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The Cresset (Vol. XVI, No. 3)

Valparaiso University

JANUARY 1953

THE CRESSET

A REVIEW OF LITERATURE, THE ARTS AND CURRENT AFFAIRS

- A Christian View of Democracy
- Freedom Under Law
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- Evening at the Movies

VOL. XVI NO. 3

THIRTY-FIVE CENTS

THE CRESSET

IN THE JANUARY CRESSET:

THE CRESSET is published monthly except August by the Valparaiso University Press in cooperation with the Walther League. Publication office: 425 South 4th Street, Minneapolis 15, Minnesota. Editorial office: Valparaiso University. Entered as second class matter November 9, 1940, at the post office at Minneapolis, Minnesota, under the act of March 3, 1879. Subscription rates: Domestic—One-year, $3.00; two-year, $5.50; three-year, $8.00. Canadian—Same as domestic if paid in United States funds; if paid in Canadian funds, add 10% for exchange and 15 cents service charge on each check or money order. Foreign—$3.25 per year in United States funds. Single copy, 35 cents.

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VOLUME 16 JANUARY 1953 NUMBER 3

Notes and Comment

BY THE EDITORS

President Eisenhower

PROBABLY no president since James Monroe has entered upon his duties against a background of greater popular respect and good will than does General Eisenhower. Even those of us who supported Governor Stevenson during the late campaign did so in full recognition of the abilities, the integrity, and the great personal charm of the general. The ritual cant about closing ranks behind the successful candidate does not, therefore, this year sound as hollow and hypocritical as it usually does. Only the narrowest and cheapest kind of partisanship would withhold its support and good wishes from General Eisenhower as he prepares to assume the hardest job on earth.

It might be expected that a religiously-oriented magazine would say the usual things about remembering the new President in our prayers. But surely any one who is at all aware of the kind of life a President must live and of the cruel decisions which he will be forced to make will recognize without being told that human strength is insufficient for the job. A certain amount of pomp and circumstance surrounds the President and the powers which he possesses are impressive; but the ornamental iron fence that surrounds the White House grounds symbolizes imprisonment as much as security. Many a President has left his beautiful prison looking more like a parolee than a ruler.

The next four years will not be kind to General Eisenhower. The problems that confront us as a nation will not be magically dispelled by a change in administra-

tion. The greatest of these problems lie outside the proper area of partisan disagreement. Greatest of all is the problem of reorganizing the world for peace. We shall all look to General Eisenhower for leadership in solving this problem but he will have to look even more to us for patience, understanding, and support as he goes about seeking the solution. It is to be hoped that he will receive all of these in much fuller measure than did the retiring President and his secretary of state.

And so—the President of the United States! God bless him!

The Congress

SHARING with General Eisenhower the responsibilities of the years ahead will be the 96 senators and 435 members of the House of Representatives who comprise the Congress. Recent years have seen a meteoric rise in the power and influence of the executive and a corresponding decline in the influence of the Congress. Putting the best construction on everything, and allowing for every extenuating circumstance, it still seems fair to say that Congress has nobody but itself to blame for its present low position in popular respect. It is to be hoped that the new Congress will reverse the trends of the past twenty years and re-assert its position as a deliberative and legislative body.

The composition of the new Congress demonstrates clearly that the Republican party has no dearth of able men. We call upon the responsible and high-minded leaders of the party to demonstrate tough minds and rigid moral backbones. It would electrify the country, and it would constitute stunning evidence of moral courage, if the responsible leaders of the Republican party would dare, at the very outset, to refuse to seat Senator McCarthy and Senator Jenner. The obvious grounds for refusing to seat them is, of course, unfitness.

And one other comment is in place as regards the Congress. In a party system of government, the people have no way of making their demands law except through calling to power the party whose platform corresponds most closely to what they want. Every Republican member of the House and of the Senate is committed to the Republican platform of 1952. This business of sectional coalitions defeats the whole purpose of representative government through parties. Some of us may not like the Republican platform, but that was what the people voted for and they are entitled to see it enacted into legislation. That means that party discipline must be re-asserted

and party members must vote for party bills.

To what extent these hopes of ours will be realized will depend very largely upon Senator Robert A. Taft. It is in no way derogatory to the President-elect to say that ultimately the success of the new administration will depend upon the extent to which this is an Eisenhower-Taft administration. We do not believe that there is a single bone of pettiness in Senator Taft's make-up. We therefore dare to hope for the closest possible co-operation between the President and the Congress with results beneficial both to the Republican party and to the nation.

Christianity and Democracy

ONE of the feature articles in this issue deals with the question of the relationship between Christianity and democracy. The writer speaks against a background of close acquaintance with rival political ideologies and his opinions have, at a minimum, the validation of the tremendous sacrifice which he made in leaving homeland and family and goods to make his escape to the free world.

Nevertheless, with the memory of the late campaign still fresh in our minds, it should not be too blithely assumed that democracy is the natural and proper political expression of Christianity. By the grace of God, the American electorate was presented with a choice between two of the noblest and ablest Americans of our generation. But a sensitive conscience can not but be aware of the mortal sins that were committed by men high in the counsels of both parties during the conventions and during the campaign—sins of blasphemy, of irreverence, of contempt for authority, of anger and hatred, of stealing, of lying and false witness. In the judgment of a political system, it is necessary not only that the theory and the assumptions of the system be compatible with the Faith, but that the practical workings of the system square with the ethical standards of the Faith.

General Eisenhower will take the oath of office on the twentieth of this month thanks, in large part, to words and actions by his supporters which were and are abhorrent in the eyes of God. Had Governor Stevenson won the election, it would be necessary to say the same of his victory. For sin is bi-partisan and both parties were engaged in a daily process of bartering their consciences. If, in the light of all this, we still find a good and able man moving into the White House, we should ascribe it to the mercy of God,

rather than to the righteousness of the system which brought him to power.

This is not to say that the democratic system, since it is evil, ought to be supplanted by any one of the systems which contend with democracy for the hearts and minds of men. In political systems, our choice is not between the good and the evil but among various gradations of evil. What is important is that we remember that, in choosing the best system available, we have chosen a system which is only as Christian (or as diabolical) as the men and women who make it function. This is not a time for mutual back-slapping but for solitary breast-smiting.

The Barren Fig Tree

T. S. ELIOT, in his essay, "The Idea of a Literary Review," says that "a review should be an organ of documentation. . . . Even a single number should . . . illustrate . . . the time." As editors of a literary review, we are bound to respect the advice of one of the masters of our craft. Therefore a few comments on Miss Marilyn Monroe.

It is hard to talk objectively about Miss Monroe. A whole nation has been conditioned to leer at the mention of her name and it is an interesting commentary on our national morals that if we or any other publication were to put down in simple, Anglo-Saxon words what the mention of her name suggests, we would be subject to the laws of libel. This situation is not peculiar to Miss Monroe, of course. There is a whole venal school of press-agentry which employs the technique of suggesting what we would not be able to criticize without being accused of obscenity. Then, by suggesting that what their commodity has to offer is what any healthy person would want, they protect themselves further by implying that one must be either a) emotionally unhealthy, b) sexually maladjusted, c) altogether humorless, or d) congenitally misanthropic if he dares criticize the commodity.

We do not know Miss Monroe personally. For all we know, she may be the very model of probity in her personal life. We do know the commodity which she and her agents have offered in the marketplace. Physically, the commodity is a perversion of the most ancient and most common of all false gods, the fertility goddesses. But being apostates rather than pagans, we cannot permit our goddesses the exuberant fertility of a Venus or an Astarte. Two thousand years of the Christian tradition have woven the Virgin Mother of God into the fabric of our

thinking so thoroughly that we can no longer be truly pagan even in matters of sex. And so we get a perversion of the fertility goddess. We get the goddess of sterility, the body of Venus coupled with the mind of Diana.

It is interesting that the pictures of Miss Monroe emphasize her sensuality while the stories about her emphasize her suspicion of men and the simplicity of her nature and her apparent fanatical concern to be "a good girl." One gets the idea that sex appeal is a heavy cross which is laid upon certain saints to try them. Maybe so. But maybe what we call sex appeal nowadays is only another manifestation of the old flagellant psychology, the symbol not merely of our frustration but of our desire to be frustrated.

The H-Bomb

THIS *does it. We have collectively euchred ourselves and the game is all over except for adding up the score. Which, of course, is as it should be. Effect follows cause as thunder follows lightning. Tantalized, hypnotized, vaporized. Son of god, child of darkness, BLOTTO. Let us pray.*

The Only Way Out is to Organize the World for Peace. Shamed be he who thinks evil of Organization. We'll create some Agencies. We'll add another wing onto the Peace Factory. We'll make it against the Law to horse around with these bombs. Man Unlocks Secret of Universe. Dad-burned right he does. And the Universe had better get used to its new master. Gonna be some changes made. Fetch me some beer and a pack of Luckies while I start taking the Universe apart!

It's all a matter of finding the right gimmick. Better get all the Scientists together. Better give them a drink, too. Can't do much with their hands shaking like that. Heavens to Betsy, some of these guys act like they had seen a spook. What's there to be afraid of? We made the thing, didn't we? Now all we gotta do is keep the thing in the right hands. Simple enough, isn't it?

But the day of the Lord will come as a thief in the night; in the which the heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat, the earth also and the works that are therein shall be burned up.

For the time being, the bomb will probably absorb most of the attention of the researchers. But let us not overlook the wonderful range of peacetime uses that may be opened up in the years to come. We'll cure cancer and TB and dandruff and nobody will have to get old any more. All of the com-

mentators agree that this was the next inevitable step in the Progress of the Human Race. All we gotta do is control this thing and we'll see Progress like the world has never seen before. Meanwhile, let's get to work on these plans for decentralizing our cities. And just to be safe, maybe we'd better run all of the employees through another loyalty hearing. Nothing to get excited about, you understand. Just a routine precaution.

Lighten our darkness, we beseech Thee, O Lord; and by Thy great mercy defend us from all perils and dangers of this night; for the love of Thy only Son, our Savior, Jesus Christ.

Sylvester Eve

LET us not be overharsh this New Year's Eve in judging those who could not bear to move silently and alone from one year into the next. We permit anesthesia to those who must suffer the loss of a tooth or a limb. Shall we deny it to those who must surrender, unwillingly and painfully, a part of the little time they have left? Noise and alcohol, whistles and bells—these will all leave their headaches and heartaches the morning after, but they may serve to numb the pain of the moment when the year that we have not lived well dies, and the year we do not know how to live well begins.

Listen closely and you will find that the drunken shout with which some will greet the New Year is only a Kyrie that has lost its mark. The "have mercy upon us" is there. It is only the "Lord" that is missing. And perhaps even that is not altogether missing, for no amount of forgetting or rejecting can undo 1953 years of divine involvement in history.

Modern man has fallen among thieves who have robbed him and stripped him and left him half dead. And surely it is not to the credit of the Christian Church that in his extremity we who profess the Faith have so often not only passed by on the other side but have made it a matter of accepted behavior to hold ourselves aloof from the place and the condition out of which he calls. But what Christianity has refused to do, bastardized religion—the modern Samaritanism—has undertaken to do. Freud, Marx, the social gospel, service clubs, fraternal orders —all of these may be Samaritans but they have at least gone down with bandages and ointments to the beat-up traveller.

These thoughts are disjointed and unorganized. Against the remembrance of a year which holds more to occasion regret than pride, it is hardly likely that one will arrive at Sylvester Eve with

his thinking nicely organized and his mind at peace. There are all of these people—people who remember dimly that their fathers found healing in wine but have forgotten that it was the wine of the Sacrament. How can we get them to come home? And how can even our joy be full until they do come home?

Radio Notes

LIKE almost everybody else, we find it easier to criticize than to praise. Radio, particularly, sometimes seems to invite criticism, and even its most ardent defenders would have to admit that most of what is broadcast lies somewhere near the moron level. But radio has done some remarkably good things this past year, too, and it ought to receive both the credit and the encouragement that is due to its best efforts.

There is a certain unfairness in singling out individual programs but high on our own personal list would be the excellent coverage both of the conventions and the campaign; the several excellent musical programs, particularly the opera broadcasts and CBS's "Invitation to Music"; NBC's remarkable series of on-the-spot reports on the mood of western Europe which was broadcast in October under the title of "Who Goes There?" and, of course, the generally good coverage of sports events.

Other listeners would probably want to include on their lists the numerous discussion programs (although we find the quality of these very uneven) and some of the evening musical programs. We would not exclude these from our list. There appears to have been a conscious effort, this past year, to raise the quality of radio and the effort ought to be encouraged.

We have often wondered how many listeners ever take the trouble to sit down and write a note of commendation when something they hear particularly pleases them. We can remember doing so only once. But surely this is one reason for the low quality of so much radio. Unsponsored programs, particularly, depend almost entirely upon listener-reaction for their continuance. Those of us who listen, enjoy, appreciate, and say nothing are actually helping to put these programs off the air. Worse than that, we help to give broadcasters a false view of what radio listeners want.

Harry S. Truman

WE WERE bivouacked in a rice paddy on the island of Luzon when the news came that

Franklin Roosevelt had died and Harry S. Truman had succeeded to the presidency. At the time, it seemed impossible that a little guy in a grey suit and steel-rimmed spectacles could adequately fill the role of President of the United States and commander-in-chief of all of the bristling might that we saw around us. Perhaps, like many another member of our generation, we had found in F.D.R. the embodiment of the father image and could not readily transfer that feeling to a reedy-voiced little man who looked exactly like a haberdasher. Perhaps the very modesty and self-effacement of the 1945 Harry Truman seemed out of place in the reckless, tempestuous atmosphere of those closing days of the war.

At any rate, Harry Truman started off under the handicap of having succeeded by accident and his surprise victory in 1948 only confirmed a wide-spread suspicion that he was some sort of extraordinary fluke. He had no passionate disciples, as F.D.R. had had, and his critics were more often exasperated than indignant.

What judgment history will write on his almost eight years in the White House no one can yet say. Our hunch is that history will deal much more kindly with Harry Truman than his contemporaries have. We think that history may say that he personified his times—that, like the country, he was motivated by the most honorable and generous impulses, but lacked the courage and the wisdom to face up to ugly necessities; that, again like the country, he wanted to be a friend to everybody and, in the process, ended up making enemies of some and ingrates of others. We think that history will probably recall Harry Truman as a good man who showed occasional flashes of greatness and occasional lapses into absolute pettiness.

