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THE CRESSET

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Notes and Comment

BY THE EDITORS

The Temptations

THEN was the Church found in the wilderness of the twentieth century, wherein She was tempted of the devil.

And when She had fasted for three centuries, She was afterward an hungred.

And when the tempter came to Her, he said, If thou be the Church of God, command that the economic order make food and clothing and shelter for the needy masses of mankind.

But She answered and said, It is written, Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God and it is not reason that I should leave the word of God and serve tables.

Then the devil taketh Her among the jaded masses who sought in thrills to escape the monotony of their lives.

And saith unto Her, If thou be the Church of God, supply thrills for these people for it is written, He shall give his angels charge concerning thee: and in their hands they shall bear thee up, lest at any time thou dash thy foot against a stone.

She said unto him, It is written again, Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God.

Again the devil taketh Her into an exceeding high building in New York and sheweth Her all the nations of the world assembled, and the glory of them;

And saith unto Her, All these will listen to thee, if thou wilt fall down and worship me.

Then saith the Church unto him, Get thee hence, Satan: for

it is written, Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve.

Then the devil leaveth Her, and behold the power of God came upon Her and strengthened Her.

Korea in Retrospect

DEPENDING upon one's viewpoint, we have either won a war in Korea, lost the war, or fought to a stalemate—if there was a war in the first place.

Since even our own staff cannot agree on what happened, this writer must state his own opinion and that opinion is that we won the war, but in a decidedly Pyrrhic sense. What we did, it would seem, is pull out of a potentially disastrous situation under merely tragic conditions. We did, at least, avoid getting involved in the disaster of World War III. We did prevent the forcible change of the 1950 political status quo. We did furnish visible proof of our willingness to meet aggression with force of arms. We did inflict heavy losses upon those whom we charged with the responsibility of aggression.

The other side of the picture is less satisfying. We did not break the power of the aggressors to resume their aggression whenever they think the time opportune. We did not prove to anybody's satisfaction that the "free nations" were united in a will to contain aggression wherever it appears. We did not convince the neutral bloc of the impossibility of neutrality in the present East-West division. And we did provide the small nations of Asia with a picture of the utter devastation of a nation which got caught in the middle between the two great powers of our time.

It is too early to say which side of the ledger outweighs the other. At the moment, it is the opinion of this writer that the Korean venture was rightly conceived but blunderingly executed and that our victory is, at best, a stalemate which stands slightly in our favor at the moment. We are greatly concerned about the effect of the whole business on those few Asiatic countries which are still hovering between East and West. How does the whole thing look to the rulers of Indonesia? What did India see in it? What did the Philippines learn from it? What effect will it have upon Japanese policy once the Japanese people are again in control of their own destinies? Will these nations see the purpose of our intervention or will they see only the devastated countryside and the shattered cities which have resulted from it?

These questions are the questions that must be answered before we can talk of victory or

defeat. Their answers are the critically important answers.

Controls and Self Control

IN NO area have we displayed our basic weakness more clearly than in the area of controls over prices and wages. Despite all of the big talk, we still have no controls worth mentioning over the cost of living and it becomes more and more apparent that hardly anyone actually wants such controls. We therefore present the rest of the world with the sorry spectacle of a would-be leader who is incapable of meeting his own problems realistically and maturely.

Our trouble is that we are looking for an easy way to control the economy, a way which will permit the worker to get more pay and the farmer to get higher prices and management to make more profits and government to raise more taxes—all without raising prices. It will be a deucedly clever trick if we can pull it off but there is not one chance in a million that we can.

Real controls are painful. They have to be. But the pain is distributed more or less evenly over all elements of the economy and no one element suffers unduly. The kind of fake controls with which we are trying to operate now are painful also, but the whole burden of pain falls upon a relatively small part of the population, a part consisting of people with fixed incomes or investments. They have no way of adjusting their income to rises in the cost of living so they have no alternative but to lower their standard of living. This group includes ministers, teachers, retired people, certain civil service employees. Lacking any organized pressure group to work for them in Washington, they must take things as they come and hope, somehow, to carry through until the economy gets back on some sort of even keel.

Meanwhile, we get truculent with our European allies, insisting that they "tighten their belts" and "put their shoulders to the wheel." It's high time we took a dose of our own prescription. A little austerity couldn't do us any harm and it might do us some good.

Society Note

NO ONE will believe us when we say that we read the society page word for word every evening, but we do. And the reason we do is that we want to know in advance what the mores of the middle class will be in the next generation.

The most interesting item of the past couple of months was one

which told how an about-to-be-divorced couple met for lunch at one of the better feeding places to discuss, "in an atmosphere of civilized cordiality," the details of their approaching violation of the law of God. Society writers have a penchant for slobbering while they talk but we gather that the little tete-a-tete was just the sweetest thing you can imagine—a civilized man telling a civilized woman how the joint account stood and the two of them then proceeding to divide up the holdings like a couple of neighborhood boys breaking up a marble game.

Now even way down here on our stratum of society, we can see something praiseworthy in breaking up housekeeping with a minimum of hair-pulling and crockery-throwing. But there is something rather inhuman about it, too. Dogs and cats and garter snakes terminate their domestic arrangements with a minimum of emotion but healthy human beings don't just shake hands, tip hats, and call a cab. No healthy person violates the law of God without some show of indignation, whether that indignation be directed against God Himself or against some other person or against society or even against a rock on the sidewalk.

Heaven help us if this is to be the attitude toward divorce in the next generation. A society is only as strong as its family structure and when the family structure can be broken up unemotionally over a downtown luncheon it is not an occasion for applause but for downright fear. You wouldn't expect a society editor to know that, of course, but the managing editor who permitted such stuff to run should have known better.

Animal, Vegetable, or Mineral

ONE of our earliest childhood memories is that of Mother looking concerned and urging us to get away from the books and out into the sun, her urging always accompanied by the warning that awful things would happen to us if we didn't get more fresh air and sunshine.

At the time, we were still so immersed in the social sciences (introductory economics by Horatio Alger and criminal psychology by Arthur Conan Doyle) that we could offer no rebuttal although some kind of intuition whispered that the scientific argument was specious. Now we have the straight stuff. Science, according to reports reaching us, has discovered that the human being can get along as well without the fresh air and sunshine treatment as he can with it.

The reason, we understand, lies in the basic distinction between plants and animals. Plants, it

seems, soak up whatever good stuff there is in sunshine directly from the rays of the sun. We animals can get ours just as easily by eating the plants. For some of us, eating a crisp lettuce salad in the dining room is a much more painless way of getting whatever it is that we need than parboiling out under a hot sun. And as for the fresh air, we have known newspapermen who felt faint if someone so much as opened the window, and still they lived to be eighty.

The Good Queen

FOR fifty years, Wilhelmina of Orange-Nassau reigned over the Netherlands, retiring after the late war in favor of her daughter, Juliana. But her retirement has not been spent in idleness. Today, as the Princess Wilhelmina, she is using her leisure to set down the principles and convictions that guided her through her half century as one of the world's best-loved rulers.

Her most recent publication is a little pamphlet, *The Idea of International Fellowship,* published in this country by William B. Eerdmans of Grand Rapids. It is not brilliantly written nor does it say anything that has not been said before. But it reiterates old truths with passionate conviction and with the authority that the author's high position confers. For that reason, it is a significant piece of writing.

The old queen addresses herself not to the statesmen and the generals who are presently in charge of world affairs, but to the young people of the world. And what do you suppose she tells them? She tells them about Jesus Christ and the miracle of conversion.

Now here is the refreshing thing about what she has to say. The Jesus Christ of Whom she writes is not the pious Galilean moralist who is constantly being invoked to sanction national policies but the Jesus Christ "Who was crucified for your sake, Who has risen and Who lives" and Who "wishes now, at this moment, to change you into new men." That, brothers and sisters, is theology. And it comes, not from a parson, but from a queen who reigned through two world wars and the Great Depression. That does not, of course, necessarily mean that she knows all of the answers but it strongly suggests that her idea of the answers was not formulated in some remote ivory tower. It was formulated in the day-to-day activities of the busy sovereign of a great nation.

In her simple old Dutch way, the Princess has stated more clearly and more concretely what one

of the reviewers for the *London Times Literary Supplement* said just a few weeks ago in a discussion of J. H. Badley's *Form and Spirit:*

> Something beyond knowledge is a necessary condition of human experience. The springs of motive lie deeper than science or philosophy, pointing as they do to a beyond that calls forth devotion and love. In an age when man dwells in a waste land where fundamental beliefs and values lie in ruins, more than ever is he in need of religion to give conscious—and, still more, unconscious—motive and direction to aim and effort.

"Motive and direction." "Generations come and go," writes Princess Wilhelmina, "and every generation receives its own vocation on this earth from God. Yours is the task to link an old world to a new one, which will be founded on love, friendship and peace sprung from brotherly love for Christ's sake."

Her people called her Wilhelmina the Good.

Eisenhower for President?

It is our understanding that the Eisenhower-for-President movement is to be kept under wraps until sometime this winter so you will have to excuse us for taking a premature peek. What we want to find out is whether there is any justification for our suspicion that we are about to buy a pig in a poke.

The polls show majorities both of Republicans and Democrats favoring the general for the presidency next year, so obviously only two questions remain to be answered for the practical politicians. Question one is whether the general will run. Most people think that he will. Question two is whether he is a Republican or a Democrat and the answer to that question would seem to be anybody's guess.

We are much more concerned with the general's political philosophy than with his political affiliation. Nothing in his spoken or written utterances indicates anything about his political philosophy other than that he favors democracy, peace, international order, small children, mothers, dogs, and education. This is not said in a derogatory sense because we consider this a sufficient philosophy for a general and Eisenhower is a very good general. It is not, however, a sufficient philosophy for a presidential candidate and we wonder how responsible citizens can seriously propose to offer the presidency to a man of whose political philosophy they know so little.

What has happened, we think, is that the people have sensed that party platforms are not worth the

paper they are written on and that what really counts is integrity in the chief executive. Rightly or wrongly, they suspect that what we really need is a president who can command respect and they feel that Eisenhower is that kind of person. Perhaps they are right. We still have grave doubts of the wisdom of putting generals in the White House, particularly generals whose stand on basic issues is almost completely unknown.

And as a long-time admirer of General Eisenhower, we hope that he will decline the chance to become President Eisenhower. We know of no military hero who has added lustre to his name by moving into the White House. As a matter of fact, look at what happened to General Marshall as a result of his services in the cabinet. Every generation needs at least one hero who is not up for grabs. We hate to think what the muddy-handed crew will do to Ike in the first year of his administration.

Age of Unreason

THE most distressing thing about little boys is their way of making fathers feel much older than they actually are.

One bright day this summer, our favorite pre-schooler, filled with the exhilaration that seizes dogs and small boys on bright days, made a sudden leap and shouted, "I'm going to grab the sky, Daddy!"

Will some one please tell us the precise moment when it became impossible for us to say such a thing?

Wallflowers

SPEAKING of small boys, we have suddenly realized that our generation (the 30-50 age group) is in the process of establishing some sort of record for buck-passing.

Looking back over some of the stuff we were writing about ten years ago, we note that the burden of our comments then was a rather bitter denunciation of our elders and the kind of world they had shaped for us. "War, boom, bust, war" was the way we summed up their record and even today the estimate seems valid but the bitterness with which it was stated might seem hardly called for in view of our own record.

But we don't find ourselves saying a whole lot about the record we are establishing. Instead our song at the moment seems to be a rather plaintive recital of the difficulties of life in the "crisis" of the twentieth century, followed by a formalized expression of hope that our children will have the opportunity to live in a better, happier world than we knew.

Now if that isn't buck-passing, what is it? First we lambaste our fathers for handing us a mess, then we express the pious hope that our children will get things back in shape. Where does that leave us? Evidently we are just going to be wistful. We will be the generation of the brave little smile and the shiny seats. We will tell the kids what their grandfathers did wrong so that they will not have to live in as wretched a world as the one we inherited.

It is high time we realized that life is not going to let us off so easy. No generation can sit things out. We cannot ignore the questions of God and the political system and the economic order without, by our silence, answering them involuntarily. Never has there been greater need of the harsh virtues of industry and sobriety and honesty and self-control and loyalty. The flippant and the uncommitted are, indeed, living in the wrong generation—if, in times such as these, they can be said to be living at all.

Cicero

IT IS not fair to condemn a whole community for the excesses of its irresponsible element particularly when the community is only a part of a much larger urban agglomeration. And yet names become symbols. And all of the good people in Cicero, Illinois, including some of our close personal friends, must suffer from the shame of the riot which broke out in their community over the attempt of a Negro gentleman to move his family into an apartment house in that community.

We are gratified by the wave of indignation which rolled into the Chicago metropolitan press in letters to the editor over the gangster tactics of the rioters but we feel disinclined to add any recriminations of our own to these expressions. What we feel is shame. We feel dirty and sweaty and bestial, as though we ourselves had been a part of that mob. And indeed we were a part of it, even though we were miles away when it was doing its dirty job of wrecking and looting. We are a part of the American community. Just as we share in the glories of our country, we share in its sins. There is not only individual guilt but corporate guilt and penitence must be penitence for both.

God forgive us for what happened in Cicero and God spare us the wrath which such events inevitably evoke.

A Tale of Two Colleges

By JOHN STRIETELMEIER

I HAVE two alma maters, a rich one and a poor one. The poor one is trying to do a job far beyond its capacities and, under the direction of a bunch of consecrated amateurs, is doing it reasonably well. The rich one is also trying to do a job far beyond its capacities and, despite the help of a well-oiled, finely meshed bunch of professionals, is doing it quite poorly.

My rich alma mater, like my poor one, needs funds. It needs the funds for new buildings, new departments, salary increases, and endowment. But the perfectly-written letters I get from her public relations people go lightly on those things. The pitch right now is an idealistic one. Alma mater (the rich one) is a private school and she is calling her sons and daughters to a holy war in support of Private Education which, according to her public relations people, is the only thing that is going to Keep America Strong and turn the tide against Big Government.

Now as it happens, I was brought up to give some attention to the cries of a maiden in distress and I realize that Alma Mater, though rich, is in some distress. Silver and gold, however, have I none so I can send Alma Mater only that which I have, a word or two of advice. Admittedly advice will build no buildings but the right kind of advice may possibly reinforce Alma Mater's soul which, from my observation, could do with a bit of reinforcing.

The trouble with Alma Mater is that she is a Good School. By that I mean that she is accredited by every accrediting agency in the country, she is financially sound, she is abreast of the most recent trends in higher education, and she has an excellent football team. What lacks she then? The answer is: several things, chief among which is a reason for being.

Alma Mater, like many another

private university, began as a church-supported school. She thought she had something to say within the context of a specifically theological viewpoint. Perhaps the theology of her church was at fault, perhaps the educators lost their grasp of her theology. At any rate, for many years now she has been church-related in name only. What she actually is today is a privately-supported university, dependent to a large extent upon the generosity of a few wealthy families whose support is based more upon regional loyalty than upon any kind of religious conviction. As a large university, her competition lies in the mammoth state-supported universities and colleges.

