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In Luce Tua

Comment on the Significant News by the Editors

The Credentials of the Critic

We must be careful what we say about the case of Boris Pasternak lest some rude Nathan turn upon us and say, "Thou art the man!" For let's face it: the Soviet Union is not only the community that has a line to which it expects its writers to hew and Pasternak is not the first writer that has been told: "If you don't like things here, why don't you get out?" It wasn't too many months ago that we let Ezra Pound out of a lunatic asylum with the understanding that he would get out of the country and go to Italy, and the list of Nobel laureates in literature includes the names of many men who were less than universally admired by their countrymen. Names that come immediately to mind are Bernard Shaw, Thomas Mann, Sinclair Lewis, Eugene O'Neill, and Bertrand Russell.

The position of the writer in any culture must necessarily be that of a critic. (We are talking here of writing as a profession rather than as a branch of the amusement industry.) And the critic comes under judgment on two counts: first, simply because he is a critic rather than an apologist or a cheerleader; and secondly, because the critic can hardly hope to escape the question: "Who made thee a ruler or judge over this matter?"

Whatever other faults Tovarisch Khrushchëv may be charged with, we don't think that he is feigning indignation over this Docto? Zhivago business. Men of affairs - be they capitalists, communists, ecclesiastics, business leaders, editors, or college presidents - can hardly help feeling that they have just ground for grievance when some scribbler starts disturbing the peace of their particular Israel. What right has a man who never met a payroll to criticize the methods of a big corporation? What right has some ivory-tower professor to question a university's fund-raising techniques? What right has some screwball like Red Lewis to hold all of the solid citizens of Zenith up to ridicule? What right has some parish preacher who is still not dry behind the ears to criticize a denominational stewardship program?

The questions are not academic nor are they merely rhetorical. What right, indeed, does the critic have to criticize? We will admit very frankly that there are very few people we consider qualified to criticize the Cresset intelligently and we have, on more than one occasion, torn up an editorial simply because we could not give an answer to that nagging question: "Who made thee a ruler or a judge over this matter?"

Ultimately, we suspect, the only credential that the critic has is his willingness to be destroyed for the sake of the position that he takes. This means that the responsible critic must be constantly distinguishing between things that are worth dying for and things that are not worth dying for, between capricious and meaningless suicide and the death by which he may glorify God.

The man who is mature enough and wise enough to have made those choices deserves not pity but admiration. It is those who find themselves forced to act as the agent of destruction who deserve pity. We can not, therefore, feel sorry for Boris Pasternak. The pitiful characters in the Pasternak story are the little men of power who have been forced by Pasternak's deliberate choice, to destroy him, and thus add their names to the sorry roster of kings and popes and dictators and commissars and councils and senates and investigating committees whose failures are memorialized in the most valid of all cliches: the pen is mightier than the sword.

Rome Elects a New Bishop

From the amount of newspaper space that was given to the last hours of Pope Pius XII and the events leading up to the coronation of his successor, Pope John XXIII, we assume that what goes on in Vatican City is considered to be a matter of general interest and not the private concern of one religious group. Moreover, as members of the Catholic Church of the Augsburg Confession we take a sympathetic interest in the affairs of our brethren in the Catholic Church.
of the Tridentine Decrees. We hope it will not be considered presumptuous of us, therefore, if we express our genuine sorrow at the death of the late pope who was, by all human standards, a great and noble man, and our best wishes to his successor, Pope John.

But the same spirit of fraternal sympathy and friendship prompts us to urge our Roman brethren to take another close, hard look at the system of which their pope is at once the spokesman and the symbol. Few non-Roman Christians find it easy as did their fathers to identify the papacy with the anti-Christ and yet, if it be one of the marks of the anti-Christ that he sits in the temple of God showing himself forth as being God, Rome can not escape responsibility for making that identification seem plausible. One need not dispute Pope John’s claim to being the 262nd bishop of Rome in a direct line from St. Peter to question his right to exercise lordship over God’s people. So far as we know, Peter himself did not claim any such right. Nor need one be a hard-shelled Baptist to feel ill-at-ease in the presence of the rituals and trappings which surround a man who claims to be the vicar of Him Who had no place to lay His head.

If our Lord Himself balked at being called good, we question the propriety of calling any of His servants “Your Holiness.” If doctrinal matters in apostolic days were referred to church councils for decision, it seems presumptuous of any Christian, even if he is the successor to one of the apostles, to claim infallibility. And if, indeed, the powers of the papacy inhere in the office rather than in the man, the choice of a pope by drawing straws would seem both more expeditious and more in line with apostolic practice than the elaborate mummery of an electoral conclave.

We do not like to say these things because there is always the danger that somebody might associate us with some such screwball outfit as the Protestants and southern conservative elements of the party which could make it impossible for any man of strong convictions to be nominated in 1960. And against a jelly-fish, even Dick Nixon might look pretty good — not to mention Nelson Rockefeller.

"Ut Cognoscant Te et Quem Misisti"
The drawings of the Holy Evangelists which grace this issue of The Cresset are the work of Mr. Richard R. Caemmerer, Jr., one of the most promising young artists of our time. We respect the artist’s desire to let the drawings speak for themselves and shall not, therefore, attempt to “explain” them.

When one sets these drawings beside Richard Wienhorst’s settings of familiar Christmas hymns which appeared in last December’s issue, though, it must be evident that the Christian faith has depths to challenge the best talents of the most gifted artists of every generation. In one sense, there is nothing new that can be said about the Faith that was once for all delivered to the saints. In another sense, the Faith is newly delivered through and to every generation. Wienhorst and Caemmerer speak in the idiom of the twentieth century but with the Church’s age-old purpose in mind: “that they might know Thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ Whom Thou hast sent.”

In this season in which we gratefully commemorate God’s sending of His Son, our editors, associates, and contributors wish all of our readers a blessed and joyous Christmas.
How to Save on Christmas Cards

BY ALFRED R. LOOMAN

"This year we're going to cut down on the number of Christmas cards we send out." If you have never made this remark, or if no one else in your family has made it, you might as well skip the following paragraphs. However, if you go through the motions of cutting down your list of addresses every year about this time, you'll know what this is about.

Someone came up with the figures that the average family sends and receives sixty Christmas cards each year. This sounds conservative, for one thing is sure, since exchanging cards became a popular custom, which was around 1860, the numbers sent and received have increased year by year.

The ritual at this time of year must be familiar to most of you. In many cases it starts with a review of last year's cards which have been gathering dust in storage since January. Unless you make notes on an up-to-date list, the purpose of this review is to find out who sent you a card last year. A secondary purpose is to determine if someone can't be cut out of this growing list. Since this review is seldom conducted in a scientific manner, nothing ever comes of it, and you end up sending more cards than ever.

I am not against sending Christmas cards. Quite the contrary, I enjoy both sending and receiving cards. Neither am I saying that I follow the procedure outlined below. But if you want to save money by cutting down on the number of cards you send, here are a few tips on how to do it.

Let's say your list has a hundred names on it. One category of friends in the average list includes those people you met while on vacation. Perhaps you met them casually on the rim of Grand Canyon, pitched tents next to each other in some state park, or you were both staying at the same resort or camp. They were just your type of people and you got along beautifully, even had lunch together. This may have been twenty years ago and you haven't seen them since. If you did see them again, you probably wouldn't recognize them. I figure about seven names could be cut right here.

Then you still carry the names of neighbors who lived near you years and years ago. You haven't seen them since, either. It was a good idea to exchange cards those first few years after they moved away, but it is questionable whether they remember you any better than you remember them, and you both find it more difficult to think of something to say in that note on the back of the card. Another five or more names in this category could be removed.

Next there are the old high school and college friends whom you last saw when you were both dressed in cap and gown. It may be true that you or he said, "We'll keep in touch, friend, and write every month." Of course the only communication between you in the last couple of decades has been a Christmas card. Again, let me say that this is all right, if you still feel you know and remember this person. If you don't feel that close bond anymore, you can take about six more names off the list.

A similar group is made up of the husband's friends whom he met while he was in military service. True, they were buddies and went through a lot together. I doubt they would know each other out of uniform, and any hope of squeezing into the old uniform just for such a meeting has been a forlorn one for the last twenty pounds. About four old buddies could be removed from the list.

Old employers make up a small segment. You started sending the boss a card because you appreciated his hiring you during summer recess. He sold the business years ago and wonders who you are when he gets your card, but he sends one back faithfully and you're both trapped. About two old employers could be removed.

This next group poses a ticklish problem. These people are the ones you no longer remember or for some reason have been trying to drop. You didn't send them a card last year, but they sent you one. You will send them one in 1958, but they won't send you one because they didn't get one in 1957. At least eight names on your list must fall in this group.

You may have other categories that bear pruning, but even in these few sample cases, we've cut 32 names off the list. Instead of ordering 100 cards you need only get 68.

You will have made some new friends, however, and it would be advisable to get ten cards over the 68 for these people. Then I would strongly advise your getting about 32 cards since you may want to send some to old friends you met on vacation years ago, old neighbors, high school and college friends, old buddies from military service, old employers, and those kind people who send you a card every other year.
I. The Imminent . . .

China's population, if it continues to grow at its present rate, is certain to reach one billion by 1980 and possibly two billion by 2000. One billion people! Who can visualize this astronomical figure? If you can imagine the entire population of the United States doubled and squeezed into Kansas, you will have some notion of the population density of China's arable land with one billion people.

These billion people will be forced to eke out a living from less than one-half million square miles of arable land, with little prospect that the total can be increased by more than a few percent during the next few decades. In an era of industrialization, it is vain to hope that natural checks will limit this increase to the extent that the average Chinese can enjoy higher living standards, for China's population tripled in the 17th century and doubled in the 19th century without the stimulation of either industrialization or sanitation. Even admitting a one-third error in these figures, such increases are unbelievable phenomena. Natural checks have taken their toll; they have not stopped the population spiral. Now China's most tremendous increase threatens her with another unbelievable phenomenon: a living standard lowered by industrialization.

The battle to accommodate population surpluses is a battle against time, a battle whose odds are not in China's favor. One would not become particularly disturbed if there were sufficient time both to industrialize and to sponge up the multiplying millions. Two billion Chinese mean 4,700 people per square mile of arable land, which is but a few hundred more per square mile than are presently crowded into Japan. The imminent danger however is that, because China is already deeply on the debit side in terms of living standards and food supply, the more she industrializes the faster her people will multiply and the greater will be her debit. She may not, in other words, be able to modernize faster than her population will be able to bog down modernization. Thus, a four-fold increase in less than seventy-five years actually threatens to make living standards lower than before industrialization. It is not clear now how anything but a miracle can prevent this from taking place.

A miracle seems necessary in the light of Communism's ambitious program. Considering that 80 percent of her people are still peasants, and that China's industrial "army" was almost nonexistent when Communism took over, a plan to train twenty million industrial workers every five years sounds like madness.

The first Five Year Plan alone calls for a 300 percent increase in steel production and a 78 percent increase in coal output. The Communists also intend to raise health standards, build hospitals, tame the Yellow River, reclaim eroded land, develop adequate power, unite the nation with networks of roads and rails, and exploit natural resources. Ten years ago we would have laughed off these plans as grandiose insanity. Today, we cannot doubt China's ability to accomplish such feats. Our only question is When?

