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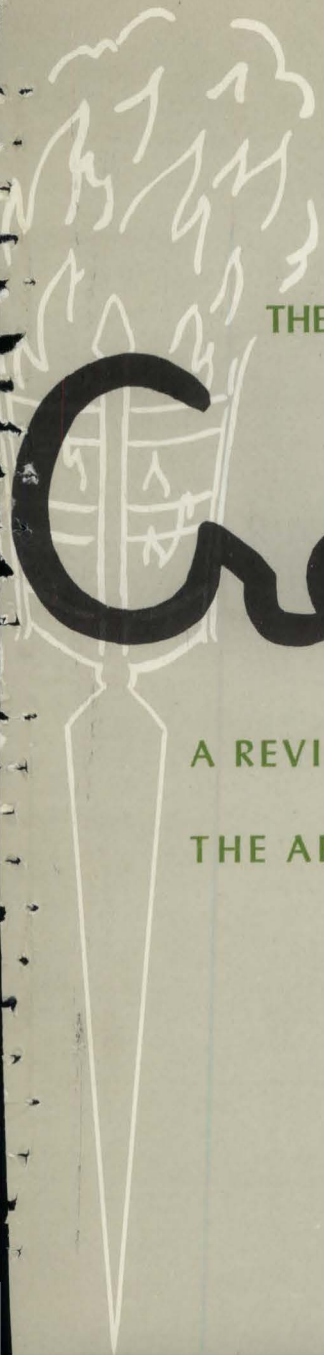

THE

Cresset

A REVIEW OF LITERATURE,

THE ARTS, AND CURRENT AFFAIRS

APRIL 1955

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THIRTY-FIVE CENTS

THE CRESSET

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IN THE APRIL CRESSET:

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VOL. XVIII, No. 6 April 1955

Notes and Comment

BY THE EDITORS

Easter

The four-year-old saint who disturbs the peace of our little corner of Israel is just in the process of learning how to make up his own prayers. The other night, after one of those days that four-year-olds seem to experience from time to time, he confided his troubles to his Lord in these words: "Jesus, we don't like the devil but we always do what he tells us to do. But we wish you would kill the devil or at least make him so mad that he would blow smoke out of his ears. Amen."

Right at the time, we were a bit surprised by the phrasing of the little boy's prayer, but then it occurred to us that we had heard something almost that ingenuous somewhere else and after a while we recalled where we had heard it. It was in the second stanza of Paul Gerhardt's great Easter hymn, "Awake, My Heart, With Gladness." The version of this stanza which now appears in our hymnals has been cultured-up for our allegedly more sophisticated generation, but the version which we learned back in school went something like this:

Upon the grave is standing
The hero looking 'round.
The foe, no more withstanding,
His weapons on the ground
Throws down. His hellish power
To Christ He must give o'er.

And to the victor's bands
Must yield his feet and hands.

We think that the great Gerhardt, too, might have seen in our Lord's resurrection one of those cosmic moments when He Who sits in the heavens laughs. If there is any comedy in the defation of a stuffed shirt, any humor in the rout of a neighborhood bully, then the universe itself must have roared with laughter when the proud and pompous Prince of Hell, in the very moment of his greatest victory, does a double-take and sees his "victim" staring down at him with a grim smile on His face. It is not impossible to imagine that His Abysmal Lowness may indeed have been reduced to that condition of helpless exasperation that would produce smoking ears.

We suspect that it might have been at this moment that humor, as we know and understand it, was born into the world. The Jews of the old covenant had known satire and irony, but there is no evidence that they possessed any real understanding of humor. It took the resurrection to put the universe into the right perspective, and it is only within the perspective of the resurrection that we can dare to be lighthearted about the devil and his works and ways. "The prince of this world is judged," our Lord tells us, and so we dare to laugh at his posings and fumings—the same posings and fumings that had terrified mankind through all of the ages until that first Easter.

And might it not have been a rather whimsical gesture of contempt for His enemies, our Lord's leisurely folding of His grave clothes into neat little bundles before He left His tomb?

New Tombs

Him Whom the grave could not hold and Whom, in His glory, the heavens of heavens can not contain—Him mankind is forever attempting to shut up in some bottle of dogma or to manipulate like some senile rich uncle.

The fundamentalist heresy is the supposition that, at some time in the past, everything that was to be known about God was finally known and forever set down in just the right words—words which can now be repeated by rote memory as the sign and seal of orthodoxy. The fundamentalist God is bound by sevenfold cords of proof-texts to a monolith of inherited dogma sculptured by hands now dead and decayed.

The liberal hersey is the supposition that God is created anew by each generation so as to be "adequate" (for Heaven's sake!) to the needs of that generation. In His most popular form, the liberal god is a cosmic nanny, forever wiping noses and mending clothes and making meals. Even the prophets of the liberal god are half-ashamed of him and prop him up with timbers borrowed from Freud and Lincoln and Wordsworth.

But even these gods are not as contemptible as is the institutional god. This god is a restoration of the two-headed Janus, one head that of a saintly old preacher, the other that of a brash young advertising executive. But the brain of this god is not divided. It is the brain of an accountant with a bachelor's degree in business administration. This god is a great one for having "all things be done decently and in order," and woe betide the prophet who fails to get in line and keep in step.

Perhaps it is the manifest failures of these bloodless gods that accounts for the revival of interest, in our day, in the writings of two otherwise very different men: Martin Luther and Gilbert Keith Chesterton. Here were two roistering, roaring fat men of God who went careering about the world s h o u t i n g, "Vivit!—He lives!" They were, like the apostles on the first Pentecost, "drunk with new wine"—the wine which, when it is poured into old bottles, bursts them.

Vivit! Fetch me my shillelagh, lad, and leave us go slay a few dragons.

The Resurrection And the Life

It takes a virile resurrection theology to stand like a man under the tempests of our times. But let us not get involved in one of those interminable cataloguings of the anxieties of the mid-fifties. The new information on H-Bomb fallout, the confusing news from the Kremlin wolf-pack, the dark mutterings from Peking are all a part of the landscape of our day but they are not the whole picture nor, perhaps, are they even the most significant components of the picture.

If our fears are vague and nebulous, it may well be because our hopes have been vague and nebulous. The hope that good (an inanimate thing) will triumph over evil is, at best, a sentimental hope on approximately the same level of plausibility as hoping that tomorrow

will be a sunny day. But it is quite another thing to hope that God will triumph over the devil. There is nothing sentimental about such a hope. In the nature of things, this is one hope that must be certain or the very word, "hope," has no substantial content.

We are supposed to write an article for a commission of our church on how God is at work in our times to use the events of our day for the fulfillment of His purposes. We may never fulfill the assignment to the satisfaction of the commission that has assigned it, simply because we don't know what God is accomplishing, or attempting to accomplish, via the H-bomb or the disturbances of the Far East or the political instability in France, or any of these other confused happenings that stare out at us from our daily paper. But we have no doubt at all that God is at work, even in these works of His enemies, for it would be logically absurd to presume that the Creator is not sovereign in His creation.

In the light of that conviction, we sometimes wonder whether we and our government aren't becoming unhealthily obsessed with the idea of absolute security. We make pacts, set up treaty organizations, wheedle or cajole all of the governments of the free world into arrangements which they apparently enter, half-heartedly, rather than offend us. How much real security we build around ourselves with these documents is another question. Perhaps it would be better if we frankly faced the fact that human and national life hereafter will always be a highly tentative thing, subject to cancellation without notice.

This is not to question the good faith of the Danes and the Siamese and the El Salvadoreans and the various other people who have committed themselves to rush to our side when the shooting starts. Maybe they will, maybe they won't. What we are questioning is the basic premise, the notion that security is to be achieved by binding the weak and the strong, the willing and the reluctant together into alliances.

We are, perhaps, being very naive—but no more naive than are the men who are most conversant with the destructive capacities of modern weapons. NATO, SEATO, and all of these other r e g i o n a l organizations seem to us comparable to wooden fences built to contain a forest fire. What we need is a heavy rain, and for that we must look upwards to the heavens.

Brainwashing

A former medical student and a doctoral candidate in Chinese literature arrived in Hongkong, late last month, after three and a half years in a Chinese prison. What they had to say about their Chinese captors came as a considerable surprise to American consular officers who interviewed them, for both of them stoutly defended the justice of the Chinese government in arresting them on charges of having spied for the United States.

These persons, a man and a woman, were not ordinary persons of average intelligence. Nor, apparently, had either one been sympathetic towards Communism before his imprisonment. And so their case presents us with a very clear and very horrifying picture of the effectiveness of that scientific destruction of the mind and the personality which we have come to call "brainwashing." It is the fulfillment of the most hideous prophecies of the science-fiction comic books of our youth—the hollowing out of a human being so that only a shell remains, a shell which can be manipulated freely by the mad scientist or his evil master.

At first, we thought that people "cracked" under brainwashing because they lacked the intellectual strength to resist it or because they lacked the moral stamina to reject the plausible temptations of their tormentors. It is obvious now that neither of these explanations is sufficient. And so we have no right to pass judgment upon those who have broken under the brainwashing routine.

But if there is such a thing as a "crime against humanity", brainwashing is it. And ultimately the time must come when those who have practised this monstrous thing must be made to pay the penalty for their crime. Co-existence, as a policy of momentary expediency, may be morally justified. But in the long run, it can be justified only as a policy necessary to enable us to build sufficient strength to avenge the millions whose lives and hearts and minds have been shattered by a monster so vile that the very sight of it defiles.

The Near East

A free society has its taboos no less rigorous than the taboos of the totalitarian states. A very effective taboo, in our own country, is the taboo against remarking unfavorably upon the State of Israel or upon its policies. The

person who dares to offend against this taboo opens himself up to the charge of anti-Semitism, a charge which some would avoid on grounds of conscience and which others would avoid on grounds of expediency.

It seems to us that it is time that we made a distinction between the State of Israel, which is a political entity embracing some but by no means all of the Jews of the world, and the Jewish community, which is not a political entity or even, in the accurate sense of the word, a true ethnic group. We see no reason why a person could not be disposed kindly toward his Jewish fellowmen and yet be very critical of the policies of the State of Israel. Nor do we see any sound reason why a person could not be anti-Semitic and yet approve of the policies of the State of Israel.

We want to make it clear that this distinction, as we believe a valid one, exists at least in our own mind, because we want it clearly understood that our attitudes toward the State of Israel have nothing whatever to do with our attitude toward Jews as Jews. If what is now the State of Israel had been established by a dedicated group of our own personal friends and relatives, we would still have to say that its establishment involved a brutal violation of the right of Arab peoples who were already settled there and who had a clear presumptive right to ownership based upon long occupation.

We would have to say also that the State, as it now exists, is a geographic and economic monstrosity, an artificial creation maintained by artificial means and dependent upon both economic and political subsidization for its very existence. At the risk of impugning the good faith of the Israeli government, we can not altogether dismiss the suspicion that a settlement of the tensions between Israel and her neighbors would prove disastrous to the Israeli government which needs recurring troubles with her neighbors to maintain the proper emotional atmosphere for appeals for help to the outside world.

We know and appreciate the background against which thousands of European Jews came to think of a Jewish homeland as the only final solution to the centuries-old problem of hatred and segregation and fear that had plagued them among their Christian fellow-men who should have known better. It was unfortunate that the aspirations of these people for a homeland of

their own collided head-on with the rights of Arabs who for centuries had been living in the land to which these Jews naturally turned as the site of this new homeland. But it seems to us that the greater right (or the lesser wrong) is on the side of the Arab. And each new aggressive act by the Israeli government seems to us to weight the balance still more on the side of the Arab.

The Straight Stuff

You can turn off Kaltenborn, kids. If it's the question of whether we are going to war that has been bothering your little heads, all you have to do is get out your slide-rule and warm up the old electric brain. Science has the answer all wrapped up in one easy-to-remember formula, to wit: Pw equals .60 F1 plus .19 F2 minus .06 F3.

What does it mean? Well, Pw means "possibility of war," and F1 means "cultural pressure," and F2 means "industriousness and capacity to conduct war," and F3 means the "ripeness of culture." Or at least that's what they're saying at the Social Psychology Research unit at the University of Illinois and any outfit that has all three of those honorific words—"social", "psychology," and "research"—in its name has just got to be right.

So what do the social psychology researchers come up with in the way of what an old newspaperman would call hard news? Listen. "The plotters in the Kremlin might concern us less if they sat in the saddle of a jaded horse, but the evidence seems to be they ride a steed which is likely to be 'feeling its oats.'" Better write that down—"possible trouble from Russia... evidence seems to be... *likely* to be 'feeling its oats.'"

Got that? Here's something else might be worth chewing on for a while. Nations high in cultural productivity (numbers of eminent scientists, artists, etc.) are also prone to become engaged in war. So scratch Liberia, the Principality of Liechtenstein, and the Kingdom of Tonga as potential war-makers. No artists, no sergeants. But watch Germany and France. Bach, you know, etc.

There's some comforting news, too, in case this article is being read in bed. Not much likelihood that we will be involved in a war with Australia. Not much cultural pressure there and, except around the race tracks, something of a dearth of industriousness. But, of course, that .06 F3 will bear a bit of watch-

ing. Pretty raw culture, or at least that's the way it was during the war.

The most striking thing about the new method is that it gives answers strikingly similar to conclusions which some people have arrived at through a careful reading of the prophecies of Nostradamus.

Tax Cuts?

We happen to be one of those "little men" for whom the hearts of politicians bleed whenever there is discussion of a tax bill. The Democrats want to give us a break by knocking off twenty dollars a head, or something like that, from our tax liability. Apparently their proposal to do this anticipated a probable Republican move to do essentially the same thing next year. And apparently both parties are quite confident that the "little man" can be bought.

Maybe they are right. As one little man, though, we would like to go on record as believing that there is still virtue and common sense in paying one's debts while one is financially able to do so. We do not like to pay taxes, but neither do we like to welsh on our obligations. The national debt is a debt which was largely accumulated during our generation. To some extent, it was accumulated for the sake of the continuing freedom and security of our country and might properly, therefore, be amortized over a period of the several generations who will benefit from our expenditures. But a very considerable part of it was accumulated by our generation for short-term relief and for short-term advantages. This much of it, at least, we are morally obligated to clear up.

We see no justification for a tax cut at this time and we consider the suggestion of such a cut, by either party, irresponsible and cynical.

AD LIB.

By ALFRED R. LOOMAN

More and more people have been studying and writing about the oceans in the past few years. Scholarly and popular books on the sea have come off the world's presses in rapid succession, and oceanography, the phase of geography dealing with the oceans, is becoming increasingly popular.

I am interested in the sea, too, for different reasons from those of most persons studying and writing about it today. Some are interested in the life of the billions of fish and other creatures who make the oceans their home. Many oceanographers are making studies of the formations in the bottom of the oceans. And chemists are analyzing sea water and trying to find ways of separating the mineral wealth it contains. In case you are interested in the latter, someone has figured that every cubic mile of sea water contains $93,000,000 in gold and $8,500,000 in silver, but one has found a way of removing the precious metal from the water.

No, although I find all of these studies fascinating, my main interest is in the personality of the sea, or that characteristic of the sea which has made the men who sailed her over these many centuries either deeply religious or highly superstitious.

One can't spend much time on the sea without having some feeling toward her. I have known men who confessed they were always much happier at sea than on shore. And then I have known others who said they hated the sea, yet they couldn't stay away from it. The reasons

these men gave for either liking or hating the sea were not always clear ones, and, indeed, some made no sense at all.

