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THE CRESSET

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Notes and Comment

BY THE EDITORS

Shema

We used to wonder why in the world the compilers of the Old Testament canon chose to include all of those interminable genealogical tables with their long lists of "begats." But the other evening, while we were trying to think of something to write that hadn't been written before about home and parenthood, it suddenly hit us that perhaps these tables have something in them that strikes pretty close to the heart of what was, in a still inchoate way, in the back of our mind.

We happened upon the brief notation in I Chronicles that "Shema begat Raham." That set us thinking. Who was this Shema? We know that he was a descendant of Caleb, a son of Hebron, and the father of Raham. But it is hard to imagine that Shema ever thought of himself in such terms. We can suppose that Shema, as a young man, knew some of the restlessness and impatience that have always characterized the young and that in his later years he experienced, as have all of us, the mixture of loves and hates and compassions and fears, the disappointments of unrealized hopes and the little triumphs of ambitions realized which are all a part of this business of living.

Perhaps Shema may sometimes have wondered, as we have sometimes wondered, how the world had ever managed to stumble along without him before he appeared on the scene and how it would ever get along if something should happen to him. It is even possible that he may have been the key figure in some Jewish

equivalent of our civic-improvement leagues, or a respected member of various committees, or a power in local politics. We can imagine Shema's wife asking him whether he couldn't spend at least one evening a week at home with his family and we can imagine Shema answering, as many of us have sometimes answered, "This work can't wait. It has to be done and I'm the only person who can do it." Shema may have been that sort of person. Scripture doesn't say. All that it says is that he begat Raham.

And now Shema is dead these many centuries and whatever may have seemed vitally important to him has been forgotten, too. And today, far off in a part of the world of which Shema had never even heard, millions of us live our daily round of working and dreaming and worrying. To us, also, this brief moment of history seems all-important and our place in this moment all-absorbing. Yet, though each of us has his own name, his own personality, his own individuality, history has already destined most of us, perhaps all of us, to the fate of Shema—a name, and no more (perhaps not even that), in the long line of "begats" that passes the tainted blood of Adam along, generation to generation, from Eden to the Judgment.

From that we may learn humility. In the long history of mankind, we are the creatures of a moment. Even our civilization is only a shadow that appears and then passes away. The work that so completely absorbs us, the plans that we make so carefully and try so hard to carry out—all of these will pass and no one will know, a few centuries from now, that we ever existed. Even our noblest works will have been forgotten and men will not know whether we were good or bad, whether we were loved or hated, whether we were respected or despised.

But we shall nevertheless, if we are parents, have had some small share in the creation of that most unique and mysterious thing in the cosmos, human life. More important, if we are Christian parents, we shall have been permitted to share with our Saviour His unceasing work of redemption. In all that we do with and to our children, we drop stones into the deep pool of eternity. That is, at once, the glory and the terror of parenthood.

It should be obvious, therefore, that parenthood is a primary responsibility to which other responsibilities must ordinarily be secondary. It may well be the tragedy of many of us who have been busy-busy in many self-appointed good works that on the Day of Judgment we will find that none of these really mattered and that

what really mattered was what we did or failed to do "for the least of these, his brethren."

The Fall of the East

ON MAY 29, 1453—ironically the feast day of St. Cyril, one of the great fathers of the Eastern Church—Constantinople fell to the Turkish hosts of Mahomet II. Thus died, on one fateful day, the Byzantine Empire which for over a thousand years had preserved at least the outward forms of unity in the Christian East. And in its fall, the Christian West was faced with a peril greater than any that she was to know until our own time when, once more, the infidel stands poised to overwhelm her.

So palpable was the darkness that descended over the East after the fall of Constantinople that we of the West have almost forgotten that this was once a part, and for centuries the brightest part, of Christendom. Only now and then, when one or another of us rediscovers the great legal codes or treatises of Justinian's reign (the *Codex Justinianus,* the *Pandects,* the *Institutes,* and the *Novellae),* or the magnificence of the architecture which is most perfectly exhibited in the Hagia Sophia, or the sublimity of the Eastern liturgy—only then do we begin to sense how severe a blow it was to Christendom when Constantinople fell. For the East had contributed much to that whole enormous (and unappreciated) fund of great thought and great art which we call European culture.

And that brings us to another point. It is easy, fatally easy, to become so conscious of the defects and shortcomings of a culture (in our case, western culture) that one can, with a certain equanimity, accept the possibility of its destruction. We can not. There is a sense in which the West, with all of its failures and with all of its denials, is Christendom. To refuse to accept the inescapable evidence that the leaven of the Christian Gospel has, in very truth, leavened the cultural lump in which it has now been working for two millennia is, we suggest, to deny the power of the Holy Ghost. We can not view the fall of any part of Christendom or the destruction of even the most corrupt church, with equanimity or even mere regret. For the body of Christ which is the Church is not merely spiritual; it is composed of living men and women to whom, whatever the differences that separate us, we are organically attached so that no one of us can perish without sending a shudder through the whole body. Luther knew that and in the midst

of the great reformation he stood united with Rome and the Eastern Church against the Turkish threat. In our day, we too must see clearly that in the face of the new heathenism the Church, without in any way compromising the principles which underlie Her divisions, must nonetheless realize that there is still a real and desperately important sense in which She is still one, holy, catholic, and apostolic. If She is not Herself aware of it, Her enemies are.

How to Get Ahead

THIS is the season of the year when those of us who work in education factories find ourselves called upon to write letters of recommendation to prospective employers of our students or to graduate schools in which our students hope to enroll. Writing such a letter is a considerable chore but it is a chore willingly and even gladly undertaken when the letter can be a good one. But not all such letters can be good ones.

Over the years, we have often tried to figure out what it is that prompts us, in one case, to write a strong letter of recommendation for a person who perhaps is not above average in intellect or personality or maturity, while we find it impossible to write more than a routine endorsement for another person whose academic record and list of campus activities might suggest that he is some sort of minor-league world-beater. What does the one have that the other does not have? What would cause us, if we were the prospective employer, to be more than usually willing to bring the one person into our organization and to be only lukewarm toward hiring the other?

Perhaps the answer runs something along these lines: assuming that a person has the minimum intellectual endowment necessary to get an A.B. from an accredited university, and assuming that he has the minimum background necessary for the performance of the job for which he has applied, and assuming that he has no personality traits which make him socially unacceptable, the one quality which would weigh more heavily in our thinking than any other is the simple matter of loyalty.

By loyalty, we mean no lick-spittle willingness to go along with the boss whether the boss is right or wrong. Nor do we mean a willingness to surrender one's own individuality and ambitions for the sake of an employer or a mission or a "cause." We mean, by loyalty, the positive disposition of the mind which makes a man willing to take the bad with the good, to give his associates the

benefit of every reasonable doubt, and to bring to the performance of the common task all that one has in him.

Any employer can tell you how few such people there are. The few who do turn up now and then soon become indispensable. And ultimately, they are the ones who "get ahead," for in most cases the man who can give loyalty can also command loyalty. Thus, even in secular things, it is true that one saves his life by losing it, one becomes a master by being a faithful disciple.

Power for Power's Sake

WE WOULD just as soon forget Stalin now that he is out of the picture but before we dismiss him entirely it might be a good idea to try to get some understanding of what it was that motivated the man. Why will a man bend earth and hell, systematically destroy old cronies of his, lock himself up in a self-imposed prison, deny himself the joys of friendship and the privilege of moving freely about among men? Why, in other words, will a man trade everything that most men consider good in their lives for the (to us) dubious privilege of directing the lives of men and of nations?

Perhaps the very fact that we ask the question points up the deep gulf which exists between our thinking and the thinking of those who have written the red pages of human history. Unconsciously, most of us define the purpose of life as happiness, or service, or the quest for Truth or God, or merely the gratification of appetites. Just as unconsciously, we assume that all men seek power as a means toward the attainment of one or more of these ends. But is it that simple?

There is ample evidence that some men have sought power simply for power's sake. To such men, apparently, the ends which we have mentioned above are quite irrelevant. What deep frustrations, what strange warping of the mind may produce such a thirst for power we leave it to the psychiatrists to suggest. The fact that such a thirst does exist is all too painfully obvious in the history of our own century.

It might be well for us to recognize this fact and to give it its proper weight as we seek to come to some sort of terms with big and little dictators. The very principle of appeasement is based upon the assumption that some men seek power as a means to some other end, and that if we can somehow help them to accomplish their end without bringing the whole world under their slavery we will have saved ourselves

and mankind a lot of suffering. But suppose these men have no end other than the attainment of greater and greater power over larger and larger masses of people? What chance is there, then, of appeasing them, short of giving them the world?

"Ordinary," "normal" men do not become dictators. The sooner we recognize that we are dealing with extraordinary, untypical men, the sooner we shall know how to proceed swiftly and resolutely to keep madmen from running the world.

Guest Editorial

AMONG our readers is an unusually perceptive young woman down in Texas who has just completed a tour of duty with the air force and who knows her generation probably as well as anyone we know. We had a letter from her the other day and a part of it seems, to us, so significant that we think it deserves publication.

"I recently read a good article," she writes, "in the somewhat new magazine, *Park East,* on the kids in Greenwich Village these days. It was written by a man in, evidently, his late thirties or early forties, who had lived there in his youth and who had gone back for a visit and recorded his impressions. The article was a pretty dismal one in that it gave a dismal picture of the lack of spirit and emotion felt in youth these days.

"And it was more dismal because it is true. We just don't have a banner left to carry any more, of the earthly type. Gone is the hubbub over abstract art and surrealism in both art and music. Literature is now on its feet and over the hump of getting started along the MacLeish-Hemingway-Wolfe line. The wars have taken away some of the patriotic fires. This present 'police action' is too long and drawn out for us to get excited about. We can only wrinkle our noses at the disgusting waste of our lives. Sex has been played up and down so that there is no thrill there any more—thrill of the forbidden, that is, and thrill of the 'novel' and 'different.' Even the homosexual element in the Village is subdued and quiet and almost indifferent.

"What we need is a Cause. Something to wake us up, to snap us out of the lethargy we feel, something for us to do! I have pretty well climbed over the hump of what I am describing but I'm speaking for my kith and kin generation-wise now. All the kids want to do, say the profs here, is to get in school, get out, and go to work. But that *isn't* all that we want to do. We want to live, to become excited at something, to

carry some sort of banner. Because Youth needs a banner.

"I get alarmed when I think how wide open our generation is for the spells and charms of Communism. Either the Cominform is blind and missing a great opportunity or I'm blind and can't see them taking advantage of it, but my age-group and those several years younger are in a dangerous position, and our attitude threatens democracy even more than the present Communist threat. I believe that the attitude of youth, when confronted with any questions as to why they don't do this or that, or move, or create, or marry, or build, or get excited, can best be expressed by the answer: 'What's the use?' Give youth an answer to that question and you have really accomplished something."

Well—there it is. We wonder whether this is a fair appraisal or not. We have a profound respect for the young people we meet in our daily work—respect and a kind of admiration for the way they have managed to keep on keeping on in a dogged and unspectacular way in the sort of world they have come into. But we, too, wonder whether it is possible to keep on indefinitely merely keeping on. We worry about the man who has no taste for fireworks, particularly if he happens to be a young man.

Trees

Quiet symbols of growth,
Rising up, up and creeping low
Through warm moist earth
That mothers roots, they grow.
They grow and like a living creed,
Are reaching heights
And scattering seed.

MINNIE KAARSBERG

God's Purpose and His Word

Reflections on the Revised Standard Version of the Bible

By John C. Trever
Executive Director, Department of the English Bible
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in the U.S.A.

For as the rain and the snow come
down from heaven,
and return not thither but water
the earth,
making it bring forth and sprout,
giving seed to the sower and bread
to the eater,
so shall my word be that goes forth
from my mouth;
it shall not return to me empty,
but it shall accomplish that which I
purpose,
and prosper in the thing for which
I sent it.

(Isaiah 55:10-11 RSV)

The word translated "purpose" in verse 11 is the Hebrew word *hapes* (or *chaphetz*), formerly translated "please" as in other places in the Old Testament. The new version captures a deeper spiritual note, however, with "purpose." There is a plan back of God's Word. It is the hope of the Committee which prepared the new version that their revision will help God's Word to accomplish His purpose for it in our generation.

History records the sober fact that almost every honest attempt to translate the Word of God into the living language of a people has met with accusations of infidelity or heresy by some sincere, yet misguided individuals who champion the traditional version in current use. We are reminded of Rabbi Gamaliel's advice to the Jews who zealously fought the early Christians to preserve their traditional form of religion: "Men of Israel, take care what you do with these men . . . for if this undertaking is of men, it will fail; but if it is of God, you will not be able to overthrow them. You might even be found opposing God!" (Acts 5:35, 38, 39.) We can assume that a part of the plan of God is to keep His Word in the living language of every age

and country, for otherwise He could not carry out His purpose for it.

Christianity was born in the midst of persecution—persecution from sincere, well-meaning folk who strove to preserve the traditions of the fathers. Paul was sincere in his zealous persecution of the Christians until he was captured by the power of the Christ. Then he turned with equal zeal to preach the new faith. He had seen the light of truth which no one can extinguish. Paul helped God to accomplish the purpose for His Word.

Three centuries later a man labored hard and long to master the Hebrew language in order that he might be able to translate the Old Testament accurately from its original language into the Latin, the language of his people. He had been charged with this sacred responsibility by Pope Damasus himself. He completed the great task in 405, but his zeal for accuracy brought forth a storm of criticism. He had not translated from the Greek Bible, the Bible of the early Church! In 420 Jerome died of a broken heart, though he had given his life to the noble task of putting God's Word accurately into the language of the common man, then called the "vulgar." His translation came to be called the "Vulgate," but it took almost 200 years for the Church to recognize that his translation was the best one that they had. The Vulgate then became the official version of the Church, and no other version has ever been considered official by the Catholic Church. Jerome had helped to prosper God's Word.

Centuries later the need for the Word of God in the language of the people was again felt, this time in England, where the Latin language was used only by the clergy and scholars. The Bible had lost its personal touch with the people. John Wyclif was the man of the hour this time. He translated the Bible into English with his helpers, working from the Latin, the only Bible they knew. For his efforts he was labelled a heretic. Excommunicated, he narrowly escaped a martyr's death. Years later, to express their indignation for this "morning star of the Reformation," the Church authorities exhumed the bones of John Wyclif, burned them and scattered the ashes on the river Swift. But John Wyclif had brought the Word of God to the common people of England, supported by the tireless efforts of his "Lollards" who went about the country reading aloud from the hand-written copies of Wyclif's Bible. Wyclif, too, prospered God's Word.

The suppression of the English Bible in England succeeded in the 15th century, but the zeal of an-

other reformer again brought it to the people early in the sixteenth century. Finding "no room in all England" for his patient labor of translating the New Testament from the recently prepared Greek text of Erasmus, William Tyndale fled to Hamburg on the Continent to translate in peace. It was his determination to prepare a translation that even a plough boy might read and understand. His Testaments had to be smuggled into England in shipments of merchandise, but even then the opposition destroyed them by the hundreds. When Bishop Tunstall burned copies of the New Testament at Paul's Cross, London, after a pompous sermon on its heresy, William Roy, Tyndale's secretary wrote:

In sooth the Bishop of London
With Cardinal authority
Which at Paul's cross earnestly
Denounced it to be heresy
  That the Gospel should come to light.
Calling them heretics execrable
Which caused the gospel venerable
  To come unto laymen's sight.
He declared there in his furiousness
That he found errors more and less
  Above three thousand in the translation.
How be it when all came to pass
  I dare say unable he was
  Of one error to make probation.