Time seems even more important when we consider that population tends to increase geometrically, that is one-times-two-times-three, whereas industrial development generally expands arithmetically, or one-plus-two-plus-three. The problem becomes further complicated by the double revolution in China, in agriculture no less than in industry. The tendency toward an emphasis upon heavy industry in an agrarian economy may resolve into dilemmas of diminishing returns and ultimate thresholds if China's vital food supply shrinks in proportion to the population increase. Perhaps she can buy her food with exports, or perhaps collectivization can bring greater yields; in any event, here is a problem challenging Communism's total ability to reorient China. This plethora of interrelated domestic problems appears to suffer intensification with the passage of time; population pressures will only make each problem the more acute.

There is another enigma which must be considered. The Communists have been alternately hot and cold about birth control clinics, but should such methods ultimately be accepted and practiced, and should living standards be raised by some presently unknown techniques, China may still be faced with the burden of population rampage. Recent statistics from the Office of Population Research at Princeton University show that America's population doubled from 1900 to 1950; at the present rate, it is likely that our population will double again by 2000. Practice of birth control plus ideal living standards have not notably inhibited America's population expansion, nor may we with confidence expect such factors to deter China's. It is quite probable that China's progress will be tantamount to suicide.

The imminence of this vast population descending on a land in the labor pains of industrial development would challenge even the most virile leadership. The average age of China's Politburo is, however, 61; essentially the same men led her Communist Party thirty years ago. Even with the tremendous experience
represented by this fact, without the fresh vitality of younger statesmen Mao's government may find it exceedingly difficult to negotiate the inexorable terms of time.

China assuredly stands on the brink of her most fantastic population increase. This is a verity neither her leaders nor ours can ignore for every indication points to heavy pressures and unprecedented strains on her economy. China races time, but ours is no less a race against the clock, for we cannot wait until China has one billion people before formulating a cogent policy. Our experience at Quemoy alone should make this evident. We have marked time for ten years. By the end of another decade we may be completely unable to cope with this nation possessing the latent ability to smother Asia. Only if we prepare now shall we be equal to the situation when the opportunity arises, before all China throbs with the question, "Where can we go?"

II. The Impasse...

Where can they go? In spite of the fact that the Chinese and their government have shown some reluctance to vanish, our State Department continues to bury its head in the sand as though to say, "Maybe they'll go away." Seriously, where can China send her population surplus?

As long ago as the Ch'in Dynasty in 200 B.C., corvée labor completed the Great Wall to check invading nomads. The Chinese have been for ages a "hydraulic society," as Wittfogel suggests, dependent on irrigation and a closely organized political structure to maintain their agriculture. China expanded, accordingly, not into the inhospitably arid regions beyond her wall but into the south where land was rich and rainfall plentiful. By the Sung Dynasty in the 11th century A.D., these southern lands had been swept into the monolithic structure of Sinic culture. Further penetrations were into the southeast. The "invasion" of Southeast Asia was effective in inverse proportion to its scale, for although Chinese comprise but 6 percent of the population, by the end of World War II they were in control of approximately 33 percent of the area's trade.

If cultural cohesiveness is a basic reason for the fecundity of Chinese effort, this very cohesiveness is also a major cause of friction. Wherever they settle they refuse to become complete citizens of their adopted lands. Even after three generations Chinese are not completely integrated; in Indonesia they may speak Indonesian, but they are no longer true Chinese and they have not yet become true Indonesians. Their resistance to absorption is remarkable. No matter what reasons there are for this cultural cohesiveness, it poses serious problems. Under the aegis of nascent nationalism, we might expect further legislation against the Chinese such as Burma's recent law which reserves 80 percent of her export licenses for nationals. Chinese merchants are thus either driven out of the export business or are forced into partnerships with Burmese.

Such legislation is more than necessary. A situation permitting an alien one-sixteenth of the population to control one-third of the trade was tolerable under colonial governments. Now, in an era of self-assertive nationalism, it is not. For example, Malaya wants a government by Malayans in spite of the fact that 38 percent of her population is Chinese. Singapore, with an overwhelming 75 percent Chinese population, is an especial cul de sac. Thailand's capital, Bangkok, is one-third Chinese. Thailand's Chinese comprise but 17 percent of the nation's total population, yet this minority controlled 90 percent of the vital rice milling industry at the end of the Pacific War. Overseas Chinese, moreover, loyally send millions of dollars each year to families in the homeland, thus depriving ambitious government programs of needed capital. Finally, there is the problem of Communism; these Chinese must decide which China is China. Ignoring for a moment any ideological consideration, it is no longer doubtful whether the government of Mao or Chiang represents the kind of China which would make these Chinese proud.

At the very least, we can conclude that Chinese spill-over into Southeast Asia, beyond small scale border infiltration into contiguous lands, seems improbable. Rationally, there is little possibility that any nation or nations, in this area or anywhere, could absorb something like one billion people over the next fifty years without pulverizing its economy. To the east is the ocean, to the west is over-populated India; Chinese are denied legitimate access to the south, and they will not move into the relatively empty north and northwest in sufficient numbers to reduce population pressures.

At any rate, it is not conceivable that migration into this arid northern region could be significant enough to reduce population pressures. One look at a rainfall map makes clear why this land is hard-pressed to support anything but transhumance, the seasonal migration of herds and herdsmen following the seasonal rains. Though the Chinese are not nomads, perhaps many could be persuaded to respond to this calling. Totalitarian or not, however, any government must respect the eloquent finality of a sub-twenty inch average annual rainfall. China's northwestern half is roughly enclosed by a twenty-inch isohyet, or rainfall line. Parts of Siberia and most of Hokkaido are more desirable than northern China, yet Russian and Japanese governments have been uniformly unsuccessful in settling large populations on these frontier areas. Chinese Communism may be more skillful in synchronizing its people to national needs at rice-root levels, but even if ten million people should be persuaded to become shepherds, this takes care of but one-one-hundredth of the 1980 popu-
lution. Neither migration nor immigration has ever proved an adequate solution for major population pressures. We are faced, then, with the plain fact that the Chinese have no place to move even if moving would alleviate their problem.

Thus we arrive at an impasse. Natural forces have not effectively controlled China's population increases, and they offer little promise of effecting control in a future of technological advance. Modern technology seems not only powerless to prevent the multiplication of poverty, it actually threatens to incubate population cancer and thereby cancel the effectiveness of progress. Additionally, we know of no method either to absorb or to siphon off China's excess people. Indeed, where can they go? It seems China's population surplus will become Communism's number-one enemy as it remains at home where there will be insufficient food to feed it and where restless insecurity will mount to threaten the peace of all Asia.

III. The Impact...

The impasse threatening to develop as planned progress becomes juxtaposed to China's imminent population cancer is a fearful eventuality. If the impact of millions of hungry people could result in an irrevocable entrenchment of Communism, the intensification of poverty implicit in a rapid population surge could just as well bring complete chaos, anarchy, Russian encroachment, invasion by Chinese of peripheral lands: in short, a fearful future. We cannot pretend that any of these possibilities would be a cause for rejoicing.

Under the shadow of this imminent crisis, we must shift from power politics to a positive diplomacy capable of exhibiting genuine concern for the peace and the peoples of Asia. To plan intelligently and to properly utilize the population impact, we shall be forced to realize that, in spite of China's necessarily close relations with Russia, her real commitments are to herself. Her focus has traditionally been inward. Only during the past century has the inviolable cultural superiority of the "Middle Kingdom" suffered challenge or change; it was only during this century that China's superficial interests have been enticed — rather forced — away from her inward focus: first by the West and now by Communism. Adjustment to reality is not surrender of this self orientation. Indeed, China's most profound concerns must for some time be focused on immediate domestic problems; population increase is more likely to intensify than modify this tendency.

A glance at her history might make it clear why this is not an unreasonable statement. For twenty centuries China's orientation was characterized by the Great Wall behind which she was never just a nation among nations but a self-contained universe. This amazing egocentricity is characterized by the Sui Dynasty which in the 6th century A.D. preferred to work on that fabulous 1,000-mile waterway — the Grand Canal — than cope with Japanese pirates preying on coastal grain shipped from the Yangtze Valley to Peking. China's reaction to the British diplomatic mission in 1793 was in the same tradition: "Our Celestial Empire possesses all things in prolific abundance and lacks no products within its borders. There is therefore no need to import the manufactures of outside barbarians."

"Our Celestial Empire" discovered numerous products she did not have "in prolific abundance" as the West demonstrated an unimagined type of superiority. China's insouciance was obliterated by, of all things, the very gun powder she had invented 500 years before these barbarians knew of it. In spite of the trauma of invasion and humiliation, she doggedly maintained her inward focus; it would take more than a few cannon to dislodge thirty centuries of self congratulation.

In 1912 the Manchus were overthrown, but although the last of the imperial dynasties had ended, foreign aggression — combined with internal upheaval and a passionate inertia — did not hastily usher in a new age. By 1923, in fact, China was forced to ask for aid from Russia. (At that time our government was still steadfastly denying the existence of Communist Russia, a familiar absurdity.) The new invader from the north was granted a visa and soon won legitimate citizenship. By the Japanese invasion in the thirties, China was definitely and irrevocably divided as Communism's articulate opposition to Chiang's Republic forced any new age to remain part of a nebulous future filled with confusion and change.

The 1912 revolution continued in essence through major upheavals in 1928 and 1948, giving first Chiang Kai-shek and then Mao Tse-tung opportunity to develop for his regime a broad base of popular support. Now that the "new age" has arrived in the form of a Communist millennium, we find ourselves in the awkward position of claiming that what is best for China is nothing less than what we have to offer. For reasons of emotional blindness with regard to Communism, we will not admit that China's wavering and fuzzy focus has been stabilized enough to rivet on needed improvements. In terms of China's long-range growth and development, it seems increasingly difficult to claim that Communism is the worst thing that could have happened to this great nation.

Even recent activities at Quemoy can be interpreted as evidence of her domestic concerns. Notwithstanding the tiresome rhetoric of our well-meaning State Department, this activity is not aggression but continuation of a civil war. We adamantly refuse to notice China's deep commitment to internal issues, her serious concern for the problems implicit in the critical programs of agriculture and industrial modernization; nor will we see that the centrifugal force of a rising population is certain to intensify the need of the Communists to gain popular support. We refuse to believe
China has been successful in this task, and our government appears intent on keeping us as ignorant as possible about what progress has been made. Look's Edmund Stevens, while visiting Red China in defiance of our State Department, became convinced that Mao's government "has a far broader base for popular support than any other Communist government, including that of the Soviet Union." First-hand accounts usually make our policies seem the more incompetently rigid. How long can we bottle up the truth?

We should no longer permit emotional repugnance to Communism either to blind us to the genuine achievements of Mao's government or to involve us permanently in a Pied Piper policy that lines up as many nations as possible behind our dogmas of embargo and non-recognition. If we fail to consider the development of China's position with hope — hope that her external interests are not sessile but ductile — we shall merely continue attempting to make sure that China is joined with Russia in common cause against us.

