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THE CRESSET

IN THE MAY CRESSET:

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Vol. XVII MAY 1954 No. 7

Notes and Comment

BY THE EDITORS

Family Week

The first week in May, culminating in Mother's Day, is National Family Week. For a considerable part of that week, the writer of these lines will be a couple hundred miles away from his family. Perhaps there lies, in this coincidence, a clue to the answer to that perennial question: "What is the matter with our families?"

It would take someone much more competent than we are to give any really exhaustive answer to the question. But certainly one thing that is the matter with our families is the simple and observable fact that they don't spend enough time together. Children are all but totally excluded from the social lives of their parents. The Sunday School has served to split the family as a worshipping unit. Organizations, committees, PTAs all claim their share of the parents' after-dinner hours. School activities take up the children's evening hours. In many a family, it is no exaggeration to say that such actual family life as there is consists almost exclusively of a number of semi-strangers wolfing their orange juice around the same breakfast table.

All of us are caught up in this round of busy-ness in greater or lesser measure. Most of us, when we have time to think at all, wonder whether we really are putting first things first, whether a kick-off dinner for the anniversary solicitation committee really is more important than

reading fairy-tales to our curious youngsters. But the misgivings disappear almost as fast as they appear, for the children have neither Scripture text nor psychological appeal to reinforce their claim to our attention, while the pastor or the boss or the community leader or the committee chairman has all sorts of sure-fire means of keeping us "on the ball".

Now don't get us wrong. All sorts of good and necessary work have to be done by unsalaried volunteers who are willing to give it their leisure time. We do not think that any man or woman has a right to shirk his fair share of such work. All that we are saying is that one's family has a claim upon one's interest and one's time at least equal to the claim of church, philanthropy, or community. But it is our belief that in most cases the family's claim gets last priority, or no priority at all.

Where this is the case, there can obviously be no healthy family life. The form may persist, but it is only a shell, concealing a vacuum within which children are denied the life-giving love and interest and companionship without which there can be no spiritual health and no wholeness of personality. What does it profit us if, in a busy round of doing good for others, we smother the souls and affections of our own children?

Mother's Day

Perhaps the first question that would have to be answered in any thoroughgoing inquiry into the health of our families would be the question of the status of women in our society. For it is a truism that women are, as they always have been, the custodians of the home.

The s u f f r a g e t t e and the bloomer girl have, of course, long ago taken their places in the obscure corners of history, side by side with the Victorian belle and the Girl on the Pedestal. We have today, as an accomplished fact, essential equality between the sexes, modified on the one hand by a few hardy prejudices inherited from earlier times and, on the other, by a few chivalrous conventions.

The question is: where does this put the woman of today? She has been emancipated, but what has she been emancipated to? It is our suspicion (although we may be all wet) that the emancipation, s o - c a l l e d, of women has been accompanied by a steady deterioration of their

social position, a general decline in economic security, and no marked change in their poltical status. As for gaining recognition for themselves as persons, we see few signs of this happy new state of affairs on the tired and anonymous faces of those career-girl friends of ours who gulp their aspirins side by side with their male office colleagues in the quick-lunch restaurants.

What we think we see, then, in this process of female emancipation is a gradual but continuing desexing of women. We do not see women standing side-by-side with men in government, in education, in the trades and the professions. Rather, we think we see women *becoming* men, in every sense except the narrowly biological. And this, we maintain, is not good.

For years, we have maintained that one of the happiest inspirations of the Creator was His decision to create the human race male and female, in approximately equal numbers. We think that both men and women are happiest when the distinctions between them are kept as sharp and clear as possible, and when the distinctiveness of each sex is not only recognized but respected.

This is no plea for a relegation of women to the spheres of Kinder, Kirche, and Kueche. But we do think that the Creator knew what He was doing. Believing this, we would like to see more respect accorded to those great and essential careers which no man has yet successfully practised and which so many women have handled so very well. Chief of these is the fine art and the precise science of the homemaker or, to use its more ancient and honorable name, the work of the housewife. Put her back in the position which she deserves and many of our problems of the family will fall into place of their own accord.

Happy Birthday, H.S.T.

On the eighth of this month, a chipper little man in Independence, Missouri, will reach the proverbial three score years and ten with, according to all reports, his eye undimmed and his natural force unabated. Only the most perfervid partisans will object to our wishing Harry S. Truman a happy birthday.

This is the first time, in the memory of most of us, that the nation is fortunate enough to have two of its ex-presidents still living. It is somehow cheering, once in a while, to cast a glance

toward Mr. Hoover and Mr. Truman and to reflect that these men are history-book figures walking our streets. One can not imagine a former king or a former pope stepping down naturally and easily from his high place to become just another taxpayer. But our Presidents do just that. One day, they are absolutely unapproachable through their ring of secret service guards. The next day, they are likely to be jostled by any citizen who doesn't happen to be looking where he is going.

From time to time, someone comes up with a suggestion that former Presidents be given a lifetime seat in the Senate or some other honorific post which would keep them in public life. The motives for such suggestions are worthy ones, but we prefer things the way they are. We like a system in which a man whose presence once called for ruffles and flourishes is now free to load his wife and daughter in the family car and drive across the length of the country without provoking anything more than an occasional, "Hi, Harry!"

We leave it to the dispassionate historians of the next generation to judge Harry S. Truman as President of the United States. But to Harry Truman — farmer, lecturer, and author— we extend our best wishes for a happy birthday and for many more of them.

An Unpleasant Question

For seventeen years, the CRESSET has opposed every attempt to fan those fires of religious and racial animosity which lie, always smoldering, beneath the surface of our heterogeneous society. Every week, we receive and discard piece after piece of hate literature purporting to expose Roman Catholic plots, Jewish plots, Negro plots. On the positive side, we have tried consistently to explain one group to another and to emphasize the best contributions which each has had to offer to all of us.

But no amount of good will could justify us in deliberately refusing to face unpleasant facts. And one of the unpleasant facts in our present situation has been called forcefully to national attention by Joseph Harsch, an able and dispassionate reporter for the *Christian Science Monitor* which is universally conceded to be a careful and temperate newspaper. We quote the pertinent sections of his very disturbing report:

> While the facts are not available

in full, enough information has been gathered in Protestant circles to make it clear that the activities of Senator Joseph R. McCarthy (R) of Wisconsin have had the incidental effect, whether accidental or intentional, of increasing the proportion of Roman Catholics to Protestants employed in the public service.

Government officials, seeking to protect their departments and bureaus from McCarthy attacks, have increasingly resorted to the practise of employing Roman Catholics as security and personnel officers. This appears to provide immunity from attack. The sequel is that the proportion of Roman Catholics included in dismissals is low and the proportion of Protestants high.

Inquiries by this reporter have failed to find a single Roman Catholic dismissed from the State Department. A Protestant compilation of dismissals from the Foreign Operations Administration indicates that 80 per cent of all dismissals are Protestant and that many of the 20 per cent of dismissed Roman Catholics were subsequently "reabsorbed" into the service.

Mr. Harsch noted earlier in the same article that the general council of the Presbyterian Church in the U.S.A. had issued a statement to its members calling attention to the fact that "nothing is easier for people... than to make the transition from one totalitarianism to another, carrying their basic attitudes along with them". And a month prior to the issuance of this statement, the Archbishop of Canterbury had broken the long religious truce in England by charging the Roman Catholic Church in England with intolerance and oppression.

Certainly no one wants to play into the hands of the lunatic fringe which, for years, has suspected the Knights of Columbus of keeping guns in their clubhouses. Nor does one want to judge 25 million people by the excesses of the few. All that we want to know is to what extent these publicly-stated fears of responsible men and organizations are well-founded. Mr. Stephen Mitchell, speaking as a Roman Catholic, has deplored the linking of McCarthy and the Roman Catholic Church. But to deplore a charge is not to answer it. For the sake of all of us—Protestants and Roman Catholics alike—the charge should be investigated and either substantiated or refuted. To allow it to go unexamined is to provide the kind of vague suspicion and dark rumor which makes such wonderful fuel for the professional hatemongers.

Dust Bowl

We learn from experience that we learn nothing from experience. A couple of years of drought in the western margins of our Great Plains states, a spring of dust storms—these new evidences of our poor stewardship of land and resources were as fully predictable as they are unnecessary. We have experienced them before, we are experiencing them now, and unless we do finally learn from experience we shall experience them again.

Throughout the world, the semi-dry lands are problem lands. Mostly they have passed under the control of peoples whose original homelands were in parts of the world where water was not a major problem and where farming was limited chiefly by conditions of soil or terrain. Unaccustomed to think in terms of rainfall regimes, such people have attempted to impose humid-land agricultural patterns and practises upon lands which are deficient in water. There is only one possible ending for the story. That ending is etched into the despoiled landscapes of these regions and into the despairing faces of those who have destroyed themselves along with their land.

Underlying the whole tragic story is a profound ignorance of geographical facts coupled with a naive idea of the nature of our world. Arbitrarily, we have divided the lands of the world into productive lands and wastelands, almost invariably defining productive in purely economic terms. Tacitly, at least, we have made it a matter of faith that the best use of land is agricultural use, a notion which is supported neither by geography nor history. And every grain of dust that blows out of these lands across our Midwest is testimony to the fallacy of this notion.

We can not prohibit people from moving into lands which ought not to be farmed. But we can, and probably must, refuse to subsidize their remaining there. It is hard, admittedly to refuse help to those who need it, even when their need arises out of perhaps innocent ignorance. But in the long run, it is better to let natural and economic forces have their way than to continue to subsidize the despoiling of a whole large region of our country.

The H-Bomb

A considerable part of the international hysteria that attended the recent hydrogen

bomb experiments in the Pacific area can be ascribed to what seemed to be almost a calculated indifference on the part of our government to the fears and anxieties of other peoples and governments. The failure to notify the Japanese government, for instance, of our intention to set off another bomb so shortly after Japanese fishermen had been injured by radioactive dust is hard to explain. Nor are we likely to engender any great confidence in our awareness of the dreadful responsibilities which are ours by virtue of our possession of the bomb when we put the British prime minister into the embarrassing position of having to tell the House of Commons that he knows nothing about whatever plans we may have for future experiments.

We are not by any means suggesting that we should share our knowledge of this weapon or any other particular weapon with other countries. But the chilling fear which has gripped the whole world in the wake of these explosions does require that we be as generous with information on our plans for testing them as we can possibly be, within the limits of absolute necessity.

We do not think that most people fear that the United States will use any of its power to wage aggressive warfare upon other countries. What many people do fear is that, by irresponsible toying around with these murderous devices, we will start something that we can not control. Irresponsible reports that the first of the recent explosions had "gotten out of hand" served to reinforce that fear. It would be well for us to remember that the Lilliputians did not fear Gulliver because he had demonstrated any evil intentions but because his very size made him a potential menace to their safety. Like Gulliver, we must go out of our way to re-assure our friends that we are aware of the danger of even accidentally b r i n g i n g down catastrophe upon them.

More Basic Fears

Our best efforts can not, of course, quiet the fears of those who have thought through the basic questions that have been raised by the H-bomb. No matter who has the bomb and no matter how responsible its trustees may be, the fact remains that the very existence of the weapon poses a Damocletian sword over the whole of the earth.

Already it is possible to say, without stretching the truth at all, that the city, as we know it, has become obsolete. Civil defense from now on means essentially nothing but civilian evacuation. It may be desirable, from the standpoint of morale, to talk hopefully about digging shelters and ringing our cities with anti-aircraft interceptors but the fact remains that one enemy plane above New York City can wipe that city off the map. And the same is true, naturally, of any other city one might care to mention.

But will the bomb ever actually be used? May it not become the great guarantor of peace by inhibiting would-be aggressors from moving, for fear of retaliation?

Let's take the second question first. We do not know of any aggressive nation or ruler that ever started a war in the expectation of losing it. The great dream of every aggressor has been to strike so suddenly, and with such force, that retaliation would be impossible. Thus, it seems to us, the bomb is likely to constitute a temptation greater than man has ever experienced before to the enthusiast or the megalomaniac who has visions of establishing a world empire.

And that answers the first question. If man actually is what the Scriptures consistently say that he is, there can be no doubt at all that the bomb will be used. The only question that remains is, when will the bomb be used? We don't like this conclusion, either. But, then, since the incident of the serpent and the forbidden fruit, many things have happened that we don't very much like.

The Earth Reborn

We are all agreed (on what grounds we do not know) that the things of death are the serious things and that the miracles of birth and growth and life are, at best, trite. And yet few of us can wholly resist the exuberant iconoclasm of May. Even the most sober-sided among us finds himself sneaking a furtive glance up from his maps and charts and graphs, his "Proceedings" and his "Restricted" documents, to the sky and the trees which have so suddenly grown young again.

May belongs to the poets and we shall not transgress upon their preserve. But even editors now and then catch a fragrance which might, just might, proceed from something living. We have seen editors sneak pocket

books of poetry out of their desks around this time of year. One of our editors even opened his window one May morning several years ago.

So the point of all of this is simply that with all of our doing we have not yet wholly succeeded in destroying life and beauty, nor even in stifling that within us which responds to the glory around us. No one but a fool supposes that "all's right with the world", but in May it is hard to believe that God is not in His heaven. And if He is, then there is at least the hope that all could be right with the world.

However accidental the choice of the day may have been, therefore, there is a certain appropriateness in celebrating Memorial Day on the next to the last day of this month. Men have died, as men will die, so that others may live. And yet the living and the dying do not form an endless and senseless cycle. Once already the cycle has been broken. A seed fell into the ground but refused to remain there. And the seed grew into a vine, into which we have been grafted and with which, some May morning, we shall be transplanted.

SONG

Call to me in the morning through my window.
Sing as the night makes way for dawn: Get up!
Lure me again where dew, though never fallen,
seems part of heaven's sun-touched, jeweled cup.

Call to me in the afternoon from woodland;
as a child barefooted, let my step be heard
not as the alien's; gently as my kinsmen
in the arrowless place—the feathered, and the furred.

Call to me when the form is part of pillows.
Whisper to aching flesh the gentlest, deep
hymn of long silence, all the hungers muted,
lost in the living coffin of warm sleep.

JOSEPH JOEL KEITH

AD LIB.

By ALFRED R. LOOMAN

In a few days, our friends south of the Border will celebrate *Cinco de Mayo* (the 5th of May), a Mexican holiday similar to our 4th of July. The holiday is named after, and celebrated because of, the battle fought in 1862 in which Juarez defeated the French. Actually, it wasn't too conclusive a battle and within a day of its completion, Juarez was once more on the run. But it is sufficiently significant to celebrate, particularly if you are looking for things to celebrate. And the Mexicans are. So on that date every town worthy of the name will hold a fiesta, and, if the town is big enough, the central feature of the celebration will be a bull fight.

It was while attending the *Cinc ode Mayo festival* in Nogales, Mexico, three years ago that my wife and I saw our first and, we earnestly believe, our last bull fight. But there also we saw the Mexicans in a different mood, gay and relaxed, enjoying the fiesta to the full. If a person from the States attends a Mexican fiesta expecting to find a well-organized full day's program, he is likely to be disappointed. If, however, he can get into the spirit of the occasion, including the spirit of *manana,* he will have a marvelous time.

The first event of the fiesta was the traditional parade. It was an hour and a half late getting started, but no one minded, including the officials who were in charge. Getting the parade underway required a large number of last-minute arguments about something. At least there was considerable ineffec-

tive waving of arms and loud talk. When it did start, the parade, by U. S. standards, was not colossal, but it fit in very well with the spirit of the fiesta, and all of the people packed along the parade route enjoyed it immensely. The parade wound first around the plaza, the center of all activity, past the cathedral, past the stores on the other side of the square, where hundreds were packed in sweltering heat under the tin roofs which shaded the sidewalks. Included in the parade were quite a few horses, their riders garbed in costumes of bright colors, a few floats, and a band. All of these soon filed from sight down the long main street that led to the desert.