The majority of the three thousand "errors" more or less in Tyndale's translation, claimed by Bishop Tunstall, can be found in the King James Version of the New Testament, where they were retained by those translators who recognized Tyndale's greater accuracy in translating from the Greek. Though strangled and burned at the stake, Tyndale's final prayer, "O Lord, open thou the King of England's eyes," was not long in being answered. The translations of Tyndale formed the basis of all subsequent English translations, including the King James version. The Word of God again was prospered despite oppression and martyrdom.

The sixteenth century saw a swift succession of English translations of the Bible, each striving to better the one before in accuracy and acceptability. 1535, 1537, 1539, 1560, 1568, 1609, 1611 —each saw the appearance of a new attempt to put the Word of Life in living language. Each attempt was but a revision of the work of William Tyndale, supplemented in Ezra to Malachi, which Tyndale had not completed, by reference to German and Latin translations. Each met its own opposition from those who did not appreciate the noble efforts.

The version of 1611, sponsored by King James, halted the onrushing tide of different versions, but it too met opposition. For forty

years it strove with the Geneva Bible (1560) for supremacy, finally winning out by weight of authority and royal support.

The King James translators paid tribute to those who had laid the foundation for their work in their Preface, "The Translators to the Reader," when they say:

> And to the same effect may we, that we are so far off from condemning any of their labors that travailed before us in this kind. . . . Therefore blessed be they, and most honoured be their name, that break the ice, and giveth onset upon that which helpeth forward to the saving of souls . . . so, if we building upon their foundation that went before us, and being holpen by their labours, do endeavor to make that better which they left so good; no man, we are sure, hath cause to mislike us; they, we persuade ourselves, if they were alive, would thank us.

Aware, however, of the history of opposition to any new translation of the Scriptures they began their Preface:

> Zeal to promote the common good, whether it be by devising anything ourselves, or revising that which hath been laboured by others, deserveth certainly much respect and esteem, but yet findeth but cold entertainment in the world. It is welcomed with suspicion instead of love, and with emulation [then it meant "jealousy"] instead of thanks . . . and it is sure to be misconstrued, and in danger to be condemned.

A little further along they say with even more concern for the fate of their work:

> . . . whosoever attempteth anything for the public (especially if it pertain to Religion, and to the opening and clearing of the word of God) the same setteth himself upon a stage to be gloated upon by every evil eye, yea, he casteth himself headlong upon pikes, to be gored by every sharp tongue. For he that medleth with men's Religion in any part, medleth with their custom, nay, with their freehold; and though they find no content in that which they have, yet they cannot abide to hear of altering.

Nor were they disappointed, for they, too, met a storm of criticism. One Bishop is reported to have said that the King James Version "denied the deity of Christ," another that it was a tool to promote King James' interest in witchcraft. That was in 1611! But that the King James Version of the Bible has prospered the Word of God, certainly no one would deny.

The accumulation of obsolete English words, the shift in meaning of hundreds of others, the vast storehouse of information on the Bible gathered by studious scholars during the past centuries, the thousand of ancient manuscripts discovered, and the flood of new light on the ancient text through other discoveries—all these have made imperative that once again the patient labors of faithful schol-

ars be employed in the task of revising that "which they left so good." To this task came the Committee on the Revised Standard Version of the Bible, appointed to represent forty Protestant denominations which agreed to cooperate in answering the need. They approached their work with the same dedication to truth and accuracy, with the same recognition of their indebtedness to many translators before them, with the same reverence for the traditional, and with the same devotion to the sacred Word.

With far better resources, with far deeper understanding of the original languages, with far higher standards of discipline in translating the ancient text, the present revisers have produced a far better result than any previous English translation for the Church. It is both accurate and beautiful, two basic requirements for a Bible for use in all phases of the Church life today, for which this version is designed. The critics who have been most vociferous once again, and it was to be expected, have in many cases failed to consider the rigid discipline imposed upon these translators. They have failed to read carefully their own statements about procedures. Rather they have found some word or words different and assumed that the Committee was deliberately trying to falsify the Scriptures or change the Word of God—so Bishop Tunstall had charged William Tyndale's work!

Let the critics read again the words of the Committee in their "Introduction to the Revised Standard Version of the Old Testament":

> . . . letters came into one or another of the committee pointing out their opportunity to deal a blow to certain anti-social views which unfortunately base themselves on this or that Bible passage—the committee should change the offending passage! The only answer that could be given was that the committee did not intend, nor had it any authority, to change the Bible. The purpose was to give a more accurate rendering of what it said, even in these passages. (P. 14)

Only men of absolute integrity and honesty—scholars can be none other—would print such words as those. Again they say:

> Readers who find a cherished meaning or association lost at one place or another may be tempted to accuse the translators of reading into the text their own beliefs or reading out of it something in which they did not believe. It may be solemnly and emphatically stated in all good faith and conscience that only one theological assumption has dominated the work of the Committee, and that is the firm conviction that taking seriously the belief in divine revelation makes it obligatory to seek only the real mean-

ing of every word and sentence in the Scriptures, and to express just that meaning as exactly and adequately as it can be done in English. (P. 61)

Such statements should drive the would-be critic to ask at every point with which he disagrees, "What is the evidence that may have led honest scholars to make this translation here?" If he does not know the answer, then he should seek one who does, for every change has come about as a result of serious discussion and earnest debate. For every change from the traditional version, there is a very sound reason, usuallv the product of many years of careful research reaching back long before this committee was ever formed. Let the critic, finally, ponder carefully the words of the "Introduction":

The revision is issued with no sense of finality. Those who have labored over it for these fifteen years are far more painfully conscious of its shortcomings than others can possibly be. . . . The committee has without stint poured its labor into it through these many years, sustained only by the faith that in the Bible God speaks to each succeeding age, and that our troubled time stands in dire need of clear utterance of the word of God.

These are the words of honest, sincere, men—scholars who can be trusted with the most sacred task in the world—translating the Bible for today.

Only time can tell whether or not the present labors of this committee in producing the Revised Standard Version of the Bible will prosper the Word of God to help accomplish His purpose for it, but the present indications already point to the fact that it will indeed accomplish His purpose for many a life in generations to come.

I find it easier to believe in a myth of gods and demons than in one of hypostatised abstract nouns. And after all, our mythology may be much nearer to literal truth than we suppose.

C. S. Lewis, *The Problem of Pain* (The Macmillan Company).

There Is Still a Fourth Commandment

By ERHARDT H. ESSIG

JOE and Neil, two young punks from Brooklyn never did like their old mathematics teacher. So one day they smoked in a washroom at school, just to be annoying. When the teacher reprimanded them and sent them on their way, they got sore. Soon they returned and shot the mathematics teacher in the back. He died in his blood on the floor of the school corridor. Joe and Neil are now doing fifty years in Sing Sing.

This incident was only the climax in a reign of terror in some New York City schools. Students have pelted teachers with blackboard erasers, hit them with rocks, and blackened their eyes. In one Bronx junior high school two teachers were beaten and another's car was smashed—all in a single day. This terrorization of teachers, we are told, is no sudden phenomenon. The basic trouble, says Director Caroline Zachry of New York City's Bureau of Child Guidance, is not in the schools but in the children's insecure homes. Many children no longer have any respect for either their parents' or their teachers' authority. A Bronx truant officer declares: "You can only teach respect for authority in the home. More teachers, smaller classes, supervised recreation and all that aren't the real answer."

The shocking insubordination and growing disregard for parental authority among our youth is certainly due in part to parental indifference and irresponsibility. The Seattle Juvenile Court is undoubtedly right in saying that eighty-five per cent of the young people brought before that court would have been spared this humiliation and disgrace "if the fathers and mothers of these children had safeguarded them with a reasonable amount of affectionate companionship."

Yet one finally grows weary of the modern scientific penchant for shifting the blame for misconduct

to unfortunate environmental circumstances or to some lurking psychological maladjustment. This modern method of dealing with sin has been greatly overworked. It is an all too common trick to place the responsibility anywhere except where it obviously belongs. Natural man's motto seems to be: Convict anyone you please as long as it is not the obvious culprit. It is time, therefore, to reaffirm the other side of the picture: the obligations of children to their parents. It is necessary to re-emphasize the Scriptural injunction "Honor thy father and thy mother" and to warn against the folly and wickedness of despising parents. Most infractions of this commandment do not come under the jurisdiction of the juvenile courts. Extreme cases like those mentioned above constitute only a minority of the offenses. Christian children of Christian parents generally avoid such coarse outbursts of sin. Yet many a mother's heart is bruised and many a father's peace is disturbed by the thoughtlessness, disobedience, waywardness, and disrespect of their children.

"Superordinates"

MODERN sociologists reduce this whole matter to the level of social expediency or, at best, moral decency. This attitude is reflected in Jessie Bernard's book *American Family Behavior,* which states: "In the family the parents, because of their superiority in age, experience, judgment, intelligence, maturity, and knowledge, as well as their position as representatives of the institutional pattern, are in a position of superordination; the children are in a position of subordination." Such a philosophy blithely ignores the position of parents as God's representatives and vitiates the entire pattern of Christian thinking. Parents are vastly more than "representatives of the institutional pattern." Christians, moreover, do not love and obey their parents merely because of the parents' superiority in experience, judgment, knowledge, etc. They do it because love to God moves them gladly and willingly to obey His commands. Not until we recognize the madness of flouting God's unalterable laws and not until we correctly understand the magnitude of Christ's sacrifice will our filial love come up to the spiritual standard set by our Lord. It must be learned on cross-crowned Calvary, where God in love gave Himself for man.

What then are the demands that God makes upon children? All children, dependents and adults alike, are told to "obey their parents in all things," and they are assured that this is "well-pleasing unto the Lord." The law of obedience is primary and funda-

mental. As Thomas Fuller, the seventeenth-century divine, expressed it, "Let thy child's first lesson be obedience, and the second may be what thou wilt." . . . Luther said that honor and obedience to parents is the highest work which we can do, after the divine worship comprehended in the previous commandments, and that giving of alms and every other good work toward our neighbor are not equal to this. Christian sons and daughters surrender to parental authority, not because of economic dependence on their parents, but because of God's clear and unequivocal command, "My son, keep thy father's commandment, and forsake not the law of thy mother." In the matter of obedience, as in all other matters, Jesus Himself is our best exemplar, for He went down to Nazareth with His earthly parents and "was subject unto them."

Obviously children must refuse obedience if parents ask them to steal, to despise God's Word, or to commit any other sin. In such cases parents do not act as God's representatives. They are entitled to obedience only in those areas in which God has placed them over us. "We ought to obey God rather than men."

Parents, furthermore, have no right to make unreasonable demands or to impose unjust prohibitions. In matters involving the whole future happiness of their children, such as the choice of a partner in marriage, parents are not entitled, without valid cause, to obstruct their children's inclinations, although even in this matter a parent's wishes should be regarded with great deference. No parent is justified in forcing a daughter to accept a man of whom she does not approve. Yet good order requires that they be granted a hearing. If the character of the man who solicits a girl's affections is morally objectionable, parents have every right to interpose. Still, parents must be careful not to exercise this prerogative capriciously and unjustly, refusing their consent merely because the daughter's choice does not happen to be their choice.

How Not to Do It

THE most famous romance in English literary history provides a striking example of such arbitrary parental interference. When Robert Browning, a highly eligible young poet, made a proposal of marriage to Elizabeth Barrett, a seemingly insurmountable obstacle presented itself in the person of Edward Barrett, Elizabeth's tyrannical father. Although Elizabeth was thirty-nine and Browning was a man of exemplary character, marriage was not to be thought of. As Professor William C. De Vane points out, the pecu-

liar psychology that animated Edward Barrett had as its main constituent the "patriarchal conception of the family carried to the point of mania." The family was not to be broken by marriage, and therefore the children, who at last had to be named Septimus and Octavius from the sheer scarcity of names, did not dare mention the subject even though they were approaching forty. As every high school student knows, the lovers cut the Gordian knot by eloping to Italy, where they were idyllically happy. No one can justly call this an act of disobedience or sinful defiance.

A second obligation of children toward their parents is gratitude. In his recent book on the Decalogue the Rev. B. A. Maurer cites figures to show that at the low rate of one dollar per day for lodging, food, and care we have cost our parents $7,665 in cold cash by the time we reach our twenty-first birthday. He points out, furthermore, that if our parents could have invested this sum in interest-bearing securities the above figure would have to be doubled. Thus "everyone at maturity represents a financial investment by his parents of $15,000." Even in cold-blooded terms of dollars and cents we owe our parents more than we can repay. "And this," adds the Rev. Mr. Maurer, "does not include all the worry, heartache, sacrifice, love, and prayer lavished so freely on us and utterly beyond computation in terms of cold cash."

When Robert Browning's father reached young manhood, his father ordered him to supervise the family's rich sugar plantations in the West Indies. Being a sensitive person interested in painting, the young man was unwilling to go, but he dutifully acceded to his father's demands. After only a year, however, he returned home; he would have no more of the job. In high dudgeon, his father dismissed him from home, charged him for all the education he had received, and sent him a bill for the cost of his birth at the lying-in hospital. Probably no one reading these lines has received a bill from his parents for the countless benefactions they have lavished upon him. They have done it all because of love. The fourth commandment requires that children appreciate these bounties and show gratitude for them. As Lear pathetically exclaims,

> How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
> To have a thankless child!

A man and his wife adopted the practice of paying their children for odd jobs. Increasingly the children expected payment for everything they did. One morning at

breakfast the father found the following bill at his plate:

Dad owes Don:

For going to the store.....	.15
For shining Dad's shoes	.15
For shining my shoes.....	.15
For taking piano lesson.....	.50
For mowing lawn	.50
Total	$1.45

Dad and Mom said nothing. At dinner that evening Don found his money neatly tucked into an envelope, but with it was the following "bill":

"Don owes Dad and Mom:

For food and clothing.....	o
For home and loving care....	o
For school and music lessons..	o
For movies and summer camp	o
For bicycle and toys.....	o
Total	o

We give because we love you. Mom and Dad." Later the abashed boy wanted to have a little talk. For the first time he began to understand the meaning of gratitude.

Not only are we indebted to our parents for lodging, food, and loving care, but we owe to them the very life which will make it possible for us to live with God and His saints forever.

A third obligation is love and devotion. Some people protest that their parents are not lovable and that therefore it is impossible to love them. On first blush this seems reasonable enough. In fact, it sounds tolerably erudite and philosophical. But let us pause to analyze this argument. The underlying principle is that our parents have a right to just that measure of respect and affection which they can claim on the ground of their character and conduct. That puts our parents on a level with the rest of the people in our block. It is frightening to speculate what would have happened to us if our parents had acted on the same principle. I suspect that many of us were not very amiable as children. Although our indulgent parents might have thought us angelically beautiful and singularly precocious, the fact is that we were often fretful, irritable, peevish, impertinent, and self-centered. Yet we were their own, and their love transfigured us.

