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SEPTEMBER 1950

THE CRESSET

A REVIEW OF LITERATURE, THE ARTS AND CURRENT AFFAIRS

- Concerning Korea
- This Moment's Breath
- Augustine and Dewey

VOL. XIII NO. 10

THIRTY-FIVE CENTS

THE CRESSET

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THE CRESSET

VOLUME 13 SEPTEMBER 1950 NUMBER 10

Notes and Comment

BY THE EDITORS

Concerning Korea

IT IS pleasant always to lie in the sun on a warm summer's day when Nature itself seems to feel its most genial. But there is an exhilarating satisfaction also in walking alone through a sleety winter's night, feeling the full force of the pin-pricks of ice upon one's face and the full force of the wind blowing against one's body.

There are those who cannot accept the passing of summer. Back across our sleety years they look to the warm, sunny years when Victoria reigned in England and mankind, ignoring the turning of the leaves and the first chill blasts, thought that we had entered upon an age of perpetual summer. And even the fury of two great storms will not persuade them that winter has come and the long year is closing.

To look back, even to times that may have been more pleasant, is, it seems to us, as unrealistic as it is faithless. We believe that there is a Will, as good as it is wise, which determines our years and sets each of us into his proper era. Wise old Mordecai would say to us, as he said to Esther, "For this time thou art come into the kingdom." We must believe, if we believe at all in a gracious Providence, that we would have been misplaced in any other age, that our own destinies, under God, are inextricably tied in with the destinies of our age.

And, in a sense, we see in the confusion and terror of our times a compliment to our generation. We are the generation that has been chosen to right ancient wrongs, to answer hitherto unanswered questions, to begin paying off the debts our fathers in-

curred. Our nature being what it is, we cannot presume that our task will be a pleasant one. One of the things that we shall learn is that pleasure is not the highest form of satisfaction. Nor can we presume that our efforts will bring us security or peace. We shall learn that security and peace are not the ultimate goals of man's living.

Probably none of us would have chosen to be born into a time of troubles. But the inescapable fact is that we were born into such a time and that we must find our mission and our destiny in the situation as we find it. And we will find all the comfort and assurance we need in our Father's promise that our strength will be such as our days shall demand.

The Psychology of War

ONE OF the remarkable things about a democracy is the way it can suddenly readjust itself to an external danger. In "normal" times, the democratic state resembles a great river whose waters flow in all directions, often in cross-currents. But in the face of a common danger, the waters freeze into a hard river of ice as relentless and irresistible in its movement as a glacier. That metamorphosis is one which seems always to take our enemies by surprise, even though they should know by now that it always happens.

Such unity of action and of purpose is, of course, essential in the prosecution of a war. And yet there are dangers inherent in it which must be carefully watched. The same qualities which make an excellent soldier in wartime can very well destroy democracy. It is important to remember that the ideal of self-government lives under the constant threat of man's natural desire for some sort of paternal control which will offer him physical security and escape from the necessity of making his own decisions. In our national life, that ambivalence in our psychology is illustrated by our long reluctance to maintain large standing armies on the one hand and our propensity for electing military figures to public office on the other hand.

In "total" war, the entire nation comes under the influence of the military psychology. The President, until lately best known as "Li'l Ol' Harry," is suddenly transmogrified into the Commander-in-Chief. Criticism of national policies, normally the great American indoor sport, suddenly becomes obstructionism or worse. Moral considerations yield to expediencies. And as we become more and more concerned with

being strong, we become less and less concerned with whether we are right.

Perhaps we need, in wartime, a Committee on Morals, Purposes, and Methods, a kind of national conscience whose function would not be directly related to the prosecution of the war but to the conservation, in wartime, of a moral consciousness which would prevent us from sacrificing the things in which we believe in our efforts to preserve them. Unfortunately for practical reasons such a committee could never be organized. It becomes incumbent upon all of us, therefore, to remain critical and morally sensitive even while we vigorously prosecute the operations of war. And we must maintain a climate of opinion in our country which will be willing to accept self-criticism and moral judgment for what they are, fundamental contributions to our common welfare.

Learning in Crisis

And especially this month, it might be wise for all of us to consider some of the problems that education faces in wartime. For many of us, the problems are extremely knotty because war, in its very nature, demands common action while education is essentially the equipping of people to make intelligent individual responses to given situations. And always there is a tension between the demands of the community and the promptings of the individual mind and conscience.

A discussion of all of the problems would fill several volumes. We would suggest just a few footnotes, a few of the areas within which our thinking should lie.

In all of education, there is the recurring problem of indoctrination versus instruction. Where does the one end and the other begin? Wherever the boundary lies, times of national crisis tend to enlarge the area of indoctrination at the expense of the area of instruction. Even those who try to maintain objectivity find it increasingly difficult to avoid equating the national will with the Divine Will or at least with moral fundamentals.

A second problem that confronts us in every war is the question of deferring men of military age who are students in the colleges and universities. As of now, exemptions from military service are granted as a concession to Divinity (e.g., theological students) and to the frailty of the human body (e.g., medical students). The scholarly life, at least by implication, rates as a luxury that can be afforded in peacetime but can be fairly readily dispensed

with in wartime. Thus a wheat farmer will be exempted to continue raising wheat while a philosopher is bundled off into the armed forces where, presumably, his ability to pull a trigger is of more value to the nation than his ponderings of the imponderables. Perhaps there are sound arguments for such a situation. It is at least possible that there are valid arguments against it.

A third problem that arises out of education in wartime is the problem of the private educational institution. Wartime taxes, the draining off of members of the instructional staff into the armed forces, the grants of heavy government subsidies for special defense projects to the state schools—all of these hurt the private institutions. Many Americans would be willing to see all education in the hands of state-supported institutions. Just as many of us feel that the private institutions are vital to the preservation of the diversity of philosophy and thought that makes democracy possible.

There are many more problems that could be mentioned but, at the moment, the three that we have mentioned disturb us most. For they go to the heart of the reasons for our resisting the further expansion of totalitarianism and, it seems to us, represent a part of the total battle which must be fought if we are to preserve the things for which, ostensibly, we are fighting.

The Church in Wartime

And what of the church? In shame and in sorrow, we must confess that at no time in these past years of increasing tension between East and West have we been invited to join in a single prayer for a just and lasting peace. We know, of course, that churches here and there have offered such prayers and it comforts us to know that their prayers, if spoken in faith, have intervened with the Lord of the nations in behalf of peace.

But all of that is in the past and penitence and forgiveness must cover it. The question now is how the church will meet the present moment and the days that lie ahead. And here the church runs into the same temptation that education encounters, the temptation to equate the national will with the Divine Will, to bring the sanctions of the faith to the policies of the government. To yield to such a temptation is to convert Christianity into an American Shintoism.

This is not to say that the church may not offer spiritual reinforcement to a nation's struggle for life. Indeed, we be-

lieve that the good Christian is the best and most loyal citizen. But the church cannot escape the responsibility of standing in judgment also upon the society within which she does her work. And since the Fall of man, every time the church has spoken for society rather than to it she has been wrong.

The church in the United States lives under a peculiar threat for our country in all of the externals is intimately interwoven with the Judaeo-Christian tradition. In many ways, it is much easier for the church to see its mission clearly in an admittedly hostile environment than in an environment to which it is intimately related. Any catechumen can see the evil of concentration camps and gas chambers. It requires considerable spiritual insight to spot pride posing as patriotism or hate masquerading as righteous indignation.

Definition

IN THE midst of the present confusion, we are happy to be able to report that at least one question has, at last, been fully answered. In Detroit, Mr. L. Glen Shields has set down a definitive definition of plumbing which we herewith quote in full in the hope that it will prove an incentive to men in other fields to do the same for their fields. Here, then, is the whole story on plumbing.

"Plumbing means the science of creating and maintaining sanitary conditions in buildings, camps, or other modes of dwelling, where people live, work, play, assemble or travel, by providing permanent means for a supply of safe, pure, wholesome, and potable water, with ample volume and suitable temperatures for drinking, cooking, washing, bathing, swimming, cleansing, fire-fighting and mechanical and manufacturing purposes; and to cleanse all waste receptacles and similar means for reception, and the quick and thorough removal from the premises of all fluid and partial fluid wastes and other impurities incidental to human life and occupation; and is accomplished by means of all labor and material used in and for the introduction and maintenance of the extension of a supply of water through a pipe or pipes of any building, lot, premises, establishment, camp or vehicle of travel; and the installation, connection or repair of any system of drainage, whereby foul matters, waste, rain or surplus water, gas, odors, fluid or vapor is discharged through a pipe or pipes from any building, lot, premises, establishment, camp or vehicle of travel, into any main, public or private,

sewer, drain, septic tank, disposal field, pit, box filter bed, leeching well, or other receptacle, or into any natural or artificial body of water, water course, upon private or public property; the installation of any fixture or appurtenances thereof used for cooking, washing, drinking, bathing, swimming, cleansing, fire-fighting, mechanical or manufacturing purposes; the ventilation of any building sewer, fixture, or other appurtenance connected therewith; and the connection of any of these pipes, fixtures and appurtenances to any public utility, public or private, within, without, beneath, or above such system or systems."

No wonder those guys charge two dollars an hour.

Birthday Greetings

IT IS our pleasant duty this month to send birthday greetings and best wishes to the remarkable state of California which, on September 9, will be celebrating the hundredth anniversary of its admission to the Union.

Probably no other state holds such a unique place in the imagination of the American people. Since the earliest days of our history, heaven has always lain somewhere just beyond the western horizon and when that horizon was pushed out into the Pacific Ocean, many of our people seemed to feel that if one could no longer hope to get beyond it, they could at least get as close to it as topography will permit. For some the dream was far brighter than the reality. For millions of others the reality, while perhaps not as glittering as the dream, was worth the distresses of uprooting themselves from their home communities, moving, and resettling. And today no state is more heterogeneous in its population make-up than is California.

One word of warning, though, to our California friends. That highly-touted climate out there (known in climatological circles as the "Mediterranean" type) has been statistically shown to be less conducive to mental activity and even to physical well-being than the more arduous climates of the Midwest and the Eastern seaboard. It is likewise notorious for attracting cultists and eccentrics. But on the other side of the ledger, it is the type of climate that produced Socrates, Paul of Tarsus, Augustine, and Michelangelo, so maybe it isn't too bad after all. At least it's better than the Florida climate which has never produced an outstanding person.

A Low Bow

We retire now to our dressing room to place a plume in our battered black snap-brim and on emerging we doff hat and plume in a sweeping bow to H. G. Moody of San Francisco who moved high up on our list of favorite people as the result of a letter which she wrote to the editors of *Holiday,* a picture magazine which is sometimes rather too sweeping in its generalizations.

The letter took exception to *Holiday's* statement that every American is at least part baseball fan and went on from there to criticize the practice of claiming that "every American" does this, or thinks that, or likes something else. "Every" is a mighty sweeping word and should be used sparingly. Certainly there are any number of exceptions to the rule and we are not willing—yet—to say that lack of total conformity is the mark of a poor American.

The letter set us thinking about all of these things every American is supposed to be and to like and the more we think about it the more we are convinced that there are a lot of things that we have to pretend to like just because the mores of the community demand it. Take basketball, for instance. If there is a more inane way to spend an evening than in watching an aggregation of overpaid and underweight youngsters wear themselves out running back and forth on a hardwood floor, we have not yet found it. But in our part of the country it would be safer to carry a red banner down the street than to speak slightingly of basketball. Or, better still, take automobiles. The young man of 18 who cannot drive and shows no desire to learn would be less suspect if he remained a boy soprano.

Now we would be willing to buy the idea that a certain amount of conformity to the mores makes for a better and more stable society. But a society which leaves no place for eccentrics is a pretty drab society, too. The only thing that we would care to see all Americans be is complete individuals.

That's the Way the Money Goes

THE next time you see five and a half people, you can feel fairly safe in assuming that you are helping to support one of them. Latest Federal statistics show that 27,404,958 Americans are receiving government checks for pensions, insurance or relief, and salaries.

Government employees alone—federal, state, and local—run more than six million, not including about a million and a half mili-

tary personnel. About seven and a half million people drew unemployment insurance in 1949. More than two million veterans were drawing pensions, retirement, or compensation. Old age pensions, social security, and old age and survivors' insurance went to another five and a half million people.

We are not against big government simply because it is big nor do we oppose the granting of government money for service rendered or for necessary relief. Nevertheless, we cannot ignore the dangers inherent in making government the paymaster for the population. Many of the expenditures listed above lie in areas with which government would not have needed to concern itself had we as individuals met our responsibilities. It is, for instance, no credit to us that we have handed our old folks over to the mercies of the state, that we have abandoned 1,628,882 dependent children to government care, and that we have allowed the multiplication of offices which adds up to a civilian payroll of more than six million people.

Worse still, having demanded or at least permitted these things, we are not even paying for them out of our own pockets but are piling the bills up for our children to pay. That is wholly inexcusable. However much justification there may be for expecting our children to share in the cost of wars which we have fought presumably as much for their sakes as for our own, there is certainly no justification for expecting them to defray our day-to-day living expenses. Higher taxation is, of course, an unpalatable thing. But perhaps if we were to start paying for what we are demanding, we would learn to live with a lot less than we are demanding.

●

Maria thought she was unhappy and said she very much wanted to die; on the other hand, Fiokla found life very much to her taste: even the poverty and the dirt and the incessant swearing. She ate what she was given, without thought, and slept wherever or on whatever it might be; the slops she poured out right under the front porch of the house, just swilled them out, from the doorsteps, and then would walk barefoot through it. And from the very first day she had hated Olga and Nikolai because they did not like that life.

ANTON CHEKHOV (translated by Alec Brown)

The  PILGRIM

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

BY O. P. KRETZMANN

Now Again

I have no idea how the world will look when you finally read this . . . It is entirely possible that most of the words I am writing will be out of order. . . . They are being written in midsummer, 1950, and when you see them the first tentative September leaf will be touching the good earth. . . . Now as the days are still long and warm, and our northern grain stands golden in the sun, the strange battle in Korea is just getting under way. . . . In fact, at the present moment, we are being roundly defeated. The boys I saw in Tokyo last summer are face to face now with sorrow, danger, and death. . . . Our defense lines, the radio said this morning, will probably fall back into a semicircle around a small seaport . . . a precarious foothold until enough men and tanks and ships come from Guam and Okinawa and Pearl Harbor and San Diego to hurl the invader back to the 38th Parallel. . . . (Curious how these imaginary lines on the surface of our suffering earth become suddenly like the Holy Grail . . . objectives far and great and worthy of our blood and tears.) . . . I wondered, this morning—after the commercial had urged me to take some frankfurters and cold processed meat on the picnic which all Americans were heading for this weekend—I wondered what was happening to the young G. I. who hit a homerun in the park across the street from the Imperial Hotel in Tokyo one evening last July . . . or what the boy was doing who drove me through the narrow streets of Tokyo and Yokohama for several days in the worst heat wave Japan has had for several years. . . . I thought of them now carrying a bazooka along a Korean road, suddenly lonely and afraid, looking for death from the unheeding skies. . . . I remembered, too, the quiet afternoon with the general whose picture now appears in almost

every newspaper every day. . . . When I saw him in the light of a setting sun on the sixth floor of the Dai Ichi Building, he still seemed very young, but there were signs of age in his trembling hands and in the lines around his mouth and eyes when the sun fell across his face. . . . For a moment, too, I remembered the boys in their B-29's on Guam and the ships lying in the harbor off Saipan. . . . All these were now heading for the third act in the 20th Century's dance of death. . . .

A mad world, my masters. . . . At this writing, I know, most observers still feel that this is not Armageddon. . . . World War III is still in the future, but only, God pity us, because nobody is quite ready for it. . . . A few nights ago the figure of the President of the United States appeared on our television screen to tell us that it would be a long, hard pull. . . . When you read this, you will know more than anyone knows as these words are written. . . .

