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The

Cresset

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IN THE JUNE CRESSET - - -

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The Cresset Vol. XXV, No. 8 June, 1962

In Luce Tua

Comment on the Significant News by the Editors

Right Move, Wrong Time

THE UNITED STATES steel industry is in trouble. In the past five years, per capita steel consumption in the United States has fallen from one-half ton to about one-third ton. In the first week of April this year, production stood at only 81 per cent of capacity. Competition from foreign steel, already brisk, threatens to become more active as some of the bloom passes from Europe's post-war economic boom and European producers are tempted to make more aggressive inroads on the American market. Several of the major American producers are faced with the necessity of embarking upon a large-scale program of plant modernization in order to meet foreign competition.

For these and a number of other reasons there is some justification for a rise in steel prices. At the same time, any significant increase in steel prices would set in motion another inflationary spiral which might well, among other things, eat up a large part of the increased revenues which the industry itself had hoped to derive from an increase in prices. And the psychological effects of a large increase in steel prices would be incalculable just at this time when the economy is in a state of uneasy stability.

Taking all factors into account, the attempt of U.S. Steel to push through an across-the-board price rise — apparently a decision of its board of directors taken contrary to the advice of its operating staff — could hardly have failed to provoke the reaction which it did. It threatened the stability of the economy and provided reasonable cause for governmental intervention. There are good grounds for the contention that the government need not have intervened with quite so massive a display of power, but even within the steel industry itself there was widespread agreement that the price rise could not be allowed to stand. It was not in the national interest. It was not even economically justifiable at a time when steel is being sold below list price in a buyer's market.

As for charges that the President's "display of raw political and punitive power" has "edged us close to the line separating a fairly free economy from a centrally controlled, a politically controlled economy," the fact has to be faced that the steel industry, by its very nature, is a Gulliver in Lilliput. Its very size, and the crucial place which it occupies in the economy, imposes upon it certain limitations which are not necessary in the case of other industries. Ideally, these limitations should be a matter of self-control, and it must be said to the credit of several of the large steel companies that they exercised admirable self-control in holding the price line during the recent disturbances. But when self-control fails, some other form of control has to be brought into play. We simply can't have Gulliver trampling all over Lilliput at will.

Massive Retaliation

The Presidency of the United States does not seem to attract men of calm and placid dispositions. Mr. Truman had a very low boiling point, Mr. Eisenhower's volatile temper kept even his Vice-President at a respectful distance, and Mr. Kennedy is apparently able to go into orbit on a very small amount of fuel.

Mr. Kennedy's orbit at the time of the flap over steel was, we fear, a bit on the erratic side. Admitting that there was, at least from his point of view, good cause for anger, we think he weakened his position by using more power than the situation demanded. We were particularly disturbed by his use of F.B.I. agents to rouse three news reporters out of their beds before sunrise for interrogation on stories which they had written about a meeting of Bethlehem Steel Company stockholders two days before.

The President seems to be the sort of man who makes no particular distinction between day and night. Apparently he makes and accepts telephone calls at any hour of the day or night. But the rap of a police fist

on the door in the pre-dawn hours has come to have a particular significance in our age of the Cheka and Gestapo and the NKVD. It is the sound of the secret police.

Now no one in his right mind is going to suggest that President Kennedy has any plans to convert the F.B.I. into a secret police force. But we would prefer that it not even look like a secret police force. Except in cases of *flagrante delicto,* we doubt that there is any question the police might want to ask of a citizen at 4:00 a.m. that could not wait until after breakfast. Even the curiosity of a President can be contained for three or four hours.

We understand that the F.B.I. was not very happy about this assignment and we can understand why it was not. Much of its effectiveness is the result of its scrupulous respect not only for law but also for appearances. If these early-morning visits were made merely to obtain information that the President wanted, they were thoughtless and ill-advised. If they were made to intimidate or to display the power of the Federal government, they were inexcusable.

Memo to Republicans

We think that every citizen, irrespective of party affiliation, has a vested interest in a strong, effective two-party system. We are therefore concerned, not for partisan reasons but out of consideration for the national welfare, about the present condition of the Republican party.

National registration figures indicate that the Republican party is in very real danger of becoming a kind of permanent opposition party. It is already that in practically every major city of the country. It is likely to become that on the state level if the precedent established in the Tennessee redistricting case is applied to those numerous states where rural and small-town interests have held onto power by denying proper representation to the cities.

At the moment, the party has no candidate for the presidency in 1964. Mr. Nixon is out of the running not only by his own statement but by the logic of politics. Mr. Rockefeller, rightly or wrongly, is politically dead in those parts of the country where the party has its greatest strength because of his liberalism and because of his divorce. (Was it naivete or mere whistling in the dark that prompted Governor Rockefeller to insist that his divorce would have no bearing on his political future? Whether it should or not, it will.) Mr. Goldwater seems fated to become the Norman Thomas of the Right – a man whose personal qualities are widely admired and respected but whose position on issues departs too far from the national consensus to attract any great amount of support. Mr. Romney is a political novice whose devout Mormonism would, we regret to say, raise religious issues even more volatile than those which were raised in connection with President Kennedy's Roman Catholicism.

In view of the President's remarkable popularity, it is unlikely that any Republican candidate could win the presidency in 1964. But 1968 is only six years away, and meanwhile there are a number of state and Congressional elections. It will take success in these elections to rebuild the party and to fill the leadership void which is presently the single greatest problem of the party. These elections will not be won by a policy of mere opposition. The most valuable function which an opposition party can perform – and the wisest course it can follow in its own self-interest – is to work out and present a program which is positive in nature and which represents an attractive alternative to the program of the party in power. Ev and Charley don't seem to be the men for this particular assignment. It would be interesting to see what some of the bright young men like Mark Hatfield and Charles Percy could come up with.

The Limit of the Vision

In the course of our reading this past month, we came across a remark by Professor P. W. Bridgman, a physicist at Harvard, which has haunted us ever since. Speaking of the revolution in scientific thought which has been going on, largely unremarked by most of us, for the past generation, Professor Bridgman observed that "the structure of nature may eventually be such that our processes of thought do not correspond to it sufficiently to permit us to think about it at all . . . We have reached the limit of the vision of the great pioneers of science, the vision, namely, that we live in a sympathetic world in that it is comprehensible by our minds."

It seems strange, and a bit incongruous, that at a time when many theologians are assiduously engaged in stripping the last shred of mystery from religion the physicists and the chemists and the geneticists should be rediscovering the mystery that awaits man at the end of any honest search for truth. It would be ironical if we were to end up with a neat, rational theology nicely bundled up in brief statements and study documents at the very moment when men of sciene are ready to confess that nature itself holds mysteries which eye hath not seen nor ear heard.

This might be an appropriate time for the theologian to join the scientist in the admission that there is a limit of the vision – that beyond revelation there remains mystery, that even in revelation there is both disclosure and concealment. There is something ultimately and radically blasphemous in any statement concerning the nature or works or word of God that does not take seriously Isaiah's cry of anguished rhapsody: "Verily, Thou art a God that hidest Thyself!" For God will not be parsed or boxed in or made to speak a simple answer to every question we may choose to put

to Him. God is such that our processes of thought do not correspond to Him sufficiently to permit us to think about Him at all. At the hem of His garment we, like Moses, reach the limit of the vision. Beyond the vision lies the Reality – unexplained because it is unexplainable, shrouded because if we were to look upon it we would surely die. And this Reality is not to be dissected like some cadaver, but proclaimed and adored.

Professor Bridgman fears that we have reached the limit of the vision of a sympathetic world because we have reached the limit of a world which is comprehensible by our minds. One can hardly help suspecting that many of the attempts that are being made to reduce the truths of God to formulae are motivated by the same attempt, which science is now apparently willing to abandon, to preserve the vision of a sympathetic world by keeping it comprehensible by the mind. The theologian, of all people, should know better. He should know that the peace of God passes all understanding and that beyond all that we know about God there are those many things that He can not tell us because we can not bear to receive them now.

Of Realism and Pornography

One of our jobs this past week was "toning down" a paragraph in a book written by a Lutheran pastor in which he records verbatim the impassioned outburst of a Southern Negro on the miscegenation phobia of the Southern white. The publisher feared – we think rightly – that this paragraph would offend the good church people who will most likely constitute the principal market for the book. It contained a number of earthy Anglo-Saxon words which our allegedly prudish ancestors used in their common speech but which our more sophisticated age renders either by asterisks or by some coy euphemism.

It pained us to rip the guts out of this powerful paragraph and stuff it with straw. What had once been the cry of a tortured soul ended up as little more than a petulant whine. But the job had to be done. Obscenity, the Supreme Court has ruled, is to be determined by the principle "whether to the average person, applying contemporary community standards, the dominant theme of the material taken as a whole appeals to prurient interests." But obscenity, so far as any particular market is concerned, is more likely to be determined by more easily-definable criteria: by the presence of certain words, by references to certain parts of the body or to certain bodily functions, by descriptions of the sex act, or by use of certain expletives.

The serious writer, whatever his medium, must have the freedom to call a spade a spade. To demand that the serious writer steer clear of ugly problems makes about as much sense as to ask a physician to restrict his physical examinations to eye, ear, nose, and throat. The insistent demand that church publications restrict themselves to "wholesome" and "edifying" pap must be rejected out of hand. The church, of all institutions, ought to be ready and willing to lay a probing finger on the diseases of the human heart and mind and emotions, and to do so with the utmost candor. Christian people should welcome every effort of the serious writer, Christian or non-Christian, to hold an honest mirror up to life and to expose the cancerous ugliness of man's personal and social sins.

It is only after the Church has thus come to terms with the serious writer that it is entitled to embark upon crusades against pornography, for only then will it be competent to judge between the realism of the diagnostician and the obscenity of the fast-buck artist. Obscenity lies not in the use of particular words or in the portrayal of particular situations, however ugly, but in an appeal to prurient interests. In any crusade against this sort of thing, the Church can be assured of the support of the serious writer.

An excellent guide for effective action against smut merchants is a fifteen-page pamphlet by Dr. Carl F. Reuss of the Board of Christian Social Action of the American Lutheran Church entitled "The Church Looks at Immortality in Print and on the Screen." The pamphlet has been reprinted by the Board of Parish Education of the Lutheran Church-Missouri Synod and is available at $4.00 per hundred, postpaid.

Frances Merriwell at Yale

The winds of night that sigh 'neath the elms of dear old Yale are instinct with strange and disquieting rumor. A special faculty committee has come in with a long-range recommendation that women be admitted to the university's undergraduate schools as "a substantial proportion of each class," and while it is not likely that the recommendation will be carried out in the immediate future it is almost certain that another one of the few remaining refuges of the beleaguered male is about to capitulate.

We have never been sure just where we stood on the emancipation of women. If it means giving women an equal opportunity with men to develop whatever talents they have, we are all for it. If it means pretending that there are no significant differences between men and women, we are against it. The masculinized woman is as deplorable a figure as is the effeminate man. But we have not yet seen any evidence for the contention that education and professional activity detract from a woman's charm. If anything, the evidence points in exactly the opposite direction. It is the scatter-brained starlet who looks like a zombie; it is a highly intelligent, well-educated woman like NBC's Pauline Frederick who exemplifies what our grandfathers would have called "a gracious lady."

But having said all of that, we can't help registering our regret that Yale is preparing to break a 261-year-old tradition which had much that was good in it. There

is a homogenization of education going on at all levels in our country and one by one even our best colleges and universities are succumbing to it. We have no quarrel with co-education as such, but we think that the men's college or the women's college still meets a need for certain students that a co-educational institution can not meet. There are times when men need to live for a while in a world of men, and women in a world of women. We know of no better time for this escape from Togetherness than the undergraduate years.

What Shall We Do With Grandma?

A popular weekly magazine recently carried an article entitled, "Grandma, Stay Away From My Dear," coauthored by a husband-and-wife team whose marriage had begun shipping water after the wife's mother came to live with them. It was a shocking article – shocking on first reading because it seemed to drip the "true emotion akin to hate" which the authors confess feeling, and even more shocking on second reading because it poses the hard question: "How would I feel and what would I do in similar circumstances?"

"If you feel sympathy for your widowed mother, or in-law, don't. Giving grandma pity is the same as handing her a loaded gun – and she'll use it. Your home will become an occupied country." These are hard words. The question is: are they true? And if they are true, what do they have to say about the obligation of love and honor which children owe to their parents?

We speak from the privileged position of having parents and in-laws who not only do not desire to move in with the young folks but have firmly declined numerous invitations to do so. The time may come, though, when it will no longer be a matter of their inclinations or ours; they may become senile or bed-ridden, incapable of caring for themselves and, therefore, faced with a choice between institutional care or care in the home of one of their children. What then?

So long as they remain in good health, we think that they are wise to maintain their own home, their own way of life, their own circle of friends. The gap in attitudes and values and ways of life between generations is a fact of life and ought to be respected on both sides. But the shunting aside of the aged and infirm on the specious grounds that "we have our own lives to live" is one of the scandals of our generation. The apostolic command to "bear one another's burdens and so fulfill the law of Christ" takes full cognizance of the fact that the obligations of love and duty are not always pleasant – may, indeed, be burdensome – and yet they are to be borne. This is particularly true when the person whose burdens need to be borne is a parent, for surely most parents have, in their time, borne their full share of the burdens of their children.