We had lunch in a cave. In fact, the cave is the best place in town to eat. Some enterprising Mexican has established an excellent restaurant there and it is cooled by Nature. Two large rooms were mined out many years ago and broad tunnels, left by the miners, give easy access to the two rooms and the bar in front. Business was very good that day and the service was horrible. The waiters, accustomed to leisurely service for just a few customers, broke down completely under the strain of a full house and constant calls for service. For long periods of time, no waiters would be visible and from their appearance, when they did return, it seemed likely they had been in the kitchen, head on folded arms, sobbing out their frustration. We were served an hour after our order was taken, an hour in which we successfully fought down our own frustration and had gotten into the spirit of *manana*.

A few others, besides the waiters, suffered from the delay. A number of men took advantage of the wait by visiting the convenient bar and consoling themselves with shots of tequila.

Tequila, a native Mexican drink, is much like vodka and it is served in a shot glass, swallowed neat and followed by a lick of salt from the palm of the hand and the juice sucked from half of a lime. It is a potent drink, I am told, that does not reveal its kick until later. It was possible to observe its effect on that day, for some of the patrons stepping from the cool cave into the hot desert sun seemed to suffer an immediate attack, the symptoms of which, in appearance, bear a strange similarity to diver's cramps.

We were urged to arrive at the *plaza de toros* (bull ring) early if we wanted to get tickets.

The ring is located just outside of the town, a mile from the center square. It stood by itself on the baked earth, surrounded by nothing except sand and desert vegetation. A ticket line a block long had formed by the time we arrived. We joined the line, standing as patiently as possible under the hot Mexican sun, and moved forward so imperceptibly that it could hardly be called moving at all. The reason for the slow movement was that only one ticket seller was on duty, and he was in no hurry. If the ticket buyer was an old friend, he would stop and visit, or if the customer was a recalcitrant one, an argument, full of loud exclamations and violent arm-waving, would hold us up a few more minutes.

One of the official guests invited to the bull fight by the Governor of Sonora was the Governor of the neighboring state in the U.S., Arizona. He drew up in his official car while we were in line, and he and his party filed into the ring. At the same time, two Mexicans with an eye out for business and a handful of tickets, set up a business selling the tickets at scalper's prices. Their ticket office was the meager shade provided by the Governor's car. Immediately, several policemen ran toward the scalpers and we expected to see a fight or an arrest. Not so. The police saw their duty and did it. They charged into the large group surrounding the Governor's empty car and formed the eager buyers, all waving money, into an orderly line in front of the scalpers. No visiting Governor's car would be scratched while they were on duty.

Eventually we got our tickets and headed for our seats on the shady side of the ring. From its looks, the arena was not a new one, and it was almost impossible to tell what it had been built of and what made it stand up. One of the materials used in its construction could be identified. It was adobe, a building material of the Southwest which is as versatile, in its way, as the Schmoo. You've seen pictures of a bull ring. Most of them are identical in design and vary only in their seating capacities. The circular ring is surrounded by a wall ten feet high. The first row of seats is just behind this wall and many rows are banked in tiers up to the top of the back wall. Three feet inside this inner wall is a wooden fence about five feet high, behind which the matador's assistants stand, and over which the matador may

escape if something goes wrong.

We had just reached our seats when the fights started, only a half hour late. A bugle sounded and the Grand Entry began. This consisted of a parade of contestants. It was led by the matadors, two unprepossessing looking men whose ability belied their appearance, for they were two of the best Mexico City could send that day. They wore the traditional costume of short jacket, tight, k n e e - l e n g t h trousers, silk stockings, and heelless shoes. The jackets were heavily embroidered in gold and silver. Their capemen wore similar costumes but with less embroidery and more color. The matadors carried their deep red capes folded over the left arm and the capemen held theirs in the same manner. Behind this group c a m e the matadors, dressed in yellow and mounted on old horses, and the banderilleros. A team of mules, bright plumes in their harness, came next. And following all this, almost as an afterthought, came a convertible bearing the fiesta Queen. She was definitely of secondary importance to the fights which were to follow. The entire group circled the ring and drew up at attention in front of the dignitaries' box. It was a thrilling spectacle of brilliant color.

Another blast from the bugle and the ring was cleared. Tension mounted in the crowded arena as the moment arrived for the first fight to begin. I won't go into detail on the bull fight itself. It was much more gory than we had anticipated and I still feel a bit squeamish when talking about it. There were four bulls killed that day and all four of the fights followed the same pattern, for the bull fight is a highly formal and stylized affair. First the bull came charging out to run aimlessly about the empty ring. At the summons from the bugle, the capemen jumped over the fence and demonstrated their technique with the cape by getting the bull to charge them. The other object of the capemen was to further infuriate the bull who seemed sufficiently mad to me as it was. The capemen were followed by the picadors whose job was the most g r u e s o m e one could imagine. Each of the four picadors carried a long, steel-tipped pike. The horses on which they rode were padded on the right side, the side facing the bull, and they were blind-folded. By getting the bull to charge the horse, the picador could jab the

bull between the shoulder blades with the pike. No horses were hurt seriously that day by the bulls, which means it was an unusual day. The average kill on bulls in Spain in one year is 1300, but for the picadors' horses it is 6000. No one who loves horses could stomach a bull fight.

I was greatly relieved when the picadors left. They were replaced by the four *banderilleros* each of whom carried two *banderillos,* thin darts 18 inches long, topped by colored ribbons. These they proceeded to plant in the bull's back in the hole made by the pikes. They did it by taking the bull's charge and turning at the last minute, darts raised high above their heads and brought down swiftly as the bull shot by.

Then came the matador. He walked from the fence straight across the ring to the dignitaries' box. He completely ignored the bull which eyed him constantly as it stood breathing heavily, the blood running down the sleek black sides. The matador saluted the officials, tossed his hat to the box, and turned to face the bull armed only with his cape.

What followed was a demonstration of amazing skill. For ten minutes the matador waved the bull into charge after charge at the cape. The matador would take some of the charges head on, turning just slightly to avoid the horns of the bull. Or he would take the charge on his knees or with his back turned to the bull. If the fight had consisted only of the matador and his cape versus an unwounded bull, it would have been a magnificent demonstration, but it was apparent the crowd wanted more. So the matador reached over the fence and came back with the sword under his cape. After a few more charges, the matador took a direct charge, narrowly missed being impaled on the horns, leaned forward, and thrust the sword into the spot marked by the *banderillos.* It was all over. The team of mules came in to drag off the carcass which was then cut up and delivered to the poor.

We wouldn't want to go through that experience again, but we seemed to be the only ones adversely affected by the fights. The crowd leaving the arena late that afternoon was in a gay mood, not unlike a crowd leaving a well played football game. This affair, with death as its object, had actually increased the gayness of the fiesta mood.

Leaving the arena area by car, we joined a long line of automobiles headed for town on the one street leading in that direction. This trip consisted of moving a few feet then stopping for about five minutes, as the police, taking a slightly different view of their duties, aided the taxis at the expense of the private cars. Since the street was narrow, the taxis required police assistance in stopping all other vehicles so that they could make repeated round trips from the arena to the square.

Back in town, the activity centered around the square where a band played faithfully in the band stand, all members perspiring profusely in their heavy woolen uniforms. Three sides of the square were enclosed by booths. Meals were served in several of the booths, tortilla and beans being the heavy seller. Souvenirs were sold in other booths, mostly ash trays and dishes made of adobe and painted with brightly colored figures. And the feature in the majority of the booths was games of chance, not unlike those found in our carnivals. A few small rides operated in the side streets off the square. At least a dozen impromptu music groups, consisting of a few guitars and an occasional violin, played in that congested area.

It was a dramatic show of color and noise. The noise was not cacophonous, for there were no public address systems and no barkers. The sound came from the melodious murmur of hundreds of voices speaking a musical tongue, from the muted strings of the guitars, and the now almost muffled notes of the band. The color came from the costumes of the people, from the sunlight reflected from the face of the cathedral, and from the flickering lamps lighted as dusk fell. No one hurried. It was possible to have fun in any spot in the square, so why move? The area was so crowded that movement was next to impossible anyway, but no one shoved. Little children stood contentedly next to their parents, or looked wide-eyed from their mother's arms at the panorama before them.

Fireworks were scheduled for early evening and they were less than an hour late in being fired. The launching of the fireworks took place on a hill overlooking, and a couple of hundred yards from the square. There was no set direction or pattern to the firing. Colored balls broke out high and to one side in one

burst, then dangerously low and directly over the crowd in the next burst. The obvious fact though I seemed to be the only one who held this view, was that it was all out of control. So the operator is under the influence of tequila, so what? While we were standing there, the burned-out head of a spent rocket came down and g l a n c e d off my shoulder. Because its power had been spent and because the blow was a glancing one, no damage was done, but we took to cover. No one else around seemed at all disturbed by the incident and all stood stolidly where they were. A few other bits fell on the crowd and were met with bursts of gaiety.

We didn't stay to see the end of the fiesta. It would have meant staying until dawn, since it was evident that the music, singing, and dancing, which had now started, would go on for many hours. We started driving across the desert in the dark cool night, relaxed in the spirit of *manana* and pleasantly gay in the general spirit of the fiesta. This mood lasted for some time as we thought back to those happy people still enjoying the carefree life in the plaza. The mood wore off, and I know the exact moment that it did. It was when I looked at my watch, which had been a useless fixture on my wrist for most of the day, and decided to try to shave five five minutes off the anticipated time of our arrival at our lodging for the night.

Germany Today

By Louis P. Lochner

Returning to Germany last summer for an extended stay of sixteen months after an absence of six years, I seemed to find myself face to face with a miracle. Everywhere in Western Germany factories were running full blast. Farmers and city workers were putting in at least an eight-hour day of conscientious, hard work. There was an indomitable will to work, a dogged determination to put a prostrate country back on its feet.

A continuous procession of trucks on the many super highways on which we traveled indicated that consumers' goods were everywhere in demand and that German manufacturers had repaired their bombed-out plants sufficiently to supply them, or had erected new structures, modern and efficient, to replace them. When we approached the various frontiers (except the eastern, behind which lay the Soviet satellites), the direction in which these trucks moved showed that Western Germany was again doing a big export business. The Rhine was as busy a stream as I have ever seen it. The Moselle, Weser, Neckar, Main, Elbe, and Danube were teeming with activity. Barges flying the flags of many different nations were carrying such goods as could conveniently and much more cheaply be moved through the inter-connected rivers and many canals which dot the German landscape.

Naturally Mrs. Lochner's and my approach to this German phenomenon were different. My wife had left Berlin with me in December, 1941, after Hitler had declared war on the United States following Pearl Harbor. Together with American diplomats, military and naval attaches, as well as the consular personnel, we accredited correspondents had been taken to Bad Nauheim for five months of internment until we could be repatriated. There had been occasional Allied air raids while we still lived in Berlin, but they were picayune compared with the later saturation bombings which made a shambles of Germany. My wife was therefore awe-struck when now, after an

absence of more than ten years, she saw the many evidences of destruction still visible. So many historical monuments irrevocably gone; so many priceless art treasures demolished; pauperized refugees from the East presenting a pitiful spectacle of men and women once living in comfort and culture, now reduced to accepting alms and not knowing whether they would ever be able to stand on their own feet again; leg-less, arm-less, eye-less war veterans reminding us forever of the terrible price the Germans had to pay for following a demoniac leader.

All this was at first a depressing experience for my wife, until she, too, became conscious of the almost unbelievable progress already made in the short span of seven years since the cessation of hostilities. Often we would nudge each other to catch the touching sight of a single room in an otherwise blasted apartment house made not only livable, but homey through a few inexpensive flower pots or through the display of an immaculately clean curtain artfully stitched together by a thrifty housewife from some salvaged piece of goods never intended for this purpose. We would see a group of children romp about in what were evidently hand-me-downs, yet which were patched so neatly that one could only tribute the skill and economy of the *mater familias.* We would pass a house where the entire family, though obviously in poor circumstances, would form a happy ensemble as they made good old German *Hausmusik*—singing a Bach cantata or a group of folk songs to the accompaniment, say, of a rather wheezy and shopworn accordion. Ruins stared at us everywhere, to be sure, but next to them new life had taken hold.

My approach was that of a man who had seen Germany in her very deepest depression. The terrible winter of 1947, when I had the honor of being a member of the Herbert Hoover Mission to Germany and Austria appointed by President Truman, was still vividly in my mind, as were my first glimpses of defeated Germany when I followed our victorious American, British and French colors in 1945 on their triumphant entry into the Reich. It had then been generally assumed that it would take at least fifty years until Germany became even moderately restored again. My jeep had taken me through ghost town after ghost town. No freighters were then

plying on Germany's otherwise so teeming water routes; instead, prow after prow of sunken vessels jutted from the streams and canals. Railroad transportation had come to a standstill; the few privileged Allied military transport trains on which I had then traveled had to be boarded at little suburban stations because the main depots were a heap of ruins. And as our military train crept along, we could see veritable graveyards of locomotives in station after station and roundhouse after roundhouse, all of them victims of precise Allied bombings. Our military jeeps, trucks, and weapons carriers were almost the only automotive vehicles in the German scene.

Now, on my return, ghost towns had become bustling centers of commercial and industrial activity. Trains were running on time. On the main stretches new, modern coaches, dining cars and sleepers made travel a pleasure, to which was added the certainty that one would arrive at the scheduled destination on time. In the broad, navigable streams all evidences of sunken vessels had disappeared.

Boat excursions of which the Germans are so fond were again the order of the day. We had an opportunity to participate in them both on the Rhine and the Neckar. We learned a significant fact about post-war Germany during these boat excursions: the Germans had regained their humor, their love for singing, and their penchant for conviviality. On the Rhine, the same old jokes went from mouth to mouth that we knew a quarter century earlier, such as observing, when passing the Lorelei Rock, "Too bad, but Lorelei has her off-day today, that's why she isn't sitting up on the rock and combing her golden hair." The same gay songs were again sung by everyone that were part and parcel of every Rhine trip in days of yore. Again, as in the olden days, all passengers, whether acquaintances or strangers, would respond to a waltz tune of the band by locking arms with the man or women next to them and swaying to and fro rhythmically in what is known as *schunkeln*. Nor was the proverbial joke smith wanting who always somehow turned up on every excursion steamer. This time it was a man who with a few clever strokes of his short, stubby comb which after a few characteristic hirsute changes he held to his upper lip in imitation of a Hitler moustache, made

himself look strikingly like *Der Fuhrer*. The hilarity with which he was greeted as he promenaded the whole length of the steamer showed that Nazism, at least in this variegated crowd, was a dead issue.

As to automotive transportation, I could hardly believe my eyes. Everywhere the famed *Volkswagen* was rolling along. It is a small, concise car with an almost indestructible motor which consumes a minimum of fuel and is air-cooled. It looks like a big June bug. At the large plant near Brunswick I could convince myself that the factory cannot turn cars out fast enough, so great is the demand. Ford, General Motors (Opel), Borgward, and several other makes were also much in evidence, and for the persons who have "arrived," who consider themselves the socially or industrially elite, there was the expensive Mercedes-Benz.

A less welcome sight was the motor cycle, or Bridemobile (*Brautmobil*) as it is commonly called from the fact that on Sundays or in vacation time the operator's bride or sweetheart usually clings rather uncomfortably to the extra seat in the rear. The Bridemobile is the poor man's car. Whatever its shortcomings, it takes the owner places—and the Germans are a nation of sightseers. The Bridemobiles were the bane of regular car drivers, for they would weave in and out at breath-taking curves, endangering both themselves and the owners or chauffeurs of four-wheeled vehicles. Also, they made a terrific noise and emitted awesome black smoke because an evidently poor quality of gasoline was used. The best gasoline costs four times as much as our American at home and by no means equals it.

