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Thoughts at a Time of Tragedy

For many of us in this part of the country the Christmas season was saddened by the Chicago parochial school fire which claimed ninety lives and left many more injured. Judged by human standards, the fire was an unmitigated tragedy even though faith tells us that somehow, in the love and pity of God, it must be seen as one of those things which work together for good to them that love God.

It is one of the many strange contradictions of our times that even while we are capable of being shaken by a fire which snuffs out ninety lives we can accept with a degree of equanimity the prospect of a holocaust which might literally burn out the entire Chicago (or New York, or Detroit, or Philadelphia) metropolitan area. When Chicago fire authorities were still investigating the possibilities of arson at the stricken school, one could almost feel the upwelling of anger against the arsonist, if there was one and if he could be found. But global arsonists on both sides of the Iron Curtain assemble their materials and hatch their plots undisturbed by popular indignation under the very eyes of their intended victims. The whole world, indeed, has become an Isaac, meekly carrying the fire and the wood for its own destruction.

We have no neat 1-2-3 proposal for arresting the mad march of events which each day brings us another step closer to catastrophe but we would suggest that our temporal salvation depends upon the re-enthrone-ment, in our hearts and in the policies of nations, of those heavenly twins, compassion and indignation. We need to recapture the ability to get inside other people’s skins, to feel with them the hopes, the fears, the irritations, the longings, and the frustrations that make them what they are and cause them to act the way they do. This is the literal meaning of compassion, a “with-feeling,” the sort of feeling many of us experienced when we went down the list of casualties at the school of Our Lady of the Angels and realized, with a sudden sick feeling, that most of the dead boys and girls could have been classmates of our own sixth-grader; that, indeed, our own boy could have been one of them. And then we need to recapture the capacity for a holy indignation which will not permit us to fold our hands and hope for the best when it lies within our power to change things.

Europe had to be bled half to death before it realized that religious differences could not be settled on the battlefield. Our own country had to go through the agonies of the most senseless war in history before our people woke up to the fact that the issue of federalism vs. states rights could not be settled by killing people. There is still time for men of faith and reason to shock our world into an awareness that the issues which now divide us are not going to be settled by devastating the world with nuclear weapons.

A fire such as the fire at the school of Our Lady of the Angels separates, dramatically and finally, the realists from the sentimentalists. The sentimentalist stands across the street at a safe distance wringing his hands and wallowing in an emotional orgy. The realist does what he can to save the survivors, his action being determined by the probable effectiveness of what he can do to mitigate the tragedy. For some this may mean simply staying out of the way of those who are expert in crisis situations, and Heaven knows that there is need enough in the crisis of our day for the inept to give place to those who know what they are doing. For others it means plunging into the heart of the situation, “not counting their lives dear.” For still others it means offering blood to the survivors. And for all, it means stubborn and unremitting intercession before the throne of the divine mercy. It is no small comment on the condition of mid-twentieth-century Christianity that in a day of the shaking of the nations we find the general prayer for all sorts and conditions of men “too long” for public worship.
"We Thank Thee That We Are Not . . ."

In a new book, *American Catholic Dilemma*, by Professor Thomas O’Dea (Sheed and Ward), five serious shortcomings in the approach of American Roman Catholics to the intellectual life are noted. Since these shortcomings are peculiar to Roman Catholics and do not, happily, inhibit the full and free flowering of the intellectual life among Protestants and Lutherans, we list them as our contribution to the merriment of these bright and optimistic first days of the new year:

1. A formalism which deals with reality in the abstract and ignores that poor concrete order in which everything happens that does happen.

2. A false authoritarianism, the attempt to impose answers which do not fit to questions which are no longer asked.

3. Clericalism, the tendency to see the secular only as the object of ascetic exercises.

4. Moralism, a neo-Jansenist graft onto a lower-middle-class perspective from which creation is viewed almost exclusively as a possible occasion for sin.

5. Defensiveness, born out of past prejudice and persecution, but in the present an unworthy sectarianism belligerently ready to repel any attack, real or imagined.

Father O’Dea might have added that he and his buddies ain’t got the Pure Doctersn, either.

**Next on the Docket**

In last November’s elections, the American people decisively rejected the phony conservatism that has been represented by certain elements in the Republican party. During the next two years, and particularly in the sessions of the new Congress, the American people will have the opportunity to cast a cold and steely eye upon the phony liberals who are represented chiefly by certain elements in the Democratic party.

We would suggest that the issue which is going to force politicians of both parties to show their true colors will be the question of how to come to terms with corrupt practices in organized labor. So-called “right-to-work” laws, which were the solution put forth by the phony conservatives, have proved as unacceptable to our people as they were unwise. The answer of the phony liberal, which is essentially a counsel of inaction, will, we believe, prove to be equally unacceptable. There are malignant growths upon the body of organized labor which can neither be ignored nor rationalized. Congress has in its power to do something about these growths and the people expect that Congress will do more than merely parade witnesses before the television cameras.

It is not necessary to “bust” unions to bring them under the regulatory eye of government. It is perfectly possible for Congress to enact legislation which will require national labor unions to conduct free and regular elections of officers and, if need be, to ensure such elections by requiring that they be conducted under the supervision of disinterested parties. It is perfectly possible for Congress to enact legislation requiring unions to keep detailed financial records and to submit these for annual audit and publication, again, if need be, by disinterested parties. It is perfectly possible for Congress to appropriate sufficient funds for the Attorney-General to set up an efficient division in his office to ferret out and prosecute labor racketeering. In other words, it is perfectly possible for Congress to require that all unions conduct their affairs as responsibly and as democratically as the best and most efficient unions have been conducting their own affairs for some time now.

The phony liberal wants to make organized labor a Sacred Cow, untouchable by even the most reasonable public controls. In so doing, the phony liberal is inviting the same reaction that, earlier in our history, fashioned a strait-jacket of regulation upon our large corporations, particularly the public service industries. And in the process he is writing his own doom, as he ought to be able to see for himself by looking at what happened to his counterpart at the other extreme of the political spectrum.

**Berlin**

If the postwar years have accomplished nothing else, they have rehabilitated the reputation of Berlin. Not too many years ago, Berlin was the nest and symbol of Nazi brutality. Today it is the symbol of what we all devoutly hope is a new spirit in the German people, a spirit symbolized by the late burgomaster, Ernst Reuter, and the present burgomaster, Willy Brandt.

Both for strategic and symbolic reasons, Berlin must be supported by the West at all costs, and we are glad that our government has given strong assurances of its intention to see the city through whatever dangers may threaten it. We suspect that the Russians know that this is one case where we mean precisely what we say and that we are not bluffing. Our only regret is that, once again, we have allowed the Russians to stir things up. After all, two can play at this game, and if the Russians are going to persist at this game of starting brush fires in our backyard maybe we ought to start a few brushfires in their backyard. With an unstable Polish situation on Russia’s very back door step, we might have explored the possibility of creating a bit of hullabaloo over East Germany.

**To Begin 1959**

Our editors, associates, and contributors wish all of our readers the kind of new year that will best serve to remind them of the love and mercy and pity of God.
Ask almost any old timer and he will tell you that the winters today aren't nearly so rugged as they were when he was a boy. In those days, he will have you know, the ponds were frozen over in November, snow was roof high most of the winter, and the temperature normally was around 20 degrees below zero. Well, he may be right in part, for the weather people say our winters are somewhat milder than they were formerly, but not by the margin that grandpa seems to think.

The old timer is likely to tell you he walked a mile to school every day through waist-deep snow and in constant sub-zero weather. Again, he may have, but he also may have forgotten that with shorter legs what was really a matter of blocks seemed like a mile, that the waist of a schoolboy is not too high off the ground, and that, since thermometers were scarcer in those days, the temperature may only have felt sub-zero.

I don't want to minimize the rigors of winter a few decades ago, but I feel it was not altogether the weather but our ability to live comfortably in cold weather which has changed. Clothes are so much warmer today that one can get by on the coldest day with a light coat, a good pair of gloves, and a hood. Years back one had to wear several layers of sweaters and coats, tie something around the ears unless he had a Tims cap, and put on a couple pairs of gloves to achieve the same results. Today when we are outside at all we are riding in a car with a very efficient heater.

Another difference which has helped us live more comfortably today is the home heating system. Formerly, when homes were heated by fire-it-yourself furnaces or stoves, heating was never so uniform and satisfactory as it is today with automatic heating systems. Even with a furnace the house was cold in the mornings because its banked fire left only enough coals to start a new fire, but never enough to keep the house warm overnight.

Anyone who has had any experience with a coal stove knows what they were like for heating. I grew up in a house that was heated by stoves, and I can tell you they were far from ideal means of keeping a place warm. When you're close to the stove you're too warm, back off and you're too cool. The kitchen stove seemed to be the most satisfactory, probably because it was going all day long. In the parlor it was different. There the stove was used only on Sundays or on special occasions, and its heat, though not the odor of stove polish, failed to reach the corners of the room.

The main trouble with a stove is that it can't be banked for the night with any success, and, consequently, the house gets ice-cold before morning. I can remember waking up in my upstairs bedroom and looking at the window panes frozen over with ice. It took courage to get out of bed, but once the courage was summoned, out I would leap, race down the stairs, rush through the house, and dance up and down on the cold linoleum in front of the kitchen stove where the newly-laid fire was just beginning to roar.

I don't think the winters were any tougher then than they are today, but I'll grant you it seemed as though they were. But if the winters are more mild today, why is it there is such an exodus for Florida, California, or the Caribbean when the first snow starts falling?

Of course many go South because they fall for the propaganda put out by the tourist bureaus. Eventually many of these persons make their homes in the southern states, lured by the promise of a mean temperature that varies only a few degrees between summer and winter. This is not for me. For two years I lived in a climate where the mean temperature varied little. I was never clear on whether the month was April or November and, as a result, I missed sending so many birthday cards that a few people still aren't speaking to me. No, I am all for a change in seasons, which includes winter.

He who has never skated on a smooth pond, swished down a hill on a sled, has never retired when the landscape was brown and bleak to awake to a countryside white with snow has missed some of life's most exhilarating moments.

As I write this the temperature is within ten degrees of zero. A few inches of snow cover the ground. As it sets in a reddish-purple sky, the sun catches the sparkle of snow crystals. Trees, and brown shrubs sticking up through the snow make waving silhouettes in the chilly breeze. The shadows on the hill across the way are lengthening, but the sky above the hill retains a trace of blue, and long fluffy clouds are tinted pink by the sunset. Leave this scene and this climate for Florida? No, indeed not. And if any further argument is needed, let me remind you that it takes one of our winters to really appreciate our Spring.
Inflation and Depression: Fact and Valuation

"These are the conclusions upon which I base my facts."

By Paul T. Heyne
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Milton Friedman, a distinguished economic theorist from the University of Chicago, pleaded a number of years ago before the American Economic Association for "a sharp separation between positive economics — study of what is — and normative economics — study of what ought to be."

"I do not deny," he continued, "that both are appropriate fields of study . . . but I do feel that progress in economics will be much faster and surer if these two branches of economics are kept sharply separate . . . Confusion of the two branches of economics leads to confusion about the criteria for judging the validity of particular propositions. There is an inevitable tendency to accept or reject propositions in positive economics according as their conclusions do or do not agree with our normative preconceptions rather than according as they yield predictions that are or are not confirmed by experience. The difficulty in the way of a sharp separation is, of course, the great prominence of economic issues in public policy.

With the facts as Professor Friedman states them we could have no quarrel. But his conclusion — that positive and normative economics ought to be kept sharply separate — is a counsel of illusion. Not only is it impossible completely to separate the positive from the normative elements in social science; rigid insistence on this sharp distinction may reveal a blindness toward the influence of one's own value judgments which is itself quite capable of retarding progress in the social sciences.

The implications of the position here taken against Friedman may become clear from a limited case study. We shall examine, in far too cursory a fashion, conflicting theories about the cause and cure of economic instability, the problems of depression and inflation, which certainly do enjoy great prominence in public policy. Professor Friedman himself will serve as one of our principals. He will be opposed by the eminent Harvard economist, Professor Alvin Hansen.

Were Hansen and Friedman called upon individually to advise the Federal Government on the prevention and cure of depressions and inflations, Washington would find itself with two divergent sets of recommendations. If these economists were then asked to justify their respective recommendations, they would each do so in terms of a "model," a theory, a simplified framework for the analysis of a complex problem. Hansen would use an income-expenditures model, closely linked with the name of John Maynard Keynes. Friedman would offer a transactions-velocity model, sometimes called the quantity theory of money, and given its currently accepted form by the late American economist and statistician, Irving Fisher. If the reader will struggle to overcome the hostilities toward economic theory which he probably acquired in his undergraduate days, he will find that a simple statement of these models presents no insurmountable hurdle to the understanding.

A depression (or recession) exists when national income and employment both fall. Since income is created in the act of production and production or output determines employment, the economist is able to concentrate his attention on the factors causing or permitting a decline in national output = national income.

National income is customarily symbolized in the income-expenditure model by the letter Y. Now Y will vary with total demand for the production of goods and services. This aggregate demand is subdivided by the Keynesians into personal consumption expenditures (C), investment expenditures, which means principally business expenditures for capital equipment and additions to inventory plus expenditures for residential construction (I), total government demand for goods and services (G), and exports minus imports, representing the net foreign demand for our goods. If we ignore the last of these four categories as too small to be significant in the American economy, we have the equation: \( Y = C + I + G \), which is true by definition. An innovating feature of the Keynesian model was its assumption that C is some fairly constant function of national income after taxes. The equation can thus be recast as follows: \( Y = k (Y - \text{Taxes}) + I + G \). The reader can quickly satisfy himself that changes in any of the variables will induce considerably magnified changes in Y; the greater the value of k, the greater the change in Y. Declines in Y, this model suggests, might be corrected by appropriate increases in G or decreases in taxes.

The transactions velocity model also takes as its basic equation the identity between spending for goods and services and value of the goods and services produced. The total money supply (M) multiplied by the average number of times each unit of money is spent \( (V) \) is equal to the price level at which goods and services exchange \( (P) \) times the total volume of transactions taking place, measured in real rather than...
money units. Hence: $MV$ (expenditures) = $PT$ (receipts). It follows that if $V$ does not vary, the price level can be held stable by inducing changes in $M$ whenever required by changes in $T$. Note that we have shifted our emphasis from the problem of depression (level of output) to that of inflation (level of prices) in the process of stating the second model. This was not accidental.

It must be observed at this point that there is no direct clash between the models. The basic equation of each is a tautology. Hence $MV$ could be equated with $C + I + G$, and $PT$ with $Y$. The transactions-velocity model and the income-expenditures model can be looked at merely as different languages, readily translatable one into the other. But as Friedman himself has pointed out on more than one occasion, the two equations are in fact competitive hypotheses. Advocates of the quantity theory are asserting that aggregate spending is principally a function of the quantity of money available. The Keynesians hold, on the other hand, that income is the main determinant of spending. How is the issue to be resolved?