The law of filial love, to be sure, presents some perplexing difficulties. How, for example, is a Christian son or daughter to treat a godless, wicked parent? When a father comes home wild with liquor, violently abuses his wife, and sends his children into paroxysms of fright, is he entitled to any love and devotion? The obligation to honor him is thereby not relaxed. One is not released from a debt because the man

to whom he owes it is a drunkard and a profligate. The Bible makes it abundantly clear that a parent's wickedness does not release a child from filial duty. Ham and his descendants were punished despite the fact that Noah had given grievous offense by his drunkenness. The sinful leniency of Eli, moreover, did not save his sons from the death penalty. The application of this principle to specific cases sometimes presents extreme difficulties. Parental cruelty can make life intolerable and lead to perpetual misery. But as Luther declares in his Large Catechism, parents "are not to be deprived of their honor because of their conduct or their failings."

The Duty of Companionship

FILIAL love and devotion require, furthermore, that young people give companionship to their parents. The hectic pace of modern, streamlined living tends to make the home little more than a hotel. It may be smart for young men and girls to stay out until dawn, making the rounds of the night clubs, and enjoying amusements of a dubious nature. But it is hard to see how this can be enjoyable when anxious, lonely parents, who rarely enjoy their children's company, sit at home, sadly wondering what the youngsters are up to.

The Nelson family tried an interesting experiment. The events that led to this experiment follow a familiar pattern. As soon as dinner was over, there was a general exodus. Each member of the family had his own circle of friends, and all went off in different directions. Things went from bad to worse. It got so bad that they saw one another only at meals, and not always then. Finally Mom Nelson blew her top. To each member of the family she mailed a formal invitation that said, "Mr. and Mrs. John Kenneth Nelson at home, Tuesday, the twenty-second, from eight to eleven." Three of the children had to change an engagement or refuse an invitation. But everybody showed up, and Mom was a model hostess. There was good music and pleasant conversation. And at ten-thirty Mom served refreshments. The Nelsons decided to make the thing permanent. Regardless of what happened, Tuesday night was preempted. One evening a week is not too much to give to one's family.

Another duty toward parents is respect. To the young of all ages the Lord gives this ringing command, "Thou shalt rise up before the hoary head, and honor the face of the old man, and fear thy God: I am the Lord." The fourth commandment strictly proscribes every form of insolence, condescension, and contempt. Even gray-

haired sons and daughters are required to honor their aged parents. Solomon in all his glory did not consider it beneath his dignity to honor his mother. When Bathsheba went to him, "the king rose up to meet her, and bowed himself unto her, and sat down on his throne, and caused a seat to be set for the king's mother; and she sat on his right hand." Joseph, although a man of high rank and great influence in Egypt, was proud to acknowledge the aged patriarch Jacob as his father.

In their boundless self-assurance some young people apparently find it hard to realize that wisdom was not born with them, that their fathers and grandfathers were not complete fools. The cavalier manner in which they dispose of the knottiest problems, the unabashed frankness with which they play the role of Sir Oracle, and the facile dispatch with which they label their parents' views as narrow, outmoded, and provincial are almost more amusing than irritating. The perennial college editorials that obligingly instruct the Dean and the Committee on Scholarship and the Faculty Senate how to run the school are one symptom of this malady and recall to mind the arrogant tirade of another young college fellow, named William Wordsworth, who fulminated against compulsory chapel in these terms: "Be wise ye Presidents and Deans, and . . . to your bells give seasonable rest."

Closely allied to love and respect is loyalty. A few weeks ago one of my freshman students came to see me in my office about his term paper. After the conference was over, he headed for the door, but then he hesitated momentarily, turned, and shifted about nervously on his feet. It was apparent that he had something further on his mind. Finally he overcame his reticence and said, "Mom wrote that Dad has been nominated for the presidency of Concordia Seminary." After a pause he added enthusiastically, "Boy, I sure think he'd make a good one!" I could not help contrasting this boy's admirable loyalty with young Lord Byron's attitude toward his mother. A schoolmaster once overheard another boy say to Byron, "Your mother is a fool," whereupon Byron answered, "I know it!"

Filial Service

THE fourth commandment also directs children to "serve" their parents. This involves caring for them and supporting them in their declining years. Because of certain changes in our American way of life that have taken place during the past thirty years, this obligation sometimes presents a formidable practical problem. Apartment living and match-box housing sometimes make it virtu-

ally impossible to provide satisfactory accommodations for aged parents. That is especially true in the type of kitchenette-apartment which is little more than a narrow aisle running between a hotplate and a can of tomatoes. The displacement and friction caused by overcrowding and the fact that elderly people are often set in their ways and easily irritated by small children add to the problem. High taxes and the present exorbitant cost of upkeep make it seem almost impossible to own and maintain a home of adequate proportions on less than a regal income. But where the will is present and divine help is implored, the means will not be lacking.

The wise son of Sirach says, "My son, help thy father in his age, and grieve him not as long as he liveth. And if his understanding fail, have patience with him; and despise him not when thou art in thy full strength." The sacred writings record numerous shining examples of dutiful children who provided for their aged parents. Joseph gave his father and brethren "a possession in the land of Egypt, in the best of the land. . . . And Joseph nourished his father and his brethren and all his father's household with bread." Faithful Ruth insisted on staying with Naomi and giving filial service to her. And the Savior Himself, amid the agonies of the crucifixion, commended His mother to the charitable attention of His beloved disciple.

Giving honor, love, and obedience to parents is not a matter of personal choice. It is a divine command, a responsibility that cannot be evaded with impunity. It is buttressed with dire threats of punishment to the disobedient. Solomon says: "The eye that mocketh at his father, and despiseth to obey his mother, the ravens of the valley shall pick it out, and the young eagles shall eat it." Dishonoring parents is a sin of the first magnitude. As Solomon shows, it merits not only death, but a particularly shameful kind of death, a death without burial. The extreme importance that God attaches to this commandment is further evident from the fact that the injunction "Thou shalt honor thy father and thy mother" bears a special promise of long life and prosperity: ". . . that it may be well with thee and thou mayest live long on the earth." The fourth commandment is the only one of the ten with such a promise.

They Are No More Twain

By Luther P. Koepke

An author recently made the following statement in an article concerning marriage: "Marriage is many things. It is an institution of God to the Church and a contract to the State. It is medicine for loneliness, a shelter from life's capricious weather; a common sharing of good and bad. Marriage may be defined in many ways, but the real nature of marriage is found in its oneness, the whole being greater than the sum of any two parts." When Christ, in the Bible, speaks on this topic, He says, ". . . and they twain shall be one flesh. Wherefore they are no more twain, but one flesh. What therefore God hath joined together, let not man put asunder."

Unity seems, therefore, to be fundamental to the nature of marriage. The unity which is the most significant single factor in marriage is of such importance and value because it is based on the nature of the Christian faith: namely, that man should be one with God in Christ.

Religiously, it is the purpose of God's whole relationship to man to have man more closely related to Him. For this purpose and to this end God originally created human beings and still creates them, so that men might enjoy God through an ever closer relationship to Him in Christ. Within the structure and context of this relationship, God created male and female as we are told in Genesis. God created man and woman to enjoy more completely their relationship to God, through the creatures that God had made. We know that everything that God made was good, and was to serve the final purpose of directing the life of man more closely to the will of God.

The fact of sin has distorted our view in regard to the purpose of all human existence as well as to unity in marriage.

Since sin separates from God, sin also had the resultant effect of distorting the Biblical view of the unity in marriage. As unity with God is the intent of God's

religious relationship to man, so is the divine institution of marriage the basic human relationship. And the motivating force should be a unity of two individuals, created by God and united to one another under God.

The Old Testament points out clearly the unity of the human race and this becomes more evident in the view of the sexes held in the Old Testament. The natural differences of man and woman are due to creating in accordance with God's will and are not accidental. This difference is not meant to bring about an antagonism between men and women, but rather indicates the complementary character of the two sexes. The two sexes are for each other and neither sex is complete without the other. This fragmentary character is removed by marriage, which God instituted for man. The Old Testament is nowhere ascetic in its approach, but indicates the complementary character of the two sexes, and teaches the fulfillment of God's method of creating in the unity found in marriage. A helpmeet was created for Adam that was suitable for him.

The Bible, then, places sex and marriage into the order of creation. It would seem that the traditional phrase, "to enter into the state of matrimony," expresses accurately the meaning of the act of marriage as an order and as an institution. This is based upon the will of God whose orders are independent of the wish or will of those who enter into the state. The fact that two particular people "enter" together into marriage is based upon the individual subjective fact that they have found each other through love which, in faith, is to be understood as the guidance of God. The fact that they enter into matrimony means that this individual and subjective element is connected with something objectively valid which has been instituted by God.

Marriage, then, is to be considered a part of the order of creation. The specific rules and regulations that are found in the Bible pertaining to marriage are not a part of the intent of God in the order of marriage but had to be set down by God Himself because of the acts of sinfulness which came into the marriage relationship as a result of the sinfulness of man. The meaning of the order of creation is that the indication of the will of God the Creator is a will which already exists in something which is already present, namely, the unity of the marriage relationship. When Jesus Himself speaks about marriage He appeals to the order of creation, "Have ye not read that he which made them at the beginning made them male and female and said,

For this cause shall a man leave father and mother, and shall cleave to his wife; and they twain shall be one flesh?"

Marriage as a part of the order of creation has certain values in the working out of the principle of unity. The first of these is love.

Since human beings are to reflect godly virtues in their lives we would assume that the first of these is love. As God loves sinful men and as in the Christian's relationship to God there should be a reaction to God's love, so also in our dealings with our fellow man the motivating basis should be love. This love is based in the Christian understanding of God's love.

As the Christian should demonstrate love toward all men, so in a special manner should there be love in marriage. The special love that is a part of the unity of marriage is based on the fact that in God's creation He made male and female. God must have created as He did for some special reason and the reason must be related to sex. God created male and female for the purpose of having the fulfillment of the special love of married life culminate in sexual intercourse. If God had not intended sexual intercourse as an essential part of the specialized love of marriage He could have created a helpmeet for Adam differently. We, therefore, understand from Biblical indications that love is the essential element of marriage, but it is a special type of love in the context of male and female, having intercourse as one of its purposes.

Sex, therefore, in marriage is a part of God's intent in the order of creation and is good. The fact that sin has contaminated and given a wrong focus and use of sex in many areas does not change the fact that sex is a gift from God and is good. There are various purposes for the functioning of sex within marriage as there are various purposes for any good gift that has come down from above.

The primary and fundamental reason for God's having given sex as an essential part of the special love relationship of marriage is propagation of the human race. This is the method that God has instituted, but it is not the only purpose for which God has given the privilege of intercourse in marriage. If propagation is viewed as the only purpose of sex in marriage, then we lose many of the additional blessings which a good God intended for human beings.

Sex in marriage is also for enjoyment. If we hold that the gifts which God has given to man have a fundamental purpose in relation to human life and man's attachment to God, and in addition to

this have other values which can be enjoyed properly in relation to these gifts, then the same would apply to the enjoyment of sex within the proper limitations of marriage.

Thus, we would all agree that water is essential to the life of man and the life of nature. This would be a fundamental purpose of God's having provided water. However, no one would imply that it is sinful to enjoy water for other purposes in human life such as swimming, or sailing, or fishing.

A similar example would be found in the food that we eat. We have been given food under the providential guidance of a good God, and no one would hold that it is sinful as a concomitant purpose to sustaining life, to enjoy eating the food that God has provided. Even though some individuals may make a sin out of enjoying food, this does not change the fact that food may be enjoyed as a gift of God.

By the same token, God has created male and female and instituted marriage and sexual intercourse for the purpose of reproduction. Within the proper limitations of marriage, sex is also to be enjoyed in marriage and there is nothing sinful about this. This would rather be in conformity with the wish of God in always giving us pleasures in addition to the chief purpose for which He has provided something in life.

If we understand that sex in marriage is also intended for the enjoyment of the married couple, and if we realize that this is in accord with the creative goodness of God, then, perhaps some of the difficulties that arise in married life due to a misunderstanding of sex could be eliminated.

According to reliable marriage counselors, some of the unhappy situations in married life stem from the wrong view of the purpose of sex in marriage. Perhaps the training of the partners in marriage has been that to enjoy sex in marriage is sinful. This idea carried into the marriage union does not tend toward making for unity in marriage, but rather arouses feelings of guilt in regard to enjoying sex for any other purpose than reproduction.

It would seem that unless we understand that God has given sexual intercourse within the bounds of proper marriage also for enjoyment we are limiting the goodness and kindness of God, where God Himself has not intended that it be limited. It is true that we always must recognize what sin has done to God's original intent, and that selfish enjoyment of sex without meeting the other purposes is wrong. But sex in married life also is to be enjoyed as a part of marriage that

leads to the unity which God intended in His creation, and which Christ says is an essential element of marriage.

Just as enjoyment and reproduction of sex are essential elements leading to the fulfillment of the phrase, "the twain shall be one flesh," so also on the spiritual side of marriage there must be a proper understanding of God's purpose in marriage in order to attain the happiness that God intended for man in marriage. Because man is a unified personality, the physical aspects of life and the spiritual phases cannot be separated in the marked degree which is sometimes attempted.

It is interesting and valuable to see how frequently the Bible uses the illustration of marriage when it speaks of the relationship of the Christian to his Savior. As there is a unity within the marriage union so in the Biblical example there is a unity between the believer and his Savior. Needless to say, this reference is to a unity of spirit, a unity of purpose, and a harmony in ideals: a perfect integration.

This type of unity also is an essential element of marriage. The unity of spirit comes first of all from a unified belief of the husband and wife, in a marriage union, in the ultimate values of life. These ultimate values must be, without question, related to the Christian faith: the final understanding that Christ is the center and goal of the marriage relationship. If this ideal is missing, the most significant factor that God has given for unity and harmony in marriage will be lost.

Alongside this ultimate unifying purpose in marriage which is given us by God through His revelation, there also is the factor of human reason or common sense which God has given for helping in the fulfillment of the divine directive that the "twain shall be one flesh."

It has frequently been stated that there are three levels in marriage: the physical, the social, and the spiritual. A wrong understanding on any of these levels can and will lead to difficulty within the marriage union.

To achieve the ultimate satisfaction and purpose in married life, and to gain the values that God intended for human beings to have, there must be a proper understanding of God's statements and intentions in regard to marriage and a proper use of the facility of reason which God also has given, in order that man and wife can meet the ideal that all marriages should have under God, that "the twain shall be one flesh."

Is the Thought-Provoking Play Outmoded?

By Walter Sorell

One of the signs of the Famous Invalid's condition is the hesitation of such a reviewer as yours to report his impressions of and opinions on this season's Broadway productions. His readers do not have to be told whether or not to invest the equivalent of two or three dinners in a theatre experience; but they expect from him an overall view on the present state of the commercial theatre. This hesitation on my part has been the result of dwindling hope with each performance (flop or no flop), a reluctance which even the loudest laughter about trite and thin comedies could not change.