But why should China's relationship with Russia be in terms of dependency or of a satellite? With ten million members, her Communist Party is the largest in the world, and Mao's leadership clique was deliberately nurtured outside of direct Russian control. Khrushchev's quick August trip to Peking over the Middle East crisis suggested possibilities in this relationship which nobody dreamed of considering in July. Today China is doubtless the most dynamic nation on earth; she is not likely to commit her future to Russia in spite of our ridiculous and ill-conceived policy of reinforcing an alliance we should be striving to weaken. China's attachment to Russia, in other words, is not the last word in her evolution unless we are successful in making it so. Population impact can be our ally in keeping China involved in domestic issues, just as this impact can render her future unstable and as dangerous to us as it could be amenable to influence. Even ignoring the issues at Quemoy, does not such a situation demand an enlightened American policy?

We must find an entree somewhere, for we cannot wait until China's masses are drowned either the Communists or Asia. The situation demands a viable structure of foreign policy vis-a-vis China and demands it now. Vaccine eliminated smallpox a full century before the virus itself was discovered; shall we not invest in the statistical certainty of population pressure in China and, as in the case of smallpox, inoculate our policies against the eventuality of being again too late with too little?

It is easy to understand that China's imminent population increase can be an enemy to Communism's plans for progress, and it is easy to see that, though China's focus has remained inward, her attention is ductile—subject still both to the impact of population and to the rapprochement of diplomacy. Can we understand, however, that a China teeming with growing millions of hungry people is a far greater menace to Asia than Communism? Here is not an opportunity but a demand for statesmanship. Unfortunately, though challenged with the need to think in terms of ultimate benefit, instead of immediate political affiliation, we have become so emotional about Communism that we cannot think at all; we can only see red.

Assuming, nevertheless, that we understand the above possibilities and feel the responsibility to do something about China's population impact, we must then nurture a desire to meet this impact with the impact of animated diplomacy. Our action, to be effective, must furthermore be implemented with a major reorientation of attitudes.

IV. The Implementation...

Responsibility for implementing intelligent foreign policy must lie, in the final accounting, with an enlightened citizenry. Especially with regard to our thinking in Asia there is a need for mature attitudes based upon prudence instead of rigidity. In Asia we deal with half the world's population; international security must accordingly take precedence over either provincialism or prejudice. If we intend to stimulate sound policy, we might begin our enlightenment by re-examining attitudes in these five important areas:

(1) China's society cannot be refashioned according to our particular concepts of justice, liberty, and democracy: Chinese governments have succeeded each other for almost four thousand years. Each has been to varying degrees undemocratic and authoritarian from our viewpoint; Communism, from the Chinese viewpoint, has every right to consider itself not only the latest but the most virile synthesis in the history of this great people. We may be right in wishing a change, but we are absolutely wrong in trying to design the shape of that change. Only the Chinese can do that in their own good time. The fact that we should at this stage be more concerned with fundamentals is made clear by the fact that people unconcerned about democracy are unlikely to become concerned as long as they are hungry and illiterate.

(2) We must permanently discard both our Pied Piper neurosis and that paranoid attitude anxious to bind Asian peoples together on the basis of their fears... or are they our fears? If we sincerely wish more Far Eastern nations as partners in the struggle for peace, we shall have to speak more of mass rehabilitation and not at all of mass retaliation. American policies seem instruments of crisis to people who have recently won the right to decide for themselves. We continue to condemn positive neutrality as "immoral" although even the originator of this unfortunate judgment would be relieved were all of Asia neutral. Is this an "immoral" goal toward which to labor?

(3) Certain articulate albeit uninformed voices in...
our government would convince us that it is our patriotic duty to be as ignorant as possible about Red China. Some have even urged positive measures to guarantee such ignorance. Responsible citizens must protest that we can no longer continue dealing with China over the telephone, nor can we hope to influence her destiny by growling from the sidelines like a frustrated animal. Communists understand the vocabulary of the cannon, but besides flexing our military muscles, we shall need wise diplomacy and the type of leadership which can fabricate policy on internal observations instead of on misinformed emotion.

The Senator Knowland type of demagogue would make it treason merely to consider recognition of Red China. Such are our responsibilities in the arena of international security, however, that it is increasingly clear which standpoint on recognition is actually treasonous in terms of long-range American involvement. Blind prejudice is no surrogate for calculated wisdom in dealing with one fourth of the world's population. We are still paying for the accumulated ignorance resulting from a fourteen-year non-recognition policy of Russia. Must our children, in turn, pay for our intransigence?

(4) Not only must we encourage Asian nations to trade with us, we must make trade easy and desirable. This is to realize that reciprocal trade is cheaper and more effective than foreign aid; we ought to be more positive, even, than this. Russia does not hesitate to buy from anybody when she realizes buying is a wise investment in diplomacy and cheaper than alms. Americans strangely prefer to undermine a nation's dignity with gifts to the poor, with eleemosynary millions, rather than encourage trade so that proud people might earn their own way. Japan, for example, imports more from us than she exports to us, and yet there is pressure to tax her tuna and textiles out of competition. Would it not be a more fruitful policy to subsidize losses in a few such areas instead of alienating potential friends and good customers?

(5) Our approach to China must realize that Confucianism has helped make the Chinese justly proud of their cultural heritage. Even if Communism can brainwash spiritual values out of China, we shall have no less a responsibility to regard her culture with humility and awe — as we boast of our own material success with much less arrogance. We must also immunize ourselves against the political chicanery adept at arousing Americans over China's treatment of missionaries and Christians by realizing there are cogent reasons why respect for the spiritual does not necessarily include respect for Christianity. One look at China's 19th-century history makes clear why missionaries are often regarded as "relics of humiliation," for the religion of this too often supercilious breed was generally considered a vehicle of foreign imperialistic opportunism. This is not to condone injustice but to plead that the issues remain detached from religious bias. If arrogance toward the Chinese is merely a function of our cultural inferiority complex, we should maintain a judicious silence on the subject.

The entire dynamic of China's demographic problem promises, at the minimum, to outstrip every petty political and purely ideological consideration upon which our State Department has synthesized its China "policy." We can no longer afford the dangerous luxury of a Far Eastern policy which forsakes fundamentals, or which is predicated upon emotion and structured according to pious but wishful thinking concerning China's political institutions. The recent fracas at Quemoy should make this fact painfully obvious. If we wish to implement our policies with effectiveness and wisdom, we must first of all be less categorical about totalitarianism or Communism in Asia, and secondly, less emotional about what we imagine is the best type of government for China at her present stage of development.

The Christian, moreover, must be especially careful to realize that his function is to be a light, not a judge. Dialectical Communism may well be a horrible, godless evil; many feel Capitalism is no less godless, no less evil, and yet the Cross has been made to lie down with the dollar sign. Have Christians been counseled to stamp out godlessness except in their own communities of faith? We have barely the wisdom to operate our own government, much less to prescribe for another people what political organization is best for it. America's Christian citizenry ought to feel itself especially responsible for exerting sufficient influence to bend the "them-us" complex of our more rabid crisis creators into a positive policy of concern for Asia's peoples. Only then will we deserve an opportunity for leadership and respect in the Far East.

Certainly we should hope internal forces might modify or destroy Communism in China. One might even argue that such a hope is based on historical precedent, for no other nation has so successfully assimilated invaders. China is a major racial frontier, as anthropologist Carelton Coon explains, though equally important is the fact that she is also a major cultural frontier. New ideas do not penetrate such a frontier without some syncretic adaptation. Chinese Communism's special origins — rooted in the peasantry under the present leader Mao Tse-tung — may augur, in conjunction with her traditional past and national character, a special development. We might even hope she will offer Russia overt competition.

A merely hopeful thought, however, is not a policy, and our immediate need is a policy, not simply hope. We must see the situation as succinctly as Harvard's John Fairbank: "Waiting hopefully for the enemy to fall on his face is not a policy." Hoping that popula-
tion cancer will grow into our ally is not a policy, nor is merely agreeing that China’s focus of attention is malleable. We shall further have to implement our hopes with immediate action, action that will result in policies more positive and more responsible than the cruising of warships through the Straits of Formosa while demanding ignorance of Red China as a prerequisite for loyalty.

Shall we continue “waiting hopefully for the enemy to fall on his face,” or shall we take the initiative before China humiliates us into changing our policy? There is time to make the shift in a voluntary and honorable way. We can utilize China’s imminent population impasse by meeting this impact with a diplomacy implemented with proper attitudes and a desire for longitudinal planning. We can, that is, if we will. China’s population promises to become Communism’s most harassing enemy, but whether or not we can turn this problem into our ally would seem to depend in every dimension both upon our ability to anticipate the crisis with qualitative diplomatic action, and upon the quantitative statesmanship such diplomacy elicits. The importunity of two billion hungry people, though now subjunctive, presents a rather convincing case for immediate action.

**MICHELANGELO’S MOSES**

Self portrait of the noble man, courageous,
Fearless, in a fearful age, who brought rebuke
Like Sinai’s thunderbolts and rumblings
To shabby courts and temples on the hills.
This man of God would have this rocky look –
Out in the wilderness, survival built those arms,
That noble head, far-seeing eyes and legs like trees.
Somehow the eye of Michelangelo
Must have been over Sinai some stormy night
To see those crags, the valleys deep in stone,
And hear the thunder, multiplied a thousandfold,
The while it rolled and crashed above the people,
As the Law became a Word on stone eternally.
And now he sits, eternally alert.

What none had heard – the eye had seen
The ear had heard
What none would ever see, save in eternity –
The voice would have in it the ring of God
And trumpets at the dawn and new stars
Rolling out, explosive, from the Maker’s Hand –
No wonder silence, awestruck, wonderfilled,
Greets this creation of nobility in rock –
What can a little man, who has not heeded God,
Nor listened for His voice and guiding Law –
What can or should he say when ultimates
Have come to stand across his wavering way?
Small wonder that the world of pain
Knew none to heal or give an answer to the Law
Until He came, Who spoke to Moses on the Mount,
And said, “My Son shall give them heart again
For in His Life and Death and Life Renewed
They shall come nearer to my heart of love
Than by the strength and thunderings of the law –
And they shall hear His voice and follow Him.”

A. R. KRETZMANN
All That Glitters is Not Great and Vice Versa

By Walter Sorrell

Drama Editor

At the time when this is written the theatre season is two months old and, although there has been an abundance of opening nights, little was said that could be considered memorable.

O'Neill's "A Touch of the Poet" again shows the greatness and weaknesses of America's No. 1 dramatist. He knows how to write good parts, to give actors material in which to grow beyond the actual writing. Helen Hayes, Eric Portman, Kim Stanley and Betty Field have given O'Neill's character studies a dimension which you do not find in the script. What is shown in the Helen Hayes Theatre on Broadway is a triumph of the actors, not of the playwright.

On the other hand, if actors can rise to such heights, become bigger than life, create incandescent characters, then the script must have a hidden inner life of its own, a power which lies behind the dialogue, between the lines, in the atmosphere. Undoubtedly, it is a great character study of a pompous fourflusher who tyrannizes his family with his dream of past greatness and who finally succumbs to the realization of the truth about himself. There is the peasant wife who adores him like a dog his master; there is his rebellious daughter who has the courage to say that the emperor is naked and, moreover, how ugly his nakedness is. The play's greatest value may lie in its symbolism pointing to the leading character's final acceptance of the New World, of America in her formative years.