**Economic Theory Determines Monetary Policy**

Perhaps someone will object: There is no policy reason for insisting upon a settlement of the issue. It merely concerns what is, not what ought to be done. At least we have learned that the volume of spending must be altered when prices rise or when output declines. But this objection is beside the point since the real question is, How shall the level of spending be altered? And the answer given will depend upon the theory used.

Hansen contends that monetary policy (changes made in $M$ by the Federal Reserve to influence aggregate spending) is totally inadequate for checking depression, because an increase in $M$ simply will not raise $MV$. The additional money will go into hoards, or stated in another way, there will be a decline in $V$ proportionate to the increase in $M$. The lower interest rates associated with expansion of the money supply will not encourage stepped up aggregate demand because, according to Hansen, in a highly developed economy such as ours, with investment opportunities frequently saturated for brief periods of time, neither investment nor consumption is responsive to changes in the rate of interest. As far as Hansen is concerned, an effective anti-depression policy has two facets: stand-by executive authority to change tax rates within Congressionally established limits, and a flexible long-range expenditure program in ready reserve to be put into motion by the government when economic conditions require it. What this comes to is that the transactions-velocity model is simply not a useful way of looking at the facts.

Friedman would object at several points. $V$ is not as volatile as Hansen believes. Levels of investment and consumption are in fact responsive to changes in the interests rate. Hansen’s “stagnation thesis” — the saturation of investment opportunities in a mature economy — is mostly myth. In urging that declines in business activity be countered with fiscal policy (changes in government expenditures and taxes), Hansen is skipping blithely over the critical problem of time lags; it obviously isn’t the case that the problem arises today, the government acts tomorrow, and the effects show themselves a day later. There are lags between the problem and its recognition, between recognition and action, between action and effects. And the government may well find that by the time these lags have run their course fiscal policy is pushing up when it should be pushing down and pushing down when it should be pushing up, thereby only aggravating any inherent instability in the economic system.

The argument between Hansen and Friedman is not only one over the relative merits of fiscal versus monetary policy. Friedman places a great deal of emphasis upon what he calls “automaticity,” as opposed to a program relying upon discretionary controls, arguing that an automatically functioning program would provide a stable framework for policy, eliminate the dangers of bureaucratic decision-making, provide for governmental adaptation to the private sector of the economy, rather than the reverse, and be consistent with the important long-range objectives of political freedom, economic efficiency, and substantial equality of economic power.

At this stage the reader may observe that the disagreements seem to relate primarily to matters of fact. How stable is $V$? What are the precise effects of time lags? What is the actual relationship between interest rates and investments? Not further debate, but further empirical study is required if the issues are to be resolved. Hansen and Friedman disagree only because all the facts are not yet in.

Of course this is true. Disagreement would be impossible by definition if all the facts were in. But they never will be, and they never can be. Moreover, we shall probably be pretty close to our present state of relative ignorance for a long time to come. Where then shall we turn if we desire to achieve agreement among the economists? And it’s important that we do, for if there be such disagreement in the green trees of economic expertise, what shall be done in the dry Congressional forest? The non-economic factors which the government policy makers must consider are sufficiently complex. Is there no way to simplify their task by at least presenting them with the economic facts?

**Some Basic Disagreements**

Perhaps not. Let us sketch in at this point some of the other disagreements between Hansen and Fried-
man. Hansen is concerned about prolonged unemployment. He believes that holding unemployment to an absolute minimum must be the principal goal of public policy. Friedman is concerned with the dangers of inflation and cannot agree that unemployment is such a serious problem that remedying it justifies the sacrifice of many other objectives. Hansen looks to government to play a large role in achieving economic stability. Friedman would like to minimize governmental participation. Hansen trusts government far more than Friedman does and prefers the adaptability of a frankly managed program. Friedman distrusts bureaucratic decision-making on several grounds, and wants a maximum of “automaticity” and a minimum of discretionary action. Hansen believes in direct controls where necessary. Friedman finds them both ineffective and undesirable - perhaps undesirable because ineffective, but it might also be the other way around. Hansen is always looking over his shoulder at the stagnation specter, but Friedman seems to imply that the only shade trailing Hansen is the one he himself casts. Hansen is concerned with the size and significance of non-competitive, monopolistic elements in the American economy, but Friedman doubts that these market imperfections are really very great. Hence the dynamism of the American economy suggests to Hansen the notion of periodic savings gluts, while Friedman believes the same dynamism will lead to rapid economic growth if only the market is allowed to function. While Hansen contends that market imperfections tend to vitiate all but the most drastic of such remedies, Friedman believes that policy actions applied indirectly, through the market, will be adequate to the attainment of tolerable economic stability.

Surely more knowledge would clear up some of the points in controversy. But if the issues were to be resolved finally and completely, we would require a quantity of facts unlikely to be garnered even in the rather distant future. The interpretation placed upon facts will be crucial for many years to come. Moreover, it appears to at least one observer that the facts which each side chooses to designate as facts are pretty well determined, in the absence of any overwhelming statistical information, by the theory or framework of analysis which the economist has previously decided to use. Economist A, operating with a Keynesian model, simply dismisses the notion that the necessary equilibrium between savings and investment can be achieved solely or even primarily through changes in the rate of interest. His model assigns secondary importance, at best, to the savings-interest relationship. Economist B, convinced of the usefulness of the transactions-velocity model, can see no reason why a change in the rate of interest of appropriate magnitude will not cause this equilibrium. And the savings-income relationship strikes him as a rather nebulous thing of which his model rightly takes little account.

But haven't we carelessly stated this matter so as to put the cart before the horse? Doesn't a prior conviction about the nature of the saving-investment-interest relationship steer the economist in question into accepting and using one theory as opposed to the other? Undoubtedly, but this is not the whole truth. It would be naive to forget that there are finally no facts without a theory to contain them, that facts always come to us filtered through the refracting prism of hypotheses already being maintained, however tentatively. And where do these hypotheses originate? Again we make concessions to the virtue and vigor of scientific method and grant that hypotheses originate both in prior knowledge of the phenomena in question and in acquaintance with other hypotheses which have or have not withstood the rigors of intersubjective empirical testing. But this isn't the whole story. Especially in the social sciences, where there is such a large mass of uncollected, unassimilated, unknown, and perhaps even unknowable data, the economist casting about for a useful hypothesis with which to begin studying the facts must rely heavily on assumptions. The adjective useful is important for the clue it provides. An economist who does not believe, for example, that it would be useful to demonstrate a relationship between two particular variables is to some extent shut off from the possibility of discovering causal inter-relationships that may well exist and conceivably might, for reasons undreamed of, be highly important and useful to know. That definitions of useful are closely tied in with value judgments, especially in the social sciences, is a proposition which requires no defending.

Suiting Prescription to Assumptions

But we have detoured from Professors Hansen and Friedman. Let us put to them the question: If it is true that the economic world which each of you sees is not the world as it is, but the world as it appears to one who chooses to inspect it through the glass of Keynesian or quantity-of-money theory, might it not also be true that you have chosen the glass you are using because in some sense this glass shows you the world you want to see? If this is true, it should be possible to show some coherent connection between the type of world which each of these economists prefers and his prescriptions. What follows is intended to be primarily illustrative, and were the eyes of Professor Friedman or Professor Hansen to fall, by some mischance, upon these pages, we trust they would pardon the consequent oversimplification.

Friedman is a nineteenth century liberal. With Lord Acton he believes that power tends to corrupt. With John Stuart Mill he holds that the burden of proof lies upon those who would restrict the free individual for the sake of the greater public good. With Friedrich Hayek — a nineteenth century liberal born out of time — he would contend that government action is only
desirable in so far as it is stable and permanent and not used to favor or harm particular people. The fundamental principle in the ordering of human affairs should be to rely as much as possible upon the spontaneous forces of society and as little as possible upon coercion. This basic set of values leads him to prefer monetary to fiscal policy because of the relative non-particularity of the former. It causes him to abhor governmental intervention unless it is set forth in advance as a set of clearly defined rules and meets the requirement of minimum power to accomplish the desired end. It causes him to prefer working through the market rather than around it, and leads him to believe that the market does function in a workably competitive and free fashion. Perhaps it even inclines him to share the bourgeois distaste for inflation while minimizing the effects of the proletarian nemesis, unemployment.

Hansen is also a liberal, but of the twentieth century variety identified in this country with advocacy of the New Deal social and economic reforms (liberals so-called to the Republican press). Because he values freedom he wants government to intervene enough to assure freedom to all members of society, and freedom without some minimum of economic power is meaningless. He is a child of the Enlightenment with this difference, that he does not believe human progress will come automatically with the growth of reason, knowledge, or any of the other objects of the Enlightenment faith. Human affairs must be managed, so far as is necessary or desirable, according to the dictates of social science. A society which professes to be rational ought to be willing to exert through government at least enough power to achieve the desired aim. Confidence in any such automatic mechanism as the market is not justified by previous experience; man ought not now fear to seize his destiny by the forelock, and pull it about a bit. The only tragedy greater than social disorganization, such as unemployment, is social disorganization which could have been prevented by intelligent application of available remedies. And carrying through the analogy begun with Friedman, unemployment, the scourge of the proletariat, is far more serious than that mere robber of the bourgeoisie, inflation.

But we can go a bit further, and tread on hallowed ground indeed. In this controversy, as in all academic controversies, intellectual vested interests may play a substantial role. Hansen is, after all, the major American exponent of the Keynesian theories. He has, through a large number of books and articles, staked his scholarly career upon the usefulness of the income-expenditures type of analysis. He has even lent his name to a stagnation thesis which was developed with Keynesian analytical insights.

Friedman has staked his academic reputation to a large extent upon the usefulness of the quantity theory for the elucidation of inter-relationships among aggregative economic variables. He has made a partial career out of contrasting Keynesian and quantity theories to the former's disadvantage. He is identified with the "Chicago School" and quite naturally feels a personal interest in the advancement and successful defense of its explicitly anti-Keynesian views.

But perhaps we have said enough by way of illustration, and a few generalized conclusions are in order.

1. The expert is never quite the expert he would have us imagine, because he is not an expert in all the fields from which he unconsciously draws his hypotheses and his norms.

2. Considerable progress in solving many of the practical problems of the social sciences might be made if the scientists themselves were willing to engage in a constructive mutual scrutiny of the value judgments with which they approach their subject matter. Though the effort can never be completely successful, there is much to be said for revealing one's values to the reader rather than attempting to conceal them behind a cloak of "positive" intentions.

3. Here is a fertile field for scholars with a slightly parasitic bent, well-trained in specific disciplines, yet broadly enough educated to perceive the wondrous ways in which many a scientist — the pun is Herbert Feigl's — has sold his birthright for a pot of message.

BIBLIOGRAPHY: Friedman's Essays in Positive Economics (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, c. 1953) and Hansen's Monetary Theory and Fiscal Policy (New York: McGraw-Hill Book Company, 1949) are the most readily accessible sources for anyone who would like to examine the views here summarized. On the question of the role which value judgments play in social science, there is probably nothing which matches in succinctness and clarity the note (Note 2) on fact and valuation which Gunnar Myrdal appends to the second volume of his monumental study, An American Dilemma.
All American Novelist—John De Forest

By Abigail Ann Hamblen

"The loneliest author in town," observed a literary columnist recently, "is the one who is not writing a book about the Civil War." A "Civil War boom" is, of course, apparent to everyone; it has been gathering force since 1936, when Margaret Mitchell suddenly became America's most-read novelist. And it was three years after Gone With the Wind, while the literary air was still charged with the scent of magnolia blossoms and battlefields, that John DeForest was rediscovered. Harpers brought out an edition of his Miss Ravenel's Conversion, first published in 1867. Time,* with the air of making a "find," devoted several columns to a quite fulsome account of it, with a lively recapitulation of the plot, and a picture of the author. "The story of this novel," announces the first sentence, "is unsparing enough now to disturb most modern readers." The article explains that Miss Ravenel was even more shocking to its contemporaries — so distasteful, indeed, that it became one of the largest "flops" in United States publishing history. And yet, says the Time writer, warming to his work, it remains "one of the best war stories in U. S. fiction . . . the slyest commentary on the difference in romantic Southern and Northern ways of doing the same thing." Further, some of its battle scenes are better than Stephen Crane's, its heroine is more alive than the girls in Hawthorne and Cooper, and its "bad man" is "more plausible" than Rhett Butler. All in all, it is an astonishing thing that it has been so neglected. But, concludes the review, "the current re-examination of U. S. literature" is demonstrating that many a forgotten novelist has more to say to moderns . . . "First discovery that is likely to prove popular, Miss Ravenel's Conversion should speed the search."

But only in the last year has it become available — as an inexpensive paper-back, used now in college courses. And there is a surprise for the reader who finds DeForest's old, old "failure." Time and certain literary historians are right: here is a book that treats of the Civil War with surpassing vigor, tenderness, color. That John DeForest had remarkable gifts is evident, for he gives his readers an energetic picture of a terrible war dulled by no sentimentality, almost free from didacticism, in an age that wept happily over Gates Ajar.

Realism Based on Reality

Born in Connecticut of a family who had come to America in the 1630's from France, by reason of delicate health and poverty he had to be almost self-taught. But his education was a process that went on all the time, and at the age of twenty-five he published a definitive history of Connecticut Indians, following that with novels and short stories. And then came the war. Raising a company, he went in as captain and came out a major, having seen action under Generals Weitzel and Banks in the southwestern states, and under General Sheridan in the Shenandoah Valley.

New-England-born, with a confident, disciplined mind, he spent years in the South; he knew Southerners, white and black. He knew fighting and suffering. And from it all came Miss Ravenel's Conversion from Secession to Loyalty. Honest, steady William Dean Howells read it, and wrote in the Atlantic for July, 1867: "We suspect that Mr. DeForest (sic) is the first to treat the war really and artistically." He praised the "verity" of the characters, the naturalness of the conversation, the excellence of the plot. His praise fell on deaf ears; the public had been nourished too long on the melodrama and bathos of Harriet Beecher Stowe and Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. Harper, who had bought Miss Ravenel for twelve hundred and fifty dollars to use as a serial in Harper's Weekly, found it too realistic for a magazine, and brought it out, reluctantly, in book form.

But for its modern reader, the story goes ahead with ease and speed and intensity. The characters move before him, living, breathing. To be sure, Lillie is no Scarlett O'Hara. She is sweet and gentle, silly and a little simple, but she is lovable, too. She and her father, Dr. Ravenel, have had to flee from their New Orleans home. Though born in South Carolina, and having lived and worked all his life among Southerners, Dr. Ravenel dislikes the South. He is heartily in favor of the North. His daughter, on the other hand, loves her home, and is not happy in the dull society of a New England university town. Later, when the Union army takes New Orleans, the Ravenels return to their home, and Lillie is disillusioned as she sees the attitude of her one-time friends. She is glanced at, snubbed, and insulted. She begins to feel herself growing away from her old loyalty.