This competition is formidable because Alma Mater actually has nothing to say that is not being said just as well by the state universities. Despite all of her protestations of distinctiveness, she is actually indistinguishable in course offerings or educational philosophy from any other large Midwestern university. Her plight, then, is typical of the plight of most other private colleges and universities and, like so many of these other private institutions, she has sought to hammer home the same argument for support, an argument which is essentially a negative argument against state-supported higher education.

Now it may be that the gradual disappearance of the small private institution is a bad thing but then, on the other hand, it may be a good thing. It all depends upon what one conceives education to be. If the state universities and the municipal universities and colleges are educating people, there would seem to be little reason for private individuals or groups to duplicate their efforts. This much at least must be said for the publicly-supported institution: it exists because society, speaking through the political system, has called it into existence presumably to fill a social need. It has, then, a reason for being. The question is whether the privately-supported institution has a reason for being or whether it survives simply because it is in the nature of any institution to seek its own survival.

My answer would be that Alma Mater once had a reason for being and that, if she will, she can again have a reason for being. She existed once to explore all of human learning in the light of a religious faith. She can, if she will, return to this original task or she can look at human learning in the light of some other deeply-held conviction but she cannot survive if she continues to look at learning through the eyes of the uncommitted secular educationists who dominate the state-supported

educational system. She cannot survive simply because she does not have at her disposal the resources of the state institutions. She is in an economically marginal position and in such a position any industry or institution must offer a distinctive product.

But "distinctive products" is just exactly what Alma Mater and many of her sisters are determined not to produce. In order to do so, she would have to do certain things which are not only difficult but painful and which might, possibly, lose her accreditation. These are the things she would have to do:

1. She would have to define education. Before she could do that, she would have to arrive at some definition of man. This would necessarily force her to at least the rudiments of a theology and she is not, at the moment, in a position to settle upon a theology because for years theology has not counted in her educational philosophy or in the choice of her faculty. But education is not just a mist which can be sprayed with essentially the same results upon man and beast. Like it or not, education (even poor education) sets up a reaction in those who undergo it and responsible education must be concerned with the end product of that reaction. What, then, is man? The state-supported university says that he is a thinking social biped (genus homo) of complex psychological structure and approaches him accordingly. My Alma Mater has an uncomfortable suspicion that he is something more than that and, in addition to giving him what the state school would give him, maintains a university chaplain who may be consulted by appointment.

2. She would have to state her presuppositions. Despite her pride in her objectivity, Alma Mater believes in something. The something she believes in is accepted by faith of one sort or another. The state-supported university knows what it believes in. It believes in the human reason and in the democratic state. On the basis of these fundamental beliefs, it believes in that particular kind of irresponsibility which is called academic freedom, it believes in mass education, it believes in a God who has never been to college, and it believes in progress. At a minimum, it conceives its task to be that of turning out graduates who will fit into and help build a good society. My Alma Mater, despite the quotation from St. Paul on her seal, actually supposes about the same things as does the state school. But every now and then she remembers her childhood with a feeling that something was lost along the way. Someday, perhaps, she will re-

member that that something was faith in the living Truth.

3. She would have to learn to speak to this generation. Alma Mater is proud of her progress, of her awareness of the trends of the world and of learning. Indeed, she boasts of having set some of the patterns of modern thought. But like many of her private and public sisters, she is not nearly as up-to-date as she likes to think she is. Like a deaf old professor still droning out the lecture notes which he first wrote out thirty years ago, she keeps on talking about how to be happy to a generation which is not asking how to be happy but how to be saved. Parenthetically, it might be said here that American education seems not only totally unaware but totally unconcerned about what World War II meant to my generation and we have long since quit trying to explain. But to close the parentheses and get back to the main point, my Alma Mater is going to have to come to terms with a generation which has no patience with dialectical subtleties, with easy and comfortable answers to hypothetical questions, with mouthings about "the good life," with the genteel mustiness of intellectual eunuchs reading pat answers out of books written by other genteel eunuchs. Our generation may be, and probably is, dirty-necked and confused. But it knows that before we get any of the answers, we are going to have to learn to ask the right questions. Those questions are not going to be asked by public education because even to ask the questions would blow up the carefully nurtured calm and tolerance of the campus. But the future belongs to those private institutions which will dare, in asking the questions, to set off a display of fireworks which will brighten the midnight darkness of American education.

4. She would have to dare to be free. The argument for private education, as it has been set down by some of its champions, comes down to an argument that the state school is in thralldom to a naughty-naughty state which practiseth to deceive. As a matter of fact, the argument is, in a sense at least, a valid one. But it is equally true that a labor union or a church body or a wealthy manufacturer or the Communist party expect to run a school when they pay its expenses. It might be interesting once if some nominally Christian school would take this truth and turn it around for, if God actually were running a school, would He probably not expect to pay its expenses? But freedom comes high. It costs complete honesty, complete dedication to the truth. It may, for an institution as well as for an individual, cost life itself.

5. She would have to re-establish the student-teacher relationship. Strange as it must sound in our day, the word "student" is derived from the same Latin root as the word "study" which Webster, with delicious quaintness, defines as the "application of the mind to books, arts, or any subject, for acquiring knowledge." Whether the modern student actually applies his mind to acquire knowledge is a point which admits of no categorical answer. The impression of a close observer of the genus student would be that he is mostly concerned with racking up a certain number of points to swap for a piece of imitation parchment bearing the president's signature.

But before we get too hard on the student, how about the teachers? Despite all of the pious rot about the devotion of the teacher to his profession, despite all of the teachers' breast-beating about how little they are understood (particularly at contract time), the obvious and uncomfortable fact is that the teaching profession has made the bed in which it now lies, whimpering and afraid. Sitting like little Jehovahs in their comfortable classrooms they mistook their thundering of irregular verbs and historical dates for the thunderings of Sinai. Tassled and hooded and robed, they forgot that the only proper mantle of the scholar is the mantle of humility. Insulated from the workaday world by their titles and degrees, they found themselves at last unable to talk to anyone but each other and finally, as they came to specialize more and more in smaller and smaller areas, they lost touch even with each other. A few great ones, of course, survive. They stand shining and indignant on the mountain side, disgusted by the sight of their brethren dancing about the golden calf of academic routine below.

Meanwhile, education has passed out of the hands of both teacher and student into the hands of promotion experts, political hopefuls, educational administrators, and academic politicians. Nor is this an altogether sad situation, for at least these non-scholarly types really believe that there is a certain validity in the life of the mind, a belief which is no longer shared by many who profess to be scholars. Nevertheless, ultimately the universities must be returned to those who teach and those who learn, and the housekeepers must go back to keeping house.

These five points, I suggest, can be of more value to Alma Mater than whatever amount of money I might send her. QUESTION: What will Alma Mater do with them? ANSWER: Alma Mater will ignore them. QUESTION: Why will she ignore them? AN-

SWER: Because Alma Mater wants to remain a Good School.

Alma Mater cannot define education because she cannot define man because she dare not define God. If she defines God, she cannot be a Good School because then she will have a "theological bias" which will stand in the way of Objective Research.

Alma Mater cannot state her presuppositions because the presuppositions from which she is proceeding today are not her own convictions but a hodge-podge of cliches swiped at random from the Book of Proverbs, the Sermon on the Mount, *Das Kapital,* the Declaration of Independence, the works of Sigmund Freud, and Edgar A. Guest, all floating about in the universal solvent of academic freedom which means academic irresponsibility. If Alma Mater were to state her presuppositions, her faculty would not be free to mount and ride in all directions simultaneously and she would not be a Good School.

Alma Mater cannot speak to this generation because she does not understand it and she would not speak to this generation if she could because she does not like the questions this generation is asking. Never having stood at the brink of Hell, she has no great interest in the question of salvation in either the temporal or eternal sense. Alma Mater decided long ago what the great questions are and, like any other Good School, she is going to keep on talking about them even if the whole stupid world falls asleep.

Alma Mater wants to be free but doesn't dare to be free. She is haunted by a phrase out of a Book which she read once long ago—"Whose service is perfect freedom"—but she could not serve Him even if she would for she no longer knows Him. And so, one by one, she sells or pawns her jewels of freedom to buy fieldhouses and betatrons and accreditation and half-backs, all of which are essential to a Good School.

And, finally, Alma Mater could not, even if she would, re-establish the teacher-student relationship. Teachers who, when not lamenting their low pay, would rather turn out monograph after monograph on the sex life of the squid than teach have, obviously, little in common with students who would rather play juke-boxes in the campus hangout than study—and vice versa. Between the squinting squid expert and the drugged sophomore stands the college administrator, convinced in spite of the evidence of his own eyes that Education is a Great Thing and certain, in his simple-minded way, that one really successful Promotion Campaign will transform Alma Mater into a Great School.

What, then, will Alma Mater

do since she cannot do any of these five things? Alma Mater will go after Funds. How will she get them? She will conduct a campaign in two diametrically opposite phases.

Phase One will involve appeals to organizational or regional or political loyalties. Alma Mater will set herself up as the clarion voice of the International Brotherhood of Steamfitters, articulating the philosophy of the Brotherhood to a world which can be saved only by living the Steamfitters' Code. Or Alma Mater will make herself the representative of all that is good and fine in South-Southeastern Nova Scotia, the cultural center of the Sludge River Valley. Or Alma Mater will stand for Free Education in the face of the rising tide of the State Educational Monopoly. This latter tack is the one which, of necessity, will be adopted by most of the larger private schools and the song they will sing will have whole stanzas dealing with Socialism and Thought Control and the Welfare State.

But Phase One will not solve the problem, so Alma Mater will have to proceed to Phase Two. Phase Two will follow a short silence to allow for changing scripts and readjusting makeup and will be introduced by a panorama of college presidents journeying to Washington, at first surreptitiously and then more openly. In their wake will come Influential Alumni and Friends, and waiting in Washington to receive them will be various Societies and Councils and Associations which will have been organized to save the private school and to make its services available to government. Altruistic to the hilt, these friends of private education will be ready to sell every semblance of real independence, if need be, to save their organizational structures. This sellout will be justified as a stern matter of survival and not one innocent soul in a thousand will think to ask why survival is so desperately important.

A fanciful picture? Not by a long shot. This is an accurate picture of what has been happening at least since World War II and is happening at an accelerated rate today. Caught between the Selective Service System, with its offer of employment to any reasonably healthy young man under the age of 26, and the omnivorous treasury which has a use for every dollar which might otherwise have flowed into private beneficence, the private colleges and universities face a bleak prospect. Under the circumstances, it is understandable that college administrators should have become somewhat panicky and I would be the first to concede that a journalist sitting at a typewriter is hardly in

a position to throw the first stone at a college president who, under these conditions, must sit down with his board of directors, each of whose members is allergic to the sight of red ink. Given his situation, I have no doubt at all how I would proceed. I would be right in there pushing toward the federal feed trough. But then I am not a great man.

And despite her endowments and traditions and splendid plans for the future, my rich Alma Mater is, at the moment, short of great men, too. She is in the hands of well-trained, highly competent educational mechanics at a time when she needs prophets and seers. But there we go off on a theological tangent again and Alma Mater wants nothing to do with theology. So we are left where we started, with a school once rich and strong, now no longer either rich or strong and with no prospects of returning to the days of her greatness.

"All right, Buster," I can almost hear somebody saying, "you have been slamming education all over the place. Suppose you come up with a definition of education if you think you are so all-fired hot."

The question having been asked, I would first have to say that it seems to me that education, whatever else may be said about it, can never be defined as a goal but only as a quest. And since every quest must have an object, education too must have an object. For me, education is a quest for God, not in the general sense that all of life is a quest for God but in the specifically intellectual sense. The purpose of the educational institution, then, as I see it, is twofold: first, to persuade young men and women that the quest is worthwhile and, secondly, to help them get started on it. To sum up, then, I would define college or university education as the setting of the human intellect upon the quest for God. I realize that this definition will infuriate at least five general types of people.

It will infuriate the academic time-servers who have been getting by with regurgitating facts and borrowed ideas without ever bothering to establish any kind of relevance between what they have to say and the great issues of life and death.

It will infuriate the secular deadheads who, in the face of the almost universal recognition by men of all ages and all cultures of the existence of some Being under whose shadow they live, have formed a conspiracy of silence about religion and react to the name of God the way a vampire reacts to the sign of the Holy Cross.

It will infuriate a considerable number of lazy-minded religionists who, flying in the teeth of the injunction to "love the Lord thy

God with . . . all thy mind," have dared to deny the validity of the human reason and to label God's gift of intellect an unclean thing.

It will infuriate several million mamas and papas who don't really care much one way or the other whether Sonny gets educated as long as he gets a degree and who, being already completely befuddled by their offspring, would not appreciate having said offspring learn to ask still more difficult questions.

It will infuriate the accrediting associations with their forms and charts and standard operating procedures, all of them designed to preserve to ourselves and to posterity the Good School in its garb of olive drab.

The fact that these types would be infuriated is not in itself, of course, an argument against the definition. Two thousand years ago, a few Galileans dared to define God Himself in terms which infuriated practically everybody. But the Holy Spirit came down upon them in cloven tongues of fire and their most furious persecutor became their most zealous apologist. Who can say what might happen today if a university, setting out upon the quest for God, should find Him and receive His baptism of fire?

Perhaps we shall see. For, as I have said, I have a poor alma mater, too. My poor alma mater has been trying for twenty-five years to substitute faith, hope, and charity for a Dun and Bradstreet rating and, strange as it may seem, has been getting by with it. She picks up a dollar here and a dollar there and as soon as she gets enough dollars together to build a new building she introduces a bunch of new courses that put her right back in her usual overcrowded condition. She has specialists in the lay fields preaching in chapel and she has ordained clergymen teaching the natural sciences and her poor freshmen, confronted with God in every classroom, begin to wonder whether they are in a university or a theological seminary. But then, after four years, those among them who go on to graduate school find themselves out-thinking, out-writing, and out-arguing the products of the Good Schools—a development which always surprises them although, of course, it shouldn't.

And so I turn with hope to my poor alma mater, the least among the princes of Judah, so far ahead of her time that perhaps she will die of starvation before the world catches up with her. She has set out upon the quest, admittedly with lingering doubts and sometimes overwhelming fears. But the important thing is that she has set out. She has wandered too far from the conventional academic herd ever to go back. If she tries

to, she will die along the way. She need only look backward to see the chalkwhite bones of other universities and colleges that tried to go back. She need only look backward to see my rich alma mater beginning to stumble in her hopeless retreat.