Germany on our return after so many years was an interesting proof of the fact that when human beings have had to do without something they like for an extraordinarily long period, they seem to feel under obligation to make up for lost time, as it were, by indulging over-much. The determination to acquire some form of automotive vehicle was one manifestation of this human craving for the cherished thing one had to do without. Another was the emphasis laid upon good new shoes. The Germans seemed more particular about having a good cobbler than a good tailor. Even people otherwise moderately and even poorly dressed seemed to take special satisfaction in wearing

sturdy and even snappy, fashionable shoes.

Having been without such amenities of life as coffee and cream for so many years—they were articles of short supply in the Hitler regime already years before World War II had started —, Germans were flocking to cafes in amazing numbers, where they thought nothing of ordering coffee with generous whipped cream and heavy, rich cakes with richly sugared or chocolate frosting, on top of which they ordered big gobs of whipped cream. No wonder the ladies were quickly losing all desire for maintaining a slender waist-line! We have some amusing candid camera shots we took of Mrs. Lochner with various friends from her school days. (She was born in Metz, but has been an American citizen since 1922). I had visited as many of these chums of hers during my service as war correspondent as possible and had given her a vivid description of how emaciated and wan they then looked. But now! We were almost afraid to send them our snapshots, for everyone of them now looked like a Valkyrie beside my faithful spouse.

The American impact upon Germany was especially noticeable in the use of American words, such as okay, bye-bye, sketch, song, and jeep, which have virtually been adopted in the German language. It was also evident from the many gum-chewing lads and lasses we saw. Chewing gum was an unknown quantity in Germany before the late war. Whether the democratization of the country was speeded up by its introduction is open to challenge! American influence was distinctly noticeable also in the make-up of German newspapers and their treatment of the news. It would go too far afield to go into detail about this.

Our pride as Americans was not enhanced when we noticed, within only a few hours of our arrival and from then on until the end of our stay, that certain American soft drinks had apparently conquered Germany. Not that we desire to cast any reflection on the product. It is a reassuring fact that most German chauffeurs, at least while on duty, invariably decline to join in an alcoholic drink and order an American soft drink. What disturbed us, however, was the fact that the characteristic trademarks of these firms were veritable eyesores when displayed next to or on some beautiful

castle or other historic landmark where they simply did not belong. We wished our compatriots would display greater taste and a better sense for the fitness of things when conferring some of our blessings upon other peoples.

What I have thus far written touches only upon the surface of things. Let us now go a little deeper and attempt to answer some of the stock questions that have been put to me whenever someone heard I had just returned from an extended stay in the land of my forbears. I shall put each question first and then attempt the answer.

Is there any danger that Germany, in case the French continue to remain offish, may lose patience and ally itself with the Soviets?

None whatever, in my estimation. If there is one thing of which the Germans have been cured permanently it is communism. The whole nation applauded when, on June 17 of last year, the East Germans alone of all Soviet-dominated regions revolted and gave a rare example of courage and passion for freedom. The stream of refugees from the east has never subsided. The men and women who can no longer breathe the stifling air of dictatorship must leave literally everything behind them and risk being shot at the border, yet their yearning for liberty is so great that they assume that risk boldly.

Their stories of what they have gone through travel from mouth to mouth and constantly rekindle the determination of the West Germans to have nothing to do with communism. The one and only Soviet puppet in the Bundestag, or parliament of the Federal German Republic, failed of re-election in last year's march of German citizens to the polls. In the trade unions communist influence is negligible. There are almost no "parlor bolsheviks" or fellow travelers such as we unfortunately find in some of our intellectual circles. The stock comment one gets from Germans who discuss conditions in Italy and France is, "If they lived as close as we to the Muscovites and had gone through what our sons have suffered in Russian captivity, they would not have powerful communist parties as thorns in their flesh."

But what of Nazism? Has German thinking changed since the downfall of Hitler? As a veteran in the news game, I cannot but remind myself again and again, when reading dispatches from

Germany concerning this or that incorrigible Nazi who urges a return to the ideologies of Hitler, that "news is what's different." When Dr. Werner Naumann, former *Staatssekretar* in Gobbels' Propaganda Ministry, was arrested in January, 1953, charged with plotting the overthrow of the Bonn government, his name was head-lined throughout the world. Why? Because he was engaged in something that was different, that some fifty millions of decent Germans were not dreaming of doing.

Now, just as in this country subversion is a thing that must be watched closely and that constitutes a real danger if allowed to go unchallenged, so, too, the Bonn government is keenly aware that manifestations of neo-Nazism cannot merely be laughed off. That was a tragic mistake made by the Weimar Republic, one of whose ministers of the interior described communists and Nazis as "political children" and failed to take them seriously. The Bonn government has set up an office patterned upon our FBI at whose head is Dr. Otto John, a man whom I have known for many years as a bitter opponent of Hitlerism. He barely escaped arrest for complicity in the plot to overthrow Hitler; his brother paid the supreme penalty for his participation.

The neo-Nazis had an opportunity to demonstrate their strength in the Bundestag election of last September, and they mobilized all available resources. They failed miserably. The splinter parties committed to perpetuating the Nazi idea did not obtain a single seat.

German thinking has undergone a great change. On the negative side I would place the fact that there is a tendency among certain types of Germans to want to forget the Nazi period altogether and to deny ever having had any connection with the Nazi movement. This form of escapism is regrettable but understandable. No nation likes constantly to have it rubbed in, "you are guilty, you are guilty." But the danger lies in the fact that, in rationalizing one's own behavior, one is but too prone to see the mote in the neighbor's eye and to disregard the beam in one's own eye. "Your soldiers did not always behave like saints," some Germans would say to me when we discussed Nazi cruelties. Aside from disregarding the truth that two wrongs do not make a right, these persons over-

looked the important detail that, except for Nazi aggression, no American soldier would have stepped on German soil. Also, cruelty and inhumantiy were a state policy under Hitler.

Naturally by no means all Germans participate in this form of escapism. Nobody of any consequence in Germany took exception to the moving address by Federal President Theodor Heuss when he unveiled a monument dedicated to the victims of Nazi torture at Belsen in 1952. In it he said:

"We Germans will, shall and must learn to be brave when faced with the truth, and that particularly on a soil drenched and devastated by the excesses of human cowardice. Any German who speaks here must acknowledge the utter cruelty of the crimes which were committed by Germans on this spot. He who would palliate or minimize them or would even invoke the misguided use of so-called reasons of state, would merely be insolent... It is our disgrace that these things happened within the geographical confines of that national history whence Lessing and Kant, Goethe and Schiller entered into the universal spirit. No one, no one at all, can take this disgrace from us."

President Heuss spoke for the New Germany, of this there is no doubt in my mind.

The greatest change in German thinking has perhaps come in the young generation. I decline to join the chorus of those who refer to a "lost German generation," meaning thereby the boys and girls who were members of the Hitler Youth during the Nazi regime and were then drafted into Hitler's armies or into defense plants. They are groping about, but they are by no means lost. They are critical but not cynical. They want to be shown. It is especially gratifying to note how many young people are again attending church and are participating in church activities.

They are rather skeptical about politics, but can we blame them? I believe it was a grave mistake for Military Government to have been in such a hurry to re-start German political life. We should first have seen to it that the defeated Germans were provided shelter, clothes, food, and jobs, and should have postponed politics to a period when our wards, with the most pressing material worries out of their way, could do some original thinking and evolve political parties adapted to the needs of

a changed German world. Caught unprepared, with Allied orders to set up democratic parties at once, the Germans quite understandably fell back upon the parties of the middle and left that had existed before Hitler's advent to power. Unfortunately, many of the leaders of these parties, now old men, tried to continue exactly where they had left off, unaware that times had changed and that new approaches were necessary. Small wonder that many young Germans are indifferent to politics!

There is one new idea, however—new for German thinking—which strikes a sympathetic chord in youth and evokes genuine enthusiasm. It is the idea of European federation. The young men and women who have lived through the horrors of World War II are definitely through with militarism. They want no more war. They are looking for something that will bring the nations together rather than divide them, and they see in European federation the first great step toward the attainment of that ideal. They therefore take an active interest in the proceedings of the Strasbourg European parliament. They welcome the Luxembourg sessions of the European Coal and Steel Community. They turn out in large numbers at such gatherings as the Lutheran World Federation convention at Hanover last summer and embrace every opportunity for mingling with worthwhile people from other nationalities.

I attach special significance to the remarkable exchange that is going on between French and German young people. For, if the hatchet can be buried between Germany and France, an outstanding feat in international conciliation will have been accomplished. On a number of occasions I happened at a social occasion to sit next to an attractive young man or a charming young woman who conversed in excellent German yet with a slight foreign accent. It developed invariably that it was a young Frenchman or Frenchwoman who was living in a German home while the same-aged German son or daughter was staying in a corresponding French home. While we were in Germany, we heard again and again of spontaneous demonstrations of young people at some Franco-German border point, urging that the barriers be removed and passports and customs controls abandoned.

My work brought me in

especially close touch with German industrialists. Here I found a profound change in thinking. I found an awareness of an obligation to society which had been mostly lacking in pre-war Germany. Most business tycoons had then been concerned only about their own plants and their own line of work, without taking much interest in general affairs. Now their official organs stress their moral responsibilities toward society.

In the Ruhr region I came upon this remarkable development: Heinrich Kost, director-general of the German coal industry, and his associate Dr. Martin Sogemeier, son of a Lutheran pastor, caused a sensation by inviting a Protestant clergyman and a Catholic priest to speak at one of the first post-war conventions of the coal magnates. This had never been done before. Exponents of religion at a businessmen's meeting?! The two men made such a deep impression however, that something truly revolutionary came of it: from time to time two-day conferences are now scheduled either under Evangelical or Catholic auspices, to which are invited representatives of both labor and management in the coal industry. The moderator at these meetings is either a Protestant minister or a Catholic priest, depending upon where the conference is held. There is a frank interchange of ideas, with differences often thrown into sharp focus. But there is no name-calling, no impunging of motives; a Christian spirit of forbearance and tolerance prevails, as I could observe personally from attending conferences in both camps. The moderator in each case exercised a healthy influence.

Does Adenauer really speak for the New Germany or is he only a stop-gap solution? Seldom has a statesman in any country been given as unequivocal an endorsement in a free democratic election as has Chancellor Konrad Adenauer in the Bundestag election of last September. The participation was enormous: 86.2 percent of the electorate marched to the polls, thereby putting many an older democracy to shame, and overwhelmingly voted for the party headed by Adenauer. The favorable impression he gained for Germany by his official visit to the United States led even his bitterest opponent, Erich Ollenhauer, chairman of the Social Democratic Party, to congratulate him—a practice seldom indulged in by Germans trained in the class struggle.

Like many other well-wishers of Germany I naturally look forward with apprehension to the day when *"Der Alte,"* (the Old Man), as he is fondly called, can no longer carry the ball for Germany. He has been a tower of strength for his own country and the western world. He is a passionate defender of firm German ties with the western Christian world. He is adamant in rejecting any pact with communism. But like so many other strong-willed men in history, he does not seem to have trained any successor upon whom his mantle can fall. He has shown the wisdom, however, of placing two outstanding experts in pivotal ministries—Ludwig Ehrhard as minister of economy and Fritz Schaffer as finance minister. Ehrhard has done a job of world importance by establishing free enterprise successfully in a country in which planned economy had held sway for decades. Schaffer has been an imperturbable watchdog of the treasury whom no amount of political cajoling can sway from his duty of preventing unwarranted expenditures. Whoever the successor to Adenauer may be he will do well to invite these two men into his cabinet.

There is no one in Germany at present whose name comes automatically to one's lips as Adenauer's "crown prince". But this does not mean that an able successor does not exist. Whoever he is, he will be almost certain to pursue a course similar to that of *"Der Alte."* Even the Social Democrats in their fruitless and unimaginative opposition differ only in their tactics and not in their international aims from Adenauer and his associates. I have met a considerable number of enlightened, forward-looking, Christian men of whom I can well conceive that they would pilot the German ship of state safely and steadily into full recognition as an equal partner in the democratic world. But I am not in German politics! After all, Adenauer, too, had to grow to world stature after having been in municipal government much of his life. The new man will have many things to learn. But why should he fare worse than his predecessor?

How much progress has the democratic idea made? Implied in this question, which is put to me very frequently, is the assumption that democracy is an ideology that was new to the Germans. It would be more accurate to put the question thus: to what extent has Germany been brought back onto the path of democracy? For parliamentary

government and democratic procedures have existed in Germany for more than a century and were obliterated only during the Hitler regime. Municipal government was a model of democracy, especially in the Hanseatic cities, ever since Prussian Premier Baron Karl vom und zum Stein in 1807 had promulgated his decree granting self-government to cities. As to national politics, even as mighty a man as Prince Otto von Bismarck, the Iron Chancellor, had to fight bitter feuds with an obstreperous Reichstag to obtain approval for his measures. Self-willed Wilhelm II, too, had frequently to bow to the wishes of parliament and repeatedly saw himself shorn of powers by the people's elected representatives. The governments of the Weimar Republic, both federal and state, were enlightened democracies.

As one who, in his capacity of chief of the Berlin Bureau of The Associated Press, experienced the first nine of Hitler's twelve-year Reich (he boasted it would last a thousand years), I do not hesitate to confess to unfeigned surprise that the resurgence of democracy in Germany has been as rapid as has actually been the case. The democratic idea was evidently more deeply rooted in German consciousness than even I, who thought I knew Germany well, had supposed. I now understand better than before why the wily, crafty Hitler never attacked democracy as such, but rather blamed governments he considered ineffectual for its shortcomings. He even had the effrontery to placard Nazism as the purest form of democracy, just as the Soviets now call their East German puppet state the *Deutsche Demokratische Republik*. Both dictatorships evidently were aware that democracy is something the German people cherish.

I have faith in the new Germany. I say this although I am keenly aware of a number of grave shortcomings. But so are untold thousands of earnest Germans. What they crave is forbearance and understanding as they try to work out their problems themselves, and not the constant repetition of denunciations for their past sins, skepticism on the part of the victors concerning the sincerity of their peaceful intentions, and insistence that they must give ever added proofs of their democratic regeneration. Let us act as Christians toward our enemy of yesterday. What safer course can there be?

Recalling The World's Friend

By Johannes Urzidil

Franz Werfel's first volume of poetry entitled "Der Weltfreund",—The World's Friend — appeared in 1913. The author, a native of Prague and then 21 years of age, started his career of world friendship just when the era of world hostility was in the making. Werfel whose subsequent works were written between the beginning of the first and the end of the second world war cling to the human principles which had marked his start, although man and world offered a rather deplorable sight and the word "friendship" was victimized by an ever increasing vocabulary of hatred.

Prague was the birthplace of three famous modern German authors: Rainer Maria Rilke, Franz Kafka and Franz Werfel. Rilke had left Prague before I came of age; but I met Kafka frequently and was on cordial terms with Werfel. Being somewhat younger than he, I admired his first poems enthusiastically; but even today, after decades, they are still inspiring revelations and so are many poems of his later books "We Do Exist", "One Another", "The Day of Judgment", "Hymns of the Three Realms", "Conjurations".