More important to the plot than Lillie are the two men who come into her life. One is the earnest young Edward Colburne, the New England lawyer who gets up a regiment from his home town, where Lillie is staying, and who falls in love with her. The other is Col. John Carter, nearly forty years old, a widower, Virginia-born, but of a New England mother, hard-drinking, over-experienced with women, not immaculate in his notions of honesty but so able a soldier and leader that he is practically a genius. Of the two, he is the one to win
Lillie, first, and when she is won and married to him, her “conversion” is complete. She is no longer a secessionist. But much more is to follow — battles and raids for both Colburne and Carter, the quiet growth of Colburne’s unbidden love, the growth, too, of Carter’s faithlessness and restlessness, and the birth of Lillie’s child. Near the end, a heroic death occurs for Carter, and, later, happiness for both Lillie and Colburne.

Such a bare sketch cannot possibly give any indication of the magnificence of the character portrayals, not only of the four mentioned, but of many others. Nor does it show forth the truly wonderful descriptions of camp life, and war and death. DeForest is a realist, as Crane was to be after him, though through DeForest’s work there does not run the streak of poetry, the strange fire, which animates Crane’s pages. There is only the vigorous ring of truth. Take, for example, the description of Colburne, encamped on the bank of the Red River:

He is a handsome model of a warrior as he lies there, though rougher and plainer in dress than a painter would be apt to make him. He is dark-red with sunburn; gaunt with bad food, irregular food, fasting and severe marching; gaunt and wry, but all the hardier and stronger for it, like a wolf. His coarse fatigue uniform is dirty with sleeping on the ground, and with marching through mud and clouds of dust. It has been soaked over and over again with rain and perspiration, and then powdered thickly with the fine-grained unctuous soil of Louisiana, until it is almost stiff enough to stand alone. He cannot wash it, because it is the only suit he has brought with him, and because moreover he never knows but that he may be ordered to fall in and march at five minutes’ notice.

It is of interest here to quote from a letter Colburne writes home after a long and painful march:

"I was fully repaid for yesterday’s stretch of thirty-five miles by overhearing one of my Irishmen say, while washing his bloody feet, “Be***! But he’s a hardy man, the Captin!” — to which another responded “An’ he had his hands full to kape the byes’ courage up; along in the afternoon, he was jokin’ an’ scoldin’ and encouragin’ for ten miles together. Be***! an’ when he gives out, it ’ull be for good reason.” "

At Home in America

But DeForest is more than one of our very finest, as well as one of our very first Civil War writers. He is an artist who takes as his province all the America of his time. As early as 1873 Clarence Gorden, writing in the Atlantic Monthly (November) says that he is “a straight, broad, truthful man gifted with the twin honesties, moral and mental,” a “good type of an American, not a Bostonian, not a Chicagoan, not a New Yorker, not a Charlestonian . . .”

This New Englander who had lived in the South has a sweep of interest that includes all his native land, and its people. For instance, in Miss Ravenel, his pictures of New England and the New England character are beautifully clear, accurate, good-humoured. “Puritanism,” he remarks, “the prevailing faith of that land and race, is not only not favorable but is absolutely noxious to social gayeties, amenities, and graces.” The dinner-party in New Haven is unforgettable, with its quiet, its careful, stilted conversation, its pale, intelligent faces.

Then in Kate Beaumont, with its feuding families, there is a striking picture of ante-bellum Southern life. Here are the heads of the rival families, with their sons carrying on the quarrel, their feudal ideas of honor; there are the “poor white trash,” too, and the aristocrat gone rotten and debauched. Howells, reviewing the book favorably in the Atlantic Monthly (March, 1872), makes the very interesting point that DeForest, of all novelists, has alone seen fit to deal with Southern character without discussing slavery. It is, Howell believes, a “most satisfactory” picture of Southern culture.

Overland, the exciting tale of intrigue and wickedness versus youth and innocence, is laid in the great Southwest. There are portrayed the complete grandeur and awesome desolation of the desert and canyons and rocks, and the natives who inhabit the wild places. The pages of description are unbelievably vivid; parts of the book have been called a “prose poem.” One wants to read whole passages aloud:

The civilized imagination can hardly conceive such a tableau of savagery as that represented by these Arabs of the great American desert. Arabs! The similitude is a calumny on the descendants of Ishmael; the fiercest Bedouin are refined and mild compared with the Apaches . . . Taking color, brutality, grotesqueness, and filth together, it seemed as if here were a mob of those malignant and ill-favored devils whom Dante has described and the art of his age has painted and sculptured.

He has the American delight in science. Dr. Ravenel studies minerals and rocks; Kate Beaumont’s lover is interested in mineralogy. The young lieutenant in Overland takes great pleasure in the geological spectacle of the desert.

DeForest understands people. That he is imbued with what is fondly believed to be the democratic ideal is evident. “Be courteous, my dear, to everything that is human,” says Dr. Ravenel to Lillie. “We owe that, out of respect to the fact that man is made in the image of his Maker. Politeness is a part of piety.” However, DeForest recognizes the superior man, as in the case of Col. Kershaw of Kate Beaumont. The colonel is a fine, pure-bred Southern gentleman, one of those “who strike one as having a reserve of moral and intellectual power too great for their chances of action, and who
lead one to trust that Washingtons will still be forthcoming when their country needs.” He recognizes the debased man, such as Col. Carter, who betrays his trusting wife and his trusting government. He knows the ugly facts about the debauched and dissolute “poor whites” and the proud, good facts about New England university professors and their circles. He is not afraid to present them all, and with a perfection of art he gives these characters to his readers so effortlessly, so truly, that he almost seems to have no art.

America has foreign elements in its population, too. DeForest shows Captain Colburne’s Irishmen, and Sweeny, the little soldier who stands so valiantly by young Lieutenant Thurstane in Overland. And he is frank, manly, without tears when he speaks of the Negro problem:

“My dear sir,” says Dr. Ravenel vigorously, “Uncle Tom is pure fiction. There never was such a slave, and there never will be. A man educated under the degrading influences of bondage must always have some taint of uncommon grossness and lowness.”

With much difficulty, the doctor tries a system of putting freed slaves to work for wages, having the utmost faith that he can train them to be honest and industrious. The author remarks on the grateful spirit of the colored people as a whole: they are filled with thankfulness at being set free; “Impure of life by reason of their immemorial degradation, first as savages, and then as slaves, they were pure in heart by reason of their fervent joy and love.”

That is one attitude. On the other hand, hear Sweeny’s observations on the “Digger” Indians near the Grand Canyon:

“They ain’t min at all. Thim crachurs ain’t min. They’re nagurs, and a mighty poor kind at that. I hate um. I wish they was all dead. I’ve kilt some av um, an’ I’m going to kill slathers more, God willin’. I belave it’s part av the bizness of white min to finish off the nagurs.”

After this speech DeForest says meditatively,

“Profound and potent sentiment of race antipathy! The contempt and hatred of white men for yellow, red, brown and black men has worked all over the earth, is working yet, and will work for ages. It is a motive of that tremendous tragedy which Spencer has entitled ‘the survival of the fittest,’ and Darwin, ‘natural selection.’”

Affectionate Critic

American to the core, John DeForest loves his country, loves the beauty and variety of her scenery, loves the elements of her people. And, like many others, like Mark Twain, and Sinclair Lewis, he sees wherein she errs, wherein she is ugly and shameful. And because he is no sentimentalist, he refuses to turn away from the truth.

Passages of his telling where America falls short are worthy to be put beside paragraphs Hawthorne wrote on the same subject, and Henry James. There is Frank McAllister’s speech near the beginning of Kate Beau mont:

“We are a nation of thirty millions. We have been a civilized people a hundred years and more. I can’t account for the sparseness of our crop of great intellects. I sometimes fear that our long backwoods life has dwarfed the national brain, or that our climate is not fitted to develop the human plant to perfection. Our paintings can’t get into European exhibitions. Our sculpture has only done two or three things which have attracted European attention. Our scientific men, with three or four exceptions, confine themselves to rehearsing European discoveries. Our histories are good second class; so are our poems, the best of them. I don’t understand it. There is only one poor comfort. It is not given to every nation to produce a literature. There have been hundreds of nations, and there have been only six or eight literatures.”

This is all very general, and not unlike what other thoughtful men were saying in the nineteenth century. But when it comes to political corruption, DeForest does not confine himself to a speech or two. He writes two books, the themes of which center on the appalling post-war rottenness in Washington. Very good novels they are, too. As expose literature, Honest John Vane and Playing the Mischief should rank very high. In their way they are as effective as Warner’s and Twain’s The Gilded Age.

The first is a short novel, smooth, swift-moving, simple in plot. Big, good-looking John Vane is not very clever, not very intelligent, but he is impeccable as to reputation. Therefore he is put up for office by a dirty little behind-the-scenes politician, who sees him as a useful vote-getter. He is elected with the sobriquet “Honest.” His story is one of complete moral degeneration; at the end his nickname is a joke to everyone except the voters who keep on electing him. Playing the Mischief is longer and more detailed. It is concerned with “special legislation,” the pushing of false claims against the government, and it shows in a terribly clear light the frightful dishonesty of certain legislators. The portraits of various Congressmen are scathingly painted, and the other characters of the novel are sufficiently vivid to make them worthy of study all by themselves. In both the John Vane and Mischief books there are statements so piercing as to remind one of Sinclair Lewis’ indictment of the ordinary people.

Unprincipled as legislators may be, the rottenness in the nation’s capital is not wholly their fault: “The great majority of his constituents did not suppose that their representative needed any more intelligence or moral stamina than would just enable him to find out what were the ‘party measures’ and faithfully to vote.
for them.” (Honest John Vane). And in Playing the Mischief a congressman says, “We are not representatives of the people at all . . . we are representatives of the wire-pullers and log-rollers who run the primary meetings.” Elsewhere DeForest says reflectively, “A people which suffers itself to be ruled politically by the non-taxpayers, and which degrades its judiciary by making it look for power and honor to ward meetings and other similar sources of popular favor — such a people must necessarily have inferior magistrates and officers of justice, from the highest to the lowest.” (The Wetherel Affair). It all gets back, he implies clearly, to the people, his fellow-Americans, whom he loves.

That he does love them is evident. No man can write of people as he does, clearly delineating the excellences of some and the evil of others, without loving them. In fact, no man can write of life as he does without giving the impression of glorying in it. The life of the student, the life of the soldier, the life of the idler, the life of the explorer, of these and many more he writes with energy and enthusiasm.

He is a writer for all America, vigorous, manly, humorous. Yet he has never been a popular writer. Certainly he is not much read today; he is, perhaps, an item in a literature course. (In his own day he undoubtedly felt keenly about his unpopularity. For in The Wetherel Affair he remarks bitterly, “The true secret of gaining the favor of this immensely numerous class of readers is to furnish them with matter just a little better than they could write themselves.”)

Various reasons for his neglect have been advanced. Van Wyck Brooks presents Howells' opinion that DeForest is unflattering to women; in an age when women formed the bulk of the reading public this would be a decided detriment to popularity. It is true that DeForest’s gallery of women, and his observations on them, are worthy of a study in themselves. Certainly Josie Murray, the sparkling little witch in Playing the Mischief, would lose nothing by being put beside Becky Sharp; Aunt Maria of Overland, Miss Jones of The Wetherel Affair, Squire Nancy Appleyard of Playing the Mischief, and many others are as arresting as any of Dickens’ feminine characters. There is no denying that DeForest’s comments at times have a slight tinge of acid. But for any modern woman reader, these observations would only add flavor. She could only smile when he says that women are almost all local and provincial, that they have no respect for laws as such, that modern society requires of them no work at all, that when they speak of female equality with the male they really mean superiority. And it might be added with truth that he could be as ironic and contemptuous of some men, too.

Whatever the cause, DeForest’s obscurity seems undeserved. His writing, in spite of its occasional old-fashioned touches, is strong and honest and without prejudice of any kind. It owes nothing to the influence of foreign literatures. In its sturdy integrity it stands alone, as American as Dickens’ and Thackeray’s are English, as lively, as amusing, as theirs, and as worthy to be counted classic.

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**Hoarfrost**

Midwinter dawn
breaks from the east,
threads almandine
through the white frost:

lays almandine
on the barnside,
in every stone
strikes like a lilac lode.

And mortals sleep
while this wash
sets heliotrope
in the snowberry bush;

and mortals drowse
while, unguessed,
life’s in the cruse
of an alchemist.

-- Christine Turner Curtis

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January 1959
Stars of Bethlehem, Shine!

By Clemence Sabourin
Pastor of Mount Zion Lutheran Church
New York

Jesus was born in Bethlehem, in Judaea, in the days when Herod was king of the province. Not long after his birth there arrived from the east a party of astrologers making for Jerusalem and enquiring as they went, "Where is the child born to be King of the Jews? For we saw his star in the east and we have come here to pay homage to him."

Matthew 2: 1, 2 (Phillips Translation)

When the fulness of time had come, darkness covered the earth and gross darkness the people. And God sent forth His Son, made of a woman, made under the law, to redeem them that were under the law. To re­eem them that were under the law? Yes, all that were under the law, Jews and Gentiles.

To the shepherds of Bethlehem the angel of the Lord announced, "I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be unto all people. The Savior of the world has come!" When the aged Simeon took the Christ Child into his arms, he said, "O God, mine eyes have seen Thy salvation . . . a light to lighten the Gentiles and the glory of Thy people Israel."

Ancient men of God has prophesied that the Savior would come among the Jews, but for the world. Both at the Savior's birth and at His presentation the Holy Spirit reiterated this truth. And now, after an enunciation of the principle, comes a revelation of this truth in action.

It had been written, "Gentiles shall come to Thy light and kings to the brightness of Thy rising." And here it is. This is the New Testament beginning.

The particular country from which these eastern believers came is a matter of speculation. There is much speculation also about the star that led these men to Jesus, some believing that, just as Messianic promises were written into the sacred scriptures of the Jews, so they were also written into the stars of heaven, for "The heavens declare the glory of God and the firmament sheweth His handiwork." Thus these promises were there for the wise to read. To the simple believer all this speculation is unimportant. He is convinced that the same God who flung the heavenly bodies into infinite space and set them into perfect orbit could also create a special, direction-giving star to lead these men to the side of the Christ Child.

In meditating on the Epiphany story with a group of university students, there are many factors one would like to emphasize:

Whether these men were kings or whether there were three cannot be determined. But, surely, they were men of distinction. It is implied that they were wealthy. It is specifically stated that they were wise, men skilled in the best learning of their country. They were believers who used their advanced learning to secure a greater knowledge of God's efforts on man's behalf. They had a conviction that was not an academic, intellectual thing, but a faith that stormed their hearts, stimulated their conversation, fashioned their purposes, and drove them to giant efforts and expensive activities. They came seeking Christ, not to satisfy their intellectual curiosity, not to check on the accuracy of their calculations, but, "We have seen His star in the east and have come to worship Him, worship Him with our presence, our hearts, and with our possessions." Surely the application is self-evident.