And now one final footnote in the nature of a preliminary statement on a subject which I hope to develop more fully some other time. These remarks have dealt with education on the college level. Obviously everything that I have said could, with equal validity, be said of education on the primary and secondary level—perhaps with even greater validity because the ages from six to eighteen are the most critical years in the development of thinking and attitudes and beliefs. Commendable as the public grade school and the public high school may be as agencies for civilizing pagans, they must be reckoned among the most paganizing influences in the educational system. A Christian parent cannot but be disturbed by the public school idea of God as a kind of nondenominational fogbank floating out in space somewhere around the Big Dipper. And the amazing thing is that parents who would raise holy Ned if anybody less than a licensed D.D.S. stuck even a little finger into Junior's mouth will entrust Junior's mind and spirit to men and women who, often, neither know nor care whether Junior has a soul. One would almost have to assume that the parents themselves don't know or, if they do know, don't care.

The church was built to disturb the peace of man; but often it does not perform its duty, for fear of disturbing the peace of the church. What kind of artillery practice would that be which declined to fire for fear of kicking over the gun carriages, or waking up the sentinels asleep at their posts?

HENRY WARD BEECHER

Broadway 1950-1951 in Retrospect

By WALTER SORELL

THINGS look somewhat different in retrospect. What may have seemed a high light of the 1950-1951 Broadway season at first sight appears now—at a distance and in comparison with other artistic impressions—as a flickering candle light.

The quantity of the offerings was undoubtedly overwhelming, ninety in all, the largest since the end of the war. But very little of it stays in one's mind and lingers there as something that might challenge any future presentation, as for instance Gian-Carlo Menotti's "The Consul" did last season. It dealt with a timely topic—with human frustration and terror caused by dictatorship—and its book, music and performance, in their total impact, remain unforgettable. It may seem strange that my strongest impression of this season should have been a concert performance of Alban Berg's opera "Wozzek" (book by Georg Buechner, conducted by Mitropolous at Carnegie Hall). This story of the tortures of a simple soul, though written more than a hundred years ago, is so modern in conception, so moving and all-embracing that no one can escape the terror of its message, the outcry of the tormented creature. Alban Berg's music is a rare piece of art. In spite of its atonality it is melodic, gripping, and whipping. Among the modern compositions it is certainly the most unique tour de force.

When a time is as dramatic as ours, you would expect our dramatists to deal with its problems somehow and not to shy away from them. But even Clifford Odets who so often dared to speak up escaped into the somewhat dubious problems of a "Country Girl," dubious because we thought that these problems may have been daring and interesting thirty or more years ago and that too much of it sounds like cliché today. Yet all the more astounding

was the praise of the New York critics for this oeuvre who found the very fact laudable that, after so many years, Odets shunned a timely topic with a "message." Of course, there was Sidney Kingsley's dramatic version of Arthur Koestler's "Darkness at Noon," almost as compelling as the novel —almost. (Claude Rains, who hardly ever leaves the stage, paints an absorbing picture of the man who gradually realizes that there is something foul in the state of Communism.) But I think that two other, less spectacular, attempts to attack the problems of our time were of even greater interest. Ibsen's "An Enemy of the People" was adapted by Arthur Miller who made this angry play alive once more, this play of a lonely man fighting against mass stupidity and for truth. Arthur Miller put his own creed of intellectual liberalism into it without violating Ibsen's intentions. The public, however, was as little interested in it as in Edmund Wilson's highly intellectual play "The Little Blue Light" which ANTA presented in her attempt to enliven Broadway which, for years, has obviously been going the way of all commercialism. One can censure Mr. Wilson for not being a skillful dramatist. Like a beginner, he feels he has so much to say and wants to say all of it at once. But one can hardly blame him for being worried about our future and for coming up with a drama of ideas which deals with these worries. ANTA certainly fulfils its purpose with such a performance. Less understandable, however, seems ANTA's decision to revive one of the weakest Bernard Shaw plays ("Getting Married") or an old Ben Hecht-MacArthur comedy ("Twentieth Century"). Such an artistic faux pas is only excusable if it is done with the explicit purpose of raising enough money to cover the costs for such plays as Mr. Wilson's, or Lorca's "The House of Bernarda Alba," or Robinson Jeffers' "Tragedy Beyond the Tower."

The verse drama has become fashionable, and this past season saw two of its latest examples on the stage. Christopher Fry's "The Lady's Not for Burning" has some dramatic impulse besides wit and charm, and one often forgets those recurring static moments while taking in its absorbing language and poetic images. I found, however, T. S. Eliot's famous "Cocktail Party" less satisfying in more than one way. Despite the most skillful handling of the language, it is not as fresh and stunning in its imagery as Fry's plays and, in many instances, turns into little more than rhythmic prose. Moreover, "The Cocktail Party" is too vague in its symbols, open to many interpretations, in fact, so

much so that Mr. Eliot himself on viewing the New Yorker production remarked that it had revealed new interpretations to him. In its religious inferences, however, it seems quite clear, and in this respect it cannot hold a candle to the tragic simplicity unfolding in the French movie "God Needs Men," which seriously probes the dire necessity for man's belief in God.

Also the short Italian masterpiece of the screen, the "Miracle" —a subtle piece of art if ever there was one and so utterly misinterpreted as blasphemous—is far superior to its theatrical counterpart, Tennessee Williams' "Rose Tattoo." Much of its vulgarity and crudeness seems unpardonable. I do not understand how the sensitive creator of the "Glass Menagerie," or "A Streetcar Named Desire," and of many short stories which I have read and reread with great pleasure could have made such fatal lapses in taste. Unfortunately, they overshadow his ability to paint a few interesting characters in a strange atmosphere laden with passion and tension.

The Broadway offerings of this season were varied, with a great many revivals of little consequence, perhaps with the exception of Louis Calhern's King Lear. As ever, the lighter fare triumphed over the more serious plays; we all know it—and still, when the season is over, it leaves us with a strange feeling that Wolcott Gibbs' "A Season in the Sun" has the better of Lillian Hellman's "The Autumn Garden" which seems to this writer one of her important works. (It is now being published in book form and is heartily recommended.) Of the many "guys and dolls" on the Broadway stages this season, some were particularly charming. Among the comedies never was any moon bluer and any conversation more sparkling than in F. Hugh Herbert's "The Moon Is Blue." And among the many musicals "Guys and Dolls" still stands out triumphantly; after all, Damon Runyon contributed the story. On almost every second corner a musical grows on Broadway, and the yarn runs from the South Pacific to Brooklyn, from Siam to Oklahoma (revisited). Kate is still kissing and gentlemen apparently seem to prefer blondes, particularly when they are such good actresses as Carol Channing. But if I may "Make a Wish" for the coming season, it is this: "Let's not stress the second word in 'show business' too much!"

When Church-State Intrigues Backfire

By FRED PANKOW

Two hundred Basque priests have united in moral rebellion against the Church-promoted Franco regime. They have good reasons, too. In a long letter to the Bishop of San Sebastian, they list horrible abuses. "The Church is to blame for the inhuman crimes perpetrated in our four Basque provinces," they maintain.

Their document has now fallen into the hands of a Buenos Aires newspaper. "Acción Democrática," "Alerta," and other liberal dailies have since published it.

The testimonial speaks with tragic eloquence. It reveals the sad result of church-state pacts of "mutual assistance." It tells a story that is similar for nearly every country where such "mutual understanding" has developed. It shows why such nations are fertile ground for reactionary Communism.

A London newspaper has warned: "Now that the U. S. has an ambassador in Spain, the black country has suddenly become white."

So that we Americans may ourselves be more alert to religious domination of government affairs (and vice versa), we do well to study the above-mentioned document. The writing will also help us feel the anguish now pervading modern Spain.

The first half of the document relates the less-grievous offenses. It lashes out against hierarchical promotion of anti-Basque policies.

Seems Franco is going too far in trying to "Hispanize" the Basques. And the Church has "done its part" by putting in charge of totally Basque-speaking congregations priests who cannot talk a word of the language. Basque catechism instruction, Basque sermons are forbidden. Only Spanish and Latin are to be used now.

This recalls the years when Spanish missionaries were Catholicizing Central and South America. Indians were forced to learn

Latin. To know nothing of Latin was to be branded a "Lutheran," according to Prof. Jiménez of the University of Mexico. And such "Lutherans" were even put to death by the holy Inquisition.

The document next refers to ecclesiastical applause for Mindszenty's stand against Communism. Yet it charges the hierarchy with being as unjust as the Communists: it exiled the Bishop of Vitoria for the sole sin of being a Basque. We now translate:

"It is notorious and publicly-known, that during the last years, virtuous and venerated Basque priests have been shot, exiled, jailed, restricted, with scandalous trampling under foot of every human and divine law.

"Why did not the ecclesiastical hierarchy raise its voice in protest? Why did it not vindicate the good name of the slandered? Why did it not demand Christian burial for the corpses of those venerable priests? Why did it not protest government prohibition of church funerals for them? Why didn't it even give them a place in the necrology of the Official Bulletin of the Diocese?

"Not only the priests, but also the people have been the object of cruel persecution. Honorable people were shot for no other crime than their political creed. Exiles, jailings, restrictions of a thousand kinds were applied to an incalculable number of persons, very often without reason whatsoever. And the Episcopate didn't have a single word condemning it.

"Today torture is being used in Guipúzcoa to force declarations."

The memorial continues:

"The speculation practised by the highest official organisms with consequences so terrible as the great scarcity of food and the low salaries; and even the incapacity of the State to give its subjects a tolerable standard of decent and free living—are not these matters worthy of being acted on by the Episcopate?

"Since the Church, with its moral force, does not curb the great abuses of power of the present rulers, why does it still consent to let this confused medley of disorder be presented to the world as a just regime and as a model of a Catholic State?

"The government is divorced from its people, and the preferences that the Church has given to the government are a cause of the most violent reactions among our impoverished, oppressed, and hungry people."

The letter of the two hundred clergymen describes the complaints that the hierarchy makes against the Iron Curtain. Yet it contends that a similar curtain of censorship exists in modern Spain. The

Church-State regime practises the very things it condemns about Russia.

A closing paragraph asks this embarrassing question:

"Why are positions of honor given during mass to persons who could be treated as public sinners because of the publicity of their vices and immoralities?"

In conclusion, the document demands that the hierarchy adopt a completely new program of action—instead of sending congratulatory telegrams to priests that do their bidding.

This testimonial, then, shows what happened in Spain. The hierarchy sold its conscience for slices of government monies. May it move us to pray for the oppressed—particularly for the persecuted Protestants not mentioned in the document. May it help us keep such conditions far from our own borders.

All honest labor, then, is service to God, and no work is secular if God is truly God. The distinction between "secular" work and church work fades in the light of this faith. Equally irrelevant is the distinction between intellectual labor and manual labor. The only value there is to labor, intellectual or manual, is how it serves the purposes of God; and, as Luther once said, the housewife who provides for her husband and children is doing more for the Kingdom of God than a lot of professors.
JAROSLAV PELIKAN, "The Marxist Heresy,"
Religion and Life, a Christian Quarterly, Summer, 1950

Music AND MUSIC MAKERS

Koussevitzky and Bruckner

BY WALTER A. HANSEN

It's good, I suppose to be away from music now and then. Absence, like distance, lends enchantment to the view. And everyone knows that it makes the heart grow fonder.

Occasionally I catch myself in the act of dreaming about Bach, Beethoven, Mozart, and other great masters. Many days of my vacation have passed into history since I've listened to any of their music.

I have a passionate longing to hear Beethoven's *Eroica* again—especially in the virile reading given by the one and only Arturo Toscanini.

Then I begin involuntarily to think about the heart-warming and thoroughly Viennese manner in which Bruno Walter is wont to set forth Beethoven's majestic masterpiece.

Thoughts of the late Serge Koussevitzky's reading crowd my mind. But Koussy, I conclude, never could hold a candle to Toscanini or Walter in performances of music from the pen of Beethoven.

Koussy had a wonderful sense of orchestral color. He had the ability to make many-hued magic when he stood on the podium. In many ways he was a great conductor.

But Koussy, I believe, did not reveal consistently the penetrating insight of which one is aware when the peerless Arturo takes command of an orchestra and expounds a score.

This does not mean that Koussy could not present performances that were masterful in the full sense of the word.

I shall never forget the thrill that was mine when for the first time I heard Koussy's monumental, color-laden, and spine-tingling reading of Richard Strauss's *Also sprach Zarathustra*. Here the famed leader of Boston's superb orchestra was in his element.

Yes, *Also sprach Zarathustra* is said—and, I believe, purports—to be philosophical music—music concerning which more than one concert-goer is in the habit of saying, "This may be great art. But it's not for me."

Was Koussy a philosophically inclined man? I suspect that he was not, and I wonder whether he considered it imperative to give much thought to the philosophical ruminations said to be part and parcel of *Also sprach Zarathustra.*

Philosophy or no philosophy, Koussy could go to the real core of Strauss's elaborate and intricate score. And the real core of that score, mind you, is musical. Whatever philosophy one may find lurking in the pages of *Also sprach Zarathustra* is smothered conclusively and with soul-satisfying finality by the magnificent magic that makes up the warp and the woof of Strauss's writing.

The many colors in a Straussian score evidently appealed to Koussy with stirring and inspiring power. At all events, he was, I think, at his best when he had music of this kind before him—music that was admirably and particularly suited to the fine Koussevitzkian gift of imbuing color and contrasts with rich and vibrant life.

For years I have thought and said that Koussy gave superb readings of the music of Tchaikovsky. But when one day an authority on the music of the Russians almost "blew his top" at the mention of this belief of mine, I began to reconsider.

Was Koussy completely at home, I asked myself, in the Tchaikovskian domain? Were his readings of the works of his great countryman ideal in the true sense of the word?

In spite of all the "top-blowing" I could never shake off the belief that Koussy played Tchaikovsky in an authoritative way. Here, I always said, was music that touched the famous conductor to the quick. Here was music that went to Koussy's heart and, when played under his direction, moved the hearts of those who listened.

Not that a stickler for complete sureness in the technical aspects of the art of conducting could ever speak with unreserved admiration about Koussy's skill on the podium. Sometimes those who played under him were at a loss to know exactly what he meant. Musicians who were in the habit of watching Koussy's directing with the eyes of a hawk have told me that at times they could not, for the life of them, make out what the man meant by this or that motion.

Yet this shortcoming in Koussy's skill and equipment as the leader of an orchestra was not fatal—as it undoubtedly would have been in the case of many a conductor.

The men and the women who play in the great orchestras of the world are, as a rule, quick to recognize the foibles and the weaknesses of those who undertake to exercise authority from the podium. No faker can fool them. They have many ways of exposing and unmasking a charlatan. But they know that no man on earth is perfect. Every conductor has his weaknesses, and players are more than willing to bear with a weakness here or there when other elements in a leader's make-up convince them that they have before them a man of genuine ability.

I myself have always listened with special eagerness and unconcealed curiosity whenever musicians have spoken to me in words which made it as clear as the noonday sun that they did not look upon Koussy as a great conductor. I invariably probed for the reasons behind such a statement. And I must say that those who assailed Koussy usually stated their reasons clearly and explicitly.