After an era of symbolism, linguistic artistry, poetic egotism and impressionist emotionalism, Werfel in his poetry dared to employ the language of the everyday, the commonplace word with impressive authority and majesty, without depriving poetry of dignity and gracefulness. He amplified the thesaurus of the German poetic language in a manner which was not so much due to formal supremacy but to deep ethical impulses. Inspired by his pure love of mankind, the world's friend wished to be related to everybody, especially to the distressed and disinherited. He repudiated any narrow confinement by nationality, classes, religions or other fences whatsoever. Naturally, he hated war. He came from a wealthy family, yet his world friendship was not a mere metaphorical conception. Early impressions of his childhood remained decisive marks of his character. He cherished life in

its simple utterances. Whatever he wrote was of the early and impeccable wisdom of youth. The world's friend never grew old. An elderly Werfel would have been unimaginable. It seems that by passing away at a comparatively early age he wanted to prevent himself from a threatening incongruity.

By his friends young Werfel was admired with unrestrained affection. Whenever he recited his poems—and he liked to do so often and did very impressively—we listened with breathless attention and suspense. Even merchants and travelling salesmen who did business at the marble tables of the coffeehouse "Arco" stopped and turned to listen to the strange and radiant bard. He enjoyed passionate discussions and his arguments were always so stupendous and convincing that even the best founded objections melted away as if touched by the irresistible and elementary power of a spring breeze.

Only a few of the poets and writers who belonged to our circle in Prague are still alive. It was a colorful group of minds and tempers with the world's friend presiding. We were perfectly certain of his future world-fame. Though we admired and highly respected Kafka, we did not, as did Max Brod, at that time, forsesee his worldwide impact. Kafka himself was always carried away by Werfel's spirit and originality.

Werfel's life, on the whole, took a blessed and gratifying course. Almost each of his works won him fame. As an exile from Nazi tyranny later in France, he naturally felt great anxiety, but shortly afterwards the American public rewarded him with sweeping successes. Still, when I met him in New York, he talked about the distortions and mutilations inflicted by translation upon every work of literature, about falling a prey to diversity and of being afflicted by burdensome glory. When I answered that, after all, nobody achieves such fame as his if he does not want it himself, he smiled sadly.

With an excessive assiduity, in little more than three decades, he published six volumes of poetry, eight novels, thirteen plays and, in addition many stories, essays and translations. In this voluptuous and indefatigable fervor of publicizing his ideas he was the opposite of Kafka whose influence made itself felt but posthumously, steadily increasing year by year. Yet Werfel's significance as a lyricist is due to be rediscovered as Rilke's or Hoelderlin's was and

this will be the time of Werfel's real fame.

Although he was intrinsically musical, his poetic rhythm is not so much determined by tones but rather by sounds, the immediate emmissaries of living realities whilst tones are expressions of sensuous abstractions. Werfel's rhythm and metrum rise from the realistic massiveness of the word-contents and the sequence of its associations in relation to the ethical purpose. Subjective emotion transposes itself immediately into objective wisdom. Take the poem *Das Bleibende —The Lasting*—which I am offering here in the original and in my own crude translation:

Solang noch der Tatrawind leicht
Slovakische Blumen bestreicht,
Solang wirken Maedchen sie ein
In trauliche Buntstickerein.

Solang noch im bayrischen Wald
Die Axt im Morgengraun hallt,
Solang auch der Einsame sitzt,
Der Gott und die Heiligen schnitzt.

Solang auf ligurischer Fahrt
Das Meer seine Fischer gewahrt,
Solang wird am Strande es schaun
Die spitzenkloeppelnden Fraun.

Ihr Voelker der Erde, mich ruehrt

Das Bleibende, das ihr vollfuehrt!

Ich selbst, ohne Volk ohne Land
Stuetz nun meine Stirn in die Hand.

As long as on Slovakian flowers
The Tatra wind gentleness showers,
So long will girls work with glee
Flowers into their embroidery.

As long as the axe still resounds
At dawn on sylvan Bavarian grounds,
So long will the lonely one cut
God and holy saints in his hut.

As long as the sea scans all ships
Of its men on Ligurian trips,
So long will it watch on its strands,
The women's bobbin lacing hands.

You people of the earth, how am I moved
By the *lasting* you accomplished and proved.

I, myself, without clan without land
Now rest my forehead in my hand.

What is the "lasting?" Not the titanic raptures and passionate emotions but the unending small and simple facts and activities, untouched and imperishable, deep below the uproar of melodramatic world history. The lacing lasses, the woodcutter's axe, the forester's carving, the fisherman's course. It may well be the natural fate of the genius of our time to feel lonely and lost and, at the same time, supernaturally secure among the everlasting primeval phenomena.

Werfel's mind was of an abundance which would, as a rule, accumulate only during a

long lifetime. Such plentitude is that of nature, with all its discrepancies fruitful altogether, experiences and recognitions coming and disintegrating again due to new ideas and other unexpected experiences. Our generation saw many accepted values becoming suddenly questionable and traditions old as the hills being smashed overnight. Who is he who would like to boast of having harboured always and exclusively only one single conviction? Above all, the world's friend was always led by the ideas of humanity and brotherhood; he wanted to unify men and mankind. He searched. How many people do really search? Most stay at ease and wear protective masks.

I think that one of the world's friend's most impressive statements is contained in the preface which, in 1921, he wrote for my edition of the literary bequest of our mutual young Prague friend Karl Brand: "How heavenly were it if we possessed the greatness to see in every meeting the last one; if the most incidental farewell would make us feel: Him who is leaving now, I shall never see him again. How much more inner attention and indulgence then would be active in us, how greater love."

Werfel, too, had his intervals of uncertainty and doubtfulness which naturally deepened when he went into exile. From France he wrote to me in April 1940: "I am working again, although I do not feel well. The meaning of my work seems to me more and more problematic. The exile is what, in music, we call an enharmonic modulation. One is the same as before, endowed with the same talents and the same deficiencies. Still, all of a sudden, everything achieves another significance. The same standards are valued differently and, especially, lower. A weakened position is in itself considered a failure. The world takes advantage of it. One is bound, therefore, to start anew with fifty."

And he went on to express his admiration for all the old doctors who, as refugees, start to study again, submit to examinations and begin a new life under utterly strange conditions. He wanted to give me encouragement. When I reached New York, the world's friend had defeated the exile, had achieved wide acknowledgment, was surrounded by loving admirers again. But did he really master that "enharmonic modulation"?

The Farmer Takes A Wife

By Rodolfo Caltofen

Dom Ribeiro had decided to get married.

The whole little farming village, usually such a quiet place, was in a fever of excitement. "That will surely be a great wedding", said Dona Apolonia, and so said many another. For the "monte" of Dom Ribeiro is one of the largest farms in the whole Portuguese province of Alentejo. In that very year, it had yielded a great profit. The farmlands were nearly choked with wheat and maize, with figs and melons, and Dom Ribeiro had herds grazing all the way to the Tejo River and over toward Castilia. He could scarcely count all of his pigs and horses and cattle and fine Merino sheep.

"It certainly will be a great wedding", said Dona Teresa with just a touch of sarcasm, and there were plenty of others who agreed with her. Everyone knew about Dom Ribeiro's mother, a formidable old dame who so completely dominated her son that he had not even been consulted in the match-making. Of what value to him were his many arrohas in the store, his many coroas in the box when he could not even call his soul his own? Dom Ribeiro would make a fool of himself with a great wedding.

Meanwhile, Dom Ribeiro rode daily on horseback from one end of the village to the other and then back again before going out to his fields. In the course of his travelling, he was much talked to. Particularly the mothers of several charming and beautiful girls became almost talkative—a decidedly unusual thing in laconic Alentejo. Of course, it was all for Dom Ribeiro's sake. It was only the decent thing, was it not, to warn such a nice young man (and a very rich man, at that) against the madness of marrying such an ugly, miserable little thing who owned not even three cruzados and who —(they quickly crossed themselves)—presumably could not even present him with an heir.

Then, one evening, a mighty boom-bang, such as would otherwise be heard only at the great processions, sounded through the village. Dom Ribeiro was sending out the invitations to his wedding in the old traditional

way. In so doing, he was keeping a promise which he had made years ago to his mother, Dona Luiza, that when he finally did get married it would be done according to her desires in the old way rather than in the more modern and more restrained style that had become fashionable. The village would be in on the wedding. The villagers were surprised but delighted.

But whom would he invite? The musicians went about the streets, stopping before the door of each house to deliver, noisily and solemnly, an invitation to the wedding. After the delivery of each invitation they collected, as was the ancient custom, ten tostaes—a rite which they observed with due gravity although Dom Ribeiro could hardly have much use for such small change. Now and then a house would be passed by. The people who lived there had spoken slightingly of Dom Ribeiro's bride.

I was looking on at all of this from afar, a little bit envious. I should have liked to attend this wedding too, but I was an outsider, a visitor in the village. But then the musicians stopped before my door also. I, too, was to be a guest at Dom Ribeiro's wedding.

On the morning of the wedding, Dom Ribeiro's house was hardly recognizable. It is essentially a rather drab affair—a rectangular, two-story, white house with a double spiral staircase on the outside. Like all such houses thereabouts, it sheltered servants and horses on the ground floor, the family living on the second floor. It did, however, have one distinguishing feature—a wonderful *chemine rassaltada,* one of those strange chimneys reflective of Moorish influence which are frequently found in Altentejo. These chimneys run separately along the whole front of a house and rise high into the air. Wherever they are found, they establish the character of a house and provide its best ornamentation, and the one at Dom Ribeiro's house was truly a fine one with its colored pierced work and its nicely decorated masonry.

During the night, Dom Ribeiro's chimney had become a veritable obelisk of flowers. And the house itself had disappeared, or rather had been completely hidden, behind a facade of carpets, drapes, images of saints in golden frames, golden tinsel, and more flowers than one could even begin to imagine.

Very early in the morning, Dom Ribeiro, mounted on his

favorite gelding, had ridden away at full speed to the distant village where his bride lived. Behind him rode his brothers and his best friends, their horses matching the speed of the Dom's.

The ride back was very different. In a cart drawn by six white oxen rides the bride, flanked on either side by Dom Ribeiro and his youngest brother. The cart is decorated with chains of flowers. Its spokes are wound about with flowers. And there is music. Small pieces of rock have been squeezed into the axles so that the cart squeaks and rattles. Even the oxen seem to sense the holiday mood, for they step with visible pleasure. Like the cart, they too are decorated with flowers. Other ox-carts bring relatives and friends of the bride. Dom Ribeiro's other brothers and his friends accompany these carts which are also festively decorated although, naturally, more modestly than is the bride's cart.

The wedding itself provides an interlude of quiet. The ceremony is performed according to the time-honored rite of the church and, after the tinkle of the last little bell has died away, the young husband presents to the priest the traditional gifts of a living hen and a gigantic basket bottle of wine.

The wedding procession back to the house is all noise and color. As the wedding party moves through the village, the villagers keep up a steady "viva", and from all directions enormous quantities of flowers and leaves of olives rain down upon the couple.

When the procession finally reaches the house, it finds a terrible crowding and pushing. Pushiest of all are the children, for they are waiting for the shower of candy. Nor do they have to wait long. For the door of the balcony opens and great quantities of sweet almonds and colored sugary little cakes are thrown out, along with hundreds of bunches of flowers and small images of saints. And all the while the crowd shouts, "Felicitas" and "Obrigados".

And in the midst of all this happy turmoil stands Dom Ribeiro, handsome and proud in his gay headband and his new mantle shawl. At his elbow — tiny, rather colorless, quite fragile, visibly burdened by all of her bridal jewelry—stands his young wife. It would be impossible to say that she is actually pretty, the little Dona Joana, and she is hardly what one

would normally imagine a rich man's bride to be. But to the children every bride is a wonder and some of the children, pressed toward the back of the crowd, begin to cry because they cannot see her.

Noticing this, Dom Ribeiro takes his bride suddenly into his arms and lifts her up so that the children can see her. This, of course, was no mere honoring of tradition and the crowd shouts with joy at this spontaneous gesture. Nobody had ever before seen Dom Ribeiro otherwise than r e s e r v e d and proper. "Viva" follows "viva" as the crowd registers its approval.

Early in the afternoon, the wedding-banquet begins. The invited guests, myself among them, are led into the alpendre, a kind of reception room almost grand enough to be called a hall. I had seen many interesting alpendres, some of them with remarkable paintings, some others with magnificent rows of marble pillars. The w h o l e of Dom Ribeiro's alpendre was adorned with azulejos—the walls, the floor, the ceiling, even the stone benches along the walls. I would never have expected to find such a beautiful room in this outwardly drab country house. While we waited for dinner, Dona Luiza took me 'round to see the wedding presents—much linen, much jewelry, many embroideries, a great many heavy woolen friezes.

The dinner had to be served in all of the rooms of the house, for no one room could have held all of the invited guests. For the many guests who had come uninvited, temporary tables were set up in the large patio between the house and the outbuildings. I found my place in the sitting room which was shady and pleasingly cool. Despite the abundance of the food, I noticed that all of the guests seemed to eat very little, and that very slowly. It was a quiet dinner and I found myself warming both to the people and to this room. Somehow the room reminded me of my own home. From the patio outside, I could hear a guitar and singing. The songs were songs of esteem for Dom Ribeiro and his bride, for his house and for his whole "monte". When Dom Ribeiro and Dona Joana walked down with their invited guests, the patio guests stepped back at once modestly toward the wall. There they remained standing without saying a word —each holding his large, stiff, black hat in both hands against his knees.

The guitarists struck up an "arraial". Dom Ribeiro and

Dona Joana danced the first dance, and with such dignity that they seemed to be dancing a courtly minuet. I, too, was invited to dance but I had to decline with thanks because the dances were unfamiliar to me. This came as a real surprise to my fellow-guests, none of whom seemed to be able to imagine that there might be people here and there in the world who had never learned to dance the "arraial".

The evening was coming, and with it the cool winds. Slowly and softly, the tempo of activity increased. I was sitting in a corner listening to the old peasants. Around me, some of the older folk were playing dominos. Others were drinking a glass of coffee and talking, as Alentejaners have done for so many generations. The old peasant Cassias had just taken up his favorite theme, a theme by now more than familiar to all of his neighbors who listened, nevertheless, as though they were hearing it for the first time. It was the story of that fateful morning of All Saints Day, 1755, when all Lisbon thronged to the churches and the earth was quaking. Everyone present knew the story of that great earthquake and they knew also the anecdote which old Cassias would then repeat about the great statesman Pombal who, upon being asked by King Joao I what to do next, replied, "Bury the dead and care for the living".

I did not get quite the full story, though, because two old women got ahold of me and I was forced to drink the inevitable cup of chocolate with them. But before long they had become so engrossed in their talk that they let me finish my chocolate alone. But I could overhear some of their gossiping and I gathered that they thought that it would be very nice if someone named Orlando and somebody else named Catarina would become engaged soon.

And even while they were gossiping, Orlando and Catarina danced by them, their eyes shining.

"You have guessed it accurately, Dona Josefa", Orlando laughed. "When the mandarins bloom again!"

"If you might dance an arraial with me..." joked Catarina to me, and her white teeth were flashing.

— — —

We all kept our words. A year later, when the mandarins bloomed again, I was at another wedding dance. And the youngest wedding-guest was a little Ribeiro.

His Presence Among Us

By William H. Baar

In the Holy Eucharist, Liturgy and Dogma meet and the Church speaks as the Body of Christ.

The countries in which Lutheranism is the predominant faith have experienced unspeakable sufferings and privation. They have needed spiritual sustenance as never before. The days when Lutheranism enjoyed the solid comforts of an established church are past, and now she must assume the grave responsibilities which come to her because of her favored position. Today the Church in Northern Europe stands face to face with the twin evils of paganism and apostacy. The established Churches of Germany, Norway, Denmark, Finland and Sweden face an advanced secularism of enormous power and appeal. The eyes of Christians throughout the world are upon these Churches in particular, and upon Lutheranism in general. For centuries Lutheranism has held undisputed sway in these nations. It has been encouraged by King and country. Because so much has been given, much is justly expected.

