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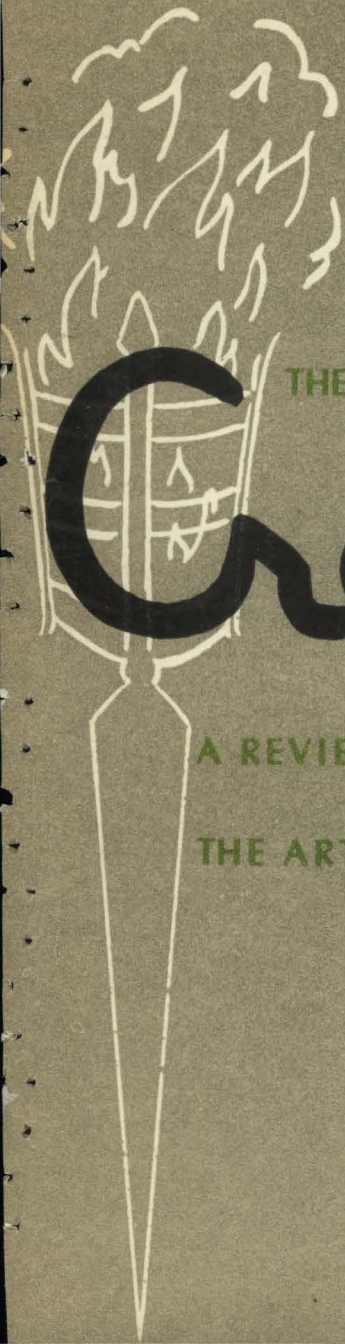

THE

Cresset

A REVIEW OF LITERATURE,

THE ARTS, AND CURRENT AFFAIRS

JUNE 1954

VOL. XVII NO. 8

THIRTY-FIVE CENTS

THE CRESSET

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Vol. XVII JUNE 1954 No. 8

Notes and Comment

BY THE EDITORS

Commencement Thoughts

We have been told that as teachers grow older they grow more mellow and more indulgent of life's little inconsistencies. This gives us something to look forward to but, unhappily at our present stage of the game, little more than something to look forward to. At the moment, with commencement cliches fluttering about our yet-unsilvered temples, we feel neither mellow nor indulgent, but only uncomfortable and slightly unclean.

For quite a number of years, we have been knocking about in the academic world. We have seen physical plants grow larger and more elaborate. We have seen curricula come and go. We have sat in on "Whither Education" sessions. And more than once, we have asked ourselves and anyone else who would listen what all of these things have to do with higher education. For education is not primarily buildings or curricula or any of these other external things. It is a process in, with, and under which young minds find their place within a stream of culture and develop the attitudes and skills which enable them to contribute, in their day, to the volume of that stream.

But the process can go on only when there is communication between generations and when the atmosphere of such communication is relatively calm and unhurried. There must be older men, who have acquired

a certain amount of wisdom and who are possessed of a deep desire to pass it on. And there must be young people who want to be wise and are willing to subject themselves to the discipline which is the first step toward wisdom. There are, fortunately, such people in the colleges and universities of our country. But, unfortunately, they seem to be decreasing in number and to be losing out in influence.

We have thus been moving closer and closer to the day, prophesied several years ago by Robert Maynard Hutchins, when everybody will have a degree and nobody will have an education. The pattern as we see it, through perhaps myopic eyes, is today one of men and women who would rather be engaged in genteel research going through the motions of teaching young people who would rather be doing anything but read and think. And a kind of academic Gresham's Law is at work—the poor teacher and the poor student driving the good teacher and the good student out of circulation.

Perhaps it is not altogether accidental, therefore, that we see simultaneously an enormous increase in the number of people who have bachelor's degrees and a powerful surge of anti-intellectualism. Half-educated graduates, aware of the pretenses of so many mis-educated instructors, not only hold what has been palmed off to them as the intellectual life in contempt, but use the skills which they acquired on college campuses to attack it.

Forms and Substance

However undemocratic it may sound, however snobbish some may think we are to say it, the fact remains that God in His wisdom did not see fit to equip all men, or even most men, with the capacity for intellectual work of a high order, any more than He saw fit to equip all men, or most men, with the specific talents required for painting or the composing of music or the acquiring of large fortunes or the making of fine furniture. In most areas of life and activity, we recognize this disparity of endowments and no stigma attaches to an individual's failure to master this or that particular skill. Thus no one feels insulted if he is denied a certificate as a master plumber or if he is turned down as an exhibitor at an art show. But it is undemocratic and half a

dozen other things if a young man or woman is turned down for admission to a college or university and it is even worse if, having sat through four years of lectures, a young person is denied a degree.

Why should this be so? We think that it all goes back to a screwy sense of values. Beneath this mad worship of academic degrees lies the false, the wholly false, notion that intellectual attainment is somehow intrinsically more honorable or praiseworthy than is manual skill or the faithful performance of unskilled work. And this notion, in a day when attainment is judged almost entirely by superficial evidence, puts a high premium on the college degree. The sheepskin says that Junior is educated, so what difference does it make whether he is really educated or not?

It is high time we restudied the Christian doctrine of vocation. We would then see that it is not the nature of one's work that really counts, nor the kind of clothes one wears in performing it, but the reason for one's doing it and the standards he sets for himself in its performance. Then we would learn to respect the farmer who, to the greater glory of God, sets out to do the best job of farming in his county. We would respect the housewife who, for the love of Jesus, keeps a house that is a delight to her family. We would respect the steel-worker who, in faithful stewardship of his time and abilities, gives his job eight hours of his best effort. And we would respect the scholar or teacher who, in gratitude for the redemption of his soul, employs to their fullest the intellectual talents with which he has been endowed. In every case, we would respect the living man or woman, and not a scrap of paper or an assemblage of letters following his name.

Massive Retaliation

In the days when we did a considerable amount of traveling we came to recognize something like ten different names for the lowly hamburger. The experience was a salutary one. It taught us to buy nothing merely by name but to look, in every case, for the reality behind the name.

The President and his secretary of state have been offering us, in recent months, what is billed as a new look in our nation's foreign policy, and the rather magnificent name which has been attached to this new

look is "A Policy of Massive Retaliation". Since our foreign policy for the past decade has been a policy of retaliation, it must be assumed that whatever is new in this new policy must be concealed under that grand-sounding word, "massive". But Richard Rovere, writing in *The New Yorker,* claims to have learned on competent authority that the word was adopted because our military men thought that it sounded impressive. If that is actually w h a t they thought, they were right—so right, as a matter of fact, that even some of our allies seem to have been misled into thinking that we were all set to throw hydrogen bombs at any aggressor who might hereafter disturb the peace.

So, if we skip the "massive" business, we are left with a policy of retaliation which, as we have said, is the same policy we have been following all along. And it would surely be laboring the obvious to point out that a policy of retaliation always assumes that the other party has the initiative, which is p r e c i s e l y what Republican spokesmen were lambasting Mr. Acheson and his colleagues for not so many months ago. At that time, the demand was for bold action, designed to place the initiative in our hands and to deter aggression rather than retaliate when aggression had actually taken place.

This is not meant to be a criticism of the Eisenhower-Dulles policy. Responsibility is a sobering thing and we do not hold it against any man if, after he has come into the responsibilities and headaches of an office, he talks rather differently than he did when he spoke for the opposition. But we do think that the record ought to be kept straight. As far as actual policy is concerned, there has been no change significant enough to deserve a new name. Such change as there has been has been a change in military strategy, with heavier emphasis upon the air arm and proportionately less dependence upon ground troops. And even that shift may have to be readjusted if we get ourselves involved in another peninsular war.

Meanwhile, o n e additional thing ought, in all justice, to be said. No one can know in advance whether the policies of any given secretary of state will or will not prove successful. One can judge only what a secretary of state is apparently trying to do and the vigor with which he

keeps moving toward his apparent objectives. On both of these scores, Mr. John Foster Dulles deserves the highest commendation. How he manages to get about as he does, at his age, we do not know. That he has pulled an occasional boner, we readily admit. But it seems to us that, by any fair standards of judgment, Mr. Dulles has displayed during the past eighteen months a zeal for peace, a concern for his country's welfare, and a disregard for his personal well-being which entitle him to rank among our best secretaries of state.

Background of Decisions

Once in a while, amid all of the talk-talk that fills our daily newspapers, one comes across a remark which is so right, and so perfectly stated, that it deserves to be remembered. We happened upon just such a remark several weeks ago. It was a statement made by Sgt. Hershey H. Miyamura, a Nisei Medal of Honor winner, in the course of a speech which he made to a dinner audience honoring Nisei Korean veterans of the College area.

Sgt. Miyamura, who won the Medal of Honor for staying back to cover his buddies' withdrawal during bitter fighting, said: "Personal decisions are made in a split second. How they are made, I think depends on the things we believe".

This is as good a definition of integrity as we have ever come across. What Sgt. Miyamura was saying was essentially this, that one's behavior in a time of crisis is not reasoned out but is, in a sense, automatic. It is only natural, in other words, that in a given situation one man will run away to save his own hide while another man will do the thing that ought to be done. Neither of the two men sits down and tallies up the pros and cons. Both do the thing that belief and training has made, for them, the "natural" thing to do.

That is why, as every combat soldier knows, there is no way of telling in advance which soldiers will crack and which will stick it out when the going gets rough. It is impossible to see deeply enough into a man's heart to be able to predict his behavior in a sudden moment of crisis which allows no time for thought.

We pass by the obvious opportunity to point a moral here but one does wonder whether, in the light of such considerations, it

is wise to ride the fetish of separation of church and state to such ridiculous lengths that even the Book Whose teachings are the basis of morality in the Western world may not be read in our schools because it is allegedly sectarian in nature.

Deification of Mary

Several months ago, we noted with regret the accelerated growth of Mariolatry in the Roman Catholic Church, a development which concerns us both because we fear that it may eventually take our Roman fellow-Christians altogether outside the bounds of Christendom and because, even now, it makes any attempt to reunite divided Christendom practically hopeless. Our concern is intensified by a statement made recently by the Very Rev. John A. Flynn, president of St. John's University in Brooklyn.

Speaking to a Marian year convocation, Father Flynn remarked that it is not unlikely that, within the next 100 years or so, Mary will be "proclaimed in a definition of doctrine as Co-Redemptrix of the human race, that next the dogma of Mediatrix of all graces may be promulgated, and that finally the definition of her queenship, as participation with her Son in the power of ruling the World, may be proclaimed".

Father Flynn is, of course, assuming the danger-fraught role of the prophet and it is very possible that he, like so many prophets, is gazing into a clouded crystal ball. At least we hope so. For if the notions which Father Flynn refers to should ever be stated as church dogma, it would mean the final break between Rome and the Christian Faith. It would mean a return, after 2000 years, of the Olympian deities, a development which William Butler Yeats seemed both to expect and to hope for.

This, perhaps, is the fulfillment of aged Simeon's prophecy, that a sword would pierce through Mary's soul. For what mother would wish to be, even innocently, the tool in a *coup d'etat* against her son? And what Christian, even the mother of our Lord, would want to intrude his own name and person into that earliest confession of the Christian faith: "Jesus Christ is Lord"? Fortunately, Mary is at rest among the faithful departed and can not be hurt by these attacks, in her name, upon her Son. But the humble Marys and

Josephs of our own day can be hurt, and not only hurt but given over to everlasting death if they are led to repose their faith in any other name under heaven except that one Name by which men must be saved.

Water Shortage

It still seems incredible to most Americans living east of the Great Plains that their part of the country should be threatened by a shortage of water. And yet the evidence of such a shortage is piling up in every part of our country with the exception of the Great Lakes Region, and the fact of a shortage is by now well-recognized around our larger cities, particularly in the New York metropolitan area.

What makes it difficult for most of us to realize that we could run out of water is the very limited knowledge that most of us have of the uses of water. In our homes, we see water being used for drinking, for cooking, and for bathing, with a certain amount of lawn-watering in the summer time. What we forget is that all of these uses together represent only a fraction of the total consumption of water in the average community. A very great deal of water is used for industrial purposes and a considerable amount of water is used for air-conditioning.

The iron and steel industry of the United States, to take the most extreme example of industrial water requirements, uses each day four billion gallons of water. Multiply this by 365 and one arrives at the fantastic figure of a trillion and a half gallons of water per year. And there are other industries which, while less thirsty, are nevertheless major users of water.

There is hardly a major city in our country, outside the Great Lakes area, which has not run into a "water problem" during the past decade. City governments have sunk deeper and deeper wells to keep pace with the continuing fall of the ground water table. The largest cities, New York being the prime example, have had to go farther and farther away for their water supply, thus spreading the water shortage blight over whole regions. Meanwhile, consumption continues to rise.

What we must eventually realize is that the water problem is no longer a local problem to be solved by this or that city the best way it can. The problem is perhaps national and certainly

regional and requires regional study and action. Whether we want to do something about it now, before the problem gets out of hand, or whether we want to postpone doing something about it until we are confronted by potential disaster is a question which demands a fairly immediate answer. One thing is certain: the problem is not going to solve itself. An average of 30 inches of rain falls annually upon the United States. This is our water supply. There is no more to be had. All that we can possibly do is see to it that as much of this water as is possible becomes available for the use of our people and that the uses to which this water is put be as unwasteful as ordinary prudence allows.

Those Hearings

In the Anglo-American tradition, courts of law and the rules which govern their procedures are designed for the punishment of the guilty and the protection of the innocent. It is the great glory of our tradition that the protection of the innocent has long been the chief preoccupation of our courts, so much so that they would rather see some of the guilty escape punishment than run the risk of unjustly punishing an innocent man. Many of the so-called technicalities that so often irritate the layman are devices for weighting the scale on the side of the accused so that guilt, once established, may be considered to have been established beyond reasonable doubt.

Judges and lawyers know, or at least are presumed to know, the philosophical grounds upon which the various technicalities of the law and of trial procedure rest. And it is required of the ethical lawyer that he employ them shrewdly, he may employ them in some hitherto unused way, but he must not employ them to subvert the spirit and intent of the law or of legal proceedings.

It is necessary to bear this in mind because television now permits great masses of the people who are acquainted neither with the philosophy of Anglo-American law nor with its time-honored procedures to witness quasi-judicial hearings conducted by congressional committees. Unless one understands the many subtelties of law and of procedure, one is all too apt to become impatient of what seem to be barren technicalities and to be unduly impressed by such

superficial things as the personal attractiveness of witnesses, the cleverness of counsel, and the apparent nimble-mindedness of committee members.

In other words, the televising of such hearings as those which recently afflicted our air-waves tends to operate to the advantage of the shyster and the exhibitionist. This is particularly true of a congressional hearing because a congressional committee is not a court of law which is competent to assess fines or fix punishments. The real court at such hearings consists of the TV audience, and it is to that court that the unscrupulous man will be appealing.

As far as the substance of the recent hearings is concerned, about all that possibly could be established was that some Republican was lying, a fact which may or may not further the welfare of the Democratic party but which can hardly be of any great help or encouragement to the nation which, in a time of very serious crisis, needs to feel confident in the patriotism and integrity of its legislators and administrators. But, in our judgment, these hearings would have been a major disservice to the American people even if they could have established beyond reasonable doubt who the liar or liars were, for they brought the masses of our people, without training or background, into the middle of an extremely technical legal proceeding from which the people recoiled, as we all normally do in the face of that which we do not understand, with suspicion and even disgust. This can hardly be calculated to increase the people's respect for the law and for judicial processes.

AD LIB.

By ALFRED R. LOOMAN

The unfortunate thing about the modern home is that it is being built without a front porch. Never before in history have so many houses been built in such a short period of time as have been erected in the last eight years. Almost all of these new houses are attractive, and without exception, even including those that aren't attractive, they are all functional. Once an architect or contractor makes functionalism his goal, however, he is going to miss a number of features that make for good living. That, I am afraid, is what has happened with the front porch. The word "functional" has a connotation of coldness in it, and a front porch is a thing of warmth.

In the building trades, you will find a great mis-use of terms. No one seems to build houses; they all build homes. And the majority of these modern homes are called ranch type. Well, there is a misnomer to start with. The only similarity between a modern ranch type home and a real ranch home is that both are one-story affairs. But the real ranch home is a rambling affair that has innumerable features of good living which allow the residents to enjoy the outdoors without getting out in it. This ranch type business started in California where the weather and other conditions made a one-story house without a front porch or basement a feasible way to build and to live. I don't believe it is true—though I might get an argument from certain Californians on this—that what is good for California is necessarily good for, say, the Midwest.