The strange thing about most of O'Neill's plays is that they have such vital dramatic force in spite of the fact that the writing is more often than not pedestrian. This cannot be said of Sean O'Casey nor of Maxwell Anderson, and yet both their latest entries failed. Moreover, the production at the Carne­gie Play House is, unfortunately, joyless and heavy. The great asset of this Irish poet is his lyric eloquence. If the actors mumble and muffle his words, the play is lost. This is exactly what happened to "Cock-a-Doodle-Dandy."

"The Golden Six," the short-lived play by Maxwell Anderson, was an attempt at capturing a major part of Roman history in one play. Shawian wit may have mastered such a tremendous task. What Warner Le­Roy staged at the York Theatre was a sophomoric af­fair whose dramatic material was at best routine and mostly even poorer. That human beings can only live in dignity and joy when they have political freedom and that power corrupts the best minds are not surprisingly new themes, but lofty enough to have merited better treatment by one of our great dramatists.

With the help of Anthony Creighton, John Osborn looks again in anger at our society in the "Epitaph for George Dillon" in which a heel despises himself. This is another play hammering at one point all the time and without the vitality and fabulous facility of language which made "Look Back in Anger" soar above mediocrity.

It is easier for the light fare on Broadway to tackle its problems. They are, of course, love, marriage, seduction. In the exotic "World of Suzie Wong" in which the most romantic cliches are triumphant, and in Leslie Stevens' "Marriage-Go-Round" in which seduction is intellectualized, the interest is sustained by the fact that the consummation of love is delayed until we reach the third act. Mr. Stevens' play has the advantage over Paul Osborn's work that it is, at least, witty and well written.

The little man's rebellion against the mediocrity of life, against the routine of middle class existence, emerged again in "The Man in the Dog Suit." But using a dog suit as a means to rise above the philistine surroundings of a little town is only vaguely amusing. The major problem of such a play is to show the justification for such rebellion, in other words, to create uninteresting people and an atmosphere of utter boredom. To do this and, at the same time, avoid boring the audience needs great satiric skill which the authors, Albert Beich and William H. Wright, apparently do not have. Hume Cronyn as the bank-teller trapped in small community life tries to be as funny and wild as possible. But the fun is as superficial as the gimmick of the dog suit. Satire needs ethos, pathos and a point of view.
From the Chapel

On With the Rehearsal

By Paul W. F. Harms
Associate Professor and Resident Counselor
Concordia Senior College
Fort Wayne, Indiana

"There will be signs in the sun and moon and stars, and on earth there will be dismay among the nations and bewilderment at the roar of the surging sea. Men's courage will fail completely as they realize what is threatening the world, for the powers of heaven will rock on their foundations. Then men will see the Son of Man coming in a cloud with great power and splendour! But when these things begin to happen, look up, hold your heads high, for you will soon be free."

Then he gave them a parable.

"Look at a fig-tree, or indeed any tree, when it begins to burst its buds, and you realize without anybody telling you that summer is nearly here. So, when you see these things happening, you can be equally sure that the Kingdom of God has nearly come. Believe me, this generation will not disappear until all this has taken place. Earth and heaven will pass away, but my words will never pass away.

"Be on your guard — see to it that your minds are never clouded by dissipation or drunkenness or the worries of this life, or else that Day may catch you like the springing of a trap — for it will come upon every inhabitant of the whole world."

"You must be vigilant at all times, praying that you may be strong enough to come safely through all that is going to happen, and stand in the presence of the Son of Man."


This show will come to an end, not only of our nation but of our world. This may come as a surprise for some of us, for there is a built-in feeling that what exists now will always be.

For all of our complaints, when we are really pressed, we are not sure we would like this show to close. Our feelings about it are ambivalent as expressed in the popular song, "I don't want you, but I'd hate to lose you." It's the only kind of world we know. A man may complain about his nagging wife, but he would consider carefully before dismissing her. Often we know this world better than the world of faith. That is why a life cut short, especially that of a young child or a young scientist, strikes us as tragic. The possibility that God's next drama could be greater and better is hard come by because it deals with the life of faith.

But the show will come to an end, make no mistake about that. Heaven and earth shall pass away. If that prediction seemed impossible in Christ's day, it looks that way no longer. We might even end the whole show before God finishes his count down. One critical man with one glass of vodka too much, or a nervous marine shooting the wrong man, or a diplo-

mat saying the wrong thing to the wrong man at the right party — that is all it takes. Heaven and earth shall pass away but my word shall not pass away.

And it will pass away with violence. There will be signs in the sun, the moon and the stars, the seas in turmoil, heaven and earth shall be shaken . . . the very framework of our universe. And there will be distress of nations with perplexity. What can we say but, "How true?" Our foreign policy, whether guided by Democrats or Republicans, seems to specialize in blundering, but we have to pretend it does not. We have to pretend that we are entirely knowledgeable in our foreign policy but we are not. Not only is our government concerned about Red China, so is Red Russia. Now what? We don't know always where we are going except that we have decided to go there with vigor and determination.

Men's hearts failing them for fear. And well they might. The pressure of all this turmoil finally unclothes a man, eliminates all defense mechanisms and forces him to see, if anything can, that he has not done all that he could have done, much less what he should have done. And with nothing before him but worse things to come, is it any wonder that men's hearts will fail them because of fear? Even the most careless research student, the student who has little idea of an empirical approach to a problem, can gather enough information in one afternoon to justify "men's hearts failing them for fear."

But you, you read the Script for what it means to say to all those who are Christ's, what it would like to say to all. It is important that we know precisely what our role is before we can act it out. The author has given us a depth analysis, written in the stage directions. He urges an accurate reading of the Script. For example, when you see the fig tree and all other trees shooting forth leaves, don't say, "Winter is upon us," or "Fall will soon come." A correct reading tells you spring is here. The Script can be misread. The second last act can be mistaken for the last act, a tragedy the author wants to avoid.

While many see the dissolution of our world only as the last act, for you who are Christ's it is really the last scene prior to the coming of the Son of man in His power and glory. He is coming to judge. He who has gone through it all for us is returning again. "The
judge who comes in mercy, The judge who comes with might, To terminate the evil, To diadem the right."

The time of our full deliverance, the big scene is almost here. That new life which was begun in you through Christ's rebirth, through His life, through His suffering and crucifixion, through His resurrection, that which became specific for you in Holy Baptism, now will know only one open channel, His. No longer saint and sinner, just saint. All conflicts are about to be resolved, the real ones and the ones we just thought were real. Every tension in a tense age, every frustration in a frustrated age will be resolved, followed by a new relaxation which will not end, which has no deceptive qualities of the tranquilizer about it.

The kingdom of God is nigh. That which we pray for each day in the Lord's Prayer is upon us. And it is exciting and He means it to be just that. This is the day we have longed for, not dreaded, a day we prayed for. It is the eagerly-awaited dedication day, the anticipated wedding day, the eagerly awaited climax of the play, the end of this show and the beginning of the new one. The deliverer, the captain of our salvation, is about to appear. And the script, His Script, tells us that the sign of it all is the blowing up of the universe into smithereens.

Now, knowing the Script, rehearse the play, obey it, live it. It is a foreign Script. No local dramatist has worked it out. It has the foreign touch, and there might be a temptation to abandon it for a local production.

The Script says further, however, that the climactic scene will come without warning as a snare. And it is the intention of the dramatist that we not be caught unawares. He tells us this not to frighten us, but to get us to work in faith. (There is such a thing as an expected surprise and an unexpected surprise.)

Two methods of preparing ourselves for the surprise are ruled out. One is drunkenness and overindulgence. Drunkenness and overindulgence do not sharpen the skills mandatory for guiding a submarine under a polar ice cap or for living in the day when there will be distress of nations. The drunkenness/overindulgence approach is a real threat for preparedness.

But perhaps our danger lies rather in another direction – in the direction of a heart overcharged with the cares of this life. These cares may get in the way simply because they are the cares of "this life." And the cares of this life can be the respectable cares: world peace, disarmament, sanitation in Africa, mental health, new, desperately needed scientific formulas, better literary criticism. We can be so busy finding a way to the moon that if Christ were suddenly to appear in the laboratory, we might say, "See you after six. I'm busy right now."

This is not to say that theology or even God is our only concern, just because He is our unique concern. Make no mistake about it; these good cares merit our concern. They must be our concern, and this university testifies to that. There is no need to stop classifying Greek verbs or insects, or examining under an electronic microscope the fibrous tissue which joins bone and muscle. But our over-absorption in the cares of this life do not better prepare us to stand before the Son of Man than do drunkenness and overindulgence.

How can we approach this snarl-like day without fear? Watch and pray always. Always is another way of saying today. We prepare in much the same way as an actor prepares for his big scenes. By playing all the little scenes adequately, he is prepared for the big one. He makes sure that all the little ones are done well. Watch and pray always, be on the alert, not in fear, but in faith, the faith which God feeds through Word and Sacrament. Watch in the strength of Him whose kingdom is coming, in the strength of Him who is drawing nigh, who has drawn nigh. Watch in the strength of the crucifixion and the resurrection of Jesus Christ today.

Watching and praying today, these are the little scenes which make us adequate for the big one coming up perhaps tomorrow, because they are already part of the big one. Just as good playwrights have the seeds of their climaxes rooted early in their plays, so here too, the playwright is letting us act out right now in rehearsal the incipient steps of the climax. Pray in the strength of Him who shall come, watch in the strength of Him Who already has come. We shall stand before Him then, if we stand in Him now, in His deliverance which is ours.

We must put on our play then. The Scripts have been written. We have the author's interpretation. The climactic scene is clear. Now his word is, "On with the rehearsal," but, of course, this rehearsal is in earnest.
Letter from Xanadu, Nebr.

--- BY G. G. ---

Dear Editor:

Well, we got one Christmas concert out of the way this afternoon, so there are only four more to go. We have to start having Christmas concerts right after Thanksgiving here because every organization in the congregation wants to have one and that means a separate concert for the senior choir, the junior choir, the men's chorus, the Sunday school, and the parochial school. I pity the folks that have kids between the ages of four and eighteen. Between hauling the kids to rehearsals and attending concerts, they hardly have time to do their Christmas shopping.

What gets me about all of these concerts is that you never get to hear the good old songs anymore. Everybody's afraid their group will duplicate what some other group is singing so they all try to find something "different." This afternoon the junior choir did an old Transylvanian carol sung in some foreign language. I think it was Romanian. Then they did a real modern thing called, "O Little Town of Bethlehem, Pa." which had a lot of noises in it that were supposed to sound like gears going around and factory whistles blowing. I've still got a headache from that.

What I would like to see again is a Christmas Eve program like we used to have when I was a kid. I can still remember old Teacher Jungherz telling us not to worry too much if we forgot our parts but to be sure and sing loud. And we did. Between our practically shouting and Teacher Jungherz's tromping on the organ with all stops out, the old church really shook. Then at the end all of the lights except those on the Christmas tree would be turned off and the organ would go silent and we would sing "Stille Nacht" real softly and the elders would sneak behind the tree to get ready to pass out the oranges and candy that we always got at the end of the program.