At the beginning of this season one of the influential reviewers, Walter Kerr of the *New York Herald Tribune,* wrote an article against those *Weltschmerz dramatists* who always try to overwhelm us with their sermons and messages. It seems as if the dramatists (or their producers) have taken this advice to heart, since for quite some time the comedy has dominated Broadway, and the serious play was left to such foreign troupes as the National Greek Theatre and the versatile Jean-Louis Barrault & Company. No doubt, the theatre needs comedy and farce and, above all, well constructed pieces which keep the theatre alive, plays without any pretense or claim for immortality. We got enough of those this season, and it would be unfair not to laud our comedy playwrights for their skill.

George Axelrod, a newcomer to Broadway, whipped up some amusement in his "The Seven Year Itch," a romantic sex affair between a wicked fairy, personified by an enticing young actress, and the hero's conscience which finally wins out and overcomes temptation. Shopworn stuff with new delicious tasting dressing in the form of a few new scenic ideas. But this is the cleverest and most successful American comedy of the

year. It has nothing to recommend it but fun on a fair level, but it is a money-maker and gives the author the reputation of a successful playwright.

In contrast, take the case of a serious attempt at writing an interesting play, as William Stucky tried in his "Touchstone." It must be said the play has faults, it is confusing and confused in spots, but it is carried by a strong dramatic theme and deep and honest feelings. It is the story of a Negro boy who claims to have seen visions of "a lady." In one of his ecstasies he is told that a previously contaminated swimming hole has become purified and now possesses healing qualities. His father, a rather well known physician in Los Angeles, hurries home and wants to rationalize away the boy's hallucinations. A politician running for the Senate feels that the stir and commotion caused by this incident is a serious matter and that something has to be done about it. Jimmy, the Negro boy, finds his sole defender in the liberal-minded Robert Spaulding, in whose household the boy lives. To bring the play to a catastrophic resolution, the playwright uses melodramatic means at the end. Spaulding's granddaughter falls seriously ill, the boy insists on wanting to cure her by taking her to the purified water, but is prevented from doing so by a sober Anglican minister, and the child dies. Here we see church clashing with mystical belief, faith pitted against a world steeped in realism, liberalism being fought by conservativism and conventionalism. Finally, the cynical benefactor of the boy finds a sustaining faith of his own by trying to renew the boy's faith. Well, this theme is quite a big order for any experienced playwright. William Stucky's play treats an interesting topic with skill—in spite of some flaws in its dramaturgy. But being one of the few serious endeavors, it closed after one or two nights. But I can report that such mediocre comedies as "Time Out for Ginger"—to mention only one of those catering to the mentality of the 12 year old—is still running and doing good business.

A few imports left their mark on Broadway. Terence Rattigan's "The Deep Blue Sea," the story of a middle-aged woman obsessed by love for a younger man, has not come off as well as one may have expected from this skillful British dramatist. It is theatrical, but lacks the last touch that gives life to its characters, that bit of more-than-effectiveness which makes them human. Our young playwright Arthur Laurents dealt with a similar problem in "The Time of the Cuckoo." An American middle-aged woman goes to Italy to find the love she was waiting for

so frantically all her life, only to experience that the sought-for love has not really come to her. In mood and characterization it is subtler and more human than the Rattigan play.

The Italian Ugo Betti, a prolific playwright, was introduced to Broadway with his psychologically interesting, but a trifle too symbolic play "The Gambler." In content it is similar to Moss Hart's "The Climate of Eden." Both failed, and both failed undeservedly. Their theme is an almost Kafkaesque awareness of guilt which their heroes experience, the guilt for a crime they have not committed de facto but in their minds. In both plays, Fate with a capital F acts for them: their wives are killed in an accident, but the heroes come to realize that *they* were actually to be blamed for it. Both plays prove that such probing into man's unconscious—with the catharsis of the heroes shown on the stage—has its difficulties. But those plays are food for thought, they keep us from running away from ourselves, they stir our emotions. When such plays fail where trite trifles succeed, I am inclined to ask myself whether the saying of the German philosopher Lichtenberg, "when a head and a book collide and it sounds hollow, the book need not necessarily be at fault," does not also have its apt application in the case of playwright, producer and public.

"Dial M for Murder," a well done thriller-import from London, was lately followed by Peter Ustinov's "The Love of the Four Colonels." When reading the play, as I did, one has the distinct impression that a major dramatic talent is here at work, with an almost Shavian-like gift of persuasion and a bit more feeling than Shaw himself had. He uses a conventional gimmick when he introduces the characters of the good and wicked fairy of yore, but he gives them a newness of purpose. Four colonels of the occupation army somewhere in Germany fight for the conquest of a castle in which, as it turns out, the Ideal of Beauty lives. In Ustinov's charming fairytale each of the four colonels may wake and try to win Beauty. To make the second and third act effective, the playwright thought of an unusual device. Each colonel may choose the period and place in which to conquer Beauty. None of them, of course, succeeds, except the author in showing his satirical skill in parodying Shakespeare, Molière, Chekov and a modern American scene. With four different scenes inserted in the play, this comedy makes for excellent reading; however, because of its subtle wit, charm, play on word and mood, the play seen on the stage

seems to lose its continuity, and also it becomes then more obvious that it actually has no resolution. Does Mr. Ustinov come out for the eternal necessity of idealism, or does he wish to endorse in this play the eternal game of the sexual chase, or both? One is rather under the impression of imagining a noncommittal smile on his lips when the final curtain comes down. GBS would have given the play more substance and his idea a more definite form. Nevertheless, we are indebted to Peter Ustinov for a charming, courageous comedy.

In spite of the general trend to the trite and tripe on Broadway—as far as our homegrown plays are concerned—some playwrights, producers and quite a number of people must still see in the theatre more than a place for a good laugh. But, as the great success of the revival of Thurber's "The Male Animal" has shown, there is a possibility to deal with the burning problems of the day in a comedy too, provided one doesn't do it as John D. Hess in "The Grey-Eyed People" in which the author defeats his own purpose by trying to mix the serious with the funny by keeping them clearly apart. One cannot discuss a problem seriously for a few minutes and then make fun of it only to get back to the mood of comedy—since comedies are saleable products.

But Mr. Hess was plagued by one of the major problems of our day, the persecution of a one-time American Communist who reformed. His approach to the theme was all wrong. It failed as did N. Richard Nash's "See the Jaguar" in which an honest schoolteacher attempts to end the lawless rule of a frontier tyrant. Symbolically, the tyrant has a flair for caging wild animals; de facto, he has caged the whole community, land, homes and people. Unfortunately, the play wavers between a realistic story and a parable all the time and it never quite comes to life. It is too contrived and bogs down in muddy confusion.

Another problem of our day has been dealt with by Lillian Hellman—in 1934. The revival of "The Children's Hour" shows with dramatically nerve-wrecking precision how denunciation, innuendo or rumor can swell to such proportions as to ruin the life of innocent people. It was a remarkable play then, and feels even more remarkable today because of its unpleasant timeliness.

Burdened with similar thoughts, Arthur Miller wanted to prove that one can deal with a topic of the late 17th century and, without mentioning it with one single word, actually talk of nothing else but our time. He chose as topic the short-lived episode of witch-hunting in Salem in the year 1692

in which mass hysteria was provoked by three young girls who pretended to see and hear things which no one else could perceive and who falsely and maliciously accused certain villagers of bewitching them. During the witch hunt several hundred people were arrested, nineteen were hanged and many imprisoned. The hero of the authentic story, a young farmer, could save his life by confessing to a lie. But he chooses to die with a clean conscience and goes to the gallows.

Arthur Miller calls his play "The Crucible." Did he mean the earthen pot for melting metals, or the severe trial and test this word means figuratively speaking? Or, as it seems to me, did he not want to remind us of the original meaning of the word, of the eternal light burning before the cross of Christ? The play's allusion to our time moves at least in two directions. It wants to show how easily people fall victim to mass hysteria and that then, in the existent confusion, evil triumphs. On the other hand, we may deduce from it that, in contrast to the witch trials of those days in which a man could fight and die for truth, the witch trials in the totalitarian countries—a seeming necessity of their existence—make the men die with a lie as they had to live with it.

"The Crucible" is a stirring account of man's weakness for substituting hatred for faith. It is a clever exposure of some of the evils by which we are beset nowadays. It is, from a dramatic point of view, the best play of this season.

POST SCRIPTUM. As your Broadway reviewer—and Broadway is still the main artery of the American theatre, though no longer its heartbeat—I must judge by what I am shown. Luckily though, I have the opportunity to read many scripts which never see the light of Broadway and so I know that the American drama is kept alive by many who toil and create against tremendous odds. But there are too few outlets for them. Off-Broadway companies do an excellent job, but lack the necessary funds to do justice to most scripts. Amateur and community theatres seem to be too dependent on Broadway successes in their choice. With few exceptions the college theatres and some experimental stages remain the great hope for the young dramatist to see his works produced; and only this gives him a chance to learn, to grow in his craft. The New Dramatists Committee in New York tries to train the best available talents in the country and to channel their products.

In contrast to this season in which the light comedy was pre-

dominant—a sign of yielding too easily to the temptation of commercialism which finally always defeats art—last season the novel-turned play dominated our stages. There is nothing wrong with adaptations as such. Topics based on historical scenes or legends are also adaptations in a certain way. Goethe advised the young playwright to make use of such material in the beginning. And the greatest playwright of the world was the greatest adaptor of them all. But Shakespeare did not simply convert a well known or successful piece of prose into a play. He gave it a new, different life. From his way of changing known material can we best learn how poor and pedestrian the adaptations were with which we were fed last season.

I do not doubt that the new playwright needs time to mature. But I decry the failure of Broadway to help him. There is no such thing as a playwright practicing his art—and really growing through practice—without having the chance to see his work performed, at least from time to time. The major impediment for the growth of histrionic art in America is therefore the non-existence of real repertory theatres which alone can dare to stage plays which need not pay off in hard cash at once. They alone can foster the young playwright and educate a generation of versatile actors.

The normal, healthy boy should be a very late sleeper. Who does not remember in his own normal, healthy boyhood having to be called three, four, or even five times in the morning before it seemed sensible to get up? One of the happiest memories of childhood is that of the maternal voice calling up from downstairs, fading away into silence, and the realization that it would be possibly fifteen minutes before it called again.

Robert Benchley, *Inside Benchley* (Harper)

Letter from Xanadu, Nebraska

Dear Editor:

WELL, it looks like we're going to have to put off building a new parsonage for a year or so. We had Voters Meeting night before last and Teacher Tiefdenker gave us a report on probable enrollment in the school next year that really rocked us. Can you imagine it? Here in a little congregation like ours we have the possibility of twenty kids entering the first grade next September.

We're going to have to get on our horse if we want to take care of that many kids. We have only a two-room school and it's been pretty well filled up the last few years so it looks like we might have to build on another room. That wouldn't be too bad, but Tiefdenker says we ought to hire another teacher, too. I don't know whether we can afford that or not. Three teachers at around $2,400 a piece gets to be quite a drain on the budget. And I understand that some of these young guys fresh out of college won't even come for $2,400. Chuck Grossmund, over at Alph River Junction, was telling me last week that they had to go all the way to $2,700 for a teacher last Fall and now the guy has been hinting around for a raise. We couldn't possibly offer a new teacher that much when Tiefdenker is only getting $2,500 and he's been here something like ten years.

There is one possibility I see, though, of working something out. Our custodian is quitting at the end of June and I thought we might be able to find some older man, maybe even a retired teacher somewhere, who could work half-time as teacher and half-time as custodian. That way we could pay half his salary out of the church budget and half out of the school budget and maybe get by with only a very small increase in the school budget. I know that some of these old retired teachers have a pretty tough time getting by and this might be a real break for one of them. Of course, he would have to be a really good man. We are pretty particular in this congregation about the way the property is kept up and our custodians can get themselves into a lot of hot water if they don't do their job right.

It's things like this that make a budget committee tear its hair.

Here we had a good, tight budget all set up and it looked like we could meet it without much straining. So now we have to fit a new room and maybe a new teacher into it. Tom Schnappsmeier was saying the other night at finance board meeting that he's just beginning to understand that text about "Be fruitful and multiply." He says that it means that when the congregation is fruitful the finance board has to multiply its budget figures.

To top it all off, our congregation got stuck with the duty to send a layman to Synod this year. I don't know for sure how this works out financially, but from what I know of the other congregations in the circuit we're going to get stuck with the check. We tried to elect somebody at the Voters Meeting to go to Synod but everybody that was mentioned came up with a valid excuse so we finally decided to authorize the president of the congregation to appoint somebody if he could catch somebody before he had a chance to think up an excuse. I wouldn't mind going myself but I and some of the other boys here in town have tickets for the Sox game in Chicago the same weekend that Synod meets and I've been looking forward to a weekend in the big town for too long to back out at this late date. Maybe we could just send in a name for the sake of the record and let it go at that. Nobody's going to miss one lay delegate from Nebraska, anyway.

By the way, I had a very nice letter from a congregational chairman up in Michigan last week congratulating me on what he called my "businesslike attitude toward the work of the Church" and he wanted to know whether I had any ideas on how to increase contributions by members. I mislaid his address but he seems to be a reader of the CRESSET so here, friend, is your answer in one word: Competition. My theory is that people are basically competitive so if you want to get something out of them you have to appeal to their sense of competition. That's why I have always held out for publishing an annual report of contributions to the church. I know that there is an element of unfairness in doing this and I admit that contributions may not be a perfect reflection of faith but from the practical standpoint you still have to work with the Old Adam. In a small town, especially, prestige means a lot and many a guy who would normally try to get by with a dime in the collection plate will stuff folding money into a numbered envelope when he knows that it's all going to be totaled up and reported at the end of the year. G. G.

Music AND MUSIC MAKERS

Sergei Prokofieff

By WALTER A. HANSEN

Sergei Prokofieff is dead. Some call him the greatest Russian composer since the days of Modest Moussorgsky and Peter Ilyich Tchaikovsky. Some even go so far as to speak of him as the greatest composer of recent decades.

Many believe that Prokofieff will go down in history as a creator of music who had infinitely more to say than Richard Strauss, Jean Sibelius, or Igor Stravinsky. And more than one critic will tell you that Prokofieff had more ability than his highly advertised and much-discussed countryman Dimitri Shostakovich.

Although I have heard Prokofieff's *Symphony No. 5* referred to as the greatest work in this form since Johannes Brahms wrote his magnificent *Symphony No. 4,* I shall not attempt to measure the Russian's genius with a yardstick. But I do not hesitate to say with all the emphasis at my command that I look upon him as a towering great master.

Prokofieff was born in Russia on April 23, 1891. He died a little more than a month before his sixty-second birthday. At the age of twenty-seven he left his revolution-torn fatherland. Nine years later he returned for a brief visit. But for a decade and a half he lived and worked far from the land of his birth.

The Soviet Union realized that a composer as important and as widely known as Prokofieff would be excellent window-dressing. Therefore it induced him to come back to his native land. "Return," said the U.S.S.R., "and you shall have a house to live in, a steady income, honor, and many privileges."

So in the year 1933 Prokofieff went home. He forsook his freedom for what, in the final analysis, amounted to abject slavery. The

great composer soon came to see that in the Soviet Union music, like everything else, is rigidly regimented. Although he wrote some of his finest masterpieces after his return to the fatherland, he found out more than once that a creator of music cannot have complete freedom of thought and expression in a country where totalitarianism holds rigid and ruthless sway.