At this moment, though, with final judgment still a thing of the distant future, we extend our sincere thanks to Mr. Truman for doing, as well as he knew how, a job which has grown impossibly complex. We hope that he will find time to write his story of the almost eight years of his presidency. We hope that he and Bess will understand that we Americans can be pretty rough on a president without losing our affection for the man himself and for his family. And we hope that Margaret, after about five very successful years in the concert hall, will find herself a nice clergyman with a million dollars.

A Christian View of Democracy

By ZOLTAN SZTANKAY

WE SELDOM sufficiently appreciate the things that come easily, the things for which we have not had to pay. It is so easy to become used to the good things of life.

This is particularly true, it seems to me, of those of us who are fortunate enough to be living within a system of comparatively advanced democracy. At the moment, there appears to be a disposition to attribute our present uncertainties to the democratic system itself, rather than to the fact that even this system, the best that man has yet experienced, is much in need of improvement. We are apt to forget that the best that man can devise must always fall short of the perfection that man can imagine. Our task, in such a situation, is not to scrap an institution because it is not perfect, but to improve it so that it may come nearer to perfection.

But before we can go about improving a system, we must know what the system is and what it involves. What, then, is democracy? Social phenomena, of which democracy is one, are ever-changing in character and have their roots deeply embedded in the past. It is indeed possible to evaluate them in terms of their relations to the present, but any pat definition that we might give would be necessarily incomplete and ephemeral. No brief definition would cover the past stages of democracy, and any definition would have to be changed in the changing circumstances of the future. Therefore social phenomena can be better understood by depicting their growth and development than by attempting to offer a definition of them. And so I should like to offer a short historical review of the development of democracy and a critical evaluation of it.

Two Great Questions

WE WOULD best understand democracy, I suppose, if we could answer two important questions concerning it: Why did democracy develop? and How did democracy develop? And undoubtedly it would be only logical that in answering these two questions the Christian scholar would first of all want to consider and examine the undeniable fact that democracy developed in countries which at least professed to be Christian.

Interestingly enough, although this fact is undeniable, the typical modern scholar, with his heavy bias against "dragging religion into scientific research," does not see any connection between democracy and Christianity. He must accept the fact that democracy as we know it developed in the Christian West, but since he rules out any Providential view of history, he can offer no explanation of the phenomenon and may, indeed, go so far as to classify the correlation as one of those *interesting* coincidences, *interesting* to note but not particularly significant.

But was it only coincidental that democracy as we know it developed within a specifically Christian context? Is the relationship between the Faith and the system purely casual? Or is the relationship, in some respects at least, a cause-and-effect relationship?

It is certainly poor scholarship to eliminate, without further examination, the *possibility* that there is a close relationship between Christianity and democracy and that, at least to some extent, this relationship is one of cause and effect. One of the advantages of working within a Christian frame of reference is that one need not constrict his range of vision as sharply as must the doctrinaire secularist who keeps brushing against the divine mantle but dare not admit that it exists.

So—what does history have to say?

It may be assumed that men in all times and in all places have displayed fundamental similarities and have enjoyed equal potentialities for development. Pre-Christian men and nations had, indeed, embarked upon the road toward democracy and had built civilizations which still fill our hearts and minds with awe. The Sumerians, as an example, had a tremendous respect for law and their laws were just laws which restricted the powers of the mighty. The Athenians developed a kind of democracy which still, deservedly, merits our admiration. The Chinese, very early in their history, restricted inherited political rights and, during two millen-

nia of Confucian society, maintained a remarkable degree of social capillarity.

But the more one studies history, the more one feels the tragic failure of pre-Christian and non-Christian civilizations to achieve what we understand by democracy. The more one marvels at their high technical civilizations and the products of their hands and minds, the more one is struck by their dismal failure to recognize the equality of all human beings in their political orders. At the very heights of what we today consider their magnificent achievements, barbarous and sinful practices and hideous social abuses were casting their dark shadows over their technical accomplishments and even over the great products of their minds. Thus it might be said that these civilizations, from the very start, were carrying within them the seeds of decay and disintegration.

To single out just one of these civilizations as an example, take the Athenian. The people of Athens had developed a remarkably high type of democracy and may well have been the first to recognize democracy as a political system. But the advantages of the system were confined to a limited body of citizens who inherited their status. Foreigners residing in Athens passed on their inferior social status to their children. And, to darken the picture still more, the whole Athenian economy was based upon the exploitation of a slave class which had essentially no political rights.

Among other peoples, the story is similar. The Jews differentiated between themselves and the Gentiles and discriminated against them. Moslems differentiate politically and socially between men and women and generally assign an inferior position to women. Hinduism, despite all of the noble inspiration of its thinkers, finds its social expression in a rigid caste system and in a dehumanization of women. Buddhism, though it expresses man's highest aspirations for spiritual purification and perfection, has historically been associated with an almost unlimited exploitation of the masses by vested hereditary interests.

In spite of all of their high inspirations and aspirations, none of the non-Christian religions stood explicitly for absolute human equality and the brotherhood of all men. And so, as time went on, discriminatory practises developed and were condoned or even supported by these religions. They adapted their teachings to the necessities of existing political and social situations and adjusted their dogmas to oblige the rich and powerful. What remained from

supernatural and mystic higher inspiration was twisted to suit the interests of a ruler or a class or a sex or a race. Some of these religions even developed hideous rituals such as human sacrifice and suttee which were not finally abolished until a few decades ago. And it is significant that the abolition of these practices coincided with the acceptance in these lands of Christian influence, if not of the Christian religion.

Christianity Enters the Picture

IN CONTRAST to all of these, the implications of the Christian principles of human equality and brotherhood are unmistakably clear. The very essence of Christianity is the fatherhood of God the Creator and the brotherhood of men who are equally damnable as sinners and equally precious as redeemed souls. The command to "love thy neighbor as thyself" is not limited by any qualifications of race or color or nationality or social status. Paul's statement that "there is no difference, for *all* have sinned" establishes one basis for human equality which is balanced by his further statement that *all* have been freely justified by grace which is in Christ Jesus. Thus, so far as the relations between men are concerned, Christianity is all democratic and only democratic.

The inspiration of Christianity to realize pure and complete democracy is unequivocal and undisputable. In a Christian society, in a Christian state, worthy of the name, no political, social or economic discrimination can be permitted. Moreover, the high inspiration of Christian universal brotherhood is the best hope of humankind to build international democracy in a better world of institutionalized world cooperation.

It is certainly true, of course, that Christianity did not come primarily to create a new political order. But its radical insight into the nature of man inevitably affected his social institutions. And so, although we certainly do not deny that democracy, in a limited sense, existed before Christianity, we do say that it took the insights of Christianity to bring democracy to fruition. Nor do we say that Christianity brought democracy to fruition in one stroke or that the democracy that we know today is complete and real. Like Christianity itself, democracy is constantly in the process of becoming.

The road that led parts of the Western world to their present relatively advanced stage of democracy was long, devious, and hard. After the direct divine inspiration of the fulness of time

was taken from the earth and after the democratic communities of the first Christians had disappeared, the dark shadows of the pagan past all but extinguished the early light. In the Middle Ages, despite the shining influences of exceptional personalities, the danger of decay was ever present and ever menacing to the institutionalized segment of the Christian Church and, with it, to the European community. For a while, the democratic implications of Christianity were all but forgotten and it appeared that the Christian Church might head down the same road of idolatry, superstition, and social injustice which had befallen other religions.

A strong suggestion of the relationship between Christian principles and democratic practises derives from the fact that the democratic vision of the early Church was recaptured at about the same time that the unadulterated message of the early Church was restated by the Protestant reformers. The reformers' return to the Scriptures opened up new political insights as startling, in their own way, as were the religious and theological insights that stood revealed when Scripture was rescued from the mass of tradition and superstition and canon law which had been allowed to grow up around it. Even the "lunatic fringes" of the reformation played an important role in the political process of democratization. The "non-conformist conscience" was both religious and political.

If the democratic progress was slow and gradual, the teachings of the diverse Protestant churches implied from the very beginning (sometimes contrary to their own official statements, dictated by expediency) complete democracy, embracing all elements of the population. The example of the "levellers" and the "diggers" to this effect should be clear enough. It was also quite logical, that from the time of the early reformers, who translated the Bible into the language of their respective people and made it available to the people at large, the exploited peasants tried to apply the egalitarian principles of Christianity to their own depressed situation and revolted against the oppressive rule of their landlords.

Under the inspiration of revived Christianity, the slow and unconscious drive to build political democracy began. However, it took long centuries before the masses of the West began to profit from the changing situation, brought about by applying Christian principles to politics. In this gradual process of democratization, the Protestant churches, es-

pecially the non-conformist churches of England, played a paramount role. Not less is it true, that wherever the Protestant churches, forgetting their pure Christian inspiration, joined their cause with that of the ruling classes or dynasty, the progress of democratization was slowed down, though by no means arrested. Neither is it doubtful, that the church of Rome was revitalized in all respects as it was touched by the challenging effect of the reformation. The terrible danger of fossilization and decay was lifted. New and progressive forces asserted themselves in the ancient structure of this church itself. It again became Christian. If it did not help immediately to open the way to political democratization, it made a special and not unsuccessful effort to regain and keep the attachment of its masses. At the beginning of democratic fermentation, in Roman Catholic countries such as France, the forces of progress attacked the church as the latter allied herself with the absolute monarchy and the feudal classes upholding it. Only after the general acceptance of the principle of popular sovereignty, did the Roman Catholic church raise her voice for the rights of the masses and in the defense of their economic interests.

What is important, in this respect, is this, that while competition with the so-called leftist forces for the souls of the masses and for their support gradually forced all Christian churches into accepting a more and more democratic stand, the standard bearers of democratic and social rights, from the very beginning, were those religious movements which had no other worldly consideration than to disseminate the message of Christ concerning the brotherhood of all men and the fatherhood of God. They were never allied to any vested interest, nor did they ever become the satellites of any worldly power. They were of pure Christian inspiration.

The Christian Leaven

THE fact that democracy found seeming support from anti-Christian forces—such as some of the rationalist supporters of the great French Revolution, the worshipers of reason, the Marxist socialists and the atheists of humanitarian tendency—does not prove much. They might have denied the revelation of Christianity, as indeed they did, but they could not help but be influenced by its teachings as they lived in a world of Christian tradition. The very atmosphere of the modern epoch, was and still is saturated with Christian thought, in spite of the

fact that pure and real Christian faith was for a long time, and still is, definitely on the wane. Neither does the fact that many past and present non-Christian leaders stand for the very highest ideals prove more. Their inspiration and their stand for democratic ideals did not and does not come from non-Christian sources. If Gandhi's India was not a Christian country, he himself came and stayed in the closest contact with Christianity and absorbed its teachings to the fullest measure. He lived in a community which was part of a Christian empire. If non-Christian and non-western nations apply democratic principles and build seemingly democratic states in our days, they do it because in our time the whole world is slowly accepting western political standards. These standards might not be in all cases of Christian inspiration, but they are nevertheless the products of a world of Christian tradition.

Moreover, it should not be forgotten that the anti-Christian forces which brought or pretended to bring democratic thoughts and action, such as Marxism, more often than not did considerable harm to the cause of democratic progress. Such was the case with Marxist bolshevism. As the bolsheviks based their calculations on materialism, they generated eruptive and destructive forces, which inflicted deep wounds on humanity, tore up the world, and caused destructive revolutions, without furthering the cause of human brotherhood and equality. What is worse, they have no use for political democracy, as in their deterministic philosophy no place is left for the self determination of the individual on which this form of government is based. Political democracy is inevitably discarded or the fight for it is given up, as soon as the bolsheviks seize power.

In the light of what was said before, we can assuredly state that it was under the predominant influence of the forces evoked by rejuvenated and refreshed Christianity that democracy won its first battles in the West. In England, this process of democratization worked through the gradual extension to ever greater masses of the right to vote. The old forms were kept, but in the framework of ancient traditions the essence gradually became more and more democratic. The non-conformist churches were in the forefront of the fight. They were the actual strongholds of the democratization process. Their reward was the continuous loyalty of the masses. The influence of Marx on the British labor movement was and is negligible. On the continent of Europe, the building of political democracy was a more belated, bloody,

and resisted process. This was partly due to the fact that the state supported and corrupted churches there; and that the churches, forgetting about Christian principles, did not stand on the side of those who fought for the extension of political rights and for the economic interests of the masses. At times, some of them even supported the suppressors of the people and the vested interests allied to them. Their unchristian attitude cost them the attachments of tens of millions of their adherents. It swelled the growing number of godless and faithless Europeans who were lured into the camps of the various false prophets. Whatever the stand of the official churches in Europe, the influence of Christianity on the democratization of the West in general remained paramount.

It is logical that as soon as the oppressed are conscious of their collective desire to shake off the burden of slavery and exploitation, first of all they aim at the attainment of political rights. The recognition comes early to them that political participation in the direction of the organized community is the most important weapon to gain improved economic and social status. The underprivileged classes of our modern times could not help but see that those who monopolized political rights before the rise of the principle of popular sovereignty were only too apt to misuse their political power in order to secure for themselves economic and social advantages. In the course of history, politically privileged classes have always known how to gain special social standing and how to monopolize the wealth of their country for themselves.

In the democratization process of the modern West, the recognition of the importance of political rights came at a relatively early stage. As we have seen, political and social groups, related to and inspired by certain Protestant sects of Britain, unhesitatingly proclaimed the principle of complete equality of all men as implied by Christianity, and clamored for equal political rights for all classes. The standard symbolizing political equality was picked up by the bourgeois class in the great French revolution and in the American revolutionary war. The movement for establishing political democracy, stirred up by the emotional and intellectual stimulus of these events, slowly engulfed all the Christian West. It became all embracing, fully conscious of its importance, organized and worldwide after the modern labor class, born in the wake of the industrial revolution, embraced the cause of political democracy as its own. This class soon recognized that their best chance to gain all-

around equality lay in the gradual extension of the voting right. The fight for universal suffrage began. Establishment of political democracy was thought to be possible by gradual evolutionary methods. As early successes were gained by employing democratic methods the labor class of the western world dropped revolutionary pretenses, and became one of the most important factors in building democracy by democratic means.

Finally the effort of generations was crowned with success. After the first world war, the process of the gradual extension of political rights terminated in the introduction of universal adult suffrage for both sexes. Thus political democracy became a fact in the Christian West.