If only because of climate, we need a different type of home.

The ranch type and other modern homes are built, presumably, for outdoor living, again the California influence. It is my contention that, except for areas with year-around warm weather, they are built for anything but that. Step out of the front or back door of a modern home and where are you? You are in the great out of doors and on exhibit to your neighbors and to passers-by. This matter of being on exhibit isn't a pleasant one, and it is not conducive to relaxation. One feels compelled to look busy, to grab a hoe and work on the garden, or to start cutting grass. But in place of the porch, a structure that permits you to get outside without being outside, you will say the modern home has a patio. Now there's another misnomer for you. A patio is a courtyard, and a courtyard is at least partially, if not completely, surrounded by the wings of the building. Not so the modern patio. It consists of slabs of stone set in the ground in the back of the house and, in most cases, it is in a perfectly open area. Two or three chairs are placed on the stones and, perhaps, a picnic table. But it is still too public a place for outdoor dining or relaxing. One is inclined to feel awfully conspicuous, if not downright foolish, just sitting there. The other disadvantage to a patio, at least in this part of the country, is that mosquitoes make it uninhabitable during the only season it could otherwise be used.

So it appears to me that the modern home, instead of giving people the opportunity to enjoy outdoor living, is driving them unhappily indoors or out to the highways. The only ones who are gaining on this are those in the air-conditioning business. If, on a warm Summer's evening, one doesn't want to fight the bites of mosquitoes, the stares of passers-by, or the traffic on the highway, then the only place he can go is inside the house. The great increase in the sale of home air-conditioning units is evidence that man has been spending too many warm evenings indoors.

All of this can be remedied easily. The modern home can be made more livable with little expense. All the contractor has to do is add a front and/or a back porch, preferably screened. It may detract somewhat from the over-all appearance, but it will add to the living qualities of the

place. The porch can be, and for many generations was, the center of living for the home during many months of the year. It is a place where the family can gather, where guests can be entertained. You can relax on a porch, read, write, eat, or even sleep there. All of this and you're still getting the benefits of being outdoors.

I was reminded of the importance of a porch last month while I was sitting on one watching the approach of a Spring thunderstorm. It was too early in the year for the screens to be up, so I was sitting there at dusk with the chair tilted back and with my feet on the porch rail. (One can sit that way on a porch, but a little more decorum is expected when sitting out on the patio.) The trees were in bud, the smell of Spring was in the air. Dark clouds had been gathering in the northwest for a half hour before I started my watch. For almost an hour I watched that storm. It began, as most of them do, with faint lightning and a distant rumble. The flashing increased in intensity and the thunder in volume as the clouds approached. Soon lightning was flashing on all sides. I felt perfectly safe and comfortable with the porch roof over my head, though I would not have felt so had I been sitting completely unprotected in the back yard. It was a beautiful show and my two small sons enjoyed it too, which they wouldn't have done without the feeling of security the porch gave them.

Just as the clouds were overhead, a strong gust of wind rushed past. It was a very strong gust, as if the wind had been compressed and suddenly released. The bushes and the branches of the trees bent violently but gracefully with the wind. Then the rain came, at first as a downpour and then slowly changing into a soft steady fall. During all this I moved not one inch. Neither the wind nor the rain made any difference. I was still perfectly dry.

A fairly prosaic experience? Perhaps, though I have never thought of Nature in action as being very prosaic, and when was the last time you've watched this particular performance? If you have recently *enjoyed* observing a storm forming and approaching, and you were outside during the show, you must have been on a porch. For if you were under a tree, you wouldn't have felt comfortable,

and if you were just sitting in the back yard, you were drenched.

A porch is also an ideal place for a child to play, particularly on rainy days. I don't know if it has been tested, or if there is any scientific basis for the belief that rainy weather makes adults rather irritable. I do know that being cooped up on a rainy day makes a child go wild. In the modern home, there is no place for the child to go and nothing for him to do. He may play with his familiar toys on days when he doesn't have to, but he won't touch them on a day when there is nothing else to do. If you have a porch, the child can be outside, still dry, and watch the rain or the traffic, or just play and yet feel that he is not cooped up. If there is ever a revolt against the porch-less home, as I believe there will be one of these days, it will most likely be led by mothers whose nerves have been stretched to the breaking point by whining young children on a rainy day. All the members of the family benefit from a porch, but any strong movement requires a spontaneous reaction to be successful, so I'm backing the mothers to furnish this impetus for the return of the porch.

A porch is conducive to privacy and relaxation, and I don't know what the modern home has to compare with it. One feels so much more at home on a porch than on a patio. When I'm sitting on a porch, I prefer to swing or to rock. You can't do either successfully on a patio. You can't get a very satisfactory swing from those self-contained swings that are used on patios, and the stones are too rough to make rocking pleasant. And if one is on exhibition on a patio, he usually feels required to sit quietly.

A porch has an intimate air about it even though you may be visible from the street. Conversation seems to flow more freely, visitors are more at ease. It is possible on a porch to read, play cards, sew, or study with the lights turned on and not be forced to fight off all sorts of specimens from the insect world. I suppose it would be possible to view television undisturbed on a screened-in porch, but I'm not pushing that as an inducement. In fact, I am so convinced of the efficacy of a porch for quiet entertainmnet that I would rule out TV entirely as being much too obtrusive.

It is surprising how many uses a porch can be put to. When I was a child, both our front and

back porches proved to be adaptable under circumstances not normally anticipated. In those years, the Illinois River had a Spring habit of overflowing its banks and flooding our town. In most areas the water would not be more than three feet deep and, fortunately, most houses then were built with basements that brought the first floor more than three feet off the ground. Most every household had a boat as part of its standard equipment. And what do you do with a boat once the water is up? You tie it to a post on the front or back porch. The porch itself makes an excellent dock, greatly facilitating the getting in or out of a rowboat. Many people fished from their front porches and were quite successful. Those who enjoy fishing as a rather lazy sport found fishing from their own front porches the acme of fishing perfection. During the floods, our porches were ideal places for us children to play. We were too young to be out in a boat alone all day, and I don't know what else we would have done if we hadn't had a porch.

I am not advocating that porches be built in the expectation of their being used as docks sometime in the future. I am merely pointing out that a porch is an extremely important and versatile adjunct to the home. There are signs that others too, are beginning to realize the need for a porch on a modern home and are attempting to do something about it. Most of the attempts have not been successful since they have only built substitutes for porches. Not far from my town, one family has built a ten foot square framework and covered it with screening. It sits in the front yard about twenty feet from the front door. It has the appearance of a cage, but it has some of the advantages of a porch, though it kept many of the disadvantages of a patio, particularly in its location. It's just not the same as a porch. In order to answer the telephone, get a book, or make some lemonade, someone must open the door to the outside, let in mosquitoes, and then tramp twenty feet to the house. The temptation on a warm evening will be to let the telephone ring (not a bad idea if you can avoid wondering who called the rest of the evening), or to forego the book or the lemonade.

No, there there is no substitute for a porch, but I am sure there is a demand for them that has not been realized. If I were

so situated, I would get into the home building business and come out with a complete line of home plans featuring livable porches of large proportions. I would, I think, make a fortune with that idea within a year. But I am like you are. I get these good ideas but never have the capital that is required to make anything on them.

Freely Given

Who can be silent, who ignore
That ageless moment when the shy
Crocus lifts up its head once more
Under a gentle sky?

New-minted dandelion gold
Offers to any who may pass
Something no treasure chest can hold,
Nor miser's greed amass.

Richer than royal purple, far,
The violet reaching toward the sun;
Dew-jeweled cobwebs finer are
Than any fabric spun.

Who can be poor when all these things
Are ours to possess,
Scattered upon the earth by Spring's
Unfailing lavishness?

—ALBERT RALPH KORN

TOLERANCE

By JOHN STRIETELMEIER

If you had asked a Jew of the pre-Christian era what he owed to a person who did not share his race and his faith, he might have answered with a quotation from the Torah: "Thou shalt neither vex a stranger nor oppress him". If you had asked a Christian of apostolic times what he owed to his non-Christian neighbor, he might have repeated the words of his Lord: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself". To the Jew, then, justice was the basic obligation which men owed to each other. To the Christian, the obligation was love. But if you ask the first ten citizens you encounter on the street tonight what they owe to men who do not share their race or their faith, the chances are that at least nine of them will answer: "Tolerance".

Now it may very well be that when modern man says "Tolerance" he means very much the same thing that the old Testament Jew meant by justice and perhaps even something similar to what the apostolic Christian meant by love. In other words, tolerance may be just our way of expressing a moral obligation which decent people have always felt toward other men, regardless of race or religious profession. But as a practitioner of language, I have enough respect for the power of words to believe that words are at least as effective in molding attitudes as the attitudes are in modifying the meaning of words. And so I have many misgivings about this word "tolerance".

Irrespective of what any one person may have in mind when he uses the word, the dictionary definition of tolerance is "the disposition to bear up under or endure beliefs, practises, or habits differing from one's own". One could, therefore, conceivably tolerate a roommate who persists in keeping limburger cheese in his book shelf or a preacher who skips rope while he preaches. But I suspect that somewhere along the line one would have to get a limit to this sort of thing. Few of us, I am sure, would be able to remain tolerant for any length of time of a roommate who uses sticks of TNT as dumbbells for his morning exercises and probably none of us would tolerate the

preacher who becomes so involved in his rope-skipping that he never gets around to preaching.

By these perhaps outlandish examples I have tried to indicate that tolerance, in its very nature, is a very limited and very tentative thing. As a disposition of the mind, it runs head-on into elements in our nature which are much more than dispositions of the mind. Thus the harmless eccentricity which we may be disposed to tolerate becomes, at a certain stage of intensification, the nuisance which we can no longer bear. The merely irritating practise can very easily become the danger which arouses our instinct for self-preservation. The peculiar beliefs of a person or a group may demand an expression in action which represents either a danger or a nuisance to the rest of us. At the point where tolerance runs into the emotions and the instincts that are, so to speak, of the essence of man's nature, tolerance suffers the fate of a moth running into a flame. I am not, at the moment, saying that this is the way it ought to be. I *am* saying that, as a matter of fact, this is the way it is.

This being so, it is not surprising that an increasing number of intelligent and repsonsible people in our country are becoming very intolerant of what they consider intolerance. During the past two years, two articles have appeared in the *Saturday Review,* each symptomatic of this new intolerance. The first of these articles, by Dr. Horace M. Kallen, insists that religion as it is institutionalized in the various churches robs men of freedom. And since Dr. Kallen is emotionally and intellectually committed to freedom as an absolute value, he insists upon a recognition of s e c u l a r i s m as America's true religion. This true religion, according to Dr. Kallen, rests upon the scientific method, which he describes as democracy in the realm of ideas, and upon the democratic way of life, which he believes insures man's liberty in the face of difference and potential conflict.

Now let us stop for a minute to see what Dr. Kallen is saying here. He is saying that there is something to which man can and ought to make an absolute commitment. For him, that something is freedom. It is not too much, therefore, to say that freedom is his god and that the "scientific method" and the democratic way of life are the two essential articles of his faith. Be-

lieving that, it is not surprising that Dr. Kallen does what any committed person must necessarily do. He becomes a missionary for his faith. He becomes, if you please, an intolerant missionary. For have you ever known a missionary—whether Christian, secular, free-enterprise, or Communist—who was not intolerant?

So much, for the moment, for Dr. Kallen. A few months after the publication of Dr. Kallen's article, the second of the two articles to which I referred appeared in the *Saturday Review*. The writer of this article is the able and high-minded former president of Harvard, Dr. James Bryant Conant. In his article, entitled "Education: Engine of Democracy", Dr. Conant expresses his regret at the establishment of private schools, particularly on the elementary level, in areas which had previously been served by a single public school. Dr. Conant sees in the public school the great vehicle of democracy, through which class distinctions are minimized, fluidity is maintained in our social and economic structure, and understanding furthered between various segments of the population. He believes, therefore, that a system of strong private schools would be destructive to the nation's best interests.

You will note that Dr. Conant's basic commitment is to the United States of America. Although I am sure that he would not state it so crudely, his country is his god and democracy is the true faith which, to borrow a phrase from the Athanasian Creed, "except a man believe faithfully and firmly, he cannot be saved". And so he also, finding himself convinced of what he considers essential truth, has to do something about it. He has, in other words, to become a missionary for his conviction. And in the process he, too, displays something of the intolerance of the missionary.

I have selected these two examples simply because one would have to look far to find two men for whose abilities and nobility of character one could have as much respect. And the point that I would make, in both cases, is that the committed man can not handle what he considers essential truth lightly. One can be completely open-minded about the "scientific method" if he considers it only one of several acceptable methods for determining truth. But if you share Dr. Kallen's conviction that it is the only valid method

for determining truth, you are not going to be able to conceal your contempt for and your antagonism toward other methods. Similarly, one can be completely open-minded about the public school system if one considers it only a device for teaching children to read, write, and calculate. But the minute you conceive of the public school system as a vehicle of democracy, certain very dogmatic assertions about it must necessarily follow. Real conviction sets up first premises which are held as absolute truth and proceeds from there to accept whatever minor premises must necessarily follow.

If I were to apply what I have said up to this point to, let us say, the natural sciences, no one would argue with it. No chemist would admit the validity of intuition as a method for the qualitative analysis of a complex hydrocarbon. Nor would it get much of an argument in engineering. There are right ways and wrong ways to hook up electrical circuits and if the hookup is wrong there is not going to be any power. But when, as I propose to do now, I apply this to the area of religion, that is a different story. And it is only natural that it should be so. For when one begins to probe the relation of a man to his god, all sorts of innate and acquired protective devices come into play to avoid pain to that sensitive core of our hearts where the Creator has hidden the breath of our lives. And if I speak at all, it is because I am profoundly convinced that each of us owes the other the duty to supply whatever fuel we have to that breath of life.

Religion for most of us, I take it, involves a commitment. For many of us, this commitment underlies all of our hopes not only for all of the years of this life but also for an unending life which we believe will follow this life. We believe that it is possible for a man to live forever in everlasting fecility and that it is equally possible for a man to live forever in everlasting pain. There is considerable difference of opinion among men as to the criteria upon which our destiny will be determined. And there is equally diverse opinion on the nature of the promised life. But all of religion postulates that life is a game which can be won and that, by logical corollary, it is a game that can be lost. There is, therefore, in all of religion an Either-Or imperative. Recognizing this, no person who takes his faith seriously and who

is, at the same time, seriously concerned for the welfare of other men, can look on neutrally while men reject the saving Either for the fatal Or.

I would therefore have no hesitation whatsoever in saying that the person who boasts of his religious tolerance is, in actuality, saying one or both of two things. Either he is saying that he has made no religious commitment, in which case he has nothing to be tolerant of, or else he is saying that it doesn't matter one way or another to him whether men live or die.

It is this latter person that should concern us. The question is whether a religious commitment carries with it any responsibility over against others who have made a different commitment. And if there is a responsibility, what is it?

I have already indicated that it seems to me humanly impossible to conceal one's basic commitments. It is not only the Galilean whose speech betrays him. Our speech, our day-to-day activities, the way we employ our leisure time, the books we choose to read, the way we go about our everyday work will all betray the commitment we have made. But I would go beyond that to suggest that if the commitment is genuine enough, we will not even want to conceal it. We will want to share it. We will want to evangelize for it.

But does wanting to evangelize impose upon us the moral obligation to evangelize? Not in itself, of course. And yet I believe that the moral obligation is there. I think that it is the mean and selfish soul, not the great and generous soul, that conceals the secret of its happiness and the grounds of its hopes from other men. I think that there is a streak of anti-Semitism in the orthodox Christian who feels no desire to convert an orthodox Jew. I think that there is a streak of anti-Catholicism in the Protestant who is unwilling to discuss the doctrine of justification with his Roman Catholic friends. And I think that there is a streak of anti-Protestantism in the Roman Catholic who is unwilling to stand up for the Roman Catholic teaching on the nature of the Mass. I know what this involves. It involves irritating people on their most sensitive spot. But if the great law of life is not to irritate other people, there is hardly any justification for the medical profession, not to mention the teaching profession.