Furthermore, it is of the utmost importance to say that the reasons given invariably bulged with specious relevancy. For the most part, they were based on individual opinions as to this or that aspect of a score or this or that aspect of a reading.

Musicians, you know, are not always inclined to bear sympathetically and patiently with one another's opinions. In this respect, of course, they are by no means different from other mortals.

Thank goodness, there is, as I see it, no absolute objectivity in music.

Some scholars may argue that one finds complete and unqualified objectivity in, let us say, a Bachian fugue and that those who undertake to present a Bachian fugue must do so with unmistakable objectivity. I cannot agree. Take the subjective out of art, and you have left something closely similar to machine-made drabness.

Concerning Bruckner

Do you like the music of Anton Bruckner?

Why has Toni Bruckner's name come to my mind as I write? Because I have just read a novel based on Toni's career. The title of the book is *Music for God: A Portrayal of the Life of Anton Bruckner,* and the author is Theresa Weiser (New York: Philosophical Library. 1951. 276 pages. $3.75).

As a novel, *Music for God* is somewhat naive. But wasn't Bruckner himself a naive man?

Can anyone prove that a naive composer can never produce great music? No. Isn't it true that naivete is, in many instances, one of the essential ingredients of folk music? I believe it is.

Bruckner's symphonies—and his

masses—reflect the soil as well as the soul of the Austrians whom he loved and among whom he worked. There is nothing artificial about his writing. Toni's music sprang from the good earth of Austria and from a devoutly religious heart.

You cannot understand Bruckner unless you bear in mind that this unaffected Austrian master was a man whose entire being was permeated by unshakable devotion to the Roman Catholic faith. Every note he wrote—even when he dealt with fun—was, according to his purpose, put on paper for the greater glory of God. Toni dedicated his last symphony to *dem lieben Gott* (the dear God).

Bruckner was a craftsman of extraordinary ability. He set great store by Richard Wagner and, particularly in the matter of instrumentation, learned much from this mighty and utterly self-seeking contemporary of his.

Yet Bruckner's writing cannot be dubbed derivative. It has sharp originality. It is intensely personal.

Some say that Toni was longwinded in his writing. Whenever I hear this assertion, I exclaim, "Would that there were much more longwindedness like this in music!"

Although the author of *Music for God* evidently does not know how to write a novel of the first water, she has succeeded in presenting a truthful portrait of Bruckner the man.

As I read the book, I kept wishing that more attention had been given to Wagner and Johannes Brahms and that the sharp-tongued Eduard Hanslick had appeared in person in its pages.

The author has made one character "a composite of Bruckner's friends" and another a composite "of his foes." This, I believe, is unfortunate; for it tends to give a certain amount of vagueness and diffuseness to the novel as a novel.

Perhaps it is risky for a reviewer to indulge in predictions. Nevertheless, I shall take the risk of predicting that *Music for God* will never win widespread popularity in the world of music. I wish I could gain the conviction that I am mistaken in this view, just as I wish that Bruckner's music were better known and far more popular than it is today. Why? Because I believe with all my heart that there are four great B's in music—not three, as Hans von Bülow once said. Those four great B's are Bach, Beethoven, Brahms, and Bruckner.

RECENT RECORDINGS

EZIO PINZA AND FRAN WARREN IN SONGS FROM *MR. IMPERIUM. Andiamo, My Love and My Mule, Let Me Look at You, You Belong to My Heart.* In addition, Mr. Pinza sings Kurt Weill's *September Song,* from *Knickerbocker Holiday,* and Jerome Kern's *Yesterdays,* from *Roberta.* The Guadalajara Trio appears with him in the rendition of *You Belong to My Heart.* The orchestra is under the leadership of Johnny Green.—Mr. Pinza's voice is still superb; but, like the old gray mare, it's no longer what it used to be. RCA Victor WDM-1502.

JOHANNES BRAHMS. *Sonata No. 3, in D Minor, for Violin and Piano, Op. 108.* Jascha Heifetz, violinist, and William Kapell, pianist.—An ideal performance of a great masterpiece. RCA Victor WDM-1523.

WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART. *Sonata in D, for Two Pianos (K. 448).* Amparo and José Iturbi, duo-pianists.—A clear-cut reading. RCA Victor WDM-1516.

JOHANNES BRAHMS. *Hungarian Dances Nos. 1 to 6.* The Boston "Pops" Orchestra under Arthur Fiedler.—Spirited presentations of brilliant orchestral versions of these color-laden dances. RCA Victor WDM-1518.

A JAN PEERCE SERENADE. *Song of Songs,* by a composer named Moya; *Sylvia,* by Oley Speaks; *Ah! Sweet Mystery of Life,* from Victor Herbert's *Naughty Marietta; When You and I Were Young, Maggie,* by a Canadian composer named Butterfield; *Silver Threads Among the Gold,* by an American songwriter named Danks; Schubert's *Serenade.* Jan Peerce, tenor, with the Philharmonia Orchestra of London under Anatole Fistourali.—This album is undoubtedly destined to become very popular. RCA Victor WDM-1514.

NEAPOLITAN FOLK SONGS. Ferruccio Tagliavini, tenor, with the RCA Victor Orchestra under Renato Cellini.—The well-known Italian tenor sings four folk songs with gripping effectiveness under Cellini. Two additional songs were recorded with equal success in Europe with an orchestra under Cesare Gallino. RCA Victor WDM-1525.

TWO SICILIAN FOLK SONGS. *Muttetti di lu Paliu* and *Abballati.* Giuseppe di Stefano, tenor, with the RCA Victor Orchestra under Renato Cellini.—Heart-warming artistry. RCA Victor 49-3628.

HEITOR VILLA-LOBOS. *Bachianas Brasileiras, No. 5, for Soprano and Eight 'Cellos.* Licia Albanese, soprano, with Leopold Stokowski as conductor. 'Cello solo by Frank Miller.—Effective writing by the noted Brazilian composer. Superb singing. RCA Victor 49-3277.

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN. *Sonata in C Sharp Minor, Op. 27, No. 2 (Moonlight).* The First Piano Quartet.—This four-piano version is mayhem pure and simple. The playing is decidedly angular. Beethoven, I

believe, will turn in his grave. RCA Victor 49-3276.

I Love You. *I Love Thee, Op. 5, No. 3,* by Edvard Grieg; *Dancing in the Dark,* from *The Bandwagon,* by Schwartz; Schertzinger's *One Night of Love,* from the film of the same title; Rodgers' *With a Song in My Heart,* from the film *Spring Is Here;* Rodgers' *Falling in Love with Love,* from *The Boys from Syracuse;* Geehl's *For You Alone.* Ezio Pinza, basso, with an orchestra under Johnny Green.—Once again thoughts of the old gray mare crowd one's mind. RCA Victor WDM-1524.

Sweet and Low. Barnby's *Sweet and Low;* Harrison's *In the Gloaming;* Tchaikovsky's *None But the Lonely Heart;* Nevin's *The Rosary;* Youmans' *Through the Years;* Schubert's *Ave Maria; All Through the Night,* a Welsh folk song; Brahms' *Lullaby.* The Robert Shaw Chorale under Robert Shaw.—Again Mr. Shaw exemplifies an admirable command of the technical aspects of choral singing. RCA Victor WDM-1528.

Songs for Everyone. *America the Beautiful, Love's Old Sweet Song, Mother Machree, A Little Bit of Heaven, Home on the Range, On the Road to Mandalay, Ol' Man River.* Leonard Warren, baritone, with the RCA Victor Orchestra under Frank Black.—Admirable artistry. RCA Victor WDM-1526.

Johann Strauss the Younger. *Overture to Die Fledermaus.* The RCA Victor Orchestra under Fritz Reiner.—Reiner is a great conductor. RCA Victor 49-3296.

Man has been so noisy about the way he has "conquered Nature," and Nature has been so silent in her persistent influence over man, that the geographic factor in the equation of human development has been overlooked.

Ellen Churchill Semple

The New Books

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

Unsigned reviews are by the Editors

BIOGRAPHY

HIS EYE IS ON THE SPARROW

By Ethel Waters with Charles Samuels, New York, Doubleday and Co. 1951.

IF IT is an unusual autobiography the reader wants, Ethel Waters' life story is it. In the lurid and vivid language of the street, she details how she grew up in the colored slums of Chester and Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. The facts of her life are almost unbelievable and certainly highly revealing.

Brought into the world illegitimately by a woman who didn't love her, Miss Waters was reared by her grandmother and two cavorting aunts. There in Chester she soon learned to shift for herself. She stole when she was hungry, swore when she was abused, and did errands for prostitutes and dope addicts for a little spending money.

Miss Waters started singing and dancing in her very early teens; she always looked older than her age. She became associated with various vaudeville troupes to tour from Chicago to Birmingham, always in colored theatres. Soon her extraordinary talent as a blues singer spread, and agents finally persuaded her to perform before white audiences. Thereafter followed her triumphs in various movies, musicals, and stage plays. The impression remains, however, that vaudeville is still her first and only love.

Although hunger, filth, obscenity, and vice surrounded every day of her childhood and growing years, Miss Waters early discovered that ". . . if sordidness left a deep and lasting mark, so could the goodness of life." She saw what alcohol, dope, and prostitution did to her acquaintances and own relatives and vowed never to weaken to any such evils. An extremely sincere person, Miss Waters finally found God, her "greatest experience," even though her God doesn't "mind whether I went to that church [Catholic], a Protestant church, a synagogue, or a Hindu temple."

Such a full life as related in Miss Waters' book is thickly padded with personal details and opinions, es-

pecially her views on white people and colored. Written in very short paragraphs, the book sounds as if Miss Waters were just talking, a style full of interest; a few passages were obviously written in whole by Mr. Samuels. But from almost any point of view, *His Eye Is On the Sparrow* should be read, for it is the story of a real woman and her struggle in overcoming environment and heredity to great success.

ANNE LANGE

A KING'S STORY

By the Duke of Windsor. New York. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1951.

ASSISTED by a formidable array of persons, all cautiously acknowledged, the Duke of Windsor turns out an acceptable account of his life until his abdication. With meticulous accuracy he reviews his heritage, education, travels and brief reign as king of the British Empire. Readers who may seek a sensational inside into the polo-playing Prince of Wales' courtship of Mrs. Simpson will find little more than tributes of a devoted husband to his wife. When the book concludes with Edward's sailing from England on December 12, 1936, the reader is swept with the empty years ahead for a man bred for nothing but kingship, forever deprived of it by his own hand.

For some reason this unimportant paragraph seems to condense all of Edward's frustrations as a ruler:

> Pageantry needs sunshine. There are few sadder spectacles than that presented by a dripping cortege splashing down a half-empty street, its finery bedraggled, its once resplendent participants soaked to the bone. . . . When I awoke at 8 o'clock (on the day of his first speech from the throne) it was pouring rain. Reluctantly I gave instructions for the State procession to be canceled; and when I started out from the Palace, it was in the less spectacular Daimler, summoned, ironically enough, by the Master of the Horse. Well do I recall the hush inside the House of Lords as I mounted the steps to the throne. As I looked out over the brilliant scene, my senses were suddenly assailed by an almost suffocating odor of mothballs given off by the colorful robes removed from storage for this formal airing.

A King's Story is decidedly worth attention for its historic overtones as well as diverting reading for those less rare of us who were not bounced on Queen Victoria's knee and did not romp in Scottish castles.

ROBERTA DONSBACH

A TREASURY OF INTIMATE BIOGRAPHIES

Edited by Louis L. Snyder. New York. Greenberg. 1951.

THIS is a collection of dramatic stories from the lives of about forty-five great men of history. In each case the editor has chosen biographical material written by men who knew their subject—Xenophon writes on Socrates, Einhard on Charlemagne, Rufus Griswold on Poe, Trotsky on Stalin, Sheean on Gandhi. Other biographies are Lincoln, Michelangelo, Rousseau, Cardinal Wolsey, Bismarck, Shelley and Wilde. The book is designed for reading pleasure and this it gives. The book inevitably suffers the defects incurred by the

selection process, but the sketches make good and convenient bed-time reading.

CURRENT AFFAIRS

WORLD TENSION

The Psychopathology of International Relations. Edited by George W. Kisker. New York: Prentice-Hall. 1951. 324 pages. $5.00.

THIS volume contains essays from representatives in the field of psychology and psychiatry in twenty-one countries. In spite of a few good observations on the part of some writers the book contributes little of value to the solution of an all-important problem.

Much that is said in these essays of supposedly outstanding scientists is purely subjective and emotional, which may serve their authors as a release of their stored-up feelings of resentment and revenge but cannot possibly be considered examples of calm and detached scientific reasoning. They are not conducive to help dispel the prevalent international fear and hatred of our days.

Generally speaking, almost all the writers put the cart before the horse. They write as if the attitudes of men and the motives of their actions are *a priore* forces rather than the result of conditions and circumstances. Countries which revolt against undemocratic, unequal opportunities, produced by accident or deliberate policy on the part of the Haves, people who are faced with a real problem of overpopulation, who turn to war because they find every avenue of peaceful relief closed through the selfishness and greed of more favored nations, people who resent the humiliating and inhumane treatment received by arrogant and merciless victors, after military defeat—such nations are denounced as aggressive, devilish, and psychopathic, while the victorious *beati possidentes* are the peace-lovers, the angels, and the normal people. It is all very simple—or is it?

Attitudes are fundamentally created by economic and social conditions and not the reverse. If we are serious and honest about our professed and bitterly needed desire to abolish or at least reduce the danger of war, we should deal with the basic causes and not merely with symptoms of the evil.

BALKAN CAESAR. TITO VERSUS STALIN

By Leigh White. New York. Charles Scribner's Sons. 1951.

THIS is a critical description and evaluation of the events which led to the establishment of the Tito dictatorship in Yugoslavia. It is not a Tito biography in the ordinary sense of the word, neither does it exclusively deal with Yugoslavia, but covers also the main lines of the bolshevization process of Albania and sheds some light on the doings of the Bulgarian and Greek Communist parties during and after World War II. It is not especially concerned with the rivalry between Stalin and Tito, as the title would seem to suggest. Mr. Leigh White, an honest, well-

meaning young American foreign correspondent and writer of magazine articles, with considerable experience in the Balkan countries, having seen with disgust how the small nations were allowed to be swept away unassisted by the surging red flood, opened by the second world war, describes the rise to power of a group of Communist fanatics led by the Russian agent Yosip Broz, known now to the world as Marshal Tito. The aim of the author is not only to trace back the dictator's devious career and to relate the historic events of the bolshevization of Yugoslavia, but also to place partial responsibility upon some Western statesmen.

This book certainly could have been considered a brave testimony against the doings of unscrupulous groups of Balkan Communists in the service of the Kremlin, who outsmarted the leading Anglo-Saxon statesmen, had it been published at the time of the events described in it. At that time it could have served the useful purpose of an appeal for the defense of democracy in the Balkan countries. During the war and quite a while after, the most vocal part of intellectual opinion in this country considered the Soviet Union and Communism as progressive. Therefore such a book as this, by revealing the brutal methods and antidemocratic character of Communism, would have fulfilled an important mission.