Background for Marx

WHILE the building of political democracy went on, in connection with this process and with the help of the gradually extended political rights, the economic conditions of the masses were slowly improved and social differentiation minimized. However, vested interests were only giving in step by step. The dragons of economic and social privileges were not to be killed by one blow. Although the fight for political rights finally was won, and a relatively advanced type of political democracy was built in the West, much still remained to be done as far as social and economic justice was concerned. Even in the western states, now based on political democracy, much social and economic injustice exists. The inspirations of Christianity are not all considered and carried out in human relations. What proved to be even more fatal for the world as a whole, is the fact that only the few Christian countries established political democracy, while the overwhelming part of the world never enjoyed its advantages.

The incompleteness of democracy in the West and the complete absence of it in the East made it possible that at about the same time when the long struggle for political rights came to a successful end in the West, non-Christian forces could successfully challenge political democracy. This challenge came from the forces which emphasized social justice and equal distribution of wealth. They promised to build social and economic democracy. However, they did not believe in the political participation of the masses in the direction of their destiny. Although their first success came in the East, where no political democracy existed, their ideology was the most logical product of the secularized western spirit. They based their theories on the

unchristian materialism and rationalism of the nineteenth century. Marxism is not eastern. It is western. It does not represent a new philosophical departure. It is not revolutionary in this sense.

What is important about Marxism for our purpose is that Marxism does not believe in political democracy which, inspired by Christianity, presupposes man's freedom of determination and emphasizes the importance of the individual. Like the materialistic bourgeois philosophy on which it is based, Marxism believes in inexplicable material forces innate in *things,* which drive the world on its predetermined course of destiny and which shape the future, uninfluenced by man and uninspired by God. In its denial of moral justice based on individual responsibility, it is bound to play down the importance of the individual in politics and thus to reject political democracy.

However, while Marxism is eliminating political democracy, it does give the false hope of a more just social and economic order to many parts of the world. This is one reason for its appeal to the masses of the East. Having never known the advantages of political democracy, they do know all too well the misery of hunger and the shame of inferior social status. And so promises of social and economic democracy are temptations hard to resist. Marxism even has an appeal for people in some Western countries where political democracy has been achieved but where economic oligarchy and social aristocracy have perpetuated low standards of living. And even those nations which enjoy the most refined type of democracy are not, by reason of lingering social and economic injustices, immune to the danger of bolshevism.

If bolshevism is the inevitable product of Western materialism and if it thrives best under conditions of economic and social injustice, so does fascism. Fascism, though it grows from a common root with bolshevism, poses as the alternative to bolshevism. The pose has attracted many who forget or never knew that both these authoritarian systems derive from a rejection of basic Christian doctrines concerning man. Both grow out of the Western world's imperfect understanding and practise of Christianity. Bolshevism and fascism, equally mortal enemies of political democracy, will never be overcome, unless we eliminate the cause of their rise, which is our unchristian behavior in human relations.

To succeed, we only have to follow the teaching of Christianity: to believe in the fatherhood of God and to try to build the brotherhood of men in this world. If we are consistent in applying all

the relevant implications of Christianity to our political, social, and economic practices, we will not have to fear either bolshevism or fascism. After building political democracy, we should everywhere eliminate the vestiges of social discrimination and we should bring about economic conditions everywhere which would assure at least a minimum of living standard to all and eliminate economic exploitation from the face of the earth.

However, there would be one more hurdle to overcome. Bolshevism, when it arose, besides promising social and economic democracy to the exploited and debased people, also held out the hope of a better world for all the nations. Its promise of a better life was given to all humanity without any discrimination of race or nationality. It fully realized the rising interdependence of a world society. It fully recognized that no solution is possible anymore on the sole base of the national state. But does Christianity not imply cooperation among all nations? Can Christian love be limited to one's fellow nationals? Can democracy be confined to the limit of a nation?

The Larger Democracy

DEMOCRACY is not Christian if it recognizes human rights only for one's fellow-countrymen. How could democracy stop at the border of a country? If we recognize all men as our brethren, how can we love only those who talk the same language and hate those who, by some historic accident, live on the other side of the national boundary line? Democracy, like Christianity, must be all-inclusive if it wants to be successful. All the misfortunes and the tragedies we heaped on ourselves, especially during the last centuries of secularized thought, are in great part due to the fact that we did not apply the implications of Christian brotherhood to our political action. Where we failed most signally was in the increasingly more important field of international relations. Ever greater and ever more destructive wars resulted from our failure to live up to one of the most important commands of Christianity: to love our neighbors as we do ourselves.

From now on, even those happy and fortunate nations, which attained a relative degree of political democracy and (thanks to fortunate circumstances) could afford a certain measure of isolation and forget about the misery-ridden and wartorn part of the world, will have to share the fate of the less fortunate nations. Democracy is no longer possible anymore in separate national states. It has to be universal if it wants to survive. The dangers of the surrounding

world are so immense that no country can afford the luxury of democracy unless the rest of the globe shares in its advantages. As the peace and the war had to come to be recognized as indivisible, so will democracy have to be considered, from now on, indivisible, no more the privilege of a few nations. National democracy is a word of the past. International democracy is the only democracy possible in our time of complete international interdependence.

To look back upon the past year, and see how little we have striven and to what small purpose; and how often we have been cowardly and hung back, or temerarious and rushed unwisely in; and how every day and all day long we have transgressed the law of kindness—it may seem a paradox, but in the bitterness of these discoveries a certain consolation resides. Life is not designed to minister unto a man's vanity. He goes upon his long business most of the time with a hanging head, and all the time like a blind child.

—Robert Louis Stevenson

Freedom Under Law

By ROBERT BERTRAM

IN A Greyhound bus a few weeks ago the woman behind me said to her partner, and said rather indignantly, "Well, it's my life and I oughta be allowed to live it the way I want to." My partner and I looked at one another and chuckled. That was poor taste on our part. We should have stood up and booed.

Presumably what the lady was talking about was, as you say in America, her "rights," her "freedom." But if there is any one thing that freedom is *not,* it is irresponsibility. It is not the right to live my life just any old way I please. Indeed that is the one thing a man ought to be free *from.* Freedom has a lot to do with "life" all right, but not with that kind of life.

A Freedom for Responsibility

A MAN ought to be free for at least two things: to try to live his life for God and his neighbor and, in so trying, to come to the recognition that he cannot succeed. He must have every opportunity to attempt the saintly and the heroic, and every opportunity to find himself, after all, guilty and tragic. To these two minimal human privileges he should be freely entitled. If, beyond that and through the pity of Christ, he is raised to a still higher freedom, then these two things will be reversed and revised. But to the extent that he does not enjoy the higher freedom, he must at least be allowed the freedom befitting any noble pagan: the freedom, as we said, first, to do his manly best and, second, to discover that his best can never be good enough.

Does this strike you as a rather dubious freedom? There is at least more freedom here than there is in either immorality or complacency. To these a man has no right. But he does have an unalienable right to do the good or at least to die trying, and an unalienable right to know that he dies defeated. If you and I prevent him from doing the former, we obstruct God's creativity. And if we prevent him from knowing

the latter, we obscure God's wrath. He has a right to the one because he is God's creature, and a right to the other because he is God's sinner.

It may seem a little unconventional to speak of these two functions—a man's aspiring and his despairing—as "rights." Aren't they rather more like duties and responsibilities? Isn't it more accurate to speak of a man's *duty* to be good than of his *right* to be good? And hasn't he less a *right* to acknowledge his guilt than a *responsibility* to do so? But rights and duties are only obverse sides of the same thing. Insofar as a man resists and withdraws from these two functions of his life under his own steam (and which man doesn't?) they assume the grim character of duties, responsibilities, obligations. But insofar as he is hindered in the performance of these functions by anything or anyone outside himself, they become his rights.

And he surely is hindered, and hindered aplenty. He is continually being distracted both from his moral aspiration and from his spiritual desperation, not only by his own unwillingness, but by a whole environment of bad examples and uncooperative neighbors, unreliable government and an exploiting economy, unedifying recreation and education, and insensitive churches. He is not as free as he should be to face up to the stern duties of life and death. We ought to stand up for his rights.

The Curb and the Mirror

BY HIS rights we mean, once more, his right to improve ethically and religiously and his right to know that he fails and is at fault. Or, speaking theologically, we mean his right to stand under the divine law. This is the law which is calculated both to make him behave and to make him tremble. As the older theologies put it with delicious quaintness, this law is meant both to equip him with "civil righteousness" and to remind him that he fails in the "righteousness which avails before God." Or as any catechumen could tell us, it is on the one hand a "curb" for his sin and on the other hand a "mirror" for his guilt. His sort of freedom then is a freedom to feel this two-pronged law and to let it have its way with him.

Now if we are going to secure, for the man under the law, the maximum practical benefits, then we ought always surround him with a law which is both curb and mirror at one and the same time. A law which ultimately is content to be only the one or only the other is less than the whole law. Suppose, for example, that a man knows only of obligations which are not stringent enough to drive

him to the very limit of his capacities and to penitence; in that case it is likely that his morality and piety will also be exceedingly superficial and pedestrian. Curbs which are not rigorous enough to be mirrors will also not be very effective curbs. To subject a man to that kind of leniency is to deprive both himself and his society of what measure of good he might have achieved. And that is a limitation of his freedom. Or suppose, conversely, that he is called to repentance only in highfaluting theological terms which have no visible connection with those everyday curbs and demands which genuinely needle and shame him; in that case he is apt to think of religious guilt as something very remote from him and from his situation. The mirror which is not at least somewhat meaningful as a curb is not a very relevant mirror. To subject a man to that kind of irrelevance is to deprive him of the frank self-awareness to which all guilty men are entitled. And this is another limitation of his freedom.

One test of a good curb, then, is that it be a good mirror; and if it is a poor mirror then it is a poor curb. Socrates' ethics and religion, some of the noblest in man's history, reach their climax in his plea for self-knowledge. But if he drank the hemlock as blithely as Plato says he did, hardly mindful of the depth of human guilt, and if in his Greek vocabulary there was not even a word for what we call humility, then even Socrates' mirror was inadequate; *and if his mirror, then also his curb.* It is all very splendid for us Americans to emulate, with Jefferson, the life and teachings of Jesus and to respect, with Lincoln, "the right as God gives us to see the right" and to be inspired, with Roosevelt, by I Corinthians 13 and to believe, with Truman, in The Sermon on the Mount. And for this curb in our national life there is every reason to be grateful, not cynical—if it weren't that we had forgotten how this same curb, as mirror, stands also in terrible judgment on us, how it drove a Man to the Cry of Dereliction and ought to drive us too to cry for mercy. Unless we let it also expose our guilt we can hardly will that it promote our goodness. And until then, surely, we are less than free.

Conversely, one test of a good mirror is that it be expressible also as a curb; otherwise it will be, for most men at least, simply unintelligible. If a man is going to recognize his own tragic reflection in the mirror of the law, he must hear this law where it is familiar to him, in the curbs which confront him in his earthly callings. If we call him to judgment simply in the lofty tones of "Thou

shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart . . . and thy neighbor as thyself" or "Ye shall be perfect even as your Father in heaven is perfect," he may nod agreeably but he isn't likely to feel judged. He will first have to hear the same law spelled out in the more familiar demands of his occupation and of his citizenship, in his all-too-clear responsibilities as family-man and relative and friend, in his myriad inescapable obligations to property, to animals and plants and soil, to the passage of time, to past and future generations, in the unmistakable requirements of his own body and his appetites and his intellect. It is at this level that the law curbs him, and it is here that it will have to mirror his lovelessness and his unfaith. If it doesn't, he will either ignore his guilt or seek another name (and another meaning) for it from the gutter, the magazines, the psychiatrists. Or, what is worst, in his own wishful optimism he will misconstrue it as a guilt for which he himself might atone, and thus commit The Pharisaic Fallacy. And this too, surely, leaves him unfree.

Deterrents

THIS ideal balance between curb and rule is of course mighty easy to put down on paper; it is not nearly so easy to put into practice in the rough and tumble of daily living. On paper it might even be spelled out as a very impressive formula for social policy; it is quite another thing to implement that formula in social action. See how easy it is to state the formula: "Any profound program for human improvement must be stringent enough to serve also as a conscience for human evil, and that conscience in turn must always inflict its judgment at the point where men encounter their obligations." Now that all sounds very nice. But how in the dickens do you make it work in government, or in industry, or in mass communication? Take, for instance, such "programs for human improvement" as our present efforts to contain communist aggression, to clean up the vice rackets, to devise quieter machinery for labor-management bargaining, to convert Dick Tracy's and Captain Video's fans to something better like THE CRESSET or "This Is the Life." How, pray, do we shape these worthy endeavors into "consciences for human evil?" I'll bet my bottom dollar they won't drive more than ten communists or mobsters or labor bosses or company vice-presidents or comic-book fans to their knees in despair. Or, on the other hand, look at some of the really prophetic "consciences" in our culture: Marx and Freud and Gandhi, Kierkegaard and Maritain and Barth. How do

we make their sounder judgments intelligible "at the point where men encounter their obligations"? So far these "consciences" are only names for partisans to conjure with. The fine balance of curb and mirror doesn't seem to be able to get off the hook.

Now if it's really as impossible as all that, then all our earlier talk about freedom and rights turns out to be pretty vain. But is it that impossible? Maybe we've deliberately distorted the picture. Perhaps we've asked the wrong question. Weren't we tacitly assuming, just now, that this program, in order to be effective at all, has to affect whole masses of people, and that it has to be achieved through the vast power arrangements of the state and the economy and the press, and that it would all have to happen overnight? But this is not a fair assumption to make. To be sure, if the divine law of curb and mirror would operate that way, that would be very fine. But that unfortunately doesn't seem to be the case.

The Free Individual

And anyway there is still enough truth left in individualism to warrant thinking that it is the individual man, not society, who constitutes the dynamic agent in human morality. Even first-rate sociologists like Talcott Parsons and Robert Merton still believe this and, whether they care or not, I for one agree with them. And there is just as much to be said for the old-fashioned personalism: Where the individual learns his curbs and mirrors most effectively is, not in the impersonal web of mass power media, but in the intimately personal, face-to-face tutelage of the home, the neighborhood, the school, the churches —but especially in the home. Whatever freedom he achieves as a man-under-the-law he achieves through contacts like these. And along with this plea for the individual person goes a plea for the aristocrat. The men in whom the divine curb and mirror have been even relatively effective, and who in this sense are free men, are pretty few and far between. Such a man combines in his own person a humble estimate of his own worthiness before God and a daring willingness to govern and to serve his neighbors. He is an aristocrat not because he is a well-born man or a wealthy man or even a very intelligent man, but because he is an unusually responsible man.