But let me inject a personal foot-note at this point. It has been my experience that in mat-

ters of religion the fundamental and unbridgeable division is not between those who believe different things, but between those who believe and those who do not believe. I have seen Lutheran pastors and Catholic priests fighting side by side against non-Christians who maintained absolutely that there are no absolutes. When I read an address by Dr. Lowery, the Presbyterian president of Wooster College, or when I read the magnificent prose of Anglican C. S. Lewis, or when I read the free-swinging argumentation of Roman Catholic G. K. Chesterton I recognize a voice speaking in my own language. At times their dogma hits me in the face and I am prompted to say, "Come now, where do you get such incredible nonsense?" But I can say it with the freedom and unselfconsciousness that one feels toward a friend. It is when I read the outpourings of some of the representatives of modern secularism that I find myself unable to speak. They are simply speaking a language that I can not understand and I keep feeling that somehow they are not being frank enough with me to permit me really to examine their conclusions.

And this experience of mine is by no means unique. There is, I know, the popular picture of dogmatic theologians hurling invective at each other and secretly trying to cut each other's throat. Undoubtedly there is some ground in fact for this picture. But I would suggest that the picture is quite untypical of the reality of the situation.

But to get back to the question we had posed. What is the responsibility which we owe, in the area of religion, toward those who differ with our beliefs?

I would suggest that this obligation is three-fold.

In the first place, I believe that we are obligated to get our convictions straight in our own minds. Whatever our religion may be, it has an intellectual content. By that I mean that it can and must be capable of formulation in a s t a t e m e n t which satisfies the intellectual demand for consistency. Every man, whether he admits it or not, has a theology. The difference is that some men have a theology that makes sense and other men h a v e a theology which, if it were ever written down, would be a jumble of unfinished s e n t e n c e s, contradictions, and dangling participles.

Aside from the specifically

spiritual value that one would derive from arriving at such an intelligible formulation, there would be the very considerable social benefit of decreasing, at least by one, the number of witless wonders who whirl about trying, in the name of religion, to do half a dozen mutually-contradictory things such as preaching brotherhood and contributing to building funds for segregated churches, praying for the conversion of the heathen and neglecting the spiritual training of their own children, condemning other church bodies and never bothering to read the confessional statements of their own.

Once we have formulated, in some intelligible way, our own statement of conviction, it would seem to me that we ought to see whether what we truly believe corresponds to what we profess to believe. Most of us claim membership in some religious body. That body somewhere along the line has set down its fundamental teachings, its creed if I may use a word which credulous modern man is so afraid to use. It seems to me rather dishonest to call one's self, let us say, a Methodist if one is not in substantial agreement with what the Methodist Church, in its public statements, sets down as its distinctive teachings. We can admit the probability that no individual Christian would be able to subscribe word for word and letter for letter to every detail of his Church's doctrine and practise. But somewhere there must be a line beyond which, if one crosses it, he has in fact left his church. To continue to call one's self a member of the church under such circumstances would, it seems to me, be analogous to attending a Republican National Convention with a Draft-Stevenson button on one's lapel.

This is not, I hope you will understand, a plea for sectarianism in the ugly sense of that term. But certainly within the riotous variety of religious groups in America one ought to be able to find at least one group to whose tenets he could subscribe without violating his conscience. My own convictions as to the nature of the church does not permit me to place the church in a category alongside service clubs and political parties as an organization to be joined or forsaken at will. But neither could I, in conscience, remain a Protestant if my actual religious convictions were more consonant with Roman Catholicism.

Having then formulated our convictions, and having made

sure that what we actually believe corresponds to what we profess to believe, I conceive it to be our duty to present our convictions as fully as possible, as openly as possible, and as persuasively as possible to anyone who is willing to listen. I feel hurt and offended when a man who, I know, differs with me on basic issues refuses to admit that the difference exists or suggests that we simply not talk about it. Why doesn't he want to talk about it? Does he think that I am too stupid to understand him? Does he think that my own convictions are so weak and shabby that they need to be protected from conflict? Does he think that I am emotionally unbalanced and might cause an embarrassing scene if he didn't humor me along? Unless I am to pass critical judgment upon his own sincerity and generosity, I must almost necessarily assume that somehow he considers me his inferior. And there is still enough original sin in me to make me bristle when somebody gives me the brush-off.

No. When I talk to a rabbi, I expect to differ with him on practically every point of theology. But I expect also to get a deeper insight into the ethical and moral grandeur of the Jewish faith and to come a little closer to understanding s o m e thing of the majestic spirit of the Talmud. In return, I should like to lay open to the rabbi the Christian understanding of the events recorded in the New Testament which, to a Christian, constitute the fulfillment of the hope which, for centuries, the Jewish people kept alive under so much suffering. When I talk to a priest, I expect to differ with him on doctrines which both he and I consider of basic importance. But I expect also to be surprised at the number of times we will spontaneously express our agreement with each other on some issue and our disagreement with what the non-Christian would have to say about the same issue.

These three obligations, then, I believe that we owe to men who hold convictions that differ from our own: first, to make sure that we ourselves know clearly what it is that we truly believe; secondly, to make sure that what we t r u l y believe squares with what we profess to believe; and, finally, to be quite ready to state our convictions candidly, forcefully, and persuasively whenever we have opportunity to do so. You will note, I hope, that these obli-

gations go considerably beyond mere tolerance. They demand a disposition which, I fear, one encounters altogether too rarely in our day. They demand respect.

They demand, in the first place, a respect for truth. We have learned, or at least we should have learned, from the events of recent years that there are some things in heaven and on earth that are true—true not because some men said they were true or because events proved they were true but true in the very nature of things. It may be readily granted that there have been ages in which too many things were too readily accepted as true. But the gullibility of one age does not excuse the nihilism of another age. We are not justified in saying that truth, in its highest sense, can not be apprehended m e r e l y because other generations thought that they had apprehended all or most of it. To the skeptics and the logical positivists and the pragmatists of our generation the various religious faiths would say: "The truth exists and it is knowable. It is not only man's highest privilege but his most solemn obligation to know it. But once a man knows it, he cannot surrender it except at the cost of his soul".

These obligations demand, in the second place, a respect for one's self. More than we realize, I fear that most of us have succumbed, even in our self-estimation, to the insidious bestialization of man which has been going on now for something like a hundred years. There would not be time for me to take up in this article the effects of the thinking of men such as Darwin and Freud and Dewey upon modern man's conception of his nature and destiny. But the effects have been profound and, on the whole, I fear, not very happy. From the psalmist's lofty conception of man as "a little lower than the angels", we have brought him down to a level only slightly above the primates. It is not at all improbable that if men think of themselves as only somewhat more advanced beasts, they will begin to behave like beasts. Unfortunately it is no more possible for man to play the role of a superior sort of ape convincingly than it is for an ape to play the role of an inferior sort of man. As between the two, the ape pretending to be a man is much more amusing and much less dangerous than is the man pretending to be an ape.

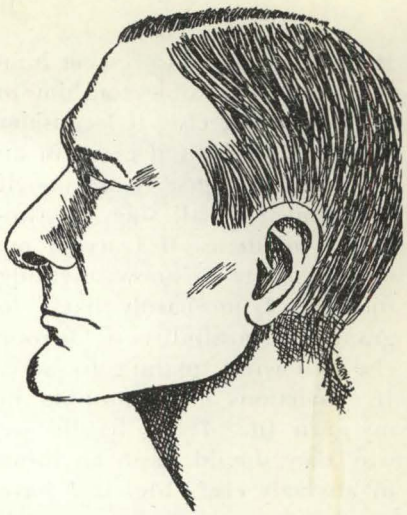
Until one has learned, at least

in some measure, to respect himself, it is impossible for him to respect anyone else. If I consider myself an accidental event in an accidental universe, I see myself surrounded on all sides by two-legged accidents. If I accept my own inability to know anything for sure, I am hardly likely to grant the possibility of anyone else's knowing anything for sure. If convictions mean nothing in my own life, I can hardly see why they should mean anything in anybody else's life. If I have not bet my own life on a truth which admits of no doubt, I can not begin to imagine what the world and life and time looks like to a man who has made that complete commitment.

Once one has developed the ability to respect the truth, himself, and his fellow men, I believe that there is the possibility of his eventually being able to take the next step and learn to love all of these—not as objects seen through the rose-coloured glasses of a cheap and maudlin sentimentality but as evidences of the handiwork of God. On this level, the devout Roman Catholic, the orthodox Jew, the convinced Protestant becomes not an eccentric whose views are to be tolerated as one tolerates the vocal efforts of Johnny Ray but a person—a creature fashioned in the image of the ineffable God and bearing still, despite all of the evidences of corruption and mortality, some clear traces of his divine parentage. I know that this has all been said before. But I know also that our generation, which has seen Buchenwald and the rape of Nanking and the dehumanization of half of the world's population, needs to hear it again. I know that even we who profess a religious faith need constantly to be reminded of it.

For I am convinced that if we can not rise above mere tolerance, we shall finally find ourselves exterminating one another. Unless we can learn to respect each other's convictions and love each other as human beings, we shall grow weary of merely putting up with each other. There are abundant signs that this is already happening, in our own country and in vast areas of our world. Unless we take positive steps to turn the tide, we shall one of these days find the members of various faiths feeding *upon* each other rather than *with* each other.

Garlic and Sapphires: T.S. Eliot



By Alfred P. Klausler

Mr. John Q. Merchant, average businessman, Centerville, USA., is in New York on his annual buying trip. He is accompanied by his wife. They have one free evening and Mrs. Merchant brightly informs her husband she has succeeded in obtaining two 8th row, center, seats at the Morosco Theater.

"What are we seeing?" asks Mr. Merchant suspiciously, knowing how unpredictably his wife has acted in the past. He also knows she is an avid pursuer of "culture."

"We are seeing "The Confidential Clerk."

"What is that?"

"That is a play, John. I promised Jane, our daughter, we would see it."

Several hours later Mr. John Q. Merchant asks querulously "But what is it about? I listened. I didn't get the laughs. Tell me. As far as I could discover it was about illegitimate children."

"You wouldn't understand, John. When T.S. Eliot writes a play he's thinking of the Greeks and the French poets and all kinds of things happening to us in the 20th century. He's talking about us."

And because Mr. John Q. Merchant is truly interested in finding out more both about himself and about the people

who are studying him, he picks up *The Complete Poems and Plays* of T. S. Eliot and begins reading.

He is shocked. The poems don't rhyme. They have German, Italian, Greek, Latin, French phrases. He reads on. Here and there a line strikes him. Then his daughter Jane, a college junior, writes: "....Our major play this year is Eliot's *Murder in the Cathedral.* Don't forget to come."

And so the Merchants attend this production, staged in the quadrangle in front of the chapel doors. Mr. Merchant is strangely moved by the play. He hears familiar lines. He recalls remembered phrases from the liturgy which he hears every Sunday. At the close of the play he has an opportunity to talk to his daughter's English instructor. He asks the teacher, "Tell me something about this T. S. Eliot. I can't understand him and at the same time I think I'm beginning once in a while to get an idea of what it's all about."

The instructor is patient. Mr. John Q. Merchant, he sees, is a perceptive man. In effect, this is what he tells him:

1.

Yes, Thomas Stearns Eliot's plays are now Broadway hits. Perhaps they aren't as popular as *The Solid Gold Cadillac* or *The King and I* but there are many thousands of people who have found a depth in Eliot's plays not present in modern playwrights. They are willing to pay a good price to see leading actors recite Mr. Eliot's lines, whether those lines appear in a tragedy or in a farce.

It wasn't always this way. There was a time when T. S. Eliot was attacked for being a highbrow obscurantist. Some said he was being intellectually cute, others that he was striving to shock people. Marxist critics said he was purposely obscure because he didn't want the masses to read him.

Thomas Stearns Eliot was born in St. Louis, Mo., in 1888. His grandfather founded both Washington University and St. Louis' first Unitarian church. Young Eliot was educated at Harvard, the Sorbonne, and Merton's College, Oxford. He has worked as a bank clerk in London. Later he accepted a position on the editorial board of Faber and Faber, a distinguished London publishing house. In 1927 he became a British citizen. He has said that he is "an Anglo-Catholic in religion, a classicist

in literature, and a royalist in politics."

His first poems were published in 1909 but not until 1917 with the publication of *The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock* did he attract the attention of the advance guard intellectuals. Then, in rapid succession, his poems of the Twenties and Thirties and his plays of the past two decades attracted the attention of the general reader. He was a "late bloomer" in the sense that he worked a long time to achieve recognition for his poems. He was a careful worker, publishing his poems only after years of polishing and refining.

He was awarded the Nobel Prize in Literature in 1948. He has also received many awards, including the British Empire's highest honor, the Order of Merit. He has also been the subject of a lengthy study in *Life,* America's picture magazine. His first Broadway hit was the play, *The Cocktail Party.*

During his period of growth and education as a poet he was under the influence of many men, notably Laforgue, Rimbaud, Corbiere and Ezra Pound. The latter exercised profound influence on him both as editor and adviser. He was also a student of Dante as well as of the Holy Bible and many of the English divines of the 17th century.

It is significant that Mr. Eliot is a man of the 20th century; that is to say, he observed and experienced the vagaries of intellectuals whose roots were the rationalism of the French Revolution. He was brought up at a time when the belief in the progress of man toward a millenium was a standard part of the new credo. He lived when Woodrow Wilson and the rest of western man believed that World War I was the last great war. He lived at a time when cynicism and the corruption of man's soul and body was accepted as an inevitable part of contemporary civilization. He saw the shattering effect of a science which felt that facts were all that mattered and that the soul was a queer adumbration of first century mystics living on the shores of the Mediterranean.

He was, however, a deeply perceptive man, as all great poets are. He saw that the aridity of modern life, deprived of religion and a fixed creed, would produce nothing but monsters and despair. Early he was convinced that man without the usual rudders could drift into a

dreary routine which has as its end either spiritual or physical suicide, or both. Writing, therefore, in the harsh terminology of our time with constant reference to the past, T. S. Eliot sought to demonstrate that the march of man was one hindered constantly by original sin, the passage of time, and the debilitating effects of creeds negating God. Garlic and sapphires were the lot of man today.

2.

There still seems to exist the notion that all poetry is romantic, that is to say that its primary appeal is emotional. The exciting surge of Byron or the sweet lyricism of Tennyson represent, in the minds of many, the true function of a poem.

T. S. Eliot's poetry is the mind in action. Whether this is romantic can, of course, be debated. The truth is there is just as much excitement in the mind's battles as there is in the heart's reactions to a daisy in a meadow. Eliot's poetry requires the exercise of the mind.

Perhaps the first requirement before undertaking an extensive study of his poetry is a fairly adequate knowledge of the entire field of human knowledge. He makes no concessions to a reader's lack of awareness of the mind's adventures in the classic world as well as modern life. One critic has pointed out that the interest of the crossword puzzle is present in his poetry. Obviously, when the crossword puzzle is solved the solution dare not be trivial.

If it is asked why Eliot must make a poem difficult, the answer is that he does it not to be cute or to be different. Present within T. S. Eliot's poetry is the challenge the reader feels of the matching of wits. This is not a new development but was present also in the 17th century English poets.

Can one, therefore, read T. S. Eliot with any amount of understanding or appreciation? Is it worth the effort? Can the reader obtain an emotional experience knowing the difficulties involved?

Rather than begin with his richly allusive poetry in *The Wasteland* or *The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock,* the reader ought to accept the challenge of *Murder in the Cathedral,* the dramatic account of Archbishop Thomas Becket and his conflict with the state in 1170. Briefly, the theme centers around the Archbishop's refusal to truckle to King Henry who demands complete obeisance from all sub-

jects, lay or cleric. Involved in this obeisance is a denial of all spiritual values. Held out to Thomas Becket are a series of temptations, even the temptation to endure martyrdom and thus achieve an immortality granted only the saints and martyrs of past ages. The Archbishop has of necessity been forced to excommunicate all those who deny the authority of the church and the authority of God in their lives and actions. He is murdered at the altar of Canterbury.

In the course of the unfolding of this tragedy we catch T. S. Eliot's stringent criticism of our time:

You think me reckless, desperate and mad.
You argue by results, as this world does,
To settle if an act be good or bad.
You defer to the fact.

This deference to the fact is a hallmark of the 20th Century which has accepted pragmatism as its guiding creed. T. S. Eliot has the Archbishop speak out against this ancient heresy but at the same time the Archbishop's lines strike the modern audience with a tragic poignancy.