Many sailors feel the sea has the capricious personality of a young girl; some say the sea is more like a steadfast, older woman, the mother sea; while still others look on her as an angry and vengeful person. And all are right, for the sea is all of these things. The sea seldom does anything particularly new or previously unobserved, yet it is never the same on two consecutive days. The sea has very definite moods. It is gay one day and angry the next. It can be pleasant and it can be lonely. Each mood is easily discernible and it can be communicated to anyone watching the changing seascape.

The sea is at its best or its worst at sunset and dawn. During World War II it was my misfortune to be required to be up a half hour before dawn every morning. All of us were up at that hour, in response to the General Quarters call, because the submarine menace was greatest at that time of day.

While there is nothing pleasant about being up before dawn, as a rule, the experience of witnessing the dawn always made it worthwhile. Stumbling on deck in the dark, the men headed for the side of the ship to look at the sea, as well as the darkness permitted, in order to determine from its present state what the sea had in store for them on that day. Not long after we were at our stations, the eastern horizon began to brighten and within a half hour, on a clear day, we witnessed, with a completely unobstructed view, a glorious sunrise.

In the period of an hour, the sea changed completely. At first it was nothing but a black force that sent water smashing against the sides of the ship. As the light grew, the blackness of the water changed to gray, and, eventually, as the sun came up, the gray turned to blue. The tips of the waves caught the reds of the sunrise and, as the waves broke, they tossed off a crimson spray. On a calm day in the Pacific, most of the colors of the sunrise were reflected in the vast spaces of water between the horizon and the ship. The sea gave the definite impression of waking up, and there was something extremely joyful about the appearance and behavior of the sea on such days.

But on cold, cloudy winter mornings in the Atlantic, the sea was in an entirely different mood. Dawn meant merely a

general increase in light, sufficient only to turn the blackness into a dull gray. The sea responded in like manner. The dark waters changed only to a muddy gray and the white caps of the waves were equally drab. Waves hit the side of the ship with an angry sound, and the sea had the appearance of petulance.

This isn't just imagination. We know that the color of the sea depends on the light from the sun which is reflected back from the water molecules and from living things in the ocean, and we also know that we respond differently to different colors. You might say it is the individual's mood we are really discussing, not the mood of the sea. That makes sense when one is a thousand miles from the sea, but once on those great spaces of water, it would be more difficult to convince me. And what about those poor sailors of previous centuries who didn't have these scientific facts? To them the sea had very definite moods, moods they could see, sense, and feel.

The beauty of the sunrise and sunset at sea depends, of course, upon the blend of the sky and the sea. This is particularly noticeable at sunset when clouds are in the sky. On clear days in the Pacific, the sun sets in a glow of splendid colors that are most beautiful when reflected on the huge thunder clouds in the East. In the Caribbean and often in the Mediterranean, clouds in the West partly obscure the sun just before sunset. As a result the sun shoots slanted rays around the clouds with an extremely beautiful effect. One man aboard persisted in comparing this dramatic sight with a closing scene from one of Cecil B. DeMille's epics.

In an angry mood, the sea is unbelievably terrible. I can enjoy a storm ashore when I'm comfortably sheltered, but I've yet to find the person who has enjoyed any part of a storm at sea. While our ship was in many of them, our most terrifying storm hit in December 1943, and I mentioned it briefly in this space previously. Our ship was in the North Atlantic headed for the United States. We had left England three days previously and so we were plowing through an area of the ocean hundreds of miles from any land. This is a particularly vulnerable spot for storms, since the size of the waves in a storm depends on the distance the wind has had to blow; the greater the distance, the higher the waves. We were, then, in a part of the

sea where the wind had at least a thousand miles to build up the waves.

Our only warning of the storm was a falling barometer and a steady rising in the size of the waves. We wallowed in that storm for three days, making almost no headway, while the Captain's sole interest lay in keeping the ship headed into the waves. Several times we took a roll of 35 degrees which is about as far as a ship that size could roll and come back again.

The velocity of the wind ranged between 60 and 75 miles per hour with gusts up to 100 miles per hour. This wind velocity would indicate we were in a hurricane, but the action of the wind and the waves indicated otherwise. For in a hurricane, some waves may grow large, but the frequently shifting wind keeps the waves from growing to the mountainous stage. And the waves that were hitting us were definitely mountainous. They were between 50 and 60 feet high and many of the waves crashed over the bridge, which was 75 feet above the normal water line. Visibility was extremely limited since the air was filled with a lashing spray as the violent wind whipped off the crests of the waves.

It was just as well that visibility was limited, because the view was terrifying. As far as one could see there were gigantic walls of dark water, huge waves with the power of a battering ram. Each wave hit the ship with a crash that shook it from stem to stern. As the bow pushed into the trough of a wave, the stern was lifted completely out of the water and the propellers churned in the air setting up a counter vibrating motion.

The sea was in a mean and terrible mood. Many had the impression, including those who could explain each phenomenon of the storm scientifically, that the sea was out to get us. Our enemy was not so much the wind or the individual waves, but the sea itself which gave every indication of being in a vengeful mood.

But just as the sea can be violent and angry, it can also be pleasant and inviting. On one of our trips back from Europe, we were on a southerly course, just a little north of the Tropic of Cancer. The weather was warm, and the sea had a light swell but was otherwise calm. The water was blue and clear, and for some reason, appeared more than usually buoyant. If ever a sea was in a pleasant mood, the Atlantic was on that day. Proof that the sea does have

moods which can be transmitted was demonstrated on that day. For the members of the crew felt like taking a swim and they sent a delegation to the Captain and persuaded him to permit it. He stopped the ship in the middle of the ocean and passed the word swimming would be permitted for the next hour. There was danger in his decision and he accepted a great extra responsibility, for though the submarine menace was less and we were off the regular shipping lanes, if a sub did come around we were an easy target. But he, too, felt the mood of the sea. Over 300 of us responded to the swimming call. We had to dive over the side, and when we were finished we had to pull ourselves up a rope, past the sharp barnacles, back to the deck. Yet it was the most enjoyable swim I can remember, and I don't think any of us gave a thought to submarines or to the fact that bottom was several miles straight down. The sea seemed much too happy to permit of any disaster.

At night the sea can be at its most delightful. In the summer, even on the darkest night, there is something to see, because the water gives off a bright phosphorescence, caused by the presence of certain protozoa. As the sea hits the sides of the ship, the water splashes back in a spray of millions of lights. Even at a great distance the white caps can be seen in the darkness as quick flashes of subdued light. The rising and falling of the lighted wave tips gives the impression that the sea is dancing.

On a moonlight night, the sea is every bit as romantic as the steamship advertisements say it is. Standing on deck in the quiet of the mid-watch (midnight to 4 a.m.) on a calm night, one gets the feeling that only he is awake and that the sea is at last resting from a strenuous day. On such a night one feels most keenly the loneliness of the sea. There is no clear cut horizon and the waters stretch as far as one can see in every direction, out past the line of vision and on into the stars. This lonely feeling of the sea is not an unpleasant one, and it is one that is repeated frequently both day and night.

But what has made the sailors of all ages deeply religious is the very visible and tangible evidence in the sea of the power and grandeur of God's creation. One can get somewhat the same evidence from looking at a mountain, but one can look at a mountain only so long, because it doesn't do anything. The sea is always changing moods, and

one is aware in a thousand different ways of a mystery far beyond human comprehension. The power of the waves, the unfathomable vastness, and the very changing changelessness of the sea demonstrate daily the majesty of God's handiwork.

I have never met the man who has spent any time on the oceans who did not have a definite personal feeling toward the sea or who did not sense its varying moods. Even those who were scientifically inclined and could explain each mood in practical terms were aware of what for a better word can be called the personality of the sea. Many men writing about the sea have caught this feeling of personality, with Herman Melville and Joseph Conrad furnishing the clearest descriptions of this aspect of the sea. Even the men studying the oceans today, studying them scientifically and minutely, will not be immune to some reaction to the sea as a whole. And when it comes time to write up their findings, they will realize it is difficult to report on their knowledge of facts about the sea without including something of their feelings about the personality of the sea.

EASTER COMMUNION

Silently waiting on the fringes of mystery
Uncomfortably cramped, shuffled together like cards
Each opens the book of his own life history
Cautiously, fearfully, the door of his soul unbars.
Come bring a life before the high altar of Christ
A trembling, fragile, useless broken thing
Forgetting yet not forgotten, by love enticed
We grasp the bread and find our hopes take wing.
The blood of Christ mingles with blood of sinner
Tomorrow the sin is the same, the sinner changed
The word grows faint the lights on the altar dimmer
The presence abides from the forms of flesh disengaged.
Who now would linger at the shadow's brink?
The tree of life roots deeper than we think.

M. W. BOYER

Everyman Today

By Walter Sorell
Drama Editor of The CRESSET

This new version of Everyman was written as a piece for the theatre, but it may also be played in churches or in town halls, briefly, wherever people gather whose work is devoted to the betterment of mankind. This play deals with man and our time; it serves no political party; it is neither pro nor anti anything, thought is is against the moral bankruptcy of our time and for the moral progress of man.

Although more complex than its original, it is a simple play and therefore its director and producer should employ only the simplest means in regard to costumes and settings. It is suggested that no curtain be used and that it be played without intermission; if the intermission cannot be avoided, it should be after the fourth scene.

Prologue

Announcer

A hearty welcome to you people,
who gathered here this very day
to see and hear the ageless play
of Everyman and of his final summons.
The times have changed and man has
changed with them.
And yet, the story I will tell
of Everyman and how he fell
from grace, a sinner in the eyes of God,
is still the same. The same is still
man's face.
But in those many hundred years
man's hopes have changed, so have man's
fears,
so have the many ways in which he sins.

His guilt is still the same and weighs
not less
but more. Now he is well aware
of what he does, and for his share
in the collective guilt of man he must
give full account as if it were his own.
Oh, listen people! In heaven our King
calls man for a last reckoning.
Give audience and hear what he does say.

(The stage gradually fills with Celestial Figures attired in the most imaginative costumes. Their simple movements turn into a dance of serenity. Out of their midst arises the MESSENGER. While he speaks the Celestial Figures dissolve their dance and disappear as gradually as they entered the stage to make room for approaching DEATH with his many shadows)

Messenger

Death, I call thee!
No longer linger!
Bring Everyman
before the eyes of God
to have my Master weigh
man's woe and will,
to judge the way he walks,
the goal he glorifies,
the deed he dares,
This is the day of reckoning.
Death, I call thee!

Death

At your will!
The silent servant of Almighty God!
I listen to your lips,
wait for your word
to turn the day
into nigrescent night
of nothingness.
(He begins to dance to slow, macabre music)

The name you say,
You date the day,

I dance your message down to man,
dance the fulfillment of your will
to bring to judgment what is still
unjudged on its labyrinthian way,
unreckoned to this very day.
(He dances to the following words of the)

Messenger

My Master is in anger, Death.
He once before drowned man
in the disastrous deluge of his wrath
and tainted all the human tongues
with colors of confusion
when, in the Land of Shinar,
their hellish hands had built
the Babel to their own destruction.
Again man's will has swelled
and his desire dances to the music
of disaster. Again his hands
have reached up to the sky
to light, foolhardily, his cigarettes
with the eternal fire of God's stars.
And, in the panic of his battle
for better and for more, the meadows,
soft and green, are littered with the dead,
foiled in their wish for festive flowers.
Feeble is the fading light of hope.
God sees man's days replete with agonies,
his aching nights loud with
the helpless sadness of his sighs,
God sees the nightmares of man's dreams,
when weariness, far stronger than his fears,
will make his mind rest on the pillow
of forgetfulness. But then the real man
awakes in him, the man he wants
to push aside, the alter ego he denies,
the wickedness of all his wiles,
his crimes of loud indifference:
A last reminder of his past,
wrapped in the distortion of a dream,
a silent reckoning with himself.

But he awakes and shakes it off as though
it were without the slightest meaning.
And on he goes to plan his plans,
to do his deeds, to live his life
in ruthlessness and sin.
God is forsaken, forgotten is His son
who died to give man peace and bring
him love. Yet all he understood
was hatred, hatred of all otherness.
God made his earth with land and water,
with mountains and with plains. But man --
man drew blood-spattered borderlines
and calmed his qualms with battle cries.
Loud is his conscience, louder yet
the noise in which he drowns it.
He gave to the license of murder
the glory of sacrifice. And
the boundless mercy God proffered man
was taken with less than a nod
of gratitude. God's patience has run out.
Death, I call upon thee!
Call Every Man to trial.

Death

(whose dance turns into ecstasy while he speaks)

Death at your service,
Lord of this Life!
I will descend and strike
at great and small alike,
and no one will get by
with artifice and lie,
The loud one and the meek,
the strong one and the weak
must enter through your gate
and show his written slate.
I'll be their guide.
God will decide.
Death at your service,
Lord of this Life!

First Scene

(The stage is plunged into darkness. Calls from near and far are heard: "Everyman!", "Everyman!" These calls are continued until the stage is lit again. The only prop is a cot which stands downstage and on which Everyman lies, in simple working clothes. His wife kneels before him.)

Everyman

I am so sick. Pain is all over me. My bones seem to be breaking into bits. Oh God, it can't be the end yet! I've hardly started to live. (*He groans*)

His Wife

Lie still. Don't move – I'll run for the doctor --

Everyman

Don't leave me now! I'm so afraid to be alone. I've never been afraid!! What have I done to be punished so? Haven't I always done my job? Haven't I taken care of you -- brought up my child -- ?

Wife

Don't worry now and let me go to fetch the doctor. It isn't so bad that he couldn't help you. Lie still -- I won't be long!

Everyman

Water -- please, a drop of water -- my tongue is parched -- I can't breathe! (*She gives him to drink*) The shadow over there -- do you see it?

Wife

Where? There is nothing there. You are feverish. I'll have to get the doctor -- just don't move for a few minutes -- ! (*she leaves*)

Everyman

Oh God, this shadow grows!

Death

Everyman!

Everyman

Who is calling me?

Death

Are you ready, Everyman?

Everyman

Who is calling me?

Death

Don't you know me, Everyman? Have you not thought of me all your life -- and feared me?

Everyman

Oh God, I had the feeling all along that you were near --

Death

Make yourself ready, Everyman!

Everyman

Don't take me yet! Have pity on me! Must I go?

Death

Your time has come, Everyman!

(He dances around the cot. While he overshadows Everyman more and more coming closer to him with every movement, the Devil, in modern evening dress, and Conscience, elegantly dressed in white, approach him from opposite wings. Death continues to dance during the following scene which is accompanied by background music.)

Everyman

(is getting up from his cot like a somnambulist)

Devil

I claim this man!

Conscience

This man is mine!
There were no evil thoughts in him,
his life was full of good intentions --

Devil

The way to hell is also paved with good
intentions! Not what we want, but what
we do is what counts here!

Conscience

His will was free
to act -- and yet, he was not free, because
man is not free. A thousand strings attached
to him, he hardly lives his life, is being
lived, directed, pushed and stopped by hands
invisible to him.

Devil

Why waste your words,
enchanting lady, let him speak.
Well, my good man -- well, would you say
you lived your life, or didn't you?

