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The Cresset

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Where Do We Go From Here?

At the time of the Suez action in November, 1956, The Cresset had this to say:

". . . the issue in the Middle East was the simple question of whether the West was prepared to allow a narrow-minded fanatic to control movement at one of the world's busiest crossroads; whether it was prepared to see the whole Moslem world from Iraq to the Atlantic under the leadership of a man who neither understands nor respects the basic ideas and ideals of the Western world."

"It was because he [President Nasser] has the makings of greatness that had to go — not merely to keep the oil flowing from the Middle Eastern fields, not merely to re-open the jugular vein of Great Britain's Lifeline of Empire, but to prevent another Iron Curtain from falling across another margin of the continent of Europe."

The whole Moslem world from Iraq to Egypt is now actually or potentially united under the leadership of this one man. An Iron Curtain is descending across another margin of Europe. And Mr. Dulles' brinkmanship has come twenty months too late. Suez was the Munich of the pan-Arab movement. If we were right in refusing to support Britain, France, and Israel at Suez, we were wrong in our decision to support Chamoun in Lebanon. We can now either lick Nasser or join him, but we have allowed him to become too big to be intimidated.

If we want to have a try at licking Nasser, we must be prepared to fight the Third World War for we could not expect the Soviet Union to stand aloof from a war fought in its own back yard. If we want to try "joining" Nasser we must be prepared to make concessions which will be painful to our pride and to our pocketbook. The alternative proposed by Dr. Nkrumah — that of quarantining or sealing off the Moslem world while it works out its own destiny — is, unfortunately, not really open to us. We and our allies are too deeply committed, economically and politically, in the Middle East to allow for any pulling out.

The situation, it seems to us, is grave but far from hopeless. Friendship is not a prerequisite to peace among nations. The realization that normal relations between us would be advantageous both to us and to the Arab nations is enough to support a reasonable modus vivendi. But if it is normal relations that we want, we had better keep the Marines out of the picture.

The Indiscreet Deacon

We understand that the Rev. Dr. Billy Graham never responds to a request to visit a stranger in a hotel room without taking someone along. Dr. Graham is not a professional politician but he has learned, as have most of us whose vocations require us to comment on moral questions, that the moralist is generally assumed to be a hypocrite and that, in any doubtful situation, he can expect the worst possible construction to be placed on his behavior. This is a violation of the Eighth Commandment but it is also, unfortunately, one of the facts of life.

Mr. Shennan Adams chose many years ago to cast himself in the role of a kind of political Billy Graham. He has been a fervent advocate of "hound's-tooth" integrity in government and a lash-wielding cleanser of the temples of state. He has also been, to use his own expression, "indiscreet" in the performance of certain routine favors for a personal friend.

The consensus among the more knowledgeable Washington hands is that the public pillorying which Mr. Adams has had to take as a result of his indiscretions was perhaps a bit more than he had coming to him, but there is little inclination to waste sympathy over it. Our political system, like our economic and ecclesiastical systems, is based upon the assumption that men are imperfect by nature and that the rules of the game make some allowance for universal human frailties. The line between allowable frailty and culpable venality
is not, admittedly, a sharply-defined one but the professional politician is expected to have an intuitive understanding of where it lies and to make his judgments accordingly. Mr. Adams has long been accused by his critics of making no allowances for human frailty and he has been submitted to the standard of judgment which he set for other men.

Having plowed through the transcript of testimony offered in the Adams case before the Harris committee, we are satisfied that "indiscreet" is an adequate description of Mr. Adams' conduct and we hope that the criticism to which he has been subjected will not be pressed to the point of ruining the reputation of a man who, taken all in all, has set a high standard of devoted public service. But with that beam sticking out of his own eye, Mr. Adams had better quit picking motes out of other people's eyes.

Freedom to Love

The high point of our summer was the weekend we spent with an interracial group which had gathered to study means of giving practical effect to the words which we sing so lustily on Sunday mornings: "All are one in Thee, for all are Thine."

It is hard to imagine the strange sense of freedom that one enjoys in such a group unless one has experienced it. At first, there is a certain amount of shyness, a hesitation to say or do anything that might be misconstrued as thoughtlessness or worse still, condescension. The white man, especially, remembers that he is dealing with people who have been hurt so often that they expect to be hurt in any contact with white people. At the same time, the Negro remembers that he is constantly being accused of "pushiness" and he goes out of his way to prove that there are no grounds for that charge. It takes, therefore, a considerable amount of patience and forbearance on the part of both races to break down the barriers that have been built, by both groups, against each other.

But the barriers do fall — not between races but between individuals. Friendships develop, not for ideological or even religious reasons but because some unexplainable chemistry takes over and one suddenly finds himself enjoying the company of another person. Race has nothing to do with it. In fact, one becomes completely unconscious of the racial line until one suddenly comes up against the fact that one can not, without considerable embarrassment, take this particular friend to certain restaurants, certain parties, and certain churches.

For the white man who comes up against that fact, segregation takes on a new and irritating aspect. For segregation works both ways. It not only limits the freedom of the Negro; it also limits the freedom of the white man to make his own friends and to enjoy the full pleasure of friendship. And when the friendship is a friendship between Christians one can become pretty bitter over practices that embarrass or even deny fellowship to one's friends of another color. One of the temptations, therefore, that accompany the privilege of making friends in other races is the temptation to uncharitable judgment of those who, having never enjoyed that privilege, are still captive to fears aroused by racial stereotypes.

Some of us have been permitted to learn, from experience, the truth of St. John's words: "Love casteth out fear." We would like to get rid of this horrible expression, "racial integration." We would gladly settle for a general atmosphere of good will among men and the privilege of choosing our own friends. And as far as our churches go, we ask nothing more than that they practice what they preach and make their houses of worship houses of prayer for all men.

A Half-Done Job

This is our first opportunity to congratulate the people of Alaska on the attainment of statehood for their territory. We are sorry that it took so long, but we are glad that it finally happened.

There is now, obviously, no justification at all for further deferring the performance of the promise which we made to the people of Hawaii, more than fifty years ago, to grant statehood to that territory. Glad as we are that Alaska has achieved statehood, the fact of the matter is that Hawaii has always had a better claim to statehood than has Alaska. The real basis for opposition to Hawaiian statehood — and it is always being covered up by spurious arguments about non-contiguity and alleged Communist influence in the islands — is the cosmopolitanism of the Hawaiian population. There are powerful groups in Congress that oppose Hawaiian statehood for the same reasons that they oppose civil rights legislation.

We have to change the design of the flag next Fourth of July anyway. Why not do the whole job at one time with a fifty-star flag?

Congratulations

We are happy to announce that the poem, "Honestly Joe," which appeared in our issue of last April, has been awarded first prize in the annual poetry competition of the St. Louis Wednesday Club. To its author, Mr. Eric Pfeiffer, our congratulations.
When the United States government plans to make a
momentous move, it could save millions of dollars by
taking any such action on a weekend. My reason for
saying this is that I was in Washington a few weeks
ago when the Marines landed in Lebanon. Almost to
myself, I was saying, Why couldn't we have done
the same thing in New York or Los Angeles? I must
say, however, that the Heating, Ventilation, and
A.C. is not as bad as the Heating, Ventilation, and
A.C. in Washington.

All of this is by way of leading up to a premise, not
original with me, that the federal government should
be moved out of Washington, D.C., and its various
departments and agencies disposed throughout the
country. When government was small, there was some
reason for having everyone in the same city. With the
government size of government now, however, one department
could move calmly and act objectively when they were
in an atmosphere of calm. As a result, government would
be in touch with more representative citizens. If you
can imagine, government would lose some of its mystery, but its public relations would be more
personal. As you can imagine, government would lose some of its public relations, but in between
there could be insurance companies, loan offices, manu-
facturer's representatives, and a sprinkling of profes-
sional men. Housing, too, would be a problem, but
again a rule would be enforced that no housing project
could move calmly and act objectively when they were
in an atmosphere of calm.

I would have every rule that no one building could
be occupied entirely by government. A department or
agency could occupy alternate floors, but in between
departments and agencies disposed throughout the
country.

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country.
The Changing Pattern of Home Mission Work

By William H. Hillmer
Executive Secretary
Board for Missions in North and South America
The Lutheran Church – Missouri Synod

When we speak of Home Missions we have in mind the assignment which the Lord committed to our care – the “discipling” of the people of this hemisphere, specifically North America. Our mission cannot be to those who already are the disciples of Jesus or can be presumed to be that by virtue of affiliation with a Christian denomination. We had no difficulty with the assumption until our experience with Telemision, the follow-up program to “This Is The Life,” taught us that the Protestant woods are full of nominal Christians to whom membership labels mean little or nothing. Many Protestants are quick to write that they had not so much as heard that salvation is by faith alone in Christ until they tuned in on our broadcasts. We believe we have an obligation over against these churched non-Christians.

There is a code, however, that says it is unethical to urge anyone to leave his church for another. We observe the code over against Christian denominations but not over against unchristian bodies. Other denominations are committed to the same principle. “Our field is the world and not some other church,” writes a Protestant bishop; “our mission is to feed, not to steal, sheep.”

However our condemnation and horror of proselytism should not blind us to the need of witnessing, for the Scriptures also say: “Be ready always to give an answer to every man that asketh you for a reason of the hope that is in you with meekness and fear.” (I Peter 3: 15.) If it is proper for others to ask me about the hope that is in me, then it is equally proper for me to ask others about the hope that is in them. To discuss church membership with them is to miss the point; denominational ties are not “a reason of the hope” that is in us. If the reason of their hope is Jesus Christ, and He alone, we rejoice; if He is not, we tell them. If as the result of our telling they seek membership with us and do so of their own accord, we deny them not.

The market for the Gospel is also growing by the recent addition of a second category of unchurched, the so-called “dechurched.” The category was created by the demise of thousands of small rural churches that were driven to the wall by rising costs, by the migration of their members, and by the short clergy supply. Undoubtedly many of the orphaned members were able to attach themselves to adjacent churches of their own faith, but many were not able to do it.

Additional hundreds of thousands became dechurched through failure to transfer membership. Southern Baptists estimate their transfer losses at 1,500,000 and Presbyterians say they have lost the equivalent of one thousand churches, with three hundred members.

Yet another large group has been placed in the lap of Home Missions. The responsibility for discipling American Negro communities is now almost altogether a Home Mission responsibility. Unfortunately, many congregations feel that they have the right to deny the Gospel to the Negro people in their communities.

A larger inclusiveness is being matched by a wider participation in the work of Home Missions. Of the one hundred new stations that were established last year in our Synod, forty were sponsored by individual congregations or groups of congregations. More of this kind of participation may be expected.

The trend started with the resurrection of an old proposition (we have no right to claim it as a new recognition) that every congregation is a missionary base or headquarters to its surrounding area. In Home Missions we strongly advocate parish enlargement to include neighborhoods that, owing to their small size, are apt to be neglected spiritually. Not all congregations are in a position to enlarge the area of their responsibility. In that case we recommend a hop, skip, and jump until the hemmed-in congregation locates an area upon which it can lavish its concern. The rising tide of evangelistic fervor is doing its share in bringing about greater local participation in the Home Missions enterprise.

Attempts are currently in progress to streamline the machinery of Home Missions. The Home Mission Conference, which met in January of this year, has urged all District mission boards to adopt well-defined and approved principles of administration by determining the long-range objectives they intend to pursue and then instituting action programs for the attainment of the objectives. The boards were also urged to reorganize themselves in accordance with the objectives by defining board functions and delegating authority and responsibility. Lastly the boards were urged to exercise control through effective communication of plans and through proper motivation of the workers under their jurisdiction.

The importance of good administrative procedures can be appreciated when we recall that Home Missions
is accountable for 1,250 stations, a thousand workers, and the annual expenditure of millions of dollars.

**Operational Plan for Missions**

Probably the best mending that has been done in Home Missions in a long time is the general adoption of a standard procedure in the establishment and development of new congregations. For the first time, Home Missions has an operational pattern. We shall describe that pattern.

What determines the choice of a mission field? Good stewardship thinking suggests that missionaries be placed and mission monies be expended in fields that hold promise of rapid growth. This kind of thinking cannot be faulted. However rapid growth cannot be the only criterion for the choice of a field. If it were, our new missions would be predominantly located in areas of rapid population rise. But this cannot be the intention of the Church because the Gospel is to be made accessible to all of America. Home Missions therefore establishes many new churches in so-called “strategic” locations in the hope that they will become outposts.

The need for good balance between flourishing and strategic fields requires that responsibility for the selection of a field be placed in the hands of a single authority, that of the District mission board.

Congregations that wish to relocate, open a branch Sunday school, or a new mission should consult the District mission board for purposes of coordination.

