation of the objects of acquaintance and without any admixture whatever of argument and the contemplation of the logical bearing of any other knowledge on this, corresponds to *certain* rational belief and not to a merely probable degree of rational belief." Russell undertakes to controvert this view, but his criticisms can be easily taken into account without leading to any alteration in Keynes's basic contention.

Portrait of America

REMEMBRANCE ROCK. By Carl Sandburg. Harcourt, Brace and Co., New York. 1948. 1067 pages. $5.00.

CARL SANDBURG writes: "The idea for this book had interested me for a long time. Much the same idea has fascinated several generations of American novelists and poets: an epic, weaving the mystery of the American dream with the costly toil and bloody struggles that have gone to keep alive and carry further that dream. At the time I decided to undertake the work, the war was on (World War II). The book slowly grew in proportions beyond what any of us had expected, leading on into four and one-half years of writing. . . . The war came to its end more than three years ago, but a portrait of America, getting the lights and shadows of the American Dream, past and present, is perhaps more wanted now than at any previous hour."

Judging the finished book on the basis of this idea, it must be said that the author has succeeded in a remarkable degree. It is a lengthy story, as it must needs be to cover more than three hundred years of time, but it is divided into three books of fairly equal length, with a prologue and eqilogue tying them all together.

The prologue presents Chief Justice Windom, patriot, who leaves a manuscript for his family to read after his death, in order that the present generation might know what made America what it is so that this generation might determine for itself if the American tradition has in it the values that are worth holding to and perpetuating.

Book One then takes the reader back to the England of the Pilgrim Fathers and the year 1607. Here we see the England that persecuted dissenters and forced the Pilgrims to leave their homeland to seek a haven of refuge elsewhere. The picture is drawn with all the realism of a good historian. We follow the fortunes of these Pilgrims to Holland and then to Massachusetts. We find them to be animated by a deep religious fervor, yet having all the weaknesses and frailties which our human flesh is heir to. Once established in the New World, their own bigotry leads them to persecute dissenters like Roger Williams. But gradually the situation levels off and we sense the emergence

of what is fundamentally the American spirit of liberty.

In Book Two we have the story of the War of Independence, beginning with the year 1775, and then in Book Three the spread of the nation westward with its climax in the War Between States. The period from the Civil War to the present is not covered.

The conclusion of the story, in the Epilogue, gives Judge Windom's letter to his children in which he makes the final application, one that fits us all:

You have now made with me the long journey of the time of America in the making. You have glimpsed at what America has cost. Each time was its own, with its own actions and secrets, its doubts of the future.

Live with these faces out of the past of America and you find lessons. America as a great world power must confront colossal and staggering problems. Reckoning on ever fresh visions, as in the past, she will come through, she cannot fail. If she forgets where she came from, if the people lose sight of what brought them along, if she listens to the deniers and mockers, then will begin the rot and dissolution.

The READING ROOM

By THOMAS COATES

Life's Editorials

LIFE's phenomenal success as a pictorial magazine—a field in which it has never had a serious rival since its inception a dozen or so years ago—has perhaps caused the average reader to overlook the high quality of its editorials. In the main, these are excellent not only from a literary standpoint, but also with regard to the sane and constructive approach to current issues which they express.

A case in point is the short editorial in the January 17 issue, entitled "Immoral Profits." The editorial is written in the satirical vein reminiscent of Jonathan Swift, with the result that its point is driven home much more sharply than if it had been written in conventional style. What is more, it makes uncommonly good sense.

"Rightly read," so goes the editorial, "irony is a marvelous aid in sharpening up one's perceptions. Maybe we Americans need our perceptions sharpened up on the subject of profits." The writer then goes on to lay bare the absurdity of the increasingly popular notion that "profits are a plainly immoral thing." We Americans love to see the wheels of industry humming, and thousands of cars rolling off the assembly lines. But at the same time we throw up our hands in horror over the very thought of the profits that private industry is making from this vast beehive of productivity. Our gorge rises at the spectacle of "parasitic" investors clipping their coupons and fondling their dividend checks. Well, then, let's tax away all the sinful profits of private enterprise.