Everyman
I did.
Devil
And would you say you acted
as prompted by your will?
Everyman
I think I did.
Devil
Well, then, who told you that you did no wrong?
Did you ever stop and think about it?
Everyman
(*hesitant*)
I do not know -- I am not sure --
Devil
You are not sure? Then let me tell
you, Everyman, you did great wrong!
You lived as if your life were yours forever,
as if the world were yours and no one else
in it with you. What did you do to better
man's condition -- what did you do, I ask?
Everyman
(*stammering*)
I -- I --
Devil
(*delighted*)
You did not care, you did
not even give it the slightest thought --
Conscience
Everyman, speak up, speak for yourself!
Everyman
(*groping for words*)
I hoped -- I tried -- I wished I could --
Devil
Intentions, nothing but intentions -- (*he laughs*)
Conscience
Everyman, speak up, speak for yourself!
Everyman
I worked, worked hard, worked all my life
cared for my wife, my child -- had friends
and little time -- so little time --

I think I never did what you called bad,
not purposely, at least. I often cursed
when things were rough and mean, and oft they were.
I could not do much more than work and try
and struggle hard -- to make a living and
to live the way life is for us --
(turns around, in thought)
Indeed,
so many things now look so strange to me --
they are not quite the way they ought to be --

Conscience

Why didn't you get up in time
and raise your voice and say your say?

Everyman

I always voted for my candidate,
I had beliefs, read books and papers --
and I spoke to people --
(hesitates)
What else could I
have done? My voice is small -- I often
wished I could be heard -- I am a simple
man, one of many. And the many
need someone to speak and act for them --

Conscience

Your speakers and your leaders did deceive
you then --

Everyman

Maybe, they thought they did their best,
or knew no better. I do not want to judge them.

Devil

And you need not.
(clears his throat) ,
God has passed his judgment.
They are mine!

Conscience

Then he is innocent!

Devil

Do calm yourself, impetuous lady!
He is not innocent.
He claims to be a simple man,
one of many. Yes, he is!
So is the man who rules him

and who cracks the whip of power
around his head. Can you deny it?

Everyman

No. I can't.

Devil

He can't, because
he is that man, he is his own oppressor,
the scourge of which he is afraid.
He is the politician and the businessman,
the general and scientist,
the preacher, teacher and the man of words,
is every man, yes, Everyman,
can you deny it?

Everyman

No. I can't.

Devil

He can't! He is entangled in
a thousand strings, a puppet, pushed
and stopped, directed, moved by hands
invisible to him and yet --
these very hands are his, are Everyman's!
He is the well of evil --

Conscience

-- and of good!

Devil

Why, then, I ask, did you not try
to stop those madmen who were leading you
from one disaster to another?

Everyman

I tried, I often did just that, but then
was exiled, shot or put in prison -- and
whenever I succeeded, got hold of office
and of power -- it was my power then
which made others come and fight me. Yes,
you'll say: a vicious circle! Right you are.
And yet it changed the world somewhat,
but changed not man. It did not bring us
freedom, though it brought us many liberties --
The chains remained, the old ones fell from us
and were replaced by others. It is so hard
for me to put my finger on what is wrong.
It must be man, his greed for money, lust

for power -- maybe, I had my share in it
and did not know -- maybe -- but did not know --

Devil

(and Conscience now stand near the footlights at opposide sides of the stage)

You could not paint a more delightful picture.
Let me deduce from what you said
that you have little hope for any better morrow
and that, in fact, you disbelieve in man.

Everyman

We are great sinners in the eyes of God.
His word is simple, clear and leaves no doubt
in our minds as to its meaning.
But our will is weak, and our soul,
in sweet embrace with evil, yields to its
temptation in many ways time and again.

Conscience

Everyman, wake up! The time is now
if ever: Wake up and don't procrastinate!
I am your conscience, don't you hear me
speak? No longer can you wait!

Everyman

Yes. I know the time is now if ever.

Death

(putting his arm around Everyman's shoulder almost covering him)

God's patience has run out. Look at the world
and see what you have done with it:
mountains of misery, oceans of tears,
fields of confusion, torrents of tall terror.
Yes, Everyman, you have betrayed yourself
when, on the brink of every new disaster
you dared keep shut your eyes and dared
deny the guidance of your Lord.
No longer wail and weep in sweet contrition,
no longer is it of avail to you.

Everyman

But God is merciful and kind and will
not judge too harshly his repentant sinners.

Conscience

So heavy is the burden he must bear,
so complicated the machinery

in which he functions --

Death

Heavy is the burden
of man's guilt, it grew with him.
God gave him time, time to awaken and live
the spirit of the law
in the abundance of eternal light.
It's not enough to have God dwell in temples,
pay service now and then with listless lips,
when out you drove Him from your hearts.
God sees the burden of your guilt: and knows:
your crime of greed, your deaf fanaticism;
the wars of kings and nations and ideas;
the blindness of your hate and of your love;
your vanity, self-righteousness and pride;
your little private wars against your kind,
your kin and friends, your help, your neighbor's dog.
Everyman, there is no end to it.

Conscience

Here is a sinner and he knows his sin.
His fear speaks louder for his conscience
than words can do. His slate is far from clean.
Yet he was never more aware than now
of all the errors of his past
and of the clock counting his minutes.
He is not bad at heart, is his own victim,
bleeding from his self-inflicted wounds.
Tomorrow, Lord, he may do better
than yesterday. Give him another chance..

Death

The heart that leaves its Master and his Maker
is without reason and it fails to see.
Man did forsake the image of the Lord,
and now the Lord grew weary waiting and is ready
to erase man's image from His memory.

Devil

The Master finally concedes his error:
a structural mistake in the machine
delusively called human soul.
Man tried the hellish dish I have prepared
for him and cannot help but relish it.
With every decade he enjoys it hot

and hotter, and he licks his lips for more.
(*sarcastically*)
Let him call his doings sin or evil
just to please his Lordship now and then
with his sincere regrets and penitence.
Admit I have instilled much courage in him.
Was not his daring truly devilish
with which he wrested from your hand
a toy -- of blinding colors in profusion --
whose content holds the horror of destruction?
I like this thought: seeing him play with it.

Conscience

(*Heavenly music sets in while she is pleading for Everyman)*
I speak the tongue, Lord, of a woman.
As if I were the womb of all mankind,
I plead with you: Give him another chance!
No mother ever would renounce her child,
though she may see his faults and fear for him
and even suffer from his boisterous blunders --
but she would feel that he is good at heart
and was misled, abused and trapped
by friend and foe and his own judgment.
He went astray. Give him another chance
to find his way back to you, O Lord, and to himself!
(*Music ends on a triumphant note)*

Everyman

Myself -- yes, the many selves I am
belong to every man. Whom can I blame
if not myself?

Conscience

Wake up,
the time is now if ever!

Everyman

(*throwing off the shadow of Death. Music sets in again)*
I must save them -- save the many selves I am!

Death

(*dancing off stage. As soon as he becomes invisible, one again hears his call)*
Everyman!

Everyman

Here I am! I'm Everyman!

Death

Everyman!

(The stage is suddenly darkened. The music continues)

Second Scene

(The stage is empty. From opposite wings, Everyman in the mask of a General and His Counterpart as the Scientist enter, both crossing the stage and meeting downstage center)

Everyman

How glad I am to meet you, sir!

His Counterpart

(somewhat absent-minded)

The pleasure, sir, is mine.

Everyman

Ah, greatly honored, sir! I always wished
to see you and to hear you speak!
To see and hear the man whose research and
inventiveness has opened new horizons,
has bravely challenged our old conceptions,
and who has made man's age-old dreams come true.
(they shake hands)
How primitive was our craft as long as
it depended on man alone! Now, thanks to you,
thanks to the progress of technology,
we're masters of land and air and water --

His Counterpart

Pardon me, I did not get your name -- with whom
have I the pleasure --

Everyman

The name is of
no consequence. What counts is the insignia,
the badge of rank and office, and the uniform --
in short, I am a soldier, sir, and proud to serve --

His Counterpart

I see, I see -- you are a soldier, proud to serve --

Everyman

As proud as you are, sir, to serve your science,

to probe, dissect, examine, and to fathom
the unfathomable, to weigh and search until
you find the secret of the unexplored, the magic
of the new. I too am driven to seek what is
unknown, to challenge God, to dare the fates,
to triumph over man. I represent the glory
that is war!

His Counterpart

You lucky creature, you can indulge
in your nefarious craft and no police force
in the world will track you down. Your statues
grow like mushrooms in public parks and
on the cities' squares.. Never have you doubted
the righteousness of what you do --

Everyman

My people
call me to defend their lives and property.
I am a patriot! And you, sir?

His Counterpart

You know it well:
I am a scientist. As such I serve mankind --

Everyman

I have suspected you for quite a while
to be contaminated with wrong notions, to be
infected with poisonous propaganda!

His Counterpart

My work
has taught me, first of all, to doubt.
There is no final truth in what man thinks
and does. You said before that I am driven
by magic force to strip existence of its
many veils, unfold the secret
of the unknown, lay bare the heart
of every matter. But I learned to doubt,
and still I doubt that what I do
is right, because whatever I have done
was proven wrong by you. You turn
each plus into a minus, you make
my formulas seem hellish stuff.

Everyman

I only put to use what you explore,
what you discover, act like a patriot --

His Counterpart

I know you are a patriot. I don't accuse you,
I am well aware you are the product of
a time and an environment that knows no better.
And yet I can't excuse the many crimes
committed in the name and with the means
of science.

Everyman

It would be foolish not to use
your knowledge. It would be suicide for
our nation as long as our neighbors try
to outdo us. Preparedness is all that counts.
We do not doubt, we act. We know that we are
right! For power guarantees security
and vigilance alone means lasting peace --

His Counterpart

-- which lasts from one war to another.
You know no way out but the exit.
Power leads to fear and fear to war --

Everyman

Why do you not admit that war has
always been the best incentive
to your work?

His Counterpart

Yes, but to help mankind,
to heal its wounds, to make it benefit
from all its follies, to foil its future
errors --

Everyman

Admit that you are with us! But
if your conscience plagues you, as it seems,
why don't you stop the march of science?

His Counterpart

You can't hold back the wheel of progress,
nor can you stop man's mind from functioning
as it does. I know the end is near. We have
gone much too far, dared God too long.
His power which we fear and which we worship
since we are so full of fear will finally
destroy us. It will destroy us on that day
on which, with boisterous daring, we shall
come close to pry into His secret of creation

and when, with instruments of science, we shall attempt to recreate the mystery of God. Then we shall hear His voice --

A Voice
(from behind the scene)
Everyman!
(the voice coming closer)
Everyman!

Everyman
(first stunned, listening, then in fear)
Ah, did you hear this voice? It sounded so frightening, frighteningly near --

His Counterpart
Sound should not frighten you, sound is vibrational energy, transmitted through the air --

Everyman
I heard it call me,
call my name -- O listen! listen!

His Counterpart
The auditory center of your brain
is stimulated by some sound waves,
a sensation known otherwise
as hearing --
(Meanwhile light has fallen on a small group of soldiers, picturesquely costumed, warriors of all ages in their respective uniforms; they stand, or squat on the ground; they are partly crippled, mutilated, bandaged; and they move, almost unnoticeably, toward the General and Scientist)

Everyman
This is no time
for jokes!

The Voice of Death
(from behind the scene)
Everyman!
(coming from the opposite side)
Everyman!

His Counterpart
Now I could hear it too. It called my name!

Everyman
(shaking)
And mine again! A terrifying voice!

His Counterpart

Courage, man! Did you not oft enough
face danger? Did you not blueprint
a thousand plans for the dramatic
scene of slaughter, turning towns into
a shambles, the fertile soil into a field
of death?

Everyman

A terrifying voice! Have pity
on me! And do not speak of it, not now!

His Counterpart

(half aside)
Is this the end to life which seemed so real,
a road whose fading-out seemed so remote,
marked, unmistakably, with joy and grief,
with many milestones of success and failure
and the untiring drive to live and to go on --
Disintegration -- final dissolution --
How real was my life? Was it as real as
my thought, my work, my deeds and doubts,
and nothing more? A microcosm now yielding
to the enigma of the beyond, and the unknown
is still triumphant over matter --

Everyman

I am afraid
and never knew what fear was like. O God!
This voice! it sounded like a bell
tolling to summon me --
(turning to His Counterpart)
O help me now!

His Counterpart

No doubt, my friend, we shed much light
where darkness was supreme; in fact,
we almost conquered nature; and we checked
the elements and lessened pain, went to
the source of evil in our flesh and brain,
with knives and salves and words; the air
is ours, and the entire cosmos
no longer puzzles us. And yet, this
final step -- it must be made and without help:
the end according to eternal laws.

The Voice of Death
(from behind the scene)
Everyman!
(coming from somewhere else)
Everyman!
Everyman
O brother, friend,
I need you now --
His Counterpart
This voice calls me
as well as it calls you. I have no fear.
My work half done, the record on my slate
half black half white, I feel half ready
to lay the spirit that is mine into the
hands of God. I don't deny my guilt. My deeds
will speak for me, my daring, without doubt,
will be condemned --
Everyman
(in despair)
But who will speak
for me? Is no one here to help me go
before my judge --
A Flier
I will, old chap,
I know my way around in all the spheres
which lead to heaven. Don't you remember,
you sent me up to bomb -- ah, nevermind,
I know you did -- how do you call it? -- yes,
your duty -- yes, certainly, you did your duty
and so did I and came, in flames, came
burning down. My only thought: Poor mother,
she will weep! And then a flash: To hell
with all those wars! But there I was and dead
and up I went again and now I know my way
around, old chap! Pardon me -- forgot
to introduce my friends to you,
my comrades whom I met, nice fellows all,
from some time back though -- but good boys
who died for -- ah, some sort of glory,
all eager now to testify for you --
Roman Soldier
Semper!

Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori!

Condottiere

Evviva il principe!

Soldier of Napoleon

Vive l'Empereur!

German Soldier

Hurra! Mit Gott fuer Kaiser und Vaterland!

French Soldier

Viva la patrie! Vous ne me reconnaissez pas,
Monsieur? Je suis Jean-Pierre, Jean-Pierre --
We fought together at Verdun! Ah, je vois --
You cannot recognize me any more,
my face, it is disfigured, shelled and shot,
it's true. But you remember that you vowed --
should you get out alive -- you would not rest,
not rest -- not for a minute -- and tell the world
that this was hell -- and worse to come --
you promised, didn't you? -- But you forgot --
you did forget us all -- again mankind forgot,
again --
(he cries)

The Flier

Don't mind him! Shellshocked, as you know,
and then that bloody bullet right through
his face -- I guess, a sentimental boy --
Ah, nevermind! We fought but to defend --
now I forgot what we defended -- my memory,
I lost it in those flames -- ah, nevermind!
You fellows, let us bid a hearty welcome
to these gentlemen, let us be gay and dance
on our way! Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!

Chorus of Soldiers

Hurrah!

(The soldiers dance around Everyman and His Counterpart, a gruesome danse macabre, with the stage slowly darkening and the calls of Death audible again: "Everyman!" "Everyman!")