When his followers and friends urge him to use the sanctuary of the cathedral and keep the doors barred, the Archbishop answers

It is the just man who
Like a bold lion, should be without fear.
I am here.
No traitor to the King. I am a priest,
A Christian, saved by the blood of Christ.

The Archbishop dies but he leaves as his testament a Church aware of its role as the conscience of all life.

After this venture the reader might glance at the *Book of Practical Cats,* a delightful excursion into light verse, revealing a poet thoroughly conversant with poetry's technical requirements.

Next a reader ought to begin on the *Four Quartets* called by one critic "the greatest poem the 20th century has produced and perhaps its only great poem."

It is unfair to a poet to attempt to isolate one general theme and say that this is the gist of the poem. If one were to say that the *Four Quartets* is a study of the progress from agnosticism to faith, the answer would be partly true. If someone else were to say that in these poems T. S. Eliot has captured

the sense of history and the feeling both of the passage of temporal time and the timelessness of the eternal, the answer would also be there. Finally, if a careful reader were to say that in the *Four Quartets* T. E. Eliot captures the tremendous significance, as no other poet has ever done, of the meaning of the Incarnation in time, then that answer would also be true—and perhaps nearer to the truth than the other answers. This variety of meaning one gets is certainly an indication of a great work of art which addresses itself uncompromisingly to the beholder and asks the beholder to see eternity through the eyes of one who has glimpsed the timelessness of God.

Read in this light the *Four Quartets* may be regarded as a revelation and an experience. Analysis reveals T. S. Eliot's magnificent comprehension of time theologically considered; for the *Four Quartets* hark back to St. Augustine's discussions on the nature of time and that in time God appeared to disconsolate man.

3.

T. S. Eliot is both a young man's poet and a poet for the mature. The young man, first approaching T. S. Eliot, easily becomes intoxicated by his dazzling contemporaneity: he takes jazz themes and phrases of street talk and weaves it all into an abstruse discussion on the aridity of life. He offers a challenge to young minds fermenting and bubbling with ideas. He opens new vistas, daring the mind to accept all challenges. He encompasses all of life into sparkling verbal patterns.

It is apparent that T. S. Eliot has participated in the experiences of any new generation which sees with disillusioned eyes that the elders have had to compromise. To the 20th century generations he demonstrates once more the utter foolishness of many assumptions made either by scientific or philosophical minds.

But he is also a mature person's poet. Those who have learned that not all of life's challenges can be accepted and that many times there is only the dreary routine of the daily round of living to sustain the tired man. He speaks to the mature person who has learned that life is not easy to solve and that the many puzzles and bewilderments confronting man will remain unsolved and disturbing until judgment day.

As we grow older
The world becomes stranger, the pattern more complicated
Of dead and living. Not the intense moment
Isolated, with no before and after,
But a lifetime burning in every moment...
Love is most nearly itself
When here and now cease to matter...

At life's end, the mature know that love, the love of God expressed in the beginning through the Incarnation, is the answer to the seeking mind.

T. S. Eliot is a poet who has brought back intellectual respectability to the theology of the church. He does not hesitate to express his abiding faith in the dogmas which are the bulwarks of an orthodox Christianity. He does not balk either at the Incarnation or the Ressurection or the doctrines of the Last Things. It is true the casual reader may find at times that he has difficulty finding this faith spelled out but T. S. Eliot does not believe in writing for either the intellectually illiterate or the emotionally immature. He expects you to dig into his poetry. He who ploughs deeper into each verse line will make the discovery that here there is gold of purest weight.

Those who set out to serve both God and Mammon soon discover that there is no God.

—LOGAN PEARSALL SMITH

Past Understanding

By Clara Seuel Schreiber

"Hi, Greta!"

Nick Nedders burst into the kitchen, slamming the door after him. Before his startled wife could utter a sound, he seized her warm hands in his icy ones and dragged her to the window.

"Lookit, Greta," he shouted, "how she's snowing! Heck of a moving day! April first!" he scoffed, "and snow coming down in bushel baskets!"

"Bushel baskets!" Greta protested mildly, freeing her hands from his grasp. He could be so funny when he felt like it. But mostly he didn't. "How can you say bushel baskets? It's like—like —powdered sugar."

"Powdered sugar!" Nick mimicked. "Want me to roll you in it?" Greta sighed as she watched him dash out and stride across the lawn. Impatiently he marched down the driveway, looking for the moving van. Oh, he was always so impatient! Slowly she picked her way through the maze of piled-up household goods, baskets of kitchenware, handmade quilts, blankets, rugs, and chairs. She paused a moment before the dresser to survey herself in the mirror. Blonde hair parted in the middle and pinned in two coils at the base of her neck! She didn't look her forty-two. Especially in that pink-striped dress that Nick liked so much. He said it made her blue eyes show up nice. And he liked the way she wore her hair. He never wanted her to have it cut.

"But now," she sighed, "it won't matter no more what he says. If he'd only been a little more kind—in all those years—if he'd a-give me some flowers or a box of candy, sometime." She returned to the kitchen, filled the percolator with water, and measured out the coffee. Now, where was that oatmeal kettle? Packed away. Oh, my! Nick would grumble if he didn't get his oatmeal for breakfast! She'd have to find it.

Glancing outside, she saw him still in the driveway. The snow was melting on his bald head. Even the edging of his sand-colored hair was full of snow. He'd catch a cold! She'd have to doctor him up! And then he'd get one of his old mad spells

again, and grouch and grump. She couldn't stand that any longer. She'd made up her mind to leave him. Kurt said she could earn good money working in the watch factory. He said she ought to get away from such a sour-puss before it made her sick.

The clock was nearing seven. Greta hauled out a frying pan and placed two slices of bacon in it. Nick liked bacon and eggs. But the bacon had to be fried just so—a nice yellow brown. Not too crisp. And the eggs had to be cooked through but not fried hard. That was the way he wanted it. Otherwise, he'd throw it at her.

The bacon began to sizzle. The coffee was percolating. It smelled so good that Greta poured herself a cup. Then she spread a piece of her homemade bread with jam and took a bite. A glance at the clock made her worry. The movers would be late. Nick would go into a rage. He could be so mean to people! Little as he was, he sure was loaded with dynamite!

She was just finishing her coffee when he strode in again. One look was enough. Tight, pinched lips! Pitch-black eyes! He was mad! Good and mad! Quickly she busied herself with the bacon and coffee while he washed up.

He sat down scowling. "Don't I get no oatmeal?"

"It's all packed away already."

"H'm!" he disapproved severely. "Why don't you use your head a little? You know I want my oatmeal."

Greta did not reply. She knew the value of the unspoken word. No one could ever hold it against you. And, anyway, Nick wouldn't bother her after today. Hadn't she spent most of the night thinking about how she would work or go away with Kurt? Everybody knew that she and Kurt had been lovers in the old country. But they had drifted apart and then she had married Nick. And now after all these years she had met Kurt again. How glad he was to see her! And she to see him! He told her that he had never married because he couldn't forget her. And that she was better looking than ever. Of course, that sort of went to her head like wine. But when Kurt hinted that she could leave Nick and marry him if she wasn't happy, it had shocked her way down to the marrow of her bone. *She* should leave Nick? She—*Greta*—should

leave her husband and go with Kurt? Oh! it was—

Nick's irate voice cut into her reflections. "Ain't them guys coming yet? Heck, it's almost noon already! They got to get shook up a little."

An inscrutable smile flitted across Greta's face. She glanced at the clock as he went to the telephone. It was halfpast seven. He said it was noon. Well, he could call evening morning, and morning evening. She heard him hang up the receiver with a sharp click.

"Well, make it shnappy." Sometimes when he was excited, he still talked old-countryish.

She took a deep breath. If she could only get away from Nick. He was too hard to live with. Another five years would ruin her. Kurt said she could work in that watch factory. So many women did. She'd like it to earn her own money. Maybe—. But oh, my! How Nick would rave if she suddenly disappeared! He'd move heaven and earth to find her. And he'd never forgive her for going away. She wondered what Nick would do all alone in that nice new house. Live alone? Rent it and live with Nettie, their daughter? No, he couldn't stand "them kids." He couldn't live with his son either, because young Nick was just like himself. So short-tempered!

Nick rushed in suddenly. "Hey, Greta," he snorted, "get ready! Here comes de truck at last. Huh! Betcha she don't make that driveway."

He tore out of the house again to hail the men in the van. After many futile attempts the truck was hauled up the steep incline. Now to back up as close to the house as possible! The men shouted and whooped. The rear wheels kicked up masses of snow and mud. They slid and spun around. The motor roared. At last the big truck stood backed against the rear porch.

"Oh, my!" Greta sighed, watching from the open doorway. "Just listen to him boss them fellas around. You'd think he was Napoleon's son. Boss and boss all day long!"

"Hey, Greta!" Nick stormed in, spattered with snow and dirt, "show them guys around so they can git goin'."

She turned quickly. She could see that Nick was boiling mad. He was mad at the slushy snow. And he was mad at the loads of gravel and mud the men carried in. They would track up his new house. He was mad, too, because they were late. He couldn't bear

that. Everything must click to the minute.

"Huh," he muttered irascibly, "them guys is worse than kids! I could do the whole moving better myself. Just lookit the dirt!"

"Yes," Greta protested, "but how can they help it? The snow is so mushy."

He scouted the idea. "Heck," he broke out, vigorously wiping his face with a huck towel, "I kin do lots better myself! But I'm just as wet as a dishrag already."

Greta smiled somberly. "Maybe if you wouldn't get so—so—"

"So hot?" he sneered. "If I wouldn't get mad as a steer—ha! We soon land in the poorhouse then."

Greta ignored this remark.

"Say, Nick," she suggested pleasantly, "how would you like a nice hot cup of coffee and some doughnuts? You didn't eat much for breakfast."

"Wy, sure," he beamed. "A cup-a coffee goes goot any time. And doughnuts—m'm."

As Greta watched him devour the doughnuts and coffee, she smiled wistfully. Poor Nick! Who would bake more for him? And who would bake his bread? He wouldn't t o u c h baker's bread. And who would do all those hundred and one little things to please him and keep him comfortable that only she could do?

His voice roused her from her dreaming. "Got some coffee and a coupla doughnuts for them guys here?" Nick could be kind, too.

"Yes, sure," she said, putting a few more doughnuts on the plate and filling two clean cups with coffee. As the men ate and drank, they made clipped remarks about the weather and the moving.

"Thanks, missis," one of them commented when he had finished, "that sure was good coffee."

"I'll say so," supplemented the other. "And swell sinkers."

Greta cleared the table for the last time. As she washed the dishes and packed them away, thoughts of Nick bothered her more and more persistently. How would he get along without her? Why did she feel so responsible for him? Why couldn't she just go away and—

"Hey, you guys!" she heard him bark at the men. "Don't drop dat shina closet. My wife's wedding present."

She stepped out to watch. The men toiled and gasped and strained to lift the bulky piece

of furniture. The veins in their temples stood out. Sweat dripped from their faces. Inch by inch they moved forward.

"Oops! Oops!" Nick yelled, springing to their assistance just as one corner crashed against the porch railing. "Save the looking-glass! That costs money!"

At last the thing was safe in the van. The movers laughed as they stood wiping their perspiring faces and hands.

"Whew," exclaimed one, "that was a close shave! She ain't smashed a bit though."

"Nope, she's okay," Nick nodded. "Lucky for you guys I yumped in time."

Greta went back into the house. Mechanically she took the broom and began to sweep. The incident had jarred her. She had not expected such solicitude from Nick. That china closet had been a wedding present from Kurt. She could still remember what a gay young fellow he had been then.

But now—she wondered vaguely. Why had she thought of Kurt all through the day? Why had she even wished she had married him instead of Nick? What was so wonderful about him, anyway? She shook her head. Could it be that she never thought kindly of Nick just because of his abrupt manner? Could she hold that against him forever—make it an excuse for leaving him and—even if Kurt had said that was nothing? Women were leaving their husbands like that every day now.

She leaned against the wall, letting the broom drop from her nerveless fingers. "Oh, my God!" she agonized, "even if some women do. Could I? Could I? Didn't I learn better? Dear God, forgive me."

Her knees gave way. She slid down on a box the movers had left behind. Sobs shook her. "No, no, no!" she whispered over and over, "I can't, I can't go away. Kurt is all wrong. He should be ashamed to talk me into running away. Even the factory is nothing. I can't go away. I must stay here by poor old Nick."

She was sniffing softly when he came in.

"Hello, Greta!" he greeted her. "Feel sick?" he asked, gently patting her shoulder. "What ails you then? Come, come, the moving's over. Be happy. We go to Nettie's now and have a goot dinner."

Greta gulped. She couldn't understand. Was this Nick—her wild old Nick—putting his arm

around her and talking so kind?

"Poor Greta!" she heard him say as he cuddled her in his arms. "You tired? You work too hard, I guess. Yust wait; when we live in our new house first, then you rest up nice. And we buy all new furnishings. See, that's why I saved money all them years. For you, my sweetie."

She melted completely under this endearment. "Oh, Nick," she sobbed, "I dreamed I was dead and you was married again."

"Shut up!" he silenced her. "There ain't another one for me if you be dead."

She dried her tears. "Nick," she asked, "then you really love me like that?"

"Sure I love you like that."

She hid her hot face on his shoulder. "I feel dizzy," she mumured, "seasick. Like I was on the wrong side of the fence all these years, and now at last I'm on the right side."

He looked at her. "Greta," he said solemnly, "how you talk! I don't understand. But—I guess I been a rough husband. Maybe you like to get avay for a while. Ya?"

She smiled appreciatively.

"Only," he added, a dangerous flash in his dark eyes, "don't you go near dat guy—that Kurt. Else—"

"Oh, Nick!" Greta interrupted, "what do you think? I don't even want to look at him. No. I stay here. By you, Nick."

The End

CLEMENCY

If I leased my soul to my heart
it would drag it through thorn
and through fire,
my soul would emerge all bleeding
bleeding and scarlet and torn.

But my soul has held reign for so long,
throttling my heart of its will,
forgive it this last rebellion,
pity it if it kills!

—CERISE FARALLON

Letter from Xanadu, Nebr.

Dear Editor:

Well, sir, I am going to get away from Xanadu for a while and see if I can't get to feeling better. This business of Homer deciding to go into teaching was just the last and biggest thing in a series of troubles and disappointments that have been getting me down, and for the last month or so I could practically feel my hair turning grey.

My trouble all my life has been that I always wanted to do the right thing and people wouldn't let me do it. My wife insists on doing the housework her own way, in spite of the fact that I have, for years, been trying to show her faster and better ways to do it. Homer now wants to be a teacher in spite of all of the plans I had for him to make something of himself in advertising. My daughter is talking about going into nursing, in spite of all of the money I have put into piano lessons in the hope that she would go on in music. Down at church, I might just as well save my breath because nobody listens when I talk, anyway. The only people who listen to me are the boys at the store and they have to because I can fire them if they don't.

It makes you wonder sometimes what's happened to the world. What's the use of bringing children into the world if they are going to turn into know-it-alls who expect their parents to put up the money for their education but won't respect their parents' wishes? And what's the use of contributing what I contribute to the church if these $25-dollar-a-year Christians are going to have as much to say as I have about what we do. The only reason why I ever really wanted money was so that I could make people listen to me when I talked, and now I find that they won't listen. So I'm going to keep my mouth shut from now on and let them make their mistakes, if that's the way they want it.

Maybe I'll feel better after I've been away from here for a while and have a chance to look at things from another angle. But there is even a problem in getting away. Last Fall, four of us decided that we would have a real man's vacation this summer, fishing up in the Lake-of-the-Woods country. Well, the

more I got to thinking about it, the more I realized that I'm not exactly the kind of guy to rough it out in the woods. So already last March I started suggesting to the other guys that maybe we could save the fishing for some other year and try Las Vegas instead this year.

Well, I always knew that women were stubborn and unreasonable but they couldn't be any worse than these three guys. They won't even discuss the matter with me anymore. They've made up their minds that they're going fishing up in the Lake-of-the-Woods and TNT couldn't blast them loose from that idea. So if they're going to be stubborn about it, I'll show them that I can be stubborn, too. I originally suggested Las Vegas just as a kind of example of the sort of place we might go to. But since they've chosen to make an issue of it, it's Las Vegas or bust for me this summer. A few weeks of that good old Arizona sunshine ought to put me right back in shape.