> One can envision the directors of A. T. & T. hitting the sawdust trail, abolishing the 1949 dividend and mailing the undivided profits to the sharecroppers of Mississippi. . . . Without profits A. T. & T. and U. S. Steel might have to run to Washington for money to add to their plant in fiscal 1949, but the printing press at the federal treasury could easily take care of that.

How about a 100 per cent tax on profits? Ah, there the Repub-

licans would have their heaven-sent opportunity in the 1952 election.

"America's profits for America's people" might be the right Republican slogan to put behind a 100 per cent profit levy. Henry Wallace would undoubtedly try to steal the show by advocating a 150 per cent tax on profits and would no doubt roll up a big vote among supporters of unlimited deficit finance. But the 150 per cent profit tax is looking ahead to 1956 or 1960; in 1952 a 100 per cent levy ought to be enough to elect anybody, even a Republican.

See what we mean?

Human Events

Each week we look forward to the arrival of that stimulating and ably edited news analysis entitled *Human Events.* Edited jointly by Felix Morley and Frank C. Hanighen, it regularly consists of eight multigraphed pages, including a lengthy editorial, news briefs, and a book reveiw. From the outset it has called the turn accurately on the predatory designs of Russian Communism, denounced the infamies of the Morgenthau Plan, exposed the cataclysmic follies of Teheran, Yalta, and Potsdam, brought to light the hypocritical inconsistencies of our China policy, and upheld the time-honored principles of American democracy in contrast to the blatant pseudo-liberalism of such journals as the *New Republic* and the *Nation.* If —as some of our contemporaries seem to feel—it is a high crime and misdemeanor for Americans to be for America, then *Human Events* stands convicted. But the editors seem to prefer this course to the—until recently—popular alternative of "Russia First."

The issue of January 5 has for its lead editorial a thought-provoking piece by Felix Morley entitled "Position and Opposition." In this he excoriates the Republicans for their fatuous "me-too" program, especially as this was evidenced in the late presidential campaign. The Republican Party has completely lost sight of the axiom that "it is the duty of the opposition to oppose." On each of the basic issues which underlie our foreign and domestic policies the Republicans have taken an equivocal stand. A political party which "merely sings the tune of another party in falsetto" has lost its *raison d'etre.*

Whatever may be said about the Democratic Party, it is certainly incontestable that it stands for certain definite principles of government. Under the Truman "Fair Deal" these principles represent a virtually complete surrender to Socialism. This is the direct antithesis of what the Democratic Party formerly stood for, it is true. But at least the party's

principles are clear and definite, and the citizen who votes the Democratic ticket knows for what he is voting. He is voting for centralization of power, for a planned economy, for the ascendancy of the military mind in the direction of the nation's affairs.

Has the Republican Party offered any clear and united opposition to these principles during the course of the past sixteen years? Has it offered any constructive alternative, any effective solution of its own? On the contrary, its inept and faint-hearted leaders "have chloroformed the Republican Party and made it a mere political encumbrance."

The explanation seems to be that people have been so bemused with words as to be no longer able to discern when a fundamental principle of this Republic is jeopardized. The abuse of language has now been carried to the stage where the advocate of authoritarian government is called a "liberal," while any opponent of militaristic imperialism is likely to be defined as an "isolationist." Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad. Certainly the confused jargon which today passes for political thinking represents a collective departure from sanity.

Dorothy Thompson and the Germans

Miss Dorothy Thompson, who for our money writes more straight common sense per column inch than almost any other commentator these days, has a brilliant article in the *Commonweal* for December 17, entitled "An American Speaks to Germans." Before and during the war, there was no more violent anti-Nazi than Miss Thompson. But, unlike some of her confreres, she was not blinded by hate for the German people as a whole. As a result, she has been able to analyze the weaknesses of our post-war policy toward Germany with objectivity and clarity. She writes:

> Although I believed it essential for the preservation of civilization that Hitler should be decisively defeated in the war that the German State, under his leadership, started, I believed and wrote that the peace terms should have been defined in advance; that they should have left Germany her borders as of 1937; that the Atlantic Charter should have continued to furnish the code for the victors; and that we should have given every aid and encouragement, including the promise of German integrity, to the anti-Nazi forces in the German underground. I believed, and predicted, furthermore, that the division of Germany under four conquerors of profoundly differing interests and ideologies would inevitably end, as it has, in a struggle between them. . . . And I have felt, and written in my own country, that there is no justice in accusing any Germans of crimes against humanity, such as slave labor, and deportation of populations, as long as the same crimes

continue to be committed by some of the nations who sit in judgment.