All the freedoms in the political-economic-social system ought to be oriented toward the finding, the producing, and the using of men like that. And once such a man is discovered—and discovered preferably in his youth by a school

system which is geared to look for his kind—he and his family should be liberated by the community from whatever stigma of poverty, precedent or oppression would hinder him from maturing into an able and responsible public servant, in business, politics or the professions. His freedom then is actually the curb of the law. Of course, his entire society ought to be kept free and open and competitive enough to permit such men to rise, but not so free and open that the rights of every Tom, Dick and Harry, moral or immoral, throttle him and deprive them of his service to them. Political and economic liberty, as Rousseau maintained, is justified if it can free the good man for a wider practice of his goodness. As it is, we have too many Commander Queegs.

But the good man's privileged freedom should be meant not only to provide him with exceptional opportunity but also to needle and jog him with exceptionally rigorous obligations. He must be held individually responsible, relieved of all opportunity for buck-passing and reneging, in a measure which lesser men could not endure. And all this, not only to preserve his neighbors from his possible arrogance and abuse of power, but to provide him personally with plenty of opportunity for penitence. He must be helped to see that, in life as we find it, to be good is penultimate to being guilty. And as he himself matures, his obligations should be screwed more and more tightly until his capacities are tensed to the breaking point. And at that moment, then and there, he must concede that the tensile strength of even a good man cannot bear the weight of the divine judgment. So his freedom is also a mirror.

The law's fine balance of curb and mirror is not quite as impossible, then, as we had imagined. Not quite. But still impossible. No man can experience the dizzy freedom of such transcendent expectations and such searching condemnations, unless—either he is broken completely or he is assured of the prospect of a higher, safer freedom. Ideally, therefore, the man most eligible for a life under the curb and the mirror is the man in Christ. He is eligible, not only because he knows the gospel, but also because he is singularly equipped to know the law. For one thing, he ought to know better than anyone else how severe a curb the law must really be if it required such a Passion and a Resurrection as our Lord's to overcome it. For another thing, just as any culprit will confess his crime if he knows he will be pardoned, so the Christian can bear to confront the mirror because he can see beyond it to his restoration.

Luther on Celluloid

By THEODORE J. KLEINHANS

TO GRIND up the tens of millions of minutes that the normal man lives and works in his lifetime and then to reshape this flour into a lifelike book, taking perhaps 180 minutes to read, or a film, taking eighty minutes to watch, demands no less skill than that of a Dostoievsky, or even a Cecil B. De Mille. When one's subject belongs to an age centuries removed, and to a world whose ideas left only the barest cobwebs for the eyes of the modern world, its artistic father usually must settle for a passable portrait, and his critics, tempered to the exacting requirements of the situation, judge him accordingly.

For that reason Curt Oertel's new Luther film, revolutionary both in its conception and presentation, deserves all the more attention. Once before, this German film-maker focussed his technique on a man whose hindsight and foresight were to shape the lives of the world—Michelangelo. In the Michelangelo film, which got world applause, Oertel restricted his camera to the works of the sculptor's hand and to the world in which he lived, but showing not so much as a living face or a human hand.

Now he has adapted the same technique to Martin Luther, or as the film terms him "The Obedient Rebel," a man whose conscience forced him to revolt. Michelangelo dealt primarily with a world where humanity was poured into the mold of the sculptor; Luther, with a world where humanity had lost its hold on God. For the cameraman, no one realized better than Curt Oertel that Michelangelo was a figure three times easier to represent on film than Martin Luther.

In spite of the difficulty of the subject, in spite of the kaleidoscopic figure that was Luther's, Oertel and his collaborators have successfully caught the portrait of the great reformer. Without using human figures, but by gathering together a vast agglomeration of

Lutheralia, supplemented by a chiaroscuro background of music and of commentary, the makers of "The Obedient Rebel" mirror the motives and person of Martin Luther.

Not all of the portraits effect the same result—the scenes of cities and buildings where Luther lived and worked, the woodcuts, the oil portraits, the maps, the enamels, the stained glass windows, the jewels, the coats of arms, the churches, the pulpits, the altars, the relics, the books, the tapestries, the manuscripts, the letters, the sketches, the coins, the medals.

And like a proud father who finds it hard to admit that there is not a single fault with his two day old baby, though wrinkled, squally, smelly, and beet-red, the Oertel Studios doubtless wielded the cutter's knife too sparingly, thinking that the film-goer, to appreciate Luther the Man, would also have to absorb a complete textbook on Luther the Age, even to a shot of Columbus' *Santa Maria* or the workings of the cresset and the astrolabe and gunpowder and the printing press. The point is that Luther would doubtless have made just as deep an impression even if there had been no Columbus and no Marco Polo and perhaps even no Gutenberg.

Except for this example of German thoroughness, however, the Reformer casts a sharply outlined shadow, even though he himself never mounts the stage. In a world of Desiderius Erasmus, Albrecht Duerer, Hans Sachs, Goetz von Berlichingen, Tilmen Riemenschneider, and Lucas Cranach, he proved himself a well schooled physician who discovered that the Middle Ages suffered not so much from a lack of classical learning, or a loss of freedom of the individual, or a forgetting of the code of honor, which in themselves were only symptoms, but from a disease which separated man from God.

Oertel's co-workers included many of the outstanding movie technicians in Germany. Pastor Werner Hess and Franz Oertel were primarily responsible for the shooting script, aided and abetted by a dozen Luther scholars. On the cameras, where the technique of the film probably hits its climax, were Josef Kirzeder, Goetz Neumann (of DEFA), and Franz Rath. Kurt Fiebig, director of the Mainz Orchestra, wedded a musical background to the sequence.

The world premiere, in connection with the Assembly of the Lutheran World Federation, fell to the lot of the Weltspiel Theater on July 27, 1952, in Hannover. There, before a gathering of Lutheran leaders from five continents and fifty countries, Bishop Hans Meiser of Bavaria presented the

film, stating that the motion picture, for the common man, had replaced the church, and that through such films perhaps God could find a new channel into the heart of the world.

Unseen and almost unnoticed, though nonetheless potent in its effect, is the background music. Generally, the film's structure is a Shakespeare one of modulated climax and anti-climax, of tension and release, rather than a Marlowe one of a continually growing zenith tapering off to a final nadir. Though the sequence of the pictures alone might accomplish much, the real sorcery comes from the music.

If one watched the soldiers marching off against the Turks, or the princes answering the fanfare at the Diet of Worms, the pictures alone would not bear the weight of the commentary. But with the martial music, the scenes come to life, and one can almost visualize the tramp of marching boots, or the whispered anxiety and the shadowed tension.

The camera technique exceeds even nature, and thereby assumes flesh and blood. A village market in Thuringia, shot bare, would be colorless, but with a wisp of smoke rising, and smoke that has obviously come from the pyre on which Luther's writings were burned, blows a breath of fresh air into the film. The storm clouds above Worms, blowing at gale pace, thanks to the skill of the cameraman rather than that of the weatherman, put nature into the same state of tension at which Luther himself spent a fearful night of prayer and anguish.

The technique of filming antique engravings and paintings takes advantage of subjects which simply could not be filmed in any other way. A modern shot from the piazza of St. Peter's, for example, would not show the papal headquarters through Luther's eyes—with the dome unfinished and the fountains unbuilt and the colonnades absent. An engraving, however, *can*. Or as one gallops through the firry forests of Thuringia, headed for the Wartburg, the sense of loneliness and speed rise not only from the situation but also from the skill of the camera.

Gazing out from the ramparts of the Wartburg, imprisoned by eight foot walls and by hundreds of yards of precipice and by seas of inky firs and leaden fogs, Luther too readily takes the appearance of the categorical imperative rather than that of sweetness and light. Warm-hearted and loving though he appears in his relations with his wife and family, we fail to see him fully as a man who could retreat into his garden, beer mug in one hand and flute in the other, with a ring of children

waiting to claim the wooden whistles he was whittling.

Luther, apart from the human body and the human personality, and yet with that earnestness and simplicity which had been bone-bred by strict upbringing and by an awareness of God's presence, does not completely emerge as a total personality from these sketches in "The Obedient Rebel." But for a giant of so huge a stature, even a ninety per cent portrait, when as well done as this one, mirrors a man who was God's tool for a desperate world. "The Obedient Rebel" demands a whole family of admirers and successors.

THE ART SECTION

We regret that the uncertainties of mail delivery during the Christmas season have resulted in the art section's failing to reach the printer in time for inclusion in this issue of the CRESSET.

This presents us with an opportunity, however, to ask a question which we have wanted to raise for some time In view of the very considerable cost of the art section, would our readers prefer that the section be continued, or would they prefer that the eight pages presently given to pictures be given to feature material? A post card expressing your opinion would be most helpful in determining our future policy.

—THE EDITORS

Evening at the Movies in Portugal

By A. R. CALTOFEN

DURING the day it is just a market hall. It's a queer looking place, shaped almost like a round cheese-plate cover. But it has something of the haughty aspect of the Roman general who, two thousand years ago, commanded this spot as it does now. But the eagles and warriors and tents to whom the general's commands were directed have undergone a radical transmogrification into geese and peddlers and houses. Only in its absolute cleanliness does the market hall reflect some of the military strictness of the past. There is not a speck of dust on the windowpanes nor does a single blade of grass mar the dazzling whiteness of its walls. Within, the owners of the booths clean their pastina roots with serious and composed mien. Only the geese—well, after all, they are only geese. And did not even the Capitoline geese cackle before their times?

But punctually upon the toll of the evening bell, the market hall changes both its inward and outward appearance, like a man leading a double life. Brushwood brooms and bunches of sedge sweep the floors until there is nothing left in the hall to remind one of crabs and sour olives and cabbages except the odors which no amount of sweeping can dispel. The low display tables which stand in tiers at some distance from the walls get their cushions of thin seaweed recovered with calico in shades that were once gay. Then esparto mats are hung up between the cushioned seats to form boxes, as befits any proper motion picture theatre. The middle of the hall, empty until now, is filled with rough-hewn benches of unpolished wood.

The chief role in this magnificent transformation is played by the electric cord which is spanned with magic speed every evening before nightfall. If only half even of the multitude of red and white

and yellow and green bulbs were in working order, this would result in an almost gorgeous splendor of illumination. Since the greater number, by far, of the bulbs are on permanent strike, the lighting just barely comes up to even village standards. But even thus limited, there is nothing to compare with the lighting in sheer gaiety except the cockatoos in the speakeasy of the Sacred Heart of the Savior, back with the rock doves in the bay of evil smuggling fame. Anyway, everybody knows that in an emergency a few stable lanterns will always be on hand to supply light. Indeed, in summer, the stars themselves will light it, for the roof which keeps the market hall so delightfully cool during the day can be pushed back at night.

The theatre, like all theatres here, will open very late. Main performances rarely start before eleven o'clock. Generally there is a second performance after the first one. (At least that is what people are promised every night, and it is a tribute to the honest souls of the movie goers that they believe in this just as firmly every night—which is as it should be, otherwise there would be a terrible scramble for seats every night, for there are not nearly enough seats for all who would like to attend.)

If you watch the stream of movie-goers converging as it does from all directions into the conscientious glow of three light bulbs, you might easily get the impression that there are hundreds. And since the small auditorium might burst if it were overcrowded, this mass invasion has to be abruptly stopped every night by fastening a narrow screen behind the doors of the gate. Protected by this iron screen, the stalwart Bonaventura, himself a frustrated torero and hardened in many fights, hangs out a cardboard notice on which, in blue crayon drawn with a child's handwriting and underlined several times with red crayon, appears the single word "Amanha"—"Tomorrow." For the better part of a quarter of an hour, the frustrated movie lovers vent their rage by pummeling the poor, innocent cardboard notice. Then its sufferings cease. It lies on the floor, the rage of the avenger spent and his interests diverted elsewhere.

But as quiet descends over the outside of the theatre, excitement mounts inside. People pat each other's shoulder and hug one another as if they had not met for fifty years. Soon everybody is trilling and flirting or demonstrating to each other, over and over, how they sneaked into the theatre with all the cunning of a hedge-hog. And since this extraordinary stroke of good luck obviously calls for

appropriate celebration, it isn't long until a few benches (and it goes without saying that these benches had been almost exclusively occupied by girls) have been turned over to the accompaniment of much shouting and squealing.

This sort of merrymaking stops the moment the show starts. The Portuguese fling themselves into the viewing of the movie with all of the zest of their passionate hearts. Usually, there is first a "short" or some vaudeville act. In either of these, there is likely to be a lot of knife-throwing, mostly at women, and helplessly-fettered and beautiful women at that. If the preliminary is a "short," chances are that somewhere along the line the audience will be startled by the two leading actors jumping through the screen, a trick that never fails to score, however clumsily it may be performed. This has been a ritual for years and apparently will remain so for years to come.

In the dusky twilight while preparations are being made for the evening's feature film, the people in the audience munch a considerable store of peanuts and various kinds of candy or they throw things at their friends—mistletoe kernels, cigarettes, or burnt almonds as interest and inclination may direct. Benches undergo final arrangement. The men adjust their trousers for the last time, straighten their ties, and assume an air of rustic gentility with their thumbs hooked in at the sleeve holes of their Sunday waistcoats. The women nestle down into their aprons, give their bows a final tuck, and readjust the flowers in their hair.

And now the performance can start. The film is most likely British or French or American. And it is not by any means new, even to this audience, for it has probably been playing in this same village for six weeks and most of the people who are viewing it tonight are probably doing so for about the sixth time. But it is long.

From the screen come cackling sounds (French perhaps?) which are so broken as to be almost incomprehensible. On the lower edge of the screen there is a sparkle of Portuguese captions, so faded and flickering that nothing can really be made out. But this does not materially affect the enjoyment of the audience. For the movie-goers make up their own captions to suit the picture, even though they may be incapable of reading or writing. They help out the action, they even interfere. They use bad language that stinks to heaven. They join the screen actors in their flatteries in a way that might make even a thistle smile. Not satisfied with mere talking, they even turn into actors

themselves. They lift up their hands to stroke and caress. They lift their fists in threatening and defiant attitudes. They rush forward toward the actors on the screen, often enough covering their advance with a barrage of öelon peels or buttons.

And everywhere there are children among them. Children of all ages. And all of them, however well-behaved they may be otherwise, resemble little savages. Only the very smallest babes are paragons of quiet behavior, and that probably only because they are either asleep or suckling. The bigger children are doing their best to go their parents one better in contributing to the general uproar.