It is a fearful thing to grow old in a culture which worships youth and that *egoisme a deux* which our generation has come to call Togetherness. The coauthors of "Grandma, Stay Away From My Door" are, we suspect, no more heartless but simply more blunt than many of the rest of us when they say: "The obvious solution to the mother-in-law problem is hinted at by friends and family who avoid expressing it honestly, the same way you refuse to admit it to yourself. The problem will be solved when mother dies." So hear this, all you young parents who want only the best for your children: Don't hand Grandma a loaded gun. Use it on her. And when the noble deed is done, wrap the gun carefully and lay it away for Junior. He may need it someday.

Park or Port or Both?

Having ranged the universe in our comments this past academic year, we might be accused of dodging a controversial issue in our own bailiwick if we did not say something about the heated argument that has been going on about the fate of the Indiana dunes. Senator Paul Douglas is seeking to create a national park in the northern part of our county in order to preserve the scenic and scientific resources of the dunes. Most Hoosiers are pushing for the construction of a lake port in the dunes area. Feelings are running very high, and anything we say will probably lose us some friends.

We think there is room for a reasonable compromise between the port interests and the park interests. The site of the proposed port is not itself of any considerable scenic or scientific value. The areas which the biologist, the naturalist, and the geologist are concerned about preserving lie considerably to the east of the proposed port site. Construction of the port, if properly done, need not spoil the present Dunes State Park for recreational purposes, nor could it, so far as we can tell, damage those unique features in the dunes area which are of value to the life scientist. A very considerable enlargement of the present state park is possible and should, we believe, be authorized.

On the question of Indiana's need of a lake port we defer to the more informed judgment of people who are supposed to know about such things. The port has bi-partisan support in the state and has been endorsed by governors of both parties as far back as anybody can remember. We suspect that there may be an element of Hoosier chauvinism at work here, but most proposals are the products of mixed motives. In any case, it has been quite a while since Indiana got anything very substantial from the pork barrel, and fair's fair.

We stand to gain nothing personally from the construction of the port and we long ago gave up climbing the dunes, so our only interest is in getting the argument settled. The sooner the better.

AD LIB.

Fred Morgner, Peace Corpsman

By ALFRED R. LOOMAN

LAST JUNE, Fred Morgner walked across the shaded Commencement platform on the quiet Valparaiso campus and received his diploma. He was now officially a Bachelor of Science, with majors in history and physical education. Behind were four active and pleasant years of college life, in which he had been a very good student, a co-captain on the football team, and an active man in social and extra-curricular activities.

What was ahead for Fred? He could go back to his comfortable home in Newark, New Jersey, or he could teach history and coach in a secondary school, which he was qualified to do, or he could start his graduate studies in history. It was the latter which he wanted most to do.

Today, one year later, Fred is in a remote village in Chile, sixty long miles from the civilization of Santiago and ten miles from the nearest person who speaks English. There in Rancagua he is helping the native workmen to build a school, a fairly modern school by Chilean standards. Right now there is no running water, there are no eating facilities, and electrical service is intermittent.

Why is he there? Fred is a Peace Corps Volunteer and he has been working in Chile with forty-four other Volunteers for the past eight months. A few days before graduation, he decided that, though he was greatly interested in both teaching and graduate work, the Peace Corps offered an opportunity that was even more appealing. Since he had taken Spanish in college, he chose the Peace Corps project sponsored by the universities in Indiana, a project to help the peasants in Chile.

Fred was not motivated by any romantic notions of adventure nor was he swayed by breathtakingly beautiful colored photographs of the Andes Mountains. He knew his history and geography sufficiently well to be prepared for the conditions he later found in the more remote areas of that country.

Before leaving the United States, these forty-five Peace Corps Volunteers spent almost two months in a very intensive study of Chile: its history, customs, and language. Then late in September they boarded a combination freighter-passenger ship, with their 350 pieces of luggage, for the two and a half week voyage. Arriving in Valparaiso, Chile, on October 11, the Volunteers were taken the short distance to Lo Vasquez, their first "home," where they underwent another month of training.

This particular Peace Corps Project is under the direction of the *Instituto de Educacion Rural,* an organization which is trying to educate the Chilean youth and to raise the living standards of the peasants. It operates eleven schools in as many villages and it conducts a program for training *delegados,* representatives who go back to their villages and work on community development. It is in these schools and with these *delegados* that the Peace Corps Volunteers work.

It was a long month of training for the young Americans who were eager to start work and who were not adjusted to the pace of a less hurried civilization. But in December Fred was sent to a school located five hundred miles south of Santiago, where for a month he worked as a plumber, teacher, carpenter, and farmer. This was also his first experience with the abject poverty in the villages in the outlying areas.

After a month on this project, Fred was sent to Rancagua, where he has been living with the workmen and helping to build a school. There are no conveniences, and he cooks his meals over an open fire. A nearby irrigation ditch serves as his bathtub. But the school is nearing completion and soon it will have running water, a kitchen, and bathrooms. When it opens in July, Fred will teach there, working at last in what he had hoped to do when he volunteered.

Since he is a qualified teacher in history this was to have been his assignment in the Peace Corps, though it meant teaching Chilean history in Spanish. But as much as he had looked forward to teaching a subject he enjoyed, shortly after arriving in Chile and observing the needs of the peasants, he decided to teach something more immediately helpful. Next month, when school opens, Fred will teach carpentry, since, as he says, "They need practical knowledge more than social studies."

When he returns to the United States in another year, Fred hopes to attend graduate school, but he is concerned about losing his touch in his field. Consequently he reads every book he can get his hands on and he has written, often by candlelight, two research papers in history.

About his work, Fred says, "Although I will not realize any revolutionary changes, I believe the people I come in contact with are possibly bettered somewhat." This is satisfaction enough for Fred, and well worth the two years of his life it is costing.

Orwell As Fantasist

By Rudolf B. Schmerl
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A Recent Controversy between William Empson and Richard Gerber about the meaning of the mystical element in George Orwell's *1984* seems to indicate a need for a discussion of the book as what it most patently is: a fantasy. Gerber sees the mystical element as an expression, perhaps unconscious, of religious instinct, not clearly related to the anti-totalitarian theme but giving the novel "the age-old symbolic structure, and even phraseology, of resistant man's breakdown and conversion to some power which we generally call by the name of God."[1] Empson, taking furious exception to the idea that Orwell introduced the mystical element unconsciously, maintains that to Orwell one of the horrible things about communism was that it was becoming as bad as Christianity, that the deified Big Brother symbolizes the monstrous God the Father as well as a Stalin figure, and that this too complex and confused allegory is at the very heart of the book.[2] Both critics adduce some evidence for their reading of the novel,[3] but neither Gerber nor Empson considers what Orwell is so obviously pointing at. Certainly Big Brother symbolizes God, and certainly Winston, or what is left of him at the end of the book, is converted to loving him. So did Hitler come to symbolize God to millions of Germans, and so were they converted, by one means or another, to loving him. The religious element in the world of *1984* mirrors the religious element in actual totalitarian states, and to see only a literary symbol or allegory in Big Brother is to be seduced by critical fashions of the moment.

In the years since its publication in 1949, *1984* has become something of a controversial book. Critic after critic has found something to praise in it, and perhaps even more have found something to blame. Criticism of the novel has often taken the form of incredulity about Orwell's "vision." *"1984,"* writes John Atkins, "is one of those books that overpower you as you read but which do not leave any strong conviction in the mind."[4] Another writer asserts flatly that "*1984* will be obsolete in 1984, in spite of the fact that Big Brother is watching."[5] Then, too, Orwell has been accused of unwarranted pessimism, submission, defeatism. One of his harshest critics declares that the book "makes a fetish" of the "disintegration of an entire social fabric," and that "the real secret of the novel's success therefore, arises from the fact that it has become a key work in the international literature of resignation."[6] Other no indication of the immortality of the soul,[7] because objections have been raised because the book gives Orwell imagined "nothing new,"[8] because he was sick when he wrote it,[9] and because he was unhappy at public school.[10] Even critics who admire both Orwell and his work still cannot bring themselves to regard *1984* as a novel. John Wain insists that Orwell is to be seen in the correct perspective only as a polemicist,[11] and Irving Howe, whose essay on *1984* is extremely sympathetic to Orwell, writes that "the last thing Orwell cared about when he wrote *1984,* the last thing he should have cared about, was literature."[12]

None of these comments does justice to the careful construction of the book. Overwhelmed by Orwell's theme, the vast majority of critics has done little more than to express a primarily political reaction. Orwell's history of the future is so short, his descriptive power so great, and the essence of the totalitarianism he describes so familiar to most readers that this reaction is understandable; still, the fact remains that the novel is a fantasy, and the enormous discussion of whether Orwell's "vision" is incredible or plausible is consequently not a literary discussion at all. Richard Gerber, who does treat the book as a fantasy, does not, however, do justice to Orwell's theme. Gerber, like Alan Dutscher, believes that *1984* is an example of the defeatism of which Orwell accused James Burnham, and shifts the focus of his analysis from the novel to the novelist: "Being seriously crushed by a utopian hypothesis is the sign of a morbidly brooding mind."[13] That Winston Smith resembles his creator in some ways cannot be denied, but it is not Orwell who is brought to love Big Brother at the Chestnut Tree Cafe. The kind of complaint against the book which Gerber's remark typifies is little more than a disappointed request for a happy ending, an indication of how successful the book really is. The shortcomings of *1984* can perhaps best be realized by contrasting the book with Orwell's earlier fantasy, *Animal Farm.*

Fantasy in 1984

I have elsewhere defined fantasy as the deliberate presentation of improbabilities through any one of four methods — the use of unverifiable time, place, characters, or devices — to a typical reader within a culture whose level of sophistication will enable that reader to recognize the improbabilities.[14] *1984* employs two of the methods of fantasy, unverifiable time and unverifiable devices.

History and Memory

The history of the future in *1984* exists only in ran-

dom scraps because one of the central aims of that future is to destroy its history. Nevertheless, the scraps form a pattern. Much of the tension in the book is attributable to Winston Smith's conflicting functions as a public and as a private historian. As a public historian, employed in the Records Department of the Ministry of Truth, his function is to lie, to alter, to destroy; as a private historian, attempting to find some sort of meaningful continuity in his own life, his function is to remember the truth, to preserve it in any way he can, to dig it out and cling to it. The result is a use of unverifiable time esthetically superior to that, for example, in either of Aldous Huxley's fantasies, *Brave New World* and *Ape and Essence*. Mustapha's lecture to the students in *Brave New World* and the Arch-Vicar's to Dr. Poole in *Ape and Essence* have little to do with the main action of either story. Certainly the outcome in either book, John's suicide and Dr. Poole's flight to Fresno with Loola, is not related to Huxley's fantastic historiography. In *Brave New World,* history is unraveled for the benefit of the reader, not of John. In *Ape and Essence,* it is again the reader who is to benefit from the Arch-Vicar's interpretation of history (although the benefit is not intended literarily but politically), not Dr. Poole. But in *1984,* the historical lecture – the long passages from Goldstein's forbidden book – is an integral part of the story. Winston has been hungering for precisely this sort of information, even though most of what he finds in the book was already known to him. Getting the book is a tremendous risk; he must wait weeks before he has a chance to read it; he is caught with it in his possession; and finally he finds out that it had been written by the Party. Truth, in the World State of *Brave New World,* has simply been subordinated to happiness, and in the religion of the Californians in *Ape and Essence,* has at last manifested itself in the indisputable victory of Belial. But in Oceania truth is what the Party says it is, and Winston's rebellion is to a large degree an effort to establish the objectivity of truth through private historical research.

Winston's rebellion, like his role as historian, is a dual one. On the one hand, there are the private memories of his childhood that surge through him from beginning to end. There is the whiff of roasting coffee and the taste of real chocolate to remind him that life had not always been the dreary, *ersatz* existence it is now. There is his instinct to possess and preserve the useless, beautiful places of the past, like the diary and the chunk of coral, still to be unearthed in an antique shop. There is his impulse to learn of the past from a man who had been there – the ancient prole in the pub. On the other hand, there is the calculated rebellion which culminates in the visit to O'Brien's apartment. The calculated rebellion ends in complete defeat in Room 101, and it is usual to interpret Winston's final love of Big Brother, to which he comes at the Chestnut Tree Cafe, as the defeat of his inner rebellion as well. But perhaps the inner, the instinctive rebellion of his memory is not quite defeated. As he sits at his table, besotted with gin, unable to concentrate on the chess problem the waiter has put in front of him, he waits for a news bulletin of a battle supposedly raging in Africa. Suddenly, a memory of a joyful game with his mother floats into his mind – real joy, with real laughter. Although he succeeds in pushing the memory away from him, although, a moment later, he is immersed in the unreal joy of the crowd over the announced victory in Africa, the memory had come to him unbidden and intact. *1984* opens as Winston searches his memory to tell him whether London had always been the drab, ugly city he sees from his window, and it closes with his delight at the military victory and his consequent love of Big Brother superimposed on the remembrance of a happy moment in his childhood. Thus the pattern formed by the scraps of history, public and private, large and small, from Goldstein's book to the nursery rhyme, is essentially continuous. All that the Party could do to Winston had been done. His will had become the Party's, but his memory remained free. History could not be crammed down the memory hole.