Addressing herself to the German people, she holds forth to them a program for peace, reconstruction, and the recapture of self-respect and warns them against succumbing to the allurements of Russian Communism. She repeats the dictum that "God has not eternally condemned any race of mankind."

Two weeks later, in the issue of December 31, *Commonweal* presented "The Germans Reply." This was a symposium of letters written to Miss Thompson by Germans who had read her article, which had appeared in several German papers. It is interesting to note that the most constant factor which ran through the majority of the letters is "the hunger for a just and righteous social order, eschewing violence, and based on revivified Christian principles." And, to Miss Thompson's surprise, not a single correspondent asked for a food package!

A BRIEF GLANCE AT  RECENT PUBLICATIONS

A SURVEY OF BOOKS

VOYAGES TO THE MOON

By Marjorie Hope Nicolson. The Macmillan Company, New York. 1948. 257 pages. $4.00.

ALL through the ages men have written and dreamed of unknown worlds and of ways and means of establishing contact and communication between our earth and the other planets of the universe. *Voyages to the Moon* presents a fascinating and authoritative study of the "cosmic voyages," the "extraterrestrial journeys," made into interplanetary space by inquisitive scientists and imaginative writers.

Voyages to the Moon is the work of a distinguished author and educator. Marjorie Hope Nicolson has a number of impressive "firsts" to her credit. A graduate of the University of Michigan, she is the first woman to upset Yale tradition by winning the John Addison Parker Prize at the time she received her doctor's degree from that university. She is the first woman to be elected president of the United Chapters of Phi Beta Kappa, and she is the first and only woman to hold a full professorship in the Graduate School of Columbia University. The eminent author of *Voyages to the Moon* holds ten honorary degrees from American universities. In 1941 she was elected to the American Philosophical Society. From 1929 to 1941 she was a member of the faculty of Smith College. Since that time she has been Professor of English and Dean of the Graduate Department of English in the Graduate School of Columbia University.

LOVE AMONG THE RUINS

By Angela Thirkell. Alfred A. Knopf, New York. 1948. 340 pages. $3.00.

ANGELA THIRKELL has carved a special niche for herself in the contemporary literary scene. She has been called "the Ruth Draper of the printed word." One eminent critic declares that she has "a great flair for lampooning in the deftest possible way social customs and certain types of people." Another critic states that "no one living has such mastery over the humor of non-sequiturs." In fact,

there is a general chorus—by critics and readers—of "charming," "entertaining," "witty," "sparkling," and the like.

Love Among the Ruins continues Mrs. Thirkell's engrossing, gently satiric picture of living conditions in postwar England. This popular English novelist knows her countrymen well. She portrays all the facets of the British character with a frank and engaging wit.

POLITICS IN THE EMPIRE STATE

By Warren Moscow. Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., New York. 1948. 236 pages. $3.00.

THERE was a time in early America during which Massachusetts and Virginia vied for the honor of being the key-state in the surging republic —past, present, and future. But once the industrial revolution and its invitations to European labor and commerce began to rise out of the northeast, it was soon evident that New York State was to be the state of America—here the crowds of Europe first touched American soil—here was the commercial center between Europe and the wide, great west. California will probably disagree violently and articulately with the above observations.

In a good but superficial book, *Politics in the Empire State,* Warren Moscow, a political reporter for the *New York Times,* agrees that New York is really the Empire State of the U. S. A. He seems to emphasize that this creator of presidents is a microcosm of the world. Nearly any type of population, form of ideology, political or social force can be found there. This makes the state a good breeding and training ground for prospective politicians. If a man can win a majority of voters from so many conflicting forces, he is ready for the graduate school of politics. the national campaign. Sometimes, the undergraduate is not ready.

In the twenty-one presidential elections from the end of the Civil War through 1948 there have been fifteen campaigns in which at least one of the principal nominees was a New Yorker. In many cases, the aspirants had occupied the governor's chair.

The emphasis of Warren Moscow makes this an important book for the field of politics. He has analyzed the significant tensions on the ground level in his state that are later reflected on the upper levels of the state's campaigns and legislation—and in national "politicking."