We had the new schoolteacher and his wife over for supper last night. He seems to be a nice sort of guy and his wife is a quiet, pleasant sort of girl. He was telling me about some of the things he hopes to do with the choir this next year and I got to feeling real sorry for him because evidently he hasn't been told yet that old Pete has been running the choir for years and he has his own ideas about what the choir will and will not sing. Mostly they have to sing loud stuff because the members run from about fifty-five on up and they're not too steady on the soft stuff. But I didn't say anything. Sometimes it's better for a man to find out the bad news for himself than be told about it by somebody else. Besides, it's sort of nice to see a young man with a little bit of enthusiasm nowadays. And his wife had an awfully nice smile.

By the way, this young teacher writes poetry which he says he can't get published in any of the magazines that pay because it rhymes. So I told him about you and I told him that it seemed to me that you had run some poetry not so many months ago that rhymed so you'll probably be hearing from him. He wanted to read me some of his stuff but just then Mrs. G. told us to sit down at the table so I escaped. Give the guy a break if you can because I gather that poems are pretty hard to move these days and this guy seems to be pretty heavily overstocked.

Regards, G. G.

Music and MUSIC MAKERS

By WALTER A. HANSEN

Arturo Toscanini

The great Arturo Toscanini has retired. After a career which lasted more than sixty-eight years the famous maestro, who reached his eighty-seventh birthday on March 25, 1954, has decided that the time has come for him to rest from his labors.

The world of music has learned, and will continue to learn, much from Toscanini. Fortunately, many of his readings of masterpieces and near-masterpieces have been recorded. They are, I confidently believe, the finest and most lasting monument to his memory.

Toscanini invariably flooded his music-making with burning sincerity. But that sincerity was founded on exacting and arduous study. The stern and sensitive maestro demanded much from himself and much from those who played under his leadership. Like every mighty genius, he was perpetually dissatisfied with what he achieved. He strove constantly to add to his knowledge. He was a perfectionist.

Even those who, at times, found it impossible to agree in every detail with this or that aspect of a reading presented under Toscanini's baton admitted freely that the great maestro never conducted a single phrase in haphazard fashion. Toscanini knew what he wanted, and he was determined to get what he wanted even if some could not see eye to eye with him.

Toscanini has his predilections. Who does not? He himself realizes that he is not completely at home in every region of the huge world of music. What conductor is?

Nevertheless, one marvels at the vastness of the great Italian maestro's accomplishments — at the glory of his genius. His career has been unparalleled in the history of music. In more than one respect he has been without a peer.

To hear Verdi's *Otello* or Beethoven's *Missa Solemnis* under Toscanini's inspired and inspiring direction is an experi-

ence as uplifting as it is unforgettable. To hear Toscanini set forth the emotional drive of Beethoven's *Ninth* is to realize to the full that the mighty composer put into the symphony. To hear Toscanini present such a well-known work as Rossini's *William Tell Overture* is to acquire a deeper insight into the famous Italian composer's uncanny skill.

The clarity, the pertinence, and the truthfulness of Toscanini's expositions of the music of Mozart fill one with unalloyed joy. And if you want to know how wonderful an example of programmatic writing Paul Dukas brought into being when he composed *The Sorcerer's Apprentice,* listen to this remarkably graphic tone poem as it is set forth by Toscanini. The great man's recordings will show you many other wonders in music. I have many of them. I treasure them all.

Toscanini considers Verdi one of music's great and mighty masters. Can anyone effectively contradict him? Listen to his recording of *La Traviata.* It is a revelation. It shows us conclusively, I believe, that this opera is a towering masterpiece. Note how Toscanini paces the work. Every detail of Verdi's grippingly dramatic score receives proper and loving attention.

I have seen and heard some famous musicians fall foul of Toscanini's readings of the symphonies of Beethoven. I myself could never be wholly in accord with the maestro's exposition of the *Scherzo* of the *Seventh.* Yet this does not detract in the least from the respect in which I hold him. The tempo Toscanini chooses when he conducts the *Trio* in the *Scherzo* of Beethoven's *Seventh* is, in my opinion and in the opinion of many others, contrary to what the composer himself indicated. But Toscanini does not agree. I honor him for clinging steadfastly to what, on the basis of painstaking study, he thinks is right.

One evening years ago I happened to be taking a walk with the conductor of one of the world's greatest orchestras — a conductor who worshiped, and still worships, at the Toscaninian shrine. We discussed many things. We talked about the greatness of Toscanini. A few weeks before this the renowned Italian maestro had conducted the NBC Symphony Orchestra in a performance of Tchaikovsky's *Sixth.* The world of music had been agog when it learned that

Toscanini would include this symphony in one of his radio concerts, and the conductor with whom I was walking had heard the reading. He was enthusiastic —even though I knew, and he knew, that his own exposition of Tchaikovsky's *Sixth* was different in more than one respect from Toscanini's.

Let me add that the famous conductor with whom I was walking and talking is one of the world's foremost exponents of the stirring and piercing eloquence contained in Tchaikovsky's *Pathetique*. Yet he had listened with bated breath to Toscanini's reading of the masterpiece. Why? Because he knew that one can learn much from Toscanini—even when one does not completely agree with him.

We talked about Toscanini's way of conducting the second movement of Schubert's magnificent *Symphony in C Major*. "Don't you think," I asked, "that Toscanini, the Italian, Rossinizes this music?" For a moment the conductor was silent. Then he replied, "Yes, I do." We both began to hum the beautiful melody with which Schubert begins this movement, and we reached the conclusion that Toscanini's tempo failed to express the *Innigkeit*—I cannot adequately translate this German word—of what the great Schubert wrote.

But did this cause us to abate in the least our whole-souled respect for the mighty Italian maestro who has now gone into retirement? It did not.

Toscanini steered clear of music which he could not feel. You have never heard him conduct a symphony by Gustav Mahler. Years ago he undertook to present some of the works of Anton Bruckner. But in himself he could generate no warmth of feeling for this music. Why, then, should he include it in his programs?

What about that contemporary sleight-of-hand artist whose name is Dimitri Shostakovich—the composer who has been in and out of the Soviet doghouse? Toscanini once declared that he liked some of Shostakovich's early works but that later compositions from the Soviet composer's prolific pen did not touch him.

Yes, Toscanini had conducted Shostakovitch's much-publicized *Seventh* during the war years. But later on he listened to a recording of the composition and exclaimed, "Did I conduct that? Did I work two weeks memoriz-

ing that symphony? Impossible! I was stupid!"

This calls to mind a story which Igor Buketoff told me about the late Sergei Rachmaninoff's opinion of the music of Shostakovich. "After a party in New York," said Igor, "I asked Rachmaninoff if I could drive him home. He said yes. The great pianist-composer sat in the back and leaned forward as we talked. 'Now is the time,' I thought, 'to find out something I have long been burning to know.' So I asked Rachmaninoff what he thought of Shostakovich. What was his reply? He told me that the talented young Soviet composer should learn to use an eraser."

Toscanini's artistry was never static in character. Years ago I used to find fault with his readings of the symphonies of Johannes Brahms. Why? Because it seemed to me that he had a tendency to Italianize portions of these wonderful masterpieces. I was honest in my opinion, and I found many who were in agreement with me. But when I heard Toscanini's most recent recordings of Brahms's symphonies — particularly the *First*—I noted at once that the great maestro did not present them in every detail as he had done in years gone by. No, great artistry is never static.

I could go on and on in my tribute to the abiding greatness of Toscanini. But I must bring this column to an end. Will you pardon me if I do so by telling you about a letter which I treasure? It is a short letter. Yet it has meant much to me—more in fact than I am able to tell.

I never had an opportunity to meet or interview Toscanini. But in 1941, after I had reviewed the recording which Vladimir Horowitz, Toscanini's son-in-law, and the NBC Symphony Orchestra, under the maestro's dynamic direction, had made of Tchaikovsky's *Piano Concerto in B Flat Minor,* Margaret Hartigan, who at that time was connected with RCA Victor's press division and had received two copies of my review, wrote me a letter of thanks and concluded with these words: "I use one copy for my office file, and the other copy will help us convince M a e s t r o Toscanini AND Mr. Horowitz that recording is really worth while."

Had Toscanini and Horowitz begun to think that it was not worth while to make recordings? I do not know. Maybe. At all events, the world of music is grateful that the two great musicians have continued to let their artistry be engraved on discs.

RECENT RECORDINGS

ANTONIN DVORAK. *Symphony No.* 5, *in E Minor, Op.* 95 (*"From the New World"*). The NBC Symphony Orchestra under Arturo Toscanini. —A wonderfully lifelike recording —made in Carnegie Hall, New York City, February 2, 1953. The reading is beautiful—even though, at moments, I seem to be aware of the Italian blood that flows in the great maestro's veins. 33 1/3 rpm. RCA Victor 1778.

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN. *Concerto No.* 4, *in G Major, for Piano and Orchestra, Op.* 58. Solomon, pianist, and the Philharmonia Orchestra of London under Andre Cluytens. — A stirring performance of this enduringly beautiful masterpiece. 33 1/3 rpm. RCA Victor LHMV-1056.

A FLORENCE FOSTER JENKINS RECITAL. Step right up, ladies and gentlemen! Don't shove! Hear the fabulous La Jenkins as—with Cosme McMoon at the piano and, at times, with flute obbligato—she lifts up her heavenly and completely bewitching voice in Mozart's *Queen of the Night* aria, from *The Magic Flute,* and in seven other selections! Then swoon! And swoon again! Maybe you have heard such famous coloratura sopranos as Luisa Tetrazzini, Amelita Galli-Curci, or Lily Pons—either in the flesh or by way of the phonograph. But, ladies and gentlemen, you just ain't heard nothing! Do you know that in 1944 the one and only La Jenkins was prevailed upon to give a Carnegie Hall recital? The concert was sold out weeks in advance and grossed more than $6,000. Listen to this artist of artists! I guarantee that you will split your sides! Read all about La Jenkins on the back of the record sleeve! 33 1/3 rpm. RCA Victor LRT-7000.

ARTHUR HONEGGER. *Symphony No.* 2, *for String Orchestra and Trumpet* (1941). JEAN RIVIER. *Symphony No.* 2, *for String Orchestra.* The M-G-M String Orchestra under Izler Solomon. —To me these two modern French works ar thrilling. Rivier's composition is dedicated to Charles Munch, the conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. If you listen to the two symphonies in an I-want-to-learn spirit, you will revel in the remarkable workmanship they exemplify. 33 1/3 rpm. M-G-M E3104.

MAURICE RAVEL. *Alborado del Gracioso, Une Barque sur l'Ocean,* and *Pavane pour une Infante Defunte.* GABRIEL FAURE. *Pelleas and Melisande Suite, Op.* 80 (*Prelude, Fileuses, Sicilienne, The Death of Melisande*). The London Symphony Orchestra under Gaston Poulet. — Sensitive readings of masterfully scored French music. 33 1/3 rpm. M-G-M E3116.

HEITOR VILLA-LOBOS. *Bachianas Bras-*

ileras No. 1, for Eight Cellos. Conducted by Theodore Bloomfield. *Bachianas Brasileras No. 4, for Solo Piano.* Played by Menahem Pressler, pianist.—V i l l a-L o b o s nine *Bachianas Brasileras* represent an attempt, as Burle Marx puts it, "to transmit the Bach spirit, which to Villa-Lobos is the universal spirit, a source and end unto itself, into the soul of Brazil." The two compositions recorded on this disc are thrilling in every way. They are superbly performed. 33 1/3 rpm. M-G-M E3105.

SELECTIONS FROM THE I. F. E. TECHNICOLOR FILM *THE GOLDEN COACH,* featuring Anna Magnani with the Orchestrina della Commedia dell'Arte and the Rome Symphony Orchestra conducted by Gino Marinuzzi, Jr. Music by Antonio Vivaldi, Arcangelo Corelli, and Padre Martini. —I have not seen *The Golden Coach.* But this disc has given me unalloyed delight. 33 1/3 rpm. M-G-M E3111.

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN. *Quintet in E Flat Major, Op.* 16. WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART. *Quintet in E Flat Major.* (*K.* 452). Members of the Philadelphia Woodwind Quintet (John de Lancie, oboe; Anthony Gigliotti, clarinet; Sol Schoenbach, bassoon; Mason Jones, French horn) and Rudolf Serkin, pianist. —Artistry that makes one leap for sheer joy. A wonderful recording. 33 1/3 rpm. Columbia ML-4834.

SERGEI PROKOFIEFF. *Concerto No. 3, in C Major, for Piano and Orchestra, Op.* 26. BELA BARTOK. *Concerto No. 3, for Piano and Orchestra.* Leonard Pennario, pianist, with the St. Louis Symphony Orchestra under Vladimir Golschmann. — Superb readings of a masterwork from the pen of Prokofieff and the exciting piano concerto which Bartok did not live to complete but was finished, on the basis of the composer's sketches, by Tibor Serly. 33 1/3 rpm. Capitol P-8253.

IGOR STRAVINSKY. *Le Sacre du Printemps* (*The Rite of Spring*). The Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra under William Steinberg. —A glowing reading of this engrossing composition. 33 1/3 rpm. Capitol P-8254.

A NATHAN MILSTEIN RECITAL. *Sonata No.* 12, by Giovanni Pergolesi; *Intermezzo,* by Robert Schumann; *Allegro,* by Johannes Brahms; *Burleska,* by Josef Suk; *Nigun,* by Ernest Bloch; *Paganiniana,* by Nathan Milstein. Nathan Milstein, violinist, with Carlo Bussotti at the piano. — Fabulous mastery of the violin. 33 1/3 rpm. Capitol P-8259.

HARL MCDOLALD. *Suite: From Childhood, for Harp and Orchestra.* ANDRE CAPLET. *Conte Fantastique After Edgar Allan Poe's The Mask of the Red Death for Harp and Strings.* Ann Mason Stockton, harpist, with the Concert Arts Orchestra under Felix Slatkin. —Two engrossing compositions s u p e r b l y played and recorded. 33 1/3 rpm. Capitol P-8255.

THE NEW BOOKS

Unsigned reviews are by the Editors

RELIGION

THE INNER SPLENDOR

By Lewis L. Dunnington (Macmillan, $2.75)

On the non-fiction best seller lists of recent years the self-faith, self-confidence, self-help books have occupied prominent positions: Rabbi Liebman's *Peace of Mind,* Rabbi Binstock's *The Power of Faith,* Father Sheen's *Peace of Soul,* and from Protestant sources Sockman's *Higher Happiness* and Norman Vincent Peale's *A Guide to Confident Living.* From the medical field we have had Dr. Fink's *Release from Nervous Tension.*

The popularity of these and similar books has revealed the mental unrest and emotional instability of many inhabitants of our disturbed and fear-filled planet.

The output of new books in this field has assumed floodlike proportions and THE CRESSET has received so many of them that the Literary Editor cannot begin to find space for reviews of them all. He has selected Dunnington's *The Inner Splendor* for review as representative for a great many of them.

Mr. Dunnington, who was educated at Kalamazoo College, Boston University School of Theology, and the University of Chicago, is at present minister of the First Methodist Church in Iowa City, Iowa. He has previously published several books, all in the "peace-of-mind" area. He confesses a deep indebtedness to the Unity School of Christianity for his "discovery of the great affirmations that work such wonders in human lives." (UNITY is an egocentric movement founded in 1889 by Myrtle and Charles Fillmore and has its headquarters in Kansas City, Missouri. It does not consider itself a church, but rather urges its followers to remain in their denomination. It is prolific in the circulation of literature and its groups meet in halls in many American cities.)

The book is replete with many illustrations from life and with success stories, e.g. of J. C. Penney in the business world and Dr. Moton, the great Negro leader. Many comforting sayings of Jesus and other uplifting texts of the Bible are quoted. All center about the words "The kingdom of God is within you." At the end of each chapter is a "Silent Communion," usually a Bible text with words of resolution and assurance for the reader.

Some of the chapter headings will characterize the book: "The Quiet Mind and Health," "The Conquest of Futility," "The Eight-Notched Key," (The Beatitudes), "Here Is Har-

mony," "Health and Restful Sleep," "You Will Survive Death." On the last named chapter the resurrection of Jesus is affirmed on the basis of His appearance to the Emmaus disciples. The belief in angels is expressed, but it is also stated that "thousands of people are in direct or indirect contact with the world of spirits." "Many of the spiritually great of past centuries have been very certain that they were in frequent contact with heavenly beings. George Fox, St. Francis of Assisi, St. Catherine of Siena, St. Theresa, Jakob Boehme of Silesia, Emanuel Swedenborg, Alfred Russel Wallace, and many others believed that they had 'flashes,' visions from above, and direct guidance from heavenly beings."