Since then, however, the tide of public opinion, is definitely turning in the opposite direction. The enemy, who posed as a friend, or rather, whom the West, in its blindness, wanted to see as a friend, is now unmasked. The belatedness of the revelation of this book would not take away anything from its merit, should the author confine himself to depicting the dark and fateful background, which explains how this important territory was lost to Democracy and to the cause of the West. To do this, he is qualified enough. He has a good first hand knowledge and also reliable information concerning the events related. Neither can his honesty as a narrator be doubted.

However, he is on very uncertain ground, when he draws his conclusions concerning political philosophy and international relations.

It is more than dangerous to make such a statement, as: "Communism is, and was, our greatest enemy. Fascism was merely a synthesis of Communism, without which it could never have existed. Defeat communism and what remains of fascism, in Spain and elsewhere, will inevitably disappear."

This statement is confirming our suspicion, born while reading Mr. White's book, that he definitely underestimates the dangers of Fascism. We know, that there is an interrelationship between Communism and Fascism. Fascism offered itself for the uninitiated and innocent masses as the defence against Communism and what is more, as the solution for all the ailments of our modern, industrialized society for which Communists thought they had the sole and unfailing medicine. However, it would be a dangerous illusion to think that Fascism does not present a danger of its own.

Easy solutions are readily accepted by the masses. The temptation to succumb to the ready solution of Fascism in our fight against Communism, should be seriously considered. Do we not see signs in our own society at our time, that people are willing to listen to fascist-like suggestions offered by false patriots and jingoes, fascists in everything but name? Fascism is the most easily acceptable formula in the fight against Communism, because it does not postulate any spiritual change. The fact that it appeals to the emotions, also makes it easily acceptable to the masses.

Besides underestimating Fascism, there is something even more wrong with the above statement, which should be brought out as it seems to be characteristic of the whole political attitude of the author. Even if the defeat of Communism would spell the end of Fascism, would it also mean the elimination of the causes of both? Those causes are to be found deeply embedded in our present economic and social structure as well as in the lack of proper international organization and would by no means disappear after the physical defeat of Soviet-communism.

Unless we solve the problems of our time, which are global, both Communism and Fascism are here to stay.

That Mr. White means defeat brought about by physical forces, is made clear by the next quotation, which in no way relieves us from our fear of Fascism:

"We must be strong and resolute. We must not be deterred by charges of imperialism, for we shall be charged with imperialism in any event." And: "Power politics, willy-nilly, is the game that we must play. There is nothing wrong with power politics; indeed, there is no other kind."

Here we are, again back in the old world, with all the trimmings of power politics. Here we are, back in the world, which was split asunder because it did not understand the demand of the changed times. Our fear grows greater: will all the prospect of a more intelligent world fade away once more? Will all our hopes, together with the result of some rather uncertain steps in the right direction to build a better world, be submerged by this approaching and seemingly inevitable cataclysm?

It is well understood, preparations for an all out armed conflict with an unscrupulous enemy, which is endangering our most precious spiritual gift, Christianity, and our most valuable political heritage, Political Democracy, are the command of the hour. The impending danger does not allow us any choice but to fortify our defences and prepare for an armed defence of everything in which we, Christians, believe. But even in these dire hours of immeasurable misfortune, we never should lose sight of our ultimate aim: the building of a peaceful world for all the nations. If we do, we will not be strong enough spiritually to overcome our opponent, who is only too conscious of the necessity of using moral arms. He is doing everything possible to lure over into his camp all people by the false promise of a more just and more egalitarian world. We are more

than a match for him, if we only sincerely rely on Christianity and stick to our political democracy. If we only believe strongly enough in what we hold, we will be able to offer so much more not only in material well-being but also in spirit to the world, of which we are an inseparable part. If we are not able to offer spiritual salvation as well as material promise to the rest of the world, we lose ourselves.

Whatever Mr. White thinks, there is a lot wrong today with power politics, because there is some other kind. Although it is true that we shall be charged with imperialism whatever we do, I pray that those charges shall not be justified.

ZOLTAN SZTANKAY

RUSSIA'S SOVIET ECONOMY

By Harry Schwartz. New York. Prentice Hall. 1951. 592 pages. $6.65.

PROFESSOR SCHWARTZ, associate professor of economics at Syracuse University, has been a specialist on Soviet economics with the OSS and with the State Department. He knows the economy of the Soviet Union as few Americans could know it and he writes in a clear, lucid style. The result is a book which is both highly authoritative and highly readable.

In discussing the Soviet economy, Professor Schwartz first draws in the resource base, the historical background, and the ideological background. He then takes up the economic development of the USSR since 1917 with a chapter on the NEP (National Economic Plan). Then, in eight chapters, he discusses the organization and development of Soviet industry and agriculture, the transportation and communication system, the financial system, the labor situation, and trade, housing, and services. Chapter 14 discusses foreign economic relations and the concluding chapter summarizes the economic picture as it has developed in the past and discusses prospects for the future.

Professor Schwartz is an objective scholar who has made use of the most reliable sources both Russian and non-Russian. His conclusions are, therefore, most valuable. Briefly summarized, they are that despite the monumental advances accomplished by the Communists, the masses of the USSR have received neither economic liberty nor a satisfactory standard of living. He therefore believes that "the poverty-stricken masses of the USSR can become our most valuable allies if the fog of falsehood and ignorance that obstructs their understanding can be swept away."

PEACE CAN BE WON

By Paul G. Hoffman, Garden City, New York. Doubleday & Company, Inc. 1951. 188 pages. Cloth bound, $2.50. Paper bound, $1.00.

". . . the free world was never in greater peril." This sobering statement sets the tone of Paul G. Hoffman's timely book *Peace Can Be Won*. If peace is to be won, writes the author, the free nations of the world must first establish the source of its peril (boldly credited to the USSR) and then proceed to combat it on the military front, the economic

front, the political front, and on the psychological front. In order to do this effectively our best minds must be recruited to devise an over-all strategy for waging the peace. We need men who can "use all the tools of propaganda with imagination, boldness, and skill." Up to now we have failed in our efforts to win the peace. This is credited, largely, to the fact that we have only recently grasped the true nature of the peril and that we are still unable to fully appreciate the magnitude of the job of winning the peace.

As the world situation becomes increasingly critical the problem of leadership becomes more acute and little by little the United States is being eased into the driver's seat. Reluctant as we are, we must accept this new responsibility and through our leadership inspire other nations "to carry with vigor and pride" their own proportionate share of the burden—the essence of our leadership being "to share power *with* people rather than display power *over* people."

The author reminds his readers that "Our own security rests upon the security of others" and bids "those 'realists' who would abandon Western Europe to its fate remember that if Western Europe were taken over intact by the Kremlin, and its resources added to those of the Soviet sphere, the net result would be that the resources controlled by the Kremlin would in many essentials equal those of the United States." The implication is clear. We must help strengthen Western Europe, as well as ourselves, on the military front. On the economic front the ECA has proved to be "America's boldest experiment in waging the peace." On the political front a foreign policy is urgently needed which in time of peace will be as positive as foreign policy in time of war. On the psychological front we are faced with the tremendous job of selling the American way of life. The author, a salesman of no mean stature, gives the reader a detailed procedure for selling this unique product.

Mr. Hoffman, formerly president of the Studebaker Corporation and now director of the Ford Foundation, sincerely believes the peace can be won but reminds us that the struggle "may well be long and protracted." His greatest concern lies in the characteristic impatience of the American people. Mr. Hoffman's undoubting yet cautious faith in the potential greatness of the United States leads one to wonder if perhaps within the decade Uncle Sam is destined to become either the greatest hero or the greatest fool the world has ever known. This book demands reading.

BYRON L. FERGUSON

U.S.A.—THE PERMANENT REVOLUTION

By the Editors of *Fortune* with the collaboration of Russell W. Davenport. New York. Prentice-Hall. 1951. 267 pages. $3.75.

THIS is an *apologia* for the American Way of Life. Its thesis is that the United States is by no means perfect but that it is still a great country, built upon great ideas which were and still are explosive, and

capable, if she will, of carrying her new role in world affairs with competence and distinction.

It seems to us that this is a presentation of those "given" things which lie deep down in our thinking even when we are most critical of our country. We do believe, below all of our surface differences, in a political "System" which is based upon the ideas of liberty, equality, and constitutionalism. We do believe in an economic system which is, to a greater or lesser degree, capitalistic, and most of us reject the Marxian picture of capitalism as a system wholly predatory. We do believe in committees and clubs and associations and forums as vehicles for getting things done. These are the "given" things in our way of life. We argue about them, but we accept them.

It is refreshing to see these things presented sympathetically and, at the same time, critically. Unfortunately, many of us feel somewhat ill at ease talking about them because it is only one short step from this sort of talking to flag-waving. But, as the authors point out, there are plenty of people in our world who have reason to point out the shabby things about our country. It is time the world knew that there is something good to be said about it, also.

It is to be hoped that we will spend as much time and money getting this side of the story told as our enemies are spending in getting the other side told. It is important, not only for our own sake but for the sake of all of the world's people who are looking for a way of life, and a system, which perhaps we can offer them.

THE HOUSE OF LABOR

Edited by J. B. S. Hardman and Maurice F. Neufeld. Prepared under the auspices of the Inter-Union Institute, Inc. New York. Prentice-Hall, Inc. 1951. 549 pages. $7.65.

ALTHOUGH our labor unions have become accepted as a normal part of our society and newspaper and magazine articles regularly report a great deal of their activities and operation, very few people outside the labor movement really understand how a union functions. Yet in our industrial society it is becoming ever more important that people everywhere understand the nature and composition of the major organizations and institutions which shape our society. We need to know what kind of people lead our labor unions, who the members are, what the administrative and organizational process is, and what their activities are outside the sphere of direct negotiation with employers.

The House of Labor provides a wealth of material giving the inside view on unions as they actually function written by the people who do the jobs. The forty-nine contributors include many labor leaders who have become well known outside the ranks of labor such as Jack Kroll, James B. Carey, Mark Starr and Matthew Woll. All of them speak from extensive experience. The selections cover nearly all the aspects of union activity outside the sphere of contact negotiation and are exceptionally clear and interesting. Those who are already par-

tially acquainted with some aspects of the material may find the articles too brief and incomplete for full satisfaction, but this is probably the only serious criticism most readers will make.

DAVID A. LESOURD

WAR IN KOREA

By Marguerite Higgins. Doubleday. New York. 1951. 224 pages. $2.75.

MISS HIGGINS has done a man-sized job in reporting an indignant but factual account of the confusion that was so prevalent in the early days of the war. There is some confusion in the way that she presents the material however.

One can quickly read the pages that describe the conditions and problems that the GI's faced in the first months of the engagement. And the bitter comments of the troops who froze and starved amid advances and retreats, and more retreats.

The book does seem to bog down a little when Miss Higgins rather platitudinously explains the reasons for the United States intervention in the Korean affair.

What "makes" the book in the opinion of this reviewer, besides the excellent reporting, is the way in which Miss Higgins had to cover the war. She tried to forget and tried to make everyone else forget that she was a woman. And she tried to convince everyone that she was just a "newsman" getting a story. Her determination certainly overcame many obstacles that would have stopped many less persevering and less daring gals.

FICTION

THE PRINCESS OF CLEVES

By Madame de Lafayette. Translated from the French by Nancy Mitford. New York. James Laughlin. 1951.

THE PRINCESS OF CLEVES is an accurate historical narrative of the life of the French court in the sixteenth century, during the extravagant and opulent reign of Henri II. The author, Madame de Lafayette, was herself a member of the witty gay group of dilettanti who surrounded Louis XIV in the mid-seventeenth century. The novel has been translated with fidelity and a fine feeling for the French idiom by the English novelist, Nancy Mitford. The modern reader will be more interested in this little book for the author's intimate knowledge of the French court life, with its politics, love affairs, and intrigues, than for the unhurried and digressive plot of this very early French novel.

TIME FOR TAPIOCA

By Charlotte Stryker. New York. Thomas Y. Crowell Company. 1951. 250 pages. Illustrated by John Teppich. $3.00.

IT WAS still dark when the Strykers were awakened by a loud, persistent knocking. This was their first awakening in a strange house in an exotic land far, far away from their native Roselawn, Pennsylvania. Thoughts of fire, of an earthquake, and a volcanic eruption sent the Strykers scurrying into the hall. Here they saw no signs of panic or alarm.

Instead, they were greeted by their newly acquired Dutch housekeeper.

Juffrow Gelder was calm, poised, and wide-awake. "He is half past five," she said in her quaint English. "Usually one rises at five o'clock himself. But I let you sleep longer. I thought you must be tired after your long journey." Protests were in vain. "In Java one rises at five. It is the custom of the country." The energetic Strykers soon learned the futility of defying, or trying to disregard, Dutch conventions and Javanese *adat*. Dutch colonial life moved at a leisurely pace and in well-defined channels. Native customs were centuries old and not to be changed by any foreigner.

Time for Tapioca presents a lively and engaging account of an American family's experiences in Java in the late 1920s.

POSSIBLE WORLDS OF SCIENCE FICTION

Edited by Groff Conklin. New York. The Vanguard Press. 1951. 372 pages. $2.95.

BEYOND the blue horizon lies—what? No one knows for sure and many a person has speculated on the answer, some allowing their imagination free play, others undergirding their imaginings with a body of known facts about the universe outside our planet.

Here are twenty-two answers by as many different authors. Twelve of them deal with our solar system, ten with the Galaxy. We Earthmen appear as everything from fairly decent chaps to downright savages but in either role we are in there pitching, our space suits zipped up and our rocket fuel all loaded aboard.

None of the stories are necessarily true. But the fascinating thing is that none of them are necessarily untrue, either. And they certainly make enjoyable reading.

BARBARY SHORE

By Norman Mailer. Rinehart. New York. 1951. 312 pages. $3.00.

IN TRYING to present the thesis that the only hope for a society which is depraved by the capitalist system is socialist culture, Mr. Mailer lets a seeming obsession for sex dominate his work. Not recommended.

HISTORY

THE GLORY OF THE MEDIEVAL WORLD

By Regine Pernoud. New York. Roy Publishers. 1951. 266 pages. $4.50.

THE title of the present volume is descriptive of its content. The message of Medieval splendor, presented here in broader perspective and more convincingly than by Walsh in *The Thirteenth, Greatest of Centuries,* is always an interesting topic—even though one does not share the nostalgia for aspects of Medieval life experienced by the author. It is understandable that in such a volume the author will not dwell on the seamy side of Medieval lore but will select more "photogenic" subjects, e.g., the role of the family in Medieval affairs, the rights and manner of

life of the peasant, the extent of trading operations, the range of scientific interests and discoveries, the variety of everyday life.