Gone is the day when fields were selected only because there were a few Lutherans on the scene. Even today boards receive requests from scattered Lutherans urging the start of a mission among them regardless of the limitations of the field. Charging the mission board with the sole responsibility for selecting the field has reduced the number of new stations of doubtful need and promise.

The mission board’s investigation of a new field is called a “survey.” Information is gathered about present population and expected increases; major industries and transportation facilities; nationalities, denominations, schools and colleges; Lutheran churches that are already in the field; public and private welfare institutions; classes of people that predominate; the rural surroundings. The final decision concerning a field may depend on the results of a sampling or “spot canvass” of the religious character of the community.

A new field can be said to have been “opened” when the missionary arrives on the scene. Where and how does he begin?

He begins by setting a first service attendance goal that provides him with a real challenge. (The goal must be approved by the mission board). Some boards operate with a minimum first service attendance goal of a hundred persons from the community. The higher the figure, the more time must be allowed; three months is usually deemed sufficient.

The missionary begins at once to canvass the community, for he needs a list of prospects. As he goes about the house-to-house canvass, he takes note of every building that might serve as a place of worship. He selects the best and enlists the aid of his new friends in the construction of a temporary altar that is liturgically acceptable.

An important phase of first service preparations is the start of public relations. The missionary makes courtesy calls on the leaders of the community. He invites the mayor to the opening services and asks him to extend the welcome of the community to the new church. He also visits local radio and television facilities if they are there and asks that they announce the first service.

The newspapers receive the missionary’s special attention. He calls on the editors and discusses with them the advertising program he has in mind. He explains to them the moral and financial backing his project has. He also orders the printing of doorknob hangers because he does not wish to rely on a single medium of publicity.

The last two (three) weeks before the first service are the most important. The missionary calls on every prospect to extend a warm personal invitation to the first service. The invitation is reinforced by a direct mail letter. A printed (engraved) invitation is mailed as a last reminder to the prospect that his presence is a matter of great concern to the future of the mission.

The missionary understands well the importance of having many unchurched persons attend the first service. He knows it is undesirable to start with a handful of Lutherans because it creates the impression of exclusiveness. The new mission depends on the unchurched for growth and to win them is a priority.

**A Church is Born**

The first service marks the birth of a new church. The months of preparation help the missionary to rise to the occasion. Just before the last hymn he “breaks the ice” by suggesting that everybody introduce himself to those on his right and his left, in front and to the rear.

The second service is even more important than the first. Unless the second attendance is as good as the first, there will be a letdown. The air of success is an important gift of the Holy Spirit to a new mission and the missionary works hard to be worthy of it.

There is no hurry to celebrate the Sacrament of Holy Communion. Before it can be administered, a charter communicant membership must be secured. Until then Lutherans of the new mission are either communed in private or in the nearest synodical church. To celebrate the Sacrament before charter communicant mem-
bership can be established discriminates against those who have had no chance to be confirmed in the Lutheran faith.

Five and six months elapse before the missionary begins his preparations for the first Communion. He begins to hold meetings at which he discusses the doctrines and practices of the Lutheran Church. If possible he uses the cottage plan of small group meetings in preference to meetings with a large group which discourage informality and free discussion.

Those who endorse the teachings and practices of the Lutheran Church by their faithful attendance at the meetings are invited to become charter members. The invitation is not pressed upon any, but much is made of the joy and privilege of membership in the Christian Church.

Charter Membership Sunday is a special event, the day of the public profession of faith at a new church altar. Lutherans, too, reaffirm their faith. The unbaptized receive the Sacrament of Baptism in advance of the confession of faith by the entire group. Distribution of membership certificates is recommended.

The missionary may now select a number of communicants who will help him in planning the affairs of the church in their capacity as temporary officers. The group meets at regular intervals and the missionary carefully explains how a congregation functions within the synodical organization. He introduces a model constitution that has been made available to him by the District mission board.

After a careful study of the constitution, section by section, the missionary recommends the adoption of the constitution by resolution. As the temporary officers sign the document, the congregation acquires a church board, which immediately proceeds to the election of officers according to the provisions of the constitution. It will now be possible to surround the church board with a carefully selected group of voting members.

The adoption of a constitution permits the mission to apply for membership in Synod, which it does at once. It also takes the necessary steps toward incorporation.

The District mission board has been in touch with the developments all along because organization is the golden opportunity to get a new congregation off to a good start.

At about this time the members of the new congregation begin to speak in terms of a church home of their own. The missionary reports it to the mission board because he knows that this needs the approval of the board, and the congregation should be so informed. The board is especially interested in the selection of a site. There must be enough property for expansion and off-street parking. It must be properly located, and zoning and building regulations must be investigated.

Appointment of a building committee launches the building project. The committee, which should have no more than six members, engages the services of an architect who has been previously endorsed by the mission board. Committee and architect arrive at some conclusions concerning type of architecture, seating, chancel, auxiliary rooms, facilities, type of heating and lighting, and the architect is commissioned to prepare sketches. So far the members of the congregation have not been consulted, and it is best to wait until definite sketches can be submitted and the committee is ready to sell its ideas.

When the congregation has approved the plans, financing takes over. The Finance Committee develops the plans for a campaign. Some congregations are able to conduct successful financial campaigns of their own, others do better by engaging the services of experts. The building project awaits the outcome of the drive for funds.

In most instances additional financing is required, and then it is that the Church Extension Fund steps into the picture. The Church Extension Board, which in most instances is a department of the District mission board, reviews the building plans and assures itself that the project represents a sound investment and that the mission will be able to handle the total debt liquidation program through a schedule of monthly payments. The repayment agreement always takes the form of a written contract with adequate signatures.

Parsonages are no longer to be built on church property because they often become obstacles to future expansion. The family needs of future pastors may differ radically. Also parsonages may be sold more readily when they are not located on church property.

With the acquisition of adequate church facilities, the new congregation embarks upon a program of church work that is complementary to that pursued by the pastor. The congregation adopts a program of education for all age levels, including training in evangelism. A stewardship program of service is also introduced, which enlists the time, talents, and treasures of every member of the church.

The operational pattern just described is now the standard pattern. Its endorsement by the Home Mission Conference is a milestone in the history of our Church.

Home Missions A Big Operation

Home Missions employs the services of 850 pastors and two hundred teachers. This is not an insignificant number in a time when manpower is in short supply. While the sum of stations varies very little from year to year, the manpower needs of Home Missions have steadily increased. This can mean only one thing: more stations justify the use of full-time missionaries by their rapid growth.
Whereas four Districts prefer to staff their new missions with candidates and five Districts with experienced missionaries, the remaining twenty-three employ both graduates and seasoned missionaries. Candidates assigned to new missions have the opportunity to obtain special training at a summer institute sponsored by the synodical Home Mission Board. Additional briefing is provided as candidates enter upon their work in the Districts to which they have been assigned.

The trend in financing the work of Home Missions is definitely in terms of stations. District support is also up but not at the same steep incline as that of the stations. Also Synod’s support of the stations in thirteen subsidized Districts has increased but at a lower rate than that of the stations and of the Districts. (See Chart)

Because the membership of our Church constitutes about two per cent of the total church population of the United States, it is often said that we should feel immediately responsible for two per cent of the unchurched. This is said to indicate the extent of our opportunity, for the unchurched either present themselves to us in the aggregate or they do not present themselves at all. It obligates us to the use of the mass media of communication — radio, television, the press, the motion picture. The media are God-given means for the extolment of the Gospel in a time of receptiveness. That our Church should continue to recognize this fact is in itself a significant development.

**Things to Come**

While the developments that have been noted seem to be good for some time to come, we cannot be too sure of it. There are more developments to come, and they are apt to come quickly.

It is a great thing that our churches have begun to recognize their obligation to the community, but we have not gone very far beyond that recognition. We have learned to justify a community concern, but we have yet to learn how to transform that concern into effective service. You may be sure that this area will be explored.

Another area that is due for development is the implementation of fellowship. We speak of the value and importance of fellowship in the life of a young congregation. Is fellowship a mere euphemism for ordinary sociability? How can the Biblical concept of fellowship be applied to our time without sacrificing its spiritual overtones?

We may expect developments in the educational program of our churches looking to the accelerated assimilation of adult accessions. Their reception into membership is necessarily attended by hurry, irregularity, and incompleteness. We depend greatly on the post-reception growth of our new members. If we do not properly assimilate them, they may assimilate us. They do not generally come to us as totally irreligious persons, but as persons with religious attitudes that are characteristically American, e. g., that sincerity is more essential than the content of faith; that human nature is essentially worthy; that sin is social immaturity, etc.

We may also expect advancement in the use of the mass media. Our nation expects to add fifty million persons in the next twenty-five years. What will this mean? It will bring into full flowering the mass society that has been predicted. We shall have to rely...
more than ever on the mass media to hold the mass society together. Our Church will have to adjust to a more significant use of the mass media.

Use of the mass media by the churches of America is no success story. Radio stations wish they could devote more than five hours a week to religion and various benevolences and television stations wish they could devote more than one hour to religion because it is in the public interest. They cannot do more because denominations fail to provide quality presentations that meet the exacting demands of broadcasting. Religious programs are often in the hands of churchmen who have little conception of the need and the means of capturing the imagination of their audiences, and we are here speaking of the unchurched. Five hundred and fifty U.S. newspapers have church editors, who look to the churches to supply them with copy. What do they get? Routine news. Who reads it? Certainly not the unchurched. The “slick” magazines want religious articles of quality. Why does the church not supply them? Because it fails to identify and to develop the skills that are requisite to meet the exacting demands of the mass media.

We predict a far greater reliance on research to furnish the answers that we need for a correlated program of church work. Research is an important part of our American culture and no enterprise or service of any pretensions can hope to do effective work without statistical inquiry of a high order. The value of statistical research lies not in the manipulation of quantities but in the disentanglement of relations. There is no phase of Home Mission work that could not benefit from mathematical research, and if that holds true of Home Missions, it should hold true of all aspects of church work.

**The Gentle Parentheses**

So many years of many seasons  
We saw and braved together,  
Snapped grass roots trembling to the spring,  
Plucked berries warm with summering,  
Caught autumn swirling down from trees,  
(Oh safe was our parentheses)  
But love was not our weather  
When winter chilled our hearts.

How many years of many reasons  
We stored and craved together,  
The sap of maple, swamp and rock,  
The honey in the comb and crock  
The wine run off from fruit and lees,  
(Oh sweet was our parentheses)  
But love was not our weather  
When winter filled our hearts.

Too many years, too many years  
We lived and loved together,  
As one by one the piercing fears  
Unloosed our gentle tether,  
For doubts can frost and worries blight  
The careful seed, the ripened stacks,  
And blizzards when they come by night  
Leave barren fields behind their tracks.

**ELIZABETH BARTLETT**
The last season on and off-Broadway was one of the richest in many a year, one that clearly proved how strongly the theatre has asserted itself as a new living art form. (And it not only did so here, but in London and on the continent as well.) There is no doubt that there is a certain urgency in the air to discuss the most vital — and also less vital — problems, and the theatre is the most immediate artistic platform to speak to mankind.

The season did not close with a whimper but a bang thanks to the amazing activity which the off-Broadway theatre has developed. Only four of the most interesting entries will be mentioned here.

Synge's satirical comedy, "The Playboy of the Western World," had a lively and lovely production at the new Seven Arts Center in Joseph Gistirak's skillful direction. Helena Carroll as Pegeen and Dermot McNamara as the playboy speak Synge's singing language beautifully. And I suppose it is this language, in addition to his satire against the sly, stupid, Janus-faced peasants, that make this play still as enjoyable as it has ever been.

Another Irish play of consequence, of biting ire and quite some depth was presented by Paul E. Davis and Neil McKenzie at the Theatre Marquee. It is Frank O'Connor's "Guest of the Nation" which, in a most basic incident, shows the madness and hatred of war. Two British soldiers, captives of the Irish revolutionaries, become very much liked by their captors. When headquarters decides that these two men have to be shot in a reprisal action for the shooting of some of their own people by the British the cruel nonsense of warfare, the irony of whipped-up hatred against other people becomes only too obvious. "Guests of the Nation" is a moving play which, in all its convincing simplicity, was very well performed.

If ever a play has been carried off to surprising success because of intensified stage movement, then "Ulysses in Nighttown" at the Rooftop Theatre is an outstanding example. Not that the play itself, a dramatization of a major section of James Joyce's "Ulysses," would not be a great experience as such, but this epic piece of writing turned into a play by Burgess Meredith with the help of Joyce's friend, Padraic Colum, has received the only kind of treatment that could give it stage reality.