What one misses in this and similar books is an emphasis on the need of repentance, of faith in Jesus' redemption of mankind, and of His substitutionary suffering and death. Justification by faith in God and a life of love and gratitude to God are confused: "Martin Luther had become convinced that men are 'justified by faith' in God, and that no church or priest holds the keys of the kingdom of heaven. The New Testament does not teach that we are saved through a system of beliefs, though what one believes is surely of great importance. Loving God and one's neighbor, as Jesus clearly portrayed, is the key to salvation."

One is amazed at the claims of the divine healings by reputable Episcopal, Methodist and other pastors, not only of mental diseases but also of definitely physical afflictions.

One lesson we should learn from these "peace-of-mind" people is to cultivate a deeper spiritual life, a greater faith in God's assurances of His ever-present help, and a more intimate oneness with our Savior and Brother. We might well imitate them in a more diligent and systematic reading and rereading of our Bibles and a constant and continuous application of the great texts of the Scriptures to our daily living.

CARL ALBERT GIESELER

TRUTH AND REVELATION

By Nicolas Berdyaev (Harper, $2.50)

Berdyaev attempts in this book a philosophical critique of Truth and Revelation, but a spiritual not a rational critique. This is possible for him because he places spiritual experience, as opposed to the separation of experience in the subject-object relationship of normal thought, on a primary level. Man is able to 'judge' revelation by reason of the divine-human nature of both man and Revelation. Man, created in God's image, attains to the divine in his nature through spiritual experience. Revelation in the world must pass through a human medium which is not and can not be entirely passive. Revelation has thus absorbed some human elements largely categorized by Berdyaev as anthropomorphic, sociomorphic, and cosmomorphic all of which result in doctrines and beliefs which are erroneous. He sees his task

as that of ferreting out the purely human elements in Revelation. For example, the judicial and revengeful nature of God is an anthropo-and sociomorphic concept, and therefore mistaken. Thus, the concept of Christ's mission on earth as that of redemption is unnecessary and fallacious. Christ is "a continuation of the creation of the world and the appearance of the New Adam." Grace is "the disclosure of the divine element in man." Sin is not then disobedience to God but subjection to a lower world of empirical experience, loss of the true freedom of spiritual experience, a break in the divine-human link. Hell becomes not only unnecessary but outrageous.

One is confronted in Berdyaev with the typical problem presented by the Christian philosopher. Is he Christian? Is he a philosopher? In Berdyaev this seems to me to be particularly difficult to ascertain since he makes 'spiritual' or mystical experience primary. Many of his conclusions seem to have been drawn from the result of such experience. Thus, however fundamental such experience may be, and however true for the writer they need not be accepted by the reader as anything but one man's conviction no matter how p h i l o s o p h i c a l l y couched. From the Christian point of view, the man may be a saint or a heretic and there is no one but God to judge. Perhaps we seek too diligently for a final answer, and hope too earnestly for a Christian thinker who can challenge and best the growing tide of purely secular and agnostic philosophers.

SUE WIENHORST

PEOPLE'S PADRE

By Emmett McLoughlin (Beacon Press, $3.95)

Emmett McLoughlin was born (1907) into an Irish family and reared in the Roman Catholic tradition. At fifteen, he entered a junior seminary maintained by the Franciscan Order and after twelve years of study, in both the junior and senior divisions, was ordained a "regular" priest in the Roman Catholic Church. He was assigned to Phoenix, Arizona, and to duties in that city's well-known slum areas. He became interested in the various groups in this area—Spanish-Americans, Negroes, and poor whites—and in their condition, which was poor, and in order to ameliorate this he gradually built a complex of buildings to house a maternity clinic, a venereal clinic, a day nursery, a playground, a clubhouse, and a social hall. This was called, officially, St. Monica's Community Center but, unofficially, it was called Father Emmett's Mission. He came, in time, to be a real friend of the minority and depressed groups in that city.

Father Emmett became indignant about the segregation policies followed generally in Phoenix, and he became particularly indignant because Negroes and Spanish-Americans were being discriminated against at local hospitals and because segregation was being enforced in nurses' training. This was true even in the Roman

Catholic hospital in Phoenix. With local and federal aid Father Emmett expanded his clinic into a full-fledged, interracial hospital called, originally, St. Monica's Hospital and School of Nursing. This hospital was established as a non-profit community corporation and many of its backers, as well as directors, were not Roman Catholics. The hospital had a Roman Catholic name but its title was not vested in the Church, nor was its management.

The completion of the hospital in 1947 marked, approximately, the beginning of some differences of opinion between Father Emmett and his superiors. There had been earlier differences and Father Emmett had in fact been sent to Phoenix as punishment, but his success in social work in and around Phoenix had resulted in a considerable diminution of this earlier antagonism toward him on the part of the Franciscan heirarchy. These differences, as they began to appear from 1947 on, were somewhat prophetic of the current McCarthy-Stevens argument in that the protagonists developed a tendency to spend a great deal of time on side issues: *e.g.* did or did not Father Emmett appear too often in nonclerical clothes? had he or had he not damaged the reputation of the Roman Catholic hospital in Phoenix and should he or should he not apologize to the Sisters? had he or had he not been careless and slipshod in the performance of his liturgical offices? had he or had he not spent too much time away from the Friary? had he or had he not given unauthorized interviews to representatives of the press? etc. The argument came to an end in September of 1948 when the Provincial Council of the Franciscan Order delivered to Father Emmett a notice to the effect that he would be transferred from Phoenix and the hospital on or before the beginning of 1949 for the reason that "you have openly and seriously violated your vow of obedience." After a period of self-examination and self-argument, Father Emmett, on November the 29th, 1948, submitted a letter to his superior resigning from the Franciscan Order and from the active ministry in the priesthood of the Roman Catholic Church.

There is probably nothing too unique in this in view of the "fact" (I use this word advisedly for official statistics are lacking although that there have been some defections by priests is indicated in McLoughlin's book, and by a rather persistently large amount of, concededly, "hearsay" evidence) that priests have left the Church before, and perhaps in some numbers. What is somewhat unique is that Father Emmett was a relatively prominent Roman Catholic clergyman in Phoenix, that he had gained national attention as a result of an incident involving scorpion serum (he had insisted on smuggling it into Arizona in the face of a United States law against its importation and had justified his illegal action on the basis of an impressive number of childrens' lives that he had saved with the serum), that he stayed in his community and in his role as a hospital superintendent (the name of the hos-

pital was changed to Memorial Hospital but the corporate structure and management did not have to be changed for reasons already explained), that he has remained prominent in his community and in his position, and that he has elected, after five years, to write the story of how and why he came to leave that Church.

There is much of interest in his book: the machinery of Church expulsion, the letters pro and con that he received when his resignation was announced and the reasoning (or lack of it) that his correspondents used in trying to convince him of his error or offer to him their moral support, the "sanctions" that he alleges the Church brought to bear, officially and unofficially, on him after his separation, of his effort to continue in his position, and, finally, of his subsequent marriage and the response that the announcement of this brought from members of the Roman Church. McLoughlin (it seems best not to continue to call him Father Emmett) discusses his own personal thoughts and reactions to the entire affair, reconciling or differentiating his earlier beliefs with his later ones, and reviewing his own personal theology (which, as his early work in Phoenix showed, places a great emphasis on the social gospel) and, finally, his own personal credo as he discovers it in himself in 1954.

All of this is well and interestingly written. If there is a structural weakness it arises from his habit of alternating his narrative of his life with explanations of or attacks on certain aspects of the Roman Church. The Roman Catholic Church may have plently to say in opposition to McLoughlin, and some of it may clearly challenge McLoughlin on some of his facts and some of his interpretations of his own conduct. This would tend to bear on the "facts" of the case, as a lawyer would say. McLoughlin has had, also, his say on the "law" of the case, and the Church may think it not necessary to repeat its position on this since it is really quite well-known, both to Roman Catholics and to non-Roman Catholics. As to who is in the right in this, that is another question that has been (if this is not too much of an understatement) quite a source of dispute for a very long time.

When it comes to a solution it is true, as it so often is in serious arguments, that it is a matter of making a value judgment and it so often happens that the arguments do not answer each other as much as they point out the bases for the arguments which indicate entirely different starting points. This has long been true of the entire Catholic-Protestant "dispute" (what shall I call it? It is not really a controversy because there is nothing to be gained by controverting a point when the difference is one of basic values assumed or accepted.) By and large, however, it seems to me, Catholics and Protestants have ceased to interest themselves in this any more and where there is Catholic-Protestant contact it seems to be more designed to explore areas of agreement, *e.g.* liturgy, than to explore areas of disagreement—so large and

so vast and so well spelled out as to be well nigh unapproachable.

If, therefore, McLoughlin's book about himself and the Roman Catholic Church points up a weakness in his position it will be no answer to it to say that the weakness in the Roman Catholic position is exceedingly well-known, for two weaknesses will not make one strength. The weakness in McLoughlin's position, if there is one and it seems to me that there may be, is not that he broke with Roman Catholic tradition, but that he broke with this tradition for reasons that have a great deal to do with (perhaps, *more to do with*) secularism rather than with Christianity. That, in short, he broke with the Church because it did not seem to him to be an American institution in the pattern envisioned by Thomas Jefferson, and not because it seemed to him that it was distorting Christianity. McLoughlin's final paragraph seems to be a complete paraphrase of his position.

> I can love God and continue with freedom in the service of my fellow man. For that freedom is now my heritage also. It is the freedom of America, the freedom that I, too, with all free men must guard. Like Thomas Jefferson, I "have sworn upon the altar of God eternal hostility against every form of tyranny over the mind of man."

In indicating a criticism of McLoughlin's position I would like to make it clear that I am not refusing to concede to McLoughlin his right of complete liberty of conscience and a complete freedom to believe as he wishes. The Constitution of the United States specifically guarantees this. I am asserting that his reasons for so doing, and his statement of those reasons, which turns into a rather strong diatribe against the Roman Catholic Church, will not necessarily find complete sympathy in non-Catholic areas where the evil of the Roman Church seems to be not that it is contrary to concepts of political or economic freedom, but that it has not been true to the fundamental reason for the existence and death and resurrection of Jesus Christ.

It is conceivable that a complete commitment to Christian principles may, under some circumstances, create an antagonism to existing political and economic concepts. One need only mention Russia in this connection. No one is probably now prepared to state the result if such a conflict should occur in the United States. The Jehovah's Witnesses have succeeded in giving to the First Amendment of the United States Constitution a "new" interpretation because of such a conflict—an interpretation favorable, so far, to them.

Nuclear fission and its potential, as well as its past, uses would seem to be charting out an area in which this conflict may appear in a strong form. In whatever form it may ultimately arise it may at times be necessary to consider the question of whether any given church at any given time is "wrong" because it violates concepts of political freedom *or* because it violates concepts established by its founder. Concepts and principles which should and must be kept in-

violate to the end that the church be kept "pure" and thus strong so that if a complete conflict should arise it would be prepared to defend its belief and its position against a completely secularistic political or economic philosophy.

On the basis of this, McLoughlin's position would seem to indicate that many of his complaints have been previously aired (by, among others, Martin Luther):

> . . . I had discarded as the superstitious accretions of the centuries —or as the clever devices of a heirarchy grasping for control, power, and money—all the formalism of Roman practice and power, relics, indulgences, medals, rosaries, blessings, novenas, fasting, saints, miracles, the authority of bishops, the prohibition of divorce, the condemnation of birth control, the "imprisonment" of nuns, the index of forbidden books, and the morally enervating, infinite multiplicity of sins.

Some have been more recently aired:

> Officially, the Catholic doctrine has gradually placed more emphasis on the cult of Mary.

But many of his complaints seem, at least, to be based more on un-Americanism than on the lack or distortion of Christianity. All of the following quotations have, concededly, been pulled out of larger paragraphs and chapters, and Mr. McLoughlin may wish to criticize me for quoting out of context. But the context is about half the book and can not, of necessity, be set forth. The following quotations are, then, both brief and selected because they seemed to me to indicate that the alternatives to McLoughlin are Roman Catholicism and Americanism, and that this is the impression received from the "context" whether it is what McLoughlin meant to say or not.

> . . . The fourth conclusion is that if America becomes Catholic or to the extent that it becomes Catholic the freedom of thought, of initiative, and of progress in America will be destroyed.
>
> In the "education" of the American laity, the Vatican and even the lower parish clergy deliberately conceal or distort actual Roman Catholic teachings or rituals. They do this to prevent their own people from learning how un-American some doctrines are, or how ridiculous and petty some rules can be.
>
> These two Popes condemned American qualities, including the initiative, the "virtues," and the resourcefulness which, as part of American life itself, have helped to make America—and indirectly the American Catholic Church and therefore the Vatican itself—rich in material possessions.
>
> But now I could see the public school as the great sanctuary of the free mind, before whose altar the lamp of free research, study, and inquiry must be kept burning and then passed on like the Olympic torch from generation to generation.
>
> America must be grateful to John Wesley and other liberal leaders of Protestantism. Their belief in free

thought and practical "fellowship" gave birth to American democracy. Only the preservation of those Protestant Christian liberal ideals will enable American democracy to continue to live.

It is difficult for me to express my personal appraisal of American democracy without perhaps appearing to the critical intellectual mind to be maudlin and sentimental. I am sentimental about it. Before leaving Romanism I scorned the displaced Pole or German or Yugoslav who, when granted American citizenship, passionately clutched the American flag, kissed it, and openly wept. But I do not scorn him now. I feel just as passionate. My past five years have been those of a free man, a man restored to his birthright of American liberties, liberties which in his first forty-one years of life under the American flag he had not been permitted to enjoy.

I am an American again, not a foreign subject on American soil. I can love America, and without asking a bishop or a Superior I can enjoy her mountains and streams, her noisy cities and quiet prairies, and especially the sea, nature's own symbol of freedom.

In short, I feel that Mr. McLoughlin has, perhaps unwittingly, given aid and comfort to the secularists and political nationalists and that, in so doing, he has missed the true meaning of the Reformation.

SHE DID TAKE IT WITH HER

By Dudley Zuver (Harper, $2.75)

This is a "message" book. It was written as a tribute to Ma Meggs, the author's grandmother, who, he tells us, rescued him from adolescent egotism and taught him the virtue of Christian self-denial. *She Did Take It With Her* details the author's spiritual growth and the part Ma Meggs played in it.

Despite the author's obvious sincerity, this is an annoying book. The writing is pretentious and amateurish. What is meant to be the chief interest of the book, Ma Meggs' philosophy, is served up in the form of hundreds of pithy sayings that read like quotations from an almanac. Here is a fair sample of what awaits the reader on almost every page.

> When you see too well all you see is a lot that is wrong. . . .Our eyes are so crammed with little things we are blind to the big things. A body that sees evil is worse than the body with evil in him to see. Living is like a patchwork quilt, nice on the right side, but when you turn it over and put your glasses on to examine it, the seams and stitches show and spoil it.

This is a book of sentiment, best read without the benefit of glasses.

ALTON C. DONSBACH

FICTION

THE CAINE MUTINY COURT-MARTIAL

By Herman Wouk (Doubleday, $2.75)

This play, which is based on one

section from the novel, *The Caine Mutiny,* a best-seller and the winner of a Pulitzer Prize, is enjoying, at the present time, a successful run on Broadway with a stellar cast. Since so many read the novel, the outline of the court-martial scene should be familiar. Briefly, Lt. Maryk, the executive officer of the *Caine,* is charged with conduct to the prejudice of good order and discipline in relieving his commanding officer, Lt. Cdr. Queeg, of his duties during a typhoon in the Pacific. None of the facts or situations in the novel have been changed, and most of the testimony in the play has been taken verbatim from the book. The cast of characters is unchanged, though fewer enlisted men, whose testimony had little to do with the verdict anyway, appear as witnesses in the play.

The play differs from the novel in two major respects. First, the court-martial, quite naturally, gains in significance and in focus in relation to what has gone before and what will follow. In the novel, the court-martial scene was preceded by a fascinating story full of interesting characters, not all of whom appear in court, and it was followed by a final chapter that covered, at some length, the destiny of the *Caine* and several of its familiar officers. As a result, the trial lost some of its importance as the pivotal point in the novel.