Now there comes a sequence that turns the hearts of the audience inside out so that their sense of pity and fairness overpowers them with the force of a volcanic eruption. A little darling of a child has been put in front of a racing car by a gangster. There is no restraining the audience. The whole building seems to be in imminent danger of collapse under the intensity of the excitement. People swear and curse the police and all of the saints for not coming to the child's rescue.

Fortunately, at this moment the film breaks. (This is nothing unusual, as films get torn here quite as a matter of course.) The performance continues but the fury is gone. Men and dogs alike go back to rejoicing, swearing, and exchanging vows of love. In short, the show goes on with everybody reasonably quiet and well-behaved, and it draws to its close as do all of Portugal's raging storms with a quiet finale.

"Boa noite, boa noite." These are the greetings exchanged in low and melodious voices under a sky of glittering stars. "Boa noite, boa noite"—the polite formula expresses their gratitude for the day that has passed and their humility in the face of the oppressing lot of the day that is coming.

Letter From Xanadu, Nebraska

Dear Editor:

I DON'T know why, but half a dozen people have written me this last month complaining about my "negative attitude." This bothers me, because it has always been my policy to accentuate the positive and I certainly believe that a pat on the back is worth two in the bush, so I don't see how anybody could call me negative. But I hope you won't mind if I take some space this month to put down some of the positive things I believe in, just to set the record straight.

First of all, I believe in the Bible. I may be old-fashioned, but I still think that the only way to true success is to follow the rules, and you find the rules all spelled out in the Book. I've read the Bible through three times in my life, a chapter a day, and I'm starting through again. Tonight, for instance, I will be reading Numbers 26. Some nights I don't get much out of the chapter, but many a night I have gotten a thought or a new way of looking at things that not only made me feel good inside but even helped me in my business.

Then I believe in the church. I've had my share of fights and squabbles in congregational meetings, but there is still a good, comfortable feeling that comes from belonging to a group of people who talk the way you do and think pretty much the way you do and come from the same background. A man can't go through life all by himself. He has to associate with other people and I think he is happiest when he associates mostly with people like himself. That's one reason why I'm against mixing too much with other churches. They have their ways and we have ours and while they may be good people, they're just not our kind of people. Of course, some of our own churches are getting so many converts nowadays that you can't hardly feel at home in them any more.

I believe in democracy, too, and if I had my way we would shoot all of these pinks and left-wingers and welfare-staters that are always agitating the masses and trying to overthrow our way of life. They've already done a pretty fair job of wrecking the country with their income tax and withholding tax and social security and labor laws

and all their other communist programs. Well, I better not get started on this. But you guys on THE CRESSET better watch your step. Sometimes you sound pretty pink yourselves.

I also have a lot of faith in education. I didn't get much schooling myself, so I know from experience what it means to be handicapped by a lack of education. That's why I have scrimped and saved to see to it that the kids get a good education. I know, of course, that a lot of so-called education, especially in college, is just theoretical stuff that will never do anybody any good. But it seems to me that the schools nowadays are finally catching up with the times and getting more and more practical in the stuff they teach. It will probably take a while to get all of the moss-backs weeded out of the schools but at least it's possible nowadays to get a degree without having to waste all of your time learning some dead language or trying to dope out what a bunch of dead Greeks thought about the world. I'd like to see those guys try to run a factory in the twentieth century!

And, finally, I believe in myself. I don't mean that I believe in myself in the same way that I believe in God, but I do have a lot of confidence in myself and I'm not afraid to stand up for what I think. I've been through the school of hard knocks and I've learned how to take it. And then my religion has been a big help, too. Junior was home for the holidays and he seemed to have lost some of his old self-confidence. So I had a real man-to-man talk with him and I told him straight out that the trouble with him is that he has not been taking his religion seriously enough. I told him that he never would have any real faith in himself until he once realizes that he can have anything in the world that he really wants if he has faith. I believe in myself because I actually believe that what I can't get for myself God can get for me. You can laugh all you want to at prayer. If you really know how to pray, it's like having an unlimited checking account.

Well, those are the things I believe in. I've got my faults like anybody else, but if I can be proud of anything I'm proud of the fact that I'm a good Christian and a good citizen. Nowadays, in order to stand for anything you have to spend most of your time standing against other things. I suppose that doing that makes you look negative to some people but to me it's just another way of being positive.

Happy New Year and stay sober,

G. G.

Music AND MUSIC MAKERS

More Chips from a Workshop

By WALTER A. HANSEN

I am proud of the Danish blood in my veins, and that pride of mine asserted itself with exhilarating and irresistible emphasis as I listened a short time ago to the playing of the Danish National Orchestra of the State Radio (Copenhagen Radiosymfoniorkestret) under the exacting and inspiring leadership of Erik Tuxen.

Unfortunately, concert-goers and critics in our land seldom hear any of the major works of Carl August Nielsen (1865-1931), Denmark's foremost composer and one of the ablest symphonists since the days of Johannes Brahms and Peter Ilyich Tchaikovsky. Therefore it was good to see that the Danish master's *Symphony No. 5, Op. 50* was included in the program I heard.

Mr. Tuxen gave a lucid and gripping exposition of this fine work.

Why is Nielsen's music almost unknown in our country? Is it because the man had little or nothing to say? No. In my opinion, the reason is to be found in the fact the conductors of our orchestras have, to a shameful extent, been neglecting the compositions from the eloquent pen of Nielsen. Besides, Denmark, for some strange reason, has failed to plead this man's cause with proper and persistent emphasis. The little country in which my father was born has been entirely too modest.

A critic should not judge music on the basis of blood. He must strive to be completely dispassionate in his evaluations. Consequently, I am trying to write with the utmost objectivity. As I do so, I realize keenly that although Nielsen was neither a Beethoven nor a Brahms, his exciting *Symphony No. 5* has some of the distinctive and elemental character-

istics that make up the warp and the woof of the symphonies of the great Jean Sibelius, of Finland.

Nielsen's *Fifth* abounds in power, in grace, in melodic beauty, and in dexterity as well as suppleness of construction. It is music that came from the heart and goes to the heart. It is poetic in every measure. In many respects it is vastly different from the symphonies of the late Sergei Rachmaninoff; but, to my thinking, it is equally meaningful and effective. I believe that for Denmark and the rest of the world Nielsen's symphonies are just as important as the music of Edvard Hagerup Grieg is for Norway and the rest of the world. Besides, Nielsen had far more skill in handling the larger forms than Grieg, the able miniaturist, was ever able to acquire.

In my evaluation of Nielsen's *Fifth* I am avoiding—on purpose and on principle—the use of that overworked cliché "romantic." The word "romantic" rolls glibly from the tongues and pens of ever so many critics. But when you ask those writers to give you a completely satisfying definition of that term, they squirm and squirm and squirm.

Tuxen's lucid, exciting, and deftly proportioned reading of Nielsen's *Fifth* has made it possible for me to arrive at a clear-cut verdict concerning the symphony. Consequently, I do not hesitate to set forth my opinion with emphatic assurance.

The able conductor of the *Statsradiofoniens Symfonie Orkester* showed that genuine scholarship and deep feeling permeate his readings. He began the concert with a graceful and graphic presentation of Carl Maria von Weber's *Euryanthe Overture*—a presentation founded on thorough understanding. His expositions of three of Grieg's *Symphonic Dances, Op. 64*—with their vivid suggestions of the *Hardanger Fiedel* (fiddle) of Norway—were a joy to the ear as well as to the mind.

What about the orchestra itself? It plays with precision and a wealth of tonal beauty. Its carefully selected personnel shuns anything even remotely resembling a matter-of-fact attitude. When I consider the superb quality of the performance of the color-laden suite derived from Igor Stravinsky's *The Firebird*—one of the Russian composer's finest works—I must say that the *Copenhagen Radiosymfoniorkestret* serves the cause of music with exemplary skill and devotion and, at the same time, does honor in every way to the country it represents and to King Frederick IX, under whose patronage the American tour is being made.

My hat is off to Tuxen as a

conductor, to Nielsen as a composer, and to the *Statsradiofoniens Symfonie Orkester* as an ensemble of extraordinary ability.

Alban Berg

Alban Berg, the much-discussed Austrian composer (1885-1935), is a highly controversial figure in the world of music. Some look upon him as a great prophet; some say that his works are ugly and utterly unimportant.

But I cannot understand how anyone can listen to Berg's *Lulu* without realizing that a man who could write an opera so overwhelming in its impact was endowed by nature and by education with a gigantic intellect.

Maybe you will exclaim, "I abhor such music!" You have a right to your opinion, just as I have the right to declare as emphatically as I can that the vastness of Berg's far-sweeping and deep-delving genius literally takes my breath.

About two years ago Dimitri Mitropoulos conducted a concert presentation of Berg's *Wozzeck* in New York City and caused many listeners to ask, "What did the composer actually achieve in this opera?" The performance was broadcast. Consequently, thousands of those who heard *Wozzeck* by way of the radio scratched their heads in wonder and perplexity. They, too, began to ask questions about Berg and his credo. Some of those listeners were hostile, some were lukewarm, and some were enthusiastic.

Not long ago Columbia issued a recording of the New York performance of *Wozzeck*. This was good, for no one can deny that the art of recording can teach us far more about Berg and his music than one can learn on the basis of a single hearing in a concert hall or by way of the radio. Berg's music is so startling and, in many respects, so completely different from anything else in the far-flung domain of composition that one must listen to it many times in order to arrive at an understanding of its character, its import, and its overwhelming sweep. Fortunately, the phonograph enables us to do this.

Now Columbia has issued a recording of Berg's *Lulu,* an opera based on two tragedies by Frank Wedekind: *Erdgeist (Earth Spirit)* and *Die Büchse der Pandora (Pandora's Box).* The three-act stage work is presented in German by thirteen able singers and the Vienna Symphony Orchestra under the late Herbert Häfner (Columbia SL-121). A libretto in German and in English is included in the three-disc album.

The story of *Lulu*—which, by the way, has never been staged in our country—is sordid, brutal, and shocking. It deals with a

completely immoral and amoral courtesan, who after plying her degrading trade with shameless abandon, is imprisoned for murder but manages to escape to England, where she is slain by the notorious Jack the Ripper.

Berg was one of the most ardent disciples of the late Arnold Schönberg. He uses the twelve-tone system with powerful effectiveness. Nevertheless, he proves conclusively that he is not a slave to the twelve-tone system. In his hands this somewhat mathematical manner of writing has become amazingly malleable and expressive. Shortly before his death—caused by an abscess resulting from an insect bite—he completed a violin concerto, and in one part of this work he wove together, with astounding resourcefulness, an Austrian folk tune, a Lutheran chorale, and a twelve-tone row.

Berg inserted a movie episode in the middle of the second act of *Lulu*. A small orchestra on the stage plays the dance and motion-picture music. He did a similar thing in the tavern scene in *Wozzeck*. Mozart, you know, called for a small orchestra on the stage in *Don Giovanni*. Rene Leibowitz declares that "the constant alternation of all possible and imaginable modes of singing is the essential characteristic of *Lulu*."

Berg died before he could complete the third act of the controversial opera. But he left sketches, and he had managed to finish parts of the final scene—including Lulu's blood-curdling death shriek.

Listen to *Lulu*. Maybe you will dislike it. But it will acquaint you with a work which, in my opinion, exemplifies a tremendously important development in the tonal art. I prefer *Lulu* to *Wozzeck*—by far. Incidentally, it contains a quotation from *Wozzeck*.

RECENT RECORDINGS

CASALS FESTIVAL AT PERPIGNAN. VOL. I—MOZART. *Eine kleine Nachtmusik (K. 525)* and *Symphony No. 29, in A Major (K. 201)*. Perpignan Festival Orchestra under Pablo Casals. *Sinfonia Concertante in E Flat Major, for Violin, Viola, and Orchestra (K. 364)*. Isaac Stern, violin; William Primrose, viola; and the Festival Orchestra under Casals. *Concerto No. 5, in A Major, for Violin and Orchestra (K. 219)*, often called the *Turkish Concerto*. Erica Morini, violin, with the Festival Orchestra under Casals. *Divertimento No. 11, in D Major, for Oboe, Horns, and Strings (K. 251)*. Marcel Tabuteau, oboe, with the Festival Orchestra under Casals. *Quartet in F Major, for Oboe, Violin, Viola, and 'Cello (K. 370)*. Marcel Tabuteau, oboe; Isaac Stern,

violin; William Primrose, viola; and Paul Tortelier, 'cello. On the fifth disc Casals himself, with Eugene Istomin at the piano, plays an arrangement of the *Adagio* from Joseph Haydn's *Sonata No. 9, in D Major, for Piano* and has written the following inscription: "The core of any important enterprise or activity must be character and kindness."—Casals is one of the greatest musicians of the present time. These recordings—made in the summer of 1951 in Perpignan, ancient capital of the Catalan kings—represent artistry at its best. 33⅓ rpm. Columbia SL-168.

PETER ILYICH TCHAIKOVSKY. *Nutcracker Suite.* EMIL VON REZNICEK. *Donna Diana Overture.* JEAN SIBELIUS. *The Swan of Tuonela.* GEORGES ENESCO. *Roumanian Rhapsody No. 1.* The Chicago Symphony Orchestra under Frederick Stock.—This is one of Columbia's new *Entré Series*—discs that sell at half the price of those devoted to recently recorded works. An excellent buy. 33⅓ rpm. Columbia RL-3002.

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN. *Symphony No. 6, in F Major, Op. 68 (Pastorale).* The Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra under Dimitri Mitropoulos.—Likewise a disc in the new *Entré Series.* Another good buy. 33⅓ rpm. Columbia RL-3009.

PETER ILYICH TCHAIKOVSKY. *Symphony No. 6, in B Minor, Op. 74 (Pathétique).* The Chicago Symphony Orchestra under Rafael Kubelik.—An exciting reading by a conductor who understands the music of the Slavs. 33⅓ rpm. Mercury MG-50006.

JOHANNES BRAHMS. *Symphony No. 1, in C Minor, Op. 68.* The Chicago Symphony Orchestra under Rafael Kubelik.—I like Kubelik's exposition of this great masterpiece. 33⅓ rpm. Mercury MG-50007.

MUSIC FOR DEMOCRACY. *The Testament of Freedom: A Setting of Four Passages from the Writings of Thomas Jefferson,* by Randall Thompson. *Songs from "Drum Taps," Poems by Walt Whitman,* by Howard Hanson. Howard Hanson, conducting the Eastman-Rochester Symphony Orchestra, with the chorus of the Eastman School of Music and David Meyers, baritone.—Mercury has signed a three-year agreement with the Eastman School of Music for the purpose of recording works by American composers. This is highly commendable. The excellent disc titled *Music for Democracy* is the first of the *American Festival Series.* 33⅓ rpm. Mercury MG-40000.