It is safe to say that Prokofieff, who was endowed with the independent, bold, and forward-looking spirit characteristic of all great artists, often regretted his decision to go back to the land of his birth. But the Soviet Union had him in its tentacles. He was no longer a free agent. Now it was his bounden duty to conform to the Soviet pattern. Yes, he was excellent window-dressing. But in spite of this he was only a pawn on the Bolshevist chessboard.

In the summer of 1947 the *Manchester Guardian* published an engrossing article on Shostakovich and Prokofieff. The author was a man named Alexander Werth. "Shostakovich," he wrote, "is essentially a man of the Soviet era. Prokofieff's roots go back earlier, and he is the most urbane and 'European' of Soviet composers."

By this time, you see, Prokofieff had become known as a "Soviet composer." That is what the men in the Kremlin had wanted. But I wonder whether Prokofieff himself had desired it. Maybe he had for a while. But how could a man of his vision and acumen have kept on wanting it? Prokofieff had hearkened to the alluring words of those who persuaded him to return. After he had given up his freedom, he found out—to his sorrow, I am sure—that the Communists are stern and merciless taskmasters.

News Almost Smothered

The news of Prokofieff's death reached the world outside the Iron Curtain a few days after the Kremlin had decided to announce the passing of Joseph Stalin. Consequently, it was almost smothered. Everyone was wondering so intently and so anxiously what would happen in the U.S.S.R. as a result of the death of the brutal and pock-marked little mass-murderer who had held the Soviet Union in the hollow of his hand that the bulletin pertaining to the end of Prokofieff's life received relatively scant attention.

Such are the ways of the world in which we live. Gangsters have more publicity than artists. Stalin, who tortured, murdered, and enslaved millions without batting an eye, created a far greater stir at the time of his passing than Prokofieff, whom history will enshrine as a great composer.

Let me go back for a moment or two to Werth's article in the *Manchester Guardian.* "Without Shostakovich's depth," wrote the author of that piece, "he [Prokofieff] is a greater master of harmonious invention, melody, and rhythm." I agree heart and soul that Prokofieff was "a greater master of harmonious invention, melody, and rhythm" than Shostakovich. But I fail to find much "depth" in Prokofieff's famous countryman. To me Shostakovich is a rather shallow composer. I grant that he is highly gifted. But I believe that by far the greatest of his gifts is a shallow brilliance and facility of expression.

Maybe Shostakovich could have acquired some "depth" if he, like every other composer in the Soviet Union, had not been hobbled by the inexorable and utterly ridiculous demands and restrictions of Sovietism. At all events, his *Symphony No. 1,* groping though it was, showed fine promise. But several rigidly enforced confinements in the Soviet doghouse evidently did their cruel work with the utmost thoroughness.

Shostakovich, too, served at times as useful and attractive window-dressing. Yet, in a totalitarian state window-dressing must be kept in what totalitarianism considers its proper place. It dare not go one step beyond the bounds set by a little group of willful men. Some of those men may know no more about music than a hog knows about electronics. That does not matter. What does matter is the cruel fact that those particular men are in the saddle. They have the power to decide just what elements must go into music to make it intrinsically and basically Soviet in nature and in effectiveness. Consequently, they rank high among the blue-ribbon jackasses of our time.

What makes music distinctively and, in the ears of the Kremlin, unmistakably Soviet in character? Do you know? Certainly not. Does the Kremlin know? Assuredly not. Does anyone know? Absolutely not. Can anything make music Republican? Can anything make it Democratic? Can anything make it left wing or right wing or left or right of center? No. Yet the Kremlin and its miraculously inspired music critics think they have discovered the secret. Naturally, I am not talking about music in connection with words. I am talking about music *per se.*

Although Shostakovich—he was born in 1906—is, as Werth wrote in the *Manchester Guardian,* "essentially a man of the Soviet era," I can easily imagine that he has often suffered much anguish of soul because of the utterly asinine restrictions and demands made by the Kremlin. How could it be

otherwise? Shostakovich may not be a great composer. But he does have an agile brain. He can think. He is not a fool. Surely he realizes—in spite of his own vapid statements that music can and must be ideological in character—that no one can express Sovietism in tone. Furthermore, I believe he would say so if, by some miracle, he could be delivered from the abject slavery in which the U.S.S.R. is holding him.

Undoubtedly, Prokofieff, too, suffered much anguish of soul after he had come to see that the Kremlin would tell him how to compose. Believe me, the masterpieces he wrote after his return to his fatherland were brought into being because he wrote as the spirit moved him. When the supposedly omniscient watchdogs decided to sniff in true U.S.S.R. fashion, they discovered—wonder of wonders—that some of those masterpieces were, so they said, completely un-Soviet in conception, in nature, and in construction. So they banned them in the U.S.S.R. Fortunately, many of those works had become known outside Sovietland. There they were held, and continue to be held, in the highest esteem. The watchdogs could torture Prokofieff's heart and spirit. But, thank goodness, they could not destroy his masterpieces.

Juri Jelagin Speaks

Have you read Juri Jelagin's *Taming of the Arts* (Dutton, 1951)? Jelagin is a violinist. At present he is a member of the Houston Symphony Orchestra. He was fortunate enough to escape from behind the Iron Curtain. In his book he tells "why those who are determined to destroy the fine humanitarian impulses in man and to push him on a path of evil are anxious to manipulate music." He says that ruthless dictators

> are right in assuming that music can prevent them from changing and manacling the spirit of man. That is why music assumes such an important place in this era of concentration camps, mass terror and slaughter of millions of innocent people. That is why terroristically minded dictators who have come into power during a period immediately following an age when music was at its height are forced to develop a detailed system of music discrimination and to prohibit the performance of some of the finest creations of human musical genius.

That is why, as Jelagin states, Handel's oratorios, Bach's sacred compositions, Mozart's *Requiem,* Beethoven's *Missa Solemnis* and the religious works of Russian composers were banned in Russia shortly after the October Revolution in 1917.

What about Stalin's attitude toward music? Jelagin writes, "By

no stretch of imagination can Stalin be called a statesman indifferent to music. Nor does he consider music the musician's private domain which should not be trespassed on by the government." At another place he says:

> Stalin's musical tastes were the tastes of an average person who has never contemplated the beauties of serious music. . . . The tragedy was that the personal musical tastes of a dictator had been translated into a totalitarian musical policy backed by a merciless police force. That is why Stalin's apparently harmless, undistinguished, average likes and dislikes were fatal to Russian music.

Jelagin knew Prokofieff. He and a group of friends called on the composer in January, 1939. At that time Jelagin was a student at the Moscow Conservatory, and he had selected Prokofieff's *Violin Concerto No. 2* as one of the pieces he would include in his graduation program. Incidentally, the Kremlin-inspired music critics subsequently compared this masterpiece "to the mewing of cats and the scraping of knives on plates."

Prokofieff was living in an apartment "in a newly constructed building next to the Kursk Railroad Station." He had, writes Jelagin, "a restrained, terse, almost forbidding manner of speech." But behind this the visitor "could detect an understanding of young musicians and a youthful enthusiasm for music."

The master played —"on an excellent American machine"—his *Piano Concerto No. 3* as recorded by him with the Boston Symphony Orchestra under Serge Koussevitzky and his *Violin Concerto No. 2* as recorded by Jascha Heifetz. Then he showed his guests an excellent grand piano which had been sent to him "absolutely free" from Czechoslovakia. He played excerpts from his *Piano Concerto No. 3,* and Emil Gillels, the pianist who had come with Jelagin, "looked admiringly at Prokofieff's huge hands which took the broadest chords without any effort."

Mrs. Prokofieff, "a small, dark Spanish woman," served tea, and the composer spoke about America and his many friends in that country. When mention was made of an official attack upon his *'Cello Concerto,* Prokofieff said, "They always attack compositions they cannot understand. If we were to take them seriously, we would stop writing music." Then he entertained his guests with "the latest and best American jazz recordings." Until three in the morning the visitors listened to music by Duke Ellington, Ray Noble, and Benny Goodman.

Prokofieff had said, "If we were to take them seriously, we would stop writing music." That was in 1939. Later on the master learned

that he had to take the Kremlin seriously whenever it decided to issue a pronunciamento concerning music. He learned that totalitarianism demanded abject obedience. In February, 1948, Prokofieff, Shostakovich, and other important composers were taken to task by the Central Committee of the Communist Party. He and his fellow-composers were forced to conform to asinine rules and regulations—at least outwardly. But they could never be sure that they *were* conforming.

Now death has taken Prokofieff. Many of his works will live on and on.

RECENT RECORDINGS

ROGER GOEB. *Symphony No. 3.* BÉLA BARTOK. *Sonata for Two Pianos and Percussion.* Leopold Stokowski and his symphony orchestra.—The recording of Goeb's symphony is sponsored by the American Composers Alliance. Stokowski says that the texture of this work "is a complex interweaving of dynamic rhythm and vigorous melodic lines." Bartók's sonata is the work of a great master. 45 rpm. RCA Victor WDM-1727.

SLAUGHTER ON TENTH AVENUE AND OTHER POPULAR BALLET SELECTIONS. *Slaughter on Tenth Avenue,* by Richard Rodgers; *Waltz* and *Saturday Night Hoedown,* from *Rodeo,* by Aaron Copland; *Galop, Waltz,* and *Danzon,* from *Fancy Free,* by Leonard Bernstein; *Gavotte* and *The Blues,* from *Interplay,* by Morton Gould; *Dance of the Neighbors, Miller's Dance,* and *Finale,* from *The Three-Cornered Hat,* by Manuel de Falla; *Polka,* from *The Age of Gold,* by Dimitri Shostakovich; *Saber Dance,* from *Gayne,* by Aram Khatchaturian; *Barcarolle,* from *Sebastian,* by Gian-Carlo Menotti; *Dance of the Ballerina* and *Danse Russe,* from *Petrouchka,* by Igor Stravinsky. The Boston "Pops" Orchestra under Arthur Fiedler.—This fine album will undoubtedly become a best seller. 45 rpm. RCA Victor 1726.

SIR EDWARD ELGAR. *Enigma Variations, Op. 36.* JOHANNES BRAHMS. *Variations on a Theme by Haydn, Op. 56a.* The NBC Symphony Orchestra under Arturo Toscanini.—Toscanini at his best. 45 rpm. RCA Victor WDM-1725.

ZOLTAN KODALY. *Háry János Suite.* BÉLA BARTOK. *Divertimento for String Orchestra.* The Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra under Antal Dorati.—Dorati presents excellent readings of two works by fellow-Hungarians. 45 rpm. RCA Victor WDM-1750.

IGOR STRAVINSKY. *Piano Concerto (1923-24). Scherzo à la Russe.* The RCA Victor Symphony Orchestra

under the composer. Soulima Stravinsky plays the piano part in the concerto. *Pater Noster* and *Ave Maria.* Russian Church Choruses.—Authentic readings. But these compositions do not exemplify Stravinsky's ability at its best. 45 rpm. RCA Victor WDM-7010.

SERGEI RACHMANINOFF. *Prelude in C Sharp Minor, Op. 3, No. 2. Prelude in G Minor, Op. 23, No. 5.* FRANZ LISZT. *Hungarian Rhapsody No. 2.* Leonard Pinnario, pianist.—Superb performances. 33⅓ rpm. Capitol H-8186.

JULES MASSENET. *Ballet Music* and *Moorish Rhapsody,* from *Le Cid. Scénes Alsaciennes.* The Royal Opera House Orchestra of Covent Garden under Warwick Braithwaite.—Tuneful and brilliantly scored music presented with outstanding skill. 33⅓ rpm. M-G-M E-3016.

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN. *Andenken; Ich liebe dich; Mailied; Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt; Kennst du das Land; Wonne der Wehmut; Der Kuss.* JOHANNES BRAHMS. *Zigeunerlieder, Op. 103 (He, Zigeuner, greife in die Saiten ein; Huchgetürmte Rimaflut; Wisst ihr, wann mein Kindchen; Lieber Gott, du weisst; Brauner Bursche, führt zum Tanze; Röslein dreie in der Reihe; Kommt dir manchmal in den Sinn; Rote Abendwolken). Nicht mehr zu dir gehen* and *Wehe, so willst du mich wieder.* Herta Glaz, mezzo-soprana, with Leo Mueller at the piano.—Sterling artistry. 33⅓ rpm. M-G-M E-3012.

SERGEI PROKOFIEFF. *Music for Children, Op. 65.* DIMITRI SHOSTAKOVICH. *Six Children's Pieces.* ERNEST BLOCH. *Enfantines (Ten Pieces for Children).* DARIUS MILHAUD. *Black Keys and White Keys.* ROBERT STARER. *Lullaby for Amittai.* Menahem Pressler, pianist.—The able young Israeli pianist plays these fine pieces with artistry of a high order. 33⅓ rpm. M-G-M E-3010.

BÉLA BARTOK. *For Children (Vol. 1: Forty Pieces on Hungarian Folk Tunes).* Menahem Pressler, pianist. —Beautiful and heartfelt playing. 33⅓ rpm. M-G-M E-3009.

KEYBOARD MASTERS OF OLD VIENNA. *Sonata in A Minor, Op. 143,* by Franz Schubert. *Fantasie in D Minor (K. 397),* by Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart; *Waltzes and Styrian Dances,* by Joseph Lanner; *Soirée de Vienne,* by Johann Strauss-Alfred Grünfeld. Hilde Somer, pianist.—This recording is a joy. 33⅓ rpm. Remington R-199-124.

SALZBURG FESTIVAL HIGHLIGHTS. *Daughters, Weep Not,* from *The Seven Last Words of Christ,* by Joseph Haydn. Hilde Gueden, soprano; Clara Olschlager, contralto; Julius Patzak, tenor; Hans Braun, bass. GIOACCHINO ROSSINI. *Cuius Animam,* from *Stabat Mater.* Lorenz Fehenberger, tenor. *Inflammatus* and *Accensus,* from *Stabat Mater.* Irmgard Seefried, soprano. All with the Salzburg Mozarteum Orchestra and Dome Choir under Josef Messner. GIUSEPPE VERDI. *Libera Me,* from the *Requiem.* Ilona

Steingruber, soprano, with the Austrian Symphony Orchestra and Chorus under Gustav Koslik.—Superb solo and choral singing. 33⅓ rpm. Remington R-199-121.

OTTORINO RESPIGHI. *The Pines of Rome* and *The Fountains of Rome.* The Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra under Antal Dorati.—Glowing readings of these brilliantly scored works. 33⅓ rpm. Mercury MG-50011.

GIOACCHINO ROSSINI-OTTORINO RESPIGHI. *Rossiniana.* DOMENICO CIMAROSA-FRANCESCO MALIPIERO. *La Cimarosiana.* Overture to *Il Matrimonio Segreto.*—Deftly orchestrated selections from Rossini and Cimarosa. The overture is played in Cimarosa's own scoring. This is an exceptionally fine recording. 33⅓ rpm. M-G-M E-3013.