The play is a far cry from the realistic theatre we have become used to seeing. It is an excruciating penetration and probing of the layers between awareness and the subconscious of Leopold Bloom, the archetype of the average human being, chummy, easy-going. He forgets his wife's deceits by having his own little adventures, but he never really gets over the loss of his infant son. And there is Stephen Dedalus, the young poet who tries to find the deeper meaning of life, who wrestles with himself to find that kind of belief which may give form and foundation to his existence.

To bring only part of Joyce's "Ulysses" to the stage is a bold undertaking, but Burgess Meredith, a poet himself besides being a great actor, directed the play with such insight and imagination that even those less sensitive in the audience, who may not quite know what it is all about, remain spellbound to the very last word. To bring about the sensation of unreality within the reality of a few hours in the life of a few human beings, Burgess Meredith decided on the most fluid staging possible.

It is difficult to say where his work ended and the choreographers's began, but Valerie Bettis, who is credited for the stage movement, left a decisive imprint on the spectator's mind. The dances help toward the visualization of the mental processes and have the pictorial power of immediacy and remoteness at the same time. Zero Mostel as Leopold Bloom reaches classic greatness in a pantomime scene and creates an unforgettable character through his mere physical being. Robert Brown's Stephen Dedalus must pale beside such a well-rounded performance as Mostel's, but he gives this searching knight from Dublin a modern Don Quixotic quality.

"Ulysses" is a good introduction to the Eugene Ionesco double bill presented at the Sullivan Street Playhouse. Here, too, you find a dazzling dance of words which, in Joyce's case, has greatness in its illegibility; Ionesco's makes scathing sense in its absurdity. Particularly "The Bald Soprano" is a mathematically well-built play of double-talk and symbolism. What is said and done has no meaning on the surface but, if you look closer, it is reality at its most frightening. The frightening, however, becomes too farcical in "Jack," loses its charm, and the gibberish collapses in Ionesco's hands before it reaches us.
The Angels of Michael

By Robert W. Bertram
Associate Professor of Religion
Valparaiso University

Now war arose in heaven, Michael and his angels fighting against the dragon; and the dragon and his angels fought, but they were defeated and there was no longer any place for them in heaven. And the great dragon was thrown down, that ancient serpent, who is called the Devil and Satan, the deceiver of the whole world — he was thrown down to the earth, and his angels were thrown down with him. And I heard a loud voice in heaven, saying, “Now the salvation and the power and the kingdom of our God and the authority of His Christ have come, for the accuser of our brethren has been thrown down, who accuses them day and night before our God. And they have conquered him by the blood of the Lamb and by the word of their testimony, for they loved not their lives even unto death. Rejoice then, O heaven and you that dwell therein! But woe to you, O Earth and sea, for the devil has come down to you in great wrath, because he knows that his time is short!

Revelations 12:7-12

This lesson, the Epistle Lesson for the Festival of Saint Michael and All Angels, has something to say to the scientific temper of our times. This strange, esoteric, certainly unscientific vision which St. John here records, with all its talk about angels and dragons and a war in heaven, is nevertheless a powerful word of God for us men and our condition today, Christians in a scientific culture.

Offhand, that may be a little hard to believe, for nothing could seem more irrelevant to scientific men today than this story about angels — unless, of course, we ourselves happened to be these angels. Which, as a matter of fact, we are. There is good reason to believe, in agreement with Luther’s exegesis of this text, that the angels to whom St. John here refers are not those celestial, disembodied spirits who are already gathered around the throne of grace, but are rather those angels of God who are still on earth — you and I and all our fellow Christians. These angels of Michael are not those holy, shining ones who have remained steadfast since their creation but are rather those human ones who have fallen and have since had to be reclaimed through the blood of the Lamb, those angels who do not yet behold the face of their Father in heaven but who know Him only by faith and through the testimony of the Word, who are still stalked day and night by their satanic accuser and deceiver, who do not yet enjoy uninterrupted peace and triumph but who must yet wage “war in heaven” — in that heaven which their Lord has called the “kingdom of heaven,” which is not “lo here or lo there” but is among them. The angels of Michael are you and I, and the war in heaven is the daily task of the Church militant.

Then who is this leader of ours who is called Michael? According to Luther and others, the name “Michael” in this case does not refer to the angel Michael in the Book of Daniel, unless it be that angel of whom, Daniel tells us, Nebuchadnezzar exclaimed, His form is like that “of the Son of God” (Daniel 3:25). The word Michael, in other words, might well not be a personal, creaturely name at all, like Gabriel or Peter or Paul, but should rather be translated literally: Michael — “Who is like God?” Quis sicut Deus. And who is like God? Which one is it of all the angels who Himself so partakes of the divine majesty that He alone can be said to be, truly, the Son of God? Of whom does the writer to the Hebrews (1:3) say: “... Who being the brightness of God’s glory and the express image of God’s person... upholding all things by the word of His power”? This is He, the same epistle says, “who by Himself purged our sins.” Of whom does the writer to the Colossians (1:15) say: “Who is the image of the invisible God, the firstborn of every creature”? Who? The Lord Jesus Christ, in whom, the same writer says (1:14), “We have the redemption through His blood, even the forgiveness of sins.” He is the Micha-el, the Quis sicut Deus, whose angels we are.

The war we wage under His banner and within His kingdom of heaven is a war against the kingdom of the earth, against principalities and powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, “against the great dragon... that old serpent called the Devil and Satan.” So, we wrestle not merely against flesh and blood, not even in our sciences. The biologist who labors to isolate and classify some deadly virus is re-
connoitering, not only the enemy the virus, but also "that old serpent called the Devil," who knows far better than the biologist how to use viruses. Now, of course, no one here is advocating that the biologist relinquish the germ theory of disease and go chasing off after demons — which, no doubt, is exactly the way they would best elude him. What we are here advocating is that it would be better for the biologist, not for his biology perhaps, but surely for his theology, if he recognized that his battle not only involves anti-biotic versus virus but also involves the Lord of Life against the Dragon of death.

The agronomist who has forgotten the curse which was hurled at his ancestor in Eden, the curse of the thorns and the thistles, the geologist who is unmindful that the mountains can still be invoked to fall on us and the hills to cover us, the psychiatrist who ignores the hidden truth about demonic possession, the psychologist who describes the phenomenon of learning and error without giving a thought to the "Father of lies" — is in each case probably no worse off as a scientist. He may even be better off than his Christian colleague, because he is less distracted. And he is still, indeed, a useful ally against the forces of darkness. Nonetheless, he is a soldier who does not begin to know what he is up against, a soldier who might well win the battle but is doomed to lose the war.

We have come a long way in our scientific culture since the days when our Nordic and Teutonic ancestors were tempted to see a demon or a troll or a sprite behind every bush, but our emancipation has cost us something, too. We have lost sight of the enemy, and that itself is a kind of bedevilment. The Robin Hood on our television screens today is still agile enough at tree-climbing and archery to delight our youngsters, but he no longer means either for us or for our youngsters what he once meant for the superstitious pagans of Old England, the struggle of the religious hero against the dark forces of the forest. If the factory workers of Derbyshire and Leek still imagine that physical power needs not only machinery but incantations and charms and gestures to domesticate it, we at least are too sophisticated to believe that. We can no longer appreciate the attitude of Luther who, when he made his journey to Rome, found the Alps — as his contemporaries did — a threatening, even terrifying sight. We can see in them only what Rousseau did, a romantic splendor and peace to the soul. As a German physicist has noted, we have labored diligently and gratefully over the principle of evolution and have hoped to see in it all sorts of optimistic implications for cosmic progress and human advance. Not nearly so diligently have we asked about the sobering implications of the principle of entropy, the irreversible tendency of physical events from order to disorder. The very festival of Michaelmas, for which this Epistle Lesson was appointed, was originally celebrated at this time of the year because this is the time when day and night are in equilibrium, as Michael and the Dragon are in deadlock, and when the autumnal storms which are beginning to rage on the high seas betoken the struggle between the angels of God and the angels of Satan. We today are more apt to schedule Michaelmas at this particular week because this is when the publisher has scheduled it on the calendar. We have effectively demythologized Robin Hood and our factory machinery and the Alps and the second law of thermodynamics and the Feast of St. Michael. There is the danger that the devils thus exorcised may have returned through the back door, seven times stronger than at first.

To wage war against this diabolic strength is of course the responsibility not only of the Church but of every social institution, of every man of good will, of all the arts and sciences and of every useful endeavor. As Melancthon's hymn says of the Devil,

So now he subtly lies in wait
To ruin school and Church and state.

In this respect the National Science Foundation and the holy Christian Church, the pastor in his pulpit and the college physics instructor, the believer at his prayers and the operator at his turret lathe, are comrades in arms against the same foe, against the same forces of darkness and evil.

However, there is one distinctive kind of satanic destruction and harassment which Christians, and Christians alone, are equipped to deal with. St. John refers to this when he calls the Devil "the accuser," who day and night accuses the brethren. It is by his accusations, more than anything else, that Satan succeeds, as John says, in deceiving the whole world. And of what crime does he accuse the brethren? He accuses them of sin. But aren't they sinful? Indeed they are, mortally sinful. But by his accusations of sin, he deceives them into believing that God is angry with them and that God demands their death. But God is angry with them and He does demand their death. Yes, but the Devil by his accusations deceives men into thinking that God is only angry with them, that God wills nothing but their death, that there is no alternative to their sinfulness — unless they themselves can devise some way to appease this angered God, unless they themselves can by some moral and religious exertion justify their own existences. This is where the Devil is most shrewd, most effective — not in the laboratories but in the churches, not in men's sciences but in their religion. By his insidious accusations — persuasive because they are always more than half true — he can turn a man into a Pharisee or into a Judas. It is because of his accusations that Christians go about with long faces, gossipers and grumblers, unwilling to believe with their hearts what they confess with their lips: that by the mercies of Christ we are as righteous and alive as He is. How effectively the old Dragon has prevented us from believing that.
The Devil knows well that, if by the diversionary tactic of his accusation he can separate the Christian angels from their faith and confidence and hope, then he will have separated them from their faith's Lord, from their only source of strength.

But it is precisely at this vulnerable point, isn't it, that our Lord has overcome the Dragon. The shining Son of God, the express Image of the Father, has assumed not only our flesh but our sin and our curse, and has submitted in our stead to the terrible accuser. And in accusing this holy One of God, the Devil has over-extended himself, and stands judged by his own condemnation. Hence, St. John can say, with magnificent and holy humor, that the terrible, cosmic, thundering powers of darkness have been overcome, and by what? By the blood of a Lamb — and from henceforth, by the testimony of His Word.

For the scientist whose robes — even his lab coat! — have been washed by the blood of this Lamb, there is joy and courage and assured hope. He knows, of course, that viruses and coronaries and malignancies not only can be nuisances; they can be heretics, sent into the lives of men to rob them of their faith, and, eventually, rob them of their Lord. He knows, too, that often thorns and thistles are the long finger of the Accuser, sent to dampen men's spirits and to crush their souls. But, more important, he knows that the Accuser has already been routed and put to flight, that the issue of the battle has been decided, that the skirmish which remains is just the mopping up, that the appropriate attitude for himself — as for every angel of Michael — is to rejoice and to exult:

Ask ye, Who is this? Jesus Christ it is, And there's none other God. He holds the field forever.

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**Foretaste**

Glory of a sunrise clear in March; Stillness of noon on summer's day; Wonder in a child's unclouded sky; Clatter and slam on city streets; Lonely vigil on mountain top; Quest for what's beyond the view; Tomorrow and tomorrow's morn beckon me to live on and on.

Is this eternity's foretaste: The wonder of what is to come? No end, but only beginning when day is done and the next one comes?

God knows! And I can only trust in Him.

**OLIVER GRAEBNER**

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**Letter from Xanadu, Nebr.**

---By G. G.---

Dear Editor:

Being as I am a member of the church council, I get a free subscription to a magazine put out by the church which is called *Advance*. It's trying to get all the churches in Synod to follow a planned program for this coming year and while the program looks pretty good I don't think it would work in our congregation because over the years we have sort of developed a program of our own which is not exactly along the lines of what *Advance* is suggesting but seems to be what our people want.

Starting off in September, we usually have a hassle over whether the Ladies Aid or the Sewing Circle is supposed to take care of the soft drinks at the Sunday School Rally Day. Then, by October, our teacher is usually threatening to quit if we don't do something about the furnace in the teacherage. November is deficit month when we always come up against the fact that we are not going to meet the budget and everybody has his ideas about who is to blame for it. December, of course, is election month when half of the voting members are sore because they got stuck with an office and the other half are mad because they didn't get elected. January brings the annual four-hour wrangle over the budget. By February the fight that has been smoldering ever since November between those who want the windows of the church kept shut during services because of the draft and those who claim that the church gets too hot and stuffy with the windows shut comes out into the open. March or April brings the next round in a battle that has been going on for at least twenty years over the question of whether the confirmation class should wear gowns or not. Then, in May, we usually have to call a new teacher. And that brings us to June when there is the matter of the summer schedule of services. July and August are usually pretty quiet because everybody is either gone or too hot to argue.