THE AFRICA OF ALBERT SCHWEITZER

By Charles R. Joy and Melvin Arnold. Harper Brothers, New York, and The Beacon Press, Boston. 1948. Illustrated with photographs. $3.75.

THE two authors of this book recently paid a visit to the famous Schweitzer at Lambarene and tell of what they saw in words and pictures. The many photographs reproduced on almost every page are the best this reviewer has ever seen of "Albert Schweitzer's land," for that is what the territory should be called in honor of this great philosopher-the-

ologian-musician-physician who has spent thirty-six years of his life there to serve the natives. One can readily understand from their story that the two authors consider the few weeks spent at Lambarene among the most memorable in their lives. They show strange jungle scenes, patients and anxious relatives, the workers in hospitals and other places, altogether describing not only what Schweitzer himself accomplished but also the results as seen in the life and activity of the people whom he has served so long and painstakingly.

Several photographs are evidence that the spiritual side of the work at Lambarene is not neglected. One presents a boys' school and a description of the Sunday service, with the doxology: "Worship God, He who has created man, and Jesus, He who is our Savior, and the Spirit that helps us, Father, Son and Holy Spirit." Another shows Schweitzer and his staff at evening devotions, which begin with the singing of a hymn, the Doctor at the piano, then follow a Scripture reading and the Lord's Prayer.

The volume closes with an essay by Albert Schweitzer himself in which he discusses "Our Task in Colonial Africa." He emphasizes in this essay the essential need of the Africans, and in a sense, the need of all colonial people, namely, the comprehension of the concept of a common humanity. The native knows his own tribe and recognizes a tribal brotherhood. Beyond that his thinking finds no relationship with others. Non-members of his tribe are strangers, who in no way concern him. "He is not a brother for me!" Says Dr. Schweitzer: "One of the missionary's greatest tasks is to get the native to give up his idea that members of another tribe are foreigners and to recognize the ties that bind man to man. The parable of the Good Samaritan takes on a very special meaning in the missionary's preaching."

HAWAII: A HISTORY

By Ralph S. Kuykendall and A. Grove Day. Prentice-Hall, Inc., New York. 1948. 295 pages. $3.00.

THERE seems to be a glut of books on Hawaii in the making. It would be both unkind and cynical to suggest that the redoubled efforts of the Hawaiians to gain statehood might be responsible for this. Certainly the authors of this volume would not be open to the imputations of propagandizing, for Kuykendall is probably the best authority there is on Hawaiian history and Day is his colleague on the faculty of the University of Hawaii.

Perhaps one reason why so many books have been written on Hawaii is the simple fact that its history and even its present appearance are so fascinating. There is, for instance, the whole interesting story of the Hawaiian monarchy, a story of native rulers taking money from the various unsavory characters who roamed the Pacific on their commercial ventures during the nineteenth century and taking advice from missionaries who, in addition to preaching the Word, did a little off-hand political finagling on the side. There is the story of the islands' perennial quest for

statehood, an aspiration which would seem to be justifiable considering the high degree of material prosperity the islands have reached and, more important, the almost exemplary racial situation which exists in polyglot Hawaii. There is even a certain amount of comedy relief in the story of King Kalakaua, the merry monarch who hastened, perhaps as much as anyone or anything else, the overthrow of the monarchy.

One excellent part of the book fills in the story of a period which has been largely neglected in many other works on the islands, the period of territorial rule between 1898 and Pearl Harbor. The record of those years goes a long way toward justifying Hawaii's fears that she has come to be a kind of stepchild of the United States.

AN ENCYCLOPEDIA OF WORLD HISTORY

Edited by William L. Langer. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. 1948. 1171 pages, appendix, index. $7.50.

STUDENTS of the social sciences will welcome this revision and expansion of what has come to be a highly valuable reference work since its original publication in 1940.

The book is, in essence, a date book, a chronological listing of the great events of world history plus maps, dynastic tables, and lists of rulers. But it is also considerably more than that for the experts whom Dr. Langer has assembled to write the various sections do a good, lucid job of telling a connected and intelligible story as they go along from date to date.