To be sure, a measure of interpretation is inevitable, for the very selection of material which one will treat is interpretation; this aspect of interpretation is made more pronounced in the present volume by the selection of brighter aspects of Medieval life. Moreover, within these aspects a balanced treatment is not obtained, as one sees, e.g., in the reference to Charlemagne's missionaries rather than his armies sent to Saxony, or in the wonderful moderation of the Inquisition during the whole of the Middle Ages. There is no need for Roman Catholic historians to be indulgent when presenting the weaknesses or excesses of Medieval culture; the present volume, while sympathetic and appealing to the imagination, is part of the Romantic interpretation of the Age of Faith which presents the better side of a period seen by modern critical historians—if they should feel called to make such sweeping generalizations at all—as both glorious and inglorious.

NEWSWEEK'S HISTORY OF OUR TIMES—Vol. 2

By the Editors of Newsweek. New York. Funk and Wagnalls. 1951. 611 pages. $6.00.

THIS volume covers the events of 1950, giving (as would be expected) major emphasis to the Korean War and to events related to the war. Like volume 1, the present volume is big, inclusive, and reflective of *Newsweek's* objectivity.

An anthology such as this contains the stuff of history. How much of it will still be remembered ten years from now, or even five, no one knows. Perhaps even the most important events of 1950 were unknown and, therefore, unreported. But here is what most of us thought was important in 1950. The book will prove interesting if only as a period piece.

By the way, volume 1 is also available and may be purchased with volume 2 for a combined price of $12.00.

HUMOR

SALAD DAYS

By Bellamy Partridge. Illustrated by Richard Powers. New York. Thomas Y. Crowell Co. 1951. xi, 272 pages. $3.50.

THIS reminiscitory book takes the reader back to the turn of the century and through the author's days in college and law school. Mr. Partridge weaves an outline of his life during the eight year period into a broad background of humorous incidents in which he was involved.

Aspirant writer-turned lawyer-turned writer Partridge has an airy prose which provides light reading, but the dust jacket's claim of "one side-splitting episode after another" is something of an exaggeration. Smiles and an occasional chuckle can be coaxed forth, but this reviewer reports his sides still intact. The author states that this book was a long time in coming. Perhaps it was too long,

for all in all, the "Salad" today is somewhat wilted.

L. F. BARTELT, JR.

NOTHING SERIOUS

By P. G. Wodehouse. New York. Doubleday and Company. 1951. 222 pages. $2.50.

IF YOU need to be told that the publication of a brand new set of Wodehouse stories is an event, you are reading the wrong section of this magazine. If "Plum" Wodehouse has a fault, it is his stubborn insistence upon eating and drinking and sleeping when he could be turning out more stories about the Drones Club and "the Oldest Member" and Lord Emsworth to satisfy the insatiable thirst of his readers.

The present collection is good stuff, unfortunately somewhat incomplete because of the absence of the remarkable Jeeves. But hope springs eternal. Perhaps "Plum" is saving The Butler for a book of his own?

LITERARY CRITICISM

THE LITERATURE OF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE,
An Historical and Critical Survey

Edited by Arthur Hobson Quinn. Appleton-Century-Crofts. New York. 1951. 1,172 pages. Library Edition. $9.00.

ONE of these days we shall have to substitute numbers for titles of books on the same subject. For instance, this large volume might be called No. 171 (or any similar number) in the long series of histories of our native writings. The supremacy of the standard *Cambridge History of American Literature* was effectively challenged by the recent *Literary History of the United States;* and in turn now this new work becomes a top contender. We predict a long and bright future for *The Literature of the American People.*

Professor Quinn is ably assisted by three scholars, Kenneth B. Murdock who is responsible for Part 1, The Colonial and Revolutionary Period; Clarence Gohdes, Part 3, The Later Nineteenth Century; and George F. Whicher, Part 4, The Twentieth Century. The editor-in-chief personally accounts for Part 2, The Establishment of National Literature. Though each part is clearly individualized, there is commendable uniformity of treatment throughout.

As a sample, here are a few topics discussed in the 53rd, or final chapter which is labelled Twentieth-Century Forms and Pressures: improvement of the economic status of literary workers; enlargement of the audience; the leveling of literature under big business; reaction to standardization and commercialism, the little theatre, the little magazine; the new journalism, the column, the profile; public demand for biographies and war books; new media of communication and their availability for literature, the movies, the radio, television. Notice the broadened scope and range! This extensiveness is reflected likewise in the 28th chapter, Literature and the Allied Arts, i.e., painting, sculpture, architecture, and music. The Challenge of Social Problems and of Science, chapter 38, deserves

special mention together with Cross-Currents in American Thought, chapter 50.

All in all, this book is a stimulating commentary on our national literary ideas and ideals. The reader can find his way quickly by means of the 63 page, double-columned index. An even lengthier bibliography reveals immense possibilities for readings beyond this work. The printing is excellent and the editing is sound; but the condensation of so much material into single-volume style does cause the reader to pause frequently for mental digestion, not a handicap, really. Unreservedly, this is a notable book.

HERBERT H. UMBACH

THOMAS MANN

By Henry Hatfield. Norfolk, Conn. New Directions Books. 1951. 179 pages. $2.00.

HENRY HATFIELD'S volume on Mann in the *Makers of Modern Literature* series is sympathetically and ably done. When considering such a work of literary criticism one tends to judge the original writer as well as the interpreter; in this case the reviewer, who has read Mann assiduously through the *Joseph* tetralogy and *The Transposed Heads* and has memorized many short sections, sees nothing in Mr. Hatfield's careful study to alter his opinion. Dr. Mann is a writer of genius; one is quickly made aware of this in the short stories and novellas. His recurring theme of antithesis between "spirit" and "life" —though alien to the reviewer's metaphysics—serves as an elucidation of an aspect of human existence, especially as this is presented with a bright, gem-like quality in stories like *Tonio Kröger* and *Death in Venice.* Yet Mann's frequent digressions, the long erudite discussions, his identification with a humanist culture and world-view which is highly questionable—these things provoke an equivocal estimate of Mann's work. Moreover, Mann's questionable political sagacity has served, unjustifiably, to prejudice his more solid achievements. Mr. Hatfield's critique is of considerable value in clarifying aspects of Mann's life and writings, and it is appreciated in particular when dealing with complex problems of *The Magic Mountain* and the *Joseph* cycle.

MILTON AND MELVILLE

By Henry F. Pommer. Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. University of Pittsburgh Press. 1950.

HENRY F. POMMER is a competent scholar and professor of English at Alleghany College, Meadville, Pennsylvania, and the holder of a Ph.D. degree from Yale. His book, *Milton and Melville,* is a detailed, scholarly study of the influences of the English poet John Milton upon the American writer Herman Melville. Professor Pommer particularly considers the masterpieces of both authors: Milton's *Paradise Lost* and Melville's *Moby Dick.*

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY

THE STRUGGLE OF THE SOUL

By Lewis Joseph Sherrill. The Macmillan Company. New York. 1951.

IN THIS work the author attempts to trace the crises within the religious life of the individual from infancy through old age. Professor Sherrill sees life and growth or the lack of it as a series of encounters between God and man. The outcome depends upon the response of man to these encounters. Thus man may respond "perhaps by an outgoing faith, or, on the other hand, by shrinking back in a self-protecting compromise, or even in full rejection; sometimes, indeed, by passing on without knowing that it (the dynamic self) has met God at all." To achieve the fullest spiritual life possible the author believes that man must pass successfully through the following phases of development: a. That of becoming an individual and relating oneself to both persons and things, usually typical of childhood; b. That of becoming weaned away from one's parents in adolescence; c. That of finding one's basic identifications usually experienced in young maturity; d. That of achieving a mature view of life and the universe, a philosophy of life—the typical preoccupation of middle life; e. That of achieving simplification of life in its physical, material, and spiritual aspects so that the soul may proceed unhampered toward its chosen destiny, a phase typical of old age.

Using Sherrill's definition of the soul and of the religious life he achieves his goal in the book. However it seems to me that either Professor Sherrill should put more emphasis upon the way in which he defines these words or else redefine his goal, for the book seems to be merely a Christian view of human development. As such it is well done and would be well worth reading, yet this is not that which the author hopes to do. Nevertheless the book is interesting and is clearly written and quite understandable to even the lay reader.

Anyone seeking a deeper understanding of himself and others would benefit by reading *The Struggle of the Soul.*

A CRITIQUE OF LOGICAL POSITIVISM

By C. E. M. Joad. Chicago. The University of Chicago Press. 1950.

C. E. M. JOAD, who writes with as much philosophical as literary facility, neither of which is inconsiderable, has long ago distinguished himself by his pungent criticisms of the irrationalism and decadence in contemporary philosophy and religion. For this, and for his conversion in late years to the Christian faith, he has sometimes been likened to another British Christian apologist, C. S. Lewis.

After seeing his students entranced by the vogue of logical positivism and after reading, in a letter in the *New Statesman,* that A. J. Ayer's positivistic *Language, Truth and Logic* "has in Oxford since the end of the war acquired almost the status of

a philosophic Bible," Professor Joad here undertakes to prove that logical positivism engenders a negative climate opinion which is favorable to Fascism, "since Fascism steps into the vacuum left by an abeyance of concern with fundamental human values." Accordingly Joad declares that the intention of his book is primarily practical, that he is principally concerned, not to question philosophically whether logical positivism is *true*—"a word, by the way, which in any commonly accepted interpretation logical positivists would promptly repudiate as meaningless"—but rather to show that this positivism will encourage, at least indirectly, intolerance and violence in matters religious and moral. Contrary to his promise, however, Joad does not confine himself, not even mostly, to the practical. And that is fortunate. His discussion of "the effects of logical positivism" is admirably restricted to the last chapter, and his best chapters, I should say, are those which deal with logical positivism's principle of verifiability and with its theories of knowledge and truth.

Actually Joad's critique, as he himself points out, is for the most part a sustained review of a single book, the earlier edition of Ayer's *Language, Truth and Logic,* and it is not therefore, as the title misleadingly suggests, a critique of logical positivism in general. The work of Wittgenstein, Schlick, Ryle, Wisdom, Carnap, so far as I can discover, is referred to either very slightly (and slightingly) or not at all. Joad's reasons for this limitation, however, are readily justified.

The most telling thrust of the entire critique is delivered against Ayer's verification principle, which in turn is the very cornerstone of the positivistic structure. This principle declares, in effect, that any statement is significant or meaningful to a person only insofar as he is able to imagine what sensory experience would be required to verify it. Thus the statement "All boys have green hair," though it may not be true, would probably be admitted by the positivists to be a meaningful proposition, since we may conceive of such sense experience as would enable us to determine the statement's truth or falsity. By the same principle, however, statements like "Goethe's *Faust* is great art" or "Virtue is its own reward" or "God is loving," since these are not capable, even conceivably, of sensory verification, are not therefore factually meaningful, are not valid propositions. In selecting his shaft for this inviting target, Joad relies almost not at all on the old favorite, though probably still acceptable, criticism of the verification principle: namely, that a statement's meaning must be somehow independent of its verification since, if I am to devise some appropriate experience for verifying a particular statement, I must know what that statement means before I am in a position to verify it.

Instead Joad's (best) criticism of the verification principle is much more closely reasoned and, I suspect, more profound. Consider a simple statement like "This is a desk." What does it mean? It means, the logical positivist Ayer would probably say, that "a brown and a hard and a rectangular sense-content are now

occurring." What after all is a thing like a desk? What else, Ayer would say, but a logical construction, a conceptual creation, from the more elementary, irreducible sense-contents symbolized by "brown," "hard," "rectangular," etc. But, Joad seems to reply, let us examine what the logical positivists understand by "sense-contents." Can they, on their own premises, maintain that these sense-contents are really so elementary and irreducible as all that? According to Ayer himself (at least the early Ayer), when I describe an object before me as "brown," I am not simply registering my impression of something which is immediately and automatically given as brown. Rather (I suppose he means) in order for me even to recognize it as brown, I must first engage in such mental acts of construction as remembering and comparing and must say to myself: This immediate impression which is occurring here and now is similar to those other immediate impressions in the past which I have symbolized by the word "brown," therefore this impression here and now must also be "brown." But you see then, Joad is saying, this allegedly so irreducible sense-content is not so irreducible after all. It is itself, the logical positivists must concede, a conceptual creation, a logical construction. And so if a "thing" like a desk is a logical construction from brown, hard, rectangular sense-contents, and if these sense-contents are constructions from other sense-contents (my past impressions of brown, etc.), and those other sense-contents from still others, I am caught in an infinite regress. And that alone would be sufficient to render the verification principle suspect. But that is not the worst of it. If, as the principle insists, a statement's meaning is its mode of verification, then the above infinite regress prevents us, not only from ever *verifying* the statement "This is a desk," but from even understanding what the statement *means*.

All in all, though, it would seem that Joad, after having stated such a convincing case against logical positivism's theories of knowledge, truth, value, the self, could have done much better, by way of a conclusion, than to suggest that logical positivism opens the door to Fascism, that it creates a metaphysical vacuum in matters of ultimate concern, which vacuum can then be filled only by unreasoned and arbitrary propaganda. Is it not rather the case that logical positivism, far from keeping its hands off metaphysical questions, has its own, at least implicit and disguised, "solutions" to these questions, and so is disseminating, not no metaphysics, but inarticulate and bad metaphysics? Admittedly such statements should be made with extreme caution, and Joad's own restraint in this matter is to be commended. But he himself has plainly shown that such logical positivist statements "as that there is no non-sensory order of reality, or that all knowledge is of the same kind as scientific knowledge, or that metaphysical propositions are meaningless, or that the meaning of an empirical proposition is the mode of its verification" are themselves a bit of "metaphysics" (sic), albeit metaphysics of an extremely arbitrary and unacknowledged sort. And he points, fur-

thermore, to positivism's implicit materialism, and he might well have said similar things about its implied reductionistic view of man.

To say all this in criticism of the logical positivists is not equivalent, however, to taking sides with Professor Joad's own rosy-hued Platonism. It may possibly be true, as Joad seems to believe, that positivism, with its attack on speculative philosophy, with its strictures on rationalistic metaphysics and ethics, has truncated the full stature of man's greatness. But what is even more true, and what Joad fails to recognize, is that logical positivism has artificially and prematurely deprived man of much of his capacity for sin. It seems that any philosophy worthy of the name must account in some measure for man's desperately pious attempts to find his own ultimate justification for his existence, attempts which in his ethical life make him a pharisee and a moralist, and which in his thought-life make him a Heaven-storming rationalist. To attempt to escape this evil risk, as the logical positivists do, by dismissing it as a logical impossibility, is to attempt a philosophy which is neither sufficiently true nor sufficiently sinful.

ROBERT BERTRAM

THE WORD LIVES ON

Edited by Frances Brentano, Doubleday and Company. Garden City. 1951.