The Watching Eye

The use of univerifiable time in *1984* has generally been emphasized at the expense of the other fantastic element in the book, the use of unverifiable devices. Of these, it must be admitted, only one is of any importance, the telescreen (the others are some of the machines in the Ministries of Truth and Love), but the telescreen is integral to the novel, as it is to the novel's world. It is introduced in the book's third paragraph.

> Inside the flat a fruity voice was reading out a list of figures which had something to do with the production of pig iron. The voice came from an oblong metal plaque like a dulled mirror which formed part of the surface of the right-hand wall. Winston turned a switch and the voice sank somewhat, though the words were still distinguishable. The instrument (the telescreen, it was called) could be dimmed, but there was no way of shutting it off completely.

The voice is still talking in the second to last paragraph of *1984,* although then it pours "forth its tales of prisoners and booty and slaughter," and it talks intermittently through the three hundred pages in between. But it is by no means a state-owned and -operated two-way closed television circuit, which, considering the description above of the instrument as a "metal plaque," would already be an indication of an enormous series of scientific discoveries and inventions. The telescreen operates differently in different places. At the Ministry of Truth, it is used for the Two Minutes Hate, as an interoffice communications system, and as a whistle to send the workers back to their desks

from the cafeteria. At home – for Winston, the dingy Victorian Mansions, whose elevators do not function and whose halls stink of cabbage – the telescreen is a radio, blasting news and music, an alarm clock, wrenching Winston out of bed, a community gymnastics class whose instructress screams at 6079 Smith W to bend lower. It can also be a silent listener, as in the room above Mr. Charrington's antique shop. Inner Party members have the privilege of turning it off, although not for extended periods of time; Outer Party members live as much under its eye as under Big Brother's, scrutinizing them from posters everywhere. It is on the street, in lavatories, even, to judge from Winston's caution when he picked up the old prostitute and when he enters the pub, in some of the proletarian quarters. It cannot see in the dark, but its ear is delicate enough to hear a heartbeat. When Winston, safely in bed – in the darkness facial expressions could at last correspond to felt emotions – thinks of how he may meet Julia, he compares his situation to "trying to make a move at chess when you were already mated. Whichever way you turned, the telescreen faced you." And where the telescreen could not be, in the country, a microphone might be placed. More than the scarcity of razor blades, the awful gin, the cigarettes that have to be held horizontally so that the tobacco will not spill out, the telescreen is the primary conditioner of life in 1984. It could even be personally, grimly ironic; at the Chestnut Tree Cafe, a haunt of reclaimed revolutionaries, it can sing, with a cracked and jeering note, a yellow note, as Winston calls it,

> "Under the spreading chestnut tree
> I sold you and you sold me."

Only the proles are safe to some degree; before Mr. Charrington drops his disguise as an elderly proletarian antique dealer, he tells Winston that he "never had one of those things. Too expensive. And I never seemed to feel the need of it, somehow." And Winston is not surprised. But the proles are not human beings.

Reality Control

Still, the special horror of Oceania does not lie in the telescreen, nor even in Room 101. It is rather in the transformation of the relativity of truth from a philosophical theory to political dogma, or, more accurately, the transformation of the necessary relativity of truth into a denial of all objectivity, and the reduction of its semblance to the service of political expediency. Fact, in Oceania, is what the Inner Party wishes it to be at any given moment, and doublethink and Newspeak are instruments to obliterate not men who can note, but the very thinking processes which can detect differences between those wishes at different moments. The scene in which the orator is notified that not Eurasia but Eastasia is the enemy, and the speaker and the audience make the necessary adjustments in an instant, illustrates the utter loss of contact with reality suffered by a people which identifies fact with the latest bulletin because its leaders identify truth with political expediency.

The worst enemy a man has in this world is his own nervous system. Anyone unfortunate enough to possess a memory–incapable, in Ingsoc terms, of reality control – might come upon, as Winston did, "a fragment of the abolished past, like a fossil bone which turns up in the wrong stratum and destroys a geological theory." Winston's instincts about people who will and who will not be "vaporized" are often wrong, but he is not wrong in attributing great importance to facial expressions and personal mannerisms. His face betrays him to Julia as against "them"; and one day he passes a man in the street "when the left side of the man's face was suddenly contorted by a sort of spasm. It happened again just as they were passing one another: it was only a twitch, a quiver, rapid as the clicking of a camera shutter, but obviously habitual. He remembered thinking at the time: That poor devil is done for." In one way, at least, the fearful servility of the society of Oceania is similar to the cheerful servility of that of the World State: both are products of a choice "between insanity on the one hand and lunacy on the other."[15]

Orwell's many critics have often complained about the superficiality of his thought, and certainly it cannot be claimed that he was a systematic thinker. The most philosophical passage to be found in any of his writings is the discussion between O'Brien and Winston on the objectivity of truth. O'Brien wins that argument, and not merely because he is Winston's torturer physically as well as mentally; it is because, apparently, as far as Orwell can see, O'Brien has the theoretically stronger case. But Orwell distrusted theory, literary, philosophical, and political. He, like Dr. Johnson, would have kicked a stone to refute Berkeley. Orwell insists that the sum of two plus two is not dependent on the decision of a party, at least, not yet. *"Freedom is the freedom to say that two plus two make four,"* Winston writes in his diary. *"If that is granted, all else follows."* In the final scene at the Chestnut Tree Cafe, Winston traces $2 + 2 = 5$ in the dust on the table; but before he is capable of this sort of reality control, he has undergone months of torture in the Ministry of Love (including what seems to be electric shock treatment: "A terrific, painless blow had flattened him out . . . Somewhere or other there was a large patch of emptiness, as though a piece had been taken out of his brain"). Before he is taken to Room 101, he writes "GOD IS POWER" on a slate given to him in his cell; but the statement had previously been made by O'Brien. What Winston comes to in the Chestnut Tree Cafe, his brain cauterized by torture and besotted with gin, is indeed love of Big Brother, the only kind of love possible in the world of 1984. And even then false memories of happy childhood afternoons interfere with reality control. Winston is not defeated; he is merely reduced to insanity.

Fantasy in Animal Farm

Anti-totalitarian literature must focus on totalitarians, and literary characters must be motivated. But totalitarian irrationality has become a way of life which defies explanation. "How does one man assert his power over another, Winston?" asks O'Brien. "By making him suffer," Winston says, a natural answer under the circumstances. And according to O'Brien, it is the correct answer. But if power is the goal, *making,* not *suffer,* is the word that deserves the emphasis. Any man who makes another do or feel anything is exerting power, and Huxley's Mustapha, who makes his people happy by destroying their humanity (as O'Brien makes his victims suffer by destroying theirs), has far more power than the members of Oceania's Inner Party. That O'Brien is incapable of conceiving of this range of power is in itself an indication of his fanaticism.

The essential irrationality of totalitarianism, then, is often reflected in anti-totalitarian fantasy. But because fantasy can employ unverifiable characters, it is not restricted, like realistic fiction, to the attitude that totalitarian irrationality is simply a basic fact of our time. C. S. Lewis, for example, uses unverifiable characters to suggest instead that it is a form of an ancient and pervasive irrationality which has been a force in human affairs since the inception of the race. Orwell's *Animal Farm* uses unverifiable characters to suggest an alternative explanation.

Animal Farm seems no longer to be regarded as highly as it was when it first appeared in 1945. The reason may be that it can be recollected so easily — it is so simple in story, prose style, and fantastic technique — that there are probably few people who reread it. Like *1984,* it has contributed a phrase or two to contemporary political and literary consciousness (we know that some are more equal than others as well as we do that Big Brother is watching us), and, as with the later novel, the phrase has come to stand for the book. The phrase is, at least for us, truly memorable, for in a sense it epitomizes the difference between the theories and slogans of democracy and its actual practice, but it does not epitomize the book. The phrase is wryly comic and *Animal Farm* is extremely pessimistic.

Pigmen and Catmen

Orwell once wrote of the first two books of *Gulliver's Travels* that "the essential maneuver is the same, i.e., to make the human being look ridiculous by imagining him as a creature six inches high."[16] Whether or not this is true, the essential maneuver of *Animal Farm,* equating the human being with barnyard animals, is a good deal more complex than that. There is an amazing union of the particular and the general in the handling of the animals as individuals, as representatives of their species, and occasionally as caricatures of specific human beings. Napoleon and Snowball are clearly unusual pigs, but pigs are unusual among animals anyway. Boxer and Clover, the two carthorses, have quite distinct characters and abilities, but are almost identical when contrasted with Mollie, the pretty white mare that once drew Mr. Jones' trap. The sheep and fowl, however, simply act like sheep and fowl; not one of them has a role as an individual. Thus Orwell's handling of the ancient tradition of associating human qualities with animals and animal characteristics with humans is an ingenious mixture of orthodoxy and originality.[17] The minor animals, the sheep, fowl, and cows, all behave very traditionally. So does the cat, the only animal unaffected by either Jones or Napoleon, and who is fairly clearly the criminal element in barnyard society — neither a wild enemy like a fox, an uncivilized creature like a rabbit, a parasite like Moses, the religious raven, nor a useful member of society. The major animals, however, are imbued with qualities not usually associated with them. The pigs are the most intelligent group of animals, while the horses and dogs are stupid. But Benjamin, the jackass, is as intelligent as any pig; in fact, only Benjamin, of all the animals, is not such a donkey as to be taken in by the pigs. The original three dogs, Bluebell, Jessie, and Pincher, are good creatures, hostile only to the rats; the nine pups which Napoleon raises become bloodthirsty executioners. And here we come to the power of the fantasy. The brief history of Animal Farm — it had been the Manor Farm when it belonged to Mr. Jones, and Napoleon restores the name at the end of the book — is a history of changes; yet the culmination of that history is a return to the conditions that precipitated the changes. This paradox, symbolizing perhaps the most tragic paradox in human history, is dramatized in ninety-two short pages which lead up to one crucial final sentence. The three paradoxical slogans of the Party in *1984,* laboriously explained to Winston by O'Brien in the Ministry of Love, symbolize only the doctrine of fantasy tyrants. *Animal Farm* is a much more pessimistic book than *1984.* Winston's faith in a future revolution by the proles seems illogical to O'Brien, but O'Brien is a lunatic. In *Animal Farm* the proles not only revolt, but are successful; and the outcome of their revolution is a worse tyranny than that against which they revolted. The theme of the book is what Benjamin says: "life would go on as it had always gone on — that is, badly."

The Totalitarian Mind

If *Animal Farm* is regarded only as a beast-fable version of the Russian Revolution, its defects are obvious.[18] The allegory is very loose, a great deal is left out (there is no Lenin-pig, for instance), there is no specific criticism of communist doctrine. But the rough parallel with the Russian Revolution is only one of the levels of meaning of the book, and were the parallel very

much more exact, it seems likely that the deeper level would be obscured. *Animal Farm* is not simply an illustration of the Actonian view of the effect of power. The pigs are corrupt to begin with; there is no disagreement between Snowball and Napoleon about what to do with the milk and the windfall apples. From the very first, "the pigs did not actually work, but directed and supervised the others." It is not so much that power is corrupting as it is an opportunity for the expression of innate corruption. Snowball is not a betrayed idealist but a miscalculating demagogue. And in this way Orwell suggests an alternative reason to that implicit in C. S. Lewis' fantasies for totalitarianism. Lewis sees totalitarianism as one form of evil supernatural in its origins; Orwell sees it as the natural result of the combination of the character of pigs and suitable opportunity. Given the chance, pigs will become human.

In *The Origins of Totalitarianism,* Hannah Arendt argues very convincingly that the fanaticism of the totalitarian follower is not a form of extreme idealism, and concludes that "the fanaticism of a member of a totalitarian movement whom neither experience nor argument can reach is based, on the contrary, on a conformism and identification for which not even torture is an experience and through whose stupor not even the fear of death can pierce."[19] In *1984,* the totalitarian follower is caricatured, as party intellectual, in the person of Syme and, as mass man, in the figure of Parsons. But both are isolated; Syme disappears, a sure sign of his vaporization, and Winston sees Parsons for the last time as a fellow prisoner in the Ministry of Love. In *Animal Farm* the mentality of the totalitarian follower is characterized more symbolically and significantly. The "conformism and identification" Hannah Arendt describes are exhibited consistently by the sheep. The sheep always put an end to all discussions by bleating, at just the right moment, what their masters the pigs have taught them, whether this is "four legs good, two legs bad," or, later, "four legs good, two legs *better.*" Even in the purge scene, after the seizure, confession, and execution of the four rebellious young porkers, it is sheep and fowl who volunteer their guilt. Totalitarian conformism and identification, Orwell seems to suggest, are the products of the mentality of sheep — and sheep are born, not made. This implies a terribly pessimistic view of a great proportion of the human race. But as it is presented, it achieves a marvelous balance between didacticism and choice of fantastic technique.

A Lesson of Despair

The pessimism of *Animal Farm* has often been ignored in the many laudatory things that have been said about it, but it has not gone altogether unnoticed. Christopher Hollis writes that the lesson Orwell wished to teach was not gay but "more nearly a lesson of despair — the lesson that anarchy was intolerable, that mankind could not be ruled without entrusting power somewhere or other and, to whomsoever power was entrusted, it was almost certain to be abused."[20] And, one might add, that life is consequently very hard.