Third Scene

(The stage is empty. Everyman in the mask of the Intellectual enters like Hamlet entering to speak his famous monologue)

Everyman

"To be or not to be -- that is the question:
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them. To die -- to sleep --
No more;"
(he paces the stage in meditation)
Act three, scene one. No more, my prince.
Your thoughts are noble and so are your actions.
I share your hesitant irresolution,
I am, like you, obsessed by disillusion,
but envy you your courage of conviction!
How often have I asked myself: To die,
to sleep, no more? And yet the answer, lightly
formed by lips, needs courage, prince, far more
than many human hearts can muster.
(startled)
Who
is the first to cast the stone at me?
Man is not made to be a hero and to
oppose a sea of troubles. I know, my prince
'tis nobler to take arms, first in your mind,
then in the world, against the pest which plagues
the people, festers in their bodies and
pollutes their souls. How oft are we aware
of what to do, but hesitate to act!
And then we comfort our conscience
with ill-fed lies and bed it on the cushion
of soft forgetfulness. That evil does
exist: we know: we see it and we close
our eyes in furtive hope that it
may turn away from us and thus
we shall escape its rampant fury.
How often do we try to play the blind,
deceived by cheap advantages of birth
or wealth or lucky circumstances,

then tricked into illusive thoughts
and righteous feelings! How true, my noble
prince,
that "conscience does make cowards of us all";
the dread of what has been and what might be
in days to come when our days are dateless,
no longer counted, nor to be accounted for,
drives us to deeds which certainly would make
us blush,
if only we could see whatever we
are doing with eyes of objectivity.
'Tis easier to be a coward, prince,
live in illusions of sweet self-deceit,
than face the facts. To face them and to act!
Escape the lure of ease and comfort, dare
oppose the sea of troubles and their evil,
no matter whether it would mean your end,
not theirs. "Ay, there's the rub," my prince!
Endowed
with strength of thought and ingenuity
we are predestined to be leaders, to mold
the form of thinking and to clear the way
so that the multitude may follow us.
But what we lack is vision, prince,
and character: the courage of conviction!
Ideas must be carried by ideals
and insight can be only gained
by humbly serving the spirit to the letter.
(Light falls on a group of children who, in the outermost left corner of the stage, appear to be sitting on school benches. Everyman turns to them in the attitude of a teacher)
How have I fed your hungry eyes,
how have I kneaded, baked your bread
of wisdom? Have I not made the crust
delicious? tempting? But its dough was bitter.
You grow and with you grows the world so fast
that decade after decade finds you
unprepared for life. We feed you with
distorted images and with
the memory of dreams we lost,
paint life in colors of illusion,
dress you up as if your world
would be a circus -- and we do not see,

nor do we want to, that your soul is limping.

(Light falls on a group of praying people who, in the outermost right corner of the stage, should convey the idea of a church. Everyman turns to them in the attitude of a preacher)

My brethren, the eyes of God rest upon us sinners!
Woe unto us who knew His word, whose lips uttered
it, but whose thoughts and deeds betrayed it. Woe
unto us who lived and stood in the glory of His
light, with all the shadow cast over our souls. I
called you to prayer, my brethren, I bade you look
up at our Lord, the King of Heaven, but your words
were dry and sober, wrapped in the rags of your
every-day drudgeries, and it was I who was unable
to clothe them in the velvet of elation and the silk
of humility, I was not strong enough to make your
words dance on your lips to the ecstatic tunes of
joy, with purity in your hearts, in praise of the
Lord and the Lord's mercy, and when my own words
bade you look up to Heaven, your eyes had the empty
stare of the blind because I could not instill the
light into you, the light that comes from inside
kindled by kindness and love, and when I asked you
to follow me I led you through the endless maze of
reality seeking the exit to God instead of leading
you across the sunflooded meadows of spiritual freedom
-- O my brethren, we are blinded by the glaring fire
of the day's events, burned by the anguish of our
aching nights and the drunken desires of our dreams
-- O God, your eyes rest upon us, sinners!

(Light falls onto the center of the stage which gradually fills with reporters and poets. Everyman rushes toward them becoming one of them)

We are the power of the printed word,
the ink that letters what man feels and thinks
in black and white all over the horizon.
Ours is the word, read and reread,
and ours is the voice that penetrates
the ether filled with false and strident sounds
to which God listens. Paper, paper! Trees
must die so that the world can die of words!
And yet how much a word can say and do:
can light the torch and scorch the evil and

can heal man's wounds of flesh and mind! The word
must lead us -- but where to, o God, did lead
the word? To physical destruction and
to the bankruptcy of our mind! We failed.
We failed you, God, and we failed us.
Where is your voice, o God?
(he takes a gun out of his pocket)
I call you, death!

(Everyman in the mask of the Intellectual shoots himself. The people form a circle around him in dancing movements. The stage is suddenly plunged into darkness, the Voice of Death is heard again: "Everyman!" "Everyman!")

SONG FOR APPLE TREES

Time shall have the harvesting
but we shall plant the seed;
and we shall do the lover-ing
because we have the need.

We shall plant five apple trees
and they shall have their fling...
We shall tend them on our knees
while rushing Aprils sing --

Time is just a fuddy-dud,
irrelevant to spring!

—DON MANKER

Science And Scripture

ALFRED H. MEYER
Professor of Geography and Geology
Valparaiso University

Approximately 2600 persons are starred in *American Men of Science.* Starred scientists are the leaders in the various fields of scientific research as determined by a poll of their associates. Dr. Stephen S. Visher, professor of Geography at Indiana University, has made an extensive investigation of the life patterns of scientists who have won stars in the period of 1903 - 1943. He was especially interested to determine the factors which played major roles in the development of distinguished scientific careers.*

Some of the leading factors considered are: age and chief influences affecting the decision to become a scientist; influences contributing to achievement; economic, social and family conditions, including occupational status and racial stock; institutional training; and stimulation towards higher achievement by members of the family, friends, teachers, and other interested people.

Although nothing was asked in Professor Visher's questionnaire about the scientists' church affiliations, a statistical table on denominational affiliations of 303 starred scientists as reported in sketches in *Who's Who In America* is reproduced after Lehman and Witty (*Scientific Monthly,* December, 1931).

The number and proportion of starred scientists here reported in terms of the various church affiliations impress one as extremely significant, especially the low rating of the Lutherans in relation to the major Protestant bodies: we note that Congregationalists rank first, with a percentage of 21.8; Presbyterians next, with 20.1; Episcopalians, 17.2; Unitarians, 12.2; Methodists, 10.2; Baptists, 5.3; Quakers, 2.0; Mormons, 1.3; *Lutherans,* 1.3; Universalists, 1.0;

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*Stephen S. Visher, *Scientists Starred,* 1903 - 1943, The Johns Hopkins Press, 1947.

Dutch Reformed, 0.7. Thus Lutheran starred scientists are outnumbered 5 to 15 times by those of other leading Protestant denominations.

In proportion to total church membership in the United States, the Unitarians rank highest in the number of starred scientists, followed by Congregationalists, Quakers, Universalists, and Episcopalians.

It would be interesting to know the basis for such a low Lutheran rating. Undoubtedly, a number of concomitant factors outside of religion would have to be considered in arriving at a correct understanding of this relationship. But it is the writer's belief that lack of orientation towards a career in science is partly attributable to certain religious backgrounds, beliefs, attitudes, or association influences, which have become identified in one way or another with the belief that the study of the "pure", theoretical, or philosophical aspects of science can be a faith-disturbing or even faith-destroying experience.

That special problems arise in the attempt to correlate certain hypotheses or theories in science with particular exegetical interpretation of Scripture is, of course, to be expected, and it is to this area of the subject that we would now briefly address ourselves. Our problem examples will be largely those identified with earth-science, the field of our special interest.

In the first place we should recognize that confusion and disconcertation are not inherent in science alone; it is part of the price the student has to pay in pursuit of any form of advanced learning. Admittedly science does pose controversial problems that often prove incisively more disturbing as increasing researches in science and interest in new exegetical exposition of Scripture point up such problems year by year into sharper focus. At one time matters of more or less individual concern, such problems between Research and Revelation are now engaging more organized attention, as is expressed in such organizations as the Moody Institute of Science and the American Scientific Affiliation.

Another new development is this: Churchmen, who were once content to attack such problems in a mere negative way, now realize that to question or discredit successfully a certain theory, principle, or hypothesis of science one has to be thoroughly familiar with the facts or lines of reasoning upon which these are based. In other words,

theologians in part try to adopt the role of a scientist. And so it is gratifying to see an increasing number of theologically as well as scientifically trained academicians showing a constructive interest in the matter, for who will deny the importance of a subject area of investigation which purposes to keep science from developing a secular and materialistic philosophy of man's origin and his destiny?

The essence of a Christian philosophy of science is well expressed by Robert Andrews Millikan, first American Nobel prize winner in Physics. "The purpose of Science," says Dr. Millikan, "is to develop, without prejudice or preconceptions of any kind, a knowledge of facts, the laws, and the processes of nature. The even more important task of religion, on the other hand, is to develop the consciences, the ideals, and the aspirations of mankind. Each of these two activities represents a deep and vital function of the soul of man, and both are necessary for the life, the progress, and the happiness of the human race."

Admittedly important, then, as is the discovery of a harmonious correlation between science and religion, the critically minded student should be well aware of past and existing controversial issues and be taught how to meet them, at least in principle, as to technique and critique.

1. First I believe we should be ready to admit that certain problems will never lend themselves to rationalization; those, for example, which are concerned with the origin of our universe and other universes. I am well aware that we have various so-called scientific hypotheses on the origin of our universe, such as Laplace's Nebular Hypothesis, Chamberlin's Planetesimal Hypothesis, and the most recently proposed Gaseous Hypothesis by astronomer Jeans and geophysicist Jeffrey. But these are in the realm of speculative cosmology, rather than a part of the science of geology. Nor will anyone contend that any particular exegesis of Scripture can give us an explicit understanding of cosmological developments. While Genesis I reveals significant episodes in Creation, it does not purport to be a textbook of astronomy, geology, or geophysics.

2. We should approach all problems with true humility and reverence for Scriptural truths and at the same time have a high respect for scientific research which is man's way of fulfilling the injunction of God when He commanded man, immediately

after He created him, to "subdue" the earth (Genesis I, 28). There is no point in berating a religionist's or a scientist's sincere effort to discover the truth, simply because we do not happen to agree with him; such personal attack may prove to be neither Christian nor scientific.

3. We should have an open mind on such matters, making sure that time-treasured ideas and dogmas either in the area of religion or of science do not stand in the way of progress should new exegetical and scientific interpretations better lend themselves to a resolution of our problems. The history of religion and of science is replete with examples of bad blunders, from which we should learn a lesson. For example, the Church or certain churchmen, on Scriptural grounds, once stoutly believed that the earth was flat (Cosmas Indicopleustus, a learned monk). It was also held that the Cartesian doctrine of the antipodes was pure heresy (St. Augustine). The Catholic Church once denounced the unorthodox theory of the Copernican system. And Luther, for similar reasons, dubbed Copernicus a "fool".

As for science, it no longer subscribes to the doctrine of Spontaneous Generation, and while still supporting generally the Doctrine of Transformism, of some form or other, it has abandoned or has extremely modified earlier theories of how Transformism works.

We now know also that certain elements are transmutable into other elements, once considered very unorthodox in scientific circles.

4. What does such a brief review of historic incidents teach us? To distinguish carefully between the doctrine of inspiration of Scripture and man's exegesis of Scripture; similarly, to distinguish in science between what appears to be a demonstrably proven fact and what is merely a mental construct, a principle, a theory, or an hypothesis.

Here nothing is probably more familiar to the student than Evolution, or Transformism, as I prefer to call it. It is one thing to accept at face value the Biblical statements on distinctive creations of the several "kinds" (to use the exact Biblical language) of plants and animals; it is quite something else to contend that exegesis demands that the word "kind" means "species", as the biologists use the term today.

And so the Bible scholar who insists on multiple special creation, including man, becomes unduly and unnecessarily disturbed

when he learns that modern geneticists have produced new species capable of breeding indefinitely. Just what does this prove? Does this mean that all species of life are the descendants of a common ancestral form of life? Only an assumption, of course, based on no concrete evidence, whether from genetics, morphology, paleontology, or any other branch of science.

The fact that the fin of a fish, the flipper of a seal, the wing of a bird, and the hand of man have what are known biologically as homologous structures proves no necessary genetic relationship whatsoever. To one of the greatest naturalists of all times, Louis Agassiz, these homologous structures simply express unity of the Divine plan of creation. And as for so-called missing-links in the paleontological record, the late A. H. Clark of the Smithsonian Institute at Washington, one of the ablest paleontologists of America and himself an arch evolutionist, denied the identity of such fossil types, including "man-ape" types, existing in the fossil record.

5. The search for truth demands objectivity and circumspection. It seems strange that this universally accepted principle among academicians is so often ignored in practice. One of the major faults lies in quoting statements or evaluating facts *out of their context.* And so someone will quote a passage from the Bible on one point of Genesis dealing with creation, the interpretation of which may not fit so well when considered in connection with the entire Genesis account of creation. Similarly, a theologically trained individual may base his historical geology thesis upon a single phenomenon in a geological column without concerning himself with the problem of how this interpretation fits into the rest of the geologically recorded phenomena in the same column.

Likewise, a geologist overanxious to support a theory of his on paleontological succession of plant and animal life may disregard or minimize fossil finds in the geological column which do not fit into his pet theory.

6. And finally, we must not mistake so-called scientific or religious authority for evidence. This does not mean we should not investigate and respect authority, whether in religion or in science; quite the contrary. But a critical scholar will want to know, where there is disagreement or doubt, on what basis an authority has come to his conclusions. "What is your

evidence?" we ask. When *Pithecanthropus erectus* is mentioned, as your most distinguished original ancestor, you will probably want to know not merely the names of scientists who so declare, but you will want to know just what the skeletal remains and condition of burial were like, and the original pronouncements concerning their identity. Checking on this, we find that the "skeleton" consists of a femur, three molar teeth, and the upper part of the skull. Were they found in the same fossil grave? The answer is: Several of the skeletal fragments were found distributed over two-score feet apart, animal fossils also occurring in the same place.

What was the original pronouncement by the scientists? Of the so-called anthropological experts which met in Leyden, Holland, to survey the fragmentary remains, there was a three-way opinion expressed. One group decided they were parts of a human skeleton; another, that they were part of an anthropoid animal; and the third, referred the bones to some kind of "missing link." The geological age of the "ape-man" stratum has been variously classified as Pliocene, Pleistocene, and recent.

On the origin of man, Sir William Dawson, a former president of McGill University, once said: "I know nothing about the origin of man, except what I am told in the Scripture—that God created him. I do not know anything more than that, and I do not know of anybody who does."

In conclusion, it will be noted it has not been our purpose here to prove or disprove a particular theory or thesis, but rather to try help establish some sort of religio-scientific critique whereby the seriously minded student might find his way through the challenging maze of controversial issues which may beset his path. In order to do this he must obviously have a working knowledge of the facts and principles of the various sciences, and be fully conversant with Scripture and its exegesis.

As Christians we contend, of course, that it is infinitely more important to know the "Rock of Ages," our Creator and Redeemer, than it is to determine all the facts associated with the ages of the rocks. But a consecrated Christian calling in life does not exclude responsibility to share with the best of starred scientists the duty, as God would have it, of man to investigate the frontiers of knowledge in all fields.

Letter from Xanadu, Nebr.

Dear Editor,

Our teacher is leaving us at the end of this school year and we are in the market for a new one. I thought you might be able to give us a lead on some likely candidate.

We've had a lot of trouble holding teachers the last few years. The young men today don't seem to be as consecrated as the old-timers were. We get a teacher and he stays for a year or two and then he goes into business or starts selling insurance. It seems like making money is more important to them than serving the church.