The note of Epiphany ought to be a note of joy. You and I are not of Jewish stock. If Christ had come to save Jews only, you and I would be of all men the most miserable. But thanks be unto God that the ingathering of the Gentiles demonstrated in our text has reached down through the ages and embraced you and me.

However, this did not happen without opposition. In spite of His example in dealing with people of other races and nations, in spite of the clear words of Holy Scriptures, in spite of the Savior's command, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature," even Peter was still stuck with the idea that he was to lead only Jews to Christ. It required a special revelation from God to convince Peter that, although salvation is of the Jews, it is also for the Gentiles and that believers dare not permit their personal prejudices to hinder the spreading of the message of salvation. Peter learned his lesson well. Thank God for this, and let us permit our joy and gratitude to move us to a few serious considerations:

Jesus once said to His own countrymen, "Many shall come from the east and from the west, and shall sit down with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob in the kingdom of heaven. But the children of the kingdom shall be cast into outer darkness." And to those who trusted in their racial stock He said, "Think not to say within yourselves that we have Abraham for our father; for I say unto you that God is able of these stones to raise up children unto Abraham." You see, He came unto His own and many of His own received Him not, and He
tried to impress upon them that the true Israel is not made up of the children of Abraham after the flesh, but of those who have the faith of Abraham.

Do you see what this means? The situation has been reversed. You Gentiles with the faith of Abraham are now the true Israel. You are a chosen generation, a royal priesthood, a peculiar people. And what is your purpose in life? To show forth the praises of Him who called you out of darkness into His marvelous light. You are the light of the world created to lead men to that Light which you reflect. You are the Star of Bethlehem designed to lead men to Christ, and this means all the world, every creature.

And yet we permit false attitudes to dim our luster. When we are asked to speak to men on our jobs about Christ, how often do we not reply, "But most of the people I work with are Jews." When we are asked to go from house to house and invite neighbors to divine services, very often we reply again, "But so many Jews have moved into my neighborhood," implying, "and what's the use of inviting them?" Proud of our religious tolerance, we often boast that we have many friends who are Jews; we respect them for their industry and praise them for their accomplishments in the field of social welfare. But, although many of them are Jews only after the flesh, we do not seek to lead them to Jesus. God is not willing that any should perish! You are to lead Jews to Jesus, not to segregated, ineffective, offensive "Jewish Missions," but to the Christ Child in your own midst.

We willingly give of our means for the propagation of the Gospel in foreign countries among different races of people. We thrill to the news of new gains being made by our missionaries in New Guinea, in Africa, in India, and in the islands of the sea. But these gains are actually infinitesimal when measured against the uncounted millions of colored people still sitting in spiritual darkness. And in the case of millions of these people, lack of progress is not due to the fact that they have not heard the message of our missionaries. It is due to the fact that the Gospel of love preached by our missionaries does not square with our actions toward colored people in our own midst. These colored millions are saying to us today, "If you want to know the reason for our doubts, if you want to know why we look at your missionary efforts with suspicion, listen to the voice of your colored people at home!"

And what are our American Negro missionary prospects saying? They are reminding you that Jesus said, "Where two or three are gathered together in My name there am I in the midst of them," and yet you make the hour in which the Christ Child is in your midst the most segregated hour of the week. I was a hungered and you gave me no meat, not even when I had the money to pay for it, for your restaurants will not serve me. I was a travel-worn stranger and you took me not in; for there is no room in your inns for Negro travelers. I was naked and you clothed me not, for the wages paid for the jobs you permit me to hold make the purchase of adequate clothing impossible. I was sick and you visited me not, but helped to spread the rumor that all Negroes are diseased. I was in prison and you came not unto me, for you believe that most Negroes are immoral criminals and should be confined. I was slandered, malignted, and spoken against, and you open not your mouth for the dumb, for you fear what your heathen friends might say. Godless Communists find lodging in your community and subversive aliens may be your next-door neighbors, but I have not where to lay my head except in your ghetto slums. You wear the cross of Christ as a sign of the faith you confess, but you let a flaming cross become a sign for the bombing of Negro homes and a terror to the Negro people.

Beloved, you are God's own Israel designed to lead men into the kingdom. You are the salt of the earth designed to exert a wholesome influence on corrupt society. You are the light of the world designed to show men whose you are and what God you serve. You are the Star of Bethlehem designed to lead men to Christ. O Stars of Bethlehem, shine!

COMMUNICATION

A cat can speak by attitude
All he needs to say;
Sometimes, when rapport's desired,
Words get in the way.

— Gladys W. Ekeberg
Letter from
Xanadu, Nebr.

BY G. G.

Dear Editor:

Well, we sure had a pleasant surprise over the holidays. Homer, our boy, spent a week with us and on New Year’s Eve his girl, Pamela Schunck, came in on the train and they got engaged. We are very happy for both of them. Pamela is a wonderful girl and she comes from a fine family. Her father drives an Imperial.

Homer is still working on his doctor’s degree in history. Right now he is working on what they call a dissertation which is something like a book only harder to read. He wrote down the title of his dissertation for me and I don’t know what it’s all about but it’s called “Fluctuations in the Annual Catch of the Norwegian Fishing Industry in the Dogger Banks, 1850-1950: Cause or Effect of the Rise of the Norwegian Labor Party?” He says that his profs are all excited about his topic which Homer says is something nobody had ever thought of looking into before. I told Homer to give it all that he’s got and maybe he could step right into a dean’s job someplace after he gets his degree without having to sweat it out for years as an ordinary professor.

Pamela will be a big help to Homer. She’s all in favor of him getting his doctor’s degree because she loves to travel and teaching at a college would give them their summers free to do a lot of travelling. She also likes to entertain and she is looking forward to having all kinds of parties when they get settled someplace. Homer needs a wife like that because he has gotten to be a regular bookworm and if he doesn’t have a wife that can meet people and make the right connections he’s liable to turn into a regular grind.

Our daughter, Trudy, was home for the holidays, too. She’s studying to be a teacher but she doesn’t seem to be too happy at the college she is attending. She says that it “lacks a well-rounded social program” (so help me, that’s what she said), from which I gather that she hasn’t had as many dates as she would like. So now she’s thinking of switching to either home economics or physical education at the University. Which is all right with me because as far as I am concerned the only degree that a girl ought to be really interested in is an MRS.

Regards,
G.G.
Never comes the quiet meditation of the old year's close without the fervent prayer that the new year coming up, out of the glory of eternity, may be a year of blessed peace. With the passing of the old year and the coming of the new, there are many thoughts of the passing time, life unto death and death unto life. This is the world's universal memorial day. Surrounded by the cloud of holy witnesses, we go on from year to year and day to day.

Some of the truly great art of all times has been raised up in memory of the departed. Italy is a veritable treasure house in its cemeteries. Some of the best of the native art has been built up at great expense in the burial places of south Europe. Some of these memorial are marked with overdone ornamentation; others are handled with a reverence and restraint which is astounding. One of the most famous World War Memorials is this simple rock-hewn sculpture, commemorating the date of World War II. It has its peculiarly appropriate setting within the ruined walls of the bombed-out Church of Saint Alban in Cologne. The simple figures of "Mother" and "Father" were done by the sculptor, Ewald Matare, in 1955, along with two of his pupils. It was modeled after the memorial which Kaethe Kollwitz carved in memory of her youngest son who was killed in World War I. She worked on this for eight years, beginning in 1924, and it may still be seen in Soldiers' Memorial Burial Ground in Essen. Her figures were carved in Belgian granite. Matare carved the figures in very light limestone and enlarged them faintly for the purpose of giving a better setting within the walls of the ruined church.

The simple figures were, appropriately, of no race or nation. They are as ageless and as nameless as are both grief and love. Surely it was a true inspiration which set them so in their rocky simplicity. Even the graves around them are nameless — the people of the fear and the fire which swept them suddenly into eternity. The stolid faces and the empty eyes remind one strangely of the face of Rodin's "Thinker."

These are people of simple souls, who would understand very little of the intrigue that makes a war and robs them of their best and dearest. These are the simple people who understand little of the language of either propaganda or diplomacy and would only be confused by the vague reasons offered for the death of their sons. These are the people who survive the onslaughts of fear and hate and greed and blood to live in a half world of grief and loss forever. These are the people whose names our wars of the proud twentieth century have made legion. These are the people who have the pain of their ongoing existence jarred only once in a great while by the news of more inclusive death planned to be accomplished more efficiently in the days of the atomic war which lies just ahead and will rejoin them very quickly with their sons who wait beyond the years and time for wars to end and blessed peace to come.

Write large your prayers and cut the words to take the form of praying hands and broken hearts. The new year can be blessed only as the hearts of men come closer to the day of Christ and peace and newness in Him.
As you read this column, you will frequently encounter the word “fugue,” the name given to a composition which represents the highest development of what is known as contrapuntal writing. Do not be alarmed. You can either enjoy or detest a fugue without understanding anything at all about its construction. Naturally, it is good to be acquainted with the technical aspects of the art of devising fugues; but even many professional musicians would be totally at sea if anyone were to ask them to describe or define this kind of composing.

Arthur Winograd has done the world of music a significant service by transcribing for string orchestra and then recording what is without a doubt the most remarkable series of fugues ever written (M-G-M 2E3). I am referring to The Art of Fugue (Die Kunst der Fuge), by Johann Sebastian Bach. This monumental work reveals dumbfounding craftsmanship. At the same time it is breath-taking in its masterfully varied beauty.

Bach did not live to complete The Art of Fugue. When death overtook him, he was working at what is called a quadruple fugue, and he had begun to weave his name into the contrapuntal texture. In German the B in our notation is B flat. What we call B natural is designated by the Germans as H. Consequently, B flat, A, C, and B natural spell the name of the great master.

Did Bach write the Art of Fugue for a keyboard instrument? Did he compose it for a group of instruments? Did he intend it to be nothing more than a tour de force on paper? Who knows? Nobody. I myself prefer to hear The Art of Fugue played by a string orchestra. Some believe that it sounds best when performed on an organ. I cannot see eye to eye with them.

At all events, Winograd has arranged The Art of Fugue for a string orchestra. I applaud him for his skill and judgment. I must add, however, that he has omitted four canonic fugues with two voices because, in his opinion, these portions of the masterwork sound best when played on a keyboard instrument.

The Art of Fugue as bequeathed to the world by Bach contains three mirror fugues. The term is self-explanatory. A mirror fugue can be stood on its head, so to speak, without altering its sound or its construction. Hold it up to a mirror, and it will look exactly as it looks when you read it in the normal way. It could, I suppose, be called a palindromic fugue, just as the name “Otto” and the sentence “Able was I ere I saw Elba” are palindromes. Read them backwards, and there will be no difference whatever.

Some composers have undertaken to complete Bach’s The Art of Fugue. Martin Gustav Nottebohm (1817-82), a German pianist, composer, and musicologist who was a friend of Robert Schumann and Johannes Brahms, wrote a conclusion. So did Hugo Riemann (1847-1919), professor of music at the University of Leipzig and author of a valuable Musiklexikon, and Ferruccio Busoni (1866-1924), a noted Bach exponent and one of the greatest pianists of all time. Donald Francis Tovey (1875-1940), the famous English scholar, completed The Art of Fugue with a type of mirror fugue in which all the intervals and the positions of all the voices are inverted to lead to the emergence of an entirely new fugue, one which, in sound and in construction, is in no way inferior to the original composition.

Winograd has not ventured to complete The Art of Fugue. He stops where Bach stopped. Under his direction the Arthur Winograd String Orchestra gives what, to my thinking, is an inspiring and exciting performance of the masterpiece. In the two-disc album Winograd includes a crystalline reading of his own transcription for string orchestra of Ludwig van Beethoven’s Grosse Fuge, Op. 133, another awe-inspiring work.

Beethoven composed his Grosse Fuge for string quartet, and there are those who see red at the mere mention of transcribing it for string orchestra. I am not one of them. Winograd’s version is founded on what I regard as admirable scholarship. I like to hear the Grosse Fuge in its original form, but how could I disdain a transcription as excellent as Winograd’s? More than one commentator has described the Grosse Fuge as “unfriendly” and even as “brutal” music. Yet one must consider the work as a whole. It is Beethoven’s flesh and blood. It is a great composition. It is poetry abounding in power.

Some Recent Recordings

FREDERIC FRANCOIS CHOPIN. Preludes, Op. 28. Moura Lympnany, pianist. I have never heard a more poetic performance of these indescribably beautiful masterpieces. Capital-EMI.

JOHANNES BRAHMS. Concerto No. 2, in B Flat Major. Vladimir Ashkenazy, pianist, with the Berlin Opera Orchestra under Leopold Ludwig. An impressive reading of a wonderful work by one of music’s giants. Angel.

SERGEI RACHMANINOFF. Concerto No. 3, in D Minor, Op. 30. Byron Janis, pianist, with the Boston Symphony Orchestra under Charles Munch. An exciting presentation of one of the great piano concertos of recent times. RCA Victor.
BOOKS OF THE MONTH

RELIGION

CHRISTIANITY AND AMERICAN FREEMASONRY

By William J. Whalen (Bruce, $3.75)

Here is a new book with "rare" characteristics. This "first full-length treatment of the subject by an American Catholic in 50 years" was written by the Roman Catholic lay theologian who also authored Separated Brethren, "a capsule picture of Protestantism in America." It bears the official Nihil Obstat and Imprimatur. The jacket also informs us that it has been "carefully checked for accuracy by three former Masons, now active Catholic laymen, and by Dr. Paul M. Bretscher of the Lutheran Church - Missouri Synod, a leading authority on Masonry." The Preface pays gracious tribute to Dr. Bretscher for his review of the manuscript. Several Roman priests and two other pastors of the Missouri Synod are also mentioned. Much of the lodge literature sold by Concordia Publishing house is quoted in footnotes or listed in the bibliography. Throughout the work there is full recognition of the fact that religious opposition to Freemasonry stems from basic Christian concerns. Chapter XII, entitled "Protestant and Eastern Orthodox Criticism of Masonry," is a review and evaluation of the entire problem from a thoroughly ecumenical point of view. Chapter XIII, "Christianity and the Lodge," could well be issued in tract form and distributed through local parish churches. An appendix carries the entire text of Humanum Genus, encyclical letter of Pope Leo XIII on the subject of Freemasonry. A seven page index fills out the book to a total of 195 pages. Considering the wealth of little known information contained in this book, it is a bargain at the price.

The title is well chosen. Any lay or clerical Christian in need of information on the subject will find this to be an invaluable and comprehensive study. Mr. Whalen works on the basis of fundamental Christian and Scriptural truths. Pertinent Bible passages are quoted. The usual Christian objections are all here, and are set forth in a clear and fearless manner. Naturalism, Deism, Christless rituals and prayers, blasphemous and foolish oaths, syncretism, opposition to parochial schools, religious indifferentism - these traditional churchly concerns are documented, analyzed, and evaluated. Mr. Whalen's ecumenical Christian foundation, mixed with insight and charity, work together to give a warm and friendly tone to a work which is, after all, polemical throughout. The opprobrious tone occasionally noticed in the works of convinced Christian disputants is simply not here. Would that all ecclesiastical controversialists were as graced as Mr. Whalen!