> . . . Neither pigs nor dogs produced any food by their own labour; and there were very many of them, and their appetites were always good.
>
> As for the others, their life, so far as they knew, was as it had always been. They were generally hungry, they slept on straw, they drank from the pool, they laboured in the fields; in winter they were troubled by the cold, and in summer by the flies. Sometimes the older ones among them racked their dim memories and tried to determine whether in the early days of the Rebellion, when Jones's expulsion was still recent, things had been better or worse than now. They could not remember. There was nothing with which they could compare their present lives: they had nothing to go upon except Squealer's lists of figures, which invariably demonstrated that everything was getting better and better. The animals found the problem insoluble; in any case, they had little time for speculating on such things now. Only old Benjamin professed to remember every detail of his long life and to know that things never had been, nor ever could be much better or much worse — hunger, hardship, and disappointment being, so he said, the unalterable law of life.

Here, in a brief paragraph, is the essence of the work of the Records Department, much of the propaganda of the telescreen, and the elaborate scene in which Winston tries to learn something about the past from a man old enough to remember it. But it is not hard to see why this passage, and others like it in the fantasy, have not been taken seriously by many critics. There is, first, the tone in which it is written, characteristic of the tone of the entire book. Although the passage is vivid, there are no gruesome details indicating how unbearably cold winter can be in unheated stalls, nor how intolerable insects are buzzing round one's sweating, straining, tired body in the summer heat. The tone is factual, almost dry; the prose, like the book itself, is swift and to the point. It is up to the reader to imagine the details of the physical life the animals lead, details unpleasant at best and excruciating at the worst. Similarly, the feelings of the animals are not described with the psychological subtleties we have become accustomed to in fiction. The animals experience ecstasy when, the morning after Jones has been expelled, they race around the farm, now *their* farm; never had it seemed more beautiful. Much later, after Napoleon has consolidated his dictatorship with the purge, the animals are shocked, miserable, horrified; and although, in the clear spring evening, the farm again appears a more desirable place than ever before, Clover's eyes fill with tears as she thinks that it was not for scenes of terror and slaughter that they have labored so hard for so many months. But

Clover is, after all, an old mare. The fantasy's zoomorphism is maintained so consistently, even, on its own level, so credibly, and because no specific political or human meaning can be assigned to Clover in the other levels of the allegory, that it becomes difficult to remember that Orwell is not writing about animals at all. Finally, the seriousness of *Animal Farm* may have been ignored because Orwell is also the author of *1984*. And *1984* has been taken very seriously by just about everybody.

Fantasy as a Literary Form

The criteria for evaluation of a fantasy should proceed out of a clear understanding of the fantastic technique. Whether or not the action takes place in the past, present, or future, here on earth or in another galaxy, whether it involves devices whose operation contradicts all known findings of science, and whether it is performed by recognizable human beings or by creatures of which no one has ever heard until he has read the fantasy – none of this is significant in itself. The relation of allegory to reality obviously does not lie in its most immediate level of meaning. What is important, instead, is that the fantastic elements employed are truly integral to the fantasy, and do not merely constitute, as in Aldous Huxley's *After Many a Summer Dies the Swan,* a surprise ending. And in fantasy dealing with the contemporary political situation, psychological analyses of character, intricate love affairs, detailed accounts of the background of the hero and other main characters may not always have a great deal to do with totalitarianism. Indeed, anti-totalitarian fantasy depicting an established totalitarian society would lose much of its force if it suggested that there was space and time for characters to analyze one another, to fall in love painfully or gracefully, to behave as if little had changed since Jane Austen's day except the style of speech. What is needed is not a *sotto voce* statement of the prevalent social ideas, but a suitable form to cast them in, a handling of the fantastic technique that permits the most forceful possible statement of the theme.

The clarity with which a fantasy relates its meaning to reality is one criterion by which its success may be evaluated; the validity of that relationship is another. But there is another, more purely esthetic criterion of the success of a fantasy: integration of its action with the choice of fantastic technique. *Brave New World,* although its meaning is clear and appears generally valid, does not quite meet this criterion. John is destroyed because he cannot leap through time from Miranda to Lenina, and he cannot because it is made impossible for him. In *1984,* which does meet this esthetic criterion, Winston is destroyed not only because he cannot leap through time but also because he will not let time leap. Unverifiable time is treated as well as employed in *1984,* achieving an unusual unity between form and content.

But this unity is even greater in *Animal Farm,* in which, with a deceptively simple irony, the fantastic technique is turned in upon itself, simultaneously reaching the climax and the conclusion of the story and all levels of the allegory, merging didacticism and the choice of technique in an unforgettable synthesis. If humans can be equated with animals, animals can be equated with humans – a truth reached so swiftly, logically, and inevitably, with so much meaning both as an anti-totalitarian and as a much broader, far less restricted theme, that *Animal Farm* will surely take its place among the best of English fantasies. It will continue to be read not only, as so many critics have predicted, because the children of some brighter, happier world than ours will enjoy the story of the revolt of the farm animals; it will be read because it was written with great art about an age-old predicament.

NOTES

1 "The English Island Myth," **Critical Quarterly,** I, i (Spring, 1959), 41.
2 Letter to the Editor, **Critical Quarterly,** I, ii (Summer, 1959), 157-158.
3 Indeed, there is some evidence for Empson's interpretation which he does not mention: the direct comparison between the ordinary Party member and the ancient Hebrew in the Appendix, "The Principles of Newspeak," and Winston's writing, even before he goes to Room 101, that "GOD IS POWER." But neither Gerber's nor Empson's interpretation accounts for all the pieces, such as Winston's foreknowledge that he and O'Brien will meet in the place where there is no darkness, nor for the fact that the novel is so clearly related to almost all of Orwell's previous work, none of which illustrates either any previous inclination to religiosity or a tendency to regard religion as a serious obstruction to social justice. According to T. R. Fyvel, Orwell had had **1984** in mind for several years ["A Writer's Life," **World Review** (June, 1950), 20]. And neither Gerber nor Empson considers the importance of the protracted torture to Winston's final outlook — which somehow both critics identify with Orwell's.
4 **George Orwell** (London, 1954), p. 252.
5 Fletcher Pratt, "A Critique of Science Fiction," in: Reginald Bretnor (ed.), **Modern Science Fiction** (New York, 1953), p. 90.
6 Alan Dutscher, "Orwell and the Crisis of Responsibility," **Contemporary Issues,** VIII, xxviii (August-September, 1956), 312.
7 See Christopher Hollis, **A Study of George Orwell** (London, 1956), pp. 188-201.
8 Tom Hopkinson, **George Orwell** (London, 1955), p. 34.
9 See Laurence Brander, **George Orwell** (London, 1954), p. 204.
10 A biographical-psychological point of view, attempting to link Orwell's unhappy experiences at the school portrayed in his essay "Such, Such Were the Joys" to the horror of **1984,** is presented by Anthony West, "Books: Hidden Damage," **The New Yorker,** XXXI (January 28, 1956), 98-104.
11 "Orwell in Perspective," **New World Writing,** No. 12 (New York, 1957), pp. 84-96.
12 "Orwell: History as Nightmare," **Politics and the Novel** (New York, 1957), p. 237.
13 **Utopian Fantasy** (London, 1955), p. 129.
14 "Reason's Dream: Anti-totalitarian Themes and Techniques of Fantasy," Ph.D. dissertation, The University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, 1960.
15 Aldous Huxley, preface to **Brave New World** (New York, 1955), pp. vii-viii.
16 "Politics vs. Literature: an Examination of **Gulliver's Travels," Shooting an Elephant** (New York, 1950), p. 54.
17 George Woodcock has pointed out an indebtedness to H. G. Wells' **The Island of Dr. Moreau.** See Woodcock's **The Writer and Politics** (London, 1948), p. 120.
18 The chapter on **Animal Farm** in John Atkins' **George Orwell** is a detailed exegesis of this level of the allegory.
19 New York, 1951, p. 302.
20 Hollis, **op. cit.,** p. 147.

Computers No Think

By Ernest P. Johnson

WITH ONE SHORT sentence, I propose to shatter an illusion current in this scientific age. Here goes: COMPUTERS DO NOT THINK.

Having thus dispelled all doubt concerning what this article is supposed to say, I postpone defense of my thesis and present some background material.

Because the laity has not been educated about the strides science and technology have made, computers and other marvels of our age are often viewed with awe or distrust. Though perhaps not true for some scientific developments, computers and "data processing" (defined below) can, and should, be explained in simple terms. It seems unfortunate that this has not been done more widely.

About "data processing" – this complicated-sounding term is actually very simple. DP (a convenient abbreviation for data processing) is nothing more than the handling of information. This information might be notes for a term paper, withholding tax data for calculating payrolls, or something afar off in the field of nuclear physics. DP may involve arithmetic, and often does, but this is not a part of the definition, only a popular and erroneous "corollary." DP may just as well involve the sorting of information, e.g., a bibliography into alphabetical order. So, DP as a concept should give us no further trouble.

The methods of data processing are more complicated than the concept, but even they are not so pesky that they cannot be understood by the layman. In its simplest form, DP is represented by the stock clerk, paper and pencil in hand, manually recording changes in inventory. The evolution of DP from this clerk to the computer is largely one of speed and accuracy, not one of method.

First came the adding machine – with one of those crooked handles you have to yank after entering a figure; then electricity was added to do the yanking for you; then came calculating machines – jazzed up adding machines which add, subtract, multiply, and divide . . . if you punch the right key at the right time.

Each of these devices made the stock clerk's work easier, faster, and more accurate; none of these devices eliminated the clerk's responsibility to do the thinking. The machines are tools; the clerk has to decide how to use them effectively.

The next step toward computers is that of the accounting machine, a noisy device about the size of a chest-type home freezer. Filled with motors, cogs, wheels, and wires, the accounting machine relies on a wired board to tell it what to do. These boards resemble the telephone operator's switchboard (if you recall pre-DDD and pre-13-digit number days). By connecting the correct holes in the board with wires, the accounting machine is made to do its job: printing, adding, etc.

Related to the accounting machine is the punched card – the now familiar rectangular card (with one corner lopped off) on which we reply to book and record clubs, from which we copy last month's electric bill, *ad infinitum*. The accounting machine – as well as computers – use the punched card as a basic medium for exchanging information. It interprets the holes in the card to represent certain characters, letters, numerals, etc.

The accounting machine is perhaps nearer to the computer than are any of other devices noted above. Although a board must be wired, once it is wired correctly for a particular job, the machine performs its task over and over again. The clerk must feed it data (punched cards), but the operation, say, adding, is done automatically. The clerk no longer has to make all the decisions for each problem; the board he wired does that for him.

Computers Lack Initiative

This gives insight into the value of computers: for problems involving repeated execution of the same sequence of steps and for problems which must be solved again and again with new sets of data, the computer is invaluable. An example is the payroll calculation: Each pay period, the same calculations must be made (the same basic problem week after week). Each payroll job involves the same calculation for each employee (the repeated execution of a sequence of steps within the problem). Every calculation is of the same type: multiply number of hours times rate per hour, calculate and subtract withholding taxes and social security contributions, and write a check for the result. Except for the data, everything is the same; here the computer excels, performing the repetitive operation rapidly and accurately.

But the difference between accounting machines and computers is, in short, that the computer does more things more rapidly. In terms of the "insides" of the beasts, the computer relies more heavily on electronics than the accounting machine. To effect this greater power and speed through electronics, the computer uses the "stored program" concept.

What is a "stored program"? First, "program": a program is no more than a set of instructions. (The wired board of the accounting machine is a program of a sort.) For example, suppose one wishes to teach a new clerk to calculate the area of a circle ($A = Pi\ r2$). To do this, one might write detailed instructions (a program) for the student to follow: "take the value of r,

multiply it by itself once, multiply the product by the value of Pi, and the result is the area of the circle whose radius is r." This is a set of instructions, a plan of attack, a program.

The same definition of program applies to computers: a detailed set of instructions necessary to solve a particular problem. Why detailed? A computer is a robot, and an unintelligent robot at that; it will do only what it is told to do, no more, no less. It must be told to execute each minute step in solving a problem; moreover, it must be told when to execute each step. In terms of the circle example, it must be told where to find the value of r, to get this value from its place, to multiply it by itself once, what to do with the product, etc. Each step must be carefully stated; if it isn't, the computer does only what is stated . . . and solves an entirely different problem than the one intended.

Now, "stored" – stored merely refers to where the program is at the time the problem is solved. Where the clerk had to have a set of instructions at his side in finding the area of the circle, the computer contains its program within itself when it solves the problem. This means that there is no time-consuming intervention by the clerk; everything is done at electronic speeds.

How Computers Work

How do computers work? Computers are filled with mazes of wires, tubes, transistors, etc.; by causing current to flow in some of the thousands of circuits and by prohibiting it in others, the computer is able to perform the job dictated by the program. A simple analogy: suppose you have a lamp with five bulbs all connected to a five-way switch. Turn the switch one notch and one bulb is lit, turn it another notch and a second bulb joins the first, etc. You have caused current to flow in a circuit where none existed before; computers do just this . . . many times a second.

What can computers do? Apart from reading and writing (discussed below), computers can do three things: 1) hold information, 2) count, and 3) make simple "decisions."

While this apparent understatement sinks in, I discuss reading and writing. Reading and writing deal with the interpretation of the holes in the punched cards and with punching new cards, respectively. Or, if some other medium (e.g., paper or magnetic tape) is used to get information into or out of the computer, with the interpreting and creating of records in the appropriate medium.