THE WORD LIVES ON is an anthology of religious literature drawn from both contemporary writers and from the classics. Mrs. Brentano includes selections from the works of such men as Sholem Asch, Herman Melville, Heywood Broun, William Saroyan, Kahil Gibran, and Leo Tolstoi. The selections deal with religious experiences and people of faith as well as with Biblical scenes. It is a collection which would be enjoyed in the home particularly because it would be of value in reading to children. The selections are short, thoroughly readable and at times instructive. The adult reader, I am sure, will recognize favorites and be introduced to new sources of reading as yet untapped but of potential value and interest.

There is, of course, a great deal of variety, but the central theme is always evident and Mrs. Brentano's taste is excellent. Of course an anthology has never been issued in which a reader did not ask himself why a particular selection was included or how the editor could omit another favorite. This is also true in *The Word Lives On,* but I liked the anthology very much both in its independent parts and as a whole, and after all, that is something for an anthology.

HANDBOOK OF DENOMINATIONS IN THE UNITED STATES

By Frank S. Mead. Nashville. The Abingdon-Cokesbury Press. 1951. 207 pages. $2.75.

DR. MEAD states in his preface that he has "endeavored to produce . . . a reference volume interested only in the factual truth and development of the religious bodies of the

United States." In view of the almost endless multiplication of sects, this will immediately appear to be a formidable task, but one at which Dr. Mead has proved eminently successful.

We might quibble at his inclusion of Judaism and his omission of Roman Catholicism but generally the work is of high quality. Each of the denominations is discussed from the standpoint of its history, its distinctive doctrines, its organization, and its present status, there are tables of church membership in the United States, and there is a glossary of theological and ecclesiastical terms.

This book should be among the reference volumes on every pastor's bookshelf.

THE BIBLE ILLUSTRATED

By Paul Gustave Dore. New York. Pilsbury Publishers, Inc. 1951. $2.25.

MANY of us grew up with the works of Paul Gustave Dore, the "Preacher Painter," his illustrations so intimately bound up with Scripture that we cannot think of the story of the widow's mite without seeing the big, fat fellow looking down his nose at the widow just as, when we think of the parable of Lazarus and the rich man, we inevitably picture the big Ethiopian ordering Lazarus off the steps. The illustrations are pictorial representations of the text, true to the text not only in content but in spirit.

The present volume is a collection of Dore engravings chosen, as the publishers say, as "representatives of the historical, poetic, and prophetic elements of the Old Testament. In the New Testament, chief place is given to the life of Jesus, the Christ." It is a beautiful piece of work.

SCIENCE

MAN IS A MICROCOSM

By J. A. V. Butler. New York. The Macmillan Company. 1951.

THIS is a nicely written, easily read little book by a biochemist reflecting on what implications his studies have concerning the nature of man. In his treatment of the materials of which organisms are composed, of "life," of "mind," and of "free will," he comes time and again (sometimes later, sometimes sooner) to the frontiers of knowledge beyond which there are but outlines (if those) in the hazy beyond. Thus he points out the fact that "under the microscope of science, man does not shrink into insignificance." If you need to be impressed with this fact and would consider this a revaluation of man, this book is significant for you.

HUMAN FERTILITY: The Modern Dilemma

By Robert C. Cook. New York. William Sloane Associates. 1951.

AUTHOR COOK puts his finger on a sore spot which lies behind much of the world tension today—overpopulation. The matter, treated over a century ago by Malthus, has received considerable attention again in recent years. Scientists have garnered information concerning population growth and trends and have pointed out that large and increasing populations are depleting our natural

resources, are lowering our standard of living faster than modern technology can build it up, are possibly even responsible for the lowering of average intelligence in some populations. Political, social, and economic problems are being created and some of the roots of war lie right here. Yet this information has hardly sifted down to the people; church and state, though possibly aware of the problem, have done or said or thought little about it.

The author, presenting these well established scientific findings in well reasoned fashion, does so with a zeal betokening his own feeling of urgency in the matter and calculated to stimulate interest and action in others where it is so seriously needed if something is to be done before it is too late.

COOPERATION AMONG ANIMALS

By W. C. Allee. New York. Henry Schuman. 1951.

PROF. W. C. ALLEE is one of the world's best known and most highly respected biologists, and the author of this review considers it a distinct privilege to have sat at the feet of this distinguished and inspiring teacher.

What Prof. Allee presents here in a relatively small space is the condensation of his life's interest and research concerning animals as social organisms, particularly cooperation among animals, and his mature convictions concerning the implications of such studies. He summarizes as follows:

We have good evidence, then, that these two types of social or subsocial interactions exist among animals: the self-centered, egoistic drives, which lead to personal advancement and self-preservation; and the group-centered, more or less altruistic drives, which lead to the preservation of the group, or of some members of it, perhaps at the sacrifice of many others.

The presence of egoistic forces in animal life has long been recognized. It is not so well known that the idea of the group-centered forces of natural cooperation also has a respectable history.

. . .

Widely dispersed knowledge concerning the important role of basic cooperative processes among living beings may lead to the acceptance of cooperation as a guiding principle both in social theory and as a basis for human behavior. Such a development when it occurs will alter the course of human history.

As happens in condensations of this type, one misses the wealth of examples and the bolstering evidence. But readers of this book will agree that Prof. Allee is remarkably adept at incisely making the point supported by the evidence, stimulating interest in matters yet to be untangled, and throughout holding one's attention with his clarity and wit.

OTHER BOOKS

HAMMOND'S CITY STREET MAP ATLAS AND TRIP GUIDE

New York. C. S. Hammond and Company. 1951.

WHY didn't someone think of this before? Here in one small book about the size of an appointment

book are 78 maps of the downtown districts of the important cities of the United States and Canada, sixteen pages of sectional highway maps, four pages of railway maps, four pages of airline maps, four pages of bus route maps, a list of the principal cities of the United States with 1950 census figures, and sixteen pages of maps of foreign countries. Facing each city map is a page listing the airlines, bus lines, and railroads that serve it, plus a list of the better hotels and generous space for notes.

Highly recommended for anyone who travels.

YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK PHOTOGRAPHIC PORTFOLIO

Photographs by Franz Lipp. Chicago. Pellegrini and Cudahy. 1951. $1.50.

THIS is not actually a book but a set of twelve pictures (six landscapes and six animal studies) taken by Franz Lipp in Yellowstone National Park. It might, as a matter of fact, be more accurate to call this a portfolio of art than a portfolio of photography for Franz Lipp has made his camera the tool of an artist and has succeeded in capturing both the grandeur of Yellowstone's landscape and the shy charm of its animals.

Each picture measures 10x13½ inches and would be suitable for framing. The set is supposed to be the first in a series. Such a series would indeed be a feather in the cap of the young publishing house of Pellegrini and Cudahy.

AND MY HIGH TOWER

By Virginia F. Selvey. Garden City, New York. Doubleday and Company, Inc. 1951. 160 pages. $2.00.

FOR all those discontented married couples whose lives have become humdrum and whose days are filled with bickering, irritability and self-pity, this book offers a solution. It is a true story, written by a young wife and mother about how she and her husband saved their marriage and their own happiness through a complete mental and spiritual about-face. Their new life began in Columbus, Ohio, through the inspiration and guidance of Dr. Roy Burkhart of the First Community Church in Columbus. After being convinced of the great truths of the Bible, Virginia Selvey's life is changed from despair to radiance and enthusiasm. It is also through this same spiritual rebirth that her husband changes his occupation from salesman to minister.

Mrs. Selvey writes in an urgent and appealing manner. However, as though in a great hurry to tell her story, the author writes perhaps too briskly and leaves out details which might have added more weight to the significance of her experiences.

GRACE WOLF

NATURE'S WAYS

By Roy Chapman Andrews. Crown. New York. 1951. 138 pages.

DR. ANDREWS, the noted natural historian and explorer, has put together a book which the publisher justly calls a book for every American home, a book which is "everybody's book." There are 144 illustrations

of high quality, including many works by the skilled painter Andre Durenceau. The theme of the book is to show how "nature takes care of her own," how many of the members of the animal world are equipped with characteristics which enable them to survive in a world where the "live and let live" policy is unheard of. The author speaks delightfully of strange animals and familiar ones, about the gnu's front bumper, about a certain caterpillar's ugliness, and about the Valhalla of the Johnny Penguins. A most pleasant book.

HOW TO GET IT FROM THE GOVERNMENT

By Stacy V. Jones. New York. E. P. Dutton. 1951. 104 pages. $1.50.

THE "It" indicated in the title may be anything from 1,520 acres of land to a loan for business purposes to prosecution of rent act violators to your grandfather's gallstones. Somewhere within the labyrinthine structure of government, all of these things and many more are on hand or available, the only trick being to know whom to see or write to get ahold of them.

Stacy Jones tells whom to write or see. He arranges the services of government under the headings of government's major functions as provider, employer, banker, realtor, source of information, teacher, household helper, host, guardian, policeman, servant, and customer. There is something for everybody here, as the author says, "from the cradle, at which mother may use a Government booklet on Infant Care, to the grave, which may be in a national cemetery." With taxes what they are, the average citizen should find this book useful in helping him to make use of some of the services for which he is paying.

HOW TO BUILD YOUR OWN FURNITURE

By Paul Bry. Macmillan. New York. 1951. 138 pages.

MANY people, though unskilled in woodcraft, like to work with wood but have few of the tools with which this work can be done expertly. In this book, the author, an interior designer of some reputation, gives detailed plans for the construction of various household items—*e.g.*, a desk, chair, chest, table—which can be made with the few basic tools such as hammer, saw and rule. This limitation of available tools places stringent demands on the design of the various pieces of furniture illustrated and perhaps limits the utility of this book.

FLORENCE

By Edmond-Rene Labande. New York. McGraw-Hill Book Company. 1951. 208 pages. $5.00.

THIS is a truly distinguished book. In finely written text and in superb gravure photographs. M. Labande unfolds the story of Italy's great museum city, leaving the reader overwhelmed by the magnificence of its cultural heritage.

Here are pictures of the city of today, with its churches, bridges, palazzos, and monuments. Some of the greatest works of Michelangelo, Giotto, Lippi, Donatello, Cellini, del

Sarto, Botticelli, Raphael, Titian, Fra Angelico, and Ghirlandaio are reproduced with a really remarkable clarity. And the text shows a sensitive understanding of both the city and its treasures.

Galileo and Dante, Lorenzo de Medici and Amerigo Vespucci—all of these and many more heroic figures still cast their shades over this venerable city on the turbulent Arno. Many an American has learned to love it with the sort of intensity usually reserved for Paris or London or Rome. Those who have seen Florence will find here their memories in tangible form. Those many of us whose roots extend down too deep for travel can bring at least the visible essence of the city into our own living rooms.

All this array of professors, all this paraphernalia of learning cannot educate a man. They can help him to educate himself. Here you may obtain the tools, but they will be useful only to him who can use them. A monkey with a microscope, a mule packing a library, are fit emblems of the men—and, unfortunately, they are plenty—who pass through the whole educational machinery and come out learned fools, crammed with knowledge which they cannot use—all the more pitiable, all the more contemptible, all the more in the way of real progress, because they pass, with themselves and others, as educated men.

HENRY GEORGE to the faculty and students of the University of California, March, 1877.

The READING ROOM

By JOHN STRIETELMEIER

IT WILL undoubtedly be as much a matter of regret to our readers as it is to us on the staff that Dr. Coates who, for many years, has very capably filled this corner of the CRESSET, has found himself so burdened with other work that he has had to ask us to release him from his CRESSET duties. This the editors have done reluctantly. And so the Reading Room is, for the present, a Room to Let.

Before we go any further, I feel duty bound on behalf of the editors to acknowledge the debt which the CRESSET owes Dr. Coates. As a columnist, an associate, and assistant editor, he has been faithful in things both great and small. We who are late-comers to the CRESSET are especially indebted to him for the many courtesies and the unfailing kindness which we have received at his hands. He knew both how to agree and to disagree with changes in style and policy and in either case his attitude was determined by his loyalty to the ideals on which this magazine was founded and was stated in terms of Christian kindness. We are very happy that, although he cannot find the time to continue as a columnist, he remains a member of the associates.

But now we must talk about periodical literature and it seems to me that it might not be out of place, this one time, to look beyond this or that particular magazine to the general pattern of periodical literature. As the factotum of a magazine which tries, at least, to address a thoughtful audience, I cannot help wondering, sometimes, what it takes to make a magazine a success in terms of circulation. I say I wonder because it is obvious, from our circulation figures, that we have not made the CRESSET a successful magazine from the circulation standpoint.

But I find some consolation in the A.B.C. Publisher's Statements on magazine circulation. It is generally assumed that the *Rdrs Dgst* (to swipe an expression from the *New Yorker)* is America's most widely circulated magazine, although A.B.C. cannot vouch for it because the *Dgst* carries no adver-

tising. The publishers state their circulation as in excess of 8,000,000. This figure is approximately one-half the elementary school enrollment of the United States, indicating that the *Dgst* still has a fertile field for expansion.

Immediately below the *Dgst* in circulation (and perhaps overlapping to at least some extent its reader audience) is the National Comics Group and in third place stands the Marvel Comic Group, the two of them together supplying the literary hunger of some 14,000,000 Americans. (Actually the figure would be closer to 56,000,000 if we accept the usual estimate of four readers for each subscription.) Fourth place honors go to True Story Women's group with over five million subscribers and the remaining six of the top ten are, in order, *Life, The Ladies Home Journal,* the Fawcett Comics Group, *The Saturday Evening Post,* the Harvey Comics Group, and *The Woman's Home Companion.*

Altogether, 56 magazines were reported in our statistics as having a circulation of one million or more per month. Of these 56, nineteen are either specifically women's magazines or are primarily beamed toward women. I include in these the "romance" magazines and the screen magazines and the home magazines. Ten of the 56 are comics magazines. Thus more than half of these circulation leaders fall into only two classes. Incidentally, it is hardly to be presumed that the comics magazines are bought exclusively by children and it might be reasonable to suppose, in view of the large number and variety of women's magazines, that the comics are not bought to any considerable extent by women, either. Perhaps the comics groups take care of the cultural hunger of the male population, a conclusion which seems not too far-fetched when one notes that the leading magazine which appeals specifically to a male audience is *The American Legion.*

As might be expected, not a single one of the 56 circulation leaders is religious in orientation (although, of course, several of them are vaguely sympathetic to religion). All of the 56 assume the general moral tone of the upper middle class, all of them champion a kind of free enterprise capitalism, all of them idolize womanhood and youth, and all of them assume that we are a kind of Chosen People. This is not to say that there are no "good" magazines on the list. Quite the contrary. Many of them display commendable qualities of taste, maturity, and responsibility. This is especially noteworthy in the women's magazines such as the *Journal* and *Good Housekeeping. Life,* with all of its idiosyncrasies, has

recognized the responsibility which accompanies its circulation and has dared to say unpleasant things because it thought the things were apropos to the situation. Both the *Post* and *Collier's* have set high standards of responsible journalism. *National Geographic* has, despite the sneers of the professional geographers, done perhaps more than most classroom geography teachers to break down the provincialism and isolationism of the American reading public. *Time* is a bit harder to judge. Its comprehensiveness is sometimes offset by its preoccupation with TIMEstyle which sometimes makes it overemphasize minor but highly readable details at the expense of a balanced picture.