AMERICAN MUSIC FOR STRING ORCHESTRA. *Fantasy on a Hymn by Justin Morgan,* by Thomas Canning. *Arioso for Strings,* by Louis Mennini. *Suite in E Major,* by Arthur Foote.—The second disc in the *American Music Festival Series.* Howard Hanson conducts the Eastman-Rochester Symphony Orchestra in three fine works. 33⅓ rpm. Mercury MG-40001.

GEORGES BIZET. *Jeux d'Enfants (Children's Games). Farandole,* from *L'Arlesienne,* and *Gypsy Dance,*

from *The Fair Maid of Perth.* EMANUEL CHABRIER. *Suite Pastorale.* The Royal Opera House Orchestra of Covent Garden, London, under Warwick Braithwaite.—Bizet's *Children's Games* is delightful music. His *Farandole* and *Gypsy Dance* have for a long time been used as part of the ballet music for *Carmen.* Chabrier's *Suite Pastorale* is a sensitively scored work. Braithwaite, born in New Zealand, is an able conductor. 33⅓ rpm. M-G-M E3000.

PETER ILYICH TCHAIKOVSKY. *Romeo and Juliet—Overture-Fantasy; Hamlet—Overture-Fantasy.* The Philharmonia Orchestra of London under Anatole Fistoulari.—Graphic performances. 33⅓ rpm. M-G-M E3002.

POPULAR BALLET MUSIC FROM GREAT OPERAS. Ballet music from *Faust, Aida, Carmen, Lakme, William Tell,* and *La Gioconda.*—This is an exciting recording—especially for balletomanes. The selections are played by the Royal Opera House Orchestra of Covent Garden under Warwick Braithwaite. 33⅓ rpm. M-G-M E3003.

RICHARD STRAUSS. *Burleske for Piano and Orchestra.* ERNST VON DOHNANYI. *Variations on a Nursery Theme, for Piano and Orchestra.* Fabienne Jacquinot, pianist, with the Philharmonia Orchestra of London under Anatole Fistoulari.—Excellent playing. *Burleske* is one of Strauss's early works. Dohnanyi's variations are based on the well-known ABC song. 33⅓ rpm. M-G-M E3004.

ALEXANDER BORODIN. *Orchestral Suite from "Prince Igor" (Overture—Polovski March—Polovtsian Dances).* The Philharmonia Orchestra of London under Walter Susskind.—Everyone will agree that this is exciting music—music full of savagery and color. 33⅓ rpm. M-G-M E3008.

FRANZ LISZT. *Totentanz (Dance of Death), for Piano and Orchestra.* NICOLAS RIMSKY-KORSAKOFF. *Concerto for Piano and Orchestra.* Fabienne Jacquinot, pianist, with the Philharmonia Orchestra of London under Anatole Fistoulari.—Liszt's *Totentanz,* one of his finest works, is a series of variations on the time-honored setting of the *Dies Irae.* Rimsky-Korsakoff's brilliant *Piano Concerto* is seldom heard. The playing is excellent. 33⅓ rpm. M-G-M E182.

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

RELIGION

THE POWER OF POSITIVE THINKING

By Norman Vincent Peale (Prentice-Hall, $2.95).

A LAMP UNTO MY FEET: Guidance for Every Day

By Wallace Fridy (Abingdon-Cokesbury, $1.25).

ALTHOUGH Jesus does not require, in the Bible's index of ultimate achievement, that a man be successful (only that he be found faithful), the spate of "How to Be" or self-improvement books continues. It is almost as significant a reflection of our confused times as, in a different direction, the "How to Do" flood in print—namely, mass appeal by popular style through over-simplification. Especially is this true of best-seller Peale's new book. Heartening, yes—as in the chapter on "Expect the Best and Get It"; but consistently inspirational, I wonder? Though he is uncommonly energetic, this preacher-author is no more an original writer than he is a thinker. His earlier success (in popularizing *The Art of Real Happiness* and, even more notably, *A Guide to Confident Living)* seems to have swung his good sense away from genuinely substantial counseling to ultra-optimistic psychiatry of the social gospel variety. How can the promise of giving "a formula of belief and practice which should help you win victory over every defeat" actually be honored in a short book? Only Scripture succeeds in this area, and it is a complex volume. Such generalizations as "mastering" and "confident living" and "expanded influence" and "amazing improvement within yourself" remain mere labels despite the interesting examples mentioned, simply because Dr. Peale in using them does not himself seem fully convinced. What here fills seventeen chapters could be boiled down essentially to a few pages, with more real effect.

A similar weakness of syndicated columnist journalism underlies the daily guidance book by Fridy. Published in nugget form for devotional use, these forty messages of hope were first delivered in amplified version as

Methodist sermons and then became abbreviated for Sunday supplement newspaper use. In my opinion, the mature mind reveals itself better here with a proper sense of Christian humility rather than (as in the other publication) personal pride.

HERBERT H. UMBACH

BELLES-LETTRES

AS THEY APPEAR

By John Mason Brown (McGraw-Hill, $3.75).

THESE 33 genial essays are written in the intimate style of Alexander Woollcott, William Lyon Phelps, and Christopher Morley. They offer brisk, positive, and intelligent comment on recent cultural trends and offerings: high-lighted are, *e.g.*, T. S. Eliot and Christopher Fry, Charles Laughton and the Oliviers, R. L. Stevenson and J. M. Barrie, Shakespeare and Shaw.

To quote John Mason Brown's very words about a book he reviews in the first essay reprinted here, *As They Appear* can be described aptly thus: "Its tone is warm and personal; its touch light and relaxed. Its wit is as lively as . . . captivating . . ." Consequently most readers will enjoy a second helping of this seemingly artless art as phrased appealingly by a man whose many-sided interests and abounding vitality become contagious.

Each article, a creative discussion instead of what might have been a mere book review or drama mention or other such journalistic observation, gives the specific date and occasion as published originally in *The Saturday Review*. There these expositions by one of Broadway's leading drama critics appeared almost weekly in the "Seeing Things" department. For book purposes, the arrangement resembles JMB's earlier volumes, such as *Accustomed As I Am* and *Two on the Aisle*.

In this anthology the grouping is by eight units, indexed. Although mostly Manhattan based, Mr. Brown's analyses of such things as Emlyn Williams' solo performance as Charles Dickens "reading" scenes from his works, or Alfred Lunt's mute candle-lighting part in the Metropolitan Opera's performance of Mozart's *Cosi Fan Tutte* have universal quality. Above all the rest I recommend this Elian writer's lively argument that comic books (particularly the gaudy adaptations of celebrated literature) "offer final and melancholy proof that, even among the young, the mind is the most unused muscle in the United States."

HERBERT H. UMBACH

A MOON FOR THE MISBEGOTTEN

By Eugene O'Neill (Random House).

A MOON FOR THE MISBEGOTTEN" is a play with all the fortes and shortcomings so characteristic of O'Neill. He loves to portray weak characters, bums and barflies, drunkards and dreamers whom he pits against themselves and the world that has its norms and laws. This play is set in rural Connecticut. There is a gentleman farmer, an intelligent wastrel waiting for the settlement of

an inheritance and meanwhile spending his time with alcohol and prostitutes. There is a poor farmer, a miserly tyrant whose character has driven his sons away from him. To keep his farm he plans to have his daughter—a hard-working woman, but not too fastidious when it comes to sex—marry the gentleman farmer. To bring a dramatic impact into this world of dissipation and to excuse the weaknesses of his characters by letting them accuse and defy the world is insufficient justification for a play, all the more since there is no resolution to it and its characters finally escape into self-pity.

We do not mind having the playwright show us the depths of life or of the human soul for that matter, but then—as a moralist, as a symbolist, or a fighter for the betterment of man. Depth for the depth's sake without a light leading out of darkness defeats all purpose.

WALTER SORRELL

GUIDE TO KULCHER

By Ezra Pound (New Directions, $4.00).

THIS exceedingly complex book was first published in 1938, in England under this title of Pound's, and in America more squeamishly under the title *Culture*. Pound's own title is the more exact: the book is a "guide"; it "is not written for the over-fed" but for those who desire to understand, insofar as is now possible, the totality of life; the spelling "kulcher" alerts the reader to the distinction between the real development of mankind's humanistic qualities and the various trivial snobberies that have made the term "culture" an embarrassing one for a sincere person to use.

From Confucius' exposition of *Ta Hio* (the Way), Pound has taken the concept "ch'ing ming": the correct fitting of names to things, the avoidance of "becloudings." The negligent hypocrisy in our civilization causes "clean and decent men" to go "over to blind zealots as the *only* company where sincerity can be mentioned." Such zealots are "enemies of mankind"; they try to "petrify thought, that is *kill* it." The book is chiefly devoted to demonstrating the prevalence of copybook patter over thorough understanding. The departmentalization of knowledge—necessary to some extent—has brought about intellectual timidity, inadequacy, and, finally, a carping suspicion of minds with a greater grasp.

The book's "guidance" includes many perceptive passages in regard to art, music, and literature. One of Pound's principal concerns here, however, is to attack "usury"—a practice which he believes has fostered hypocrisy and tawdriness in all the ages when it has prevailed.

The apparent oddities of Pound's style largely vanish if one recalls the slangy, excited conversation of a group gathered around a café table, interrupting each other—and themselves—in a feverish attempt to formulate their exact meanings; and if one recalls the abbreviations and "private jokes" that make up a large part of one's intimate correspondence. Although Pound is repetitive and often irritating, those readers

who are easily put off will miss considerable rewards.

ALICE R. BENSEN

FICTION

PRISONER OF GRACE

By Joyce Cary (Harper, $3.00.).

PRISONER OF GRACE is the story of a marriage. From the beginning the union is electrified by tension since Nina has married the Liberal Statesman in order to bear her cousin's child more decorously. Through the years she acquires two more children by the cousin. When political circumstances finally make it possible for her to marry the father of her children, she finds her life has become so geared to the chaos of two lovers that she cannot live without either.

Joyce Cary's genius lies in his ability to create a character: to mimic the mannerisms, to penetrate hidden motives, to make so outrageous a person as Nina so real she could be one's self.

Although Mr. Cary would probably be alarmed to have *Prisoner of Grace* interpreted as a Book With a Message, a sort of Cary Credo may be discovered in Nina's eagerness to make the vital most of love, of quarrels, of "situations." The British author certainly cannot be tucked neatly into any philosophical category. And yet he seems the end result of a doctrine that all is uncertain—God, morals, governments—that man alone with his incredible spark of life is worthy of veneration.

ROBERTA DONSBACH

YET OTHER WATERS

By James T. Farrell (Vanguard, $3.75).

MR. FARRELL has already written two novels about his fictional writer, Bernard Carr, and this present one is the last in the series. Each has been complete in itself but together they cover Carr in various stages of his writing career.

In *Yet Other Waters* (which takes place in the "Thirties") Carr has begun to emerge as a relatively prominent writer with fairly close association with left-wing movements in the literary field. Carr gradually comes to realize the weakness and hollowness of this particular literary movement and, in a series of disillusioning events, moves away from the movement and in the direction of mid-stream. His intellectual transformation is accompanied by a shift in his position as a husband and father not too enamored of either role to a more conventional family pattern. A depressing love affair and the illness and death of his mother accelerate his drift to the right.

Anyone who has read the *Studs Lonigan* trilogy and the *Danny O'Neill* tetralogy will find a great deal of the familiar in *Yet Other Waters*. Unfortunately, it is a tired familiarity as though Farrell himself were a little weary of it all. Yet there is still a certain strength and warmth in Farrell's characters and in his writing. His south Chicago Irish families have a note of authenticity which is sometimes lacking when he moves them into less provincial settings. Perhaps if Mr. Farrell could write a really

great novel about this family—which has shown up in so much of his writing—he could free himself from its great hold on him.

THE SINNER OF SAINT AMBROSE

By Robert Raynolds (Bobbs-Merrill, $3.75).

WHAT are the thoughts of a pagan who lived during the period known as the fall of Rome? One of these Roman pagans, called Gregory Julian, tells us what his life meant to him when he helped administer the decaying Empire after the death of Emperor Theodosius. Gregory is called the Sinner of Saint Ambrose because the Bishop Ambrose, a great teacher of religion during these dark times, loved him in spite of the fact that Gregory was thoroughly pagan, thoroughly adulterous, and wicked. To Ambrose, Gregory was his chief sinner, and yet Ambrose detected a spark of the divine in Gregory's conscience. How Ambrose, the circumstances of the Roman Empire, and the lives of those around him affect Gregory's search for God is told with Gregory himself as narrator.

This is a story with a grand, sweeping and terrible background. The background is the Roman Empire and the forces at work responsible for its deterioration. All the props—the emperors, the Roman senate, the chariots, the Roman soldiers, the men of the church, the barbarians, and the simple citizens of Rome—are used skillfully and serve the author in writing a colorful and dramatic story. The theme is a man's puzzlement with life and God and good and evil, with none of the philosophizing detracting or depriving the novel of its action. Here is another religious and historical novel, and one of the best.

GRACE WOLF

ACT OF PASSION

By Georges Simenon (Prentice-Hall, $3.50)

CHARLES ALAVOINE, a prosperous doctor in a French town, deserts his wife and family to make a fresh start with his beloved Martine, whom he chokes to death as they lie in bed. Mr. Simenon presents the story in the form of a long letter written in prison by Alavoine to the examining magistrate who prepared the murder case for trial. In the letter Alavoine gives a sketch of his life in which he was dominated first by his mother and then by his second wife, describes his chance meeting with Martine and their effect upon each other, and tells what happened to them afterward. The characters, though not at all likeable, are magnificently created. Reactions to this book undoubtedly will vary considerably. Some readers will dismiss it as nothing more than a mean, lurid story. Others will be carried away by the powerful writing. Still others will probe beneath its surface to discover a deeper meaning. The author's attitude is strictly "no comment." Translated from the French by Louise Varese.

CARLENE BARTELT

GENERAL

LADY ON THE BEACH

By Norah Berg with Charles Samuels (Prentice-Hall, $3.00).

NORAH BERG tells what it is like to build a new life as a beachcomber (American style) on our West Coast. She and her husband, a retired marine sergeant, are both refugees from a multitude of events and conditions threatening to wreck their lives: the sergeant's inability to find himself after retirement, alcohol in the case of both, complete dissatisfaction with self and occupation, and inferiority complexes wrought out of early unhappinesses as well as lack of physical prepossessions.