Now "hold information" – computers hold information in the form of magnetized spots. There are many techniques for effecting this magnetization and equally many surfaces and pieces of material magnetized, but these considerations are not important for the understanding of the concept. By sensing this magnetism (or lack of same), the computer can determine what data it holds. It also has the ability to create new spots (reading, writing, internal movement of data) in its magnetic language.

And, "counting" – based solely on its ability to count, the computer can be made to add. It cannot immediately calculate 2 + 7 as we do, but must count to 9 on its electronic fingers. Because it can add, the computer can subtract; subtraction is effected by adding the complement of the number subtracted. For example, to calculate 10 – 1, the computer would add the complement of 1 (9) to 10 and discard the "carry," leaving 9, the correct answer. Multiplication and division are outgrowths of the addition and subtraction powers. Multiplication is done by repeated addition, division by repeated subtraction.

So, arithmetically speaking, the computer is just a big, expensive, but rapid, counter.

The ability to make "decisions," i.e., to compare one item to another and to act accordingly, is apparently where the tag "thinking machines" originates. True, computers can compare and act, but only when built to do so (the proper arrangement of circuits, etc.) and programmed to do so (the correct set of instructions). Decision-making for the computer is a purely electronic function (the same amount of voltage in two separate circuits, etc.); the engineer who built the computer supplied the "intelligence."

Back to my thesis, computers do not think. Only the programmers who write instructions for the computers think; and, think they must. No detail may be overlooked; the robot must be told to do everything (even when to stop).

An intelligent, thorough, accurate programmer can make the computer perform more work in a day than the clerk can do in a month, can make the computer appear to be a genius.

A careless, inaccurate programmer can make the computer make more errors in a day than the clerk has ever made, can make the computer appear to be an idiot.

People think; computers just sort of tag along, blinking and roaring and turning out correct and incorrect solutions with equal ease.

Vanity of Vanities

By Walter Sorell
Drama Editor

It seems that time and space have their own laws inherent in their being what they are: limitless and so very much limited.

I had to think of it looking through my notes before writing this report. How many shows have – literally – passed me, have only made me more aware of how precious time is, of how easily it can be devoured by efforts which certainly must have been the result of an artistic urge, a desire for self-expression, or mere vanity, but which made me wish to recapture those minutes painfully lost to the past.

Off-Broadway has gone through a turbulent and somewhat disturbing season. It put on too many plays that were an outgrowth of dilettantism and disappeared after one or two performances. A heated discussion has gone on for some time whether these "vanity shows" will not finally defeat their own purpose and undermine the existence of Off-Broadway. The counter-argument that Broadway also has its share of dilettantism, merely disguised by a veneer of seeming professionalism, is well taken. Only recently I was exposed to "Venus at Large" which, in turn, exposed the failing and fumbling of Henry Denker. This comedy is a take-off on the Marilyn Monroe type of actress and other Hollywoodesquerades whose cliches are by now nauseating. This play *a clef* was a flop in London, and yet it found a "professional" Broadway producer. If this wasn't dilettantism, gift-wrapped for the tired businessman, then I don't know what is.

Vanity plays a great role in theatrical achievements and, however despicable this quality as such may be, it is probably part of any creative effort. At least in the same way as it is hidden in the glee of parents who sun themselves in the mirror reflection of their offspring, it is glaringly obvious in the creative person and must be considered a permissible sin in every performer. Our psyche knows no demarcation lines between the urges leading to an artistic expression, and I feel that little would have been achieved by mankind without it. It can only be counter-balanced by talent, and when this is missing vanity is inexcusable. Because of the tremendous wealth of "unready, unguided" talent in this country, talent that has no time to grow, no way to go, Off-Broadway is an open invitation. But why blame vanity when all symptoms point to the disease of our culture, which runs a high fever between a "fast success" and "false values"?

What warped kind of vanity induced Leal Wertenbaker to tell the story of Charles Wertenbaker's bout with death in the guise of cancer, we don't quite know. Impersonated on stage – as written by Garson Kanin in "A Gift of Time" – it is painful without giving hope. It raises questions which it leaves unanswered. The courage to face death – this is the theme of the play – has often been an uplifting experience in the theatre. Why did his cancer not take the place of the Greek Moira, the Fates that challenge our existence? Because the hero decides to spend his remaining days with his family and to take his life when it becomes unbearable. This is too private a reaction, too personal, too unheroic. If he had perhaps decided to give his body up for scientific research, it might have created the feeling of some heroism in today's world of science. But even then it may not have been really tragic with universal meaning, simply because the Greeks knew that their Moira could not be conquered and we know that our conquest of cancer is only a matter of years.

Orlin Corey has staged an impressive Biblical version of "The Book of Job" in which the image of a Byzantine mosaic is beautifully created through costuming and posturing. The stage adaptation has dignity, and the dramatic power of the words accompanied by the chorus as if it were a musical instrument heightened the impact.

When all the din of vanity will have died down, Michel de Ghelderode, who left us on the first of April, will be recognized as the great dramatic spokesman of our time. One of his last communications was a letter written to American students in which he said:

> My greetings to you, my friends of a young and generous America! . . .
>
> I cannot help feeling the weight of condemnation on my shoulders, but not knowing its origin, I am resigned to the prison of my feelings. Within the walls of my soul, I weave straw together in order to forget these thoughts of being abandoned. There inside all human accomplishment is ground to dust. It means nothing without affection for our fellowman. But I am confident that there is some good on earth – yet I am resigned to all evil. I thank God at the end of every day that it has passed without bringing me too much unhappiness. I expect nothing of this world, but a great deal from the next. But I thank Him for having given me the power to work in which I can lose myself and my eternal ignorance . . . These sentiments are my prayer when I am searching for God in the heavens filled with gunfire and explosions of bombs.

From the Chapel

Another Pentecost?

By Karl E. Lutze

Field Secretary, Lutheran Human Relations Association of America

And when the day of Pentecost was fully come, they were all with one accord in one place. And suddenly there came a sound from heaven as of a rushing mighty wind, and it filled all the house where they were sitting. And there appeared unto them cloven tongues like as of fire, and it sat upon each of them. And they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and began to speak with other tongues, as the Spirit gave them utterance. And there were dwelling at Jerusalem Jews, devout men, out of every nation under heaven. Now when this was noised abroad, the multitude came together, and were confounded, because that every man heard them speak in his own language. And they were all amazed and marvelled, saying to one another, Behold, are not all these which speak Galilaeans? And how hear we every man in our own tongue, wherein we were born? Parthians and Medes, and Elamites, and the dwellers in Mesopotamia, and in Judaea, and Cappadocia, in Pontus, and Asia, Phrygia, and Pamphylia, in Egypt, and in the parts of Libya about Cyrene, and strangers of Rome, Jews and proselytes, Cretes and Arabians, we do hear them speak in our tongues the wonderful works of God. And they were all amazed, and were in doubt, saying one to anther, What meaneth this? Others mocking said, These men are full of new wine.

The Acts 2: 1-13.

Let's have another Pentecost!

All right. Good!

A wonderful word, Pentecost, conjuring up the vision of three thousand hard-headed, stone-hearted men suddenly smitten with grief and penitence. They were God's own new men now. "And the Lord added to the church daily."

These words, the very end of the Pentecost narrative, seem almost excessive in their final tabulation of Pentecost statistics. This is the part that is so exciting and intriguing to those of us eager to see the Lord's Kingdom grow. Those must have been the days! If only we could have them again. And we try! And we set goals! Can we continue to open two new churches every week?

Can we find programs which will enable us to sweep in the converts, to compel them to come in?

But wait. Anybody who builds a house, lays a highway, or installs an organ knows that you *don't start at the end.* Can we discover the factors that combined to make for the beginning hours of Pentecost?

Crowds of people gather at a thousand churches. A thousand churches reflecting a thousand spirits of independence. Some swing incense, some wear Geneva gowns, some chant in Latin, some insist on "The Old Rugged Cross," some have Communion every Sunday, and some have bazaars and some have championship basketball teams and some have three pastors and some have parochial schools and some have elaborately structured teams of visiting elders. But every congregation, it seems, is pretty well convinced about the rightness of "their way" of bringing about a Pentecost-finish.

Perhaps the sound of a mighty rushing wind roaring through the countryside of a cotton patch in Louisiana, tearing roofs off little shacks and leaving a Negro family frightened, homeless and mourning the loss of a little child is the only wind we hear.

Perhaps the only flames to be seen dance crazily from a blazing cross — symbol intended to show mercy and comfort, changed to messenger of terror and hate — as the cowards creep away through shadows to cars that roar off into muffled darkness.

Perhaps the quaking of the earth and house is only around a Baptist pastor who rises from the smoke and rubble to lead his family to the streets where a confusion of frightened faces and hateful faces are staring.

And above the screams of hatred and the cursings we would listen for the voice of an unpretentious preacher, simple and understandable to Elamites and Alabamans, to Mesopotamians and Chicagoans, to Persians and Peorians, to Cappadocians and Washingtonians, to Medes and Iowans, to Phrygians and Texans and New Yorkers and Missourians.

And there is no need to call such a preacher a drunken communist, a tipsy dispenser of social gospel, or a wild-eyed liberal. Not at this hour! This is an hour for soberness, for clear thinking, for articulate tongue.

The message of Pentecost speaks forthrightly and simply to people who have been busy playing the Scribe, dissecting the Scriptures to bleed them of their intentions. It speaks to those who play the role of Pharisee, who would make the church exclusive, only "for *our* kind." It speaks to all of us who have failed to let the generosity of the vineyard paymaster, and the forgivingness of the Waiting Father reach out to all men (as perhaps when a member of a minority group presents himself in our midst to receive the blessings of worship and the Supper). It speaks to us who have walked by on the other side when we turned the newspaper page, when we tuned in another station, or when

we discarded the appeal for funds from World Relief and Bethesda, or the invitations to support causes that resist the crippling of men's mind and spirits in cruel discrimination practices.

The message of Pentecost simply says that Christ came in love – to die – for you, "for all, that they which live should not henceforth live unto themselves but unto *Him*." For inasmuch as we have failed to love one of these that suffer, we have failed Him.

The men of Peter's day were "pricked in their hearts" and they asked, "Men and brethren, what shall we do?" Unless they had asked the question, there would have been no Pentecost. But will men today ask this question? Not without first being confronted with the realization that lovelessness and selfishness are anti-Christ. Unless we ask the question, there can be no Pentecost in our time.

Repent! Repent – to see thousands of faces of lonely and friendless and unwanted people, Poles, Negroes, Italians, Jews, Orientals, Latins, Assyrians, Indian Americans – all the faces we have not chosen to look upon in love. Repent – and believe that the Christ Who loves them – and *us* – forgives us and says, "Go and sin no more." This is Pentecost.

But GO! And when we go, we go led by the Spirit of Pentecost and in Jesus' name live more lovingly with those in fellowship with us (even with those who have a hard time learning to be loving), and enlarge the fellowship by forgiving, and receiving forgiveness from each other, breaking bread together, teaching and strengthening one another, sharing, giving generously, distributing to all having need, and letting the Spirit have His Day.

And we will not be deterred by this crooked generation, or their opinions, or their curses, or their burning crosses, or stones through our stained glass windows – nor need we worry about what the ending of the Pentecost story will be for us, whether *we* will add souls.

For where the first part of the Pentecost story has been told, these words follow: "The *Lord* added such as should be saved!"

On Second Thought

BY ROBERT J. HOYER

GEORGE ORWELL'S book, *1984,* carries a message directly to the church. Mr. Orwell is not talking about the relationship between freedom and the truth. He is saying that Freedom lies only in the proposition that truth is subjective and relative. The power of Big Brother is not in force, it is in conversion: he rules when people accept him as the criterion of truth.

Freedom does not lie in the fact that there are four fingers on a hand. It lies in my ability to believe that there are four fingers there. Tyranny is not forcing a man to say there are five fingers. It is convincing a man that only Big Brother knows how many fingers there are. It makes no difference whether or not his statement conforms to some generally accepted truth; if he establishes the truth, it is tyranny.

The Christian faith is that God has set us free. For freedom He has set us free! Our freedom does not lie only in the truth that God has sent His Son; it lies in His gift to us of faith: that we might believe that He sent His Son. Freedom does not lie in the doctrine of the Trinity, it lies in my ability to believe that God is Three in One. Tyranny is not in an inquisition that forces a statement of faith. Tyranny is the clergy or the council or the convention convincing the people that only they can determine and establish the truth.

Only God is true, and only God establishes truth. We must be able to trust our God to communicate His truth to each man. We must trust each man to whom God has disclosed Himself to see the truth of God. It is our task only to set forth the disclosure of God, to present publicly Jesus Christ our Savior. Freedom lies in God's gift of faith, that a man might believe for himself that God is true.

We may confess our faith. We may gather those who have learned as we have that God so loved the world that He gave His Son. We may even say to some who disagree, that they are not one with us. But we dare not become a Big Brother to our God, and say: "Accept the statements of the church, because great and good men have determined that these are the definition of the truth."

Fritz Reiner Retires

By WALTER A. HANSEN

"THIS MAN CAN DO far more with a slight flick of the little finger of his left hand than most conductors can ever hope to accomplish with both arms, a baton, and all sorts of bodily contortions."

An eminent musician once made this statement to me about Fritz Reiner, who recently announced his retirement.