So now again many of us have the uneasy feeling that we have been all through this once before. . . . During the past eight weeks my mind has steadily traveled back along the road of the years to midsummer and fall of 1941 when we were on the thin, ragged edge of waiting. . . . If this is World War III, perhaps someone, now, in a small and hidden place should say how the world looked in midsummer, 1950 . . . not the big, great things . . . but the little things which will still be here, I hope and pray, when the madness of men is spent and broken in disaster. . . . So, now, on the edge of what may be Armageddon a few items. . . .

There was a robin in Denver a few weeks ago who was feeding his young in a little willow tree. . . . On the particular evening when I saw him, he was almost completely surrounded by several thousand young men and women who were singing and laughing. . . . It disturbed him for a minute or two, but then he quietly and steadily went about his business of seeing to it that the two young ones in the nest were properly cared for. . . . Perhaps he felt that his world had been unduly disturbed, but if he did, he gave no outward sign of it after the first moment or two. . . . There was a job to be done and he did it quietly and effectively. . . . There was no newspaper headline about him, but I like to think about him when the newspaper lands on the front porch these days. . . .

Another night. . . . There were more than 3,000 young men and women singing in an open-air theatre high in the foothills of

the Rocky Mountains. . . . Their voices rang against the red rocks which had been standing there for aeons. . . . They sang about faith and hope and love, and finally joined in singing "The Lord's Prayer." . . . There were some hard and wise members of the older generation present who had tears in their eyes when the last echo died away among the everlasting hills. . . . I shall remember that. . . .

Another side of the picture. The more disturbing the big city newspapers become, the more I turn to my favorite newspaper, *The Frankenmuth News*. . . . There is an air of permanence and reality about it which warms and comforts my heart. . . . The issue before me reports that the wheat harvesting has begun, and the picture on the front page almost smells of the good and fruitful earth. . . . In one corner the editor remarks, "There'd be less pedestrian patients if there were more patient pedestrians." . . . That seems to make some sense. . . . This particular issue also seems to find the editor in a sad and belligerent mood. . . . The sadness is reflected in the following item in the upper left hand corner on the front page: "Some of our young men ought to start learning the barbering trade. As of the present, there are only three singe - shave - and - shampoo boys in town: Art Zehnder, Ed Daenzer and Mart Bunjes. Oswald Bernthal is quite sick at home and Les Habke has left Art's shop." . . . Now there is something which deserves thoughtful attention. . . . For one thing, I hope that Oswald has completely recovered by this time, and I am somewhat concerned about Les Habke's leaving Art's shop. . . . Clearly, our good friends in Frankenmuth ought to get better service in this particular department of daily life. . . . I can readily appreciate the concern of the editor. . . . His belligerence, on the other hand, was aroused by a clear bit of skulduggery in connection with a very important activity. . . . The editor writes:

> Frankenmuth's junior baseball players are engaged on the Owosso diamond as this editorial is written. So it is neither an alibi nor gloating.
>
> But we think the conduct of the American Legion district tournament leaves a lot to be desired. We question the wisdom of letting—or demanding—growing boys to play double-headers and we challenge the fancy last-minute "revision" of the schedule.
>
> The "vacation" the strong Greenville team has been enjoying while their chief rivals have been forced to a gruelling pace can be overlooked. The luck of the draw in a tournament is always a major factor.
>
> But we cannot understand nor condone the hairsplitting technicalities

that have kept two Frankenmuth boys from continuing in the tourney.

The boys have been barred because the birth certificates they filed were issued by the hospital instead of the County Clerk. There has been no allegation that the boys are otherwise ineligible. Both are well under the age limit and both live here.

If any team attempted to load its ranks with ringers, we'd applaud such swift and drastic action. But to declare them ineligible on such a flimsy technicality is repugnant.

Do you feel that the matter is utterly unimportant and insignificant when it is placed beside the world-shaking events which come thundering over the radio? Well, perhaps. . . . I like to think, however, that we here in America will still be debating things like that in freedom and in peace long after the men in the Kremlin have followed the other momentary Caesars of history into dust and ashes. . . . Eighteen-year-old boys should not be walking along Korean roads with bazookas in their hands; they should be discussing the prospects of winning the baseball game next Saturday. . . . I believe that the editor of The Frankenmuth News is on the right track. . . . At least I shall try to remember what he was talking about in the summer of 1950. . . .

And now for another side of the picture. . . . There was a quiet service with Holy Communion on our campus a few weeks ago. . . . It was attended by only a handful of men who have been entrusted with great responsibilities and overwhelming tasks. . . . They knew that they would need strength beyond their own in the days and years that lie ahead. . . . They realized that man in midsummer, 1950, would have to begin with two words which our world has so largely forgotten: nothingness and sin. . . . Once man again comes to the realization of the ultimate humility needed for the good life and his own inability to become humble, he will move toward greater dawns and new horizons. . . . We should know now as we have never known before that the so-called natural goodness of man of which we have boasted so long is nothingness and sin. . . . Just a few days ago I read somewhere that between the act of virtue with which Socrates accepted the death sentence, and the act of faith by which a child lisps the creed, there is an infinitely wider chasm than between a cricket's chirping and Einstein's formulation of the principle of relativity. . . . This is really getting at the heart of our problem. . . . Only by turning upward and outward shall we be able to lift from our hearts the burden of sorrow and pain which has come over our world.

This Moment's Breath

A Mass for Moderns

By Ray Scolare

Prelude

Lord,
Again, Your Fingers touch the new day,
And we walk under green arches;
The stiff icy forms
The silent patches of snow
Flow away;
We pray, melt the frozen hearts
And let streams of Life
Dance in the sun,
That our little endeavors
May be as the spring-flowers
Which break through the cold earth
Desiring warm light,
Through Him, Who with the Father and the Spirit,
Creates All, world without end,

Amen.

the street-car rollicks past, the sound of horns and the laughter of young people, Sunday afternoon, the city is hot in the summer.

Kyrie

Buildings without basements,
Churches without steeples,
The way of man is earth-bound,
His delight in movement
From place to place. . . .

. . . . Lord, have mercy upon us.

Upon soft couches,
The curtains drawn,
He travels the blind alleys of the past
In scientific pursuit
Of the unforgiven sin. . . .
. . . . Christ, have mercy upon us.

Action for the sake of activity,
Ends as an end in themselves,
These are the pillars of the successful,
The spiritual values
Of the practical life. . . .
. . . . Lord, have mercy upon us.

jammed highways, blue lakes set deep in the earth, sandy beaches; away from the city, the sun is desired; "this is great fun."

Gloria in Excelsis

Glory to God on high
And on earth
Peace,
Among men of good will, Silence
In the dark chamber, Stillness
In the heart, Peace,
The long night's waiting.

we wait without fear; we praise. . . .
we wait in anxiety; we bless. . . .
we wait for the Word; we worship. . . .
. . . . Our Father.

When in this moment's breath,
We pray,
Christ,
Accept these broken words
Of broken hearts:
Pride's pleasure has failed;
Of futility we are born;
Have mercy upon us.

For only You are Holy,
The Tri-unity of Love,
Creator Spirit, Come,
Give birth to the people of the nations
That they may know
Peace.

a little child, sand pail and shovel in hand, tears pouring over warm red cheeks, he is lost, alone in a world of strange big people.

Credo

I have traveled far
Over oceans and rivers,
Reached from peaks
as far as naked eye could reach
across great plains.
I have seen the dominion of men.
I believe God, the Father Almighty.

I have walked in the city
Along streets and boulevards,
A pygmy between stone giants
Whose open faces invite the eye
To greater want.
I have seen humanity at work.
I believe Jesus Christ,
His Only Son, Our Lord.

I have spent the years
Rain, Sun, Snow and Wind
The seasons have weathered my face;
The pilgrimage goes on,
The journey of Life and Death;
I have known the Unity of Change.
I believe the Holy Ghost,
The Author and Giver of Life.

black clouds at the horizon, small voices on hollow air, a breeze from the east, the ominous silence hangs on the water.

Sanctus

Our cities are leveled;
Our families are scattered;
They were here last night
And we wait,
Blank faces
Staring at pillars of smoke.
How long?

HOLY HOLY HOLY
LORD GOD OF HOSTS

. . . we wait . . .

For the wheels of Heaven and Earth
To turn; To turn in full cycle
That we may turn our hearts
To loving one another,
To building new homes
For new people.
Pulled in the wake of time,
we wait. . . .

BLESSED IS HE
THAT COMES
IN THE NAME OF THE LORD.

evening, calm waters, wood-smoke in the air, the sun melts in flaming water, a summer's day dies.

Agnus Dei

At lake-waters side
The Thought, The Remembrance
Whispered prayers fall on silence
Carried by the night wind
"Christ, Lamb of God"
The night song
Wind through the trees
And thoughts of the day-past

Hopes for the daybreak
"Have mercy upon us"
Along the shore
Grey sand
Still waters
A soft Amen to a day of life
Silence, rest
For another day's journey
"Grant us Your Peace."

And you saw, O God, all the things that You had made, and they were very good. We see them, too, and they are very good. With regard to each order of things, when You had said that they were to be made and they were made, You saw one by one that they were good. Seven times, I have counted, is it written that You saw that what You made was good; and this is the eighth, that You saw all that You had made, and You saw that all things as a totality were not only good but very good. For taken one by one they were simply good; but taken altogether they were not only good but very good. Beautiful bodies utter the same truth: because the body, all of whose members are beautiful, is much more beautiful than the individual members by whose harmonius arrangement the whole is completed, although taken one by one these members are beautiful.

THE CONFESSION OF ST. AUGUSTINE,
translated by F. J. Sheed (Sheed and Ward, 1943)

Augustine and Dewey

By DON MEYER

THE world today does not know Augustine as an educator. Theologians still speak of his concept of predestination and of his allegoric method of interpreting Scriptures; philosophers trace the Platonic influence on Augustine; most everyone else ignores him. It would not take much, however, for a historical investigation to uncover the Augustinian trinitarian organization of the sciences reflected in the curriculums of all of the major universities of Europe for a dozen centuries after his death. The Augustinian schematism continued in use into the first half of the nineteenth century. One can see it, with slight modifications, in Immanuel Kant and the French philosophers of the nineteenth century. The trinitarian division is reflected in Kant's three major works, *The Critique of Pure Reason, The Critique of Practical Reason,* and *The Critique of Judgment.*

James B. Conant of Harvard and positivists generally are proud of the education of the twentieth century. They point to the multiplication of books, to the new sciences which have earned a place in university curriculums, to the transformation of society resulting from research in the physical sciences, to the increased control over men's health—to anthropology, to air travel, to sulfa drugs.

No one will question the value of these developments for society. No one will fail to wonder at the intellectual energy devoted to their discovery. All this has not been gained without some loss, however, a loss which is at once needless and critical. It has resulted in the atomization of knowledge, in a disintegrating specialization which has distorted men's view of themselves and has made moral and social idiots of intellectual giants. Today there is no such thing as *scientia.* There are only sciences. There are no philosophers—lovers of wisdom; there are only nuclear physicists, psychologists, entymologists, theologians, engineers.

The last few years have revealed so obvious a relation between morality and the natural sciences that even the physicists have become concerned. The halting naiveté which they exhibit in attempting to restore an ethical imperative to scientific research sadly reflects the loss of a balanced approach to life which came with the disintegration of knowledge. It is matched in humorous ineffectiveness only by so many theologians who, asserting the absolute primacy of moralistic considerations, have rained petitions upon the national capitol.

Because of the disruptive condition of modern knowledge, and hence education, Augustine's theological philosophy of education sounds strange to the ears of the modern pragmatist educator; first, because a single, comprehensive system, developed to find a place for all knowledge, is not judged of vital importance; second, he has never included theology or even ethics in his schematism. Today there are a thousand curriculums, all different, a situation possible only when relationships are ignored.

The educational system most prominent today is that of John Dewey. Dewey conceives his principles in biological terms. It is an education which is designed as a sophistication and perfection of the animal, the "natural," method of learning. The "natural" "method of inquiry" is the unifying factor in Dewey's system. The same method of learning applies to all knowledge. Life, conceived biologically, motivates learning and suggests this "method of inquiry." The necessities of life determine the subject matter of learning.

The objects of knowledge are placed upon a time scale of learning. As the pupil continues in the natural process of learning he learns different things as the necessities of life compel; and the objects of knowledge are divided according to the place they have along the time scale of learning. There is a division according to a chronological hierarchy.

Where does God fit along this scale? Either He fits nowhere at all or He fits at the top, depending upon the religious convictions of the educator. And if he fits at the top, it is only because He supplies the answer to the more abstract biological, but always biological, needs of man in society. The child, occupied with concrete biological problems, has no need of God as yet. And even when he does learn to know God, God becomes some sort of supreme biologist, the lord over nature.

The ultimate significance of

the world, the significance that can come only when the logos, the Word, the Christ, fills the bare forms of existence with spiritual meaning is completely missing from Dewey's system. It is an atheistic system. It is a non-spiritual system. It is a biological system, and only that.

Augustine's system is more comprehensive. It does not negate Dewey's principles. It includes them and places them in a useful segment of a balanced schematism. Augustine has more than a method of inquiry. He has a curriculum which is divided primarily according to subject matter, secondarily according to the faculties employed in their study and in their use in life. Such a division is necessary for a balanced and comprehensive education. You do not divide a house according to the stages it assumes in the process of being built. You must have a blueprint. You divide the house according to its parts as a completed structure, into floors and into rooms.

Augustine's division is a theological one. Convinced by faith of the revelatory power of Scriptures, he derives therefrom a concept of God as the Trinity, united in substance and distinguished in their "relatedness." In his *De Trinitate* Augustine describes the relationships between the persons of the Trinity in much detail. Now if God as Trinity acts upon the world, he argues, then these three divisions are present in the universe also; and it is the task of man to find them. To substantiate the presence of this tripartite division in the universe he quotes Plato and his followers; and he could have, with equal consistency, quoted Aristotle also.

The functions of the three persons of the Trinity are creation, redemption, and sanctification. The Father is the creator and preserver of the universe, the Son is the meaning of the universe, the Holy Ghost, through love, is the perfection of the universe. There are therefore three divisions of knowledge, the science of the Father, the natural sciences; the science of the Son, logic or dialectic, conceived very broadly; the science of the Holy Ghost, ethics. The Trinity hence comprises the essence, the form, and the perfection of the universe. God is the author of all things, the giver of knowledge, and the inspirer of truth. He gives man knowledge, wisdom, and morality.

Augustine divides the sciences also according to faculties and according to use along with his division according to subject matter. The trinity is also operative in this division of the principles of division—subject matter, facul-

ty, and use, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

The three faculties necessary for a blessed life are memory, the faculty of the Father; understanding, the faculty of the Son; and will, the faculty of the Holy Ghost. The three bear the same relationships to each other as the members of the trinity bear to each other. As the persons of the Trinity depend upon each other, so understanding requires will and memory; memory requires will and understanding; will requires understanding and memory. There are not three substances, but one substance; there is only relatedness. There are not three minds, three lives, but one life, one mind; there is only relatedness. The faculties experience further divisions, such as the division between the inner and outer expression of the faculties, corresponding to the physiological and the psychological, a most fruitful division, not present in Dewey.

The tripartite division of the sciences repeat themselves within the sciences. For example, the science of the Father, the natural sciences, is divided according to essence, form and use into what we would today call nuclear physics (essence), scientific mathematics (form), and technology (use). The science of the Son is divided according to essence into grammar or symbolism, according to form into dialectic and mathematics, according to use into rhetoric. Herein is the trivium. The science of ethics can be divided according to essence into individual psychology, according to form into politics and practical wisdom; according to use into ethics proper, dealing with questions of motivation.