There are passages which are veritable gems of Christian confession. It will be refreshing for Lutherans to read and ponder them. Chapter V, "The Masonic Religion," contains this paragraph:

"Nowhere in Masonry is it suggested that a man be born again in baptism, that God became man in Jesus Christ, that He died for man's sins, that He founded a church with authority to teach what is necessary for salvation. These become secondary, supplementary, and "sectarian" dogmas in the eyes of the lodge. Under no circumstance should they violate Masonic etiquette by dragging these dogmas into the lodge or mention the name of Jesus Christ aloud among their brethren. This is the real apostasy of the Christian Mason. Here is where the Christian Mason assumes the role of Peter on the night of the crucifixion. When he stands in the lodge among those who deny and ignore Christ and participates in worship and prayer from which His Redeemer's name is carefully excluded, he is testifying before men: "I know not the man." (p. 80)

Chapters II to VI give careful attention to Masonic ritualism without attempting to quote all the repetitious material and details which usually make for such heavy reading. Anyone who has already ploughed through the full English rituals as quoted in Darkness Visible and Christian by Degrees (Walton Hannah) will be thankful to Mr. Whalen for sparing at least some of the magniloquence of Masonic ceremonialism! Especially helpful is the author's study of the relationship of the higher Scottish and York rites to the basic structure of the Blue Lodges.

The book abounds in Masonic and churchly lore which is of the highest contemporary significance and interest. A careful reader will gain a fairly good overview of the history of the craft. He will learn the names of distinguished Americans of past and present times who have been members, who left the lodge for one reason or another, or who have been conspicuous by their absence from the Masonic role. The much-quoted Masonic claims concerning the American presidency are considered and the real facts are given. Chapter X gives the situation in "Latin and European Masonry." The bitter anti-clericalism of foreign lodges is evident. The status of Freemasonry on the world political front, and its place in the battle against Communism, is rather carefully delineated. Much is available here which enables one to "read between the lines" in world, national, and local affairs of our time.

The average reader will probably be surprised to learn that Freemasonry as an organization is noted for a "Jim Crow" ideology, especially in its Southern Jurisdiction. Negroes are formally barred from membership in the regular lodges. Pike's statement of 1868 is quoted: "I took my obligation to white men, not Negroes. When I have to accept Negroes as brethren or leave Masonry, I shall leave it." (p. 10). Racial restrictions in Masonry seem to be an integral part of the genius of an order which also bars women, children, cripples, and those unable to pay its fees and dues. It is noted that Franklin D. Roosevelt was initiated before he was stricken with polio. (p. 4). Mr. Whalen rightly questions the "Charity and brotherliness" of an order which is so restrictive in its membership and so limited in its appeal and assumption of responsibilities. "Masonry bars most of mankind from its Temples."

The Roman Church early recognized a real enemy in Freemasonry. Pope Clement XII issued the first official condemnation in 1738 in the bull In Eminenti. It is interesting to note that the Roman Church experienced real difficulties in enforcing her prohibitions in the 18th and 19th centuries. One notes throughout the typical Roman ideas of Church, authority, and papal supremacy. The Lutheran reader will also realize that, while he joins with Rome in basic Christian opposition to Freemasonry, his Church handles the problem differently on the local and disciplinary level. Any Roman Catholic who joins this lodge is "automatically excommunicated." (p. 100). Most evangelical Christians would say that this is a legalistic, and inferior, method of dealing with an admittedly difficult pastoral and church problem. The procedures for church discipline outlined in the New Testament are surely more calculated to correct and win an erring brother than are the rigid and arbitrary methods of the Roman bishops. Lutherans will also ask why the opposition of Rome is extended only to the Masons, Odd Fellows, Knights of Pythias, and a very few others? (See Chapter XI, "Other Forbidden Secret Societies.") What about the host of little brothers and sisters of the big, rich, successful, Masonic fraternity? Do not the concerns which are stated so incisively in this volume apply also, in a measure, to the
of Luther's liturgical outlook advances sug­
Church
essays on various
gestions which are
Luther; the authors
to the issues and challenges which
practical today.
proceed to give us Luther's viewpoint . In
above, hail respectiveJy from The University
the other book, too,
geistige Welt.

January 1959
erning the cultic life of the early church, the author passes to the import both for the Church and for theology of the Ecumenical conversations. He then spends the next 60 pages examining the documents which arise from or shape the conversations. Two principal ideas have been the chief concern: 1) the problem of intercommunion and 2) the interpretation of the significance of the sacrament. This latter includes the element of sacrifice, a major item in the discussions.

The collation of statements, the analysis of certain documents and leading men in the discussions, furnish a splendid setting for the questions involved in the Eucharist, its relation to the Sacrifice of Christ, its nature and significance for the Church of the present. He examines statements of authors of various communions: Greek Orthodox, Old Catholic, Anglican, Reformed and Lutheran, and notes that “in general the authors seem to have agreed on the Lord’s Supper as a ‘sacrifice of thanksgiving,’ and that they combine our sacrifice of willing service with the communion” (p. 13). Especially does he examine some Anglican documents by Hicks, Herbert, Dix and Ramsey, and he subjects to careful analysis their statement that “we offer Christ” in the Eucharist.

The remainder of the book is divided into three sections, one examining the Reformation, especially Luther’s treatise of 1519, the two Catechisms, and the treatise of 1520; the next examines the teaching of the New Testament; and finally, he draws his conclusions.

The 1519 treatise of Luther comes in for long analysis and for high praise, for there Luther stressed that “communion in the Lord’s Supper involves an incorporation with Christ and His saints.” Incorporation, participation with Christ and His saints, the inseparable unity: that where Christ is there are His saints, the eschatological nature of the Lord’s Supper, both present and future, are Luther’s keynotes. He emphasized that Christ in the Sacrament fights with us and for us against sin and against death, and he expressed the marvelous Exchange in the Eucharist: that Christ shares Himself so closely with us that in the last day we shall be made like Him. Even though He is invisibly present with us now, Christ comes through the Sacrament to give us a visible transportation to another world. Joy and praise, the obligation of love, the living active presence of Christ as crucified and living Redeemer, all find their place in this document.

Although the Catechisms do not express this same emphasis, they reveal in their positive statements the basic antagonisms of the Lutheran church to the opus operatum of Rome and the mere symbolism of Zwingli. But, Aulen maintains, the expression that “forgiveness of sin, life and salvation are given us through these words” must also be expounded in their fulness by the words, “for where there is forgiveness of sin, there is also life and salvation.” The emphasis is not negative (on the nonimputation of sin), but positive (on incorporation and communion with the Living Christ Who by His sacrifice gives life to the believers). The basic ideas and thrusts of the 1519 document were not abandoned; they were cast in different form because of the polemical setting of the times. Aulen then continues with a chapter on Luther’s attitude to the idea of Sacrifice. Luther sets the problem where it ought to be set: not “how do we offer Christ in the Eucharist?” but he relates the sacrifice of Christ and the Eucharist to the matter of Real Presence. This is not a static presence (as in transsubstitution), nor a philosophical one (consubstantiation), but the real, redemptive presence of that Living One Who was slain, but is now alive to give Himself verily, and to give the merits, benefits, power and joy of His once-for-all victory. For Luther the discussion always arose from an exegetical basis and from Christology. His doctrine of “ubiquity” must not be interpreted as an attempt to say how Christ is present, but that the “living Christ actualizes His eternally valid sacrifice and makes it into an effectually present reality” (p. 94). For this reason, “real presence” is better than “representation” to express the religious content of the Sacrament. From the exegesis Luther emphasized the sacrifice of Christ on Golgotha; from the Christology he stressed the glorified and risen Christ. In the Eucharist “the living Christ appears in action. But when he realizes his presence in the eucharist, it occurs in and with the bread and wine” (p. 96). The real and fully valid sacrifice is the one Christ made of Himself: everything revolves around this sacrifice and the present activity of the Lord to make this a present reality. “In this case the real presence becomes equivalent to the presence of his sacrifice” (p. 101). This is always something which only Christ can offer; never can the church be said to offer it.

Chapter 10 presents a picture of the late 19th century thinking on the Sacrament and its usage, using the Church of Sweden as a basis for the description. Some will appreciate his analysis of Pietism and the Sacrament.

Just as we must take the Reformation seriously into account if we want to confront the real problems and not lose the dearly won insights, so surely we must always be driven back to the Bible by the Reformation itself, for in the Bible the Reformation always saw its definitive authority for the Christian answer. In this section of the book, Aulen’s concern is: the status of the idea of sacrifice and its relation to the Lord’s Supper. First he sets the context in terms of the Eucharist in the redemptive act of God through the sacrifice of His son, once for all time, to make reconciliation. Next, he shows that the Lord’s Supper is an instrument used by the living Lord in His continuous redemptive work in and through the Church. Finally, the Lord’s Supper is displayed as inseparably connected with the conception of the church as we find it described in the New Testament.

Aulen then proceeds specifically to the Supper, showing that the early congregation’s anticipation of Christ’s visible return in the Parousia takes expression in His presence now. He is present Who is Incarnate, was crucified and is now the risen Victor. “What part do the eucharistic elements play in relation to the presence of Christ?” (p. 157) ? They are vehicles through which Christ mediates “the blessings of the new covenant to the new people” (p. 159) and through which the guests at the table become participants in the body and blood of Christ.

His discussion of John (especially chapter 6) and of I Corinthians (especially the doctetic problem), will furnish real stimulation and insight to any one who takes pains to understand him.

No pastor, congregation or group of congregations can afford to ignore many of the points discussed in this book. Over and over the author stresses that the real presence means not merely a memory of an event once past and certainly not a repetition of the Golgotha act, but, when Christ is present, the totality of His sacrifice is present in its effectiveness: our communion is with the Whole Christ. The Lord Himself is the true celebrant — in all the reality of His Incarnation, in the finished work of His reconciliation work, in the glory of His resurrection and reigning Victory — giving Himself and all He is in such a way that now the community, His own purchased people, are made participants in Him and in His sacrifice.

I am in no position to speak of the quality of the translation. Aulen here sounds like the other Aulen I have read (also in translation). On page 197 something seems to be missing in the argument which attempts to clarify the word “catholic.” In general the book is pleasant to read, well formed, but its real delight and value lie in the new dimensions and insights.

Kenneth F. Korby

Fundamentalism and the Church

By Gabriel Hebert (Westminster, $3.50)

While the author (a priest of the Anglican Church) in fact did not, he might well have had the Lutheran Church — Missouri Synod in mind while writing this small but provocative book. One of the major prob-
lems with which he attempts to deal is "the interpretation of Scriptures and the problems raised by the word 'inerrancy.'" Certainly such a discussion has much which is immediately pertinent to our own present theological situation. At the same time much of the value of Father Hebert's little book lies in the fact that he manages to write without any trace of that impertinence toward the other positions which frequently characterizes discussion on this question, also within our own denomination.

But the actual occasion for this book — which also limits its general value — is what is evidently a current controversy in the Anglican Church on the part of a group of conservative evangelicals (who are insisting, on the one hand, on a basically "fundamentalistic" attitude toward the Bible, and, on the other, on an understanding of conversion and of the nature of the Church which the author regards as sectarian in spirit). Father Hebert, on the other hand, expresses a moderate Anglo-Catholic point of view, and in doing so attempts to point out the inadequacy in the positions of his conservative brethren. It is a tribute to his fairness that at the same time he endeavors quite seriously to understand and to appreciate the genuine theological and religious values for which these men are contending.

The relevance of the book's theological theme to our own situations ought, perhaps, to call forth a more thorough (and far more competent) review. Unfortunately, the author has given us, in his own words, only a "very brief and summary discussion of the problems that we must raise." And, to fit the punishment to the crime, we will endeavor no more in this review. At the same time, we would not hesitate to recommend this book as a lucid introduction to some of the deeper theological concerns posed by the basic question: How does the Word of God come to us in Holy Scriptures, and how is this Word of God to be distinguished from the words of men?

The Word of God calls for our entire acceptance and unqualified obedience; words of men belong to this world, and written words are subject to literary and historical criticism. In so far as the Bible consists of words of men there must be literary and historical criticism of it; yet the believing Christian is convinced that in and through these words the Word of God has been spoken and still speaks. The "Ideal Bible Student" is fully aware that these are both sides of the one coin, Sacred Scriptures. The author's aim is to set the movement which has come to be called "fundamentalism" (for which he provides an excellent summary history) within a framework of Biblical study which is theologically more adequate and historically more sound.

To this end he develops his own positive view of Sacred Scriptures, sketching in the process a conception of Revelation and an understanding of Inspiration which are, he feels, Biblical both in derivation and in orientation. The Bible is a record of the realization of God's purpose for salvation for mankind, both the purpose and the record of its realization reaching their fulfillment in Jesus Christ. Thus Revelation has a double thrust: God's mighty acts through which His redemptive purposes have been realized, and the inspired witness to those acts which testifies to the acts and to their divine and saving significance. Father Hebert has no quarrel with the term "verbal inspiration" in itself, but he is rightly critical of an application of the term in terms of a one-sided view of Revelation. Similarly, he criticizes such words as Inerrancy and Infallibility. The doctrine of the Inerrancy of Scripture has demonstrated itself as inadequate, it is "too narrow to fit the facts." It cannot be carried through in the exegesis of Scripture without recourse to special pleading; it does not explain the admitted imperfection of the Old Testament (when taken apart from its fulfillment in the New); it involves a materialistic notion of Truth (which is quite recent philosophy, in short "modern"). Above all, because the doctrine is a negative one, and primarily a literary conception, it is quite inadequate to express the essential glory of the revelation of God in the Scriptures — which consists in the personal disclosure of the Living God.

In the concluding chapters the author describes the association between a fundamentalist view of Scripture and a perfectionist view of conversion and of the purity of the Church. Highly fascinating is the "digest" of part of a Swedish novel by Bishop Bo Giertz entitled Stengrunden.

Two ideas of great merit which ought also to be mentioned here in closing have to do with the underlying tenor of the book and with its central theological concern. Father Hebert points out in his final chapter that implicit in any attempt to deny the human side — either of the Church, or of Revelation — is that premature expression of a theologia gloriae that tends inevitably to idolatry. This is the idolatry practiced whenever Christian people or denominations begin to worship their positions, their own purity, their theological formulations and constructions rather than the Christ Who forgives and Who makes them one with His grace within His Church.

A deeper awareness of the theologia crucis by which the Church on earth alone can live would mean, therefore, that in all situations of controversy within the Church Christian people are profoundly conscious of the "right and wrong way to conduct a controversy." Perhaps this little book would be worth its price, also to members of The Lutheran Church — Missouri Synod, simply for what it has to say in just this connection.