It has long been taught that the inner life of a Church is built around its worship, i.e., its proclamation of the Word and its celebration of the Sacraments. Here it is that the Church becomes itself and performs the function for which it was founded. It would seem, however, that as the Lutheran Church prepares to do battle against a pagan world, it finds that its own inner vitality, the life of worship, is in a state of disintegration. Worship has been divorced from the Confessions of the Church and devotion has parted company with dogma. Lutheran Worship has become sentimentalized and individualized, and as a result, has lost the interest of the common man. That the common man should have lost interest is no surprise, for when worship becomes detached from its dogmatic basis, its relationship to eternal truth becomes anomolous, and it seems inconsequential or merely aesthetic. Worship becomes concerned only with man and his reactions. This barren subjectivity makes "uplift"

the judge of worship. Worship must then be "comforting" and one has to "feel better" upon leaving church. The symptoms of subjectivized worship are all too easily discernable.

When worship is individualized and subjectivised, it ceases to be the voice of an organic body. It becames the joint utterance of a few pious individuals, the possession of the individual rather than of the Church. In wide areas of Lutheranism the idea of liturgy can hardly be distinguished from private prayer.

Too often a strange, otherworldly pietism has invaded the realm of Lutheran worship with the notion that the "spiritual" is something opposed to the "material". This makes worship a matter of the mind and soul with little room for bodily action or the beauty and objectivity of ritual. By its very nature pietism dissolves the natural connection between worship and ordinary life. Thus, it would seem that there is little relation between what is done at the altar and the realities of every day existence. It is no wonder that the masses lose interest in the services of the church. The Church is performing no indispensable function on their behalf.

In much of Lutheran practise, dogma, worship and natural life have separated, and in their separation, the power and beauty of worship and dogma have vanished. Lutheran Christianity, theoretically and traditionally churchly and eccelesiastically vibrant, too often seems to act and think like a sect with nothing to do but propagate the catechism among those who will submit to instruction. Too often Lutheranism is retiring, escapistic and isolationist facing the world as a collection of pious but retreating individuals or synods rather than as a militant Church. Lutheranism needs re-integration, a new wholeness in which her worship and her dogma become parts of a living unity. She must see herself not as a remnant of the faithful few, but as the Church of Christ ministering to the whole community. She must see herself as divinely founded to perform specific functions in the world.

Luther had no sympathy with retreating sectarianism in worship, doctrine or organization. He believed in "Christendom", i.e., a Christian Church in a Christian Community. For him the Church was the voice of the worshiping community. Yet, soon after Luther, in most "Lutheran"

countries there was a prolific growth of laxity and secularism. The unity of Christendom became a mere fiction. It was no longer a Christian Church in a Christian Nation. The state grew strong, and the Church became Erastian. The celebration of Holy Communion became less and less frequent, so that it gradually ceased to be the center of the Church's worship. The dogma of the Real Presence, though defended theologically, came to have less and less meaning. The Church's conception of her mission to function for the whole society became dim, and her attitude toward government vacillated between abject obedience and escapistic withdrawal. Where dogma and worship are separated, where there is little conception of the Church as an organic body with a function to be performed; where religion and daily life are separated, the Church is deprived of that background of life and thought which is the necessary presupposition of Christian worship, and the liturgy becomes lifeless, dull and seemingly formalistic.

Lutheranism must cease functioning as if she were a sect and begin viewing all the nations in which she serves and all of the nationalities among which she lives as the potential Body of Christ. It is with the life of these nations and these mixed populations that her worship has to do. Lutheranism must shake off her individualism and her disintegrating subjectivism. It is wholeness and unity that modern man needs. This is what God desires in His Church.

We might well wonder why there are so many empty pews in our own churches and especially in the "established" Churches of Europe. Our people in general are friendly; they would not fail to be baptized and confirmed. They rally around the Church on special occasions. But worship is far from central with them. People who think of the Church as a collection of individuals or as their own little congregation will not be challenged by a call to worship. Worship seems to them to be one, long succession of hymns, prayers, sermons, readings—nothing stands out as central. Nowhere does the liturgy afford a point where God and human life touch; nowhere can Calvary be pleaded for their own sins and the sins of the whole world.

To be vital, worship must be in close relation to dogma. It must unite the worshiper with the Church of all ages including

the Church Triumphant in heaven. It must make the worshiper a living cell in the Body of Christ. The liturgy is not his particular prayer—it is the prayer of one Person, Jesus Christ, offered through His mystical Body, the Church. This Body is not a collection of pious individuals, but living humanity incorporated into Christ, a humanity which has become the Church. The liturgy is the voice of this humanity, which is most truly itself, in Christ. Until humanity has become the Church, until there is a "Christendom", the liturgy will be incomplete; for the body, whose voice it is, is incomplete.

In Lutheranism it is the liturgy that will bring dogma to life. But a Church can have a liturgy only when its life and organization are rooted in dogma and its people are convinced that it is the one thing that gives meaning to work, love, suffering and joy.

Nominal Lutherans will become true worshipers when the Church again thinks of herself as a community. This community must embrace the whole of man's life, politics, economics and industry and put all of life under divine rule. The ideal of Lutheranism must be to function within a Christendom. Lutheranism cannot evade secular society, for if she does, she is being untrue to herself and is betraying those for whom Christ died. Where Lutheranism is "established" as well as throughout the world, she must strive to convert society and make it one with herself. Industrial life, home life and commercial life must be brought under the eternal Law. There is one God and Father over all.

Worship demands that man's work and everyday life be offered to God and integrated into the divine plan. But man has sinned and is part of a race that has sinned. Thus worship demands a true point of contact where Calvary is presented as a reality. Lutheran dogma says that in the Sacrament of the Altar we have the true Presence of the Christ who offered Himself on Calvary for the sins of all men. It is here, therefore, that the whole liturgy finds its center. It is here that dogma and living reality converge. Lutheranism will not recover the wholeness of organization, life, and worship until the doctrine of the Real Presence is given the position in her worship that it has in her Confessions. It is in the celebration of the Eucharist that the worshiping community expresses itself according to its true nature,

for in this celebration, as Luther says, we become what Christ is, and He becomes what we are. Here is the Calvary where humanity finds pardon and re-creation. The supreme act of the Church must become the supreme act of the whole national life, for nation and Church must become "Christendom". No less than this is the true aim, the natural environment of Lutheran Christianity. The Lutheran Reformation must continue until the Church as become in doctrine, worship and polity what the Lord of the Church requires her to be, a true part of the One, Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church.

DIAMONDS

The sky is a diamond you cannot touch
On a cool spring night; it sparkles as much
As the clean-cut stone itself. . .and when I
See a fountain bubbling I wonder why
Men cannot realize its diamond worth.
The summer rain, each tiny drop, gives birth
To diamonds on my windowpane. Notice
The way the winter looks, all snow and ice;
It is a diamond view. . .and birds have notes
That send a thousand diamonds through their throats
Into the air. . .there is a miracle
To clouds. . .they glisten in their way. . .a bell
Sends out its diamond poems. . .all my life I
Keep seeing diamonds that I cannot buy...

MARION SCHOEBERLEIN

Letter from Xanadu, Nebr.

Dear Editor:

Well, I knew that I was taking a chance when I sent Homer off to college, so I have no one but myself to blame for what has happened.

Everything was all right until about a month ago. Homer and I had had an understanding when he left to go to college that he was to take whatever they required for a degree, try his best to make the football team, and get himself polished up a little bit so that he could come back here to Xanadu and take his rightful place in the community. And, like I say, that was about the way Homer was playing it until a month or so ago.

Then, it seems, Homer had to declare his major because he starts his junior year next Fall and the university requires upperclassmen to have some major field. I hadn't known it before, but I've found out during the past couple of weeks that since about January Homer has been running around with the wrong crowd. Apparently it all started when he began dating a girl that works on the campus newspaper. She introduced him around in her circle, which seems to consist largely of bookworms and eggheads, and pretty soon Homer was reading books by dead Greeks just like the rest of that crowd.

Anyway, to cut a long story short, Homer blows in here about a month ago and you should have seen him. He's wearing horn-rimmed cheaters and a baggy tweed suit and he's puffing on a pipe that he must have gotten second-hand. At the time, remember, I don't know anything about this new crowd he's running around with so I think that maybe he's going through some kind of initiation or something and I don't say anything because I don't want to embarrass him.

But then he brings it up himself. He says that the university requires him to declare a major and he would like to talk the matter over with me so that he can fill out the forms when he gets back. So I ask him which end of business he is really interested in, production or management or sales, and he gets a sort of pained expression underneath the cheaters and says that

he does not feel that he was cut out for the business world inasmuch as he has discovered that he has a questing mind and feels that he must follow the gleam to his destiny which, as it subsequently turns out, appears to be the teaching trade.

I am stunned, of course, because here I have been putting up some pretty substantial funds to see Homer through college, always on the assumption that he will come back and take over the business, and now all of a sudden I have to get used to the idea of maybe having an egghead in the family. It's sort of—well, you know, like discovering that one of your children isn't quite all there. After a while, you get used to it and you go on loving it just the same, but it does shock you right at first.

Well, I didn't say much except that I hoped he would think it over and maybe talk to the preacher first before he went ahead and committed himself but I could see that his mind was already pretty well made up. So I just held onto my temper and told Homer as calmly as I could that while I respected his right to decide his own future for himself, I couldn't see myself spending my hard-earned money setting him up in a trade which would pay him less than I pay my repair shop foreman who never got beyond the seventh grade. That made him sort of mad and he told me that I was crude and money-grubbing, which made me mad, and so we went round and round for a while until we had both run out of things to call each other. But I guess that the best you could say is that the fight ended in a draw. Homer doesn't really expect me to cut him off, and I don't really think that this egghead phase of his will last much beyond this affair of his with the girl brain. Judging by past performance, that should be about three months.

Sometimes I think that in my next incarnation I'm going to stay a bachelor. Kids can be a lot of fun, but they can be headaches, too. If they would just let their parents plan their lives for them, everything would be so much simpler. But I guess it's just natural for young people to want their own way and there is no point to fighting nature.

Yours, etc.,

G.G.

Music and MUSIC MAKERS

By WALTER A. HANSEN

Sometimes famous composers make strange mistakes. Sometimes famous critics make strange mistakes.

Robert Schumann was, and still is, a famous composer. Robert Schumann was, and still is, a famous critic.

On one occasion Schumann, the famous composer-critic, mistook Felix Mendelssohn's *Scotch Symphony* for the *Italian Symphony* and wrote as follows:

> Just as the sight of a yellowed page, unexpectedly found in an old mislaid volume, conjures up a vanished time and shines in such brightness that we forget the present, so must many lovely reminiscences have risen to encircle the imagination of the master when among his papers he rediscovered these old melodies sung in lovely Italy—until, intentionally or unintentionally, this tender tone picture revealed itself; a picture that —like those of Italian travel in Jean Paul's *Titan*—makes us forget for a while our unhappiness at never having seen that blessed land.

Mendelssohn's *Scotch Symphony,* said Schumann, "places us under Italian skies."

Some Random Reflections

To my knowledge, Schumann never discovered his queer mistake. Would his face have become red if his error had been rubbed under his nose? Undoubtedly.

Let us dwell for a moment or two on the *Italian Symphony.* Naturally, I mean the *Symphony in A Major, Op.* 90—not the *Scotch Symphony.*

More than one commentator has declared that the only distinctively Italian characteristic of Mendelssohn's *Italian Symphony* is to be found in the *saltarello*—a lively dance distinguished by leaping – which makes up the fourth movement.

But hold on! Something prompts me to find out what the erudite Alfred Einstein, one of the great musicologists of recent times, says about the *Italian Symphony.* In *Music in the Romantic Era* I read:

> But while in Beethoven's *Eroica* one remembers especially the development as the focal point in a mighty conflict, in Mendelssohn's

symphonies it is the charming details that linger—in the *C Minor Symphony* the divided strings with tympani solo in the *Trio* of the *Scherzo,* in the *Scottish Symphony* the bagpipe in the *Scherzo,* in the *Italian Symphony* the *tarantella* or the lovely melody in the slow movement.

I take for granted that Einstein is referring to the fourth movement when he speaks of the *tarantella.*

Well, is it a *saltarello* or a *tarantella?* I do not know—even though many years ago I learned to call it a *saltarello.* Now I am confused.

At the Leipzig Conservatory Mendelssohn had a pupil named William Smith Rockstro, an Englishman who Germanized Rackstraw into Rockstro. This man Rockstro wrote a biography of Mendelssohn and said that the so-called *saltarello* in the *Italian Symphony* was, in reality, a *tarantella.* One has a right to assume that he got this information out of the horse's mouth.

I am non-plussed. Nevertheless, Mendelssohn's triplets seem to indicate that Rackstraw—alias Rockstro—was right.

No, this is not a matter of earth-shaking importance. I mention it for the purpose of pointing out, somewhat graphically, that music, like everything else, often leads to differences of opinion.

I wonder if Schumann was aware of the suggestion of a bagpipe when he listened to Mendelssohn's *Scotch Symphony* and then wrote about the work as the *Italian Symphony.* Undoubtedly not.

Michael Rabin

A short time ago I interviewed Michael Rabin, the phenomenally gifted and sensationally accomplished violinist who will have reached his eighteenth birthday when this article of mine appears in print.

Michael and Raymond Lambert, an unusually competent pianist, had just played Ludwig van Beethoven's *Sonata No. 8, in A Major, Op. 47 ("Kreutzer")*—the sonata which the master wrote for a mulatto violinst named George Augustus Polgreen Bridgetower and, because of a quarrel, dedicated to the Parisian fiddle-player Rudolph Kreutzer, whose name it has immortalized.

When I told Michael that his reading of the *Kreutzer Sonata* had given me much joy, he said, "I feel so humble when I play music like that." Then he asked me, "Do you think my tempo in

the last movement was fast enough?" "Yes," I replied. "In my opinion, your tempo was entirely authentic. Some violinists play the *Finale* of the *Kreutzer Sonata* altogther too rapidly." "Yes," said Michael. "In fact, nowadays most musicians play almost everything too fast."

I was glad to hear these words because I have constantly proclaimed the tragic truth they express. The present-day mania for speed is exasperating, to say the least. Believe me, music has need of artists endowed with Michael's good sense.

What can one do to curb this present-day mania for speed and more speed?

Many choir-directors conduct the Lutheran chorales as though they were rushing to a fire. Many organists let the pneumatic action of the modern organ impel them to play the music of Bach at a pace which is completely and woefully anachronistic. Many violinists race through the *Finale* of Beethoven's *Kreutzer Sonata* as though a dozen cheetahs were snapping at their heels.

Yes, excessive speed is in the air today—literally as well as in music.

I know that many compositions actually call for the speed of the wind. When this is the case, one must, of necessity, find fault with those musicians who, for one reason or another, choose a tempo almost as slow as the itch, just as slow, or even a bit slower.

Musicians must learn to present music in the light of history. Mr. Bach would snort and snarl if he could hear how much of his music is distorted today because of a tragically prevalent mania for speed and more speed. Thank goodness, the great master is spared such suffering.

Let me return for a moment to Michael Rabin. I was amazed to hear a violinist so young play Beethoven's *Kreutzer Sonata* with such mastery. In fact, I was bowled over. A youngster's performance of the *Kreutzer Sonata,* you know, would, as a rule, give one an opportunity to write with proper wisdom and unctuousness, that the passing of the years is bound to bring maturity. But when I heard Michael, I felt no urge to use words of that kind. Why? Because Michael, even though he is a youngster, knows as well as I do that one never exhausts a masterpiece and because a musician who, like this young man, is humble in the presence of a great work needs no prodding from a music critic.