There might possibly be some objection to the starting point for such a history as this. The staff that assembled it chose to start their account with a discussion of the origins of man which is philosophy or geology or something but hardly historical in the sense that the War of the Roses is historical. However, you can skip the first ten pages or so and you will still have 1161 pages of a fascinating, if at times revolting, story left.

THE VICTOR BOOK OF SYMPHONIES

By Charles O'Connell. Simon and Schuster, Inc., New York. 1948. 556 pages. $3.95.

MANY of our readers undoubtedly have the earlier editions of this book, the first of which appeared in 1935 and the other in 1941. Those readers who are particularly interested in symphonic music and have the earlier editions will want to note that this new volume differs fundamentally from its predecessors in being devoted entirely to symphonic works, 138 of them as against 49 in the earlier editions.

Mr. O'Connell's professional competence is well known. Professional musicians might take issue with him on some of his interpretations but this is not primarily a book for professionals. We recommend it especially to the growing numbers of our readers who have assembled, or are in the process of assembling, record collections if only because they will find it interesting to compare their

reactions to symphonic works with what the composers were trying to do in their music—or what Mr. O'Connell thinks they were trying to do.

THE BIRTH OF ISRAEL

By Jorge Garcia-Granadas. Alfred A. Knopf, New York. 1948. 291 pages. Indexed. $3.00.

THE author of this book is chief of the Guatemalan delegation to the United Nations. As member of the United Nations Special Committee on Palestine, he had the opportunity to investigate conditions in Palestine personally. Therefore, he has subtitled his book "The Drama as I Saw It." He tells a lively story and is not backward in expressing his sympathies for Israel's cause. Whether or not this is a "must" book on Palestine, as Bartley C. Crum puts it in a statement on the jacket, those specially interested in the Palestine situations will find the author's viewpoints and judgments worth consideration.

Verse

Reason

"Who is God?"
The man of reason asks,
And then he looks within himself
To find the answer;
Unseen, with skillful hands
The devil spins his wiry snare
Around man's mind, and slowly
Binds it fast
Within his prison dark;
Man looks about him—
Into gloomy darkness,
Looks upon the miracles of God
And sees them not,
And from the prison blackness
Cries, "There is no God!"

MYRA JOHANNESEN

Like Spring

I saw the springtime coming from the south,
Across the fields, the pasture, down the lane.
Her blowing hair was wet with April rain
And tenderness lay on her woman's mouth
Like melting snow, like warm rain after drouth.
Like laughter after tears, joy after pain,
Like love which may be lost and found again,
I saw her come like singing from the south.
She wore a haunting air and gypsy grace
That something in my heart responded to
Like some remembered dream I could not place,
Like a familiar song I thought I knew,
'Til suddenly I recognized her face . . .
The spring, my love, through my eyes looked like you!

DON MANKER

The Maker

He stands between the rooted hills,
He walks across the furrowed plain,
In wind-swept waves of golden light
He moves upon the ripened grain.

His beauty trembles in the dawn,
His fields are haloed in the spring
With lilies, and beneath His skies
He sees the sparrow's faltering.

He hides within the darkling blue,
His shadow lies on us at night—
And chastening our arrogance
The storms unloose His thunderous might.

He lays His hand upon the earth,
The seed bears fruit at His command—
And in His thoughts the mysteries
Of Life and Death are spanned.

MARY MOON

LETTERS to the EDITOR

Gentlemen:

During the Christmas holidays I read the November issue of THE CRESSET, which I had not had time to do before. Why, Oh, Why, cannot your magazine stay clear of politics? Except for its radical new deal political views, THE CRESSET is a good magazine. Your article in the November issue, "A Note to Republicans," is so disgusting I must comment on it.

We Republicans, in spite of what you think, can say with a clear conscience that we were right and the country wrong. That has been the situation for the last sixteen years and the recent election was just another confirmation of the fact.

God help this country if the Republican Party changes its great principles, because God and the Republican Party are the two factors that keep this country's head above the water.

The Republican Party may have lost five political campaigns in a row, but it can still stand with the torch of truth, courage, and freedom in one hand and the Constitution of the United States and its flag in the other hand and with its head lifted up to the skies say:

"I would rather lose in a cause that will some day win than win in a cause that will some day lose."