The play differs from the novel also in the change in emphasis in the delineation and importance of the main characters. Lt. Greenwald, the Navy flier serving as defense counsel, was always an important character, but his appearance in the novel was a brief one and he remained somewhat shadowy. In the play, Greenwald is definitely, though reluctantly, the hero. By having their lines lengthened or shortened in comparison with the lines of others, several characters gain or lose in consequence. Lt. Keefer emerges a little more ignoble than before, and Willie Keith seems even less effective; only Maryk retains the same perspective. Queeg can be observed more objectively and his disintegration during the course of the trial is more easily understood.

Structurally, the play consists of two acts, the first covering the prosecution of the case, and the second, the defense. A short scene at the end of Act II, in which Greenwald attends the *Caine* party, permits the successful, though dejected defense counsel to deliver what amounts almost to a soliloquy on the innocent and the guilty.

Herman Wouk had written an excellent novel to start with, which is even more apparent from the very little revising necessary to make an extremely effective and dramatic play out of this climactic scene from the novel. In his unusually successful reorganization of the novel material into good theatre, he was able to retain the atmosphere of the original work while increasing its dramatic effect. It is seldom that an author can develop an interesting and high quality play from material that has been successful in another form as Wouk has done.

CHILD WITH A FLOWER

By Elda Bossi (Macmillan, $3.50)

Child With A Flower is the author's major prose work and is the first of her books to be translated into English. Born in Florence, Italy, and educated at the University in Bologna, Elda Bossi has previously had published collections of poetry, children's books, and short stories. Since World War II she has traveled throughout Europe as a newspaper correspondent. It was her experience as a mother, however, which led her to write *Child With a Flower.*

The book is essentially a picture of a mother and her child—a portrayal of the depth and beauty of the relationship existing between them. Beginning with perhaps that greatest of all experiences, the birth of a child, the author unfolds the magnitude of a woman's emotional and psychological response. Continuing with brief glimpses into the life of the baby and then the child, Miss Bossi depicts the joy and sorrow, the hopes and fears, the tenderness and infinite love of both mother and child. This task she accomplishes without becoming maudlin, for she treats her material with both sincerity and sensitivity.

Elda Bossi's style is extremely interesting and is well-preserved in the translation. There is a poetic quality in her writing which she has combined with a lightness and breathlessness which almost resembles that of a small child. This, plus her use of colorful and vivid description, makes Miss Bossi's first novel a warm experience for any reader, but especially for one with children.

MIRIAM KUSSROW

JEMMY BUTTON

By Benjamin Subercaseaux (Macmillan, $4.00)

While exploring the sea and desolate lands in the Cape Horn region for the British Navy in the 1830's, Robert Fitz-Roy, captain of the H.M.S. *Beagle,* picked up four young savages on Tierra del Fuego and brought them back to England in the hope that they could be civilized and then returned to help their fellowmen. The two years these natives spent in England were years of constant battle between savagery and civilization, with civilization coming off second best. On the second trip of the *Beagle* to return the natives to their island, the passenger list includes Charles Darwin, along for naturalist studies, and a young and idealistic missionary who, in the few months he spent on Tierra del Fuego, suffered greatly from the increased evil of the returned natives.

At least part of the novel is based on facts found in Fitz-Roy's *Diary* and Charles Darwin's *Voyage of the Beagle,* but the story goes far beyond the facts. Subercaseaux, one of Chile's best authors, develops most of the interest in his study of the affect of savagery on civilization, and *vice versa.* He does it in a most interesting and illuminating style, and without losing the thread of his fascinating story. Mary and Fred del Villar have furnished a lucid translation from the Spanish.

PEACOCKS ON THE LAWN

By Winston Clewes (Dutton, $3.00)

Here at last is a book so delightfully unimportant that it is worth reading. *Peacocks on the Lawn* is a love story that lightly spans affairs in Ireland from the late 19th century until the present. The romance twists through the operation of a fantastic railway that brought tissue-paper fortunes and temporary power to three men. Although it certainly is an original work, *Peacocks on the Lawn* bears considerable resemblance to Joyce Carey's recent *Prisoner of Grace.*

Several of the main characters in *Peacocks on the Lawn* emerge a bit shadowy, but Mr. Clewes makes up for this shortcoming with good writing and a smoothly engineered plot.

ROBERTA DONSBACH

GENERAL

CELL 2455 DEATH ROW

By Caryl Chessman (Prentice-Hall, $3.95)

Caryl Chessman is presently in San Quentin Prison, in California, awaiting execution of the death sentence for a crime that he alleges he did not commit. In a rather long book (360 pages) Chessman tells about his early life, his family, how he came to be a criminal, and how he comes to be in his present position in Cell No. 2455 in the Death Row at San Quentin.

At the outset it should be noted that Chessman, if his own portrayal is accurate, is a rather undesirable and antisocial person and that his life of crime has been one of deliberate choice. There was once a period of time when his community would have summoned the church authorities to have exorcised the "devil" from him since it would have seemed that there could be no other rational explanation for his behavior. Perhaps this is true today. Even with his meager (and *are* they ever meager) rationalizations and excuses he comes through a pretty sad character.

However, unpleasant though he may be, his situation in Death Row (where he has been for five years fighting his own appeals over and over again) points up a very real inquiry. If a man is undesirable (socially, ethically, morally, politically, or what have you) and by his own admission a dedicated criminal and an amoral being is it still right for the state to take his life for a specific crime which he did not commit? If Chessman is telling the truth then this is his dilemma and the dilemma of the State of California. To the best of my knowledge the sentence of execution has not been carried out although it would be possible to miss this in the newspapers in a time when Indo-China and Congressional investigating committees are competing for the available news space.

I think that to anyone committed to the American concept of "justice" in criminal trials the answer must be clear: if Chessman is not guilty of this particular crime of which he has been charged then he may not be punished just because he is generally

a "bad" character. Chessman's only real difficulty seems to be in convincing the proper judicial authorities that he *did not* commit the specific crime of which he stands convicted. I must confess that he has failed to convince me. Now I realize that the burden is on the state to prove a person guilty of the crime charged. When, however, that has been presumptively done, through the process of a jury trial, then the burden shifts to the condemned to prove that the jury came to an erroneous conclusion. This is as much true in the case of Caryl Chessman as it was in the case of Alger Hiss.

The book, as a book, is interesting reading and the reader can not help but read it in despairing wonder as Chessman describes himself moving from one depravity to another. In places it is awkward and crude although the descriptive writing about the various police chases is well-done. But whether it is written well or badly, and on the whole it is the latter, the principal question that he asks can not be avoided. Upon finishing this book a reader will probably be glad that he is not a member of the high court of California or of the United States.

THE MEASURE OF MAN

By Joseph Wood Krutch (Bobbs-Merrill, $3.50)

Mr. Krutch, formerly Brander Matthews Professor of Dramatic Literature at Columbia University, sets out in this book to measure man and to discover his minimal capacities especially with regard to the making of value judgments. The fact that the author is somewhat repetitious should not deceive the reader into thinking that Mr. Krutch does not really have much to say. What he does say, with a number of different approaches, is that the leaders of thought in the nineteenth century have left the man of today with a doubt about the capacity of man to be a *responsible* being. He contends that many of the leaders in the fields of education and law and sociology are acting as if it were the truth that man is but a product of his conditioning and that the faults that man may exhibit are really only the faults and defects of his training and environment. He contends strongly that the future citizen is taught very early "the art of exculpation" and he is "conditioned to believe that nothing but conditioning is important."

At the peak of an age of confidence in America, in 1929, Krutch wrote a widely known book, *The Modern Temper,* which was a pessimistic look at American man. Now, at a time after even a Shaw and a Wells have pronounced man a failure, Mr. Krutch proposes to step in with his humanistic bias and inject some minimal optimism.

This books is full of much food for thought and one is hard put to select passages which are more worthy of attention than others. There is, for example, a fine synthesis of the progression of the themes to be found in the successive plays of Shaw and the

works of H. G. Wells. There is a well-reasoned and reiterated attack on a statement included in a speech by the Dean of Humanities at M.I.T. which announced "our approaching scientific ability to control men's thoughts with precision." (Churchill is said to have remarked upon hearing this that he, for one, did not wish to be around if this were to be true!) There is also a telling attack on a fantasy, "Walden Two," by B. F. Skinner, a Harvard psychologist. This fantasy describes a community of men who voluntarily allow themselves to be "conditioned to like being conditioned."

This final note: Mr. Krutch skillfully avoids letting the reader know whether he is a Christian or not. One suspects that he is not and hastens to call to his attention that he has very ably made room for a thoroughgoing Christian faith.

LAUGHTER IN HELL

By Stephen Marek (Caxton, $5.00)

Lieutenant E. L. Guirey, U.S.N., and Technical Sergeant H. C. Nixon, U.S.M.C., were prisoners in Japanese Prison Camps in Osaka and Tsuruga during the second World War. They have related their stories to Stephen Marek, a free-lance writer for motion pictures, television, and the stage, and he has turned the stories into a running narrative of life in such camps. The main theme is that despite the rigors and hardships and cruelties the Americans managed, in great part, to survive and to find things to laugh about—laughter that helped to sustain them through their ordeal.

This combination should make an exceptionally fine and heroic book but it does not. The story is awkwardly told, the descriptive passages are neither clear nor convincing, the mood is one of braggadocio, and the men in the camps do not really appear to be human beings. Some or all of this may be due to several understandable factors: it is awkward because it is the product of three men rather than one, the descriptions are faulty because the man who did the final writing had never seen what the two former prisoners had seen and they could not convey it to him, the mood is false because the former prisoners wanted to emphasize to their narrator-to-be the ingenuity of the Americans and he mistook it for braggadocio, and the men in the camps do not appear to be human beings because in some ways they were not. The fact remains, however, that these errors, or most of them, could have been overcome. One or the other of the former prisoners should have attempted on his own to have written this record. If it proved beyond the talent of either to have recorded this shared experience then perhaps it should not have been recorded. The authors of *Stalag* 17 faced these same problems and overcame them in a satisfactory manner and it seems unfortunate that we have not yet received a good account of life in Japanese camps.

THE MAN BEHIND ROOSEVELT

By Lela Stiles (World, $4.75)

The subtitle of this book is "The Story of Louis McHenry Howe," who was one of the most, if not the most, influential persons in the Franklin D. Roosevelt political camp. Howe, never a well man, died in the first administration of Roosevelt and the length of that man's tenure in the White House and the second World War have all but pushed the early years of the New Deal into ancient history. Miss Stiles has now gone back and figuratively resurrected Howe and traced his life through his early years, his early acquaintance with Roosevelt, and his dedication, as early as 1912, to the idea that Roosevelt should be the President of the United States, and his untiring efforts and work in this direction—efforts and work that ultimately took his life.

Howe and Roosevelt met for the first time in 1911 and renewed their acquaintance when they were both working in the interest of Wilson's election in 1912. Their paths crossed often thereafter and when Roosevelt went to Washington as Assistant Secretary of the Navy Howe went with him. Except for a few years when Roosevelt was out of active politics, he and Howe were very close and Miss Stiles indicates that many times Roosevelt took criticism from Howe that he would never have taken from anyone else. Howe played a very active role in securing the Democratic nomination for Roosevelt in 1932, he was active in the 1932 election, and he went to the White House with him as a Secretary, a position that he held until his death, living in the White House with the President and his family.

Miss Stiles tells this in a very readable manner and was obviously very fond of her boss for whom she worked many years. This is a sympathetic portrait of an important backstage figure about whom little has been written. Miss Stiles could hardly aspire to be called a critical biographer and I suspect that she does not want to be so named. This book will however supply a great deal of information and some perceptive insights into this enigmatical man behind Roosevelt.

Note: The *CRESSET* is not able to review all of the books that are sent to it by publishers. In many cases this is due to space limitations, but in other cases it is due to the fact that the books would perhaps appeal to only a limited number of *CRESSET* readers. Many of the books in this latter category have considerable merit however and because they might not otherwise be brought to the reader's attention a number of the more recent of such books are here listed.

There have been a number of books dealing with the history of churches. One of the best of the group is *Norsemen Found A Church* compiled and edited by Dr. J. C. K. Preus (Augsburg, $4.75). This book, written by a number of scholars in the Evangelical Lutheran Church, traces

the early history of that Church in this country, and shows the transition from the Lutheranism of Norway to the Lutheranism of this now large and prosperous American group. The Philosophical Library of New York has recently published two books in this field: *The Rise of Methodism,* by Richard M. Cameron ($4.75), which is fundamentally a source book covering the 18th century developments in England that led to the founding of that Church, and *The Development of Negro Religion,* by Ruby F. Johnston ($3.00), which deals with the development of a religious life among American Negroes.

A number of books of sermons have recently appeared and the *CRESSET* would like to direct your attention to three of them: *Crossing the Kidron,* by pastors of The Lutheran Church—Missouri Synod (Concordia, $1.25), was designed for reading during Lent and Easter but the quality and subject of these sermons make them appropriate reading anytime during the year. 20 *Occasional Sermons,* by pastors of the Evangelical Lutheran Church (Augsburg, $3.00), is more diverse as its twenty sermons cover twenty special days during the year—days such as Mother's Day, Graduation, Ordination, Installation, Thanksgiving, etc. A more homogeneous collection is *Fifty-Two Sermons,* by Horatius Bonar (Baker, $3.00), which is a reprint of some of the earlier published sermons of this 18th century preacher of the Free Church of Scotland. This is the first volume in a proposed twelve-volume set designed to make available many books on religion now out-of-print.

A large number of books arriving in the offices of the *CRESSET* deal with many general areas of religion or, more precisely, in some cases, areas on the periphery of religion. *The Inspirational Reader,* compiled by William Oliver Stevens (Doubleday, $3.50), consists of a large number of biblical passages grouped together under such headings as Prayer, Healing, Vision, Obedience, Love, etc. *The Faiths Men Live By,* by Charles Francis Potter (Prentice-Hall, $3.95), is the story of many different religions and divisions within religions. Most of the book is devoted to describing the various branches and segments of Christianity. *The Golden Book of Immortality,* edited by Thomas Curtis Clark and Hazel Davis Clark (Association, $2.50), gathers together quotations from 200 persons, living or dead and prominent in their fields, attesting to their belief in Immortality. In *Immortality, The Scientific Evidence,* by Alson J. Smith (Prentice-Hall, $3.00), the author, a lecturer on the subject of "Religion and the New Psychology," examines the "scientific evidence" of immortality, *e.g.* the extra-sensory perception experiments of McDougall and the Rhines at Duke, and finds it convincing. In *You Can Be Healed,* Clifton E. Kew and Clinton J. Kew (Prentice-Hall, $2.95), identical twins, one an Episcopal minister and the other a clinical psychologist, trace the interrelationship between religion and psychiatry and what each can do for

the other in healing ailments, both mental and physical. The *CRESSET* will have more to say about this area at a later date.

Some of the religious books have been written expressly for younger persons. The Association Press of New York is starting a series for teen-agers called *The Heroes of God* series. The first three volumes have been released as of this date: *Queen Esther,* by Laura Long, *Paul,* by Albert N. Williams, and *Jeremiah,* by Virginia G. Millikin. Each volume is priced at $2.00 and is attractively bound and the *CRESSET* applauds any effort to stimulate teen-agers to read. These would appear to be good books to start with in the field of religion.

A number of books in the self-help field are printed each year. Two recent ones have rather captivating titles and both encourage the reader to have a better and happier time in life: *How to Enjoy Yourself,* by Albert A. Ostrow (Dutton, $2.95), and *Be Yourself,* by Anne Heywood (Doubleday, $2.95). For those who are happiest learning how to do new things Prentice-Hall has published two very interesting how-to-do-it books: *Successful Photography,* by Andreas Feininger ($3.95) and *John Lacey's Book of Woodcarving,* by John Lacey ($2.95), which explains how to carve dogs, animals, fish, and birds.

THIS SUMMERTIME

The candlelight of winter now is gone,
It is warmer and bluer than spring now,
Summertime is so perfectly alone
In her glory on the branch and the bough.
She is diamond, she is green, she is red,
Her birds are amethyst and gold and black.
She is half music and half poem— well fed
On beauty. . .to the bone. . .Nothing we lack
In summertime, fair sky, fair hills and grass,
Even the rain and rainbow are God's own,
Emotional and spun as fine as lace.
This is the high time — sit within the sun
And watch the glowing tortoise in his shell—
A sun of many suns on summer's wheel.