Well, anyway, here's the setup. The man that we hire would be expected to teach the upper five grades and take over a few of the congregational duties like playing the organ and conducting the choir and handling the young folks and serving as secretary of the congregation. We have a nice school plant with a stoker so he would be relieved of most of the firing problem and we've included a hundred dollars in the budget this year for help on the bigger janitorial jobs like washing the windows and waxing the floors.

What we want is an older man with some experience, maybe around 40 or 45. He ought to be a married man with two or three children so that he can really understand children but we wouldn't want him to have such a big family that he would always be hinting around for a raise. We pay $3000 a year, less fifty dollars a month for rent on the teacher's house, with an automatic increase of fifty dollars every year up to $3500. And we don't object if the teacher wants to take a job during the summer, as long as he makes arrangements for his choir and organ work and the work with the young people.

The sort of man we have in mind ought to be in teaching because he loves young people and because he wants to serve the church and not because of the money involved. He ought to think of teaching as a high and noble profession and not as just a way to make a living. We don't want a teacher who would be too proud to sweep the floor, if the good of the school required it, or who would expect the congregation to fix every little thing that needs fixing around the school. He ought to think of the

school as his responsibility and welcome the chance to use his own ingenuity in solving the problems that come up now and then.

We had a teacher something like what we have in mind several years ago. He was really a wonderful teacher. He loved his work and there was hardly a night when you couldn't find him up at the school, doing this or that that needed doing. It was really tragic that he died so young. Our church needs men like that.

We had a nice surprise this last week. My nephew Norbert stopped on his way to the West coast. He's my older brother's boy and he just finished up at the U. in January. He had this job with one of the soap companies doing general sales work and he rather liked the work but he's planning to get married in June and he didn't feel that he could support two people on his salary, which was only about $3600, so he took this new job out in L.A. He'll start there at $3750 and he will move up to $3800 after six months if he works out all right. His wife-to-be intends to work for a couple of years so he figures they ought to be able to get by until he hits the permanent staff salary level.

Norbert had some very nice things to say about this column of mine. It seems that the service pastor where he went to school was one of those guys who are always harping on doctrine and never had anything concrete to say about how religion could help you get ahead in life and enjoy living. Norbert says that these columns of mine always came like a breath of fresh air. He says that they are realistic and practical, and that made me very happy because that is exactly what I always wanted them to be. At any rate, Norbert says that thanks to them he has stayed in the church and even been fairly active in it. Last month he won the Men's club bowling championship in his congregation.

So you see there are people who appreciate me in spite of those letters you have been getting. Maybe I'm like olives; it takes people a while to develop a taste for my sort of writing.

Regards,

G. G.

P. S.—I'm really counting on you to come through on this teacher deal. It's getting along in the year and if we don't get a teacher pretty soon it will be too late. If you just can't find one for $3000. I think the congregation might go as high as $3100. G. G.

Music and MUSIC MAKERS

By WALTER A. HANSEN

I receive dozens of inquiries about what has come to be called "hi-fi."

Naturally, I wish I had the technical and mechanical knowledge which would enable me to answer all these questions. But I am sure that if I were to undertake the assembling or the construction of a "hi-fi" phonograph, the results would be both ludicrous and disastrous.

This does not mean that what my ears tell me is good "hi-fi" ever fails to fill me with enthusiasm. I myself have a "hi-fi" phonograph, and I realize to the full, I believe, that the kind of reproduction with which it enthralls me is something to be treasured.

On second thought, however, I do have the ability to make one invaluable suggestion regarding the mechanics of "hi-fi." Here it is:

If you think you can have genuine "hi-fi" without a diamond-pointed stilus, you are wrong — tragically wrong. The sapphire—synthetic, of course, — stili commonly in use are reasonably good for a short while. But they positively do not last for many hours. They soon become blunted and grind the life and the beauty out of your recordings.

If you have not actually heard what a diamond-pointed stilus achieves in the matter of "hi-fi," you will not understand fully what I mean. In fact, you will not believe me before you yourself have had the same needle-experience I have had.

A diamond makes it possible for you to get out of your fine "hi-fi" discs what painstaking manufacturers have put into them. Besides, it will last about a hundred times as long as a sapphire. The initial expense is rather high, I know; but you save in the long run, and you derive infinitely more pleasure from your recordings.

No, you cannot have "hi-fi" in the true sense of the word unless you use a diamond-pointed stilus.

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By the way, many become so deeply engrossed in "hi-fi" itself that they fail to pay proper attention to the character and

the quality of the music to which they listen. This is a tragedy.

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Recently I had an opportunity to write about three string quartets by which I set great store.

Are you acquainted with the *Quartet No. 2, in A Minor, Op.* 17, by Bela Bartok, the eminent Hungarian composer who died of leukemia in New York City in 1945?

Although Bartok was a lonely master, he filled his music with intense humanness. His works often smite precedent and tradition in the face. But they are never made up of the unmistakable tonal gymnastics which, altogether too frequently, are among the outstanding traits of much of the music composed by such modernists as Arnold Schoenberg and Igor Stravinsky. Max Graf, the famous Viennese critic, declares that Bartok's compositions never "chill the emotion" and never "allow the soul to freeze." I believe Graf is right.

Listen to Bartok's *Quartet No.* 2. It is a great masterpiece. Note the wild rhythm of the *Scherzo* —a rhythm which, in the words of Graf, is "animated to grotesquery and irony." Consider carefully the concluding movement—a movement with what Graf calls "grievous laments" and "sighs emanating from a bleeding heart."

Read what sharp-witted H. W. Heinsheimer says about Bartok in his fascinating *Fanfare for Two Pigeons* (Doubleday. 1952).

Just a few days ago I reviewed an excellent performance of Ludwig van Beethoven's *Quartet in E Flat Major, Op.* 127, the first of the last five quartets from the great master's pen.

For a number of years before composing his *Op.* 127 Beethoven had been devoting intensive study to the music of Johann Sebastian Bach and had been making sketches for a work which he had in mind to call a *Bach Overture.* As I listened a short time ago to the slow movement of this composition—the *Op.* 127—I thought of the almost superhuman skill of Bach. At the same time, however, I realized that although Beethoven's awe-inspiring mastery of the art of counterpoint reminded me forcibly of Bach, it was Beethoven to the very core.

Here, I knew, was the great master who, in the course of the years and by dint of unflagging zeal and miracle-working inspiration, had learned to write with such gripping expressiveness for four stringed instruments that the world of music will never cease to marvel at what he achieved.

Let me say with all the emphasis of which I am capable that a string quartet which undertakes to perform Beethoven's *Op.* 127—with its wonderfully constructed first movement, its deeply moving *Adagio,* its rugged and scintillating *Scherzo,* and its rollicking *Finale*—is addressing itself to a work which literally bristles with difficulties in the matter of execution. But the results achieved by genuine artistry are unforgettably rewarding—both to the players and to the hearers.

Do you know Maurice Ravel's *Quartet in F Major?* This work is constructed with downright wizardry. Ravel, one of the world's greatest masters of the complex art of instrumentation, wrote this absorbing quartet shortly after the turn of the present century.

The *Quartet in F Major* did not meet with immediate approval. When the famous Kneisel Quartet performed it in New York City in 1906, the critic for the *Tribune* found in it "about as much emotional nuance as warms a problem in algebra." This music, the reviewer added, was "a drastic dose of wormwood and asafoetida." In his opinion, it brought about what he, out of the depths of a supersensitive soul, called a "horripilation of nerves"—whatever that is.

Another New York critic remarked that Ravel "can make chords out of any notes that happen to be lying around."

Well, times change, and so do opinions. Today Ravel's *Quartet in F Major* is regarded as a masterpiece—a masterpiece in the matter of unity and coherence as well as in the art of writing so skillfully for two violins, viola, and 'cello that often the effects are almost orchestral in character.

* * *

I like what Deems Taylor, the well-known American composer and critic, once wrote about Jascha Heifetz, great master of the violin. Here are his words:

> I have never known a musician with greater integrity. He plays the violin so well that he knows what a lesser artist will never know—how good violin playing might be. . . . and he is still learning to play. He has only one rival, one violinist whom he is trying to beat: Jascha Heifetz.

It is certain that Heifetz, who made his American debut in 1917 when he was only sixteen, will go down in history as one of the greatest violinists of all time.

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RECENT RECORDINGS

ROLF LIEBERMANN. *Concerto for Jazz*

Band and Symphony Orchestra. The Chicago Symphony Orchestra and the Sauter-Finegan Orchestra under Fritz Reiner. RICHARD STRAUSS. *Don Juan, Op.* 24. The Chicago Symphony Orchestra under Reiner. —Liebermann's work is fascinating —even though it contains little intrinsic musical value. The performance is exciting. Strauss's *Don Juan* is played superbly. 33-1/3 rpm. RCA Victor LM-1888.

GIUSEPPE VERDI. *Te Deum.* The Robert Shaw Chorale and the NBC Symphony Orchestra under Arturo Toscanini. ARRIGO BOITO. *Prologue to "Mefistofele."* The NBC Symphony Orchestra with the Columbus Boychoir (Herbert Huffman, director) and Nicola Moscona, basso, as Mefistofele. Conductor: Toscanini. —This fine recording was taken from the memorable broadcast of March 14, 1954. Verdi's *Te Deum* is an impressive composition. The *Prologue* to Boito's *Mefistofele* is one of the most intensely dramatic and exciting scenes in the entire range of opera. 33 1/3 rpm. Boxed. RCA Victor LM-1849.

JASCHA HEIFETZ. *From the Canebrake,* by Samuel Gardner; *Hexapoda: Five Studies in Jitteroptera (Gut-Bucket Gus, Jane Shakes Her Hair, Betty and Harold Close Their Eyes, Jim Jives, ... Till Dawn Sunday),* by Robert Russell Bennett; *Florida Night Song,* from *An Outlandish Suite,* by Susan Dyer; *A la Valse,* by Victor Herbert; *Jamaican Rumba,* by Arthur Benjamin, arranged by William Primrose; *Largo al factotum,* from *The Barber of Seville,* by Gioacchino Rossini, arranged for violin and piano by Mario Castelnuovo-Tedesco; *Summertime, A Woman Is a Sometime Thing, It Ain't Necessarily So, Tempo di Blues,* and *Bess, You Is My Woman Now,* all from George Gershwin's *Porgy and Bess; Prelude No.* 1, *Prelude No.* 2, *Prelude No.* 3, by George Gershwin, arranged by Heifetz. —This is violin wizardry. The recording is superb. The pianists are Emmanel Bay and Milton Kaye. 33 1/3 rpm. Decca DL-9760.

CLAUDE ACHILLE DEBUSSY. *La Mer* and *Iberia.* The NBC Symphony Orchestra under Arturo Toscanini. —The sorcery of Toscanini matches the sorcery of Debussy's writing. 33 1/3 rpm. RCA Victor LM-1833.

ANTONIO VIVALDI. *Concerto in G Minor, for Two 'Cellos, String Orchestra, and Harpsichord; Concerto in B Flat Major, for Violin, 'Cello, String Orchestra, and Harpsichord; Concerto in B Flat, for Oboe, Violin, Strings, and Cembalo; Concerto II, Op.* 10, *No.* 2 (*"La Notte"*), *for Flute, Strings, and Cembalo.* The Virtuosi di Roma under Renato Fasano. —Toscanini calls the Virtuoso di Roma "the great instrumental ensemble of this age." The four concerti from the facile and prolific pen of Vivaldi are played with wonderful sensitiveness. 33 1/3 rpm. Decca DL-9684.

ERNEST BLOCH. *Schelomo: Hebrew Rhapsody for 'Cello and Orchestra.* EDOUARD LALO. *Concerto in D*

Minor, for 'Cello and Orchestra. Tibor de Machula, first-desk 'cellist of the famous Concertgebouw Orchestra of Amsterdam, Holland, with the Hague Philharmonic Orchestra under Willem van Otterloo. —Wonderfully impressive readings of two fine works for 'cello and orchestra. 33 1/3 rpm. Epic LC-3072.

WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART. *Serenade in G Major ("Eine kleine Nachtmusik")* (*K.* 525) and *Serenade No.* 6 (*"Serenata Notturna"*), *for Two Small Orchestras* (*K.* 239). The Vienna Symphony Orchestra under Rudolf Moralt. *Concerto in A Major, for Clarinet and Orchestra* (*K.* 622). Richard Schoenhofer, clarinet, with the Vienna Symphony Orchestra under Bernhard Paumgartner. —Lucid and unusually sensitive Mozart-playing. Beautifully recorded. 33 1/3 rpm. Epic LC-3069.

STARLIGHT ENCORES. *Marche Slave,* by Peter Ilyich Tchaikovsky; *Andante Cantabile,* from the *String Quartet in D Major,* by Tchaikovsky; *Dance of the Hours,* from *La Gioconda,* by Amilcare Ponchielli; *Overture to "Orpheus in the Underworld,"* by Jacques Offenbach; *Danse Macabre,* by Camille Saint-Saens; *Hungarian Rhapsody No.* 2, by Franz Liszt. The Hollywood Bowl Symphony Orchestra under John Barnett. —Excellent playing. Magnificent full-dimensional recording. 33 1/3 rpm. Capitol P-8296.

RICHARD STRAUSS. *Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks, Op.* 28 and *Don Juan, Op.* 24. The Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra under William Steinberg. —Steinberg and the Pittsburgh Orchestra enable you to enjoy to the full the magic of Strauss's orchestral writing. 33 1/3 rpm. Capitol P-8291.

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN. *Symphony No.* 5, *in C Minor, Op.* 67 and *Symphony No.* 8, *in F Major, Op.* 93. The Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra under William Steinberg. —Fine readings of two great masterpieces. 33 1/3 rpm. Capitol P-8292.

SERGEI RACHMANINOFF. *Symphony No.* 2, *in C Minor.* The Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra under William Steinberg. —A superb exposition of one of the finest symphonies written during the present century. 33 1/3 rpm. Capitol P-8293.

PETER ILYICH TCHAIKOVSKY. *Serenade in C Major, for String Orchestra, Op.* 48. SERGEI PROKOFIEFF. *Classical Symphony, Op.* 25. The Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra under William Steinberg. —Tchaikovsky's captivating work and Prokofieff's little masterpiece are conducted and played with consummate skill. 33 1/3 rpm. Capitol P-8290.

DARIUS MILHAUD. *Saudades do Brasil* (*Recollections of Brazil*). HEITOR VILLA-LOBOS. *Saudades das Selvas Brasileiras* (*Recollections of the Brazilian Forests*), *Poema Singelo, Suite Floral, Choros No.* 5 (*Alma Brasileira*). Leonore Engdahl, pianist. —Admirable performances of

fascinating music. 33 1/3 rpm. M-G-M E3158.

ERIK SATIE. *Trois Gymnopedies, Veritables Preludes Flasques Pour un Chien (Veritable Flabby Preludes for a Dog), Trois Gnossienes, Chapitres Tournes en Tous Sens (Chapters Turned Every Which Way), Embryons Desseches (Dessicated Embryos), Sports et Divertissements (Sports and Diversions), Fifth Nocturne.* William Masselos, pianist. — Satie had much ability as well as some eccentricities. He was fond of strange and fanciful titles. Masselos is an unusually able pianist. 33 1/3 rpm. M-G-M E3154.