I would suggest you read John T. Flynn's great book, *The Roosevelt Myth,* to see what the American people returned to office, then decide whether the people were right.

Very truly yours,
WILLIS M. ROSS

Gentlemen:

Your *Note to Republicans,* page 9, current issue of THE CRESSET, aroused in me an urge to send you some form of answer.

I am not ready to concede that we Republicans have "misjudged the mind of the people in five consecutive presidential elections." I claim that we had very little hope of winning most of these elections. In fact, this is the first time since 1928 that we have felt any assurance that we would win. The 1946 congressional and state victories came as a very overwhelming and pleasant surprise to many of us. Could it not be that we Republicans have convictions which make us "behave" as we do? Could it not be that those convictions as to theories and practices of a free form of government may have led us to vote proudly and defiantly for our convictions in the face of well nigh certain defeat?

When reference is made to the "will of the people" one often loses sight of the fact that in all these years the minority has been very close to 45 per cent of the total

number of voters. They also expressed their will. Could it not be that the over 50 per cent might be as mistaken as the slightly under 50 per cent were? The question is not about the 100 per cent as pitted against nil, it is practically half of the people against the other half. We submit to the majority, yes. How well we Republicans have learned that lesson! But we can, and do, always proudly point to the fact that our viewpoint came close enough to represent the majority that we demand recognition as a very-little-less-than-half of the voters.

We died-in-the-wool, orthodox, old-style Lutherans should be the very last to condemn any party or any movement for adhering to old principles. Our conservatism is something to which we may point with pride, not a thing to disclaim. I always hotly resent the insinuation that any creed, religious or political, is obsolete because it is conservative. We need more conservatism in the crazy world, not less. Less radicalism, not more.

The criticism of Mr. Dewey for conducting such a sedate campaign reminds me of Christ's reference to children in Matt. 11:16, saying that they had piped and no one had danced, and they had mourned and no one had lamented! In 1944 Mr. Dewey was goaded into very sharp and pungent replies to his critics. According to the view of many that cost him the presidency. This year he refrained from all criticism and all epithets, in the face of attack, and now that is what cost him the presidency!

My criticism of your editorial may be summed up as follows:

The Republicans should be credited with convictions for which they take a stand in the face of probable or of certain defeat.

The Republicans constitute almost one-half of the voters, so in the question of lining up for Right or for Wrong, close to one-half of the voters are right and close to one-half are wrong.

That the Republicans are a conservative lot may not be held against them as such. Some conservative ideas may be for the good of the country.

To this I may add that the support of "Plutocrats" and of the Old Guard within the Republican Party may be no more of a detriment than the support of "Bossism" in the cities and of the Radical, pinkish-reddish fringe of voters is to the Democrat Party, which those elements almost invariably support.

Lastly, may I say that I resent having a religious paper take a definite stand on very controversial issues? THE CRESSET, I suppose, is not regarded strictly as a religious journal, but its editorial voice has something of the weight of the theologian whom we give a respectful ear whenever he speaks of the subjects of which he is of necessity better informed than we lay people can ever be.

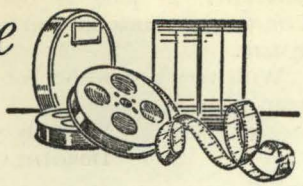
Now, Mr. Editor, just thrust this in the waste basket and forget it. I have got it Off My Chest, and to you my letter is no doubt one of great numbers, a few condemning, most of them commending, your stand.

By way of identification: I am

a member of the First Lutheran Church here in Moscow, of the Augustana Synod, and I am a member of the Idaho State Central Committee of the Republican Party. And we serve notice that we Republicans will try again to unseat the New Deal two years from now and four years from now, and at all times thereafter, as long as our federal Constitution sanctions our two party system.

With very best wishes for the new year, I am

Sincerely yours,
DOROTHEA DAHL

The  *Motion Picture*

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

WHAT is wrong with the movies? This is the question which continues to haunt film executives, producers, directors, technicians, and players. For months Hollywood has had a bad case of the jitters brought on by dwindling box-office receipts and restricted foreign markets. The specter of television looms larger and larger as a rival medium for mass entertainment.