Michael's performance of the *Kreutzer Sonata* was admirable in every way. He and his able partner—the *Kreutzer Sonata,* you see, is chamber music—set forth the sturdy and vigorous first movement with brilliant effectiveness. They played the haunting theme and variations with refreshing directness of expression, and they presented the rollicking and gigue-like *Finale* —a peasant dance—with such clarity, sharpness, and rhythmical life that the blood literally danced in my veins.

I was amazed at something else at that recital. Michael played a composition which, by reason of its taxing demands, will, without fail, lay bare any semblance of pretentiousness on the part of a violinist who undertakes to perform it. I am referring to the wonderfully built *Chaconne in G Minor* by Tommaso Antonio Vitali, the able Italian violinist and composer who was born in Bologna at about the middle of the seventeenth century.

Michael's tone had body and beauty as he played Vitali's *Chaconne.* It had impressive carrying power, the intonation was clear-cut, and the reading of the deftly constructed series of variations was lucid in every detail.

Whenever I hear Vitali's *Chaconne,* I listen with particular intentness to learn if the violinist who plays it will be able to imbue the performance with the proper tonal beauty, with limpid clarity, with the required incisiveness, and with the gripping straightforwardness of expression that this seventeenth-century masterpiece demands. Michael put these qualities into his reading. Keep your eye on him! In my book he is well on his way to incontestable greatness!

But never mistake Mendelssohn's *Scotch Symphony* for his *Italian Symphony!* And try to find out, please, whether the so-called *saltarello* in the fourth movement of the *Italian Symphony* is a *saltarello* or a *tarantella!*

By the way, if you want overwhelming proof that brevity is the soul of wit, listen to the wonderful overture which Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart wrote for his opera *Le Nozze di Figaro* (*The Marriage of Figaro*).

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JOHANNES BRAHMS. *Symphony No.* 2, *in D Major, Op.* 73. The Philadelphia Orchestra under Eugene Ormandy. —This beautiful reading convinces me anew that Ormandy is one of the truly great conductors of the present time. 33 1/3 rpm. Columbia ML-4827.

JULIUS REUBKE. *Sonata in C Minor on the Ninety-Fourth Psalm.* FRANZ LISZT. *Fantasia and Fugue on B-A-C-H. Gloria* and *Credo,* from an organ mass. E. Power Biggs, organist. —This fine recording has

historical as well as musical significance. Biggs plays the ninety-one-year-old Boston Music Hall Organ, which has been moved to the Methuen Memorial Music Hall, Methuen, Massachusetts. A history of this famous instrument is given on the back of the record sleeve. Reubke, who died when he was only twenty-four, was one of Liszt's pupils. 33 1/3 rpm. Columbia ML-4820.

PAUL HINDEMITH. *Symphony: Mathis der Maler. Concert Music for Strings and Brass, Op.* 50. The Philadelphia Orchestra under Eugene Ormandy. —Two impressive works from Hindemith's facile but frequently uninspired pen. The *Concerto for Strings and Brass* was composed in 1930 for the fiftieth anniversary of the Boston Symphony Orchestra; the symphony titled *Mathis der Maler* is based on Hindemith's opera *Mathis der Maler*. The readings are glowingly beautiful. 33 1/3 rpm. Columbia ML-4816.

HENRY COWELL. *Sonata No.* 1, *for Violin and Piano.* (1945). Joseph Szigeti, violin, and Carlo Bussoti, piano. HAROLD SHAPERO. *Sonata for Piano Four Hands* (1941). Harold Shapero and Leo Smit, pianists. — One of the albums in Columbia's *Modern American Music Series* for 1954. Shapero's work leaves me cold. Cowell's composition is fascinating. 33 1/3 rpm. Columbia ML-4841.

LEON KIRCHNER. *String Quartet No.* 1. Played by the American Art Quartet. IRVING FINE. *String Quartet* (1952). Played by the Julliard String Quartet. —Another album in Columbia's *Modern American Music Series* for 1954. Both compositions are engrossing; both are performed with outstanding skill and sensitiveness. 33 1/3 rpm. Columbia ML-4843.

RICHARD STRAUSS. *Salome.* The Vienna Symphony Orchestra under Rudolf Moralt, with Walburga Wegner, soprano, as Salome; Georgine von Milinkovic, mezzo-soprano, as Herodias; Laszlo Szemere, tenor, as Herod Antipas; Josef Metternich, baritone, as Jokanaan; Waldemar Kmentt, tenor, as Narraboth; and other artists. —Although Oscar Wilde's poem, on which Strauss based this opera, contains much that is utterly revolting, the opera itself, because of its wonderful dramatic and musical qualities, has long been one of my favorites. This is an excellent presentation. 33 1/3 rpm. Columbia SL-126.

JOHAN SVENDSEN. *Carnival at Paris.* HUGO ALFVEN. *Midsummer Vigil.* JEAN SIBELIUS. *Romance in C Major, Op.* 42. HUGO ALFVEN. *Elegie,* from *King Gustav II Adolf Suite.* CARL NIELSEN. *Dance of the Cockerels,* from the opera *Maskarade.* The Royal Opera House Orchestra of Covent Garden under John Hollingsworth. —Exciting performances of music by Scandinavian composers. 33 1/3 rpm. M-G-M E3082.

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN. *Symphony No. 6, in F Major, Op. 68 (Pastoral)*. The Royal Philharmonic Orchestra under Sir Thomas Beecham, Bart. —In my opinion, this is an ideal performance of the *Pastoral Symphony*. 33 1/3 rpm. Columbia ML-4828.

CONSTANT LAMBERT. *Concerto for Pianoforte and Nine Players*. Menahem Pressler, pianist, with Augustin Duques, clarinet; Chester Hazlet, clarinet; David Weber, clarinet; Harry Glantz, trumpet; Abraham Pearlstein, trombone; Janos Starker, 'cello; Paul Renzi, flute; Philip Sklar, contrabass; Saul Goodman, percussion. LORD BERNERS. *Fragments Psychologiques (Hate, A Laugh, A Sigh). Le Poisson d'Or. Three Little Funeral Marches (For a Canary, For a Statesman, For a Rich Aunt)*. Menahem Pressler, pianist. —The able young Israeli pianist has decided to present some out-of-the-way but completely fascinating music by British composers. I am sure that you will derive much pleasure from this disc. 33 1/3 rpm. M-G-M E3081.

FRANZ JOSEPH HAYDN. *Symphony No. 85, in B Flat Major (The Queen of France)*. CARL PHILIPP EMANUEL BACH. *Concerto for Orchestra, in D Major*, transcribed by Maximilien Steinberg. The M-G-M Chamber Orchestra under Izler Solomon. — Have you ever heard Haydn's *Queen of France Symphony?* It was a favorite of Marie Antoinette. Solomon gives excellent readings of both compositions. 33 1/3 rpm. M-G-M E3109.

P. S.: When you listen to the magnificent recording—RCA Victor LM-6013, reviewed by me in the last issue of THE CRESSET—of Ludwig van Beethoven's great *Missa Solemnis*, note how, in the last part, the composer sets the words *Dona nobis pacem* to the melodic line which Handel, whom he adored, wrote for *And He shall reign forever and ever* in the *Hallelujah Chorus* of *Messiah*. By the way, I know that *Dona* has only one *n*. By a disturbing typographical quirk it appeared with a double *n* in my column on Handel in the February issue of THE CRESSET.

THE NEW BOOKS

Unsigned reviews are by the Editors

RELIGION

PREACHING FROM ISAIAH

By John P. Milton (Augsburg, $2.50)

"Why don't we hear more sermons preached from the Old Testament?" said a girl of a confirmation class to this reviewer. I told her that it was my intention to follow Old Testament texts according to a new series of Scripture lessons for each Sunday of the year.

The purpose of this book is to foster such Old Testament preaching. After the Foreword there is an Introduction on The Historical Milieu of the Book of Isaiah. Then follow brief outlines and sermon suggestions on the texts from the prophet Isaiah for each Sunday and holiday to St. Michael's Day and All Saints' Day. There are also outlines from Isaiah for Four Days of Prayer.

In the last part of the book there are suggestions for "Topical Preaching From Isaiah" on such themes as "The Holiness of God," "Sin," "Repentance," etc.

There is no doubt in my mind that all the doctrines usually treated in a year's preaching can be found in the book of Isaiah, but I do wonder whether a congregation would care to listen for a whole year to sermons on texts from the same book, whether that be Isaiah or Romans or any other.

It may be practical. I never tried it. Possibly a preacher might follow these outlines for a certain season of the year and then take the outlines for another season the following year, and thus avoid year-long preaching from the same book. For this purpose Dr. Milton's work is an excellent stimulus.

CARL ALBERT GIESELER

LOVE, POWER, AND JUSTICE

By Paul Tillich (Oxford, $2.50)

The reader might raise an eyebrow at the cluster of problems raised in Tillich's latest, small volume. This may be because of the knotty character of each of these, or he may be registering surprise at the juxtaposition of the three, or he may be despairing of the possibility of anyone making an original contribution in brief compass to any one—or all three—of these concepts. We should assure the reader he is in able hands and that his teacher has spent very nearly a lifetime grappling with these problems.

Tillich undertakes two things with our terms: he submits each to an ontological analysis of their meaning, that is, he sets out to answer how each is rooted in the nature of being-itself; second, he explores the relationships of each of the terms to the others. As

was pointed out in an earlier review in these columns (July, 1951, pp. 49-50) the lack of an ontology of power, as in that particular instance, may lead one to falsify or operate with half-truths on the subject. In any case, those who would like very much to have heard Tillich discuss these subjects in the Firth Lectures at Nottingham, England, in his seminar sponsored by the Christian Gauss Foundation at Princeton, or in the Sprunt Lectures at Richmond, Virginia, will settle for the second-best expedient of studying them in print. They should be prepared for Tillich's usual treatment of translating old concepts into new and more basic relationships.

Thus Tillich lifts love from its customary emotional or ethical context and establishes it in the ontological realm. He begins with an examination of being-itself as it is effective in all that is, and he sees life as being in actuality. Love, then, is the moving power of life; it reunites what had previously been separated. Love understood as emotion simply anticipates the reunion achieved on an ontic level. He denies the assertion current in recent discussion that there are different types of love: these are merely different qualities of one and the same reality. *Epithymia* (or *libido*) is the normal drive toward vital self-fulfilment; it is to be found in all love-relationships. The *eros* quality of love strives for union with what is a bearer of values for the sake of the values found there, e.g., in nature, culture, or even God; it transcends *libido*. *Philia* represents a person-to-person love between equals. *Agape,* love's highest form, enters from another dimension and cuts through the ambiguities of other forms of love; it loves what *philia* must reject.

Tillich's integration of the diverse aspects of power—as the term is used in physics, as sociologists speak of social control, or as political scientists employ it in speaking of "power politics"—is particularly rewarding. He discusses power in terms of Nietzsche's real concern when he spoke of the "will to power." This is "the drive of everything living to realize itself with increasing intensity and extensity." As such the power of being conquers non-being.

One would expect Tillich to disclaim the "additive theory" regarding the relation of love to justice. Justice he understands to be the form in which the power of being actualizes itself. It must be adequate to encounters of power with power. So justice is set in a vast, ontic framework in which it governs both nature and the human order. The ultimate meaning of justice is to be found in a creative justice, which forgives so that it may reunite. One sees this in God's justice, which, as Paul and Luther said, justifies someone who is unjust. At this point one sees how justice is immanent in love: it is through the form of justice that love accomplishes its purpose.

The careful reader will not fail—if he is really interested—in deepening his knowledge of these terms by reading Tillich's book. Though there are

only passing suggestions of this in Tillich's condensed treatment, one might question, on the basis of the Biblical presentation of the knowledge of God, his emphasis on the mystical element in the God-man relation. Moreover, one wishes that Tillich had described more fully the distinctive character of the New Testament *agape*. But perhaps these are only subheadings under the larger question of whether Tillich has attained a true correlation of philosophy and theology.

FICTION

THE DOLLMAKER

By Harriette Arnow (Macmillan, $5.00)

During World War II those of us who had no direct role either on the front line or assembly line nevertheless read or heard about the great influx of persons from the South to the production plants of northern industrial cities. In *The Dollmaker* Harriette Arnow traces the members of one such family who leave relative security in rural Kentucky to enter the confusion and foreignness of mechanized Detroit. The story is a heart-breaking one of a strong woman who is weakened by the false standards of urban living.

In the Kentucky hills Gertie Nevels was content in the self-sufficiency only rustic living can afford a person of her bent—hardy, competent, truth-loving, and unselfish. In Detroit Gertie becomes completely lost when she has to face minor difficulties such as super markets, crowded living, washing machines, and refrigerators. The great problems evolving from racial and religious prejudice, industrial relations, social pressure, and economic stability have a profound effect on Gertie's native intelligence, making her realize the shoddiness of men in their futile attempts to "succeed." Her husband and all but one of her five children seem satisfied, but for Gertie there can never be an "adjustment" to a life she knows is wrong for herself and wrong for a great many more people than would care to admit it. Throughout periods of strain Gertie relies on her talent for "whittlin'" to sustain her. Her unfinished cherry wood carving of the figure of Christ never does find a face in Detroit.

Mrs. Arnow has written a most sensitive and significant novel. It contains scenes a reader will find it hard to forget; it contains thoughts a conscientious reader dare not forget. Mrs. Arnow helps us see a picture of America which is real, ugly, and, as a matter of consequence, tragic. There are overtones here that provoke necessary reflection on most phases of modern living. Reading Mrs. Arnow's novel is an experience most of us cannot afford to miss.

ANNE LANGE

THE COASTS OF THE EARTH

By Harold Livingston (Houghton Mifflin, $3.00)

A number of Americans fought with the Israeli government in its war with the Arabs, many because they were

Jews and felt the rightness of the Israeli cause; others, such as Tony Nevins who was not a Jew, felt an attraction to the cause that they found difficult to understand and explain but that nonetheless existed. In his novel, Mr. Livingston, who flew in the civilian volunteer air transport unit in Israel, tells about this unit and of men like Nevins and Norman Becker, an American Jew who was not quite clear as to what he was doing in the war.

In places this novel is a little self-conscious and in some places rather awkward. Mr. Livingston is at his best, however, in describing the scenes involving the actual flying and it is here that he does his best writing.

This is Mr. Livingston's first novel and it has been awarded a Houghton Mifflin Literary Fellowship which it certainly deserves. Mr. Livingston has selected a war that has not been well publicized in this country (understandable enough since the people were rather tired of war by 1946), and has studied its impact on a group of Americans who were aiding in the war for reasons not quite clear to themselves. He has done this rather well and the result is a highly readable novel.

THE ORCHID HOUSE

By P. Shand Allfrey (Dutton, $3.00)

Fiction of this type seems to fall into no category: it has no significance, no humor, no character development, and a very weak plot. In fact, one wonders why this novel was written. The dust jacket claims that the author has carried the story for years in her heart rather than head. She should have told it to someone before she let it escape to paper!

As for the tale: three daughters (naturally, three) return to the West Indian home of their childhood, each in her own way trying to solve the deep, dark "mystery" surrounding their father. The story is told by a kindly old nurse, Lally, who must own X-ray eyes, radar ears, and Seven League Boots to be able to penetrate matter and ether the way she does to get us the facts. Really nothing much happens, except for the murder of a Mr. Lily, dope-peddler extraordinary —and that wasn't exciting because Lally was sleeping at the time. So Lily found out—no, Lally found out about Lily second hand.