The principles of division repeat themselves through all of the sciences and their branches down to their last detail. If it is executed properly, and the divisions are made at the joints, according to the Platonic simile, Augustine's system will include all of the knowledge in existence, will contain a division for all of the faculties employed in life, and will express all of the uses to which knowledge, always conceived broadly, can be put.

Within the division of the sciences according to the faculties Dewey finds a place. In relation to the whole Dewey's place is small, but his contribution is of a considerable nature because of the comprehensiveness and thoroughness of his investigations. If used within a complete schema like Augustine's, Dewey's work could be of great value to the ultimate purposes of education. It is only when Dewey's system is

taken as complete that the distortion which has clouded the great ends of education comes.

To an irreligious world the intimate relation which Augustine brings between theology and education seems strange. Even the church, which has owned Augustine for so many centuries, has not appreciated this integration. Theologians have permitted themselves to specialize so completely in theology that they have looked disdainfully upon the other sciences, bothering to talk about them only when the sciences have trod too roughly on some segment of their precious system. Then they have felt that the time has come to attack "science" for blasphemy.

We have become accustomed to an atomistic society, one in which a thousand different systems meet us daily, one in which – what would have been unthinkable in Medieval schools–religion and the other sciences are divided in the schools.

It is because, in fundamentalist circles especially, we have come to think of God as a spiritual being only. We have lost the sense of God controlling and guiding the universe, of filling and sustaining it. We have forgotten that God not only redeemed the souls of men, but that He also redeemed their bodies and their minds. He not only rules their hearts, but He rules and sustains every atom in the universe.

When you take God out of the world, therefore, you take the most important part of the universe away – the all – important part, the only part that can give meaning that has more than transient significance. Augustine knew this all too well, better than anyone knows it today. T. S. Eliot of all the prophets of the twentieth century, knows it perhaps best of all. He writes in a chorus from *The Rock:* ... ...

All our knowledge brings us nearer to our ignorance,
All our ignorance brings us nearer to death,
But nearness to death no nearer to God.
Where is the Life we have lost in living?
Where is the wisdom we have lost in knowledge?
Where is the knowledge we have lost in information?

Augustine would have been aghast at a public school system which does not talk about religion; he would have been frightened at hearing teachers talk about the universe and not about God, about philosophy and not about Christ, who is the ultimate logic, the purest reason, the consummate syllogism.

He would have said: Why do

you wonder that your artists have nothing to say? Why are you puzzled when your thinkers cannot even understand one another? Why does it baffle you that your youths do not know how to live —that they espouse creeds wildly that have little meaning for them?

Millions of our youth see things and no meanings. They see badness but no evil. They see passivity but no peace.

There is a mild delight merely in escaping from our new servitude to Time. A good holiday is one spent among people whose notions of Time are vaguer than yours. Farm workers are better tempered than factory workers, partly because on the farm you are not bullied by clocks. Our forefathers never seem to have been bothered about minutes at all, and probably did not know that hours could be so scrupulously subdivided. . . . Now we have to think in terms of seconds or fractions of seconds—and so far no good has come of it. . . . The society of split seconds is also the society of split minds; and for every hundred new electric clocks, up goes another mental home. So if you wander in search of delight, make a start by moving toward vaguer time-keeping, steering in the direction of the clockless Hesperides.

J. B. PRIESTLEY, *Delight*
(Harper and Brothers, 1950)

THE ASTROLABE

By
THEODORE GRAEBNER

EXILES FROM THE HAMMER AND SICKLE

The present lot of the masses who have invaded Western Germany since 1945 and constitute the oft-referred to refugee problem is described in a report which has just come from the press of the House of Representatives. The Committee on the Judiciary has had a special subcommittee at work in Europe during the summer of 1949 whose findings and observations have now been collected into Report No. 1841 which many of our readers may want to order from the Government Printing Office in Washington.

The studies undertaken by this committee concern the problem of persons who have been expelled into Germany and Austria from Soviet Russia, the three Baltic republics (Estonia, Latvia and Lithuania), from Bulgaria, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Poland, Rumania, and Yugoslavia, as well as persons who have fled from those countries and from eastern Germany in fear of persecution or for economic reasons. We have in this Congressional report an unvarnished, unemotional, strictly factual, and for that reason all the more impressive story of the international crime involving approximately 12,000,000 people. They were herded across the borders without money or possessions into a war-ravaged country diminished in size by redrawn boundaries and divided into four zones of occupation, each under a different foreign rule. Over 8,500,000 of these expellees and refugees are scattered in western Germany comprising the American, British, and French zones of occupation and in the corresponding western zones of Austria, while allegedly 3,500,000 were sent into the Soviet

zones of occupation in Germany and Austria – the greatest mass expulsion of population in the world's history.

We are reminded of the fact that western Germany lost 40 per cent of its dwelling units through war destruction, and its population, now increased by almost 20 per cent, through the presence of twelve million expellees, must be accommodated in this greatly reduced housing. There is a need for nine million dwelling units in order to meet minimum standards. Most of the refugee families have no kitchen of their own, nor their own toilet or bathroom.

The greatest degree of such unofficial housing has been acquired by taking over cellars and rooms in damaged houses deserted by the former occupants. Hundreds of thousands of refugees have ingeniously contrived the semblance of a house out of the ruins. On a cold day, in every German city smoke can be seen emerging from stove-pipes sticking up through the rubble, or at night, lights appear from chinks in houses which would be thought totally uninhabitable. Such dwellings would be immediately condemned as dangerous and unsanitary in a normal housing economy.

The procedure of placement of the refugees has been that border points or reception camps directed the refugees to the *Laender* (provinces) and the *Laender* authorities apportioned them among the communities. The local Burgermeister (town mayor) and his assistants would allocate the new arrivals to the residents on a house-to-house basis.

"Herr Schmidt at Koenigstrasse 701 has seven rooms. There are five persons in his family. He is assigned this family of six from Silesia," reads the mayor's order.

Small hotels and guest houses, as well as wings of factory buildings and beer halls, have been used also to accommodate the expellees. These are all overcrowded. Families partition off a cubicle for their privacy by using a few boards and old blankets and carpets. The United States and British zones have approximately 400,000 refugees quartered in temporary, mass-type housing in substandard camps which must be regarded as absolutely unsuitable for human habitation.

There is almost complete unemployment.

Juveniles from families in these camps frequently become vagabonds. In Bavaria in 1947, there were 23,000 homeless children of refugees.

Financially these refugees constitute a crushing load on the native German population. The expenditures total on a yearly basis about 1,000,000,000 deutschemarks, and represent only one-

half of the total of direct costs for the maintenance of the refugees. There were additionally required in the school year of 1948-49 about 25,000 (twenty-five thousand!) teachers and an annual amount of approximately 125,000,000 marks for refugee children.

Report 1841 quotes two religious leaders, Roswell P. Barnes and Paul C. Empie, visiting experts for religious affairs, as writing in June of last year:

"The role of religion in providing a sound spiritual basis to sustain people under such trials is severely handicapped. Such large masses of persons removed far from the communities in which their cultural and moral roots found nourishment cannot be absorbed readily in other regions of today's Germany. Often Protestants find themselves in Catholic areas, where there are neither pastors nor facilities to give them the care they so desperately need. The same is true of Catholics who find themselves in areas predominantly Protestant. Religious education under such circumstances is bound to be inadequate. There is not money enough in the churches' possession to support large numbers of additional pastors and to supply sufficient quantities of books and other religious materials.

"Further, the abnormal conditions of refugee life, such as crowded living quarters conducive to the breakdown of family life, and to immorality, and the scarcity of food and clothing leading to black market practices, gradually destroy the moral and spiritual fiber of all but those most deeply rooted in their religious faith. The primitive urge for survival is most likely to occupy the minds to such an extent that religious and moral considerations are for the time being secondary.

"No nation can successfully undergo the most severe test of its history when plagued with spiritual disintegration so widespread among a large segment of its people."

AMERICAN CO-RESPONSIBILITY

The subcommittee of the Committee on the Judiciary quotes the opinion repeatedly stated, both in the United States and in Europe, that the United States Government bears co-responsibility for the wholesale expulsion of Germans from eastern Europe. The charge is based on the Potsdam Agreement of August 1945, interpreted as the authorization for the expulsion of the national minorities of German origin. However, the subcommittee is of the opinion that "indisputable facts clearly show

the fallacy of the theory of American co-responsibility for the uprooting of German expellees and refugees."

It is noted that a very large proportion of the Germans had already been expelled from eastern Europe by August 1945, when the Potsdam Agreement was signed. In the later stages of the war a large-scale spontaneous exodus of German nationals from the former German-occupied eastern areas of Europe into Germany took place. Poland and Czechoslovakia announced their intent to exclude the great majority of the German population from their territories even before the cessation of hostilities. Poland, viewing the Oder-Neisse line as its permanent frontier, was resolved, in addition, to expel all Germans from the occupied German zone east of this line, and from East Prussia. When we include the persons of German ancestry and culture to be expelled from the Baltic area, Danzig, Austria, Hungary, and Yugoslavia, including "cultural Germans" (Volksdeutsche), some 15,000,000 or more persons were involved in these plans. The report quotes Mr. James F. Byrnes, the former Secretary of State and a participant of the Potsdam Conference as saying: "We had arrived in Potsdam to face what amounted to a fait accompli, so far as the Polish-German frontier was concerned." Accordingly, what the United States and the British resolved at Potsdam only had the intention (1) to make more orderly and humane the inevitable expulsion of those Germans who still remained in eastern Europe, and (2) to open occupied Germany to those who were faced with deportation to remote sub-Arctic territories of Soviet Russia, an equivalent to annihilation. The committee then reports, on its own findings, that "the provisions of article XIII of the Potsdam Agreement have never been adhered to by Soviet Russia and by the countries under its control or domination."

From the period of February 1945 to November 1945, hundreds of thousands of these Germans from all over eastern Europe were driven out penniless, without any worldly possessions, and pushed into Germany. The Potsdam Conference request to Czechoslovakia, Poland, and Hungary for a breathing spell in the expulsion of German minorities was not heeded. As for the cure of existing conditions there is only one: the return of the expellees to their Eastern homes. But Dr. Manteuffel, German Chairman of the Refugee Advisory Board testifies: "This is not feasible at this moment, but if the American people understand this, and desire such

a solution at some future date, it will strengthen the patience of the expellees and refugees."

AND STILL THEY COME!

More than a million refugees have made their way into Western Germany since 1945, when the organized expulsion movement ended. These people have come in from the Soviet Zone of Germany and from Russia because living conditions were intolerable. Among these are returning prisoners of war, thousands of them, and the number of refugees coming across the border at the present time (Spring 1950) are one thousand every night. The estimate of some observers is, 1,500 every twenty-four hours. There they stand, without personal belongings, practically without funds, asking for a meal and a shelter from the weather. They move into already substandard housing and intensify the sanitary and social problems.

In part these Germans have themselves to blame for their misfortunes. For one thing, they remained *Germans* for centuries while inhabiting countries to the East. They had their German schools, maintained intimate cultural relations with Germany, and never became truly nationalized with the people (Bohemians, Hungarians, Russians, etc.) among whom they lived. With the bitterness engendered by their friendly relations with the invading German armies of the early forties, they had little to expect but brutal retaliation when the tide of war turned and the German armies were driven back westward in 1943-45. And there was not only Potsdam, there were also the meetings of Yalta and of Teheran, in which America had its share and which drew the Oder-Neisse line, slicing off a huge section of historic Germany and populating the area with Poles and Russians where Germans had lived two thousand years. A very complex picture of social and political folly and international crime.

THE ERZGEBIRGE CHAPTER OF HORRORS

Among the 1,000-1,500 refugees who arrive in Western Germany every day by flight from the Russian zone, are a large number of persons described as "Aue victims." Aue is a small town in Saxony which has become a center of uranium ore exploitation. Principally in the *Erzgebirge* (Ore-mountains) in Silesia and Saxony the working of these mines has been stepped up to such a degree that the forced (slave)

laborers are unable to stand the heavy work. They take the risk of flight rather than continue their present existence. In this way what is left of the German population in this section of Russian-occupied Germany is being ground to skin and bones, or forced to crawl by night across the border, where more than twelve million have been received as refugees in a devastated country.

Conditions in the Erzgebirge are in no respect better than the slave-labor camp conditions of Germany under Nazi rule during the thirties and early forties. Consistently undernourished and without medical attention, the population is ground down to slow but sure extermination in the uranium mines – low grade ores, of which thousands of tons are needed to produce a cupful of uranium, the precious metal needed for the construction of the *atom-bomb.*

Accordingly, this is the picture today:

1) By methods of manufacture which made Nazi-Germany an institution fit only for destruction, Russia is today destroying human populations for the single purpose of amassing a stock-pile of atom-bombs to be dropped on "capitalist" targets (which means me and you), as soon as the Politbureau in Moscow thinks the time is ripe.

2) The refugees in Germany have only one desire—to return to countries in which they had their home, every one now under the hammer and the sickle. All they hope for as a solution for their troubles is a third world war. And the people among whom they now are settled, the Germans of the British, French, and American zones, dread nothing so much as that invasion of the Russian (Mongol) hordes, which marked the taking of Eastern Germany by our partner, the Russians, a never to be forgotten nightmare. And these people, who pray for World War III and those who are planning suicide when the first Russian tank comes down the *Autobahn,* are living in the same houses in Bavaria, Baden, Hamburg, Lower Saxony, West-Berlin, using the same utensils, dishes, and prayer-books.

Music AND MUSIC MAKERS

Johann Sebastian Bach

[CONTINUED]

BY WALTER A. HANSEN

Those who write about Bach and his music must beware of spawning and nursing untenable conclusions. Scholars must be on guard lest their enthusiasm get the better of sound judgment.

Consider the matter of symbolism in the works of Bach—particularly in the master's sacred music. Schweitzer and other savants have pointed out with admirable incisiveness that Bach often made use of tonal and rhythmic patterns and devices to symbolize—and to reinforce—thoughts, emotions, and actions expressed in the texts for which he composed settings. We have every reason to be grateful to Schweitzer and other scholars for their perspicacity. They have rendered a valuable service. Maybe some of them go too far, but even the best learning is imperfect.

Sometimes Bach's symbolism is exceedingly realistic tone painting. Could anyone fail to note the vivid and almost literal suggestion of the crowing of the cock in the *St. Matthew Passion*? Sometimes the master's symbolism is not immediately apparent. Sometimes it exists only in the minds of symbol-hunting commentators.

Scholars have discovered in Bach's works tonal and rhythmic suggestions of walking, running, jumping, flying, crawling, swimming, rising, falling, and many other types of physical movement. Furthermore, some have directed our attention to figurations which, in their opinion, represent joy, sorrow, malice, peace, confusion, fear, pain, and other emotions.

Symbol hunting in the music of Bach is a fascinating pastime. It can be a highly profitable part of a scholar's occupation. But the symbol-seekers must beware of cocksureness.

Maybe it is altogether right to say, as some do, that the study of Bach's symbols is still in its infancy and that years must elapse before it will be possible to compile a complete and accurate catalog of such tonal devices and their significance.

I myself am convinced that scholarship has not yet penetrated to the very core of Bach's transcendent genius; but I am afraid that pundits, no matter how learned, perspicacious, and diligent they may be, will never be able to put together a comprehensive and foolproof dictionary of the symbols employed—or thought to be employed—by Bach.

I have heard musicologists and others descant at some length and in voluminous detail on certain musical phrases in Bach's sacred works in an effort to show that this or that combination, this or that interval, this or that note, this or that rising, and this or that falling was chosen purposely and expressly by the master to convey a graphic tonal representation of this or that thought, emotion, or action. Sometimes I have found sharpness and cogency in their conclusions. Sometimes, however, I have been skeptical, and on more than one occasion I have exclaimed, "How easy it is for scholars to lapse into specious reasoning! How engrossing it is for some of them to spin their elaborately designed cobwebs!"