ROBERT SCHUMANN. *Four Sketches, Op. 58* and *Canon in B Minor,* originally for the pedal-piano. FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY. *Sonata No. 2, in C Minor, Op. 65.* Richard Ellsasser, organist.—Recorded at the John Hays Hammond, Jr. Museum, Gloucester, Massachusetts. Outstanding artistry. 33⅓ rpm. M-G-M E-3007.

RICHARD WAGNER. *Siegfried's Rhine Journey* and *Funeral Music,* from *Die Götterdämmerung. Prelude* and *Love Death,* from *Tristan and Isolde.* The Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra under William Steinberg. — Overpoweringly eloquent readings. 33⅓ rpm. Capitol S-8185.

THE PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA FIRST CHAIR. *A Trumpet Voluntary in D Major,* by Henry Purcell. Samuel Krauss, trumpeter. *Poem for Flute and Orchestra,* by Charles T. Griffes. William Kincaid, flutist. *Concerto No. 3, in G Minor, for Oboe and Strings,* by George Frederic Handel. Marcel Tabuteau, oboist. *Concert Piece for Bassoon and String Orchestra,* by Burrill Phillips. Sol Schoenbach, bassoonist. *Adagio and Rondo for 'Cello and Orchestra,* by Carl Maria von Weber (arranged by Gregor Piatigorsky). Lorne Monroe, 'cellist. *Romance No. 2, in F Major, for Violin and Orchestra, Op. 50,* by Ludwig van Beethoven. Jacob Krachmalnick, violinist. *Concertino for Clarinet and Orchestra,* by Carl Maria von Weber. Anthony Gigliotti, clarinetist. All played with the Philadelphia Orchestra under Eugene Ormandy.—This unusual and truly wonderful recording is being sold for the benefit of the Philadelphia Orchestra Pension Fund. 33⅓ rpm. Columbia ML-4629.

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 BEATITUDES

By Hugh Martin (Harper, $1.00).

THROUGHOUT the Christian centuries the Beatitudes, "the paradoxes of Christ," as Ambrose calls them, have been the high goal in the lives of the consecrated disciples of the lowly and meek Nazarene. The treatments of these "Blessednesses," recorded in Matthew 5 and Luke 6, are almost as numerous as the pebbles of the mountainside where they were first spoken.

This new interpretation of the "Beati Pauperes" combines a historical study and literary analysis with deeply devotional meditations. Quotations are cited from Aristotle, Bernard of Clairvaux, Bunyan, Dante, Spurgeon, John and Charles Wesley, and innumerable others. Even Nietzsche and Mark Twain are heard. The latter's well-known quip to "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth," is quoted: "This Beatitude clearly referred to the British." Luther is mentioned twice, once from Koestlin's *Life of Luther,* via Fosdick's *On Being a Real Person,* and another time from John Wesley's account of his Aldersgate conversion after hearing Luther's *Introduction to Romans.*

But what is more important, these meditations are definitely Scriptural. Practically every page is liberally sprinkled with quotations from the Old and New Testaments and even from the Apocrypha.

The religious viewpoint of the author is characterized in the first chapter "The Beatitudes in General." Just a few quotations: "The foundation of Christianity is not a system of doctrine or code of morals, but a Person." "The moral demand (of the Christian Faith) upon the Christian is inescapable, but the Gospel is first and foremost not the presentation of an ideal of human conduct. It is the proclamation of what God has done for men. It is the power of God unto salvation." The Beatitudes are "unattainable, yes; but not therefore useless or impracticable." The Christian is like the great artist—and the greater he is the more he feels it—who never attains his ideal. But, "he is always learning and trying."

Each of the eight Beatitudes is then taken up. The difficulties in understanding and applying them to daily life are thoroughly discussed in the light of the Jewish audience to whom they were originally spoken and of the pertinence they still have for our present day.

There is an Epilogue: "Portrait of a Christian," and an Appendix: "Other New Testament Beatitudes."

Dr. Martin has written and edited a distinguished list of books. This latest book is not among the least. It will prove very stimulating for private reading.

CARL ALBERT GIESELER

THE GOSPELS TRANSLATED INTO MODERN ENGLISH

By J. B. Phillips (Macmillan, $2.75).

BECAUSE this book is a translation of Scripture (more specifically, of the four Gospels), because it is a wholly new translation, because it is the sequel to Mr. Phillips' translation of the New Testament Epistles, *Letters to Young Churches* (which has been joyfully received, the book-jacket says, by more than a hundred thousand readers), and because it appears to be a reasonably successful translation—it therefore deserves more than a little consideration, and, even more, I believe, than a hundred thousand readers.

In addition to the newly and remarkably translated Gospels themselves, Mr. Phillips provides the reader, as a preface to each Gospel, a page or so of introductory notes which help to clarify that particular Gospel's theme, its date and its authorship. These notes should be a genuine aid toward understanding. One might wonder, however, about Mr. Phillips' saying that the writer of the Fourth Gospel *both* knew Jesus personally *and* wrote this Gospel between 90 and 110 A.D.

The text is not indented at each verse but is arranged in solid paragraphs. These paragraphs are grouped into sections. The section-headings are sometimes striking: "Jesus Makes His Tremendous Claim," "Herod's Guilty Conscience," "The Mysterious Bread and Wine."

The Christian who has been accustomed to reading the Gospels in the English of the King James translation cannot help but wince at the frankness of Mr. Phillips' *englishing* ("Joseph woke up and did what the angel told him. He married Mary, but had no intercourse with her until she had given birth to a son."), and cannot help but feel at least artistically deprived by Phillips' passion for intelligibility rather than beauty ("At the beginning God expressed Himself. That Personal Expression was with God and was God, and He existed with God from the beginning.")

This is probably less a criticism of Mr. Phillips than it is of the average English-reading Christian. To quote the Translator's Preface, "most people refuse to believe that the majesty and dignified simplicity of the Authorized Version, however lovely in themselves, are no . . . part of the original message. . . . We face a queer paradox—that the earliest and most reliable accounts of the life of the very Son of God Himself were

written in a debased language which had lost its classical beauty."

Mr. Phillips aims "to give us as nearly as possible a modern English equivalent of the simple unpolished Greek." How well has he succeeded? The final word will have to be spoken by the scholars. Until then, however, a good many of us will probably continue to use Mr. Phillips' translations for family devotions, for instructing the young, for gifts to the unchurched. Read for yourself the following passage from the seventeenth chapter of the Gospel according to Saint Matthew.

Then when they arrived at Capernaum the Temple tax-collectors came up and said to Peter, "Your master doesn't pay Temple-tax, we presume?"

"Oh yes, he does!" replied Peter. Later when he went into the house Jesus anticipated what he was going to say. "What do *you* think, Simon?" he said. "Who do the kings of this world get their rates and taxes from—their own people or from others?"

"From others," replied Peter.

"Then the family is exempt," Jesus told him. "Yet we don't want to give offence to these people, so go down to the lake and throw in your hook. Take the first fish that bites, open his mouth and you'll find a coin. Take that and give it to them, for both of us."

THE ENIGMA OF THE HEREAFTER

By Paul Siwek (Philosophical Library, $3.00).

THE subtitle of this book is "The Theories of the Reincarnation of Souls," comprising public lectures delivered in Posen, Rome, Milan and Rio de Janeiro. Some have been published in French, Polish, Spanish and Portuguese. The Introduction treats "The Theory of Reincarnation Through the Ages." In the three parts of the book this theory is discussed in its relation to religion, psychology and in the light of morality.

This presentation is of value only to those who would know the teachings concerning the hereafter of Theosophists, Anthoposophists, Occultists, Neo-Buddhists, Spiritualists, and many liberal "Christians."

In the present revival of interest in the study of eschatology the answers will not be found in these "isms," but only in the inspired truths of Scripture. CARL ALBERT GIESELER

BELLES-LETTRES

THE DRAGON AND THE UNICORN

By Kenneth Rexroth (New Directions, $3.00).

THIS extensive eructation of a third-rate Ulysses wandering through his Waste Land elicits only sorrow and disgust. Technically, Mr. Rexroth demonstrates a fertile imagination and a considerable degree of intelligence. He has, unfortunately, nothing to say, except that the world is in nasty shape—a fact which the reader of the daily newspaper might quickly surmise.

The Dragon and the Unicorn, "a *more or less* philosophical poem" (emphasis mine), describes the poet's trip to Europe in the summer of 1949—what he saw, felt, and thought. In short, he saw various forms of sexual

activity, commercial and non-commercial, and, after thoughtful reflection, feels that the erotic knowledge of man and woman constitutes the ultimate knowledge and value of life. Thus, for 117 pages, the theme is repeated in form worthy of any public rest-room wall.

The Dragon and the Unicorn represents graphically the intellectual perversion of our time. Diagnosis and analysis have replaced faith and hope. We know we are ill, and we fear the consequences of health more than the consequences of disease.

CHARLES RAYMOND SCOLARE

FICTION

SIGNS AND WONDERS

By Leo Brady (Dutton, $3.00).

THIS is a novel about a Roman Catholic family under the domination of a rather naïve and adolescent father whose understanding and appreciation of his religion, church, and God leaves much to be desired. After he has done a good bit of muddling (on religious grounds) in family waters to the profit of no one, he comes slowly and painfully to a realization about God and his workings that had been evident to just about everyone else. After that, things look better for the future. The story seems somewhat awkward and the conversations tedious. Mr. Brady's publishers are, perhaps, a little over-optimistic when they say that this is a novel of outstanding significance, and that it will establish Brady as one of the ranking novelists of the day.

THE PLANTATION

By Ovid Williams Pierce (Doubleday, $3.00).

FOR his first novel, Mr. Pierce has chosen a rather unique format. As Mr. Ed lies on his deathbed, various of his close associates draw his life in a series of a "daydreams." Not really a novel in the usual sense of the word, *The Plantation* sees little action, little revealing of character. It is, on the other hand, full of simple, every-day details, none of which is world-shaking or important in itself but which taken together make up a whole picture worth the writing.

Whether the book bears re-reading depends not so much on the judgment of time as the impression it makes on the individual reader. For some it will be useless and insignificant; for others its very simplicity of language and incompleteness of features normally expected in a novel will prove challenging as well as refreshing.

ANNE LANGE

CAST THE FIRST STONE

By Chester Himes (Coward-McCann, $3.75).

THERE is a fairly constant flow of books about prisons and prisoners. Some are factual, some are imaginary, some are poetic, some are brutal, and some are over-sentimental. *Cast the First Stone* is a novel written in the first person that overcomes, to a great extent, the deficiencies that seem inevitably to result from writing about such subjects from only one particular point of view.

Through the eyes of Jim Munroe, prisoner, Mr. Himes shows us a great deal about prison life and men in prison, and he shows it with a great deal of sympathy. More than anything else, he creates a real feeling for the meaning of loss of freedom for men who have come from a society that has always taken freedom for granted, and that does not prepare its members for such a loss in every single aspect of life having significance for man.

BLANKET BOY

By Peter Lanham and A. S. Mopeli-Paulus (Crowell, $3.50).

THIS is a novel about life in South Africa. It is based on an original story by Mopeli-Paulus, a chieftain of Basutoland, one of the three British Protectorates in South Africa. Lanham, an English writer residing in Africa, constructed his novel from the chief's account. It is the story about a young Basuto native, Monares, who kills another native in accordance with the customs and duties of his native tribe, but the killing is considered murder by the ruling, white authorities. Ultimately, Monares is tracked down and made to pay civilization's price as the consequence of his act. Monare's attempt to live in two worlds—his native and the white man's—at the same time, creates and heightens the conflict that carries him from his act to his death on the gallows.

This conflict, and its resolution in favor of the principles of western civilization, is the main burden of the novel. In developing it, however, the author throws a great deal of light on the present, regrettable situation in South Africa—its history, its overtones, and its very real dangers. Written with a great amount of sympathy for the African natives.

THE EASTER PARTY

By V. Sackville-West (Doubleday, $3.00).

ALONG Easter week-end at an English country estate proves momentous in the lives of Sir Walter and Lady Rose Mortibois. Their marriage seems to be the strange and improbable union of an over-patient woman with a man who has a distorted view of the world and the part he plays in it. The small but odd assortment of supporting characters, with the exception of Svend, Walter's dog, all have unimportant and useless roles in the final solution of the couple's marital difficulties. When fire razes his beloved home and his brother helps him realize that nothing can be a substitute for a wife in any respect, Walter sees the phoenix of a new life arise for himself and Rose.

The characters as well as the plot created by Miss Sackville-West seem artificial and forced. The book would be more commendable if the characters behaved in a manner more true to human experience. ANNE LANGE

THE LAUGHING MATTER

By William Saroyan (Doubleday, $3.50).

SET in a central California vineyard, this is the story of a husband and wife fighting to save a marriage

doomed to failure. While on a vacation, a college professor's wife reveals to him that she has been unfaithful to him. She does not reveal that her infidelity was the result of an emotional disturbance presaging a psychosis soon to follow. These two intelligent and complex individuals fight to save their marriage, but their personalities and their rash, but well-intentioned, acts preclude a reconciliation despite their love for each other and for their two small children. Saroyan treats the principal characters with respect and sympathy and he has made appealing characters out of the two small children who sense the approaching tragedy. In this novel, which has much to say about the essence of love, Saroyan reveals his own deep love for his fellowmen, particularly for those in trouble. *The Laughing Matter* is a good novel but not Saroyan's best.

SATAN'S CHILDREN

By Georges Simenon (Prentice-Hall, $3.95).

GEORGES SIMENON, facile writer of hundreds of short, fast-moving novels that are known as "simenons" in Europe, sees crimes as tragic consequences of unendurable lives. The memorable characters created by this powerful writer commit crimes in moments of crisis with the hope of altering the intolerable pattern of their lives. The first of the two novels that make up this book deals with an unloved wife who attempts to poison her husband, and the second deals with a poverty-stricken man who resorts to blackmail in an effort to be a success in the eyes of his small son and to regain his self-respect. Each story is brought to a climax, then abruptly abandoned.

The author, a literary hero in Europe, learned his craft by writing an enormous amount of pulp and crime fiction before becoming a serious novelist. Most of his books, which he writes in French, are not available in English. To those who wonder why his novels are all so black, Simenon says, "If I write so often of morbid people and things, it is to shake my fist in anger at all the evils they have to suffer. I was born in the dark and the rain, and I got away. The crimes I write about—sometimes I think they are the crimes I would have committed if I had not got away. I am one of the lucky ones. What is there to say about the lucky ones except that they got away?"

CARLENE BARTELT

AN AFFAIR OF LOVE

By Frank Swinnerton (Doubleday, $3.75).

AN AFFAIR OF LOVE is the story of an opportunist of few talents who achieves temporary success as a journalist through almost unconscious delusion of himself and others. Everyone sees Jim Probity with different eyes, while his childhood friend and eventual wife, Olga, seems to accept him for what he really is—a nice, nondescript fellow for whom reality always falls far short of ideal. Olga is also such a person but by what she fails to do rather than the action she takes. It takes Jim a long time to realize that his career depends on the

grace of his mistress, Lady Tender, whose husband owns the newspaper that employs him, rather than by his own grace. Jim finally breaks away from his keeper without the really serious consequences the author would have the reader imagine.

ANNE LANGE

GENERAL

SIDNEY HILLMAN: STATESMAN OF AMERICAN LABOR

By Matthew Josephson (Doubleday, $5.00).