ANNE LANGE

A TIME TO LAUGH

By Laurence Thompson (Julian Messner, $3.50)

Gadein was the bemused and bewildered younger son of Chief Abu Butan, whose bailiwick lay presumably in the southern part of the Sudan. Such an embarrassment was the hapless Gadein to his tough old father that when Colonel Masterson came into the chief's lands looking for native recruits for the Buna Service Corps, the chief succeeded in making both himself and the British colonial administration happy by chucking Gadein into the army.

But if Gadein had been a misfit in

his home village, he was even more maladroit as a soldier. He became the effective—though unwilling—tool of an unprincipled Egyptian sharpie. He met more than his match in the capricious spirits that dwelt under the hoods of the motor lorries. And he climaxed his career by getting himself courtmartialed after the incident of the magic money box. But at the end, Gadein returns in triumph to his native village.

Laurence Thompson, the author of *A Time to Laugh,* is a respected young English journalist and writer. This is his first work of fiction. English critics have greeted it with high praise and it is not hard to see why they should have done so. It is well-written with warm and kindly humor and with evident affection for the characters whose story it tells. Gadein, the native torn between two civilizations, neither of them wholly understandable to his simple mind, emerges as a likable and, somehow, noble figure, a black Don Quixote whose lance, however bent, is never quite broken.

AWAY ALL BOATS

By Kenneth Dodson (Little, Brown, $3.95)

This story of a ship, the attack transport *U.S.S. Belinda,* and the men aboard her, is one of the best novels to come out of World War II. The duties of an attack transport are to pick up around 1500 troops and carry them to within a few miles of an invasion beach. From this point on, the troops are transported ashore in the initial waves of an invasion by the twenty six LCVPs, the "boats" of the title, which normally swing from the davits of the ship. To the men of the Army, Navy, or Marines with invasion experience in World War II, the chilling call through the P.A. system, "Away All Boats," will have a familiar sound. It was a call made in the cold pre-dawn off foreign shores, a call that started hundreds of thousands of men toward scores of enemy beaches. Whether or not you have heard that call, you can live or re-live the sensations of an invasion in this book.

This is the first major novel on the amphibious forces of the Navy, and it is amazingly successful in explaining the highly coordinated amphibious operations, an almost new military technique at the beginning of the war. All of the action takes place in the Pacific, where the *Belinda* participated in the landings at Makin, Kwajalein, Saipan, Lingayen Gulf, and Okinawa. The story never leaves the Pacific, but moves from one invasion to another with relatively little free time in between. As a result, there are no women in the story. Occasionally, through correspondence from home, women will be mentioned, but the only female of any importance is the ship. It is definitely a sea story and the action never gets more than a few feet beyond the shore line, and then only with the ship's own invasion beach party.

The principal character is Lt. Dave MacDougall, a former mate in the Maritime Service, who is aboard for

the entire life of the ship, from shakedown cruise to final invasion. The two quite different Captains who command the ship, and other officers and members of the crew are, however, of almost equal importance. Representing a wide variety of humantiy, all the characters are clearly drawn, and they manage to reveal almost all of the strengths and weaknesses of men under pressure.

Oddly enough for a novel, this one has very little story line. The author develops the personality of the ship and the characters of the men as they move from invasion to invasion. Normally such development would not be conducive to continued interest or mounting suspense, but Dodson has succeeded because he has been able to recapture the spirit of the ships and of the men. He has done it with very fine writing, some excellent editing, and a large amount of faithful detail that sounds true, because it is.

In a sense this may be an autobiographical novel. Dodson could be his own main character, MacDougall, since both have the same background and the same war-time experience. He is successful, however, in hiding any prejudices he may have as a result of his own personal experiences. He is successful too in proving a point, that it is possible to write a highly successful story of men, and particularly of men at war without including either women or profane language.

This is not as yet *The Novel* of World War II. Indeed, there may never be one. But as a first novel and as a story of war in the Pacific, this one is going to be difficult to top.

THE SPECTACLE

By Rayne Kruger (Macmillan, $3.00)

The Spectacle is a well-written and well-constructed novel about a man who was pushed around once too often and who decided to do some pushing of his own and with disastrous results. Grant Hoathly suffered a great deal at the hands of his unscrupulous employer and when an occasion suddenly was presented Grant locked his employer in his own new safe and left him to die of suffocation. It appeared for a while as though this would be the "perfect" murder, but Grant's own conscience drove him into a position where he ultimately insisted so hard on suspicion being placed on himself that it was and he was ultimately tried for murder.

All of this is told through the eyes of a junior accountant in the same firm and a friend of Grant's. He regards the trial as a spectacle that must be properly conducted before Grant's life can be legally taken from him. Kruger has a nice eye for legal detail and a nice feeling for suspense and the court room scenes during the trial are particularly well done. It would not be fair to reveal the outcome of the trial since it would considerably detract from the impact of the last chapter.

SAND AGAINST THE WIND

By Lewis Arnold (Dutton, $3.75)

Sand Against the Wind is the story of a young woman doctor, possessed of a beautiful face and a deformed body,

who turns from her completely ruthless life when she finds faith at Lourdes. Ultimately she becomes a saint to the sick of a leper colony in Africa. The writing is tedious and the characters quite unreal. All that can commend this book is Mr. Arnold's high intention of revealing the power of faith in straightening out crooked lives.

ROBERTA DONSBACH

PRIZE STORIES 1954: The O. Henry Awards

Selected and Edited by Paul Engle and Hansford Martin (Doubleday, $3.95)

An organization known as The Society of Arts and Sciences met in 1918 to vote upon a monument to O. Henry. They decided to offer two prizes for the best short stories published by American authors in American magazines in 1919. Later, this memorial became an annual collection of the best short stories and the collection has had several editors. Mr. Herschel Brickell edited the collection from 1941 to 1951 and, because of his death, no collections appeared in 1952 and 1953. The present editors, Engle and Martin, are on the faculty of the Writers' Workshop at the State University of Iowa.

There are twenty-three stories in the present group and three prizes were awarded. The third prize went to Mr. Richard Wilbur for "A Game Of Catch," published in *The New Yorker*. Mr. Wilbur's story is really a better candidate for first prize, I think, than the two stories which received first and second prize, namely, "The Indian Feather," by Thomas Mabry and "The News From Troy," by Clay Putman. Mr. Wilbur's story will be remembered by readers long after they have forgotten where it was they read it. Mr. Mabry's story about the initiation of a boy into the responsibilities of maturer days is not extraordinary and, while Mr. Putman's offering is possibly better than Mr. Mabry's, "The News From Troy" will not last either. Mabry and Putman are connected with the Writers' Workshop.

GENERAL

THE JOURNEY

By Lillian Smith (World, $3.50)

Seeking "something to believe in; something that intelligence and heart can accept, something that can fuse past and future, and art and science, and God and one's self into purposeful whole," Lillian Smith, author of *Strange Fruit* and *Killers of the Dream,* made a journey back to the home of her childhood, literally by automobile and figuratively by reminiscence. Her account is this book-long essay, filled with snatches from the lives of people she met along the way as well as those of earlier years. These sketches are well delineated, each illustrating a point—a tragic ignorance, a defense mechanism, or a victory over handicaps. Instead of permitting these unadorned little gems of characterization to lead the reader with her in the

quest, she embellishes them with her own philosophic verbalizing, stabbing at the point with such frequency and intensity that it is killed in the process. Incidentally, verbalizing, used in the textbook sense, seems to be one of the author's proposed panaceas for life's ills. She states that the feeling part of people cannot be freed until the stony silence of childhood is broken by the gift of words.

Eventually, in the last chapter, God is included among the answers to her search, but only as other people have found Him. Along with Chinese philosophers and Buddha the name of Jesus is found once, in connecting the Abundant Life with a good life and moral growth.

The author tells us a few of her questions were never answered. Her journey must continue, and Miss Smith has a long way to go.

JESSIE DICKEY

MARY TUDOR

By H. F. M. Prescott (Macmillan, $5.00)

The author of *The Man on a Donkey* has produced another outstanding literary work, this time in the field of biography. *Mary Tudor* originally appeared in 1940 under the title *Spanish Tudor*. The remarkable response to this book prompted Miss Prescott to revise and enlarge the original material under the name *Mary Tudor*. The book reflects a painstaking and exacting research, coupled with a genius for interpretation and analysis. It is extremely readable, both from the standpoint of the scholar and of the general reader.

This refreshing book supplants all other studies of the life of the lesser known daughter of Henry VIII, who brought upon herself the name "Bloody Mary." Miss Prescott shows the young Mary's rather unhappy childhood, growing out of her mother's rejection and persecution by her father, and the conflict resulting from the marriage of Henry and Anne Boleyn. Being virtually forced to accept the principles of her father, against which her very nature and training revolted, resulted in a sad, lonely, and not entirely mature Queen. Her ill-fated marriage to Philip of Spain and the final wars with France which ended so disastrously for England, left Mary a sad spectacle, broken in spirit and body.

Beneath all the political events during the life of Mary, Miss Prescott masterfully presents the underlying problem in Mary's life—the intense religious struggle within the Church of England, beginning with the reform under Henry VIII and continuing under the short reign of Edward. Mary felt that it was her destiny to restore the Roman Church and to put down all heresy.

It is in the account of this struggle, written with authority and integrity, that the author displays her greatness. She gives the subject sympathetic treatment and at the same time remains free of bias and prejudice.

REUBEN BULS

SPLENDID POSEUR Joaquin Miller—American Poet

By M. M. Marberry (Crowell, $3.75)

This writer is seldom considered in print today. Even the adopted first name is sometimes confused with Walking Miller, a corruption of the Spanish pronunciation. Not that he ever was a major literary light, but in the past a surprisingly large number of books, magazines, and newspapers took note of his romantic appeal. The selected bibliography in this newest biography shows an impressive listing.

As one of the American Pre-Raphaelites, Cincinnatus Hiner (this book uses the Heine form) Miller belonged to a little group whose influence was more important perhaps than its principles. It included such native writers and artists as Richard Watson Gilder, Augustus Saint-Gaudens, and John LaFarge. *Splendid Poseur* is replete with the names and ideas also of other famous personalities of the American counterpart of the Victorian period, such as Walt Whitman, Mark Twain, Ambrose Bierce, Bret Harte, etc.

This is a readable biography, a delightful evaluation of a transition time in our native letters. Because Miller believed that the truth could always be improved, a tall story in his hands usually became taller. Poseur, ladies' man, and patriarch, he made himself his own tallest story! This book shows the entire development of the legend and how in the end Miller became a California landmark as the determinedly eccentric Poet of the Sierras. Journalist Marberry offers us a breezy, irreverent reconstruction that approximates as nearly as possible the fabulous life of a successful adventurer.

HERBERT H. UMBACH

A FOUNDATION OF ONTOLOGY

By Otto Samuel (Philosophical Library, $3.75)

The author describes this book as a critical analysis of and an introduction to the German philosopher, Nicolai Hartmann. One half of the book is devoted to a condensation of Hartmann's *On the Foundation of Ontology*. The second half consists of Samuel's criticism and analysis of this work.

Mr. Samuel feels that Hartmann limits his thinking in taking the "Extant as Extant" as the central theme of his work. He is thus bound to a "transcendent realism" which is a philosophically-worded acceptance of the scientific empiric view of reality and knowledge. Hartmann reaches limits of thought which, although valid within the frame of his thought, are no longer true boundaries in the work of Heidigger, Scheler, and Samuel. Samuel feels that ontology is embraced and superseded by "transcendental idealism" and finally meontology. Meontology, according to Samuel, is based on a belief-content rendered by the Ego with respect to truth and factuality which is so irrational that one can not speak of its having Being but which is dis-

tinguished from Being and ontology.

This work is termed an "introduction." This is meant in the German not the English—particularly the American—sense of the word. The book has no tinge of over-simplifying journalism. Thus it is not a book for the average reader interested in philosophy. The book is made difficult also because philosophy does not lend itself to condensation. The sections concerned with Hartmann's work are cut to the essentials so that each sentence and often each word is necessary. Added to this is the fact that Samuel was writing in German (as did Hartmann) although the book is directed to an English-speaking audience. The translation is good but translations of this type of German are not only difficult they are almost impossible—if one thinks of translation as attempting a real communication. The language of the existentialists is such that only if you understand the key words, whether in German or English, in a special sense do they convey that which was intended.

SUE WIENHORST

IT'S GOOD TO BE BLACK

By Ruby Berkley Goodwin (Doubleday, $3.50)

Mrs. Goodwin, a Negro, learned for the first time in a college psychology class that all Negroes are frustrated and insecure. Her book is a refutation of this type of thinking and is admittedly in contrast to the sordidness and brutality that characterizes many Negro autobiographies.

The book is the story of Mrs. Goodwin's serene and secure childhood in a small Illinois mining town where she felt that she "belonged." Her father was a miner, deeply religious and greatly respected by white and colored people in the community.

The author and her brothers and sisters played freely with other children, both white and black. Their neighborhood was composed of both races as well as several nationalities. Most of the people were miners and their families and there was a warm-hearted camaraderie among them. Mrs. Goodwin learned early a matter-of-fact acceptance of birth and death. During strikes, mine accidents, epidemics or other tragedies, the neighbors freely helped each other without regard to race.

During her childhood, the author overheard a conversation between her father and a friend and learned that in some places Negroes were mistreated and spent their lives in watchful fear. This knowledge was an unwelcome intrusion upon her happy childhood. The book closes with the simple but moving speech made by her father. He told the story of the Negro race, its accomplishments since slavery, and that God knew what he was doing when he made a black race because "Black is powerful." Mrs. Goodwin concludes that she began to feel sorry for people who were not fortunate enough to be born black.

This type of book should have been written long ago. There are doubtless many Negroes who live normal lives and it is refreshing to read a book of

Negro life that is not "news," but a heartwarming account of staple family life, inter-racial friendships, and the vicissitudes of life modified by love and affection.

LYDA PALMER

CLOWN

By Emmet Kelly with F. Beverly Kelley (Prentice-Hall, $3.95)

Emmett Kelly's appearance as the clown, "Willie," in the Ringling Brothers Circus is as much a trade mark of that famous circus as any other individual, animal, or act. Mr. Kelly has now written a book telling about his life, how he came to be a clown, and the long, hard road he had to climb to his present position as "top clown" in the "top circus."

Circus life is of necessity different from most normal occupations. Mr. Kelly in recounting his experiences gives a fascinating picture of that difference and why it exists. He also gives a good picture of circus life during the past thirty or so years both in the United States and in England. At one time or another he has been with a good many circuses and has been with the Ringlings long enough to have gone through the disastrous Cleveland fire in 1942 and the horribly tragic fire in Hartford in 1944. Of all the unfortunate things that can happen to a circus, fire is the most dreaded and he tells what it was like to go through these two events. Mr. Kelly has also been around the Ringlings shwo long enough to have shared in a good many Ringling triumphs as well as triumphs of his own, and he paints a warm picture of circus life and circus folk. Mr. Kelly has not been too fortunate in his private life and he describes the manner in which some of his unhappiness has gone into his characterization of "Willie."

Clown is interesting reading as an autobiography and it will certainly increase a reader's general knowledge of what goes on backstage of the "big top."

OCCLUSION

Insist upon black photograph
of what enwraps attainment...
Never be denied each factual
light and shadow through that lens
which tripping recognizing-
instant there, has caught
that past and shrunk it to
one mortal transcript of
what never was – but is,
everywhere and always
in blue eye of God.

JAMES BOYER MAY

A Minority Report

By VICTOR F. HOFFMANN

The Excise Law

As winter moved into spring, the present Congress and the Eisenhower administration meshed gears for the first transmission of gas power after so many months of inaction and promises into effective legislative locomotion.

The legislative action referred to is the recent excise tax law.