Well, I suppose that when a man gets to my age the present never looks as good as the past. Maybe forty years from now the kids who are in our grade school now will get as sentimental about some Bulgarian Cradle Song that they are going to sing this year as I get about "O Du Froelchliche." But I wish that somebody would remember that we old duffers aren't gone yet and we would like to celebrate Christmas, too.

Gesegnete Weihnachten —
G.G.

PLAY FOR WINTER

Summer took her curtain call —
(Magnificent in autumn brown!)
And now the house is like a pall;
Snow is falling over all;
It's winter and the lights are down.

Yet see, the audience does not go;
They stretch and walk and talk and smile
And wait, contemptuous of snow —
They're old playgoers and they know
It's only for a little while.

They know the actors aren't away,
But are only waiting in a wing,
Rehearsing on their favorite play,
While behind the curtain day by day
The stage is being set for spring!

DON MANKER

SKELETON WICK

Sooner or later the day arrives
When gathering shadows are thick.
Life burns the tallow of our lives
Down to the skeleton wick.

LUCIA TRENT

WHEN FAITH BURNS LOW

The vision comes of things unseen and real,
And then we raise an altar to the God
We know. With throbbing, grateful heart we kneel
In love and joyous service, wonder-shod.
But afterwhile the vision dims a bit and pales —
So busy are our minds with shallow things,
So cluttered beats the heart toward pewter grails
That hardly heard at all are angel wings.

The flame upon my altar may grow dim,
But never shall the fire of God go out.
There is that burns though hidden by a skim
Of ash. From out the ash of fear and doubt
I shall fan bright my ember faith in Him —
And hail the visions's flaming with a shout!

T. MOORE ATKINSON
The Music Room

Gould, Entremont, and Fleisher

By Walter A. Hansen

I take special pleasure in writing this column because it will deal with the artistry of three young pianists who often achieve unmistakable greatness in their playing.

Glenn Gould’s extraordinary perspicacity as a pianist belies his years. He was born in Toronto in 1932. His technical skill is phenomenal.

I have just received a disc on which Gould plays Johann Sebastian Bach’s Concerto No. 5, in F Minor and Ludwig van Beethoven’s Concerto No. 1, in C Major, Op. 15 with the Columbia Symphony Orchestra under Vladimir Golschmann, who, by the way, is no longer conductor of the St. Louis Symphony Orchestra but has been succeeded by thirty-two-year-old Edouard Van Remoortel (Columbia ML-5298).

Gould’s performance of Bach’s concerto, which contains one of the great master’s noblest melodies, is precise in detail and clear in outline. To my thinking, par with his outstanding performance of Bach’s Cadenza and miracle-laden Goldberg Variations, which I reviewed a little more than two years ago. It is refreshingly Bachian in character. When I saw this remarkably capable artist’s name on the album, I hoped that his reading of the concerto would be on a par with his outstanding performance of Bach’s intricate and miracle-laden Goldberg Variations, which I reviewed a little more than two years ago. It is. My hat is off to this young Canadian.

I am glad that Gould chose to record Beethoven’s Piano Concerto No. 1, a work which for many years has had to withstand the pointless and, in my opinion, palpably vacuous charge that it smacks strongly of Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart and Franz Josef Haydn. Even Gould himself, who has written the program notes for the disc, harps to some extent on this dull, stale, and unprofitable verdict. His performance, however, is infinitely superior to some of his comments. For the first and third movements he plays his own cadenzas. They are constructed with uncommon ingenuity. One seldom encounters such flashing brilliance as that which characterizes Philippe Entremont’s electrifying performance of Sergei Rachmaninoff’s Rhapsody on a Theme by Paganini, Op 43, which was composed in 1934, the year in which the sensationally able French pianist was born. Entremont plays this fine composition with the Philadelphia Orchestra under Eugene Ormandy (Columbia ML-5282). When speaking of his reading of Edvard Hagerup Grieg’s Concerto in A Minor, Op. 16 — recorded on the opposite side — I must use the word “incandescent,” except when referring to his gripping way of setting forth the sadness contained in the touching slow movement.

Leon Fleisher, who was born in San Francisco in 1928, is another young giant among contemporary masters of the keyboard. He absorbed much learning and understanding from the late Artur Schnabel, under whom he studied in Italy. The few little talks I have had with Fleisher have shown me that he is a scholar in the field of music as well as an artist. But when he plays, his scholarship, though always present, never becomes obtrusive. His reading of Johannes Brahms’ great Concerto No. 1, in D Minor, a work which puts even the greatest pianist to a most strenuous test, is far more than admirable; it is exemplary (Epic LC-3484).

Fleisher has the good fortune to have the excellent Cleveland Orchestra play this masterpiece with him. George Szell, likewise both a scholar and an artist, is the conductor. It was on the strength of his performance of Brahms’ D Minor Concerto that Fleisher won first prize at the Belgian International Music Competition in 1952.

If you have a desire to revel in piano-playing of the highest quality, listen to Gould, Entremont, and Fleisher. The artistry of these three young men will, I am sure, thrill you as it thrills me. Gould’s eccentricities as a person do not bother me in the least. His performance of Beethoven’s Piano Concerto No. 1 gives pertinent emphasis to the striking originality of the composition even though his comments lay entirely too much stress on what is usually spoken of as the influence of Mozart and Haydn.

Some Recent Recordings


The Cresset
IN THE BEGINNING WAS THE WORD,
NOW THE BIRTH OF JESUS CHRIST WAS ON THIS WISE:
"TRULY THIS MAN WAS THE SON OF GOD"
OUGHT NOT CHRIST TO HAVE SUFFERED THESE THINGS, AND TO ENTER INTO THIS GLORY?
RELIGION

CHRIST IN THE NEW TESTAMENT

By Charles M. Laymon (Abingdon, $3.50)

Contrary to my first impressions, this book gained my solid respect, and I think it would prove a helpful study guide, especially for pastors and laymen who want to probe the New Testament portrayal of Christ. The bibliography, plus summaries at the end of each chapter, will prove valuable.

This book is a study of Christ and a presentation, in new form, of Christology, or, if these claims are too high, it at least is an introduction to Christology. The author examines the New Testament writings to give a "portraiture rather than a biography" (p. 108) of Jesus, in which he gives "representations of His person and work" as they occur in the "several documents, indicating similarities and differences alike" (p. 224). The author's chief concern is to portray Jesus as the early church remembered and experienced Him, especially after His death and resurrection.

"The New Testament as a whole is a book about Christ" (p. 11) . . . as Christ is seen in the perspective of the Resurrection event. Jesus cannot be known apart from the Community in which His life and work first appeared, and the Jesus of history is one with the Christ of religious experience. (p. 12)

The major portion of the book (after the first two chapters deal with Christ of the New Testament and the Christian Community) is devoted to an analysis of the book of Acts, Paul's epistles, with special emphasis on Salvation, the Church and Its Sacraments, God and Eschatology; the Synoptics, John, Hebrews, and the Pastorals. There are some utterly splendid sections on 'righteousness' and 'justification' in the section on Paul. For example:

The term 'righteousness' in this context is used in a legal or forensic sense as meaning to be pronounced or declared righteous before God (Rom. 2:13) . . . .

The verdict is that man is recognized as innocent, particularly at the final Judgment (Gal. 5:5). In this latter sense righteousness is an eschatological hope, and may become an eschatological fact . . . . "But righteousness may also be a present reality . . . . The future declaration of acquittal at the Judgment is already realized as taken effect in the present. This does not mean the achievement of sinlessness on man's part in an ethical sense, but rather that if any one is now in Christ, God does not count his sins against him (II Cor. 5:19); reconciliation has already taken place" (pp. 67,68).

The author describes careful scrutiny when he says Christ's death and the shedding of His blood do not mean He was a "substitute victim in connection with the payment of a penalty" (p. 71), but rather the "died for all" is a "supreme stroke" of Paul's thinking "within the conception of solidarity or unity, in which the group is regarded as being as real as an individual. In his death, Christ represents all humanity. By faith in him men enter his death for them. His act of obedience becomes theirs; his love for God becomes their love for God." (p. 71).

Paul was not a "strict sacramentalist" (p. 93). By this the author means Paul did not believe the sacraments offered and effect forgiveness, but "it is always faith which quickens the new life into being through the Spirit" and "in this sense baptism is a kind of recognition of belonging to Christ and expression of faith that already existed prior to it" (p. 87). Similarly the Eucharist (p. 89). When he describes the presence of Christ in the Holy Eucharist (p. 89), I wonder if he takes himself seriously in terms of the historical Jesus (p. 12)! His interpretation of Phil. 2:5-11, leads him to say, "Now he (Jesus) may be said to have both the name and the nature of Godhead, whereas before (glorification through crucifixion and resurrection) he had only the nature" (p. 97).

The section on the Synoptics can be summarized by a quotation the author uses, describing them as "theologically understood history." The facts of the historical Jesus can be known; they are truly recorded. The Synoptic authors saw themselves as people who knew the facts, and now, in terms of the death and resurrection of Jesus, coupled with the Pentecost experience, were to interpret the facts. The author is constantly presenting the facts the way he concludes the early Christians thought, experienced and interpreted them. He does a fine job in showing that the Synoptics seriously present Jesus in His true Humanity and Divinity. I would rejoice to think that the author, a minister, teacher, author and editor of adult publications for the Editorial Division of the Board of Christian Education, the Methodist Church, is adopting and confessing these same bold facts in that group.

For John, the Evangelist, portrait is primary. Although history is not his chief concern, the writer has a keen eye for details. Some of the comments on John will arouse contradiction (adopting a different chronology on the Lord's Supper, etc.) but for one who wants to do some vigorous study, this book will be stimulating, especially on the new birth and faith, the presentation of the Logos, showing Jesus Christ as of one essence with God, "a metaphysical rather than an ethical relationship" (p. 172).

The analysis of the remaining epistles and the Apocalypse furnishes solid food for thought and study.

The book concludes with a section "One Lord and One Faith" in which the author pays tribute to the value of the historical research fostered by Liberalism in helping us understand more clearly the message of the original documents as they were understood by the people who received them, while at the same time he deplores the tendency of Liberalism to capitulate to the secular world view, and, in a virtuous relativism, to lose the identity of its message. The resurgence of Biblical theology and an emphasis on the unity of Scriptures, while it has not destroyed the variety, does make for unity of thought and life. This unity lies in the Kerygma (which he summarizes under 12 points, p. 234).

In this message lies "the unity of portrait of Christ . . . ."

KENNETH F. KORBY

THE MADDLESOME FRIAR
AND THE WAYWARD POPE

By Michael de la Bedoyere (Hanover House, $4.00)

This is an easy little book which attempts to analyse the conflict between Rodrigo Borgia, named Alexander VI, and Girolamo Savonarola, Dominican Friar.

The account is well written and reflects a deep love on the part of the part of the author for his material.

However, the book has some serious shortcomings. There are two things, at least that are wrong with the picture as it is drawn.

First of all, if there was actually a conflict between the pope and the friar, this relationship was governed by the political and ecclesiastical currents of turbulent Italy. These broader strokes of history, never described, leave a rather off-colored picture.