MARION SCHOEBERLEIN

A Minority Report

By VICTOR P. HOFFMANN

The Hearings

For almost more days than I could personally endure, I either listened to or watched the hearings of the Senate Permanent Investigations Subcommittee.

These proceedings were often billed as the Army against McCarthy, and sometimes as the Cohn Mutiny.

There was much that strained my patience and endurance and violated my idea of fair play. I am not, however, one of those who think that the televised and broadcast hearings were of no value.

The citizens of America were given an opportunity for a quick and interesting lesson in American government as well as to make some value judgments about the people who represent them in Washington.

A Patient Man

Army Secretary Robert T. Stevens was subjected to thirteen days of almost incessant questioning and cross examination. Bob Stevens was also subjected to the expressed insults, to the studied grimacing, and to considerable unfair and dirty badgering by the junior, in fact the very junior, senator from Wisconsin.

McCarthy questioned Stevens as if he were guilty until proved innocent.

He hurled his questions at Stevens from scarcely moving lips and with a leer on his face. A decent and honest questioner, it seems to me, asks questions calmly and decently (if he is sure of his case) as if he were dealing with a human being and not with a stubborn cow or mountain lion.

The subcommittee kept Stevens on the stand much too long. If any of our readers have ever been questioned, let's say under the pressure of oral examinations for an advanced degree for two or three hours, he will understand the Garden of Gethsemane through which Bob Stevens was forced to pass.

It is to the enduring credit of Stevens that he did not break apart at the seams. He managed to keep his poise and composure. Occasionally he could even manage that spontaneous and embarrassed chuckle.

In spite of all this, McCarthy had the affrontery to suggest that the civilian head of the army did not have the physical stamina to stand up under all these sessions.

As a matter of fact, Stevens broke all records for continuous testimony in legislative hearings.

The Aspiring Man

The center of all these charges and counter-charges was purported to be Gerard David Schine in whose behalf, it was claimed, preferential treatment was demanded.

For a private in the army he had come a long way, the focus of international interest.

Well, what is it that makes tall G. David run?

An interesting insight into the private life of G. David Schine is revealed by a conversation the private had with the army secretary. He confided to Bob Stevens that he, Stevens, "was doing a fine job," and that he would probably "go a long way."

After this obvious "spit and polish" job, G. David Schine announced his willingness to work for Stevens as some sort of a special assistant. It so happened that Bob Stevens had all the assistants he needed.

Is this an impossible request by a lowly private of a top administrator? Not if one remembers that this twenty-six year old has already served as general manager of a chain of Schine hotels, has eighteen and one-half lines in WHO'S WHO, and has worked for the McCarthy subcommittee.

In company with Roy Cohn, Schine also spent eighteen days in Europe investigating the books in U.S. Information Center libraries.

But why shouldn't he have come this far in a society that schools its younger generations in aggressiveness and the competitive spirit—and in cutting

spiritual, cultural, political, and economic corners?

He's got money, angles, wires to pull, good looks, and is equipped with a lot of confidence. It's fair to say that he earned little of this on the basis of his own rugged individualism and the much vaunted free enterprise.

At the present, senators and administrators in high places are wondering why he was getting special privileges in the armed forces. There is a suspicion abroad that Joe and Roy were the hatchet-men.

But what is it that makes Davey boy run?

Maybe, just maybe, the comment of his father is an interpretation straight from the horse's mouth: "His ambition always was to be somebody.... He was always very bright, very capable, thorough, and systematic."

I hope that this complex investigating business has not ruined the career of a promising young man.

That Other Man

After the Army-McCarthy hearings had sneered and snarled their way into two weeks, Republican moguls were finally awakened to the fact that the Gop was being embarrassed.

Newspaper men appeared to have information that the quiet man in the White House had delegated Nixon to force an early death for the hearings.

The strangely silent Dirksen, senator from Illinois, expressed the pious hope that at least the rest of the hearings could be conducted in secret executive committee meetings.

The GOP was embarrassed for a number of reasons.

When people lied at the hearings, the liars could only be Republicans. Stevens or McCarthy?

If pictures were to be doctored, the operation ought at least be equal to the doctoring job McCarthy's hirelings (inclusive of his wife) performed in the Maryland campaign.

It was embarrassing to see Republicans knife one another so soon after they had run an anti-corruption and anti-communism campaign against the Trumancrats.

Even McCarthy wanted to shorten the hearings for, as he argued, "we might be able to finish about 1970" unless the army begins to introduce pertinent data and stops evasive tactics. He told a Wisconsin audi-

ence that the Democrats were prolonging the hearings.

But no one lengthened the hearings any more than Joe McCarthy. Within one ten-minute interrogation, Joe interrupted or demanded a consideration of supposed points of order no less than eleven times. By actual clock-time, he delayed the questioning twice as much as the rest of the subcommittee put together.

When McCarthy chaired hearings, he seldom respected any person's request for a point of order. Very rarely did he as chairman permit any rules of evidence but those stipulated by McCarthy. When did McCarthy ever permit the confrontation of the accused with the accuser?

But now, where he and Cohn and their colleagues are involved, McCarthy is demanding to be confronted by all the witnesses against him, is demanding the right of examination and cross-examination which he has rarely accorded anyone, and has forced the committee to use rules of evidence, and has insisted on the right of counsel.

I guess it depends upon whose ox is being gored!

Furthermore, McCarthy, schooled and experienced in this kind of jungle war which is desecrating our much quoted Bill of Rights, abused every one of the rights during the hearings to his advantage. He introduced extraneous and irrelevant material designed to prejudice witnesses in the eyes of the public and then, after much objection and with a snarl on his face, he would drop the matter. But the charge had been made without adequate apologies.

For example, when Joe asked General Reber whether he knew that his "brother was allowed to resign when charges that he was a bad security risk were made against him as the result of the investigation of this committee?" he had never established the fact that such an investigation has been made—he had not proved that Reber's bbrother was a security risk—and, furthermore, he had introduced data that had nothing to do with the general's case.

One does not prove John Jones to be a murderer by *suggesting* that John's brother might have stolen cookies when a small boy.

McCarthy is smart enough to know that a massive and inert public would remember only one fact: General Reber is a communist.

Sometimes Joe forgot that he was supposed only to ask ques-

tions and instead made statements of fact about all the Communists he has discovered. Worse: these are all facts that have not been established as yet.

Sometimes Joe touched on a variety of issues within five or six minutes.

Sometimes Joe demanded "yes or no" answers to questions such as this one, "Haven't you covered up for army men who might mishandle cases of subversion and fifth amendment communists and therefore slowed up the investigations of my committee?"

Ultimately

What decent, human, and Christian act did McArthy perform in this whole, rotten business? I'm willing to be enlightened!

Senator McCarthy can be changed only by a profound and catastrophic moral conversion.

POEM

If the eye and sober seeing deceive,
What hope for the addled ear,
Or the tongue, subtle in its demeanor,
Or the groping scent—
Our sure dependables wavering ever
On the rim of preference.

And where do we go from here,
With such unlikely conveyance,
All five senses so aimed to bungle,
And we, the center, revolving with the plumed horse,
The impossible giraffe, the jerking dory,
A travel in a circumference of nowhere?

FLORA J. ARNSTEIN

THE MOTION PICTURE

By Anne Hansen

In his engrossing new book, *The Theatre in the Fifties* (Alfred A. Knopf, New York, 1953), George Jean Nathan presents an over-all picture of the New York theater in the early years of the 1950s. He discusses the state of the theater, American playwrights old and new, British and Continental imports, G. B. Shaw and the demands his plays make on their heroines, players in general, the musical stage, and critics and reviewers. An appendix—brimful of epigrammatic afterthoughts and amusing digressions—has been added to each chapter.

As always, Mr. Nathan writes with wit and intelligence. His criticisms are founded on extensive knowledge, wide experience, an abiding love of the theater, and a keen and sensitive understanding of the drama.

The astute and outspoken dean of American drama critics makes short shrift of "dramatic rubbish." He deplores the tendency of many critics "to take the theater as they presently find it" and "consequently not only to make allowances for inferior plays, but actually to praise inferior plays, on the misguided notion that in this way they are helping to keep the theatre going."

This practice, Mr. Nathan believes, is both dishonest and dangerous. He says:

> If these reviewers cared to get the theatre back on a firm foundation, they would see the error of their ways and, by lambasting the feathers off such presently accepted turkeys, would soon scare the producers from doing them, and make them at least consider a better grade of drama.

And what of Mr. Nathan's feud of long standing with the movies? I must report that time has neither changed nor mellowed his opinion of the cinema. It is true that he has words of praise for Vanessa Brown, Geraldine Page, and June Lockhart, but largely because he is convinced that the talent of these young actresses "has not as yet been hamstrung and corrupted by the film industry."

In general, however, Mr. Nathan is sure that a great and unbridgeable chasm lies between the shadow screen and the legit-

imate stage. Screen acting, he says,

> at its best, bears much the same relation to stage acting that the scenario of a play does to the completed play. It is the *outline* of acting rather than the acting itself. It is not the whole, rounded thing, but a thing of shreds and patches, mechanically combined to resemble the real article. Its ability to sustain a role lies not in the players, but in the film cutters and pasters.

The stage is much more demanding. Here there are no mixers to modulate the voice, no cutters to excise unflattering shots, no pasters to give continuity, and no re-takes for a scene which misses fire on the first attempt. The stage

> shoves players out before a critical audience, and bids them to please it without assistance from such chicanery. It is not an easy task. It takes training, hard work, and, above all, real talent. And you can not substitute for real talent a reputation born and bred in a press department, even if it is reinforced by several thousands of dollars' worth of gowns, an adaptability to cheesecake photography, spectacular alliances with wealthy Oriental loafers, and a face known to a million people.

How true, Mr. Nathan! But even though I recognize the validity of this erudite critic's indictment of many of the practices of the motion-picture industry, I think it is only fair to point out that Mr. Nathan himself readily admits that his views are not without bias. Far too many motion-picture films are disappointing, I k n o w. But through the years we have had films in which the acting was superb and not "a thing of shreds and patches" and in which the play itself had force and power comparable at least to a presentation acted out by flesh-and-blood players on the legitimate stage.

A noteworthy example of such an outstanding production is *Julius Caesar* (M-G-M, Joseph Mankiewicz), a film which had its *premiere* showing last summer but was released only recently for nationwide exhibition.

It takes not only vision and initiative but real courage as well to produce any of the works of the immortal Bard of Avon—either on the legitimate stage or on the screen. Any producer who undertakes the task must expect to have verbal brickbats hurled at his head—no matter how faithfully he has followed the text, no matter how extensive and painstaking his research has been, and no matter how carefully and honestly he has sought to fashion his materials into a vehicle which is true to the letter and the spirit of the original. Why?

Because everyone who has studied the classic dramas of Shakespeare has his own convictions—either original or second-hand—as to just what the great writer says and/or means and as to just how the play *must* be presented. Wherever three persons engage in a discussion of, let us say, *Julius Caesar,* you are almost sure to have three separate opinions. If those persons happen to be teachers of English, you may have six separate opinions. Everything seems to depend on where and under whom one has studied.

Now none of this can detract in any way from the lofty and unassailable position held by Shakespeare through the centuries. Unfortunately, however, stubbornly held notions can, and all too often do, warp one's judgment and rob one of the ability to, as Mr. Nathan puts it, "think with his ears and de-emotionalize his eyes."

Produced by John Houseman and directed by Joseph Mankiewicz, *Julius Caesar* merits wholehearted praise—yes, and box-office support as well. Many movie-goers clamor constantly for "better" films. This is a fine film. Only minor cuts have been made in the text, and no extraneous dialogue has been inserted. With the exception of a noticeable lag in the closing act, the action is well paced and expertly sustained. Miklos Rosza's musical score is tuneful and suited to the period. The settings are impressive, and the mob and battle scenes are exciting and carefully staged. The acting is excellent throughout. Every member of the star-studded cast makes a notable contribution to the performance. James Mason is superb in the role of Brutus. John Gielgud imbues his portrayal of Cassius with artistry of a high order. Marlon Brando characterizes his playing of Mark Antony with a brooding intensity which is highly effective. Wonder of wonders, Mr. Brando has learned to enunciate clearly! Edmund O'Brien appears with signal success as the villainous Casca. Louis Calhern's Caesar is restrained—almost to the point of being stodgy. Greer Garson and Deborah Kerr appear briefly as Calpurnia and Portia.

I see that my space is running out and that I must restrict remaining reviews to a line or two.

Marlan Brando is the star in *The Wild One* (Stanley Kramer, Columbia), a violent and disturbing film allegedly based on an actual happening. It seems to me that it is a mistake to make

films in which moral issues are as confused and distorted as they are here.

Violence is the keynote, too, in *Riot in Cell Block* 11 (Walter Wanger; Allied Artists), a semi-documentary film which depicts with tragic urgency one of the saddest aspects of the national scene—life behind prison bars and the urgent need for reform in our penal system.

Night People (20th Century-Fox, Nunnally Johnson), an exciting and suspense-filled thriller, was made in Berlin in CinemaScope. This is sure-fire melodrama designed to keep you on the edge of your seat from start to finish.

The adventures of Prince Val, gallant boy Viking, are related in *Prince Valiant* (20th Century-Fox, Henry Hathaway), a technicolor CinemaScope production derived from Harold Foster's popular comic strip. Any description of this preposterous nonsense would only be confusing. But remember that I warned you!

If at some time or other you read Carl Stephenson's story about the voracious soldier ants native to South America, you will be prepared for the truly horrible scenes in *The Naked Jungle* (Paramount, Byron Haskin). Good acting, expert direction, and the clever use of trick photography combine to make this exciting melodrama.

Dewey Martin plays the lead in *Tennessee Champ* (M-G-M, Fred Wilcox), an off-beat film which depicts a young hillbilly's struggle against the machinations of evil people.

Jubilee Trail (Republic, Tru-Color), adapted from Gwen Bristow's novel, runs true to a familiar pattern and cannot lay claim to distinction.

I shall end on a pleasant note. *The Glenn Miller Story* (Universal-International, Anthony Mann) is a clean, delightful, and warmly human picture. James Stewart portrays the popular band leader, who died in the service of his country when his plane was lost over the English Channel in 1944, with simple dignity. June Allyson is charming as Mrs. Miller. Principal supporting roles are competently portrayed by Henry Morgan, George Tobias, and Kathleen Lockhart. Louis Armstrong and Gene Krupa make brief appearances. Glenn Miller and his band brought joy to many listeners during his lifetime. His recordings continue to do so today.

The Editor's Lamp

PROBLEMS

CONTRIBUTORS

FINAL NOTES

Pastor Klausler's article on T. S. Eliot is the third in our series on contemporary apologists. As most of our readers know, Pastor Klausler has done a remarkable job as editor of the *Walther League Messenger*, a magazine for young people. He was also, for several years, one of the CRESSET Associates and is now a member of our board of contributors. His wide acquaintance with contemporary literary figures and his longtime interest in literary movements make him singularly qualified to appraise the man whom many consider the single most important literary figure in the English-speaking world of the 20th century.

Limitations of space prevented us from giving due credit, in our April issue, to Robert Horn, our circulation manager who, in addition to his ordinary duties, did the excellent article on G. K. Chesterton and who, to top it all off, did the pen-and-ink sketches of the men who are being discussed in this series. We regret that Mr. Horn will be moving to Washington shortly, and will thus have to give up the circulation managership. He will, however, still be writing for us and perhaps even finding time to send us an occasional drawing.

A salute to our veteran music critic, Mr. Walter A. Hansen, whose 25 years of service as music critic for the *Fort Wayne News-Sentinel* were honored by a full-page spread in that paper's rotogravure section several weeks ago. Mr. Hansen is another of those many-sided individuals who put the rest of us to shame by being able to do several things very well. In addition to reviewing music for the Fort Wayne paper and for the CRESSET, Mr. Hansen also does drama reviews, has contributed articles on piano technique to *Etude* magazine and has presented many piano concerts. But if this seems a full schedule, it should be noted that he does these things in his "spare" time. His primary duties are the teaching of Greek and Latin at Concordia College in Fort Wayne where he has been a member of the faculty since 1918. We suspect that one reason why he can get so much done is that he has the good fortune to be married to Anne Hansen, who is quite some critic and writer in her own right.