We must bear in mind that Bach did not invent tonal and rhythmic symbolism. Devices of this nature were in use long before his time. Handel and other contemporaries of Bach employed them extensively.

Symbolism is often to be found in music written in our day. In fact, it is, I believe, one of the essential ingredients of the art of composing. It is part and parcel of what is known as programmatic or descriptive writing. You will find it exemplified in Richard Wagner's elaborate and effective motif-system. You could discover it, I suppose, in music written by Igor Stravinsky. Yes, you could, if you were so inclined, trace it almost everywhere in the far-flung domain of composition. Even jazz and its blood relatives could, I am convinced, have their particular brand of symbolism.

It is necessary and important to speak of symbolism in the music of Bach, but one must beware of yielding to a temptation to discover this type of writing in almost every phrase of his sacred works.

Bach Not Mechanical

Is it reasonable to suppose that whenever Bach sat down to compose music for the church he was at pains almost every mo-

ment to devise a symbolic type of expression? I cannot believe that he worked in such a way. Otherwise his music would, for the most part, be as dry as dust and as mechanical as a steam engine. Bach was not an automaton.

Is it not wholly in conformity with sober thinking to take for granted that the great master composed as he was guided by the inspiration that came to him and to assume that he, like any other human being, often found that there was little or no inspiration?

Do you accuse me of talking through my hat? Do so if you like. But pay close attention, pray, to what I am about to say concerning some of the great master's music.

Are you acquainted with Bach's cantata *Falsche Welt, dir trau' ich nicht?* Do you know his *Brandenburg Concerto No. 1, in F Major, for Solo Violin, Three Oboes, Bassoon, Two Horns, and Strings?* Why do we find the first movement of the *Brandenburg Concerto No. 1* used as the *Sinfonia* in the solo cantata *Falsche Welt, dir trau' ich nicht?* Can you answer this question? Can you safely go beyond a mere conjecture? Maybe Bach was unusually busy when it became necessary for him to write the cantata and for this reason decided to use something he had composed before. Maybe inspiration left him in the lurch. Maybe the children were making noise in the house. Maybe the master was in the doldrums for one reason or another. Who knows? The concerto dates from 1721; the cantata was composed in 1734.

I am trying to warn against a tendency to attempt to ferret out a special symbolic significance for every note, interval, phrase, chord, or rhythmic pattern employed by the great man when he composed his sacred works. I am striving to point out that a quest for such things as symbolism must be kept within safe bounds.

Do you want additional examples? Think of the *Concerto No. 2, in E Major, for Clavier and Orchestra.* You will find parts of this work in the cantata *Gott soll allein mein Herze haben* as well as in the cantata *Ich geh' und suche mit Verlangen.* What about those portions of the *Mass in B Minor* that were adapted from previously written secular works? In the cantata *Unser Mund sei voll Lachens* you will discover, note for note, a part of the *Suite for Orchestra No. 4.*

Now let us look for what appear to be indubitable illustrations of pictorial—or shall I say symbolic—writing in some of the sacred music of Bach. Let us seek them in the marvelous *Magnificat,* which, according to the best scholarship, was composed for the

Portraits by Holbein

Portrait of an Unknown Lady

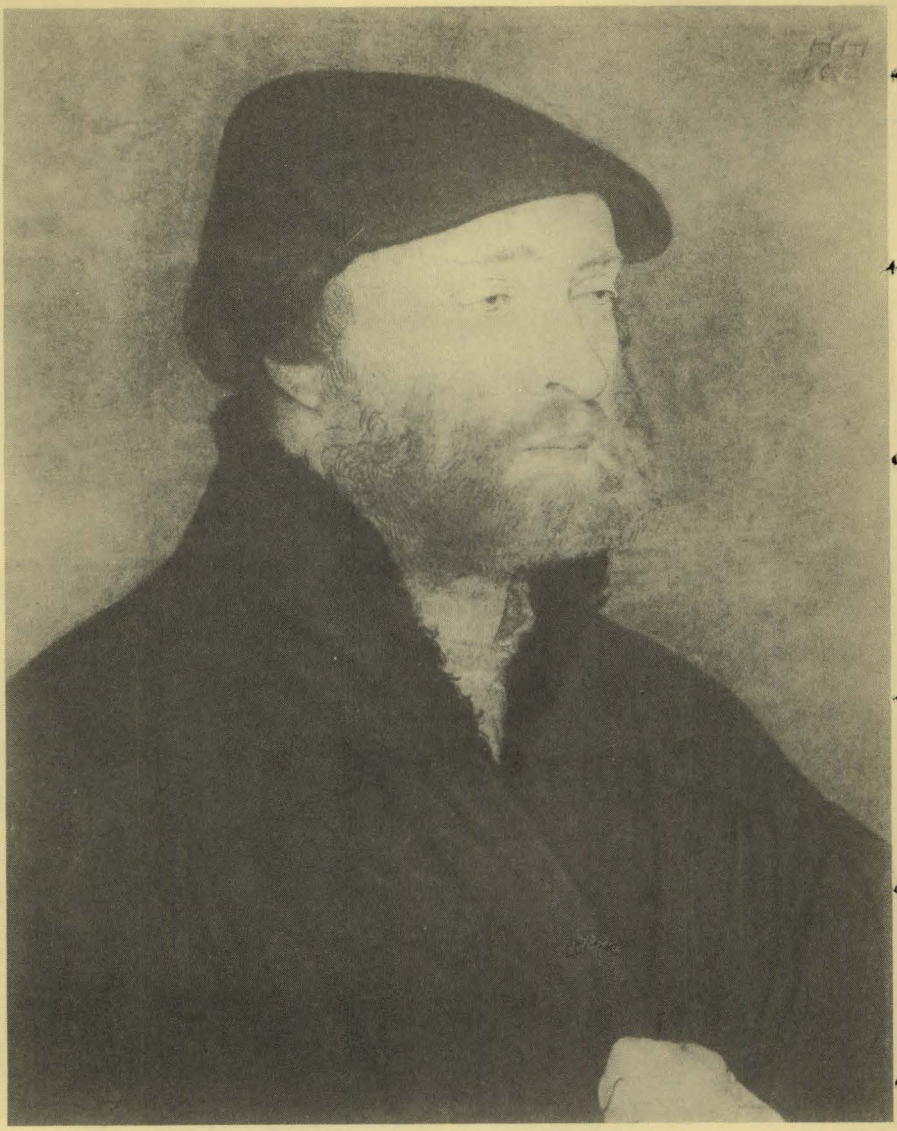
Coloured chalks on pink toned paper, pen,
270:168 mm. Windsor Castle, Royal Library

Lady Henegham

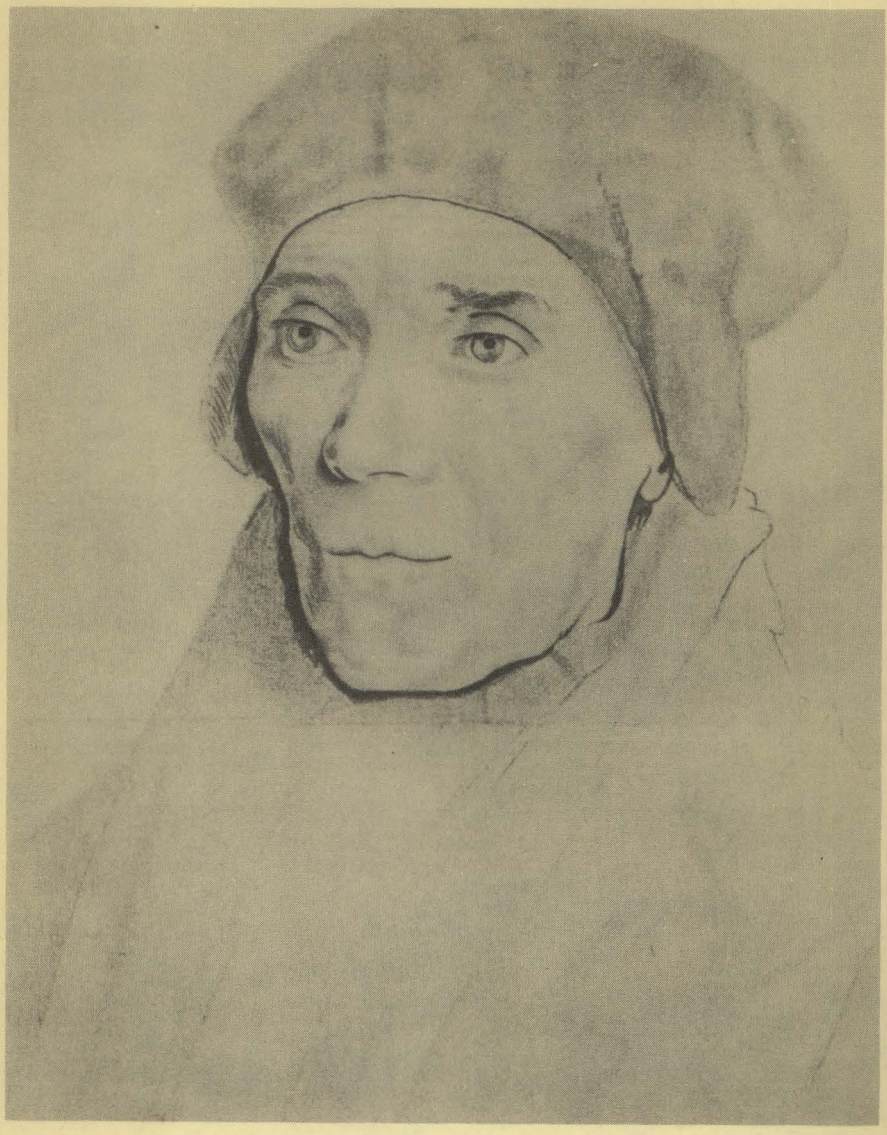
Coloured chalks on pink prepared ground, drawn over with wash and brush, 305:210 mm.
Windsor Castle, Royal Library

Portrait of an Unknown Man

Coloured chalks, pen and wash on pink toned paper, 272:210 mm. Windsor Castle, Royal Library



Self-portrait of Holbein at the age of about forty
Coloured chalks, heightened with white on pink prepared paper, 372:304 mm.
Basle, Dr. R. Geigy-Schlumberger Collection



John Fisher, Bishop of Rochester
Coloured chalks worked over with brush and wash,
381:232 mm. Windsor Castle, Royal Library

Portrait of an Unknown Lady

Coloured chalks, 402:290 mm. Windsor Castle, Royal Library

Ulrich Artzt, Burgomaster of Augsburg
Silverpoint, brush and wash, 139:102 mm.
Copenhagen, Printroom

The writing-master Leonhard Wagner
Silverpoint, 140:104 mm. Copenhagen, Printroom

first Christmas (1723) Bach spent in Leipzig as *Cantor* of the St. Thomas Church and was revised seven years later for either an Easter or a Pentecost service.

Students point to a distinct joy motif in parts of the *Magnificat,* particularly in the settings of *Magnificat anima mea Dominum (My soul doth magnify the Lord), Et exultavit spiritus meus in Deo salutari meo (And my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Savior), Esurientes implevit bonis et divites dimisit inanes (He hath filled the hungry with good things, and the rich He hath sent empty away),* and in the conclusion. This motif is in sixteenth notes.

In the setting of *Quia respexit humilitatem ancillae suae (Because He hath regarded the low estate of His handmaiden)* a descending sequence of half-steps and the frequent repetition of the word *humilitatem* are said—and with good reason—to suggest the feeling of submission and humility.

Terry believes that the long line of rhythm—broken only at the word *timentibus*—in the duet *Et misericordia Eius a progenie in progenies timentibus Eum (And His mercy is on them that fear Him from generation to generations)* betokens Bach's rocklike faith in the unwavering flow of God's mercy. The famous British scholar's statement is founded on logical thinking. Yet we dare not forget that Bach himself left us no key to the symbolism in his works.

One concurs wholeheartedly when it is asserted that a downward passage for the voice and the *unisono* violins in connection with the word *deposuit* in the setting of *Deposuit potentes de sede (He hath put down the mighty from their seat)* has special pictorial—or shall I say symbolic—significance and that the ascending line for the tenor in conjunction with the word *exaltavit* in the setting of *Et exaltavit humiles (And exalted them of low degree)* is graphically and appropriately descriptive. One concurs even though the master himself did not leave us a dictionary of his tonal language.

Quest Can Be Overdone

The *Magnificat* abounds in what seem to be—and probably are—examples of vivid symbolism. It is both fascinating and profitable to point them out, but one must bear in mind that the quest for symbolism can easily be overdone.

Is it symbolism in the *Magnificat* when Bach, in connection with the words *Suscepit Israel puerum suum (He hath holpen His servant Israel)* employs a traditional plainsong of the Roman Catholic Church? I do not know. Neither,

I suspect, does anyone else. I wish, however, with all my heart that I were able to answer the question. Yes, I have a theory. But my inability to provide proof cautions me to keep this theory locked in my brain.

It is incontestable that Bach frequently chose melodic and rhythmic formulae to symbolize thoughts, emotions, and actions. But even though we have this knowledge, based as it is on scholarship as penetrating as that to be found in the writings of a man as great as Schweitzer, we must be on our guard lest a search for symbolism here, there, and everywhere in the sacred music of Bach lead us into a maze of specious thinking and untenable conclusions.

Scholarship still has much to learn about the monumental achievements and the wide-reaching influence of Bach. The devotion and the enthusiasm with which we strive to pay homage to the mighty master in the year of the 200th anniversary of his death should not blind us to the fact that there have been other giants in the huge domain of music—giants like Georg Frideric Handel—at the vastness of whose genius I marvel with constantly increasing ardor—Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, and Ludwig van Beethoven. We do not honor Bach properly by speaking of him as the greatest composer of all time. Who can prove that he was? Effusive praise is worse than no praise at all. Why not be content to say that Bach was and remains one of the greatest of the great?

Bach made two unsuccessful attempts to meet Handel. Had he lived to see and hear the works of Mozart and Beethoven, he, great seer and scholar that he was, would have been awe-stricken by the scope and the puissance of the genius of these masters. Let us honor Bach as Bach—not as blind worshippers and clever spinners of untenable theories strive to depict him.

RECENT RECORDINGS

JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH. *Concerto in A Minor (after Vivaldi).* Pierre Luboshutz and Genia Nemenoff, duo-pianists.—Bach arranged this beautiful composition from one of a group of works written by Antonio Vivaldi under the title *L'Estro Armonico;* Isidor Philipp, in turn, transcribed Bach's transcription for two pianos. Luboshutz and Nemenoff give a lucid exposition of the concerto and, as an encore, play Mr. Luboshutz' two-piano version of Bach's chorale prelude *Nun komm', der Heiden Heiland.* RCA Victor WDM-1378.

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN. *Sonata No. 18, in E Flat Major, Op. 31, No. 3.* Artur Rubinstein, pianist.—A clear-cut and impressive performance of an unforgettable work. RCA Victor WDM-1371.

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN. *Sonata No. 4, in C Major, Op. 102, No. 1.* Artur Schnabel, pianist, and Pierre Fournier, 'cellist.—The reading of this fine composition is imbued with sterling musicianship. RCA Victor WDM-1370.

WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART. *Symphony No. 33 in B Flat Major (K. 319).* The Boston Symphony Orchestra under Serge Koussevitzky. —This symphony was composed in Salzburg in 1779. The Bostonians perform it with clarity and impressive tonal beauty. RCA Victor WDM-1369.

HUGO WOLF. *Auf einer Wanderung, Verschwiegene Liebe, Verschling' der Abgrund, Um Mitternacht, Coptisches Lied No. 2, Elfenlied, Schlafendes Jesuskind,* and *Auf dem grünen Balkon.* Blanche Thebom, mezzo-soprano, with William Hughes at the piano.—The voice is magnificent, and the singing is based on a praiseworthy understanding of the masterpieces composed by one of the greatest of all song writers. RCA Victor WDM-1380.