THE labor movement phenomenon as it exists today is, comparatively speaking, little known and even less understood. This is so, at least in part, because the modern labor union is an infant of society. Sidney Hillman was singularly instrumental in bringing the child from infancy to the strapping proportions it assumes today. His own life, peculiarly enough, paralleled that to which he devoted it. As a poor immigrant he struggled for existence as a few-dollars-a-week clothing worker in Chicago. At the same time, laborers were agitating and fighting for unionization with all that it implied. Hillman joined the fracas, got results, and with the union moved forward with increasing momentum. Within a few decades he was one of the most powerful of labor leaders—an adviser to men in high places. So great was his influence that it is said that President Roosevelt, when settling on the choice for vice-president in 1944, uttered one of his most famous (or infamous) remarks—"Clear it with Sidney." In addition to being a biography of the man, the book also is a fascinating account of the struggle and growth of the labor movement in the United States. Hillman's arena was the Amalgamated Clothing Workers Union, which is today, as it has been since its inception, the alter ego of its creator, Hillman, and one of the finest segments of organized labor.

Perhaps it is necessary for a generation or two to pass before biographies can be written objectively. Those who write during or shortly after the lifetime of their subjects are too often worshippers at the hero's shrine. Unfortunately, Mr. Josephson is no exception. His coverage is exhaustive, well-documented, and seeded profusely with quotations. However, he takes no pains to hide his anti-management bias, which at times is almost ludicrous, nor do his criticisms of Hillman's antagonists in labor circles always ring true. And, while he seems somewhat embarrassed by his idol's flirtation with the communists, platonic as that relationship may have been, he defends him faithfully. It is obvious that to the author Sidney Hillman could do no wrong.

These flaws, serious as they may be, should not discourage the reader from giving the book a try. Precious little is written that is at all sympathetic toward labor. A little education along these lines, unfettered with much jargon and legal impedimenta, may go a long way toward informing the general public about labor: its problems, objectives, and methods. This the book does, and although

the dose may be a little heavy, Mr. Josephson deserves credit for making the attempt.

THE BICYCLE RIDER IN BEVERLY HILLS

By William Saroyan (Scribner's, $3.00).

SINCE many of Saroyan's short stories have been autobiographical, at least in part, the incidents in this book, the story of his early life, have a familiar ring. As might be expected, this is not the usual autobiography. It is in no sense chronological and it is far from definitive. However, by relating a number of his experiences up to the age of thirteen—four of those years in an Oakland, California, orphanage and the remainder in Fresno as a newsboy and messenger —Saroyan builds a platform from which he delivers a number of pertinent remarks. The purpose seems to be to explain why the author became a writer. An urge to excel led him to writing, a field in which he feels he is an improvement on others. Another of his reasons for making writing a career is a reasonable, if not modest one—he wanted something interesting to read. Those who enjoy Saroyan will find this book both interesting and informative.

THE WORLD AND THE WEST

By Arnold J. Toynbee (Oxford, $2.00).

ONE should say a number of things about Toynbee's latest little book: It is an illuminating treatment of certain world problems of the last half-millennium, several astute insights into the dynamics of cultural clashes, and a retrospective, yet prophetic, glance at an ancient cultural clash involving the Graeco-Roman world. This volume contains the six Reith Lectures presented last year over the BBC. It deserves many readers who would be over-awed by the ten-volume *Study of History*.

The great issues are brought into sharp focus, even though in miniature. The "West" embraces those lands continuing the two-fold heritage of Graeco-Roman and Judeo-Christian civilization. The "World" is the geographically more extensive and more populous world of Russia, Islam (though in this case the clash is not complete), India, China, and Japan. Each of these lands has had its painful, if also fruitful, encounter or series of encounters with the West. The West has held the whiphand, primarily by means of its repeated technological revolutions. But the recent Asian situation indicates the bewilderment of the West; the frustration of an attack in return. Significantly, Toynbee points to the Marxist Credo as a distinctly *Western* creation destined to form another tremendous technological tool in the hands of the East when combined with earlier lessons in Western technology.

These lands have had to defend themselves by adopting some elements of our culture. Usually these have been our art of war and our political institutions. But as single strands of the culture the loose strands have proved deadly. What of the spiritual core of our civilization, Western

Christianity? Irresistibly the remaining strands are drawn in, until the old culture must admit that it is conquered.

The book is thought-provoking and immensely rewarding. Moreover, in view of the nature of our ex-Christian civilization and its present impasse the book is not a little prophetic.

CITIZENS OF THE WORLD

By Stringfellow Barr (Doubleday, $3.00).

THE author has dedicated this book to those that hunger—some one and one-half billion citizens of the world.

To help this mass of impoverished humanity, Mr. Barr develops the idea of an International TVA. He calls it an International Development Authority, geared to the task of raising the living standard of these people.

Essentially, the book is an attack, for what the author honestly thinks to be good reasons, on the foreign policy of the United States, which he contends is purely negative, and unappealing to foreigners. American foreign policy, he says, is based on several false assumptions. One of these is that America should lead the world; another "that private enterprise can do the job even better than government." The international job ahead calls for the joint effort of many governments and their people.

Throughout the book, it is clearly apparent that the author considers the primary need of the world community to be a common opportunity to earn the bread the body needs. He suggests that if the United States would join the world in assuming this task, it would find its way to two other basic needs—a common religious faith and a common political institutional arrangement.

The book is highly controversial, but the author shows some fresh thought on a major issue of our time. He is certain that unless something is done to feed the world, war is inevitable. He denies America's ability to do it, and offers specific and sound ways of accomplishing this task. Two suggested methods are (1) along the lines of an international TVA, citing Israel as an example, and (2) through the issuing of international bonds.

RICHARD W. DUESENBERG

OUR APPOINTMENT WITH DESTINY

By Ernest L. Klein (Farrar, Straus and Young, $3.00).

AN APPOINTMENT may or may not be kept. But destiny is always fulfilled. There are, accordingly, no appointments with destiny. The inconsistency of author Klein's title is matched by contradictions within his work. We are reminded that it is the nature of Americans to be fundamentally and overwhelmingly motivated by economic considerations. Again, we are told, with emphasis, that there seems to be "a psychological imperative for nations to find golden ages in their pasts" which provide, as in the case of America, a non-economic motivation. Which should then be elementary, the act or its rationalization? A grading ac-

cording to primacy could only be one of sequence. The latter would be no less basic than the first.

Our "appointment with destiny" is not, as the title of this work suggests, our inevitable future. Rather, as Mr. Klein sees it, it is the only chance we have of saving ourselves from domestic totalitarianism and a weakened defensive position in the world. This last chance is equivalent to the conservative Republican program: permitting democratic capitalism to do its inevitably constructive task at home and minding our own business abroad. Mr. Klein differs on certain points with the extreme Republican right wing. He feels that the rise of communism in Asia is only one aspect of a profound revolt against Western domination which nothing we might have done could have prevented. The United Nations, he urges, should be accepted for what it is—an important attempt to promote international law within the necessary limits of voluntary cooperation.

The author's chief bugaboo is the American display of self-righteousness which has expressed itself in social justice agitation at home and military involvements and give-away programs abroad. Here is certainly a field for constructive criticism. But Mr. Klein does not help matters when he maintains that social problems solve themselves and then illustrates his contention with the example of improved road building after 1900 without benefit of agitation. And it is a serious matter when repudiating the alleged "mother-father" complex of foreign aid programs to write off the need for an expensive defense policy beyond as well as within our frontiers. The author can do this because he identifies the aggressive policy of the Soviet Union with Czarist imperialism and discounts the military value of the western European nations because of their sagging will to fight. But regardless of the late Stalin's relatively moderate aggressiveness, the communist ideology of the Soviet regime is unlimited in its aims, and backed by Soviet power constitutes a uniquely dangerous threat to American society. And whether or not the European nations are ready to fight with us, we cannot permit them to be forced to fight against us, as they would if they came within the Soviet orbit.

As a whole, this work is the product of the dilettante scholar and thinker. There is, for example, a great deal of supposedly revealing history which is actually well-known and superfluous. Nothing could be more destructive of the author's doctrine of the fundamental naturalness and automatic wholesomeness of the free economic process in America than a polemic in its defense. Free economic enterprise in America is well worth positive interpretation and defense, but Mr. Klein is not the man for the job. MARTIN H. SCHAEFER

MODERN SCIENCE AND MODERN MAN

By James B. Conant (Columbia University Press, $2.25).

THIS book is composed of four "Bampton Lectures in America" given at Columbia University in 1952

by the then president of Harvard. While much of what Conant says in these lectures represents repetition of matters he has discussed in an earlier book *(Science and Common Sense,* CRESSET, June, 1951), this work is to be recommended. There are several good reasons. The person who has read the earlier book will find in this later work a significant synthesis of the more detailed discussions of the earlier work, and will find the extensions of that material to include a lecture on "Science and Spiritual Values" worthy of careful reading. While it is perhaps true that the reader who has contacted Conant in earlier efforts will see deeper meanings in these lectures, the uninitiated will find material here to enhance his basic understanding of the place of science in the scheme of things. This reviewer finds himself constrained to say that these lectures are so pregnant with insights into the basically provisional character of science and its conceptual schemes—and the lack of bearing of its theories on such age-old problems as the one of good and evil, that there is danger in attempting to give a gist of this book. The extremists of scientism and obscurantism as well as religious dogmatists will be ably challenged.

TWO AGAINST THE AMAZON

By John Brown (Dutton, $3.50).

MR. BROWN and a friend set out from England to do some investigating about the sources of the Amazon River. The true source of this gigantic river has been a problem and a challenge for a long time. Whether or not Mr. Brown's conclusions are valid will have to await the judgment of persons skilled in the science (or art) of river-source-seeking (or whatever it may be called). At the end of the book he presents some drawings and some scientific data as well as certain of his conclusions and *they* seem reasonable.

In addition to this, however, Mr. Brown has written a very interesting and readable account of their experiences on the Amazon and in the surrounding countryside. He writes with a humorous touch and succeeds in capturing some of the atmosphere of the countries where they visited. He offers some good—and rather lighthearted—tips for travelers to South America.

WORLD WIDE TRAVEL GUIDE

By Richard Joseph (Doubleday, $3.95).

YOUR TRIP TO BRITAIN

By Richard Joseph (Doubleday, $4.50).

ARE you planning a trip outside continental USA? If you are, by all means read these two books just written by the capable travel editor of *Esquire. World Wide Travel Guide* contains detailed information as to what to buy, where to stay, 1953 data on hotels and restaurants, and the red tape connected with travel in all the leading tourist countries of Europe and the Western Hemisphere. In addition, on the inside jacket of the book is a convenient wallet-size money converter to twenty foreign currencies.

Your Trip to Britain is an enlargement of the chapter about the British Isles in *World Wide Travel Guide* and is especially designed for those planning a tour of the islands by auto.

These volumes are not only just handbooks containing factual material, for Mr. Joseph inserts colorful and delightful anecdotes so that even the armchair traveler will be amused and entertained.

DOROTHY R. HERSCHER

THE AMERICAN THESAURUS OF SLANG

By Lester V. Berrey and Melvin Van Den Bark (Crowell, $6.95).

SELDOM does a reference work merit a separate review in a popular journal; usually specialists have particular interests and emphases. But everyone uses slang! Here, then, is a book wherein anyone can find the spoken language of America compactly recorded, classified, defined, and indexed. What *A Dictionary of Americanisms* does for our written tongue, this volume does for its oral counterpart.

The customary Table of Contents is replaced by a comprehensive Synopsis of Headings. Really time-saving are two features that have been found effective in a companion volume, *Roget's International Thesaurus:* the words are classified by ideas, and there is a "pinpoint" finding or locating system with an alphabetical index (which index itself requires 372 pages). Cross references multiply the seemingly endless possibilities; for instance, the word "money" has several hundred slang equivalents and "liquor" more than a thousand. Social history in that! Where meanings are not self-evident, they are tersely defined in italics.

Completely rewritten since its first publication in 1942, this up-to-date second edition includes not only the conventional American usages but notably the new slanguage of such areas as television, radar, and the atomic sciences. Interesting always are the new trends in the popular vocabulary of the military and the underworld, of trades and professions, of commerce and industry, of sports and games, of theater and art, and the like. I found especially illuminating the section on "Slang Origins" because it takes out much of the starch in our "stuffed shirt" thinking. Although slang is a vagabond ever hanging on the outskirts of legitimate speech, this made-to-order diction will continually stray or force its way into respectable linguistic company. That's why an unusual dictionary assembled carefully, as is this one, deserves widespread use.

HERBERT H. UMBACH

WEBSTER'S NEW WORLD DICTIONARY OF THE AMERICAN LANGUAGE

College Edition (World, $5.00 plain, $6.00 thumb-indexed).

THIS edition of *Webster's New World Dictionary* has been particularly prepared for use by college students, and is based on the *Encyclopedic Edition* of the same work. There has never been a precise definition of the term "college edition,"

although in some form or other it has often been used in connection with dictionaries. Probably the most satisfactory definition that could be arrived at would be one that would state two separate objectives: *First,* a "college dictionary" would be one containing the maximum number of words that a college student might come up against in four years. *Second,* a "college dictionary" would, at the same time, not be so large as to present a major transportation problem each spring and fall for the same four years. Within that framework, this particular "college edition" seems an extremely able job. These same attributes would seem to be particularly desirable also for a dictionary for the home in which there is still some reading and writing. The use of the term "college" should be considered neither a limitation nor a prerequisite.

This dictionary is printed on good paper with type that seems about right. The book is particularly well-bound and will remain open at any place whether that be the first or last page, or the middle. This is no small consideration to anyone who has had his hand bitten by one of the larger dictionaries, or who has been irritated beyond recall by trying to pin down a spelling while propping up half a book with one hand and typing with the other.

With regard to content, it should be noted that there is something rather comforting about seeing it called the American Language. Not because of mere chauvinistic considerations, but because the American people have developed their own language, and it should be recorded by persons who are conscious of this fact. A somewhat casual examination of many of the entries gives the impression that the editors of this dictionary kept this thought in mind.

THE CASSEROLE COOKBOOK

By John and Marie Roberson (Prentice-Hall, $2.95).

THIS new cookbook should be enthusiastically received by novices and veterans alike. It offers 214 kitchen-tested recipes for all types of casserole dishes, the solution to the problems of high food costs, and servantless entertaining. There are recipes for soups, chowders, and stews; eggs and cheese; meats and game; poultry and game birds; fish and shellfish; vegetables; spaghetti, macaroni, and rice; desserts. Many of the dishes may be prepared in advance and reheated before serving. In addition to the easy-to-follow recipes—those tested before reviewing proved to be delicious—and suggested menus, the authors include a brief history of the casserole and discuss the merits of various casserole constructions.

CARLENE BARTELT

The READING ROOM

By VICTOR F. HOFFMANN

Well?

The Great Inquisitor: You probably all agree that murder is wrong.

Paul, St. Thomas, and Auguste Comte (in unison): Of course, of course.

Paul: You see, God said so in Exodus twenty of His Revealed Word. This is what He said: "Thou shalt not kill." It's as simple and clear as that.