ROBERT WEINHOLD

A CASE HISTORY OF HOPE — THE STORY OF POLAND'S PEACEFUL REVOLUTION

By Flora Lewis (Doubleday, $3.95)

This is a good book. It describes the consecutive phases of the relaxation in Poland after Stalin's death, leading to the dramatic climax of the Polish-Russian confrontation in October, 1956, and to what then seemed Polish victory. It is a book of insight, written by a writer of talent and distinction. As the title implies, and as Flora Lewis spells it out in the introduction of her book, "the most important meaning of Poland's experience . . . is that there does seem to be a way for the subjects of the Communist states to improve their lot and restore friendly relations with the West without cataclysmic violence."

I think she puts this even better at the very end of her book when she writes: "Perhaps the most hopeful revelation of the Polish revolt was precisely that it was led by Communists, showing that the urgent desire for a system of human decency can breed even within the narrow regime . . . Hungary and Poland together proved that years of Communist rule do not permanently destroy the sense of moral justice, even among some of the rulers."

However, she can talk only of hope and not of assurance. She realizes that complete victory was not won in Poland and on the last pages is obliged to describe the present retightening of controls in that unhappy land.

In spite of all her hopes, in which we share, that through gradual peaceful evolution West and East might meet, we have no assurance of their realization. She herself expresses doubts in the very last phrases of her book, when she writes: "The wholesale (italics are mine) meaning of these last years is that change cannot be averted. The question is how: in peace or in violence? The Polish experiment is to see if it can be done in peace."

Flora Lewis knows the Poles from firsthand experience. She witnessed the last phase of the Polish drama in 1956, when after many years of meek subordination to the Soviet masters, some Polish Communist leaders, led by the recently-rehabilitated and indomitable Gomulka, finally dared to make a firm stand against Russian interference in Polish affairs. With signs of hesitation and discord within the Soviet "collective leadership" multiplying, these "reformist" Polish Communist lead-
ers, pushed and encouraged by the rapidly rising tide of disgust of the Polish people with the regime in general, and by the mounting dissatisfaction of the rank and file party members and disillusioned Communist intellectuals in particular, became day by day more determined to assume an independent, self-respecting attitude towards the Soviet. This process of Polish self-assertion gained terrific momentum when Khrushchev's historic speech, in which he frontally attacked the memory of Stalin, became known in Poland.

The author is not only writing as an observer who witnessed the dramatic flow of events from close range, she has also received much valuable first hand information about what went on behind the closed doors in the plenary meetings of the Central Committee of the Polish Communist Party. The book contains several important revelations of the history of those stirring, exciting days, in many cases coming from the people involved in these events.

Communist Poland during the few years of gradual relaxation and limited liberalization opened herself to the West, thus giving insight into the inner workings of a Communist state. As freedom of expression was restored for a while, and as people among them Communist leaders, suddenly turned "liberal" — were no longer afraid to pour out their stories to sympathetically listening Westerners, the West could take a look at the many cracks and fissures disfiguring the seemingly monolithic facade of the Communist states. It could also observe how even the Communist satellite leaders resented the imposed nature of the seemingly solemn cooperation of the Soviet Union with her so-called allies.

We want to present a few bits of information stemming from important Communist sources because they are not generally known. Khrushchev's anti-semitic remarks to the members of the Sixth Plenum of the Central Committee of the Polish Communist Party in March, 1956, are known to the world. However, Flora Lewis gives further details of Khrushchev's speech not known to the public. Some of them are enlightening if we relate them to what goes on in Russia under Khrushchev. For instance, Khrushchev's present professed concentration on the raising of living standards of the masses can be better understood in the light of this answer he gave to a question: "The main thing about workers, is, that they want to live better. They don't care much about anything else." (This answer could have come from an American "capitalist.")

The next quotation from Khrushchev illustrates the practical bent of his mind. When talking about Stalin's "extravagancies" and especially about his grandiose plans for reforestation of Soviet wastelands, he remarked: "You can't use a whip to make trees grow."

The author has much to say about how the Stalinist Polish Communist leaders dubbed the "Natalin Group," encouraged by Khrushchev, whipped up the traditional anti-semitism of the people in order to defeat the "liberal" wing of the party, which advocated reforms.

Little known are the details of Polish First Secretary Ochab's visit to Red-China in the company of the astute Soviet leader, Mikoyan, in a time (September, 1956) when Mao Tse-Tung's "hundred flowers" were still blooming. The two visitors had a sharp conflict in the presence of Mao. The Chinese leader then impressed Party Secretary Ochab as a well-wisher and potential protector of the independently-minded European satellite leaders. This contributed considerably to his and Gomulka's firm stand, when a month later they dared to challenge Moscov's dictation.

Of course, the dramatic story of how the Soviet leadership collectively descended, in the early morning hours of October 19, 1956, uninvited and unwelcomed, on Warsaw, was fully reported from Poland, while the tense world waited in suspense. However, even in this respect, the author can add quite a few details. Very graphically she describes how the angry and shouting Khrushchev set out to frighten the lined-up Polish Communist leaders after the imposing array of Soviet leaders, one by one, paraded out from their giant Tupolev jet transport, and how Khrushchev found his match in the equally stern and upset Gomulka, who upon Khrushchev's brutal question "Who are you?" unhesitatingly snapped back with his "I am Gomulka whom you put in prison."

One more important detail taken from the book, not known to the public, is the fact that even the dreaded U.B. (Polish Political Police) decided to go along with the will of the people: it refused, at the fateful night of October 20, 1956, to arrest the seven hundred Gomulka supporters and other "liberals" who were marked for elimination on a mysterious list, whose origin is not cleared up in the book.

It would be interesting to know the source of the information according to which Cardinal Wyszynski, freed by the Gomulka regime, was cold-shouldered by the Vatican when he visited Rome as the first cardinal ever permitted to go to the West from behind the Iron Curtain. According to the author, the Vatican disapproved of the fact that Wyszynski, under the terms of a compromise which profited both the Church and the government, helped Gomulka to consolidate his rule over Poland.

All through the description of this great drama the author keeps her head cool, her style calm. Even when she describes the stirring details of the dramatic conflict between the Polish and the Russian Communist leaders, she manages to keep in the background, and to conceal her feelings. Only here and there does one seem to sense her heart beating through the lines. Her reserve makes the book so much more worth the while to read.

However, the fact that she keeps cool while relating the exciting flow of events does not mean that she stays unaffected by the tragedy of the Polish people. One cannot help but sense that she was emotionally involved in the events she witnessed, and that she had a deep understanding and respect for the brave manner in which the Poles, Communists or non-Communists alike, behaved during the exciting years of their national awakening to the insult of Russian domination.

The story would not be complete if we did not add a last note, even if it deprives it of the happy end. In the last pages of her book the author has to report the gradual "normalization" of the life in Poland. The party, reorganized by Gomulka, gradually is again taking over the complete control of the country. The erstwhile hero of the nation, Gomulka himself, old Communist as he is, unable to see any but Communist future for Poland, is eliminating, one by one, many of those who helped him in the fight to regain the leadership within the party, and thus the leadership of the country. Popular energies were left to degenerate into street brawls. Enthusiasm is gone. Further reforms are sidetracked. Free expression is discouraged and penalized. Today Poland, while perhaps still less enslaved than the rest of the satellites, seems to be moving steadily towards losing the remaining distinctions gained during the period of liberalization. Life is again drab, unexciting, and boring. Misery is again bitterly felt. However, and this is the lesson one can draw from the book, there is hope because once already the Polish nation was able to lift up its head and carried the day. Could it not be done again?

ZOLTAN SZTANKAY

LOVE AND CONFLICT

By Gibson Winter (Doubleday, $3.50)

Intimacy, defined by the author as the intensive need for personal and social interaction, has become the exclusive concern of the modern American family, according to the theme of Love and Conflict.

In preference to the statistical approach of the sociologist, the author resorts to a more emotional presentation of the problem. However, Dr. Winter does an excellent job of describing the changing pattern of authority in the American home.

"We have fallen in love with love," writes the author, and he concludes that this romantic ideal is the cause of many
stillborn or stunted marriages. The loss of contact between the family and its youth, and the exiting of the aged from the family group are by-products of this type of romanticism. The author’s solution for families in crises is communal support like that employed in communistic East Germany. While this is an interesting suggestion, it is hardly convincing or conclusive.

A vacuum in family leadership has been occasioned by the devotion of the father of the family to his responsibilities outside the home. Having been drawn into this vacuum, mother now finds herself in an extremely complex situation in dealing with her children; she has the choice of becoming a tyrant or granting her children complete amnesty. With the climate of the day strongly permeated by a popular pseudo-psychology dictating a complete freedom of expression, as it is called, mother usually finds it easier to capitulate to the whims of her offspring. Dr. Winter explains that the net result of this confused situation is a unanimous family attempt to escape from the home.

In suggesting ways of developing togetherness in the family, the author fails to recognize the need for a common frame of reference for the family as a unit and each individual within it. Such a frame of reference in a Christian home would be worship, better expressed as service to God, which makes the family theo- or God-centered instead of ego- or self-centered. Dr. Winter also approaches this idea but at a critical moment he veers from it into a discussion of several possible social solutions.

The author describes sexual conflict in marriage as a major symptom of marital breakdown. He does not become obsessed with the treatment of this symptom, as is so often the case, but offers, instead, several suggestions for dealing with the breakdown itself such as self surrender, counseling, prayer, heedling or listening to the other, honest acceptance of the mate, and forgiveness. He again ignores the fact that a breakdown in the marriage of Christians is itself but a symptom of the alienation of affections existing between Christians and God. The most intimate relationship Christians can have is with God. In this relationship the Christian response to God’s faithfulness is a Christian life of fidelity to Him. Through a mature relationship to God a Christian marriage and family can more realistically hope to achieve maturity.

In Chapter VI Dr. Winter deals with a variety of subjects under the caption, “Youth in Transition.” He writes with unusual balance and wisdom in discussing some of the factors contributing to the reckless abandon of modern youth. Although he displays a real sympathy and understanding of youth, nevertheless the author insists upon personal integrity on the part of youth themselves in holding them responsible for their own acts. He also believes parents and children are equals, but their relationship is not that of equals. What children really need from their parents, then, is not equality of treatment but acceptance, affection, and privacy.

The book reaches its climax on the subject of the school, church, and neighborhood. Teachers and church workers will find highly provocative. Dr. Winter is predisposed to a coalition of families with their neighborhoods, and gives no credence to the classical admonition that families should ally with the church and the school in seeking solutions to their problems. He writes at some length about the need for the church to be less institutional and to become the force in the community, but he fails to show how this can be accomplished.

Nevertheless, Dr. Winter has something significant to say on this subject, especially to the church. Let him speak for himself: "Can churches touch the daily life of the home without centering church activities in households and neighborhood? Family life has become a private, intimate sphere in our day. Can this sphere of intimacy be touched by a program centering in the church building?"

"... A ministry to neighborhood and family ... does not obviate the need for organized activities in the program, but it is using organization as a resource rather than a substitute for dealing with life."

"Until religious faith is anchored in the places where men live and carry on their work, it remains a highly individualized and generally irrelevant activity. . . . The real issue is whether we are interested in promoting a religious organization or expressing a Christian life. Christian life is what happens on the street corner . . . ."

"... Alliances can strengthen the integrity of the family so long as parents reserve the right to make the final decisions on all matters which affect their children. Parents cannot allow any religious or neighborhood group to determine finally the values which must be pursued in their homes. These are the prerogatives of parental responsibility. The family has its own life under God. School, church, neighborhood, and government betray their real functions when they transgress this sphere of family responsibility."

On the subject of the aged, may we call the attention of families and the church as well as homes and services for the aged to the following quotations from the book: "Old people’s homes have been a boon to many, but they do not overcome the estrangement from children, younger people, and family life . . . Many . . . age more rapidly, become bedridden, and deteriorate under such conditions . . . Old age becomes a living death rather than a new stage of life."

Dr. Winter’s comments on loneliness and friendship are also worthy of quotation. He states as follows: All of us need to be alone at times . . . However, it is one thing to be alone in order to quiet and recollect one’s self . . . On the other hand, there is a kind of loneliness which comes from being isolated . . . We are alone because our lives are not knit to other lives. We cannot share our hopes and fears with others, because we are bound in mutual support to no one. This is not creative loneliness. It is the estrangement of the isolated person who moves anonymously in the midsts of crowds."

“The breakdown of personal friendship is the clearest example of loneliness today. Friendships have usually filled the middle ground between family life and the less personal dealings of the larger community. This middle ground of intimacy has almost disappeared in America.”

“The word ‘friend’ has lost most of its meaning in our time. We have witnessed the transformation of friendship into affability.”

Notwithstanding our negative reaction to the not unusual claims for the contents of the book found on the jacket, we recommend this book to anyone interested in the American family and engaged in professional service dealing with it. This short volume of 191 pages sympathetically describes the plight of the American family today.

Charles F. Tuschling

SOME OF MY BEST FRIENDS ARE PROFESSORS: A Critical Commentary on Higher Education

By George Williams (Abelard-Schuman, $3.95)

Here is a book that should be able to arouse comment and even some controversy. It is not a work to be taken lightly. For, in 246 hard-hitting pages, Mr. Williams rips apart and then briefly patches together again the entire system of American higher education.

To begin with, the educational practices of today are supposedly far behind the times. America’s idea of values and her ways of life have changed greatly over the past years; but, says Mr. Williams, “virtually all the colleges and universities, and nine-tenths of the professors who administer, or instruct, the contemporary system of higher education in America are still marching along in proud lock step with the Enlightenment.”

The outstanding person in the whole situation is, of course, the professor. This unfortunate individual has only one chance
to be "good" professor (by being "learned, enthusiastic about learning, original, inevitably suspicious of rules and regulations that endeavor to uniformize personalities"), but faces seven possibilities for becoming a "bad" professor (by being stupid, smug, arrogant, etc.). The basis for his present attitudes seems to go back to the struggles faced in the professor's own student days; once he reaches the pinnacle of professorhood, he apparently decides to make his students suffer as he has done. Thus education has become a labor, rather than a delight, according to the author.

Another wrong which seemingly is practiced today is the promoting of conformity and the reducing of creativity. Says Mr. Williams, "The student is made for the system, not the system for the student. It is expected... that he cease to be a unique personality." It is here that members of the higher administration enter the picture. It is they who make the student "a cog, a robot." It is they who force into line the occasional professor who may still possess a desire for actual improvement.

Perhaps one of the most severe attacks in the book is aimed at the present-day practices of testing, and especially at the use of intelligence tests. According to the author, "the test has not yet been devised that can predict any student's success in college." Intelligence tests can be useful, he admits; but they should not be used as the sole basis for determining anything.

One word occurs with such frequency that it finally becomes a sort of keyword for the entire book. Schizophrenia (and it is mentioned at least a dozen times) is apparently evident in all segments involved in the process of education — the students, the professors, the administration, the whole university. Mr. Williams, at least, can see it.