The 875 page tax law which some had rashly claimed would re-write the entire federal tax structure will at least cut taxes 999 million dollars per year or, to state it differently, would deprive the federal government of 999 million revenue dollars.

Though the excise law extended excise taxes on cars, gasoline, liquor, and cigarettes, it cut the excise taxes on such highly necessary items as furs, jewelry, luggage, toilet articles, mechanical pens and pencils, cameras, and films—on such high priority items as tickets for sporting and entertainment events, transportation fees, and telephone calls.

The members of my family are especially thankful for excise tax cuts on household appliances since in the past ten years we have bought or have had given to us one refrigerator, one stove, one electric iron, one toaster, and no deep freeze.

The Purpose of the Law

The purpose of the law? Why, that's easy! The representative of a retailers organization in metropolitan Chicago said in answer to this question: "Retailers, wholesalers, and manufacturers in the Chicago area, for the *most* part (my italics), gave the public the benefit of the tax

cuts in lower prices at once, and most of them said the tax relief would be a stimulant to consumer buying."

Wanna bet?

In *The Chicago Daily News* of April 2, 1954, an Associated Press report about the tax cut on baseball tickets ran like this: "The government cleared up the baseball ticket tax situation and this is what it is likely to mean to you: 1. On tickets already bought you may get back the 10 per cent tax reduction if you take the trouble to go out to the ball park and get your ticket stamped. On a $2.40 ticket you'd get back twenty cents. 2. You'll pay just as much as you've been paying for tickets you buy from now on. The baseball clubs will pocket the 10 per cent tax reduction."

The traveling secretary of the Washington Senators, E. B. Eynon Jr., said anyone who has bought a ticket for Griffith Stadium may collect the ten per cent refund "but the prevailing rates. . . .will stay in effect."

What does "for the most part" really mean? Perhaps the consumer will continue to pay through the nose—only not to the federal government—but to them "that already has."

The Consumer

If the tax cut is really passed on to the consumer, the argument goes, the consumer will have more money to buy goods and to pay debts, and thus to keep the economic system going.

Let's see now, how many baseball tickets do I have to buy to save enough for a front room rug my wife and I would like to buy?

In the present economic situation and in the present vagaries of the labor market, there's another way of looking at the matter as *The Reporter* of March 30, 1954, was quick to point out: "When people become afraid of losing their jobs or suffering reduced incomes, they save the amount of reduced taxes." What difference does a cut in excise taxes mean to my labor friends in the Calumet area of northern Indiana where workers are going on a reduced schedule of three or four days and where, in some instances, the refrigerator has been taken by you guess who because the last payments were not made.

The excise cut has become an academic question to the ten thousand workers or more in South Bend who have been laid off, to the ten thousand employees laid off at the largest plant in Peoria, Illinois. These people must indeed be grateful

to Congress and the administration for reducing the tax on furs they've never been able to buy for their wives.

Nevertheless, If

Nevertheless, if this excise tax law is to aid the economic system by means of aiding the retailer and the wholesaler, why couldn't the economic system be aided aid over aid by helping the marginal man—marginal because the distance between his navel and backbone is decreasing.

What happened to the bills to aid slum clearance and low cost housing? What happened to the bills to aid marginal and migratory labor and the Southern sharecropper? If we raised the level of living for all these people, wouldn't they consume more and expand the possibilities of our economic system?

What about aid in matters of health to the weak and diseased so they could consume more and longer?

If we through the government are not to aid slum dwellers and other marginal people, then what possible reason can we offer to help the retailer and the wholesaler? If God helps the slum dwellers who help themselves, as so many free enterprisers claim, what happens to God in the case of the retailers and the wholesalers?

The Balanced Budget

Senator Williams of Delaware and Senator Byrd of Virginia objected to these reductions in excise taxes because they "would further throw the budget out of balance."

Uncomfortably enough, I find myself in agreement with Williams and Byrd.

I believe also that the people of the United States form the greatest obstacle to the balancing of the budget and the creation of a sound federal fiscal policy.

How can one reduce taxes or balance the budget while the farmers in Dairyland, U.S.A., are demanding ninety per cent price supports on dairy products. There is terrific lobbying pressure on Ike and Benson to increase the subsidies to farmers, even beyond the already stipulated figures of congressional committees.

It's this way all down the line.

Labor, together with many other segments of the population, wants social security, better housing, and unemployment compensation. If tax exemptions on church property should be

lifted, the clergymen of many faiths would find themselves in unanticipated agreement on one subject at least.

Bill Jenner, an Indiana Senator who has been yelling about the New Deal "give-away programs in Washington", cried hysterically and "votically" during a drouth period for federal aid to some twenty southern Indiana counties. What happened then to his principle of "God helps them who help themselves."

It's just as hard for the Grand Old Party to turn away the demands of the voters as it was for the Democrats. But it's hard to balance the budget and unwise to reduce taxes as long as government is doing so many things for so many people.

I personally have no objections to programs of federal aid where the need arises and where the citizens are willing to pay the taxes.

War and Taxes

While Congress and the administration were reducing taxes, Vice-President Nixon was talking about massive retaliation, and massive it is: bigger hydrogen bombs, bigger and better nitrogen bombs, new planes, ships, and submarines.

Nixon was talking about developments that are costing us countless (and I mean that literally) billions of dollars—yet, say Congress and the administration, we should balance the budget at the same time we are reducing taxes.

One doesn't need mathematics to rectify such a situation. We'd need the direct intervention of God to balance the budget.

In 1952, fifty eight per cent of the budget went to the military services, ten per cent to international activities, and seven per cent to veterans. The remaining twenty five per cent was split up between eight per cent for payment of interest on the national debt and seventeen per cent for the ordinary government services.

On April 8, 1954, I heard a report from Washington by a representative of the Farm Bureau in which he analyzed the 1954 federal budget according to about the same break-down.

This is not a social service or welfare state budget; this is a national defense budget.

The members of Congress and the administration have the nerve to talk tax reduction to

the American citizens in the light of our national defense budget. Reduction of taxes makes even less sense after Dulles' speech on Indo-China and the most recent developments in the hydrogen and nitrogen bombs.

The administration has only made a "fetish of balancing the federal budget and has profited politically from popular prejudices on this matter." (*The Reporter,* March 30, 1954)

Taxes cannot be reduced as long as we fight bigger and better wars. We cannot outlaw wars without a catastrophic change in the heart of man. Let's get with it!

FOREHEAD AT THE WINDOW-PANES . . .

With forehead at the window-panes as anxious watchers
Sky whose darkness I've gone beyond
Fields that are very small in my open hands
In their inert indifferent double horizon
With forehead at the window-panes as anxious watchers
I look for you beyond expectation
Beyond myself
And I no longer know such is my love
Which of us two is absent

PAUL ELUARD (in *Anthologie de la poesie francaise*)
(Translated from the French by Charles Guenther)

THE MOTION PICTURE

By Anne Hansen

There is something new to report from the motion-picture world.

For the first time in the history of the cinema two popular Broadway musical revues have been brought to the screen by the simple process of photographing, in color, the original stage productions.

The first of these—*Top Banana* (Harry Popkin, United Artists) —may be dismissed as decidedly mediocre fare; the second—*New Faces* (Edward Alperson; 20th Century-Fox, Harry Horner) — merits a second look.

New Faces was made by the CinemaScope process on a regular stage. The settings are those used by the road-show company, which is now on a nationwide tour, and all the talented players were members of the cast which won enthusiastic applause during the play's long run on Broadway. No attempt was made to change, or to expand, the formats of the theater presentation. The entire film was completed in less than two weeks at a cost well under $1,000,000—a modest figure for a feature film.

New Faces has a quality of freshness, spontaneity, and vitality not to be found in run-of-the-mill Hollywood musical productions. The plot is entirely incidental. The emphasis is on the individual skits, which follow one another in swift succession. Some of the sequences are hilariously funny, some are exhilarating, some reveal fine artistry. All are entertaining. Robert Clary, Ronny Graham, Paul Lynde, Alice Ghostley, June Carroll, and Eartha Kitt are the principals in a splendid cast—a cast made up of players new to the screen.

If it is true that laughter is a tonic, I shall not need the traditional s u l p h u r-and-molasses spring pick-up so dear to the hearts of an earlier generation. (Does *anyone* still use it?) It seems to me that during most of the month of March I made my *giggling* way from theater to theater.

First there was *It Should Happen to You* (Columbia, George Cukor). This is the wacky story of Gladys Glover, the poor little Nobody who wanted to become

a great big Somebody. Judy Holliday plays Gladys with charm, persuasiveness, and a fine feeling for comedy. Jack Lemmon, well known to TV audiences, makes an auspicuous screen debut in the role of the poor but honest young man who eventually convinces Gladys of the error of her ways. Peter Lawford is excellent as the soap tycoon who pursues our heroine with more than business in mind. Although the plot conceived for *It Should Happen to You* is out-and-out nonsense, Garson Kanin's script sparkles with deft humor and telling satire. George Cukor again proves that he has few peers in the art of directing comedy.

Next there was *The Long, Long Trailer* (M-G-M, Vincente Minelli). This is not for you if you are a serious-minded person with a feeling for logic. The moment you begin to ask yourself questions about the action on the screen, you are lost. How sad, for example, if while Lucille Ball is making a shambles of her b e a u t i f u l trailer, you ask, "Woudn't anyone over the age of five just close the cabinet doors and sit down?" Because, obviously, anyone over the age of five would do just that. It follows, then, that we must recognize the fact that the entire film rarely gets above kindergarten level. Not that this is really unexpected. If you have seen the *I Love Lucy* TV show, you have no reason to expect Shakespeare. I must add, however, that the technicolor photography is magnificent and that there is a lot of goodnatured slapstick. If you find this more palatable than sulphur and molasses—well, why not?

I believe almost anyone would prefer *Beat the Devil* (Santana; United Artists, John Huston) to a dose of sulphur and molasses. This is most engaging nonsense. On the surface this is a suspense-and-mystery thriller built around four "desperate criminals" and their plotting to acquire—by hook and by crook—uranium-rich lands in the heart of Africa. One glance at the "desperate criminals" is enough. How can one associate fear and suspense with four blatantly comic characters, especially when they bungle everything they attempt? Robert Morley is excellent as the leader of this "desperate" quartet. Humphrey Bogart is good as the American adventurer, and Edward Underdown and Gina Lollobrigada are satisfactory in supporting roles. The most convincing performance is that of Jenni-

fer Jones as the English girl who makes up outrageous tales to fit every occasion.

Beat the Devil was made in Italy on a relatively modest budget. The appearance of natives in minor parts adds a fine touch of authenticy. The loose-jointed but remarkably effective script is the work of Truman Capote and John Huston. As always, Mr. Huston's direction is masterful.

Last on my list of comedies is *Red Garters* (Paramount, George Marshall). This lavish and lively musical film presents a delightful parody of the stereotyped horse opera. The pattern is a familiar one. The cliches are old and worn. Plot, costuming, and settings are made to conform to the standard western. Scenes of violence and gunplay are not lacking. Guy Mitchell, Jack Carson, Rosemary Clooney, Pat Crowley, and Gene Barry are the principles in this frank spoofing on the "saga of the west." The technicolor photography is disappointing.

Fortified by this diet of fun and laughter, I turned my attention to releases of other styles and types.

One of the best of the current short features is the appearance in CinemaScope of the 20th Century-Fox Orchestra and Chorus, conducted by Alfred Newman, a veteran arranger, composer, and conductor in the field of motion-picture music. Under Mr. Newman's able direction the orchestra and the chorus present the colorful and barbaric *Polovetsian Dances* from Alexander Borodin's *Prince Igor*. I hope that we shall have more films of this type.

Rob Roy (Disney; RKO, Harold French) takes us back to the early years of the eighteenth century. Photographed almost entirely in Scotland—in beautiful technicolor—this exciting picture is filled to the brim with brave deeds of derring-do. Richard Todd is cast as the valiant defender of the Highlands, Glynis Johns as his fair and longsuffering lady, and James Robertson Justin as the stalwart Duke of Argyle. Every member of the carefully chosen cast—principals and supporting players alike—merits enthusiastic applause.

Alan Ladd, one of the first gentlemen of the cinema's Order of the Swashbuckling Adventurers, is the dashing red-coated hero in *Saskatchewan* (Universal-International, Raoul Walsh), a "mighty saga of the Northwest Mounted Police."

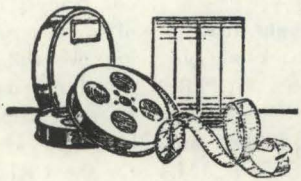
Here the grandeur of the Canadian Northwest, photographed in magnificent technicolor, completely dwarfs the actions of the puny mortals who act out another chapter in the long struggle between the red man and his white brother.

Alaska Seas (Paramount, Jerry Hopper) allegedly portrays the perils of salmon fishing in the bleak northern waters. Strictly routine in every way.

There are thrills and chills in *Phantom of the Rue Morgue* (Warners; 3-D Warner Color, Roy del Ruth), adapted for the screen from Edgar Allan Poe's classic short story. One must regret that Poe's tale of horror and suspense was not presented without the addition of Hollywood frills and without present-day "psychiatric" explanations. Although the 3-D process shows improvement in this film, it is still far from satisfactory.

Jivaro (Paramount, Edward Ludwig) is set in the wilds of equatorial South America. Here Rhonda Fleming, Fernando Lamas, Brian Keith, and supporting players act out a highly improbable story of treachery and intrigue. The oppressive beauty of the Amazon country, seen in lush technicolor, must be mentioned as the outstanding quality of an otherwise routine film.

No movie column could be complete without some mention of new westerns. Here are two recent releases: *Ride Clear of Diablo* (Universal-International, Jesse Hibbs) presents Audie Murphy in a brisk and breezy yarn about a brave youth's unrelenting war against cattle-rustlers and "sech-like varmints" of the early west. Randolph Scott is the gun-toting, hard-riding hero of *Riding Shotgun* (Warners, Andre de Toth).



The Editor's Lamp

PROBLEMS

CONTRIBUTORS

FINAL NOTES

We consider it a real privilege to have the opportunity to publish the observations of Mr. Louis P. Lochner on the condition of Germany today. Few Americans know Germany as well as does Mr. Lochner. For many years immediately prior to the second World War, he was head of the Associated Press bureau in Berlin. Since the war, he has had numerous occasions to see, at first hand, the reconstruction of Germany. What we have especially liked about Mr. Lochner is his ability to distinguish clearly between an evil, such as Nazism, and the people among whom the evil manifested itself. Had other men in even more strategic positions been able to keep the same distinction clear, the world might have been spared many of the problems that rose to plague it out of the backwash of the recent war.

It being May, we thought that it was about time to bring back our old friend and correspondent, A. R. Caltofen, whose sketches of life in the out-of-the-way corners of Europe are always so delightful. In a sense, M. Caltofen might be considered a product of the Germany of yesterday. His career was interrupted, and his health seriously impaired, by internment in a German prison camp during the war. As we look at these human pictures—pictures of Germans rebuilding a country blasted to smithereens and pictures of Frenchmen rebuilding shattered lives, we can't help feeling that the day of the new Europe must be close at hand. How could anyone but a madman think of renewing the madness of war in a continent which knows so well, by now, that there are no victors in modern warfare?

Recession, depression, whatever it is that we are going through right now, we, like other magazine publishers, can feel the effects of an economic readjustment in our circulation figures. Since circulation provides the lifeblood of magazines, we must do something to counteract the trend of the times. Therefore, to our readers only, we make a special offer. Get us three *new* subscribers, and we will give you a one-year renewal of your subscription, absolutely free. Remember, the subscibers must be people who are not now subscribers for the CRESSET. And we will have to limit the time on this offer, so please send us your lists on or before September 15 of this year.