I agree wholeheartedly. Reiner is a past master of the art of conducting. It is exhilarating to watch him when he presides over an orchestra. He knows what he wants. And he gets what he wants.

I have heard Reiner excoriated in bitter terms. A noted instrumentalist who has played under many of the ablest conductors of recent decades once said to me, "This man hates music." But I took his somewhat venomous remark with three or four grains of salt. He was thinking primarily of Reiner's readings of the works of Ludwig van Beethoven. Here he and Reiner were miles apart.

Even though my friend went altogether too far in his acrid condemnation of Reiner, he was right, I believe, in his conclusion that the famous maestro is by no means one of the world's most competent exponents of the compositions of Beethoven. I, too, have heard Reiner present this great master's music in a manner that struck me as being a bit prosaic. But there was no lack of technical magic in his conducting.

I was not thrilled to the marrow when I listened to Reiner's readings of works from the pen of Johann Sebastian Bach. Although his amazing mastery of the technique of conducting was abundantly evident, I could not conclude that he had gone to the core of what Bach wrote.

No, I had not looked for the sickeningly rhetorical and nauseatingly sentimental way of presenting Bach that seems to have gone over into the flesh and blood of some conductors. But Reiner's expositions impressed me as being matter-of-fact and, if I may say so, as brilliantly prosaic. I though of the ancient Greek maxim which tells us to be moderate in all things. "Nothing too much," said the worldly-wise Hellenes — nothing too much in the way of sentimentalism and nothing too much in the way of pedestrianism, even though the pedestrianism may have the highest degree of polish.

I have heard Reiner present the music of Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart with all the limpid purity of style it demands. To me his readings of this master's music were exciting experiences.

It was exhilarating to be present when Reiner conducted the works of Nikolay Rimsky-Korsakoff, whose comprehensive command of orchestral wizardry is breath-taking in its sweep. I have a particularly vivid recollection of his electrifying performance of the Russian's *Capriccio Espagnol,* which is a remarkable tour de force in the field of orchestral music.

Most of all, however, I have admired Reiner's extraordinarily lucid and enchantingly brilliant readings of the works of Richard Strauss, who was another great master of the art of instrumentation. A few days ago I refreshed my memory by playing a recording of *Thus Spake Zarathustra* as performed by the Chicago Symphony Orchestra under Reiner's direction. This, believe me, is tonal magic. I have never been overwhelmingly fond of *Thus Spake Zarathustra.* This is music that purports to be philosophical. But I cast all thoughts of philosophy to the winds when I hear the composition performed under the leadership of Reiner. Then I come under the spell of awe-inspiring tonal splendor.

I listened again to this famous conductor's presentation of the *Dance of the Seven Veils,* from Strauss's *Salome.* Richard Wagner never put more downright sorcery into any of his orchestral scores than Strauss poured with lavish profusion into this multicolored masterpiece. Reiner's reading reflects every bit of the sorcery that is contained in the score.

Reports have it that Reiner will continue to appear now and then as a guest conductor. This man has made his mark as a great master of the art to which he dedicated his life. He was born in Budapest in 1888. After conducting orchestral concerts and opera in many parts of Europe he became conductor of the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra in 1922. He remained at this post for nine years. In 1949 he took over the leadership of the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra. In 1953 he was named conductor of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra. He has conducted opera in San Francisco, at Covent Garden, in Philadelphia, at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York City, and in many other places. For a number of years he taught at the Curtis Institute of Music in Philadelphia.

Most baton-wielders are here today and gone tomorrow. Reiner, like Horace of old, has erected for himself "a monument more lasting than bronze."

Alpha and Omega

By ADALBERT RAPHAEL KRETZMANN

THE MORE YOU continue to work with what is called religious architecture the more you realize that there is really no set form or pattern in spite of all the generalizations which have given us our easy classification. The first monumentality which came into begin in the buildings of Egypt has never been surpassed. The practical function of a pyramid was to be the grave of a king, but its symbolic significance lay in the pyramid as a symbol of the deathlessness, might, and power of the king and denoted a separation from any kind of contact with the living. You stand in utter, speechless amazement before the form of the mountain which men built according to so rigid a mathematical formula that at no time of the day or season of the year does the great Cheops pyramid ever cast a shadow.

When we move upward in the scale of architecture to the Greek temple we find that it has absolutely no orientation whatever. The temple was simply the place where the god or goddess dwelt, most often in the form of a statue. There was no such thing as a front, or back, or side. With the exceptions of the gables over the narrower ends of the rectangular temples, there is no difference between the four sides. The people remained outside and, except for individual prayer on the part of the priest, the Zella of the temple was not entered. The only conclusion that you can draw from the form and the orientation of the Greek temple is that in its totality it was regarded as a work of art. A sculptured thing set in the midst of effective surroundings, it is very much like a statue set on a pedestal which you can walk around and see from every side. The temple is not like the pyramid, a kind of monolithic, fixed single entity, but it is a combination of pillars and beams, full of stresses, and strains, and lights, and shadows.

On the opposite end of this scale is the early Christion Church. It was made to enclose a worshipping congregation, therefore, the exterior was architecturally of secondary importance and significance. The interior was a matter of great concern and, even while the exterior remained plain, the interior was often very richly and beautifully decorated. Even though the Christian Church was, like the Greek temple, a House of God, because the action and the worship service was concentrated within the walls, only this is regarded as worthy of rich and significant treatment. The exterior was regarded as scarcely more important than any business concern.

All this becomes most important in the development of the church of the Middle Ages. The Romanesque churches of Italy show a great emphasis being put on the west end of the church with free-standing campaniles adding to its importance. As the witness to the community became not only safe but necessary, the exteriors of churches began to announce the purpose of the building and its importance in the life of the individual as well as the community. For years all the emphasis seemed to lie in horizontal lines. Even the doorways were very simple portals with a triangular tympanon over the portals. Many times a baldachin, carried on pillars, emphasizes the entry.

An entirely different characteristic manifests itself in the Gothic facade. Here the relationship and harmony between the interior and the exterior becomes immediately apparent. Many times the exterior, because of its tremendous vertical lines, becomes much more important architecturally than the interior. The entire structural system in walls and butresses shows the skeleton of the building. Tremendous windows of priceless stained glass break through the walls and even the entries. In the time of the Renaissance and baroque, you begin to notice still more emphasis on ornamentation. One needs only to think of some of the outstanding examples, such as the courthouse in Augsburg, which was erected by Elias Holl from 1615 to 1620. In this, almost everything is ornament. Tremendous verticals bind all the floors into one and make the whole building into a complete unit.

To depict a completely satisfactory example of modern architecture would be extremely difficult since scarcely any of the buildings, except the now familiar churches of Schwartz, Bartning, Bauer, and Le Corbusier, have been standing long enough to enable us to deliver a truly worthy historical judgment. One of the most striking churches of the modern type is by Reinhardt Riemerschmid. Trinity Church in Hamburg—Hamm was built in 1957 with a reenforced concrete framework and brick walls. Characteristic of our age was this employment of reenforced concrete. The really significant and perhaps completely unique feature is the representation of the biblical symbol, Alpha and Omega. The truly significant and original bell tower shows the form of the Alpha while the church itself shows the form of the Omega. In front, the entire base is a beautiful concave facade in which everything speaks of the sacred character of the building and emphasizes its well thought out symbolism to perfection. In this work of building and understanding we need more and more conscientious artists, architects, and congregations.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH

RELIGION

THE BIBLE AND THE ANCIENT NEAR EAST

Ed. by G. Ernest Wright (Doubleday, $7.50)

Nothing has so affected the study and interpretation of the Bible in this century as the vast amount of archaeological work which has been going on in the Near East. And it can scarcely be an overstatement to say that any future method of Biblical interpretation which overlooks what archaeological research is able to contribute will be much the poorer for it. Conversely, one can positively assert that exciting days are upon us in our study of the Bible, and the pages of this Holy Book can now more readily come to life for us as numerous passages have been clarified through the patient and often painstaking work of the archaeologist.

The present volume is dedicated to one of the most influential American scholars of the 20th Century, William Foxwell Albright. It will be impossible in the future to discuss the development of the archaeology of the Near East in its modern form without assessing the voluminous contributions of Albright. For many years Director of the American School of Oriental Research in Jerusalem and head of the Oriental Seminary at Johns Hopkins University, Professor Albright is one of the foremost figures in the development of the modern science of archaeology. A specialist particularly in the archaeology of Palestine and Syria, his broad interest in the Near East makes him equally at home in the work being done in Egypt, Asia Minor, and Mesopotamia.

The essays in this present work are written in honor of Professor Albright as he enters the later years of his career. Some of the essays are by students of Albright, others by distinguished colleagues in the field of Near Eastern research and scholarship. The essays thus cover most of the important cultures and civilizations of the ancient Near East. Without a doubt this book is an important one because it represents the state of scholarship in various areas of the study of the ancient Near East at this particular juncture of the 20th Century. The volume contains a wealth of material and has already become an indispensable tool for biblical scholarship.

So vast are the materials that have come to light in the past few decades in all fields of study of the ancient Near East, that scholars continue to be faced with the difficult task of interpretation, a task to which Professor Albright has devoted himself for so many years. One gains the impression in reading many of the articles in this volume that much work still has to be done, particularly in the way of synthesis. And then, of course, for working out the relevance of this material to the theology and life of the church, a host of trained scholars is needed who also can make these significant relationships. Needless to say, the Old Testament field is wide open for reliable scholarly commentaries to be produced in English, to say nothing of the continued need for work on the theology of the Old Testament and its relation to biblical and dogmatic theology generally. The present volume helps to lay the groundwork for this profound need.

To mention only some of the important articles in this book we note, first of all, John Bright's helpful summary of the developments that have led to the present state of historical study of the Old Testament. From his article and the one by George Mendenhall, it is clearly apparent that contemporary study of the Old Testament cannot be viewed monolithically. There are several significant methods of interpretation at work today — in Scandinavia, Germany, and America — the latter perhaps most strongly influenced by Albright. In many ways this pluralism of effort and approach is one of the stimulating factors in Old Testament study at the present time.

One of the most helpful articles in the book is that of the editor, G. Ernest Wright, who reviews the rapidly developing field of Palestinian archaeology. Wright knows this field exceedingly well, and his summary of excavated sites, as well as the correlation of important deposits, makes his article nearly indispensable. Harry M. Orlinsky's article on textual criticism of the Old Testament is surely priceless, and points up the sheer nonsense that often has been at work in regard to the Massoretic text. A textual study of the Old Testament, something similar to that long ago done in the New, cries today for the doing. Frank M. Cross, who also contributes an article on Jewish scripts, is one from whom we hope to receive more in the future along the line of textual study. Finally, in this group, we should mention David Noel Freedman's article on the chronology of Israel. Though short, this is a thrilling article to read in that it shows how precisely the general course of Old Testament history can be dated.

For the cultures outside of Palestine this volume also contributes significant studies. Gus Van Beek of the Smithsonian Institution has one on South Arabia. Samuel N. Kramer surveys the fascinating rise of Sumerian study, and Thorkild Jacobsen presents a fine phenomenological study of the religion of the Sumerians. Thomas Lamdin of Harvard and John A. Wilson of the Oriental Institute present similar studies of Egyptian literature and religion. Albrecht Goetze of Yale surveys study in the field of Hittitology, a field which has shed so much unexpected light upon the Biblical world. Unfortunately studies on several other important civilizations had to be omitted due to unforeseen circumstances.

The book closes with a reprint of W. F. Albright's own important article on the Canaanites, that people with whom Old Testament Israel had so much concourse, both good and bad. It is an illuminating article, and is so very representative of the breadth and precision of knowledge and understanding Albright brings to his work. That voluminous work can be seen from only a glance at the long list of articles and books Albright has produced over the years appended at the end of the book.

WALTER E. RAST

GENERAL

THE MURDERERS: THE STORY OF THE NARCOTICS GANGS

By Harry J. Anslinger and Will Oursler (Farrar, Strauss and Cudahy, $4.95)

Harry J. Anslinger, the first and only United States Commissioner of Narcotics, assisted by the writing skills of Will Oursler, an author of many popular books and magazine articles, shares with the reader his more than thirty years of experience fighting the narcotics menace on the local, national, and international levels.

In this volume the author discusses various aspects of the narcotics problem and methods of control from a law enforcement angle. Case histories and data taken from the files of the Federal Narcotics Bureau are presented in discussing the extent and seriousness of the illicit drug traffic ranging from the physically and mentally sick addict, who comes from all strata of society, to the dealers in dope, including the criminal syndicate, the Mafia, and the Communists.

This treatise relates in some detail the illegal activities of such internationally known professional narcotic hoodlums as Elias Eliopoulos, Lucky Luciano, Louis (Lepke) Buchalter, Dutch Schultz, and Waxey Gordon. One section is devoted to some accounts of the dangerous risks involved in the perilous work of the agents and "special employees" (informers) of the Bureau, and how, frequently, their investigations are hampered by corrupt officials as well as misguided citizens, including the clergy.

Another section, entitled "Extra Curricular," relates the Bureau's cooperation with Interpol — an international police agency — for effective world-wide narcotics control. Here the author also discloses the Bureau's responsibility for the dispensation of narcotic drugs for legitimate medicinal and scientific purposes, as well as those used by veterinarians and at racing stables.