This may not sound too good for the spiritual life of the congregation but actually a certain amount of good comes out of it accidentally. You get all of these people looking up Bible passages to prove that they are right and pretty soon you've got maybe a dozen or more people who have read the Bible from cover to cover. And that's not too bad for a congregation our size.

**G.G.**

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**THE CRESSET**
The Music Room

Gregorian Chant Weds Music to Words

Some of those who talk and write about music like to find fault with Gregorian Chant because of its clear-cut limitations. Their scholarship is tragically flimsy. Why? Because limitations are part and parcel of the very essence of Gregorian Chant.

What does this mean? It means that Gregorian music, when properly used, is inextricably associated with carefully selected words. Furthermore, it means that the words are never made subordinate to the music; they must never recede into the background. The musical aspects of Gregorian Chant dare not be emphasized at the expense of the texts. Here music must serve as a handmaiden.

But one must bear in mind that Gregorian Chant is wedded to Latin words. It is not suited to any other language. I wince and squirm whenever I hear authentic Gregorian music in combination with English and German texts. Is this a pedantic attitude on my part? Some think so. But can they prove me wrong? No. I am confident that every authority in the vast field of Gregorian plainsong will bear out what I have said.

Musicology owes what it knows about Gregorian Chant primarily to the Benedictine monks of Solemes in France. Their knowledge of this subject is completely authoritative and unquestionably authentic.

I urge every student of the history of music to hear the Liturgia Paschalis (Vigilia Paschalis, Missa Solemnis, Missa in Dominica Resurrectionis) as presented on three discs by the monks of the Benedictine Abbey of St. Martin, Beuron, under the direction of Pater Dr. Maurus Pfaff, O. S. B. (Archive Production ARC 3088-90). When listening to his superb recording you will note that the music is the handmaiden of the words. Perhaps it is necessary for me to point out that the monks of the Benedictine Abbey of St. Martin use what is known as the continental pronunciation of Latin. Although I have no statistical information, I believe that the Italianized pronunciation is employed in most Roman Catholic churches throughout the world. Naturally, the Roman pronunciation would, for historical reasons, be altogether out of place.

You know, of course, that Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart was one of the greatest of the great composers. But have you ever heard that his father, Leopold Mozart, wrote music with extraordinary skillfulness — music well worth being brought into the concert halls of our time?

Another question. Have you heard it said that the widely known Toy Symphony, which for many years has been attributed to Joseph Haydn, was composed by Leopold Mozart? At any rate, a noted scholar named Ernst Fritz Schmid holds to this belief. He writes:

Not far from Salzburg, in the Berchtesgaden Land... there flourished a world-famous toy industry which produced — manufactured by cottages and highland peasants in their homes during the winter months — among other things, many kinds of musical toys, such as cuckoo and other birds' cries, rattles, toy trumpets, whistles, and drums.

Leopold Mozart, Schmid believes, wrote the so-called Toy Symphony as three parts of his Cassation in G, for Orchestra with Children's Instruments, which, together with his Musical Sleighride for Orchestra and Sleigh Bells, is beautifully played by the Bach Orchestra of Berlin under Carl Gorvin (Archive Production ARC 3098).

Then there is Johann Stamitz, who was born in 1717 and died in Mannheim, Germany, in 1757. In Mannheim there was a school of music centered around a court orchestra. Stamitz was an important composer. He was resourceful, influential, and progressive. His music has the quality of sturdiness. The Muenchener Kammerorchester, under Carl Gorvin, gives excellent performances of his Orchestral Trio in A Major, Op. 1, No. 2; Concerto for Oboe, Strings, and Continuo, in C Major; Concerto for Clarinet, Continuo, and Strings, in B Flat Major; and Sinfonia a 8, in D Major. Hermann Toettcher plays the oboe; Jost Michaels is the clarinetist, and Ingrid Heiler is at the harpsichord (Archive Production ARC 3092). I have derived unalloyed pleasure from this excellent recording.

The Stabat Mater from the pen of the fabulously gifted Giovanni Battista Pergolesi (1710-36) is presented by Margot Guilleaume, soprano, and Jeanne Deroubaix, alto, with the Suedwestdeutsches Kammerorchester under Matthieu Lange (Archive Production ARC 3091). Carl Gorvin is at the positive organ.

Although Pergolesi spent only twenty-six years on this earth, he wrote fifteen operas, twelve compositions called cantatas, a large amount of sacred music, and more than thirty sonatas, symphonies, and concertos.

The Archive Production recordings are issued in this country by Decca.
The Russian icon is an extension of the religious art of Byzantium. The word “icon” in Greek means image. Both in Byzantium and everywhere else in the domain of the “orthodox” churches, this image was never an attempt to record actuality, nor to convey the impression of realism for its own sake, nor to render figures and faces as authentic portraits. The icon, being primarily an object of veneration and an auxiliary of worship, was just as formalized as the sequence of the liturgy, the ritual of a sacrament, or the words of a sacred hymn. A striking variety of styles, subjects, and moods developed. Russian icons can only be properly appreciated from an aesthetic viewpoint when not limited by purely realistic ideas. The free trends of modern art and the eagerness of the creative artists of today for deliberate experimentation in pictorial art have opened a new and sympathetic approach to the peculiar picture language of the icon. The art of the last century would surely be the least capable of responding to the appeal of the old icons.

There were three great epochs in Byzantine art: first, the Justinian age of the sixth century, exemplified by the church of the Holy Wisdom in Istanbul and the mosaics of Ravenna; second, the so-called Renaissance of the tenth and eleventh centuries which left some of the most brilliant mosaics even in Italy at such places as St. Mark in Venice; and third, the second Renaissance of the fourteenth century shown in marvelous frescoes of Mistra.

Russia received Christianity from Constantinople near the end of the tenth century and, therefore, the last two periods are most significant for Russian ecclesiastical art. The art of the icon should never be thought of as static or monotonous. Three main streams of art were brought together — the classical legacy of Greece, the abstract arrangement and decorative symbolism from the world of Mesopotamia and Persia, and an oriental brand of early realism adopted from Syria.

There is a still more ancient source for the depiction of the human face than Byzantine art. It goes back to the Egyptian mummy portraits. It was customary in ancient Egypt to represent, on the sarcophagus, in a conventionalized form, the features of the deceased. This type of portrait, incorporated in the wrappings of the mummies found near Cairo, was executed in wax paints. Similar lifelike portraits, with a touch of idealization, were also used in the cases of the earliest Christian burials. Sometimes these portraits were removed from the coffins and made the object of pious remembrance and special veneration. The icon of the saints is supposed to have had this origin, since the tombs and sarcophagi of Christian martyrs became the first altars.

The accompanying illustration is from the Moscow school before the days of the discovery of America. It was formerly in the Jarov collection in Moscow but is now part of the famous Hann gift to the Carnegie Institute in Pittsburgh. Its size is impressive, 27 by 33 inches. It is part of a tier of a iconostas known as Tchin, an extension of the group of three figures known as Deesis. The highlights of the faces and their types show an adherence to the Greek tradition. The linear pattern exhibits traits of the Novgorod School. The highlights of the robes have a similarity with some of the Early Twelfth Century frescos of Vladimir-Suzdal.

The center figure is the Redeemer. Mary and Saint Nicholas are found on the left, and Saint Peter and Saint John the Baptist on the right.

Even in modern day Russia, the icon is still respected and revered as one of the truly authentic forms of Russian art. Icons are being sought all over America and when found and properly understood, can make a truly worthy addition to the Christian home and school.
Beginning with Cup of Gold, published in 1929, John Steinbeck has written sixteen volumes of fiction, including three (The Long Valley, Grapes of Wrath, and East of Eden) which stand very near the top of American fiction. Yet, oddly enough, Peter Lisca's The Wide World of John Steinbeck is the first and only full-length study of Steinbeck's work. This fact may, first of all, put us in Mr. Lisca's debt, for such a study is certainly worth having. But it also suggests a few problems which need an airing.

Although it is not mentioned anywhere in the book, Wide World is the material of Mr. Lisca's Ph.D. thesis at the University of Wisconsin. In this respect Lisca is a fortunate man, because other doctoral candidates before him have tried in vain to get permission from stuffy graduate committees to do a critical study of Steinbeck. Many graduate schools feel that Steinbeck is not important enough for a thesis, although these same schools will turn right around and suggest instead James Gould Cozzens (the critics' current darling) or Ezra Pound's interval in a mental hospital (obscene and fun to fool around with) or a writer who shall here be nameless (the chairman of the thesis committee has a gap in his course notes and needs information).

In the case of Steinbeck there is another reason for the reluctance of graduate schools to accept him — he is a contemporary Westerner. Along with Vardis Fisher, Frederick Manfred, Walter Van Tilburg Clark, and Wallace Stegner, all major fiction writers of the West, Steinbeck is dismissed as a romantic pursuer of the American Dream, a follower of the frontier, or an intellectually inadequate hack writer who somehow can't see that all the true values are in the East. This matter of the eastern critic versus the western writer is worth a separate essay, sometime, but let it suffice here to mention one possible clue to the antagonism or, more politely, the misunderstanding. One of the chief characteristics of the modern western novel (the serious regional novel) is the attention it pays to what I have elsewhere called "The Long View." That is, the western novel is concerned with Man in the long, or overall, or ultimate scheme of things. Man becomes a part of a vast plan within which he must find his place, his contribution, in the light of his heritage and his identity. This is a serious theme for fiction, but it is quite different from the emphasis upon the immediacy of current social problems which seems to be the mark of much "eastern fiction."

Whether the eastern critics (and most critics are trained in the East or are influenced by it) are so attached to England that they have not yet discovered Western America, or whether they lack the broad philosophical outlook demanded by the long view, I don't know. But they gather in the "little magazines," in Time, in The New Yorker, and frequently in The New York Times to protest the validity of major Western American novels and to bolster each other in the defense of the current eastern best seller (such as the 1957 By Love Possessed). And these critics are the cornerstones upon which are founded the graduate schools in English literature and language, including that sub-species, American. Indeed, many of these critics are teaching in the schools.

As I said, Mr. Lisca was fortunate in being allowed to discuss Steinbeck. It is somewhat unfortunate, however, that he failed to run with the ball, but settled instead for a scoreless tie in his joust with the critics. For Wide World, in spite of its good intentions, remains more or less a Ph.D. thesis. It sounds like a thesis, and its good intentions, remains more or less a Ph.D. thesis. It sounds like a thesis, and this is important, but Lisca fails to follow up the standard academic documentation. This is not to say that documentation is entirely unnecessary in a work of this kind; but it is very easy for scholarship to get in the way of significant criticism. Perhaps the most obvious example of this kind of interference is Lisca's treatment of the story Of Mice and Men. The chapter is so crowded with biography, source details, and minute analyses of the parts of the story that the possible real meaning, or experience, of the story is obscured. I do not believe that this procedure is to be blamed on Lisca, because he obviously has a fine feeling for the story, and this feeling can be dug out of the scholarly debris if we try hard enough. But Lisca is involved in an academic process and must follow the rules of the game. The rules are explicit. The thesis writer must always pretend to be original but he must not presume to give actuality to his pretension. He must examine all the existing criticism of his subject, curtsy before it, and then carefully put it into some kind of new pattern without disturbing it more than is absolutely necessary. Lisca does this. Chapter One, "The Failure of Criticism," turns out to be nothing more than a list of miscellaneous comments about Steinbeck. The chapter is great fun, but it accomplishes little except to give Lisca a reason (or excuse) for writing the rest of his book. The chapter could be a meaningful essay if it were a careful analysis of the criticism instead of a list of it. But it sets the pace for the remaining fifteen chapters which are a kind of running argument with the critics. Lisca is constantly on the defensive. He has perfectly legitimate countermoves, but he never breaks out and discusses Steinbeck for what he is aside from the other critics' views.