The reader must admire Mr. Williams' bravery in setting down his rather dangerous material in such a bold manner. As a professor with over thirty years of teaching behind him, he apparently knows whereof he speaks; and some of his ideas are excellent. But how can a system that has been in existence as long as has our higher education suddenly be found so deficient? Does this author really have the cure or is he merely a man airing a multitude of grievances?

**Stephanie Umbach**

**A TIME TO SPEAK**

By Michael Scott (Doubleday, $4.50)

"As a boy I used to worry much about the 'question.' In fact I cannot remember any time in my life when it was very far from my thoughts. Not that it was a question which I ever really formulated; it was more a feeling of doubt which was always interfering, sometimes with my pleasures, sometimes with my beliefs. These are the opening sentences of the book, *A Time to Speak*.

This book is a story of Michael Scott's life. But it is more than an autobiography, interesting in its every detail from the days of his youth spent in the parish of his father, an Anglican priest, to the day that the last line of the book was written. *A Time to Speak* is, at it appears, the story of the "question" and how Michael Scott tried to answer and resolve it in his life. It led him into the snares of communism, into the R.A.F. in World War II, and into the priesthood of the Church of England. It took him to India and Africa, to the Union of South Africa, to Bechuanaland, Basutoland, Swaziland, Southern Rhodesia, and Southwest Africa. With the "question" always haunting him, he espoused the cause of the forsaken and distressed in these countries. He lived in a "location for natives" in the Union of South Africa. He took part in a passive resistance movement with Indians in Natal. He languished in a South African gaol (prison) for months.

On many Transvaal farms, Michael Scott found conditions to be worse than slavery, with the cruel sjambok (an instrument of torture) brutally applied. After an article appeared in one of the newspapers in which he exposed the conditions found on many farms, he accepted an invitation to a public meeting to defend what he had written. After he arrived and had tried to tell his story, he was spirited away by the police to save him from a frenzied mob of farmers and farmer sympathizers.

For months Michael Scott lived in a native hut in a "location" outside Johannesburg. The hut served as the abode of an African pastor and his family as well as a house of worship for the faithful. He lived there until the hut was burned down.

The author became known to oppressed Africans as a man who would lend a sympathetic ear to their complaints and, if he found them just, espouse their cause. He heard the story of the Hereros of South Africa. The Union of South Africa under Malan's Nationalist Party was trying to force them into the Union and under the rule of apartheid. Trying to keep the story of the Hereros from the United Nations, governmental authorities wouldn't permit a Herero representative to visit the U.N. And after they had successfully kept Michael Scott from leaving the country when he had already obtained airplane passage, he fled the country into Rhodesia, and from there to New York, where he was finally able to plead the cause of South West Africa and its native Herero people before the U.N.

*A Time to Speak* is a remarkable story of one white man espousing the cause of millions of Africans before the U.N., and at times before the Parliament of Great Britain. Through it all, though, the reader can sense that the "question" is there and Michael Scott is trying to formulate it in his own mind and to resolve it through his own personal social action. Michael Scott might disagree completely with the evaluation of this reviewer, who is nevertheless suggesting that the "question" was a conflict in the mind of the author resulting from the inconsistency that he found between the teaching and the practice of individual and institutional religion. He saw the Church calmly, peacefully preaching and teaching, building churches, sending missionaries to foreign countries, but unable or unwilling to address itself effectively to the staggering problems of man's inhumanity to man proceeding from glaring inequities that cry to the high heavens for vengeance. He saw the Church unable or unwilling to remove or curb the problems growing up in a society where the Gospel of the love of God for all men was to be heard. He found many professed Christians, elected to office by the votes of Christian people, who were themselves authors of injustice and inhumanity.

The conclusions expressed in the last chapter of the book can hardly be said to be thoroughly Christian. One is compelled, nevertheless, to give serious thought to the author's statement to the effect that "institutional religion" seems inadequate to evoke a "spirit of resistance to evil . . . in the full measure necessary to deliver us from the evil deeds of hatred created by racial, national, or religious fanaticism or the tyranny of the modern state over the individual."

**Andrew Schulze**

**PAVANNE AND DIVAGATIONS**

By Ezra Pound (New Directions, $4.75)

In a lecture on Ezra Pound and his poetry a few years ago, this reviewer casually remarked that Pound was sometimes considered "right" (i.e., a rightist) in his political views. Thereupon a lady in the audience rose and snapped, "Ezra Pound is not right, he's wrong!" This anacoluth serves only to emphasize how poets, their ways and their words are often misunderstood. And of all modern poets, Pound is possibly the most misunderstood by his contemporaries.

Pound himself has made few, if any, efforts to improve the situation or to conciliate his audiences. However, through its numerous reprints and original editions of Pound's works, New Directions — and specifically its publisher, James Laughlin — has almost single-handedly re-established the reputation of this poet whose popularity dropped low indeed when he was accused of making pro-Axis broadcasts in Rome during World War II.

**The Cresset**
Pavannes and Divagations is a miscellany containing some pieces published for the first time and many others which appeared originally in little reviews and other publications long out of print. A very few pieces (such as the poem "Ancient Music") have been reprinted from Pound's well-known collections. Most interesting is the long autobiographical essay, "Indiscretions," which (besides containing perhaps the longest sentence in American literature) is a sheer tour de force of recollection, observation, and imagination. This essay, along with "Imaginary Letters," "Pavannes," "Twelve Dialogues of Fontenelle" and "Privolities," reveals a facet of Pound which some readers who cannot understand or appreciate "The Cantos" might well enjoy. Altogether, this book mirrors Pound's sparkling and barbed wit, a few of his vigorous convictions, his nearly flawless taste in literary matters and his impatience with mediocrity in any form.

The Pound case was officially closed when the poet was released from St. Elizabeth's Hospital in Washington this year to return to Italy. But the question will never be closed to the literary historians. Yet, rather than dwell on the biographical and controversial aspects of Pound and his work, readers would do well to examine the wide range of his works in order to understand and gain something from them. In addition, there are numerous good, scholarly articles on Pound by Hugh Kenner, Norman Holmes Pearson and other critics.

Thus, "right" or wrong, Pound remains one of the few stimulating literary artisans of our time and still, at 73, a great animator of young poets. The prospective reader who hesitates to expose himself to Pound might also ask himself: "Have I so little faith in my own beliefs and convictions that I shall suddenly change upon reading Pound?" Pound is not recommended for the weak and wavering, but for the strong reader who is not likely to accept anything without searching his own conscience.

A final note on "Pavannes and Divagations." Pound's writings may, broadly, be separated into two types: those that entertain and those that instruct, or attempt to instruct. This book is (with E. E. Cummings' "Miscellany" published this year) one of the most entertaining I have ever read.

CHARLES GUENTHER

FICTION

THE LONG DREAM

By Richard Wright (Doubleday $3.95)

The Long Dream, a novel of Negro life in the deep South, was written by Richard Wright, author of Native Son, White Man, Listen, and eight other books dealing with various aspects of human relations.

Mr. Wright was born in a sharecropper's family on a Mississippi plantation. He spent part of his youth in Memphis, Tennessee, and Jackson, Mississippi. This was followed by ten years in Chicago, ten years in New York City, and the past ten years in Paris, France.

If the purpose of Mr. Wright's flight to Paris was to escape the haunting hurt with which America blesses its Negro citizens, his flight was not completely successful; for it is clearly evident in his latest novel that he still has, not only a deep concern, but also an emotional involvement in the problems of the American Negro.

"I'M AN AMERICAN!" Zeke thundered. "Nigger, you dreaming!" Sam preached.

The Long Dream is the story of Rex (Fishbelly) Tucker and his shrewd but illiterate undertaker father who had become "nigger-rich" and maintained a funeral parlor on his own and a string of prostitutes with the white chief of police. The elder Tucker knew that, in Clintonville, Mississippi, both "dependent niggers" and "independent niggers" were dependent upon a white world for a definition of their lives. "Papa," said Fishbelly, "this rent collecting's showing me something . . . Our folks is sick, Papa. All the black folks I meet's worried to death about white folks — talking about 'em all day and all night. They laugh and dance, but they worried —"

Papa was worried too, but he had worked out a set of techniques, a mode of operation, which he patiently taught his son who was being groomed to take over his business.

"Obey 'em!" he shouted in a thunderous whisper, clapping his hands to emphasize each word. "Don't dispute 'em! Don't talk back to 'em! Don't give 'em no excuse for nothing! Hear?" "I ain't got no time to talk to you, son, so lissen! Say 'yessir' and 'nawawir' to 'em. And when they talking, keep your mouth shut! . . . "I got to break your - spirit or you'll get killed, sure as — A white man wants to see a black man either crying or grinning. I can't cry. So I grin." . . . "I didn't want you getting all mixed up, Fish. Lissen, white gals just like black ones, and only a fool'd get killed 'cause of one." . . . "You are nothing because you are black, and proof of your being nothing is that if you touch a white woman, you'll be killed!"

This book is not for the puritanical reader who likes to sweep the sordid facts of life under the rug and then deny their existence. Such a reader will be shocked at "Negro morality." But all he has to do is read the daily papers, and he will discover that sin is not racial.

He will doubt the fact of the consuming fear and damning frustrations pictured in the lives of Negro characters. But all he has to do is get to know these Negroes, and he will realize that these fears and frustrations exist.

He will deny that the white man has defiled the white woman and made her a symbol of death to Negro men and that, in many sections, the Negro woman is still considered fair game for any foraging white man. But, if he wants the truth, all he has to do is read the current news: "In Monroe, N. C., two little Negro boys, 8 and 9 years old, were almost lynched and are now locked up in a 'reform school' because a little white girl kissed one of them while they were playing. The charge against the two kids was 'assault on a female.'"

"In the same town, in the same courthouse where the Negro boys were sentenced, a grown white man who beat and tried to rape a pregnant Negro mother of five has been freed on $1,000 bail. Perhaps, a court official told The Post, the man was guilty of 'assault on a female,' but in his case 'it was not aggravated assault,' so there's probably not sufficient evidence to convict him.

"The white man was caught in the act by a white neighbor who rescued the cruelly bruised victim and called the sheriff. The case against the two Negro boys was based on an innocent report by the little girl to her father, who went looking for the 'assailants' with a gang of friends armed with shotguns."

(The New York Post, November 12, 1958)

CLEMONCE SABOURIN

A FRIEND IN POWER

By Carlos H. Baker ( Scribner's, $3.95)

"The King is dead. — Long live the King." "The University President is retiring. — Long live the University President."

A Friend in Power is a novel on the background of university life and is centered about the year-long search for a new University President. At the beginning of a new academic year, during the monthly meeting of the faculty of fictitious Enfield University, President Homer Virgil Vaughn, "Old Roman" or "Uncle Homer," announces his intention to retire at the end of the academic year.

Each chapter of the book is given the name of a month from October to June and tells about the progress being made during that time toward the finding of "the right man." Incidentally, we become acquainted with the private, family, and academic lives of some of the prominent
members of the faculty. There are personal and even romantic complications as the story unfolds in the leisurely fashion of a community of scholars. We see professors in their somewhat disorderly offices, in the slightly "greasy spoon" university cafeteria, in their intimate marriage and family lives, in innumerable faculty and committee meetings, and in their dealings with students.

The Board of Trustees of the University is the election committee for the new president. But its members wisely and diplomatically ask the faculty to select from its members a "Faculty Committee Advisory to the Board of Trustees on the selection of the New President." Biology, sociology, chemistry, modern languages, and art are represented, and it is henceforth known as the Committee of Six.

The committee members wonder whether the Board of Trustees asked for their selection just as a matter of courtesy, or whether they would actually have a voice in the election of their new superior. Professor Edward Tyler, a central figure in the story and the modern languages representative on the Committee of Six, muses, "Had they (the trustees) in fact, already found their man? Was this new faculty committee only a polite bow in the direction of democratic procedures? You could only wait and see. Perhaps the committee would turn into a rubber-stamp outfit." But these fears proved to be groundless. As the election finally turned out, the faculty had been very much taken into consideration.

Dr. Baker, the author, is the distinguished head of the English Department at Princeton University. He is not as caustic and bitter about conditions in some of our institutions of higher learning as is Stringfellow Barr in his earlier Purely Academic. If Carlos Baker's A Friend in Power is a mirror of life in present day universities, it recognizes that they are not places of perfection, but are still good places to live and labor. Both books are said to reflect a recent upheaval in one of our educational centers.

Carl Albert Gieseler
THE THREE EDWARDS
By Thomas B. Costain (Doubleday, $4.75)

This is the third of an historical series called The Pageant of England, the first two books of which are entitled The Conquerors and The Magnificent Century. Mr. Costain, an accomplished historical novelist, proves here accomplished in making history read like fiction.

The emphasis is unashamedly upon the Pageant. There are no pretensions of giving hero a social history or economic history of the common man. The heroes and heroines are the kings, queens, knights, and their lovers and enemies.

Each of the three Edwards has his own dramatic story, the three parts being unified by the fact of the Plantagenet dynasty and by the continuity in the historical development of England, though the background is never very obtrusive.

Edward I ruled England from 1272 until 1307. He is shown as one of the greatest of kings — a military genius and the founder of England's well-ordered parliamentary and legal systems and an admirable person on the whole. Edward II, who ruled from 1307 until 1327, was the opposite of his father: corrupt, irresponsible, and hated. He fully deserved being deposed, apparently, though his murder was an example of the excessive brutality of the age. Edward III (ruling from 1327 to 1376) was, like Edward I, a truly great king, especially in battle and in administration. Toward the end of the book a disappointing chapter is devoted to that most popular of all English crown princes, Edward III's son the Black Prince (who did not live to be king, the succession passing instead to his weak son, Richard II). Even Costain, though giving us all the known facts and all the legends and myths as well, cannot breathe much life into this apparently emotionless idol of his country, this occasionally merciless military genius.

Historians will perhaps learn little new from this trilogy, but most laymen will be delighted to find out so much so easily.

Marilyn Savenon
OUR MAN IN HAVANA
By Graham Greene (Viking, $3.50)

Some readers may not remember that Graham Greene made his literary reputation first as the author of suspense novels, such as The Confidential Agent and This Gun for Hire, which he called "Entertainments." His last entertainment was The Ministry of Fear, published in 1941. Since that time he has restricted himself to writing more serious, but highly successful, novels.

Our Man in Havana marks Greene's return to the thriller and, while it is not up to its predecessors, it is still better than most novels of suspense. In this one the British Secret Service needs an agent in Havana, and, for some obscure reason, they choose Mr. Wormold, a quiet, colorless, middle-aged Englishman, who, for many years, has been the representative of a vacuum cleaner firm. Mr. Wormold accepts, not because he wants the job nor because he is almost forced into it, but because he needs the money for the education of his teen-age daughter.

Secret Service headquarters is delighted with Mr. Wormold's reports and fascinated by the adventure of his sub-agents, not knowing the reports are as faked as his expense account, and that the agents exist in name only. Unfortunately, the names Mr. Wormold uses belong to persons living in Havana, and when the local police and enemy agents break the code and get the list of names, the complications are both ironic and tragic. All ends well, however, for Mr. Wormold if not for the Secret Service.