Many causes for the current slump have been advanced and discussed. The remedies most frequently suggested are (1) a revision of the unwholesome star system, (2) a sharp reduction in salaries and production costs, and (3) BETTER PICTURES. In his excellent new book, *The Art of the Film: An Introduction to Film Appreciation* (Allen and Unwin, Limited, London. 223 pages), Ernest Lindgren, member of the British Film Academy and the British Kinematograph Society, supports the theory, frequently advanced by American motion-picture critics, that we shall *get* better pictures when we *demand* better pictures. The distinguished authority on film history and film techniques says:

> In no other art is the artist so completely dependent on public appreciation. A nascent Bernard Shaw of the screen, however convinced he may be of his own ability, will have no chance of making a film unless he can command large capital resources. If he has none of his own, he must borrow, and this he will only be able to do if he can produce convincing assurance, not only that the money will not be lost, but that it will yield handsome dividends; that is to say, he must convince his backers that the film will be well distributed and that it will have the widest possible appeal.

The art of the film, Mr. Lindgren declares, must be measured against these hard facts. He believes that while these factors may tend to discourage original experimental work and the emergence of real talent, they do

ensure that the cinema shall remain an art of the people, and thus protect it against that loss of vitality which overtakes an art whenever it loses its social purpose and becomes the obscure cult of a precious *elite*. It behooves the common people, however, to recognize that their position as true patrons of the cinema confers on them responsibilities as well as privileges; for when we say that the film-maker is dependent on substantial financial backing this means that in the long run he is dependent on those from whom the financiers expect their profits to come.

Mr. Lindgren deplores the unfortunate circumstance that

the members of the public do not yet realize their power. They go to the cinema week after week because it is somewhere to go, because it is near at hand, reasonably cheap and comfortable, because it offers an attractive form of escape from the dull round of life, and because it is a place in which to enjoy a cosy communal feeling without the obligation to perform any of the duties which membership of a community normally demands. Some films they find entertaining, others boring, but week after week they go, led on by habit and the persuasions of the trailers, not understanding that every time they pay to see a film and sit undemonstratively through it, good, bad or indifferent, they are casting a vote for more films of the same kind.

I am under no illusion that a more critical and discriminating public would of itself ensure us a free choice of the best that the art of the film could provide; the problems involved are as much economic as social. Even a nationalized film industry (if nationalization should be thought the proper solution) could not afford to give the people better films than they were willing to accept.

The discussion of Mr. Lindgren's valuable book will be continued in the March issue of THE CRESSET.

Are you a Bob Hope fan? If you are, you will want to see *The Paleface* (Paramount, Norman Z. McLeod). In this amusing burlesque on standard horse opera the ski-nosed comedian has ample opportunity to display his entire stock in trade. If someone were to originate an Oscar to be awarded for the worst performance of the year, Jane Russell would win hands down for her portrayal of the legendary Calamity Jane. Poor Miss Russell! Her one and only facial expression seems to indicate that she is perpetually sniffing the air to discover the source of a bad odor. The audience sniffs, too, believe me, but it has no trouble in tracing the bad odor to its source. Miss Russell's acting really—smells.

I feel sure that you will do a bit of sniffing over *Words and Music* (M-G-M, Norman Taurog). This super-colossal musical extravaganza boasts an imposing cast of Hollywood notables, elab-

orate technicolor settings, the delightful music of Richard Rodgers and the late Lorenz Hart, and a plot allegedly based on the lives of this highly successful team. Material enough for a fine picture, wouldn't you say? Unfortunately, *Words and Music* is a vapid, maudlin, distorted, and thoroughly commonplace picture. Mickey Rooney's brash and inept performance will assuredly set your teeth on edge. He is sadly miscast in the role of the late Mr. Hart.

Curiosity may inspire you to go to see *The Kissing Bandit* (M-G-M, Laslo Benedik). Incredible as it may seem at first blush —or second, third, and fourth blush—Frank Sinatra is cast in the role of the kissing bandit! The results are devastating, and, unless you share the blind hero worship displayed in a note received by Bosley Crowther, motion-picture critic of the *New York Times,* you will find this a sorry and unpalatable mess. This is what a youthful Sinatra fan wrote to Mr. Crowther: "I have just read your review of *The Kissing Bandit.* I have seen the picture eight times and enjoyed it emmensely. Frankie did a wonderful job. Could you have done any better? You are gawky, not Frankie."