SPANISH AND LATIN-AMERICAN MUSIC FOR UNUSUAL IN.TRUMENTAL COMBINATIONS. *Toccata for Percussion Instruments,* by Carlos Chavez; *Ocho por Radio (Eight Musicians Broadcasting),* by Silvestre Revueltas; *Ritmo Jondo (Flamenca),* by Carlos Surinach; *Choros No.* 7, by Heitor Villa-Lobos. Conducted by Izler Solomon. —I have derived much pleasure from this fine recording. 33 1/3 rpm. M-G-M E3155.

JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH. *Partita No.* 2, *in D Minor* and *Sonata No.* 1 *in G Minor.* Nathan Milstein, violinist. —Awe-inspiring performances of awe-inspiring music written for the violin alone. 33 1/3 rpm. Capitol P-8298.

MAURICE RAVEL. *La Valse* (piano reduction by Ravel himself) and *Valses Nobles et Sentimentales.* JOHANN STRAUSS. *Sweetheart Waltzes,* from *The Gypsy Baron,* transcribed for the piano by Erno Dohnanyi. LEO DELIBES *Naila Waltz,* transcribed by Dohnanyi. Leonard Pennario, pianist. —Extraordinarily impressive piano-playing. 33 1/3 rpm. Capitol P-8294.

GUITAR MUSIC OF SPAIN. Laurindo Almeida, master of the guitar, plays the following compositions: *Leyenda (Legend), Oriental,* and *Sevilla,* by Isaac Albeniz; *El Circulo Magico —Romance del Pescador (The Magic Circle—Tale of the Fisherman)* and *Cancion del Fuego Fatuo (Song of the Will-o'-the Wisp),* from *El Amor Brujo,* by Manuel de Falla; *Anecdote No.* 2 and *Neblina (Fog),* by Andres Segovia; *Serenata Burlesca (Burlesque Serenade),* by Moreno Torroba; *Estudio XII (Study No.* 12), by Ferdinand Sor; *Recuerdos de la Alhambra (Recollections of the Alhambra)* and *Capricho Arabe (Arabian Caprice),* by Francisco Tarrega; *Garrotin* and *Soleares,* by Joaquin Turina. Almeida's mastery of the guitar is literally breath-taking. 33 1/3 rpm. Capitol P-8295.

GIACOMO PUCCINI. *Madame Butterfly.* Clara Petrella, soprano, as Cio-Cio-San; Mafalda Masini, mezzo-soprano, as Suzuki; Ferruccio Tagliavini, tenor, as B. F. Pinkerton; Giuseppe Taddei, baritone, as Sharpless; Maria Cristina Foscale, mezzo-soprano, as Kate Pinkerton; Mariano Caruso, tenor, as Goro; Alberto Albertini, baritone, as Prince Yamadori; Antonio Biancardo, basso, as Cio-Cio-San's uncle;

Alberto Marella, baritone, as Yakuside; Carla Lazzari, mezzo-soprano, as Cio-Cio-San's mother; Renata Pagetti, mezzo-soprano, as the aunt; Maria Darbesi, mezzo-soprano, as the cousin. With the Symphony Orchestra of Radiotelevisione Italiana, Turin, and the Cetra Chorus. Conductor: Angelo Questa. Chorus Master: Giulio Mogliotti. —An altogether excellent disc-presentation of this ever popular opera. Three 33 1/3 rpm. discs boxed, with complete libretto in Italian and in English. The opera is sung in Italian. Capitol-Cetra C-1248.

FURTHER STUDIES IN HIGH FIDELITY. *It's De-Lovely,* by Ray Anthony and His Orchestra; *Bo Mambo,* by YMA Sumac with the Rico Mambo Orchestra; *Yesterdays,* by the strings of the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra under Richard Jones; *La Bomba,* by Billy May and His Afro-Cubans; *Mandolino,* by Les Paul; *Toy Trumpet,* by Ray Anthony and his Brass Choir; *Thou Swell,* by Billy May and His Orchestra. Selections from Emmanuel Chabrier's *Espana,* by the Hollywood Bowl Symphony Orchestra under Carmen Dragon; *Toccata for Percussion Instruments,* by Carlos Chavez, played by the Concert Arts Percussionists under Felic Slatkin; George Antheil's *Capital of the World,* by the Ballet Theatre Orchestra under Joseph Levine; Camille Saint-Saens' *Carnival of the Animals,* by the Concert Arts Orchestra under Slatkin; Johannes Brahms's *Piano Quintet in F Minor, Op.* 34, by the Hollywood String Quartet, with Victor Aller, pianist; Igor Stravinsky's *Rite of Spring,* by the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra under William Steinberg. Essays (*The Nature of Sound, High Fidelity Critique,* and *On the Technical Side*) by Charles Fowler, publisher of *High Fidelity Magazine.* —A veritable feast for "hi-fi" enthusiasts. One 12-inch 33 1/3 rpm. disc. Attractively boxed. Capital SAL-9027.

THE NEW BOOKS

Unsigned reviews are by the Editors

RELIGION

Here is a publishing event which is worthy of notice: The New American Library, publisher of the Mentor Books, recently reprinted Roland Bainton's Here I Stand—A Life of Martin Luther *in a fifty-cent, paperback edition.*

RERISCOVERING PRAYER

By John L. Casteel (Association, $3.50)

Dr. Casteel has written a stimulating and helpful analysis of the Christian prayer life. Prayer is defined as being chiefly the process (!) by which a stubborn, selfish and bitter sinner gradually comes to acknowledge the authority of God and then seeks to serve and glorify Him through an adaptable, selfless and joyous life. In the chapter on prayers of thanksgiving, the author urges us to give a joyous affirmation to life, to accept the situation into which God has placed us, and then to praise and glorify Him in those circumstances. There is an excellent chapter on the prayer life's rhythm of withdrawal and return. The Christian withdraws from the world for prayer and communion and then returns to the conflict to serve God by ministering to his neighbor's spiritual and physical needs. Helpful patterns and methods of prayer, prayer and the Christian vocation, devotional reading as an aid to prayer and the necessity of communal prayer are also discussed.

Unfortunately many of Dr. Casteel's basic premises and definitions will be sharply questioned by Lutherans. A few examples will suffice. Men have always sought God (p. 3.) Hell is basically the mess which stubborn people make of their lives, while heaven is the Christian vision of a new, higher and purer life. (p. 75.) The "hope of glory" is the Christian desire to make the world a better place for his children and grandchildren (p. 97f.). The cross of Christ serves primarily to inspire us to noble, selfless living, so that by our sacrifices we can in some way share in the cost which Christ paid to redeem the world (p. 121). There can be real help and inspiration in this book, but —*Caveat lector!*

HERBERT T. MAYER

THE CREATIVE ENCOUNTER

By Howard Thurman (Harper, $2.00)

This little volume, in essentially its present form, was given as the Merrick Lectures at Ohio Wesleyan University in March, 1954. Herein is an attempt to give an interpretation of the meaning of religious experience as it involves the individual, totally, including feelings and emotions; and

further, to examine the effect that such experience has upon the complete life of the individual, as a private person and as a member of society. The author does not attempt, here, to present a technical interpretation of the meaning, definition, or place of religious experience for the formal religious scholar of religious phenomena.

The layman will find this little book lucid, thought-provoking and enlightening. Although there is evidence of searching and seeking, the author succeeds well in his intentions.

100 CHAPEL TALKS

By A. C. Reid (Abingdon, $2.95)

These 100 "appeal tested" (ala dust jacket blurb) scripture interpretations are based on chapel talks given at Harvard and Wake Forest by A. C. Reid, chairman of the philosophy department at Wake Forest. "Each reading contains what young people—what all of us—want most in a devotional talk: the practical application of biblical truth to our everyday school, home and business affairs."

Each talk pretty much fails to satisfy that "want". In fact, these interpretations many times miss the whole point of the texts being interpreted, tend to be too preachy, and hardly spell out the Good News of the Gospel.

A DICTIONARY OF PASTORAL PSYCHOLOGY

By Vergilius Ferm (Philosophical Library, $6.00)

This volume, written by Vergilius Ferm with the aid of several specialists, treats the subject of pastor psychology in the wide sense. It not only deals with psychological matters, but discusses such theological items as funerals, sermons, children and religious beliefs, visiting the sick, original sin, etc. In view of the increasing use of psychological and psychiatric terms in articles and books designed for the laity it is well to have a dictionary of such terms handy. By and large the author and his assistants have done a good job in three different areas. They give succinct definitions of complex terms, e.g., Oedipus Comple, schizophrenia, etc. They summarize the theories and work of such early pioneers as Adler, Jung, Freud and others. They describe the work of various important organs of the body, e. g., the pituitary gland.

The section on child training is good. Most Lutherans will probably take exception to the rather fuzzy section entitled belief in God, to his comments about hell, and to his utter dismissal of original sin. While the work of early leaders in this field is summarized well, one wonders why men of more recent renown, such as Harry Stack Sullivan, and others, are not even mentioned. If the price of six dollars for a 336 page book is not too frightening it will prove to be a handy reference book.

WALTER J. BAEPLER

THE WHOLE ARMOR OF GOD

By Ralph W. Sockman (Abingdon, $1.00)

A series of messages on the familiar Ephesians text belongs to the inevitable output of a man like Dr. Sockman, who has been preaching a long time, long enough, as he says, to know that when heads are nodding, they are not always shaking up new thoughts. There seems to have been little excuse for inattention during the delivery of these sermons, however. His warm style and rare understanding of life problems would give the hearer or the reader a real sense of the personal value and importance of the author's words.

But on the theological side it should be considered amazing that a text which is so closely preceded by Eph. 6,11 could call forth a book of 78 pages in which the tempter is mentioned only in quotations of Scripture and acknowledged not at all. We are sure that when Paul warned against "the flaming darts of the evil one," he meant something more than futile anxieties and an occasional false friend.

H. L. Steinbauer

THE SEPTUAGINT BIBLE,

Translated by Charles Thomson (Falcon's Wings, $6.50)

THE COMPACT BIBLE

Edited by Margaret Nicholson (Hawthorn, $4.50)

One could spend his whole book budget simply on new editions of the Bible as they come out. Each edition is likely to be some sort of labor of love and it is rather depressing to think of so many fine people working so hard to present some new form or translation of the Scriptures, only to find their work lost in the mass of other work of similar sorts.

Charles Thomson was secretary of the Continental Congress and his translation of the Septuagint Bible, which was the Bible with which our Lord and His disciples were familiar, was truly a work or dedication. It took him twenty years to complete. The present edition has been revised and, in places, corrected by Dr. C. A. Muses.

The Compact Bible is, as its name implies, a digest of the Scriptures which includes what the editor considers the high spots in the Bible and leaves out such material as genealogical tables and lengthy accounts of obscure people and events. It has the virtue of presenting the essential message of the Scriptures. It has the defect, inherent in all condensations of masterworks, of omitting material which some would consider deserving of inclusion. It uses the Authorized Version as its source.

NEVER GIVE UP

By Luther A. Schuessler (Northwestern)

This is a pocket-size, paper-back collection of thirty-six sermonettes, suitable for devotional reading. The sermonettes average from one to three pages in length. They cover Church Year themes from Advent to Trinity and occasional themes from a Bach

Bicentennial to I Am an American Day. The problems to which the message is addressed are frequently formulated in psychological terms: "fear," "futility," "despair," "anxiety." The problems' solution, however, is consistently evangelical. Both in his theology and in his literary figures the author makes abundant use of the Cross.

FICTION

A GHOST AT NOON

By Alberto Moravia (Farrar, Straus and Young, $3.50)

With such previous successes as *The Woman of Rome* and *The Conformist,* readers will have every reason to expect a fine novel in *A Ghost At Noon.* Unable to compare this work with Moravia's earlier efforts, your reviewer can only feel that this novelist is deserving of the high praise he has received.

A struggling writer, whose only interest is to do creative work, finds himself forced to do script-writing for a gross and vulgar movie producer who seems to typify society's indifference to and distaste for art. At the same time as he begins this work, his wife whom he loves dearly begins to grow away from him. When he is forced to accept the script-writing position for a movie of *Ulysses,* he is introduced to the German director Rheingold. From this point on, Moravia draws three parellel character studies epitomizing three common interpretations of Homer's work. Of course, each would produce the work according to the theory which fits his own personality traits. The producer would have a "Masquerade in technicolor with naked women, King Kong, stomach dances, brassieres, cardboard monsters and model sets." The director wants a psychological drama of the conjugal relations of Ulysses and Penelope showing Ulysses "without scruples and even cynical." Our hero, Ricardo Molteni, pictures Ulysses as a reasonable and sensible man reacting to a situation in a civilized and honorable fashion.

Through all of this struggle, Ricardo's major concern is to determine the reason for the attitude of his wife who now despises him. So with each of the varied interpretations of the classic, Moravia shows us what is going on in the mind of the husband in this modern situation. A final understanding of the estrangement of his wife lies in the hero's own interpretation of the classic. The climax of the novel although near melodrama, is believable and absorbing.

Since this tragic story has only one plot, or rather two interwoven themes, it has a tendency to seem very narrow in scope. Written in the first person, its frequent probings into the psychological and its applications to the old classic keep it from falling into a simple narrative pattern.

It is hard to explain what qualities are necessary to lift a novel out of the commonplace. *A Ghost At Noon* with its echoes of Homeric days seems to have these qualities. Translated by Angus Davidson.

JOSEPHINE L. FERGUSON

OSCAR WILDE:
STORIES, PLAYS, POEMS, ESSAYS

Ed. and Intro. by G. F. Maine (Dutton, $4.95)

This fine collection of the bulk of Oscar Wilde's writings should find a place in every intelligent reader's library—if such a collection is not there already. For all its frivolity, the crisp beauty and manipulation of the English language, as written by this master of the sharp-turned phrase, wears extremely well. The lesser known tender or semi-philosophic writings deserve more attention from the reader than they are usually accorded, *De Profundis* especially. This edition was published to mark the 100th anniversary of the birth of Oscar Wilde.

AN ALLIGATOR NAMED DAISY

By Charles Terrot (Dutton, $3.00)

This is the story of a young composer who becomes the possessor of a small alligator due to some circumstances beyond his control. His attempt to keep the alligator as a pet and hide it from his family and from his girl makes for some rather unusual and humorous problems. His effort to unload Daisy on the pet department of the store where he works makes for one of the funniest scenes in current humorous literature.

Mr. Terrott demonstrates again, as he did in *The Angel Who Pawned Her Harp,* an ability to handle whimsy without being arch. *Daisy* does not have quite the charm of *The Angel* but, still and all, it is a delightful story. Mr. Terrot introduces a little philosophy about everyone having a personal pet alligator which at one time or another he must bring himself to part with, and it is all very cheerful and good fun.

BERTIE WOOSTER SEES IT THROUGH

By P. G. Wodehouse (Simon and Schuster, $3.50)

The Second World War put Jeeves out of business for a while, and he has not been very active in the last decade. To have him return is as though one were welcoming an old friend.

Jeeves, an impeccable and astute English butler, is a gentleman's gentleman for Bertie Wooster, long a favorite subject of Mr. Wodehouse's pen. Jeeves' particular forte is extricating his not-overly-bright master from the delightfully funny predicaments in which he invariably puts himself. There is always a price for this rescue, however, and in Bertie's current escapade it happens to be a cherished mustache.

Not quite so funny as some of the earlier Jeeves books, but there are still a goodly number of laughs.