ROBERT SCHUMANN. *Dichterliebe, Op. 48.* Mack Harrell, baritone, with George Reeves at the piano.—To my thinking, Schumann's *Dichterliebe* cycle, is one of the greatest masterpieces of all time. The poems are from the pen of Heinrich Heine. Mr. Harrell sings with artistry of a high order. RCA Victor WDM-1387.

GIUSEPPE VERDI. *Overture to Sicilian Vespers.* Symphony Orchestra of the Augusteo, Rome, under Victor de Sabata.—The reading is dramatic; the recording is not of the best. RCA Victor 49-1143.

CLARA EDWARDS. *Into the Night.* FRANK LA FORGE. *Grieve Not, Beloved.* Thomas Hayward, tenor, with Mr. La Forge at the piano.—A voice of unusual beauty. The recording is superb. RCA Victor 49-1010.

GEORG FRIDERIC HANDEL. *Largo,* from *Serse.* JULES MASSENET. *Meditation,* from *Thais.* The Boston "Pops" Orchestra under Arthur Fiedler.—Effective arrangements effectively performed. RCA Victor 49-1007.

CLAUDE ACHILLE DEBUSSY. *Clair de Lune.* Freely transcribed for orchestra by Leopold Stokowski. Stokowski and his symphony orchestra. —A color-laden version of one of the most popular piano pieces ever written. RCA Victor WDM-1009.

The New Books

Unsigned reviews are by the Associates

BIOGRAPHY

DIARY OF A DEAN

By the Very Reverend W. R. Inge. The Macmillan Co., New York. 1950. $3.50.

THIS is a book you have to read through if you wish to read it at all. No sampling here and there will do. An endless amount of visiting in high British society, secular and of the High Church, associating the Dean of St. Paul's and his wife with the nobility of England, with publishers and editors, conferences, conclaves, banquets, luncheons—and the reader, turning the pages, asks, "Well, what of it? The Dean seems to have gotten around, and his contacts were pleasant—but what of it?" The "Gloomy Dean" offers extracts from his diaries since 1911, when Dr. Inge was offered the Deanery of St. Paul's in London, a position famous for the literary lights that occupied it. He accepts, dines with the Prime Minister, preaches before the King and Queen, and from then onward it is a story of more than thirty years of association with the leaders of the nation.

You get the point, as you read on. It is the distinction of holding a high position in the Church of England, it is the power and glamor of the Episcopalian (Anglican) Church, with its endless ramifications into society, state, and culture, as it makes its force felt in the life of England. It is this that you learn from the *Diary of a Dean;* the permeating force of a religious institution that is far more than a "state-church"—that is a national rallying-point of culture and of social life.

Of course the brilliance of the Dean of St. Paul's made this particular office and this career what it was, and of the wit and learning which radiates from his person there is much evidence in these diaries, yet without display of self-adulation or any smugness at all, such as would easily invade the style of a man continually honored, and forever at the speaker's table. Over and above all personal distinctions conferred upon the Dean, ever—the Church of England as an element of British culture.

Two famous lectures form an appendix, showing the well-furnished mind of the Dean in its most brilliant

powers of assimilation and of interpreting the modern world.

ROOSEVELT IN RETROSPECT

By John Gunther. Harper & Bros. $3.75.

In his bibliography and acknowledgements to this biography of F. D. R. John Gunther has a source list which runs to nine pages of solidly printed type. This is one indication that the biographer has taken the trouble to consult previous studies of one of the greatest, if not the most controversial, figures in American life. Despite his care, however, Mr. Gunther makes several errors in statement of fact. He states that the late John G. Winant, our war time ambassador to Great Britain, was in New York frequently in consultation with Roosevelt during his days as New York's governor. Mr. Winant was from New Hampshire. Mr. Gunther also states that Roosevelt invented the use of the map room and took inordinate pride in it. Winston Churchill in the latest volume of his memoirs states that he set up the first map room in the White House and Roosevelt then and there decided he ought to have one, too. These are minor details and will undoubtedly be corrected in future editions.

What we have here is indeed a splendid biography done in the best journalistic tradition. It is a profile because Mr. Gunther is the first person to realize that the magnitude of Roosevelt's life cannot be encompassed in a single volume. It is for this reason that the treatment of the New Deal and War years is sketchy. Motivations for many of Roosevelt's actions are stated but the biographer does not adequately present or develop them. We have instead a personal biography of a man living and working in a tumultuous era of human history. Mr. Gunther is sharp in many of his judgments. He states quite frankly that frequently Mr. Roosevelt was opportunistic in his actions; that he was proud; that he was unable to arrive at a decision.

Emerging from the biography is, however, the feeling that Roosevelt was a superb politician, a great statesman, a masterful Commander-in-Chief.

Naturally the followers of John T. Flynn will have hysteria in its wildest form reading this biography. Gunther makes no apologies for his open admiration of the late president. It is obvious that he places Roosevelt in the same rank with Washington and Lincoln. No reader, after finishing this biography, will be inclined to dispute Mr. Gunther's assertions on the basis of the evidence he has marshaled.

"RIP VAN WINKLE," THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF JOSEPH JEFFERSON

Appleton-Century-Crofts, New York. 1950. 375 pp. $5.00.

This new edition of a famous autobiography, which was first published in 1890, appears at a time when the theatre has become the powerful social force that Jefferson saw inherent in the struggling theatre of almost three-quarters of a century ago.

The title of the book seems to imply that Jefferson was a one-part actor and that the volume contains a narrative of his life. Neither implication is true: while the role of Rip Van Winkle was his most famous role, Jefferson was a versatile actor, one of America's greatest comedians; and while he now and then briefly mentions the events of his life, he is really writing the history of the most colorful period in the development of the American stage.

Though we do not learn too much about the actor's personal life, he reveals his delightful personality on every page of this fascinating book. There are numerous humorous accounts which attest to his great sense of humor—he recalls the time when the sleigh carrying all the costumes broke through the ice and floated away on an ice cake; when scene flats had to be used for sails on a too slowly moving raft that was carrying the impoverished company South; when pigs invaded a make-shift theatre just as his mother was singing, "Home, Sweet Home" in John Howard Payne's *Maid of Milan;* when he, as torch-bearer, came too close to Macready and burnt off that famous English actor's long beard; and when one of the witches fell through the floor as Macbeth stood waiting for her prophetic words. There are many other stories that show Jefferson's personality, his warm sympathy, his love of nature and of animal, his fascination for exotic places, his capacity for friendship.

The reader becomes absorbed in the narratives dealing with historic events and personalities: in the descriptions of early Chicago, of the first telegrams, of modes of transportation; in the author's accounts of meetings with Lincoln, Longfellow, Artemus Ward, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Dickens. But for the student of drama the book is more than a comment on the past; it becomes a fascinating text book in theatrical history. Jefferson knew well the great actors of his day and gives a rich account of such eminent artists as the Booths, Edwin Forrest, James Murdock, Macready, Kean, Ellen Tree, Charlotte Cushman, John Drew; of playwrights such as Dion Boucicault, Tom Robertson, John Howard Payne, Anna Cora Mowatt. He also comments on the development of American drama—the evolution of such stock characters as Jim Crow and the typical Yankee; on the practice of barnstorming and the organization of the first touring companies; on the nautical and the equestrian dramas; on the social position of the actor; and on the habits of the audience. One of the best chapters in the book is entitled "Reflections on the Art of Acting." These pages could easily be found in the most recent text on acting.

Joseph Jefferson was a great actor, an intriguing personality, an amateur painter whose love for vivid detail, bright colors, and sharp contrasts also enriches the style of the writer that he became towards the end of his life.

This revised edition contains an introduction by Elizabeth Farjeon, Jefferson's grand-daughter, which

adds meaning as well as charm to this book of memoirs. The large number of excellent portraits contained in the book is an additional reason why this volume should occupy a place on the documentary shelf of everyone's library.

VERA T. HAHN

CAPTAIN SAM GRANT

By Lloyd Lewis. Little, Brown and Co., Boston, 1950. 512 pages. $6.00.

LLOYD LEWIS'S *Captain Sam Grant* presents the life of Ulysses S. Grant from his birth to the assumption of his first Civil War command in 1861. The period covered is indispensable for a complete understanding of the character of Grant that successfully gave leadership in war yet failed to do so adequately in peace. Lewis's work supplies abundant information for this portion of Grant's life. Three initial chapters are devoted to Grant's family and his boyhood in Ohio, while the bulk, fifteen chapters, are given over to his military training and early career, following him from West Point through the Mexican War to his resignation from the army during a tour of duty on the West Coast. The last five chapters show Grant, the husband and father, unsuccessfully trying his hand at farming and small business at St. Louis, exhibiting moderate success in his father's leather goods store in Galena, Illinois, and finally, prior to his appointment as commander of an Illinois regiment, cooperating in state military preparations for the great conflict with the American South.

Author Lloyd Lewis's death in April, 1949, before publication of the volume, was a distinct loss for the field of American history. *Captain Sam Grant* is evidence that Lewis's projected complete biography of Grant would have been a major contribution to historical writing. Eschewing the modern biography's often unjustified intimate insight into the subject's thought, the work relies strictly on documentary material for an objective, yet sympathetic and vivid presentation of Grant in his broader historical and personal situations. Five years of effort devoted to this work exclusively, made it possible for Lewis to trace and suggest the most minute personal contacts in Grant's life. Abundant one or two-sentence references are made to persons who were in some way connected with Grant—friends of his friends, members of the organizations to which he belonged, and so forth. The purpose, of course, is cautiously to indicate the ramifications of Grant's personal contacts and the variety of his social milieu. That this practice is overdone constitutes the only flaw that mars an otherwise fine book.

MARTIN H. SCHAEFER

MELVILLE WESTON FULLER

By Willard L. King. The Macmillan Company, New York. 1950. 394 pages. $5.00.

MELVILLE WESTON FULLER, eighth Chief Justice of the United States (if Rutledge is counted), is partially lost in the shadows of such great men as Marshall and Holmes.

Willard King has attempted to cast light into the shadows. The story begins briskly enough with Fuller's birth in Maine and his education at Bowdoin and Harvard. Then it plods uninterestingly through his struggle and success as a Chicago lawyer, his activities and disappointments in politics and his coolness toward Lincoln and the Civil War. Because of his anonymity and lack of judicial experience, the appointment to the Supreme Court in 1888 met with considerable comment. But the diminutive man with the charming personality soon proved himself to be a matchless presiding officer and a competent judge. During his twenty-two year term many important and controversial issues were decided, some of which engendered sharp criticism.

Fuller was not a colorful figure. Lawyer King is not a colorful writer. The book, a sympathetic study of a Chief Justice who never quite crossed the barrier into greatness, does not dispel the shadows. One gets the impression that Mr. King would like to believe that Fuller was one of our great jurists, but is not quite convinced himself, and his presentation takes the form of an apologia. Gaps present in the narrative leave much to the reader's imagination and there is a notable lack of first hand information which could shed light on Fuller's philosophy of the law. It is submitted that this book must be added to the list of biographies of our recent legal giants which have left much to be desired.

LOUIS F. BARTLETT, JR.

NEVER MARRY A RANGER

By Roberta McConnell. Prentice-Hall, New York. 1950. $2.75. 261 pages.

THE ranger's wife tells why she shouldn't have. It seems it is the range more than the ranger, who seems a splendid fellow. The author serves up a slice of life in the forest complete with flood, fire, ticks, sheep-herders and picnickers.

Unfortunately Mrs. McConnell became conversation-starved on the range. ". . . My tongue lolled eagerly around my mouth, pre-tasting words and test-forming sounds." Her craving to chatter spills over into a too talkative book. Otherwise *Never Marry a Ranger* is deliciously zany and teems with exuberant personalities. We hope it reaches an even wider audience than young women contemplating marriage to rangers.

ROBERTA IHDE

CURRENT AFFAIRS

THE UNITED STATES AND SCANDINAVIA

By Franklin D. Scott. Harvard University Press, Cambridge, Massachusetts. 1950. 359 pages. $4.00.

THE area covered by this book is Scandinavia in its widest sense: the central core of Denmark, Norway, and Sweden, plus Finland on the east and Iceland and the Danish colony of Greenland in the Atlantic. Unity within this diversity can only be traced by the study of the backgrounds and institutions, literature, art and tradition which have been shaped by the four forces of war, re-

ligion, law and economy. Despite this unity, which in so many respects seems tenuous, the author necessarily investigates the region on a basis of political divisions. In his discussions of economy, neutrality, World War II, and search for security, each country is investigated separately; differences in policy, despite close cooperation, have been greater than unity.

One of "The United States and . . ." series of the Foreign Policy Association, the title of the book is actually a misnomer. There is only one short chapter devoted to relationships between the United States and Scandinavia. The remainder is background material about Scandinavia for Americans. As such it does an estimable job of presenting information about an area which may be pivotal in any future world conflict. Especially valuable for those who wish to intensify their study of the region is the suggested reading section in the back of the book.

JOHN W. REITH

SOUTH ASIA IN THE WORLD TODAY

Edited by Phillips Talbot. The University of Chicago Press, Chicago. 1950. 254 pages. $4.00.

THIS book consists of the twenty-fifth annual Harris Foundation Lectures presented at the University of Chicago. The Harris Foundation Institute, examining problems of critical importance, has been fortunate in securing those men most intimately acquainted with specific aspects of the problem under consideration, irrespective of their nationality or profession. This has made possible a breadth of approach and depth of penetration that is rarely equalled in the analysis of problems of broad scope.

South Asia presents a problem of major proportions at the present time. With nearly one-fourth of the world's population this region was the backbone of the European colonial system. At present a strong spirit of nationalism is growing and spreading through the region. This has already resulted in the severance of some political and economic connections and brought the realization that the colonial system will not continue to function here as it has in the past. However, as these countries achieve political independence they are confronted by ethnic, social, and economic problems that threaten the stability of the entire region and make them particularly subject to the development of a wide variety of political philosophies. The merit of this volume lies particularly in the clear presentation of the origin of these problems, tracing them through the colonial period and the war, and showing their effect today. Critical analysis of colonial policy and post-war American policy with respect to these countries and their problems points to the reason for some of the attitudes that are frequently apparent in the relations of South Asia with European and American nations. With world attention again focused on Asia this volume clearly outlines the position of *South Asia in the World Today*.

E. J. BULS

WAR OR PEACE

By John Foster Dulles. The Macmillan Company, New York. 1950. 274 pages. Paper, $1.00. Cloth, $2.50.

STATESMEN in democratic countries bear unique responsibilities. Among them is the duty honestly and constructively to inform their nations of dangers and obligations that lie ahead. In *War or Peace,* an American statesman, John Foster Dulles, discharges that responsibility. Written simply and straight-forwardly, Mr. Dulles' work presents the layman with a highly informative guide to America's position and tasks in the world today.

Mr. Dulles' publication is especially noteworthy because it represents deep personal convictions and a sense of urgency at a critical point in American history. As he himself is painfully aware, Mr. Dulles does not now represent the views of the majority of the Republican Party, of which he is a member. Nevertheless, as a faithful Republican—there is no mistaking his party position in *War or Peace*—he has the courage both to give his assistance as official adviser to an administration under scathing attack from his party and to publish a book that presumably is also intended to instruct his fellow party members.

War or Peace covers the entire field of American foreign problems today, from Europe to the Far East. The work offers a selective, critical, and often personal historical background, generally covering the fateful 'forties. Its objective is to indicate directions for the future. Foremost among these, the author believes, is a clear, unfailing recognition that Communist Russia is America's persistent foe. This does not mean that Mr. Dulles finds a "hot war" inevitable. But to avoid one, America must, among other things, unite in a truly bipartisan foreign policy, make fuller use of a more representative United Nations, and supply the pressure that is needed for creating a united Western Europe. Last, but not least, Americans must individually re-establish the vital connection between faith and action. By faith, Mr. Dulles understands Christian love in personal works—as opposed to the attitude, "Let Uncle do it!"