It is to Mr. Lisca's credit, however, that he tries to break away. He stresses the religious symbolism in most of Steinbeck's work; and this is proper, because Steinbeck (like most western regional writers) is deeply religious, though not in the completely conventional sense. The emphasis on "racial memory" and the value of traditions, seen in the early To a God Unknown, is important, but Lisca fails to follow up this theme. The "theme, (and symbolic value) of the frontier, a matter which has been kicked around for some time by Steinbeck critics, is suggested briefly but nicely in the chapter on The Long Valley: "Life is always a risk. The call for heroism is heard today as it was yesterday. The need for a leader of the people is still real, for we are all pioneers, forever crossing the dangerous and the unknown." This is a rather obvious point, but it is interesting in its implications. There is a possibility that critics had once looked to Steinbeck for this very kind of leadership and are now highly disturbed because they didn't provide it. In a sense, this is true. And yet Steinbeck's influence on western writers of the past two decades may very well be more significant than we can calculate through scholarly apparatus.

Perhaps the single most important element of Steinbeck's work is its style. (This is a judgment which is not widely agreed upon.) It is a known fact that Steinbeck has been influenced by the Old Testament (King James Version, he says), and that the Anglo-Saxon rhythms and patterns and
stilistic devices found there are an integral part of his own style. Lisca illustrates this resemblance strikingly by arranging a passage from The Grapes of Wrath “according to phrases, in the manner of the Bates Bible, leaving the punctuation intact.”

The tractors had lights shining. For there is no day and night for a tractor. And the disks turn the earth in the darkness. And they glitter in the day-light.

And when a horse stops work and goes into the barn. There is a life and a vitality left. There is a breathing and a warmth. And the feet shift on the straw. And the jaws champ on the hay. And the cars and the eyes are alive. There is a warmth of life in the barn. And the heat and smell of life.

But when the motor of a tractor stops. It is as dead as the one it came from. The heat goes out of it. Like the living heat that leaves a corpse.

Lisca then points out the organization of the phrases (4-8-4, tractor-horse-tractor), the parallelism both in grammatical structure and in meaning, the “simplicity of diction, the balance, the concrete details, the summary sentences, the reiterations . . . ” Except for the tractor, the passage begins to look like a Psalm.

This style does a number of things. It establishes the author’s (and therefore the reader’s) close relationship with nature, with the physical world. But it also introduces into this natural material a meaning, a significance, which is mystical, primitive, and universal. Steinbeck’s philosophy is not a complex one, as Lisca has rightly pointed out, but it is profound. And as revealed through his stylistic devices it gathers strength in an elemental way through the quiet but penetrating repetitions of basic experience. Also, the final effect is the achievement of esthetic or psychical experience. This may be, as Lisca mentions in reference to an essay by T. K. Whipple, “Steinbeck’s greatest asset . . . ” This is a matter which Lisca might profitably have taken up at greater length, but once he has touched on style he appears to be a little uncomfortable with it.

With one notable exception. The finest critical judgment in Wide World toward the end of the book concerns style: “His (Steinbeck’s) prose style not only presents the materials, but evaluates them; his structure not only orders materials, but gives them meaning.” This is, of course, Steinbeck’s real strength as a writer. And it makes one wonder why Steinbeck, then, is not readily accepted as an equal with, for example, Faulkner. The answer, it seems to me, must simply be this: Steinbeck has not maintained this high level of experien-
tial literacy throughout all of his work. He is human enough to want to relax occasionally and to write a book more or less for the pure enjoyment of writing. However, no good serious writer can ever completely relax, and so Cannery Row, Sweet Thursday, and The Short Reign of Pippin IV have just enough seriousness in them to cause the critics to think that Steinbeck has attempted a masterpiece in each case and has failed miserably.

When the modern critic and scholar encounters variety, he falters. When a man like Steinbeck (or Frederick Manfred, to take another example) writes a book which does not conform to the theory or pattern already worked out for him by the critic, the critic condemns the book because he doesn’t want his neat little pattern tampered with. In other words, critics and scholars (despite the original intentions of these "professions") are non-adaptable; when they can’t classify a work of art, that work must be thrown out in order to preserve the scheme. And, as Mr. Lisca has stated about Steinbeck’s work, “. . . this value has been obscured by the very richness and variety of that work, which has resisted all attempts at classification and filing.” Lisca wants to praise Steinbeck’s work, and he comes very close to doing so near the end of his book; but he concludes by associating Steinbeck with the old standard problems of economic depression and naturalism.

The novel which finally “throws” him is East of Eden, possibly Steinbeck’s finest, and certainly one of the most important American novels of many years. Lisca doesn’t know what to make of this novel, partly (I’m afraid) because other critics don’t know either. East of Eden is too big a book in every respect for the critics to handle; it is too different; it is perhaps a new technique, this method of arriving at “meaning” through the counterpoint arising from the juxtaposition of the two plots. At any rate, Lisca devotes a very short chapter, East of Eden, finds that he cannot defend this novel, and so joins the opposition.

It is tempting to say that Mr. Lisca’s book is largely a competent Ph.D. thesis, and nothing more. But I am glad he wrote it. Wide World is a storehouse of Steinbeck material not formerly available. It is worth reading, along with the Tedlock and Wicker collection of Steinbeck criticism, Steinbeck-and His Critics (University of New Mexico Press, 1957). These books may, after all, lead to a reading of Steinbeck’s fiction, and that is still the important thing.

JOHN R. MILTON

RELIGION

LOVE, SKILL, & MYSTERY

By Theodor Bovet (Doubleday, $3.50)

Six years ago, The Cresset published a checklist of books on marriage and the family. In an introductory paragraph, the editors noted that “it must be a matter of real regret that very few of these studies have been written against a Christian background.” It might have been added that the most useful studies of the physical and social aspects of marriage were almost without exception devoid of any religious content, while the one theologically-acceptable study (Otto Piper’s The Christian Interpretation of Sex) does not pretend to be a “practical” handbook to marriage.

To Protestant — and especially Lutheran — pastors and marriage counselors, therefore, the publication of this translation and amplification of Dr. Theodor Bovet’s Die Ehre, ihre Krise und Neuwerdung may well prove to be the publishing event of the year. Unlike most books, it offers considerably more than its publishers claim. For while (perhaps with an eye to not scaring off the large non-Christian market) the publishers content themselves with the claim that Dr. Bovet’s book “wisely discusses the emotional and spiritual rewards of marriage right along with the physical ones,” Dr. Bovet himself flatly states that “in marriage we seek God together” “with the object of making each other obedient to God, or rather of doing God’s will together.” (For the reassurance of those who have learned to be leery of the use of the Name of God as a kind of short-hand symbol for all sorts of vaguely-defined Good Things, it should be noted that Swiss Calvinist Dr. Bovet’s God is the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ Who has spoken to men in the Scriptures.)

The book is simply written and is characterized throughout by a candor which leaves just nothing suggestive to feed upon. (It was when men ceased to be religious that they found it impossible to deal with the reality of sex except through a veil of birds and bees.) Dr. Bovet neither harps upon sex as though it were all that there is to marriage nor does he relegate it to the category of things that “nice people don’t talk about.” In approximately 28 pages, Dr. Bovet frankly explains the human mating process, calling the “uncomely parts” by their proper names and explaining their functions. This leaves him 155 pages in which to define the psychological, social, and religious contexts within which the process takes place.

Basic to Dr. Bovet’s understanding of marriage is the recognition of three strong bonds which, under God and in accordance with His creative design, bind husband and wife to each other. These are sex, “all the directly biological functions and experiences” Eros, the concern of one person for another as a person which, in marriage, manifests itself as “the art of love and the game of love-making”; and Agape, the spiritual aspect of love which, “as Brunner
says, loves the other because he exists, not because of certain characteristics." In marriage, these bonds draw husband and wife to the intimacy of the act of love and are, in turn, strengthened by that act. (In the Christian view, which defines marriage as the showing forth of the love which exists between Christ and the Church, merely sexual mating can obviously be as much an act of prostitution within marriage as outside it.)

One purpose of marriage (but not the purpose as some of the more extreme Roman Catholic dogmatists insist) is the begetting of children. Dr. Bovet devotes fourteen pages to a thoughtful and evangelical discussion of the morality and the techniques of birth-control. "For Protestants and Catholics alike," he concludes, "it is not the method of contraception that makes it 'good' or 'bad' but the attitude and motive behind it. It is not a case of absolute, self-centered freedom, but a freedom within God's order, the freedom of obedience... The more unconditionally we love God, the more surely He will lead us either to have children, or to prevention, or to abstention; and He will give us the strength and joy to follow His way."

As for the old bugaboo about who is to be boss in the family, Dr. Bovet rightly insists that the whole concept of a "boss" has no place in the Christian view of the family. Rather, he maintains, "a sacred order—a hierarchy—governs the family: the husband is its 'head,' the wife its 'heart,' as is evident from the parts they have to play as father and mother." He also has some very illuminating things to say about the relations of parents and children.

What about divorce? "The Christian principle of the indissolubility of marriage" must be the counselor's basis, Dr. Bovet asserts, "but he will come across many relatives which have none of the essential attributes of true marriage and others which were perhaps once marriages but now resemble decaying corpses. Like a physician working on an apparently lifeless body he will use all his resources to restore such marriages to life, and experience will teach him to display more courage and patience than do the husband and wife themselves. He will point out to them that marriages contracted under false assumptions have often come to life as time went on and even become very happy ones, and he will try to get them to see the grave consequences of divorce. Finally, if he is himself a believer, he will hint at the possibility of a miraculous change through a profound inner readjustment. But it is not for him to pass judgment, or to deny the help divorce may give in situations which, humanly speaking, have no other way out." (A question which has long bothered this reviewer is this: When we deny the remedy of divorce on the grounds that man must not put asunder what God has joined together, must we assume that marriage is, ipso facto, a divine joining-together or should we seek to determine, at the outset, whether this was actually the case? Can we rule out the possibility that some marriages are victories of the Tempter and are frustrations, rather than products, of God's will and purpose?)

The dust-jacket says that this book sold 100,000 copies in Europe. If this reviewer had it within his power to do so, he would see to it that it sold a hundred times better in the United States. It is heads and shoulders above anything else in its field.

**THE LAST BOOK OF THE BIBLE**

By Hans Lilje (Muhlenberg, $4.50)

We all know who Bishop Lilje is. The translation by Olive Wyon is, as usual, quite readable.

This is a good book. So often interpretations of the last book of the Bible become involved in all sorts of detail. Bishop Lilje does not get that involved. Rather, remaining true to his purpose, "the meaning of the Revelation of St. John," he also remains true to the pastoral purpose of the great Seer himself. Eliminating most falderol he penetrates the spiritual depth of John's work. For example, while Lilje often quotes from Bengel to clarify John's meaning, he never bothers with Bengel's vagaries. Lilje writes (p. 106), "We have no right . . . to destroy the meaning of this great vision by a pedestrian explanation of the details . . . . It is far more important to try to understand what they mean apart from all literary allusions." Yet, in reading this exposition, you are quite sure that the author is familiar with all the knowable "literary allusions" involved. But he goes beyond them. This is the glory of the book.

The author feels that the design of the Apocalypse is more formal than many would grant. Lilje divides the book into seven sections, each of which is again divided into seven parts. He writes, "Its law is that of the number seven." This reviewer is inclined to agree with this thesis—if there is any outline to Revelation at all.

So often Christians in the historical tradition omit to study this last book of the Bible and leave it to the massacring exegesis and delusions of the sect groups. For this reason Lilje's book ought to be read and studied. He also shows us, who so often get involved in statistics, human and ecclesiastical values, public relations, etc., that Revelation has much to offer. This book of Lilje's was born in one of history's dark nights, as the Apocalypse itself was born in persecution.

The development of the thought progression is admirable set forth by Lilje, clearly and concisely. He insists that fellowship in the Church demands fellowship in Christ's suffering, and that "as we have suffered with Him" so also we will be "united with Him in glory." This is the message of the Seer; this is what Lilje has to say to the Church. It is foolish to pretend that Christianity can be watered down to a "happiness cult," and just as foolish to deny, in the face of the Apocalypse, that time will end and that the meaning of time is in the end-time. The Christian faith is born and grows in persecution, but it will survive and triumph in glory. Lilje writes, "It is clear that no one believes that because the Lamb has 'conquered', Christian believers will be exempt from suffering, defeat, and martyrdom. We must not misunderstand that meaning of the 'victory' of the Lamb. On the contrary, to bear a faithful Christian witness must lead to conflict with the world."

This message towers far above the imagery and numbers involved. Sometimes we cannot quite agree with Lilje's deprivation of the images, for example the expectation of the five kings (17:10), or the description of the city (21:16). But we are more than happy that any literal interpretation of the 144,000 or the 1000 years is shown to be quite out of place. The great struggle between political monotheism and the "Almighty God," illustrated so aptly from Hippolytus' commentary on Daniel, the suffering this brings to the people of God, and the final victory of Christ promised is the cosmic theme of the Seer. This tends to shade minor problems into insignificance.

There are many interesting comments in Lilje's book. Among them the emphasis on the worship of the Church and the liturgy. We could not mention them all. We can only suggest that the book be read!