The picture is also distorted. Possibly our strongest criticism is that the author implicitly adopts two different standards of judgment in comparing his men. Rodrigo's poor attempt at leading the flock of Christ
is described and judged from the humanist point of view, while Savonarola, on the other hand, is scrutinized as one would plumb the motives of a saint. True, this is the only way to understand these men because, finally, that was their own rule of judgment, but it does lend itself to a rather gross distortion of the whole picture.

The author rightly points out that Savonarola should not be classed with the Reformers of a half century later. He belonged to the past — to the tradition of Abbot Gioachino de Flora, St. Bridget of Sweden, St. Catherine of Siena, and St. Vincent Ferrer. He is a culmination of medieval piety. He touches Calvin's view on civic morality and Luther's on excommunication and the power of the pope, but "he had infinitely more in common with Dante before him and an Ignatius Loyola or Philip Neri after him." When the author claims that Church "did not need the Reformers to clear the Church's mind, the mind was never clearer than in the year when Luther was 14 years old," we can only refer him to his own book.

If you have time for this sort of reading, you will find the book interesting.

WALTER W. OETTING

SEGREGATION AND THE BIBLE

By Everett Tilson (Abingdon Press, $2.50)

This book is needed, and many more. While books on race relations have been flooding the market, not many of them have the object of presenting the Christian viewpoint. This one does. And it succeeds to a very large degree. Together with The Kingdom Beyond Caste, The Chosen People, perhaps, too, My Neighbor of Another Color published in 1941, and a number of booklets like Grace and Race in the Lutheran Church, The Bible and Segregation is material to which one must turn to find a fairly comprehensive study of what the Bible has to say about the now world-wide race issue.

There is something distinctive about this book that will cause many students of the race question to consider the book more than merely helpful reading. To point to a few of its distinctive qualities: In an almost inimitable way the author takes the Bible passages and the arguments quoted by the advocates of segregation (intended to have their justification in these passages) and the arguments against the cause of segregation. The author causes them to boomerang back into the segregationist camp. For example, the old argument that "Christ and the apostles completely upset the Jewish social order and for doing so He was crucified and the cleavage between the New Testament Christianity and New Testament Jewry became fixed and final. This section of the book alone makes it a very real contribution.

Another worthwhile contribution made by the author is his unique presentation of the New Testament Koinonias and its application to fellowship across racial lines in the church today.

One more example of the unique character of the book is the author's discussion of the first Adam and the Second Adam in which he identifies all men with the first, and in the church all men with the Second.

ANDREW SCHULZE

THE CHOSEN PEOPLE OR THE BIBLE, CHRISTIANITY AND RACE

By Gerald W. Broomsfield (Longman's Green & Company, $1.25)

For those who are interested in more light from the Holy Scriptures on the race problem, this book should be a source of real help. Unlike many contemporary writers on the subject of race relations, the author concerns himself almost exclusively with what the Bible has to say on the subject. In reading this book one may on occasion be inclined to disagree with the author. His concept of race and nation as something unalterably fixed by divine will is a case in point. Another is the fact that he seems to overstress the power of "cultural tradition" in a community of a single new tradition. In spite of these and other weak points, the book is of real value. From the vantage point of one who was a missionary in Africa for fifteen years, he shows the reader the good that went along with the evil of colonialism, without minimizing the evil.

Another evident contribution which the author makes to the body of Christian literature on the subject of race relations is that he very clearly defines the responsibility of the total Christian community, crossing all racial lines, to approach and to help solve the race problem by the power which is found among Christians alone, the power of the Gospel with its message of forgiveness and reconciliation.

Though the author talks about African-European relations, the book, as Dr. Letts wrote in Social Missions Quarterly, "deserves to be read by both Negro and white, Northerner and Southerner."

ANDREW SCHULZE

THE CATHOLIC VIEWPOINT ON RACE RELATIONS

By John LaFarge (Hanover House, $2.95)

This is an authoritative statement made by one who is perhaps the most competent spokesman of the Roman Church on the subject of race relations in the United States. Father LaFarge in an honest manner shows the status quo in his church; and he is fair in depicting what Protestants have done to improve race relations. He sets forth the official Roman Catholic position. As might be anticipated, the author holds and espouses the theory that the Roman Church is the one true church, and it is understandable that his motivation in writing is to help clear away the roadblocks of "Catholic" prejudice and discrimination so that Negroes might be attracted to Roman Catholicism and welcomed by priest and laity.

Much of the theology of Father LaFarge, divested of its Roman error, can help good Protestants — and Lutherans too — if they will read what he says, and take heed.

Incidentally, this writer was interested in Father LaFarge's description of the strongest organization within the Roman Catholic Church — the Catholic Interracial Council — organized to promote interracial justice. The Lutheran Human Relations Association of America, in many respects, is functioning along similar lines.

ANDREW SCHULZE

GENERAL

POEMS OF AMERICAN LIFE

The Many-sided Genius of Merrill Moore

By Merrill Moore. With an introduction by Louis Untermeeyer (Philosophical Library $4.00)

When Merrill Moore died in 1957 at the age of 54, America lost not only her most prolific poet but one of her most original poetic stylists since Whitman. The author of at least 40 to 50 thousand sonnets (some estimates have placed the number as high as 100,000), Dr. Moore was even said to have learned shorthand as an undergraduate at Vanderbilt in order to commit his "fourteen-liners" to paper faster.

Tennessee-born Moore obtained his medical degree at Vanderbilt in 1928. There he contributed to The Fugitive, a short-lived (1922-25) but now famous bi-monthly which advocated regionalism while denouncing the old order of "highcaste Brahmins of the Old South." Although the Fugitives never clung too closely to their social tenets and finally went their separate ways, their early association made lasting impressions on their work. In the group besides Moore were John Crowe Ransom, Allen Tate, Donald Davidson, Robert Penn Warren and Laura Riding. Later, in professional life, Moore taught for 12 years (1930-42) at Harvard Medical School, served with distinction as a medical officer in the Far East during World War II and after, then returned to practice psychiatry in Boston. Besides poetry, he
wrote and published numerous medical papers.

A common tendency among Moore's critics has been to consider his poetry as entirely facile and unreviewed. Writing in *The Sewanee Review* in 1939, Dudley Fitts complained of the reaction of "amused tolerance" towards Moore's sonnets and observed that "no one, so far, has shown the disposition to treat the subject with the seriousness I think it deserves." (The Fitts article, incidentally, is one of the best serious treatments of Moore's work to date.)

No doubt many of the sonnets went unreviewed, but this should have little bearing on our critical consideration of them. It is, after all, their fresh and casual spontaneity, especially in the *Clinical Sonnets* and other later works, which appeals so much to us. Yet Dr. Moore could and did revise some of his poems, as he confirmed to this reviewer several years ago in a letter. Commenting on his sonnet, "Poetry Is Also Like Riding on a Train," which appeared in *Poetry*, he wrote, "Certainly a lot of work went into it until I could finally get it to come out the way it did, ending, so to speak, on the right note."

*Poems of American Life* are strikingly different from the *Clinical Sonnets*. They are more serious, even mystical in tone. They consist of ten sections beginning with the title section and followed by others entitled "Tradition of a Young Poet," "If I Could Speak," and "Acids, Bases and Salts." Concluding the book are six sections named after the senses: seeing, hearing, smelling, tasting, feeling, and knowing.

Like his earlier collections, this one, which has some 300 sonnets, affords only a glimpse of Moore's output. Yet it supports his reputation as an original and adept stylist who could build and reform the sonnet according to his needs. (In this respect he closely resembles E. E. Cummings.)

There are some sonnets in this book, particularly in the closing section on "Knowing," equal to the best sonnets of Frost and Robinson. They sometimes reveal (e.g., "Coming of Herzl") a mysticism in the tradition of Blake. One poem of special interest begins

Was it hallucination Martin Luther Saw? I rather doubt it, I would rather Go on thinking he saw incarnate, Pulsating there and grim, the ancient Sate.

Merrill Moore's total poetical output offers a prodigious challenge to the critic or biographer. Only a fraction of his sonnets have been published, and those unpublished still present great possibilities to future scholars and researchers. Yet, after all, Dr. Moore's genius was perhaps not in his prolificacy but in the combined energy, enthusiasm, and understanding at the source of all he thought and expressed. For this one aspect of his work alone — his clear-sighted interpretation of American life — he deserves a permanent place in our literature with such elder poets as Frost, Masters, Robinson, Sandburg and William Carlos Williams.

CHARLES GUENTHER

THE ORDEAL OF THE CAPTIVE NATIONS

By Hawthorne Daniel (Doubleday, $4.50)

This is the story of how the countries of East Central Europe fell under the control of Nazi Germany, and how, after the Second World War, most of them became captive to the Soviet Union. While it is clear that the author is neither an expert on the area nor a trained political scientist, his intellectual honesty, his sympathetic understanding for the captive nations, and his competence as a writer are beyond question. He wrote this book in order to arouse interest in the fate of the people subjected to Soviet domination, and to call attention to the drama of their captivity, and to the monstrous injustice that has been committed against them.

For the purpose of writing this book Daniel undertook a very conscientious study of the history of this area. He also consulted former leaders of the nations concerned who participated in the dramatic events described, and who consequently had to escape their respective countries. Although few factual mistakes are to be found in this book, there are quite a number of inconsistencies which are the results of the author's commendable but rather naive goodwill for the cause of each of the captive nations and also the consequence of his dependence on informers.

His mistakes resulting from inconsistency are twofold. First, as he deals separately with each satellite nation, and as he quite naturally depends in each case on different informers coming from that particular country, events which concern several nations are sometimes given varying, if not contradictory interpretations in the several chapters. To put it roughly, in the process of changing from the story of one nation to another, the author also changes his point of view: giving that version of the events which is generally accepted by the particular nation covered in the chapter. If one tries to please, for instance, both the Hungarian and the Rumanian nationalists while relating the events of the period between the two world wars, during which they considered each other as mortal enemies, one cannot help but be inconsistent.

Second, as his informers were active participants in the events the author describes, their versions of the story is colored by the stand they took, which in turn was determined by their party affiliation. This results sometimes in party bias creeping into the narrative in spite of all the caution of the author. And when he relied on several informers coming from the same country but belonging to different parties, here and there inconsistencies appeared.

Whatever the cause of the inconsistencies, they are bound to mislead the unsophisticated reader.

Furthermore, while Daniel's sympathy for the tragic fate of the captive nations is understandable, his uncritical identification with each of them does not exactly invite the reader to trust the clarity of his judgment. His hastily acquired book-knowledge concerning the policies of this area and his dependence on indirect information is even reflected in his style. More often than not it reflects naiveté, and it is often pedestrian.

In spite of the author's effort to be impartial and despite his good-will for all the subjected peoples of East Central Europe, not all concerned nationality groups will be satisfied with this book. The complexity of the ethnic and religious background of the nations of this area is such that to understand all aspects of their problems is quite a challenge even for the most learned expert.

The Slovaks, for instance, will resent the fact that Daniel does not seem to be aware of their special national identity and ignores their struggle first for autonomy and later for independence from the Czechs. One wonders why the author neglected to mention the part the Slovaks played in the breaking up of the Czechoslovak republic and in the subsequent establishment of "independent" Slovakia under Nazi protection and under the ill-fated presidency of a Roman Catholic priest, Joseph Tiso. Most of the Slovaks in the United States still consider Tiso as a national hero, although he was hanged as a traitor after the reestablishment of the Czechoslovak regime by Benes. (The chances are that the author failed to consult any Slovak refugee-leader.)