But having said all of that, it must still be admitted that much of our periodical literature is trash. Now and then some comics magazine gets a short-lived rash of social consciousness and runs a series on American history or contemporary problems but most of them are still satisfied with the simple elemental circulation builders (guns, grim-faced men, and top-heavy women). The screen magazines, also, can hardly be considered major contributions to a high order of culture. Their problem is the relatively simple one of getting together as many pictures of the stars as the publicity offices can grind out, tossing a little vapid prose around them, and sending them out to a reading public which, seemingly, never tires of reading even the most inconsequential detail of the private lives of its deities.

The interesting thing about the list of one-million circulation magazines is the absence of certain magazines from the list. I am not now thinking of what many of us consider the important journals but of magazines which are generally better known than many of those which appear among the top 56—magazines such as *The New Yorker* (which, incidentally, is excellent by any standards), *Newsweek, Holiday, Esquire, U. S. News and World Report.* It is obvious, therefore, that circulation figures alone do not tell the whole story of a magazine's influence. Some of the top 56 obviously exert a major influence upon thinking in our time. But there are magazines with much smaller circulations which exert as much influence (and in some cases several times as much) as these circulation giants.

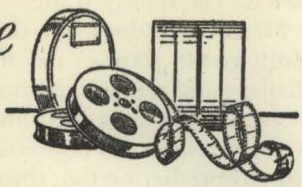
Man is what he reads or, perhaps more properly, man reads what he is. An isolated Trappist might, on rare occasions, pick up a Whoozis Comics Group magazine to while away a few minutes between poems but one does not get a circulation of 7,000,000 out of such isolated instances, at least not month after month all year

'round. The considerable amount of printed junk which appears on the newsstands each month can not, therefore, be blamed upon the publishers who supply it but upon the millions of supposedly literate readers who demand it. This says something about our educational system and it suggests a few hints to pastors, politicians, civic leaders, and educators who, for reasons as various as their callings, might want to "get through" to this mass audience. It would seem, superficially, that appeals to logic or taste would be mostly wasted. Give 'em pictures and excitement and a minimum of printed matter if you want to get your point across.

And yet there is reason for encouragement. If you compare the kind of mass circulation magazine we have today with the kind we had ten or twenty years ago, it is obvious that there has been a considerable improvement, especially if one has noted the improvements within the magazines themselves. LIFE was not always as mature and concerned about fundamentals as it is today. TIME has calmed down considerably. Even LOOK has matured through the years. The pressure of public opinion (much of it, it would seem, based upon a misapprehension of the role the comics have played in juvenile delinquency) has forced the comics to clean up some of the more objectionable material. It is my personal impression that no such improvements have been made in the "romance" and screen magazines but I must admit that I see them only occasionally.

I said a while ago that these statistics comfort me now and then, especially when we review the CRESSET's circulation position at the end of the month. I am comforted both by the sobering realization that under no conceivable circumstances could this magazine become one of the mass-circulation group and by the suggestion which the statistics offer that the reading tastes of the American audience are, if not much higher than they were a generation ago, certainly no lower. Then, as now, a few small magazines supplied the reading wants of a discriminating audience, and that is not said snobbishly. Then, as now, the patterns of future thought were established, not by the circulation leaders but by the smaller journals.

But then there was no television a generation ago. What will that do to American reading habits? I hope to answer that question in this same place ten years from now —if there is still a CRESSET then.

The  *Motion Picture*

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

FOR a long time the motion-picture industry has been a popular and vulnerable target for adverse criticism. This column has relayed to readers of THE CRESSET many of the charges made against movie-makers by writers, commentators, research workers, drama critics, and motion-picture patrons.

I think it is only fair to give the industry a chance to talk back. This is just what Arthur L. Mayer does in "Myths and Movies," an excellent article which appeared in the June issue of *Harper's Magazine.*

Mr. Mayer insists that all the blame for poor or mediocre films does not lie with the movie-makers. The movie-going public, too, is at fault.

The author of "Myths and Movies" is a veteran in the industry. He is executive vice-president of the Council of Motion Picture Organizations and has served as film adviser for many important agencies, including the E.C.A. and the Civil Liberties Union.

During the fifteen years in which he operated the Rialto Theater in New York City, Mr. Mayer learned through painful experience that the public often fails to support outstanding productions. This in spite of the oft-repeated demands for "better pictures" and "more mature films." As a matter of fact, Mr. Mayer says that when he observes the *good* receipts for what *good* people call bad pictures, and the *bad* receipts for what they call *good* pictures, he is reminded of Henry L. Mencken's acidulous dictum, "No one ever went broke *under*estimating the taste of the American public."

Mr. Mayer's long association with Joseph Burstyn has made him an authority on foreign film releases. He debunks the notion—widely held by the so-called intelligentsia—that foreign films are far superior to our native product. By and large, he contends, foreign films are inferior to American productions in story, acting, and technical proficiency. Only occa-

sionally did the Mayer-Burstyn company discover outstandingly artistic presentations in foreign markets. Of these only a handful have been box-office successes in the United States.

Mr. Mayer cites as an example *The Titan,* a magnificent screen study of the life and works of the great Michelangelo. Although *The Titan* was enthusiastically acclaimed by motion-picture critics here and abroad and was singled out as the best foreign film of 1950 by the National Board of Review, as yet it has not earned even the relatively modest cost incurred by re-editing the sound track for American audiences.

On the other hand, *Bitter Rice,* a mediocre Italian release, has been drawing large audiences in the communities in which it has not been banned as a result of protests by civic organizations and the Catholic Legion of Decency.

Audience reaction to domestic films of genuine merit is equally unpredictable—and, in many instances, equally disappointing. How can one explain the fact that the delightful comedy-fantasy *Harvey* is a dismal box-office flop? Do you know how the heads of Universal Studios hope to recoup the losses incurred by *Harvey?* Through the *Ma and Pa Kettle* pictures, a series of nauseating, so-called homespun episodes designed for what is insultingly called "the family trade."

Mr. Mayer does not deny that Hollywood stands in need of changes and reforms. Although audiences have dwindled in recent years, he rejects as nonsensical the gloomy prediction that the motion-picture theater as we know it is on its way to becoming as dead as the dodo. He believes that television may become a prod with which to stir the cinema into new life and enlarged activities.

Mr. Mayer ably sums up the situation in the following quotation taken from his own contribution to the *Theatre Arts Anthology:*

> One may deprecate the box office as a standard of merit, but it is an unfailing barometer of what we all want in our hearts. The responsibility for making the motion picture a mighty instrument of mankind's hope and salvation lies not with producers, distributors, or exhibitors, not even with authors or directors, but with the audience. That audience is you and me and our relatives and our friends. If we support, not with chatter but with cash, not in the drawing room but in the theater auditorium, those films which give a true account of our honest problems and highest aspirations, we can make our motion picture a symbol and token of all shining humanity—a living voice speaking among the people.

Is Mr. Mayer right? Is the box

office, as he says, "an unfailing barometer of what we want in our hearts"?

Through the years I, too, have often been surprised by audience reaction to various types of films. A few months ago I counted exactly twelve persons in a beautiful modern theater in which *Fourteen Hours* was being shown. This in spite of the fact that *Fourteen Hours* is an unusual, exceptionally well-made picture—a picture far superior in every way to run-of-the-mill Hollywood productions.

On the other hand, the theater was crowded for *The Thing* (RKO-Radio, Howard Hawks), an outrageous concoction deliberately designed to capitalize on the fanciful and unexplained flying saucer reports which disturbed the nation some time ago. Adult audiences, of course, will not be taken in by the absurd pseudo-scientific jargon so learnedly expounded in *The Thing*. But it was distressing to see the excited, almost hysterical reaction of the children who were present to see this new type of horror film. Just as distressing is the thought that the box-office success of *The Thing* undoubtedly will lead to a series of similar productions.

Any war—every war—brings terrible suffering to noncombatants —to innocent men, women, and children. The passions of war cause reason, decency, charity, and justice to be buried under an avalanche of suspicion, blind nationalism, and hysterical so-called patriotism. During World War II many loyal Americans of Japanese ancestry were ruthlessly torn from their homes and forced into crowded and poorly equipped relocation camps. A fine new semi-factual war film effectively shows that loyalty and patriotism are not a matter of ancestry and skin color alone. *Go for Broke* (M-G-M, Robert Pirosh) is a moving tribute to the Japanese-American volunteers who made up the 442nd Regimental Combat Team. This famous fighting unit won a record-breaking number of major military decorations and citations, including 6,000 Purple Heart awards. Veterans of the 442nd Combat Team appear in the outstanding cast assembled for *Go for Broke,* which is Hawaiian slang for "shoot the works." Writer-director Robert Pirosh wisely chose to tell his story in a simple, forthright manner, almost entirely free from the bathos and the bombast which have marred other films dedicated to our Armed Services.

Glamorous Ava Gardner appears in two highly publicized technicolor films. *Showboat* (M-G-M, George Sidney), based on the Jerome Kern-Oscar Hammerstein II version of Edna Ferber's popular novel, is reasonably good entertainment. William Warfield's

exemplary singing of *Ol' Man River* is the high spot of the picture. Dance routines by the clever Champions add zest to a sketchy, slow-moving plot.

Pandora and the Flying Dutchman (M-G-M, Albert Lewin) presents a nauseating hodgepodge of romance and mysticism with the moving finger of Omar Khayyam thrown in for extra-good measure. Even a good actress would be handicapped by Albert Lewin's poor script. And in my book Miss Gardner can't act for peanuts.

Strangers on a Train (Warners, Alfred Hitchcock) bears the unmistakable stamp of Mr. Hitchcock's fine skill and painstaking attention to detail. This is an exciting, suspense-filled melodrama in spite of the fact that the basic premise on which the plot is built seems weak and unconvincing.

On the Riviera (20th Century-Fox, Walter Lang) sparkles with gayety, charm, and colorful song-and-dance sequences. The dialogue often leans heavily on *double entendre*. This is as regrettable as it is unnecessary. Danny Kaye again plays a dual role, and again there is just too much Danny Kaye.

Outside Latin America, Americans seem to have little liking for the bull ring. It seems unlikely that *The Brave Bulls* (Columbia, Robert Rossen), based on Tom Lea's best seller, and *Bullfighter and the Lady* (Republic) will make the sport more popular. Both pictures were filmed in Mexico, and actual bullfighting sequences were carefully staged under the direction of professional matadors.

Here are three eminently worthy candidates for the worst-picture-of-the-year lists: two so-called comedies—*Half Angel* (20th Century-Fox) and *Katie Did It* (Universal-International)—and *Goodbye, My Fancy* (Warner Bros.), a vapid new version of Fay Kanin's successful stage play. Here Joan Crawford is seen to poor advantage.

Verse

For Ever Love

In every form of Death, the living and the dying,
We bear our love in the decay of our tombs.

At the place near the market, I wept
When I remembered I had died,
For they came also, the one and the many,
Whose love I had drawn, to return:

My initials carved in their hearts,
Claiming thereby a fragment of life,
Not my own; but given in love,
A weapon, more deadly than steel,
Stronger than thoughts or all the dreams
Whereby men make worlds . . .
love alone,

we freely give and need fear to receive.

RAY SCOLARE

Sarcasm

Sometimes I like words
Sharp, cutting, cruel.
But not often.

A slap can be stimulating,
But it hurts.

So have an iron hand if you must,
But won't you
Please
wear
gloves.

MARILYN PANHORST

Three Dimensional

Is God a sand grain
from boulder man
a yes-for-no woman on dim ways

Is He a machine
to oil when we have rusted it
to tear apart and replace

Is God a lost dream
imagined in night scenes
by moon eyed men

Commandments provide pious amusement
keeping men
from snow-balling Sun
They have cast hearts
in modern bronzes
flooding blood with brainlife

Proof is to disprove
faith to hate

ROBERT EPP

Ministering Spirit

"He shall give his angels charge over thee."—Psalm 91:11

I wish that I might see the angel's face
Unto whose care and keeping I'm commended.
But oh I know that I shall see him when
My course of life, my days on earth are ended.
And I shall thank him, learn perhaps his name
And thank my God at whose command he came.

I wish that I might always have this sense
Of this celestial being's presence at my side
That, come what may, as long as I will walk
Within God's paths, he'll tarry at my side.
And as the Father sent an angel to His Son
To strengthen Him when faint, He'll send me one.

So all along my little pilgrim path
O'er mountain peaks or shadowed vales, he'll stand
A sentinel on guard, so swift to serve
And to obey the orders of God's high command.
So well I know that nothing shall occur
Without God's will, of this I'm very sure.

O guardian angel, walk beside me then
Guard and protect me from the devil's snare
He is so cunning, far too oft he holds
Me fast within his clutches of despair.
O guardian angel, guard and guide me so
That I shall never be the victim of this wily foe.

Then wrapped up in the love of Christ, my Lord
And covered by His mercy day and night;
An angel's guard beside me, how can yet
A single thing my heart or mind affright.
And should, because of sin, this be my lot
O angel, whisper in my ear those precious words:
Fear not!

ESTHER A. SCHUMANN

The Editor's Lamp

PROBLEMS

CONTRIBUTORS

FINAL NOTES

OF OUR feature writers this month, our managing editor needs no introduction. What he needs is a vacation.

Walter Sorell ("Broadway 1950-1951 in Retrospect") has signed on as drama critic for the CRESSET. Formerly editor of a little magazine in Europe, Mr. Sorell is now with the "Voice of America" in New York and has numerous connections with the New York stage.

Fred Pankow ("When Church-State Intrigues Backfire") is a graduate of Concordia Theological Seminary in St. Louis, now serving as missionary in Cuba and continuing his academic training at the University of Havana where he is specializing in Hispanic language and literature.

Next month's CRESSET will deal extensively with the Protestant Reformation. The reawakening of interest in Luther and in the Reformation during the past five to ten years suggests that there must still be considerable significance for our times in the events that took place in Wittenberg back in the early sixteenth century. Our feature writers will be a young seminarian, David Preisinger, and a Lutheran clergyman, the Reverend William H. Baar.

We have now completed the exhausting task of re-establishing our circulation office in Valparaiso. If you are getting two CRESSETS each month, or none, or are getting yours late, let us know. The procedure was supposed to be foolproof but we have been around in the magazine business long enough to know that there is no foolproof system. Our ultimate goal is to get one CRESSET to each reader at the beginning of each month.

Incidentally, things are looking up in the circulation department. But as we checked the list, we were surprised and pained by the omissions. Names which we thought we would surely find there are not there. How about your pastor? Is he there? How about your teacher? How about the library in your town?

Of our poets, Miss Marilyn Panhorst is a newcomer to our ranks. A student at Concordia College, River Forest, Miss Panhorst shows considerable promise and we are happy to have the privilege of printing her first published work.