MARTIN H. SCHAEFER

ESSAYS

MAINE DOINGS

By Robert P. Tristram Coffin. The Bobbs-Merrill Co., Inc., New York. 1950. 266 pages. $3.00.

THE author has bound together a delightful series of prose-poems, ranging from youthful reminiscences to observations on democracy; from character studies to recipes, all within the wonderful state of Maine. Several of these essays first appeared in periodicals—*The American Mercury, The Christian Science Monitor, Gourmet,* and the *Reader's Digest.* The followers of the author will be happy to see them in permanent form.

Behind the book's thin disguise of the appearance of prose, the poet is obvious. This happy combination,

plus the pungent, active language keeps the widely varied subjects solidly together. It is difficult to break off pieces of thought for quotation, but perhaps this one will suffice to illustrate the author's living and writing:

A one-horse farm is a wonderful farm for a poet to live on, and for a mason, too. The mason does not have much work to do. And the poet can find any number of poems in such hand-farming and heart-farming. It is not much head-farming. . . . With a horse to help, he has time for robins and rainbows, and quiet meditation. They are all one happy family. The horse doing the work, the robins and the rainbows doing the singing and shining, and the poet resting and keeping them all in order. It is an ideal set-up.

This is one of those rare books that you will not read, enjoy, and forget. You will read, enjoy, and reread. You will recite many of the tales to your friends, and your friends will want to borrow the book. You will do well to suggest that they buy their own copy as this is the kind of book that does not easily return.

ROBERT SPRINGSTEEN

THEMES AND VARIATIONS

By Aldous Huxley. Harper & Brothers, New York. 1950. 272 pages. $3.50.

HOWEVER much we may disagree with Aldous Huxley on certain issues, we invariably find ourselves deriving both profit and pleasure from reading his books. Few writers range as widely or delve as deeply as he or judge as calmly and dispassionately or write as understandingly. The present volume consists of seven essays on a variety of topics. More than half of it deals with the life and character of the French philosopher, Maine de Biran (1766-1824), whose *Journal Intime* is "one of the classics of the inner life." There are five essays on art (on, e.g., El Greco, Piranesi, Goya). The final paper, entitled "The Double Crisis," points out the fact that the problems arising from a world population that outruns world resources (problems hardly ever mentioned) are at least as threatening and perplexing as the political problems which are constantly kept to the fore.

To talk about the Rights of Man and the Four Freedoms in connection, for example, with India is merely a cruel joke. In a country where two thirds of the people succumb to the consequences of malnutrition before they reach the age of thirty, but where, nonetheless, the population increases by fifty millions every decade, most men possess neither rights nor any kind of freedom.

Huxley, in this volume, seems to be haunted by a sense of futility. Is it, we wonder, because of the present state of world affairs, or is it perhaps the result of his negative attitude toward Christianity and his leaning toward Buddhism?

FICTION

A DUCK TO WATER

By G. B. Stern. The Macmillan Company, New York. 1950. $1.75. 117 pages.

ONCE upon a time there was a duckling who was sure she was going to grow up to be a swan. She

waddled about the barnyard conscious of her difference from her feathered sisters, collecting swanlore, and dreaming of the elegant creature she was to be. Then one day in her late adolescence when she still looked incredibly like a duck, Owner Legs shooed her into the water she had so long scorned.

So this was swimming! This was going with the stream. Oh, rapture incomparable! What could compare with it? Why had no one told her what she missed on dry land? What could ever, ever be better than this?

The others received her among them, in her own element at last, indistinguishable, unidentifiable, her normal destiny fulfilled.

A Duck to Water is endearing reading, and beyond that, an admirable parable for our times. It is with regret that we realize that Miss Stern is an Englishwoman and quite properly writes English humor. There were times when we felt as uncomfortably solemn with *A Duck to Water* as we have in a French movie as the audience pulses with laughter while we stare at a caption which reads, "Pierre jokes."

ROBERTA IHDE

THE WORLD AT SIX

By Johan Fabricius. The Westminster Press. 1950. $2.75. 224 pages.

THE WORLD AT SIX is composed of episodes from the young life of Flip Valckenier, who lived with his respectable family in a respectable street in a respectable city in Holland.

For several months Flip's life was uneventful. The even tenor of his days was disturbed only by an almost unbroken succession of colds, which was the more tiresome because everyone who crossed his path took the liberty of wiping his nose for him—a most unnecessary procedure, he thought, as he managed quite well with the tip of his tongue or his sleeve or, if Aagje was not looking, the point of the table cloth.

Mr. Fabricius, whose career has taken him over the world as a war artist, a Gaucho, novelist, playwright, and war correspondent, has a deep perception of little boys and the wonderful havoc they can wreak on a respectable family in a respectable street in a respectable city.

ROBERTA IHDE

GIVE BEAUTY BACK

By Francis X. Connolly. E. P. Dutton Company, New York. 1950. $2.75. 222 pages.

THIS is the story of two college friends whose lives veer off in different directions until they are joined in their faith in Christ. It is the artist, a rather tempest-blown individual, who is finally able to share his discovery of faith with the self-sufficient lawyer. And it comes in an ancient pageant in New Mexico, long and far removed from the New England college they once attended.

Francis X. Connolly is a well-known Catholic author whose literary intentions are most excellent. His attempt to produce a book of depth and loveliness are hampered, however, by an inability to translate individual personalities to paper.

ROBERTA IDHE

HISTORY

THE PAPERS OF THOMAS JEFFERSON, VOLUME I. 1760-1776

Julian P. Boyd, Editor. Princeton University Press, Princeton. 1950. 679 pages. $10.00.

AMERICAN scholarship is to be credited with a distinct achievement in the publication of this first volume of a projected 52 volume set of the Papers of Thomas Jefferson, "the richest treasure-house of historical information ever left by a single man." A group of about 40 volumes is to contain a chronological arrangement, in full or summary, of the 18,000 letters written by Jefferson, the 25,000 letters written to him, as well as most of his public papers; a group of 10 volumes will be devoted to special writings of this versatile man on such subjects as architecture, law, and agriculture. Responsibility for this extensive undertaking has been delegated to Princeton University, with a distinguished group of scholars headed by Douglas Southall Freeman acting as an advisory committee. The *New York Times* has made a generous gift to make possible this undertaking.

The careful editorial policy outlined in an introductory chapter strikes one with the impression of completeness and reliability. Previous editions of Jefferson's works are outstripped with many fresh contributions—previously none contained more than 15 per cent of the total. Volume I, as an example, which covers the years 1760-1776, presents hitherto unpublished material on the drafting of the Declaration of Independence, the Virginia Constitution, and the Virginia legislation to disestablish the Church of England and establish religious toleration. The reader is guided through the volumes with lengthy descriptive, explanatory, and textual notes—giving also the background as to why Jefferson penned certain passages and further implications as to their meaning.

Thus, as the dying John Adams was to remark, Jefferson "still survives." This systematic man has left a heritage of material for the scholar of the political and cultural development of our country, but everyone will do well to drink deep again of the inspiring writings of this strong devotee to the principle of freedom. There is in these writings an expression of the faith that when free, man can develop happiness and virtue, that he is capable of governing himself. With the principles of the free world again being seriously challenged, the publication of the Jefferson Papers is more than an event of just academic significance.

DAN GAHL

JAMES MADISON, FATHER OF THE CONSTITUTION, 1787-1800

By Irving Brant. Bobbs-Merrill, Indianapolis. 1950. $6.00.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON wrote to a Federalist supporter of his that he would not have undertaken the office of the first Secretary of the Treasury, with all the difficulties of

that important position, if he had not felt that he had the firm support of James Madison. As the aristocratic policy of Hamilton began to unfold, Madison was to declare war on Hamilton, but the fitting tribute had already been paid to the power wielded by this "tremendous little man" in the period of the formation and launching of our government. Irving Brant in his third volume on the life of Madison portrays his subject in the role of father of the Constitution, able legislative leader in the first Congress, and founder of the Republican-Democratic party.

The volume's major emphasis is on the drafting of the Constitution, and Mr. Brant successfully makes his case for Madison as the man who did most to frame that document. It is a thorough account of one of those rare cases in the history of our country where a strong intellectual turns his abilities to the service of the state. The author challenges the thesis that the founding fathers were reactionaries who planned to prevent the "excesses of democracy" from furthering human rights at the expense of property rights. Madison, however, in this presentation emerges as the consistent devotee to liberty and human rights, fighting to broaden the base of government with the democratic conviction that "those who are bound by laws ought to have a voice in making them." As an apostle of liberty, Madison gained further heights in the great care he exhibited while drafting of the Bill of Rights that the basic freedom—religion—might not be narrowed by the very limitations of language itself. Following this presentation, one sees no inconsistency when Madison, a strong nationalist at the Convention, wrote into the Virginia Resolutions a state's rights interpretation of the nature of the federal union—he was fighting what he thought were Hamilton's efforts to destroy the democracy he had done so much to create. In that opposition it was Madison as a clever politician who sowed the seeds of the formation of the Republican-Democratic party, and who, had he possessed a stronger element of personal glamour, would have had his contribution remembered in the term "Madisonian democracy."

The term "definitive" is a dangerous adjective to be affixed to an historical work, but it is hard to think of any improvement upon the work of Mr. Brant; he is thorough and very interesting.

DAN GAHL

UNIONS BEFORE THE BAR

By Elias Lieberman. Harper and Brothers, New York. 1950. 371 pages. $5.00.

MUCH has been written in recent years on the legal status of labor. Most of these books, despite their very great excellence, have been written for and are primarily useful to scholars and professionals in the field of labor relations. Mr. Lieberman has, however, written a very different type of book. He has selected twenty-five outstanding court decisions involving union rights and synthesized them into the story of labor's struggle through the last 150 years for legal recognition, protec-

tion and acceptance. The technical legal phraseology has been eliminated from these accounts and each case has been summarized and placed in its social context in such a way as to make a consistent readable sequence which traces chronologically the fascinating development of our American labor movement.

Unions Before the Bar will be welcomed by the ordinary citizen who is anxiously trying to understand the actions of today's powerful unions and to judge the merits of current labor controversies. At the same time it is well suited for use as a textbook of labor law or labor history and as a reference for all those connected with union labor. The style is easy to read and holds the reader's interest well. Mr. Lieberman is a labor lawyer of extensive experience and this work is, for all its lack of legal language, completely authoritative. The only criticism which might be leveled at it is that at times the political and economic background of a case may seem over simplified, but this is not by any means a serious fault. DAVID A. LE SOURD

TEN DAYS TO DIE

By Michael A. Musmanno. Doubleday and Co., Garden City, New York. 1950. 278 pages. $3.50.

THE record of the last days of Adolf Hitler, told by one of the judges of the International War Crimes Trials Commission, sitting at Nuremberg, after he had served with distinction in the military forces. He presided in the trial in Nuremberg. Judge Musmanno qualifies for his task through his record as an author and by reason of his personal contacts with many men and women who were with Hitler in the bunker of the Chancellory, where he met his fate. He questioned personally about two hundred of Hitler's immediate associates. Probably no one can read this book without gaining the absolute conviction, for one thing, that *Hitler is dead.* But the book is much more than a recital of the events which took place in the bunker underneath the Chancellory in Berlin during the closing days of Hitler's life. It embodies a large amount of biographical material based on first-hand reports of Hitler's closest associates and verifying in a manner no criticism can controvert the traits of character which mark Adolf Hitler as one of the most sinister concentrations of evil which the world has ever seen. Besides this, there are close-up sketches of such leaders in the Nazi madness as Herman Goering, Rudolf Hess, Joseph Goebbels, everything taken down in a manner which does not permit literary finesse to take the edge off the strictly historical presentation of the unbelievable record. On the literary side this book ranks with the best that have come out of the records of men close to the rise of Naziism—the works of Shirer, Lochner, Hauptmann—, and one is continually apprised of the fact that also the more rhetorical passages are based on accurate first-hand information.

Musmanno gives Hitler credit for three qualities essential to leadership. One cannot, he says, fail to be impressed with Keitel's comment, "He

had a thousand ideas." Secondly, he should be rated as one of the greatest mass orators of all time. And in the third place, he possessed a truly colossal memory. The book abounds in descriptive passages relating to the various stages of the phantasmagoria which a world frozen in horror and dismay witnessed in the years 1939 to 1945. The mystery remains, how a man who during the wars he waged in the early forties, kept himself in steel and concrete bunkers day and night, could acquire the stature of a hero, and how one who gained all his successes by means of purchasing treason in every country he attacked, could rate as one of the world's great military leaders.

THE YANKEE EXODUS

By Stewart H. Holbrook. The Macmillan Company, New York. 1950. 398 pages. $5.00.

WHERE did the people of New England go? Practically everywhere in the United States. They even migrated within New England. Roger Williams was the first, migrating to Providence Plantations. But it was to the west—west of Lake Champlain—where yankee shrewdness, inventiveness, love of culture, schools, churches, and temperance societies were transplanted. It started with the Genesee Fever when that favored portion of York state was opened up, and just never stopped. Even by 1860 almost half of the Yankees then alive had gone from New England. In transferring themselves and their institutions these people were influential far beyond their numbers. In their chosen lands activity in business, farming, education, politics, religion, and newspaper publishing and editing led them to leadership.

Mr. Holbrook has done a magnificent job of scholarship for which many future historians and genealogists will thank him. Although his avowed purpose was to do more than give a mere catalogue of names and places the book, despite the deft humor, is hard going for a casual reader. There is just too much meat for easy reading. It is to be regretted that there are not more chapters like those on the Mormons and Oberlin College. Yet even in these chapters there are paragraphs that seem merely cataloguing to get the names and places recorded.

JOHN W. REITH

INCREDIBLE TALES

By Gerald W. Johnson. Harper & Bros. $3.50.

GERALD W. JOHNSON, one of America's top newspapermen, tells the story of the average American the past fifty years. During these years one upheaval after another has upset not only in the United States but every country of the world. From the days William Jennings Bryan thundered against Wall Street down to the year of the first atom blast, the average American has lived through a series of incredible happenings as his compatriot from Siam to Scotland. For instance these fifty years just passed have seen the emergence of towering personalities like Wilson, Lenin, the Roosevelts, Stalin, Gandhi; a physicist like Einstein; a dramatist

like George Bernard Shaw. The average man has seen the disappearance of the buggy in favor of the jet-propelled plane. Instead of communicating by handwritten letters, man now projects moving pictures through space to screens set up in millions of homes. Truly these past fifty years will make a tale worth telling and contemplating for generations still below the horizon. Mr. Johnson tells their story ably, dramatically. He catches the wonder and the excitement as personality and event tumble about on the world's stage. This is the kind of book to read, meditate over, and to pass on to grandchildren when they say to us: "But, grandpa, what dull times you must have lived in."

JOHN ADAMS AND THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

By Catherine Drinker Bowen. Atlantic—Little, Brown, Boston. 1950. 699 pages. $5.00.

MRS. CATHERINE DRINKER BOWEN adds immeasurably to her status as a biographer in this presentation of a segment of the life of Founding Father John Adams. Fully absorbed with her subject, she re-creates life in 18th century Puritan New England, develops the slow evolution of the spirit and idea of the Revolution, and paints a portrait of John Adams that inspires increased respect and affection for that neglected and misunderstood statesman. The reader sees clearly a likeable lad, a Harvard scholar in the Age of Enlightenment concerned with the relation of science and religion, an awkward lover, an energetic lawyer, and a practical statesman at the Continental Congress which declared our independence.