**WALTER W. OETTING**

**THE ESSENES AND CHRISTIANITY**

By Duncan Howlett (Harper, $3.50)

The author discusses the nature and meaning of the Dead Sea scrolls and what they tell us about the Essenes. His review is a critical summary of articles, monographs, and books well worth reading.

The second half of the book is not as interesting nor as valuable as the first. In it the author attempts a comparison of the Essenes with the teachings of Jesus and the Jerusalem Church.

Duncan Howlett is not one of the scholars who was in on the archeological work itself. Rather he is an interested and studious observer.

The story is told in a fascinating and enlightening way. Whether or not this story is history is still to be determined. That this account is not final is seen from the constant use of such phrases as "must have been," "can we not hazard the guess," "we certainly are within the realm of possibility," "if we may assume," "we can only guess, but," "can we imagine," "would seem," etc. That such an interesting story
can be written at all on this subject with so little evidence is certainly a tribute to the power of inference!

We plead with publishers of books like this to note within the text where footnotes occur.

WALTER W. OETTING

GENERAL

THE AMERICAN COMMUNIST PARTY: A CRITICAL HISTORY (1919-1957)

By Irving Howe and Lewis Coser (Beacon Press, $6.75)

This book is introduced by the authors as "an effort to write a political, social, and cultural history of the American Communist Party from its inception in 1919 to its virtual demise in 1957." To treat such a controversial subject with cool restraint, to make a critical investigation of so many contradictory sources, must have been a difficult task. We salute the authors for a job well done.

Accusations implying Communist affiliation have ruined the reputation of some Americans. The word has been used by politically ambitious demagogues to discredit opponents, intimidate critics, and divert the attention of voters from sometimes more pertinent issues. Yet it is doubtful if many Americans are familiar with the tenets of Marxism or know much about the development of the Communist Party in this country. In sifting fact from fiction, in pointing out the main patterns and shifts of policy while analyzing a mass of fascinating detail, Professors Howe and Coser have performed a notable service to students of political science as well as to any reader who wants to make a serious attempt to understand our "native" Communists.

Some of the blunders recorded in the early Twenties when the Party leaders were unable to distinguish between their vision of the European revolution and the actualities of American life seem incredibly naive and are almost amusing. Contrast this early floundering with the sagacity displayed during the period of collaboration between the United States and the Soviet Union and you realize how much the men in the top echelons learned from their mistakes.

Tracing the membership figures for the different years (usually grossly exaggerated) one is amazed at the sudden withdrawals and rapid gains. When the Party was in dispute only 15,000 or so could be counted upon to remain faithful to the cause. During the "popular front" era of the Thirties as many as 100,000 adherents were claimed. Almost overnight the embarrassing reversal in the party line necessitated by the Ribbentrop-Molotov non-aggression pact of 1939 resulted in widespread defections. After the German invasion of Russia the Party rose to a new height of popularity. Soviet intrasigence in the post-war period once again depleted the membership rolls. Throughout the whole stormy history of the American Communist Party, however, there always remained the hard core of tightly knit, firmly disciplined, never-say-die comrades who could be depended upon to respond to any and every signal emanating from Moscow with an absurd fanaticism. Christians must be both alarmed and shamed by the fervent zeal with which the Communist faithful have devoted their lives to the Gospel of Lenin and Stalin.

In retrospect one must marvel at the endurance and resiliency of the Communist Party. Mass arrests and bitter factional strife more than once threatened to shatter the early movement. There were abortive attempts to intrude on the national agitation for a labor party, and to establish dual unionism against the AFL. The CP suffered disastrous setbacks in its strike failures among textile workers in the late Twenties. But always they bounced back with surprising vitality and increasing effectiveness. By late 1957 the CP had again apparently disintegrated. The authors of this book seem convinced that this is the end of the road, and that they have traced the CP from its cradle to its grave. We are not so sure. We fear that Howe and Coser have composed the obituary prematurely. There may be additional chapters yet to be written before the agony and strife incited by American Communism have finally terminated.

Drawing parallels between Communism and Christianity has become commonplace. In reading about the Communist self-deception (promoted especially in the early Thirties) in presuming the imminent collapse of capitalism, and imagining that a revolution led by American workers was close at hand, we were struck by the similarity to the fantastic expectations of the Jehovah's Witnesses or some of the Pentecostal sects. In both the religious and the anti-religious "millennial" groups excitement is aroused and often maintained at fever pitch by the prediction that catastrophe is near. A violent upheaval is anticipated which will usher in the golden age.

People who have been puzzled by such enigmas as how such a numerically small group could wield so much power, or why so many intellectuals were at one time attracted to Communism (either as members or as sympathizers), will find a wealth of illustrative and documented material in this book to provide at least a partial explanation.

Cautious answers are given to questions about how far Communist penetration in our government actually went during the years of our wartime alliance with the USSR. Since this is the period of Communist subversive activities with which this reviewer is most familiar by personal investigation we were gratified to have our findings substantiated from another source. There can be no doubt that labor, government, education, not to mention the entertainment world, were badly infected. It is understandable that this should have happened as part of the mass delusion about Soviet aims that swept our country. Was it excusable for administration leaders, professors, and clergymen to permit their names to be used to provide a cloak of respectability for Communist fronts which were then in a position to ensnare unsuspecting dupes?

The story of Communist collaboration with the war effort is both astounding and terrifying. As long as the primary concern of American Communists was Russian victory in World War II they were our foremost patriots. Industrialists were flabbergasted when they discovered that Communists in the labor unions were among their most dependable and energetic workers. During the American honeymoon with Russia Browder and his cronies helped prevent strikes in all crucial industries and were even commended by some representatives of management. Socialists and other left-wingers who still preached class warfare were severely condemned by the Daily Worker.

No one would contradict the observation that World War II produced some weird alliances so that at one time even the DAR spoke favorably of the Communists. No one would deny now that the motives of the Kremlin puppets were quite at variance with those of the vast majority of the American population. The question few dare to ask is who gained their objectives in the Second World War — the idealists who dreamed of liberation from totalitarian tyranny and the universal application of the Four Freedoms, or the hard-headed Communists who wanted to expand the power of the Workers' State? In view of Russia's ominously successful bid for domination in the post-war world, is the issue any longer debatable?

An enlightening and provocative essay entitled "Toward a Theory of Stalinism" concludes a serious and comprehensive study in American Communist politics.

RALPH L. MOELLERING

THE KREMLIN: EIGHT CENTURIES OF TYRANNY AND TERROR

By Jules Koslow (Nelson, $5.00)

This volume is at its best when it tells of the Kremlin's "tyranny and terror"; and at its dullest when it goes into great detail describing the buildings of the Kremlin. From the viewpoint of reader interest, there is much more of the former than the latter, and the result is a generally well-written history of Russia.

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Among other things, it is fascinating and sobering to follow the religious fervor that often went with the coarsest forms of inhumanity. The idea that Christianity need only be taught and not applied receives a pretty severe jolt.

Genghis Khan is the first personality to cross the pages of this book. "As there is but one God in Heaven, so there should be but one ruler on earth," he orders as he marches forward. Koslow sums up the Tatar period: "Centuries of living under a foreign master had taken its toll of the national spirit, but the influence of the Church, which preached resignation and conformity, and the Russian rulers themselves, who insisted on absolute obedience, were more profound."

Perhaps the most frightening character is Ivan The Terrible, "the most literate, cultured, and articulate ruler, with the possible national spirit, but the influence of the clergy and sobering to follow the religious fervor and conformity, and the Russian rulers everywhere should work with all their heart, their soul and their mind!" (p. 217).

Like so many historical studies, the book suggests more questions than answers. Informed Christians will remember that Masonic opposition to the Christian Day School has manifested itself again in recent years. Deutsch's desire to restrict Christian teaching to the Church alone raises some interesting queries. How far is the teaching of creedal Christianity to be limited in a nation where parochial schools are recognized as an authentic part of the American heritage? Can any form of religion that would embrace all creeds really solve the eternal problems of Church, School, and State? Could we expect real toleration from a ruling syncretism?

**From Whence Came You?** raises many questions. Deutsch's version of Masonic history and theology is at least provocative. The book is evidence of a revived and assertive spirit which is throbbing in the soul of Freemasonry in America. As Rome's political and psychological position continues to improve, we will probably have more of this type of thing. The Church and some Masonic elements are struggling in California this summer and fall. "Friends of the public schools" would reimpose a tax on parish and private schools. Are they real friends of freedom, and of the public schools, who would tax private schools out of existence? Do not both systems have their place, and make their contribution, in a free society? Those who must deal with these problems in the parish and in their wider ramifications will find Deutsch's book to be of some value.

**The Battle of Cowpens:**

**The Great Morale-BUILDER**

By Kenneth Roberts (Doubleday, $3.50)

In the field of American military history there are many exciting and stirring battles which have been the targets of extensive research and analysis. Kenneth Roberts, superb writer of historical fiction, in his last historical work, turned his attention to one of those incidents, the Battle of Cowpens. In the style of a historical journalist he has analyzed the background, the strategy, and the results of an encounter which he calls the psychological and military turning point of the American Revolution.

In 1778, the British put into operation
plans to roll up the colonies with an offensive starting in the South, an area in which they felt they could count on many Loyalists. In a ruthless assault British forces pushed through Georgia and into South Carolina, where fighting became more intense as Patriots clashed bitterly with their Loyalist neighbors. The tide turned, however, late in 1780 and early 1781, when American regulars and back country riflemen knocked out a detachment of Cornwallis' forces and then defeated a smaller unit in the Battle of Cowpens.

Military scholars have long debated General Daniel Morgan's selection of this site, a South Carolina grazing-road to meet the well trained and fully equipped forces of British regulars under Banastre Tarleton. Author Roberts defends the decision of the American general even though the position presented unprotected flanks and a river hemming American forces in at the rear. Debatable as this point is, there is no question but that the nine hundred poorly fed and wretchedly clothed Patriots were masterfully arranged. In the battle, which lasted only one hour, a front line of riflemen made a momentary stand in order to inflict as many losses as possible and then retreated along a prearranged route. When Tarleton led his brilliant line of regulars forward to complete what appeared to be a victory, they met a second line of American forces which held firmly. Then the retreating militiamen returned to the field and joined a counterattack which routed the British. A victory as decisive as this — the British lost at least 600 killed, wounded, and captured over against minor American casualties — accomplished by troops who presented such a contrast in training and equipment stirred many who had come to despair of the American cause.

This classic battle is well reported in this brief account. A writer with the qualifications of Kenneth Roberts is able to reflect the human element of the struggle more effectively than the professional historian. The Revolution, for example, is portrayed as the dirtiest of civil wars, with prisoners being murdered in cold blood, and hard and bitter people shifting sides in the murderous struggle depending upon the immediate prospects before them. But what the author has added certainly doesn't justify his argumentative attitude over against the professional historian who he claims has misrepresented so much of history. Certainly Roberts' reputation, which has earned him a special Pulitzer citation for historical writing, will not rest on his Battle of Cowpens.

DANIEL R. GAHL

THUNDER AT HARPER'S FERRY

By Allan Keller (Prentice-Hall, $4.95)

As harbingers of the Civil War, several trivial incidents take on in the fevered conditions of the 1850's a significance that is entirely out of proportion. One of these incidents is the raid on Harper's Ferry by an army of thirteen white men and five Negroes led by the fanatic John Brown on the night of October 16, 1859. This abortive effort to end slavery in the United States took on historic stature because of the part it played in deepening the emotional gulf between the two sections of the country. The North found in Brown a martyr, and his memory was to stir the souls of many, while the South was to burn with a deeper anger, one that stemmed from the fear of a Negro insurrection.

The dramatic story of the unsuccessful raid and the subsequent trial of the raiders is told in fine reportorial style by Allan Keller, newspaperman with a long and distinguished career. He has relied upon sound sources and, despite the temptation to exploit all the elements of drama in the incident, has shown proper respect for facts. In the volume, newspaperman Keller has achieved the goal of bringing to the reader a sense of the intense feeling that marked the approach to the great tragedy of the Civil War, but he has not successfully added to an understanding of the complex issues that divided the country.

In Keller's account John Brown does not emerge as a madman. He is portrayed as a prophet and idealist, an Old Testament figure religiously devoted to the destruction of the institution of slavery. The way in which he conducted himself during the raid and his trial in a Virginia court compared very favorably with the conduct of a drunken and rowdy group of townspeople, the cowardice of the militia, and the hysteria and prejudice of several political leaders. The devotion of his followers was a tribute also to his capacity as a leader. Keller's characterization of these followers of Brown furnish one of the more valuable contributions of the volume. They were an interesting group, including educated idealists as well as gay, handsome young adventurers. A madman could not have held their confidence and loyalty.