Throughout this book, Mr. Anslinger indicates his profound hatred of the professional narcotic mobsters and "that only stringent legislation, rigidly enforced, can safeguard us from this enemy." Elsewhere, he expresses deep sympathy for addicts, observes that the Federal Narcotics Bureau regards drug addiction as a medical problem, and cites the treatment available to addicts at the United States Public Health Service Hospital at Lexington, Kentucky.

Critics of Mr. Anslinger doubt this alleged sympathetic attitude toward addicts because of his responsibility for recent legislation in the United States imposing severe penalties upon addicts and peddlers alike. For second and subsequent narcotics law violations, drug sellers and drug users are in the same category; both are denied probation and parole. It is further pointed out that some addicts receive treatment at the Lexington hospital, which is more a prison than a hospital, only after arrest, conviction, and incarceration. By and large, most addicts in the United States receive no medical care, but are punished as criminals.

The author demonstrates a sensible and humane way of dealing with this problem in two cases of drug addiction in Washington, D.C., which he handled personally. One involved a lady from "one of the nation's most honored families," and the other was an addicted legislator regarded as "one of the most influential members of the Congress." In the first case, without her knowledge, and with the cooperation of a physician, she went through a gradual withdrawal process. In the Congressman's case, arrangements were made for him to secure his supply of narcotics from one druggist, providing he would not deal with illicit drug peddlers. This legislator purchased his drugs from the legitimate source until he died. One cannot help but wonder why the thousands of other addicts with previously unblemished records could not be given the same consideration and opportunities for treatment without the stigma of a criminal record.

In the final section, "Personal to America," Mr. Anslinger warns against "schemes that are untried and untested in this country, including plans to set up government or private clinics for dispensing dope," claiming that the Federal Narcotics Bureau approach has been successful in greatly reducing the drug menace.

This book contains many interesting and exciting accounts of a Federal law enforcement agency in its struggle against the narcotics racket. This reviewer has for more than fifteen years closely observed the day-to-day investigative work of Federal Narcotics Agents in the Chicago and Calumet areas and is aware of their problems and handicaps in enforcing narcotic laws. Without a doubt Mr. Anslinger and the Bureau have contributed much to the well-being of this country and the world in their attempt to stamp out the illicit drug traffic. However, this reviewer believes this volume is designed to glorify and glamorize the Commissioner and the Bureau.

Narcotics is not only a police problem. The combined efforts of many disciplines, including medicine, psychiatry, psychology, sociology, and religion, among others, are needed to effectively conquer the drug problem.

ANTHONY S. KUHARICH

A BRIDGE FOR PASSING

By Pearl Buck (John Day, $4.50)

There are many people in this sad and beautiful world of ours who seem to live out their days with equanimity and peace, established through a deep love for people, an appreciation for the strength and beauty of nature, and a respect for some Supreme Being. Pearl Buck reveals herself as one of this faith, and within these boundaries, her book is, as advertised, "a testament of faith, in which she tells how, after a great sorrow, she found her way back to life."

Mrs. Buck lived a great part of her young life in China, and has spent much of her adult life in other Asian countries. She knows these people, and has made an incalculable contribution to our understanding of their culture and life on all levels. In this newest book, she revisits Japan, and with great affection and skill brings the people and their country into focus. She has undoubtedly absorbed into her own living much of the Oriental attitude of serenity and calm — the holding still of the spirit so as to receive and absorb whatever joy or pain may come in life.

Mrs. Buck was in Japan to assist in the filming of her book, "The Big Wave," when she received news of her husband's death. In this book, she weaves these two stories together — her work on the film, and her search for the bridge to take her from grief to understanding.

You will find the story of the film-making exciting and interesting. If you read the book, you will watch for the picture to come to your theater, because you will have become a part of the cast and crew, and a good friend of the Japanese people who portray the characters in the story.

Throughout the lively account of "The Big Wave" is the muted, personal account of a woman's grief, her search for serenity, and her final acceptance of her loss. The author makes particular mention of two incidents; both brought laughter to her lips. It is significant that she considers this laughter a major part of the construction of her bridge.

As for the testament of faith, perhaps several quotations from the book will be explanation enough.

> Do I believe? If I do it is only because I believe that some day we shall know as we are known, and communications will be clear. the laws of science revealing to us the laws that govern the creating universe. Religion calls the creative force by a name, God for whom we wait.
>
> He is there, I am here. We do not have the same wave length yet. Is that faith? I dare not call it so. I am trained in science. There are two schools in the approach. One is to believe the impossible an absolute unless and until it is proved the possible. The other is to believe the possible an absolute unless and until it is proved the impossible. I belong to the latter school. Therefore all things are possible until they are proved impossible — and even the impossible may only be so, as of now.
>
> Gradually I was established in myself and I needed no more to climb to that high lonely place and wait to receive. I was able to manufacture peace within myself merely by recalling the sweep of sea and mountain and sky and myself curled into the hollow rock. I had the peace inside me . . . If the process must be explained, it was simply that I gave myself wholly to a universe which I do not understand but which I know is vast and beautiful beyond my comprehension, my place in it no more than a hollow in a rock. But there is the hollow and it is mine and there is the rock.
>
> Some day we shall know. What day? That day, perhaps, when saints and scientists unite to make a total search for truth. It is the saints, the believers, who should have the courage to urge the scientists to help them discover whether the spirit continues its life of energy when the mass we call body ceases to be the container. Faith supplies the hypothesis, but only science can provide the computor for verification.
>
> . . . the proof will reach us, not as a host of angels in the sky but as a wave length recorded in a laboratory, a wave

length as indisputable and personal as the fingerprint belonging to someone whose body is dust.

To watch Death walk away with a loved one is excruciating pain, and the sorrow becomes an illness which needs a slow recuperation. Pearl Buck has found a prescription for herself. But the Christian will wonder — is this peace really permanent, this serenity really constant? Acceptance becomes uneasiness when faith must wait for a computer to test and measure the strength of the everlasting arms.

ANNE SPRINGSTEEN

FRANCIS PARKMAN

By Howard Doughty (Macmillan, $6.50)

Howard Doughty's luminous narrative of Francis Parkman is a scholarly biography that is different, to say the least. Biographical authors often labor under a handicap of partiality. Then, of course, there is that old controversial doctrine of the "Great Man" theory in historical writing, which is a possible added affliction suffered by biographers. Your reviewer has no desire to argue the question of whether history is shaped by man or the latter is shaped by the former. Neither does he wish to defend the abstraction of the "indispensable man." A stroll past any cemetery might dispose of that idea. The Wild West was wild before the white man arrived. Yet personalities bulk large in the amalgam of various and diverse situations that make history. The interlacing web of circumstance does, however, involve mankind and lengthens his shadows in the pattern of events that constitute the vanguard creating history. Feeble man may be dwarfed in the immensity of movements but there is no denial that man has created important bridgeheads in civilization.

Some creditable writers have called Francis Parkman "the greatest of the 19th Century American historians." True, fabulous details emerge into reality as Mr. Doughty unfolds the story of this unbigoted Roman Catholic son of a Unitarian minister who was born to wealth and culture and blessed with extraordinary intellectual potential. Parkman lifted the veil of mystery from the dark places of our frontiers. (Frontiers are popular subjects today). "First the blade, then the ear, then the full corn . . . ." Parkman imparted basic understandings about a defiant wilderness, and consolidated the collected increments from his odyssey into either a factual or a fictional presentation threading the sequences into vital links that later historians might well emulate or struggle to attain.

Mr. Doughty has a subject of astonishing ability in spite of Parkman's later physical handicaps. The biographer's uninhibited account gives us a standard of excellence along with phrases of fascinating and picturesque verbiage that characterized the writings of Francis Parkman, particularly in his fiction.

Both the biographer and Parkman are gifted with the virtue of presenting a pattern of rhetorical grandeur that might repel readers. The long pole and the fat bait do not always catch the most fish. Incidentally, with the unusual promotion that this book is receiving (as well as its polysyllabic metaphors and effusive wordcraft), it will no doubt attain a readership that may be envied by many capable modern authors. There are many book enthusiasts who appreciate such verbal plumage, the well-tailored words, the flair for the picturesque, as well as take a particular delight in the challenge to thought that is provoked by this well-knit narrative.

Francis Parkman was a resourceful and dedicated American. Escaping from the comforts of his home in early youth, he later described his Chaucerian pilgrimages into the American frontiers in gossamer prose that is truly enchanting. Some men of history get lost in the crowd. Others become Messiahs. Mr. Doughty's presentation of Parkman is unusually brilliant, rich in texture, and, like the music of Mozart or Haydn, fabulous for its charm and beauty.

RALPH EUGENE SCHENCK

FICTION

IN HIGH PLACES

By Arthur Hailey (Doubleday, $4.95)

On the afternoon and early evening of December 23, three events occurred, seemingly unconnected and, in distance, three thousand miles apart. One was a telephone call, over closely guarded circuits, from the President of the United States to the Prime Minister of Canada; the conversation lasted almost an hour and was somber. The second event was an official reception at the Ottawa residence of Her Majesty's Governor General; the third, the berthing of a ship at Vancouver on the Canadian West coast.

And yet, irrevocably and inextricably, the three occurrences were destined to intertwine, like planets and their nebulae whose orbits, in strange mysterious fashion, impinge and share a moment's scintillation.

These three events compound and enlarge themselves into a fascinating tale of politics and love. Foremost among the characters is the Prime Minister of Canada whose real devotion to his country is prompted by his inner conviction that:

. . . there is no one else; no other with my own stature, with intellect and foresight to make the great decisions soon to come.

But this determination to serve his country ushes him into political chicanery which eventually threatens to topple him from his high place. The decisions he is about to make are concerned with a far-reaching and startling plan for cooperation between Canada and the United States in the event of a nuclear war. The successful culmination of this agreement depends to a great extent on the success of the Prime Minister in the coming election. He does not minimize or fear the opposition of the other party, but he suddenly finds himself on the wrong side of a country-wide debate over the right of an Henri Duval, immigrant and man with no country, to become a citizen of Canada. Newspaper publicity and the efforts of a young lawyer bring the case into the highest governmental offices. Unexpectedly this one case becomes a rapidly burning fuse on the political dynamite.

Whether or not the fuse is extinguished in time remains for you, dear reader, to discover. You will enjoy the adventure and suspense, and perhaps sympathize a little with these men in high places.

ANNE SPRINGSTEEN

SPENCER'S MOUNTAIN

By Earl Hamner, Jr. (Dial Press, $4.50)

This novel comes with the enthusiastic endorsement of Harper Lee. It reports in simple prose the simple life of a simple Virginia hill-billy boy during his post-high-school graduation summer. The boy's parents are poor and uneducated — but predictably profound in home-spun wisdom. Their son thirsts after knowledge, knows nothing about sex, and in all his life lived in the same town has apparently made no close friends.

After various episodes the boy has learned all he needs to know about sex and by the sacrifice of those concerned is packed off to college. Sundry local characters enliven the scene by the sterling simplicity of the unlettered poor frequenting the hills of the South. (The author made his home for many years in Greenwich village, now resides in Hollywood.)

With one or two passages expurgated, this would be fine fiction for teen-age girls.

ALAN GRAEBNER

WHERE THE RED FERN GROWS

By Wilson Rawls (Doubleday, $3.95)

Billy Colman, age ten, had one ambition — to own a pair of coon hounds. It took two years of berry picking, running errands, and hoarding coins in an old baking powder can, however, to save the $50.00 necessary to order the pups from Kentucky. But Old Dan and Little Ann were all that a farm boy living in the Ozarks could wish for — intelligent, loyal, brave, and affectionate.

Blessed with understanding parents and "the best grandpa a boy ever had," Billy hunted at every opportunity, and watched the stretched raccoon skins cover more and more space on the smoke-house wall. From a distance of fity years later, an adult Billy relates how his two redbone hounds, small in stature, but possessed of an unique devotion to each other, to their master, and to the art of hunting, romped past sets of blooded dogs, and brought home the silver cup, the gold one, and the area championship as well!

Although he now makes his home in Idaho, Wilson Rawls grew up in the Ozark Cherokee country. Not only is he able to describe with loving attention the characteristics of this section of the U.S., but he tells the story of a boy and his dogs with both charm and vigor. Frequently humorous, sometimes sad, but always well-written and interest-holding, *Where the Red Fern Grows* should appeal to both youthful and adult readers.

STEPHANIE UMBACH

21 STORIES

By Graham Greene (Viking, $3.95)

One of the perquisites of an author who has arrived is the right to republish old material. In 21 *Stories,* Greene has done just that for of the twenty-one short stories, eighteen first appeared in a collection entitled, *Nineteen Stories,* published in 1949. But no matter, for Greene is well worth a rereading.

The three new stories, *The Blue Film, Special Duties,* and *The Destructors,* were written in 1954, and the older ones from 1929 to 1948. Of the latter perhaps the best known are *The Basement Room, When Greek Meets Greek,* and *The Hint of an Exclamation.* This collection does succeed in demonstrating the development of an author over a twenty-five year period.

Only *When Greek Meets Greek* can be classified as a humorous story, and its humor is on the sly side. The rest are, for the most part, sombre tales and some approach the macabre. All, however, are excellent examples of the short story as written by a master story teller. Mr. Greene must agree since he has again submitted them as evidence.

Letter to the Editor

Dear Editor:

In the interest of fair play, would you be good enough to print my reply to a review, in a recent issue of *Cresset,* of my book "Scalps and Tomahawks: True Eyewitness Adventures of Indian Captives, 1750-1870."