The history-conscious John Adams left a vast library of correspondence, diary, and autobiography. To that material the author has added an occasional flourish of fiction, always, however, consistent with the evidence at hand. The term "fictional biography" is not an accurate description of the volume, for the scholarship displayed will satisfy the most cautious student, who will in addition enjoy reading her unique notations. Nothing new is added to the understanding of the Revolution, but the treatment makes the movement so real and so relevant to our attempt to find the proper role of the state in balancing the two principles of *liberty* and *security*. In Mrs. Bowen's work, through the eyes of a conservative lawyer, we see the American Revolution in terms, not of economics or propaganda, but as a struggle to reconcile the two principles of *liberty* and *order*. DAN GAHL

GEOGRAPHY

NATURAL REGIONS OF THE U.S.S.R.

By L. S. Berg. Translated from the Russian by Olga Adler Titelbaum. The Macmillan Company, New York. 1950. 436 pages. $10.00.

THIS is another volume published under the Russian translation project of the American Council of Learned Societies. The author is one of the three or four greatest geogra-

phers of the Soviet Union, a scholar whose reputation was established before the 1917 Revolution but who has been highly honored also by the Communists and is presently the president of the All-Union Geographical Society. The translator, whose task was a monumental one in view of the difficulty of translating Russian technical terminology into its corresponding English terminology, is a graduate in geography and was one of the translators of *The Economic Geography of the USSR*, an earlier volume in the present series.

The significance of Berg's book for American geographers is almost inestimable. As John A. Morrison correctly states in his forward, we have not had until now a really authoritative physical description of the vast areas of the USSR, the nearest approximation thereto being probably Gregory and Shave's, *The USSR, A Geographical Survey*.

Since there is a considerable difference between Russian and American definitions of geography, it should be noted that the present volume would fall under the American classification of pure physical geography. The emphasis is entirely upon the natural setting with very heavy emphasis upon the flora and fauna. In organization, the book follows the more or less traditional division between lowland landscapes, subdivided largely on a vegetational basis, and mountain landscapes. Excellent use is made throughout of maps and illustrations.

Appendices include a highly valuable bibliography of recent and inclusive Russian geographic works, a list of the most important Russian maps and atlases, a glossary of physiographic terms, a Russian transliteration table, a 21-page index of plants, and a 17-page index of animals.

It is important to remember that the books which are being translated under this project are works which represent the best in Russian scholarship, designed for use in the Russian schools and not as propaganda media. As such, they are probably the most objective studies of the USSR we will ever be able to get. This particular book has the additional virtue of lying within an area that offers little opportunity for ideological musings. Difficult as it is, it would make a good text-book for college-level courses in the geography of the USSR.

HUMOR

THERE'LL ALWAYS BE A DRAYNEFLETE

By Osbert Lancaster. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. 1950. 70 pages. $2.25.

THE facile author of *The Saracen's Head* conjures up from his fertile imagination a typical English town whose fortunes he records in the style, but hardly the spirit, of the many local histories that provide outlets for the otherwise useless energies of the duller British antiquarians.

Drayneflete, clustered along the north bank of the Drayne, dates from at least the Bronze Age and the strands of its history are inextricably

intertwined with the history of England as a whole. Even more intimately, its history is intertwined with those of the Ffidget family and the Littlehamptons. And like the great families, the Drayneflete of today has lost most of its distinctiveness in austere and Socialist England.

Like so much of the best British humor, *Drayneflete* is devastatingly funny because it is essentially serious scholarship carried to outlandish extremes—that and a conscious naiveté (is that possible?) that literally pulls the pants off the heavy stuff that it mimics. Reading time is only half an hour, but re-reading will require considerably more time.

HOW TO BE DELIRIOUSLY HAPPY

By Ira Wallach. Illustrations by George Price. Henry Schuman, New York. 1950. 120 pages. $2.50.

If Norman Vincent Peale is at all self-conscious, he is going to turn three shades of pink when he reads this book. For it is hard to escape associating Ira Wallach's Foible Gompkin, pastor of the Foible Gompkin Temple of Joy, with Peale and the lesser known clerics who are continually confusing peace of mind with peace of soul.

It is our opinion that Gompkin and his colleague, Dr. Gifford Random, offer about as much actual help in *How to Be Deliriously Happy* as one is likely to find in the more earnest inspirational books. The technique of zhloomphing has already added zist to our life and it probably won't hurt anyone to change the Indigestible You into the Savory You. Whether it is advisable to "seize the Caesar in yourself" depends, of course, upon whether one has a Caesar in himself but certainly no one should have much difficulty persuading himself that he is "taller than Napoleon."

The drawings by Price are, of course, perfectly complementary to Wallach's brittle and highly intelligent humor.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY

THE APOSTLE PAUL, His Life and Work

By Olaf Moe. Translated by L. A. Vigness. Minneapolis, Minnesota: Augsburg Publishing House. 1950. 575 pages. $4.75.

The life of Saint Paul has fascinated many a student and scholar of the New Testament. There come to mind the names of Farrar, Ramsay, Warneck, Weiner, Conybeare, Hayes, Henry, Jefferson, Lineberger, Quimby, Scott, Whyte, and a host of others, who have treated the person and work of the greatest of all apostles more or less exhaustively. Uncounted popular books have been written about this apostle like the one by Dallmann. and his life has been fictionized by Sholom Asch and others.

Moe, professor of New Testament Exegesis in the Independent Theological Seminary in Oslo, Norway, has written two volumes about Paul, the second dealing with his message and doctrine, as yet not yet translated into English. The volume before us is offered in a good translation

by the late president of St. Olaf College, Northfield, Minnesota.

We have here a thorough study of the childhood and youth, the manhood, and the last years of Paul, based on the New Testament, the traditions which are considered trustworthy, and contemporary history and philosophy. The "Paul-problems" are discussed in detail: The chronology of Paul's life as related in the Book of Acts and touched upon in the epistles. Paul's experience on the road to Damascus is not considered "psychological" but a "sense-perceptible fact." Some of the minor problems are entered upon: Had Paul been married and later widowed? While Luther and others accept this as a possibility, the majority of commentators answer this question in the negative. Was Paul sound or sick? The "thorn in the flesh," of which Paul writes in II Corinthians 12:7, may have been, according to Moe, a form of neurasthenia, rather than epilepsy, as some have supposed.

One of the great problems of Paul's life is the question: Was he released from imprisonment in Rome, where Luke leaves him at the end of Acts? Moe, with much use of "presumably" and "probably," accepts the probability of his release, as related in traditional writings and indicated in some of his later epistles, as well as his final missionary journey to Spain and subsequent martyrdom in Rome. The author even goes so far as to say: "There is no reason to doubt that Peter lies buried under the present Peter's church and Paul under the church 'San Paolo fuori le mura' "—very remarkable when coming from a Lutheran scholar, and interesting in the light of the present investigation of the claim that Peter's grave has been found in the eternal city.

However, the author continues—and this may serve as a sample of the great passages in this fine book:

Highly as the Roman church honors the "Apostle to the Gentiles" alongside of the "apostolic chieftain," yet it has in reality been very little affected by his spirit. Had it in greater measure appropriated to itself his letter to the saints in Rome, it would not, in such a high degree as it did, have fallen back into the legalism and workholiness of the Judaistic groups. It was reserved for Germanic Christianity to revive the thoughts of Paul and thereby bring about a reformation of the church in an evangelical spirit. The Protestant and especially the Lutheran church is the greatest and most beautiful memorial that has been raised to the apostle Paul, engraved not in stone but written on the tables of the heart and visible to all who have eyes to see.

CARL A. GIESELER

VERSE

MODERN GREEK POETRY

Translated and Edited by Rae Dalven. Gaer Associates, Inc., New York. 1949. 307 pages. $3.50.

OUR forests and crops are on fire.
The peasant cannot find his hut in his village;
the shepherd cannot find his flocks,
our city streets have changed;
our mansions have again become boulders.

This collection of Greek poems of the past two hundred years contains many passages similar to this, for at

the beginning of the period covered here Greece was struggling to liberate herself from the Turks, and at the end from Nazis and Communists. Even during decades of peace many poems were inspired by the old national epics of the Trojan War and by medieval tales of heroes. Then there are laments over the dead, the sorrowing of old women, of young girls, and of youthful friends, poems of passionate love, of pride in athletic prowess, and of the events of everyday work.

Miss Dalven, who has selected these poems and made the translations, is a Greek-American who holds master's degrees from New York University and Yale. As English poems the translations are completely successful:

> On the charred earth of Psara,
> Glory roams alone,
> musing on her warrior-heroes,
> wearing a wreath on her hair
> made of a few dried weeds
> left on the desolate earth.

Accompanying the poems of each of the forty poets represented is a short biographical paragraph. There is also, as an Introduction to the book, a detailed historical account of the struggle down through the centuries between the advocates of "purist" and of "demotic," or popular, Greek. Folksongs are cherished in Greece, and several examples are included in this volume:

> All the stars were there but the star of the morning;
> and at dawn the morning star appeared,
> bearing a gift of lively sleep for the bride and groom
> and lanterns to light the in-laws on their way . . .

THE ESSENTIAL SAMUEL BUTLER

Selected with an Introduction by G. D. H. Cole. E. P. Dutton and Company, New York. 544 pages. $3.75.

SAMUEL BUTLER (1835-1902), descendant and namesake of the author of Hudibras, was reared with the greatest strictness and destined as a matter of course by his clergyman father for the Church. Instead he became famous as the bad boy of the Victorians; his book *Erewhon* in 1872 startled readers with its perverse satire of English institutions, and their annoyance was not lessened by ironic essays on religious questions and a treatise declaring that the author of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* was a woman. After his death his crowning work, written two decades earlier, was published: the novel *The Way of All Flesh*. It is a satire on his parents and his upbringing. The volume compiled by Mr. Cole contains large portions of these and others of his writings, including the hilarious poem on prudery in art: "A Psalm of Montreal."

When the adolescent element in Butler's work is discounted and some rather too lengthy passages hastened over, the reader finds many amusing pages and a great deal of common sense. *Erewhon* ("Nowhere" backwards) is one of the most entertaining of the Utopia books; in that faraway country, where machines are taboo, physical ailments are considered shameful, whereas moral derelictions elicit the pity and good wishes of friends and the ministrations of

the family "straightener." In *The Way of All Flesh,* paternal tyranny, maternal stupidity, and the miseries of childhood and youth—materials for stark tragedy—are presented with a sort of gay bitterness that perhaps achieves more than pathos would.

THE MAGIC WORD:
Studies in the Nature of Poetry

By Ludwig Lewisohn. Farrar Straus and Company, New York. 1950. 151 pages. $2.75.

For several decades now critics of poetry have been focusing their attention not on the "message" or the melody but on the word. They have pointed out that in brief expressions—in two juxtaposed words, and even in single words—a richness of meaning is present. The reader has been taught not to read merely horizontally but "vertically"—stopping at each word and probing the superimposed layers of its meanings. A century and a half ago Coleridge declared that multiplicity of meaning was presented more effectively by being given in a brief phrase or, better still, a single word. Under his aegis modern critics like William Empson demonstrate the truth of this principle.

Mr. Lewisohn's book is an affirmation of his faith in the effectiveness of the word. It is written for an appreciative, rather than a studious, audience. In his introduction he quotes Novalis: "Every word is a word of incantation," and "linguistics is the dynamism of the realm of the spirit." He agrees with Rilke that art is not "a selection from the world" but "the total transmutation of the world into magnificence."

Three essays follow, on Homer, Shakespeare, and Goethe—the last especially worth attention.

TRAVEL

FOOTLOOSE IN CANADA

By Horace Sutton. Rinehart and Company, New York. 1950. 291 pages. $4.00.

Horace Sutton is travel editor of the *Saturday Review of Literature,* an excellent magazine which would never permit the number of typographical errors which mar this otherwise excellent book. Canada is the third country in which Mr. Sutton has been footloose, his earlier wanderings having taken him and his readers through Italy and France.

Like the earlier volumes, the present book is written in an informal and highly readable style and is packed with well-chosen photographs. The book is written for travellers who want to know what to see, where to eat, where to stay, what to do, and what to avoid. It does all of that and makes for an evening of highly enjoyable reading besides.

WE FELL IN LOVE WITH QUEBEC

By Sidney W. Dean and Marguerite Mooers Marshall. Macrae Smith Company, Philadelphia. 1950. 265 pages. $3.50.

A naive tale of boat trips through Quebec by the authors, husband and wife, who refer to each other as Skipper and Mate. Their love affair with this Canadian province seems

to be a private one and we venture that most readers will be happy to part company with them the minute the boat touches shore on page 16.

AND SO TO ROME

By Cecil Roberts. The Macmillan Company, New York. 1950. 279 pages. $5.00.

THIS is the year for travel books on Rome. Cecil Roberts makes his tour of the city different from most by guiding the reader from the oldest buildings to the newest and thus combining a sight-seeing tour with a chronological history of Rome. For an Englishman he is as loquacious and interesting as an Italian guide and much more comprehensible. Since most of the current books on Rome are aimed specifically at Holy Year pilgrims, and this one is not, it is one of the first to mention Luther's visit in 1510.

OTHER BOOKS

PUBLIC RELATIONS FOR LUTHERAN EDUCATION

Seventh Yearbook of the Lutheran Education Association, edited by Walter M. Wangerin. Concordia Publishing House, St. Louis. 1950. 86 pages. $1.00.

THE Church is interested in the field of public relations, the editor says in his foreword, "because present-day culture demands the use of many media and techniques to open channels and ways by which the love of Christ may be presented to the people." In the six articles which follow, seven qualified authors give some practical advice on the use of the media and techniques in public relations for the local parish, the colleges and secondary schools.

Specific and general problems, the objectives and means of parish public relations are explained not only in terms of what to do in order to interpret the Church school to its many publics, but also how to do it. In his summary and conclusion, Chaplain Arthur Piepkorn states clearly the case for the Christian school and, secondarily, brings up some significant statistics on the social status of our Church. This is a stimulating volume and a valuable contribution to everyone who works in the field of Lutheran education.

ALFRED R. LOOMAN

PREJUDICE AND THE PRESS

By Frank Hughes. The Devin-Adair Company, New York. 1950. 642 pages. $6.00.

PUBLICATION of a new book is rarely front page news. But this one was, at least in one journal. Page one of the *Chicago Tribune* saluted it with a headline: "Book Exposes Hutchins-Luce Press Attack. Tells of Left Wing College Clique." There is a reason why the world's greatest newspaper should strain to rescue a book from the relative oblivion of the Sunday book section. For the redoubtable Colonel McCormick was much nettled at a report—by no means unassailable—called "A Free and Responsible Press" published several years ago by the Commission on Freedom of the Press, headed by Chancellor Hutchins of Chicago, financed by Henry Luce

of the magazine empire. During its deliberations the commission frequently found itself under attack on the *Tribune* pages. This book is an expansion (with footnotes and appendices) of these fourth estate broadsides. Most of this hatchet work was performed by a *Tribune* reporter and editorial writer, Frank Hughes, who now turns up as the author of this book.

Mr. Hutchins long ago admitted that his commission did no elaborate research. Author Hughes here documents this failing with a certain persuasion. But he also finds it necessary to delineate the political and economic background of each commission member—all this with much the same zeal of a J. Parnell Thomas running the committee on Un-American Activities.

Mr. Hughes' three year investigation somehow led him to conclude that the main purpose of the Hutchins' inquiry was to "carry this country down the road toward socialism, communism, fascism . . ."

The book is exhaustive and exhausting. RAY L. SCHERER

MILTON CRITICISM

Selections from Four Centuries, edited by James Thorpe. Rinehart & Company, New York. 1950. 376 pages. $3.00.

SUPREME among Christian authors is the writer John Milton, whose literary values place him unquestionably on a par with the very best in English Literature. Many critics have discussed the merits and demerits of Milton's subject matter and seventeenth-century style; the vast number of writings on Milton is in itself a tribute to him who was a relatively small figure during his own lifetime. This new volume is a collection of sixteen extended essays and studies from the 18th, 19th, and 20th centuries, plus representative excerpts and brief comments on Milton by sixteen great literary figures ranging from 1674 to 1888. The editor, Professor James Thorpe of Princeton University, intends the book not only to lead to a more complete understanding of the achievement of Milton, but also to clarify some important aspects of the history of literary criticism as found in a concentrated study of one major author.