DANIEL R. GAHL

THE BRITISH POLITICAL SYSTEM

By Andre Mathiost (Stanford University Press, $6.00)

The translation of Andre Mathiost's Le Regime Politique Britannique gives us not only an excellent survey of British political institutions but a definition of democracy itself. While the author does not propose to give a detailed picture of British political institutions he does cover the essentials in a comprehensive manner. The book is divided into three parts covering the sources, the limitations, and the organization of power in British government. The author throughout his text points to the uniqueness of British democracy. It is, indeed, unique in its unity, coherence, and self-consistency. It, more than any other modern democracy, approaches the ideal of direct democracy. This is to say that the people of Great Britain choose at one time not only their legislature but also an executive and the policies this executive is expected to carry out. This is the system that M. Mathiost admires, as well a Frenchman might, for its stability, performance, and democratic character.

The essence of a democratic systems lies, as the author points out, in the acceptance of opposition and an "attitude of compromise." Majority rule presupposes an attitude that not merely tolerates but accepts the opposition as an integral part of the political process. This basic acceptance of opposition as more than a formalism requires a willingness to compromise. Compromise is the price paid by the divergent interests of a democratic society for effective government. It is, after all, the purpose of democratic government to govern. This is the lesson that has been lost on France.

The success of British democracy rests upon the non-metaphysical character of its political thinking and the non-doctrinaire nature of its political parties. This has produced a spirit of compromise which has been engendered in the institutionalization of the opposition. While there might be violent differences on matters of policy, there is also a basic unity with respect to the preservation of the constitution as it has been handed down from the past. For contrast we need only look again to a France beset by the conflicting demands of self-righteous political parties unable to come up with the modicum of political stability necessary for effective government. If democracy is to be a reality, it must be more than a set of ideals. It must have direction as well as purpose. This direction can only come from surrendering the shadow of absolute demands for the substance of the possible.

While the day-to-day operation of a democratic system depends upon the flexibility that comes from compromise, democracy has its metaphysique. There are certain fundamental postulates that a democratic system must accept without exception. These postulates the author sums up in his definition of "Rule of Law." The Rule of Law as expressed in the British system, the author states, ... implies much more than the compliance with the law on the part of the individual subject. It also imposes limitations on the power of the government and the administrative authorities, and embodies both the concept of the state as a law making body and the liberal idea that the state may only exercise its power within certain limits prescribed by law. The rule of law is a comprehensive term which could be...
used to expound an abstract theory as well as analysing how the government actually operates. . . This embraces many principles which, although somewhat imprecise, are nevertheless criteria of, or means, of attaining, a system of government based on respect of the liberties of the individual. It postulates free elections and government in accordance with the will of the people, with the collary that a government can be removed from power if it loses the support of the country. It also implies the equality of all citizens before the law, the recognition of certain civil liberties as absolutely fundamental, and a general atmosphere of individual freedom, more easily perceived than analysed, which is quite incompatible with any kind of arbitrary rule and requires some measure of collaboration between the government and the opposition.

This British "definition" of Rule of Law has taken form neither quickly nor easily but as the result of centuries of painstaking development. It stands today a model for those who believe in democratic principles in the same way that Britain's political institutions have stood as a model for those who believe in the reality of democracy as a form of government.

This volume must take its place among the top few dealing with the British political system. In its more general aspects it provides a refreshing review of the nature of democracy itself.

Ernest D. Lehman

COME DANCE WITH ME

By Ninette De Valois (World, $6.00)


All of the excitement, the struggle, the creativity, the anecdotal incidents of the theatre are present; and through these reminiscences pass the names of a host of famous people in the theatre and ballet: Yeats, Lillian Baylis, Markova, Fonteyn, Helpmann, Turner, Ashton and many others. In her memoirs from 1898-1956, the author's descriptions range from a sensitive portrayal of life in Ireland in the first years of this century where the execution of an authentic Irish jig awoke in her the desire to dance, to candid impressions of Americans and the United States. Her writing is done with warm intimate description and much subtle humor.

The book is more than an interesting series of events. Noting the obvious success of Sadler's Wells (the Royal Ballet) today, one is surprised to read of the group's struggles and inadequacies in the 30's. The second World War with all of its hardships contributed much to the popularity of Sadler's Wells. One of the most interesting sections of the book deals with accounts of performances for service men, a nearly disastrous tour to Holland during the occupation, and performances at home for a culture-hungry populace. The enthusiasts who were created by these tours have proved to be the backbone of the English ballet audience today.

The expansion of Sadler's Wells to the inclusion of a training school for young people of promise from all over the Commonwealth and the security of a subsidized repertory company have resulted in a truly national cultural contribution which is an example for those in other countries who wish for that same degree of excellence. In the case of England, much is due to the woman who "as a child had once sensed the difference between an exhibition of fancy dancing and an authentic National dance; and later as a young artist sensed the dignity of the dance in the theatre as an art form in unity with many things."

Jean Foss Schultz

FOLKLORE IN AMERICAN LITERATURE

Edited by John T. Flanagan and Arthur Palmer Hudson (Row, Peterson & Co. $6.50)

Although not as quaint as the old-fashioned parlor game of Authors, this is something new in literary criticism. It may be that the study and analysis of folklore are now beginning to suffer from the disease of versatility; or, rather, that the reliable test of literary merit and importance is today being used correctly in exploring so diversified an area of social history. Anyhow, this first comprehensive presentation of our native literary folklore (in contrast to the fake-lore in some "raw materials" collections) was long due. The editors, who teach respectively at the Universities of Illinois and North Carolina, deserve our thanks.

No other book assembles literary materials on the basis of their folk relevance. Here is the first anthology concerned with the rich legacy of folklore in America's literature. Notice: there are no mere transcriptions of tape recordings or shorthand notes, no folklore field work, interesting but frequently fallible too. Instead each selection has been chosen for the contribution it makes to our country's literature.

The reader finds himself marking many passages to which he will want to return because they are lively and entertaining. I found this especially true of sources and themes. Different literary artists have used the same folk elements with varying degrees of artistic insight and skill. It is good therefore to see, e.g., Schoolcraft and Longfellow, Hawthorne and MacKaye, Longstreet and Faulkner presented side by side. There are eighty-six separate entries by forty-nine authors in the literary forms of stories, ballads, poems, and plays. Category subdivisions are: The Indian, Devil Tales, Ghost Tales, Witchcraft and Superstition, Buried Treasure, Frontier Humor and the Tall Tale, Literary Ballads, Heroes and Demigods, Yankees, Negro Tales, Folk Songs and Ballads, Folk Wisdom.

Can anyone ask for more? Passing mention should be made of the Introduction plus the brief section-headings with their old-style woodcuts. Pedants may quibble—as always—over both key words in the title, but the pervasive range of topic material is here shown to exist eloquently in our American writings.

Herbert H. Umphre

UP AND DOWN ASIA

By George Patterson (Faber, 16 shillings)

For all of us who, in reality or in imagination, travel to meet people this short book holds much of interest. George Patterson, a medical missionary, with his wide interest in all classes of people, whether prince or pauper, scholar, primitive tribesman or crackpot, makes very unusual contacts, and his readers feel they are a third unseen participant in these encounters. In Mr. Patterson's words, "When people of wide interests, far travels, and strong opinions meet" there are bound to be stimulating discussions.

The reader may spend an evening with the author—(1) eating real Chinese food in real Chinese surroundings, including lack of sanitation, and then, accompanied by Prince Peter of Greece, walking down one of the mysterious alleys leading into the depths of Calcutta's Chinatown past many brothels, or (2) visiting the "natural" university of Rabindranath Tagore in Kalimpong, "a place where students could get away from institutions which were really no more than educational factories turning out masses of people with pieces of paper", (Some of Tagore's original jottings are still to be seen, for example, "Emancipation from bondage of the soil is no freedom for the tree.")., or (3) attending a Tibetan New Year celebration where each guest drinks "chang" from a communal barrel with several bamboo straws with the chang circling continuously until the night advances into a roaring orgy, or (4) getting arrested in Chungking as an accomplice because Mr. Patterson's official papers are British showing his birthplace as Scotland. Since the official states flatly that "Scotland does not come under the United Kingdom," he insists that Mr. Patterson must be a spy.

The first chapter, "Vehicles I Have Rid-
den O3," lacks the spark of the later pages for Mr. Patterson seems to be at his best when his episodes deal with people, rather than with material things. But one might find pleasure in flying over flooded tea plantations watching the scenes through a gap in the cockpit flooring, for in an armchair there is no need to fear slipping through into the swollen river. It might even be fun to be pulled through Shanghai in a rickshaw even when the rickshaw puller had not understood directions and could not comprehend his rider's Chinese. Some readers might be tempted to lay the book away for some later reading during these first thirty-six pages — but, don't, for Mr. Patterson's contacts with servants, government officials, tribesmen, and even royalty are all fascinating reading even though no more than a series of episodes.

Lois Simon

FICTION

THE WORLD OF EVELYN WAUGH

Edited by Charles Rolo (Little, Brown, $6.00)

The world of Evelyn Waugh is a bit old-fashioned in appearance and style, although his theme is a legitimate one: modern civilization is barbaric. Waugh's method is essentially that of the 18th-century English dramatic comedy, which is probably as good an approach as any for his subject, except that it becomes tiresome after a while.

However, this selected collection of pieces of Waugh's work is worth looking into. For some readers, one Waugh novel is plenty. But there is a certain fascination about digging into these excerpts and sampling the variety of the work. Some critics consider Waugh to be a major writer, an superb stylist, and a master satirist. Charles Rolo is evidently one of these people: his introduction to this book is a nice sales job. But, personally, I don't know anyone who has read more than a brief sampling of Waugh's work. There is a kind of grainy, thin quality to it that makes it difficult to read in large doses.

Weird Waugh is English, fifty-five years old, and a convert (in 1930) to Roman Catholicism. He keeps to himself, is somewhat old-fashioned, condemns modern civilization (rightly so), and has very little of positive value to offer. His first novel was published in 1928.

The World of Evelyn Waugh contains excerpts from eight novels, two complete short stories, and one complete short novel. Fortunately this short novel is a good one. The Loved One is a penetrating, gruesome, hilarious satire on the modern Hollywood style "fancy funeral" business. The story is sufficient in itself to prove Waugh's thesis that modern civilization is anything but civilized. Waugh's satire is biting, although he conducts himself more politely than Swift ever did. The tone is quiet and unassuming, the characters are given descriptive names, and the action is flimsy; but no sensitive reader will fail to find the the inessentials of contemporary society and be shocked by them.

Evelyn Waugh does not interest me except in The Loved One. For readers who aren't sure of their opinion of Waugh, this collection of episodes is the book to try first. For others, The Loved One alone may be worth the price of the book.

When Wendy Grew Up

By James M. Barrie (Dutton, $2.00)

J. M. Barrie was often asked what happened to Wendy, the heroine of Peter Pan, when she grew up. Many lovers of the whimsical Peter Pan felt that the story didn't end with the final curtain, for Peter and Wendy and the others had become real people to thousands of theatre-goers. To answer the countless questions about Wendy, Barrie wrote an epilogue which was performed only once, in February, 1908, in London. Hilda Trevelyan, Barrie's "incomparable Wendy," played the role of the adult Wendy with a home and family of her own.

However grown-up Wendy had become, she was still much the same as she had been before. She loved to recall her adventures with Peter in Never-Never Land, and she still believed that Peter really did exist. She was not surprised, therefore, when Peter flew in at the nursery window one night as Wendy was putting her daughter to bed. He had come, as before, to take Wendy to Never-Never Land.

It was difficult for Peter to realize what Wendy told him: that she was a grown-up woman and that her daughter was asleep in the bed a few feet away. Peter was crestfallen but then, not to be daunted by Wendy's "fate," he awakened the daughter, Jane, and invited her to Never-Never Land to help with the spring cleaning. As the curtain fell, Peter and Jane were seen flying through the heavens while Wendy remained, smiling, at the nursery window.

There is nothing very startling about this epilogue. Most lovers of Peter Pan would no doubt have assumed that Wendy, endowed as she was with a remarkable imagination, would not have outgrown her love for all that Peter represented and that she would surely have wanted her own child to find Never-Never Land as she had. What Barrie's epilogue does do is reassure those who have lived in, and outgrown, their own Never-Never Lands that the world of imagination remains, to be rediscovered by each new generation of children.

Judith Nagel

The Girls on the 10th Floor

By Steve Allen (Holt, $3.00)

One of the minor mysteries of the contemporary world is where Steve Allen gets the time and the energy to do all of the things he does. It isn't just that he runs a television show, plays a wicked piano, writes music, and turns out one book after another. Any dilettante can do that. But Steverino manages to do all of these things on a high professional level.