Their struggle to find a new purpose in life while supporting themselves on the beach results in a rather fair amount of success, and the accounting of it makes interesting reading. Mrs. Berg's description of the daily life of beachcombers will come as a surprise to many people who have been unaware of the existence of thousands of people who depend for their existence on digging for razor clams and salvaging driftwood. Her stories and anecdotes about individual beachcombers are told with sympathy and a warm insight into the purposes and meanings of their lives on the beach. A pleasant few hours of reading about life on what may well be the last frontier for that ever present group who must work out their own earthly destinies in areas of solitude and hardship.

THE KOREA STORY

By John C. Caldwell in collaboration with Lesley Frost (Regnery, $3.00).

THESE ARE YOUR SONS

By Timothy J. Mulvey O.M.I. (McGraw-Hill, $3.75).

A GREAT many stories are being told and written these days about Korea, a relatively unknown peninsula somewhere in the Pacific until June of 1950. Charges and counter-charges are being hurled from all directions and by many people.

One of these is Mr. Caldwell, a former information specialist in Korea, who was attached first to the Army of Occupation, then to the State Department. His book, describing events from the original occupation to the advent of the war, is an indictment of the State Department's far eastern policy generally, and its Korean policy specifically. He criticizes the Department's coldly impersonal approach to the people in its attempt to establish a Korean democracy, its aloofness and hostility to the ideas fostered by men in the field (Mr. Caldwell, for example), and the high and unnecessary cost of operation. There is a conspicuous lack of documentation and an overabundance of self-pity and self-praise. There are inconsistencies and, at times, almost unbelievable naivete. If the Korean War *was* caused, at least in part, by the alleged bungling of which Mr. Caldwell speaks, either he has failed to show how a policy confined

to South Korea fomented war from North Korea, or this reviewer missed the minor premise somewhere along the line. It may be that mistakes were made, that there was a definite lack of policy and that there is a story to tell. It is unfortunate that Mr. Caldwell has allowed the sparks from his axe-grinding to blind his perspective and candor.

In direct contrast is Father Mulvey's generous account of the men who are fighting the war which followed—chronologically—the events recorded by Caldwell. Sent by his order for the specific purpose of recording the thoughts and actions of the fighting men, the author crouched in foxholes, flew a bombing mission and cruised with an aircraft carrier gathering information. The result is not only an exciting account of war on a day-to-day basis, but also a series of tales of men enduring indescribable hardships, men incredibly brave and totally selfless. The reader's emotions run the gamut from fear through anger to intense pride. One of the most striking things about the book is the absence of a single reference to low morale or bitterness on the part of the soldiers and sailors with whom the author came into contact.

It is well to take time out occasionally to reflect on the tremendous sacrifice of these men in uniform. Reading this book affords an excellent opportunity for such reflection. Father Mulvey has a good style, an interest in and a sympathetic attitude for his subject matter. The sum of these is a book well worth the time.

LIGHT ON A DARK HORSE

By Roy Campbell (Regnery, $4.00).

OUR impression that this autobiography is a hodge-podge of description and a vacuum of meaty reading material seems to be consistent with the author's life. For Roy Campbell tried to be everything—soldier, world traveller, bull-fighter, horse-trader, circus performer, big game hunter, treasure seeker, father, poet, and writer. This book, covering his life from 1901-1935, is, in parts, a good travelogue, particularly of Africa, but, as a whole, it is a boring catalogue of an undoubtedly exciting life.

ERRORS OF PSYCHOTHERAPY

By Sebastian de Grazia (Doubleday).

IN THIS stimulating criticism of modern psychotherapy, Dr. de Grazia exposes the weaknesses of secular therapy and the growing failure of the religious community to discharge the responsibility for therapy which rightfully belongs to religion. The author stresses that the most prevalent disorders of our time—the neuroses and the psychoses—are moral disorders which arise from moral conflicts, feelings of guilt, and alienation from the community. Secular therapists, the author points out, have failed because they do not recognize the moral nature of mental illness with the result that they have no unified system of moral values toward which to guide the patient. Ultimately, Dr. de Grazia suggests, the responsibility for psychotherapy must rest with

those who have been given moral authority and who know the community best. They are the political scientists, whose task is to point the way to the highest good, and the ministers, who have the duty of leading men into communion with God and with one another. The political scientist himself does not engage in therapy but places his confidence in the religious psychotherapist who must guide the mentally ill back to God and the community.

RUDOLPH C. WALDSCHMIDT

THE WONDERFUL STORY OF HOW YOU WERE BORN

By Sidonie M. Gruenberg (Hanover House, $2.00).

MRS. GRUENBERG'S beautiful little book is the latest in our twentieth century attempts at letting the little ones know the truth about their origin. Excellently illustrated in color, this volume should be on a handy shelf of every home containing children. Its clear, simple, and accurate language will enrapture small listeners and intrigue young readers. Not to be overlooked, the inside of the dust jacket holds valuable and important information for parents in helping them to guide their children's normal development.

ANNE LANGE

SECRET IN A BOTTLE

By Flint Holland (Pageant, $2.00).

FLINT HOLLAND is a pseudonym for a well-known author (it says on the dust jacket) who has a theory about alcoholism and its cause. He states in short (forty-eight page), narrative-case form a theory that puts the blame on latent homosexuality. There is no method by which it can be said whether the writer's theory is correct or not since he offers no facts to support it. Alcoholism is a very terrible problem and if this "well-known author" has some factual support for his theory he owes a duty to state it openly. Doctors, psychologists and psychiatrists could and should then give serious thought and attention to his theory. Alcoholism and homosexuality, both serious matters, need frank and open consideration.

I LIVE AGAIN

By Ileana, Princess of Romania (Rhinehart).

I *Live Again* is the personal story of how the Princess of Romania and her family lived during the war years in a country first allied with the Nazis and then dominated by the Communists. In a very sympathetic and proud tone, Ileana recounts Romania's plight, caught between hatred of Nazism and real fear of Communism. She and her countrymen had long known of the unlimited savagery of the Russians; Romania's history is full of unpleasant contacts with that mighty nation of the Iron Curtain even before the curtain was drawn.

The Princess herself kept extremely active in hospital work both in Austria, her husband's homeland, and Romania. Plagued with arthritis, Ileana nevertheless worked tirelessly among the sick and wounded with-

out respect to national origin. She seems to be a true aristocrat, for she has used her birthright and influence only for the good of all. Since their departure from Romania in 1948, the Princess and her family have found peace and a new life in their New England home.

ANNE LANGE

FILL 'ER UP

By Bellamy Partridge (McGraw-Hill, $4.50).

IT IS not necessary to read a great deal of Mr. Partridge's rather profuse collection of letters to realize that he is something approaching nostalgia personified. His latest effort falls neatly into the pattern. This time he takes the reader through a half-century in the development of the automobile. It is a thoroughly interesting account of the first automobiles, their inventors and the "roads" on which they traveled. It is a story of success and failure, of bitterness and frustration, of humor and adventure. The never-to-be-forgotten names are here—Selden, Duryea, Olds, Ford and Durant. So are the never-to-be-forgotten events—the Glidden Tours, the Vanderbilt races and the first cross-country trip by automobile.

The book is a tribute to the early pioneers of motoring and to the AAA which fought so hard and so long for just laws, good roads and a host of other things taken so much for granted today. A little less emphasis on the races and controlled tours of the early era and a slightly more detailed account of the actual development of the motor car would have created a better balance and better reading. However, the book will be a fascinating history for the young, and for the old it will recall fond memories of a day when a Sunday tour of fifty miles was a daring adventure, when the auto repair shop was a blacksmith's barn, and the filling station the back door of a hardware store.

TWO REELS AND A CRANK

By Albert E. Smith in collaboration with Phil A. Koury (Doubleday, $3.75).

ALL who remember the early days of the motion picture will find this book a source of nostalgic pleasure. (Who, after all, are the peers of Maurice Costello, Clara Kimball Young, and the Talmadge sisters?) Those who know only the movies since the Hollywood days will find it a surprise that there is a long history (as long ago as 1895) of the industry in and around New York City revolving around persons who are today generally unknown or forgotten. Mr. Smith, who is still alive (although not active in the industry since 1925—a year when people think movies were just starting), was in from the beginnings, and his reminiscences, although told in a somewhat sporadic and episodic manner, provide a fascinating account of those pioneer days with their great difficulties—both technical and ethical—and their satisfying rewards.

Especially good are his accounts of taking (pirating would be a better word) pictures of the Jeffries-Sharkey fight in 1899, his adventures at San

Juan Hill with Theodore Roosevelt, his coverage of the Boer War with Richard Harding Davis, photographing the Galveston flood, and his presence with a camera at the assassination of President McKinley.

THE LIFE AND GOOD TIMES OF WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST

By John Tebbel (Dutton, $4.00).

IN THE latter part of the last century and the early part of the present century the great aggrandizements of wealth were in individual hands. Today they are in the hands of private business and philanthropic corporations. William Randolph Hearst is probably one of the best illustrations that can be found for the thesis that the corporate concentration (despite its many shortcomings) is superior to the individual concentration. Particularly is this true, as in Hearst's case, where the individual uses his wealth in a multitude of ways and most of them are arbitrary, whimsical, and capricious. Mr. Tebbel's biography of Hearst is a marvelous accounting of the life of a man who was just that.

The final earthly judgment of Hearst remains to be rendered, and Mr. Tebbel has not attempted this difficult task. He has, however, presented in a very straightforward manner an account of Hearst's principal activities. Rather than relying on the conventional pattern of biography, basically a chronological one, Mr. Tebbel has divided Hearst's life into various components and discussed each one separately. Thus, he treats of his residences, his women, his businesses, his political activities, his collections, and his money. There is a final portrait of Hearst as a human being and an account of his ending on earth. This presentation has a great deal to be said for it in that it focuses attention on each activity in a small enough space to give a good picture of Hearst in each of these phases. It suffers from the disadvantage of not being able to present a well-rounded picture of the controversial figure. Perhaps Mr. Tebbel selected this form because to deal with Hearst in his entirety would be to deal with too large a paradox. Paradoxes are best handled on a small scale. Well-written and of great interest to students of the American scene.

THE FAT BOY'S DOWNFALL

By Elmer Wheeler (Prentice-Hall, $2.50).

ABOUT a year ago Elmer Wheeler wrote *The Fat Boy's Book* in which he told how he had lost a great deal of weight in a relatively simple manner. This book had a large sale and was serialized in about 400 newspapers in this country. Wheeler's newly gained reputation resulted in his being asked to be the principal speaker at many a banquet. This resulted in his ending up, girthwise, in the same position that he had been before his first diet and first book—if not more so. He started the process of dieting and writing over again. *The Fat Boy's Downfall* is a humorous account of his tumble and what he had to do to lose the

additional weight, and, more important, what he does to maintain an ideal weight.

The medical profession tells us that there are too many overweight people in this country and that this condition is—healthwise—very detrimental. Books like this do, therefore, a great deal of good in publicizing and emphasizing the dangers of obesity. Wheeler's suggestions for keeping weight in check are practicable and sensible.

THE COMPLETE BOOK OF 20TH CENTURY MUSIC

By David Ewen (Prentice-Hall, $7.50).

THIS new, comprehensive, interpretative, and critical guide to the music of the twentieth century is a welcome volume to those who are interested in music of this era. One-hundred and seventeen composers are listed including those who are a product of the nineteenth century but who wrote much of their music in the twentieth; and also those who are technically products of the twentieth century only.

Interesting biographical data is given as well as much interesting musical data concerning the compositions discussed; such as information concerning the first performance of controversial works, techniques of contemporary composers, changes in style of contemporary composers, etc. Only music written since 1900 is discussed and most of that is available on recordings.

This is another scholarly work by the prolific Mr. Ewen who has given us a great many books on music and musicians. "Music for Millions" and "From Bach to Stravinsky" are two of the most popular of his recent contributions.

WILLIAM H. KROEGER

The READING ROOM

By VICTOR F. HOFFMANN

Post-mortem

BEFORE turning to the less interesting facts of life for the next four years, let us just briefly perform a post-mortem on what happened to the Democrats last November fourth, the election which delivered the presidency to General Dwight D. Eisenhower "in a ballot-box revolution" *(Time,* November 10, 1952). The post-mortem will necessarily be brief because the facts aren't all in. The full story cannot be told without extensive attempts at research and reflection. Furthermore, I'm not so certain that a post-mortem is necessary since the Democratic body is not quite dead even if it has one foot in the grave and the other on a banana peeling. To those who are worrying about the future of the Democratic party we direct the words of a slightly Republican and Eisenhower magazine: "So the Democrats may be in deeper trouble than they have ever faced since Andrew Jackson came over the mountains. They may be, but Jackson's party is tough as hickory. It may strike new roots. Whether it does, depends very largely on the Republicans, whose present political position is full of suspense, danger and opportunity." *(Time,* November 17, 1952.) At any rate, there might still be time for a few words before the embalmers arrive.

Embalmers

A MAN working for a construction company had fallen to his death from a bridge. An undertaker was called to dispose of the body. Legend has it that the embalmer had embalmed seven other workers before he got the dead one. It seemed that the embalmer had trouble answering a very important question, that is, "Who's dead around here anyway?"

Ike's Victory

ACCORDING to my post-mortem analysis, the so-called Republican victory was rather a tremendously popular and personal victory for Ike. For example, the local and state tickets in the South did not go GOP even though the

Solid South had broken on the presidential level. According to the available statistics, Ike ran ahead of most of the Republican tickets—East, Middle West, West, and North. At this point in the statistical chronology, you wouldn't say that the Senate and the House were going to be Republican Gibraltars. It might even appear that Ike carried a lot of the GOP winners on the proverbial coattails. A case in point is "Wild Bill" Jenner of Indiana who won over "White Hat" Henry Schricker. This also proves that cream does not always come to the top. If the GOP doesn't keep these factors in mind, the party will be in the somewhat odd position of a rhinoceros trying to play minuets on a violin.

A Protest Vote

MANY journalists and political experts would not be satisfied with the interpretation above. Some of these people have described the Democratic Collapse in terms of a protest vote. The average American, they say, had become tired of mink coats, RFC scandals, the revelation of atomic secrets, and the nefarious secrets unearthed by the Kefauver investigation. Fathers and mothers wanted their boys brought back from Korea and army camps. Others might have voted against the vociferous and vehement campaigning of Harry S. Truman who knows all about rabbit punches. Perhaps the slogan, "It's time for a change," had made some sort of an impact. In that case, "The people did what materialists and cynics say people never do: voted against what they believed to be their immediate economic interests." (*Time,* November 10, 1952.)