Naturally the inconsistencies and the omissions are most noticeable in the sections dealing with events preceding the Communist penetration. They nearly disappear from the account of the struggle of these nations against the Communists and Russians, for the good reason that all the nations of the area were opposed to satel­lization. They went down in the same tragic boat and in the process they forgot their former disputes. All the informants of the author must have agreed on this. Only one villain existed for them: Communism as propagated and imposed by the Soviet Union. And the author has no sympathy for Communism. Hence no inconsistency in this part of the book.

Possibly the tragic role reluctantly played by President Benes in the satel­lization of his beloved Czechoslovakia makes for the most exciting reading in the book. It helps the reader to understand how this cunning,
sophisticated, and able statesman was taken in by the Communists. The dramatic story of satellization should be known by every American. Therefore, even such books as this accomplish an important mission.

ZOLTÁN SETANKAY

PHILIPPINE FREEDOM 1946-1958

By Robert Aura Smith (Columbia University Press, $5.00)

On July 4, 1946, the Philippine Islands became the first of the colonial dependencies in Asia to achieve independence. During the next four years, free India, Pakistan, Burma, and Indonesia were created; the Communists overran China, waged war on the United Nations in Korea, and infiltrated Indo China and Malaya; Japan began her rehabilitation; the United Nations in Korea, and

The book concerns the work of this man, and his primary contribution to the history of the Philippines was that he knew the people he observed, was able to penetrate their culture, and had a deep understanding of their aspirations. The Filipinos needed a hero, and he was ready. He knows the people and their problems. The first chapters trace the history of American occupation since 1898. In many respects, it has been an unusual political and economic experiment, an effort to set up in Asia a working democracy grounded in concepts not entirely Asian. The Filipinos agreed with some reluctance to channel their national aspirations into productive, conservative courses. The United States pledged itself to eventual freedom, and in the meantime tried to maintain a relationship fruitful for both.

An economy wrecked by war and enemy occupation, a serious Communist-inspired insurrection, a long-delayed land reform program, and politicians more concerned with partisan advantage than national survival were not the best ports for success in 1946. The Filipinos needed a hero, and they found one in Ramon Magsaysay till his tragic death in 1957. The major part of the book concerns the work of this man, and the dangers to be faced now that lesser personalities have had to carry on. The author's conclusion is summed up in these words: "The short-term view is bad, the long-term view good." His prose is not exciting, but the material is of great significance. The longer we Americans remain ignorant of Asia and Asians, the greater our danger.

An appendix of documents is of particular value to students. The failure to provide adequate maps is to be lamented.

HISTORIC DECISIONS OF THE SUPREME COURT

By Carl Brent Swisher (Van Nostrand, Paper $1.25)

A number of Supreme Court decisions of interest to the student of race relations are not treated by the author, including the 1948 decision declaring neighborhood restrictive covenants unenforceable in courts of law. The book is nevertheless of real value to those interested in the subject of race relations. In the treatment of each decision, the author of the book gives a brief summary of the decision as well as the court case upon which it is based. The author then proceeds to give what he considers the more important statements of the decision; in some cases he includes excerpts from minority reports.

If you want a handy reference book that will give you opportunity to refresh your memory on such decisions as Dred Scott v. Sandford, 1857; Civil Rights Cases, 1883; Plessy v. Ferguson, 1896; Korematsu v. United States, 1944; and Brown v. Board of Education of Topeka, Kans., Historic Decisions of the Supreme Court will be a helpful addition to your library.

ANDREW SCHULZE

FICTION

THE BELL

By Iris Murdoch (Viking, $4.50)

Miss Iris Murdoch, on whom American reviewers have bestowed such epithets as "the most gifted of young English novelists," and "a witty and poetic intelligence" has in The Bell written a novel admirable in many respects. One cannot read beyond the first fifty pages without becoming increasingly aware of the author's penetrating intelligence, her philosophical absorption, and her deep psychological insight. And, unlike most American novelists, she has a fully developed sense of history before 1900.

The Bell is the story of the disintegration of a modern Anglican lay community established in Gloucestershire in a great but decayed country house of Palladian design. The community is separated by a lake from the Benedictine abbey to which it is attached, a foundation dating from Norman times, partially demolished in the sixteenth century, restored and the order refounded at the time of the Oxford Movement. A medieval causeway, complete except for a modern wooden section in its center, connects monastery and manor. Legend has it that the abbey bell, which has not rung for more than four centuries, lies at the bottom of the lake. The novel reaches its climax with the bringing of a new bell to the abbey and the coincidental discovery of the antique bell. The original is taken to London to be studied by art historians. The new bell, carried in procession from house to abbey, topples into the lake when it reaches the wooden section of the causeway, whose supports have been sawed through by a hostile member of the community. It is later raised and installed. At the close of the novel, the lay community, because of melodramatic events attending the incident of the bells, is to be dissolved; and the house is to be leased by the abbey to provide more rooms for the nuns. Readers will relish the clever irony of Miss Murdoch's historical parable. After the Dissolution the monastery, as a romantic ruin, was a "feature" of the grounds; now that the abbey enclosure is to be extended, the house will become a "feature" of the abbey.

The author's powers of psychological analysis are most fully employed in her characterization of Michael, representative of the family that can no longer afford to live in the great house, itinerant sixth-form master, unworthy aspirant to orders, head of the lay community, and sodomist. He is the grey world between those who have renounced the world and those who have embraced it. In his mind, as he is aware, good and evil, innocence and experience, and archaic instincts converge. Libidinous relationship with him contributes to the hysteria of the novice Catherine, who throws herself into the lake, and to the suicide of her twin, Nick, a former pupil. Miss Murdoch's moral seems to be that the world between is impure and psychologically perilous. The scale of characters is complete, from Mother Clare, the venerated abbess, to the representative of the flesh, Dora, with whom the novel begins and ends. The latter should bear more clearly the weight of the author's thesis; but throughout the novel, analysis overshadows attitude. Dora, curiously strengthened by the collapse of the Imber community, even as the abbey has been strengthened, goes off to Bath to devote herself to the study and practice of art. The novel leaves the reader with a tightened contrast and deeper isolation between the extremes of the world and the spirit.

Miss Murdoch's psychological probing, which is her strongest point, and the symbols which attend it are reminiscent of John Cowper Powys: her time sense of E. M. Forster's. She does not succeed completely in fusing the two. Her historical and social theme, though clever, lacks the beautiful articulation found in such a novel as Graham Greene's The Power and the Glory. Nor does she seem to have the kind of sensibility that would set off the character of Dora. Her artistry is black and white, her strokes bold, her analysis corrosive; rarely does she use the colored effulgence of life rise from the clipped prose of her page. Whatever talents one might wish added to the author's stock, The Bell is an important novel and one that will hold the interest of the discerning reader.

J. E. SAVESON

THE DHARMA BUMS

By Jack Kerouac (Viking, $3.95)

The spokesman for the Beat Generation, Jack Kerouac, is back with a description
of life lived by a few eccentrics in the San Francisco Bay area. Since the days of Kerouac's *On the Road*, the hipsters have aged and a few even speak intelligibly. They are still far from routine or, in most cases, recognizable characters.

Central figure in this first-person narrative is Ray Smith, who has a new friend, Japhy Ryder. Both are Dharma or Truth Bums, men who are looking for Truth on mountain tops and through the study of Zen Buddhism. Ray and his friends are not nearly so active as were their counterparts in *On the Road*. True, Ray hitch-hikes across country once and climbs two or three mountains, but for the most part the Dharma Bums are content to sit around drinking wine and reading their unintelligible poetry to each other.

Eventually, Japhy heads for the Orient and a tour of lamaseries, while Ray spends a summer as fire watcher in the mountains of Washington. After two months of isolation, he comes down from the mountain having found the Truth, which, fortunately or unfortunately, is still obscure to the reader.

While this novel is edited better than the previous one, it is still too loose and it could have been improved considerably by a careful re-writing. Kerouac still shows promise, but it is a promise that will be realized only if he can get his often powerful writing and his strange characters under control.

**WOMEN AND THOMAS HARROW**

By John P. Marquand (Little, Brown, $4.75)

Thomas Harrow bears a strong resemblance to his Marquand-inspired literary antecedents. Although not born in New England, Harrow spent some of his formative years there and, as a result, apparently possesses the boyish handsomeness and the characteristics of forthrightness and courage expected of a man from that region. The New England town of Clyde, which Marquand has used many times before, is again the locale for this novel.

A very successful playwright for several decades, Harrow leaves New York and returns to Clyde where he lives in an old house which he has spent a small fortune restoring. In the few days which the novel covers, Harrow discovers he is ruined financially because of heavy losses from backing a musical which he wrote.

The women of the title are not a happy lot. They include Rhoda, his first wife and only love; Laura, an actress whom he married when Rhoda divorced him; and, Emily, his present wife, a woman with a temper and a strong desire to spend money.

Following the pattern of previous novels, Marquand tells half his story in the present and the remainder in the past through flash-backs. It is in the flash-backs that the theatrical world of New York comes to life, and here, too, Rhoda and Laura appear. Toward the end of the book, Rhoda appears briefly in the present. It seems possible that Rhoda and Tom may spend their futures together, but this would be too out-of-character for Harrow, so he is left to face a dreary future with chin up and glass in hand.

If this sounds vaguely familiar, it is. This does not mean the novel is inferior, however, because Marquand could probably not write an inferior novel if he tried. In fact this is one of his better novels from the standpoint of character and craftsmanship.

**THE TROUBLE WITH LAZY ETHEL**

By Ernest K. Gann (Sloane, $3.95)

The world of Pistol Two is created in six days, by the Atlas Construction Company, on a tiny coral atoll in the South Pacific. It is a microcosmic civilization, complete with library, school, outdoor movie, power plant — everything, significantly enough, except a church — and it functions as observation outpost in an atomic test program called Operation Zeus.

The administrator of this world is Herbert Zebulon Pike, a retired army brigadier whose first thought as he views his new responsibility on the seventh day is, "It is good." Pike's subordinates facetiously refer to him as "God," but he prefers to think of himself as Moses leading his people into the promised land. His chief adversary is a young meteorologist named Adam, and as the novel reaches its climax Pike flies the part of Noah by rescuing the population of an island where "everything comes in pairs." It is all very confusing.

Within the framework of this razzle-dazzle allegory, author Gann reiterates a theme that has stood him in good stead in such earlier novels as *The High and the Mighty* and *Twilight for the Gods*: under extraordinary conditions the most ordinary men and women become noble, self-sacrificing and articulate. In this case the conditions are produced by a severe tropical hurricane, Lazy Ethel, which begins as a fiction and turns into a reality that devastates both Pistol Two and the native village across the island. During the storm, miracles take place. Pike, the unimaginative, by-the-book West Pointer at the end of an undistinguished career, becomes a man of ability and action. His wife, a contemptuous near-alcoholic, discovers new reasons for devotion and self-respect. Even the Vermont-bred meteorologist finds his tongue in the crisis and proposes to a wallflower heroine who has never before been able to inspire love.