BREAKFAST AT TIFFANY'S
By Truman Capote (Random House, $3.50)

Genuine fondness for language is rare in our present inarticulate age. Whether the word is spoken or written — in a president's press conference, a cigarette advertisement, a piece of pulp fiction — it is more often than not a callous and unconsidered word. A reader may therefore be excused for overlooking thinness of content in Breakfast at Tiffany's to take pleasure in sensitive description: hills wet with rain and "shimmering like dragon-fly wings," paths which wind "through loney sun pools," "paper fans that 'beat the air like delirious moths.'

In the short, title novel, as well as the three stories which fill out this slender volume, Truman Capote makes virtuoso use of his will-o-the-wisp, almost effeminate style to evoke the nostalgias of childhood, to describe fanciful situations of pathetic love and to create characters that are odd and insubstantial. In Breakfast at Tiffany's, he names his heroine Holiday Golightly; she is real as smoke is real, an elusive presence whose New York apartment is furnished only with trunks and crates of belongings never unpacked. All the goals of her restless life are expressed in her ambition to dine someday in the beautiful and bejeweled world of Tiffany's. This ambition is, of course, never fulfilled; when last heard from, she is wandering through the lush interior of Africa.

Of the three stories, "House of Flowers," "A Diamond Guitar" and "A Christmas Memory," the last is best — or perhaps it is only most memorable. It tells the friendship of a small boy and an old woman, and of their annual preparations for the holidays. Mostly it is descriptive, a vignette ending with a tragedy that is moving in the way one is moved by the snuffing out of a candle flame. "House of Flowers" describes a fay prostitute's discovery of love among the hills of Haiti. In "A Diamond Guitar," a short, happy relationship between two convicts — one old, one young — is broken off by the escape of the younger from a Southern prison farm.

Sensitivity is Mr. Capote's strong point; it is the chief argument in his claim to importance as a writer. His stories, as Holly Golightly remarks, "are not the kind of stories you can tell," nor are they the kind that leave the reader feverish with
thought. They reflect something quite like the lucid simplicity of a child's vision, and they are only delightful.

Robley C. Wilson, Jr.

At Lady Molly's
By Anthony Powell (Little, Brown, $3.75)
London upper-class society in the 1930's produced some extremely interesting and eccentric characters. Almost one of each type appears at some time during the course of this novel at the home of Lady Molly, a hostess with the faculty for mixing persons of disparate interests. Unfortunately for those who have not read the previous ones, this is the fourth in a series of novels by Anthony Powell on London society, and many of the characters appeared or allude to incidents in one of the previous novels. Consequently the story is difficult to follow, the characters remain unfamiliar, and the reader has the uncomfortable feeling of a person who has accidentally walked in on someone else's family reunion.

Victorine
By Frances Parkinson Keyes (Julian Messner, $4.50)
The story of Victorine is an absorbing one. Much has been included in this novel of southwest Louisiana. One learns much about rice, camellias, and tradition, but is completely absorbed in the plot. A "who-done-it" mystery keeps the reader in suspense throughout the book.

The characters are vividly portrayed and one feels the closeness of family ties, however, the names were unfamiliar and hard to become accustomed to. One frequently felt lost in the local idioms used, particularly by the uncle.

At times one had the feeling that too much was being included in one novel. The fact that Victorine was a Jewess was quite an issue on one or two pages then completely dropped. Anne Marie, the sister, was built up as a heroine then thrown aside because of pettiness. As far as this reader was concerned, the epilogue detracted from rather than added to the enjoyment of the book.

However, Victorine is a thoroughly enjoyable book and holds the reader's interest to the end.

Helen Mae Olson

Ars Poetica

Between the hackneyed phrase and the metaphor craze, between the image haze and all the commonplace, each word betrays and weighs the poet's fatal case.

Mere glittering confusion remains without conclusion.
The unintelligible is unpoetic scribble.
Oh keep symbolization on the most rigid ration!
Imponderable YOU, become alive and true!

That all word-woven wonders live on the verge of blunders.
The line, as rare as clear, dwells between far and near in its own atmosphere of the austere and queer.

Whether, or not, you catch its breath is all that matters for its life and death.

Walter Sorell
Those of us whose eyes and ears have been assaulted by boring and inane TV commercials will find it hard to agree with the verdict handed down by the advertising executives who served as judges at the fifth annual festival of the International Screen Advertising Services held in Venice not long ago. For three days these hardy souls — recruited from eleven countries — watched and listened as 698 filmed commercials flashed across the screen. At the end of this grueling experience the judges staunchly declared that commercials the world over "are getting better and better." There were prizes and awards. The grand prize went to an Italian cartoon commercial. Only two minor awards were made to entries from the U.S.A.

TV commercials have been the target of increasingly heated discussion in recent weeks. In Reader's Digest William L. White bitterly assailed not only the dull and tawdry commercial but the frequency with which programs are interrupted. Mr. White's article — titled "Why Can't We Have Pay TV?" — declares that unless the current practice is curtailed, viewers will demand Pay TV as the only way they can have what they want instead of being required to take what someone arbitrarily decides they may have. John Crosby, whose syndicated column is widely read, is in complete agreement with Mr. White's observations. He is also deeply concerned over the quality of many of the programs of the current season. Mr. Crosby underscores the fact that in the early days of TV, when earnings were very small, ambitious and outstanding productions were the rule rather than the exception. Now, he contends, the cost of TV productions has become exorbitant, and, as an inevitable consequence, the productions themselves are overcommercialized.

The views expressed by Mr. Crosby were supported by seven prominent writers who took part in a two-hour-long discussion on David Suskind's absorbing TV program Open End. These men — all experienced in writing for TV — concurred in a penetrating observation made by one member of the panel. J. P. Miller declared that it is not the artist's function to promote, to reform, or to proselytize. To do these things would reduce him to the role of a propagandist or salesman. Instead, he said, it is the artist's function to explore, to dig deeply into the human mind and into human problems, and then to reveal and express what he finds.

When Sol Hurok, one of the ablest and most influential impresarios of our day, appeared on Omnibus early in November, he deplored the fact that TV is not at present the valuable asset to our culture that it could and should be. This shrewd showman is convinced that many viewers are eager to see fine programs. His contention is borne out by the enthusiastic response to the superb presentations he himself has brought to TV.

No thoughtful person will quarrel with the views expressed in the foregoing paragraphs. Fortunately, there are bright spots on the TV screen. Conquest, Omnibus, Small World, Person to Person, Kaleidoscope, Hall of Fame, Playhouse 90, news and sports telecasts, a new series by Leonard Bernstein, special presentations, such as that of Mozart's La Finta Giardiniera — these and other outstanding productions clearly point up the immense potential of TV as a medium for entertainment, edification, and education.

The pictures I have seen in the past month range from superb to mediocre. South Seas Adventure, the new Cinerama production, takes us on an enchanting and enchanted trip from Hawaii to Australia. Technically this is the best of the Cinerama productions. Pictorially it is magnificent.

The Last Hurrah (Columbia, John Ford) provides an excellent vehicle for Spencer Tracy. When Edwin O'Connor's best seller appeared in 1956, many were quick to say that the author had fashioned his book around the life and career of James Michael Curley, the powerful political boss whose career ended in death in mid-November. The film, like the book, has warmth, charm, and the flavor of a bygone era in American life. The acting merits warm applause, and Mr. Ford's direction is exemplary.

Fine acting, a well-made script, and skillful direction elevate Home Before Dark (Warner, Mervyn Le Roy) above the level of the conventional tear-jerker. This is a sensitive and poignant study of one woman's struggle to return to the everyday world after she has been released from a mental institution. Jean Simmons is appealing as the frightened wife. Dan O'Herahy's performance in the role of the husband may well make him a contender for the 1958 Oscar.

In Love and War (20th Century-Fox, Anthony Mann) and Onionhead (Warner, Norman Taurog) are thin, vapid, and undistinguished excursions into the troubled years of World War II.

By way of welcome contrast, Damn Yankees (Warner, George Abbott and Stanley Donen) is a gay, colorful, and melodious adaptation of the Broadway hit play with the same title.
Some mature adults in every older generation indulge in some adverse talk about the generation "growing up."

Of course, but of course, all those "growing up" are always "going to the dogs."

If only, they seem to imply, if only the present crop of "kids" could "be like what we were like when we were young."

Much conversation on the campus where I meet classes, especially by members of the faculty, is devoted "to the undeniable facts" that the students we teach "can't read, write, think, or handle themselves very well on speakers platforms, in debate, and in discussion." Most of us will go on to say: "When we were kids, we at least learned the skills. We learned to read, write, and figure."

And as an afterthought dig at the beat and delinquent generation, we are accustomed to add: "And we learned some religion and manners on the side."

I have said such things many times over. In many, many cases, I have said them only after being engulfed by many frustrations of my own, frustrations because of my own inadequacies as a teacher, writer, and thinker. Or put it this way: I have been guilty of projecting my own feelings of frustrations upon the persons I teach — mainly as a rationalization, as a form of psychological intoxication to drown my own educational sorrows.

In a new year, it is good, the stereotypes say, to look back over the past. For a teacher, I guess, this is also good.

As best as I can tell from my own perspective, there is hardly anything the so-called modern beat and delinquent generation has pulled that "I and my contemporaries" did not pull off with equal enthusiasm and abandon years ago.

My contemporaries and I attended parochial schools, denominational prep-schools, and seminaries. This is still being called education within religious dimensions. To be quite specific, but certainly not all-inclusive, I have seen or participated in some of the following events: drunkenness, the making of home brew in our rooms, the keeping of guns in the dorms, playing dice, going out after hours, cheating on exams, stealing exams from faculty offices, "cutting up" during chapel and in chapel, going out "with girls and apostates" against the rules and after hours, and a whole series of acts and events I would not dare mention. (Do you think I want to answer letters from all my schoolmates and classmates who will now rise in holy indignation?)

As for our academic achievements: 1. Some of us find it hard to write a decent paragraph even now; 2. Thinking comes hard for most of us and we do a lot of muddled thinking; 3. Some of my colleagues and contemporaries are still running their schools, classes, and churches as if they were still living one hundred years before Christ; 4. There are any number of ways in which we are still cutting academic corners today; 5. To discipline ourselves intellectually seems to become more and more difficult after forty; 6. One could calculate that many people, fathers and mothers, have perhaps not read a book in its entirety since high school and that includes some who have "earned" a B.A.

And sometime let The Cresset tell the younger generation about the ways your elders beat the income tax rap, or how your elders — your parents — fight among themselves, or how they act when they go to conventions, or how they act at the stag parties of the American Legion and the Moose, how they are successful though Christian, or how to pray on Sunday for your neighbors and to prey on them during the week.

This is only to say: if you wish to know what the younger generation has come to, just take a look into the mirror of your past, present, and future.

I am hopeful about the coming generation. I am especially hopeful after watching students of our department of government work in behalf of both parties during the last election campaign. Members of both parties are still talking to me about "that wonderful bunch of kids at your school."

And they gave their reasons. Here are some of the comments: "You didn't have a smart-aleck in the bunch"; "They knew how to talk to people, simply and with dignity"; "For some of us, they revived the adventure of life"; "They made some of us become more aware of some of the things we are doing in the field of politics."

In the majority of cases, these students are better academically and conduct-wise than my contemporaries and I were at twenty to twenty-five.

God bless the younger generation: they might give the future a better world than we have given them.
365 Days

The minute hand of the clock in my room is moving toward twelve. . . . I must now think again of New Year's Eve, imagine the annual ringing of the bells, and confront myself with another 365 days. . . . The certain joys and hidden sorrows of the year of grace 1959. . . .

What will these 365 days mean? . . . Of course, I do not know. . . . Only God knows that. . . . I do know, however, what they can mean and ought to mean. . . . In fact, this is the great goal of the life of the individual human soul. . . . to find meaning . . . greater and deeper meaning . . . in life, in joy, in sorrow, in books, in words, in history, in faith, in God. . . . The next 365 days must continue the search for meaning . . . quietly and happily and consistently so that life assumes new height and breadth . . . and the horizons move out toward the far reaches of the mind and soul. . . . I must see again the long swing of history and ideas. . . . I must begin to live as much as possible in the living present and the living past where time struggles to become eternity, and I can take my small place in the great fellowship of ideas and inquiry and truth and faith.

The next 365 days will be valuable before God and man only if a few more of us find something true to believe in, something good to live by, and something noble to work for. . . . More than ever before, in 1959 we must come to the realization that we cannot live by bread alone . . . that we are wrong, fearfully wrong, if we still believe that the ultimate goal of life is to give us a little more bread or a warmer house or a better car. . . . Perhaps it is true now, as the clock strikes midnight, that these things are no longer in the saddle to ride mankind to its doom. . . . As 1959 dawns, we now know in many parts of the world that the only men and women who really matter in life are those who are willing and eager to continue the long and lonely quest for something true to believe in, something good to live by, and something noble to work for.

In the highest and truest sense this process also in 1959 can begin and continue only when it is brought into the obedience of the Cross. . . . Only in the fellowship of the Eternal can we escape the limiting and the cramping of the temporal. . . . In the next 365 days it will be true again that our Lord looks with singular kindness and favor upon those who see life as this fundamental task. . . . He who saw the glory of the lilies of the field, the Lover of birds and of children, the Author of parables, the Speaker who used similes as tender as flowers, and metaphors as sharp as swords, He certainly will bless all in this year who reach out in humility and strength for the fundamental meaning of history and life.

He who was Wisdom Incarnate and called himself the Way, the Truth, and the Life . . . who saw all things in the light of eternity . . . who said, "Everyone who is of the truth hears my voice," He certainly will bless the men and women who humbly seek Him and the truth in Him. . . .

He who multiplied the loaves and fishes to feed a multitude . . . who calmed the waters of the sea . . . and quieted the angry wind . . . who cured the sick and raised the dead, He will bless all who know how to transform life into a stairway to a higher altar, and knowledge into power for the service of their fellowmen.

And so I am sure, as midnight comes, that He will be with us also during the next 365 days. . . . If we are truly His children, He will like what we are trying to do; He will love our continuing search for meaning, and truth and beauty and holiness.

Dostoevski once said that the future of the world rests with those who are citizens of eternity. . . . It is a strange facet of the grace of God that we begin another year in the light which streams from the manger. . . . Citizenship in eternity begins with the manger. . . . There we begin to know that all doors are open wide and the great aspirations of our hearts can move out beyond the cramping horizons of time. . . . We see again that God has come to live with us. . . . He has put on the garments of our mortality and our weakness. . . . He has given us by His coming a measureless dignity and an eternal value. . . . forever, here or hereafter, dwellers of the City on the Hill.

Perhaps I should remember, too, during 1959 that it is of the essence of the meaning of life to sing songs to the Child in the manger and the Man on the Cross. . . . Perhaps I should also remember that I am never singing alone. . . . In fact, all of us as we go through time are only singing the second voice.