A MOST CONTAGIOUS GAME

By Samuel Grafton (Doubleday, $3.75)

A Most Contagious Game tells the story of a reporter assigned to the underworld to write a first-hand account of the day-to-day life of its inhabitants. In the course of doing this, he discovers that there is a real fascination in the criminal underworld and that here, as elsewhere, nothing suc-

ceeds like success. In the end he is brought back to an awareness of himself and of the significance of the underworld and is able to break away from this "most contagious game."

This is an interesting book and it is an exciting book, and it is certainly written in a modern idiom. The whole thing, however, is pretty unbelievable and the hero's final redemption seems a little too contrived.

I'M OWEN HARRISON HARDING

By James Whitfield Ellison (Doubleday, $3.50)

Mr.. Ellison has elected to write his novel as though it were being told in the first person by a sixteen-year-old boy. The book covers, roughly, one year in the life of this boy and takes him through his mother's death and his reaction to it and his father's proposed remarriage and his reaction to this. At the end of the year Owen also discovers a great deal about himself and about love.

This is all rather thin and it is just somewhat hard to believe that there is even such a fictional person as Owen Harrison Harding, and even if there is, his sixteenth year does not strike me as being deserving of a novel.

BONJOUR TRISTESSE

By Francoise Sagan (Dutton, $2.50)

Bonjour Tristesse is a short, extraordinary first novel by Francoise Sagan, an eighteen-year-old French girl. Because of the story's amorality, it cannot be recommended here without reservation. The author's style, however, deserves careful consideration. Miss Sagan is a gifted and perceptive writer who chooses her words wisely and uses them with restraint. Her hand is sure, her view dispassionate, her manner frank. She sets down her characters and scenes with a swiftness, smoothness, and clearness that one normally expects only from a practiced writer.

In *Bonjour Tristesse,* which is written in the first person, Miss Sagan's young heroine recounts the events of the past summer. She is seventeen and is staying at a rented villa on the Riviera with her father and his mistress of the moment. Her youngish father, a widower for fifteen years, does not hide his passing mistresses from his daughter. She explains, "When I left my convent school two years before and came to Paris to live with him, I soon realized that he was living with a woman. But I was slower in accepting the fact that his fancy changed every six months! But gradually his charm, my new easy life, and my own disposition, led me to fall in readily with his ways. . . .It was easy for me to love him, for he was kind, generous, gay and fond of me. I cannot imagine a better or a more amusing companion."

It is a dazzling and carefree holiday for father and daughter until the arrival there of Anne Larson, the dead mother's best friend. She is a beautiful woman of forty-two, serene, reserved, strong-minded, fastidious. "Her friends were clever, intelligent and discreet. Ours, from whom my father demanded only good looks or amusement, were loud and insatiable. I think she rather despised us for our love of diversion

and frivolity, as she despised all extremes." Anne not only easily ousts the mistress but plans to marry the father and save him and the daughter from their hedonism. Although the girl intellectually recognizes Anne's superior pattern of living, she instinctively rejects it. She refuses to be reformed. Besides, she has met an attractive young man who should be quite suitable as her first lover, and Anne would be in the way. For her father's sake as well as her own, she knows she must drive Anne away. "Already I was sorry for Anne, as if I were certain that I would conquer her." How, by intrigue, she slowly destroys Anne is the story, a tragedy built up so slowly and so skillfully that it is almost exhausting. The book is translated from the French by Irene Ash.

CARLENE BARTELT

THE MAGICIAN
THE WIDOW

By Georges Simenon (Doubleday, $3.95)

Simenon, whose forte is the psychological suspense story, always satisfies his readers because regardless of what he has to say, he never fails to say it extremely well. When he is at his best, he explores his subject thoroughly, dissecting it bit by bit. The reader then must pick up the pieces and draw his own conclusions. At other times, although he probes beneath the surface and gives us some revealing glimpses, he spells things out for us. Such is the case with the two novels contained in this book.

The Magician is a moving story of a desperately lonely man who drinks because he cannot face the reality of his unhappy marriage. "When the effect of one drink had worn off, it was time for another, which would automatically put him back into the desired state." He thinks he knows the reason why so many people do not commit suicide: "there comes a moment, if you know how to manage things, when it is no longer necessary." Because his wife has angina pectoris, it is easy for him to manage to become a widower, a man "who would never drink again and who wouldn't ask himself questions."

The Widow deals with a man's guilty conscience. Tati, known as the widow Couderc, is a short, broad and plump woman whose most distinctive feature is the wen on her left cheek, "a spot covered with hundreds of brown, silky hairs, as if a piece of animal's hide, a marten say, had been grafted there." She hires as a farm hand a young man, born to wealth, who has just been released from prison after serving five years. Because he avoided the death penalty for murder by lying, the phrase "Every person condemned to death. . ." haunts him. He seems to make a good adjustment to the tranquil farm life, but his tortured mind gives him no rest. He finally finds peace by murdering again, this time brutally, in order to be sent to prison where he knows he belongs. This time he will not have to lie.

CARLENE BARTELT

GENERAL

ACADEMIC FREEDOM

By Russell Kirk (Regnery, $3.75)

It is a joy, after listening to the shrill slogan-chanting of so many giddy liberals, to come upon a defense of academic freedom which is presented intelligently, forcefully, and bluntly by a man who has the courage to admit that he is a conservative. Mr. Kirk is not enamored of terms. He does not defend the principle of academic freedom on any mystical or sentimental grounds. He defends it as a social necessity attested to by history and implicit in the teaching vocation.

On specific issues which allegedy threaten academic freedom, Mr. Kirk does his own thinking and takes stands which represent no sell-out to any particular group. He opposes, for instance, these peculiar new types of loyalty oaths which some states (notably California) have sought to demand of university faculties, and the grounds for his opposition are legal and moral. He does not oppose the questioning of faculty members by Congressional committees although he has some fairly harsh things to say about the methods of some of those committees. He recognizes the need of a religious orientation in our colleges and universities, but he opposes any attempt to cram religion down the undergraduate throat.

To this reviewer, the heart of Mr. Kirk's argument (and a solid, substantial heart it is) is his definition of the teacher. Mr. Kirk is alarmed, as indeed any person anxious for the welfare of education ought to be, by the steady decline of teachers from the dignity of "Bearers of the Word" (the dignity which justified those special immunities which we call academic freedom) to that of merely professional men and, more recently, to that of paid employees of educational factories. Mr. Kirk rightly contends that a man who thinks of himself as just another wage-earner looking for the rewards and security of any other wage-earner is in no position to demand any special immunities.

And so, in summing up his book, he says:

> ... it is for the sake of the Philosophers that the Academy enjoys its freedom, and it is only out of concern for the Philosophers that the Sophists are tolerated in their license. If the Academy is to preserve its liberties in the Iron Age, it must be defended by men loyal to transcendent values. But to what values, precisely? Some of the most voluble critics of pragmatism, empiricism, and positivism, of the whole relativistic cult that afflicts the modern intellect, seem curiously feeble advocates of abiding truth when they come down to a declaration of their own loyalties. ...
>
> To what truths, then, ought the Academy to be dedicated? To the proposition that the end of education is the elevation of the reason of the human person, for the human person's own sake. To the proposition that the higher imagination is better than the sensate

triumph. To the proposition that the fear of God, and not the mastery of man over man and nature, is the object of learning. To the proposition that quality is worth more than quantity. To the proposition that justice takes precedence over power. To the proposition that order is more lovable than egoism. To the proposition that to believe all things, if the choice must be made, is nobler than to doubt all things. To the proposition that honor outweighs success. To the proposition that tolerance is wiser than ideology. To the proposition, Socratic and Christian, that the unexamined life is not worth living.

This is really a most excellent book, one which does not readily lend itself to adequate review. It should be read, and re-read, by administrators and members of faculties, and indeed by any person who has an interest in maintaining freedom of inquiry and thought.

ADMIRAL KIMMEL'S STORY

By Husband E. Kimmel (Regnery, $3.75)

The disaster at Pearl Harbor may remain an enigma for all time. Charges and countercharges have been hurled periodically in the thirteen years since the day of infamy. No less than five investigations were made to determine where responsibility for the debacle should be placed. The wrath of public sentiment descended upon the two officers, General Walter Short and Admiral Husband Kimmel, who had the misfortune of being in command at the time the Japanese struck. General Short is dead. This book represents the first time that Admiral Kimmel has spoken publicly in his own defense. It is a story of inability to keep the fleet at sea because needed and requested refueling tankers were not forthcoming; of airplanes and crews too few in number to provide adequate protection for battleships and to maintain proper air reconnaissance of the waters surrounding the Hawaiian Islands. But in the main it is a story of information withheld. The author maintains that the manner in which he used his men and his ships was the best under the circumstances and that his judgments were governed by the information supplied him by Washington. His plans and procedures, known to and approved by his superiors, were premised on the assumption by *Washington* that Japan would launch its attack in the Far East. But in the weeks immediately prior to December 7, communications from Tokyo intercepted in Washington gave indication of a complete change in Japanese strategy. The author insists that the events of December 5 and December 6 were strong evidence that an attack against the United States was imminent and that Pearl Harbor was a likely target. None of this intelligence was forwarded to the Commanders at Oahu. Admiral Kimmel contends that had he known what Washington knew, if only a few hours before the attack, history would have recorded different events for the day, December 7, 1941.

Kimmel's story is relatively short and he presents it in the clipped and unemotional manner of the military. He discusses only the events before and after the attack. The pages are replete with excerpts from official communications and records and the documentation is profuse. It is to the author's credit that he chose an impersonal and factual approach rather than one filled with accusations and passionate pleas of martyrdom. His case is the stronger for it. Only when discussing the investigations does he have difficulty in hiding his bitterness. The reader, of course, can not accept without question or qualification the case made out by this book, for the author, after all, is *the* interested party. But the reader can, indeed he must allow a man who has been saddled unofficially with the responsibility for the loss of thousands of lives and a staggering amount of property to present his case. Admiral Kimmel states that he felt compelled to write this book "so that those who follow may fully realize the imperative necessity of furnishing the naval and military commanders at the front with full and clear information." This is a selfless motive and if the book does nothing more than reemphasize the hard lesson of Pearl Harbor it will have been well worth the effort.

SON OF OSCAR WILDE

By Vyvyan Holland (Dutton, $3.75)

The basic interest in *Son of Oscar Wilde* stems not so much from what is said as from who says it. Vyvyan Holland, youngest son of Oscar Wilde, (both sons took their mother's maiden name following her official separation from their father a short time after his famous trial) tells the story of his not-particularly-interesting life in an extremely straight forward, un-Wildean manner. One does not receive a particularly new insight into the character or nature of Oscar Wilde but the vantage point from which we see him is unique. The reactions of his family, relatives, and friends to the scandal of his trial and imprisonment and the effect these events have on the life of young Vyvyan (Wilde) Holland, provide what may be termed "interesting reading." An appendix of some fifty pages, containing letters, unpublished poems in prose, and a reminiscence by W. W. Ward proves the most rewarding section of the book from a scholarly point of view.

SENSE OF HUMOUR

By Stephen Potter (Holt, $4.00)

It is good to note that, in its necessary preoccupation with the practical aspects of Lifesgamesmanship, the Lifesmanship Correspondence College (Yeovil) is not neglecting basic research. Potter, Odoreida, Gattling-Fenn, and Cogg-Willoughby are not, after all, novae in the literary heavens. Behind them, trailing off into the dim past, may be detected the gleam of other stars, lesser and greater, who have illuminated and delighted our world with that elusive grace called humor.

What is humor? Like love, it can be known only at first hand, through

experience. To define it is to deny it. Potter, therefore, wisely chooses to exhibit it rather than define it. Drawing upon the literature of England back to the days of Chaucer, Potter gathers together representative samples of the humor which has delighted him most.

In humor, perhaps more so than in any other literary form, one man's meat is another man's cardboard. This reviewer, who considers Potter's own writings among the acknowledged masterpieces of humorous literature, has to confess that he found some of the Master's choices of humorous masterpieces almost deadly boring, others midly amusing, and still others uproariously funny. But the good so vastly outweighs the dull that one must place this book on the required reading list. It is the sort of book to press upon one's friends in that supreme act of self-abnegation that consists of lending out a book which will probably never be returned.

TRUTH

By Saint Thomas Aquinas. Volume Two translated by James V. McGlynn, S. J. Volume Three translated by Robert W. Schmidt, S. J. (Regnery, $7.00 and $7.50)

The first volume of Saint Thomas's *De Veritate* in English translation appeared in 1952 and was noticed briefly the following year in the February issue of this journal. Now that the second and third volumes, which complete the translation, have been issued, it is in order to say a concluding word about the project as a whole.

Only a very rash reviewer would pretend that this 1500 page discussion, produced seven centuries ago in the to us obscure disputations of theology and philosophy students on the to us abstruse question of truth, should be required reading for any more than a handful of the CRESSET'S readers. What this reviewer does dare to suggest, however, is that a work of such obvious excellence, its inherent weaknesses notwithstanding, is a monument to a way of life and learning which we can say we have surpassed only if, before we say that, we first swallow very hard.

The full title of this work originally was *Disputed Questions concerning Truth*. These were, in other words, questions which had been put to Saint Thomas in the classroom (during his first professorship at the University of Paris from 1256 to 1259), together with his replies to the questions and his painstaking elaboration of their related implications and difficulties. This kind of disputation, in which, incidentally, Luther excelled at the University of Wittenberg, becomes arid and tedious only when it is used, no longer as a tool for clarification and communication, but as an intellectualistic end in itself. The present disputations of Saint Thomas are far from being arid and tedious; they are on the whole, epsecially in their new English, pleasingly lucid and interesting.

It hardly does justice to these disputations, however, to describe them as merely interesting. They are, at many points at least, an exercise in philosophical soul-searching, if not for the

Thomist, who from the outset is committed to accept almost everything Saint Thomas has said anyway, then at least—and isn't this strange—for the Christian thinker who takes his roots in the Reformation and, beyond that, in the biblical Message and in the biblical world-view.

Such a Christian thinker will, of course, quickly disagree with Saint Thomas's treatment of questions like the twenty-seventh one (on "Grace") or the twenty-eighth ("The Justification of Sinners") or the twenty-ninth ("The Grace of Christ"). But at the same time he may very well find himself sympathizing, at least in part, with what Saint Thomas says about knowledge, about truth, about the knowing and perceiving mind. To put it more technically, he may find himself envying those classical and medieval philosophers who, untrammeled by our modern subjectivisms, did not allow themselves to get stuck on the question, How do I know the desk is really there, but who knew rather that there is indeed genuine identity between the knowing subject and the known object and who were therefore closer to the realism of the biblical outlook and the outlook of human experience generally.

The soul-searching, however, does not end in an easy and submissive acceptance of Saint Thomas's theory of knowledge. If what he said about knowledge and truth is intimately connected with what he said about grace and justification, then it is not likely that we can simply reject what he said about the latter and simply accept what he said about the former. If it is an epistemological realism that we want, it will have to be a realism with a difference, one that will do justice to the realities of an evangelical Christian theology. That could be a rewarding enterprise for the philosophers in our midst.

THE JUDGMENT OF HISTORY

By Marie Collins Swabey (Philosophical Library, $3.75).