If this was an amazing victory for the Republicans in terms of a protest vote, then the GOP has a mandate from the majority of the electorate to do better. Eisenhower and the GOP were then elected because they would make honest and efficient administrators. After his dramatic "I shall go to Korea," he'd better solve the Korean situation. (Some newspapers are now trying to water down this campaign statement. These papers, it seems, are trying to avoid the implications of "He kept us out of war." The impossibility of the Korean situation is beginning to stare them in the face. We can't withdraw. To go farther might mean war. John S. Knight, editor of four major papers, tries to defend Ike: "But Americans shouldn't expect him to go there and settle the war by waving a magic wand." *The Chicago Daily News,* November 13, 1952. Dear John: I got news for you! Why don't you re-read some of his speeches?) If voters voted against the poor but caustic

speeches of Harry S. Truman, then Ike Eisenhower will have to give up the luxury "of settin' here in the livin' room with all us other folks." He will also have to do something about McCarthyism. And the change had better be for the good. People who call you King at the beginning of the week will crucify you before Saturday. It's a funny thing, but chickens have a habit of coming home to roost. And if a depression or a war should take place under the GOP, well—it isn't going to be enough to say that they didn't do any worse than the Democrats.

A Change?

"WELL," said a neighbor to me on November 5 with an unusual amount of enthusiasm, "they took it away from them, didn't they? You never had it so good? What sort of a bill of goods are these New Dealers and pinkos trying to sell us? You're going to have it better. You know what we Republicans are going to do? We're going to make the people honest again. Why, we're goin' to take them off the dole system." Another fellow that I see nearly every day on my way to the office put it more crudely: "From this moment, the Washington cow has run dry—at least, for a lot of people." With similar ideas in mind, an editor of my home town paper wrote the following hymn of praise: "When the sun rose Wednesday, November 5, 1952, it was beautiful. There hasn't been such a glorious morning for the past twenty years. It was wonderful." (*The York Republican* (Nebr.), November 13, 1952.) For several months, *The Chicago Daily News* had implied that Ike's victory would mean the end of creeping socialism.

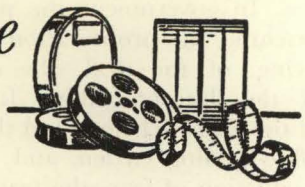
But will these good new days really be different than the good old days of FDR and HST just taken away from us? I think my friends are wrong. To my way of thinking, there isn't going to be much of a change in American social democracy, either in substance or in direction. (There might be a change in degree and concentration.) A few sentences from Ike's speeches could easily have been swiped from FDR. "Security for old age, unemployment insurance, care for dependent children and widows, and for better housing for those now compelled to live in slums—all these are moral obligations." ". . . existing private health insurance [does not] provide adequate protection. . . . For purposes like this, the usefulness of federal loans or other aid to local health plans should be explored." "We must now undertake to help needy states build new schools." "The Republican platform affirms that we must do more than just keep our social security

program. We must improve it and extend it." "Let us squarely and honestly face the fact that far too many Americans are obliged to live too close to the margin between enough and less than enough; between security and insecurity; between personal well-being and personal disaster." *(The Christian Science Monitor,* October 10, 1952.) We have been out-Roosevelted. Creeping socialism is still on the creep. I have personally been able to like Ike because he's proof that the liberal traditions in which I believe cannot be destroyed so easily. (THE CRESSET, November, 1952.) But he must still give me four years of proof.

Invocation

OVER the voice of America we preach Christianity, but we support gunboats, not missionaries. *This after nineteen hundred and fifty years.* In business the decline of the small entrepreneur, the proliferation of the corporate giants, the denial of any concept of social justice which suggests a compromise of the principle of profit. In labor the decline of the local union, the proliferation of the giant international, the rise of a massive monolithic power structure, the denial of any concept of a loyal opposition that suggests a compromise of personal power or immediate political success. In government the political machine, the proliferation of lobbying, of the deal, the decline of the decision-making function of the lower echelons and the non-office-holding citizen, and the introduction of fear—the fear of going to the wrong meeting, of saying the wrong thing, of having the wrong friends, of seeing the wrong people. *We renounce success* and then demand, as Jesus demanded, that the money-lenders leave our temples . . . suppose we could forget the strategies of getting along with the congregations, of placating the pillars of the church, of providing spectator recreation each weekend. . . . Or, better yet, leave our churches and go out among the people. . . . Just imagine it! Tomorrow, thousands of ministers, leaving their churches, their conferences, their lecture engagements, their studies, their tasks of providing religious recreation, their concerns of salary and status. . . . Imagine thousands of us day after day walking among our fellow men and talking to all who would listen of the word of God and its meaning for the world today. Could we, Dear God. . . . O Brethren, let us pray." *(Amicus)*

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

The  *Motion Picture*

By ANNE HANSEN

A GREAT deal has been written about motion-picture producers, directors, actors, technicians, and exhibitors. Very little has been written about another important personage associated with the motion-picture industry —the film censor.

Perhaps this may be attributed to the fact that Americans are constitutionally opposed to any kind of censorship. Or it may be because censorship boards function competently and unobtrusively, with only an occasional flare-up of publicity.

Have you ever asked yourself, "Is the censorship of films really necessary? Does censorship serve a useful purpose?"

In a recent issue of *The Saturday Review* Hugh M. Flick, permanent director of New York State's Motion Picture Division, answers yes to both questions.

Hollis Alpert, film critic for *The Saturday Review,* describes Dr. Flick as a friendly, mild-mannered man in his mid-forties, with none of the characteristics of a super-sleuth or a fanatic.

Naturally, the primary concern of the New York State Motion Picture Association is to see to it that films presented for licensing live up to the letter of the law. But even though legal requirements are met, this does not necessarily mean that a picture wins the board's full approval.

Dr. Flick reminds us that every community has its complement not only of weak and depraved individuals but of children and adolescents whose moral values and ethical standards are still in the formative period. A way must be found to assure them at least a measure of protection against undesirable films.

The British, we are told, are far ahead of us in regulating the distribution of films. British productions are placed into three categories. U films are designed for general consumption without restrictions of any kind. Films in the A category may be seen by

children if accompanied by a parent or a legal guardian. Those labeled X are for adults only.

Each year the New York State Motion Picture Division examines for licensing approximately 1,500 films, including Spanish, Chinese, Arabian, Yiddish, French, and Italian imports. Since a rate of three dollars per ten minutes of showing time is charged for a New York license, this department more than pays its own way. As a matter of fact, it actually contributes to the state treasury a half-million dollars annually. Incidentally, the provisions of the state laws apply only to releases that are to be exhibited commercially. Films made for educational and scientific purposes do not need a New York State license.

New York is one of eight states in which censorship boards have been established. More than a hundred localities in other states have censorship statutes on their books. The Motion Picture Association of America—sometimes identified as the Hays Office—acts as a self-regulating body for and within the industry. In addition, a number of important church and civic organizations keep watchful eyes on the moral tone of film releases.

You may agree with erudite John Macy's statement that O. Henry (William Sidney Porter) was "a man of real talent and excellent humor, a born storyteller, ingenious, inventive." Or you may share Henry L. Mencken's harsh dictum that the famous au thor had only "smoke-room and variety show smartness" and that "in the whole canon of O. Henry's work you will not find a single recognizable human character; his people are unanimously marionettes; he makes Mexican brigands, Texas cowmen and New York cracksmen talk the same highly ornate Broadwayese." In any case, I believe that you will enjoy *O. Henry's Full House* (20th Century-Fox).

Here five popular O. Henry short stories have been adapted for the screen—four with fine success, the fifth with a notable lack of success. John Steinbeck acts as narrator to weave the tales into the pattern of O. Henry's life and career. *The Cop and the Anthem* (Henry Koster) presents Charles Laughton in a memorable performance. Gregory Ratoff appears in *The Last Leaf* (Jean Negulesco). Dale Robertson and Richard Widmark are starred in *The Clarion Call* (Henry Hathaway), and *The Gift of the Magi* (Henry King) features Jeanne Crain and Farley Granger in a sentimental tale of love and sacrifice. Settings, action, and direction are excellent in the foregoing. But somehow Fred Allen and Oscar Levant miss fire completely in *The Ransom*

of *Red Chief* (Howard Hawks).

O. Henry is not around to see what happened to *The Ransom of Red Chief*. But it is hard to believe that Ernest Hemingway can escape seeing *The Snows of Kilimanjaro* (20th Century-Fox, Henry King). My sympathy goes out to him. Mr. Hemingway's well-known story of a dying man's journey into the past has been dressed up with every conceivable Hollywood trimming. The majestic background, superbly photographed in technicolor, dwarfs and makes ridiculous the foolish antics of the human puppets who are caught up in a fantastic plot. A fine cast was assembled for this film. It is unfortunate for them that they could not follow Leo Carroll's advice. Cast in the role of Gregory Peck's uncle, Mr. Carroll repeatedly advises our hero to hunt. That's all. Just hunt. He is right. They should have hunted for another picture!

Any film that centers about a religious happening makes heavy demands on producer, director, and cast. These demands increase immeasurably when that happening involves a miracle or a supernatural manifestation. Simplicity, dignity, restraint, the utmost honesty, and artistry of a high order are prerequisites in the making of a truly outstanding religious film.

The Miracle of Our Lady of Fatima (Warners) does not have all these qualities and qualifications. The film is based on an event which caused a stir in 1917. At that time three children reported that they had seen a vision of "Our Lady" on a remote hillside in Portugal. The vision, the children said, spoke words of admonition, comfort, peace, and prophecy. Today a great cathedral stands on the spot where the vision is said to have appeared.

To me this film seems contrived, superficial, and, occasionally, a little cheap. The Warner Color photography is often arrestingly beautiful, and much of the acting is excellent—notably that of Gilbert Roland and eleven-year-old Susan Whiting.

Reports from many parts of the nation show that *The Miracle of Our Lady of Fatima* is playing holdover engagements at increased admission prices.

Now let us turn to *Monkey Business* (20th Century-Fox, Howard Hawks). The title offers an excellent capsule criticism of the film. Be warned! This is old stuff, completely and utterly boring from start to finish.

Monkey Business quite naturally leads us to *Something for the Birds* (20th Century-Fox). The title is exactly right. On second thought, however, the birds may not want it. This film starts out as an engaging satire on contemporary Washington. But it quickly

deteriorates into just another silly story with so-called political overtones.

Producers eagerly appropriate newspaper headlines for the making of pictures. *The Turning Point* (Paramount, William Dieterle) obviously stems from recent investigations into powerful crime syndicates. Although the film has vigor and although the acting is good, the story remains within the realm of melodrama.

Way of a Gaucho (20th Century-Fox) is noteworthy only because it enables us to visit a South American neighbor. The impressive natural beauty of Argentina has been caught in glowing technicolor.

They say that old soldiers never die. But have you ever wondered what happens to old cowpokes? *The Lusty Men* (RKO-Radio) shows us the ups and down (no pun intended) of the lusty men who make a hazardous living on the rodeo circuit. The plot is hackneyed; but the action sequences, featuring many top-notch riders, are exciting.

The wide-eyed candor and inquisitiveness of a child are both touching and wonderful. *The Happy Time* (Columbia), adapted from the Broadway hit play, is neither touching nor wonderful. Here a boy's increasing awareness of life and growth are used as a springboard for shallow comedy. Occasional flashes of honesty, sincerity, and tenderness only point up the over-all tawdriness of this picture.

Everything I Have Is Yours (M-G-M) presents Dennis O'Keefe and Marge and Gower Champion in a delightful musical extravaganza.

The Prisoner of Zenda (M-G-M) transports us to the mythical kingdom of Ruritania. It is a dull trip. This new version of Anthony Hope's fanciful romance lacks the charm and the sparkle of earlier screen adaptations.

Verse

The Clock

There is the time: the tantalizing turn,
the clocking torture, the feared-of end,
the dying hours waiting to transcend,
the thought that lost its way on its return
to memory and lives as lasting yearn.

I tricked time's clock. I stopped its little hand
and, while the other moves and moves around
itself without an aim, without a sound,
I stand and, floating backwards, I still stand
and watch each footstep vanish in the sand.

—Walter Sorell

The Fence

The wires are ruled staff lines on the snow;
The posts are stout bars measuring off the sage;
The sparrows sitting in a ragged row,
Are notes of music pencilled on a page.

—Donald Manker

Truth From Rust

When I find a friend is false
I bar the gateway to my mind,
I tear the sweetness from the rind;
Slow my pulse

More than handclasp is between
Friends; like feathers to a bird;
Or urgent memory of a word;
Wind to weathervane

Bending mental hearts to sway
With sincerity's mined trust;
Burnishing the truth from rust:
Spirit-glow!

When a friend is false, I find
Life an owl and sight a fool;
Loneliness, not learned in school,
Is a wound.

—Lucile Coleman

The Editor's Lamp

PROBLEMS

CONTRIBUTORS

FINAL NOTES

THE editors note with regret but under the hope of the Faith the death of a long-time friend of THE CRESSET, Dr. Louis J. Sieck. The late president of Concordia Seminary, during a presidency which was quite short by comparison with the tenures of his predecessors, left a lasting mark upon the Church. It is perhaps enough to say that, as successor to Walther and Pieper and Fuerbringer, he filled his place worthily. May the Lord of the Church raise up a worthy successor.

Dr. Sztankay, the writer of our main feature article this month, was for many years a member of the Hungarian diplomatic service. After the Communist coup in his country, Dr. Sztankay went into self-imposed exile and came to the United States. He is now a member of the department of government at Valparaiso University.

Professor Bertram, who we think has done remarkably well with an exceedingly difficult topic, is a graduate of Concordia Seminary and is approaching the doctorate at the University of Chicago. He is assistant professor of philosophy and a member of the editorial board of THE CRESSET at Valparaiso University. In the perhaps too casual atmosphere of the editorial offices, Professor Bertram holds the additional honor of being the best-dressed editor.

And with this paragraph we wrap up another year. For us it has been a year of watchful waiting. The world can still avert disaster. It can also blow up before our very eyes. It is possible to make out a good case for a deeply pessimistic view of the future. It is equally possible to look to the future with a mature and restrained optimism. We prefer to do the latter.

And so—a happy New Year! May God give you all of the things you really want and deny you most of the things you think you want. And may our world, in this new year, see the re-birth of peace and good will among men and among the nations.