Resist the urge to see *That Wonderful Urge* (20th Century-Fox, Robert B. Sinclair). There isn't anything wonderful about this drab and slightly unsavory offering. Chalk up another fancy flop for Tyrone Power and Gene Tierney.

Live Today for Tomorrow (Universal-International, Michael Gordon) is based on Ernst Lothar's highly controversial novel, *The Mills of God.* The subject of euthanasia, or mercy killing, is a delicate one. *Live Today for Tomorrow* treats this difficult theme with dignity, insight, and clarity. Naturally, the question of the moral justification of euthanasia remains unsolved. The acting of the entire cast is excellent. Florence Eldridge and Frederic March are outstanding.

The Decision of Christopher Blake (Warners, Peter Godfrey) deals with another delicate theme. Everyone will readily, and regretfully, admit that the high divorce rate in the United States presents a serious problem. A really fine film depicting the tragedy of a home broken by divorce could have a salutary effect on those who lightly dismiss what is actually a terrifying menace to the welfare of the nation. Unfortunately, *The Decision of Christopher Blake* is weak, sugar-coated, and disappointing.

In *Every Girl Should Be Married* (RKO-Radio) there is only one thing that is worse than the

ridiculous dialogue dreamed up by desperate script-writers (they must have been desperate to stoop so low): the exaggerated acting of husband-hunting Betsy Drake. One can only hope that Miss Drake will take time out to learn to act before she faces the cameras again.

A nimble-witted writer has dubbed *The Adventures of Don Juan* (Warners) "the latest episode in *The Perils of Errol.*" That is just what it is: another lavish, swashbuckling, adventure-packed costume picture for Errol Flynn. Plot and action run true to form in that they are completely fantastic and filled with the usual Flynn heroics.

Even if you believe in re-incarnation, dote on horses and horse racing, and have a heart of pure gold—a heart devoted to gentleness and good deeds, you will find *The Return of October* (Columbia) much too much ado about nothing.

Unfaithfully Yours (20th Century-Fox, Preston Sturges) presents a curious mixture of music and fantasy. This is a weird, somewhat sordid, film relieved by moments of excellent comedy.

The Man from Colorado (Columbia) and *Yellow Sky* (20th Century-Fox) are better-than-average horse opera.

Force of Evil (M-G-M) offers us a weak and wordy pseudo-Saroyan melodrama.

Those who remember the fine documentary and semi-documentary films produced during World War II will find *Fighter Squadron* (Warners) disappointing fare. The air sequences, drawn from Army Air Force records, are excellent.

The Editor's Lamp

PROBLEMS

CONTRIBUTORS

FINAL NOTES

We are always happy to receive letters that take issue with us, not only because it shows that people are reading The Cresset but because it shows that there are still people who challenge the printed word.

The people who worry us are the people who allow the challenge to go unaccepted, who read and pass on. We have often thought that literacy figures in themselves mean little. It is what reading does to the reader that counts. One of the best things any reading can do is challenge a person to defend his beliefs.

In passing, we should perhaps say that it is a part of the purpose of The Cresset to discuss controversial issues, even political issues. We try to be as unpartisan as possible largely because our staff includes every shade of political opinion from slightly left of Ickes to slightly right of the late Mark Hanna. We let everybody talk and our readers can choose or reject as they please.

Speaking of letters, we had one this month that makes us feel rather good. A Lutheran chaplain in the old university city of Heidelberg writes one of our associates that he finds The Cresset "a wonderful periodical" and that he has placed it in the "Mittagstisch" of the students' congregation so that others can also get the benefit of its fine articles.

Aside from the chaplain's very complimentary remarks, we are most pleased to feel that our writing is reaching those who were until lately our enemies, largely because they were caught in a situation over which they had as little control as we. We hope someday to have readers in Kiev, Nizhni Tagil, and Komsomolsk, also.

Which reminds us that some of our readers might be interested in sending not necessarily The Cresset but some of our other church or secular publications to students in the continental universities. For the person who loves to think, starvation of the mind is maddening.

Guest reviewers this month include Dr. F. K. Kruger *(Individualism and Economic Order)* and Mr. Victor Hoffman *(A Man Called White)*. Both are members of the faculty of Valparaiso University.