Professor Swabey, by virtue of earlier books like her *Theory of the Democratic State,* has taught us to expect from her the sort of competent work which she again gives us in the present book. It is an investigation—and sometimes a strongly judgmental investigation—of the philosophical presuppositions of history. These are presuppositions of history, not in the restricted sense of working hypotheses which the historian might employ, if only as useful fictions, but in the profounder sense of ideals and truths which, whether the historian wills them or not, are imbedded in the very course of human events. More accurately, they are not *in* human events so much as they are *beyond* human events, transcendent yet monetheless real, providing the lure for human advance, imposing their absolute demands, and executing judgment. In the critical light of this view of history the author then evaluates a dozen or so historical thinkers, ranging from Gibbon and Kant to Toynbee and Whitehead.

Professor Swabey's discussion is almost analytically incisive, convincingly documented, and persuasively

stated. If she is also, unfortunately, overly sanguine in her talk about sacred values and our progress toward them, her emphasis on moral absolutes is still a welcome antidote to the naturalists and humanists, the relativists and historicists, who have overstayed their time and have long since worn out their welcome among us.

CHRISTIANITY, COMMUNISM, AND HISTORY

By William Hordern (Abingdon, $2.50)

There is nothing novel in calling Communism a religious system as Dr. Hordern does. The contribution which he makes toward a more penetrating Christian analysis of Communism is in calling attention to its affinity to the Protestant sects of the Reformation era. While rejecting the religious tenets of the Anabaptists, men like Engels could write appreciatively about the Peasants' Revolt. Present day Communist writers presume to find the first glimmerings of a proletarian class consciousness among leaders like Thomas Muenzer.

Among the parallels which the author detects between the sects and Communism is the observation that both begin with a golden age in the past from which man has fallen. Another common element in their thought is that all the institutions of society reflect the interests of the dominating class. Both are convinced that the poor are the messianic people destined to inaugurate a new and better day. Both have a faith in an unseen force which will cause good to triumph. For the Christian sectarian this power within history is God; for the Communist it is dialetical materialism.

In evaluating the strength of Communism and seeking to explain its successful appeal the author mentions the use made of certain half-truths like the tendency of the Christian church to uphold a "respectable ethic" which protects the *status quo* or the failure of the church to be "Christian." If we are to overcome Communism, he insists, we must admit that it contains more than a modicum of truth. Otherwise we will underestimate it. It will not be sufficient to indulge in a tirade against the evils of Communism. To defeat it we will have to offer a better alternative. "A purely negative approach is not enough against a dynamically positive religion like Communism." (p. 168) "We must fight Communism by making Christianity work." (p. 162)

In his critique of Communism the author maintains that "the Marxian perspective is based upon too shallow a view of human nature." (p. 123) They utterly fail to understand the sinful character of everything human. In the Communist interpretation history has a goal—a classless society—but the consummation of the dream is not in sight. "It is one of the chief weaknesses of Communism that it subordinates the present to the future." (p. 126) The promised land is too remote. So when we are confronted with the Communist jibe about offering "pie in the sky" we might retort that they are offering "pie the day after tomorrow, when the heavenly

Utopia of Communism will be born." (p. 165.)

Although we may agree that the Reformation sects have often been unjustly vilified we have the feeling that Dr. Hordern is unduly sympathetic. Not only does he call them the "forerunners and pioneers of modern democracy" (p. 48), but he finds in them "a part of the Christian answer to Communism." (p. 21.) He suggests that the Christian witness against Communism might be more effective if our "neo-orthodoxy" were balanced by a "neo-heterodoxy."

This is a thought-provoking book by a competent scholar and will sharpen a Christian's understanding of the basic issues involved in the Communist challenge.

RALPH MOELLERING

NEW HORIZONS IN CREATIVE THINKING

Ed. by R. M. MacIver (Harper, $2.00)

The essays of this volume were originally delivered at luncheons sponsored by The Institute for Religious and Social Studies of The Jewish Theological Seminary of America. Among the speakers is the philosopher, George Boas; the poet, Melville Cane; the painter, Ben Shahn; and the drama critic of the *New York Herald Tribune,* Mr. Walter Kerr—to mention only a few. This particular series of lectures concentrates on contemporary views of the arts and forecasts of possible future directions. After three good introductory statements the series proceeds through the particular disciplines—painting, music, poetry, the novel, theatre and TV. Of course, all this would not be complete without pulling that old chestnut out of the fire —the relationship of Art to Morals, and so we have two very common and mutually contradictory points of view expressed.

For the reader who is interested in a quickly digested survey of many understandings of current artistic expression, this book is worth-while. Two criticisms, however, ought to be scored for the sake of the publisher and the public:

(1) Apart from a wholly naive piece of exegesis by Mr. Kerr, no attempt is made to face up to the theological implications of the aesthetic experiences described. This is indeed strange for a volume coming directly out of an activity of a theological seminary.

(2) The differences of opinion expressed, while acknowledged, are ignored. The value of this book would undoubtedly increase if these differences were played into one another, say for example, by means of a concluding symposium.

CHARLES RAY SCOLARE

THE DARKNESS UNDER THE EARTH

By Norbert Casteret (Holt, $3.00)

M. Casteret has spent most of his life in caves and is a great and consistent advocate of speleology. He has written a number of books about caves and this present one is the seventh in a series. M. Casteret is probably most widely known in speleological circles for his discovery of the famous ice

caves in the Spanish Pyrenees, caves which are named after him (La Grotte Casteret).

The book is divided into two principal sections, one called "The Joys of Speleology" and the other "The Dangers of Speleology." In the first half, which is the shorter one, M. Casteret tells about the spirit of adventure that led him into the field of cave exploration and to the real enjoyment that he (and practically his entire family) has received from this unusual avocation. In the last half, he has set forth in some detail a catalogue of the injuries and deaths that have occurred in cave explorations. His reason for doing this is not, as he says, to record a long list of gruesome events but to point out the very real danger in attempting cave exploration without proper equipment, knowledge, and training.

Certainly the darkness under the earth is one of the last great frontiers left for present-day explorers; when one has read M. Casteret's book, one can only conclude that although there is a great adventure awaiting the explorer of this darkness, there are also equally great dangers facing him.

"BEFORE I KILL MORE..."

By Lucy Freeman (Crown, $3.50)

Lucy Freeman, journalist and author of *Fight Against Fears,* interested herself in the case of William Heirens, and this book is the result. In 1946 Heirens committed three particularly brutal murders, and the case was a sensation in the American newspapers for a long time. It was the killing of six-year-old Suzanne Degnan which focused nationwide attention on the then seventeen-year-old Chicago youth. It was on the occasion of his third murder that Heirens wrote, with a lipstick, on the wall of the victim's bedroom the message, "For heaven's sake catch me before I kill more—I cannot control myself." The title of this present book was taken from this message.

Mrs. Freeman has attempted in this book to reconstruct Heirens' life and to ask and answer the question of why he became a murder. Mrs. Freeman has not really answered her own question, and I am not sure that this book is anything other than an attempt to speculate journalistically about a particularly unusual criminal.

There is a sixty-one page appendix containing—in rather small print—the psychiatric reports on Heirens and the transcripts of his confessions. This appendix is a source of valuable information, and Mrs. Freeman has relied heavily upon it and in places has simply restated the material contained therein.

I do not think this is a necessary or important or helpful book. I do not recommend it for home reading because I am fearful that it may turn parents into amateur psychiatrists without, at the same time giving them any real understanding of the problems of adolescence. A full answer to the question of why with reference to a youth like Heirens will have to come from someone with considerable professional competence in the medical-psychological-psychiatric field.

A Minority Report

By VICTOR F. HOFFMANN

Sumner and Security

William Graham Sumner, known to at least a few Americans for his FOLKWAYS, declared in 1905 that "the only security is the constant practise of critical thinking."

If a person did not accept this premise, said Sumner, he would use any idea or suggestion that came to his mind. He would accept fictions and myths that had no foundation. In a shifting and mysterious world, the uncritical person could not maintain himself for long on mythological foundations.

His more positive view suggested that every idea, every standard employed to direct human conduct, must be tested by honest and critical thought, by patient and disciplined investigation, and by clarity of expression and communication. Sumner elaborated by saying, "We ought never to accept fantastic notions of any kind; we ought to test all notions; we ought to pursue all propositions until we find their connection with reality. That is the fashion of thinking which we call scientific in the deepest and broadest sense of the word."

Sumner understood the difficulty of connecting all propositions with reality since he did not understand the reach of reality. Man's reason and scientific apparatus at his time, and ours too, were confined to very narrow limits. At best man could test scientifically only a few propositions in only a few areas of life. Man simply does not know enough.

Consequently Sumner's scien-

tific pursuits led to an acute case of pessimism. He did not believe that man could rise to his hopes. In the future, he saw nothing but a round of evil days. In the long run, man's days will be marked by chaos, the struggle of man against man, exploitation by a gluttonous plutocracy, a world perpetually divided against itself, and the increasing need of civilizations to sacrifice the young to the demanding gods of war.

In a sense, Sumner's philosophy paraphrased the refrain of Herman "Moby Dick" Melville in MARDI: "Evil is the chronic malady of the universe..... .And should [the world] endure till mountain melt into mountain, and all the islands form one table land; yet, would it but expand the old battleplain."

To plan against these evils was utopian. Sumner's pessimism forecast dreadful doom for the social planners who were emerging at his time in the progressive revolt, in the muckrakers, in the LaFollettes of Wisconsin, in George Norris of Nebraska, and in Wilson and Theodore Rossevelt. How could a man plan against war, poverty, plutocracy, and chaos if evil was here to stay? The city of evil will continue to charge the city on the hills of Zion. And man's critical apparatus, narrowed to a study of only a few observable regularities and minor precipitant causes, can never really know the workings of the world. If man cannot see the total causation pattern, how can he, asked Sumner, "sit down with a slate and pencil to plan out a new social world?" Hit the pillow here and it rises up there.

Man's Choice

For Sumner, a do-nothing social policy was about the only concomitant of man's ignorance, evil, and blindness. At most man can only *evolve* in a mysterious sociological and historical fashion. Poverty and misery will remain. Only those will survive who have contributed to society's economic welfare and prosperity. They survive because they are the fittest. It is wrong for the government by welfare programs to perpetuate the weak, that is, the poor.

For one who has both feet in the economic obituary column, there are some more pleasant suggestions. What about the ethics of the situation regardless of the reality of the social complexity? What about the nonconditional factor of loving those who are around you?

Melville - A Kindred Spirit

Herman Melville lived a part of his life before the Civil War. His times were similar to the times of William Graham Sumner.

In both cases, Americans seemed to know where they were going and what they were doing—to the bank, that is, and deposit their money. Men and women in countless numbers believed in the inevitability of progress. The American engineers could create a new world and bind it together with railroads, telegraph lines, and a national industrial revolution. Both eras generated Manifest Destiny and the self-imposed missions to teach and nurture the cosmos. We had this right for America, said these Americans, was the kingdom of God on earth. The cosmos could hardly distinguish between the New Englander missionary and the American capitalist for they spoke, it seemed, the same language.

Like Sumner, Melville was willing to stand up and be counted as a prophet of doom. Like Sumner, Melville thought at times that the world appeared verily to be a joke.

From his crow's-nest, destiny wrote no clear lines on the horizons. Waves rushed up and high—almost in a catastrophic manner—and sank low again. But they were only water and water to water "in the infinite series of the sea, with nothing ruffled but the waves." This mariner and mystic wrote in 1842: "Lulled into such an opium-like listlessness of vacant, unconscious reverie is this absent-minded youth by the blending cadence of thoughts, that at last he loses his identity; takes the mystic ocean at his feet for the visible image of that deep, blue, bottomless soul, pervading mankind and nature. . . .every dimly discovered, uprising fin of some undiscernible form, seems to him the embodiment of those elusive thoughts that only people the soul by continually flitting through it."

One Brief Moment -- Typee

For one brief moment in his life, Melville thought he had found the good life. He described this moment in TYPEE.

It seemed at first experience to be a veritable Garden of Eden with no angels and no blazing swords at the gates. People of the tribe were close to nature and lived well together. A minimum of conflict ruled, and tol-

erance with a minimum of pride.

Then one fine, idyllic day Melville lifted a canvas and saw the freshly hacked skeleton of a human being. The angels and the swords were back at the gates.

Good and Evil

Experiences of the TYPEE variety forced Melville to a generalization: there are both good and evil in all people and in all aspects of society. The city of evil, to return to the metaphore, is constantly attacking the city of good wherever, whenever, and however.

It will always be this way for the dualism of good and evil is written indelibly in the nature of things. In this life, the good will never conquer the evil. The battle is complicated by the uncertainty of the mysteries that surround us. We cannot understand the mysteries of God and His moral law. No matter how hard, for example, the economists attempt to catch the nature of the economic system in the equilibrium of interdependent variables, the price focus in the forces of law of supply and demand give us no insight into the total situation. No more than a mechanic can analyze the total structure of a car by analyzing the workings of a speedometer.

Man's scientific lights are fogbound by the vicissitudes of living and by his own ignorance. Man can struggle mightily to be true to his lights. The fault does not lie in the struggle but in the fact that his lights are none too good. To those of us who live in America, implied Melville, the dualism of good and evil are confusing: mammon, profit, plutocracy, and monopoly seemed to be the streetwalkers of our day, disguised in the cosmetics of democracy, liberty, equality, and free enterprise.

The only thing man can do, contended Melville, is to struggle against the evil and to stand up courageously against life's illusions. Here is real individualism, rugged, solitary, and lonely.

But what difference does it make, suggests Melville, the good will go to better things. You can't kill them off, they will congregate in a better world.

It is almost as if Melville had said: "We must through much tribulation enter into the kingdom of God."

The Editor's Lamp

PROBLEMS

CONTRIBUTORS

FINAL NOTES

For several years, we have been guiltily aware of the fact that we have made a big thing of Christmas in the CRESSET and have allowed Easter to pass with little more than an editorial comment. In so doing, we were conforming to the tone of a world which welcomes Christmas, because of its pleasant aura of happy children and blazing hearths, but bristles at Easter, because its empty tomb demands an answer to the direct question: "What think ye of Christ, whose Son is He?"

We seek to make partial amends by devoting this issue largely to the implications of our Lord's resurrection. He lives! And because He lives the world must come to terms with Him. The Christ of Easter is no sweet baby lying in a manger. He is the King come from Edom, His garments stained by the blood of many slain. He is the Conqueror Who demands of every man whether he is for Him or against Him.

Into the presence of this conquering Christ our drama editor, Walter Sorell, conducts contemporary types of Everyman. And if we read Mr. Sorell aright, what Everyman says, in the presence of the great King, is the same thing that Adam said centuries ago when God called to him across the chasm of his sin: "I heard Thy voice, and I hid myself, because I was naked."

The resurrection Gospel tells us that, as an excuse, these words are mighty lame, indeed. But as a confession, they are the first glimmerings of hope. Everyman, stripped naked, may be clothed upon with a pure wedding garment. But is Everyman willing to stand naked before his Creator, or will he insist upon concealing himself beneath the rags and tags of his own rationalizations and his self-appointed righteousness?

Dr. Meyer is the managing editor's boss and therefore has more difficulty than most people in getting published in the CRESSET. But even the possible charge of apple-polishing seemed a risk well worth running in return for the privilege of publishing an article which, in a moderate and sane and intelligent way, has something substantial to contribute to the question of the relationships between science and the Christian faith. Dr. Meyer is president of the Indiana Academy of Science.