The choices made are exceptionally good. The chief value, naturally, is the convenience of having these scattered critiques by Addison, Coleridge, Hanford, C. S. Lewis, T. S. Eliot, etc., in one book. Indeed an index would be a great help! Significantly emphasized are the constructive and rather constant changes in critical outlook on Milton's achievement; e.g. the characterization of Satan in the epic *Paradise Lost,* or the lyrical beauty of *Il Penseroso* and of *Lycidas,* or the dramatic power in *Samson Agonistes,* or the purposive goal in the prose *De Doctrina Christiana.* We wish the two parts of this anthology had been merged into a single chronology. The editor's brief introduction is to be commended for its exposition of Milton the man, the philosopher, and the artist. We recommend this volume as an appropriate invitation to re-read the works of Milton. HERBERT H. UMBACH

The READING ROOM

By THOMAS COATES

Great American Churches

FOR the past six months the *Christian Century* has been carrying a series of lengthy feature articles on "Great Churches in America." Appearing at intervals of about a month, these articles tell the stories of those churches which have been acclaimed "greatest" in a nation-wide poll of more than 100,000 Protestant ministers, conducted by the magazine last year. The churches have been divided into three categories—large city, small city, and rural—and a representative church from each of these classes has been selected for each of the four sections of the United States—northwest, southwest, northeast, and southeast.

To date six articles in the series have appeared, and they have already come to be recognized as a major contribution to religious journalism. And thus, in a day when the radio, the newspapers, and the magazines are filled with the talk of war and rumors of war and with the dismal story of human hatred and greed, we think it will be a somewhat welcome relief to spend a few moments on the discussion of a subject which is ultimately far more important, and of more enduring value, than bombs and battleships and bullets. For after the tumult and the shouting dies, after the noise of battle has subsided and the smoke has cleared away, the spire of the Christian church will still rise toward heaven, directing the eyes and the hearts of men to the peace and glory of the eternal city.

Mt. Olivet Lutheran, Minneapolis

SIGNIFICANTLY, the first church to be surveyed in the *Century's* series, as the church most worthy of study in the large cities of the northwestern section of the United States, was Mount Olivet Lutheran Church in Minneapolis, whose story appears in the issue of January 25. Affiliated with the Augustana Lutheran Church—the branch of Lutheranism which is particularly strong in Minnesota, with its heavy concentration of

Scandinavians—this congregation is notable in that it is the youngest of the churches represented in the series. Organized after World War I, it has grown from 331 members in 1938 to over 5,000 in 1950—a staggering increase of 1,500 per cent in a dozen years.

This period of mushroom growth at Mount Olivet coincides with the tenure of the present pastor, the Rev. Reuben Youngdahl, brother of the governor of Minnesota. Although Mount Olivet is by no means a "one man church," it is evident that much of its unusual growth and success must be attributed to the dynamic leadership of its 38-year-old pastor. It is clear from the article that Pastor Youngdahl's effectiveness lies in his executive ability coupled with his extraordinary interest in people.

The *Christian Century* reporter found that the most remarkable thing about this congregation is the "Mount Olivet spirit." It is something intangible, yet intensely real, and it is the bond which unites the members of Mount Olivet into a harmonious and effective Christian fellowship. Although Mount Olivet displays an unusual measure of civic-mindedness—in which the pastor sets the pace—this is not done at the expense of its main task, the preaching of the Gospel. One member, a brilliant woman who has found in Mount Olivet the spiritual satisfaction that she failed to find in the denomination from which she came, summed it up in this way:

"Here I find a spirit which dares to face life as it is. This church knows there is a hell and says so, and it knows the alternative to hell and proclaims it. . . . Here I find warm vitality, compelling love, faith that really saves. Why can't other churches be like this?"

New Knoxville, Ohio

WINNING the accolade as the "greatest" rural church in the northeast quarter of the country was the First Evangelical and Reformed Church of New Knoxville, Ohio, whose story is told in the February 22 issue of the *Christian Century*. Dominating the entire countryside, the New Knoxville church is remarkable for its homogeneity. Almost all of its members are of German stock, whose ancestors emigrated to this country between 75 and 100 years ago.

The influence of the church can be measured from the fact that its confirmed membership of 1,050 constitutes a total almost twice the population of the village of New Knoxville. The church's emphasis is on education and missions, and there is hardly a family in the congregation that has not contributed one or more

of its members to the Christian ministry—72 in all.

The close identification of the church and its people with so many who have gone so far and done so much for Christ and the church has had a profound effect on both. . . . It is something organic, something the people are as well as something they think and do. . . . This church is "a colony of heaven."

West Hartford Congregational

THE story of this church, chosen among medium-sized communities in the northeastern section of the country, and told in the March 22 number of the *Christian Century,* left this reviewer with the least favorable impression of any of the churches thus far surveyed. It is, undeniably, a very efficient enterprise, and it has made remarkable progress in size and influence, particularly under the direction of its present pastor, Elden Mills, who has served the church for 13 years.

It is, moreover, doing an effective piece of community service in a typical American suburb. We failed, however, to note that deep spiritual conviction and that forthright Christian testimony that makes a church truly great.

The *Century* observer attributes the success of the West Hartford church to four factors: an active laity, a carefully planned and conducted program of religious education, a music program which is beyond the average, and an indefatigable ministry. But little is said about the foundation upon which all of this program should be built, if its results are to endure.

Bellevue Baptist, Memphis

THE account of this great Southern Baptist congregation is told in the *Christian Century* for April 19. It is obvious that the *Century* views this church with somewhat less favor than the West Hartford congregation, because the Memphis church is "fundamentalist," and because it takes a dim view of unionistic endeavors with other churches and denominations. But perhaps these are just the factors which have caused it to be chosen as the "greatest" among the large city churches in the southeastern quarter of our country.

Bellevue Baptist numbers over 8,000 souls and boasts a Sunday school of more than 4,000. It enrolls an extraordinary number of new members each year, but it is significant to note that, of its average annual accessions of 665, its annual net increase is only 303. This would indicate a rather impressive number of losses each year.

Bellevue Baptist has a famous pastor, the Rev. Robert Greene Lee, who is currently president

of the Southern Baptist Convention. It is evident that in this case the church is a reflection of the pastor, for Dr. Lee is a vital personality, with a consuming interest in people, and a strong revivalistic bent

The success of Bellevue Baptist, under the dominant leadership of Dr. Lee for the past 22 years, lies in the fact that every member is made to feel important, and that there is something to do for everyone. It is a "people's church." The *Century* puts it in this way:

> Such simple town-meeting democracy has the advantage of giving every member who has a mind to work a sense of the importance of his contribution. It seems to have kept the church from being dominated by wealth or by the cliques that sometimes acquire power which is not commensurate with their spiritual stature.

First Methodist, Orlando, Florida

THE May 17 issue brought the account of First Methodist Church, Orlando, Florida—the home church of the great missionary leader, Dr. John R. Mott. It is perhaps understandable, therefore, that this church has displayed an unusual amount of missionary interest. It also lays great emphasis on Christian education; recently, when the congregation had to choose between building a new church and a new educational building, it chose the latter.

The *Christian Century* found the Orlando church remarkable for four elements: the depth of its missionary concern; the vigor of its educational program; the strength of its evangelistic emphasis; and the power of its attraction for thousands of winter visitors.

Trinity Lutheran, Freistatt, Missouri

THIS is one of the great rural churches of the Lutheran Church—Missouri Synod, and it was so recognized in the *Christian Century* poll, which made it the subject of its feature article in the issue of June 21. The Freistatt church was chosen as the most representative rural congregation in the southwestern quarter of the nation.

Situated in a southern Missouri town of 132, Trinity Lutheran has a communicant membership of 600 and a baptized membership of 800. Closely tied into every phase of congregational life is its Christian day-school, with three teachers.

> The school costs the people of Trinity Lutheran about $6,000 a year, but they assure you that they would be willing to spend far more than that to insure its continuation.

Freistatt is situated in the midst of a prosperous farming area, and the members of Trinity Lutheran have an enviable record throughout the surrounding area for their honesty, integrity, and respect for the law. The *Century* reporter was amazed by the group-spirit prevailing in the congregation, by the effectiveness of its youth program, and by the democratic character of its congregational government. In the running of the church, everyone helps make the decisions.

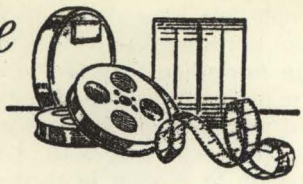
The *Century* calls Pastor W. J. Stelling a "definite asset." In this judgment we can concur, for we have had the privilege of close association with Pastor Stelling in Lutheran youth work during the past decade. The *Century* writes:

> Obviously, Pastor Stelling is not one of those ministers who, in the role of father or judge, tell their people just what they must do. . . . You learn of people who come to him *first* when they are in trouble, sure of sympathetic hearing and help, and you think how fortunate these people are to have such a rock of strength to rely on in their need.

From the description of the churches thus far surveyed, it is evident that their success is to be ascribed to a number of factors: stress on Christian education; lay participation in the church's program; a strong pastoral leadership; and a fervent missionary spirit. But that which makes a church truly great is the secret of the success of Trinity Lutheran at Freistatt: a clear, convincing testimony to the grace of God as revealed in the atoning work of Jesus Christ, His Son.

His mind struck upon the refrain voiced by the man in the mountains. "I would like to be a dead dry thing," he muttered looking at the leaves scattered over the grass. "I would like to be a leaf blown away by the wind." He looked up and his eyes turned to where among the trees we could see the lake in the distance. "I am weary and want to be made clean. I am a man covered by creeping crawling things. I would like to be dead and blown by the wind over limitless waters," he said. "I want more than anything else in the world to be clean."

SHERWOOD ANDERSON,
from *The Triumph of the Egg* (Viking Press, 1921)

The  *Motion Picture*

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

MOTION-PICTURE audiences will soon be able to see and hear some of the most famous concert artists of the present time. Jascha Heifetz, Marian Anderson, Artur Rubinstein, Jan Peerce, Gregor Piatigorsky, Dimitri Mitropoulos, and Patrice Munsel will appear on the screen in a series of full-length programs.

The films will be made in Hollywood by Rudolph Polk and Bernard Luber, of World Artists, Inc., and will be released by 20th Century-Fox. Thirty minutes of picture time will be devoted to each artist, and the half-hour shorts will be combined into special feature productions. Rubinstein and Heifetz have already filmed recitals for the series. The pictures will be released in the fall. Ballet will be featured in each presentation.

Two fine documentaries are being shown in the nation's theaters. *The Golden Twenties* (RKO-Radio)—an hour-long *March of Time* film—vividly re-creates the high spots of the fabulous years of the 1920s. In *Fifty Years Before Your Eyes* (Warner Brothers) the historic events of the first half of the present century pass in review. Both films are made up of newsreel shots and excerpts from motion-picture sequences. Prominent newspaper correspondents and radio commentators are heard in the commentaries which accompany the presentations.

A year ago hundreds of thousands of readers were chuckling over Edward Streeter's gentle satire *Father of the Bride*. Now motion-picture audiences are being entertained by the hilarious screen version of Mr. Streeter's best seller. *Father of the Bride* (M-G-M, Vincent Minelli) makes the most of rather meager material. The production is handsomely mounted, Vincent Minelli's direction is crisp and sure, and Spencer Tracy is outstanding in the role of the harassed father. The supporting cast is exceptionally good.

Gay, gaudy, tuneful, and row-

dy—these are the adjectives which best describe Irving Berlin's four-year-old smash-hit musical extravaganza *Annie, Get Your Gun.* Although minor changes have been made in the screen version produced by M-G-M and directed by George Sidney, the film successfully captures the charm and the sparkle of the original Broadway stage production. One could wish for more restraint in Betty Hutton's interpretation of the title role. Howard Keel, a newcomer from the legitimate stage, makes an auspicious screen debut as Frank Butler, the hero of the show. Keenan Wynn, Louis Calhern, J. Carroll Naish, and Edward Arnold are the other principals in the notable cast.

Destination Moon (Eagle Lion Classics) and *Rocketship X-M* (Lippert Pictures, Inc.) are part of a cycle of adventure stories now in production in Hollywood. Both films depict man's attempted explorations into outer space; in both films a fantastic and highly melodramatic plot is developed to the accompaniment of a great deal of scientific mumbo-jumbo. For centuries scientists have dreamed of establishing contact with the moon and other planets. This is a fascinating theme, especially so in this age of scientific miracles.

In 1945 James Ramsay Ullman's brilliant allegorical novel *The White Tower* was widely acclaimed by readers and critics. Mr. Ramsay's symbolic story of man's devious and never ending struggle to reach the peak of his hopes and aspirations has been brought to the screen in magnificent technicolor. The photography in *The White Tower* (RKO, Ted Tetzlaff) is breath-taking in its austere beauty and awe-inspiring grandeur. Claude Rains, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Oscar Homolka, Glenn Ford, Lloyd Bridges, and the actress Valli portray with commendable artistry the six troubled humans who begin the tortuous climb toward a wind-swept, fog-shrouded summit. Mr. Tetzlaff's sensitive direction merits its high praise.

Every large city has its dark places in which shadowy creatures of the underworld live and plot their nefarious activities. This theme is developed in *The Asphalt Jungle* (M-G-M, John Huston) and in *Night and the City* (20th Century-Fox, Jules Dassin). *The Asphalt Jungle* is based on W. R. Burnett's tale of corruption and violence in a mid-western American city. It is vivid, exciting, and well made; it bears the imprint of John Huston's masterful direction. Unfortunately, Mr. Huston has permitted the moral values of the film to be clouded by cheap sentimentality. Crime is neither glamorous

nor appealing. Nor can it be written off as "only a left-handed form of human endeavor." *Night and the City* presents a screen version of Gerald Kersh's account of life in the slums of London. This is a brutal and sordid story filmed against a lurid background and peopled with grotesque and unsavory characters. Skip it!

Bright Leaf (Warner Brothers) allegedly relates the saga of the development of the cigaret. Gary Cooper is cast in another of the morose, strong-man roles which, he seems to feel, require little more from him than a tightening of his lips and a deepening of the furrows on his brow. A few lively spots appear in the picture, but most of the time *Bright Leaf* is dull and turgid.

Margaret Sullavan's fine acting lifts *No Sad Songs for Me* (Columbia) a cut or two above the level of radio soap opera. Wendell Corey, too, brings dignity and restraint to a difficult role. Hollywood has shown an increasing interest in morbid subjects recently. Films depicting illness and suffering must be handled with delicacy, honesty, and restraint.

No Man of Her Own (Paramount) is a nauseating concoction made up of melodramatics, bathos, and out-and-out drivel. One wonders how many roles of this type Barbara Stanwyck can play without losing the enviable place she has made for herself in the motion-picture world.

Popular Claudette Colbert appears in an elaborate hodge-podge titled *The Secret Fury* (RKO-Radio). Your fury will be open and vehement if you waste your time and money on such trash.

Four Western films are on my list. *Winchester '73* (Universal-International, Anthony Mann) would have you believe that the 1873 Winchester rifle played a significant part in the growth and development of the West. Even if you are not convinced, this is exciting horse opera. *The Gunfighter* (20th Century-Fox) is the stirring, sometimes moving, but not quite convincing story of a notorious desperado who wants to reform. The gunman and the film both come to a bad end.

The Sundowners (Eagle Lion) is a routine but better-than-average Western thriller. Seventeen-year-old John Barrymore, Jr. makes his screen debut in this film.

Author-producer Niven Busch has injected strong psychiatric overtones into *The Capture* (RKO-Radio). Result? An involved but indecisive plot and a lot of fancy but futile dialogue.