Your reviewer had some kind words to say about my book, for which many thanks. However, when he said that "After a few tales the average reader becomes bored with the sameness of these episodes" I think some qualification is called for. The average reader *interested in Indians, their white captives, or life on the Old Frontier* would definitely not become bored, or that at least is what other reviewers have led me to believe. Robert R. Kirsch in the Los Angeles Times (11-17-61) observed: "There is enough material here to satisfy the most exacting reader of adventure tales — miraculous escapes, fights, pursuits — and the student of psychology as well. Most of all, it is a glimpse into our past rarely afforded now." Robert E. Hannon in the St. Louis Post Dispatch (12-3-61) said: "Each of the 15 stories Drimmer chose is charged with drama and lends support to the old adage about truth being stranger than fiction. Were any of the tales made into a television script, it probably would be rejected as being unbelievable." The Library Journal (1-15-62) commented: "The accounts are authentic, straightforward, full of the spirit of early America. Will appeal to fans of Western adventure." And the Dallas News review (2-4-62): "All of these stories are intensely interesting."

All of these are "popular" reviewers and I felt that their dissenting voices should be heard.

Sincerely,
Frederick Drimmer

Westport, Connecticut

HOMAGE TO LUCRETIUS

Chance, always the chance—

Concede:
all our ifs have drowned in light years
as musts are glacier-locked
and wills might spatter beyond revoke
by universe exploding or by atom.

For proof:
against blown sand,
spilled water, and flung stars,
put accidental symmetry of clover, gull,
a few sparks and clinkers;

to pampas of silence more vast
than endings or beginnings
and anguish split from heart
too keen for ear
remote as closest father's,
compare the lucky overring
of tumbling words
we call a poem.

Yet most,
oh miracle beyond astronomy!
this loveliness of you
dropped now in here,
spinning the architecture of a world
and closing the music of this poem.

JOHN WHEATCROFT

Reaching for the Moon

By ANNE HANSEN

NOT SO LONG AGO the moon was regarded as something utterly remote from, and completely inaccessible to, earthbound mortals. Through the ages the beauty of the luminous lady of the night has been extolled in poems, in songs, and in paintings. The mystery of the waxing and waning of the celestial body has been the source of superstitious beliefs and practices for untutored peoples in many parts of the world. And who cannot recall many familiar sayings that emphasize the insurmountable distance between the earth and the moon? How often have you yourself dismissed a plan or an idea with the expression "One might just as well reach for the moon"?

Today man actually *is* reaching for the moon. Our fast-moving twentieth century has been filled with momentous scientific and technological developments. None of these has been more startling or more far-reaching in its potential than the rapidly developing space-age program. On 20 *Hours to the Moon* (ABC) world-famous scientists and our own astronauts presented an engrossing report on the progress made in the greatest scientific adventure ever undertaken by man. They confidently predict that successful — almost routine — travel to and from the moon will be a reality in the early years of the twenty-first century.

Important first steps in this field have been taken both by the United States and the USSR. Others are to follow in the near future. Television coverage of all the major space probes by the United States has been planned. Watch for these programs. They should be bright spots in the coming months, when repeats, reruns, and reruns of reruns fill the air.

One of the fascinating current phases of the space program is the planned endeavor to land TV cameras on the moon. Russian scientists achieved a signal first step forward when, in October 1959, pictures of the far side of the moon were relayed to earth by means of television cameras sent aloft by the USSR. Recently our own *Ranger IV* made a successful landing on the moon but was unable to transmit TV pictures to the earth because a mechanical failure in the computer system developed soon after blast-off at Cape Canaveral. Just the same, we are on the threshold of a historic achievement in the development of television communications. By the time this column appears in print a new communication satellite — *Telestar* — will have been launched into orbit. If the launching is successful, live television broadcasts across the Atlantic Ocean will become a reality. These telecasts will unite viewers from Los Angeles to Moscow and will be the result of months of co-operation between the European Broadcasting System and major networks in the United States.

It is comforting to be able to take for granted that when our spacecraft *Apollo* begins its epoch-making journey to the moon, neither the take-off nor subsequent developments will in any way resemble the mad happenings depicted in *Moon Pilot* (Buena Vista, James Neilson). This comedy of errors was obviously intended as a gentle satire on man's frantic race to conquer outer space. After a brisk take-off the pace slackens, the plot begins to pall, and boredom sets in apace. I dare say that children will find *Moon Pilot* highly entertaining.

You will find neither nonsense nor make-believe in *The Outsider* (U-I, Delbert Mann), which, incidentally, is far and away the best of the films I saw this month. This is the poignant and tragic story of a man who was destroyed by fame. Ira Hayes, a young Pima Indian, was one of the six men — five marines and one navy corpsman — who raised the Stars and Stripes on Mt. Surabachi during the hard-fought battle for Iwo Jima in February 1945. Has any American who lived through World War II forgotten the impact which this dramatic episode had on a war-weary nation? Three of the men who took part in the flag-raising died on Iwo Jima. The survivors were sent back to the United States to give a fresh impetus to lagging defense-bond drives. It was at this time that the young Indian began to drink heavily. With the exception of brief periods during whch he tried to reform, he never stopped. In January 1955, Ira Hayes the hero of Mt. Surabachi, died of drunkenness and exposure on a mountainside near the Pima reservation in Arizona. Burial was made, with full military ceremonies, in Arlington National Cemetery. *The Outsider* is a harsh and painful commentary on the cost of war — a cost that goes on long after the guns have fallen silent.

The exploits of one Don Rodrigo de Bivar — El Cid — the great military leader who became a national hero and a legendary figure, have been told and retold in tales and ballads in his native Spain. *El Cid* (Allied Artists, Anthony Mann) attempts to invest him with flesh and blood in a long, slow, superspectacular spectacle. The attempt is a dismal failure. Lavish mountings and magnificent costumes have been filmed in superb color photography. But the film lacks drama, clarity, and pace.

State Fair (20th Century-Fox, Jose Ferrer) presents an old favorite in a tuneful and handsomely mounted musicale. This is the third time around for *State Fair,* and for one reason or another we find ourselves in Texas instead of in the Iowa farm country depicted by Phil Stong in his novel.

A Minority Report

A Helpful and Substantial Book

By VICTOR F. HOFFMANN

A NEW BOOK HAS come out. This certainly is not news in a day of much book production.

This new book is not a brilliant book. This also is not news in a day of much average book production.

The book is *Local Political Surveys* by E. E. Schattschneider of Wesleyan University and Victor Jones of the University of California at Berkeley, published by Hold, Rinehart, and Winston, Inc.

Nor is this exactly news for, as the authors point out, "This is the age of surveys." One book on surveys more or less is not going to re-arrange the book market.

The table of contents indicates the directions of the book: The Organization and Functions of Local Government; Local Politics; Election Statistics; The Political Significance of Demographic, Social, and Economic Data; Areas and Boundaries; The Use of Census Data in the Study of Congressional and Legislative Districts in Metropolitan Areas; The Population of the Local Community; and The Political Economy of the Local Community.

In so many words, the authors state the purpose of the book: "This book is designed for use by students, teachers, businessmen, civic groups, politicians, labor leaders, public officials – for anyone who wants to get a better understanding of his community."

I would add: this book may well be studied by clergymen and lay workers of local congregations.

The authors list other helpful books in this area: *A Primer of Statistics for Political Scientists* by V. O. Key, Jr.; *Surveys, Polls, and Samples: Practical Procedures* by M. Porter; and *Scientific Social Surveys and Research* by P. V. Young.

In comparison, they felt their book was for non-specialists.

Why survey instructions for non-specialists? Schatschneider and Jones seem to feel that leaders in most local communities are non-specialists and therefore are badly in need of information to fulfill their leadership roles. Especially do they need broader understandings of the people they are leading and of their communities. Their simple proposition is: if leaders intend to understand their communities, and it is their "beholden duty" to understand, they should at least work at achieving these understandings.

For them a good place to begin an analysis of the community is with "a general survey of the community." Some attempt must be made to look at the community as a whole and from there "to become aware of the relations of its parts to the whole." To keep general surveys under discipline, it would be best to "organize the surveys around some hypothesis." The surveys used in this book are built around the simple declaration "that political attitudes are related to the circumstances in which voters live." This would be true of the consumer, of the student, and of the client in the community with respect to buying, learning, and service.

In fact, this book will aid non-specialist leaders in relating leadership to demography, urban sociology, urban land economics, and political statistics. This naturally involves the non-specialist in "an examination of the community as an economic enterprise and social structure."

The absolute requirements for such community examinations are based on reading good books about community analysis, first-hand observation of the community, and some lessons in fruitful interpretation of reading and observation.

Perhaps the warrant for reading and using this book lies in this statement: "It is amazing how little most people know about the communities in which they live, even after many years of residence. They know the route to and from their place of work, where the post-office is, where to shop, where places of amusement are to be found, and perhaps where the good and bad residential areas are located. But that is nearly all they know about the town. Even a careful reading of local newspapers may reveal very little about the power structure or organization of the community, or about the tensions, conflicts, political alignments, and social cleavages in the population. It is obviously unintelligent to live in a community in this condition of innocence and ignorance."

Consequently, the book deals with these important questions: how do we look at the community in which we live and lead? what are we looking for? what is important to know about the community? where and how can the information be found? can this be done alone or must help be sought?

The book in general is helpful and substantial.

The Pilgrim

"All the trumpets sounded for him on the other side"
—PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

By O. P. KRETZMANN

Heaven and Earth

IT HAS BECOME the fashion to say that historic Christianity is helpless over against this paradox of appalling poverty and appalling wealth . . . This defeatism appears in two forms . . . One side says that the Church must withdraw from the world which has made such a mess of things and tend her hidden altars for those who may come for momentary surcease from fear and hate and blood . . . The world is bad, it will remain bad, and there is nothing we can do about it . . . That way lies death . . .

The other side says that historic Christianty must change . . . There must be a new gospel for a broken social order . . . Laws dictated by the Church, political alignments, sharp pronouncements concerning social injustice and economic oppression . . . That way lies disaster . . .

As so often in the life of the Church and the individual, the answer lies not before us or behind us — but above us . . . I remember an old French proverb: "To understand earth you must have known heaven."...

The paradox of our modern world can be met only by the paradox of God: A religion of another world is the only workable religion for this world . . . It is only because men have forgotten heaven (and hell) that they are helpless on earth . . . We need a few men and women whose feet are on the streets of the city fair and high while they walk the streets of earth . . . Only those who have straightened out their affairs in eternity can handle the affairs of earth successfully . . .

No, this is not the naive approach of a sentimental idealist . . . I have never written anything more seriously and more carefully . . . The solution for those of the world's problems which God will permit us to solve lies in speaking heaven, looking heaven, living heaven . . . What do you think happens to hate and fear and lust and ambition and greed when man remembers heaven? . . . Can they possibly look important? . . . Suddenly — in the lightning of heaven — they are seen as they are — incredibly and stupidly mean, sordid, and small . . .

It is one of the great functions of the message of heaven to spoil a great many things for us — all the seven standard sins and many more . . . But then it makes marvelous substitutions — truth for lying, love for hate, meekness for pride, humility for power — and life can never be the same again . . . When men ask on earth only what, by the mercy of God, they will ask in heaven — to love God, to serve Him, to adore Him forever — then we shall know that the highest wisdom is the wisdom of love and the greatest daring is the daring of faith . . .

All this means Christ . . . In Him is all that men have ever asked of God . . . Through Him we know God . . . He alone crossed and closed the vault between heaven and earth . . . His Cross has become the everlasting bridge between things as they are and things as God wants them to be . . . It is time for us to see it . . .

Of course, to all of this men will protest: "Naive sentimentalism" — "utterly unreal" — "an escape psychology" — "the typical approach of a preacher" — "complete failure to come to grips with reality" — "running away from the real problem" . . .

Some of these critical responses will even come from Christians . . . Either they are content to let the world stumble and grope in its dumb red horror, or they are explicitly ready to acknowledge that the Church has been beaten back from almost all areas of human life and must now use its other-worldliness as a haven of refuge and a retreat from reality . . . Here lies the heart of the matter . . . Christianity is an other-worldly religion, but there is no whisper in divine revelation that its other-worldliness should be used as a retreat from this world . . . That was the tragic weakness of monasticism . . . It is a function of Christianity to form for the believing heart a bridge between the seen and the unseen, between the temporal and the eternal, between the world of sin and the heaven of redemption . . . To say that the redeemed soul has nothing to do in this world but to wait for the next is to fly in the face of Him who once said: "Ye are the salt of the earth," and pointed to a beaten outcast as the answer to the question: "Who is my neighbor?" . . .

We are really desperately anxious to set this matter straight . . . In it lies the solution for the difficulties both in thought and action, with which we are confronted . . . We know that Christianity is the religion of the forgiveness of sin through faith in the everlasting and final atonement of the Cross . . . We know that one does not have to believe this in order to be a good member of society . . . We know that there is no such thing as a Christian social order . . . But — and it is a heavenly but — the Christian pilgrim, on his way to heaven, lives heaven here . . . He stands aside from the general conspiracy of hate and greed and power . . . He protests against it . . . He lives and loves heaven so passionately that everyone around him must know sooner or later that he is a citizen of a far and better country . . . This may be idealism, but it is not escape . . .