The story of all these unlikely rehabilitations is punctuated with the novelist's heavier argument — that the development of nuclear weapons is "the most vicious, insulting slap in the face that God has ever received from the hand of man" and "the greatest social violation in known history." So be it, but the real trouble with *Lazy Ethel* is that the weight of these ideas is somewhat more than the flimsy fabric of a popular novel can bear, and it is a double burden to a literary style that would barely be adequate in a high school composition course.

ROBLEY C. WILSON, JR.
A Minority Report

The Elections Pose Some Questions

By Victor F. Hoffmann

When the Democratic election board workers of my precinct came to work at five o'clock on the morning of November 4, their Republican counterparts exclaimed lustily and firmly that "this was certainly a fine Republican day." They were suggesting that this mild and clear day would bring out the conservative farmers and the retired people of our country to vote Republican.

When we left the voting headquarters a little after six that evening, a prominent Republican muttered to a small group lingering in the dark: "By golly, there are going to be some surprises." And surprises there were.

The surprise: true enough, it had been a mild and clear day — but it had not been a Republican day.

The specific results in our country which had been Republican even in the campaign of Alf Landon are as follows: the Democrats carried for both the Democratic senatorial and congressional candidates; four trustees and at least two councilmen were elected; and the Democrats put a man into the Republican courthouse. In addition, sundry other very local offices were filled by Democrats.

Statewide, the state of Indiana elected a Democrat senator and at least eight Congressmen, and swept in the entire ticket of state offices. The Republican margin in the state senate has been cut to four and the Democrats now dominate the lower house. In addition, the Democrats elected several judges.

This record has been more than matched by the smashing Democratic victory throughout the nation.

But this has not necessarily been a smashing Democratic victory. Many opportunities for defeat lie in the victory.

In the first place, the Democrats rode in as the party of criticism. It is easier to be the party of criticism than the party of social responsibility.

The Republican "outs" have already begun to zero in with their target questions: 1. What will the Democrats do with the labor that helped them so much without giving in to them, especially to some of the corrupt leadership of labor? 2. What will the Democrats do about inflation, taxes, and indebtedness? 3. Will the Democrats provide for and provoke more government control? and 7. Will the Democrats really be able to provide as much peace and prosperity as the Republicans have since 1952?

The Democrats will have as much trouble becoming the party of social responsibility as the Republicans have had in the past few years.

In the intoxication of victory, many Democrats have referred to all this as "a great Democratic victory." It seems to me, however, that the Republicans by the process of eternal intra-party bickering have virtually given the victory to the Democrats. The Democrats should keep in mind that they also have a long history of intra-party scarping which has often led them to defeat. The potential is present, present in highly combustible form.

If the Democrats cannot organize their coalition politics by 1960, they stand to lose many of the 1958 gains.

Furthermore, no matter what some of the Democrats may think of Vice-President Nixon, no matter how many dirty names they continue to call him — he is still in a very strong position. A lot of the people one meets from day to day like Nixon. They say: he is positive and aggressive; he works hard and that is good; he is forthright, direct, and honest; he did not go out to the West Coast to play golf and visit his brother while the pieces of the Republican Party were lying all over the landscape.

Nixon is still in a strong and commanding position as far as the 1960 presidential nomination is concerned. He is so strong at the present that not to nominate him would imply some kind of defeat for the G.O.P.

And then there is Nelson Rockefeller. The Democrats would perhaps have a hard time defeating him, too.

Meanwhile the Democrats might defeat themselves merely in deciding who is going to be their candidate for 1960.

**Finally** — the Democratic victory, no matter how smashing, is not necessarily a victory for goodness nor is it completely a victory for evil. As in defeat, both the good and the evil exist in triumph.
Sights and Sounds

"The Thing" Captures Dreamtown

By Anne Hansen

One need only read a list of current releases to realize that the motion-picture industry is engaged in a frenzied production of science-fiction films, fantasies which deal with strange peoples and terrifying events, and so-called "horror" films frankly designed to shock and to horrify.

Only the science-fiction films are actually new to Hollywood. They are a direct outgrowth of the new scientific age ushered in on a fateful August morning when the first atom bomb brought death and devastation to the city of Hiroshima. The successful launching of man-made satellites has given added impetus to the production of science-fiction films. No less than forty-three titles were registered on the day after Sputnik I began its journeying in outer space.

George Melias, a French theater owner, has been called the father of the fantasy film. In 1902 he produced A Trip to the Moon, based on the well-known story by Jules Verne. Incidentally, excerpts from this picture were incorporated in the opening sequences of Around the World in Eighty Days by the late Mike Todd. A Trip to the Moon and An Impossible Voyage, released in 1904, brought both prestige and substantial financial returns to their enterprising producer.

The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari, produced in Germany in 1919 and notable because of its superb black-and-white impressionistic art sets, is still regarded as a model of the horror film. Each year the Museum of Modern Art in New York City schedules several revivals of The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari. Occasionally it may be seen in art theaters in many parts of the country.

It is easy to understand why studios produce horror films. The cost of production is relatively small, the shooting schedule is measured in weeks instead of months or years, the plot is not too important, and the financial returns are impressive. It is not so easy to understand the amazing popularity of these films. Many reasons have been advanced, of course. The producers state flatly that they are merely giving the public what it wants. They attempt to refute the charge that such entertainment is not only undesirable but actually harmful to children and adolescents with statements to the contrary by recognized psychologists and psychiatrists. Some go so far as to say that horror films are escapist entertainment and, as such, tend to lessen the tensions and anxieties of present-day living.

The Fly (20th Century-Fox, Kurt Neumann) expertly combines the essential elements of science fiction, fantasy, and horror productions. This is a most unusual picture, and, if the current trend continues, one of the most profitable ventures of the year. I do not recommend The Fly to very young viewers. Surely the recreation periods our children enjoy can and should be directed into more wholesome and rewarding channels.

Stanley Kramer has made an enviable name for himself as a man of vision, courage, and honesty in an industry devoted to hokum and make-believe. The Defiant Ones (United Artists) will surely win new laurels for Mr. Kramer. This is a grim and chilling drama of racial antagonism, violence, desperation, intolerance, and, in the moving climax of the film, love, compassion, and understanding. Coming as it does at a time when racism has flared anew with frightening intensity, The Defiant Ones should move the viewer at least to attempt to consider this controversial issue without passion and without bias. An exceptionally able cast appears in this film. Sidney Poitier is superb as the Negro convict, and Tony Curtis gives the most polished performance of his entire career.

The Big Country (United Artists, Technirama, William Wyler), an outstanding off-beat western, is noteworthy for its magnificent technicolor photography, its distinguished cast, and its taut, well-made plot. This is excellent entertainment.

Authentic settings in picturesque Japan and strikingly beautiful costumes and settings are the outstanding features of The Barbarian and the Geisha (20th Century-Fox, John Huston). But let no one accept this flimsy tale as authentic historically.

Me and the Colonel (Columbia, Peter Glenville) scores an artistic triumph for Danny Kaye, Curt Jurgens, and a splendid supporting cast. Adapted for the screen from Franz Werfel's Broadway hit Jacobowsky and the Colonel, the motion-picture version successfully captures the play's warmth, pathos, humor, and suspense.

The new TV season has been marked by a number of fine offerings — notably the presentation of the Philadelphia Orchestra under Eugene Ormandy on the Firestone Hour, the appearance of Carl Sandburg on the Milton Berle Show, an absorbing study of capital punishment by Joseph Welch on Omnibus, Gateways to the Mind on the Bell Science Series, a memorable hour with the incomparable Fred Astaire, and many fascinating news programs devoted to important events and developments on the world scene.

December 1958
A CHRISTMAS LETTER

Dear Stephen:

I must be especially careful about my Christmas letter this year. . . . You are now a member of the first grade and, as you firmly informed me a few weeks ago, the "baby-stuff" of Kindergarten is to be buried in an unremembered past. . . . Your world is now much larger and wider . . . a world of books and reading and singing and friends like Dennis and Fred and John who come to our house on rainy afternoons to watch television with world-weary eyes. . . .

Yesterday I stood at the window as you trudged up the street on your way to school, your red jacket close around you against the first cold of winter. . . . I was sure that you were aware of neither time nor haste and that your thoughts did not range beyond teacher, recess and lunch. . . . For me, however, the view of your small figure, dim in the grey mist, brought suddenly a moment of blinding light, an awareness of the swift dark stream of time, an almost unbearable homesickness for the past . . . the world's and yours and mine . . . so different in length but all in danger of forgetting the same, holy thing. . . .

And so I turned to the desk to write you this letter. . . . In the bigger and wider world into which you have now gone there will be great and looming dangers, ever greater as the years go by. . . . And they will begin, as they always do, around Christmas-time. . . .

There will be substitutes for the eternal simplicities of the Child, the Mother, the shepherds and the wondering animals. . . . There will be much talk of expected gifts . . . lights and music . . . feasting and song. . . . Now all these can be very good, especially in my tormented world, but only if they are our faltering reactions, poor and human, to something so much greater and deeper and more holy. . . .

Will you always — always — remember how Christmas really was an is? . . . When the world was at quiet midnight Mary suddenly held God to her heart. . . . Nothing really seemed to be changed, at least not yet. . . . The wide-eyed ox looked up, a little mouse scurried across the floor, the lamp flickered kindly in the shadows . . . But changes there were. . . . The Baby looked up at the dusty roof of the cave as if it were the dome of heaven and the straw of the floor was as the Milky Way beneath His feet. . . . Far away on the hillside there was a vision of light and a choir of angels and a "Gloria" which you and I will hear only when school is over. . . .

There were changes — and you ought never forget them no matter how long you go to school. . . . Several years later a man described them in four simple words: "Verbum caro factum est" — "The Word became flesh". . . . I find it impossible really to explain these words to you. . . . They are the last riddle of the Universe. . . . They mean, somehow, that the Baby in the cold cave was God, very God of very God, and that He was in the crib because from all eternity He had wanted to be there. . . . His own Will, tender and pitying for you and me, had brought Him there to carry the great scars of our sins, to divide the sea of our death, to take away our own hearts and give us His own. . . . You do not know what I am saying? . . . Neither do I, even after all these years of carols and lights for His coming. . . . But on Christmas Eve He will, please God, be very good to us and, in the hush and the stillness, we may join the little children of His good will who always believe more than they will ever know. . . .

I remember your second Christmas on earth. . . . After we had laid you in your crib I turned the knob on the little box beside my bed. . . . At first some people were singing to the Child. . . . Then the singing stopped and a voice said: "The road to Bethlehem is closed. Barricades have been erected. No one can get through." . . . You do not know it now, but what the man said is true in a strange, sad, timeless way. . . . You and I will find walls on our way to Bethlehem this year and every year. . . . Just now yours are very small and low — you may forget the gift of the Child in the gifts you will open on Christmas Eve, but the glory of baptismal grace will still be warm over your soul. . . . But for me the walls will be high and strong. . . . So many sorrows and sins, so much pride and selfishness, so much forgetfulness of the Child and all He is and means. . . . And so I shall take your hand this Christmas-time and together we may, by His leading, come home again before night falls. . . .