The stories in this book are among the best we have seen in quite a while. They have style and they have substance. There is a bit of immature theology in a couple of them but that in itself might serve as a reminder that some of our best minds have been so misinformed on the nature of the Faith that they can hardly be expected to accept it.

The title story is a good one, but we give our vote for the best story in the book to "The Saint." It's a chilling little piece on religious fanaticism which has some unforgettable Daliesque qualities about it. "The Purpose and the Name" suggests the interesting possibility that Hell is actually our planet.

For some strange reason, Steve Allen has been typed as a funny man. These stories are not the work of a funny man but of a sensitive and serious-minded man who apparently doesn't quite know whether he should laugh or cry over the human situation. As such, he speaks for many of us.

A Note of Grace

By Betty Singleton (World, $3.50)

When the convent chapel at Spelding's Corner was destroyed by fire, the nuns wanted to erect a new one. When the Committee refused to grant sufficient funds to have the work done, the nuns decided to carry out the project with their own hands.

A Note of Grace is the story of the trials and hardships endured by a group of untrained but determined women-embroiderers.

Before the chapel was completed, however, a good many people from the surrounding countryside had become aware of, and involved in, the project. Thus enters Mr. Gedge, the kind-hearted (and Methodist) builder who was unable to refrain from giving the nuns a little assistance. The life of his family was very different from the routine of the convent, and he became the frustrated link between them. It is his membership as a trumpeter in the Aloysius Smith Brass Band which gives the book its title.

Mrs. Singleton has created an array of likable and lifelike characters, ranging from the tyrannical Sister Ignatius, the gentle Sister Agnes, and the blundering Sister Miriam to the embittered Mrs. Gedge and the love-sick Joe Wilding. The tale told here, although fictitious, is one which could happen, with a few minor alterations, almost anywhere.
"What's that? Negroes in Iowa? In Wilton Junction and in Story City? Maybe in Davenport, thirty miles to the east, or in Iowa City, some thirty miles to the west — but not in Wilton Junction and in Story City! Why the only Negroes the people of these two small towns see are those that pass through on U.S. Highway 6. These towns reflect rural, middle class, Protestant, white supremacy Iowa. What do you mean: Negroes in Wilton Junction and in Story City?" The story wrapped up in these words of surprise came to light at the ninth annual Valparaiso University Institute on Human Relations last July.

Funny, but the story is also wrapped up in two people who, if they had been true to their backgrounds, would not have been bringing Negroes to this part of Iowa. Wava Peters — stately and wiry, a blondish brunette, smiling and serious — grew up in this part of Iowa where many people boast that "their soil is the blackest and their people the whitest." Her husband, M. L. Peters — also wiry and serious, dark and excitable — grew up near Lubbock, Texas, where, in his own words, "they don't exactly like the Negro."

But the two of them together, in a fruitful combination of paradoxes, brought Negroes to Wilton Junction and to Story City, Iowa.

In July, 1957, they brought Negro youngsters from First Immanuel Lutheran parish in Chicago, 12th and Ashland, to spend a few weeks in the summer with them and their four children in Story City. This "half and half" family filled up the large stucco house — nine rooms, fifty-four windows, and no curtains. "Why buy curtains," said Wava, "when there are so many other things to do?" I thought I had heard M. L. say: "Curtains aren't important. Why not spend money on something important?"

Anyway, keeping four Negro children in their home for a time was their way of bringing one of the world's problems to their doorstep — to their community which still lingers in the hotbed of American isolationism.

A year later, eleven children were brought from the same parish to Story City, and to Wilton Junction, too. "This time we kept three," said M.L., "and sets of two each were placed with four other families at Wilton Junction, my wife's relatives." Wava explained: "We tried to get more people interested. We spoke to approximately five hundred ladies in various Ladies Aid groups. Only one volunteered to take Negro children for a spell. But at least members of my family were interested and willing."

When asked how the members of the community reacted to this invasion of foreigners, seven to thirteen, M.L. laughed: "Why, at first people drove by our place. The traffic by our house sure increased. You'd thought the county fair was being held on our fifteen acres and that we'd put some freaks on display." Sometimes, it seemed to them, the idle curiosity was really accompanied by a kind of hostile silence which bore down on them like the hot Iowa sun — the sullen, silent heat which nevertheless does its damage. "We took our youngsters to church," volunteered M.L., "and they sat still and so did everyone else. Very few people talked to us at all."

How did the Negro children from Chicago react to rural Iowa? Sometimes wild, unused to rural docility and stolidity, they gamboled carelessly and carefree — but "they loved it out there." They were even enthralled by one of the chief segregationists in the neighborhood from whom Mr. and Mrs. Peters had bought their property and to whom they now rented pasture. They could forget his segregation posture, if they noticed it all, "because he had pigs." And really, who should worry about color when there are pigs? They waited each day to see his pigs, some real live pigs that actually grunted and "snooted" in the ground.

Segregationist they could see in Chicago — but not pigs.
Sights and Sounds

Television Shows its Potential

BY ANNE HANSEN

The good old summertime is open season for criticism of TV presentations. Viewers are bored and annoyed by the seemingly endless repetition of programs seen earlier in the year. TV critics and columnists are beginning to feel the effects of the recession. Some of the outstanding programs of the past will not be seen next season - notably Omnibus, and Person to Person have been renewed.

Some months ago, in an interview on Person to Person, Dore Schary, a veteran in many fields of show business, observed that the TV cameras successfully and graphically captured "the urgency of the twentieth century." I was reminded of Mr. Schary's statement during the time when TV cameras brought us a vivid account of the critical sessions in which the Security Council of the United Nations debated the crisis in the Middle East. It seems to me that all the major networks merit our wholehearted thanks for their splendid and comprehensive coverage of a crucial period in world history.

Personally I am grateful, too, for other fine programs telecast in the concluding weeks of the spring season - CBS's superb presentation of the Moiseyev Dancers, Leonard Bernstein's movingly beautiful program devoted to the music of Johann Sebastian Bach, the telling documentary reports titled Watch on the Ruhr, The Ruble War - Crisis and Beyond, and two bloodchilling programs depicting the origin, the development, and the far-reaching effects of the Communist ideology. These and other memorable presentations forcefully point up the limitless potential of TV as a medium for education, edification, and entertainment.

While TV is deep in a midsummer slump, the motion-picture industry is enjoying a minor boom. Current releases cover a wide variety of subjects and a wide range of locales. The most amusing comedy I have seen in a long time is No Time for Sergeants (Warners, Mervyn LeRoy), a riotously funny account of a hillbilly's induction into our peacetime air force. As a novel by Mac Hyman, as a Broadway hit play adapted for the stage by Ira Levin, and as a film script written by John Lee Hahin, No Time for Sergeants is surefire entertainment. Each member of the remarkably fine cast seems to be perfectly suited to the role assigned to him. Andy Griffith stars in the role of the hillbilly. Vertigo (Paramount, Alfred Hitchcock) is one of the best of Mr. Hitchcock's many successful mystery thrillers. Set in picturesque San Francisco, Vertigo will hold you spellbound from start to finish.

Miscegenation is always a delicate and usually a tragic subject. In Kings Go Forth (United Artists, Delmer Davis) the story of the consequences of a mixed marriage is handled with restraint, understanding, and good taste. But the presentation lacks force and conviction.

Set against the majestic beauty of the Norwegian fjords, The Vikings (United Artists, Richard Fleischer) is, by contrast, a film of almost unrelieved savagery and brutality. It matters little whether the action portrays the pagan civilization of the Norsemen or the Christian culture of the English in this seemingly interminable record of lechery and barbaric cruelty. It was depressing to see so many children in the audience. This is certainly undesirable entertainment for impressionable youngsters.

Barbaric cruelty is, unfortunately, not a thing of the dim and distant past. The Young Lions (20th Century-Fox, Edward Dmytryk), based on a novel by Irwin Shaw, re-creates with vivid realism the dark atmosphere in which Hitler's infamous Nazism originated, flourished for a time, and then plunged the Third Reich into the abyss of defeat.

The Key (Columbia, Carol Reed) is a most unusual film. In less expert hands this might easily have been just another sordid excursion into an illicit love affair. But Carol Reed has kept any reference to, or portrayal of, immorality to a minimum. Instead, he has stressed the pain, the confusion, and the strain which were the lot of the heroic men who manned Britain's sea-going rescue tugs during World War II. The result is an appealing and often moving account of human frailties under stress.

Erich Maria Remarque appears in a supporting role in an undistinguished film version of his novel A Time to Live and a Time to Die, released through Universal-International and directed by Douglas Sirk.
The Pilgrim

“All the trumpets sounded for him on the other side”

—PILGRIM’S PROGRESS

BY O. P. KRETSMAAN

A Book of Hours

8:00 a.m.

Fifty feet from my door a lake laps gently against the shore. . . . Now, in September, a deep hush hovers above these Northern woods. . . . The good earth waits again for her long sleep. . . . September is her twilight hour up here. . . . Heavy with the memory of the heat of summer, light with the quietness of coming rest. . . . It is, however, the hush of preparation, not of death . . . . Whoever said something about the “stillness” of nature? . . . . Though this morning is almost windless, the air is full of sound. . . . The murmur of the wind in the tops of the tall oaks and pines, the rustles of underbrush, the squeaking and chirping of unseen creatures, the occasional crackle of a twig. . . . There is something incredibly ceaseless and sure about these whispers of God’s world. . . . No doubt they change in pitch and tempo as the seasons move. . . . When the first snow flies, the sounds on the ground will diminish, and the note of the wind will rise. . . . But they will go on. . . . go on despite all that men may do to shut them out. . . . Once they were the accompaniment of David’s song in the long night watches. . . . Solomon heard them as he wrote about the ancestors of the ant now scurrying about my feet. . . . To hear them again is to know the peace of perspective.

1:00 p.m.

Strange, how quickly one can reduce (or lift) life to its essential needs. . . . The sun has disappeared, and a cold wind blows from the North. . . . I go to the woodpile to garner enough logs to keep the fire going until morning. . . . My pièce de résistance is a great knotty, wet log, which I hope will smolder all through the night. . . . When I lifted it from its place in the pile, a dozen strange creatures — spiders and bugs — scurried in all directions.

Although one big bug ran faster than the rest, I could have killed him with a stroke of my hand. . . . I didn’t. . . . My sense of irony prevailed. . . . I am quite sure that he was the big bug who sat on a splinter and assured all the little bugs that life would go on like this indefinitely, that there would be no change, and that no strange sunlight would ever disturb their dark and moldy world. . . . Perhaps he even said that they were the strongest group in the entire wood-

pile. . . . Weren’t they living on the biggest and wettest log in the whole world? . . . Had it not lain like this from time immemorial, the memory of the oldest bug running not to the contrary? . . . The world was stable, governed by immutable laws, and he, the big bug, knew them all. . . . Little bugs had only one duty in life — to listen to him. . . .

Well, I let him live. . . . On another log, farther down in the pile, he will have some tall explaining to do. . . . I am quite sure that he will talk about social forces, economic stresses, and the continuing need for listening to old and big bugs. . . . And all the time the only explanation for the upheaval of his world lies in the simple fact that a certain person decided to use it for a certain purpose unknown to the big bug because he was born blind. . . .

6:00 p.m.

In this latitude the coming of twilight is a study in slow inevitability. . . . It is no accident that poets of the North have sung much of dusk. . . . It comes so slowly that it gives them time to think, and Wordsworth’s definition of poetry as “emotion recollected in tranquillity” is rooted here. . . . The coming of darkness is a movement upward. . . . The shadows which have lurked all day under the aspens and the pines begin their march toward the stars. . . . From my boat I can see them creep up over the shore until only the highest hill is still part of the waning day. . . . The wind dies down to a whisper, and the birds are suddenly silent. . . .

And so night falls. . . . I have never been able to understand those who say that all this — the perfect order and the sublime tenderness of twilight — is the result of fortuitous chance. . . . Here, if ever, the world speaks in silent eloquence of a Creator whose hand is upon the hills and whose voice is in the wind. . . . And suddenly I am very content. . . . This is the God who put the drums into the thunder and fixed the thoughtfulness of the hills. . . . Who sends twilight now and dawn soon. . . . Who holds the glowing worlds above my head and the shadows beneath my feet. . . . Nor can I forget that He is the same God who has lived out the centuries in tireless patience and that His ways have not yet turned aside from pity. . . . And this is the God who once came here, through the stars and the suns, to touch the straw of a manger and to watch the twilight creep over the Mount of Olives. . . .

THE CRESSET