Thomas: Not only that, Paul. There is something more to be said. You yourself said it well: "When the Gentiles which have not the law, do by nature the things contained in the Law, these, having not the Law, are a law unto themselves: Which show the work of the Law written in their hearts." This mandate, you see, is part of the essence and nature of man. It is the dictate of natural law in man, the human inclination in each man's heart with which he was born—I take it. Murder is against the rational ends of the general and dynamic essence of man!

Auguste: Come now! Lot of words, Thomas, nothing much else. How do you expect any rational man, any reasonable man, to accept that even if he is dynamic? I can't taste, see, feel, or hear God. Nor can I see, feel, hear, and taste natural law. What are they? Where are these things? God? Natural law? It just isn't the smart and wise thing to do! If you are interested in the preservation of society, you can't afford to tolerate murder. Morality, come now, moral obligation! We just can't go on killing one another off. It just doesn't make sense. None of us would be left if we didn't make some kind of an agreement about those things.

The Great Inquisitor: You people just don't agree. But you live in the same society. You have to live with one another, don't you?

Paul, Thomas, and Auguste (in unison): Not if they believe that kind of stuff!

Paul: Now look, the only thing left to do is to avoid them, avoid them, I say!

Thomas: There's no synthesis possible here. God and natural law are big enough to incorporate all this diversity. But there's certainly not as much room for expediency, Auguste, as you would think. In spite of all your talk about verification by scientific and empirical method, you'll build some kind of universals, watch and see. Some day you scientists will quit shadowboxing with the intangibles.

Auguste: How can you talk to a bunch of magicians? This idle speculation must be replaced by scientific methods. I'll not have any truck with superstition!

The Great Inquisitor: Believe what you want to. But these wars, strikes, divorces, and things! Can't you agree to disagree, just for the sake of living together in this society? You can't just go on shooting at Moscow or mccarthytizing people because you disagree with them!

Paul, Thomas, and August (in unison): ————.

The Great Problem

IN A VERY fine monograph, Jacques Maritain—a great philosopher in my books—touches upon the problem of unity in diversity *(Man and the State.* The University of Chicago Press. 1951.) In discussing the possibility of an International Rights of man, he sees first of all the historical fact that many peoples and civilizations will have different answers for even the simple questions. How can one expect Moscow and Washington or Alabama and Nebraska to agree upon any one version of anything, let us say, the dignity of man? But Maritain firmly believes mankind can arrive at common ground by agreeing to a common formulation of practical conclusions although the men involved cannot accept a common reason or rational justification for the acceptance of these practical conclusions. Stated simply, it would mean that we can all agree upon a view of the dignity of man for practical societal operation without getting into the "why." "We agree," writes Maritain, "providing we are not asked why. With the 'why' the dispute begins."

But Maritain and his entire book seem to admit between the lines that it will be difficult to remain with the common formulation of practical conclusions. It is fair to say, in addition, that I think it to be rather difficult regardless of what Maritain actually believes on this point. One's presuppositions, metaphysics, pre-conceived notions and justifications will eventually show. How can one deliberate on anything as crucial as social decisions and international affairs without asking

"why"? Eventually, men will insist upon the "why." Then—when men ultimately get into the inevitable and probing discussions—they will fight or some agent of the Inquisition will go after one or the other of them. There is another alternative. We can continue to talk about the Rights of Man in broad, wishywashy, and sentimental terms without probing into the deep meanings. As long as you are "rah-rahing for dear old Rutgers" and on the sidelines at that, you aren't going to ask too many questions. Nevertheless, when a crisis arises, it will become evident that you are either for or against "dear old Rutgers." You can all agree for different reasons that murder is wrong but in a crisis you'll begin to reason why. If someone considers birth control within the context of murder, or if a McCarthy makes a defense of Moscow on some specific issue an act of Communism, then it will become evident that each individual has poured his own rational justifications and versions of the "why" into the empty forms of "weasel words" the while professing the TRUE democracy. I see no way out except ultimate disagreement whether you are Christian, husband, father, professor, student, or grocer. We cannot all agree. For the sake of living together, we still face the proposition of agreeing to disagree.

Natural Law

MARITAIN has worked in this monograph according to the standards referred to by Jerome Kerwin (professor at the University of Chicago) in the foreword: "Democracy has been on the defensive; it has been defended more and more often with the pragmatic argument. . . . Democracy works, it is true—but so did fascism until it was destroyed from outside. The need for a philosophy that shows democracy to be grounded on rational principles is apparent." This book, as Kerwin maintains, did set forth some "basic principles on which democracy rests." But because these principles reflect Maritain's version of what is basic, it would be well for us to leave our guns and powder at home. One would have enough opportunity to reach for the hip. No use spoiling the game at the outset.

This Neo-Thomist philosopher is very dogmatic in assuming that "The philosophic foundation of the Rights of man is Natural Law." He capitalized this phrase and that's what he means. But you have to be more of a Neo-Thomist than I am to understand completely what this means. By his own confession, his natural law (or that of St. Thomas Aquinas) goes back to Paul and to Antigone whose laws were not born of today's sweet will but of

eternity's Always. The human being, though finite, is in touch with this natural law that lives "forever and always."

Every human being, gifted with intelligence, has the power by his nature—the same in all men—"to determine for himself the ends which he pursues." The ends or purposes which the human being pursues correspond "to his essential constitution" as a man. Just as a piano—whatever its type or make—serves the purposes of harmonious music, just so a human being, true to his constitution as a human being, plays a certain type of music. In other words, for every man—by nature—there is a certain and specific way of thinking and doing things. A man doesn't govern his life by the purposes assigned to the life of a horse since he isn't a horse. In the words of Maritain, every human being has a normality of functioning, its one inner typical and natural law, which determines how he is to think and act and associate with other beings.

This might mean first of all that each human being has a specific contribution to make according to his talents, innate abilities and specific purposes. He might have been born with an inner urge to follow that which is unique to his essential constitution. The farmer supplies agricultural products to society while the priest contributes his official office of prayer and worship. Each class of people does "its own proper work." (Sabine, *A History of Political Theory.)* But just as the body is ruled by the soul, just so these specific ends must be subordinated to a higher perfection. Though each man acts specifically according to his own endowments, each man must nevertheless act as all men act. All of these men, for example, generally must act together "that man may live a happy and virtuous life, which is the true end of man in society." We are both men and MAN. Natural law is common to all men.

But not only that. Each man, acting as he himself is and acting as all men generally act, by natural law participates in still a larger circle. "So far as his finite nature permits, man really participates in the wisdom and goodness of God; these are reflected in him, though his nature reproduces only a distorted image of divine perfection." (Sabine, *A History of Political Theory.)* Thus Divine Reason is implanted, reflected, in all human beings. According to this relationship, man has discovered by natural law to do good and avoid evil, "to live as perfectly as possible the kind of life suitable" to his natural endowments, to have children and educate them, and to live in society.

Man himself participates in this natural law which leads to greater things by what Maritain, or St. Thomas before him, has called human inclination. That is to say, the human knows natural law like the poet knows whatever he knows by listening "to the inner melody that the string of abiding tendencies make present in the subject." This would mean, furthermore, that we have to play the strings of these abiding tendencies within the walls of history and whatever reverberations might result from a contact with the historical situation. The human being works out the knowledge of natural law within his heritage "in proportion to the degree of moral experience and self-reflection and of social experience . . . of which man is capable in the various ages of his history." It would appear that this might make for fluid and dynamic conceptions of life. But I have a feeling that Maritain could become a doctrinaire poet.

And has it not been so from the beginning with the Church and the children of God (for the work of God is altogether different from the work and reason of man) that many have been called saints and the people of God, and they were not, while some, a little despised company, were not given the name but were the faithful?

Martin Luther, *On the Enslaved Will.*

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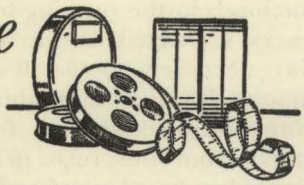
The  *Motion Picture*

By ANNE HANSEN

A RECENT issue of *Saturday Review* features a critical survey of postwar trends and achievements in American arts and letters. This survey includes articles on fiction, literary criticism, poetry, American history, drama, the movies, music, painting, and sculpture.

I was interested to see that by far the greater part of Hollis Alpert's *Movies* was devoted to an estimate of the career and the ability of Stanley Kramer, a comparative newcomer who has achieved outstanding success in the motion-picture industry.

Mr. Alpert touches briefly on the current excitement over the three-dimensional films—familiarly called "three-dementia" in Hollywood. He deplores the fact that preoccupation with this new medium must inevitably delay the development of a truly mature and socially significant American screen.

Then Mr. Alpert tells us what happened when he asked prominent persons within the industry to name for him the men under forty who have helped to shape the pattern of postwar film-making. He says:

> At the head of every list, to a monotonous degree, was the name of Stanley Kramer, the one young man who had truly broken through [stifling traditions and conventions] and become a major force in the motion-picture industry. Kramer, at this writing, is thirty-nine. In about five years he has earned himself a position as one of Hollywood's three or four most eminent producers.

Mr. Kramer entered the production field soon after he had been discharged from the U. S. Army Signal Corps. "I became a producer," he said, "instead of a director or writer because, in the Hollywood scheme of things, there is only one man who can make a picture as he sees it and wants it to be. That man is the producer. He has the power of final decision.

From the very beginning this enterprising young man has ignored stock production techniques and has gone his own way. He believes that good pictures can be made on a relatively modest budget and without employing top box-office names. He has proved the soundness of his convictions with such notable films as *The Champion, Home of the Brave, Cyrano,* and *The Men.* These pictures won for him wide acclaim as "Hollywood's wonder boy" and "the white hope of the industry."

Enough time has passed since then to show that Mr. Kramer's methods are both sound and workable. There is about him nothing of the flash-in-the-pan "genius." He has proved beyond dispute that he can make excellent films at moderate cost—films that are successful at the box office as well as artistically. Other producers have adopted the pre-shooting rehearsals instituted by Mr. Kramer in his own studios. No one will deny that he, too, has had an occasional "flop." But even his less noteworthy films have borne the stamp of skill, a fresh approach, and an undeniable flair for creative artistry. *High Noon,* a Stanley Kramer film released last summer, is not only a strong contender for the 1953 Hollywood Oscar but has already won numerous awards for the producer, for Fred Zinnemann, the director, and for the script-writer, Carl Foreman.

Another Stanley Kramer production is in the running for Hollywood's coveted Oscar. This is *The Member of the Wedding* (Stanley Kramer: Columbia, Fred Zinnemann), adapted for the screen from the 1950 prize-winning play based on Carson McCuller's short novel. The principals of the original Broadway cast were wisely chosen to appear in the screen version. Julie Harris' moving portrayal of the gawky, wistful, thirteen-year-old Frankie won for her the 1950 New York Drama Critics Circle Award; her re-enactment of the role on the screen has placed her name high on the list of candidates for the "best actress" award this year, even though a ruthlessly revealing camera takes away some of the illusion of youth demanded by the part. After all, Miss Harris actually is twice the age of the adolescent Frankie. Ethel Waters, one of the most distinguished actresses of the day, gives a full-bodied, warmly human performance as the motherly Negro cook who comforts and befriends the motherless Frankie. Brandon de Wilde is seen to good advantage as Frankie's bespectacled cousin. The supporting cast is excellent. Mr. Zinnemann's direction is masterful. Settings and musical effects are outstanding. *The Member of*

the Wedding is off-the-beaten-path movie fare. It is obviously designed for adult audiences.

The war in Korea goes on. Week by week the casualties mount, and a successful conclusion to this so-called police action seems as remote today as it did a year ago. I know that this is a matter of deep concern to many Americans. Apparently, however, there are producers who see in the grim Korean conflict only an opportunity to cash in on current headlines. *Battle Circus* (M-G-M, Richard Brooks) is a tasteless rehash of all-too-familiar Hollywood heroics. The inclusion of sequences which depict the operation of a mobile field-hospital unit and the evacuation of wounded by helicopter point up the over-all tawdriness of the picture. June Allyson is nauseatingly coy in a role of an Army nurse, and Humphrey Bogart's performance as an Army doctor is as corny as it is phony.

Parts of *Never Wave at a WAC* (Independent Artists: RKO Radio) were photographed at the WAC Training Center, Fort Lee, Virginia. This fact and a brief sequence in which General Omar Bradley appears give an air of authority and authenticity to an otherwise undistinguished film. I wonder how the members of the Women's Army Corps feel about this wacky comedy.

Flat Top (Universal-International), made with the co-operation of the U. S. Navy, was filmed aboard the carrier *USS Princeton*. The plot is an old one. But the flight and combat sequences are breath-takingly realistic.

A priest is accused of murder. He is innocent and can clear himself immediately if he is ready to violate the seal and the sanctity of the confessional. This is the theme of *I Confess* (Warners), a new Alfred Hitchcock thriller. Although *I Confess* is not on a par with Mr. Hitchcock's best efforts, it is superior in every way to the average whodunit. Montgomery Clift's portrayal of the young Canadian priest is sensitive and restrained. Karl Malden is convincing in the role of the hard-working detective. Anne Baxter and Brian Aherne are excellent in supporting parts. The city and environs of Quebec serve as a fascinating setting for this film.

Jeopardy (M-G-M, John Sturges) seemed to me to be not only singularly unpleasant but completely unconvincing. Everything—including the acting—seemed artificial and contrived.

Bette Davis has been named as a possible winner of the 1953 Oscar for her work in *The Star* (Bert Friedlob: 20th Century-Fox). This is the story of a fading, bankrupt movie queen's frantic but futile efforts to make a comeback on the

screen. The script permits Miss Davis to display every facet of her undeniable talent, and she makes the most of every opportunity. Authentic glimpses into the fabulous world of the cinema add color and interest to *The Star.*

The Mississippi Gambler (Universal-International) takes us on a dull excursion into the past.

On October 6, 1927, *The Jazz Singer,* starring Al Jolson, had its *première* showing in New York City. This picture was of special importance because for the first time sound had been successfully used in conjunction with the screen. A technicolor remake of *The Jazz Singer* (Warners, Michael Curtiz) is being shown at present. Danny Thomas re-creates in a praiseworthy manner the role made famous by the late Mr. Jolson. Attractive Peggy Lee heads the capable supporting cast.

Towering mountain peaks, filmed in superb technicolor, dwarf the human actors and their petty passions in *The Naked Spur* (M-G-M, Anthony Mann). The entire action of this unusual western plays itself out against the grandeur and magnificence of the Colorado Rockies. James Stewart heads the small cast of talented players.

One of the great natural wonders of this continent forms the backdrop for *Niagara* (20th Century-Fox, Henry Hathaway). Here we see the impressive beauty of Niagara Falls in glowing technicolor. The scenic effects are the outstanding feature of this film. The plot is weak, the acting is commonplace, and the moral tone is distressingly low. Apparently the protests designed to curb the cheap publicity connected with Marilyn Monroe have not been effective.

Our Contributors This Month . . .

- Dr. Koepke and Dr. Essig are members of the faculty of Valparaiso University
- Dr. Trever is executive director of the department of the English Bible of the National Council of the Churches of Christ in the U.S.A.
- Mr. Sorell, the CRESSET's drama critic, is a playwright and student of the modern dance.